

isfaction to believe that the evidence of what I hear is the truth—and I can feed upon the blessed word of God. These evidences are so comforting, that I feel to hope, after all, that I am interested in the plan of salvation. This plan of salvation is as old as God himself: hence, older than any plan that man can devise. God is infinite—man is finite. Contrast the two, and the christian can see and understand which is the most substantial and abiding. We hear it proceeding out of the mouth of one who spake as never man did, that "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee."

This is the ground work of the christian's hope, and not one more nor less than is embraced in the plan of salvation will ever enjoy the sweets of this love. The author and finisher of this plan is the only one that could give satisfaction to the demands of law and justice. All the blood of slain beasts only pointed to the great sacrifice that was to be offered up upon the shameful tree of the cross.—When the fullness of the time comes, Jesus must make his appearance in time; he must be born; the very time and place must be designated, and every circumstance must accompany every act of his life, death and ascension to the right-hand of his Father; and he is there now, and will be to a never ending eternity.—With man, time will end with him; with God, there is no computing of time. Man—poor, frail, mortal, dying man—cannot see things in nature any farther than his natural senses can comprehend. This proves that he is finite. But this infinite being comprehends all things which constitute a complete God. Then, as such, the christian has a Savior every way suitable to his or her needs in sickness or health, in poverty or wealth, in doubts and fears; in fact, dear trembling, doubting child of God, there is no lack to a christian—but in Christ there is a perfect antidote. We hear the sweet singer in Jerusalem break out in language like this: "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions."—Psl. 11: 1. The very language itself goes to prove that he had confidence in God to hear and answer his petition: he loses sight of his own natural confidence. "Have mercy upon me, (how personal), O God!" He had tasted the worm-wood and gall of sin; he had seen the folly of man whose breath is in his nostrils. Hence he could not call upon men, multitudes nor powers that could be brought forward—"according to thy loving kindness." What food for the child of God, "according to thy loving kindness?" How far superior that surpassed any loving kindness that David had, as a natural man. I have no doubt but what he had as good a natural disposition as any man in nature; but he lost sight, for the time being, of that; but, it is "according to thy loving kindness."

When we consider what man is, a perfect mass of corruption, to be the object of the favor of God in the be-

stowal of such a great gift of eternal life, which emanates directly from God, and returns to God who gave it, what redeemed soul but that must say, "according to thy loving kindness?" This same sweet singer in 40th Psalm, breaks out in language like this: "I waited patiently for the Lord, and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry." Was that all David? "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." Was that all? "And he hath put a new song into my mouth; even praise unto my God: many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord."

This is a christian experience comprised in a few words; but, volumes might be written, and then the subject would only be hinted at. We must all witness our own entire helpless condition of sin, where we are by sin and transgression, the horrible pit and miry clay, of our feet being set upon a Rock, and our goings must be established by him. He must put a new song in our mouth, and that is not a vocal song, but is grace, grace, and everlasting love!—Moses and the children of Israel did sing it: the prophets and apostles did sing it; and every heaven-born soul must and will sing it. And all the praise and honor will be ascribed unto God who gave it. Dear children of God, is not this song too good to be sung by mortals? Our old songs are taken away, and this new or heavenly one given and put in our mouth: even praise unto our God. What a field of beautiful things opens up to my mind, that it is put in my mouth (or the mouth of the Psalmist). There was no effort on his part to even put it there, and there was no effort on his part to sing of the glorious effects of this song. But, notwithstanding the Lord had done so much for him, we hear him declaring in the 22nd Psalm and 6th verse, "I am a worm, am no man, a reproach of men, and despised of the people." He is a sample of christian experience in its various changes.

So, in conclusion, let me admonish all lovers of truth to contend earnestly for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, and let our walk and conversation prove that we have been with Jesus. Let us be careful of the feelings of each other. Let us prove our faith by our works. If we love Jesus let us keep his commandments: they are our way-marks, they are plainly left on record.

I do hope that what I have written has been in the best of feelings. I desire the prayers of all saints.

Dear Elder Gold, I hope the Lord will spare you long to preach the word, and may he comfort you in all you speak. I hope you will be sustained in your valuable paper.

In conclusion, let brotherly love continue. Your brother, in hope,

D. F. P. MONTGOMERY.

Gibb's Cross Roads, N. C., May 23, 1876.

Dear Brother Gold:—

It has been requested by some of the brethren and sisters, that I should write out for publication, my little experience, if I should claim such.

When I was quite young I often

had serious thoughts about my soul, though I thought there was something for me to do in order that I might inherit eternal life. I was, as I thought, a firm believer in the Free-Will Baptists, and should have joined them had it not been for father and mother, for I thought they were right.

One day, when lying across my bed, meditating over the different denominations, my notions were changed in an instant. I was fully satisfied, as I thought, that the Primitive Baptist was the true Church. As those thoughts rolled through my mind there appeared a man before me, as I thought, clothed in white linen, and said to me: Go ye in this way, leave off your troubles; I will take you home at the last day! I arose and took the Bible, and every word I read seemed to condemn me. I was in great trouble, and felt that I was the greatest sinner on earth.—One day, as I was sitting in my house, I heard my name called, and went out to see who it was, but saw no one, and concluded it was all imagination. Then there appeared to be a heavy burden in my breast; it seemed to me that I had done something very wrong. I could not think what it was, and so concluded it was my sins. I went and fell across my bed, for I thought I was going to die. I prayed to God to have mercy on me. But it seemed that every word I said went to the ground. That night I dreamed of walking a narrow, dark road. I came to a large pit, and thought it was the mouth of hell. I looked over into it and saw a large blue smoke arising: then Jesus came to me and took me by the hand and lead me around to the foot of a large ladder; on the other side of it was a large river, and Jesus said, Here is the river Jordan, go ye in and be baptized: he that believes and is baptized shall be saved. I went in, and my father met me and took me by the hand, and baptized me. That gave me relief for a while, tho' my troubles soon returned. I would pray to God both night and day, but it seemed to do no good. I heard a voice say to me, In the world yeshall have tribulation, but be of good cheer! I never had heard these words before, as I could recollect. I took the Bible, and these words were the first that met my gaze. I felt greatly relieved, but my troubles were not yet gone. I felt like I wanted to be off in some desert place, alone, where I could offer up my feeble prayers to God, to have mercy on me if it was consistent with his will, for I felt that if I should die in that condition I would be eternally lost. While in these deep troubles I heard a voice speak to me in these words: "Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted." This relieved me. I went to Mingo Church, and when I entered the door I thought the members looked the loveliest of all the people that I had ever seen. I heard two sermons preached that day, which were a great comfort to me. At the close of the meeting they sang a song that bore on my mind with considerable weight. I stood until they sang these words:

"Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hopes still hovering round thy word."

I could not stand any longer; I resumed my seat, but could not stay there. I arose and left the house, and, if ever I tried to pray, I tried then. That night when I retired it appeared to me that I could see myself and the bed whereon I was lying, sinking down to everlasting ruin. I then thought I was bound to die. I rolled from side to side, and prayed to God with every breath; but it all seemed to do no good. I thought I would give up all self work, and then if my soul was sent to hell God's righteous law approved it well. I prayed God to spare my life until morning, and then if it was his blessed will to do so, to give me some relief.

While praying, I fell asleep, and dreamed that I saw myself divided into two parts, and that one part was dead and the other alive. I would look at the part that was dead on the bed, and see my feet and hands placed and my eyes closed: it all had the appearance of death. I would look at the part that was alive; it looked white and tender and had all the appearance of life, as I thought. I was studying in my dream, the difference between the colors in the two parts, when Jesus appeared and took me by the arm and said, I am Jesus; this is you, you are cleansed (the part that had the appearance of life). I then awoke, and my burden was gone, and the song of joy and praise was rolling through my mind. The first thing I thought of was these words, Of all things I see, I love christians (or those I thought to be christians,) the best, and if I had had ten thousand tongues I would praise God with every one of them.

After a short time my troubles came again. My desire was to go to the Church and be baptized. Then I thought my little experience was so small that the Church would turn her back to me. Yet, I was not satisfied away from it, so, on the first Saturday in July, 1875, I offered to the Church at Black River, and, to my surprise, was received by Elder James W. Lee, and next day was baptized.

Since which time I have been better satisfied, though fears often arise, which causes me to doubt whether I am living in the discharge of my duty or not, or of ever being changed. These, I hope, are some of the dealings of the Lord with me.

Your unworthy sister,  
URSULA E. PHILLIPS.

Marlboro', Pitt County, N. C.,  
April 2nd, 1876.

Dear Brother Gold:—

Being at home to-day I seat myself to write a few lines to try to relieve an oppressed mind, which you can do as you think best with.

I have had impressions a good while, but I fear I may say something more hurtful than comforting.

Dear brother, I see in the LAND-MARK, that it seems as though some of the subscribers are not punctual; and I have thought perhaps there might be a misunderstanding with some, or, that there are a great many