

are identical or not; they are both bad fellows, and they are both bad adjectives to attach to any one's name. They both apply to a wicked man, and in answer to the Apostle's solemn inquiry, "where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" I would answer in the language of Holy Writ: "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous," *Psa. 1: 4, 6.* "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," *Psa. 9: 17.* "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness," *Prov. 14: 32.*

"But Oh, their end! their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so:  
On slippery rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below."

Though the righteous are scarcely saved, and have to bear the judgment of their King and his princes, (*Isa 32: 1*) and have much to suffer here, for their Lord and Master, yet he "hath hope in his death," and beyond death a crown of righteousness, and an incorruptible inheritance reserved for them. "Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their souls to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator."

Affectionately Yours,

I. N. VANMETER.

Macomb, Ill., June 16th, 1875.

P. S. I extend my sincere sympathy to the bereaved family of my

Cardinal, and  
Lord bless them.

I extend a hearty greeting to you, brother Gold, and to the brethren and sisters in Wilson, and to your subscribers generally. I. N. V.

TROUPE Co., Ga., Feb. 3rd, 1875.

**A**S I have been requested by some of the believers in Christ, to write out my little experience, I will now commence and tell what I hope the Lord has done for my poor soul.

I never thought myself a sinner until the year 1872; we had preaching at our house, brother Whatley preached: he and sister Hearn stayed all night with us. Sister Hearn that night told her experience, and I thought if I could just talk like she did I would give anything. That night when I retired I prayed to the Lord to have mercy upon me; but when I awoke next morning I felt ashamed of myself, to think that I had prayed for such a foolish thing as religion. Time passed on and I began thinking of trying to pray again. I lay down one night and thought that I would get religion that night; I tried to pray to the Lord to have mercy upon me a sinner, but I did not feel any better; for every time I prayed I felt worse. I thought I would quit trying to pray. That morning when I awoke these words came into my mind with great force. "Ask and it shall be given you." I knew that I had asked, but not in the right way. I quit praying, for I did not think it did any good, for I thought I was too young to think of religion, for I was only thirteen years old. One

night I was invited to a ball, and I wanted to go, and didn't want to go; but I went, and a young man came to me and asked me to dance with him. I danced a while, and while I was dancing I thought I would sit down; but I never, for I knew if I did they would think something was the matter with me. I did not know what use there was in my trying to pray, and I just quit trying, until about a month after that I went to Church one day, and the preacher said, let all those that want to be prayed for come and give him their hand; but I never went, and he prayed for those that were too hard-hearted to come. I went home feeling very bad. When I got home I thought I would commence praying again. I went in the garden and tried to pray. I went back in the house and got the Testament to see if I could find anything to comfort me. I opened the book and turned to where David prayed for grace, and these were the words I found: "Bow down thine ear: Oh, Lord, hear me, for I am poor and needy." I thought that suited me exactly, and every night I would pray and think it was my last time that ever I would pray.

One night I lay down and I dreamed that judgment day had come, and I thought I saw the moon turning to blood, and I told my folks that we would all be lost; but Christ came to the door and said we would

One day I went a visiting, and myself and two other girls were upon the floor dancing, when the thought came into my mind: what would I do if I was to drop dead dancing. So I sat down and told the other girls they ought to be ashamed of themselves: for I knew if I had died then I would have been sent to torment, and I went home and commenced praying again, but it looked like I was praying to no purpose. I thought I would pray until I got relief. I lay down one night and tried to pray to the Lord to forgive my sins. I shut my eyes and it looked like I could see my sins roll up before me, and it seemed to me there were more than any body could count. I did not think I ever could get forgiveness for so many sins, and the next night I tried to pray again, and I felt worse than any body in the world, I do believe; and that night I dreamed that I was dying, and I called Ma, and told her the Lord had pardoned my sins. I then awoke. That dream troubled my mind more than any dream I ever had. Two days after that my sister Ludie and myself went to the spring, and when we got back I took my seat in a chair, and all at once I looked out of doors when suddenly every thing turned dark, and I thought I was dying. I told Ma that I was dying; she said, she guessed not; but I said I was. But that feeling wore off, and about sunset it came on me again. I looked up and saw the world in a solid ball. Ma called Pa from the field, and when he got to the house he asked me

what was the matter with me. I told him I felt worse than any body on earth. I looked up and called on the Lord to forgive my sins, and after that I sat down, when something said to me, "your sins are forgiven." I felt happy, and I loved everybody. It seemed to me I saw saints in heaven. I wanted to see brother Whatley and talk with him. I wanted to see all christian people, and talk to them; I loved everybody, but loved the christian people the best. I wanted to

"Tell to all around,  
What a dear Savior I had found."

I wanted to join the Church; for I felt like I could live with the christians forever. I did not think I could wait until the next meeting. But after that doubts and fears began to arise, and I did not know whether I had ever been changed. I wanted to go to Church, but would not go on Saturday, for fear I might unite with the Church, for I did not want to deceive any one.

This was in January 1874. In August there was preaching at Country Line, at the Primitive Baptist meeting house, and on Tuesday the door of the Church was opened, and I wanted to go up, for I intended to join the Baptists if any; for I believed they were the true people of God. I tried to stay back, for I did not want to deceive them; but the first thing I knew I was up tell-

ing my experience, and the Lord received me, and to my surprise two others were baptized by brother A. B. Whatley, and it was the happiest day I ever witnessed on earth. The second morning after being baptized I was thinking of heaven, when these words came into my mind with great force.

"When you've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun;  
You've no less days to sing God's praise,  
Than when you first began."

Brethren and sisters, I sometimes feel too unworthy to be called a child of God; but would not give the little hope that is in me for all the world.

I will be fifteen years old the 1st of next November.

I will close, hoping you all will remember me in your prayers.

Your unworthy sister, if one at all.

NANNIE B. V. WOODALL.

KERNERSVILLE, FORSYTH Co., N. C.,  
July 1st, 1875.

To all that love and obey God:—Grace,  
mercy and peace be multiplied:—

**A**FTER a long, and wearisome tour in Eastern North Carolina, I returned home the evening of the 30th of June, and found my dear family all well—in answer to my many prayers to God for them. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

In my visit East I met many of the dear children of God, and glad was I to see them, and they appeared as glad to see me, which both surprised and humbled me. I met large and attentive congregations at every appointment—that refreshed my feelings greatly, and often felt while trying to preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ—that if

the Lord would only enable me this once to feed the flock it would fully compensate me for all my toil. But it was the mind of our blessed Lord to withhold that enjoyment from me. Perhaps the comfort felt in meeting the brethren was all that I was to have, and certainly was more than I deserved; yet I greatly desired liberty to preach, but failed to attain unto it; although I often asked the Lord for it. Perhaps I ASKED AMISS—if so, it is best for me to be in darkness. "He hath brought me into darkness, but not into light." This darkness set up this prayer in my heart: O Lord, resign me to thy will, if it is to be in darkness, give me resignation to sweeten that darkness; if it is to be the least in my Father's house, give me grace to rejoice that I am in it at all, and if the brethren and sisters who followed my appointments for two or three days to get a crumb, and at last had to return empty, or troubled on account of my darkness, O may my darkness be sanctified to confirm them in their faith, that none have light only as it pleases God to give it. So let my darkness praise thy name, my weakness show thy power, and my poverty boast of thy riches: "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord, the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." Amen.

I was blessed with the company and ministry of Elder B. P. Pitt from Wilson to Williams', which was quite a spiritual feast to me, for he preached every day, and talked between meals of the glory of the kingdom of heaven. I also met Elder Godwin, and young Elder Pitt at Tarboro,' much to my satisfaction. Thanks be to God for the young gifts.

At Williamston I met Elder C. B. Hassell, who was very feeble in health. Took dinner with Elder and sister Hassell, and here I hope sister Hassell will pardon my expression, for I felt a desire to express the feelings I had under her prayer at sister Batts' house, (I believe was the name)—when I preached at the request of the old sister. Your prayer, dear sister, seemed so full of humility that I was made fully willing under it to try to preach that night. O how often I have thought of you and that prayer to my comfort.

I will now say a word to my friend George Payn, of Missouri.

I have just received your letter George, and was glad to hear from you, and to hear you were all well. We are all well, George; but you are not altogether so well as I would like you to be, nor are you so well as you think yourself to be; for in your letter to me you say you are satisfied with your Missionary, Arminian, or free-will baptism, and yet you say you have fallen into the WRONG CHURCH. How can it be a wrong Church if its baptism is right? The Church of Christ cannot be right in one part of its laws, and wrong in others. Now if the Missionary, Arminian, free-will doctrine be wrong, this baptism is also wrong, for you must recollect, George, that the faith of the administrator, and that of the subject baptized must be agreed, to constitute a solid baptism: For "how can two