

For this purpose, he addressed his pride—his ambition. (Are they not the strongest principles of the human heart? I say this pride and ambition. Jesus took our sins as his own, and suffered for them as such.) In order to excite these, "he taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and showeth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them, and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." But glorious truth! Jesus knew him, and said unto him, "Get thee hence, satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve. Then the devil leaveth him, and behold angels came and ministered unto him." Brother Gold, here is my joy, my comfort, my hope, and my salvation. Jesus my Captain and Leader is victorious. He passed the fiery ordeal unhurt, and in his strength shall each member of his mystical body come out conqueror. "In all our afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saves us." We are following in his foot-steps—he has traveled all the way before us, and smoothed our path. Yes,

"His way was much rougher
And darker than mine:
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?"

A few months ago, in an hour of great trial, when a horrible death seemed near me, suddenly, Christ, in the garden of Gethsemane, appeared before me. Oh, what a sight! The most miserable being I ever beheld. His whole body writhing in anguish, and his face covered with great drops of sweat. I looked in astonishment, and thought, did Christ thus suffer for me. His prayer, Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, came into my heart. I thought of the remainder of it, but could not feel it as I wished to. Then came, softly and sweetly, these words of fellowship with Christ in his sufferings: "and if we suffer with him, we shall also reign with him." I was strengthened, and it has been comforting to me ever since. I believe that Jesus suffered all the trials, temptations and pains, that his followers do. That he "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin;" and "in that he himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted."

I am often very impatient, and strongly inclined to murmur at my afflictions. They are very hard to bear; but, when I am clothed and in my right mind, I do not wish them less. I feel that all, and even more, are necessary to keep me humble.

Brother Gold, I have written this for my own satisfaction. I wish you to understand my ideas on the subject, but I am afraid you will not now; for I have not expressed them as I desire. I see and feel many things which I find it impossible to describe or express.

I would be glad to have a good long conversation with you. There are many things I would like to ask you.

I seldom meet with the brethren and sisters, except at church. I love them, and enjoy their company very much. If it is so sweet to be with

them here, what must it be in that blissful abode "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest?" May it be our happy lot to meet there.

Yours in love and hope.

MARY E. T. BARNES.

Remarks:

I think, if we could understand each other, there would be no material difference between us. Did Christ have that pride that we have? By *imputation* he bore our sins in his own body, but they were not part of his body. I believe Jesus *always knew he was the Son of God*—but that did not exempt him from being made sin for us, though he knew no sin, nor his soul from becoming exceeding sorrowful even unto death. If the devil had influenced him to doubt his being the Son of God that would have been triumphing over Jesus in some degree. He was tempted in all points like we, yet without sin. He felt the horrors of our sins far more than a sinful man could feel them. Is not drunkenness much more shocking to a sober man than it is to a drunkard? So this load of sin was infinitely more burdensome to the holy Jesus than it could have been to those who have sin. If one man dies for another he feels as much pain as if he had died for himself, although there may be no faults in him.

Like sister Barnes, my joy is that Jesus has overcome—and in the flesh too. Because he lives we shall live also.—Ed.

Selma, Johnston Co., N. C., Jan. 22, 1876.

Dear Brother Gold, and Brethren and Sisters in the Lord:—

I have been thinking for a long time that I would write out some of my travels and what I hope the Lord has done for my poor soul. Since I have been taking the LANDMARK, I have thought of writing a little, in order to ease my mind. I cannot write much, but where little is given, little is required. I was raised by Baptist parents, and they often told me that there was a heaven and a place of torment, and that the good people went to heaven, and the wicked to that place of punishment. I thought I did not want to go there, and that I would not; for I thought I could get religion whenever I had a mind to set about it. When quite young I believe the Lord showed me that I was a lost and ruined sinner. I began to try to pray and seek the Lord, but all in vain. I went on in this way for years, and often when sick and thought I was going to die, I would promise the Lord that if he would raise me I would do better; but as often as he raised me, so often would I break my promise, and instead of doing better, it would seem that I was ten times worse. I believed that the Lord could not have mercy on as great a sinner as I was, and I was burdened down with a heavy load of sin and guilt, and did not know where to go to find relief for my poor soul. I would often go to myself and try to pray to the Lord to have mercy on me, but it seemed that my prayers would rise no higher than my head. My sins appeared like pointed mountains against me, and I was made to cry out, "Oh, Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean." I went on in this way until 1831, when a revival took place at our meeting house, old Beulah.—At the June meeting my wife joined

the church and was baptized. Then I thought I had been trying to pray so long that the Lord never would have mercy on my poor soul. I began to think that it was a sin for me to try to pray, and that I would stop; but I would soon find myself again trying to pray, and finally I concluded that I had committed the unpardonable sin; for I could not see how God could be a just God, and save such a sinner as I was. I believe I saw that if God saved me it was an act of his sovereign mercy, and if he damned me it was just. I thought I could not live long, and that I must die and go to hell. I could not rest day nor night. I would go and try to work, but could not, neither could I rest.—One day I was trying to work, and it seemed that I was going to die, and I went to the house and told my wife that I could not live long. It appeared that I did not have a friend in the world. It seemed that even my wife was not a friend to me. One day I was sitting making a pair of shoes, and all at once these words passed through me as quick as lightning: "But when they believed Phillip preaching the things concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ, they were baptized, both men and women." I did not know whether there was such reading in the Bible or not. I laid down the shoe, and took up the Book, which I kept laying near by me, and opened at the 8th chapter of the Acts. It seemed that I felt better. I felt like I wanted to get off to myself and praise the Lord, which I did, and before I got back to the house, something told me that I was not one of them that believed, and that I was too great a sinner to be a christian; and that if I went to the church they would not receive me, and that I would be a laughing-stock for the people. I began to be full of doubts and fears; but I knew that there had been a change in me, and that I loved those whom I believed to be christians, but it seemed that they did not love me. I did not wish to be deceived, nor deceive any one, yet I wanted to unite with the church. I prayed the Lord that if I was deceived to undeceive me before it was too late. Soon after this I lay down to sleep, and closed my eyes, but was as wide awake as I am at this time, and Christ appeared to me, stretched upon the Cross, and he was pierced open, and it seemed that every drop of blood had run out of him; and I saw his heart and heart-strings, and they were perfectly white. While looking at him he said he spilt his blood for poor sinners. I opened my eyes and he was gone, and I saw him no more. I awoke them all and told them what I had seen, and they asked me what more did I want. I prayed to the Lord that if I was fit to go to the Church to make it known to me in some way.

I went to preaching Saturday before the 3d Sunday in November, thinking I would join, but when the door was opened for the reception of members I did not go, and went home very much dissatisfied, and if I slept any that night, I do not remember it. I told my wife that we would take my clothes along next

morning and I would join at the water; and when the door was opened I went forward and related some of my feelings, and was received and baptized. I felt that I had done my duty. I must stop for the lack of space, though I feel that the half has not been told. Some may ask why I have not written out my experience before now; that I am now an old man, and so I am. I am going in my 73d year. I will tell you why I have not done it sooner, and should not have done it now, but it has been impressed upon my mind to write out my travels, and leave them on record that your children may read them after you are dead and laid in the silent graves.

Brother Gold, if you think this worthy a place in your valuable paper publish it; if not, throw it aside with your rubbish and all will be right.

I remain your brother in tribulation.
JOEL PITMAN.

Emanuel County, Ga., Oct. 11, 1874.

Brother John Donaldson:—

I now take my pen in hand to try to write you a few lines, which leave me as well as common. I hope you will receive it and that it may find you and yours well.

Dear brother, I have nothing of importance to write, unless I write something about my love for you, and how I came to love you. I hope it is the Lord of hosts that loves you and me, that causes us to love one another. I here take occasion to try to drop you a few hints about how I hope I came to love the Lord and his children: I was about fourteen years old when I heard an old man preach. About the time he was telling my old mother good-bye—he seemed to love her as a sister in the Lord—he turned to shake hands with me. I don't know what I said to him; but, he said to me: "Little son, remember while you live you have got to die some day or night!" This old preacher's name was Robert Donaldson. The advice was for me to remember that I had to die, which seemed to make me think much about judgment. I then got to studying a great deal. The flesh and satan warred against the teachings of the Spirit. I knew I was doing wrong; but at times I would get it off my mind enough so that I would partake of sin very freely. At other times it would be so impressed on my mind that I would be very much cramped, and when I happened to fall in company with the young people I would do the worst I could to keep them from seeing my troubles. I went on in sin till I became a man; and my troubles seemed to get no less. I bought a violin and thought I would learn to play on it, but my troubles were such, that I could not learn much. I went into a crowd one night that were very fond of fiddling and dancing, and they tried to get me to play for them, but I refused, when one remarked with an oath that I was going to join the church. They then almost forced me to take the fiddle and play for them. I tried to play, but soon had to lay it down and get to myself. I was in so much trouble that I was forced to beg and