

five or six years.

If any one feels willing to do anything to relieve me from my present condition they can remit by Post Office order to Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

I have strong confidence in the Old School Baptists: that they are in possession of that charity that never faileth; if so, we will see a manifestation of that fact.

VINCENT J. TURNIDGE.

I believe that ordinarily each neighborhood should relieve its own needy, especially if able, and each church help its own members that truly need help. But there are instances of help being sent from abroad—as when in Paul's day they sent from many places to the poor saints at Jerusalem. I am opposed to making appeals through the LANDMARKS on ordinary occasions, but in this instance of great suffering of one who is helpless—unable to labor at all—and also is a preacher, I am disposed to publish his case, and commend brother Turnidge to the kindness of the brethren and friends. It is a plain command of our Redeemer to remember such, and show them kindness, and it is a good work.—ED.

SPEIGHT'S BRIDGE, N. C., Dec. 10, 1875.

Dear Brother in Christ:—

I FEEL so unworthy that I am afraid to write; but, if God will be my helper I will write you a short letter. I do not know whether you will notice it or not, for I feel like I am beneath any one's notice. I sometimes feel that I am alone in this world; and it troubles me to know whether I have any friends or not in this world; but, I hope I have one in the world to come and that is Jesus Christ—he is a friend to the friendless. I wish I could be like I want to be; but it seems that I can't be. I sometimes think if I was dead I would be better off; but I keep living, but for what purpose I can't see, as it seems that I am not fit to be in company with God's people—I feel like a black sheep among a flock of white ones.

After I would retire at night I would try to pray, but it seemed that my words reached no higher than my head—the prayer of the wicked availeth nothing. I like to go to Church—hoping that I can find something to cheer me up: sometimes I feel a little refreshed and think I am a little better off, but then it would wear off. I love to hear the good people tell their trials and troubles. I find that a great many have had the same experience that I have. I sometimes think I joined the Church at the wrong time—not because I did not love the people—but because I was not worthy to unite with the Old Baptists. I feel like I have deceived them, and often wish that my name was removed from the Church book. But, I hope I have a little hope of eternal happiness after death; and, I would not give that little hope for a thousand worlds like this. If I am saved it is an act of God's tender mercy, and not of anything that I have done, for I can do nothing towards the salvation of my poor soul. “By grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works lest any man should boast.” The Bible says, “You may know you have passed from

death unto life because you love the brethren. I hope I love them, but I don't know whether they can return the same love or not.

I desire the prayers of all God's people. Your unworthy brother,

MOSES C. FARMER.

JACKSON COUNTY, GA., 1875.

Elder P. D. Gold:—

THIS evening I will attempt to let you and the dear readers of the LANDMARKS know what the Lord did for me. When about thirteen years old I became concerned about religion, and thought if I just had a hope in Christ I would desire nothing else in this world; so, shortly afterwards, there was a Missionary revival going on at Black Creek: the minister, on one occasion, said, for those who wanted a hope in Christ to go out before the sun went down and call upon the Lord and he would hear them! I did not know that the Lord had a certain time to hear sinners. I went home, and about sun down I went off to myself to ask the Lord to have mercy on me and pardon my sins.—But he did not answer my prayer. One evening after that I thought my time had not come, and I would not call on the Lord any more, that he would let me know when he wanted me. The third Sunday in August, 1868, I went to Union Meeting (Primitive Baptist). The morning seemed gloomy while they were washing feet. It seemed that some one spoke to me and said, You are not worthy to be here among such good people. I thought then I would have to leave the house: it seemed that I was the worst sinner in the world. I wanted to be off in some lonesome grove, praying to God for mercy.

Monday night following, when I went in the house from supper father was reading the Bible: it seemed that every word was intended for me. I listened at him until the tears began to drop from my eyes: I was afraid some of the family would notice me. I did not want anybody to know my condition. I went to bed but could not go to sleep. I got up and tried to pray one more time, but all that I could say, was—Lord, have mercy on my poor soul! It seemed that my heart would burst with trouble.—When I awoke the next morning my trouble was still with me.

The next Friday the Missionary revival commenced at Black Creek. Sunday following I went, and they called for mourners. I felt like I needed the prayers of everybody, but I didn't go up—I kept my seat and prayed to God for mercy. When I went out of the house one of the sisters saw I was in great trouble, and asked me if I had a hope. I told her I did not! She told me to get religion. Then it was plain to me that I could not get it without the help of God.

I attended the meeting again Monday, but never went to the altar; but called on the Lord to have mercy on my poor soul. I went home again in trouble, thinking that it did no good for me to go to meeting.

Tuesday I thought I would stay at home: my work was no enjoyment

to me. I was in the kitchen weaving: after a while my step-mother began to get dinner and then I thought I would tell her my troubles, but when she came in I could not say anything.

Wednesday I went to meeting again and they called for mourners. I still kept my seat and prayed for the Lord to have mercy on me. The door of the Church was opened and then my troubles all seemed to disappear; and, I felt like I wanted to tell everybody what I hoped the Lord had done for me.

After this I got married and moved to Elbert County, Ga. My husband was a Missionary, (there was no other denomination there but the Missionaries.) I would go to Church with him but always felt like I was lost—there was no enjoyment there for me. I remained in this condition about twelve months: I joined the Missionary Baptists, and was baptized. I thought I was satisfied and that I enjoyed my meetings well enough—though I didn't believe anything they preached.

About a year ago I began to get dissatisfied—sometimes enjoying my meetings and sometimes it worried me to be there. I remained in this condition until last September, Tuesday after the first Sunday meeting at Cabin Creek. My husband asked me if I wanted to go. I told him I hadn't thought much about it, but I went. I returned home but was dissatisfied. I went to sleep that night with a troubled mind and awoke the next morning feeling very bad.—I was in a deep study of the next evening, when I thought I heard a voice speak to me, saying: You will have to go and talk to the Primitive Baptists. I thought I would tell my husband of it when he came home—but when he got home I thought I had better say nothing about it.

“It was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.”

The second Sunday in September I went to Black Creek to a Primitive Baptist meeting. When I got in sight of the house and saw the old brethren in the yard, I felt like I wanted to tell them about my troubles. I then went in the house and there were the old sisters; and, oh! how loving they looked. After a while the brethren went in and had prayer meeting—there was no preaching that day—I enjoyed their prayer meeting better than I did the Missionary preaching. I went home in great trouble. It seemed that I would have to turn from the Missionaries. I promised the Lord if he would spare me until the second Sunday in July I would withdraw from the Missionary and join the Primitive Baptist Church. The second Saturday in July I went before the Church and related my experience, and was baptized the next day by Elder F. M. McLeroy.

Yours in hope of eternal life,
LUCY A. J. RICE.

PEACH TREE GROVE, Nash County, N. C.,
November 5th, 1875.

Brethren and Sisters:—

WITH fear and trembling I attempt to write to you all. If I write anything that will benefit any of the dear brethren and sisters, it will be by the

help of God, for we learn that the Lord's people are taught by the same Spirit; and, if so, why should the brethren disagree in their opinion of the scriptures. For, the one that came in at the eleventh hour received as much as the one that came in at the first hour. And so it is—we are one no better than the other. We may gather the trash of this world around us and live comfortably so far as this world's goods are concerned; but if the love of God is not shed abroad in our hearts it profiteth us nothing—for, what should we make were we to gain the whole world and lose our soul?

Brethren, who is purer than Christ? for he said on one occasion, that the foxes have holes and the birds have nests: but the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay his head: and not a sparrow falls to the ground without his (God's) care. Are we not better than the sparrows? and, why not put our trust in the Lord? for he says, “My grace is sufficient.” Paul said, “When I am weak then I am strong”—meaning, when he was weak in the flesh he was strong in the Spirit. So it is, brethren and sisters, when we are cast down and all hope seems to be gone, and we cry, Lord, save, I perish! and he sends his Messenger of Peace to our hungry souls, then we are made to rejoice for a season; but, it is like the wind “it bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth.” And so it is every one that is born of the Spirit; and so it is, he that is born of the flesh is of the flesh, and he that is born of the Spirit is of the Spirit. And except you be born again you can in no wise inherit the kingdom of God. There is a natural and a spiritual birth: for we learn that no flesh and blood shall inherit the kingdom of God. And, brethren and sisters, are you looking for him the second time to call his children home, when he shall declare that time shall be no more, and say, Come home, my Father's children, inherit the kingdom prepared for you before the foundation of the world. Yes, he was before the world and the world knew him not and don't know him now; for the ways of the Lord are foolishness to the world. And, we learn that the way and plan of salvation are mysterious and past finding out, for they are spiritually discerned, and unless the Lord reveals them it is impossible for us to understand anything about the way of life and salvation, for by grace you are saved and not by works, lest any should boast.

Brethren and Sisters in the Lord, I can't express my feelings as I wish to, for I feel so unworthy and walk so far from what I feel it my duty to do, that the most of my time I am cast down; and, when my will is to do good evil is present, and the things I would do I do not, and the things I would not do I do; and so it is from day to day; but, I am yet spared and on pleading ground; and if I am deceived, heavenly Father, for Christ's sake undeceive me, and show me what I am by nature and what I must be by grace before I can meet Thee in peace, is the prayer of
Your unworthy servant,
if one at all,
H. BATTON.