

ed brother McDaniel, once a faithful publisher of ZION'S LANDMARKS:

AIKEN, SOUTH-CAROLINA,  
June 5th, 1874.

Dear Brother Gold:—

As I was somewhat interested in the location of the LANDMARKS, at Wilson, and for some years its publisher at that point, there may be some that would like to hear what has become of me. As you are aware my sickness in Tarboro left me a chronic paralytic. My disease is what they call general paralysis, and I am consequently as helpless as a baby, with all my powers affected more or less, but none entirely obliterated I believe. My case seems a hard one. My wife dead and separated from my children, yet when I contrast my situation with some I have known or read of, it is not so hard after all. I have not been cast into the lion's den, nor am I made to walk the fiery furnace. One who has been accustomed to mingle with the duties of life finds that human nature rebels at being separated therefrom, and I seriously doubt the profession of that man or woman who says otherwise. In former times I was repeatedly asked to write out my experience for publication, and having never done so, I feel a little impressed and do so at this time. I will make the endeavor hoping that it may be interesting and profitable to the reader:

I was born in Orange County, N. C., in the year 1831, my father dying when I was about six years old, and my mother being left poor with four children. I received comparatively no education. In 1841 I was bound to the printing business in Greensboro for eleven years. In 1845 I ran away, and after wandering about some time, was employed some four months at Louisburg, Franklin County, after which I conceived the idea of going to Mexico, and joined a company from Fayetteville. Returning from that war in 1848, I spent some weeks at my brothers in Guilford County, N. C., after which I sought and obtained employment at Saulsbury where I remained some four months, after which I was employed at Fayetteville for about the same length of time.—Work failing there I started on what printers call a "tramp" without any definite intention or idea of any particular place. Traveling through many vilages and cities in North Carolina and Virginia, I found myself in Alexandria Va., where I was married and resided until the war.—During my wandering I was frequently impressed with the idea that I was living without God in the world, and that if I should suddenly be taken away, I was unprepared to meet him. I do not remember any particular trait only that of self-will, but was generally known as a "wild boy." After my marriage the desire for peace with God was bearing strongly on my mind. I was an attendant of the Missionary Baptist

Church, and during my labor (if I had such) I frequently sought lonely and long walks in the woods, and there communed with God. Returning from one of these walks, and feeling particularly distressed at my sinful condition, I met the Pastor of the Missionary Baptist church and sought a conversation with him believing he would afford me some relief of mind. He told me that my distress arose from neglect of duty; that I ought to be baptized that I was a fit subject for it. At first I demurred, believing I was a fit subject for hell, but finally consented, thinking that membership of the church was all that was necessary. Soon after I joined the Missionaries I learned that I had no home there. The first discord that I noticed was in regard to introducing instrumental music into the church, though I was particularly fond of music I did not believe it right to introduce it into the house of God, and I was "old fogy" enough to take that ground. Soon after this my mind became troubled about the Missionary Tract and Bible Societies and Sunday School Unions. I could not see how different denominations, so utterly at variance, and teaching different doctrines could unite in such things. Perhaps I was dull of comprehension, but I had not so "learned Christ." These things soon became known, and I was cut off from the church. About this time Elder R. C. Leachman, preached in Alexandria, and I was convinced that he entertained and preached what I thought was the doctrine of the Bible. As soon as opportunity offered I went before the Shiloh church at Washington City, D. C., was received by them and baptized in the Potomac by Elder Leachman. Since that time I have been hobbling along, sometimes up and sometimes down. I might write many incidents in my journey, but I think they are unnecessary. My favorite hymn says that—

"Bitter may be the bud but sweet the flower"

Perhaps it may not be my lot to cull them. I like to read the writings of those I have known in former times as well as that of those whom I have never known in the flesh, but I believe are journeying to the same haven.

I hope my sister Biggs will pardon me for copying so much of the article in the last number of the LANDMARKS, but it expresses my views so much better than I could do it myself that I take the liberty of reproducing it:

"Sometimes I realize calm and delightful sail, trusting entirely in Jesus and rejoicing in full hope of the glory of God, and sometimes experiencing the tempestuous storms of sore adversity. But, I believe that all are needful, and our afflictions are oft blessings in disguise, tending more to our growth in grace, increase in faith, and the knowledge of Christ. With David I feel, that "before I was afflicted I went astray;" and, as the

rod of chastisement is often felt I do desire with renewed fervency of soul to thank our God for his watchful care and unceasing love and mercy.

Precious indeed is it to view the hand of our heavenly Father in all our pathways, meeting out our changes to us in wisdom, love and mercy; enabling us with thankfulness, humility and resignation to—in spirit feel, thy will Oh God! not mine, be done.

'With joy let each afflicted saint,  
This cheering truth behold,  
That when he's tried he shall not faint  
But shall come forth as gold.

Beloved in Christ wherever we be, may we be enabled to contend earnestly for the faith, and keep our garments unspotted from the world. May we manifest our love to Christ by obeying his commands. May we ever rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh, remembering that we all are dust and unto it we must return, and appear before the righteous Judge of all the earth.

'Self-righteous souls on works rely,  
And boast their moral dignity;  
But, if I hear a song of praise,  
Each note shall echo grace, free grace.

'Tis thus alone of grace I boast,  
And 'tis alone in grace I trust;  
For all that's past, grace is my theme,  
For what's to come 'tis still the same.

May we live the life of the righteous, and bid adieu to earth in the triumph of faith,"

Yours, in humble hope,  
C. S. MCDANIEL.

\* \* \* Signs of the Times, please copy.

DANCEYVILLE,  
HAYWOOD COUNTY, TENN.,  
December 28th, 1873.

Elder P. D. Gold, Dear Editor:—

It is through the kind mercy of the All-Wise Maker that I am spared this night to write you a few short lines of my experience. I feel that the Lord has dealt with me according to my wicked deeds or he would have long since cut me off, but I am thankful that he watches over such a wicked and hell-deserving sinner as I am. Sometimes everything seems so dark with me that I think I am lost forever, and then again all seems bright, and then my very soul seems to be gay and happy after reading a few words of the gospel. Tonight I felt that I was a greater sinner than before, that I had promise in the kingdom of heaven—then I began to doubt and fear. I felt so miserable that I could not rest that night at all. It seems like I am such a great sinner that God does not smile on me, but frowns; but, I am thankful to the Almighty God that he has let me live so long and has not cut me off as yet, so I will trust to him as the author of all good blessings.—I sometimes feel as if I could die, for it seems as if I am a curse to myself and to everybody near me. It looks like they hate me and want me out of their way, and I try to die, and then the Lord speaks peace to my troubled soul and then everything looks bright again. Sometimes I try to pray but the Devil tells me not to pray, that there is no God but him. I then begin to wonder and tremble and think that I am a stumbling-block for the whole world, and then I find myself praising him in

my heart when my sinful lips does not move. Sometimes it does me good to talk of God's goodness. It seems like my soul doth magnify the Lord, my spirit it doth rejoice in my God and Savior. I can say and tell the truth, this world has no charms for me for I feel like it is not my home. I well remember the big Methodist Meeting which was held in Danceyville, I went day and night sometimes and thought I would get religion, but they kept up such an excitement that I could not profess religion. They were hollowing and bawling and squalling so that I could not settle my mind on religion. You could have heard them a mile or more. Well, they called mourners I went up and made sure I would profess, but when I got there, there was not a thought of religion in my body. They told me to pray harder and to have more faith, that I was very near the cross, but when I come to find out I was just as far from the cross as before; but, I prayed just as hard as I could but did not profess that night—and I professed as I thought, and everything looked brighter and I loved the people better than before, but just before I professed, as I thought, I gave up all hopes of ever being saved, and thought I saw the Devil coming after me to take me off; and, I came to this conclusion, if I am doomed it is just—and I gave up all. Just then I thought the Lord came unto me and chose me as one of his lambs, but I fear I was mistaken, for I have so many doubts and fears about religion; but I hope not dear Editor.—Pray for me—may God bless you all. Farewell,

MARY M. SAMMONS.

Selections.

"YE must be born again." And what is this being born again but a spiritual conception and bringing forth of Christ in the soul. What was said to Mary is said to each of the family: "And, behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb [soul], and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus." Whenever there is a spiritual conception and travail, there will be a spiritual deliverance; for we read: "Shall I bring to the birth, and not cause to bring forth; saith the Lord."

THE spirit of prayer upon the Church is but the presage of their adversaries' ruin. When God seeks to destroy the nations that come against Jerusalem, He will pour upon the inhabitants of it a spirit of grace and of supplication: "And in that day I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications," (Zech. 12: 9, 10.) This time of extremity, when all their hands fail, should edge the Church prayers.