

that I was justly condemned. When I went home mother asked me if I did not want some breakfast. I turned my back to her and told her that I did not want any thing in this world. She prepared breakfast and I drank one sip of coffee and got up from the table. She told me that if she was in my condition she would never go to another party. I told her if the Lord would forgive me for that time I would never go again. (It was not worth while for me to say I would not go, for the very things that I said I would not do were the very things I did.) She told me to go to the house and lie down and go to sleep that I would feel better. I went off and tried to pray to the Lord to have mercy on and pardon me and I would never go to another party, I have never been to one since. I left her and went on as though I was going to the house, but I got over the fence and went down into the woods where I generally went to pray. After remaining there for some time, trying to beg the Lord to have mercy on me, I thought I had neither friend in heaven nor in earth. I concluded that it was not worth while to pray for Jesus would not have mercy on me. I felt that my case was too low for any mercy to ever reach me. I thought I would go to the house and never pray again, for if I went to hell it would be no more than just, and felt that there was no other place fit for me—but to keep from it I could not to save my life, for I would try to beg the Lord for mercy day after day. I would go and see some of my playmates but I could not enjoy myself with them, I would stay in young crowds but was like one to myself for it seemed that they cared nothing for me. I told my mother that she did not care anything for me and she told me that she loved me better than any thing in this world; but it seemed that she made more of everybody than she did of me. I went on so until September when I started to school—one day my troubles came upon me with double force, more than they had ever been before—I thought I would go back home for I thought that would be my last day on earth and that I would go and see my mother before I died. I thought my disease had got worse and sure I could not live long. I told her that I should not go to school that day as I could not learn anything. I did not tell her how I felt—I thought it would disturb her. I knew I could not live much longer with my heart in this condition. I did not feel like I would live to see the next day, and would say if I had never been born I would be ten thousand times better off. I felt willing to exchange places with anything that had no soul to be saved or lost. I went on so about three weeks, and went to my uncle's and he had to go away, he asked me to take up a little fodder for him.—I told him I would try. That night I did not think I should live to see

the next morning. I got up feeling worse than I ever had and went to breakfast but could not eat but very little. I then went in the field and came to the conclusion that I was dying and thought I would go to the house and tell my aunt my feelings, for I wanted some one to know my feelings before I died. I commencing telling her my feelings and she commenced crying and told me she was glad of it. I left her that morning and started on back in the field and thought I would go in the woods and try to pray one more time. I came to two stacks of fodder and went behind them, thinking no one would see me, and fell with my face upon the ground and said, Lord, save me, a sinner! And a voice seemed to say to me, Bear these troubles, you shall have peace. I felt some better but did not know what to make of it, for I did not think mercy could reach my case. I went on trying to ask the Lord to have mercy upon me when I heard a voice saying, Bear this cross and follow on, a sinner shall be born again. I did not feel friendless then for I felt that I had found a Saviour—I never felt so happy in all my life. It seemed that I loved everything better than I did before and felt as light as a feather. I then felt that I could praise my Saviour forever, and commenced singing and started to the house to tell my feelings; but, before I got there I thought if I told it that I would deceive them all. I thought if I was deceived I did not want to deceive any one else. I tried to get my burden back for I thought that I had not suffered half enough, and thought if I could go over it again I could tell how it left me. It seemed to me that I loved the Baptists better than anything in this world. I went home and told my mother of my feeling, she said she was glad to hear me talk so, that she thought that that was what was the matter with me before then. I then felt that I would go before the church the next meeting, but felt so unworthy that I did not feel worthy of their fellowship. I felt that no one ever went before the church with as little a hope as I had to tell. I went away and promised the Lord if he would enable me to go to the next meeting I would try and offer. I went on begging the Lord to give me something to go before the church with. I did not get any better until Saturday before the third Sunday in November, when I went before the church at Conoho, was received and baptized on Sunday. It was a happy day with me and I felt that there was nothing more for me to do. I went on so for two or three days, then doubts and fears began to arise, and I think they will last me as long as I live.

Your unworthy brother in hope,  
WHITMEL DAVIS.

A COPY of "Naaman the Syrian" will be furnished free to each new subscriber to ZION'S LANDMARKS.

DAVISTON, TALLAPOOSA COUNTY, ALA., }  
April 30th, 1874. }

Elder P. D. Gold:—

Dear Brother in Christ,—I was born in the year 1808, yet through the mercy of God I am spared, and permitted to remain on the stage of action a poor pensioner from time to eternity, and why it is so must be imputed to the goodness of God. I have for some time past had it on my mind to offer in my weakness, for publication, some of my past experience and what I hope God in his great goodness and love through mercy has done for my poor soul. I was brought up by good parents, who strictly reprov'd me for evil words or actions.

When I was nine years old I went to a funeral, and the Minister near the beginning of his remarks stated that he preached not to the dead but to the living, that all were sinners, and all were commanded and ought to pray, little boys you are sinners, and you ought to pray, which words seemed to reach my heart, and I felt troubled in my mind, and thought that I was a sinner against God. Soon after this being to myself I tried to pray, and it appeared to me that I knew not what to say, and felt worse than before. I feared God greatly, and looked upon him with awe because I had offended, and sinned against him, I was melancholy, and when I meditated or when to myself I felt lonely and solemn before him and knew not what to do. After this I went on sinning and praying at times as I grew. Sometimes would go to meeting, and would become more fully alarmed, renew my diligence in prayer and meditation on my unhappy condition. Again I would grow cold and become careless and unconcerned about my condition and omit going to the grove to pray. I often went to hear the Baptists preach, and it seemed that the Minister knew my feelings much better than I could express them myself.—It was strange and mysterious to me that the Minister who had not seen me or had information about me could know what my situation was, it appeared that he had a spirit discernment that I knew nothing of, something like supernatural. These things increased my fears, and excited my mind to more activity in trying to investigate or find out what my condition really was. I went on this way for a time, and it seemed that the burden on my mind grew lighter, I became more careless about attending to prayer, some time passed while in this more easy or unconcerned condition, until being warned at night in a dream or a vision either asleep or awake. I thought that I was in an old three story building much decayed by time or age, viewed myself in the second story, knew not how I came there, and looking towards the East end of the building I saw a number of young persons running on which I felt distressed in feelings,

and on the right of this company a few paces from them I saw my Saviour and he looked upon me and said to me in a soft and gentle tone, pray ye, go ye and pray. I hesitated a moment though fully decided in my mind, and wished to obey. I found myself immediately out of the true building, and he looked upon me and moved off along a narrow white path a little ascending, I followed after him with a quick pace yet he gained upon me, I tried to quicken my steps, I tried to run he still gained upon me, but I kept the path a considerable distance and came to where were three roads, right, left and the narrow or proper road. I looked at the right, left and middle or narrow strait forward road and saw my Saviour at the top of the mountain in the stand with his hands stretched, he looked upon me with a look of love, he was fairer than any of the sons of men, virtue, love and majesty, seemed to beam in his countenance, and seemed to express great desire for me to come unto him, (and if I ever shall be so blessed as to reach the realm of bliss, I believe I shall know him.) It seemed at this time that I was not able to follow him, not able to ascend the mountain but turned to the right which led into a dangerous forest inhabited by beasts of prey, where there was no road, awful fears seized my mind which are inexpressible. I found myself in a mighty wilderness.

I was attacked by three furious dogs, which increased my fears but escaped with but little injury. I pressed forward where there was no road until I came to a precipice of great height and started head-long down it. As I started down it I looked to the top of the mount and saw my Saviour looking at me with a look of love and anxious care for me. As I started down the precipice I caught hold of some rotten root which gave way with me and as I started to leap into destruction all was darkness. Soon after this I saw myself near the narrow road I had left. Here closed my view and I was restored to my common recollection. Meditating on these things, I decided to live a spiritual life, still I was at this time, living a natural life. I saw myself on the precipice, beyond the possibility of recovering. My decision was, that my soul had gone to destruction and was eternally lost. I searched the scriptures and read religious works, to find out my condition. I went to the Baptist and Methodist meetings and found no relief. My case became desperate—no tongue can express my sufferings—I had committed the unpardonable sin. "Bunyan" seemed to express my feelings, which gave me a gleam of hope, thinking he had traveled the same road I had which gave me a little comfort. I resolved in my mind to read the Bible through in order to find out where I stood in the sight of God.—My case was such an one as never