

# ZION'S LANDMARKS.

DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

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## Poetry.

### The Fount of Life.

T. J. HAZEMORE.

Thou art the Fount of Life, Great God,  
So thou dost tell us in Thy word;  
Then speak the word, that we may live,  
And freely all our sins forgive!

Yea, Lord, enable us to live  
That life which Thou in Christ dost give,  
That we may live, and never die,  
And live to praise Thy name on high!

We know if we are Thine, oh Lord,  
That Thou dost tell us in Thy word,  
That thou to us the boon dost give,  
Because Thou livest we shall live.

The truth with joy our hearts doth greet  
That Thou dost say in accents sweet,  
"I, I am God and changeth not,  
Therefore my chosen are not forget.

While they're on earth I'll be their stay,  
And watch and keep them ev'ry day;  
And when I will, I'll call them home,  
And ev'ry one shall surely come.

Their life is hid with Christ in Me,  
So where I am there they shall be;  
Forever they'll live with Me above,  
Safe in my everlasting love."

Who are these chosen ones of God,  
So often mentioned in His word,  
The special objects of His love,  
Who'll live with Him, secure, above?

Who shall, though earth and hell oppose,  
Reach yon bright world of sweet repose,  
And sing God's praise forever more  
On Canaan's peaceful, happy shore?

Not those who say they are not dead,  
And thus ignore life's Fountain-head,  
Because they are too proud at heart  
To let self-righteousness depart.

Not those who boast what they can do,  
Yet say they trust in Jesus too;  
Who only cling to Jesus' name  
To take away reproach and shame.

Not those who do pervert the word,  
And say that they can help the Lord;  
Who scare and fool an Ishmaelite,  
And make of him a proselyte.

Not those who beg and preach for mon'y,  
And boast that they convert so many;  
Who preach and print old Satan's lies,  
And claim the world t' evangelize.

But they are those whom God doth "call;"  
Who claim dear Jesus all in all;  
Who, of themselves, in sin are dead,  
Yet live, by faith, in Christ, their Head.

Who loathe themselves, and love the Lord,  
And feast upon His precious word;  
Whose hearts are humble and contrite;  
Who praise God's grace with great delight.

Who know the truth, and preach it too,  
But leave the work for God to do;  
For they can't change the sinner's heart,  
Nor can they to him life impart.

Then let the truth be treasured still  
That God gives life to whom He will;  
And let all cease from their vain strife,  
For God alone can give us life.

SHELBYVILLE, TENN.,  
February 15, 1868 }

No. 2.

Soon after the burden of trouble that had long been upon my mind was removed, as I hope, through the mercy and goodness of the Lord, I began to fear that I was mistaken; and so I very soon began to feel greatly alarmed. It was in the night, when all alone, lying on my bed, that I hope the Lord revealed to my mind the way of life, through the meritorious righteousness of Christ. Soon I began to fear that I had been asleep, and had only been dreaming. I thought if it had taken place in the daytime, I would have been better prepared to comprehend the result. I could now see how God could remain just and be the justifier of poor sinners, through the name of Christ; and so I spent the rest of that night in deep meditation, with frequent spontaneous outbursts of soul to God for mercy. O! Lord, if I am mistaken, I pray Thee to guide me in the right way. O! that I could see some one that knew the way, that I might tell them the condition of my mind, and ask them for advice. Up to this time, I did not want any one to know of my troubles, but my mind was now changed in that respect. I loved God; and O, how I longed to see some of His children, that they might speak some kind word to me, and give me some comfort. And thus the night passed off; and as day came, I rose from my bed and refreshed myself by taking a walk to catch the gentle breeze of the beautiful April morning. The sun rose clear and beautiful and shone soft and lovely, and the sweet notes of cheerful little birds seemed to chant the praise of God. I felt almost ready to join in the heavenly song. All nature seemed new, and all creation seemed to be praising God. O! what a change; yesterday all was dark and dismal, to-day all is bright and glorious; yesterday my heart ached, and I was sad and lonely; to-day my heart is

easy and I am cheerful. I felt like singing,

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,  
That saved a wretch like me;  
I once was lost, but now I'm found,  
Was blind, but now I see."

And thus the morning past; and often during the day, I could not help saying, O, that I knew that this change was of the Lord. If it had not occurred in the night, I thought I would have been better satisfied. With great anxiety I took up the Testament and opened it and began to read. I found it to read quite different to me to what it had on any former occasion; it seemed to be full of sweet and precious promises, that gave me much comfort. The place I was reading, was where Nicodemus came to Christ by night. The fact of its being in the night, made it the more interesting to me. When I read these words: "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit," my heart was filled to overflowing with love to God; I could scarcely hold my peace. I then felt sure it was the Lord, and I could say, with one of old, "My Lord and my God." There was seated in the room where I was a lady friend; she began to interrogate me, seeing that I was somewhat excited, and I began to tell her my travels for the last five years, and what I hoped the blessed Saviour had done for me. She then gave me the reason of the hope that was in her. That evening was spent in singing, talking and rejoicing. It is one of the days that I shall never forget. I, a poor abandoned sinner, elevated to be a child of grace—an heir of God, a joint heir with Christ—rich in faith, happy in love. O, that day, that joyful day! Time passed sweetly for several days, and verily I thought I should never see any more trouble. But alas, alas, I soon found that I was sadly mistaken. I often yet find myself in mind gone back to the fourth Sunday in April, 1844. The joy of my heart

that day is far beyond the ability of my pen to tell; but the sweet peace of that ever memorable day was not to last all the while; soon it was disturbed. I began to think it was my duty, if I had been truly born of the Spirit, to let it be known by putting on Christ by baptism. For information on this subject I went to the New Testament. It was my companion by day and by night; my whole desire was to be guided by the counsel therein given: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and you shall find rest to your souls; my yoke is easy and my burden is light." "If you love me keep my commandments;" "If you love me you will keep my words." These and many other scriptures bore heavily upon my mind, until it was again distressed with a heavy burden, and again I would excuse myself; there were so many different churches, all claiming the Bible as the man of their counsel, and having no fellowship for each other, this seemed to perplex me very much; consequently I would conclude I had as well remain where I was, and not be driven to such extremes; then I could go to hear them all and enjoy all their preaching, for I thought surely they were all christians, all following Christ. So I went to all their meetings (the old order of Baptists among the rest) and I soon found that no kind of preaching was food to me, but sovereign, free and unmerited grace, and found also that they did not all preach unmerited grace—many preached merited grace. So I was compelled—yes, my dear brethren and sisters, I was compelled to cast my lot with the old order or Primitive Baptists, because I found their God was my God; the doctrine they preached comforted me, and I thought I could see in their body the marks of the Lord Jesus. I felt confident that I had found the Lord's house; but alas, I was not fit to dwell therein; I was not worthy, and