

ZION'S LANDMARKS.

DEVOTED TO THE DEFENSE OF THE PRIMITIVE BAPTISTS.

"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

VOL. III.

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NO. 2.

POETRY.

Joy over Conversion.

O how melodious was that voice,
Which bade my sins depart!
That filled my soul with heavenly joys,
And healed my broken heart!

'Twas Jesus spake: and at his word,
My load of guilt was gone!
I leaped for joy, and praised the Lord,
For what His grace had done!

My soul was bordering on despair,
And sinking down with grief;
When Jesus, Savior, saw me there,
And ran to my relief.

O! wondrous love! that snatched my feet,
From the abyss of woe!
Here, all my warmest passions meet,
And hence my comforts flow.

[From the Primitive Baptist, 1840.]

On Unity.

[Though the following has reference to circumstances and brethren that have long since passed away, yet we trust that the same spirit governs among our readers in this our day, and therefore it will be acceptable to them.]

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS:—
For the further promotion of the pleasures arising out of this heavenly union, of which mention has been made in my former letter, I would in an especial manner commend to your attention, this little paper which we have established at Tarborough as a medium of correspondence. And if you find it still worthy of an existence, do not withhold from it the encouragement necessary to that effect. The printer is a gentleman of unblemished reputation, and one whose moral deportment is worthy of all commendation. He does not profess an acquaintance with regenerating grace, but his conduct appears quite unexceptionable, and he has for a number of years been a warm friend of and a well wisher to the cause of the Kehukee Baptists; and their cause is common with the O. S. Baptists throughout the Union. He is too honest to make a profession of religion, without an undoubted evidence of a change from nature to grace. Almighty God, however, is able to effect that

change, give to him a bright manifestation of it and quicken him into spiritual life, this very year, or month, or day. And who knows the mind of the Lord, or who shall be his counsellor? My object in alluding to Mr. Howard was principally to say, that if he is willing to continue taking on himself the labor of setting the types to our letters, and undergoing all the other necessary labor and expense of issuing the periodical in its present form, for the small remuneration he receives, that we may well afford to bestow that compensation. He earns his money by actual labor, and like other laborers is worthy of his hire and should be paid; and considering the circumstances, I think those who receive the paper have the best end of the bargain.

You will observe, then brethren, one and all, that here is a paper of our own—over which we have the control; and one whose columns are open to all the household of faith, as recognised under the denomination of Old School Baptists, who wish to appear there, devoid of controversy with others of like precious faith with themselves. Then brethren write often, write freely about all things connected with your profession, that tends to edification, encouragement, and union, in our ranks. Scruple not, to write on account of your incapability, as you may term it, supposing yourself deficient in style or diction. Fear not criticism here. For few, if any of us possess the qualification of critics, and fewer still, I trust, the will to judge of a Christian, by his knowledge of grammar. Neither does the great length of a letter always denote its worth. I have frequently been more strengthened, encouraged and built up, by the perusal of some of your communications not over a finger long, than I have by others filling columns; and I have no doubt the same can be said by others: Then come all, come each, come every one and give us your experience, and feelings in

the practice of your profession, or any other information you may conceive to be acceptable to the brethren, and calculated to unite them in sentiment, strengthen them in faith, and encourage them in love. Be up and doing while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Bestir thee a little in the service of thy maker, before the sun is set, and the door shall be shut in the streets, and the sound of the grinding is low: or ere the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern; for then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

Brother Lawrence, this one thing I would know of you; are the missionaries all dead!—have you sheathed your sword, or been gone this long time on some journey? You seem of late as silent as the grave, and almost as deaf to the wishes of your brethren, as was Baal to the cries of his prophets. If the enemy are yet in the field, and the soldiers of the cross as few and feeble as ever, then arouse thee, my brother and thou aged veteran of the cross, and assist them again to the mighty onset. Bring out old "long tom" and let them have a peeler, and with thy crooked rams horn blow them another blast.

How do you do, brother Temple? I am much pleased to hear from you again,—am glad your long silence is broken and expect now to hear from you a little oftener.—You are mighty welcome to the use of our columns, and are certainly entitled to a full share of space there this year. I should just like to hear you preach again from this text, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved." I shall be apt to remember that sermon. It was about your first and best to me.

Brother Rorer, your name always reminds me of the king of the forest. And they say, "when the

lion roars, all the beasts of the forest tremble." What are the last accounts of "Mr. Sneak," that celebrated hotspur of the money missionary tribe? As perhaps all the "sneaks" are not yet frightened away, suppose you give another roar, and still another; that all such beasts of the forest may finally be scattered.

Brethren Beckham, Burkhalter, Botters, and others whose names from time to time appear in the Primitive, we are much revived to hear from you; and like Paul on a former occasion, we thank God and take courage.

Brother Sasser and brother Poole, your letters strike a tender cord and make our hearts vibrate with emotions of love and sweet fellowship. A few words, fitly spoken are like clusters of choice grapes to a thirsty soul.

Brother Moseley, I wish you would write again on the subject of our duty towards our preachers; and give us line upon line and precept upon precept, on that head.—There is much room for improvement in that particular. And we should not let the extravagance and religious traffic of others, check the charity and true benevolence of our own hearts. We shall have a treat no doubt when Mr. Huntington on universal charity appears, and gives us a further expose of the puffed and pompous character of Arminianism, as sustained by the many fashionable religionists of the present, and some of the past ages.

Finally, brethren farewell, for the present. My prayer to God for spiritual Israel is, that they may be saved from discord and disunion—from hard thoughts and hurt feelings—from sarcasm, from bitterness, from crimination and recrimination. Let us all endeavor to be at peace among ourselves and maintain "The unity of the spirit in the bond of peace." "Let brotherly love continue." And may the very God of peace and unity rest and abide with you all.