

# THE COTTAGE VISITOR.

"As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me, that will I speak."—"To the poor the Gospel is preached."

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## THE COTTAGE VISITOR,

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### SYNOPSIS.

**INTRODUCTORY SERMON, PREACHED AT THE MEETING OF THE WESTERN BAPTIST CHURCH AT COMBE HILL CHURCH BUNCOMBE CO. N. C., SEPT. 25TH 1869**

BY ELDER D. B. NELSON

Text—"And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." Col. 3: 17.

Christianity is adapted to all conditions and relations of life. No station too high nor condition too low, intellect too grand, nor mind too humble, king so rich, nor peasant so poor, as not to be materially affected by the relation he sustains to the author of his being. And as a man's religious principles are correct, will the better powers of his nature harmonize, glow with zeal, more with an irresistible motion until opposition be overcome and the soul restored to companionship with its God who once conversed with it face to face. Man is a creature of circumstances. Illustrated by the influence the heavenly bodies exert upon each other. Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. Prov. 27: 17.

There are three powers or means by which man exerts an influence over his fellow man. Thoughts, Words and Actions. The first not found in the text, but is the foundation of the other two, and hence considered of sufficient importance to require notice here. Analogy between vegetable and animal life. The sap of the plant is its life. Morally this resembles the thoughts. (Frequently called the heart.) The fountain of good and evil. This is the first great power. Lights up the countenance. Sparkles in the eye. Christ when standing at the bar of injustice, revealed his thoughts to Peter by a look which bathed the erring apostle in tears, and taught him a lesson which perhaps exerted an influence over him the rest of his life.

A wicked and profane merchant was rebuked and finally brought to repentance by the mortification visible in the countenance of a Christian clerk and attributed his reformation to the influence of his silent rebuke. The Savior placed a check upon the thoughts. Solomon says keep thy heart with all diligence for out of it are the issues of life.

### WORDS

Are the signs of ideas—the expression of thoughts. As the sap in the plant produces flowers so the thoughts are the fountain of words. And as the flower sheds a fragrance upon the air and gives promise of fruit, so words are powerful instruments for good or evil. They should always be used to accomplish the glory of God and good of mankind. Some one has compared words to individual soldiers composing an army. As the general arranges his men and uses them skillfully or otherwise will he experience victory or defeat. So we may by our words accomplish mighty results or be careless of this power and be defeated in our undertakings.

Dr. Johnson seldom used a word improperly. When asked how he acquired a habit of such correct speaking he replied that he thought a practice so much used as conversation was worth learning well. So he exercised great care.

It is also said words have souls as well as bodies. The spirit in which a word is spoken gives it life and force, and constitutes its power. After the crucifixion, of the Savior when gloom covered the moral world a lady went to the Sepulcher. She saw a man she thought was the gardener. He spoke her name and that word dispelled the gloom and sent a thrill of joy to her heart. "A word spoken in season how good it is" "Like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Christianity evies a contribution upon every power and affection of the mind. Every word spoken is an opportunity to do good.

Brethren look well to your words.

### DEEDS.

As the sap produces the flower and the flower the fruit so thoughts produce words and words deeds or actions. The consummation of the powers. The most mighty results flow from our actions. We have met to consult, to deliberate to plan for next year's campaign. The influence we exert upon each other will go home with us, be communicated to our constituents and control us for the year, if not for life. The objects set forth in our Constitution are all worthy of our best efforts. But I wish to speak of Education. Means cultivation. Both of mind and morals. Our Institutions for these purposes should receive our earnest and hearty support. Our ministry must be elevated. Some speak lightly of the beneficiaries at Wake Forest College. I heard a sermon some time ago, by a graduate of that Institution which was worth more than the cost of his education. We have the Government last adapted to the masses. What we most need is united and concentrated effort. The elements of wealth lie all around us. The rank and file of our army must be brought into action and their gifts developed. This may be done in the family the prayer-meeting and the Sunday-school. We should also give more attention to Female education. Our females establish the standard of morals among us. Napoleon when asked what France most needed said "Good mothers."

The Judson Female College at Hendersonville must be finished and put in operation. It will be a bright luminary dispensing light among us. When Melancthon had almost despaired of the success of the Reformation he heard a Christian lady saying that it might succeed. He took courage, and it did succeed. Our College will be finished. The ladies are sending in, one dollar contributions for this purpose and by the blessings of our Master they will finish it. All must be done in

### THE NAME OF JESUS.

Precious name! An angel was sent to bring it to Earth. It infuses life into our actions. Gives prestige to our cause. Its power was exhibited at the Beautiful gate on the East of the Temple as Peter and John went in to worship. A poor cripple who had never been able to walk was healed, he walked, leaped, praised God and went into the Temple to join in adoring this name. Brother Basil Manley when visiting one of the Sunday-schools of St. Louis saw hanging upon the wall a map. Upon examination he found it was a map of the City with these words written above it, "For Jesus" Noble enterprise and valiant brethren to execute it. Let us inscribe this name upon our banners and go forth in His Spirit, and He will give us victory.

### 'I'd Rather Work for a Quarter a Day.

A Missionary of the American Sunday-School Union in Indiana tells this story: "One of my superintendents said to me, 'Do you know what kind of a man that was that you got your dinner with yesterday?' I replied that I had not known anything of his character. 'Well,' said he, 'that's the man that, going to establish a grocery at P——' (Grocery here always means a low tipplinghouse.) I expressed the hope that my calling at his house might not injure our cause, reminding my friend that the Master ate with publicans and sinners."

"On my return, I met the man with whom I had dined. He said, 'Mister, you seem like a mighty clever kind of a gentleman. I ain't no scholar, and I would like to git you to do a little writin' for me.' I replied, 'Certainly, if I can. What do you wish to have written?' 'Why,' said he 'I'm thinkin' of startin' a grocery, and I would like to do it right. My pap used to say, 'If you want to do anything right, you must begin right. And so I would just like you to get up a notice for me and put it in the newspaper.' I replied I did not much like the business he was going into, but, taking his name in full, agreed to do the writing. The notice was as follows.

"Friends and neighbors, you are hereby notified that I expect in a few weeks to commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars. I will furnish liquors that will incite you to riot, robbery, and bloodshed. I will undertake, for a small sum, upon short notice, to prepare men for the poorhouse, the prison, and the gallows. I will warrant that my liquors will deprive some of life, and many of reason, property and peace. I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and to prove

a nuisance in the neighborhood. If any one should ask, what inducement I have to try to bring such misery upon my neighbors, my honest reply is 'green-backs.' All can see that this is a profitable business. Some professing temperance men, and even some professing Christians, give it their countenance. Besides, I live in a land of liberty, and intend to get a license to shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their patronage. So come one, come all. I please myself to do all I have promised; and further, for the annoyance of good Christian people, I will keep open on Sundays."

"When I met him again, he said, 'Mister, I'm the wust-whipped fellow you ever seed. That advertisement you put in the papers above my business, jist opened my eye—I tell you that's a fact. I never thought how much harm it might do, and I've got plump ashamed of it, and jist made up my mind I'd rather work for a quarter a day than to go into it. I told him I believed he was an honest man and needed only to see the awful consequences of the business to cause him to change his mind. He replied, 'I'm mighty glad you writ jist what you did,' and repeated 'I'd rather work for a quarter a day.'

"On my next trip, I organized a Sunday-school in his neighborhood. When it was proposed to take a collection for a library, he put a five-dollar bill in my hand, saying, 'That's part of the money I was going to buy whiskey with.'

"I call to mind a number of men who, during the past year, have been brought into my schools, some of whom could scarcely have suffered if all the 'works of the flesh' had been laid to their charge, some of whom are now members of the Church of Christ."—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

### A True Christian.

This story—good to read in those days of business avarice—is told of Nantucket a generation ago:

It was a very severe winter, and the harbor had been frozen four weeks. The coal in store had long been exhausted, and there was much suffering from lack of fuel. Even the fences had been torn down and burnt to eke out the scanty supply of wood. To the great delight of the towns-people the ice broke up one fine morning and a schooner laden with coal was seen approaching. There was much excitement and before the vessel was moored a coal dealer boarded her and addressed the honest Quaker skipper, Captain Gifford. "Wal Cap'en" said he, "you've about hit it this cruise. I guess I'll have to take y'or hul cargo. S'pose you'll want more than the usual \$7 a ton. Wal, I like to do the square thing by a friend and I'll give you \$12 a ton for it." "Friend," said Captain Gifford, "there can have one ton of my coal if thee likes for \$8, but only one ton; all must have a chance." Just then one of the richest men of the place joined them, saying, "I want ten tons of your coal, at your own price—name it. I have suffered enough for once." He received the same answer, and so did all—one ton for each family, and \$8 as the price for each ton. No love of gain, no solicitation, no regard for individuals could move honest Captain Gifford.

### Who is Responsible?

Last Monday night a young man took the late train on the Boston and Providence road, and leaving the cars at Boylston Station, four miles out, started for his home. But he was intoxicated; and went towards the engine on the track. Soon the cars started, the engine struck him and crushed him to pieces. He was killed, while in a state of beastly intoxication unfit to live, and yet unprepared to die. He had a young wife at home waiting his arrival. Though a bride only one short month ago, she is a widow now. But her grief is far less than her sufferings must have been, had he lived a drunkard for years to come. Still this does not change the fact of his death, nor lessen the responsibility which must rest somewhere. Who is responsible for his death and her widowhood? Somebody is, most assuredly; but who is it? Can it be any other than the wretch who took his money and gave him the intoxicating draught? God knows who is responsible, and he will not hold him guiltless.—*Christian Era*

There never can be shame where there is no sin. Adam and Eve never would have used the fig-leaf had they remained without transgression.

### The Measureless Love.

I can measure parental love—how broad, how long, and how strong and deep it is; it is a deep sea which mothers can only fathom. But the love displayed on yonder hill and bloody cross, when God's own Son is perishing for us, nor man nor angel has a line to measure. The circumference of the earth, the latitude of the sun the distance of the planet, these have been determined; but the height, depth, breadth and length of the love of God passeth knowledge. Such is the Father against whom all of us have sinned a thousand times! Walk the shore where the ocean sleeps in the summer calm, or lashed into fury by the winter's tempest, is thundering on her sands, and when you have numbered the drops of the waves, of the sand on her sounding beach, you have numbered God's mercies and your sins. Well, therefore may we go to Him with the contrition of the prodigal in our hearts, and his confession on our lips—"Father, I have sinned against Heaven and in thy sight." The Spirit of God helping us to go to God, be assured that the father, who, seeing his son afar off, ran to meet him, fell on his neck and kissed him, was but an image of Him who, not sparing His own Son, but giving him up to death that we might live, invites and now awaits your coming.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

### Earnestness.

Twenty clerks in a store. Twenty hands in a village. All want to get along in the world, and expect to. One of the clerks will rise to be a partner, and make a fortune. One of the compositors will own a newspaper, and become an influential citizen. One of the apprentices will become a master builder. One of the printers will reach the acme of human greatness. One of the villagers will get a handsome farm, and live a patriarch. But which is destined to be the lucky individual? There is no luck about it. The thing is as plain as the rule of three. The young fellow who will distance his competitors is he who masters his business, who preserves his integrity, clearly and purely, who never gets in debt, who gets friends by deserving them, and puts his money in the savings bank. There are some other ways to fortune that look shorter than the dusty old highway, but the men of the community, the men who achieve something worth having, good fortune, and name, and serene old age, all go this road.

### Newspapers.

Wherever I have wandered in my missionary labors, whether in the East, West, North or South, I have always observed that where the newspaper was taken by the family, there thrift, morality, and general intelligence were to be found: In the log cabins of the West, as soon as my eye caught sight of the newspaper, I thought to myself, "Here, at least, I will find morality, intelligence, courtesy, and welcome, as a garden ripe to receive the gospel seed!" and I was seldom mistaken. On the contrary, where neither newspaper or good books were to be seen, the ignorance, bigotry, superstition and grossness were found in all their forms. Yes, I have often thought that the newspaper was the pioneer of civilization, and did much to make the way easy for successful labors of the home missionary.

"Whoever will may come." "I thank God," said Richard Baxter, "for that word *Whoever*. If God had said that there was mercy for Richard Baxter, I am so vile a sinner that I would have thought he meant some other Richard Baxter; but when he says *Whoever*, I know that includes me, the worst of all Richard Baxters."

### Lazy Farmers.

Laziness prevents a man from getting off his horse to put up the first rail that gets knocked off the fence and through this lazy neglect a whole field of corn is seriously damaged.

Laziness keeps a man from driving one nail when one would do, and finally costs a carpenter's bill for extensive repairs.

Laziness allows a gate to get off the hinges and lie in the mud, or stand propped by rails, or a stable or barn to leak and damage hundreds of dollars worth of provender.

Laziness, in short, is the right and proper name for nine-tenths of the excuses given for bad farming. But by far the most prolific of the many wastes that are due to laziness is the waste of ignorance. But this waste is in itself so great, and has so many ramifications, that we shall have to defer its discussion for another time.

### THE DRUNKARDS CHILD.

A young lady in New York, was in the habit of writing for the "Philadelphia Ledger," on the subject of Temperance. Her writing was full of pathos; and evinced such deep emotions of the soul, that a friend of hers accused her of being a maniac on the subject of temperance—whereupon she wrote the following lines:—

Go feel what I have felt,  
Go bear what I have bore—  
Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,  
And the cold world's proud scorn,  
Then suffer on from year to year—  
Thy sole relief the scorching tear.

Go kneel as I have knelt,  
Implore, beseech and pray—  
Strive the besotted heart to melt,  
The downward course to stay,  
Be dashed with bitter curse aside—  
Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.

Go weep as I have wept,  
O'er a lov'd father's fall—  
See every promised blessing swept,  
Youth's sweetness turned to gall,  
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way—  
That brought me up to woman's day.

Go see what I have seen—  
Behold the strong man bowed—  
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood,  
And cold and livid brow,  
Go catch his withering glance and see  
There mirrored his soul's misery.

Go to thy mother's side,  
And her crushed bosom cheer,  
Thine own deep anguish hide,  
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear,  
Mark her worn frame and withered brow  
The gray that streaks her dark hair now.

With fading frame and trembling limb—  
And trace the ruin back to him—  
Whose pledged faith in early youth,  
Promised early love and truth,  
But who forsworn, hath yielded up,  
The promise, to the cursed cup.

And lead her down through love and light,  
And all that made her prospects bright,  
And chained her there 'mid want and strife;  
That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife—  
And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,  
That withering blight—the drunkard's child.

Go hear, and feel, and see, and know—  
All that, my soul hath felt and known,  
Then look upon the wine cup's glow,  
See if its beauty can atone—  
Think if its flavor you could try;  
When all proclaim, 'tis drink and die.

### Paste this in Your Hat.

Pay your debts as soon as you get the money in your pocket. Do without what you don't need. Speak your mind when necessary. Hold your tongue when prudent. Speak to a friend in a seely coat. If you can't lend a man money, tell him why. If you don't want to, do the same. Cut acquaintances who lack principle. Bear with infirmities, but not with vices. Respect honesty, despise duplicity. Wear your old clothes till you can pay for new ones. Aim at comfort and property not fashion. Acknowledge your ignorance, and don't pretend knowledge you haven't got. Entertain your friends, but never beyond your means.

I am resolved to pray more for myself, for my Pastor, for my fellow-professors, and for the impenitent. 1 Thess. v. 17; Matt. xxvi. 41; 2 Thess. iii. 1; 1 Tim. ii. 1.

An Irish Roman Catholic once said to another who had taken the pledge and received a medal from Father Matthew, "And so you have signed the teetotal pledge, have you?"

"Indeed I have, and I am not ashamed of it either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did," said the teetotaler: "but my name is not Timothy, and there is nothing the matter with my stomach."

While outwardly busy, let us be more occupied with God than with everything else. To be rightly engaged, we must be in His presence and employed for Him. At the sight of the majesty of God, our interior ought to become calm and remain tranquil. Once a single word of the Savior suddenly calmed a furiously agitated sea; one look of His at us, and of ours towards Him, ought always to preform the same miracle within us.