

THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST.

B. TEMPLE,
EDITOR.

"COME OUT OF HER, MY PEOPLE."


N. W. POOLE,
PRINTER.

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NOTICE!

 *A New Post Office—A Change!*

Having obtained a new Post Office nearer to us than heretofore, (Jordan S. Williams, P. M.,) our subscribers, friends and exchanges will please address us in the future at "Milburnie, Wake County, North Carolina," and not at "Eagle Rock, N. C." "Milburnie" is nearer to us and we can have more frequent access to the Office than heretofore.

The Law of Newspapers.

1st, Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary, are considered wishing to continue their subscription.

2nd. If subscribers order a discontinuance of their papers, the publisher may continue to send them until all cash charges are paid.

3rd. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office to which they are directed, they are held responsible until they have settled their bill, and ordered their papers discontinued.

4th. If subscribers move to other places, without informing the publisher, and their paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.

5th. The Courts have decided, that, refusing to take a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Primitive Baptist.

DEAR BROTHER TEMPLE:

Having to address you on some business, I have concluded to write something for your inspection. I have been a subscriber to the "Primitive Baptist" for several years, and I expect to continue so long as I am permitted to stay in this unfriendly world; for I read in it many sweet communications and experiences from brethren and sisters of different parts of the world that do my soul good, which has made me conclude to cast in my little mite. Perhaps you are now wondering in your mind who this is that claims the appellation of brother, or where is his well-grounded hope of having an interest in the Lord Jesus Christ. Well now, my brother, if you will bear with me I will try, in much weakness, to relate to you why I do claim a hope in the Lord Jesus Christ.—

I was shapened in iniquity and born into the world in sin—as all the rest of Adam's posterity—having no love for God, his cause or his people. But as I grew to the years of maturity, I began to think about death, judgment and eternity,—seeing and hearing of many people dying around me would bring me to think that I might die too, and then what would become of me! But

these things were momentary—soon forgotten. As I was eager in the pursuit of pleasure, I had given myself much satisfaction in a long-promised life. I went to school enough to learn to read and write a little; I then tried to read the Bible, but it seemed a sealed-up book to me. I went on so for some time, thinking that I was too young yet to embrace religion—I shall live a long time yet, and I can take a great deal of pleasure, and when I get old I will then embrace religion, and so spend the remainder of my days in serving of my Lord and Master! With this determination I went on for some length of time, thinking all was right. But alas! I found that death was preying upon the young as well as the old, and I too might die without the blessed favor of God; so I went to work to get religion as I had long intended to do. I retired often to some lonesome place, and there fell on my knees and prayed God to forgive me of all my sins. This I strictly attended to for a long time; and at length I came to the conclusion that I was good enough, and could pray as good as I wanted—I had no use for the Bible.—Oh! what a smart fellow!—I laid aside all bad words or of doing any thing that would cause God to hate me. So I went on very well for some time, thinking that the better I done the better God would love me: looking at those who professed religion and professed to be christians, I concluded that I was almost as good as they were.—Oh! what a smart fellow!—I could pray as good as I pleased and when I pleased! So I went on, getting better and better, until I began to think that I was a better christian than those that I had so long been watching, for I had risen to so much perfection that I could do as good as I wanted to do! What a smart christian I was! I could pray three

times a day, and if by chance I swore an oath, I would pray three times more: So I always kept my good scale down and my bad one up—I was as good as I wished to be, and concluded that I would not swap chances with some whose memory is now sweet to my very soul; for I had come to the conclusion that a christian was perfect, both soul and body. So I went on for some time, thinking that all was right, until at length I wanted to know whether I was a christian or not; so I would pray the Lord to give me a sign so that I might know by my looking on the moon or some particular star. So I often, when on my knees, would pray the Lord to make known to me, by the moving of the moon or stars, whether I was or not. But alas! I found it not; so I became somewhat troubled on that account—I became uneasy in my mind, for it seemed to me there was something wrong, and I knew not what. So I took up my Bible again, for I had laid it entirely aside, believing that I was good enough without reading it, and there I tried to read and see if I could find a promise to me: but O my soul, it seemed to condemn me in every place where I read, so much so that I laid it aside with the determination not to read it any more. So my troubles increased and I seemed to be lost in wonder and amazement, for it seemed there was something within me that was wrong. I wanted no body to see me nor to say any thing to me. This brought me through upwards of fifteen years of my long-promised life, and I now saw that I was worse off than when I first set out to gain the prize I so long had in view, for I had forgotten how to pray as once I did, and every thing I said or did, seemed to me to be wrong and sinful; and so I went on some short time in

much trouble, often praying the Lord to direct me in the way that might seem right in his sight for me to do. So one night as I was lying on my bed, I dreamed that I was hanging over a gulf that seemed to me to be little wider than my length and no bottom could I see, and I was placed across it on a small something like unto a spider's web and was nearly level with each side of the bank. I was like a man in the water with something under him to swim on: and I did my best to get off of so dreadful a looking place. It seemed that a smoke ascended up almost to take my life, and I still trying to reach the bank, but could not. At length I heard a small voice, saying to me, "Get off of that place!" I strove the harder, but to no purpose. The voice was repeated several times, but I saw no person. And I awoke, and felt dreadful indeed. It seemed as if I was undone some way or other. I wished that I could have gone through the dream before I awoke, so that I could have ascertained, if possible, what was the meaning of it; and my desire was granted, for I was soon asleep again, and found myself in the very same condition; and while striving to extricate myself from that dreadful-looking place I heard, as I thought, the same voice saying to me again, "Get off of that dreadful place!" And I struggled as for life, but could do nothing; for it seemed as if I was bound to destruction. But I continued trying to get off. The voice again sounded in my ear, and I looked and there I saw a dove standing before me speaking with a voice like unto a man, saying, "Get yourself off of there, for if you can you can save yourself." I strove still to do it, but could do nothing towards getting off. The dove said to me again, "If you can get yourself off of that place, you can save

yourself." This brought me to serious thoughts, but continued trying to get off of that dreadful place until I thought I should soon die. I casted my eyes towards the dove and it looked nothing more than the natural dove, only such a voice which being repeated to me again, saying, "Get yourself off of there, for you can do so as easy as you can save yourself; and if you cannot get yourself off, you cannot save yourself." I looked at him again and discovered that it had a hand and an arm, like unto a man. It seemed as if it was pressed on my mind that this was the Christ. Here I was willing to confess that I could not get off of that dreadful place nor save myself, and cried in language like this, Lord, save, or I perish. The dove instantly reached forth his hand to me and took me by the hand and took me off of the place with ease. And I awoke and found myself in a sad condition, for my religion was all gone, and I was a condemned sinner before a just and holy God. This brings me up to the year 1837. I now saw that I was a wretched sinner, an undone sinner, a hell-deserving sinner. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death! I seemed one alone to myself; I tried to pray, but it seemed that my prayers did not go as high as my head. I tried to read my Bible, but O my soul, I could read nothing but my condemnation, and it appeared so just I thought every body knew it. I felt unworthy to be in company with any person; I was forsaken by my family and every other person, and O what anguish pressed upon my poor soul! I would often try to pray the Lord to have mercy on me and forgive me my sins if it could be possible.

But it came to me that I had committed the unpardonable sin and hell was my portion—with all the unbeliev-

ers and the damned cast out from the presence of God for ever and evermore! I could rest neither day nor night, for it seemed that I was haunted by every evil spirit that ever tormented a poor soul on earth.

In the Fall of the same year (1837,) I had to take a journey to the West, and I felt very proud of it, for I thought that I would leave all my troubles and distresses behind me, as I contemplated of seeing many new objects and strange things that I should entirely get clear of all my bad feelings, and should I live to return home again, that I should be quite a new man. Accordingly, I commenced my journey on the 12th of November, thinking of the many objects that would be presented to my mind, and truly my mind was placed on many new objects, so much so that I began to think that I really had got clear of all my bad feelings. I travelled on so for nearly three weeks, but O my soul, what now? Why, I was brought to see that I had sinned against a just and holy God, and deserved nothing but his wrath poured out on my poor soul, without the least mixture of mercy. My sins rose before me mountain high, and was such a burden on me that it seemed impossible for me to live. I tried to pray the Lord to have mercy on me, and, if it could be his blessed will, to forgive me my sins; for I verily thought that I was going to die. I became somewhat alarmed at my condition—my distress uncontrollable,—I was afraid to shut my eyes, lest I should open them in hell; for I plainly saw I had sinned away my day of grace, and thought my case unalterable. Here language fails to describe my situation! my burden of guilt, sin, and condemnation became almost intolerable, for I concluded that I really should die in a short time. I desired that, if my case could be made known

to all praying people, that their prayers might be lifted to God in my behalf. I envied my mother who had been under the clay more than fifteen years, that she ever gave birth to such a hell-deserving wretch as I was,—Oh! that I had died when I was young, or that I had been still born! O, what horrors preyed upon my poor soul! O, could I but swap chances with the brute creation, I would have been willing, or that I had been a brute that had no future being. But no relief could I find, only grew worse and worse. My company which I was travelling with became tired of me. Now sleep had departed from my eyes, so I played 'posson' with them—I would frain myself asleep and could hear them relate their thoughts about me, that I was deranged and had lost my mind, and they concluded that they would have me to confine,—all in consequence of my leaving my family. But O, how mistaken were they! for my family was lost sight of by me. At that time nothing but death and destruction was before my eyes, and I verily belived that I should die in a short time and my poor soul would be landed in the vortex of eternal pain and misery!. I became afraid to try to pray, for it seemed to me that it was blasphemy in the highest degree for me to call on the name of the Lord. I concluded that that day was my last to live, as my burden grew so heavy that I could bear up under it no longer; yet I continued to travel that day, and finally came to the conclusion that time had come to a close with me, that I must die there on that place,—it being on the bank of Tennessee River opposite of a little town on the west side of said river by the name of Perryville, on the night before the 25th of December, (1837,)—nearly eight hundred miles from my loving wife and eight children, and I

was condemned to die, and verily believed that my poor soul and body both would be cast into hell with all the nations that forget God. This night was one of torment to me; I was afraid to lie down or to leave the tent, for fear the Devil would come and take me away. I dressed myself in the best I had with me, in order that if my body was left on the earth that my friends might bury it on the banks of said river. But thanks and praise be unto His great name for His goodness towards me so that I was spared through that night to see the next morning, still I thought that I could go no further; although the boat was soon in readiness to carry us across the river. I got in it, and while going to the other side, I verily thought that it would open in the bottom and drop me into hell, for I saw plainly that that was my place of abode. But I reached the other side and got on the land, and O! what agonies I felt no tongue can tell. The females that came across with me sat down on the bank and the men went into the little city, while I stood a criminal before God. I started up the river bank to find a place, if I could, to try for the last time to ask God to be merciful to me, a hell-deserving sinner. I staggered along on the bank until I could not get any further, for there I must die! O, wretched thought! to be banished from the peaceful presence of God for ever and ever, was more than I was able to bear! I fell on my face and tried to pray, but could not utter a word,—I was full up and thought my breath was shortening fast. I raised up on my knees and bent down a small sappling and sat on it with my face towards the river, still trying to ask God to forgive me my sins; and while sitting there, something seemed to say to me, "You must die here!" O, Lord! I said, 'tis just in thee to

send me to hell, but O! pardon, if you can. Then it seemed to me that there was something that said to me, "You must drown yourself in this river." I answered and said, That is not worth while, for I can swim and shall not drown. The answer to me was, "You must die here, and you must jump off of this bank, and when you reach the water you will not be able to make any effort towards swimming, that your body will be buried in this stream of water, while your soul will be in the torments of hell, and there will be no human being on earth that can give any account of you or where you are gone." Then I said within me, Farewell to my children dear, and to my loving companion!—no more to see or hear from; for the place that knows me now will know me no more for ever-more! So I rose up on my feet to take the fatal step, for it seemed so just and right that I should drown myself that I made one step towards the place, and then I could not move neither of my feet, for it felt like there was a mill-stone to each one and a mountain of weight on me.—Every thing was dark before me and black as pitch: I could not move hand nor foot; my mouth was shut fast, as though it had been screwed up in a vice; my breath did not seem to reach lower than my throat. How long I remained in this condition I can never tell, for I verily thought that every breath was the last, for it was full up to my mouth. Here I cannot describe the anguish of my poor soul, for it is easier felt than expressed. Sometime during my standstill, I heard a small voice saying to me; "Stay thy hand—do thyself no harm! go in peace, and doubt no more, —thy sins and thy iniquities will I remember no more for ever!" Oh, Lord! I thought, who had found me and had heard my lamentations that spoke to

me these words! I tried to turn around to look, but could not move no way whatever. While struggling for mortal life, the darkness disappeared as a cloud from over the sun, and my burden was gone from me and I was set at liberty. I looked to see if I could see any person about me, but saw no one. I felt so good and so happy at that moment that floods of tears began to flow. I fell upon the ground and gave vent to my feelings, and said, O! for ten thousand tongues to sing my dear Redeemer's praise! I rose up and stepped a few steps and looked around, and every thing had undergone a change; nothing looked like it did before: I looked at my hands and they did not look like the same; I looked at the sun, and it looked beautiful indeed, for it was the most beautiful Christmas morning that I had ever seen in all my life before. I cast my eyes towards the east, and it seemed that I had a view of my loving wife and little children, also the brethren and sisters composing the churches in the vicinity where I lived. It then seemed that my love was drawn out towards every body that named the name of Christ Jesus the Lord. This day was the happiest day that I had ever seen in all my life before. I started for the landing to where I had left the females, there being one of them belonging to the Old Baptist Church, and I thought I would tell her the whole of my case, and how happy I then felt. But before I reached the place something said to me, "Don't you tell it yet;" and so I did not tell her. I past several days feasting, for I thought my trials over and all my troubles gone, and joy, peace and pleasure should be my lot alone. But alas! how soon was I disappointed; for doubts, fears and troubles innumerable came, which beset me on every side.

Now I find a warfare so often in my flesh that I have oftentimes fears, lest I am deceived.

But I must hasten.—I returned home on the 14th of February, (1838,) and found my little ones well, which made me feel thankful that the Lord had blessed and preserved them in my absence. I then commenced going to meetings to hear preaching and to hear the members talk, and O! how I did love them; I thought surely they were the happiest people in the world, and I felt so unworthy to be where they were together that it almost broke my heart; for I thought if I was as good as I thought they were, that I should be the happiest man in the world. But O my soul, my heart became as hard as a rock. I tried to read my Bible—and there could read many sweet promises for them, but not for me; for I could not see how God could be just and save such a wretched, ruined, undone, sinner as I was; for the promises could meet my eyes, but not my case. I thought mine was an outside case, and was more than a match for him. In much trouble and distress I spent several months, often thinking and trying to ask God to lead me forth by the right way; but still could get no relief. At last it was put in my mind that I was rejected from before the foundation of the world! This gave me much trouble, and I tried to read and see if I could find any place where I was rejected, and O my soul, I read that passage where it says, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," before the children were yet born, or had done good or evil. Right here I shut the book and thought my case was a gone one sure enough. I wished that I could get my burden back again—I would have been better satisfied. It appeared to me that if I had had ten thousand such worlds as this,

that I would have given them all freely, if I could believe that Jesus Christ was my Saviour, but I could not to save my life. I could see how he could be just and save others, but not me. So I tried to wear it off and return to my old companions; but O my soul, there was death in the pot! I had my fill of sin, and desired to be freed from it if it could be possible for me to be so. I travelled on in doubts and fears, until at length I dreamed another dream.—I dreamt that there was something placed before me about the size of the leaf of a common table, of a leaden color, with large white capital letters, in these words, the 10th ch. of Hebrews and 12th v.; and there is a promise for you. I read and read until I learned it by heart, and could not find any thing else to read. At length I awoke up and it was as plain before my eyes as though it had been really there sure enough. I got up and kindled a blaze and took my Bible and soon found the place, but O my soul, I found no promise there. It not being long till day-break, I sat and tried to read it with a prayerful heart, that God might open to my understanding the meaning of this passage, and give me faith to understand what the promise meant or was. So I continued to read and meditate on that passage until the sun had risen; I then started in the woods to a place that I had frequently resorted to to try to open my heart to God to be merciful to me a poor sinner; but before I reached the place my mind was carried away, and there I, by the eye of faith, saw my blessed Saviour nailed to the rugged Cross—his beautiful arms expanded wide, and the blood trickling from his bleeding hands and side; there I saw that my sins had nailed him there: he took upon himself my sins and bore them in my place. And there I saw his arm was under me be-

fore the foundation of the world!—Oh! what love ran through my soul! Then I saw him in his Divinity, all dressed in a robe beautiful and white, as if he was on his dashing throne with a memorable host around him—most beautiful to behold: there he lives to intercede for the purchased of his blood.

How long I remained in that condition I cannot tell; I felt so happy I exclaimed, My Jesus had done all things well. I view him my all-sufficient Saviour, Prophet, Priest and King. I then concluded that I was not satisfied to remain as I was, and wanted to be with those whom I thought were christians. So I spent some time in that way, often thinking of how I should contrive to have a conversation with some of the brethren; but to commence I could not. After some length of time I had the pleasure of talking with some of them, who gave me much satisfaction. I got the consent of myself to go to the church; so I went and related my story and was received, and baptized by Elder Dupree, in October, 1843, where I still remain in fellowship, as I hope.

These things have caused me to feel and see many happy seasons, if not wonderfully deceived, and often emboldens me to claim the appellation of brother and sister.

I must come to a close, for I know you must be weary of my scribbling. May God, by his grace, enable you, brother Temple, and all the rest of his servants, to faithfully stand on the watch-walls and cry aloud and spare not, so long as it may be His blessed will for you to remain in this unfriendly world. When it goes well with you remember me.

I remain your unworthy brother through much tribulation, if a brother at all.

WM. W. ARMSTRONG.
Edgecombe Co., N. C.,
March 14th, 1853.

For the Primitive Baptist.
 PITTSYLVANIA Co., VA., }
 April 17, 1858. }

Dear Bro. Temple:—I wish to let you and my brethren and sisters hear from me, if I should not be in the way of better counsel; for I pray God to send forth the most able and strongest counsellors for His truth, and I am willing to give place, as I see the "Religious Herald" says "a war is now commencing," and Mr. H. says, "one more battle and the land is ours." If he means Canaan's happy 'land,' I will say he reminds me of the Devil when he promised Christ the whole world to worship him. Here, brethren, the Devil told a lie, for the earth and the fullness thereof is the Lord's. Then we see the Devil had nothing; so he lied, and so will his missionaries: for we hear them say, "One more battle and the land is ours." Now the truth is, they are like their father, the Devil,—they have no land without they claim the 'land' of Babylon. If so, the 'battle' of death will put them in full possession of it. As for the land of Canaan, they have no right to until they give up all their Babylonish trumpery, such as buying and selling memberships, and making merchandise of the Gospel. But, Brethren, let us trust in Israel's God, and contend for the faith once delivered to the saints, and for the truth of the Gospel, and let the Missionaries have all the 'land' they can get by lying and trading; for, Brethren, it would only be in our way, for you know when they were with us trading they were only in the way. But we have got them out and we do much better without their gospel peddling; so let us keep them out until they get tired of Babylon and want to come to the Church of Christ upon

Gospel terms, then we will receive them gladly, and not until then; and then there will be a christian 'union,' and not until then. See 83rd Psalm, 4th v.:—"They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation; that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance." Here, brethren, the Psalmist was talking about the false prophets or false teachers and false professors; and here we will see how much like those old enemies of God our modern Missionaries talk. They say, "a war is now commencing on the Primitive Baptists, or old Israel;" and, "one more battle and the land is ours, or, the name of *Primitive* may be no more in remembrance." But, Brethren, our old enemies, or God's, have lied, and so have the young ones; for God said, "As your fathers do, so do ye also." See 12th v.:—"Who said, Let us take to ourselves the house of God in possession." Here David says those same enemies threatened to take the house of God in possession; but they have not got it. And so it is with our Missionaries,—they have tried to get the house of God by law, but they did not get it. So we need not fear their lying threats, for you know they have said, "in a few years the Old Baptists would all be gone from the earth." But some of them that prophesied so are gone from hence, and the Old Baptists are here yet, and will be as long as time lasts. For God has said, He will not leave himself without a witness; therefore we will have some Old Baptists here so long as time, to witness for God. The Ishmaelites may foam, threaten and prophesy, but God will not be without a witness.

2 Peter, 2nd ch. 1st v.:—"But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring

in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction." Here we see that Peter brought to our view that there were false prophets among the people, and says, "even as there shall be false teachers among you." He says there *shall* be false teachers among you, so I will not 'war' to get them 'out of the world,' but I will try to keep them in their place and out of the Church of Christ as much as I can. But I have known for a long time that it was not worth while to have a Devil if you have nothing for him to do, and that it was necessary for him to have understrappers to carry on his business. But, Brethren, our business is to try to keep him and his understrappers out of the church, or make them behave or walk orderly, and not let them bring in any of their Babylonish trumpery, such as Sabbath-Schools, Abstinence, Bible and Tract Societies, &c., unless they can show where the Apostles sold memberships, made up Sabbath-Schools, Missionary Boards, &c., to devise plans for God or for them to evangelize the world, or for them to get money enough to do it with; for we hear them say, 'Give us money enough and we will evangelize the world.' But Peter once said to one of those 'gospel' pedlers, "Thy money perish with thee; for I perceive your heart is not right in the sight of God." Here, my readers, Peter tells Simon he is not right just because he wanted to buy the gift of the Holy Spirit to peddle on or make money by. I will ask you if it could be worse for Simon to try to buy the gift of the Holy Ghost to make money by, than it is for our Missionaries to go to college and buy 'divinity' from the Devil? for God would not sell it to Simon. Hence bought 'divinity' must be from

the Devil. And now I will say, those who go to the college and buy their divinity or gospel and peddle it out to the people at \$25 or \$50 per month, are worse than Simon Magus, and he was not 'right in the sight of God.'

2 Peter 2nd ch. 18th v.:—"For when they speak great swelling words of vanity, they allure through the lusts of the flesh, through much wantonness, those that were clean escaped from them who live in error." In this verse Peter was describing false teachers. And here, brethren, we see the reason why they come from Babylon and join the Church of Christ, because they are clean. I will say to such as wish to escape from error, to come along and leave the error of Babylon behind, and we will receive you—on Gospel ground. I am sure, if you are clean, that will suit you, for the Word says, "those that were clean escaped from error," then, come.

Nothing more. But I hope to hear from my Brethren in this glorious war for the land of Canaan.

Yours, in Christ; as I hope.

R. RORER.

For the Primitive Baptist.

DEAR BROTHER TEMPLE, BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF THE APOSTOLIC FAITH:

I, for the first time in my life, have seated myself for the purpose of writing a few lines for the "Primitive," though feeling myself so unworthy, I hardly know where to commence: but will just say to the brethren and sisters that I have travelled a great deal within the last twelve months, or rather been moving. I left Tennessee for Missouri and travelled through Kentucky, Alabama and a great portion of Missouri and thence back, and in my travel I found it generally a cold and

barren time as regards religious matters. It seems that we have all, or nearly so, become unprofitable. There is none that doeth good, no, not one.—Go to meeting and meet some half a dozen, or probably two or three, and what is the conversation?—is it about Christ's goodness? O, no! it is about 'hard times,' raising fine stock, or corn, or wheat, or some other worldly concerns. Sometimes there is no preacher, and then we complain of the cold and barren times and disappointments. O! brethren and sisters, if we could just view ourselves and consider how far we live from the commandments of God and our duty as laid down and complain more of ourselves, and try more strictly to perform our duty as christians, then, brethren, we might see more pleasant times, both spiritual and temporal. Then, O! brethren, let us try to live more humble and attend our church-meetings more regularly, and spend more time in singing and talking of the goodness of God, and ask Him to send more laborers, as the harvest is great and the laborers are few. He says, "Ask, and ye shall receive." Then, brethren, and sisters, if we ask aright, the promise is sure. I often feel like old Paul—"if a saint, the least of all."

Brethren and sisters, may God Almighty bless you, and enable you to perform your duty as christians. I crave an interest in your prayers.

So as I feel my unworthiness, I must drop my scribbling. After examining this and correcting all mistakes, and you think this worthy, you are at liberty to publish it.

I remain your unworthy brother in Christ.

W. R. ROBERTS.

Coffee Co., Tenn.,
April 19th, 1858.

CIRCULAR,

OF THE BUTTAHATCHIE (ALA.) ASSOCIATION.

The Delegates and Messengers composing the 31st Annual Session of the Buttahatchie Association, to the Churches composing the same:

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—

In our former Circular, we have addressed you upon almost, if not entirely every religious subject, the intention of which has been, to unite you more strongly together in the ties of Christian love, union and fellowship, and to excite you to a more diligent search in God's word for your duty. So far as we have succeeded in accomplishing this end, let God be praised; and so far as we have failed, let us take shame to ourselves. How be it, there are some who think that, we stand opposed as a fraternity to good works; merely because we cannot, we will not endorse, and adopt all the unscriptural notions of poor puny man, and devote our time, our energy, our talent and our money to them.

What are good Works? It is to do what the Lord has required of us with an eye single to his glory. It is a good work for us to preach, because God has required it at our hands; but then it is not good for us to say, that he has suspended the salvation of his people, and the accomplishment of his purposes, upon our ministry, and then contend that man's will is so subject to himself that he can control it to serve or not to serve as he may choose. But preaching is a good work, and the Apostle tells us the extent of it. It is for the perfecting of the Saints for the edifying of the body of Christ. Had he given it that importance that moderns do, he would never have said that God had saved us and called us with an holy

calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world was made; because, to have said that the salvation of his people was left with the Church and ministry, would have put the thing in the present and future tenses, and left all to chance, and hence all would have been precarious. To preach is a good thing, just like food is a good thing. You do not eat bread to give you life, but you eat bread to make you strong in life. You may fill a dead man's stomach with the richest and most nutritious dainties of Earth, and they afford no life to him, nor nutriment to his lifeless frame; but give him life first, and then his very nature requires food, and without it, (bread and water,) he cannot live.

Is it true, then, that Christ is the Christian's life?—That he is the Way, the Truth and the Life? According to the word of God it is true. If true, then, who communicates that life? Jesus says, "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." When he communicates that life into our souls, we hunger and thirst after righteousness; and the Saviour says we shall be filled. So we see that it is the office of Christ, or rather prerogative of Christ to give life; and then he calls men to the work of the ministry to feed, to encourage, to warn and rebuke the Christian, that he may grow in grace, and be perfected with the Church.—Therefore he says, "Simon, son of Jonah, lovest thou me? if so, feed my sheep and lambs." If you love me, feed my little children, taking, as the Apostle says, the oversight thereof, not for the sake of filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; not of constraint, but willingly. Feed the flock of God which he has purchased with his blood.

Our dear neighbors fall out with us very often and call us hard names, because we cannot agree that they can at the appointed times and places make christians, when we are certain that man could just as easily make a world. We can alarm and warn sinners, which is our duty, but to emerge them from nature's night, into the marvellous light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ, not all the saints and angels of Heaven could do it. The most beautiful figure upon that subject is used by our Saviour to Nichodemus, wherein he compares it to a birth. Let us talk plain, and bid that false refinement get behind us. Ye must be born again. Could all the men and women on Earth, affect a birth without complying with the Laws of nature? Must there not be a begetting, a gestation or travail? This so; then there must be a Father. Hear the Apostle speak upon this subject, who, says he, (speaking of God) hath begotten us to a lively hope, &c. When Zion travails she brings forth. Here let us remark that we think that there does lie before us one of the greatest revivals that has ever been, from the fact that the true Church of Christ, in every sense of the word, reminds us of a woman in travail. She is burthened; she is heavy hearted; she is clumsy, and behind all the rest of the women, who are not married to Christ, but only desire to be called after his name to take away reproach. "Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not: brake forth and cry, thou that travailest not; for she that hath no husband hath many more children than she that hath an husband." In this last quotation is presented to us the true and false Church. One is commanded to rejoice and the other to cry. One don't travail in pain and the other does; and the one who

has no husband has many more children than the true spouse of Christ.

We believe that Christ is with his true Church on the bed of the everlasting Covenant, and that every heir is born in wedlock,—begotten to a lively hope by the Spirit and power of God. So to preach is a good and profitable work, but when we attach more to it than is due, we unavoidably run into Priestcraft. To pray is a good and profitable work, and why? because God has commanded his children, or rather directed them, to pray without ceasing. By it our minds are drawn from the weak and beggarly elements of the world to the knowledge and the enjoyment of the true and living God.

To be Baptized is a good work, because the Lord has required it of us. To Commune is a good work. To work with our own hands and provide things honestly in the sight of all men is a good work.

To walk soberly and righteously in all things is good for us, and an honor to our honesty. Further:—To keep the unity of the spirit is a good work. To be charitable to the indigent poor is a good work. For he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord, and the Lord loveth a cheerful giver. But, unfortunately, we live in an age where there is no object of charity presented to the charitable world; but the ministry, and those who refuse to go into these excesses make themselves liable and subject to reproach and slander from the tongue and pen of such as desire to make gain of godliness. It was from this same class that the Saviour received the slander of being a glutton and winebibber—a friend of publicans and sinners. No doubt but what he ate and drank, which was lawful and right, and no doubt but what the Pharisaical world look upon his temperate use of the

things of this life as evidence why he was not the Messiah. Then, Brethren, we exhort you to take God's word as the man of your counsel, and avoid doing any thing that is therein forbidden, and be diligent and careful to do all things therein required.

Spurn with contempt every work of man that enjoins any thing more, for they will lead directly or indirectly, to a state of bondage. Hear the conclusion of the whole matter. "Fear God, and keep his commandments," for this is the whole duty of man. If you lack wisdom, ask of God, and he will teach you true wisdom. Little children, love one another. Be kind and affectionate one to the other, forbearing one another. Watch over each other for good. Encourage your poor burthened, persecuted preachers, with your prayers and your smiles, and thus hold up the hands of Moses.

Our Association seems to be conducted as usual, in a spirit of meekness, peace and love. No malice or division seems to exist. Thank the Lord for his goodness. For behold how good it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

You see what we have written: It is not set forth in a systematic style, from the fact that the usual limits of a circular forbids elaboration; but we have desired to present to you a variety of hints in a succinct way, that you might be strengthened with all might in the inner man.

"Love one another."

ANDREW J. COLEMAN.

"Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you."—Acts xiii. 41.

"When pride cometh, then cometh shame: but with the lowly is wisdom." Prov. xi. 2.

PRIMITIVE BAPTIST.

Milburnie, N. C., May 22, 1858.

DEAR BRO. STRICKLAND (OF ALA.):
—You request my views on Revelations
12th ch. 7th v., which reads as follows:

“And there was war in heaven:
Michael and his angels fought against
the dragon; and the dragon fought
and his angels.”

The book of the Revelations of John
is very mysterious to me, but doubtless
there are others who understand it
much better than I, and may differ with
my opinions on the verse under consid-
eration; yet without controversy great
is the mystery of Godliness. But when
it pleases God to make known certain
mysteries enounced in His Word, it is
no longer mysterious to him to whom
it is revealed.—Therefore you will dis-
cover that I believe in revealed christi-
anity and knowledge to understand
the scriptures: for proof of this I refer
you to the following scriptures:—Isa.
liii. 1; Amos iii. 7; Matt. xi. 25, and
xvi. 17; Rom. i. 17, and viii. 18; 1st
Cor. ii. 10, and Gal. iii. 15. I have re-
ferred to scripture enough to prove re-
vealed understanding of the scriptures.

“And there was war in heaven.”
Now, I do not understand the *heaven*
spoken of in the text, to mean the heav-
en, above, of perpetual rest and unin-
terrupted glory, but the Church of God
in time.—See Eph. i. 3, iii. 10 and ii. 6.

“War in heaven: Michael and his
angels fought against the dragon; and
the dragon fought and his angels.”
Michael, I understand to mean Christ
Jesus. The ‘dragon,’ the Devil. Mich-
ael’s ‘angels,’ I understand to mean
God’s Prophets, Apostles and Minis-
ters, together with all the believers in
Christ, from the commencement to the
close of time. The weapons of Mich-

ael’s angels are not carnal but mighty,
through God, to the pulling down of
strong holds, while the weapons of the
dragon and his transformed prophets
and ministers are carnal, shapen after
the carnal mind, not subject to the law
of God, neither indeed can be. Then
this war is perpetual through all time:
the prophets fought, and Michael di-
recting, ordering and marshalling his
army, was crowned with success. In
one battle, there were eight hundred
and fifty of the dragon’s army, and but
one of Michael’s, and through Michael,
this one put the eight hundred and fif-
ty to flight. And, to the Apostle’s day,
this war went on, not only with them,
but great efforts were made to try to
capture Michael, as you will see in the
preceding verses of the text.—“And
there appeared a great wonder in heav-
en; (the Church,) a woman clothed
with the sun, and the moon under her
feet, and upon her head a crown of
twelve stars.” This woman, I under-
stand to be Mary, the mother of
Jesus, prefiguring the church of which
church Christ Jesus came.—“And she
being with child cried, travailing in
birth, and pained to be delivered.”
“And there appeared another wonder
in heaven; and behold a great red
dragon, having seven heads and ten
horns, and seven crowns upon his
heads.” “And his tail drew the third
part of the stars of heaven, and did cast
them to the earth: and the dragon
stood before the woman which was
ready to be delivered, for to devour
her child as soon as it was born.” This
great red dragon is seen in Herod, the
King—possessed of power to do his
pleasure. His appearing in heaven I
understand to be significant of the un-
ion of Church and State, who attempt-
ed to rule the Church as well as the
State. His being red is significant of
his disposition to bloodshed, which he

practised, and under his persecuting reign "his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." Thus this war of persecution drew from heaven and cast to the earth the third part of the stars, (meaning the children of God enlightened.) This dragon stood before the woman (Mary,) which was ready to be delivered, for to devour her child as soon as it was born. But in this he did not prevail,—God warning the wise men, and Joseph to take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt. Herod, the red dragon, failing to accomplish his design was wroth, and had all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old according to the time of Christ's birth and under, put to death, expecting to destroy Michael. Well might Herod be called a great red dragon—looking at the innocent blood that was shed under his reign. Constantine, another angel of the Devil, fought under the dragon, against Michael and his angels—his ministers and his children throughout Rome and nearly all the world—drenching the earth with the blood of saints. From that time to the present, the war has been going on, and, it is visible, under the same tyrannical spirit, and nothing prevents the similar acts committed by the dragon and his ministers but the laws of protection, which God has not yet suffered to be repealed.

Brother Abel Strickland, you and I ought to feel thankful that our lot, as well as others, have been cast in a land of liberty to worship God according to our best judgment. We ought to feel thankful that we have lived in this our day of liberty. Then let us pray for our rulers—our law-makers—that God will direct them in a way whereby we may lead and live an easy, peaceable, life and to set, as it were, under our

vines and fig-trees and none to make us afraid. I believe the days will come "when they that killeth you will think they do God's service." "And prevailed not; (the dragon,) neither was their place found any more in heaven;" that is, at the close of this war—when you shall hear no more the voice of your oppressor in the heaven above, where the dragon can never come. I remain yours to serve.—Ed.

ERRATUM.

The Printer must apologize for the occurrence of a mistake in R. Rorer's reply to J. B. Hardwick in the last No. of the "Primitive," 186th p., 7th line. It should have been "rubbed" instead of '*rebuked* him like a man salting meat.' Printers are not so perfect but what they are liable to oversights and mistakes.

The following requests I respectfully invite the attention of some of my able brethren, as I have no views on them that myself or others might rely on:—Judges v. 25, 26, by sister Emily Landrum of Ark.; St. Luke ix. 24, by friend A. C. Ballard, of N. C.

OBITUARY.

BUTLER Co., ALA.,)
May 1, 1858. }

Dear Brother Temple:—By the request of the bereaved husband, I send you the following obituary notice for publication in the "Primitive Baptist."

DEPARTED,

This life, in Coosa County, Ala., March 19th, 1858, sister Cynthia Whatley, in the 70th year of her age. She was born in North Carolina, Feb. 22nd, 1789,—was the daughter of Littlebury Gresham, Esq'r., who emigrated to Ga., where she was baptized in her 16th year. Mr. J. B. Whatley, her husband, resided in Ga. a number of years, and about the year 1835 removed to Ala.,

where they have been living upwards of twenty years, during which time the writer of this obituary has been acquainted with the family.

Sister Whatley was a pious and orderly member of the Primitive Baptist Church about 43 years: and it may be truly said, a mother in Israel has fallen.

She was well informed in reference to the great truths of the Bible—doctrinally, practically and experimentally—of which she delighted much to converse. She was a contributor to the columns of the "Primitive Baptist," and doubtless many have read her communications with much interest. Perhaps no one enjoyed more than she did the presence of her Heavenly Father, or was more devoted to the cause of religion.

She was a subject of much affliction, which she bore with christian resignation. I am informed by her husband that, a short time previous to her death, she repeated the following verse:—

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot enclosed by grace
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

After a few minutes pause, she plainly articulated these thrilling lines:—

"Farewell, vain world, I'm going home,
My Saviour smiles and bids me come."

Hence the spirit took its flight.—The words of her husband are these:—
"Never have I witnessed such an easy passage from life—which I have often heard her pray for."

Thus has our dear sister passed from the midst of her family and friends—doubtless lamented by the Church of which she was a member and all who were acquainted with her—leaving behind an aged and affectionate husband and children and relations to lament most of all their great bereavement; for truly it may be said of her, she was a pious christian, an affectionate wife and a tender mother, and in all the relations of life was kind.—But their loss is her everlasting gain.

May our Heavenly Father sanctify this afflictive dispensation for the benefit of the dear family, and kindly guide them through this life to meet the saint-

ed mother to enjoy with her the fullness of the fruition of God.

"There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again!"

Most truly yours,
BENJAMIN LLOYD.

The Receipts and Appointments of Eld. Jas. Wilson are crowded out, but will appear in the next No.

APPOINTMENTS.

ELDER WILIE PITMAN will, by appointment, preach at the Falls of Tar-River on Saturday 31st July, Sunday, Aug. 1st., Pleasant Hill; Monday, 2nd, Union; Tuesday, 3rd, New-Hope; Wednesday, 4th, Toisnot; Thursday, 5th, White-Oak; Friday, 6th, Otter's Creek; Saturday, 7th, Sparta; Sunday, 8th, Old Town Creek.

There will be a THREE DAYS' MEETING held with the Church at South-Quay, Virginia, commencing on Friday before the 1st Sunday in June, 1858. The Brethren generally, and Ministers in particular, are earnestly solicited to attend.

PRIMITIVE HYMNS.

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Address letters to me at Greenville, Butler County, Alabama.

BENJAMIN LLOYD.

Greenville, Ala. }
April 20, 1858. }

A G E N T S.

N. CAROLINA.—Hosea Fountain, Isaac Wright, Peter Jones, Wm. George, M. V. Wason, Wm. V. Harris, Henry Shepherd, Elds. C. B. Hassell, J. R. Crooni, R. W. Hill, Josiah Smith, John H. Daniel, J. H. Keneday, James Wilson, W. M. Rushing, R. D. Hartt, Wm. H. McKinney, Aaron Davis, Wm. R. Hyman, L. Bodenhamer and Samuel Tatam, G. F. Nethercut, Ebenezer Morrow, Wm. Barnes Simpson Latta, Matthew Wilder, S. Hassell, Jesse C. Knight, R. Ryals, Robert Hatcher, Henry Stephens, Josiah Houlder, C. T. Sawyer, A. B. Pains, Wm. Welch, L. B. Bennett, Mrs. Estier Reece, Albert Cartwright, Q. A. Ward, Wm. Thigpen, Sr., James B. Woodard, Hudson Stephens, Josiah Coats, Daniel Burlington Green Bridgman, Edward W. Airs, Samuel Sadler, Hudson Stephens, Justus Parrish, G. J. Green, K. L. Pender, Abram Wilder, Jeremiah Batts, Benj. Flemming, Wm. F. Bell, Alfred Horn, Wm. F. Wilder, Wm. E. Stone, Wm. Rouse, Sen'r, Allen W. Wooten, James W. Arnold, Elders D. Phillips, Wm. A. Ross, John Stadlar, and James H. Sasser; E. G. Clark, James Carney, Wilson Tilghman.

S. CAROLINA.—Eld. Marshall McGraw, John H. Whitmire, Stephen Langston, B. F. Thompson, W. F. Hogarth, Willis B. Huckabee, H. Pate, Charles Anderson.

GEORGIA.—Elders Jethro Oates, Eli Holland Isaiah Parker and Prior Lewis; Isham Edwards, Wm. Guy, Wm. H. Hegsett, Eld. E. Rince, L. Phillips Allen Brown, John McKinney, John R. Russell, Z. A. Fowle, Wm. A. Nix, Daniel Gentry, Matthew Caldwell, Jetse Pollock, Ezra McCrary, John Barwick, James Haskins, James Hancock, Samuel Sheets.

ALABAMA.—Elders Benj. Lloyd, R. W. Crutcher, Troy T. Temple, James Daniel, Jeremiah Daily, John Gray, S. Long, Stephen Caudle, F. Pickett, Mrs. Sarah R. White, N. S. Stalaland, O. W. Horn, Robert Allen, W. A. Vauter, Wm. Harrison, Payton Wells, S. M. Matthews, Green Carver, Wm. M. Purifoy, James B. Miller, Thomas Colven, Moses Rushton, Wm. E. Freeman.

MISSISSIPPI.—Thos. Young, David Harber, Thos. L. Cotton, M. D., George Tubb, B. H. Pace, John Francher Coleman, Nicholas A. W. Herring, A. J. Coleman, John Watkins, J. M. Reece, W. G. Rhyan, A. Botters, Robert McFaron, James Carter, John Allen, N. Ward, Jordan Joiner, Henry H. Barden, L. Sadler, M. L. Reynolds, L. Vanersdel, R. Willis, Lvi W. Cobb, L. W. Temple.

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Gilliland, Dennis Tateam, John W. Reddick, Thomas Pittis, Samuel Pay, Jacob Butcher, E. G. Browning, Vincent Taylor, Anderson Bruanmett, Joel Rushing, Wm. Swain, J. B. Reager, Peter Smith, Dennis Springer, Samuel Thomas, C. J. Shelton, John W. Burgo, John D. Matthews, L. F. Evans; Elds. George Hoffman, R. W. Fain, Wm. Hunt, John Parker, P. A. Witt, Hosea Preslar.

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TEXAS.—C. W. Dollahite, Jacob Mast, Jeremiah Day, Alfred Hefner Isaac F. Wood.

FLORIDA.—T. H. Hurst, Isham H. Baxzel.

TERMS.

THE PRIMITIVE BAPTIST is published on, or about, the second and fourth Saturdays in each month, at ONE DOLLAR per year, payable in all cases in advance.—FIVE DOLLARS will pay for six copies subscribed for by any one person at any one Post Office. Current Bank Notes of as large size as five dollars, where subscribers reside, will be received in payment.—A smaller amount than five dollars, out of this State, is preferable in gold. Money mailed in the presence of Post Masters, and sent to us, is at our risk. Letters and communications should be distinctly directed to "EDITOR PRIMITIVE BAPTIST, Milburne, N. C."

Job Printing

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BURWELL TEMPLE.