

The Tennessee Baptist.

W. C. BROWN,
C. E. HENDRICKSON, Corresponding Editors.

DEVOTED TO THE ADVOCACY AND DEFENCE OF BAPTIST PRINCIPLES, AND DESIGNED TO BE A MEDIUM OF RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE FOR THE GREAT WEST.

Publishers and Proprietors, J. R. GRAVES.

Desiring to Know the Whole Truth, and Daring to Oppose any Error---Christ is my Judge. J. R. Graves, Editor.

VOL. XI.

Our Pulpit.

Dead or Alive.

By nature we are all dead in sin. *Dead* is a strong word; yet Paul uses it more than once (Eph. 2: 1-5; Coloss. 2: 13). The Lord himself employs it in the parable of the lost soul. "This my son was dead, and is alive again." *Dead* is indeed a fearful expression, which no man willingly applies to himself. Many, it is true, admit that they are not what they ought to be: "they are thoughtless, inconsistent, pleasure-diseased, and reckless; but *dead*? by no means—that term means too much." Yet not the less has God uttered it. He says to every living man who has not faith, whether high or low, young or old: "He is *dead*."

And is it not so? Is it not the condition in spiritual things of the great majority of those around us? God calls to them continually—by mercies, by afflictions, by the preacher, by the Bible; but they hear not His voice. He mourns over them, He reasons with them, He invites them. He knocks at the door of their heart, but it is all in vain. The jewel of their being—the immortal soul—is stolen from them by the Despoiler; and they are, alas! insensible of it. How otherwise can we speak of them than that they are *dead*? Yes, truly, when the heart of man is unconcerned with religion—when his ear is deaf to the voice of God, and his eye blind to the glories of the Kingdom of Heaven, the Bible-word is the best descriptive that could be employed, and that word is: *Dead*.

How is it that sin is not felt in the conscience, that the preacher is not believed, good counsel not followed, the Gospel not respected, the world not forsaken—that dust lies upon the Bible, and the knee bows in prayer no more? The answer is easy. *Men are dead*.

This is the short answer to the whole host of excuses which many make as with the same mouth. One requires instruction, and another time; one has positive difficulty in his family, and another is in very favorable circumstances to attend to divine things at present; one has peculiar obstacles in his vocation concerning which, he says, we have no competent judgment; and another has impediments at home which must first be removed. But God has a much shorter expression by which such persons are described. He says, *they are dead*. O! that they understand its import and truthfulness! But to be insensible is a sign of the death of the soul as it is of that of the body.

What, therefore, does a man need in order that he may be saved? He must be made *alive*. The change from death to life is the greatest of all changes; and this alone can render a soul fit for heaven. What we need is not merely "moral reform"—a little powdering and ornamenting, a little painting and varnishing, a new repairing and a new outside. A whole newness is necessary: a new nature, new heart, new principles, new emotions. This alone, and nothing less, can be sufficient. To break out from the quarry a marble block, and to chisel it into a noble statue; to transform a lump of iron into a watch-spring; to change a howling wilderness into a garden of fruits and flowers, are not worthy to be compared to the complete conversion which every sinner saved by grace must undergo. Those material changes by the hand of man reproduce the same substance in different forms; but the soul needs something incorporated with it of which he knew nothing. It needs more—an awakening from the dead. The sinner must become a new creature; he must be born again; he must be begotten of God. The natural birth is not less necessary to the life of the body than the spiritual that of the soul.

And this radical change is the first necessity and the highest honor of all the sons and daughters of the fall. Death has passed upon all; and all alike must be quickened by the power of the Holy Spirit, in order that they may rise to that blissful abode which even headed virtue dimly anticipated, but from whose gates the Lord Jesus dispelled the darkness, bringing "life and immortality to light." There is no unbelieving mortal, therefore, that can reasonably neglect his conversion, imagining that he has need of none.

The earth's surface is everywhere varied; here are green plains, and there are pestilential marshes; here are roses and lilies, and there thorns and briars; here is one series of geological strata, and there another; but he who goes deep enough must at last strike against the universal granite. So is it with the human heart. Your colors and customs, your laws and usages, may be indeed very different, but the natural heart has the same original base-stratum—all stone, as it is described by Ezechiel: "Therefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings, as newborn babes desire the pure milk of the Word, that ye may grow thereby; if so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious."

Are you *alive*, show it by going morning, mid day, and evening, to the fountain of Life; that you may draw fresh vigor, and renew your soul's vitality by the waters of the living stream. Face to the Rock, spirit of the living God, and drink. "The Rock, Christ Jesus, is the bread of life." The water of baptism, the water of regeneration, the water of salvation, the water of life, the water of the new birth, the water of the resurrection, the water of the new creation.

It is impossible that of ourselves we can perform so great a work. We can change our sins, but not our hearts; we can adopt new habits, but we cannot originate a new life; we can alter to some extent our conduct, but we cannot institute an entirely different ground of motive and action; we can never make something out of nothing. And others—preacher, friend, brother—can do for us no more than we can do for ourselves. "A Paul may plant, and an Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase" (1 Cor. 3: 6). He alone who, on the morning of the creation, said, "Let there be light" and there was

"light"—He alone can bring light out of darkness; and things that are, out of things that are not.

And this is the reason why the stoniest-hearted sinner needs not despair. One might indeed despair if this spiritual change were the work of men, or depended upon men—but with God nothing is impossible. For my part, I would not wonder in the day of judgment, to find many a person now walking in the way of the transgressor, among the saved at the right hand of God. I would not start back and exclaim,—"How! are you also here?" I would joyfully hail him—"Did I not tell you that with God nothing is impossible? You were dead, but made you alive!"

In conclusion, let me whisper to you, my reader—*Are you dead or alive?* I speak to you, who now read this paper, and to no other—not to your neighbor—but to *you*. I do not ask you whether you are an angel, or not; whether you have the mind of an Abraham, or a rascal; but I ask you whether you have a well-grounded hope that you are "a new creature in Christ Jesus;" whether you know from your own experience what it is to put off the old man, and to put on the new;" in a word, whether you are *dead* or *alive*. The question is not answered by saying—"I have been immersed." You can have a name that you live, and yet be dead. Say not it is a question hard to answer. "We know," writes John (1 John 3: 14), "that we have passed from death to life." Say not that when you have "more convenient season" you will be better able to answer. Now is the very best time. Begin at once a thorough self-examination, and rest not until you learn the true condition of your soul. Turn your eye inward in self-vision. Enter into the recesses of your own being, and learn to know yourself. Go into your chamber, and commune with God. Look at the question in His sight. Ask yourself—in view of that hour when Christ shall reappear in the clouds, and all His angels gels with Him—why the book of life shall be opened, and mankind judged according to their works—ask yourself, "Am I dead in sin, or alive in holiness by faith in the Redeemer of the world?"

Are you among the *dead*? Then indeed has our Lord spoken directly to you,—"The hour cometh, and is even now, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live" (John 5: 25.) This voice is loud and distinct. It is impossible to suppose that "Why you remain in death, who is the life?" The life of the Life has thus directed His promises to you. Are the wages of sin so desirable that you cannot forego them? Is the service of Satan so fascinating that you cannot abandon it? Is heaven, with its companionship of exalted intelligence, and its "rivers of pleasure" not worth seeking? Is the great gift of the soul, which of itself implies a higher sphere of existence for its perfect development, a thing so worthless as it is of no great moment whether it is saved or lost, whether its faculties be cultivated or not—or whether, when the time comes to transplant it from this earthly clime, it be found withered in the embrace of poisonous habits, or already putting forth the blossoms of immortal beauty? Who can estimate the value of this period of probationary life? Oh! unbelieving man, come from the grave of the dead, and live it too late! Hear the voice of the Son of God, and arise from the dead and live. True repentance needs never be repented of. Thousands at the end of their lives lament that they have served God so little; but not one lament in serving God, had he not served the world enough.

But are you among those who *live*? Can you say truly,—"I was dead and am alive again?" "I was blind and now see." I have a word for you too, my brother.

Are you *alive*? Let it be seen that you are so by your conduct. Let your works not less than your words indicate that the Holy Spirit has visited your heart. The life of which you speak is nothing unless it be followed by works; they are at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen."

But we need not refer to the historic age of Papal supremacy, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition. The proof is at hand—the product of an age of light, in a land of liberty. The chosen exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen." The choicer exponents of her spirituality, as they have uniformly been the ages of darkness and godless superstition, will be at once the soul and the symbol of saving gospel truth. Show them to me, then shall I have the best of reasons to believe in your sincerity, and the consequent happiness of your immortal being. "Grace is light, and light is to be seen."

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854.

N. O. 5.

From the Western Recorder
To the Friends of Religious and Civil Liberty
THE POPE VERSUS LIBERTY.

The war which the Pope of Rome has waged against the civil and religious liberties of the United States cannot fail to arrest the attention of the American Patriot. History proves him a foe ever to be watched, and terrible in the hour of his victories. And as he has already hoisted the black flag, it becomes intensely important that we should all know his aims and tactics.

That he aims at no triumph short of universal dominion, we cannot fail to perceive if we will observe his movements. He has already commenced the contest openly, and the struggle is fast assuming an interest which it has not possessed for the last three hundred years. Our own lovely land is to be the battle-ground and the lovers of freedom must prepare to meet the onset. The enemy has but recently counted his forces, and does not blush to own his aversion to religious liberty and his dark purposes of dominion, intolerance, and oppression.

He thinks he has numerical strength, sufficient to justify his pretensions, and needs no higher incentive to impel him forward. His recent bold avowals of his fixed determination to invade and crush the religious liberties of this country, and his candid admission that he thus long permitted Protestantism, only because he had not the physical power to prevent it, are enough to startle us, and to arouse us to renewed efforts in behalf of our country and of mankind.

Catholicism is not now what it was ten years since. It has become essentially the same for ages; but with a policy peculiarly its own, it professes toleration in the day of its power. For years they have professed, when greatly in the minority in the United States, to be the most liberal of all religions, and the peculiar and devoted friends of religious toleration. Now, when by immense immigration and otherwise, their numerical strength has greatly increased, they are emboldened to unmask themselves and their purposes, and to proclaim themselves to the world that they will not be satisfied with the kingdom of heaven—the head of the visible church—the rightfully reigning and ruling sovereign of mankind, and as such may die at Presidents, to Princes, to Kings and their subjects, their correlative duties and obligations, temporal and spiritual. They believe that he owes an allegiance to a foreign despot, superior to that which binds him to his native land. In a war at which the Pontiff and liberty, the friends of freedom will never be found among the allies and followers of a despotism, cruel and unrelenting in its nature, and hellward in its tendencies. The conscientious votaries and tame servants of a foreign Prince can never be reliable and loyal citizens. They believe him to be their infallible spiritual Father, holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven in his hands.

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Catholics are the friends of America? Who can freedom? I deny that any man can be a true and faithful citizen of this country and a friend to her peculiar institutions, who religiously believes that he owes an allegiance to a foreign despot, superior to that which binds him to his native land. In a war at which the Pontiff and liberty, the friends of freedom will never be found among the allies and followers of a despotism, cruel and unrelenting in its nature, and hellward in its tendencies. The conscientious votaries and tame servants of a foreign Prince can never be reliable and loyal citizens. They believe him to be their infallible spiritual Father, holding the keys of the kingdom of heaven in his hands.

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as if by arrangement and as the result of some council. Succeeding all this, a distinguished emissary was sent from the Vatican to inquire into the resources of the church in the United States, and make report to his holiness Pope Pius the IV. Such was undoubtedly the mission of Archbishop Bedini. What his holiness shall deem expedient with reference to the spiritual crime of heresy in this country will very much depend upon the report of his illustrious spy. If after visiting each diocese he shall have concluded in his wisdom or madness, that the number is sufficient to sustain him, the arm of papal oppression will as surely be raised as history proves the church of Rome to be the enemy of religious liberty, and the surplus and pliant minions of the Papal despotism of Europe, the Sea of Rome is, and has been striving to obtain here an immense numerical majority. With the culling of a Jesuit, and aided by the diplomatic skill and far-reaching policy of such men as Metternich, he levels his main batteries at this country and at Great Britain. They are the strong-holds of freedom. If he succeeds in subjecting either the early settlers of Massachusetts were not the men to carry in their views. They, find, whipped, imprisoned, cut off parts of their body, and even put to death. For years the virgin soil of Massachusetts drank in the blood and tears of the persecuted disciples of Christ, and its pure air was loaded with the sighs and groans of those who suffered for the word of God, and for the testimony they gave. Instead of dwelling in dulce upon what different classes of persons had to suffer from them, it may suffice to state, that the spirit of persecution becoming more and more intense, broke forth at last in all its fury on the Quakers; and as it may serve to illustrate the circumstances in which the early Baptists were placed, and the disposition of men with whom they had to contend, an example will be given of a warrant issued against three individuals.

Warrior against the Quakers.—To the Constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Rye, Rutherford, Ipswich, Wrentham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabonds are carried off out of this jurisdiction. You are real dangers, which as Protestants, as patriots and as christians, we must avert, or some of us may live to witness the expiring throes of religious liberty. We may see what different classes of persons had to suffer from them, it may suffice to state, that the spirit of persecution becoming more and more intense, broke forth at last in all its fury on the Quakers; and as it may serve to illustrate the circumstances in which the early Baptists were placed, and the disposition of men with whom they had to contend, an example will be given of a warrant issued against three individuals.

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Who look without the strongest indignation at such a scene as this? Three friendless women sentenced for their religion, to be scourged at the cart's tail on their naked backs through eleven different towns!

The remarks of him who originally recorded this act should not be withheld.—Observe says he, here are eleven towns in the warrant; and from the first town Dover, to the last town Dedham, is about eighty miles; and these apes, with a whip, made with thin small laid twisted cords, each of which being knotted and laid on the naked backs of the innocent Quakers, as, if it were possible, the knots might kiss the bones. And when the Quakers were commonly so whip-torn their torn flesh and bloody bones, (they) had about fifty miles to travel through the wilderness woods, before they came to their friends at Rhode Island; and so [such] hard weather with frost and snow, that divers people have been killed therewith in travelling between town and town, though but two or three miles distant from each other.

NASHVILLE, TENN.
SATURDAY, SEPT. 30, 1854.NOTICE
Letters from friends, to native friends abroad, should not be addressed to the editor. Address Tennessee Baptist, or Graves' Magazine, Publishers.

The West Tennessee Baptists and Campbellism

There was but one sentiment expressed, and that was indignation at the charge of Mr. Campbell, involving as it does our entire ministry in the charge of heresy and hypocrisy; and more, they did not believe that Mr. C. had received the assurances he claims from a reliable Baptist, either layman or minister in West Tennessee; so far as they could learn there was the most unusual expression of approbation of the triumphant manner in which the Tennessee Baptists had thus far conducted the present discussion with Mr. C. Whether Mr. C. has received the letters alluded to by Mr. C. or not, two things are certain, 1st, they were not from either distinguished or reliable ministers or members in West Tennessee; 2d, the almost universal sentiment of W. Tennessee Baptists that Mr. C. has not received such letters from that quarter; and lastly, the West Tennessee Convention has forever wiped off the charge of Campbellism from its fair e-churches.

We hope that the General Associations of East and Middle Tennessee will take stand by the side of the West in repelling this dangerous imputation cast upon the ministry and membership of Tennessee by Mr. Campbell during the past year, and especially in the August No. of his *Harbinger*. They owe it to themselves, to the cause of Christ and the world, to repel the suspicion cast upon them by Mr. C.

Mr. Bradley's New Light.

We learn from a source which we consider reliable, that C. J. Bradley, the President of the Presbyterian College at McMinnville, Tenn., in a late discourse preached in one of the upper counties of West Tennessee, took positions both new and strange respecting the setting up of the visible kingdom of Christ.

He was understood to affirm:

1. That the visible kingdom of Christ, as set up in Dan. 2: 44, was set up in the days of the family of Abraham.
2. That the prophecy distinctly affirmed that this kingdom was set up "in the days of these nuns."
3. That these kings were Nebuchadnezzar and his co-conquerors.

1. That Nebuchadnezzar lived contemporaneously, i.e., in the same age with Abraham, therefore this kingdom of Christ was set in the days of Abraham.

We say it is currently reported that Mr. Bradley, in these or substantially these positions, discourses alluded to, set to us as understood by his own brethren. We think it to him, therefore, to apply him of the before we allow any publication to appear.

He may correct the report of his sermon, if untrue, and we cheerfully offer our name to set himself right if he feels him misrepresented. His silence will confirm report.

If the report of his sermon be well founded, and we are hardly at liberty to fit from the character of our informants, we take singular positions for the President of a College and the maker of Doctors of Divinity; for we believe he recently made Bro. Burrua a D. D. If he can prove that Nebuchadnezzar lived in the days of Abraham, he has lost of which the world long been deprived, and which we most respectfully urge him to submit for the examination of the historians and Christian writers of this age. We want to hear from the President touching this matter.

Visit to Salem Association.

This excellent body of Christian brethren met last week at Brush Creek Church, a few miles from the turnpike leading from Lebanon to Sparta. The congregations in attendance were very large and most respectfully attended.

It was a pleasant and doubtless will prove to have been a profitable meeting. A great amount of business was done, mostly of local interest, but there were some items which were important to the whole church. The Domestic Mission interest was placed on a firm footing, as we trust, by requesting the Agent of the General Association to visit their church, and recommending their missionary to the General Association for support.

If all the Associations would adopt this plan, there would be a better spirit in the churches.

Bro. Kimbrough, the Agent of the Foreign Mission Board was present, and by request of the Association addressed them in a most interesting and instructive address—the main object of which was to show that the Anti-missionary Baptists, so far from being entitled to the appellation of old Baptists, are but a recent schism. This position he most triumphantly sustained by an appeal to facts recorded in history, and confirmed by the memory of more than one of the old brethren who were present.

The Association passed a very strong and appropriate resolution on the subject of temperance, which I hope they will have published in the secular papers of the state, to let the world know where Baptists stand in regard to this matter.

There was also a resolution passed expressive of the sense of the Association respecting the doctrines of A. Campbell, and the course of the Tennessee Baptist in reference to them. But, perhaps the most interesting and important action of the meeting was the adoption of a resolution expressing the decided opinion of this Association, that it is inconsistent for Baptists to invite Pedobaptist ministers into their pulpits to preach with us, while we deny the validity of their baptism and all their official acts. This, so far as I know, is the first public and official recognition and adoption by any of our assemblies of the doctrine so boldly advanced and so triumphantly sustained by Bro. Pendleton in his recent tract on this subject. I look for all the Associations sooner or later to take similar positions, and, then, as Bro. P. suggested in his reply to Dr. Hill, it will not excuse the establishment of any man to learn that "Baptists are consistent," and are determined to carry their principles into practice.

D.

Pencil Sketches.

Titular Dignitaries in the Gospel Ministry.

We left the City of Rocks on the 6th for Paris, and without incident reached Camden, o take the train for Paris, but unfortunately the train had left and during Friday and part of Saturday, we sought in vain for a conveyance of any kind so as to reach the Convention. Our host, Mr. Archibald, spared no pains—At last through the kindness of our Brother McCollum, who lives near, we were furnished a horse, upon which we reached Paris at dusk.

The CONVENTION was not so large this year as usual, owing to the drought and the backs of the northern churches to co operate. It was an harmonious session, and we think the foundation laid for great future good and the ultimate union of all West Tennessee Baptists in the objects of the Convention.

This body has three schools under its patronage. The Howell Institute at Lexington, the Brownsville Female Collegiate at Brownsville, and the Spring Creek Male Institute at Spring Creek. Able reports were read on Education, and a permanent beneficiary's fund was raised at this meeting, and two hundred dollars collected in cash. This is to be loaned to the beneficiary without interest, and returned by him so soon as he can realize it from his labors after he leaves school. This we regarded as an important action.

The Bible Society resolved to do its part towards raising one million Testaments for the Chinese in Asia and America.

A resolution was offered by Brother Crider concerning the late declaration of Mr. A. Campbell, that he was receiving the endorsement of the Convention, and regarding the heresy.

It was decided by the President (C. C. Conner) unconstitutional, &c. including matter concerning which the Convention as such could take no cognizance. Considerable excitement arising hereupon, it was agreed to call a mass meeting at the close of the business for the passage of the resolution, which was done, and it was carried unanimously. Brother Conner refusing to vote because he was in the Campbellite's house, and the following is the resolution:

WAKASAS, Believing that the declaration of Mr. A. Campbell (which is that some of the most distinguished ministers in the Baptist community in this State endorse his peculiar views of Christiandity) is calculated to prejudice our denomination in the eyes of the world, and cast suspicion upon our entire ministry, therefore:

Resolved, That we have no fellowship for, nor sympathy with, the peculiar doctrines of Mr. A. Campbell and the current reformation, believing them both unscriptural and most pernicious.

Resolved, That this resolution be published in the Tennessee Baptist.

Bro. J. M. Hurt was elected to address a circular to the churches in W. Tennessee to occur, if possible a union and proper understanding among the brethren and an increased percentage to the Convention. Funds this year \$500.

Received, Bro. Hurt's Circular on Wednesday night indisposed—led on Thursday morning for Elizad to attend the session of the Central Association. This is a very large body, containing between 80 and 90 churches. Introductory discourse by Brother Self—The Association after being organized, elected J. M. Hurt Moderator, by voting to the Trustees of this body were to be held in the city of Jackson, and the same day the convention opened.

It is difficult to assess how much do that such tides are harmless; it is evident that the Scriptures positively condemn all such distinctions.

The same unyielding ambition that prompts ministers at this day to covet these offices, was manifested from the beginning, and the Saviour foretold it.

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The Tennessee Baptist.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1854

ESTATE CONTRACTORS.

Elder J. P. Miller, Bowlin Green, Ky.
Elder T. W. Jones, Sumner, Alabama
Elder J. W. Thomas, Murfreesboro, North Carolina
Dr. J. M. Wheeler, Jacksonville, North Carolina
U. G. Bagwell, Terrell, Texas
Rev. Mr. H. C. Moore, Est. Greenwood, La.
James D. King, Los Angeles, New Mexico
J. B. White, Beaufort, Tennessee
Matt Hillman, Knoxville, Tennessee
Hierarchical Correspondent
Elder S. Adam, Newport, Rhode Island

A VERY SPECIAL NOTICE.

We are sorry to inform Agents or Pastors that sending new members to the South will not be an easy task, or to increase the power of the Pastors at the time it is being taken, so that the name can be found in our books.

They are not in Old Salem.

At the recent session of the Salem Association the following preamble and resolution were unanimously and heartily adopted:

"Whereas, it has recently been published to the world, by Alexander Campbell, that the Tennessee Baptist is not the exponent of the principles and faith of the Baptist denomination in the South and West, and in confirmation of this assertion there are many in our churches who agree with him in doctrine; and furthermore, that he has private assurances from many distinguished Baptist ministers who denounce the course pursued by the Tennessee Baptist, and believing such announcements as misrepresenting our denomination, and calculated to injure what we think the cause of truth. Therefore,

"Resolved, That we individually, and as members composing the Salem Association, (Tennessee,) heartily approve and sanction the sound truth and wholesome scriptural doctrine as published in the Tennessee Baptist, in the great and most important work of exposing the unscriptural character and dangerous tendencies of the doctrines of the so-called reformers."

You see, therefore, Brother Graves, that whenever these "distinguished ministers" may be, they are not in the Salem Association.

A VISITOR AT THE SALEM ASSOCIATION.

Obituary.

The N. O. Chronicle, we see, is again deceased. It died Aug. 31st.

Since the editor of this paper has long since abjured the practice of preaching funeral sermons, we expect he will not depart from his policy in this instance, although Prof. Duncan attributes the late and fatal sicknesses of his sheet to the Tennessee Baptist. We are confident from our own observation, as well as from a great multitude of written certificates, that a post mortem examination would show that the Chronicle came to its death from an overdose of German Von Rhodenism, administered by the editor's own hand. We hope the editor, on his return, will not notice the charges made by Prof. D. in the dying breath of the Chronicle. It is coarse, ungentlemanly in style, carnal and bitter in its spirit. The denomination in the South west is perfectly familiar with the course of the Tennessee Baptist, it is also familiar with the doings of Prof. D. towards our Bro. G., beginning with the day that Prof. D. gave the whole influence of his Chronicle to the old banner of Peace, to crush Bro. G. when he was nobly and triumphantly bearing it up in the city of Lebanon, Tenn., which conflict resulted in a large Baptist church in that place. That deathless thrust of Prof. D. killed the old Chronicle, and Von Rhodenism, and a bitter spirit of opposition to Baptist policy, not Bro. Graves, most effectually killed the late sheet Peace to its ashes. Our editor boldly repudiated Prof. D.'s Von Rhoden book, and in this he is nobly sustained by the whole Baptist brotherhood in the South west, our proof which is "legion."

It was severe, we admit, upon the book and its pernicious doctrines, and threw his influence against its being circulated as a Baptist work. In this he intended to be severe, and the sequel plainly shows that he was justly so. But that he sought the ruin or injury of the Baptist, is a fact of Prof. D.'s low-minded imagination, and wholly unfounded, the "Publisher's" whimpering assertions to the contrary notwithstanding.

How strikingly absurd for Prof. D. to seek to attribute his repeated failures as an acceptable Baptist editor to some one else. What a pity that those high sounding titles and wonderful threats should avail him nothing even in a dying hour. We deem this much due to our editor and hope he will let this last dishonorable and vindictive attack upon him pass.

J. C. BICKEL.

Mr. Miss. Sept. 1854.—A glorious meeting has been held with the church, and believing Zion will rejoice to hear of his work, I send you for publication in your meeting commenced on Sabbath afternoon, and the Lord did most work. I never have seen more generally revived prayer or preaching, the songs of praise were as brethren and sisters, nests were constantly full, with sons and bickerings, inquiring, "what they know not how many soul I am satisfied the. There was twenty-four, fifteen by his baptism, the Lord has restored, the Lord has healed me at this meeting, my wife, a nephew and a son happy converts that he baptized two Methodists into our fellow Baptists, we were Elders W. H. Robertson, whose baptism the Lord greatly blessed for us. Yours in Christ, J. C. BICKEL.

Pr. D. complains that his defenses, sent to this paper, have not been published. The reason has been given more than once—they were one and all offensively and grossly personal, and our editor could not, with any self-respect, burden his columns with such abuse of himself. We approve of the sentiment of the senior editor of the Western Recorder touching Mr. Hull's defense of Everett's "Baptist Prayer Book," which was sent to this office for publication and refused.

"PRAYERS FOR SALE."—The article under this caption, addressed to the Tennessee Baptist, and rejected by the editor of that print, was admitted with many doubts of the propriety. We would have done the same thing had the case been ours. It is high time that a severe rebuke should be administered to those correspondents who think they have a right to edit their own papers and their own charges.

"H." volunteered in this matter. It was no concern of his. Modesty, therefore, should have taught him less superciliousness. Our customs for years has been, not to return, but to turn all such communications."

We think that Prof. D.'s article in his issue of August 31st, of itself sufficient to alienate the denomination in the South west from him forever. While he perpetrates such suicidal acts, let him not seek to find another upon whom to charge his misfortunes.

It is a happiness of many to have a portion of the world; but to have the world for our chief portion is a misery.

A NORTH CAROLINA BAPTIST.—The Milton Chronicle gives an amusing account of the various avocations of a prominent Baptist of that State, Brother Palmer, the editor of the Milton Spectator. He is an officiating minister of the gospel, licensed attorney, a newspaper editor, agent for nearly all the insurance companies north of the Potowmack; commissioner for thirty States, and applicant for the same when Kansas and Nebraska shall have come in; bank director; Chairman of the Board of Superintendents of the Common Schools; temperance orator; agent and counsel for Wake Forest College; president and secretary of all the Boards of the Baptist Church; &c.; and in addition he owns more town property, has the neatest farm, the best fruits, and the finest cattle of any man in the country.

NOTICE.
Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days, scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying where is the promise of his coming, we have taken the liberty to call on the senior Editor of the Recorder on several occasions of late, for the purpose of remonstrating with him against his unkind treatment of an innocent brother minister, than to redress my grievance of our own. As Brother W. has the reputation of treating his friends with courtesy, we did not think it necessary to send in our card, or seek an introduction from a *go-between*, and, in our remarks to him, knowing Brother W. was a blunt, plain-spoken man, we spoke plainly to him. At our last call, however, Brother W. refused to hear us, and as it is to add insult to rudeness, set *Puck* on us. Brother W. may say he was not at home at the time, or deny that Puck belongs to him; but, until better informed, we must ever believe that it is the owner, as we distinctly recognized the *Puck* with the name (*Puck*) written on it. We did like to be balked at by even the *smallest* of the species, though we were never bitten by one, and unless Brother W. makes due apologies for the insult, we never intend to call on him again.

K. J.
Deaconship.

In "The Catechetical Instructor," by Elder A. W. Chambliss, former editor of the S. W. Baptist, now President of Mississippi Central College, we find the following, page 338: "QUESTION.—What is the office of deacons in the church?"

"ANSWER.—The business of the deacons is to aid the pastor in administering the Lord's Supper; to receive and pay out alms collected for the benefit of the poor; and to have the oversight of all the temporal concerns of the church. Acts vi. 1, 2." When "Doctors differ," who can't tell? Elder W. C. B. as well as Elder A. W. C., is an ex editor, the one gives the deacon charge over temporalities, the other does the same, but in the absence of the pastor, over the spiritualities also, if we understand him.

That the deacons should "aid the pastor in administering the Lord's Supper," we will not object to it. Elder A. W. C. is not too busy drumming up volunteers for his College, we would like just now for him to define exactly what he means.

Brother E. Vining says, "I have no more respect for Baptist errors and improprieties than I have for Pedobaptist errors and improprieties." We cry you amen, Brother Vining.

If Brother A. W. C. means for the deacons to provide and prepare for the supper, we will not gainsay, but if to pass around the bread and wine be the aid, we ask for the authority.

Brother J. P. Miller, the author of the *Methodist Advocate* of June the 17th, that something astonishes me. That something is standing over the name of Joel Peck, a person to an article written in the Tennessee Baptist of February the 1st, relative to Brother Clark, a Methodist preacher,提起 by Brother Woodward, Logan county, Kentucky. The Tennessee Baptist says that Pendleton's Three Reasons were the cause of his conversion. I am astonished at the unjustifiable attack.

Brother P. makes up the Baptist, the protestant says the Reasons were the cause of his change.—Brother P. says it was because the Methodists refused to renew his lease, now Brother J. P. assist to a thing you do not know, therefore do you wrong; since no man has a right to assert what he does not know to be true. Again, "my brother editor would hardly do for a Baptist preacher." My Bro. P. candor and honesty are as apparent as a Baptist preacher as a Methodist, and quite as open character them, for to your mind there is a want of christian spirit which include both.

Again, "I suppose he joined the church fifteen years ago, when there was nothing said about Brother Pendleton in the Advocate." Now Brother P. I can see how you understand our writer of that article to allude to the time when Brother Clark joined the Methodists; the writer alluded to the time he joined the Baptist church, for such is the force of his language. Now Brother Peck, you either exert a mind a dulness of understanding or a want of candor, you know, Pendleton's Reasons have not been written fifteen years, yet what he has in the Advocate about J. M. Pendleton caused him to renew his lease, and reading the Reasons were the cause of his conversion. Now Brother Peck I want you to look at this and you will see where you have misrepresented the Methodist church, no church at all, nor say when he joined the church." Now it is possible you did this ignorantly, but do you more ought and will it extend upon your conscience, but the unfavorable impression you wish to make against Baptists makes it very suspicious.

Again, you indirectly charge J. M. Pendleton, in his book, with sophistry, falsehood and garbling; brother Peck is over this and ask yourself what sort of a spirit animated you when you wrote this, a man occupying the position you do, to make such charges against a man standing as high as anyone known in our church, and these charges particularly grounded, for you have made them without giving evidence to sustain them. Now my dear brother, after exercising all that christian forbearance that I can, I am convinced, under what they told her was baptism. She had many things to endeavor her to that Society, which made her try, every way in her power, to satisfy herself that she had been baptized; but every expedient failed, until she was buried by baptism. As she was laid out of the water, she expressed herself as having an aversion of a good conscience as the fruit of obedience. Oh! for that time when we shall have one faith, one Lord, and one baptism.

Brother Graves, suppose you were called upon to preach for a sick person, who did not expect to live many days, after which he wishes you to baptize him. There is no organized church in less than four or five miles; but there may be with you some twenty Baptists, members of different churches, among them two deacons, most of whom testify to the pious and high standing of the person for many years; he gives as good reason for his hope in Christ as any man. All the members present vote to receive him, not as a member of any church, but as a candidate for baptism; and then the church.

The above scene was rendered more effectual from the fact that Brother Phillips expected in a few months to sail for the Afric in Mission, the employment of the Columbus Association, Georgia. Brother Phillips is late from the Mercer University, Georgia, at which place he has been for a little upwards of two years, preparing himself to do more successfully the work of his Master. God bless him, and make his days many and useful wherever life may be cast.

My previous revivals through this country have been of many to have a portion of the world; but to have the world for our chief portion is a misery.

Yours, in the gospel,
W. H. MANDOX.
Lafayette, Macon Co., Tenn., Sept. 13, '54.

W. C. THOMAS.
Christian Index please copy.

The Tennessee Baptist.

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New Issues.

The Baptism of Jesus.
For thus it becomes us to fulfil all righteousness.—JESUS
BY J. M. CRAWFORD,
PROFESSOR OF THEOLOGY, MURKIN UNIVERSITY, GA.

NUMBER XI.

Were John and Andrew and the other disciples who went from John to Jesus re-baptized? There is no reason to suppose so, and every reason to the contrary. Indeed, no one maintains that Jesus baptized those of John's disciples who followed him. The disciples who still adhered to John, in the fullness of their zeal for his honor, complained to him that Jesus baptized, and that his baptism was more numerously attended than that of their master. "Rabbi, he that was with thee beyond the Jordan, to whom thou bearest witness, behind the same [Jordan], Waterstrays marks the contempt of the expression that follows, BLOOMFIELD Rec. Syr. p. 15, baptizeth, and all come to him." John 3: 26. Their complaint is, that Jesus baptizes, but they do not add, that he baptized also those whom their master had baptized. (See *ad locum: ad am lauoro sacra immersio, Kirrosti*) as they certainly would have done if the fact had been so. For if they considered it a slight to John that Jesus baptized, what would they have thought if he had re-baptized those who had received the ordinance from its founder?

These things occurred shortly after Jesus was baptized. The Evangelist John gives later proof of the value of the Baptist's testimony in causing his disciples to believe in Jesus. "And he went again beyond the Jordan, into the place where John at first baptized; and there he abode. And many resorted unto him and said, John did no miracle: but all things which JOHN SPAKE OF THIS MAN WERE TRUE. And many believed on him there." (John 10: 40-42.)

We have, therefore, these facts. John's doctrine was the doctrine of the gospel; he directed his disciples to Jesus as the Messiah; his disciples followed Jesus, and were received by him without re-baptism; by his authority they baptized while Jesus was alive, and after his death. The people whom John "made ready" followed Jesus and he received them. The people whom John baptized, Jesus received without re-baptism. These facts are entirely consistent with the principles maintained in the preceding chapter, and can be explained on no other. The kingdom of heaven from the day of John the Baptist was ours; baptism was its initiatory ordinance; and those who received it intelligently needed no other rite, and no repetition of this, to be recognized as members of the visible community of faithful and obedient men on earth.

The commission—Matt. 28: 19, Mark 16: 16—was not then the first establishment of Christian baptism as the ordinance of initiation; but only a direction to the apostles, and to believers for all time, to continue to do in the absence of the king's person what his successor had been in his immediate presence by his direct command. Baptism was first commanded: the "super afterwards." So baptism is still first observed; the super afterwards. The witnesses of the resurrected were those who had learned of Jesus "beginning from the baptism of John."

The cases of Apollo and the twelve disciples at Ephesus considered.

We will proceed now to examine whether the cases of Apollo and the twelve disciples at Ephesus militate against the views already set forth. Of Apollo, it is said that he "was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord, knowing only the baptism of John." (Acts 18: 25.) The word *advised*, here translated *d'yearely*, should be rendered *accurately*. (Robinson, Hackett, Alford, Kinnoul.) Apollo, therefore, had accurate knowledge of what he taught. His knowledge, however, accurate as far as it went, was limited to the doctrine of John. There were other things that were not ascertained in that doctrine, were yet unknown to Apollo. Yet he "was instructed in the way of the Lord, and taught accurately the things of the Lord." Now what were the *things* of the Lord, which John was competent to teach, and which he did in fact teach? We answer unhesitatingly, for we answer from the Scriptures. He taught the presence of the Messiah, and that Jesus was the Son of God; he taught the "knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins," (Eph. 1: 7;) he taught repentance and faith. These things, then, Apollo knew and taught. There were other things that did not know till he received additional information from Aquila and Priscilla. He did not know "the glorification and exaltation of Christ in his resurrection and ascension, nor the gift of the Holy Ghost as a consequence of the elevation." (Oklahoma.) These facts and the glorious results depending upon them were communicated to Apollo by his new instructor. Were he re-baptized? The record does not say so. No circumstances connected with the case say it. His accurate knowledge of the way of the Lord contradicts it, and the principles which we have established, show that it was unnecessary. His knowledge was accurate though not complete.

There are few at this day, (are there any?) who, though ignorant properly, by the influence of Christ, do not need additional instruction. We find nothing here which militates against the views which we hold in regard to John's baptism as gospel baptism.

The case of the twelve disciples in Ephesus is somewhat different. Many have denied that they were re-baptized, some among whom are Bux and Gurn, excluding that the fifth verse is a continuation of the words of Paul; others, like Casar, understanding it of the baptism of the Holy Spirit. These opinions are doubtless incorrect. The fifth verse is undoubtedly the narrative of Luke. "Now when they heard him, (namely, what Paul had just said,) they were baptized into the name of the Lord." We entertain no doubt, therefore, that these persons were re-baptized. Let us, if we can, ascertain why.

Nothing is known of which men are more liberal than their good advice, or their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry on an intimacy of our own influence, importance or worth. *Forsooth.*

"Alas! who waits to do a great deal of good at once, will seldom do any good at all." *Asleep.*

Nothing is known of which men are more liberal than their good advice, or their stock of it ever so small; because it seems to carry on an intimacy of our own influence, importance or worth. *Forsooth.*

THE TENNESSEE BAPTIST.

The Family.

The Timely Warning.

A THRILLING STORY.

This little story shows how easily the fond heart of a mother may be broken by the insane stubbornness of a wayward boy, and vividly depicts the remorse that is sure to follow the perpetration of acts of disobedience. May this warning prove to be a "timely" one to many a boy, who defies the authority of his gentle and suffering mother, because his elder companions have instilled into his mind the moral and physical falsehood that it is manly to do so.

My father, after an absence of three years, returned to the house dear to him. He had made his last voyage, and rejoiced to have reached a haven of rest from the perils of the sea. During his absence, I had grown from a child and baby of my mother's (for I was her youngest,) into a rough, careless, and headstrong boy. Her gentle voice no longer restrained me; I was of wilful and sometimes disobedient. I thought it indicated manly superiority to be independent of a woman's influence. My father's return was a fortunate circumstance for me. He soon perceived the spirit of insubordination stirring within me. I saw by his manner that it displeased him, although for a few days he said nothing to me about it.

It was an afternoon in October, bright and golden, that my father told me to go get my hat, and take a walk with him. We turned down a narrow lane in a fine open field, a favorite play ground for the children in the neighborhood. After talking cheerfully on different topics for a while, my father asked me if I observed that huge shadow, thrown by a mass of rocks that stood in the midst of the field. I replied that I did.

"My father owned this land," said he. "It was my play-ground when a boy. That rock stood there then. To me it was a beacon, and whenever I look at it, I recall a dark spot in my life—an event so painful to dwell upon that it was not a warning I should not speak of it. Listen, then, my dear boy, and learn wisdom from your father's errors."

"My father died when I was a mere child—I was the only son. My mother was a gentle, loving woman, devoted to her children, and beloved by every body. I remember her pale, beautiful face—her sweet, affectionate smile, her kind and tender voice. In my childhood, I loved her intensely. I never was apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to a high school in the village. After associating for a time with rude, rough boys, I lost in a measure my fondness for my home, and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority, or to appear peasant, although I knew that my conduct grieved her."

"Another frosty, shower and teetering night. I could not bear to hear it said by my company that I was tied to my mother's apron-skins. From a quiet, home-loving child, I soon became a wild, roistering boy. My dear mother used every persuasion to induce me to seek happiness within the precincts of home. She exerted herself to make our fire-side attractive, and my sister, following her self-sacrificing example, sought to entice me by planning games and diversions for my entertainment. I saw all this, but did not heed it."

"I was an afternoon like this, that, as I was about leaving the dining-table to spend the intermission between the morning and evening school in the street as usual, my mother laid her hand on my shoulder, and said mildly, 'My son, I wish you to come with me.' I would have rebelled, but something in her manner awed me. She put on her bonnet and said to me, 'We will take a little walk together.' I followed her in silence; and as I was passing out of the door, I observed one of my rude companions skulking about the house, and I knew he was waiting for me. He sneered as I went past him. My pride was wounded to the quick. He was a very bad boy, but being some years older than myself, he exercised a great influence over me. I followed my mother until till we reached the spot where we now stand, beneath the shade of this huge rock. O, my boy, could that hour be blotted from my memory, which has cast a dark shadow over my whole life, gladly would I exchange all the world that offer me for the quiet peace of mind I should enjoy. But no! like this huge, unsightly pile, stands the monument of my guilt forever."

"My mother, being feeble in health, sat down and decked me to sit down beside her. Her look, full of tender sorrow, is present to me now. I would not sit, but continued standing sulky beside."

"Alfred, my dear son," said she, "have you but all love for your mother?" I did not reply. "I fear you have," she continued, "and may God help you to see your own heart, and to do my duty." She then talked to me of my misdeeds, of the dreadful consequences of the course I was pursuing. By tears, entreaties, and prayers, she tried to make an impression on me. She placed before me the lives and examples of great and good men, she sought to stimulate my ambition. I was moved, but too proud to show it, and remained standing in dogged silence beside her. She thought, "What will my companions say if after my boasting, I yield at last, and submit to be led by a woman?"

"What agony was visible on my mother's face, when she saw that all she had said and suffered failed to move me! She rose to go home, and I followed at a distance. She spoke no more to me till we reached our own door."

"It is school-time now," said she, "so my son, and once more let me beseech you to think upon what I have said."

"I will not!" said I, with a loud tone of defiance.

"One of these two things you must do, Alfred: either go to school this moment, or I will lock you in your room, and keep you there till you are ready to promise implicit obedience to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't get me up stairs."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother, who laid her hand upon my arm. She trembled violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me, I will kick you," said I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her eyes.

"Then follow me," said she, as she grasped my arm firmly.

"I raised my foot—O, my son, how naïf! I raised my foot and kicked her—my sainted mother! How my heart reels as the torrent of memory rushes over me! She staggered back a few steps, and leaned against the wall. She did not look at me. I saw her heart beat against her breast. "O Heavenly Father!" she cried, "forgive him; he knows not what he does!" The gardener just then passed the door, and seeing my mother pale and almost unable to support herself, he stopped; she beckoned him in. "Take this boy up stairs, and lock him in his room," said she, and turned from me. Looking back, as she was entering her room, she gave me such a look—it will forever follow me. It was a look of agony, mingled with the interest love was the best unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner in my room. I thought for moment I would dash my brains out, but I fled afraid to die. I was not penitent. At times my heart was subdued, but my stubborn pride rose in an instant, and bade me not to yield. The pale face of my mother haunted me. I dug myself on the bed and fell asleep. I awoke at midnight, suffused by the damp air, and tormented with frightful dreams. I would have sought my mother at that moment, for I trembled with fear, but my door was fast. With the daylight my terrors were dispelled, and I became bold in resisting all godly impulses. The servant brought my meals, but I did not taste them. I thought the day would never end. Just at twilight, I heard a light footstep approach the door. It was my sister, who called me by name.

"What may I tell mother from you?" she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Alfred, for my sake, for all our sakes, say that you are sorry. She longs to forgive you."

I won't be driven to school against my will, said I.

"But you will go if she wishes it, dear Alfred," said my sister, pleading.

"No, I won't," said I, "and you need not say any more about it."

"C, brother, you will kill her! You will kill her, and then you will never be a happy man."

I made no reply to this. My feelings were touched, but still I resisted their influence.

My sister called me, but I would not answer. I heard her footsteps slowly retreating, and again I flung myself on the bed, to pass another wretched and fearful night. O, God! how wretched, how fearful, I did not know."

"Another frosty, shower and teetering night. I loved her intensely. I never was apart from her, and she, fearing that I was becoming too much of a baby, sent me to a high school in the village. After associating for a time with rude, rough boys, I lost in a measure my fondness for my home, and my reverence for my mother; and it became more and more difficult for her to restrain my impetuous nature. I thought it indicated a want of manliness to yield to her authority, or to appear peasant, although I knew that my conduct grieved her."

"Another frosty, shower and teetering night. I heard her withdraw. I longed to call her back, but did not."

"I was awoke from an uneasy chamber by hearing my name called loudly, and my sister stood by my bedside."

"Get up, Alfred. O, I don't wait a moment. Get up, and come with me. Mother is dying."

"I thought I was dreaming, but I got up melancholy, and followed my sister. On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my mother. She had not undressed. She had thrown herself on the bed to rest, arising to go again to me, she was seized with the palpitation of the heart, and her bone senseless to her room."

"I cannot tell you my agony as I looked upon her—my remorse was tenfold more bitter than the thought that she would never know it. I believed myself to be a murderer. I thrilled through me, test the ice from my obdurate heart, and I longed to throw myself on her neck, but I did not. No, my boy, I did not. But my words gave the lie to my heart, when I said I was not sorry. I heard her withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to call her back, but did not."

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