

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.

S. HENDERSON AND
H. E. TALIAFERRO, } EDITORS.

"Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye."—Act iv., 19.

\$2 00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE; OR,
\$2 50 AT THE EXPIRATION OF THE YEAR.

VOL. 8--NO. 36.

TUSKEGEE, ALABAMA, THURSDAY, JANUARY 22, 1857.

50 NOS. IN A VOLUME.

SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST.
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING,
BY
THOMAS E. MARTIN.
JONES, TALIAFERRO & CO.,
PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription.
If paid within three months, \$2 00
If paid by the end of the year, \$2 50
If payment be delayed to the end of the year, \$3 00

Club Rates.
Any person sending the names of five subscribers and ten dollars, shall be entitled to a year's subscription gratis. Any person sending the names of ten subscribers and twenty dollars, shall be entitled to three extra copies for one year, to be sent to whoever may be designated. If the person sending in subscriptions according to these club rates, should die, his estate can retain ten per cent of the amount, and send the remainder, instead of ordering the extra numbers.

Rates of Advertising.
For one square of ten lines, first insertion one dollar; each subsequent insertion fifty cents. No advertisement counted less than a square of ten lines. A liberal discount will be made for those who advertise extensively and by the year. Advertising candidates for office, five dollars to be paid for in advance. All advertisements for strangers or transient persons to be paid for in advance. Advertisements not marked on the copy for a specified time will be inserted till paid for and payment exacted. Persons wishing their advertisements inserted early are requested to hand them into the office on Tuesday of each week or earlier, as they may get crowded out if delayed longer.

Letters.
All letters on business or for publication must be addressed to the SOUTH WESTERN BAPTIST, Tuskegee, Ala.

Job Work.
Pamphlets, Handbills, Circulars, Labels, Bill Heads, Invitations, Funeral Notices, Law Blanks, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch and payable when the work is done.

Communications.
For the South Western Baptist.

Peter Pilgrim.
A SKETCH.

Peter Pilgrim was a traveler. He had visited many countries in pursuit of pleasure. He had mingled with the learned, the noble, and the great; and had given up his heart to every earthly joy with the design of securing happiness to his soul, but true happiness was not to be found in any earthly pleasures. He was after all utterly destitute of true enjoyment. The land of carnality was no longer a pleasant home. The worldly-minded and the gay could charm him with their company no more. What could he do? He determined, God being his helper, to make a pilgrimage to the far off land of promise and to settle within its borders. He had heard and read of the city of God, situated in that happy land; and he determined to seek a mansion of rest within it.

Not wishing to excite the curiosity or encounter the opposition of any, he set out upon his journey secretly. His way led through the land of conviction at first. The way was narrow, and in many places rough and unpleasant to travel. He frequently missed it for a time, and encountered many enemies and subjected himself to many trials in consequence of it. In his wanderings he passed by a number of cities of false refuge, such as natural goodness, self-justification, presumptions confidence, fatality, universalism, reformation and others. In all these places there were false teachers, who came out and endeavored by all the means in their power to prevent him from going on his perilous journey. They used every argument, and threw around him every influence to persuade him to abandon the undertaking. His own evil heart inclined much to yield to their wishes, and had not the hand of God directed his steps he would have settled among them.

The further he went the more distressed he became. He felt himself to be a poor condemned sinner before God. His agony of mind became more intense every day. He went groping his way in darkness, constantly crying to God to help him. After many weeks of wanderings and misery, he came to a very steep and rocky ascent, called hard heart. On one side lay the valley of despond and the pit of despair; on the other side stood Mount Sinai with its thunders, and lightnings and tempests. The rock over which he had to pass seemed every moment to grow steeper, and to become more difficult of ascent. His strength was well nigh exhausted when he reached the place. He made several unsuccessful attempts to climb over it, but fell back in despair. In this sad condition, when no human aid could avail him, he cried unto the Lord for help, feeling himself to be undone. Help came. His heart melted into tenderness, and his eyes were opened to the light that beamed upon him from heaven. Strength was imparted to him also, so that he was enabled to ascend with ease. He then passed hastily through several places of note; self-loathing, hatred of sin, submission to Christ, &c., and went and cast himself down at the foot of the Cross. There hung his bleeding Redeemer in expiring agony. He cried unto Pilgrim, "believe on me and ye shall never die." Pilgrim, whose feelings cannot

be described, cried out, "Lord I believe." Instantly his burden was taken away, and his distress gave place to joy. He arose up and leaped and praised God with all his heart. His eyes were opened to view the most wonderful scenes, his ears to hear the most ravishing sounds, and his heart to feel the most heavenly delights. There he was on Mount Delivance amidst the meltings of penitence, the triumphs of faith, the encouragements of hope, the consolations of peace, the sweets of spiritual joy; and the glorious comforts of assurance.

With a heart swelling with gratitude he cried out, "my beloved is mine and I am his! Oh! he has ten thousand charms! My Savior is all divine!"—Oh! what enrapturing scenes opened before him! Not a cloud obscured the sky. Not a blemish appeared upon the fair face of nature. All was beautiful, lovely—sublime. Before him opened a delightful land through which his pathway to life led. Flowing fountains and delicious fruits greeted the eye in the distance. His vision became enlarged, and he was enabled to take in newer and sublimer scenes. It was the inspired vision of faith. With this he was enabled to cast his eyes beyond the reach of mortal sight, and gaze upon the celestial glories that now unveiled themselves to his view. The angels of God were seen winging their way through immensity, and flying swiftly on errands of mercy. The holy city, the New Jerusalem, was seen also in all its richness and glory; its beautiful foundations, polished walls, and pearly gates; its buildings and streets of gold; its stream of water of life and fruits of paradise; and all its happy throng of delighted inhabitants. It was lighted up, not with the sun or the moon, but with the brighter glory of God and the Lamb. Towering above every other object was to be seen the great white throne, with God and the Lamb occupying it and exercising dominion in heaven and earth. There too, he beheld a crown of rejoicing, a palm of victory, a robe of immortality; and an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved for him, while his name was inscribed by God in the Lamb's book of life.

While he thus enjoyed those enrapturing scenes, his heart beat with heavenly emotions, and he cried out in the ecstasy of his soul, "Can this be the religion I have sought? Surely, surely, it must be a dream! No! it is a reality—it is true—Jesus is indeed my Savior! He has done great things for me, whereof I am glad! I will rejoice in his love! I will no more seek my happiness below, but will seek it above! Yonder among the angels, is my home! There is my crown and my joy! Farewell, world of vanity and sin, I bid you adieu forever!"

There upon that Holy Mount, he fully consecrated himself and all he could call his own to the service of God. He took joyfully the spoiling of his goods for the sake of that better inheritance; and felt that if he had ten thousand tongues he would employ them all in his Savior's praise. If he had ten thousand lives he would consecrate them all to God; and if he had ten thousand worlds, all should be given to promote a cause so divine. And so much did he feel for perishing men, that had he been able to collect them in one great company, he thought he could convince them all of the excellency of Jesus. Every thing was bright and joyous around him. It was his first love—the entrance upon a new life—the beginning of spiritual joy in his soul. No wonder he was so elated in his feelings, and so devoted to the cause of his Redeemer!

(To be Continued.)

For the South Western Baptist.

The eager Multitude wishing for the flight of Time.

So, round with the present influences, I think of nothing which would be more appropriate to the times, than a few reflections concerning the manner in which mankind engage to spend their time. Many are rejoicing at the approach of Christmas. Some are firing guns, and others hallowing with loud acclamations of joy. Others are preparing for the more refined amusements; such as conversation and dancing parties. The latter of which, is certainly one among the most foolish amusements frail humanity could possibly invent. It is of heathen origin, a relic of barbarity. Do people thus act because they feel that they are furthered on one year's journey toward the end of their race? Is it because they are that

much nearer the judgment of God, where they must shortly give a strict and impartial account of all their unholy deeds? I think all would unanimously answer in the negative. Then why do rational beings thus act? I am not prepared to answer for any one, unless it is for want of proper reflection that they so heedlessly squander away their precious time.

Many waste all their leisure hours in contemplating what they will do in future. They spend their golden moments in fabricating castles in the air, which must as ingloriously fall as they are unwisely conjectured. How many deluded souls are highly elated with glowing anticipations and bright imaginary hopes of accomplishing wonderful achievements in the future; while they think little of the manner in which the present is passing.

Accustomed to view time in small portions, man seems to throw it away profusely as though it were unworthy of his attention. How often is it that persons wish for their time to fly more swiftly away than it does? O! what can be more vain and unreasonable, than for one to wish his time to fly rapidly away, while he is making little or no effort to become any wiser or better at the departure of each irrecoverable moment. We behold this spirit strikingly manifested even in unconscious infancy. The little child, which can scarcely articulate plainly, in its first anxiety, is observed to wish for the coming Sabbath, that it may see its relatives by going "a visiting."

Many who consider themselves rational, often wish their time to speedily roll away, that it may bring some object to view which has been long in anticipation. And more spend their youthful days, that bloom of morning, the happy spring time of life, in idle delusion, feeding themselves with mere fancy, promising what great things they will accomplish in the future. Thus, they destroy the present in contemplating the painted images of the future; and future arrives and finds them still musing what they will do in a few days, when fair sunshine shall shed its congenial rays on the path which leads to honor and fame, and open the way among the fragrant flowers of spring, and spread out before their panting souls, flowery beds of ease, upon which they may lay their tender forms, and be borne along by the zephyrs of heavenly gales. How simple does it look to see the eager multitude standing waiting for time to pass away, as if he were a messenger, bringing news from a far country. Truly, time is a messenger, calling aloud to all who are embarked on the ocean of life, sailing to the port of never ending eternity, to arouse from their dreams, and look for the breakers, which lie thickly scattered in the way. O! what a message does time bring to the majority of mankind. At each successive revolution, it finds many poor idlers, with additional blanks unfilled. If we only possessed language to portray the evil of wasting time to fly, we might be able to draw a picture which would strike the mind with inexpressible terror.

On taking a retrospective view of our past lives, and considering to how much, rather how little, purpose our past days have been spent, would it not be better for us to go to the house of mourning and repent of our unfaithfulness. If it were possible for all our past days, which are numbered with the things that are not, to pass before us, what should we behold on the face of each writer in flaming capitals, but an endless catalogue of crimes and broken vows. We should remember that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. Say not to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

We know that time cannot move without carrying its proportionate ratio of difficulties. O, young men and young maidens too, when in your hearts emotions of joy arise, which fills your souls with aspirations of laudable ambition and pleasures of delight, which raises your hopes in brightness to the skies, arise and trim your lamps, that you may gain your desired prizes. While the flowers of spring are blooming on your cheeks, lay aside all vanity and gird up the lions of your minds, and expand your souls to the heavenly breezes of virtue and knowledge, that you may be the joy of your parents and the happy recipients of your own exertions. When the future spreads out its fascinating charms before your raptured vision, remember that nothing short of a faithful improvement of the present will insure you success, and enable you to fully realize your happy anticipations

of future prosperity and glory. And remember also that, "It is not all of life to live, Nor all of death to die." For life is gloriously designed For a great improvement of the mind; And death is the gate from a world of strife, Into the heavenly ports of eternal life.

A. P. C.

[For the following piece of sarcasm we are indebted to the Religious Herald. Though calculated for the latitude of Charlottesville, it will serve without material variation for other regions.—We doubt not that some readers of the True Union might, without much stretch of conscience, make a similar confession. Should any think we mean to be personal in the application, we answer, that we do so.—True Union, Balt.]

Mistake Corrected.

DEAR BRO. SANDS:—I have for many years been a Baptist, and am free to confess, have never concerned myself about anyone's salvation. I differ from most of my brethren here, as to the necessity of individual effort for the advancement of Christ's cause and the conversion of souls. God will do his own work in his own time and in his own way. If I can only get to heaven myself, I will be very well satisfied. The brethren here, who think differently, have formed a Prayer-meeting, a Sunday School, a Missionary Society, and I hear they are talking about getting up a Female Bible Society. Not being satisfied with being engaged in these "good works," they seem determined to have my co-operation. Thus have they annoyed me above measure by their importunity. Whenever I meet them, they are inquiring, "Were you at prayer-meeting last night?" "Of course you will be at the missionary meeting this evening?" "How much stock have you taken in the Institute?" "Haven't we a delightful Sunday School?"—to say nothing of the other "good causes," as they are called. I am really sick of hearing of the Sunday School. I would, be a happier man if Robert Raikes had never lived. The only thing I have to regret as to my church relations is that when asked as to why I haven't co-operated with my brethren, I have not given the true reason. Hereafter I intend to speak candidly about these things. Will brother Sands give me space enough to correct some mistakes I have made?

1. THE PRAYER-MEETING. When asked about this, I have usually said that my business was such that I could not attend, or that some member of my family was unwell, or that I had company, or that I did not hear the church bell. Now, the truth is, I have never yet seen the time when I could not meet with my brethren, if I really desired to do so. "Where there is a will, there is a way," is true of going to prayer-meetings, as well as to other meetings. I do not love to pray, and therefore do not go to the place where prayer is wanted to be made, and then I fear being called on to speak in prayer, which I am fully determined never to do.

2. MISSIONARY MEETINGS. I don't attend these, not for the reason I have been accustomed to give, but for the very reason that I never did feel any interest in the subject of missions. I never did make but one donation to missions, and that was some five years ago. An agent came along, and I gave him ten cents; but it was more to get away from his earnest appeals, than for any love to the cause. Why need I labor and pray for the salvation of the heathen? Charity begins at home.

3. SUNDAY SCHOOLS. My excuse for not attending this has generally been that we could not have breakfast in time; and really, I have said it until I have almost believed it true. But the truth is, we frequently breakfast during the week some two hours before day. I care nothing for Sunday Schools. They may do some good in keeping children out of mischief, but not much more.

I wish it distinctly understood that I am not to be troubled any more about such things. More important matters claim my attention. I have a family to provide for, and my heart is set upon making them rich. If I can only leave my children enough of this world's goods, what need I care for their souls? I have thought best to make this statement, that my position might be made known. There are many pursuing the same course, though they would blush if charged with doing so. If they are not like myself, living for the world, then their conduct sadly misrepresents them.

That all may see that I am not ashamed to come out in my real character, I subscribe myself,

A DO-NOTHING BAPTIST.

Every man who feels inclined to speak to the public through the weekly newspaper press, should study the best method by which to accomplish his object. We commend the following judicious observations from an exchange to our readers; and especially to writers who seem to think, the more words and sentences they have in an article, they give the best evidence of their ability. If a man has a thought worth communicating let him give it, and stop. But read the extract:

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE NEWSPRESS.—As a general rule, short pieces are best liked. A gentleman in a bank once told us, when we asked him to subscribe for a certain Quarterly Review: "Read a review! why, I never read anything longer than a telegraph despatch! But I will take it, and send it to my brother, who is a minister in the country." The public like a short article, when it is a condensation. This introduces a second idea. An article to be printed should absolutely have something in it. If professed argument, it should be conclusive; if pathetic, it should moisten the eyes; if an anecdote, it should have a sharp point; if philosophy, it should go to the primitive rock; if practical, it should go like an arrow to its work; if spiritual it should awe the soul that reads it. A good newspaper style is not easy as it seems. Its Scylla lies on the side of attempting a popular manner, and succeeding in being more familiar than a man ought to be at his own table, or degenerating into a slang, or becoming very childish. Its Charybdis yawns for those who, shunning Scylla, are determined to have real thought, pith, and value in their writing, and so become too learned, or profound, or imaginative, or philosophical, for any but scholars or cultivated people.—Am. Presbyterian.

Married Forever.

"And I will betroth thee unto Me forever."—Hos. ii., 19.

How wondrous and varied are the figures which Jesus employs to express the tenderness of his covenant love!—My soul! thy Savior God hath married thee! Wouldst thou know the hour of thy betrothment? Go back into the depths of a by-past eternity, before the world was, then and there thine espousals were contracted: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Soon shall the bridal hour arrive, when thine absent Lord shall come to welcome his bride into his royal palace. "The Bridegroom tarrieth;" but see that thou dost not slumber and sleep!—Surely there is much all around demanding the girthing of the reins and the burning lamps. "At midnight!"—the hour when he is least expected—the cry may be, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" My soul, has this mystic union been formed between thee and thy Lord? Canst thou say, in humble assurance of thine alliance to him, "My beloved is mine, and I am his!"—If so, great, unspeakably great, are the glories which await thee! Thy dowry, as the bride of Christ, is all that omnipotence can bestow, and all that a feeble creature can receive. In the prospect of those glorious nuptials, thou needest dread no pang of widowhood. What God hath joined together, no created power can take asunder: he betroths thee, and it is—"forever!"—Faithful Promise.

Destruction of the University of Louisville.

We are seldom called upon to record an event of more melancholy interest than the recent destruction of the splendid building of the Medical Department of the University of Louisville. It was found to be on fire about eight o'clock on the night of December 30th; and when discovered, the fire had progressed to so great an extent as to be entirely beyond control. It seems that the fire originated from a stove in the chemical laboratory. A considerable portion of the apparatus was saved, together with a part of the library. The museum, the most extensive in the West, was totally lost. This is greatly to be regretted, as many of its specimens are entirely irreplaceable. The scientific world will deeply sympathize with this severe and unfortunate destruction of the accumulated collections of years.

It is, we understand, contemplated to replace the building destroyed by one of still more magnificent proportions. The appeal to the liberality of the citizens of Louisville will not be in vain. The Lectures will be continued for the present at the Louisville Marine Hospital.—W. Recorder.

A CONFESION.—The Universe, a leading Catholic newspaper in Paris, says: "In all the Catholic cities of Germany the statistical returns make it apparent that the number of Protestants is increasing in a fearful manner."

"God With Us."

God with us! with ourselves! How inspiring the doctrine! Art thou a pilgrim walking in perplexed ways? He is thy guide. "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Thou art a creature of affliction and sorrow. He is with thee as thou passest through the water and through the fire. "Call upon him in the day of trouble, and he shall deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify him." Thou art tempted; but he is thy shield and thy strong tower. "In that he suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Dost thou feel thy own littleness and insignificance? Thy God thinketh upon thee. "The hairs of your head are all numbered." "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." Thou mayest be little and unknown among men, but a precious diadem in the hands of thy God. "He is nigh unto thee in all that thou callest on him for."

Various and changing may be the scenes through which thou passest; but all shall be tempered by his wisdom for thine own advantage. "All things work together for good unto them that love him." Thou shalt die; but when thou walkest through the valley and shadow of death, he shall be with thee. But thy "flesh shall also rest in hope;" for "in his book all thy members are written." And while adoring "Him that sitteth upon the throne, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne," God with us shall be the burden of thy song for ever.

Is Christ our Emmanuel? God with us? Then let us take care that we are with him—coming to him habitually in acts of faith and love—walking with him and before him; so shall he be all in all, the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever.

Watson's Sermons.

Change of Views.

It was our privilege recently to listen to the experience of the Rev. W. C. H. Chambers, lately a minister of the Congregational Church, England. He had been led by an afflictive Providence, and the counsels of a dying companion, to examine the subject of Baptism. Casually meeting with Bro. A. Broadus, he stated to him fully his perplexing trials upon the subject, and after a full, free, and deliberate consideration of the question, resolved to follow the example of Christ and be immersed. The narrative of his experience was listened to with intense interest by the large and intelligent audience who assembled to hear it.

The Rev. Mr. Chambers has, we learn, been for several years a highly esteemed minister of the Congregational Church in Derbyshire, England.

Western Recorder.

Love to Christ.

[Translated from the German of Tholuck.]

Not only the flowers unfold their petals to receive the light; the heart of man also has the power of expansion. It is love which opens it, and expands it, so that the rays of the spiritual sun may penetrate and illumine it. The Christian, in the work of self-examination, need not direct his attention to points; all is included in the daily question; How is it with my love to Christ? That love to Him is of great importance, we must conclude, since He in truth, requires of us an affection for His own person such as no one else ever claimed. O, Thou must be more than father and mother, than brother and sister, else how couldst Thou, the lowliest among the children of men, lay claim to such superabundant love?—Since I have believed in Thy word, all my desire has been to love Thee. I will not cease to love Thee, until Thou art dearer to me than father, mother, and brother! If they deny Thee, if they revere Thee—what is so dreadful as to see one's father or mother reviled at our side!—but more than when they reproach father and mother, shall Thy reproaches, Thy wrongs go to my heart.

ELOQUENCE.—When the moon shines brightly, we are apt to say, "How beautiful is the moonlight!" but in the daytime, "How beautiful are the trees, the fields, the mountains!" and in short, all objects that are illuminated; we never speak of the sun that makes them so. Just so, the really greatest orator shines like the sun, making you think much of the things he is speaking of; the second best shines like the moon, making you think much of him and his eloquence.—National Magazine.

BEWARE OF BAD BOOKS.—"Why, what harm will books do one?" The same harm that personal intercourse would with the bad man who wrote them.—"That a man is known by the company he keeps," is an old proverb; but is no more true than that a man's character may be determined by knowing what books he reads. If a good book can be read without making one better, a bad book cannot be read without making one worse. A person may be ruined by reading a single volume. Bad books are like ardent spirits; they furnish neither "aliment" nor "medicine"—they are "poison." Both intoxicate—one the mind, the other the body. The thirst for each increases by being fed, and is never satisfied; both ruin—one the intellect, the other the health, and together the soul. The makers and vendors of each are equally guilty and equally corruptors of the community; and the safeguard against each is the same—total abstinence from all that intoxicates mind or body.

RAILWAYS IN THE HOLY LAND.—Sir John McNeill passed through Paris on his return to London from Syria and Palestine, where Sir John has been for some time past engaged in laying out a harbor on the coast of the Mediterranean, and the railway which is to extend from thence to the Persian Gulf. General Chesney remains at Constantinople, to get the details of the firm completed, the general principles of which had been agreed upon by the Turkish Government before he and Sir John left Constantinople for the East.—The other railway on which Sir John has been employed is one of great interest to the civilized world—namely, that from the ancient seaport of Joppa, now Jafa to Jerusalem, and from thence to Damascus.

GOOD SENSE IN THE RIGHT QUARTER.—The Hon. Mr. McClelland, the Secretary of the Interior, in his recent annual Report, after many useful suggestions for the amelioration of the condition of the Indian tribes on our Western border, concludes with these words:

But above all should Christian instruction be introduced, and sedulously prosecuted, by teachers devoted to the cause, in the true spirit of their divine mission. Without this, all subordinate means will be in vain, and the great duty which humanity imposes upon us, to rescue this unhappy race from degeneracy and speedy destruction, will be but a delusive dream of impracticable philanthropy.

THE ANSWER OF A MARTYR.—"Do you love your wife, and your children, and will you not recant from all these?"—said an inquisitor, in the times of the Netherlands persecution, to a poor schoolmaster, who had been arrested for Bible reading.

"God knows," answered the poor schoolmaster, "that, were the earth a globe of gold, and the stars all pearls, and they my own, I would give them all to have my wife and children with me, though I must live on bread and water and in bondage; yet neither for life, nor wife, nor earth or stars, can I renounce Jesus, my Redeemer."

Was the heart of the inquisitor moved? He only racked his victim until he died.

SAFETY IN SUFFERING.—But believe us, remember, there may be true grace where there is no comfort; there may be saving faith without assurance. A man may be in a pardoned state, though in a troubled state. Your sins can never be triumphant, your graces can never decay, your soul can never be lost, your God and you can never be separated. The devil could as soon pluck Christ out of heaven as out of a believer's heart. He sits as fast upon his throne here as there. The devil could not enter into the herd without Christ's leave, and will He let him carry His lambs?—Remains of Rev. J. M. Mason.

PREACHING AND PROPHECYING.—A country clergyman, who, on Sundays, was more indebted to his manuscript than to his memory, called unceremoniously at a cottage, while its possessor, a pious parishioner, was engaged (a daily exercise) in perusing a paragraph of the writings of an inspired prophecy. "Weel, John," familiarly inquired the clerical visitant, "what's this you are about?" "I am prophesying," was the prompt reply. "Propheying!" exclaimed the astounded divine; "I doubt you are only reading a prophecy." "Weel," urged the religious rustic, "if reading a preachin' be preachin', is na reading a prophecy prophesying?"

whole church will be committed in sanctioning a wrong. After you have forfeited your place in the church you will then be cut off from the society of all men of high toned morals. You will then feel yourself degraded in your own estimation. When self respect in a man is lost, he is almost hopelessly lost. Man must have society. Having forfeited all claims to respectable society, you will naturally gather around you a set of unprincipled, irresponsible, low class of men, who can be of no pecuniary, intellectual or moral benefit to you. They will be naturally, perhaps, below

