

friendship, and thought I had written a brotherly letter, thinking I had a right to do so; that I felt impressed in feeling to write as there had been many things said about the New River Association, in regard to Section Meetings; that I had designed to set the matter right before him, and that I was sorry to know that he or any of the brethren had been offended, as I had designed only the good of the cause. He said that if I had sent it to him, instead of publishing it, he would have received it kindly, and would have taken great pains to answer it—but, that he would not answer it through the press. I again assured him that I designed no harm by having the letter published. He said he believed what I said about it, and added, that if I would write what I had said, to the editor of the LANDMARKS and let it be published, he would be satisfied. I told him I would do so—so we parted in peace, as I thought. The next day, at Centre Meeting House, he referred to the subject again, and expressed, in feeling terms his satisfaction: said that he did not want full pay—but, for me to write to the LANDMARKS and let it be published, and if his mind did not change he would be satisfied. He remarked to brother Joseph Pace, Brother Pace, I and brother Hall are living again! I remember telling him, in the presence of brother E. B. Turner, that I could not alter what I had written: he told me to write what I thought would be right. We then shook hands in peace. This is the subject of our conversation.

Accidentally soon after my return home, I wrote the letter as I had promised and explained my motives for writing. I wrote as near what I had promised as I could and sent it to Elder Bodenhamer and requested him to publish it. I waited for several months to see it come out—it not appearing, I wrote to know why it had not been published; when Elder Bodenhamer published a notice stating that my letter had been misplaced; but stated that brother Cassell and I had had an interview and had settled our difficulties. This I thought Elder Cassell would see, and then all would be well. I had met with him twice and there was nothing said, so I had concluded the matter was done with. But, sometime since, I learned that Elder Cassell was still expecting me to write. I then cut the note that brother Bodenhamer published, out of the paper, and sent it to him that he might see that I had complied on my part, that it was not my fault that my letter was not published. I thought he would be satisfied with me when he saw it.—But shortly after this I learned that Elder Cassell was still expecting me to write, and said until I did so he could not preach with me.

Now, as I desire the friendship and fellowship of all God's people, I would not willingly or knowingly offend any person, much less a Minister of Christ's gospel: I write once more to say to all concerned, Elder Cassell in particular, that I did not purpose to hurt him or any one else. And, while I do most honestly believe that what was first written was

by the promptings of God's Spirit, and therefore I cannot apologize for the subject matter contained in the same, yet I do hereby acknowledge, that as I intended the letter for the public, that I had no right to use the name of any individual. So far as Elder Cassell's name is concerned, I see that I did wrong to use it without his consent; and, I now assure him, that I did it without once thinking of hurting him, or doing him the least harm—it was by no means intended as trying to publish him or to make him a mark for the arrows of derision. I am sorry that I addressed the letter to him, but as I honestly did not design any offence, I now, most honestly and humbly ask him to forgive me for addressing the letter to him—as in this I was wrong.

I would like for my letter to be read by all who have it as addressed, "To All Whom it May Concern," and not to Elder A. J. Cassell. This is all that I can do.

Hoping that you will give this a place in the LANDMARKS, and that it may give perfect satisfaction, I will close by subscribing myself

Your unworthy brother
in tribulation,

JOHN C. HALL.

Brother Hall and brother Cassell are two remarkably gifted and useful Baptist preachers—men of pure characters too. I hope that the best of feelings and warm christian fellowship may be restored between them: "See that ye fall not out by the way." It does look like brother Hall's statements above are sufficient, and we believe brother Cassell will accept them, and we will accept them, and we will accept them. I know my heart is true and faithful a spirit of peace in brother Hall. Forgiveness and humility are among the sweetest spirits of a christian.—ED.

HALLSVILLE, PIKE COUNTY, ALA.,
April 17th, 1875.

Dear Brother in Christ:—

IF one so unworthy as I feel myself to be, may address you; it is with much fear and weakness that I take my pen for the purpose of trying to comply with your request. I have thought of writing to you many times, but would put it off, thinking perhaps I would get something better to write.

The first trouble I remember ever having was when I was quite young. I dreamed the devil was trying to get me; there was a fence between us and I was almost near enough to lay my hand on it. He worked very hard to get me but gave up the idea after a while, and then went away. At first I was troubled very much about my dream, but after a while it wore off. About seven years ago, as well as I can remember, I dreamed, that our family were enclosed with a large wall and that we all had to die. It fell to my lot to die first: the rest seemed ready and willing; while I could find no rest at all, and begged to be let off, telling them I was not prepared to die. They said they would let me off for a while. I then awoke, but can't describe my feelings at that time. Everything that I had done in all my life loomed up before me, and I saw that I was a sinner against a just and holy God. My

cry was, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner! I tried to get clear of my trouble but could not: it would leave me for a while but would return again. When in company I could enjoy myself very well. I remained in this condition for a good while: sometimes enjoying myself and some times cast down; until the second Sunday in last August, at preaching, my trouble returned with double the weight it had ever had before; I thought I was the greatest sinner that ever lived, and had not a friend on earth. I then could see and realize my dream, and knew if the Lord did not save me I would be lost forever. When I would leave the house to pray I would feel like I did not want to return, but was afraid to remain away very long for fear of being questioned as to where I had been. Often I had to leave the table to hide my tears—it seemed that my burden was more than I could bear. The question was often asked me: "What is the matter?" My reply would be, "Nothing!" The tears that I had shed and the sleepless night I had spent no one knew anything of. My continual prayer was, "Lord, be merciful to me the chief of sinners!" I thought the day of grace had passed with me; and, I felt that it was just and right for me to be lost.

Dear brother, when you were here you asked me to tell you my feelings: I made the attempt, but thought my words would deceive you, and purposed telling you before you left not to be deceived in me, but failed. I thought I had deceived you—but I could not be—my heart could not be—and I knew my heart was true. The last word you spoke to me, dear brother, sank deep in my heart, and I thought if it was your desire and prayer for God to bless me it would be no use for me to try in my weak way any more; but, I could not help it. I would have given the world had it been mine, if I could have believed on the Lord. The world had no charms for me. I was so weary of my life.

The first of January my troubles began to wear away, and then I desired to be baptized, tho' I tried to put it off but could not. So, Wednesday before last, (the first Sunday) I heard that cousin John Carter was going over to Elam, the second Sunday, to baptize Harvey Webb—when something seemed to say, Why don't you go too? My reply was, Lord, I am not good enough, I may be deceived and might deceive the Church. I was so troubled about it that I could rest neither day or night. The following week, one evening I was walking through the yard when these words were presented to my mind:

Noah, with his favored few,
Were ordered to embark:
Eight little souls, a human crew,
Entered aboard his Ark.

The tears began to flow from my eyes: for what reason I could not tell—I thought Noah was willing to obey when the Lord commanded him—but I was not. I implored the Lord to direct me what to do. These words were then presented: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and

you shall find rest to your soul." I felt so little and unworthy that I thought I was deceived, and that I would disgrace the cause and bring reproach upon the Church. I had a great desire to see cousin John and talk with him: I desired that if ever I was baptized that he should do it. But I thought I would not go to preaching Saturday and Sunday, and perhaps by that time it would be removed from my mind. Tho' when they returned from preaching Saturday talking about the meeting, it seemed that I could stay away no longer. Sunday morning they had preaching before baptizing, on account of the rain. When cousin John rode up I could not help from talking with him. He said he was satisfied and was willing to baptize me. He advised me to go to the Church and give in my experience and be baptized. We went in the house, a lady told me if I wanted to be baptized she would loan me clothing, (as I did not carry any with me for that purpose)—so there was a way made that I never thought of: so I went forward, said a few words and was received and baptized that evening with two others.

I have only touched lightly upon the dealings of the Lord with my poor soul.

I hope you will remember me in your prayers.

Your unworthy sister,
AMANDA BOZEMAN.

SHELBY, N. C., October 19th, 1875.

Editor Zion's Landmarks:—

I FEEL strange in attempting to head this article: my weakness, my unworthiness, and the possibility of crowding out other articles, and I feel uneasy, fearing I may do harm rather than good—then these words:

And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

Yes, I am passing away to that great judgment day. I have read many views of the contributors: some preaching, some praying, some desiring others to pray for them; some exhorting others to good words and works, while some (it seems to me) try to pry into unrevealed things. Brethren, revealed things belong to us, but the unrevealed to God. Salvation is of the Lord, wrought upon the Cross by Christ, and applied to us by the Holy Spirit, working in us to will and do of his good pleasure toward us; teaching us the sinfulness of sin, our inability to reinstate ourselves into the favor of God, or even into a correct knowledge of his word. Brethren, if we write, speak or hear without, or contrary to the Spirit of God to enable us, we are as a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal. I hope the brethren will exercise liberty in writing in the Spirit of meekness, one to another, and that we may edify rather than grieve each other. Let us endeavor to bear each others' burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Brethren, if you are called of God be content with your calling. Be not high minded, but fear. Let those that do not preach rejoice in that they are called to be saints; let exhorters exercise the gift that is in them; let those that the Lord has called to the Ministry of the Word, be not high-minded, but rather fear—then may we appear like horses in Pharaoh's chariot, all working gently together.

JAMES MCKINNEY.