

home I was about like I was when I left. After a while I got able to ride a little on horse-back. One day I rode over to the field where the hands were at work and sat down on a stump in sight of them; took the Primitive or testament out of my pocket (for I generally carried it) and commenced reading. My feelings changed instantly and I thought I was gone. I got on my feet as quick as possible and thought I would call the hands, but I had not told the secret yet and I knew they could do me no good, and I knew if I died they would take my body home. I could not stay there so I started for home, and as soon as I got home and put my feet on the ground these words came to my mind: "Unbelief is a damning sin." It seemed to me that that made me worse if possible. On another occasion I went over to a neighbor's house near by, after sitting a while I commenced hobbling for home; when I got about half way home I thought right then and there that I was going to breathe my last. I thought I would try and go back, and if I did not die before I got there then they would know something was the matter with me. I again started for home. I came to this conclusion: That the only way to show me what I was and then I began to read my soul. I felt I deserved to go.

shape of a half moon; the part seemed to be resting on the earth; the top of it in the air; each way seemed to be as high as the Sun is in the sky about three hours before it set, and the Saviour seemed to be at the center near the top. I then saw that any more effort on my part was useless. (I forgot to say that this body seemed to be as smooth as a slate and perpendicular.) I could say "if thou wilt thou canst come to me," but, Thou hast plainly shown me that I can't go to Thee. I would often think that I would stop begging for mercy but I could not help it. I concluded one morning that I would go to my place where I had so often been and fallen on my knees—it was in the carriage house near the lot. I had never fallen prostrate with my face to the earth; so that morning before light I was there on my face, and said: "Lord, what must I do to be saved?" Instantly the answer came—"take up thy cross and follow me." Not yet relieved, still rolling and tumbling on my bed from side to side, while every one else was asleep, and everybody seemed happy but me. If I could have been anybody but myself I felt like I would be easy. I had been expecting to sink down into hell for some time. One night I went in my room (for I preferred being alone) and lay down, pretty soon it seemed to me that there was an

end of all things here with me, more so than common, if possible. There seemed to be an opening in the earth about the size of a common well, it extended through the floor and there was nothing between me and it but my bed. I thought I had to pass through that dark space down into hell. I did not ask for help but felt perfectly resigned to go down. I think, I then and there, at the mouth of hell, as it seemed to me, saw the justice of God in my condemnation. I did not think that he would punish me in hell more than I deserved. It did seem to me that in an instant after I became perfectly reconciled to his will concerning my case, yea, in all things besides, that the Saviour of sinners was standing by the door near my bed. At his appearance this opening disappeared. I was easy as soon as I saw what a great thing had been done for me. I then went to sleep, and when I awoke the next morning what a happy creature I was. I remained so for a few days and could sing

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound—  
That saved a wretch like me," &c.

When in that condition I thought I was prepared to live without sinning, but I soon got disappointed in that. Then I commenced thinking that I was deceived and would sing

"Am I a soldier of the cross?" &c.

I began to think that there was doubt about there being any change in me that

thereof but cannot tell from whence it cometh or whither it goeth." So is every one that is born of the Spirit. I will quote one passage that did me a great deal of good and then I must begin to close: "There is therefore now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus."

I went to hear many denominations preach, but the first Old Baptist that I heard after this told me more than I thought any man could tell. Oh, how glad I was that I had found company! Soon after this my impressions were to go to the church. I went to meeting often and promised myself that I would not let another chance pass, but my unworthiness kept me back until I got miserable in my feelings. At length I went forward and was received, and was baptized by Elder J. H. Wilson.

I am, your unworthy brother, if one at all. J. C. BARBOUR.

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

BLACKSHEAR, GA., Sep. 3rd, 1874.

Elder P. D. Gold.—

I make the suggestion to you to publish the controversy that took place between you and Mr. Hooper and brother Rowe. I have heard many of our brethren express great desire to see it published in pamphlet form. I think it would be valuable to us and the rising generation. I would be willing to pay two or three dollars for it before I would do without it; and, if it was in a pamphlet it could be preserved, and I think it

would be of comfort to the saints that may live on earth for ages yet to come. I would to God that a copy of it was upon the mantle of the household of every saint in the land. I think if you will request the brethren generally to send you a copy containing the controversy—of the LANDMARKS or Primitive Baptist—you will be likely to gather it all.

I am glad to say to you, that a lady of the Missionary name, borrowed a few copies of your paper from me, and among them was the one that I recently received containing yours and Mr. Hooper's first letter; and, on returning them, she particularly requested that she might keep that one. She stated to me that she had long been between the two (not knowing which one was right).

Dear brother, there are many inquiring souls that are desiring to know the truth as it is in Jesus, and may God send his watchmen forth to cry to them: "Come out of her, my people!" Oh, that these precious souls might dwell in Zion and drink freely of the waters of Jerusalem.

Not long since I was thrown in company with this lady and a lady friend of hers, at a neighbor's house, and knowing my profession, she requested me to explain some of God's word—where he speaks of election—and while I was trying, in my weakness, to speak of God's chosen people and their inheritance, I beheld the expression of joy in the countenance of her friend, while tears were plainly to be seen. It made my heart rejoice while I spake with the liberty of the Spirit, and, after her departure I learned her remarks concerning the conversation, which were: "Miss ——— I do love to hear that man talk, and, like the Psalmist I can say, 'Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound.'" Oh, how comforting and consoling, dear brother, is the voice of the shepherd! It is a voice that comes from above, it is not an earthly voice, but it is the voice of the Son of God, and one thing often comforts my poor soul, and that is because every one of the sheep knows that voice; and, we rejoice to see that the voice gathers the sheep together in one fold.

Brother Gold, I believe I love Zion's children, I love the glorious gospel of King Jesus. Oh! it is my delight, I do feel to rejoice in it as my life, and when I see manifestations of the knowledge of Jesus in my fellow-men, it makes me love them freely, it causes my soul to long after them, and while my poor heart yearns towards their souls these words come to my mind with sweetness:

I am but a young convert,  
Who lately did enlist:  
A soldier under Jesus—  
My Prophet, King and Priest.  
I have received my bounty,  
Likewise my marital dress,  
A ring of love and favor,  
A robe of righteousness.

I regret to see so much trouble among the children as I have seen

here. Babylon has a very nice looking daughter here—her name is Miss Temperance. Some of Zion's children married her, and no later than a few minutes ago I had the pleasure of writing out a divorcement for one of the children from her.—She is a harlot, for she will not only marry christians but she will marry liars and drunkards, and more than that, "I cannot find a thus saith the Lord for her, in all the word;" so, the Lord has not sent her, and if he has not, then the Devil has, and it would be the best for all Israelites to beware of her because she is a snare.

I love the paper's contents; my soul has often been made to rejoice while reading the communications of the dear brethren and sisters; and, may the Lord bless them and sanctify all their sorrows to their good, and save them in his heavenly kingdom, is my prayer, for the ever blessed Redeemer's sake! May grace, mercy, and peace be with you—Amen!

I remain, as I hope, your brother in the gospel and in much tribulation,  
H. PARRISH.

ROCKY MOUNT, N. C., Aug. 29th, 1874.

Dear Brother Gold:—

It seems that I want to say something but hardly feel that I can say anything worth your attention; but, can say, I hope all is going tolerably well with us here as a church and as a people, for, I feel to hope in your absence we have had the gospel truth preached unto us. I heard brother Bland last Sunday at Pleasant Hill and I have all reason to believe that he did preach the gospel to the poor: for, I was poor in Spirit when I went there but I was built up to rejoicing in that Jesus whom I delight to serve, and who is so able and so kind to feed us and give us our portion of meat in due season.—Thanks be to his holy name that we may trust in him and not be afraid. Brother Gold, he has said, Trust and not be afraid, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give us the kingdom! and, I feel that the Lord has given us this kingdom. We are a willing people to serve him with all our might, soul and strength; for he says, In the days of my power my people shall be a willing people, for they shall be taught of the Lord.—What are they taught? That naked and blind and helpless as little children, and made to see the corruption of the heart, and I believe are made to cry out over and over again, Lord, be merciful to me a sinner, in this condition. For "except ye become as a little child ye can in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven."

Here he as an infant, with his eyes  
Opened too, Behold what does he see?

Himself the chief of sinners,  
and vile and full of corruption, and fully exposed to the vengeance of God's holy law. And here we are made willing to say, That

"If my poor soul was sent to hell  
God's righteous law would approve it well,"  
but, he will still plead, God, be mer-