

dren of the bondwoman in their means to get money to replenish the treasury of their Moloch or imaginary God, to carry on their evangelizing projects; while their parents, (their father likely a preacher,) belong to and are engaged in carrying on Agricultural, County or State Fairs; and their argument to justify their course is, "O my sons and daughters must go into society, there is no harm in it." The wife and daughter want to exhibit a bed quilt or show how good a loaf of bread or roll of butter they can make; the boys want to trot a colt, to show a fine pig or exhibit the fruit of their ground, if not as Cain did, yet for a purpose little better. Then to make it take the better, if the father should be a preacher, he is put on some committee, commonly the most conspicuous, such as domestic manufactures and the horticultural department. So anti-Christ gets him to serve tables. All this time where is his charge, (preach the word.) Dear brother Bodenhamer, your paper is small, and I must not write too much. For this time, adieu.

J. G. WILLIAMS.

COTTON GIN,  
FREESTONE COUNTY, TEXAS,  
August 25, 1869.

Brother Bodenhamer:—Your valuable little paper occasionally comes to my hand, through the kindness of Brother Manning, who takes it for twelve months, often containing communications from brethren in Georgia and Alabama with whom I am acquainted either personally or from character, which makes them the more interesting to me. I read one recently from Elder Johnson Pate, the man whose hands upheld me in baptism on the third Sunday in October, 1865, near Fayetteville, Ga., and more recently one from my brother, Samuel C. Denton, who came with me to this country, and with whom I roved over several counties of this State before I found any of the peculiar people of God, the Primitive Baptists. He returned to Georgia, probably, to do a work assigned him by Zion's King, while I, as I hope, was by the same hand kept in this country to perform my destiny. If indeed the Lord has ever took cognizance of me, He also has appointed me a work here. At the age of five years my mother taught me some important lessons concerning God and His handiwork. At the

age of ten I felt my first keen convictions for sin. At the age of twenty I was brought to see "Jesus Christ as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth," which was but a short time before I was baptized. But my troubles, trials and temptations did not end when I was relieved of that ponderous load of guilt and condemnation that bore me down at the time. I, by an eye of faith, beheld Jesus as a mediator between me and an angry God, freely justifying me from all things, from which I never could be by the law of Moses. No, no. I say my troubles did not end there, for my mind had already been exercised on the subject of preaching, which began to grow stronger. I will not attempt to tell all my travels of mind on the subject. Let it suffice to say that all my efforts to resist the impression have been in vain, and that I have had more comfort in trying in a weak way to preach than I ever had in striving against it. If this scribble should chance to catch the eye of any dear brother who has an impression to preach, pray or exhort, let the unworthy writer say to such an one confer not with flesh and blood, "for if ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." The rod is the only blessing we find out of the path of duty. Brother Bodenhamer, I am sorry to see that your paper has so limited a circulation in Texas. It cannot be because there are but few Baptists here, for there are several Associations in the State. Let me state for the benefit of any preaching brother desiring to come to Texas that there is a church in Leon county, eight miles northwest of Centreville, that has had no pastoral supply for three years, yet they seem to be in quite a healthy state. May the Lord send a pastor.

Yours to serve,

JAMES C. DENTON.

LUTHERVILLE, GA.,  
September 17, 1869.

Mrs. M. M. Hassell—Beloved Sister:—I have delayed responding to your most excellent and highly appreciated letter of April so long that I feel due an apology—my name has appeared so often in the Landmarks lately, that I am ashamed of it. I had concluded to answer your letter when a letter written to brother Mitchell last winter unexpectedly appeared; this caused another delay. I am not, however, "ashamed of the

testimony of our Lord," nor of His despised afflicted ones, but ashamed of myself for (I fear) intruding too much upon the columns of the Landmarks, and for entering upon subjects that should have been left to more edifying and abler pens. I greatly fear that I have created disgust and caused offense, rather than "provoked to love and good works." "Let not them that wait on thee, O Lord, be ashamed for my sake, nor those that seek thee be confounded, for my sake."

I had penned the above and stopped with an oppressed feeling, and from finding no utterance, I took the Bible and opened to and began to read the 25th Psalm. Oh how forcible and how precious is the word of God when *exactly* suited to our feelings and desires!—"Unto thee O Lord do I lift up my soul." Surely none but a child of God can utter this in sincerity! nor can they which are at ease in Zion, mountain top or exalted position ever heard it; but its low, earnest wail goes up from the valley of humility. They that are up need no lifting; but the low, helpless soul, burdened and oppressed, feels so sensibly its need, and knows so well that none other than the strong arm of God can help, that it turns to Him in strong desires, and would lift itself in strong supplications. With this sense of need, and with this cry comes the expression—extorted, indeed from the emergency, but uttered in faith—"O my God, I trust in thee." When is a soul so ready to trust in God as when fully humbled under a sense of its own need and nothingness?—when thus feeling that none but God can help—when thus desiring that none but God should help? And thus, looking back over the past, and within over its terrible enemies, how tremblingly bursts the cry "let me not be ashamed, let not mine enemies triumph over me." And this prayer is uttered, or felt, for all the members of the body, expressive of a common care and cause, "Yea let none that wait on thee be ashamed" but those who "transgress without a cause."

"Show me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths." There never was a heaven-born soul but desired to a greater or less extent to know and do the will of God; they may at first think to learn it by enquiry from others or by reading the Scriptures; but let such come at last to a full sense of its nothingness, and a

full knowledge of its own powers, and the entire insufficiency of an arm of flesh, and oh how earnest, how urgent bursts the cry "Lord what wilt thou have me to do—show me thy way O Lord and teach me thy paths, for thou art the God of my salvation." Upon the principle contained in the last assertion is based all the above. A soul never is so humble as when it can say, unreservedly, "thou art the God of my salvation." We might *naturally* conclude that a soul thus confident would need no lifting to God or teaching in His ways and paths, but natural conclusions err when trying to discern a spiritual position. Let a poor trembling, fearful soul feel its low helpless condition, and it rejects natural conclusion, and knows, as if it were by spiritual instinct, that none but God can help; and this very knowledge is cotemporary with the faith that attests "thou art the God of my salvation, cause me to know the way wherein I should walk, for I lift up my soul unto thee: I flee to thee to hide me—teach me to do thy will for *thou art my God*." Poor trembling child of faith, be assured in your heart that the God of your salvation has given you those desires because He intends to grant them; the very yearnings, groanings and longings going upward to God from the vale of oppression is of the Spirit given and accepted of God. We may well question desires not perceivably disconnected from the flesh; but when desires arise and flow to God *detached* from all created things, they flow to the very source that has implanted and that has purposed in Christ to grant them; they are the breathings of that eternal life given in Christ before the world began. And is it really so, that desires detached from earth shall be granted? that to be hungry and thirsty for the bread and water of life is (after waiting) to be filled with "all the fullness of God?" shall the strong silent desires turning from earth and daily arising to God from this body of death, be satisfied? Shall such a poor, underserving sinner ever "awake in thy likeness?" I *know* not. But "on thee do I wait all the day." Waiting leans on faith, but it springs from hope. To wait all the day requires patience, and patience comes by tribulation. None can wait patiently *all* the day but such as have been exercised by tribulations. Wars *without* or conflicts incident upon earthly