

his own language: he said "They shall believe as I do, or I'll blow everything sky high." The case resulted in his exclusion, and five or six others who followed him. He, with most of them excluded with him, joined the Missionary Baptists, where he never had any religious enjoyment.

In this case we see, that in the first place, he was overmuch righteous, or particular; and, in the second place, was overmuch wicked and died before his time came. I learn, from good authority, that he frequently said before he died, that he never had any more religious enjoyment after his exclusion from the Old School Baptist Church.

The following texts seem applicable: "When Ephraim spake, trembling, he exalted himself in Israel; but when he offended in Baal, he died."—Hos. 13: 1. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live."—Rom. 8: 13.

I once attended a three-days' meeting—a great many were there—and I had no trouble in preaching during the meeting. I baptized several.—On my way home Monday, my reflections were very pleasant. While I was determining to preach more, night and day, feeling confident that the Lord was going to revive his work abundantly—I got home and found all well; and, before retiring, called the family together, and after reading, talking, and praying zealously—retired to rest pleasantly.—Next morning I awoke early with an aching heart, and an unusual uneasiness of mind, with great fear. I was no Christian, and I never saw the minister of the gospel. I could not read my Bible with any assurance; was unfit for business of any kind. Friday night sleep seemed to have departed from me; before day I determined to go to another Church I was serving, and at least act the part of an honest man (mortifying as it was), and tell them plainly how I had imposed myself upon them, and that I never again intended to preach—and at our next meeting where I was a member, intended to have my name erased from the Church Book; but, with great shame I went up into the pulpit and without singing or attempting to pray, began telling my doleful tale; when, in a moment, this text rushed into my mind with power, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." I then went on and preached with as much liberty and pleasure as ever I had done before; and would not have been separated from the brethren nor had my name erased for any consideration.

This is one of a thousand or more such cases, with me, and with a long experience of such unexpected changes. I have greatly desired to determine for myself, whether I am in the valley of humiliation, or on the mount of self-exaltation. Oh, how often I have been deceived, with an experience of more than forty years as a professed minister, passing through such strange and trying scenes, and

then reading of the liability of (the primitive saints,) some of whom I have referred to—to be deceived and become righteous overmuch, or overmuch wicked and foolish, it makes me tremble and wonder what will become of me: while a feeble petition swells in my bosom, "Lord, keep me where I should be, and guide me where I should go, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me, but by it prepare me that I may worship Thee in spirit, rejoice in Christ Jesus and have no confidence in the flesh; then I shall never die before my time nor foolishly destroy myself, nor interrupt thy dear children."

I have written more than I intended, so I will close. May the Lord bless all his poor and afflicted people, and cause that we may all strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Yours, in love,
D. W. PATMAN.

Scotland Neck, N. C.

My Dear Brother Gold:—

I have felt, for a long time, that I wanted to write my experience; then I concluded, that it is so small that I am ashamed to let any of the brethren know it.

I believe I was convicted from a child, though I was a very bad one. The first impression I ever had was a dream: I thought it was judgment day, and that the world was going to be destroyed. I thought we all had to meet at the River where we would be judged: the ones that were to be saved were placed on the other side, and those that were to be lost were

on this side. I never saw such magnificent carriages full of finely dressed ladies and gentlemen, in perfect glee, as if they were going to a ball; and when they got to the river they attempted to cross but sank out of sight. Ever since then when I would see a carriage full of young people I would think of my dream.

The year 1863 I spent at Shocco Springs with many of my friends: I often think of that time as a perfect round of amusements, too tedious to mention. The year after we left I became in trouble about my brother who was then in the army. I commenced praying that he might be spared to get back home, and he was. During that year I made a visit to an aunt of mine, in Hertford County—she is a Missionary. While there a thought struck me that I would read the Bible through; so I commenced by reading two or three chapters a day; I had not been doing this very long before I was constrained to try to pray. I went on in this way for several months, and would go regularly with my aunt to meeting, but never felt interested in the preaching.

Very soon a revival commenced, and, I can safely say, I never saw anything to equal it—such an excitement as they did have every day.—I think it lasted three weeks, and instead of becoming interested in the meeting, I became thoroughly disgusted; for, as soon as they would

commence preaching the mourners would go up; and grown men and women would get down on the floor at full length, and look like they were dead, and remain in this condition with the preachers and members praying and singing, until time for the meeting to close. Then they would rise to their feet and go over the meeting house telling what the Lord had done for them. This continued until all that were old enough professed. They thought it so strange that I would not go up to be prayed for. I could not then tell, but since, I have thanked the Lord for keeping me from it.

I continued reading the Bible and trying to pray. One day I was reading in that chapter where there was such a large multitude following Christ: among them was a poor woman who was desirous of getting near him so she could touch the hem of his garment, for she verily believed she would be made whole. When I read it I exclaimed, O that I could have been there, for I believe just as she did! It made such an impression on my mind that I could not get clear of it all day. That night when I kneeled down to pray, I said, O Lord, if it is impossible for me to touch thy garment with my natural hand, I pray that I may dream of it in my sleep this night, for I feel that it would satisfy me, just as it did her! Sure enough, that night I saw some one like a man come to my bed, clothed in pure white, and as bright as the sun; I reached out my hand and touched him, and commenced praising the Lord and woke up. My trouble left me, but I did not think it was a change nor do I know it now. Soon after this I received a letter from my sister telling me about the meeting that was going on here, and how many had joined—herself with several other of my friends were among the number. I wrote her that I was very sorry that I was not with them, thinking perhaps if I were to see them all so happy it might have some effect on me, for I did not know or think that I was under conviction. If I ever was it was then. I returned home pretty soon, and they all spoke in the highest terms of you, and said you preached sound doctrine. As for myself, I knew nothing about doctrine; but this I know, when I would try to pray, this would be the winding up of it: O Lord, if I am lost it is just, and if I am saved it is by and through the mercy of God; for I can do nothing good, but every day grow worse. I never had before known that I was a sinner, and the more I tried to do good, the worse I got.

As I said, they told me you preached sound doctrine. I went to hear you, but it did not seem that I felt like the rest; some of the time you preached to suit me, then it would be to the contrary. We then lived at the Academy, which is very near the Church. I concluded I would stop going to Church, for I liked to hear a man preach the same doctrine all the time; for, I certainly believed it was salvation by grace alone, or it was by works. I was not established, but did believe it was either the one

or the other. I continued on in this way until 1868, when Elder Hassell came up and preached one night—you remember well the time. I never will forget my feelings while he was preaching; it was all that I could do to stay in my seat; I was so happy I wanted to go in the pulpit and throw my arms around his neck. I then said, I believe that is the gospel! tho' I had never heard it before. From that time I began to love preaching; and very soon after that I began to love to hear you preach—tho' you preached different; but, perhaps the fault was in me. But one thing I do know, that while I liked to hear you preach, some of your members did not, and stopped going to hear you. I can say with a truth, the more I hear you the more I want to.

I continued in this condition until two years ago last April, when I began to feel like I wanted to be baptized. Then, I would think what I would tell when I went before the Church. I knew the Baptists required an experience; and I had none. That worried me, to think I wanted to be with them, and could not because I had no experience to relate. I thought if I could conscientiously join any other Church I would do it; but, no other would do for me, for I was satisfied that the Baptists were the only ones that preached the truth.

While in this condition, not knowing what to do, you wrote an article for the LANDMARK, explaining different experiences. While some had a sudden and bright manifestation, others were not so. For instance, some were like you, and had a large quantity for a small quantity to lose out. Of course when it was all out he did not feel as he would if he could have thrown it all off at once. Just as soon as I read it I began to rejoice, for I thought if I ever had a change, it was like that. Then I resolved to not put it off any longer. It was just before our first Union. I thought I would write to Elder Hassell, telling him that I wanted him to come up prepared to baptize me. No sooner than I had made up my mind to do it, when this thought occurred to me: You are going to do something you never heard of. Then I thought I would wait till I went down. So, this satisfied me and my mind was at ease. But, the most remarkable thing is, when Elder Hassell came up, he visited us the day before the meeting commenced. When he got up to leave he told a good-bye in the room, and when he told me good-bye he held me by the hand and said: "I am going to open the doors in Conference—will you not go with us?" I was never so surprised in my life, for I had never told any one of it, and he had never named the subject to me before. I never thought that he had any idea that I wanted to join. I did not make any reply to him—it was too late then—for I had made up my mind to wait until I went down, which I did. I never will forget that day—it was the happiest one I ever spent. The only thing that happened to mar my pleasure was this: it was a cold, dis-