

again, though no fear of torment was before my eyes, but I was afraid I was deceived and would bear no fruit, and the church would not receive such a sinner as I felt myself to be.— I was willing to live and die with them if they only would receive me. I was afraid I had not the fruit of repentance, and unexpectedly it seems, these words came behind me with great weight: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. These words seemed to console me very much and I began to promise myself that I would go and tell the church my feelings and they could take me in or throw me aside; and so I traveled along up and down hill until May, 1871, trying, during that time, to comply with the duty that I hope the Lord had impressed upon my mind. Some traveling Ministers, Hall and Moore, had appointments to preach at the Meadow on the 10th of that month. I thought I wanted brother Hall to baptize me, and I prayed to the Lord that if I was a fit subject for baptism that he would enable me to go forward that day—and on the fifth of that month I was stretched upon the bed of affliction. If ever I prayed it was then—to the Lord to spare me until the day arrived and I would go, for I wanted to comply with the ordinance of baptism. The chills left me before preaching on the next day, though I was very feeble indeed but felt like the water would cure me, and so I was permitted of the Lord to go to meeting as I requested, and when I got there brother Pitt met me and said that brother Hall would not be there for he was very sick. And, oh, my soul! it appeared that here I received the death-like wound again, for I knew what I had promised the Lord—but I went on in the house feeling, not my will be done—but thine. And soon after I took my seat I was made willing for any one of the Ministers in the faith, that would condescend, to plunge as unworthy a being as I was, and I would be satisfied, and after services the door was opened and I went forward feeling as poor and unworthy as ever I shall. I scarcely knew what I said or how I did. I was received and baptized that evening by Elder Jesse Baker and I never have regretted my baptism, and I do believe if I had not complied that day, that I never would have had the opportunity any more. Oh! brethren and sisters I have many doubts and fears, troubles and trials, to contend with. Pray for me for I sometimes think I am a poor deceived creature—but one thing I do know that where I was blind I now see, and what I once hated I now love. I think if ever I was convicted and delivered of sin the Lord did it under Elder Hall's preaching.— For it is not ye that speak, but the Spirit of your Father which speaketh in you, Matt. 10: 20.

Brother Gold, if you think these

badly written and broken sentences are worthy a place in your valuable paper, after correcting mistakes, you can publish it if you think proper—if not you can away with it and all will be well with me. I will close these remarks by saying I believe it is by grace ye are saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God: not of works lest any man should boast, Eph. 2: 8, 9.— And whether I be an heir of heaven or not I cannot tell. I do believe the great I AM has loved his people with an everlasting love, therefore with loving kindness has he drawn them.

Brother Gold, and to all the dear Saints of God, pray for me that I may grow in grace, and that I may be found at the true post on all occasions—and I can say

With the Apostle Paul,
If a Christian the least of all.

FANNIE V. FIELDS.

LOUISBURG, N. C.,
September 27th, 1873.

My Dear Brother in Christ:—

In compliance with your request I will endeavor to write you a portion of my experience, but, as I have such a limited education and feeling my unworthiness so sensibly, I deem it almost a task, but I will proceed.— When I was merely a girl the Missionaries held a protracted meeting in the neighborhood. I was one of its attendants. My brother had just died and it was the first trouble that I had ever seen, so I thought I wanted to do good if I could. They preached the doctrine that I could do something to work myself in the Lord's favor, and I thought if I could I was willing. I went to the mourner's bench where they say is the place to find Jesus, I remained there two or three days when I became somewhat revived in my feelings while they were singing—took this for religion and arose as a convert.— But when the meeting was over and my troubles wore off about my brother, my religion failed. Only when I would go to their meetings I would become somewhat revived. About twelve years ago it seemed to be my desire that the Lord would show me whether I was deceived or not. I went on in this way for about five years when I felt that the Lord showed me that I was deceived. One night after I had retired to rest I found myself sitting up in bed. It appeared to me that I was deceived. This troubled me very badly for two or three days, but I tried to put it off and went on in this way for two years trying to get clear of my troubles, but it would often come to me—you are deceived. I could not get clear of it. It came to me one day with a heavy burden that the world was going to be to an end and that I should be destroyed. After that it appeared to me that I had joined the church, in which I sinned against God and he would never forgive me. This rendered me very unhappy. I would walk to try to find relief. I

was miserable both day and night but could find no rest to my poor soul. I felt that I would try to pray if I never obtained pardon. I then felt that I was depending upon the Lord and was willing for him to decide my case. I cannot tell when nor how it came. It seemed that I cared for nothing that belonged to this world but just wanted to find pardon from the Lord. I went on in this way for some time, I cannot tell how long, until one Saturday while attending to my table, I seemed to be in a great hurry to go into the house to get my Bible to try to read some to see if I could not find relief, but whether I opened the Bible or not I cannot tell. There appeared a light before me that I had never seen before. I went to the door, everything seemed changed from what it had been. It seemed that I was drawn out in love toward the Old Baptists. I felt like I loved everybody and wanted them to feel as I did. I had a desire to hear these words:

How happy are they
Who, their Savior obey.

So I called my two oldest children in the house and sung the song through. I wanted to talk with the Old Baptists and be baptized if they could receive me, but in a short time I began to fear that I was deceived again. I thought if I had been changed I would feel more happy than I did.— I wanted my name taken from among the Missionaries. I thought I would tell my husband about it, so Sunday night I told him that I wanted my name taken from among them. He said that he reckoned that it was my mind and if he was in my place he would not. So I went on in this way until last Spring when all their preaching appeared to be taken from me, it did not correspond with my feelings, it was not any consolation to me at all. I then concluded that probably it was all in me, that it was Satan working with me. I had never been changed and that was the reason that it was so dark to me.— About four months ago it came to me as though some one had spoken to me that I was not in any church nor ever had been baptized. I was then made willing to forsake all others for Christ, and to do whatever he commanded me. So, on Friday, before the third Sunday in August, I offered to the Church at Peach Tree, was received and baptized on the Sunday following by Elder R. Tucker, where I feel to be at home. Please excuse all mistakes of

Your unworthy sister,
JULIA A. COPPEDGE.

MR. GOLD:—I have concluded, to try in my weakness, to give you a short sketch of my travels from nature's darkness into the marvelous light of a child of grace, if not deceived. I was brought up from a child to live a moral life. I was taught to read the Bible as soon as I could read at all, and carried the Testament to school as a reading book. I learned the Lord's Prayer and the

Ten Commandments, and I reckon I observed them nearly as far as it lies in one's power to do. I learned to fear to disobey, knowing and feeling that there was a God above who would reward the good and punish the wicked who transgressed his holy laws—this made me more careful. I lived in this way until the commencement of the war, I had some cousins in the army who wrote to us to pray for them. As a request from them I thought I would try, but I suppose it was more to preserve our lives than anything else. I kept it up though I did not want any one to see me. I thought too that I could not pray unless I kneeled down. I would read nearly every kind of a religious book—and the Bible very often. I believed everything that was written within, that Christ came into the world to save sinners, though I could claim no just cause why he would save me. I never felt to be a great sinner, still I knew that I had never done any good deed to merit salvation, and I read from his holy book—"Ye must be born again"—which rested with considerable force on my mind a short time before I hope that the Lord showed me what was contained in those words. I was about to despair, as I thought, of hope for I had none then of myself, but thought I would ask the Lord again to make me a christian, or, to create me anew, which I could not then understand. I had no sooner asked than I felt to receive an answer. To my surprise I stopped to wonder at myself. The change that had come over me, though I had never felt any particular burden before—I felt so much relieved. I was then enabled to see the cross of Calvary so plain, and felt the relief of my burden, that it was gone. My heart was so drawn out in love to him I did not care to stay any longer, but rather desired to go then while I felt to have no sin, for I was conscious I could not live in this world without sin—but I was reconciled to his will—for I did not feel that the gates of hell could prevail against me, for underneath me was his everlasting arm—I could then claim him as my Savior.—

"Who saved me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, Oh! how great."

It was on a beautiful Sabbath evening, the 12th of April, in '63, never to be forgotten by your unworthy writer. I first thought I would not tell it, I thought I would try to show the way to those I loved (I was at home) but have never been able. I have often wished that I was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church, but under the circumstances I have never joined them. I feel to-day as Ruth said: "Thy God is my God."

Mr. Gold, I have written this for your own perusal, (as you asked me,) you may do with it as you think best and rest assured, that I am content.

Excuse mistakes and misapplied sentences, and if you publish this correct them.

Yours in hope of eternal life,
AMANDA L. DOGGETT.