

Zion's Landmarks.

DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

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Zion's Landmarks,

P. D. GOLD, EDITOR.

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For a good reason please direct letters to me as follows:

P. D. Gold, Wilson, N. C.

Poetry.

BY SUSIE E. NEWMAN.

Full eighteen years around did roll
Before I stopped to think,
What would become of my poor soul,
When I in death did sink;
For, I was haughty, vain, and light,
Was proud and scornful too,
But, when I thought of my poor soul
I cried, What shall I do?

I had thought myself a friend to all,
And, that all were friends to me,
And at a party or a ball
Was where I liked to be.
So, in that way I still went on,
With people gay and proud,
'Til in the Fall of seventy-three,
I saw my first dark cloud.

One Sunday morning fair and bright—
The awful news I heard,
That my friends in whom I took delight
Had flown off like a bird.
I stayed away from school next day
And thought upon my foes—
I once had thought were friends to me—
And heavy were my woes.

I s'pose that I was some three weeks
In mourning for my friends,
When deeper trouble came to me
And put that to an end.
So, in the Lord I'll put my trust,
In him relief I'll find—
For all my worldly friends have fled
And left me here behind.

One evening late I walked alone,
At God's command and will:
The troubles that I carried there
Were quiet then and still;
The question then appeared to me,
As though a voice did speak:
Why should I so much trouble see,
While others seemed so cheerful?

The answer then to me appeared—
Because you have no doubt!
But, God to be your own true friend
Would cast all others out.
And then I looked up to the Moon,
And thought it shone so pale,
I thought it was the prettiest sight
That ere the clouds did veil.

And as I was returning back
To where my sister was,
I thought that I would be so slack
She'd not observe the cause.
Next evening I did walk again,
'Twas from a pure design,
For when my troubles came to me
I thought relief I'd find.

But, oh! my troubles did increase,
The cause of them was sin:
Where shall I go to seek for peace?
Was all that I could think.
And every night for near a week
My mind did lead me there,
Seeking for my soul's relief—
Have mercy! was my prayer.

And the last night I did go there,
Before I did return, I thought
My soul was bound for hell,
In horrid flames to burn.
I thought that I was one alone,
And no-one else like me:
I'd wish that I could hide from God
'Till I could better be.

And, from that time the first relief
That I did ever find,
Was in reading the experience
Of a Sister good and kind.
I found that there was one on earth
That had been where I was,
I found that she did find relief,
And so there I made a pause.

For some few days I was inclined
To be somewhat revived,
But when my troubles did return
It seemed as though they thrived.
When I'd lie down at night I'd pray
To have a pleasant dream,
But if I'd have a dream at all
It would my prayer condemn.

So, on the sixth of February,
Eighteen and seventy-four,
I had the most distressing dream
I had ever had before:
I dreamed that I did join the Church,
And gladly was received,
Without a doubt upon my mind
But what I had believed.

I thought I was to be baptized,
I dressed myself in black,
And had to wait another day,
Because it was too late.
So I awoke in great distress,
I had almost away the day of grace,
And would perish in the end.

A friend in heaven was all I craved,
Free pardon of my sins;
For I could see the watery grave,
And Satan as my king—
It seemed like he was leading me
Where all his people go.
Have mercy, Lord! was all my plea—
While on the brink of woe.

I felt to be the vilest wretch
That this whole world contained;
I tried to cast my troubles down,
Yet with me they remained.
I often thought I could not live
To see another day,
I begged the Lord to smile on me
And take my sins away.

The words were cft' revealed to me:
You are too vile to pray;
So, with old Satan you will go,
You haste without delay.
I in the midst of trouble walked,
And no relief could find;
No, not a sentence in God's book
Would ease my troubled mind.

When tears of grief would fill my eyes,
So great was my distress
I did not think God could be just
And such a sinner bless.
But oh! the Savior's pardoning love
One night to me appeared—
I then could see that God was just,
And I, it was, that feared.

Now, some may ask, What did you fear,
If he revealed his love?
I feared that him I would displease,
Who dwells in heaven above.
All in a wonder then I lay,
To think what God had done;
For such a wretch as I had been,
But, 'twas in and through his Son.

Dear Christians, I so happy was,
I can't tell how I felt;
But like the ice before the Sun
My heart began to melt.
My feelings then for you were changed,
But, then I can't express:
I know the Lord had all arranged
For he knows what is best.

Next morning when I did awake
All things to me looked new,
And I could realize myself
As being good like you:
I felt that all my sins were gone,
That Jesus was my King—
And him with all my heart did praise—
Of his goodness I did sing.

I felt rejoiced in the Lord,
And happy in his cause,
And with his people wished to live
And so, made another pause;
For doubts began to come to me,
And fears were present too,
So I did feel unworthy then
To live with folks like you.

I view the Old School Baptist Church
A heavenly place below:
And though I felt so very small
I felt inclined to go;
For duty seemed to lead me there,
I could not stay away:
I thought it was a pleasant thing
The Savior to obey.

I thought I ought to be baptized,
For Jesus told me so;
And the very words he seemed to say
I'll now relate to you:
Despise me not, my carnal friends,
Lest you despise my Lord—
He bids me in the water go,
And I'll obey his word.

They seemed to strike me with great force
And made my will so good,
That I made up my mind to go
And join them if I could.
So, on the next Conference day
I offered up myself—
I had tried to cast my hope away—
But could not the call deny.

To my surprise, I was received
Into the Church that day,
And there received a blessing that
The world can't take away.
And since that time my doubts and fears
Have often caused me woe.
Pray tell me, my dear Brethren,
If that's the case with you?

Dear Sisters, all in Zion,
Can you witness this with me?
For if you can, we all are one
Till death do us divide.
I will leave
To a favored few.

CANOOCHIE, Emanuel County, Ga.,
August 1st, 1875.

Communicated.

BLUFFTON, Clay Co., Ga., Nov. 5th, 1875.

Mrs. R. Anna Phillips—Dear Sister
in Christ:—

SEE from the LANDMARKS you think of ceasing to write, but I do hope not yet. I have a Scripture I want your views upon, which you will find in 1st Tim. 2: 12.—“But I suffer not a woman to teach nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.”

Now, sister Phillips, some brethren down here do not think a woman has any authority from God's word to teach, or write upon any subject, not even to write out her experience. Therefore I want your views upon this Scripture and oblige a seeker after truth.

JOHN J. ADAMS.

Dear Brother Adams:—

I draw out the views of others on this subject, and to oblige you, I herewith give my views.

The main object of this epistle to Timothy was, as Paul says to him—“that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.”

First of all, when they met in this capacity for public worship, they should make “supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks,” for all men. The Apostle gives the gospel principle as a reason for this.

And of which gospel he refers to himself particularly; he continues:—“Whereunto I am ordained a preacher, and an Apostle, a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity.” Now, a preacher or minister of this gospel must be one called of God, and ordained; and he alone can fill the place and office of a public proclaimer of it; but to pray was another thing; any member might pray.

“I will therefore that men pray everywhere,” says he, “lifting up holy hands without wrath and doubting; in like manner also that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with braided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works.”

“In like manner also,” shows that women professing godliness may pray also; and, in fact, that they share all other Church privileges in common with unordained and private male members. See Phil. 1: 7. Also as example—“these all continued in prayer and supplication with the women.” Acts 1: 13.

But so far as public teaching of the gospel is concerned, if God, they must receive in silence. Let the women learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.”

I believe this refers exclusively to the public proclamation of the gospel, as from an Elder, or regularly ordained Minister of the same. That the call, ordination and proclamation of the gospel in the Church of God in public worship is confined to men, and never extended to women, is certainly my view.

Hence for women to assume to preach the gospel in public assemblies, or Churches of God, would be to usurp authority, not only of the office and its duties, but also an implied usurpation of authority over the man, which is, or would be, in violation of God's order and entirely inconsistent with that law of subjection of woman to man, and especially to her husband, which the law of God originally established.

So sacred is this law, that even anything not properly understood of the instruction in public, or that cannot be understandingly assented to by her, she must not cause confusion, or seem to usurp authority by a question or disputation; according to the disputatious spirit that prevailed in that age; but wait till she went home, and there ask her husband.

But for all this, a woman might not only, “in like manner” with the brethren, pray everywhere, but receive the gift of prophecy, and exer-