

# The Free Will Baptist.

Terms \$1.50 a Year.

LET BROTHERLY LOVE CONTINUE

Payable in Advance.

Vol. 6.

New Bern, N. C., Wednesday June 23, 1886.

No. 13

## POETRY

For the Free Will Baptist,  
THE BRIGHT AND MORNING  
STAR.

REV. A. H. BRADBURY, A. M.

Sure, the bright and morning star  
Springs the more brilliant beams  
aft.

Fills every land with clearest light,  
And banishes the shades of night.

Jesus, the bright and morning star,  
Beats his clear rays through gates of  
fire.  
They overthrow the Prince of earth,  
And raise to eminence Christ's  
birth.

Jesus, the bright and morning star,  
Sows his pure light both wide and  
far.

To wake the nations from their  
sleep,  
God's holy precepts now to keep.

Jesus, the bright and morning star  
Rides in a most majestic car,  
Flies on the wings of light and love,  
Down from the beauteous worlds  
above.

Behold the bright and morning star!  
How dazzling does this star appear!  
It glows in all the worlds abroad,  
While by those worlds he is adored.

Boldly the bright and morning star  
It sparkles through the gates ajar,  
For our savior's own glowing star,  
For it will sure the sun outrun.

WHAT IS DEATH, AND WHAT  
WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN  
ETERNITY!

Death is looked upon as being a  
grim monster, and so it is, to those  
who have no hope. But to the faith-  
ful believer, it is very different; it is their  
sleeping lay, their departure from all  
displeasure, the laying aside the con-  
tentment of clay or the soul's old clothes,  
to take up an incorruptible garment  
that wrinkle not old, and can never be  
wrinkled by age. It is the taking up  
of everlasting beauty, and eternal  
youth. No more does time silver the  
hair, or cause the tattering frame to  
lean upon the staff. No more does  
the head become a fountain for tears,  
and the eyes the place of their dis-  
charge. The chariot of God has come  
and borne its subjects beyond the  
blighting hand of sorrow, into the  
pearly gates of peace. It is being  
born not of flesh, and blood, but a  
birth which gives wings to the soul,  
and a change of name to its possessor,  
for we change from that of a Christian  
to Saint and angel. The body only  
holds the soul in conception, for a  
more sublime birth, and for a trans-  
planting into spiritual, and ful-  
filled beyond. It is the gate to par-  
adise, and ever enlarging day, for when  
the soul has expanded, or grown a  
million ages, 'twill only be a com-  
parative increase of its beauty, and grandeur.  
The astronomer's mind in tracing  
the whirling planets to their out-  
ward courses, the various researches  
of science and art, are only faint  
embodiments of the eternal magnificence of  
the soul. It is ascending the mount of  
transfiguration, and being received  
into the arms of that dear one,  
who said, "I go to prepare a place for  
you." It is going to sleep in mortal-  
ity, and waking into an immortal state,  
it is going to sleep amidst weeping  
friends, but being received by the  
shining retinue of heaven. It is drop-  
ping this world of sorrow, for a fairer  
one beyond. You may be blind, sick,  
or in pain, but these are only the  
chains thrown around the prison-house  
of the soul, from which the chariot of  
mercy will soon release, and as the  
blind man shouted, and praised God,  
so may you, through the countless ages  
of eternity. Man by man may sink into  
insignificance, but never can that be-  
ing who is bought by the precious  
blood of the Redeemer, be any other  
than an infinitely wise and glorious  
being.

It is that receiving reward, for the

apostle Paul declares, that there re-  
mains a rest to the people of God.  
Death is entering the spirit land, and  
the longing of the flesh, that would  
forever retain the soul. Death is the  
freeing day, for by it we are libera-  
ted from all troubles and pain. It is  
the grand reception day, when all the  
righteous are received by angels of  
light, and conducted into everlasting  
bliss. As Ezekiel teaches in the 4th chapter;  
and in the 10th; it is the great  
meeting day, when friends long sepa-  
rated, meet as saints and angels, to  
part no more. A knowledge of each  
other's presence will be one of the  
glories of heaven, while that know-  
edge will be one of the horrors of hell  
to the damned soul; for the angels re-  
view at the repeating sin, and af-  
ter all the ribald man's pleadings failed,  
he scolded his brethren, warned, lest  
they come to that place of torment.  
From the translation of Elisha to the  
death of Moses, was five hundred and  
fifty-five years, yet they were known  
upon the mount of transfiguration.  
The apostle Paul comes in without  
any if or and, says, "Now we  
see through a glass darkly, but then  
face to face; now I know in part, but  
then shall I know even as I am  
known." We know the face here,  
but facts, the character. How beauti-  
ful does the apostle Paul describe  
the layings aside of all earthly desires,  
when he says that we are sown as bare  
seed, and that God has given it a  
body, as it hath pleased him; and how  
one of doubt does the Saviour leave  
us, when he says, "They neither marry  
nor are given in marriage, but are as  
the angels of God." Even the prophet  
confirms an angelic union, while he  
says, "The body is made for meats  
and meats for the body, but God shall  
destroy both they and them." Why  
will it not disturb us when our un-  
converted friends have to depart, and hear  
the sentence, "Depart?" The first  
and second verses of the third chapter  
of first John, answers the question,  
and reads thus: "Beloved what man-  
ner of love the Father hath bestowed  
upon us, that we should be called the  
sons of God; therefore the world  
knows not us, because it knew him  
not. Beloved, now are we the sons of God,  
and it doth not yet appear what  
we shall be; but we know that when  
he shall appear, we shall be like him;  
for we shall see him as he is." We  
are assured that wickedness and all  
unrighteousness must forever be-  
nished from his presence, and that in  
the depths of hell must be its eternal  
confinement.

JUDSON VERNON.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C. June 15, 1886.

President Cleveland rode out Saturday afternoon to Secretary Whitney's place on the Tenth Street road and took dinner. His own house which has not recently been occupied, is being put in order and will soon be ready for him. The piazza is to be extended on three sides of the house and the house is to be furnished. The furniture from the White House which has been used in the cottage at the Soldiers Home has all been brought back, and will not be used outside the Executive Mansion again.

The reception to be given by the President and Mrs. Cleveland this evening, although limited to official personages, will be a very large one, the gentlemen and the ladies of their families who have been invited must number altogether fifteen hundred. The invitations which are in a new form not used before, read as follows: "The President and Mrs. Cleveland request the honor of the company of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, the judiciary, the Congress, the Officers of the Army and Navy and the ladies of their families, on Tuesday evening, June fifteenth, from nine to eleven o'clock, 1886."

Have you heard of Dr. J. H. McLean's "Life Long Balm"? It is really wonderful how rapidly it cures ulcers, rheumatism and Long Troubles.

## GONE HOME.

REV. H. HARRIS:

My heart was made  
sad when I received the "Free Will  
Baptist" of Jan. the 2nd containing  
the obituary of Uncle Jesse Stanfill.  
I regret that he was still living on the  
earth, and ready at my time to  
depart and be with Christ, but as  
he had so bravely fought death for  
a number of years I was in hopes  
that he would linger on the brink of  
death's dark and rapid river till I  
could again shake his warm hand  
and talk to him and wish him of the  
eternal home beyond. But death is  
no respecter of persons, and I grieve  
commodius no more.

Uncle Jesse was more than an ordinary man. As a reasoner he had  
but few equals. He was not a man  
to jump at conclusions. He never  
studied logic, yet he was a notional  
logician. He was not what the  
world would call a scholar, yet he  
was rich in thought, rich in knowl-  
edge with wisdom sufficient to apply  
his knowledge in a way to benefit  
others. With him religion was  
first. Ever since I knew any thing  
I knew Uncle Jesse. When I was a  
boy I visited his father's time and  
again on his way to and from "Old  
Gum Swamp" "We children" were  
always glad to see Uncle Jesse  
come. He always had a kind word  
for us. He delighted to give advice  
on religious subjects was his chief delight. For hours at a  
time I listened to him talk and  
explain the scriptures. When ever I  
visited his house I expected to en-  
joy a religious feast, and I was never  
disappointed. I shall never forget  
the last hour I spent in his  
presence. It was on the 22d of August 1883. A telegraph called me  
to see a dear and sweet mother  
or depart from the scene to the an-  
cestors. For three days and nights I  
was she thought proper, and her lover  
left and was considerably improved  
next morning. Sister Jones stayed  
two weeks with my wife and when  
she left, my wife was able to sit up  
in a chair and was soon able to attend  
to her domestic work.

Brother and sisters in Christ,

this is an endurance of a saving  
faith in Christ, so trust in him and  
obey the gospel and we will receive  
the immortality of this world and  
eternal life after death.

ALBERT DAVIS.

In America there are only two  
monasteries maintained by the  
Fitzpatrik monks, and monastic order  
has a more singular history or  
follows more rigid customs. One of  
these monasteries, n. which the vow  
of perpetual silence is enjoined, is  
located at Dubuque, Iowa, and the  
second is in Nelson County, Ky., a  
short distance from Louisville. The  
second is called the monastery of  
Glastonbury, and is the subject of a  
magazine article by Morton M. Cass-  
sidy. The article, well-illustrated,  
will appear in the Southern Bivona  
for July.

## SEEK THEM.

Christian workers should never  
forget this one thing; that if they  
wish to save souls they must seek  
them. The harvest is ready, but the  
harvest is not going to come to the  
reapers and ask to be gathered, but  
the reapers must go to the harvest.  
There are so many souls who would  
willingly come into the kingdom if  
they were only asked. The Savior  
said, "Go ye into all the world and  
preach the gospel to every creature,"  
and they who seek for souls to  
bring them into the kingdom less  
succes by not going out into the  
highways and hedges to such as will  
not come into the church--Christian World.

H. B. DUFFY.

No Opium in Dr. Duff's Cure for Con-  
sumption & other diseases where other remedies  
fail. 25c.

## Duffy's Column!

next to meet my two saintly Uncles  
Whey and Jesse. While on earth  
they delighted to sit side by side  
and talk of things beyond. They  
were two good men and full of the  
Holy Spirit. Often conversed to-  
gether here. One was twice and the  
other left, but he only lingered on  
the brink a few short years and then  
he crossed over to meet his Bro-  
ther, father, mother and friends.  
Farewell, dear Uncle till we shall  
meet on the other shore. Your life  
on earth was a good one, may I in-  
herit your godly walk.

R. W. SPANGLER,  
313 N. 2nd St. Troy, New York,  
June 8th 1886.

## FAITH CURES.

ELIJAH HARRIS:

As much has been  
said about faith cures, I will write  
a few lines of what I know to be  
true. In 1884 my wife was taken  
sick and I know not what the disease  
was—she grew worse and worse  
—I sent for the doctor and he could  
not tell what the disease was—the  
disease was, the back or kidneys,  
and she was under his treatment a  
good while till he said he could do  
her no good and stopped. I sent  
for the second doctor and he left  
her worse than ever, he said he could  
not reach her case, she had said he  
could not reach her case, she was  
passed all hopes,—my friends had  
about lost all hopes, but she could  
yet speak at times and what to do. I  
could not tell—yet she had told me  
she had been to see Sister Elizabeth Jones; she told me that  
with the help of the Lord she could  
 cure her and I got her to come.  
When she arrived at my house my  
wife was nearly gone. She had been  
down three months the evening before  
Jones came and she commenced  
praying and applying such remedies  
as she thought proper, and her lover  
left and was considerably improved  
next morning. Sister Jones stayed  
two weeks with my wife and when  
she left, my wife was able to sit up  
in a chair and was soon able to attend  
to her domestic work.

Brother and sisters in Christ,  
this is an endurance of a saving  
faith in Christ, so trust in him and  
obey the gospel and we will receive  
the immortality of this world and  
eternal life after death.

**BARGAIN**—"A gainful or satisfactory  
transaction."—Webster.

We repeat with emphasis every-  
thing formerly mentioned in this column  
calling attention to the many  
**BARGAINS** with which our store  
is packed from the bottom to the top.  
Remember reading the above definition  
of this much discussed word, we hope  
if you want "gainful or satisfactory  
transactions" that you will visit our  
**BARGAIN STORE**. We invite  
the public to inspect, compare, and  
judge for themselves, quality at all  
times considered.

We have cheap or low-priced goods  
for those wanting goods of such character,  
and medium or fine goods for those  
wanting such kinds, but do not  
Discriminate against any class of trade.  
Our store is for the public;  
and we welcome any in search of  
**BARGAINS**. As to competition with  
the "large and imposing houses that  
are in our city," we would say that  
our building is much smaller than we  
would like it to be, but if you compare  
WHAT IS IN IT, with other stores,  
think you will decide that goods with-  
us are abundant.

We are grateful and thankful for  
your favors, and a continuance of  
your valued patronage is earnestly  
solicited.







## DR. W. W. WALKER'S FREE WILL BAPTIST REMEDY.

**Absolutely Pure.**

This powder never varies. A charcoal purity, strength and wholesomeness. More convenient than the ordinary kind, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low grade, short-weight, and impure phosphorus powders. Sold only in cans. **ROYAL PHARMACEUTICAL CO., 107 Wall-st., N.Y.**

**DR. W. W. WALKER'S  
FREE WILL BAPTIST  
REMEDY.**

Wholesalers to Retail Dealers in

## GROCERIES BOOTS, SHOES, DRY GOODS, ETC.

**THE FREE WILL BAPTIST  
GUARANTEED TO COMPLETE  
THE VICTORY.**

All goods guaranteed, as represented.

**J. J. TEEBON,** Agent  
Broad-street,

New-Bernd, N.C.

**DR. W. W. WALKER'S  
FREE WILL BAPTIST  
REMEDY.**

You are invited to keep it thirty days, if you do not like it, we will refund your money. It is a safe, reliable, guaranteed remedy, and will cure all diseases.

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## THE FREE WILL BAPTIST.

R. K. HEARN, Editor.

NEW-BERND, N.C., June 22, 1886.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One square, one insertion \$1.00

Two squares, one insertion 2.50

One square, three months 3.00

One square, six months 10.00

One square, twelve months 15.00

For larger advertisements liberal

discounts will be made. Ten cents per

line for first insertion; for advertisements not especially calculated to

Attestations must be confined

strictly to the business of the advertiser.

For the FREE WILL BAPTIST.

THE BRIGHT AND MORNING  
STAR.

BY REV. A. H. BRADBURY, A.M.

The bright and morning star

Doth say his precious rays

Over all the earth ariseth

And will to to the skies

They sparkle with his brilliant light

And scatter all the clouds of night.

The bright and morning star

Will burst upon our view

Through peep holes star

On both the Greek and Jew

His ray will gladden the hearts

As they the precious light impart.

The bright and morning star

Twinkles from worlds above

It riseth a spiritual star

Of light, life, love, and power

It rolls the shades of death away

And open wide the gates of day.

The bright and morning star

Locks up upon our rapture

And throw its beams afar

All nations to embrace

His rays are brighter than the sun

Which scatters darkness from the sight.

JESUS LOVES ME.

Little Cecilia and Nathan, children about ten years old, with bright blue eyes, dark hair, and shiny hair, and slight neat form.

A friend of mine began to go to school, the teacher told me that she looked less happy than usual.

"My dear," she said, "why do you look so sad?"

"Because I am thinking."

"What are you thinking about?"

"I, teacher, I do not know what

Cecilia did Jesus ever invite little

children to come to him?"

The little girl repeated the question

With a smile, "I, teacher, to come to him," which she learned at school.

"W. C. What is that for?"

In an instant, Cecilia clapped her hands with joy, and said, "It is for you, teacher, it is for you, and not for me. Not it is for me!"

From that time, Cecilia knew that Jesus loved her, and she loved him back again with all her heart.

Now follow another children, just

just Jesus loves them, and he loves

them not, we, who hear say about

the dear Savior to believe, and have

no love. Every one of us ought to

say, "It is for me it is for me!" and

throw ourselves into the arms of the

loving Saviour—Selected.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

It is a remarkable confession; but it

was made by a well-known theatrical manager in New York. He said, as

reported in the HERALD, "I think that

the stage to-day is greater evil than

any other institution we have. Noth-

ing else does so much harm to the

young men and young women of this

city." He justified this statement by

citing the fact that never have the

atmospheres of the stage—so as a

mild word—been so great as now.

This manager accounted for this con-

dition of things by the fact that

people go to the theater to keep them

thinking. "People who live in inac-

cessable flats and brown stone fronts,"

he said, "who are right on the fringes

of society and worried to death over

business troubles, don't want to go to

the theater to think; they want to

go to the theater to think."

There are some persons who never

dream of being too innocent to at-

tempt anything; and others who, regu-

larly fail, because the instant they

find success in their power they grow

arrogant, and give over the attempt

again.

## AN OXYGEN EATER'S STORY.

Crawling Over Red Hot Bars of Iron

in His Descent—A Scientific

Investigation and Its Results.

Cincinnati Times-Star.

"Opium or death!"

This brief sentence was fatal his

into the ear of a prominent drug

gist on Vine street by a person who

two years ago fell off is to-day

hopeless wreck.

One can scarcely realize the suffer-

ings of an opium victim. Dr. Quincy

has vividly portrayed it. But who

can fully describe the joy of the res-

ued victim?

H. C. Wilson, of Louisville, Ky., for-

merly with March, Herwood & Co.,

manufacturing chemists of St. Louis

and of the well known firm of H. C.

Wilson & Co., chemists, formerly of

this city, gave our reporter yesterday

a brief sketch of personal experience

in his trials with oxygen.

"I have crawled over red hot

bars of iron, and been

burned to a cinder, and yet

lived to tell the tale," he said.

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