

# ZION'S LANDMARKS.

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"TO THE LAW AND TO THE TESTIMONY."

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## COMMUNICATED.

OGLETHORPE, MACON CO., GA.,  
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ELDER P. D. GOLD—*Dear brother*—I have for some time felt an inclination to write you what I hope the Lord has done for me, a poor sinner. Up until my fifteenth year I had no thought of the welfare of my soul, at that age I attended a communion meeting, the minister said when he was breaking the bread, this bread is in token of Jesus Christ's body, and when he took the wine and said, as free as the wine runs out of this bottle, that free the blood of Jesus Christ runs to save poor sinners from their sins, I was brought to my study, am I a sinner, yes I am vile, a great sinner. I then went off to myself and wept

and said, God have mercy on me, a poor sinner. I then began to think about dying and what would become of my poor soul; I wept and shed many tears for about three months. I then begged the Lord as I was so young to let me have two or three years taking my fine sport in dancing and all kinds of evil mirth, and I then would begin to pray and serve the Lord and get religion in a short time, and for about ten months my mind was not aroused from its pleasant resting place; at that time I began to be troubled about being interested in a saviour, or hope of eternal life in the world to come, at this time my sins began to rise as great hills and mountains on every side. I am now desolate, what shall I do to be saved? I then concluded that if I would live moral and upright and say my prayers two or three times a day, my case would not be so bad, so I did, but instead of justifying me it only condemned me; my troubles grew worse and worse and more fully opened to my understanding; I began to see when the good spirit was with me the evil one was along too, and when the good spirit would say yes the evil one would say no, and my troubles were great, I can-

not express them to any body; I was trying to pray to get religion by my own good works and self freewill and I grew no better and my troubles increased without number. I then thought of the Bible, I had not read that, I thought that if I would read that perhaps I would get better, so I got my mother's Old Bible and tried to read it, but it condemned me for I found there that I am already condemned, and without his sovereign will and the application of the blood of his dear son I am lost and ruined forever, and I also saw in this word they that hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled and the weary heavy laden shall find rest to their souls, I could not see that I was included in that number, and I am a poor lost and condemned sinner and

my great enemy is behind me and it seemed to me that there was a great gulf in front of me and death stared me in the face on every side. I then thought I would go and hear the Baptists preach, they told me that Jesus Christ was the son of God and he came to this world to suffer the bitter death of the cross to save poor lost sinners from their sins and he was the way the truth and the life, but I could not see how he could be just and the justifier of such a poor creature as I was: my troubles were great, I tried to read and pray and every sentence I read condemned me and my prayers seemed to reach no higher than my head and my sins are fast leading me to destruction. I went in this manner for five years and six months at the expiration of this time in the year 1827, in the 21st year of my age along the first of January I went to see my brother-in-law and spent the night with him, expecting in the morning to go through the woods and kill me some squirrels, having my gun with me and being in the woods where were large rocks so that a person could walk some twenty to fifty feet under them. So I fell asleep and dreamed that morning had come and that I had started

home with my gun on my shoulder and when I got into the woods they were all in a blaze of fire in front coming to meet me, the fire was about waist high, I made a little halt and thought I was going to be destroyed for my sins. I commenced trying to pray to God to have mercy upon me a poor sinner; I then thought of hearing preachers say in that great day sinners will call for rocks and mountains to fall upon them to hide them from the face of the lamb. I then thought of these rocks in the woods as I knew of one in about one hundred yards of me and I must go through the fire to get under it to escape from being burnt to death. I then prayed, God be merciful to me a sinner, and by some means or other I got under the shadow of the rock, hav-

ing come through the fire, and when I got under the rock I turned round and saw the danger that I was exposed to and had not even a hair of my head singed, but my gun was melted off my shoulder, I was sorry that I had lost my gun, I then heard a loud voice as if a man had spoken saying, I had better be thinking about the welfare of my poor soul for if you are not born again you cannot see the kingdom of God in peace; I cannot tell the awful solemnity of my feelings. I then commenced thinking about what I shall do, I decided I must read the Bible and pray a great deal that God may love me and not be mad with me, I did not know but that his ways were like man's ways. I awoke next morning feeling no better but rather worse. I read, and prayed that he would have mercy on me and show me the right way and give me faith to believe Jesus Christ was the son of God and that he died and spilt his blood to save poor lost and ruined sinners from their sins and be just and the justifier of such poor sinners as I was, after this my mind was given over to the world and worldly pleasure and had but little or no knowledge of the way and plan of salvation; in

this manner I rambled along until the first Sunday and Saturday before in May, 1827. I went to a baptist meeting and was praying as I rode along to the Lord to remove this heavy burden of sin, guilt and condemnation off my mind, and when I arrived at the meeting the preacher could and did tell me all the exercise of my mind, how I had failed to get religion by my own good works and doings and how that I had been trusting in an arm of flesh, on Sunday evening the preacher came down out of the stand and told all that wished an interest in his prayers and the prayers of the church to give him their hand and they would pray God to render unto every one its necessities; I did not give my hand to him to pray for

been given to me it but I was in great trouble and I did not want anyone to know it, it would be said that I was too young, for if you were converted you would not be anything thought of, these with other foolish thoughts arose in my mind. before I got home I was worse off than ever; I thought that I should sink under my burden of sin and condemnation, I could not eat dinner, I had tried all the medicines and physicians there were in Syria, but I grew worse and worse, my punishment is greater than I can bear, I cannot live as I am, I thought of a place where no human eye could see nor ear could hear, and there I went and fell flat upon the earth, all I could say was God be merciful to me a sinner, lost and ruined forever.— I reckon I laid there some time repeating the same words, when I got up I thought I had committed sin enough to sink me into everlasting despair, I thought I never would try to pray again, but before I got to the house I would stop and say Lord have mercy on me a poor sinner and forgive me the sins I committed when I was lying down, my hearts desire was help me or I shall forever sink, and so I rambled along