

## Communicated.

HENRY COUNTY, Mo., August 6th, 1875.  
Elder Bodenhamer—Dear Brother in Christ:—

**H**AVE just read a communication in the LANDMARKS, from you, headed to all that love and obey God; grace, mercy and peace be multiplied.

This is what my poor hungry soul has been desiring and praying for a long time. To say I love God, I hope I do; but to live up to my duty in obeying his commands I do not, but fail in every point. Oh! that grace, mercy and peace could be multiplied to me a poor burdened sinner; this would give me the greatest solid comfort of anything else in the world. Sometimes I feel confident that God has hid his face from me for a season to reveal something to me for his own glory, and for the good of my poor hungry soul. My hope is almost gone, and my mind is overshadowed with many doubts and fears. My harp is hung on the willows, and my head is bowed down all the day long.

I expect you have heard before this that my dear husband, Dr. James W. Wall, was no more; he departed this life on the 10th of May in the 59th year of his age. He died strong in the faith, and talked as long as he had breath, and seemed perfectly reconciled to the will of his Heavenly Father. What a consolation to all of his relations and friends, and particularly to his bereaved family. I have often thought since his departure if he had died and left no evidence behind that he was torn again I could not have borne the trial. But blessed be God for his great love to him a poor lost sinner. Oh! that I could yet praise him whom my soul loves.

What is this world to me, my brother in tribulation? I would spend the remainder of my days in giving him all the glory if it was in my power. Oh! that my soul was filled with praise to him for his great love to us.

I have often tried to comfort myself while my mind has been so cast down, but it seems in vain; what to do, I know not. If left to myself, I am gone forever and forever.

I know I do not want to live here always in this vale of tears. Oh! Lord remember me in thy rich mercy. I have to risk my all in the hands of a crucified Saviour. Where shall I take shelter oh! Lord, but under the shadow of thy wing? Great God, in much mercy look thou down on me, make me trust in thy holy name; for there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved, but in and through the Lord Jesus Christ.

My mind for sometime has been so full of doubts that I fear I commit a sin in distrusting the goodness of God to me, a poor worthless creature lost in wonder and astonishment to think God in his rich mercy should condescend to look on me with a pitying eye. What shall I do to live a christian life? Oh! that God would show me as I thought once that I was saved by his everlasting salvation. Then, oh! then would I be easy all

the days of my life. I care not for wealth, nor any worldly enjoyment; only let my soul enjoy the rich smiles, of thy heavenly influence, oh! Lord of life and glory.

I look back on my past life and see how I have been blessed; then I see at once that this calls for my loudest praise and everlasting thanks. Reflecting over these things makes me see how I stand in the sight of God.

Dear brother, do you know anything of such sore conflicts, and do you go mourning all the day long, thinking where is he whom my soul loves?

I at one time almost gave up, and indeed I thought "why art thou cast down, oh! my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me; hope thou in God; for thou shalt yet praise him." Oh! that I knew I should yet praise him; then I surely would be yet in hope if I died in despair.

In all my trouble I try to be patient and endure all suffering in meekness, knowing that God is able to keep me by the power of his almighty arm, if consistent with his will.

Let me hear from you soon as convenient. You do not know the delight and comfort it is to me to hear from God's dear children, that are scattered here and there in this wide world of sin and sorrow.

Answer my letter through the LANDMARKS, or any way you like best. It has great weight on the little tender lambs of my Master's fold to read the communications that are printed in religious papers.

I must close.

Your unworthy sister in tribulation.

Farewell,

MARY F. WALL.

KERNERSVILLE, Forsyth County, N. C.  
Aug. 26th, 1875.

Sister Mary F. Wall of Missouri:—

**Y**OURS of August 6th to hand and finds us all well in bodily health. You refer in your letter to my article in the LANDMARKS, especially to the words "grace, mercy and peace be multiplied." You also state that this is what your poor hungry soul has been desiring. Also the words, "to all that love and obey God." You say "I hope I do, but to live up to my duty in obeying his commands I do not, but fail in every point." In those feelings you prove to the household of faith that you are born of God; you also gain fellowship with the meek of the earth, and yet you cannot gain fellowship with yourself; and I am glad my sister that you and I are so near alike in tribulation; for it speaks something good for us in future. Remember the words of our Saviour: "In this world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace; be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

This speaks this much for, and to us, that when we are done with the world we will be also done with tribulation; for when he overcame the world he overcame tribulation also. But we are not to be put in possession of that complete victory so as to have perfect peace until "mortality is swallowed up of life."

The life here spoken of is a life

given us of Christ. "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish." The mortality to be swallowed up is this animal, or Adamic life, in which life is seated the seeds of all our misery. In this life sin is the prominent feature, yet it is presented in many pleasing forms to our nature: such as riches of time, honor one of another, pride of life, self-esteem, smartness, wisdom of the world, prudence according to fashion, beauty, love, lust of the eye and heart; and many other forms, out of which grow envy, malice, jealousy, disquietness, and in short all the miseries of this life. And I am fully satisfied that the swallowing up of this Adamic life, called mortality by this "life given" is the only means known in the covenant of mercy, to free any from the evils and troubles of mortality.

I have no doubt but you are apprised of this fact: that it is no part of the Adamic man that is at war with sin, or troubled about it; neither do I find in my experience that my faith, hope or charity, is sufficient to do any more than simply hide my Adamic man from others, by driving him within doors, by the force of spiritual arms, and it is not at all times that I am sufficiently armed to do even that; but when I have been able to chase him out of sight to others, he is yet in sight, and in feeling to me, and is so pestilent and quarrelsome within that I often bring a heavy sigh before I think of myself, and say "oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this body of death." At other times he breaks out in his fury to such a pitch, that I think I shall fall at his hand. "I fear that I shall fall one day by the hand of Saul," and in this intimidated condition, being at my wits' end and off my guard, I have been led, or driven, and I hardly know at times which; at any rate I have had to remain in CASTLE THUNDER for days and weeks on his account. So I betake myself to prayer, and have prayed as best I could to the Lord to remove all evil desires of every character from me, and so keep me that I may have no ungodly thoughts, acts, desires, or temptations, and that I might love only him, and his cause; and the only answer I have ever been able to get is "my grace is sufficient for thee," and this sufficient for thee is only applicable to me in this sense, to prevent these evils from being imputed to me. "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord will not impute sin."

You spoke of wishing for "grace, mercy and peace to be multiplied in you."

In mathematical rules we multiply one figure, or figures by another, and so long as this multiplication is going on the account is growing rapidly; but this grace also has a rule of subtraction, so that while the spiritual man is growing, or multiplying, the visible or Adamic man is under the rule of subtraction, and is getting less, or no better, but rather worse." For under this spiritual mathematical rule of multiplication and subtraction, Paul could say, "when I am weak (in the flesh) then am I strong. (in the spirit.) Sub-

traction of grace showed him what Paul was. (weak) Multiplication of grace showed him what Christ is (strength.)

Paul was evidently more than a GRADUATE in spiritual mathematics because science can only reduce to the lowest denomination; but grace subtracted from Paul until he could say, "unto me, who am less than the least." For which saying the Apostle suffered the loss of his once world's renown for learning, and now is styled common and superstitious by the DOCTORS of the LAW.

I am sure that if the religious world was to figure until judgment day, without an experience of grace they never can bring the answer for anything to be LESS than the LEAST, and yet every child of God has this answer worked out and settled in his own heart, and this answer is this: "bring the weakest, poorest, humblest and meanest christian in the world and set him down before me, and tell me all his faults, and when I shall have heard them, all my feelings are that I am less worthy than he. So that if he be the LEAST, by all that's known, by all that's seen, by all that's told, I Paul, am yet less by what I feel. Hence I am LESS in, and by my FEELINGS than the LEAST by DESCRIPTION. So I am "LESS than the LEAST."

Now my sister, if you will turn to your little book of answers, (heart or experience) first edition, you will find the same answer set down; for this book of answers is all alike. "As in water, face answers to face, so the heart of man to man."

In conclusion let me say that for the past twenty years I have been walking by FAITH, and living upon HOPE; and what little of the passover I eat is eaten with bitter herbs only; for if a single day passes over me without bringing heart trouble, I know not when, and judging the future by the past, I never expect to see any better times in this life. "And if in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable."

Write to me again, and pray for me a poor lone pilgrim.

L. I. BODENHAMER.

TALLAPOOSA Co., ALA., July 1st 1875.

Elder Gold:—

**T**HE enclosed letter from Elder Mitchell has afforded me so much comfort that it would be too selfish for me to keep it to myself; please put it in the LANDMARKS that others may receive its benefits.

J. E. W. HENDERSON.

Box 138, OPELIKA, ALA.,  
June 1st 1875.

Elder J. E. W. Henderson—Beloved Brother in Christ:—

**I**T seems unreasonable to attempt writing unless one had something to write, but as I am often thinking of you, though I can write nothing of special interest I will drop you this note in token of my continued regard and remembrance. I oft feel very lonely even in the midst of company and when looking at the world and its affairs, its spirit and its doctrine religiously, compared with the riches of grace in Christ and the glory of his kingdom—