

plenty he would say—yes, mama! what is the matter with you? I could not tell what was the matter with me. There was a colored woman living with me, I started one day to ask her to pray for me—and the thought came—why not ask your uncle William. I felt too unworthy to go to him, and even too unworthy to eat. My husband would often tell me to eat, and told me that I could not live unless I did. I could not enjoy anything except cold water. In the mean time I went to see my mother, she remarked to me—what is the matter with you, are you working yourself to death? Oh no! mother, I am living off of the good mercies of God and cold water. The first week in June 1872 brother Rowe preached at Lawrence's Meeting House, and I went. He took his text and preached my feelings better than I can describe them. I tried to keep the tears back but could not, but they were tears for joy. I felt better than I had in a long time. I knew I had never told any one of my troubles but my companion, and I knew he had not told it, so I could only hope to be a child of God before it was too late. I went home praying, when I got to the gate I had such a burden come on me I thought I never would get in the house, although I got in and took my seat and it came to me with force: Go to your father and fall upon your knees, unworthy to be called his child, you must seek a servant's place. I got up and the tears falling from my eyes, I said, oh! Lord, what have I done to my father to fall as low to him as that, for I have always been a dutiful child? Then it came to me it was not my earthly father—but my heavenly Father, and I will go and fall on my knees, for I have never humbled myself to get on my knees to pray to him. I went in my little room and fell on my knees and prayed to the Lord to relieve me of my heavy burden. When I retired that night and shut my eyes I saw a house and it looked as long as a train and a man was sitting in the front of it. He said to me: These windows and doors have all got to be opened before your sins are forgiven; and, in my slumber I dreamed I was chased by a fence by a red horned beast and I felt his tongue lick my bare feet, and looked down and saw his horns, and then looked up and thought I was as high as the top of the trees, and then stretched my arms up as high as I could get them and thought I was like Jesus was when he was nailed to the cross, and I thought I had been through almost as much. I heard something at my side, and looked and saw a man and he smiled at me and told me to come down that I should not be hurt. I came down perfectly satisfied, but when I came down there was a spotted dog at my left side, then I started to go to my husband and this dog kept close by me, and when I got there the dog turned to a negro. My husband at-

tempted to kill him. I asked him not to do it for I did not want to hurt anything in the world.—I awoke in as much trouble as ever. I felt that I was nothing more than filthy rags in the sight of a just God, and said: if I perish I will pray, and if sent to hell it is just. The last night of my great distress I dreamed that I was walking my yard wringing my hands and crying for mercy, and I heard my sister asking the Lord to have mercy on her, and I thought she was like I was when I was burdened with my sins, and commenced singing:

Jesus, dear name, how sweet it sounds—
I once was blind but now I see,
Was lost but now am found.

And I awoke, my hand was on my breast and I repeated the words again, and oh, how happy I felt! I thanked and blessed the Lord and closed my eyes and saw the prettiest white birds I ever saw going up one from another, and I was reaching after them. I awoke my husband and told him my burden was gone, my sins were all forgiven. I felt like I never should see any more trouble in my life, and I wanted everybody to forgive me all that I had ever done amiss to them. Everything seemed so changed—I loved everybody. I thought I would not tell what a change I had undergone, but I could not keep it from my mother—I told her as soon as I saw her. She comforted me very much and told me she thought I had great reason to thank and praise the good Lord. I remained in a happy state of feeling for a week and three days. The fourth Saturday in August I went to Lawrence's Meeting House and there seemed to be a seat prepared for me, but when I looked around my mother was not there. I felt that I wanted to be with her at Conoho, and I wanted to talk with uncle William Hodges before I offered to the church. I thought if he was satisfied with my exercises everybody else would be.—That evening my Savior appeared to me wrapped up in a white sheet, and said to me: If you don't go to the church and be baptized both of your breasts shall be taken off with can-cers, and he banished and I burst into tears, for I felt that it was more than I could bear. After this I went to sleep, and in my slumber he appeared in the same way. Next day I was in so much trouble—I went to see my dear uncle and told him of my troubles. He was satisfied at my relation and admonished me to my duty. I made up my mind to go to the church the next preaching. And in a short time my darling little boy was taken sick and died—it was a source of great grief, Brother Gold, but I felt to thank God that he had spared me until it pleased him to give me a good hope beyond this vale of tears. Amid my bereavement the Spirit of the Lord revived and enabled me to say "thy will be done." My mother appeared to me and told me not to mourn after anything in this world for I should soon

have a home. It was made plain to me that this was the church—for, baptism troubled me so much I could not sleep. The third Saturday in October 1872 I went to the church at Conoho and related my exercises, was received and baptized by brother Bell, and found great relief. I felt as light as a feather when I was raised up out of the water. I said— all is well—for I have done my duty.

Brother Gold, I cannot express my feelings as I wish to, if I could it would be more pleasure to me than anything in the world. But, I feel to thank God for what little I can write, and for everything he has ever done for me. He has opened my blind eyes, unstopped my deaf ears, and softened my hard heart—where-of I am glad.

Brother Gold, do with this as you think best and all will be well. Your unworthy sister in Christ, if one at all,

FANNIE DOWNING.

STANDING PINE, MISS.,
January 2nd, 1874.

Dear Nephew:—

I received your kind letter with a request I should write another communication for your valuable paper, ZION'S LANDMARKS, as you said you had lost the other one. So I will commence, but not without a fear and trembling, for when I see so many able pens used to bring to our understanding the glories of the doctrine of truth set forth in the scriptures of eternal truth, it makes poor the fear, knowing myself to be so little and if a saint the least of all. I feel to go away back when time commenced with me when I was quite young, fourteen or fifteen years of age. I saw I was a sinner against a good and just God—so was all the rest of Adam's family: nothing to do but to get religion which I thought I could do, so I commenced trying—praying three times a day, and got as good religion as anybody could get and lived happy a few years in that condition. After about 3 or 4 years in this condition I became uneasy, so I thought I could pray and get my mind at ease once more, but the more I prayed the worse I got. So every time I tried to pray made it worse and worse until I thought it was a sin for me to try to pray, so I wanted to be relieved in some way.—I thought I had a breast complaint that would kill me—so often I would go to some lonely place and think the Lord would relieve me but no relief could I obtain, so I concluded my day of grace had passed. I was bound to be lost, for it appeared during these three or four years that I was at ease, that I did commit more sin than all my life before. Pray I could not—I was so justly condemned. I saw no way how God could save such a sinner as I saw myself to be, so when I had given up all hope and thought I was nothing but sin, my cry was, Lord save or I perish. And I did believe the Lord would kill me and I would be lost forever. So,

when all hope was gone my sorrow and trouble were great, it appeared more than I could bear—then these words were spoken to me: "Go, thy sins are forgiven thee;" and, as quick as thought my mind was at ease and I was made to rejoice in God my Savior with joy I cannot describe. I loved everybody and it seemed like I was as happy as I could be, and that I would never see any more sorrow and trouble. But, these good and happy feelings lasted only a few hours, when I thought I would go and see my dear mother and tell her all about it. So I started and got about half way to my father's house as full of love and praise as I could hold. In a thought these words came to me—you are deceived—which let me down so low I thought I was ruined and in a worse condition than ever, so I thought to get my burden back: but, to be short, I could not.—When mourning there was something within seeming to be praising my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ—so I went to my mother and told her all about it, but I was not yet satisfied. I wanted to follow my Savior which led me to go and tell it to the King's household—so I did. When I got through talking in a weak way they received me without asking me one question, which I thought I had rather they would have asked—I did not want to deceive these people, so I was baptized by brother Alfred Webb in Rutherford County, N. C. This occurred fifty years ago—some things one might forget, but these things I never will forget, for I believe when the new covenant was placed in me it was as lasting as the Giver. And, this is done by the Spirit of the living God, for no man knoweth the Father save the Son, and he to whom the Son will reveal him. He writes it in their hearts and prints it in their minds—then they have a desire and a will to worship God in spirit and in truth.—Many are the afflictions of the children. We have to go through great trials of persecution in this world of sorrow, doubts and fears. As good Soldiers of the Cross, remember dear brethren and sisters, we have the everlasting love of God planted in our souls to guide us into all truths and then a living faith given us that Jesus our High Priest will perform all he has promised to do for our benefit and his glory. When I joined the Baptist church there was but one kind of Baptists—so I have been in two rents among them; the first, the Missionaries, and the two-seed Parker Doctrine. We split in this State. Brother J. C. Denton, I often think of you, but stand to your post and you have nothing to fear. One word to brother and sister Gold, as you may see this. I wrote sometime back and received no answer from you. I am so well pleased to learn you are among the Old School Baptists and I hope we can truly say: we are no more foreigners and strangers, but fellow-citizens with the saints and