

Elder Wm B Bowen

ZION'S LANDMARKS.

DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

VOLUME II.

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Poetry.

STATE OF MISSOURI,
Green County, August 23d, 1869.

Dear Brother Bodenhamer:—Below I send you a piece of poetry found on the back of a Minute of the Mount Pleasant Association, held with the Bethlehem Church, Gallia county, Ohio, in September, 1860; which lines were found written on the back of an old Bible, in a former day, when many banks suspended specie payments.

R. A. WISEMAN.

This is my never-failing bank,
My more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich,
How then can I be poor?

'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.

Sometimes my Banker smiling says,
"Why don't you oftener come,
And when you draw a little bill,
Why not a larger sum?"

"Why live so niggardly and poor,
Thy bank contains a plenty;
Why come and take a one pound note,
When you can have a twenty?"

"Nay, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what thy bank contains for thee,
Secured in God's own Son."

Since then my bank it is so rich,
I have no need to borrow,
But live upon these notes to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.

I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Those notes can never be refused,
That are by grace accepted.

All forged notes will be refused,
They are sure to be detected;
All those will deal in forged notes,
Who are not God's elected.

'Tis only those, beloved of God,
Redeemed by precious blood,
That ever had a genuine note,
They are the gift of God.

There's many ransomed sinners fear
They'll have no note at all,
Because they feel the plague of sin,
So beggar'd by the fall.

Though many notes lay scattered round,
All signed and sealed and free,
Yet many doubting souls will say,
"Ah, they are not for me!"

Base unbelief will lead the soul,
To say what is not true;
I tell the poor, self-emptied man,
These notes belong to you.

Should all the banks in Britain break,
The bank of England smash,
Bring in your notes to Zion's bank,
You are sure to get your cash.

Nay, if you have but one small note,
Fear not to bring it in;
Come boldly to this bank of grace,
The Banker is within.

I'll go again, I need not fear
My notes should be rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.

Sometimes I feel a little proud,
I manage things so clever,
Perhaps before the day is gone,
I feel as poor as ever.

Sometimes with blushes in my face,
Just at the door I stand;
I know if Moses kept the bank,
I'm sure I should be damned.

We read of one young man, indeed,
Whose riches did abound,
But in the Banker's book of life,
His name was never found.

The leper had a little note:
"Lord, if thou wilt thou can!"
The Banker paid his little note,
And healed the dying man.

Behold, and see the dying thief,
Hang by his Banker's side;
He cried, "Lord remember me!"
He got his cash and died.

His blessed Banker took him home,
To everlasting glory,
And there to shout his Banker's grace,
And tell his endless story.

With millions more, Jehovah's choice,
Redeemed by precious blood,
With Peter, Paul and Magdalene,
And all the elect of God.

Correspondence.

HENRY COUNTY, VA., }
August 8th, 1869. }

Elder L. I. Bodenhamer:—By her permission I send you a copy of my mother's experience from nature to grace. It was written in September 1858, to Mrs. McNeely, and published by her request in "Zion's Advocate," edited by Elder John Clark. I have seen so many good experiences in your paper, I felt like I wished Mama's republished, and have obtained her permission to send you a copy, for you to dispose of as you think best.

I receive "Zion's Landmarks" regularly now, and I think I derive a great deal of pleasure in reading them. I hope your paper may be more extensively read than it now is, and continue to be a defender and comforter to Zion's cause. In conclusion I would beg of you to remember me in your prayers, as one who thirsts for righteousness, and feels the need and desires the prayers of all who are christians.

Respectfully your friend,
LOU. M. MARTIN.

My Dear Sister in Christ:—We are all this morning in usual health, for which I desire to feel thankful to that dear Saviour from whence all such blessings flow, and which I hope you all are in possession of at this time. Although I feel my unworthiness, and the imperfections of the flesh admonish me, I feel a willingness to comply with my promise to write to you. Oh, that the Lord may be with me in my feeble attempt and enable me to write from my heart to your heart of such things as I do hope he has given me, and enable me to speak of his goodness and mercy and long forbearance towards me a sinner. Oh, sister, when I make the attempt to speak or write to christians, I feel so unworthy and view myself so imperfect, I am led to pause and reflect, and to ask myself the question, can ever God dwell here? But so it is, I have a hope that he has dwelt with me, according to his riches by Christ Jesus, and not according to anything that I have done. Oh no, for in and of myself I can do nothing that is acceptable with the Lord. Then I hope the mercy of God brought me to see that nothing short of the blood of Christ would answer the demands of the Lord against me. Oh, sister, the very thought of calling christians brothers and sisters seems to be too much for unworthy me, the token of our relationship. But I want to tell you a portion of the exercise of my mind since I hope the Lord commenced a work in my poor soul. To name the date to you, or the precise time of conviction, I will not attempt. Suffice it to say that I hope the Lord impressed my mind quite tender with serious and solemn reflections on death and eternity. My father and mother were both members of the Baptist Church. My father died when I was in my 14th year. I had a brother and sister that died in infancy. I would often think of them and of being deprived of their company. I thought they were in heaven with God their Father, while I was here and had no father at all.—

I thought if I could only be prepared to go to heaven when I died, I could then be with my relations and be happy. But these were not lasting impressions, and I do not pretend to say that I felt anything like conviction. I married in my 16th year, and being in company with my husband's relations, I heard them speaking of his being very serious at times, and they seemed to think that the Lord had commenced a work in him and would finish it of course. Then it was I thought again I could be a christian too. At length brother George Griggs' wife professed religion. We were not living in the same neighborhood at the time, but the news reached us time enough to go to Leatherwood meeting, where she expected to join the church. We started on Friday, but we had to stop on the way and did not go to preaching on Saturday, but was there Sunday and saw her baptised, the first person I ever saw baptised.— She was a relation I thought a great deal of, and now I believed she was a christian, it seemed to me I loved her dearly. Next year after she joined the church we moved to this neighborhood, where she lived, and was a lively member of Leatherwood church. I used to visit her as often as I could, hoping to hear her talk about the teachings of the Lord with his chosen ones. Sometimes we would sit up late at night and I would try to bring it about in some way to hear her tell the exercises of her mind while under conviction.— Still I did not wish any person to know that I thought anything particularly about such things. At length I concluded I would try to pray to the Lord to have mercy on me, and do everything I thought was right, and the Lord would favor me. I had been to preaching but very few times in my life before I was married. I had never had an opportunity of going; but now I lived close to Leatherwood church and attended regularly, and sometimes would feel distressed in my mind, at others I would feel indifferent, and thus it was