

blame before God. It can never sin again, for, if it can again become a sinner, it must of necessity have a second regeneration, and receive a second pardon.

Hidden in the cleft of that Rock, covered with the hand of the Lord, overshadowed by the cloud of His glory, filled with His presence, encircled in the arms of His love, made rich by His grace, clothed with the righteousness of Christ, sanctified by His blood, and kept by the power of God, that soul is safe in its hiding place, because it is hid with Christ in God. Nothing can harm it:

The world may persecute with sordid hate,
And great tribulations, with sore afflictions
here await,
The storms of life in raging billows foam,
And cold terrific winds, in howling accents
moan;
Satan his mighty host of fiends may call,
And bring them up in solid masses bold—
His fiendish rage, in furious darts flash round
the fold,
Seeking to destroy this chosen soul.
But this I say to one and all,
A sinner, saved in Christ, shall never fail.

What pen can portray? what language express the peace and joy of a soul born of the water and of the Spirit?

I believe more in good works now than I ever have, but not that I expect to receive a reward for having done good, but as the fruit of a good spirit; the answer of a good conscience before God. I think this doctrine is the only one which advocates true good works; for it says when the tree is made good, it will bring forth good fruit, but a corrupt tree cannot yield good fruit, because every thing brings forth after its kind.—Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, let us draw near with true hearts in full assurance of faith, and hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering. Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and good works. How beautiful is the peace of a family all traveling to the same place. Each one should try to promote the welfare of the other, and if one should be weak and get out of the way in the mud and the mire, all should go to his assistance and help him bear his burden along; not run on and leave that poor afflicted one behind. We cannot know how great are his temptations. I have seen aged pilgrims left behind—their heads bowed low with untold grief; tears coursing down the furrowed cheek; lips quivering with inward emotion; their wounds so deep that none but God can cure. We should look with pitying eyes at the faults of others, remembering how great are our own transgressions. If we had to make amends unto God for all our faults, who would be able to stand before Him; but He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are but dust, and with a father's watchful care, a mother's tender love, He pities the infirmity of our flesh, and forgives our many sins. Let us all try to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, and run with patience the race set before us, ever looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith:

This is the way I long have sought,
But none could point it out;
Till Jesus came with wounded hands and
bleeding side
And cried: It is for sinners I have died.

He led me in that living way,
Where none can ever stray;
Then from my eyes the veil he took,
And to that great High Priest I looked.
The cross I now will gladly bear,
That I at last the crown may wear:
When in the regions of the blest
My spirit finds eternal rest:

May grace, peace, love and harmony, dwell with all the children of God, is the prayer of a poor unworthy servant. F. DELHA WATSON.

Mr. Editor—Dear Sir:—

IN looking over the last number of the LANDMARKS I see the Editor of the *Biblical Recorder* had pricked up his ears and snorted, or Jeshurun-like waxed fat and kicked as though he, Baalam-like had his foot mashed against the wall in looking at—not reading, Mrs. Phillips' Experience so-called.

We have been thinking, Mr. editor, on what meat hath this Cesar fed—certainly not on Christ—and to what shall we liken him. The case of those having eyes and see not, and ears and hear not, and a heart and do not understand seems to fit him best, though I mean no insult to him.—Certainly I could not liken him to those that are hid in the Cleft of the Rock and in the secret places of the Stairs. Nor yet could I conscientiously accuse him of much reading—especially the Bible and sound church history. And another trouble seems to attend him—his digestion is bad. In the place of being refreshed as Elihu was from his reading he seems to have become excited and mad with the little Davids. He slipped off and got Saul's armor on, lest he should be wounded by them. Of this there may be some danger, for he may possibly visit the land of Moab, in which case Balak might need Baalam to curse Israel, for we think there are some very fine soldiers in the army of Israel, and some, too, who are as honest as Baalam, that would not go beyond the word of the Lord to do, less or more, for a large sum of money. And should a tent be pitched in Raleigh Balak, (the *Recorder*,) might be in danger, for some of its soldiers are very conversant with the literature of the Moabites, having been citizens of that country for some time—being well acquainted with its system of means and measures.—Though I know, Mr. Editor, that you and Mrs. Phillips need no assistance to enable you to capture the *Recorder*, for his memory is very poor in regard to dates, as many of them of his household will bear him record.

JANUARY 28th, 1875.

Dear Brethren and Sisters of the Old School Baptist faith:—

FOR some time I have been thinking I would write something for publication, and have as often put it off; but now it seems to bear on my mind so heavy that it seems that I can't put it off any longer and rest in peace.

I will now call your attention to a vision I had on the night of the 21st: I first thought I was at an unknown place, and that I saw a serpent about half out of the ground, and thought it was my duty to dig him out. I began but had not been digging a

great while before I came to some more, and thought it would be right for me to put them in a tub that was near me; then thought it my duty to pour water over them. After this my mind was busily engaged about going to preaching. It did not seem very far; and on my way I met several other people on their way there too. When I got there I found it to be a different looking house from any I had ever before seen. In the centre of it was built a stand with a man on it whom I took to be the preacher. As I approached him he spoke to some one on his right, saying, Go, cut a piece of my bread and give it to him (to me) to eat. I thanked him and told him that I was not hungry. By this time he had a slice cut off and handed it to me, and said: Eat it, it is better than you think it is! I partook of it, at first it tasted like loaf bread and afterwards like jelly. Now, he says, you have eat my bread, I will show you the globe and the flesh of the earth. The globe looked to be nearly round with a rod or axle tree in it pointing to the North and South. He told me that the globe turned around; and I imagined it was turning. He told me that flesh was the matter, blood and strength of the earth. I now, said he, will show you the element—it looked round like the earth but much larger. He said the earth turned according to his own will and purpose: it looked like the earth was in the middle of the element; he also showed me the wind of the element and the water of the earth, and said: They that drink the water of the earth shall drink of my water and live forever. Now, he said, I command you to go teach the people these things that I have revealed to you. I replied and told him that I thought I could not do it like it should be done. He then said, Go and do as I have commanded you to do. Then there appeared before us a stand. He said: Go get on that stand and open your mouth and I will give you utterance of words. He then vanished from my sight. There were a great many people gathered around me, I then opened my mouth and was trying to tell them what had been revealed to me—I then awoke, but it didn't seem that I was sleeping a natural sleep.

I believe God and his people are able to judge all things.

My fellowship is with Beulah Church, Johnson County, N. C.

BURKET BROWN,

WHITMELL, PITTSYLVANIA Co., VA.
June 27th, 1875.

Elder Gold—Esteemed Brother:—

MY desire is to drop you a few lines in exhortation to the dear brethren and sisters scattered over the world, and all those who love our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. The words I shall use for a foundation of what I shall say, can be found in Mark, 10: 14, and read thus: "And Jesus stood still, and commanded him to be called. And they called the blind man, saying unto him, be of good comfort, rise; he calleth thee."—Brethren, there seems to be a kind of dispute about calling sinners to re-

pentance, between Primitive Baptists, and other denominations, whether or not God sends men to call them, or does it himself alone. I have heard some preachers of the Old Baptist order treat on the subject in such a manner as to make an impression on the minds of some that God has nothing for them to do; but that they can go on in their sins, and be as wicked as they please, and it will make no difference; for if they are born for heaven they will go there; and if they are born for hell they will go there. Hence the cry that God is unjust in destroying one and saving another.

I have heard men say that if they believed in the Old Baptist doctrine they would take their fill of sin; for, say they, we cannot help it, and we are not to blame. And they say that if they commit murder, that they do just what God intended they should do, and therefore it is no transgression; for God made them to do all these things, and hence God is unjust, say they.

Brethren, I am far from believing that man, of his own power, is able to quicken and call dead sinners to repentance; but, I do believe that when he (God) quickens them, he calls them through preachers: he commands them to call and tell them of a Savior that has died for them, and who arose again for their justification. Brethren, I wish to be understood! Do not think that I am trying to lay too much stress on the works of man. I believe all of God's children will understand me: I can only point out the materials and see what they look like. We have the case of blind Bartimeus, the son of Timeus: he seems to be begging. I think he is a fair representation of a sinner that has been quickened, that is, blind in understanding—but he seems to be in distress. Well, then, let us see how came the sinner in distress: well, the time appointed by God has come, that he should be called; (God, not man,) quickens, gives the hearing; he hears the word but cannot understand; he becomes uneasy and feels that all is not well with him. Now trouble begins!—Now God shows him his lost condition, so he begins to call upon the Lord to have mercy on him! So, I believe those are the ones that God commands his preachers to call and expound to them the scriptures which are able to make them wise unto salvation.

Brethren, I do not confine their preaching to them only, but to feed the Church and exhort them to walk humbly and meekly before the Lord. The preachers are called shepherds and watchmen—they are to watch over the flock.

They are placed upon the walls of Zion to watch the enemy and sound the alarm when they see danger—not to stand and undertake to fight them off themselves, but warn the inmates so they may make their escape.

Brethren, I see too much fighting, I fear, from our own stands. The Servant of the Lord should be gentle to all men, so say the Scriptures. Beloved brethren, let us try to walk in the foot-prints of Jesus; "for see,