

Poetry.

A SAD HEART.

They tell me in tones so strange,
And yet I can't believe—
The darkest days we spend on earth
Will sometime have relief.

Could I, with a christian heart,
Unburthened with a sigh;
Offer up a sincere prayer
'Twould raise my thoughts so high.

But all the unspeakable joys
That use to fill my heart,
Have wasted on deserted shores
And now I find no rest.

The silvery lining on that cloud
That once did float so light—
Has banished from before my eyes
And gone quite out of sight.

The voice that use to cheer us all
In a kind and gentle tone,
Is hushed on earth forever more,
And, we are all alone.

I look around me pressed with care,
And wonder why I'm left;
Thus oppressed on every side,
Forsaken and bereft.

Would that I could bundle all my cares
And sorrows in one big pile,
And bid farewell to all that's sore,
And crown it with a smile.

I'd laugh, and sing, and be so good,
I don't know what I'd say;
I'd rise at daybreak, do all I could
I'd be likened unto May.

But, there it comes, this great big tear:
Oh how hard it is to mourn—
I sometimes think it had been better
If I had never been born.

But, thus it is, and I must bear
Whatever may befall—
"Take up thy Cross and follow me,"
Seems often to be my call.

Communicated.

Dear Brother Gold,
Editor Zion's Landmarks:—

I take my pen in hand to write
you a few lines, if kind providence
will permit my mind to do so.

Brother Gold, sometimes I think
we are a few people, but when I
hear from them it seems that they are
more numerous than I thought for,
but the Lord's people are few, and if
I am one it is known with God who
gave me to my dear Saviour; and he
revealed his love to my poor ruined
soul, as I thought; he made me see
that I was lost. And, I would try
to pray and do all I could to better
my condition, but alas! all would
get worse with me, and it seemed to
me that I must die. I would view
the Sun and Moon and they too seem-
ed to frown down on me. I would
say, "Lord, have mercy on me," and
then seek some lonely place for com-
fort but seemed to find none. And,
alas! I began to lose all confidence
in myself, so I thought it was a pret-
ty bad case with me. I would read
my Bible to see if I could find any-
thing that would satisfy me, but it
condemned me, so I went along in
this state of trouble, praying and
mourning, and weeping and begging,
and pleading to the Lord to have
mercy on my poor soul. I got final-
ly helpless and at last heard a voice
saying: "Your prayers are ended—
praise the Lord for what he has
done." I began to praise and claim
him as my Saviour and would think

that would never do. I thought I
was deceived for I had strange feel-
ings to what I had before. While I
was in this condition I saw a light
shining above the Sun, it made every-
thing look beautiful to me. I then
felt free. I turned around to Mr.
Kirby and told him all about my
troubles, and told him that I loved
everybody, and that I loved my God
and all his works. The next thing
that bothered my mind was going to
church, I thought if I went and they
rejected me, then what a miserable
person I would be. Then I went
and talked with one of the brethren
and told him all about my troubles
—he told me when their next meet-
ing was. I went but the weather
was so bad the brethren didn't come
until late, so I was troubled again.
After preaching was over the Minis-
ter said if there was any one that
wanted to talk to the brethren they
could do so. I went forward and
told them my ups and downs and
they received me in the church, and
was to be baptized on Sunday after
preaching, which was the first Sun-
day in December, 1871; I was baptiz-
ed by brother A. R. Reed; the
ground was white with snow; I saw
the brethren break the ice, but I tell
you brethren and sisters, I did not
care for that, for it appeared to me
that it was the example that my Sa-
viour left for me. The next thing
that came to my mind was, washing
each other's feet—I felt that to be my
duty as much as anything else. I
came the warfare between the flesh
and Spirit. Whether I keep myself
unspotted from the world or not I
cannot tell. N. A. E. KIRBY.

SPEIGHT'S BRIDGE, N. C.,
July 24th, 1874.

Brother Gold:—

I have an inclination to write to
you. I love to hear you talk and
also to read your paper. I wish the
LANDMARKS would come every day.
The more I read it the better I like it.
In reading the experiences of different
brethren I find that I have traveled
the same road.

I will now tell you a part of my
feelings before I joined the church.—
The first time I ever felt my sins was
when you and brother Davis preached
down here, in grand-father's house,
in 1872, and it appeared to me, I
know not how, that I had been doing
wrong, and kept feeling worse and
worse; I could not sleep at night for
thinking about my sins. I saw that I
had sinned so much that I could not
see how God could be just and save
me. These thoughts bore on my
mind and I could not throw them off.
I tried to pray, but it came to me
that the prayers of the wicked avail
nothing. I was afraid to ask any
one to pray for me, and above every-
thing to ask an Old Baptist, for I
hated them. After awhile I tried to
pray again, but my mind ran off on
something else. I would go fishing
with the other boys to try to forget
my sins, but I could not. Every

morning when I awoke I felt worse
and worse. This feeling continued
towards two years, when I was taken
sick, and I then felt that I wanted
some body to pray for me that could
pray, for I felt that I could not, but
at the same time I could not ask an
Old Baptist. I kept this a secret as
long as I could, at last one night, it
came to me, thy sins are forgiven
thee. I could not conceal my feelings; I
commenced singing, and woke up sing-
ing,

"Come humble sinner," &c.

After I quit singing I cried, it seemed
about an hour; I could not cry enough;
I never felt so happy in all my life.
I could not enjoy myself with the
boys that I used to. I told my feel-
ings to an Old Baptist, and he said
he had felt the same way. I could
now feel a love for them and wanted
to be with them, but I felt unworthy.
Something seemed to say to me, do
your duty; and I thought that duty
was to be baptized. This hymn rested
on my mind,

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try:
For if I stay away, I know,
I must forever die."

So the second Saturday in June came
and I joined the church and was bap-
tized by Elder Andrew Moore. I
must stop.

Your brother,
MOSES FARMER.

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Wilmington, N. C., Nov. 23, 1874. }

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Leave Union Depot daily..... 7:35 a. m.
Arrive at Goldsboro..... 11:50 a. m.
" Rocky Mount..... 2:00 p. m.
" Weldon..... 3:50 p. m.
Leave Weldon..... 9:50 a. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount..... 11:35 a. m.
" Goldsboro..... 1:37 p. m.
" Union Depot..... 5:50 p. m.

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Freight Trains.

Leave Union Depot daily..... 7:15 p. m.
Arrive at Goldsboro..... 2:11 a. m.
" Rocky Mount..... 5:19 a. m.
" Weldon..... 7:30 a. m.
Leave Weldon, daily..... 6:30 p. m.
Arrive at Rocky Mount..... 9:36 p. m.
" Goldsboro..... 12:39 a. m.
" Union Depot..... 6:30 a. m.

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JOHN F. DIVINE,
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