



**A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF  
JOSHUA SIMMONS CORDER**

**LATE MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL  
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST.**

**Embracing a period of nearly one hundred years.  
By his daughter, SEMMA E. CORDER**

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"Blessed is the man whom thou [God] choosest,  
and causest to approach unto thee, that he may  
dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the  
goodness of thy house, even of thy temple."

Psalm 65:4.  
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Tom Adams

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## **PREFACE**

In compiling the following pages I have endeavored to state only those facts that I know perfectly well. Many interesting things have been omitted simply because I could not state them without some conjecture, which I did not wish to do. As the desire welled up within me to write, I regretted that I had not in my father's lifetime questioned him closely in regard to many things that transpired in connection with his ministerial labors, etc., but there is enough perhaps to show to the unprejudiced reader that his work was a labor of love, sealed by the Holy Spirit, and that he was a chosen vessel to bear the name of the Lord Jesus to the poor in spirit; to fish after them and feed them as the Lord gave him desire and utterance.

During his last hours he requested that all his particular papers be left with the writer, adding: "She will take care of them." This last sentence sank "down into my ears," and set me to meditating. The confidence a dying father had reposed in me was "enough."

How could I take care of them in any better way than to present them before my friends, the household of faith, and how could I do this in any other way but by printing and publishing them?

I confess I am not gifted in gathering language to express my ideas, and fear the connection in this little work is bad, owing to the chain of thought being broken so often, because of the duty, or rather blest privilege, of watching over a loving and declining mother. However, I present it, trusting the mantle of charity will be thrown over it by the forbearing people of our God, to whom I dedicate it in general, and in particular to the faithful in Christ Jesus composing the Tygart's Valley River Association, where my father labored so faithfully and so lovingly.

## **THE AUTHORESS**

# A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF JOSHUA S. CORDER

## CHAPTER I – EARLY YEARS, CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE, ETC.

IN ALL AGES of this present evil world the omnipotent God our Savior has not left himself without faithful witnesses. A catalogue of them is given in the book of Hebrews by the apostle Paul, who through faith subdued kingdoms, etc., being destitute, afflicted, tormented, of whom the world was not worthy. And on down through the gospel dispensation there have been those who, succored by the grace of God, have hazarded their lives for the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. The apostle Paul in his letter to the church at Rome declares God's judgments unsearchable, then says, "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness spoken of in the book of Revelation, that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, declareth by his apostle John, "If any man serve me, let him follow me; and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my Father honour." And again, "If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you." This is the earthly heritage of the witnesses of Jesus whom God chooseth and causeth to approach unto him (Psalm 65:4). Being joint-heirs with Christ (Romans 8:17), they must necessarily suffer with him, but their blessedness in him so far exceeds their light afflictions here that they; through the abundance of divine grace, are made to endure hardness as good soldiers, looking to the end of the conflict for the "reward of the inheritance" – Col. 3:24.

To these facts I can most assuredly bear testimony, having been reared by a father who hazarded his life for the truth (Acts 15:26). This I know well, and it is to his beloved memory that I desire to devote my present spare moments in writing a sketch of his life to present to the Household of Faith scattered in these low grounds of sorrow, who are a certain people dispersed, and "their laws are diverse from all people" – Esther 3:8.

I am impressed that it is a solemn duty I owe to my father's cherished memory to present such things gathered from his document of papers containing dates, etc., and from personal knowledge, as I think will interest the brotherhood, which would otherwise be dormant, and hope it may prove to be to me a labor of love. It is, however, with a deep sense of my own weakness that I take up my pen, but I prayerfully hope that God will be my strength, which was a thread that ran through my father's whole life. Repeatedly I heard him say when undergoing severe trials, "The Lord is my strength, that's all of it;" but of this I will speak more hereafter. I enter upon my work not knowing whither I go (Hebrews 11:8). It is by the grace of God I am what I am (1 Cor. 15:10). He is not slack concerning his promises, (2 Peter 3:9,) and he will never leave nor forsake (Hebrews 13:5).

God forbid that I should cast away my confidence (Hebrews 10:35). What I have heard in the ear I wish to proclaim upon the housetop, fearing not them that kill the body (Luke 12:3-4), but the Lord God of Israel, before whom I stand (1 Kings 17:1). I trust I have felt a minute portion of sweet assurance in being drawn to enter into my closet, and shut my door, and pray to my Father which is in secret (Matt. 6:6), to bless me through his Son, that what I write may redound to the honor and glory of God throughout, then the judgment of men can have no power over it.

My father on the paternal side was of English and Irish descent. It is supposed that his grandfather, Joseph Corder, with one or two brothers, came from England and settled in Virginia about the close of the Revolution. Said Joseph Corder married Martha Hardesty, and unto that union, to my knowledge, were born four sons and four daughters. The sons emigrated, James settled in Ohio, John in Indiana, and William and Joseph came to western Virginia.

The following is a copy of the will of the said Joseph Corder: "In the name of God, Amen. I, Joseph Corder, Sen., of the County of Frederick, and State of Virginia, being in perfect mind and memory, considering the certainty of death, and ordain this my last will and testament, revoking all others.

I give and bequeath to my dearly beloved wife, Martha Corder, my whole estate, real and personal, during her natural life, at the expiration of which it is my will and desire shall be equally divided amongst the rest of my children, excepting my youngest daughter, Lucy Corder, I give and bequeath a negro girl named Hannah as a legacy exclusive of her equal rights with the rest of the children. In witness I have hereunto set my hand and seal this the 10th day of October, in the year of our Lord 1807."

The above bears his mark, as he could not write, and was signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of Zachariah Selman, John McDonald, George Farrow and Benjamin Corder. At a court held in Frederick County, the 4th day of April, 1808, this will was proven by the oaths of John McDonald and Benjamin Corder, witnesses thereto, and ordered to be recorded by the court.

The son William was born March 29th, 1785, in Frederick County, now Fauquier, Virginia, and was married September 14th, 1811, to Sarah, daughter of William and Elizabeth (Simmons) Cole, who was born December 14th, 1789, of German descent. Some three years later, with his wife and two children he crossed the Alleghanies and penetrated the wilderness beyond, arriving in what was then Harrison County, Va., now Barbour County, W. Va., whence his father-in-law had emigrated a few weeks before. He settled on Hacker Creek, a tributary of the Tygart's Valley River. He built a small cabin of unhewn logs about one hundred yards northwest of the upper Hacker bridge, and took up his abode within it, surrounded by forests. He remained there a few months, then moved to the site of the present old Corder homestead. He was poor in this world's goods, but contentment reigned in his humble cottage, and by the unceasing energy, industry and economy of himself and wife he purchased and paid for a few acres of land at a time, until he acquired a comfortable home, the nest egg of which was owned by himself and my father, respectively, lacking some half a dozen years of a century. During all these years this home has been a rendezvous for the Lord's afflicted and poor people. They have assembled and saluted each other here from far and near, and comforted each other by the comfort wherewith they themselves were comforted of God (2 Cor. 1:4), and to make mention of his righteousness, and his only (Psalm 71:16), to tell of their conflicts and deliverances, as by faith they trod that path which no fowl knoweth and which the vulture's eye hath not seen (Job 28:7), to mingle in worshipping the true and living God, whose doctrine droppeth as the rain (Deut. 32:5). But never in all my life have I heard of one not bringing the doctrine Christ being invited in (in the way of religious worship,) or bidden Godspeed.

On the 21st day at June, 1817, Mount Olive Primitive Baptist Church was constituted, with a membership of about ten, at a private house in the neighborhood known as the Rice house, by perhaps

Elders Simmons Harris and Phineas Wells. She soon after became a member of the Union Association, whose churches were formerly a part of the Redstone Association, which was formed in 1776, but became a separate body in 1804.

After the church was duly organized her members began to look about for a suitable lot on which to erect a house in which to worship. One site after another was selected, but could not be purchased from the owners, either from prejudice or lack of liberality. Seeing this, grandfather, possessing a big heart, said to them, "I am not a member of your body, but the Lord has given me what little I have, and I will give you a lot on the corner of my little tract." His gift was accepted, and a house built of hewn logs, twenty-four feet by thirty, with a gallery and a pulpit after the English style.

The country increased rapidly in population, and people went to meeting in those days, traveling long distances on foot, and the little log house was packed to overflowing with hearers.

In the year 1823, the association convened with Mt. Olive for the first time, and grandfather fed and sheltered over one hundred persons each night in his small apartments. He said the Lord blessed him afterwards and he never missed what he gave away. Of this meeting my father had a faint remembrance.

The church increased in membership, but it was not long until the innovation of man-made missionary operations, sweeping like a tidal wave from east to west, made its appearance among the churches, an infant at first, but became full grown, consummating in a division. Prior to this division, and separate from the causes connected with it, there was in the church a vain babler by the name of Archer, who did much evil by circulating scandalous rumors about some of the members, which worried grandfather to such an extent that he left the church, but he soon returned, saying that he could not endure being deprived of the communion with saints, which was sweet to his soul. My impression is that said Archer was "put away." But to return. William and Sarah Corder reared a family of eleven children, six sons and five daughters.

My father, the fifth child, was named Joshua, because it was a favorite name in the Cole family, I suppose. He was a delicate babe, weak and sickly, and it was thought by all that he would not survive long. But He who feedeth the ravens (Job 38:41), and marks the sparrows' fall (Matthew 10:29), had a life for him to live, and he grew in strength. In his infancy grandmother took him to see her mother, who was old and blind. She passed her trembling hand softly over his head, and added her maiden name, Simmons, to his name, and gave him a present.

And the child grew before the Lord, like Samuel, who was girded with a linen ephod, ministering unto the Lord before the priest in Shiloh (1 Samuel, 2nd and 3rd chapters).

"Samuel, Samuel." O what a call from the glorious and triumphant Lord, who is able to subdue all things unto himself (Phil. 3:21), and who rideth upon the heavens in the help of his people (Deut. 33:26), to a child who did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him, but who before the morning stars sang together was ordained to be a prophet in Israel. This calling is irresistible and effectual, and is the beginning of the good work of grace in the poor sinner's heart, that God begins and "will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ" – Phil. 1:6.

In his boyhood father was not inclined to roam or indulge in sport, but was somewhat bookish. He would reclude himself and spend his Sundays in reading, which caused the boys in the neighborhood to brand him with being “religious;” this however did not daunt him, or check his desire to “get wisdom” – Prov. 4:5. The Lord was guarding that young life for the Master’s use. He had godly parents, and his tender years were molded in the nurture and admonition of the Lord (Eph. 6:4). He was an obedient and dutiful son. I heard him say he thought he gave his father a “cross word” one time, but his departing father said he never did. He honored his father and his mother, and lived “long on the earth.” – Eph. 6:2-3. Mark this, children, Do you alone keep this one commandment? I answer for you, No. It is shamefully transgressed all over our broad land today. And you who advocate a system of conditional salvation, depending on your own efforts, are you quite sure that you keep every jot of the legal commandments blameless? Be sure of this before you claim that you are able within yourselves to keep the gospel commands. Remember if you offend in one point you are guilty of all (James 2:10).

But I am digressing. I will here insert my father’s Christian experience, published in the “Signs of the Times,” Vol. 20, No. 11.

“PHILIPPI, Va., February 1, 1852.

BROTHER BEEBE: – Though unworthy of the liberty, I fain would often mingle with my brethren and sisters in promulgating the glorious truths of my Lord and Master, but I am so incapacitated and so unworthy to speak of the great plan of salvation, that I feel to put my hand upon my mouth and sit in silence, while I hear them tell of their trying circumstances, and how the Lord has delivered them from under the reigning power of sin, and translated them into the kingdom of his dear Son; which is calculated to strengthen the dear sheep and lambs of the blessed Jesus in this dark and cloudy day. They that feared the Lord, anciently, spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon his name. ‘And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him’ – Mal. 3:16-17.

Shall I attempt to put into the treasury, like the poor woman, my little mite? What shall I say? Where shall I begin?

My parents were born and raised east of the Blue Ridge, Va. They emigrated to the west of the Alleghany Mountains, Va., in the year of our Lord, 1815, into the vicinity of a few Old Baptists. Soon afterward the Lord saw proper to visit them. My mother had been trained from her infancy under the strict discipline of the Methodist denomination, and taught to believe that the salvation of her soul depended upon her good deeds, and that a few prayers and tears would make God love her, and finally, if she continued to be a good servant, the Lord would still love her and save her in the kingdom of ultimate glory; but the Lord taught her that all her righteousness was as filthy rags, and that Jesus Christ was the way, the truth and the life. She was baptized in January, 1818, and two months after this my father was baptized.

I was born where I now reside, on the 15th of Feb., 1820, and born in sin, under the reigning power of darkness, subject to all the calamities that befall the sons and daughters of Adam. Oh! miserable man, born of a woman, few are thy days and full of trouble (Job 14:1).

I was raised up by the fostering care of my beloved parents, till I reached the age of eleven years, when I trusts the gracious God brought me to see that I was a poor sinner, under the condemnation of his righteous law, for it is written, He that believeth not on the Son is condemned already. Ere this I had often thought upon the condition of the human family, where they would go, and what would become of them after this life, whether they would be like the brutes, or live in some other world. About this time I began to read a little; I read in the Bible of the great I AM THAT I AM, brought to view in the writings of Moses. I read also of a devil, of a heaven and of a hell, and that good persons after death would reign with God in heaven in a world without end, surrounded with unspeakable blessings, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest, and that those who die wickedly would take up their abode in an awful hell, to dwell with devils and damned spirits; where the smoke of their torment ascendeth up forever and ever.

Believing these things to be infallibly so, I began to make covenants and promises that I would live a good life, and lay aside all my filthy conversation, and obey the divine maxims of heaven. But being so contaminated with sin, and so far from that which is good, I soon found myself breaking all my covenants, and doing the things which were contrary to the Scriptures.

About this time I had an alarming dream, in which I thought the end of the world had come, and I saw a great mountain on fire, and I also saw the moon fall from her place in the starry vault, from which the earth caught fire in another place. I heard the crackling of the fire, and saw the flame ascend. The people were assembling together in vast crowds, and I ran to my mother, and told her that the last day had come, and I was not prepared to die, and said to her, What shall I do? She replied, My son, I can do nothing for you, you are now eleven years old, and you must seek for yourself. When I awoke I was greatly distressed, and from that time it seemed as though I had no friend, either in heaven or on earth, even the brutes seemed to speak in my condemnation, and I felt too unworthy to walk upon the earth. I cried, O Lord, have mercy upon a poor little boy who is about to drop into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, or is my case like that of Esau, who could find no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears? O that I knew where I might find the Savior; I would come even to his seat; I would fill my mouth with arguments; I would order my cause before him. But perhaps, thought I, he would not hear me, my heart was so wicked, and he has said, I will laugh at their calamities and mock when their fear cometh. This last passage, together with many others texts, seemed to augment my distress. I feared that some day Satan would take me off alive. When I attempted to pray, which was generally after dark, I would kneel down in the yard, and was afraid to go any further off, and when any of the family opened the door I would go a little further; but my prayers were poor. It seemed as though heaven was shut up, and that God would not hear me, but still I must try. My heart was pained within me, and often I would choose to lay down on the hearth at the feet of my mother rather than to go into a dark room to bed. I became so much afraid to sin, that when the boys of my neighborhood would come to play with me on Sunday I would hide myself, and spend nearly the whole day in reading. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress fell into my hands about this time, which I pursued with a degree of satisfaction. I often shed tears while reading it; it was my meat and my drink. I read so constantly that some feared I was losing my mind, and some thought the books should be taken from me. I continued in this condition until the spring of 1832, which was nearly a year that I had been thus distressed.

When I first thought on this subject of religion something would say there was time enough in old age to attend to it, but before I received a hope my impressions were that it was too late, that God had given me over to hardness of heart and a reprobate mind. I dreamed another dream, in which I thought I was upon the hill of Calvary, a little below the cross, where I saw the blessed Jesus hanging, and as I stood in amazement some person came and put a crown upon my head, and gave me something in my hand, and I went away singing towards a little stream at the foot of the hill. I awoke rejoicing, and when I came out of my room in the morning I said to my mother, I am not afraid of the devil now. The sun arose with more beauty on that morning than I had ever before witnessed. All things in nature seemed to praise God. All that time I had no desire to remain in this world. I had lost the burden of sin, and felt a peculiar love for the people of God, such as I had never before experienced, and vainly imagined that my troubles were all over; but before the sun hid behind the western horizon on that day it was suggested to me that I was deceived; that I had told my mother that I had a hope and my friends would know that I was a hypocrite, and more than that, I received my testimony in a dream, which many professors have no confidence in. In this way I was tried for two years, with now and then a cluster of pleasant grapes.

Subsequently I formed a resolution that I would not become a member of the church, that I could serve my Lord in the world as well as in the church, but I could not feel satisfied. It was disobeying my heavenly Father's will, and I must expect his rod of chastisement. I often retired into secret places and prayed the Lord, If I am a Christian, let this tree be plucked up by the roots, and I will believe. But no such evidence was given me. At other times I have prayed that a pond of water might be dried up, as an evidence that the Lord heard me, and then I would follow the Redeemer. Still the name of Jesus was sweet to me, and sometimes when reading and finding the name would remark to my mother that it was the sweetest name I ever read, and, my brother, it is sweet to me yet. In all my trying circumstances I had an ear to hear the truth, and when at meeting I would place myself in the darkest corner I could, to prevent the people from seeing me shed tears, which I was almost sure to do. In the spring of 1834, I was impressed that I should die in negligence of my duty, and I went to the church, and related to them what I had experienced, and was received, and baptized the next day, to my great satisfaction.

I received a hope when in my twelfth year, was baptized in my fourteenth, and was licensed to preach the gospel when in my twentieth year.

But I must close. I have swelled this letter beyond my design. If you think this poor scribble will interest any of the dear people of God, you may publish it.

I remain your unworthy brother in tribulation. JOSHUA S. CORDER.”

The above was copied by my father from the old number of the “Signs of the Times” stored away by a dear sister in Christ (the most of his papers having been destroyed, as I will hereafter relate,) and later on gaining access to the old church book he found his memory had been deficient in giving dates, and on the blank end of the paper containing his experience I find the following:

“I received my hope in Christ in the year 1833, April, then thirteen years old, was baptized in April, 1835, then a little past fifteen years old.”

The date of his reception into the church was on the fourth Saturday, the 25th day of the month. The “something” given to him in his hand in the dream of his deliverance did not seem to be made plain to him until he grew old, then he told mother in my hearing that he believed that it was the gift of the gospel ministry committed unto him (Titus 1:3).

After he told his mother the good news, she went to grandfather and said, I believe our little boy has been renewed this morning.

The pastor spent the night prior to his baptism with grandfather, and remarked to him after breakfast that his son would go before the church that day, for he could see it in his countenance.

Father did not relish his morning meal, but was nearing the blessed fellowship with the Son of God, which was to feast upon that meat of doing the will of his Father in heaven (John 4:32).

He told grandmother he was going to do his duty, and though unworthy, he was honest in what he was about to do.

In leading him up out of the baptismal water the administrator said to grandfather, “Here is your son,” intimating that he would be a preacher.

The beautiful ordinance was administered to him a short distance from his home, in Hacker Creek, under the shadow of a beech tree, which is still standing, and the spot where he obeyed the command of his Lord and Master, in following him in the watery grave (Matthew 3:15), thus confessing before the world his faith in the death, burial and resurrection of Christ.

It was remarked that because of his youth he would not stay long in the church, intimating that the allurements and vanities of the world would win him away from Christ, that in his case the good seed sown had among thorns, and would become “choked with cares and riches and pleasures of this life, and bring no fruit to perfection” – Luke 8:14.

The eyes blinded by the god of this world cannot see the secret inward working of the Spirit of grace in the poor sinner’s heart, the breaking up of the fallow ground, preparing it to receive the good seed sown, which is the word of God that bringeth “forth fruit with patience” – Luke 8:15.

The flesh was crossed, the world frowned, Satan hissed that day when that young believer was enabled by divine grace to forsake all for Christ’s sake, but by the greatness of the arm of the Lord all was made still as a stone (Exodus 15:16). He had brought him in and visibly planted him in the mountain of his inheritance, the “sanctuary, O Lord, which thy hands have established,” – Exodus 15:17, there to flourish like the palm tree, and grow like a cedar in Lebanon; to bring forth fruit in old age to “shew that the Lord is upright; he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him” (see Psalm 92).

Father began at once to care for the church-house, and wait upon the brethren, which duties he followed during his entire life. His zeal must have been according to knowledge, for he endured to the end (Matt. 10:22), and bore the fruit of patience, forbearance, humility, meekness, etc.

I am speaking here of the yield that was brought forth by the implantation of the grace of God in his heart, that took root downward and bore fruit upward (2 Kings 19:30), for as a descendent of the earthly Adam, father had his weaknesses here in the flesh, like the rest of us. Like the apostle Paul, he had a thorn in the flesh, but the grace of God was sufficient for him (2 Cor. 12:7-9.)

## **CHAPTER II – CHURCH DIVISION, TRIALS IN EARLY MINISTRY, ETC.**

A ZEAL (not according to knowledge) for the salvation of the heathen, and other Missionary operations, was growing in Mount Olive Church. On returning home from a convention of Fullerites, held at Richmond, Va., one of the delegates approached grandfather, who was enabled by divine grace to take a firm stand against the innovations, and addressing him as brother Corder, remarked, “Now we have got things just to suit us,” meaning a salaried ministry, together with all the inventions promulgated by the followers of Andrew Fuller.

In August, 1837, the majority part of the church voted down the Philadelphia Baptist Confession of Faith of 1742, denouncing the doctrine incorporated therein.

Missionary operations were voted in the church December 1st, 1838.

On January 5th, 1839, the minority was censured for inviting what the majority called anti-missionary preachers to preach for them.

In the meantime the mysterious work of divine grace was being wrought in the Corder family. Father’s sister Mary, a maiden of fifteen years, was baptized November 4th, 1837, which was a day of sweet power and one of lasting memory by his brother James, a lad of twelve years.

The members began to perceive a ministerial gift in father, which, together with his aptness in vocal music, caused a strong effort to be made to capture him in the net of Fullerism. The majority part chose him as their deacon March 2nd, 1839. He refused to accept the office, because they had departed from the faith of the Bible, the Lord having put it into his heart to beware of “seducing spirits.”

One morning on his way, to school, while meditating, the Scriptures opened to his understanding with such power that he cried aloud in the open field, “I’ll go with the old side, I’ll go with the old side.” No sooner had the rumor of his resolution spread among the members than persecution against him arose.

When the majority part could not win him by soft words and fair speeches, they began to throw stones at him; but all manner of evil that was spoken against him, falsely, for Christ’s sake but gave, him a great reward in heaven (Matt. 5:12), for so declareth the blessed Master to his disciples, and his words “they are spirit and they are life” – John 6:63

The church was now permanently divided. The minority held the house and lot, because they were the orthodox Baptists. The clerk, however, went with the new side, as they were then called, and the church lost her record book. Father cast his lot in with the minority, and was charged with being influenced and persuaded by his parents. This he told his accusers was true, but that it was his heavenly Parent, and not his earthly ones, that kept him from falling in the day of temptation (James 1:12). One of the female members, a preacher’s wife who departed, and who, like many in our day, was self-conceited, said she “once had great confidence in brother Joshua’s prayers,” intimating she had lost it, simply because he went not after them (Luke 17:23).

It must have been a great trial to this youthful soldier of the cross for the church tie to be broken between himself and the man John Curry, under whose ministry he sat when convicted of sin and brought the reigning power of grace. I often heard him say it delighted his very soul to see that man enter the pulpit. Upon one occasion he spoke from the word, "O taste and see that the Lord is good." – Psalm 34:8, a sermon my father never forgot. And also church fellowship severed between himself and the man that baptized him, namely Benjamin Holden, who was a sound and orderly Baptist at the time, and in full fellowship, but afterwards went off with the "new things." This, however, was only the foretaste of father's perils among "false brethren." – 2 Cor. 11:26. Only a foretaste of what was to follow in after years, when occasionally along the way some one would come in privily to spy out the liberty of the Lord's people (Gal. 2:4), to whom he "gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour," – Gal. 2:5, that the truth of the gospel might continue, and in defense of the same, his (father's) counsel was safe and prevailed, bearing the unmistakable evidence of divine approval. And when his labors were about ended a "helper in Christ Jesus" remarked something like this: "I have watched closely the results of old brother Corder's advice, and have found them to excel to the edifying of the church." The Lord kept him as the apple of his eye (Deut. 32:10). The Lord his God was with him (2 Chron. 1:1), and his work was rewarded (2 Chron. 15:7).

On the 21st day of June, A. D. 1839, messengers and members of and for five churches, viz.: The Valley, Mt. Olive, Little Bethel, Amnon, and Eden, met, agreeable to previous arrangement, with Mt. Olive Church, and after being properly organized, declared they had withdrawn from the Union Association, because she had departed from her original standing and patronized what was called the "Institutions of the day, or the benevolent institutions, and Missionary Operations," and among other things passed the following: "We give our solemn and decided protest against all the above named Institutions and Operations, and we will not fellowship any of them. And we unite ourselves in an Association, which is called ***The Tygart's Valley River Association.***"

The messengers from Mt. Olive were Wm. Cole, Uriah Modisette, John Proudfoot, Jacob Talbott and Henry Thompson.

No sooner had peace hovered over the church than father's call to the gospel ministry began to weigh with such power upon his mind that he became physically wrecked. He made all manner of excuses to his divine Master, such as, too young, too ignorant, too worthy, and implored him to take some one better suited for the place. His trials in this matter were similar to those of all of God's chosen ministers, but the time came when, if he had held his peace, the stones would have immediately cried out (Luke 19:40).

On the 25th day of April, 1840, the church granted him license for six months to exercise his gift within the bounds of the church.

This was on Saturday at the regular monthly meeting, and an appointment was made for the following Monday evening at grandfather's house by Thomas Collett, a faithful under-shepherd of the flock, who was pastor at that time. It was generally understood that the appointment was made for father, and the people in the neighborhood turned out largely.

He was aware of what was on hand, and it sank like a dagger into his heart. He thought how could he make this first attempt to speak in public of the riches of God's grace, in his father's house, in the presence of his parents, brothers and sisters, young friends, neighbors, etc., a mere stripling, battling with the vain allurements to which youth is subjected. When the hour came Elder Collett gently urged him to go forward, which he did, trembling like a leaf swayed by a breeze.

He took for his text the words recorded in verse thirteen of the first chapter of Colossians: "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son."

I will use his own words here: "I had no sooner began to try to explain my text than I found myself in an ocean. I glanced around the room and saw bowed down heads, and thought they all were ashamed of me, a green boy. I closed the best I could, and sat down. It seemed to fire up old brother Collett, who followed me, and preached so powerfully that I felt like I did not know anything. After the meeting closed I went out with father to help repair a pig pen. I was dumb; finally father raised up and said, "Well, Joshua, you could not preach as well as you thought you could, could you?" It hurt me awfully, and I said to myself, "You or no other man will ever hear me try again." But the "way of man is not in himself." The "steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord" – Psalm 37:23. So father's frail inward resolution was soon broken, and he found himself proclaiming the truth, as it is in Jesus, regardless of his surroundings. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night: ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence" – Isaiah 62:6. Thus saith the Lord of hosts, whose word can not be broken.

When the time of his license expired, opposition arose against him in the church. There had been an old family grudge and jealousy existing towards grandfather's household for several years (because he was financially prosperous), and the parties took advantage of this opportunity to seek revenge by trying to silence the young preacher. One sister said, "When we send out a preacher, send out one that can preach". When a vote was taken to extend his license the church tied, but there was in the providence of God an old lady of the neighborhood present, who, thinking the boy preacher "wasn't getting justice," held up her hand, and in a crowded house the moderator did not notice her as one of the spectators, and counted her vote as one majority.

Sometime when he was a licentiate a rough fellow in the neighborhood tried to provoke him to anger, and failing to do so, caught him, tripped him, and threw him down, spraining his ankle. He came limping to the house, grandmother dampened a piece of brown paper with strong apple vinegar, bond it to the wound, and made him a pallet before the open fireplace. In came grandfather, who said it was "pretty doings for a young preacher." Grandmother bade him hush, that the "poor child's feelings were hurt bad enough any way." The Sunday following he had an appointment to fill at the house of a loving old deacon, John Proudfoot, whose memory he ever cherished, and whose body lies near his own in the old churchyard, and what to do he did not know, being aware that advantage would be taken of the matter. However, when the time came he was able to go, and on reaching the place, two and one-half miles distant, he alighted from his horse, and with much pain in his limb, and mortification in his pride, he entered the yard, limping along, and who should he first meet but the old brother, the head of the "grudge" family before mentioned, who approached him, saying, "Hey, been wrestling, have you?" Father explained matters the best he could, filled his appointment and returned home. Meeting day came around, and there was the old "grudge" brother, anxious for an opportunity to stop him from preaching, and arising from his seat made an effort to have his license withdrawn, by relating the above

circumstance, and to make it look as ugly as he could, sawed the words, Preach and wrestle, wrestle and preach, back and forth.

Elder Collett, seeing that father was killed off, as it were, rose from the moderator's chair, and in his sweet, tender, fatherly way looked him in the face, saying, "Brother Joshua, after I was ordained to preach a bad fellow took hold of me, and I whipped him; if they do not let you alone, whip 'em." These timely words lifted a crushing weight from father's shoulders, and ended further discussion of the matter in the church.

About this time he entered Rector College, at Pruntytown, Va., preparatory to teaching. This aroused jealousy afresh, and the rumor was circulated among the brethren that he was studying theology. When this reached his ears he forthwith procured an instrument of writing from under the hand of the Professor that such was not the case, which silenced the mouths of his accusers. The persecution against him continued, however, and he resolved to leave the country.

## CHAPTER III – TOURS WEST AND EAST

Against the pleadings of a loving mother, he set out on horseback in the fall, I think, of 1842, with a letter of recommendation in his pocket, for the now State of Indiana, whence several of his brethren and relatives, namely, the Coles, Modisetts, Baileys, etc., had emigrated and formed a settlement in what was known as the Wabash country. I never heard him say he had any trouble in obtaining a letter of recommendation from the church; I suppose his persecutors thought this a good way to get rid of him, but it was like the selling of Joseph by his brethren: they thought evil against him, but God meant it unto good (Gen. 1:20), for I often heard him say that if ever the Lord blessed him it was in that then far western country. I will just note here that it was not long until the old “grudge” man alluded to was excluded for intoxication, which broke the prejudice against him in Mt. Olive Church.

When he would recall those early trials he would say, “No wonder I nurse young preachers.”

When on his way west father inquired for Baptist brethren, stopping with them and preaching for them, introducing himself by the letter in his pocket. In answer to like inquiry at a wayside farmhouse in the State of Ohio, the hostess told him she knew of no Baptist near, when her little daughter reminded her there was an old Mr. Hilliards over the way, who had a little church. She chided her and intimated that he and his people were a selfish, narrow, contracted set, not a suitable place to direct a traveling gentleman. Father took the hint, and made for the old man’s house, was joyfully received, and said if he ever found a good brother and hospitable home it was there.

It was at a point somewhere near this place he made an appointment for early candle lighting at a schoolhouse, but was locked out by the Campbellites. He preached, however, to people that were gathered outside the door, while Elder Moore, a prominent minister of that day, held the tallow candle.

On arriving in the Wabash country he was cordially received by the brethren. The late Elder Isaac Denman was a father in Israel unto him during his stay there.

He began at once to teach school<sup>1</sup> filling appointments to preach on Saturdays and Sundays. The field was large for a young gospel preacher, and the Lord was with him. “No man shall set on thee to hurt thee,” saith the Lord, for he had much people there (Acts 18:10).

An enemy of the truth circulated a false report, in order to injure his standing. He took a squire and one or two other witnesses, traced the matter to a young man in the neighborhood, whom he had to sign a lie-bill. A future ingathering among the churches was plainly manifested, and the demand for an ordained preacher to administer the ordinances was such that at the urging of the brethren father returned to Virginia and was set apart to the full work of the ministry by his home church. The following is a verbatim copy of his credentials:

“Mount Olive, Barbour County, September 24th, 1843. This is to certify that we, the subscribers hereto, being called on by the church of Jesus Christ (called the Mount Olive Church) in Barbour County, Virginia, to inquire into the gifts and qualifications of our brother, Joshua S. Corder, and after full and free investigation of the several things necessary, viz.: his general

character, his faith and doctrine, his natural and acquired abilities, his usefulness as a preacher of the gospel, and being fully satisfied, they have regularly ordained him into the ministry to the Lord Jesus, with full power to preach the gospel to all persons wherever God in his providence may call him, and administer the ordinances of the same consistent with the word of God and the rules of the regular Baptist Church. Given under our hands the date above written. Attest: Lafayette J. Curry, Robert Carter, John Allen, John Dennison.”

I am inclined to think most, if not all, of the seventeen preachers of whom father assisted in the ordination in after years were presented with credentials similar to the above, in his own handwriting. Some of them proved to be faithful stewards in God’s house, but some of them, it is sad to say, either from striving for the mastery (1 Cor. 9:25), or a disorderly walk (2 Thess. 3:11), and conversion fell away.

In the west began the seals of father’s ministry, “and much people were added unto the Lord.” – Acts 11:24. While there he communed in the ministry with Wilson Thompson, Newport, Thomas, Shields brothers, etc. At one time he listened to a discourse of three hours length by Elder Thompson from the words recorded in Numbers 23:9: “Lo, the people shall dwell alone,” etc.

He labored hard in the schoolroom from sunrise to sunset, but his income from it was scanty, taking for part pay Indian corn, at the rate of eight cents per bushel. This kept him a fat horse to ride to his appointments. His own hands ministered unto his necessities (Acts 20:34). In traveling to and fro he paid his board by manual labor. Upon one trip he paid his fare on the steamboat down the Ohio River by carrying pig iron at the wharf, until his gloveless hands were sore. How does this compare with the pulpit gentry of the present day?

With a little financial help from grandfather he bought a tract of land on the Wabash River, with the full intention of settling there for life, but God had ordered it otherwise. His thoughts are not our thoughts, nor his ways our ways (Isaiah 60:9). It was divinely arranged that he should yield to the pleadings of a weeping, distracted and loving mother, and return home, and labor a long lifetime in this part of the vineyard of the Lord of host, the house of Israel, the church of the living God, performing as a faithful steward (1 Cor. 4:2), the labor assigned to him in the mind of God from the foundation of the world.

He returned home in 1846, and on the 5th day of December of that year was chosen pastor of Hepzibah Church, whose faithful membership tenderly nursed him. He baptized several there, one of whom still survives, an aged sister, Emeline Findley, now a member of the Valley Church.

I cannot proceed further without mentioning the name of Deacon John Curry, of that church (Hepzibah), who was a faithful friend to my father until his death, which occurred late in the eighties. During his last sickness he passed under a dark cloud, which was taken advantage of by enemies of gospel truth that surrounded him. My father was sent for, and preached by his bedside, taking for a text Lam. 3:63, and preceding verses. The sufferings of the old brother were so intense his nurses were kept constantly moving him, but now he was placed on his side, supported by pillows, and during that lengthy sermon never stirred or moaned, but lay listening with all his former powers. Father had great liberty in speaking, and everything became still as a stone (Exodus 15:16). Soon after this good old man passed away. In life and in death he was brought to follow his blessed Jesus, who exclaimed before expiring upon the cross, “My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? – Matthew 27:46.

But to return. On the 8th day of December of the same year, father appeared before the court of the new county of Barbour and took the oath of allegiance to the commonwealth of Virginia, and entered into bond as required by law, and was thereby authorized to celebrate the rites of matrimony within the State.

I find the following letter among his papers, which explains itself:

“The church of Jesus Christ called Mount Zion Church, in Clay County, Ind., holding the all-important doctrine of election, and the final perseverance of the saints through grace unto glory, and stand aloof from all the institutions of the day, still maintain the Philadelphia Baptist Confession of Faith, together with the treatise of church discipline thereunto annexed. Greeting. Whereas, our beloved brother, Joshua S. Corder, has made proper application for a letter of dismission, this is to certify that he is a member in full fellowship with us, and when he is received by another church of the same faith and order we shall consider him fully dismissed from us.

Done by order of the church at our church meeting, Saturday before the second Sunday in July, 1848.

JOSEPH HOSKINGS, Moderator pro tem.  
JAS. W. MODISSETT, Clerk.”

I had thought, and so expressed myself, that ‘father’s membership had never been in any church but Mt. Olive, but in this I was mistaken. It was my impression that he had been granted a letter of dismission, but had kept it in his pocket, but it appears he did not call for one until after his ordination, then deposited it in Mt. Zion Church until he returned home to stay. He presented the above letter to Mt. Olive July 24th, 1848, which was received, and where his membership afterward remained unbroken until the day of his death.

On his way homeward from a trip west, in 1848, he contracted typhoid fever from some loathsome persons on the steamboat, and he lay between life and death, seemingly, a long time, as also did one or two other members of the family, who contracted it from him. A neighbor came in and shaved him, as he said, for the last time, but the great God, who prompts and answers prayers, and bottles the tears of the saints (Psalm 56:8), healed him, and he again went up unto the house of the Lord, like Hezekiah of old.

Before he was scarcely able for the trip he set out on horseback for the Ebenezer Association, held in Page County, Virginia. On his way he failed to secure night’s lodging the eve before the meeting until a late hour, and was caught in a drenching rainfall. He made his way, however, to the place, and was put upon the stand to preach. Elder Wm. Lauck, looking upon the outward appearance (see 1 Samuel 16:7), and father’s ghastly form from the effects of the fever, and his soiled garments from the wetting the night before, made him think there was “no preach” there, and feeling ashamed of him he crept under the stand that was erected in the grove when he (father) began to preach. But it was not long, he said, before he felt the unbidden tears coursing down his cheeks, and out he came. When the glorious gospel

of the blessed Son of God is borne and published with power, power from on high, our foolish, selfish, haughty pride is lost in humility.

It was at this meeting father met the gifted late Elder R. C. Leachman and heard him preach. On Sunday night following he (father) preached at a schoolhouse near the home of Elder Ambrose Booton, after which a friend remarked, "He is a gouger." On Monday morning at this Baptist home he was introduced by the late Elder Joseph Furr to the young maiden who afterwards became his wife. The brethren separated, some going west on a preaching tour, among whom was Elder Booton, who on his return from Ohio spent some days at grandfather's house, preaching in the bounds of Mt. Olive Church.

In November of the same year he entered the academy at Clarksburg, Va., for the purpose of completing a few necessary branches for his school work. I think it was about this time he caught a foreign fever, so to speak, and would perhaps have set out to visit Bible lands, etc., had it not been for the love and sympathy he had for his mother, who pleaded unceasingly against it.

In 1849 he made a preaching tour through Page and Warren counties, Va., and was present at the division promulgated among the Old Baptists at that period.

## CHAPTER IV – SETTLING IN LIFE, TEACHING, ETC.

ON the 18th day of June, 1850, he was united in marriage to Miss Virginia Ann Grant, youngest child of Deacon William and Nancy Ann (Roy) Grant, who lived at their farmhouse in the beautiful Shenandoah Valley, ten miles south of Front Royal, Va., Elder Z. Compton officiating.

He brought his bride home to Grandfather Corder's, where they remained until the following March. Selling his land in the west he bought a tract adjoining the home farm, on which was a small house, in which he moved. Here they started out in life to travel the rugged road hand in hand, sharing each other's joys and sorrows; along, happy, faithful union, joined together by the hand of kind Providence there can be no doubt; blessed with three children, who have lived to Cherish an honored parentage, and far more than that, all have reason to believe that they have been made partakers of the heavenly calling (Heb. 3:1), and been baptized into the fellowship of old Mt. Olive. Our mother was blessed with an interest in the Savior's shed blood (Heb. 9:22), in her maidenhood, and on April 24th, 1853, became a member of Mt. Olive Church, where she remains an uncompromising Old School Baptist. She was baptized by the pastor, Elder John Dennison.

In the meantime father's brothers, Joseph, James and John, became members, and he baptized them all. Uncle John was elected clerk in April, 1850, and chosen deacon May 27th, 1854. They all lived to a ripe old age (Uncle Joseph being ninety three) and "died in the faith."

In the fifties there was a man in the church who prated against the brethren, much to the discomfort of the members. His chief quotation was, "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion," and almost every church day he would introduce something against some one to cause more or less confusion, which was hurtful to the church. He was sound in the faith, however, and the church could do nothing but bear with him.

The winter after his marriage father began teaching a subscription school in a small house erected for that purpose in the immediate neighborhood, which he kept up for seven successive winters. Some of the most prominent business men and office-holders of after years in Barbour County received their education under his tutorship.

When not in the schoolroom, what spare time he had from his church duties, which were abundant, he labored hard on the farm, being financially cramped. He occasionally got a one dollar marriage fee, but that was but a drop in the bucket. No such thing was thought of in this section in those days of ministering (financially) to the necessities of an Old Baptist preacher, but rather the reverse. If there was a charitable matter under consideration among the brethren, father was the first to act, and was enabled to trust in God to see his way clear. He realized the felt presence of Jesus, the Elder Brother, in doing the will of God from the heart (Eph. 6:6), which was more to him than the cattle upon a thousand hills or ten thousand rivers of oil (see Psalm 119:72).

Kind Providence blessed him with a financier and economical wife, who by plying her needle (being a tailoress) not only aided him in supporting the family, but also in employing farm labor; to use his own words: "Wife fenced the farm with her needle while I was trying to do my duty waiting upon the churches."

I have often heard him say he left his little family, weeping as he went, like the lowing kine that drew the cart upon which the ark of God was placed, having left their calves behind them (1 Sam. 6:10-12), while our mother, lonely and fearful, waited anxiously for his return, often watching until a late hour in the night, listening for the neigh of his horse crossing the Thompson low gap, with perhaps the last stick of fuel that he rushingly provided for her before he left, on the fire, while the snowflakes pelted the window panes. O, my kindred in Christ, what pressing trials a true and faithful minister of the Lord Jesus, and his family, undergo, but this is his heritage: "I will shew him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake" – Acts 9:16. He must endure conflicts, both inwardly and outwardly, and experience the sweetness of being brought off more than a conqueror through the Lord Jesus Christ before he can speak comfortably unto Jerusalem, that her warfare be accomplished. Father would often say that the Lord's preachers to be useful must have a hard time of it to humble them and keep them at the feet of their brethren, otherwise the flesh would become puffed up, and troubles follow.

In the year 1853 the late Elder J. F. Johnson paid a passing through visit to some of the churches, lodging at my father's house. On driving up to the gate he asked mother if she would shelter a poor sinner.

One little incident I will relate here. When Elder Johnson preached at the Hepzibah Church, some sportful boys made up a "pony purse" of one cent coppers, and presented them to him as he emerged from the doorway. He refused to take them, saying, "Boys, perhaps you need them more than I do."

In the early fifties father began work on an undershot water sawmill on Hacker Creek, for to obtain lumber to erect himself a comfortable dwelling house, as he thought for life. As he could saw only when the water was flush, he would sometimes work all night, being alone, while mother would listen for the buzz of the saw, that she might know he had not fallen in the dam. The rain fell generally on Friday's, and when he left on Saturdays the neighbors (for whom he was also sawing timber,) would become impatient, and in some instances become angry. This placed him between two fires, that of the world and of the church. One time in particular I will mention. After a heavy rainfall on Friday night, he told mother he believed he would not go to Bethel Church (where he was pastor), until Sunday morning. By the way a gentleman came riding along who was going direct by the church, and on reaching there the brethren had assembled and asked him if he saw anything of "brother Corder." He told them he saw him working for dear life at the mill; then came the response, "Brother Corder is getting too worldly."

In this way he worried along for four long years, and with a little financial help from Grandfather Grant, began by piecemeal to build his house, completing it 1861. He had not gone far with it, however, until the thought came forcibly to him, that he was building a house for himself, and not one for the Lord. (Read the beautiful narrative of King David's anxiety about not building a house for the ark of the Lord, recorded in 2nd Samuel.) This was more than he could withstand, so up to Grandfather Corder's he went and asked him how much he would subscribe for the erection of a new church-house. He replied about thus: "Joshua, you are very cunning to start that building while I am living, for if I had gold I would put it under that house if it was necessary;" and placed a gift of, I think, two hundred dollars on the subscription paper. This delighted and encouraged father, who made the church a gift by guaranty deed of an one-half acre lot on one corner of his land, on the Beverly and Fairmont Pike, on

which to erect said house, subscribing a considerable amount of money besides. The deed is dated December 22nd, 1855.

The house was built of woodwork throughout, and was a comfortable and commodious building for those days.

The increase of business along the Pike was so rapid that travelers were constantly calling at father's house for food and lodging, and, to use an old phrase, they were about to eat him out of house and home; so accordingly, in 1858, he applied to the county court for a license for a wayside inn, known as the Hacker House, which was granted, and he kept the Hackersville post office.

Here I will copy some extracts from the history of Barbour County: "Then came the war of 1861, just as they were becoming well situated. Nearly everything they had was destroyed by Federal troops. Wagon loads of household goods, books and furniture were hauled off, and bacon and grain were taken without payment. The family were driven from the house, a guard was put round it and the family were not permitted to return. After the soldiers had used the house nearly four years they burned it, together with nearly two miles of fence. This was done by the Federal soldiers because Elder Corder owned a few slaves (which came into his possession through heirship), and was true to his own State. He never attempted to injure any person, being a minister of the gospel. He had appealed to the Federal authorities for protection. His loss was not less than eight thousand dollars. He saved the Philippi bridge from being burned at the time of the Imboden raid, 1863. He successfully appealed to the soldiers to spare it after they had piled straw on it to burn it. When the Mt. Olive Primitive Baptist Church was rebuilt (after the Union Soldiers destroyed it,) he gave two hundred and fifty dollars toward the work, and borrowed at ten percent interest the money. Never asked for a dollar in his life for preaching. He thinks that the gospel should be preached without charge. Has united in marriage over three hundred couples. He has been offered several political offices in Barbour County, but he always declined, saying that preachers had no business with political offices. He has written verses and hymns all his life. Some of his songs are popular in church service.

## CHAPTER V – TRIALS DURING THE CIVIL WAR

AT the first coming of the Federal troops, father was visiting the Valley Church beyond Laurel Hill, thirty miles away, and after the skirmish at Philippi, being a southern sympathizer, he could not get through the Federal lines, and was cut off from home, finding shelter a part of the time at a Mr. Triplett's, whose wife was an Old School Baptist, and whose kind hospitality under such circumstances is still remembered and cherished by our family. After the battle at Manassas, mother, kindly accompanied by a neighbor young man, who was a cripple, ventured to go to see him, who, at some risk, returned home with her. He mounted the broken down horse she had ridden, and placed her upon his fine spirited horse, Liberty, that had carried him often to his appointments, and the coming neigh of which had so often quelled our mother's anxiety, fearing that his beauty and gait would attract attention to such an extent that both he and the horse would be captured, thinking they were not likely to arrest a woman. They rode quietly along, reaching the lines about nightfall, and, being protected by the great Caretaker, passed through them unmolested. A day or so following while haying harvest for grandfather (in whose house he and his family found a refuge,) he spied two soldiers with glittering guns approaching him. He prepared a bunch of hay on which to lie down and die if shot. They told him they had come to arrest him. When he asked them from whence they were, they said from Indiana. Here he gained a little strength, and, like Paul when he asked his accusers if it was lawful for them to scourge a man that was a Roman, and uncondemned (Acts 22:25), he told them he, too, was an Indianian, and preached all over that country to them and their children without charge for the good of their souls, and now they had come to arrest him, an innocent man. He soon gained the sympathy of one of them, who overcame the other, and they left him, and on returning to Philippi, being asked why they had not brought him as a prisoner with them, answered, "He talked so."

In the beginning of the year 1862 he contracted typhoid fever from the soldiers, and lay a long time beyond hope of recovery. Our mother was his principal nurse, and her anxiety who can tell as she watched by his bedside for months, feeding him from a teaspoon. His nerves became so racked that the drop of the door latch would seemingly take his life. At such times she would revive him by two or three drops of French brandy, furnished by a sympathizing friend, or a little imported wine she obtained through the kindness of a merchant. It was thought, and so said, that he would never preach the gospel again (see Psalm 41:7-8), but He who determined the bounds of his habitation (Acts 17:26), was his stay. When in the last stage of his sickness he fell into a slumber, and dreamed an enemy of truth was standing by his bed grinning as if to say, We have got you now; will never preach your foreordination, election and special atonement any more; you are done calling the Old Baptists the only true church on earth; he thought he reached to the back part of the bed and caught hold of a "rib", quoting as he raised it, Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise, (Micah 7:8), and with it struck the old fellow on the head, and with a "grunt" he went down through the floor out of sight. He awoke and with an effort feebly touched mother, who was close by his side, and in an audible whisper told her he was going to get well, and from that time forward began to convalesce.

He had another dream while on this bed of sickness, in which a large mountain appeared before him, in the side of which were three glass doors that led to the inner part, or court, and from the interior he heard the words, Our Redeemer, our Redeemer, vibrate with such musical sweetness that the sound of the utterance floated to his ear as long as he lived.

As soon as he sufficiently recovered he went to his house and found it occupied by drunken soldiers. He seated himself on the porch, and while unpretentiously glancing over a newspaper a rough officer came up to him and pointing a gun at his breast, asked him, "Are you a good Union man?" Pushing the muzzle of the gun aside he replied, "I profess to be a minister of the gospel, sir." Again he asked, "Which would you rather would whip, the North or the South?" "Which ever is the will of God," answered he boldly. He then became angry, making threats, which caused father to use the following language: "I have harmed no man; if nothing else will do you, take me out in the yard and shoot me in the presence of my wife and little daughter (who were with him). I am no better to die than others."

At this moment some one drew the attention of the officer, and a bystander advised father to abscond himself as soon as possible, which he did, slipping along behind the government wagons, thus escaping providentially what might have been tragic death.

When his house was about to be burned two spies were sent to closely watch him. They sat on grandfather's porch, and when he (father) saw the flames enveloping his home he said to them, "I have another house you cannot destroy." They asked excitedly where it was; he told them up yonder in the heavens, a house not made with hands (2 Cor. 5:1). This, he said, was higher than they cared to talk about.

About the close, of the hostilities, father took an ox team and sled and went to Philippi to exchange some green apples for a cook stove, but on reaching there he was pressed into service by Federal authorities, to haul wounded soldiers to the railroad, a distance of twelve miles. They eyed him with suspicion at first, but he told them not to be alarmed, that they were in careful hands, and called at a farmhouse and got them something to eat, after which they covered their heads.

As soon as the news of his sad misfortune reached our mother's ears she started a runner to relieve him, but he was not overtaken until he had walked and drove the oxen ten miles over a snowbed road, partly after nightfall, which seemed enough to end the life of one in such a feeble state of health, but through this, like many other trials, he was marvelously strengthened.

During his physical weakness it was claimed by some that he was "hippoed". This touched his ambition, and he went out one day (mother following, clinging to his coat and begging him not to go), to assist in raising an animal that fallen in a ditch, which over-taxed his nerves. By lying flat on the ground to rest several times, mother got him to the house, where he lay prostrated for weeks. After relapsing a number of times he finally promised mother he would mind her, and pay no attention to "people's tongues".

In 1864, grandfather died, and soon after his youngest son, Edward M., a captain in General Early's army, fell in the Shenandoah Valley, near Winchester: to him was willed the old homestead, which now had to be sold. Father being homeless and heartless, and not knowing what else to do, purchased the same, being urged by a heart-broken mother who wanted to live and die with him. Being almost penniless, it was a serious thing to enter upon, but he was prosperous from the very start. Like Job, the Lord blessed his latter end more than his beginning (Job 42:12). He dictated the title bonds for the heirs to sign while lying on the bed nervously prostrated, and our mother did the writing.

Toward the close of the war he had managed to buy a pony (which served our mother as a nag for years afterward), and had retained her from being captured by keeping her concealed in the meat house, and by constant feeding kept her from neighing. In the saddle he placed our mother and started her out to borrow money. His honesty being broadcast and irreproachable, she was extremely successful in her undertaking, and returned with enough cash in her pocket to meet the first payment on the land.

Three ex-slaves, out of five, (that came to our mother through heirship) would not leave him; in fact his home was never afterward without one, and when he was not allowed the rights of suffrage for four years, his colored man voluntarily voted in his stead. It was not long until he baptized him, and he proved to be an orderly brother.

Grandfather Grant had died in the beginning of the war, and our parents, being aware of the disastrous condition of affairs in the Shenandoah valley, had but little hopes of obtaining financial help from that direction, but being sorely cramped, it was decided that our mother should journey east and investigate the prospect. What she had undergone during the five preceding years had made her daring, and in January, 1866, accompanied by a daughter and a relative of the family, who was an ex-confederate soldier, she started on the dangerous trip. On the way she wrote back to father very touchingly indeed, charging him to keep up, and not suffer uneasiness about her, and hoped that the Lord would sustain him, and her also, and for him to take care of her baby.

She reached Strawsburg by rail, and there the party boarded a road wagon, and started across the country. On reaching the bridgeless Shenandoah, they found its waters turbulent, with ice floating upon its bosom. Our mother thought for a time she could proceed no further. The driver unhitched his horses, mounting one, and the ex-confederate the other, told her with her consent they would each one take a passenger behind him on his horse and attempt to ford the river. Under the guardianship of our great Protector they all landed safe on the opposite side. She made her way to the house of an old friend, who kindly cared for her, and conveyed her to the home of her mother. Her lawyer said he could do nothing for her then, but there would be a nest egg in real estate there for her some day. She reached home the 14th of February, a bitter cold day, and there was joy in the household over her safe return.

After the Federal soldiers used the church-house for a stable, and other purposes, the hull was left standing, but the flue being damaged, it was burned down by the church, allowing a little subscription school to open in the same, contrary to father's will.

The church now being out of a place in which to worship, he opened his dwelling house to her for one year. Outside of the "called of the Lord", many followed for the loaves and fishes, so much so that their horses ate the corn that grew on ten acres of ground, not to speak of what was consumed at his table.

Seeing that he was imposed upon, his brother James assisted him in repairing the old school house for the use of the church.

After the free school law was established in West Virginia, those interested gave him considerable trouble about the selection of a subdistrict lot on which to build a schoolhouse, and settled on the one that they thought would injure him most.

In 1870, he made sale of that portion of his land on which said house was built, and on which his dwelling-house had been burned. This transaction gave him financial help, as well as relief from much worry.

On the 13th day of October, 1869, he appeared for the second time before the court of Barbour County, and was granted a license to celebrate the rites of marriage in the new State.

About the first time father was able to go any distance from home, he answered a call from Mt. Zion Church to assist in the ordination of a minister. He took sick, however, before the meeting closed, and our mother, with a heart full of trouble, started homeward with him, calling at a wayside house for a place for him to lie down and rest, and there they were nourished by “the ravens”.

The first association held after the war convened with Mt. Zion Church in 1866. I have a file of her Minutes from that year up to the present. Father’s papers, including his diary and library, were, as before stated, destroyed during the war, with the exception of a few particular ones, which, together with a little book entitled, the “Arminian Skeleton”, our mother pocketed for safe keeping when compelled to leave her house. I have found, however, a Minute of 1858, in which his name occurs quite frequently.

## CHAPTER VI – CHURCH TROUBLE ASSOCIATIONAL, ETC.

IN the late sixties a serious trouble arose in Mt. Olive Church over some frivolous matters, because of which she lost five members. Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth (James 3:5). Father stood in defense of the church, and fought for her as his Captain gave him command, for which he was sorely persecuted; but the great God of battles, having armed him for the warfare (see 2 Chron. 32:8), blessed his soldiership, and the church rode triumphantly, through her Lawgiver, over the storm, and anchored in the port of peace, but not without the loss of her record book, it being captured by the clerk, who had to be excluded. Said clerk organized a church, and sent up a letter to the next session of the association, which convened with Amnon Church in 1869, claiming to be Mt. Olive Church, intimidating some of the brethren. When it came father's turn to talk he disrobed himself of his coat (it being a very hot day in August, and the house crowded), sought an open window, and, standing in the midst of "Mars' Hill," in the fear of the Lord his Counselor, laid the whole case before the messengers, closing with the words "Mt. Olive Church has done her duty, and if she cannot have her seat in the association in order, she will stand on the outside."

A motion was soon made that the letter presented by my father did represent Mt. Olive Church, seven messengers voting for it, and none against it. She then called for the association to convene with her the following year, as also did the Leading Creek Church, but it was resolved to meet with Mt. Olive. When the time drew near father applied for the use of the new schoolhouse in which to transact the business of the meeting. He met with opposition, however, the officers of the school thinking the candlestick (the church) about to be moved, determined if possible to extinguish her light, but their weapons were indeed carnal, and they could not fight against God, and with soft answers he turned away their wrath (Prov. 15:1), overcoming all obstacles, and the messengers met in the house alluded to, and the ministerial services were conducted in a grove on his premises, where an immense crowd of hearers had gathered.

He opened his doors wide to entertain the people that lay at night in every corner and behind every door. It was remarked by some that they were going to lodge with "brother Corder" if they had to sit up all night. One hundred and three horses were counted in his meadow at one time. This was a glorious meeting, and the adversary was still as a stone (Exod. 15:16). Here the brethren, being endeared to father because of his faithfulness and peacemaking in the conflict just over, chose him as Moderator of the association, which place he filled for thirty-three sessions, until he could meet no longer with them because of the infirmities of old age, presiding the last time at Mt. Olive in 1906.

Well do I remember that day, August 26th, 1870, a little girl clinging to my mother's skirts, when father drew her to one side from the crowd at our house, and whispered in her ear what kindness the brethren had shown him, and in substance she said, I told you Satan could not go any further than the length of his chain.

I am lost in an ocean of thought when contemplating the timely admonitions he so fatherly gave annually to the brethren, exhorting them to let nothing arise among them to mar their peace (see Eph. 4:3), and not to remove the ancient landmarks (Prov. 22:28). To adhere to the old articles of faith, that a departure from them would tend to confuse, and later on bring strife and contention, the result of

striving about words to no profit, which we are told in the holy Scriptures not to do (2 Tim. 2:14), for when all was properly understood there was nothing left to cavil over; for them to be particular about each other's feelings, and not to mind little things, but to be "humble, pleasant and kind;" to be at each other's feet, thereby obeying the command of their Lord and Master; to love the brotherhood (1 Peter 2:17), and be at peace among themselves (see 1 Thess. 5:13, last clause), thanking them over and over again for their kindness manifested toward him, a worm of the dust (see Psalm 22:6).

It was published by an extensively traveling minister that he was the humblest man and could bear more than any one he ever met, and that the association was the best decorum he ever visited. "Glory to the Highest", he can take a worm and thresh a mountain (Isaiah 41:14-15). He was a safe counselor, and in gospel order, in the house of God he was considered one of the ablest of his day. He strictly adhered to valid baptism, saying that a departure from it was not according to the precept laid down in the Scriptures, and would some day cause more or less disputation.

Critics may think and say I am extolling the memory of my father too much. It is the effect of the cross of Christ, faith and righteousness, that was prominently manifested throughout his life, being wrought out by the Holy Spirit, that I am speaking of, and I ask, Can that be oven extolled? It is "assurance forever" – Isaiah 32:17.

About the beginning of the seventies a minister came from Virginia, sowing seeds of discord among the churches in this association, and also in her mother association, the Red Stone. He promised father not to introduce anything among the brethren that would cause trouble, but, sad to say, he forfeited his word. Father waxed valiant in fight (see Heb. 11:34), and withstood him to the face, because he was to be blamed (see Gal. 2:11). He drew off a few members in the latter association, and one church in the former. Said church afterward received two members excluded from Mt. Olive, which, with other disorders, further barred her from the companionship of the association.

About the year 1890, some little differences arose, but the old tried soldiers of the cross, father's fellow-workers "unto the kingdom of God, which had been a comfort" unto him (see Col. 4:11), among whom was the late Elder James Murphy, pastor of the Leading Creek Church, and fellow-servant in the Lord, stood with him, and peace was restored. Howbeit there were a few that forsook the counsel of the old men and revolted (see 1 Kings 12).

With the exception of the two above named disturbances, the association during father's moderatorship was favored with sweet harmony among the brethren who followed after the things that make for peace (see Romans 14:19). Love for the brotherhood (1 Peter 2:17), abounded, and that "Jesus himself stood in the midst" – Luke 24:36, in their assembly there could be no doubt, blessing and breaking the loaves, giving to his disciples (preachers), and they to the multitude, and dividing the fishes among them all (see Mark 6:41); and they did all eat, and were filled, and fragments were taken up upon which the Lord's peculiar people went in the strength many days. They sat under the droppings of the sanctuary and drank of spiced wine (Cant. 8:2), a heaven below, and were blessed because they had been brought to "know the joyful sound" – Psalm 89:15, and showed forth the praises of Him who called them "out of darkness into his marvelous light" – 1 Peter 2:9. O how sweet when the great, the glorious, the covenanted God looks down from the height of his sanctuary and visits his poor, needy, helpless people, the jewels of his love (see Mal. 3:17), with a manifestation of his felt presence, and they can sit under his shadow with delight, not being worthy of the least of his mercies, yet he hath loved them with

an everlasting love, and with loving-kindness he draws them (Jer. 31:3). He chose them out of the world (John 15:19), and “they shall be mine saith the Lord of hosts” – Mal 3:17. And the name of the Lord is declared in Jerusalem.

Father was sent by Mt. Olive Church as a messenger to the association in 1840, and on returning from the west he was again sent in 1848, and in each successive year following during his life, with the exception of three years because of nervous prostration, and three because of the infirmities of old age.

He served as clerk from 1849 until 1854, and also in 1859. He was appointed to superintend the printing and distribution of the Minutes during his clerkship, and also from 1870 to 1884. This was laborious work in the seventies, as printing presses were imperfect and far away, and he made many tiresome trips on horse-back to correct typographical errors.

At one time seventeen churches composed her body, and she has corresponded by Minutes, at intervals, with the following associations: viz., Red Stone, Alleghany, Chemung, Patterson’s Creek, Ebenezer, Kettocton, Muskingum, Baltimore, Corresponding, Lexington, Delaware River, Warwick, Rappahannock and Juniata.

In 1840 she resolved that as an association she would not acknowledge as valid the baptism of any person baptized by a New School after the “split”, and adds, “or any other, disorderly administrator”. It appears she reaffirms the resolution in 1851, and again in 1889.

The messengers appointed in 1860 could not meet in time of the Civil War. At the request of Mt. Olive Church they met with her on October 21st, 1865, for the purpose of resuming their travels as an association, and agreed to convene the following year at the usual time in August.

In 1867, in answer to a query sent up the preceding year, it was agreed that each church is an independent body and the association has no right to infringe on her rights.

In 1871 the association voted unanimously that they “Would not fellowship any secret leagues, or combinations, such as Free Masonry, Good Templars, Odd Fellows, and the like, which we believe are unauthorized by the word of God.”

In 1877, after proper consultation among themselves, it was resolved: “That we are of the opinion that not more than three messengers should be received from each church into the association, in order to give our small churches a fair representation in case of difficulty.”

In 1881 a query was sent up, “As to whether it is good order for the people of our faith and order to partake of the religious exercises of other denominations.” It was unanimously voted that such “conduct is not good order, or that we in any way identify ourselves with other denominations.”

I say boldly that I believe since the formation of the Tygart’s Valley Rive Association the eternal God, our refuge, has planted in her churches some of his people who have been as faithful, and as well established in the doctrine and order of his house, as there have been anywhere within this time, showing that he has ridden upon the heavens in our help, and in his excellency on the sky, manifesting his great power and wonderful display of discriminating grace in this “hill country of Judea”.

## CHAPTER VII – DOCTRINAL VIEWS, OCCURRENCES, ETC.

My father's doctrinal views were in close accord with the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and he always claimed that the slightest deviation from the plain testimony of what the Scriptures teach was treading upon dangerous ground.

He preached publicly and taught privately; unwaveringly and without successful contradiction the plain, old-fashioned Bible doctrine of Christ and his apostles, and partly summarized by him in the church letter further on in this book. He was ever opposed to anything like conjecture, and never indulged in advancing "new ideas," but claimed that such things were injurious to the cause. He knew of brethren, he said; that waded so far into the ocean of mysteries they would return to the shore half drowned. That hidden or secret things belong unto God, and revealed things unto us (see Deut. 29:29). He further claimed that many were unguarded in their expressions, and was opposed to brethren "straining their figures too far," or making "hobbies" out of anything pertaining to the gospel. He was gifted in drawing the contrast between legal obedience and gospel obedience, and felt sorrowful that there was a lack on the part of some to make this subject plain, thereby causing dissensions. He often used the expression, "I believe in God's predestination to the fullest extent," emphasizing the word "fullest". The language incorporated in the old Philadelphia Baptists Confession of Faith, concerning this doctrine, he thought as clear as could be expressed outside of the Bible. He cautioned the brethren not to wade into deep water over their heads, and go beyond revelation, and upon one occasion, when a young preacher was struggling to advance the idea that sin was in embryo in Adam before he partook of the forbidden fruit, he told him kindly, "I do not know, my brother, whether you can prove your position by the Scriptures or not; better use Bible language, that is far enough to go. 'God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.'" – Eccl. 7:29.

Not long after this same preacher did awfully bad, and tried to take shelter under his idea of the predestination of all things for his misconduct, and later on turned to his vomit and to his wallowing in the mire (2 Peter 2:22).

Father thought it necessary, particularly in this day of delusion, misrepresentation, and drifting and falling away, to have articles of faith to show what the Old School or Primitive Baptists believe the word of God does teach, and in regard to the old London and Philadelphia confessions of faith, his sentiments harmonized with that portion bearing direct upon that subject of a pamphlet called the "Old Paths", written by Elder S. Hassell. But as that little work may not be convenient to my readers, and as it is more accurate than anything I can furnish upon the subject in my own language, I will copy said portion and let that suffice.

The author says: "Father believed, and I believe, that the old London Confession taught the apostles' doctrine more accurately, comprehensively and thoroughly than any other uninspired production, and therefore it is that I deeply regret the increasing tendency in our midst to ignore and deny its teachings. The London Confession of Faith is, to be sure, not inspired or infallible, but no other document that I have ever read so fully and impartially summarizes, to my judgment, 'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth,' contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments. Those Scriptures are, of course, the only infallible and authoritative standard of faith and practice. I indorse the London Confession only because it seems to me to follow the Scriptures, and to follow them more fully,

faithfully and wisely than does any other uninspired enunciation of religious truth. And I am satisfied the highest benefit would redound to the believers of the present age if in deep humility, and earnest desire to know the pure and entire truth, and in sincere dependence upon the Spirit of God, they would study the old London Confession, and ***especially the Scriptures to which it refers, and compare these teachings with those of all the other Scriptures, 'Let God be true and every man a liar.'*** – Rom. 3:4. The teaching or preamble of the London Confession states that its authors were representatives of more than a hundred baptized congregations in England and Wales, and that ***they denied Arminianism***. Those who think that the confession teaches Arminianism either do not understand its language, or do not know what Arminianism is. It is a plain misrepresentation of historical facts to maintain that the authors of the Westminster Confession, the Savoy Declaration and the London Confession, were Arminians, or believers in a conditional salvation; it would be just as true, and no more true, than to declare the Primitive Baptists of today Arminians.”

There are some things that occurred during my father’s ministry that I feel like relating here, thinking they may be of some benefit to the household of faith generally. Once upon a time two brothers belonging to the same church quarreled and became at enmity one with the other. Father visited them and labored with them to lay aside all malice (see Eph. 4:31), confess their faults one to the other (see James 5:16), instructing them how they ought to behave themselves in the house of God (see 1 Tim. 3:15). On his return visit to the church he found, however, that matters were worse. They had been having some worldly dealings together, and their disagreement was far greater than at first, so much so that they had used ugly language about each other. He advised them to live separate in their business affairs. On his third visit the old father met him a little riled and said: “Brother Corder, you have ruined my boys, they won’t have one thing to do with each other.” Father replied: “Brother D\_\_\_\_, you are an old farmer. When a logheap is burning, and you want the fire to go out, do you roll the logs together or apart?” He answered, “Of course apart.” “Well”, said father, “them boys have fire in them; if you roll them together they will burn each other up; keep them apart and let the fire go out” (see Prov. 26:20). The old man acknowledged he was right.

At another time a contention arose between a brother and sister, the sister absenting herself from church. Father visited her, and, as a faithful brother, admonished her not to sow to the flesh and thereby reap corruption (see Gal. 6:8), that anger resteth in the bosom of fools (see Eccl. 7:9), and after much persuasion she consented and went to the church meeting. He met the brother, who was “beloved in the Lord”, in the churchyard, and joyfully told him that the sister was in the house. He began to repeat some unbecoming things she had said. “Now” replied father, “my dear brother, tie a string around that tongue of yours and all will be right.” Peace followed, and nothing was heard concerning it afterwards.

Again, at another time a grievous trouble arose between two churches, one restoring a member that the other considered disorderly, the pastor of the latter saying he would stand by himself before he would fellowship him. The former church nobly rescinded her act, but hurtful things had been said. The pastor alluded to went to a meeting at the former church, but would not take part in the services, saying there was opposition to him doing so. Father being present took the two brethren who seemed to be in the way aside and entreated them to give their consent for said pastor to mingle with them in worship, which they did, being lovely brethren and God-fearing men. He then returned to the dear old pastor and told him the way was now open for him to go into the pulpit and preach, which he did, and sweet harmony followed.

Away back in the sixties one of the churches had serious trouble because of a preacher with “high shoulders”, and it appeared for a time the candlestick would be removed. It leaked out that the disorderly party had planned to meet on a certain regular meeting day, pretend to exclude the orderly part and take possession of the house. This confused the orderly part, and father, being informed of it by one of the members, went, and accompanied by another preacher, summoned the orderly brethren and sisters to meet at the church one hour earlier than the usual time, which they did, organized, and set things in proper order. When the dissenters arrived and saw their plans uprooted they were completely nonplussed (in course of time, however, several of them returned to the fold), and from that time on the church has stood in order with her sister churches in the association.

One time there was a lamb bleating around the fold at Mt. Olive. She had family trouble with a brother in a sister church, and he would not recognize her, and the case was a stubborn one. Father visited the brother, who, having the fear of God in his heart, yielded to his pleadings. The weather was intensely hot, and the trip came near prostrating father and killing his horse; but his mission was blessed and the sister became a worthy member of Mt. Olive.

I mention the above facts to show that my father’s peacemaking was blessed to the saints. Wherever he heard of trouble among brethren, there he was trying to make reconciliation. Circumstances were never too adverse, the weather never too inclement, financial matters never too pressing, to keep him at home from doing what he felt to be his duty. This I know from personal observation. When it came to the doctrine and order of the church of the living God, he made no concessions with conditionalism, but, supported, by grace, stood at all hazards in defense of the truth that was so precious to him. Some may think that I am eulogizing the memory of my father too much, but let it be borne in mind that it is the exceeding abundant grace of God that dwelt so bountifully in him that prompted him to “work out his own salvation with fear and trembling” Phil. 2:12-13, that I wish to honor and praise. “In God we boast all the day long” – Psalm 44:8.

## CHAPTER VIII – BOLDNESS IN THE FAITH

IN order to show his boldness in the faith, I glean a few extracts from his published writing when in controversy with opposers of divine truth, viz.: a New School Baptist preacher, a Campbellite, etc.

“Without ill feelings towards any of my bitter opponents in a religious sense of the word, but with a total resignation on the divine power of high heaven, and thankfulness in my heart for the ushering in of such a glorious day as it was. The golden rays of the sun seemed to shine with unblemished luster, while the blue arch of heaven looked so pure, not a cloud to be seen, and the beautiful foliage tinged with the age of the season, all combined to give one confidence in a superior and superintending power.”

“I have coveted no man’s silver or gold. I have made the gospel without charge. My own hands have ministered unto my necessities. I would rather brown my hands in the field than to be a burden on my church, or to make merchandise of the truth. I am not the enemy of any so-called religious party. When my church is assailed and misrepresented I feel to make the proper correction. I love liberty in these things, and I hope the time will never come in this beautiful land of America when our religious liberties will be prostrated.”

“I try to preach wherever God in his providence opens a door, in schoolhouses, in private houses, in church-houses built by other denominations, and if occasion requires, in the woods, but not to encourage a church (so-called) in idolatry, in witchcraft, or in anything contrary to the glorious gospel of the blessed God.” “We ever have been, and are now, against the institutions and organizations of men being used in the church of our Lord Jesus Christ. We have one lawgiver, and we would do well to patronize his laws, without going over after the statutes of Omri.”

“Who has more missionaries in the field than the pope of Rome, or Mahomet, or John Smith, or any other parties, or Satan himself? for he has all outside of Christ. It takes a great deal of money to carry on this work; many poor people are hard pressed to raise these heavy sums, while the leaders and cajolers are faring sumptuously every day. It takes but little money to spread the gospel of Christ, and a preacher that will not preach except he is paid, let him go home; and a preacher that will preach under tall trials and circumstances, according to the word of God, help that man so far as you are able; there is no loss in this, it is your duty. The gospel was spread in ancient times by persecution, for when the apostles were persecuted in one city they fled to another, till the gospel was preached to every creature which is under heaven (Col. 1:23). If we are called anti, simply because we oppose what the Bible opposes, we will thank God and take courage. With due respect to my dear readers, kind-hearted and highly esteemed editors, and every faithful and pure minded man.”

“Whenever the stupendous revelations of divine origin and the sublime truth of the new covenant are portrayed upon the walls of men’s minds, they are prompted to bring forth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and true holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord, and the odiferous perfume of a sweet and lovely spirit. The beautiful rose of Sharon and the lilies of the valley are regularly set in this fertile domain, and are properly irrigated with the rivers of blessed immortality and the pellucid streams of salvation flowing from the high and lofty mountain of the new Jerusalem, to make glad the

city of our God. All combine to make this valley of humility a lovely country, much to be desired by the heavenly minded, where the sweet-scented zephyrs of consolation and the refreshing showers from the clouds of mercy pass over the land to vivify and invigorate the plants of renown; to strengthen the weak and confirm the weary. The fruit of the tree of life is found here, such as joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, against such there is no law. The pure-minded love to hear from this country, love to talk about it, love to hear others talk about it. Here one may take a sweet repose under the canopy of the juniper tree without fear of being molested or harmed by reptiles or poisonous insects in all this holy country. No wonder that King David would say: 'Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fullness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.' Again, 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God' – Psalms 16:11; 42:1. My dear traveling companions, I might call your attention to many more things of great importance, and we might solace ourselves here for a time in looking at the tall cedars of Lebanon, planted by the King of the place, and in hearing the melodious songs of the birds of paradise, but time forbids that we should tarry here longer. Then to accomplish our journey suppose that we pass the boundary line into another region, called the valley of the shadow of death. Many strong men have been cast down and destroyed in this place, such as Korah, Dathan and Abiram, who rebelled against the God of Moses and Aaron; and Judas, who sold his Master for thirty pieces of silver; Hymenaeus and Alexander, who made shipwreck concerning the faith; and one Demas, who forsook Paul for the sake of lucre, and many others too tedious to mention, so that you may readily perceive that we will have to be on our guard. Do not be alarmed, we may expect to hear frightful sounds and see fearful sights, for I have been told that the situation of this place is not far from the infernal regions, where Beelzebub carries on his process of torment upon those who have hardened themselves against the Prince of life; and I am told that they will burn here forever in this lake of fire and brimstone. I verily believe this to be the truth, for the good book says, The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God. And, These shall go away into everlasting punishment. Dear friends, we had better keep our shoes well fitted our feet, so that we can tread upon scorpions and serpents without receiving the least harm, for they abound in this region to a great extent, but they keep themselves concealed till they are forced from their covering; also briars and thorns and thistles are quite plentiful here. We are not far from Mrs. Clay's residence; her house is all built of clay. She surely had workmen that were not well skilled in their business, and she paid them a large sum of money, as I have been informed, and still they are not satisfied with their wages, but are very impertinent in their calls for more, which must be very annoying to the old lady, as financial affairs are at a very low ebb and she is advancing in age, but it makes no difference with them. The impression is made upon the mind of Mrs. Clay that her house will all go to ruin unless she keeps her purse strings loose and ready to roll the bright pieces out, or their equivalent.

I do not hesitate to say from all this information that they must think more of Mrs. Clay's money than they do of her. Poor woman, the foundation of her house is built upon the sand; that is the cause, I presume, of so many cracks and crevices in the walls. Some say that all kinds of creeping, poisonous insects and doleful creature are hid in these places.

A man by the name of Nimrod once built a tower here in ancient times, which was called Babel (confusion), and it all went to nothing. Mrs. Clay is very proud; thinks more of herself than other people think of her. The furnishings of her house and the provision of her table are all of clay, of the earth, earthy. Some good men have been made very sick by eating at her table, so that we will have to be careful about our eating in this land of hostility; we had better suffer a little with hunger than to be

poisoned by partaking of this unhealthy diet. Such was the case in the days of Elijah, that one without proper judgment gathered some wild gourds and cast them into the pot, which caused the guests to cry out, 'There is death in the pot.' Moreover, our King has told us not to eat at her house, for she has cockatrice eggs, and he that eateth of their eggs dieth. The wise man, Solomon, has said that her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death. It seems that she much resembles her great-grandmother, Jezebel, who had Naboth stoned to death for his vineyard, and who fed so many false prophets at her table, and would not give Elijah, a man of God, so much as a piece of cold bread, but cast insults upon him and threatened to kill him; but righteous retribution was in store for her, and the time was approaching. She painted her face and presented herself at the window to make sport of Jehu, who commanded that she be thrown down from the window, and the dogs devoured her.

I am told also that a Mr. Frogman lives in the vicinity of Mrs. Clay, and that he has an amphibious nature; that he can live in two elements; the water and the air, including the earth, but that he cannot live in the fire (truth), and when you touch him he will swell to an alarming extent and leap from place to place, as he cannot walk uprightly. This brings to my recollection that Scripture which says: 'And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet. For they are the spirits of devils, working miracles' – Rev. 16:13-14.

My design in making this limited contrast between the land of Beulah and the land of Ichabod is to show that B\_\_\_\_, who wrote a piece and had it published, must be a citizen of the latter place. He produces the same kind of fruit, such as envy, hatred, variance, jealousy, spite, misrepresentation, etc., as I shall plainly show before I am through with this peace."

“What dreadful sound from sin proceeds,  
To show the vilest human deeds  
Steeped in the dregs of Satan’s art,  
‘Till sin has ruined soul and heart.

Poor, wretched man, to stoop so low,  
And let the vilest passion flow;  
Whose tongue and pen aim to deface  
The glorious building of God’s grace.

What can he think to sow such deeds,  
Gleaned from the most obnoxious weeds?  
To show such spite and hate an gall,  
But indicates a dreadful fall.

The day of darkness, death and hell,  
With gloomy vaults, where devils dwell,  
Shall be the lot of those who pride  
To persecute the Holy Bride.”

“Please tell us the difference between a Baptist and a Christian. The disciples, or Baptists, were called Christians first in Antioch. If a man is a Baptist in truth and in deed he is a Christian. You may dip a

man fifty times, and if he has no saving faith, which is the gift of God, you make him but the greater hypocrite. He may have natural faith, like Simon the sorcerer, but that avails nothing in the salvation of the soul.”

“We find that on the same day in which our Lord was under mockery, ‘Pilate and Herod were made friends together, for before they were at enmity between themselves.’ They would drop their differences to destroy Jesus. It is said by naturalists that when the eagle moults its feathers, which is once a year, that it is not entirely free from the attacks of other fowls and reptiles, and when its wings are fully fledged and plumed it soars above the clouds. So with the church of Christ; when she has her troubles and wintry seasons every jay is picking at her, and when she is adorned and beautified with the riches of divine excellency she mounts up with wings as eagle and soars above the fogs and mists of dull mortality.”

“Many suckers shoot forth from the original stock of corn if the soil be rich and the season favorable. When the Lord prospers Zion, many men of corrupt minds creep into the church of Christ to spy out her liberties, and are like suckers on the corn, which are plucked off by the husbandman. Christ says, ‘Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up.’ Suckers as they grow incline from the original stalk, and their fruit is not worth much to the proprietor. Such persons may properly be called schismatics, as in the days of the apostles. John says, ‘They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with-us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us.’”

“Meet me face to face and let our own tongues tell the tale with honest hearts before God, who is the Judge of the whole earth, and there is no appeal from his decision, neither can the gates of hell prevail against his beloved Zion, for she is precious in his sight, and all the hard expressions of ungodly men will but tend to press the church of Christ nearer and nearer the eternal refuge of the saints. Paul says, ‘And not rather, (as we be slanderously reported, and some affirm that we say), Let us do evil that good may come: whose damnation is just’ – Rom. 3:8. Thine to serve in the great cause of truth, in all humility and Christian forbearance.”

“Can my friend point me to a time since the days of Cain and Abel when the church of Christ had no opposition? no enemies to oppose their Christian progress? Has there been reconciliation between Christ and Belial? between believers and infidels? between the carnal mind and the spiritual mind? Our Lord said to his disciples, ‘I send you forth as sheep among wolves.’ Has there been any compromise between the parties, such as the saints yielding any portion of their Master’s goods, or going after the wages of unrighteousness, like Balaam of old, or refusing to preach the word of God, as revealed to them in the holy Scriptures? See the language of the great apostle of the Gentiles: ‘For I know this, that after my departure shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock.’ Has there been any change in their nature? Sheep are innocent, harmless creatures, as the followers of Christ should be; but evil men, like wolves, are after their destruction, to harm and misrepresent them, and when they come with sheep’s clothing on it makes them so much the more dangerous, because they get nearer to the flock before they are detected, and sometimes under such a garb do much mischief. No wonder that the Lord said by the mouth of the good old prophet, ‘My sheep have become meat to all the beasts of the field.’ The simple wearing of a sheep’s coat does not make one a sheep; the nature of the wolf is still there, where there is no grace. Does my friend desire the warning voice of the Shepherd of Israel to be suppressed, or to be like the treacherous hireling who upon the first approach of imminent danger

would desert the care and welfare of the church Christ to the vicious and dangerous beasts of the wilderness? Would he, the writer, tolerate for a day such a course of unfaithfulness in a servant or vassal under his jurisdiction? But my friend says, 'Religious disputation is gradually going out of fashion.' Who of all the people of God cares for the fashions and follies of this world? They have fascinated and allured many out of the right way, and are highly dangerous and offensive in the sight of God; they will pass away with the glory thereof. Christians should follow after the precepts of Christ, and not after the rudiments of the world, and they should contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, as by the instruction of their Master. Paul disputed daily in the synagogues, and in the market at Athens with the Jews and philosophers of the Epicureans, and of the Stoics. Some of them called him but a babbler, because he preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection. Perhaps we might use the phrase of my friend and call him, 'a smatterer in theology,' if we were enemies of the Holy Ghost, because he did not preach the wisdom of this world, though he was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel, an eminent doctor of law. Stephen also dispute with his opponents, for which he lost his life for the glory of a better land. These preachers just referred to did not preach or publish philosophy or astronomy, but they proclaimed the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. I wish it understood that I do not oppose the light of science, nor its advantages in the proper place; but whenever literature or erudition aims to predominate over the principles of divine truth, it then becomes ostentatious and is fraught with evil consequences by making one simply 'as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal,' as it were a puff ball, or a bubble on the ocean. I hope my friend will not presume to draw the inference that I would attempt to compare myself, or any other man in modern times, with the ancient apostles of Christ, but that the same spirit which guided them guides and instructs the saints in these days also into the same holy truths and mysteries of the Bible.

There is in this day a strong inclination to move or operate behind the sable curtains of tradition and prejudice. It matters little with me, as my strength is in God, and not in myself; my only hope is in him, and he can take the weak things of this world, and confound the things which are mighty.

If my friend desire that controversy should be suspended or laid on the shelf let him go to headquarters. Let him say to the rules of the darkness of this world: Check your spiritual wickedness in high places; quit your insults to the bride, the Lamb's wife; then the controversy will stop or cease. "Can he loose the bands of Orion, or bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" Poor man had better be still and know that God rules.

Now, my friend, stop these insults on the church of Christ and all will be well.

My dear friend, let your name come to the light. I am not ashamed to put my name to what I write, and if I make mistakes I desire to correct them as soon as possible. The best of men have their faults, but I love that spirit that humbles itself under the mighty hand of God. Let men be just what they are. We never can meet our God in peace with a false face. We can't stay here long. Death will take away all ambition and foolishness, therefore we should strive for the truth with a proper spirit and rebuke iniquity wherever found, and leave the event with God. With due respect to the feelings of my unknown friend,  
J. S. CORDER."

Away back in the eighties a young man in the vicinity died. He loved to attend the meetings at old Mt. Olive, and gave evidence of having passed from death unto life (John 5:24). He had lived in a neighborhood of loud and extreme will-worshippers, and had expressed himself that when he departed

this life he did not want them “powwowing over him”. This, I suppose, together with his firmness and steadfastness in the truth, made them angry at him, and in order to have revenge started the report alluded to in the following letter written and published by my father, which explains itself:

“The multiplicity of reports, and the discrepancy of opinions in relation to the dying expressions of the late Esquire D. A. F\_\_\_\_, surely demand, in doing justice to the dead, a fair and proper statement of the facts pertaining to the situation. Squire F\_\_\_\_, was useful in his sphere, a man of good moral character, with a strong intellect, intrepid in religious disputation, with a firm faith fixed in a risen Redeemer. I was often with him in his lifetime; heard him often speak of the trials in life, and of his hope for a better world, grounded upon evidences received about seven years before his death. I paid him a visit while he was boarding at the Robinson House in Philippi. He was then quite weak in body, but strong in mind. His soul was fired with the strong, sweet promises of the gospel. I was glad to hear him talk of the power and goodness of God. We both shed tears. I paid him another visit, by his own request, about eleven days before he died, and found him sitting upon the side of his bed, wearing a cadaverous look, but seemed to be entirely in his right mind, and told me he was perfectly resigned to the will of God, and then added this phrase found in Psalm 23:4: ‘Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: – thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.’ In conversation he then said that he had them all to fight, meaning those, as I understood, who advocated the legal system, showing most positively that he had a warm zeal for the doctrine of Christ, though he was not a member of the visible church. As death approached he seemed to lose the strength of his mind. His friends say that he was not in his proper mind; they ought to be the judges in this case.

Dear reader, how many noble men and women in the frightful jaws of death have talked wildly and confusedly in passing through this gloomy vale, showing exclusively the fallibility of poor man. It is a shame to try to make capital out of the conversation of a dying man when not in his right mind. But the same spirit that mocked our Savior in his sufferings on the cross when he cried, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ when he was under the pangs of a cruel death, will do it, and argue upon the same principle that the Father forsook the Son and sent him to torment. The same spirit that would encourage boys to smoke James Ireland, of Virginia, with brimstone when he was imprisoned for preaching the gospel, and cast spoiled eggs at him through the grates to prevent him from preaching to the poor, will do it. The same spirit that would encourage boys to ring bells to confuse arguments of the Holy Scriptures, will do it. The same spirit that prompted the children to make sport of the prophet Elijah, and say: ‘Go up, thou bald head, go up thou bald head, will do it (see 2 Kings 2:23). The same spirit that charges upon the preachers of the Primitive Baptist Church that they preach the damnation of infants, will do it. The same has been charged upon me, and I know that is palpably false. It is said in the Scriptures that all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone (see Rev. 21:8). People would be careful and not let their prejudice and ambition run so high as to misrepresent even the worst enemy that they have. There is nothing gained by rashness and foolishness and falsehood.

The tongue of D. A. F\_\_\_\_, is stilled in death; he is done with earth’s things; his spirit, no doubt, has winged its way in the celestial region, where it is in perfect peace. His body cannot be disturbed with tales and false reports. He is where the wicked cease from troubling and there the weary be at rest. Some men have died and were in their proper minds until the very last, and have confessed they were under a dark cloud in passing through the deep waters of death, which is no sign that they were lost. Others have died being deceived, and have passed over the river of death in a ferryboat and met their

defeat at the gate of heaven. See the opinion of John Bunyan in 'Pilgrim's Progress;' the closing scene of the first part in relation to Christian and Ignorance, which position the Bible fully confirms, because it is said in Psalm 73:3-5, that the wicked have no bands in their death, that their strength is firm. Let us then be careful to examine ourselves by the word of truth. Our Savior said to some when he was here upon earth: 'If ye were blind ye should have no sin; but now ye say, We see; therefore your sin remaineth' – John 9:41. 'Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.' And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity' – Matthew 5:8; 2 Timothy 2:19.

Most truly, J. S. CORDER.”

One time when father was preaching upon the stand at an association on the cardinal doctrine, a man in the congregation said he ought to be hung to a white oak limb. Some time afterward he had occasion to go to this man's house, and while walking along with him interrogated him thus: “Mr. H\_\_\_, when are you going to hang me to that white oak limb?” He replied, “Now, Corder, now Corder, say as little about that as possible.”

In 1881, when he was on his way to attend a sister association, he stopped at a noted hotel in the city of Cumberland, Md., and dined with some of the grandees of the land who were discussing about the serious illness of President Garfield. They said he was sure to recover, for throughout all the land the prayers of all the churches had gone up to heaven for his health in one concentrated column, and the prayers of the righteous must prevail with the Almighty. Father listened awhile and his “spirit was stirred in him” – Acts 17:16. He paused, then emboldened himself to speak about as follows: “Gentlemen, you all are strangers to me, and I may never see your faces again, but let me tell you in the fear of God, that if it be the will of God, the great Sovereign of the universe, that the president shall die, and his time has come to die, not all the prayers, so-called, in the world can save him. As for the effectual, fervent prayers of the righteous, no man can pray that prayer unless it be indicted by the Holy Spirit, and that is the will of God itself.” Their eyes flashed at him, but they made no response. In a few days the president died, and to what did their selfish prayers amount?

Once father visited a sister association when trouble was brewing, and when endeavoring to bring about peace a gifted Elder present said to him, “Brother Corder, don't cover up a serpent in the sand.” He replied, “Things are dark and misty, my brother; it may be a lamb. If I perceive it is a serpent I am just as ready to take its head off as you are.” Soon after this same Elder wrote him as follows: “I enjoyed your society and heard you preach with comfort, and felt the assurance you were one of those sent to comfort the dear lambs of the flock, and also to sound the alarm at the approach of the enemy in God's holy mountain.”

## CHAPTER IX – UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD, ETC.

FATHER was opposed to anything like instrumental music in churches, and when interrogators would ask: “They used them (organs) in olden times, why not we?” His answer was in a way they could understand, thus: “You are following Moses; we, the Primitive Baptists, are following Christ. Show us where Christ and his apostles had anything of the kind, and we will patronize it quickly.”

I never knew a political meeting gathering or any other worldly gathering to lure him from the assemblage of the saints. He made sacrifices in business in order to meet his church appointments. All this he did because he was kept by the power of the “God of Israel, who only doeth wondrous things.”

He exhorted the brethren to keep themselves unspotted from the world (see James 1:27), and when advancing in his eighties went to the town of Philippi and had occasion to go into the Opera Building (the county papers having been moved there while a new courthouse was building). He glanced into the vacant stage-room and went in about three steps, then turning to his companions said: “I am now an old man, but never before in my life were my feet upon the floor of an Opera House. Now don’t go away, gentleman, and report the old ‘Hardshell’ preacher was in the playroom.”

He went one day to the first Street Fair held in Philippi, for the purpose of seeing the farm products that were on exhibition, which he said were the blessings of kind Providence bestowed upon those who made an honest living in the “sweat of their face,” but the humorous amusements connected with the Fair drove him in feelings from it, and he never went again. He felt glad to leave such levity with the world, and he to care “for the things that belong to the Lord.” With the exception of this one time he was never present at a fair of any kind, county, state or national.

He encouraged his grandchildren and others to frequent menageries, to witness the works of the great Creator, but circuses, he claimed, were “all stuff “to a child of God. He never indulged in speculation of any kind, nor carried or paid one cent upon a policy of any kind, but made a living by the sweat of his face, and provided “for honest things, not only in the sight of the Lord, but also in the sight of men” – 2 Cor. 8:21. I have seen him in financial straits, but he struggled along, and was enabled to trust in a God of providence as well as grace, and in the end there was always money in the fish’s mouth (see Matt. 17:27). I cannot recall that I ever heard him say he would remain at home from his appointments to preach in order to avoid late cropping or late gathering in the harvest, but would labor right up to the time to start, and leave his plow, so to speak, in an unfinished furrow; and often when he would return, and find all finished he would praise our mother and say to her something like this: I knew you would have it done all right; I trusted in the Lord, he never has forsaken us.

His byword in all business transactions was, Go straight. He asked no man to become surety for his debts, and on the other hand became surety for the debts of none (see Prov. 17:18; 22:26). He never touched a worldly secret society of any kind, but claimed that he had belonged to a heavenly one since the days of his youth. “The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him” – Psalm 25:14. He further claimed that his church-house was insured and protected by the richest and safest company ever known, and so expressed himself to insurance agents that called upon him.

He was never summoned before the grand jury of his county but once in his life. Once when he was present at a session of the court, a prominent lawyer approached him and asked: "Corder, what are you doing here?" He looked up in his face and replied: "Judge, don't you know the idea of local independence of the State governments was derived b Thomas Jefferson from the form of church government of a little Primitive Baptist Church?" This ended the conversation.

One time when a fault-finding neighbor, in order to kindle strife, approached him and said: "I heard Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ talking the other day, and saying that he did not like you," father replied: "You go tell Mr. \_\_\_\_\_ I do not like myself, and I wish he would come over and help to keep me straight." You may be sure the little matter never kindled.

I feel that I am safe in saying that with the exception of what financial help he received in paying his expenses when visiting sister associations, my father never realized during his long ministry over fifty dollars for his labors. He gave far more than he ever received. His reward here in being drawn by the Holy Spirit to obedience was not in perishable things like silver and gold, but in this: "Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him" – John 14:23. The law of the mouth of the Lord was better unto him than thousands of gold and silver (see Psalm 119:72).

I have known him in the pulpit to soar, as it were, above the clouds, raise his hands and shout, Hallelujah; and upon one occasion a mother in Israel, Prudence McVicker, who lived in Mt. Olive Church with him about fifty years, told him that while he was preaching his face shone like an angel's, and upon telling us what she said he earnestly added: "She must have been interested." And again I heard him say he often entered the pulpit feeling ashamed of himself, and with a fear that he was not fit for the place, but was like Ephraim, "a cake not turned." – Hosea 7:8, one side burned and the other side raw, none of the cake fit to eat, and if he could have had his own way he many times would have quit preaching. But when he heard, or heard of, the bleat of a lamb, of hungering sheep, or reproach against the cause, or what was still more pressing, the flame of fire (Heb. 1:7), within his own soul to speak of the glory of God's kingdom, and talk of his power (Psalm 145:11), he could not "hold his peace" – Luke 19:40. Like Jeremiah, the word of the Lord was in his heart as a burning fire shut up in his bones, and he was weary with forbearing, and could not stay (Jer. 20:9). He endured a great fight of affliction, and was made a gazing-stock by reproaches and afflictions, but was kept through faith by the mighty power of God from casting away his confidence (Heb. 10:33-35). He was gifted as a fisher of after God's people and to encourage them to do "service in the house of the Lord." He visited the sick and solaced them in their afflictions. He comforted the mourners in Zion and reminded the poor in spirit there were riches immense treasured up for them in the Lord Jesus.

I will give here a few of the texts of Scripture upon which to my knowledge he had great liberty in speaking: Gen. 1:3; 16:1; 19:14; 23:2; 45:28; Num. 24:7; The story of Jephthah in Judges 40; Ruth 1:16-17; 2 Sam. 23:15; Esther 4:16; Psalm 23:4; 43:3; 48:2; 65:4; 72:16; 84:10-11; 122:1; 126:6; 137:6; Cant. 4:16; Isaiah 4:1-2, and connections; 11:6-9; 33:20-21; 42:11; 65:20; the deliverance of the three Hebrew children, Daniel 2nd chapter, and the preservation of Daniel in the lion's den, Daniel 6th chapter; the disobedience of Jonah, recorded in the book of Jonah; Micah 5:5; Matt. 2:9-10, and connection; 2:13; Temptations of Christ, 4:1-11; 11:28-30; 18:3; 24:41, and connection; miracle of the loaves and fishes, recorded in Mark 6:39-42; Luke 12:40; parable of the prodigal son, 15:11-32; the

rich man and Lazarus, 16:19-26; Acts 9:4; Rom. 5:21; 9:13; 1 Cor. 2:2; Eph. 2:19; Hebrews 4:1; 9:27-28; 11:13; 11:24-25; 1 Peter 2:17; Rev. 7:17; 10:4; 13:1; 12:1.

He spoke often from passages of Scripture bearing upon the resurrection of the dead at the last day, which was a glorious theme for his contemplation, and most generally, I believe, closed his sermons by dwelling upon the ultimate happiness of the saints in glory.

Father was a plain penman. I never knew him to write with his paper lying on a desk, but with it placed on an old-time atlas upon his knee. He never wrote much, but when he did he would take his Concordance and go direct to his Bible, and would consult, his dictionary closely in order to get words to convey his ideas clearly, after which he would never yield to critics. His writings have a deeper meaning than some might suppose, and it is necessary that they should be studied in order to gather his real ideas. His gift, however, was on his tongue, and he always had an answer to all questions propounded to him (see Col. 4:6). The blank leaves of his Bibles, hymn-books, concordance, etc., are darkened by penciled citations to passages in the holy Scriptures, and on searching them out one can readily perceive how his mind roved on the deep things of God.

The following are some of the gems of my father's sayings, and remain monuments to his memory:

"I want my tongue set for the truth." "I don't fear the face of clay." "Brethren, if you see anything rising among us to give us trouble, and mar our peace, crush it." "Any of us can stand in time of peace, but, it takes a soldier to stand in time of war." "When brethren get to jarring, they need a little persecution to drive them closer together." "I am not the least afraid when I am doing what God tells me to do, and am going by his word, but he will bring everything out all right in time of trouble. Trust him, that's the best." "We will wait and see what is the will of the Lord." "The thing is to please the Lord." "No man need try to persuade me to do anything contrary to what I know is right." "I don't want to do anything to anger God." "We are not fit associates for those old martyred brethren." "The more the true church is persecuted, the more I love her." "Whenever the true church begins to increase in numbers, Satan gets angry." "We can't do as we please, we must obey God." "I am like my old namesake, Let others do as they please; as for myself and my house, we will serve the Lord." "The preaching that gives God all the glory is what suits me." "If a preacher don't give God all the glory I don't want to hear him preach." "If there don't but two meet at the church I want to be one of them." "There is one man in Mt. Olive Church that gives me more trouble than all the members together; that man is Joshua Corder." "I want to do my duty whether others do or not." "The Holy Ghost wouldn't allow Judas to address Jesus as his Lord." "It is a hard matter to hide a light; there will be a crevice somewhere through which it will shine." "Give me the Savior, they (antichrist) can have all the rest." "The Lord will take care of his church; there is no doubt in my mind about that." "When the dogs fall out the sheep get a little rest." "When the wolves get among the sheep, the sheep get afraid of each other." "It has ever been my aim as long as I can see the least sign of repentance in an erring brother, to hold that brother up." "It is the beauty of a man when he sees he is wrong to get right as soon as possible." "We all are liable to make mistakes." "Whenever a man proves to be a very heretic, cut him off, but this should be the last resort." "Satan cares not which side you are on, so you are not in the middle of the path." "There is no loss in doing right" "There is no excuse for doing wrong." "Even brutes dread death." "My aim is to treat everybody with respect" "I wouldn't belong to a popular church, Christ never was popular." "What I have of earthly possessions is loaned to me." "How many are like Balaam, want to die the death of the righteous, but don't want to live the life he lives." "Death

is too solemn a thing to make a fashion of.” “The flesh is such the Lord never intended his preachers to have an easy time of it.” “It will not do to trifle with the Lord.” “Whenever a preacher thinks himself superior to his brethren in the pulpit mark that man, he will give you trouble.” “The humbler a brother is the more useful he is, in my estimation.” “I cannot keep myself straight, let alone others.” “I believe with all my soul I am a child of God, and hope it with all my might, but to say I know it is a little further than I feel like going.” “Poor fallen man.” “They (the Arminians) don’t know the depth of truth.” “There is no language like the language of the Bible” “The Lord has blessed me.” “The dear Saviour.”

## CHAPTER X – CHURCHES – REFRESHING SEASONS AT MT. OLIVE

I WILL now return to the churches. About the beginning of the seventies father was called to the pastorate of the Amnon Church, which had, I think, a membership of seven when he began to labor there. When he resigned the care of her because of old age, she was in a prosperous condition, numbering forty-two. His labors in the ministry were wonderfully blessed there, and many were the precious meetings held on the top of old Amnon hill, when the sons of the singers gathered themselves together (see Neh. 12:28), and broke “forth into singing” – Isa. 44:23. And if it had been possible they would have plucked out their own eyes and given them to him (Gal. 4:15). When he would thaw near the church-house and hear the assembly singing the sweet songs of Zion, his poor fatigued body would be lost in animation. He was faithful to the brethren there, and warned them with tears to beware of grievous wolves (Acts 20:29), that after his departure might enter in among them, not sparing them; not to follow their preachers into disorder, for they were but the servants of the church; as for himself, before he would give them trouble he would go home and stay there. He endured many privations and underwent many hardships traveling to and fro (the distance being about twenty miles, and a portion of the road rough), and twice dismounted from his horse and lay down on the roadside to die, as he thought. I cannot refrain from weeping when I recall how he proved himself willing to spend and be spent for them (2 Cor. 12:15). After a conspiring Absalom arose and stole the hearts of some of them, I often heard him say, “I spent the best part of my life in waiting on the Amnon Church, and I wonder if they ever think of it. I wonder if they ever think of my counsel.” His inward affection was more abundant toward them, while he remembered the obedience of them all, how with fear and trembling they received him (2 Cor. 7:15).

In 1871 father decided to make a move to build another house for Mt. Olive Church, in which to worship, on the site where the former one was burned, and accordingly approached his brother James and said, “You have plenty, I am in debt, and spend a large portion of my time waiting on the churches for nothing (financially speaking), but if you will stand with me, dollar for dollar, we will build a new church-house.” He answered in the affirmative, and down went a large amount on the subscription paper, and with some assistance outside of themselves they set the ball rolling. On the first day of June lumber was hauled on the lot for the framework, and by the last of the month the building was partly enclosed and covered, and with a temporary floor and seats it was occupied at the visitation meeting the fourth Sunday, and Friday and Saturday preceding. The late Elder James Janeway, of Ohio, preached the opening sermon.

Here I feel somewhat at a loss to find words to express the wonderful visitation in mercy and love and goodness of the King of Zion to the beloved Mt. Olive Church. She had just passed through a fiery trial of her faith, and when a sound of going in the top of the mulberry trees was heard then there was a bestirring as the Lord commanded and the host of the Philistines was smitten (see 2 Sam. 5th chapter). It should be remembered that our all-powerful God always goeth before his people and leadeth them to victory.

The battle is not ours, but God’s. (2 Chron. 10:15). He covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger; he cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool

in the day of his anger (Lam. 11:1). But when chastened and refined, and the dross somewhat consumed, it was then she heard the voice of her Beloved.. He spake and said unto her, “Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land” – Cant. 2:10-13. “Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem, the holy city” – Isa. 52:1. “Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee” – Isa. 40:1. The spirit was poured upon her from on high, and the wilderness became a fruitful field, and the fruitful field was counted for a forest. Then judgment dwelt in the wilderness, and righteousness remained in the fruitful field (see Isa. 32:15-16; 44:3-4). He was to her as the light of the morning when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds (2 Sam. 23:4; Psalm 59:16). Her light broke forth as the morning, and her health sprang up speedily (Isa. 58:8). Her light so shone before men that they saw her good works, and glorified her Father which is in heaven (Matt. 5:16). Our Saviour, the Lord Jesus, said, “I am come a light into the world, that whosoever believeth on me shall not abide in darkness” – John 12:46. She was enabled to cast off the works of darkness and put on the armor of light (Rom. 13:12). She had overcome through the faith given her, and was given the morning star (Rev. 2:28). “I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and offspring of David and the bright and morning star” – Rev. 22:16. The north wind awoke, and the south wind came and blew upon His garden, (the church) and the spices thereof flowed out (Cant. 4:16).

During the seventies and eighties Mt. Olive Church in very truth sat on a hill, (Matt. 5:14), and her light could not be hid. When Zion travaileth she bringeth forth her children, and it was so that when Mt. Olive Church had passed through great tribulation she began to prosper. She had been seen in a dream as a little mound covered with white blossoms, much to the encouragement of the tried saints. The sheep of God’s pasture were brought into the fold, and the beautiful ordinance of baptism was administered by my father quite frequently.

About the first to come before the church after peace had hovered over her was his niece, aged thirteen years, whom he led down into the watery grave, and her beautiful example was followed later on by six more of his young nieces.

In the meantime the Lord was making bare his arm in father’s family. His two elder daughters had married young men who were zealous New School Baptists, and his advice to them was, “Children, don’t cross your husbands; let them go and worship where and what they please, but don’t bow to their idols; the Lord is able to do wonders for you.” And so he did, for it was not long until they (the husbands) were marvelously wrought upon by divine power. The scales fell from their eyes, and they were brought home to the true doctrine. Truman E. Cole, first, and soon after John N. Bartlett, and later on he gave the charge when the latter was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry. Also in the meantime he baptized his eldest daughter and several of his distant relatives.

How my mind reverts to those days when the voice of the turtle was heard in the land (Cant. 2:12). In the solemn assembly of the saints the gospel was preached in its purity. The singing of the hymns and spiritual songs was with the spirit and with the understanding. The brethren and sisters grasped each other’s hands from the heart and each could say, “The King himself draws near and feasts his saints today” “When streams of love from Christ the spring,” etc. What solemnity filled the place when the members gathered around the communion table to partake of the emblems of a suffering Saviour. “This

do in remembrance of me” – Luke 22:19. Sweet fellowship flowed from heart to heart and united like drops of water. “Turn backward, turn backward, O time in your flight,” and let me see the saints assembling and hear my father’s voice opening the service by singing, “How tedious and tiresome the hours,” and see him stretch forth his hands in solemn prayer, and hear him preach Jesus, the one loving Saviour, with whom I believe with all my soul he is now in paradise (Luke 23:43).

Most gifted traveling preachers, from the east and west, north and south, journeyed this way and sat down in the kingdom of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob (Matt. 8:11), and were favored with the “times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord” – Acts 3:19. The congregations were exceedingly large. I have known the house to be packed with hearers at mid-winter meetings. Ice and snow could do no harm to the warm-hearted Christians of that “little hill that skipped like a lamb,” for her name was, “The Lord is there.” Trifling things couldn’t lure them from the house of God; he drew and they ran after him. He is glorious in power.

Father would say to his uninterested neighbors and their children, “Come out to our meetings like gentlemen and ladies, and hear what we Old Baptists have to say; we won’t hurt you.” They could not resist a kindly lit up countenance, especially when at the close of service he would praise them for their good behavior. The “June meetings” in those days were like associations, and so intent was father to wait upon the brethren and friends that rendezvoused at our house that upon one occasion when a “dry land” Baptist asked him for a shoe-brush he got the same, and down on his knees he went, when a lady spied him through a window and excitedly exclaimed, “La me, if there ain’t Uncle Joshua down brushing Mr. P\_\_\_\_\_’s shoes.” Our mother would say to him, “What a servant you are.” All through this life there are opposites: sweet and bitter, sunshine and shadow, joy and grief, etc., and so it was in the days alluded to; vile persons followed for the loaves and fishes, and watched their opportunity to secure the chief of the hospitality that should have been given wholly to those who came prompted by a good motive, much to the discomfort of my father and his immediate family.

The occasion of entire strangers leaving the public highway and riding or driving up to our gate and asking for a free night’s lodging, with the plea that they had heard “Mr. Corder preach,” became so frequent that our provisions would sometimes become scanty, and the family would be puzzled to know just what to do. To harmonize the Scriptures, namely, Heb. 13:2 and 1 Tim. 5:8, caused them much reflecting and deep concern.

In 1880, Elder Henry Thompson, a member and pastor, died, aged eighty years. He had been infirm for several years, but father said to him, “Brother Thompson, you hold the care of the church as long as you live. I will do the baptizing for you and also the preaching when you are not able to get there,” which he did.

After his death the church unanimously chose father for their pastor, one sister suggesting, “Put him in for lifetime,” which was done. So fearful was he that some of the brethren might think he was interceding for the place, he exhorted them to choose just who they pleased, and left the house when the vote was taken, so as not to intimidate any one with his presence. Young preachers, do not push yourselves on the churches; my father never did, and see how the Lord blessed him in his deed (James 1:25). He always gave his ministering brethren the preference in the pulpit, and took the lowest seat. Being kept by the power of faith he obeyed the words of Jesus and took the “lowest room,” and when

he was bidden “to go up hither,” he worshiped in the presence of them that sat at meat with him. He humbled himself and was exalted (Luke 4:8-11).

Upon one occasion he sent an appointment to a church thirty miles distant, and met an immense crowd of people. The young pastor being present thought it a good time to display his talent, and turning to father, remarked, “There is a text on my mind I would like to preach from today.” Father replied, “All right, brother, go on.” He took all the time, speaking at a considerable length, the congregation becoming restless. Father said nothing, but calmly dismissed. I cannot help saying this same preacher has long since been bidden to take the “lowest room”.

In the nineties the church reached that place addressed by Paul to the church at Rome: “Your faith is spoken of throughout the world” – Rom. 1:8, and “your obedience is come abroad unto all men” – Rom. 16:19.

Churches in most places were becoming disorderly, and drifting into conditionalism, hence departing from the faith which was once delivered unto the saints (Jude 3), and old Mt. Olive with her pastor was looked upon as being sound and orderly. One brother came seventy-five miles, another sixty-five miles, and two sisters fifty and forty miles respectively, to find a home among sound and orderly Old School Baptists. The first brother afterward wrote: “When I became acquainted with the church I thought there was more love manifested there than any place I ever saw. I would rather have gone there than any place on this earth. There seemed to be nothing else but love.” This brother was J. R. Dennison, now an ordained minister.

About the last one that father baptized without assistance, when his form was stooped and his silver locks glistened in the sunlight, was his grandson, J. Floyd Cole, aged twenty years, and gave the charge when he was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry. Soon after he baptized a nephew, and a grandniece aged sixteen years, which made the third successive generation he had baptized.

The members had all come in under father’s ministry, and in a pastoral sense he felt like they were his children, and he had no greater joy than to hear they walked in truth (3 John 4). I have seriously thought that if the individual members of a church could enter far enough into the feelings of the pastor to perceive the joy and satisfaction he realized at seeing the seats filled at the solemn assembly of the saints, I say this alone would be sufficient to prompt them, if possible, to be there, not to speak of obeying the sweet command of our blessed Lord through Paul, not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together (Heb. 10:25). The endearment between an Elder and the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer (Acts 20:28), is lovely indeed. My father would often express himself thus: “There cannot be anything in a neighborhood to be compared to a sound and orderly gospel church with a faithful ministry.”

## CHAPTER XI – SOME EXTRACTS, REMINISCENCES, ETC.

WE all began to realize too true that the labors of the aged patriarch were drawing to a close. He went among the churches as long as he could travel, and defended the cause with what liberty was given him from above so to do. In the late nineties, when off at one of the churches, he was told that the Campbellite denomination was going to make a “pitch battle” at him at a place on his way home. This came upon him unawares, and unprepared for such a thing, and what was still more embarrassing was his advanced age and declining physical strength to combat with vigorous young men. The weapon of all-prayer was given him, and the Lord answered and showed him in the stilly night preceding how the flood of waters would be stayed, and he would be unharmed. They met; his opponents were scholarly men, and asked him if he knew the Greek and Hebrew languages, He replied, “I know some Greek and some Hebrew, but I know more Bible.” The result was published by an unprejudiced local newspaper, from which I clip the following:

“As per announcement, a debate took place last Sunday evening at the Baptist Church on the hill, between Elder J. S. Corder and Rev. B\_\_\_\_, of Ohio. Rev. Corder defended the Calvinistic doctrine, while Rev. B\_\_\_\_ attacked them. Rev. Corder belongs to the ‘Old School’ or ‘Ironsides’ Baptists, and believes in preaching ‘straight stuff’ to the sinner. He never dodges. Rev. B\_\_\_\_ is a Christian or Campbellite minister. Quite a crowd from Marion, Preston and Taylor counties had gathered. The Campbellites from far and near were there, expecting to see the Rev. B\_\_\_\_ annihilate Calvinism. Rev. Corder opened in a two hours speech, after which Rev. B\_\_\_\_ attempted to reply, but without much success, for about the first words he spoke brought the venerable old man, Rev. Corder, to his feet, and from that time on the answers of Rev. Corder were so quick and timely that Rev. B\_\_\_\_ gave up and quit. Rev. Corder is eighty years old, and has been preaching fifty-nine years, and is well informed, and is prepared to meet any one in defence of his position.”

I will just say here that father was ever opposed to the title of “Reverend” being used in connection with his name, and so expressed himself to editors, telling them that the word occurred but once in the Bible, and there it was applied to the name of our blessed Lord (see Psalm 111:9). But they did it occasionally, either through ignorance, I suppose, or as an act of courtesy toward him. He was sometimes approached by Arminians and charged with preaching Calvinistic doctrine. His reply was: “Christ and his apostles preached the doctrine of predestination and election fifteen hundred years before Calvin was born.”

He was sometimes asked if the Old Baptists as a denomination were not on the wane, to which he would reply: “I don’t know as they are now, but we expect it to be so, for the Scriptures pointedly declare: ‘Nevertheless when the Son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth’ ” – Luke 18:8.

To show that father walked in wisdom toward them that were without (Col. 4:5), and that confidence was stored in him by his countrymen as a man and citizen, regardless of the doctrine he was enabled to advocate, which no man can understand except he be enlightened from above, I clip the follow extracts from local newspapers:

“Elder J. S. Corder, of Philippi, paid our office a pleasant visit Monday morning. The Elder was on his way home from a three days preaching appointment, which was largely attended, the church not being capable of holding the congregation who went to hear him preach.”

“Elder J. S. Corder, of near Philippi, graced our office with a pleasant call on Monday morning. He is eighty-four years old, and looks younger every time he comes to town.”

“Elder Joshua S. Corder made us a pleasant call on Saturday last. Elder Corder is one of the oldest men in this county, being in his eighty-fourth year. He is hale, hearty and spry, and is enjoying fine health. Elder Corder has been preaching the gospel, and is known in this and adjoining counties by hundreds of people. He is a good man and an honest, upright citizen, and a thorough Christian. He has many friends everywhere, who will be glad to learn that he is enjoying such splendid health at his advanced age. Elder Corder subscribed for the ‘Signs of the Times,’ the official church paper of his denomination, fifty-four years ago, and has been a constant reader of that paper ever since.”

“We present above to our readers a likeness of Elder Joshua Simmons Corder, whose kind face and friendly speech are known to almost every person in the county. Mr. Corder is a man of large physique, and his prominent features, clear-cut face, penetrating gaze, portray a character of energy and endurance, intellect and feeling. There is no trace of idleness in his makeup. He has been the performer of arduous tasks, and in all his work he has thrown into it an amount of zeal and determination remarkable. For most of his life Mr. Corder has resided in this county, and owns a large and productive farm. But to him the accumulation of material things has no temptation, except in so far as they be turned to the good of mankind and the church. Mr. Corder is a preacher, a member of the Mt. Olive Primitive Baptist Church. He is a logical and convincing speaker. There is a force and elegance about his sermons which cause them to be received with attention and delight by his auditors, and in no labor does he seem to delight more than in assailing error and wrong. His earnestness and independence of thought are two his distinguished traits. He loves the truth, and give him that Book for which he has so much respect and knows so well. Charity is a part of his nature, and he believes that the gospel should be preached to men without money and price; and for more than sixty years he has practiced this in his life. Mr. Corder is now bout eighty-four years old, and while some may say he is in the evening of life, yet his influence has not ceased, his step is still firm, his mind clear, and his heart grows in wisdom and truth. His home life is well organized, and tranquility and contentment dwell there, and in his old age the state knows his loyalty, while the church crowns him with honor and glory, as he walks in the pathway of righteousness and peace”

“The June meeting (1904) as the Old School Baptist Church on Hacker last Sunday was largely attended; everyone present was glad to see Elder J. S. Corder in the pulpit. His health has been bad all spring and at this time he had so improved that he was able to preach to those who have so often listened to him before. Elder Corder has hosts of friends in this county and elsewhere who will be overjoyed to hear of his being able to again be out”

“We are glad that our good friend, Elder Joshua S. Corder, was able on last Sunday (1905) to fill his pulpit at the Old School Baptist Church. Elder Corder delivered a most interesting sermon”

“Elder J. S. Corder, of Hacker, was able to be at the June meeting (1908) and preached on Saturday. We hear very favorable comments on the sermon. His numerous friends will be glad to hear of his being able to attend church. Elder Corder is now eighty-eight years old.”

It may not be amiss to add a few more items of interest here. When the large coal mines near us were put into operation, one of the managers passed father in the road near his gate one day, and being introduced to him as an old preacher kindly invited him to come over and preach religion to the miners, saying, it might keep them straight. Father, perceiving he knew not the depth of truth, remained silent awhile, then replied about as follows: “There was a gentleman over the way that seemed interested in my talk, and I loaned him some good books and papers. He talked well, and really I began to think that there was something good about the man, and that he was in a fair way for heaven, but the next thing I heard he was on his way to the penitentiary, hence my work, sir.” The man drove on.

When a rich telephone company was forcing its way through the heart of father’s premises against his will, the “boss” became impudent, rude and boisterous, having little, if any, respect for old age. Father told him the blessed Lord in whom he trusted would send some calamity upon him for annoying an old man almost in the grave. Sure enough, no sooner had he left the neighborhood than he found himself pinned beneath the debris of an awful train-wreck on a railroad where death seemed certain almost. He was rescued, however, and in the providence of a God of justice he had to wend his way back and calmly confess to father that as soon as he was sensible of his position he tonight of his prophecy.

Upon visiting sister associations father’s preaching was well received, which was a great comfort to him. On one occasion a well-known brother in Alexandria, Va., said to him: “Brother Corder, that is the kind of preaching I like, killing and making alive.” At another time, after he was done speaking from the words recorded in Rom. 5:21, he turned to the late Elder Gilbert Beebe and asked him: “Brother Beebe, are you tired?” He answered, “How could I be tired, with such good preaching?” When afterward alluding to it he would say something like this: “If a gifted man like Elder Beebe could enjoy my preaching it looks like there must be something in it after all my troubles and trials.”

When speaking of funeral sermons he used about the following language: “Preach the gospel of the Son God wherever the way opens, let it be at funerals or anywhere else.” When speaking of future recognition he would say: “It will be Moses and Paul, etc., but this earthly relationship will be lost in the relationship of Jesus Christ.”

It was an unfailling custom with my father the first thing upon returning home from his appointments and disarranging his traveling toilet to sit down and narrate to his family a full account in regular order of what transpired on his trip from his departure until his return, concluding with the words: “Now, I believe I have told you all.” O how sweet and yet how sad to recall those bygone hours, when the happy trio, now severed, in mutual affection gathered around the old hearthstone and “thought upon His name.” Father’s descriptive powers were remarkable. An Elder once said to him: “Brother Corder, I believe your description of a trip of a few miles distant to be more interesting than that of some persons after crossing the Atlantic Ocean.”

I still insist that it be borne in mind that in this, my eulogy to the memory of my father, I believe he who “made the earth by his power,” and “established the world by his wisdom,” and “stretched out the

heavens by his direction,” made him what he was. Behold, He “advanced Moses and Aaron” in their day, and He can advance whom He will in this day. Let us praise and bless his holy name.

## CHAPTER XII – IN PERILS

EARLY in the first decade of the present century it was apparent to all, in sadness, that our faithful pastor and under-shepherd was so far advancing the steep of age that he could no more meet with the flock at Mt. Olive only in pleasant weather. Like Samuel, he could say: He was old and grayheaded, and had walked before Israel from his childhood unto this day, and whose ox had he taken, or whom had he oppressed? and he would restore it unto them, and they could answer he had not “taken ought of any man’s hand” (see 1 Sam: 12:2-4). He was in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which was far better; nevertheless to abide in the flesh was more needful for us (Phil. 1:23-24), and as time passed on and we were left more and more to ourselves in the business of the church, it was being made manifest that something was going wrong. One watchful brother said: “I am afraid when brother Corder is gone we will have trouble”; but it came while he was yet with us, because his days were lengthened beyond the expectation of some. In the meantime there arose among us an Absalom who rose up early and stood beside the way of the gate. “And it was so, that when any man came nigh to him to do him obeisance, he put forth his hand, and took him, and kissed him. And on this manner did Absalom to all Israel that came to the king for judgment. So Absalom stole the hearts of the men of Israel” – 2 Sam. 16:5-6. I make the above Scriptural quotation because it describes so plainly the character about which I am writing. A talebearer whose words were as wounds going down into the innermost parts of the belly (Prov. 18:8), who with fair speeches and kisses stole the hearts of precious Israelites who went in their simplicity, and they knew not anything (2 Sam. 15:11). And when the pastor of the church, who beyond all doubt, from the fruit he bore, having been enabled by the Captain of his salvation to put on in his youth the whole armor of God (Eph. 6:11-18), a valiant man of Israel, who had fought in many victorious battles, full of scars from the wounds he had received and healed by the leaves of the tree of life (Rev. 22:2), being crafty, caught him with guile (2 Cor. 12:16), he was turned upon and rended (Matt. 7:6). Advantage was taken of his bodily infirmities and partial deafness, and they began to urge him vehemently and to provoke him to speak of many things, laying wait for him, and seeking to catch something out of his mouth, that they might accuse him. In this, however, it was plain to see that he was brought closely to suffer with his Saviour (see Luke 11:53-54), and it is a faithful saying, “If we suffer, we shall also reign with him” – 2 Tim. 2:12. It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh (Matt. 18:7). He came near standing in the place where Paul was when he withstood Alexander, the coppersmith. “At my first answer no man stood with me” – 2 Tim. 4:16; and again, “I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved” – 2 Cor. 12:15. But, blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, he was enabled through faith to overcome all.

There hailed a man from Virginia who personified Ahithophel of old. He meddled with strife that did not belong to him (Prov. 26:17), and sought to give counsel, but when he “saw that his counsel was not followed, he saddled his ass, and arose, and got him home to his house, to his city, and put his household in order, and hanged himself, and died, and was buried in sepulcher of his father” – 2 Sam. 17:23. He did much evil, but the Lord rewarded him according to his works (2 Tim. 4:14).

In the meantime father, realizing the sad condition of the little church he loved so dear, risked his natural life to meet with her, and was somewhat lenient in his counsel in order, if possible, to bring about reconciliation and restore peace. However, in the time, he was visited from on high by a

wonderful vision in the night. He saw the heavens opened and Jesus on the right hand of God with his head downward, and felt the sparks of persecution scorch his body, and came near falling from his couch on awaking. This revelation stirred up his mind to such an extent that he felt bound, notwithstanding he was aware that he might be in perils, to arise and admonish the church which by her actions was grieving the Holy Spirit of God (Eph. 4:30; Isa. 63:10), and putting the Son of God to an open shame (Heb. 6:6), and search for the Babylonish garment hid in her tents (Joshua 7:21). He was on brink of the grave, and felt that he could not die satisfied a flinching soldier, denying the charge committed unto him (1 Tim. 6:20-21; 2 Tim. 4:1-5). Though like Barzillai of old, he asked himself: "I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?" – 2 Sam. 19:35.

Beloved in the Lord, I know what I am writing. I watched over him day and night, and read his mind concerning these things, and now that he is gone I cannot hold my peace, and ask your Christian forbearance toward me. He would say, "I don't want to hurt the feelings of any of the brethren", and it was far from his intention to offend any of the little ones, though they rose not up before his hoary head (Lev. 19:32,) but to be faithful to his Master's cause, in watching for their souls as one that must give account (Heb. 13:17), and warn against false prophets which come to us in sheep's clothing (Matt. 7:15). Beloved, were not the claws visible when the wolf slyly and foolishly boasted that he would lay a plan in Mt. Olive Church that would send certain members high as a kite? As the last resort, exclusion from the fellowship of the church followed, or, as recorded in 1 Cor. 5:13, he was "put away."

I heartily regret that it does not lie in my power to give verbatim the counsel father gave to the church when he could scarcely stand on his tottering limbs; it was pronounced the ablest heard in many years, and is a portion of the works that do follow him (Rev. 14:13).

Toward the end of the trouble he had a beautiful dream. He thought he was in a large room (or place) and the adversary was there. He looked and saw the Savior at the farther end of the room, at which sight the adversary fled and he saw him no more? He then started toward the Savior, who turned about to him, raising something from off his head to him. Father then joyfully reached forth to clasp him in his arms. Here in relating the dream to mother and me he broke down, shedding tears, and whether he finished telling it or not we never knew. After refraining himself a little, he said: "To think the dear Savior would uncover his head to honour such a poor, helpless sinner as I am." Truly the Lord God of Israel saith: Them that honour me I will honour (1 Sam. 2:30; Psalm 91:15).

Four days before his death the church cleared herself of the disorder, but not without the loss, for the third time, of her record book. When the news was conveyed to him as he lay resting on his bed, his whole being seemed to be animated in thanking God for the deliverance, and he sent the following message to the brethren abroad: "Tell the brethren I can shake hands with them now", meaning that he and the church were now standing in gospel order. An evening or two after, when a brother called to see him, he mentioned the church and then added: "I have been praising God all day." God was his record. Much had been given him, and much had been required (Luke 12:48). His work was done, and he was now ready to be offered (2 Tim. 4:6). Well done, thou good and faithful servant (Matt. 25:21). And the call from his everlasting King, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world", was about to be spoken unto him.

## CHAPTER XIII – FELL ASLEEP, A “LOVED DISCIPLE”

His last days were darkened by persecution, but illuminated by divine revelation ushered into his soul (see Psalm 119:157). We that were constantly in his presence were awed that the work of Christ dwelt so richly in all wisdom in this chosen vessel of mercy, singing with grace in his heart to the Lord (Col. 3:16). It seemed to us that he was being thoroughly purged and refined for the end. He was driven so close to the Master’s side that his trust in him was replete. “I leave all in the hands of God,” and, “The Lord never did forsake me,” he would say, repeating the first clause of Psalm 71:18. And very often he would say, “Think of good old Jeremiah being put down in a dungeon for declaring the truth; I have never been treated that bad.” Like Daniel in the lion’s den, no manner of hurt was found upon him because he believed in his God. His persecutors were swifter than the eagles of the heaven (Lam. 4:19), but the Lord stood with him and strengthened him, and “he was delivered out of the mouth of the lion,” – 2 Tim. 4:17, and came forth as gold tried with fire (1 Peter 1:7). When he felt that he was abounding in the work of the Lord he was unmovable (1 Cor. 15:58), because the power of God was with him.

Sweet submission to the will of God abided with him, and his conversation was in heaven (Phil. 3:20). No one could be in his presence without admiring the beauty of his gray head (Prov. 20:29), which was a crown of glory, for it was found in the way of righteousness (Prov. 16:31), and being touched by the manner in which he expressed the faith that had been given him in the Lord Jesus, through which he had overcome all and been made a pillar in the temple of God (Rev. 3:12).

Preach was upon his tongue almost constantly, and callers would look as though they did not know what to make of him, such an old man with active mental powers, and perfect senses, (except partial deafness), so perfectly rooted and grounded in love (Eph. 3:17). Like the patriarch Jacob, “he worshiped, leaning upon the top of his staff,” blessing those around him. He charged his sons-in-law in the language of David to Solomon, and that of Paul to the Corinthians, to be strong, and quit themselves like men. “I want my brethren to know that I stand firm in the true doctrine,” he would sometimes say; meaning that his faith was unwavering in the principles of divine truth.

The depth and beauties of the Holy Scriptures unfolded more and more to him toward the end of his life. He would read them and call our mother’s attention, telling her to read such and such chapters, that she would find wonderful things there. He would often read aloud, repeating, “Now listen,” with earnestness after every few words, as though it was so plain to him he could make every one present understand. The beautiful spiritual song, “Religion ‘tis a glorious treasure,” he would often sing, saying it was so appropriate to the feelings of one nearing the grave.

The light that had been put on a candlestick in his youth, and had given light unto all that were in the house (church) (Matt. 5:15), grew brighter and brighter as the oil of grace was poured into his heart and wrought out “good works” that were seen of men, and his Father in heaven was glorified (Matt. 5:16). His praise was in “the gospel throughout all the churches” – 2 Cor. 8:18, and in his old days he could say, “Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread” – Psalm 37:25. All they whom the Lord bringeth to his holy mountain and maketh them joyful in his house of prayer (Isaiah 56:7), hunger after righteousness, and are fed on the bread of life which cometh down from heaven, and they shall live forever (John 6:51). Upon this hidden manna my father was fed until he was abundantly satisfied with the fatness of the Lord’s house (Psalm 36:8).

He was also graciously remembered in a providential way. True, he had some affliction in his family, which gave him much sadness of heart, but he was exempt from the sorrows of death, that grave monster having never entered his household.

At the annual visitation meeting the last of June, 1908, he was conveyed to the church on Saturday, and at the request of the brethren preached. When he rose in the pulpit I heard a moan from our mother, who was seated by my side; evidently she was not alone in fearing he would exhaust what little strength he had and fall. He took for a text the words recorded in John 1:11-12, and spoke an hour, lacking three minutes, and sat down, when a fellow-laborer in the gospel, pastor of the Little Bethel Church, rose and shouted: “ ‘My cup runneth over,’ that I have again heard a sermon from the dear old brother who baptized me years ago, and whose voice I have loved to hear from that day to this.” The visiting ministers at this meeting were J. B. Cross, J. S. Murphy and J. W. Linn, pastors of the Little Bethel, Leading Creek and Amnon churches. Father returned home, and instead of repairing to his bed and being attacked with one of those smothering spells which we all thought would be certain, preached on the remainder of the evening, sitting in his chair, to the brethren around him; and still on the next evening did he explain the Scriptures with power, dwelling especially upon the wings of the seraphims, recorded in Isaiah 6:2. And when we could not notice the slightest breakdown in his nervous system we felt bound to say, It looks like a miracle.

At this meeting the church appointed him to prepare her letter to meet the next session of the association, which he did, and it was adopted at the July meeting, the last time he met with the church. He said to mother and me: “Satan is busy, and for fear some one might misrepresent me when I am in my grave, I want this letter kept”. We promised him it would be done, and the following is a verbatim copy of the same, except the church statistics, which I have omitted:

***The regular Primitive Baptist Church of Jesus Christ, called Mount Olive, situated near Philippi, West Va., to the ministers and messengers of the Tygart’s Valley River Association, when convened with the Leading Creek Church, Randolph County, W. Va., on Friday before the last Sunday in August next, sendeth Christian greeting.***

Whereas, our great Creator, whose judgments are unsearchable and his ways past finding out, has told us not to forsake the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching, in order to exalt and praise his great and holy name for the gift of his beloved Son, our only salvation and hiding-place from the wrath to come. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad; therefore we hope to meet his dear children in love, in peace and Christian fellowship, strongly united and firmly established in the faith once delivered to the saints, that the adversary may be put to silence. We believe in the same doctrine upon which we were constituted, namely: three equal persons in the Godhead: Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and these three are one; eternal and personal election; original sin; particular redemption; free justification by the righteousness of Christ imputed, efficacious grace in regeneration; the final perseverance of the saints in grace to glory; the resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust; the general judgment of the last day; the everlasting happiness of the righteous and the eternal punishment of wicked. We still retain the Baptist Confession of Faith, with the treatise, as received at Philadelphia in 1742.

We have passed through many fiery trials since our organization, which was in 1817, but the Lord has been good to us, and told us of these things, that they would work together for our good, though they cause us to weep and mourn, but we have the sweet promise of our Master that he will not forsake us. The Bible is our infallible guide in things pertaining to our eternal welfare. O, dear brethren, may God be with you in your deliberations, that you may be all of one accord in one place, with sweet humility and kindness of speech; sure then Satan can do you no harm. Our days of meeting are the fourth Sunday, and Saturday before, in each month. Elder J. S. Corder is still our pastor. We have regular preaching by Elder J. N. Bartlett, and sometimes by Elder J. F. Cole when he is able to attend.

For further information we refer you to brethren whom we appoint to sit with you in council.”

All along father’s pilgrimage there were “Barzillais” to encourage and feed him when he was “hungry and weary, and thirsty in the wilderness” – 2 Sam. 17:29. May those of them that survive him be shown kindness by the King of the place, and eat at his table (1 Kings 2:7).

About a week before his death father aroused the family in the nights being taken with one of his smothering spells of the heart. I administered to him the drops our family physician had prescribed, but they were slow in taking action, and the attack was lingering, and we thought the most dangerous we had witnessed him have. He rallied, however, in a few hours, and seemed to be about as usual, though we never thought he fully recovered from it. He retained physical strength wonderfully. I do not remember that he ever had to be supported in walking about the premises. His hand was steady, and he shaved himself and took a partial bath only a few hours before the end. As a kind friend said, he was preparing for the departure.

On the day of his death, August 26th, 1908, he lay down after breakfast to take his accustomed rest, and arose about 1 p.m., ate a lunch and spent the remainder of the afternoon sitting in his chair chatting with mother, the chief topic of their conversation being that of the biblical history of Zerubbabel. She asked him something concerning that ancient rebuilder of the temple, and he explained it to her in a clear and lucid manner, saying he was the type of Christ, etc.

As the hands of the clock were nearing 5 p.m. my attention was drawn to the passing rural mail carrier. Father arose from his chair, and as I passed out the front door he started through the hall and walked on out of the house. On my return mother mentioned to see where he was. I lingered a little, I know not why, then went, something fearing. I found him lying motionless, slipped my hand under his head and called to him, my beloved father, but there was no response. Being unaccustomed to such things, I thought he had swooned, and shouted to phone for the doctor, but we soon realized he had passed away. The doctor came, and pronounced the trouble paralysis, which went direct to his heart (it being deeply affected), causing instantaneous death. He had so often expressed himself that he desired the Savior’s presence in the solemn hour of death, which was most certainly granted, for it was evident that he was unconscious of the sting of that conquered monster.

The morning following, I stepped into the hall, where I viewed a “strange white light” from the rising sun flowing through the porch alongside the room in which he was blessedly sleeping in Jesus. It seemed like a glow of heavenly light from the eternal world of bliss. It was “above the brightness of the sun”, and was so pure white I was struck with awe, and my first impulse was to call the attention of the family to it, but wishing to avoid a breakdown, I kept silent. My sweet father, a saint greatly beloved,

had entered into the final joy of his Lord, and the light was undoubtedly an emblem of the glorious resurrection morning, when that sleeping mortal shall be awakened and put on immortality (1 Cor. 15:53), and that vile body be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ (Phil. 3:21), then will death be swallowed up in victory.

His faith was firm in the blessed assurance that when the Son of man cometh the second time with glory and great power, and shalt call, that he, being a member of Christ's body, will answer (Job 14:15). He often feelingly would say, What a great day that will be.

That "strange white light" was seen miles away in the home of the colored brother previously alluded to. It caused his thoughts to reverberate to the old plantation, when a lad appeared at his door bearing a telephone message that his old master and pastor had passed away.

Father's lovely appearance in death was noticeable to all! Not a contracted nerve, a drawn muscle, nor a distorted feature, but a perfect form; impressive in life, impressive in death. When his aged companion was led to the coffin she uttered amid her sobs, "Never in all my life did I see one look so." Her meaning was that his countenance bore the impress of peace. The undertaker, who had buried many people, said he was the fairest he ever looked upon.

Amid a large concourse of weeping and pathetic sympathizers we laid his body away to rest beneath the site of the old pulpit where he first proclaimed the gospel, and turned away a lonely family, children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, to experience the loss of one we all loved and honored.

About three weeks afterward, Elder J. G. Eubanks passed by this way, and preached at Mt. Olive church-house, taking for a text 2 Cor. 13:11: "Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you", in which he paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of father. His discourse was gladly received, for he must needs go through Samaria (John 4:4), and speak comfortably to the bereaved and sorrowing, and commend them to Him who is a husband to the widow, a father to the fatherless, and a shepherd to his shepherdless flock.

"To God only wise, be glory through Jesus Christ forever. Amen."

## A MEMENTO

(CHRISTMAS, 1908)

Ah! the Christmas sun comes streaming  
Through the window at my side;  
But it fails to rouse my dreaming,  
As the cheerless moments glide.

Cautiously his rays are stealing  
‘Cross the vacant chair and bed;  
For our loved one is he feeling,  
Who is numbered with the dead?

He’s not here, and I am weeping,  
He of late was borne away;  
O’er the hillock he is sleeping,  
Sleeping ‘neath the crumbled clay.

How we mourn from him to sever,  
But sweet memories remain;  
O to have him we will never  
In the dear old home again.

Through the house the sun is seeking,  
While strange thoughts my bosom fill;  
List, is that dear father speaking?  
No, his voice on earth is still.

Hush, I fancy footsteps tracing,  
Softly, softly, through the hall;  
Is he there, his cane replacing  
On the rack against the wall?

At the door-knob will he center,  
Pausing, noiseless all the while?  
Peradventure, he will enter,  
Wearing that remembered smile.

No, I startle, fancies blighted,  
He no more will pass this way;  
Ah, not here with us united,  
To wake glad this Christmas day.

How he loved to tell the story  
Of the Babe of Bethlehem,  
And to speak of endless glory  
In the new Jerusalem.

‘Mid the gloom, the awful stillness,  
And impressive silence deep,  
I reflect with sacred sweetness,  
On his last and blessed sleep.

All his care, and pain, and doubting,  
Is forever, ever past;  
The angelic hosts are shouting,  
The aged pilgrim’s home at last.

Let us therefore cease our grieving,  
That dear father’s quit this clod,  
And rejoice his spirit’s living  
In the bosom of his God.

## **CHAPTER XIV – MEMORIALS, POETRY, CIRCULAR LETTER, ETC.**

RESOLUTION passed by the Mount Olive Primitive Baptist Church, October 24th, 1908.

Forasmuch as God in his wisdom has removed by death from us our beloved pastor, Elder J. S. Corder, who has been a consistent and orderly member of this church for seventy-three years, who had labored with us and for us in the cause of our blessed Redeemer in the gospel ministry for sixty-eight years, and was wonderfully gifted as a gospel preacher; who had served us faithfully as a pastor of this church for twenty-eight years, even unto the time of his death; he preached unto us the word of God, the doctrine of Christ and his apostles; he gave us instruction in the way of truth and righteousness and in the order of God's house; he stood the storms of persecution and false representations which God's ministers have been subjected to in all ages, and amid all this he was steadfast, unchangeable, always abounding in the truth; therefore

Resolved, That we as a church in his death have suffered a great loss, but we believe that our loss is his eternal gain. While we miss him in our assembling together to worship God, and we will hear his voice no more on earth, we desire to set forth as a solemn duty our sincere and heartfelt respect, love and true devotion to the memory of our beloved pastor. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

We, the members of the Tygart's Valley River Association, are made to mourn the death of our former moderator and father in Israel, Elder J. S. Corder, who died on the 26th day of August, 1908, aged 88 years, 6 months and 11 days, having been a useful and devoted member of Mount Olive Primitive Baptist Church for \* \* \*, a sound, orderly and faithful minister of the gospel of Christ for \* \* \*, and moderator of that association for thirty-three sessions. With this wonderful record before us we recognize that in His wisdom He has taken from among us to Himself a good and useful man; one whom we loved for the truth's sake; one who was strong in doctrine and wonderfully gifted as a preacher of the gospel; one with whom we often took sweet counsel; one who served us long as a faithful moderator of this association. In consideration of these things we desire to set forth as a solemn duty our sincere and heartfelt respect, love and true devotion to the memory of our beloved father in Israel.

## SOME OF THE POETRY COMPOSED BY FATHER.

### EXPERIENCE

Come, saints of God, and hear me tell  
What dreadful thoughts I had of hell;  
I felt myself so far from God,  
The earth did tremble where I trod.

I was so poor, so weak, so blind,  
Some thought that I would lose my mind;  
The awful Visions in the night  
Would put my soul in such a fright.

Though I was young, quite in my youth,  
I longed to Hear and know the truth;  
And often went in secret prayer,  
To find my God in mercy there.

But O, the anguish of my heart,  
To think that I should have to part  
From him who groaned upon the tree,  
To set the vilest sinners free.

What should I do, or whither go,  
To save my soul from sin and woe?  
The law was stern, gave no relief,  
To ease or take away my grief.

I often wept myself to sleep,  
And prayed the Lord my soul to keep,  
Lest I should drop into the lake,  
And never, never more to wake.

These dismal feelings O how strong,  
They pressed and drove my soul along,  
'Till death and hell appeared in view,  
And pangs of sorrow pierced me through.

The year of eighteen thirty-three,  
It pleased the Lord to set me free;  
My age was only twelve and one,  
When peace and joy came through the Son.

It was in April, in the night,  
When my Redeemer showed me light;  
He gave me tokens of his love,  
And took me in like Noah's dove.

The name of Jesus, O how sweet!  
To make my happy soul complete;  
He gave himself to suffer loss,  
And died upon the wretched cross.

I thought this happy state would last,  
And I no more would have to fast;  
But O, this wretched nature still,  
To war against God's holy will.

But let the case be as it may,  
It grieves me when I go astray,  
And makes me long to soar from earth,  
Beyond the reach of carnal mirth.

I hope, ere long to mount the skies,  
And soar where pleasure never dies;  
And be with Christ forever blest,  
In mansions of eternal rest.



## ON BAPTISM

The Savior was a Baptist,  
The Scriptures make this true;  
O! let us follow Jesus,  
'Tis well for I and you.

We can do nothing greater  
Than bow before his face,  
And show to all around us  
The glory of his grace.

He went into the water,  
To show our feet the way,  
And told us to obey him,  
And never go astray.

Then let us not be slothful  
To follow our dear Lord,  
And cleave unto the doctrine,  
Supported by his word.

We know we shall have trials,  
To meet us on the road  
That leads from earth to heaven,  
To our Redeemer God.

But this should not affright us,  
Though storms of sin may rise;  
We'll shout the praise of Jesus,  
When far above the skies.

And then we'll be so happy;  
No mortal tongue can tell  
The beauty and the glory,  
Where all the saints shall dwell.

Forever and forever,  
Be clear of earth and sin,  
And from the Rock of Ages  
Drink endless pleasures in.



Ye lovers of the truth, behold,  
How Jesus was baptized of old;  
He down into the water went,  
And was baptized by John he sent.

If then you love the Lord, indeed,  
Come with your zeal and Christian speed  
And show you love the Saviour's cause,  
And bow obedient to his laws.

Be not ashamed to own his cross,  
And count all earthly things but dross;  
He shed his blood on Calvary's mount,  
And washed you in that blessed fount.

O! do not tarry, don't put off,  
Though all the world may laugh and scoff;  
Come follow in the glorious way,  
That leads to everlasting day.

And O, what joy in this you'll meet;  
It brings you to the Master's feet,  
Where jewels of the rarest kind  
Are often found to cheer the mind.



O! for the reigning power of grace,  
To stay my soul on God,  
And fix my roving, rambling feet  
In paths the Saviour trod.

When I look down to gloomy death,  
And know I must come there;  
It makes me tremble, draws my breath,  
And drives me to despair.

And then to think of going down  
To everlasting woe;  
To dwell in darkness, under death,  
And mercy never know.

How can I bear to meditate  
On things so awful deep;  
Where devils dwell in lowest hell –  
It drives away my sleep.

But then a ray of light breaks through  
The gloomy clouds of sin,  
And bursts the chains of death and hell,  
And Jesus shines within.

What wondrous love sent from above,  
To cheer us by the way,  
And fix our hearts upon the Lord,  
Our strength on him to stay.

Why should we loiter in the race  
That leads to Zion's gate;  
Beyond the reach of sin and death,  
To joys immensely great?

Without thy strength, O God, I'm weak,  
Without thy grace I'm poor;  
O bring me to thy feet to seek  
Thy name for evermore.

Show me the riches of thy grace,  
My Lord, my God, my all,  
That I may see thy lovely face,  
Then I shall never fall.

O let me taste those heavenly joys  
Which I have felt before;  
Then I will part from all my toys,  
And learn to seek thee more.

So many things come in my way  
To keep me back from truth,  
That I am often made to say,  
And cry like ancient Ruth:

O keep me, gracious God of love,  
To fix my thoughts on thee,  
And then my mind will soar above,  
On better things to see.

This awful flesh doth so incline  
To sin against my God,  
It often makes me weep and pine,  
And brings me to his rod.

Lift up my head, and hands, and feet,  
Show me the path of life,  
That I may walk the golden street,  
Beyond the reach of strife.

Then shall I sing with all my power  
In that delightful land;  
In strains of glory every hour,  
To magnify God's hand.



I love the gates of Zion's King,  
I love his holy laws;  
My soul mounts up with joy to sing  
The triumphs of his cause.

How high his throne, how great his power,  
To govern earth and hell!  
He guards his people every hour;  
His riches who can tell!

Why should a poor, bewildered soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Be raised from death, and then be told,  
Go free, for Christ is thine?

Such blessed words as Christ can speak  
To cheer the gloomy mind,  
And soothe the sorrows of the weak,  
To show that God is kind.

When death shalt come, may I go home  
To mansions in the skies;  
My house above, my heavenly dome,  
Where pleasure never dies.

O who would stay in mortal clay,  
Away from such a place,  
And mourn and grieve the loss of day,  
The light of shining grace?

Glory to God, who gave his Son  
To die that we might live;  
No greater joy on earth begun  
Than that which God can give.



Composed and sung on the ordination to the gospel ministry of J. S. Murphy.

O that our great High Priest  
Would make each feel the least,  
And be with us today,  
While in this house of clay.

Chorus:  
And then we'll sing to his great name,  
And then we'll sing to his great name,  
The song of Moses and the Lamb.

The God who built the skies,  
Most holy, just and wise,  
O make thy servant meek;  
Give him a tongue to speak.

Give him sweet words of love,  
Sent from thy courts above,  
To cheer thy gloomy saints,  
And feed the soul that faints.

Go forth in God's great name,  
His righteousness proclaim;  
May grace attend your way,  
And strength on God to stay.



Composed for the Association in 1894, and sung at the same.

Welcome, dear brethren in the Lord,  
To this delightful feast;  
To talk and sing and hear the word  
So lovely to the least.

O that our meeting may be sweet,  
And precious in God's sight,  
The Savior keep us at his feet;  
Sure then we shall be right.

May earthly things be all forgot,  
Our hearts be one in love;  
To worship God, who changes not,  
Our thoughts on things above.

Then we'll be loth to leave the place  
Where our Redeemer God  
Shall show us tokens of his grace,  
And spare us from his rod.

From north and south, from east and west,  
You have already come,  
To hear the word, the truth to test,  
And feel yourselves at home.

What a delightful thing to stay  
In such a place as this,  
Where all the joys, as bright as day,  
Shine from the world of bliss.

Dear Jesus, help us now to sing,  
With melody and love,  
Through all the earth, till God shall bring  
Our souls with him above.

## **CIRCULAR LETTER FOR THE ASSOCIATION IN 1897, WRITTEN BY FATHER.**

BELOVED IN THE LORD: – The wheel of time has rolled us on to the assembling of the saints once more, and the year that is past has been frightful in the extreme in many instances. The rumbling of the earth, as by great earthquakes in divers places, the roaring of the elements above, with peals of heavy thunder to shake the globe and send forth the forked lightning to destroy both man and beast, the grumbling of the nations, the restless condition of the great waters, men’s hearts failing for fear of what is coming on the earth; all these things are forebodings of the great day of God’s wrath to be poured out upon the deceitful workers and evil doers under the garb of religion, to deceive the simple, and, if possible, to destroy the temple of our God. And then who shall be able to stand? How important it is then, dear brethren and sisters, to confirm your faith in the gospel of the Son of God. So much the more as you see the day approaching, that you may be well established in the faith once delivered unto the saints. For there is no safe place outside of the protection of our God. The prophet of Nahum says: “God is jealous, and the Lord revengeth: the Lord revengeth, and is furious; the Lord will take vengeance on his adversaries, and he reserveth wrath for his enemies. The Lord is slow to anger, and great in power, and will not at all acquit the wicked; the Lord has his way in the whirlwind and in the storm, and the clouds are the dust of his feet”. “The mountains quake at him, and the hills melt, and the earth is burned at his presence.” “Who can stand before his indignation?” “The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him” – Nahum 1:2-3, 5-7. Read the connection. Solomon says, “The name of the Lord is a strong tower; the righteous runneth into it, and is safe” – Prov. 18:10. David says, “For thou hast been a shelter for we, and a strong tower from the enemy. I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings” – Psalm 61:3-4.

The atonement of Christ. We will now proceed to call your attention to this master-work of the adorable Redeemer, and to show conclusively, fearless of successful contradiction, that you are right in your judgment, that the atonement of Christ was made for his people, and his people only. So far as we know, the Primitive Baptists are the only people upon earth that believe this doctrine, which makes you a peculiar people – none like you, and you like no other sect. Our great aim should be to follow after God, and not after the rudiments of the world, and the brains of men who have no fear of God before them, nor no love of God in their hearts. The angel said to Joseph that Mary should “bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins” – Matt. 1:21.

The word “atonement” signifies reconciliation, or satisfaction for an offence, and when applied to Christ as the head of the church we should notice the word “atonement” under three meanings, thus atone-ment. “At”, signifies near by; “one”, signifies being a single unit; and “ment”, implies rather an ornament of the language. Thus you see that Christ and his people are one. He is the head and they are his body, bone of his bones, and flesh of his flesh.

When the offerings were made under the legal dispensation to atone for the sins of the people, they had to be without a blemish, and had to be with salt, noting incorruption, or soundness of mind, and sincerity of grace. Paul says, “Let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man” – Lev. 2:13; Col. 4:6. The lives of the animals had to be taken away, blood had to be shed; there was a death struggle. “And almost all things are by the law

purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission” – Heb. 9:22. The offerings upon the Jewish altars were all pointing to Christ, the great antitype. John says, “Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.” If this expression includes the progeny of Adam, then there is nothing to condemn them. For illustration: If a man’s debts are all paid, what does he owe? Such a position as universal atonement for the wicked would make the Bible to contradict itself. John means the elect of God among the Gentiles, as well as among the Jews, for Jesus says: “I pray not for the world [those who are not his covenanted people], but for them which thou hast given me; for they are thine. And all mine are thine, and thine are mine; and I am glorified in them.” “Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe on me through their word” – John 17:9-10, 20.

Dear reader, would it do to say that Christ loved the ungodly world to that extent as to die for them? And now not pray for them, would be inconsistent with the word of God. There is, according to God’s word, an ungodly world. Peter says, “And spared not the old world, but saved Noah, the eighth person, a preacher of righteousness bringing in the flood upon the world of the ungodly” – 2 Peter 2:5.

We then are brought to the conclusion that God did not love that wicked world – and they went down to hell more than two thousand years before Christ came. David says: “The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God” – Psalm 9:17. He says again, “Let death seize upon them, and let them go down quick into hell; for wickedness is in their dwellings, and among them” – Psalm 55:15. The atonement of Christ was never made for them, they were the tares sowed by Satan, the wicked one, and God will separate them from the wheat in his own time, for the Master says: “Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up” – Matt. 15:13. As the Savior said to the Pharisees: “But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me” – John 10:26-27. Jesus also said to the wicked Jews: “Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning” – John 8:44.

We quote these passages of Scripture, dear children, to show that you have embraced the true faith, and that the foundation of your hope is sure, having this seal, “The Lord knoweth them that are his” – 2 Tim. 2:19. And Jude says, “Preserved in Jesus Christ, and called.” Peter says, “Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father.” Paul says, “According as he hath chosen us in him [Christ] before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.” And again we find in the writing of Timothy, “Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began” – 2 Tim. 1:9. And the Bible says, “And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him [the beast of seven heads and ten horns], whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world” – Rev. 13:8. And the Lord says, “As I have sworn in my wrath, if they shall enter into my rest: although the works were finished from the foundation of the world.” – Heb. 4:3. Paul was an educated man, both in literature and in grace, and yet they do not like the doctrine he advocates. “For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth. It was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated” – Rom. 9:11-13. “And Esau hated Jacob because of the blessing,” and threatened to kill him (Gen. 27:41). The same thing is going on to this day: antichrist doing her utmost to root out the people of God, saying, If God saves you and don’t save me he is a partial God. Away with such doctrine from

the earth. So they said of Paul, so they said of Christ. “For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?” – Luke 23:31.

If it be God’s will to save all men, all men shall be saved, else God’s will is not done. But he says, “My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure” – Isaiah 46:10. “So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please” – Isaiah 60:11. God loved his people even when they were dead in sins (Eph. 2:4-5). Having loved his own, he loved them unto the end (John 13:1). Judas Iscariot was a devil; Christ never died for devils. He never died for tares; he never died for vipers; for he said to the wicked Jews: “Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?” – Matt. 23:33. And where John says, “And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world,” this means the people of God among the Gentiles, for Christ says, “And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice” – John 10:16. David says, “Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power” – Psalm 110:3. If this is not the true interpretation of the word, why would John say in the last chapter of his first letter, nineteenth verse, “And we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness”? Now, if the term “whole world” means every person, why did John except himself and the church? The Bible does not support the doctrine of universal redemption outside of his people. The word “redemption” implies not less than seven things. First, there must be a relationship between the redeemer and the redeemed. Second, a redeemer. Third, the church redeemed. Fourth, a price paid. Fifth, a receiver of the price. Sixth, something redeemed from. Seventh, something redeemed to. There was relationship between Christ and his church before the world was. Paul says, “Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it.” Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God’s, for ye are not redeemed with such corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ; for he offered himself without spot and paid the price of his precious blood, and his people were redeemed from all iniquity, and from the pains of hell, to an incorruptible crown that fadeth not away. Justice was satisfied. Mercy and truth met together; righteousness and peace kissed each other; all the attributes of God completely harmonized; the great work was finished on the cross, so said Christ. He by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified. God was pleased with the work of his Son, and when the Saviour was baptized, a voice was heard from heaven, saying, “This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.” We find in first Timothy, second chapter, and sixth verse, “The man Christ Jesus; who gave himself a ransom for all.” This is the true Israel of God, for it is not all Israel which are of Israel, and though they be as numerous as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved according to the election of grace. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. Thus if a ransom is paid for the whole human family, none will go to hell, for Christ will have the purchase of his own precious blood, because he has all power in heaven and on earth; and if this great salvation be left with the creature, not a soul will be saved. For there is none that doeth good; no, not one (Psalms 14:3; 53:3; Rom. 3:12). And those who are brought to believe on Christ are the ones quickened by the Spirit of God. The Bible says: God made man upright, but they have sought out many inventions (Eccl. 7:29). They took the counsel of Satan, the enemy of God, and joined league with hell against heaven, and brought sin and death into the world by transgressing God’s holy law, for sin is a transgression of the law. Sin is not a creature of God. God never made sin. Consequently, all men are brought under condemnation. For “He that believeth not is condemned already” – John 3:18. And if the Lord sees fit to save some for the purpose of his own glory, and leaves others where they have placed themselves, and where they love to stay, and pay their hard earnings for false doctrine rather than hear the truth for

nothing, they must be responsible. Why then should they find fault with God? But Paul says: "For they being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God" – Rom. 10:3. We find that our people, the Primitive Baptists, sometimes called the Old School Baptists, were close observers of the rule of faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Old and New Testaments, all the way along from the days of the apostles of our Lord to the present time. True, some men have been suffered to come up among us to give us a great deal of trouble, and draw away disciples after them, but the church of Christ will stand. God will cleanse her in his own time and way. She has to be tried as by fire, to fit her for the Master's use. Jerome, of Prague, suffered martyrdom for the truth's sake, on May 20th, in the year 1416. When the fire was kindled upon him he said: "This soul of mine, in flames of fire, O Christ, I offer to thee!" – Orchard's Church History, page 140, first volume. Crato, physician to the Emperor Maximilian, was one day riding with him in the royal carriage, when his majesty asked the doctor what sect he thought came nearest the simplicity of the apostles. Crato replied, "I verily think the people called Picards." The Emperor replied, "I think so too." The term "Picard" was applied to the Baptists, because some of them had emigrated from Picardy, France, about the middle of the twelfth century, where the enemy had destroyed for them three hundred mansion houses, and drove them out of the country.

Hard names were given to our brethren, the Baptists, since the days of Christ, to prejudice the people against them. They were called "beghards," because they begged hard at the throne of grace for mercy. They were called "heretics," because they opposed the innovations of men, and in our day, "hardshells," "iron jackets," "anti-missionaries," "sitstills," "do-nothings," but, dear lovers of the truth, your great Redeemer has told you all of this, therefore be of good cheer, your redemption draweth near. And O! the riches of God, that he has prepared for them that love him, for them that are willing to count all things as nothing that they may win Christ.

And now, dear brethren in the ministry, I am growing old according to the flesh, and this may be the last Circular that I will be suffered to write for you; the Lord has given us a great office, if you are what you profess to be. Magnify your office to the best of your ability. Be of all the use you can to the dear people of God. Be not weary of well doing; you know the promise of God. Let no jealousy come up among you; seeking to have the preeminence one over another; prating against the brethren like Diotrephes of old. Such things are sure to bring trouble. Keep your garments unspotted from the world. Be careful how you make your contracts, and fill them, if possible, to keep your word. A minister of the gospel cannot be useful when the brethren lose confidence in him. Be humble, be patient, be pleasant, and the brethren will all like you if they have the good spirit in them. And what a lovely thing it is to meet in love and in union, and in full fellowship with the saints. Why, there is no greater joy on earth. Our home is in heaven. We are strangers and pilgrims on the earth. Satan is very busy to sow discord among us. Be on the watch-tower. Watch and pray lest ye be caught off your guard. Read the instructions of your Captain, and be careful to obey them, and when your services are ended he will give you a crown of life. \* \* \* The blessed Lord plainly says, or tells his people, to come out from antichristian powers, where they have been scattered in a dark and cloudy day. Why should they pay money for that which is not bread? And those that feel their lost and ruined condition by reason of sin are the ones called to come to Christ. And all the sweet promises of the gospel are for such. Jesus says: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

Farewell, dear brethren and sisters, for the present.

Closing remarks of the Circular Letter of the association in 1903, the last one written by father.

We are now living under the reign of the second beast, that came up out of the earth with two horns like a lamb in the days of Martin Luther and John Calvin, exercising all the power of the first beast of seven heads and ten horns – the papal power, or Roman Catholic Church, so-called, drunk with the blood of the saints.

Organs were first used in the Catholic Church in the year A.D. 660, by Pope Vilalian.

At this time (1903) the professed world is giving more honor to the Pope of Rome than they are giving to the Lord Jesus Christ; by whom the worlds were framed, some of our learned statesmen calling him “holy father,” when the Bible says, “Call no man your father upon earth,” in a grace sense (Matt. 23:9).

The marks of this second or last beast are plainly manifest in the holy writings. To them who have eyes to see and ears to hear this beast “doeth great wonders, so that he maketh fire come down from heaven on the earth in the sight of men.” Fleshly excitement or natural anxiety, as it is said by the prophet: “Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow” – (Isaiah 1:11; Revelation 13). “And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell” – James 3:6.

The dragon was pagan Rome, who gave his seat to the papal power. The triple crown of the Pope is an emblem of his professed power in heaven, earth and hell. The mark of the beast in one’s right hand signifies to give power to that party, and in the forehead to have faith in the same. But woe be to them who have these marks of antichrist, because it subjects them to the wrath of Almighty God. It would be better for them if they never had been born.

The Protestant beast is now making an image to the first beast, in using the money power to carry into effect the plans and inventions of men, contrary to the word of God and detrimental to the peace and prosperity of Zion.

The church of God has never been allied to any of these parties, even in the dark ages. God has so ordained that they, his people, shall dwell alone, and he tells his dear children to leave the hills of darkness and come to the mountain of the Lord – those who have been scattered on a dark and cloudy day.

And now, children of the living God, by the Spirit of adoption, you have left Egypt, never to return; you have heard the thunders of Mt. Sinai in the giving of the law; you have tasted that the Lord is gracious; you have been under the sweet influences of God’s Holy Spirit; you have promised the Lord that if he would blot out your sins as a thick cloud that you would walk in his holy commandments, and never look back to the fleshpots of Egypt; you have been buried with Christ by baptism, and have protested against the practice of rantism or sprinkling, and calling it baptism, as being unscriptural and fraught with evil consequences; you have many trials and temptations to pass through before you cross the Jordan of death, for the trial of your faith in the Lord, that you may come forth as gold tried in the

fire, but the end is everlasting life, and it never entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. Paul says, “For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” – 2 Cor. 4:17. “Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all” – Psalm 34:19.

We may look for troublesome times and many fiery ordeals. Whoever lives to see a half century more will groan under his burden. Our liberties may be prostrated. We undoubtedly are on the verge of the second personal coming of Christ. Are we ready to meet the Lord? Have we oil in our vessels? Are our lamps trimmed? Let us examine ourselves, whether we be in the faith; let us be steadfast in the truth, humble and patient. Little children, keep yourselves from idols. Farewell.

## APPENDIX

THE body and preface of this little volume were written within a few months after my father's death, but owing to circumstances beyond my control the manuscript had to be closeted; but my confidence was firm that some day the way would open in Providence for me to have it published. And I must confess that I believe I have been brought to taste of the sweetness of total resignation to high heaven in the matter.

In the meantime I have lost by death my loving and devoted mother, whose Christian piety and virtue were far above the price of rubies, for a period of three-score years, and I feel like I want to ascribe glory and honour and praise to the God of heaven for keeping her, his handmaiden, by his power, through "faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time" – 1 Peter 1:5, and enabling her to stand firm in the truth of the gospel and uncompromising to error, thereby making known to her, a fallen daughter of Adam, the ways of life (Acts 2:28), and commending toward her his wonderful sovereign, unchangeable, eternal love: the great omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent God, who spoke the world into existence out of nothing, and whose arm is not shortened that he cannot save his people Israel.

Our mother departed this life Nov. 21st, 1912, after a stay on earth of eighty-five years and three months.

The years of her maidenhood were spent in devotional service to the Lord's people, as her father's house was a home for them, and upon her marriage to our father she was not unacquainted with the duty, or rather blessed privilege, she entered upon, that of a "succourer of many" of the saints of the Most High.

She felt a deep sense of her nothingness, unworthiness and sinfulness before an all-possessing, worthy and holy God, but she was given an eye of faith to look for "some better thing" provided for her in a crucified and risen Jesus, and felt she had a personal interest in the covenant of grace between the Father and the Son. One of her favorite quotations was: "O that one would give me drink of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is by the gate!" – 2 Sam. 23:15; 1 Chron. 11:17. And once when father had preached at Mt. Olive from these words, she wrote to an absent daughter, "Your papa soared above the very clouds today."

She was timid about alluding to her early experience. I heard her say that when quite young she would cry herself almost sick after attending Old Baptist meetings, but could not then tell why it was so. And I gleaned from a conversation between herself and father that her felt deliverance from the bondage of sin was in some way connected with a vision of the three Hebrew children in the fiery furnace. The book of Daniel was wonderful to her, and I think she read it more than any one book in the Bible. The words of the angel to Daniel: "Thou art greatly beloved," were precious to her.

When she laid her case before the church a beloved brother present gently told her she would tell more after awhile. The tempter being always alert to discourage the Lord's people, took advantage of the brother's language and caused her to think she had not satisfied the church, and so expressed herself to

father. It was made plain to her in after years, however, that the meaning of the dear old brother was that as she journeyed the Christian pathway and tread upon the briars and thorns of this sin-cursed world, and felt the healing balm of a glorious redemption applied to her wounds, a growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, that she could then put away” childish things” and be “established in the top of the mountains.”

The morning of her baptism found the stream of old Hacker spread out far beyond its banks, from a refreshing April rainfall during the night preceding, and its waters glided gently along, as if inviting her into its bosom to confess before the world her blessed confidence in the death, burial and resurrection of her mighty Redeemer. Mt. Olive had received into her fellowship one who was favored with an abundance of grace in the Lord Jesus, and would become a mother in Israel. Let us praise our triumphant Lord for it all. For, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

Being deeply taught in the school of Christ, our mother was well established and unwavering in the glorious doctrine of God our Saviour, as held by the Primitive Baptists from the days of the apostles unto the present time. She bowed not to the decree of Babylon’s king, but with her face toward Jerusalem she worshipped the true and living God. She went not out after antichrist during her pilgrimage on the earth, and often expressed herself that when she passed away, if circumstances were such that a Primitive Baptist minister could not be present, not to suffer an Ashdodite to speak one word over her remains, but to consign them silently away in the tomb. She felt it would be a reproach upon the cause of Christ for one in whose pharisaical religion she had no confidence to speak over her lifeless and defenseless form; and when she heard or read of Old Baptists indulging in the like she would say, “Why do they do so? No wonder they have trouble.”

After she grew old she was visited in the night by a beautiful manifestation of God’s favor. She thought she was sitting in her chair when a large male lamb, without blemish and without spot (1 Peter 1:19), white as the pure snow, appeared at her side. She felt shy of his presence at first, but his tractable and innocent appearance melted away her fear. Easily and compassionately he raised one fore-foot and laid it upon her lap, and then the other, and softly moved them until they reached her shoulders, and lastly affectionately cuddled his lovely snow-white head against her breast, and she found her arm encircling him. After some months the visit was repeated once, if not twice. Her feelings were deeply moved when relating it, and father told her it was the Saviour come to comfort her, the Lamb of God, which took away her sin (John 1:29), and led her unto living fountains of waters (Rev. 7:17). He came in “much assurance,” enabling her to build up herself on her most holy faith (Jude 20), to the praise of the glory of God’s grace, wherein he made her accepted in the Beloved (Eph. 1:6).

A few years before her death progressive paralysis began to prey upon her system, and slowly but surely dissolved the old tabernacle of clay, gradually weakening body and mind, but had no power over her faith in the Lord Jesus, her righteousness. She remained firm until the end, and was changed to sight; O glorious change! She deeply felt utterly dependent upon the God of her salvation, would extol the offices of Christ and say, “I’m just nothing.” I often heard her in a deep, solemn tone imploring for mercy, and with tremulous, reverential emotion adding, “Great God.” How amazingly deep and wonderful was the view she had of her littleness and emptiness, and the blessed knowledge she had of the greatness and fullness, of Him as a covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus! On arising one morning she told me she had seen eastward a circuitous river and she was upon its brink, with her feet

touching the water, which was clear and beautiful, and intimated it would not be long until she would enter it.

Five days before the end she became speechless, but smiled sweetly and placidly upon us all, with the countenance of an infant. Once she raised her hand and looked upward and tried, to grasp something. I felt as I watched by her bedside, "Jesus can make a dying bed feel soft as downy pillows are." She became Unconscious to earthly surroundings, but leaning on Jesus' breast she breathed her life out there. O sacred and solemn truth! When the Lord cometh the second time in his glory it is our faith she will awake in his likeness and be clothed upon with blessed immortality. Like Job, she shall see Him for herself, her eyes shall behold, and not another.

She passed away in the golden Indian summer days, when the season, like herself, was in the beauty of old age. She was a mother among mothers, and was our choicest earthly treasure. Language is not at command to tell her worth. Who can fathom a mother's love, or measure the breadth of sorrow that has fallen upon the household at her passing away?

I would call the attention of Mt. Olive Church to retrospect a little, and consider what this departed mother in Israel did for you. No other female member did so much. Like Phebe of old, she was a servant of the church. She ministered unto you in many ways. She succored him that went in and out before you so long and fed you with the gospel. She prepared the emblems for the communion seasons when you had no deacon. She fed and lodged your members for sixty long years. Many dishes that could have been served by the family were set aside to feed those who gathered for the monthly meetings, and she would order the servants to closet such and such wholesome eatables for months before the June visitation meetings. This was not done for formality (for she never indulged in rare viands), but for the love our mother was given for the cause of her blessed Lord. After all was over she would gather up the fragments and say, "We still have something to eat." Her motto was, The Lord will provide. How enduring is the substance of faith!

Our mother's cares, sighs, toils, perplexities and privations during father's absence in his ministerial labors are vivid in my memory, and my heart overflows with gratitude to our wonderful God now that she is gone to know that she was "precious in his sight," and that she was not afraid of the snow for her household, but guided her affairs with discretion. From the hand of the Creator, nature bestowed upon her the gift of financiering for the use of the household of faith, for she loosed our father's hands so that he could go and feed the sheep of God's pasture. To him she was an helpmate of the old school type. She untiringly looked after his wardrobe, and he wore but few articles of clothing that were not purchased by her and tailored by her busy fingers. She saw his necessities and stood continually at his elbow, and from her savings relieved him in financial straits, and when she could do no better placed her pin money purse at his command. When he would be puzzled about temporal affairs on leaving home she would say to him, "You go to your meeting, I will attend to this or that." She never allowed herself to become indebted to her merchant, but on the contrary kept him in debt to her by supplying him with products from the farm, and what she could not see a way clear to get she went without. The fruit of her hands was blessed, and the lien on the real estate was satisfied, and she and father died in debt to no fellow-being. I am painting a true picture of my mother's faithfulness as the helpmate of a Primitive Baptist minister, and I am not ashamed of it before the face of clay. In it all can be seen the unfolding of the deep purposes of our mighty God, and crucifying as it was to the flesh, there was a "needs be", for it all. Who can comprehend the mysterious moving of the unseen Hand?

In outward church duties our mother was a servant for our father, enabling him to be a servant for his brethren. This I personally know, for I shared their sorrows and their joys for many years. But now, alas, I am left alone in the old home with the servants, and the awful depression is indescribable. I loved my precious, departed mother as my own soul. My life was bound up in her life, and I must travel a lonely road without her sweet companionship. Hours of communion when alone by ourselves that lengthened into days, yea, into years, but knit us together in love beyond that which is ordinary. In the things pertaining to this earthly life each one made a sole confidant of the other; each one felt too unworthy to unbosom much to the other the exercises of mind regarding our living hope in a blessed Redeemer, but understood each other; and believed we felt the fiery flame from the throne of the Ancient of days (Daniel 7:9), and our fellowship ran together like drops of water.

I sensibly feel my great and irreparable loss, and a feeling of deep emotion goes out to those of the household of faith who have tendered to me their sympathy. Amid the gloom that surrounds my aching heart vivid lightning's of our blessed Lord play, and I long to come up from the wilderness of sorrow leaning upon him "whose name alone is JEHOVAH." "To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

## AT MOTHER'S GRAVE

O mother, must I turn away,  
And leave thee here where shadows play,  
And face the world alone?  
Thy company to me so dear,  
Alas, I must surrender here,  
And tears instead enthrone.

My life it was bound up in thine,  
And separation makes me pine,  
And loth to leave the spot;  
Where I must yield our mutual joys,  
Thy placid smiles and sweet employs,  
For, mother, thou art not.

When ill, thou didst my pillow stay,  
And lined the clouds with silver ray –  
To all demands thou rose:  
No more I'll look upon thy brow,  
For thou art hidden from me now,  
Embraced in sweet repose.

Thy many little acts so kind,  
Come tripping now into my mind,  
As at thy grave I kneel;  
I'll treasure them in memory's store,  
For thou wilt pass my way no wore;  
Strange gloom doth o'er me steal.

Back to the home must I return,  
Where thy sweet, loving words did burn  
Upon the old hearthstone;  
And front the sudden blankness there,  
The sounding halls and empty chair;  
All void, like me, alone.

O will the unseen Hand roll back  
The waves of sorrow that attack,  
And bid the roar be still?  
He tells me He will ne'er forsake,  
And earthly powers ne'er can shake  
One promise in His will.

Alone? O no, I'm not alone;  
There comes a whisper from the throne,  
    "Be not afraid, 'tis I,  
    Thy Comforter, the holy dove;  
I'll take the place of mother's love."  
    It is enough, I cry.

As o'er thy narrow home I bend,  
A vision clear my thoughts attend,  
    It doth my soul astound;  
    Thou art asleep, O peaceful rest,  
Safe in thy dear Redeemer's breast;  
    A halo circles round.

And when the last loud trump shall chord  
The second coming of our Lord,  
    Thou wilt awake and rise  
    With thy immortal garment on,  
Ascend with God's beloved Son  
    Into the shining skies.

There, glorified for evermore,  
Thou wilt sing praises and adore  
    The wondrous God of love,  
Who called thee from a world of sin,  
    To drink immortal glory in,  
And reign with Christ above.

**[THE END]**

