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# ZION'S LANDMARK

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VOL. CXV

DECEMBER, 1981

NO. 1

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

## ELDER H. A. YOUNG PASSES

Elder H. A. Young, Jacksonville, N. C., passed away January 2nd, 1982. See death notice in this issue.

## THE END OF THE WAY

My life is a wearisome journey.

I am sick with the dust and the heat.

The rays of the sun beat upon me.

The briars are wounding my feet.

But the city to which I hope I am journeying

Will more than my trials repay.

When I get to the end of the way.

There are so many hills to climb upward.

I so often am longing for rest;

But He who appoints me my pathway

Knows just what is needful and best;

I know in His Words He has promised

That His strength shall be as my day;

And the toils of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way.

He loves His own too well to forsake them.

Or give them one trial too much;

All His people have been dearly purchased.

And satan can never claim such.

By and by I hope to see Him and praise Him.

In that city of unending day;

And the toils of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way.

When the last feeble step has been taken,

And the gates of the city appear.

And the beautiful songs of the angels.

Float out on my listening ear.

When all that now seems so mysterious

Will be made plain and clear as the day.

Yes, the toils of the road will seem nothing.

When I get to the end of the way.

Though now I am foot sore and weary.

I shall rest when I am safely at home.

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My hope is that I'll receive a glad welcome,  
For the Saviour Himself has said, Come!

So when I am weary in body,  
And sinking in spirit, I say;  
All the toils of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

Cooling fountains are there for the thirsty;  
There are cordials for those who are faint.  
There are robes that are whiter and purer,  
Than any fancy can ever paint.

Then I'll press hopefully onward,  
Thinking often through each weary day;  
The toil of the road will seem nothing,  
When I get to the end of the way.

The above beautiful lines were written by a young woman in Nova Scotia, an invalid for many years with spinal disease, and a great sufferer, in whom the grace of God is wonderfully manifested.

Editor

## MY REASONS FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL

The first impression or inward feeling made on my mind on the subject of preaching was early next morning after I was delivered from my burden of sin. I was rejoicing that my sufferings were now over, and it appeared that One spoke to me and said "No, you have many things yet to suffer, for I have chosen you to preach the gospel." This language fell so forcibly upon me that I felt I could scarcely stand on my feet. I took it as a token that I was deceived in all that I had seen and felt the day before, on which my hope of Heaven rested; for I thought I knew, and God knew, that I could not preach, being but a lad, so to speak, and I knew nothing about the gospel, only its name. I was so ignorant at that time. I had no education except I could read the Scripture. I had no general information, and was not only the youngest professor in that country, but the most unfit for so great a work. Therefore, I concluded that it could not be God who was calling me to do such wonderful work as to preach the gospel.

That being true, I also concluded that my feelings the day before were of the devil who had deceived me by producing false evidence, causing me to think I had seen the Saviour. So, I was thrown into utter confusion, and felt that I was ruined forever. I was sure that the call to preach was not of God on account of it being unreasonable on God's part, and impossible on my part, to obey such a call. The power that attended it was the same that attended all my other views. Again, I decided that I was deceived in all I had hoped for, so in great agony of mind I walked the road after returning home from my recent trip, comparing the joy and comfort I had felt the evening before, when I thought my sins were all forgiven, and how I saw myself a disappointed, deceived soul. The horrors were inexpressible. I remember the spot, under a large poplar tree, by the road-side, a few miles from Stoneville, North Carolina. It was there that I knelt down and earnestly tried to pray to God to be merciful to me, a poor miserable, deceived sinner; and while thus praying, I saw the Saviour just as I did the evening before. I rose from my knees, and my prayer was turned to praise, and my sorrow to joy. Here, I passed on, thinking I was only deceived about having to preach, but not about my hope. I felt glad that was the case, for I did not want to be a preacher, neither did I

### *Zion's Landmark*

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

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ELDER L. I. BODENHEIMER



*Affectionately*  
*L. I. Bodenheimer*

1831 - 1900

THE FOUNDING EDITOR OF ZION'S LANDMARK  
ON NOVEMBER 15, 1867.

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(The above portrait is from an old Intaglio Etching Print that has been kept and handed down with the old records of Zion's Landmark for over one hundred years. Editor.)

think at this time that I would ever join the church, nor tell what I had seen and felt, but I would conceal it all in my heart, live right and be happy all my life; but I felt soon afterwards such a love to the church, and such a beauty in baptism that I felt like I could not wait until the church at Graham's Meeting House assembled, which was a month off, and the location was forty miles from where I lived.

All that month I was melted in love, and saw much and felt much of the goodness and mercy of God to me. Many precious scriptures were presented to my mind, so I would work in my daily routine and cry with love, and joy at every remembrance of God's goodness to me. When the time came to go to the meeting, I started with a full intention to join the church that day. Elder S. J. Lackey preached, I suppose, a good sermon, but none of it reached me. When he opened the door of the church for any that wished to unite with the church to come forward, I felt dead, heavy, helpless, and, as it were, I was stuck fast to the bench. I could no more rise from my seat than if I were dead. After dismissal I went home in great trouble, believing I was unfit to join, and God had thus prevented me. By contrast, I was as miserable the next month as I had been happy the past month.

So, when the next meeting time come, I went again to the meeting to see if the preacher would describe such a wretch as I am, not expecting in the least to offer to the church. During preaching, I was very cold and lifeless. After the sermon, the door of the church was open, and Elder Lackey commenced singing this song,

"Oh may I worthy prove to see,

The saints in full prosperity;

To see the bride, the glittering bride,

Close seated by her Saviour's side."

Before I was aware, such love and power pervaded my entire body and soul that it lifted me from my seat, and as I rose up, going out in the congregation, I commenced to tell what the Lord had done for me. No one knew I had professed a hope, and no one had joined that church for some time. No young member belonged there. A large crowd was present that day, and when I rose and began to talk, all eyes were fastened and turned to me. Brother Lackey beckoned to me, and said, "Come around to the church." I started around, but kept telling what the Lord had done for me. I stood at the foot of the pulpit, and while I was

there, telling what the Lord had done for me, the preacher was so full he cried aloud. My dear mother, a Baptist, got so full she shouted and praised God, and many more shouted aloud. The congregation was in a flood of tears. I was so overcome that I sat down, and wept. As soon as Elder Lackey could speak, he did for joy and said, "All that can receive this young man into your fellowship say I." All said "I". I was received and baptized the following Wednesday by Elders Lackey and McNealy, my man for whom I had left Mooresville, Indiana, some weeks before to see.

After I was baptized, my impression or weight of mind to preach grew heavier, and my opposition stronger. My first objection was that I was too young, being just a small lad or boy under my mother. I was also ignorant and too poor to lose the time. Besides this, I could not speak in public, so I told the Lord that if He required a preacher to go from that church to take Brother White, or Brother Hester. They were old members, and would make a better preacher than I ever could be; but the answer would be "Go Thou." I never told my impression or leading of mind to a living soul, except my mother, and would not have told her had she not caught me crying and praying to God not to send me. I was afraid to tell any of the members of the church of my impressions, thinking that if I did they would think I was losing my mind, or would lose fellowship with me. I was very poor and intended to stick close to work, so as to gain property. I also thought that if I went to preaching I would not be respected by any young people. This I could not bear, yet the burden was so heavy on me that I could scarcely think of anything else. Still, I was determined not to submit to it, for I felt if I did I was a ruined boy for life.

Many were the days that I plowed all day, crying and praying God to excuse me, and send some one that could preach, for I knew that He knew I could not. In this condition I went on, day after day, hoping it would leave me after awhile. Often a scripture would fasten upon my mind, and would unfold itself with such sweetness to me that I would find myself speaking out so that others at some distance could hear me, before I knew what I was doing. This gave me great trouble. I then was determined to watch myself very closely, and clinch my teeth, so as not to speak, no matter what my feelings were. This I succeeded in doing in the daytime, but when night came, and I got asleep, a text of

scripture would fasten on my mind. I would commence explaining it in my sleep, and speak out or aloud, just as if I was preaching. I have thrown up my bare hands while thus preaching in my sleep, and struck them against the sharp shingle-nails that reached through the sheeting of the roof of our cabin, causing the blood to flow out of the wounds, waking me up, also waking other members of our family, who would tell me the next day that I had preached all night, and kept them from sleep. This greatly annoyed me, and I got to the place that I wished night would never come. I would lay and watch myself until midnight to keep from falling asleep, and when I could no longer watch, sleep would overcome me. Here, I was again preaching as before. Finding that clinching my teeth in the daytime, and watching myself at night could not avail anything when I fell asleep, I then prayed to God to take sleep from me, so I could watch myself day and night. This prayer was not answered. Then I felt that it were better for me to die than live, but death fled from me.

I was plowing one day with two horses in a twenty acre field. The burden of the Word of the Lord was so heavy upon me that day. I felt that God Almighty was following me all day, right by my side, saying, "Go preach the gospel to every creature." I begged, prayed and reasoned with God all the fore part of the day, that I could speak. I am too poor to lose the time, and that I wanted to live and accumulate this world's goods. But God's answer to all my excuses was, "Go thou and preach the gospel to every creature." Here I felt an uprising in my rebellious heart against God. I became angry, and told the Almighty, as it were, to His face that I could not, and I would not go, even if He killed me. At this instant my strength was all taken from me, and I sank down in the furrow of the plow, helpless as an infant. I could neither move, nor speak, nor was I allowed to pray; yet, I knew my helpless condition, and knew why I was so rendered. The Almighty then appeared about fifteen feet above me, in the majesty of His indignation, with a flaming sword of fire in His right Hand uplifted towards heaven. He spake to me in this language, "Who made your mouth?" This was repeated three times, like one loudly crying a sale, and I felt that if I did not answer the question the third time it was asked, the sword of fire would fall upon me, and take my life. So, I in my mind, answered that the Lord made my mouth. The next question asked me was, "To whom does this world belong?" This was asked three times

exactly the same as the other, and I answered, "The world and all that is in it, is the Lord's." The next question asked was, "In whose hands is your life?" This was repeated, the same as heretofore, three times. I answered, "My life is in thy hands." The Almighty then said, "You have said that I made your mouth, can I not fill it? You acknowledge that the world and all that is in it is mine. Cannot I supply all your needs? You say your life is in my hands, and now you must go and preach the gospel as I bid you or I will take you out of the world." End of Quote. So terrible was this sight and this sentence to me that I promised God, if He would enable me to preach, I would go. In an instant my strength returned to me as it was before. I arose from the earth, praising God, and commenced my plowing again. Here for the first time in life did I feel willing to preach. Here I was made willing to suffer for His name's sake. Here I was made willing to trust God for all things. Here I was made willing to be anything God would have me to be. I plowed all the afternoon in tears of humble gratitude to God for His mercy to me in my rebellion. Here God brought me to the "valley of decision," and reconciled me to the **Cross of Christ**. I felt that I was now crucified to the world and the world was now dead to me.

The next Sunday I went about ten miles south to Abbott's Creek Church, to hear Elder Snider preach. He preached a warm sermon, and while he was preaching, I remembered my vow in the field. As I sat on the bench, I could not hold myself still. I shook to the extent that I attracted the attention of the spectators seated all around me. I feared to leave without preaching for fear God would kill me. How to get the chance, I did not see. But, as Elder Snider closed, he looked at me and said, "Brother Bodenheimer, come to the stand and preach the gospel." This so opened my way. Knowing that I had never hinted my feelings to him, I rose up and went to the pulpit, sang a hymn and prayed and talked for about one hour. When I thought of myself again, I saw the congregation in tears. I thought, because I was making such a poor out. At this point, I stopped, sat down, and wept over my failure. This was my start. I had thought for about eight years that such could not be possible, but for this time only I just spoke for present relief, as far as I was concerned at that time.

Here, I will also state that the entire membership of my church, unknowing to me, were in travail of mind

that I was to preach before I ever told anyone of my own impression or inward feelings. None of them (the members) ever expressed their exercises to me, or to each other, until after I commenced in public preaching. Each one said that he was afraid to tell his feelings in the matter because he thought himself the only one that had such impression. After the awareness of the possibility of my gift became known in the public, Deacon White said to Brother Hester, "Well, you may not believe it, but I was led to believe the day that Brother Bodenheimer joined the church that God had sent us a preacher to follow Brother Tatum. Brother Hester bursted into tears and said, "I had the same feelings, but was afraid to tell it." Likewise, all of them in turn said the same thing.

So I give you some of my reasons why I preach the gospel, and what I hope is my call to the ministry. I hope, dear brethren, while most of you appear not to be called to this work, yet, you may profit by seeing what, I feel, appears to be the Hand of God in preparing me, the chief of sinners, to this high and holy calling. I pray God that you and all that may chance to read these lines may learn obedience therefrom.

Now, before I close my remarks, lest you or some of the dear children of God should be tempted to doubt your own experience, because I have been so deeply convicted and so sorely tried, and in many things passed through so many trials, that many, perhaps, of God's children have not, yet you must remember that you do not need my qualifications. I firmly believe, according to my humble hope, that I am a chosen vessel unto God, to preach the deep and unsearchable riches of Christ to a lost, ruined and dying world. Therefore, I must in that event must needs be prepared for the work whereunto I am called, and must needs have the experience of the entire church, so I may be enabled to tell the experience of all. That is to say, if I preach to Daniel, I must needs be cast into the den of lions, and if I preach to Jonah, I must needs be swallowed into the belly of hell, and if I preach to the three Hebrew children, I must needs be bound and cast into the burning, fiery furnace, and it heated one seven times hotter than is won't be, and if I preach to afflicted Job, I must be sorely afflicted and tried in every way and on every hand, and if I preach to Samson, I must needs be given super-natural strength, and if I preach to the weak, I must be made just as weak, and if I preach to Soloman, I must needs be

made wise unto Salvation, and if I preach to Moses, I must needs go upon the Mount, and if I preach to Thomas, I must needs be filled completely with doubts; so you can see the reason that God, who called me by His grace to preach the everlasting gospel, carried me by His Spirit in my Christian and ministerial experience, through such a diversity of views and feelings, to the end through the gift He has given me in the ministry that all His saints may be edified and comforted, and God Himself ultimately glorified.

So, if there should be any trembling, doubting Thomases who are ready to say, I doubt my hope, because my experience is so small, compared with yours, remember that your short little experience by faith, though little as a grain of mustard seed, has enabled you to lay hold on Christ, and I assure you that mine has done no more. Yours gives you fellowship with the saints, mine does no more, your little experience gives you a good hope through grace, mine does no more, yours causes you to choose to suffer afflictions with the children of God, rather than to enjoy the pleasure of sin for a season, mind does no more; yours causes you to esteem me more than you do yourself, and mine causes me to esteem you more than I do myself; so be of good cheer, for if three days of the reign of grace with Paul made him the great Apostle, and it took four years for me and eighteen for another, and only three hours for the dying thief, let us all rejoice that grace reigns in us to eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord; and let not the man that lay at the pool thirty and eight years, throw the woman of only eighteen year's infirmity away nor she throw Paul away, nor Paul throw the dying thief away, because he (the dying thief) was only under conviction not exceeding three hours; yet, that was sufficient time in God's determinate counsel to cause him to feel his need of Christ and say, "Lord, remember me when thou comest to thy Kingdom." Luke 23:42. Christ did not say, no, you have not been under conviction long enough, your experience is too short, and is not worth telling, nor hearing. But, listen, O ye heavens, give ear and hear, O ye earth, the words of my mouth. The dying Saviour replied, "To day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Luke 23:43. I seem to comprehend that death here lost his sting with the dying thief, and that he died in full assurance of the glory world, and in the triumphs of grace, through that blessed faith that works only by love. That he mounted the chariot of mercy with the

Son of God, and was borne by the holy angels safely within the Paradise of God. Then let me say to you of short experience, who seem to have nothing upon which to rest your hope of heaven upon, but, perhaps, one, only one single, short prayer. If that one prayer is, indeed, your heart-felt need, and you have ever truly and truthfully said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," or "Lord save, or I perish," or, "Lord remember me when thou comest into thy Kingdom," the promise is, "To day shalt thou be with me, (Christ) in Paradise." Then in place of murmuring at your own little experience, as you call it, and your short trifling prayer, as you would say, and are ashamed to tell it to men, or to the church, rather praise God for identifying you as "Oh ye of little faith." When you feel that you were a dying thief, or condemned sinner nailed by the strict justice of God to the cross, you were not ashamed then to cry, "Lord remember me." Yes, Blessed be God, Christ was not ashamed of you then, but gave you the promise of heavenly rest at once. But, now after He has had compassion on you, and calls upon you to deny your self, may it be His divine will in blessing you to take up your cross and follow Him. But, timorous mortal, as you are, understandably so, you will hold back because you can't tell some great experience like others. Remember, Christ says, "Him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when He cometh in the glory of His Father with the holy angels." Mark 8:38. Oh! how will I or you feel in that day of God Almighty to know Christ is ashamed of us, on account of our being ashamed of Him before men, before this world of pride, before the church, and before even devils. Well may Christ be ashamed of us if He does not bless us to faithfully declare and stand for His truth before men.

In conclusion, allow me to say, I have nothing to take back that I have preached, for I know what I have been and am from my youth until now. By God's power and His grace alone, what I have preached is God's eternal truth, and although some in, and some out of the church, have grumbled, yet "none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I may finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." Acts 20:24. I have had and continue to have many trials, and sore temptations, and have suffered much, as, I trust, God has blessed me in preaching the Gospel of His beloved Son. I have tried to serve churches twenty miles from

my home on foot, having walked home after preaching the same day, before I would rest. I have baptized when my clothing would freeze in two minutes after coming out of the water, go to the stand, preach, and then go twenty miles again on foot without changing clothes. I have plowed and hoed in the cornfield until ten o'clock of moonlight nights to make up lost time to support my family. I have spent two thirds of my life serving the public without charge. Many have been my trials which I cannot here tell, and for the past two months my doubts, temptations, sorrows and heaviness of heart have been indescribable. I have even felt part of the time that even death would be a sweet relief; yet, with Job I can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Job 19:25. At times I feel that my beloved brethren, the faithful lovers of the truth and friends of Zion, have all forsaken me, and even fear that God Himself has forsaken me. At times again, I am made strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. Then I fear no evil, neither fear I what man can do unto me.

In my attempts to preach I feel so utterly unable to discharge this solemn submission, that often, while sitting in the pulpit, waiting for the appointed hour, the burden of the Word of the Lord has been so heavy upon me that the sweat would pour out of the palms of my hand, until the Bible I was reading would get so wet that it would tear as brown paper. There have been times when I would rise to preach that I have often had to hold to the book board to keep from falling for want or lack of strength, but in a short time Divine strength would be given me, so I fear nothing on earth. A felt sense of my own weakness and unworthiness at times is so great, that I fail to even try to preach when I am appointed at Associations, on account of which my brethren often add afflictions to my bonds by accusing me of contrariness, and God knows my heart, that I tell the truth when I say, it is weakness, and not contrariness. I have often wept after preaching at my failures. I always see more greatness in my subject after I sit down that I failed to tell, than I ever told while trying to preach. This view of my efforts causes me to fear to try. Preachers who are blessed to come up to the measure of the fullness of the stature of Christ in the gospel, I suppose, do not feel as I do, who falls so short of such a triumph. Hence, they know not my feelings, and, therefore, cannot sympathize with me. I have always tried to watch the Hand of God with me. I

must be given to see and feel all my divine submissions myself. I have tried to see the difference between a Divine or Spiritual impression and a carnal one, and between an inspired revelation and natural imagination, and between true inspiration and mere tradition of men. Now, if I dare cross or leave any of the traditions of the fathers and Elders in the fulfillment of my Godly directed submissions, I am called in question, and tried by the superstitious before a court of the traditional fathers, in place of the revealed word of God. "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself." Acts 20:24. Neither Christ nor His Apostles escaped this trial. I can only pray God to "forgive them; for they know not what they do." Luke 23:24. Oh! that God continue to bless me in fighting the good fight of faith, laying hold on eternal life, and I have had evidence from thousands of God's dear children, that they have been comforted under the ministry, I trust, God has given me. Many, many of them have laid their armour by and crossed over into the promised land, where they are now basking in the fullness of that precious Saviour that I have so long and faithfully tried to preach in poverty, in temptations, in afflictions, in persecutions, in slanders, in crosses, in losses, in doubts, in fears and trembling, and in much weakness; yea, I have been in perils by land and by sea, and, worse than all, among false brethren. I now feel a conscience void of offense toward God and man, and can truly say for all my enemies, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." Luke 23:24. And to those who love me (if any) and the truth which I have so long preached and suffered the loss of all things for, do not count me your enemy because I tell you the truth. I love you in the bowels of mercy, for you I live, for you I suffer, for you I have great heaviness of heart and continual sorrows, for my prayer to God and heart's desire for you is that you may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus, and that you and I may at last sit down in the Kingdom of God with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, with God and His dear Son, where we will be tempted and tried no more. Our faith will then be ended in sight and our hope will then be ended in possession. As all our trials are for the trial of our faith, and our faith having then ended in sight, all our trials will have ended also. Our hope will there end in possession, and all our doubts that grow out of our fear that our hope will fail us in the end will be no more. So, now being in the full possession of the joy

hoped for, our doubts are also ended forever, and there in heaven will you and all of God's tried and doubting ones be free with all your sorrows and sighings forever having fled away. See Isa. 35:10. "And the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Isa. 60:20. Here also shall "mortality be swallowed up of life." See II Cor. 5:4: Hence, you will have no mortal interest to perplex you, no mortal necessities to supply, no mortal friends to die and leave you to mourn, no mortal love to be rejected or insulted, causing you to mourn, for "the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Isa. 60:20. Then

"Why should we shrink or dread to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are;

Death is the gate to endless joys.

And yet we dread to enter there."

O! think of what a fortress the grave is. None of your enemies can follow you any further than the grave. All your temptations of every hue and cry stop at the grave. Have you poverty that oppresses you? Remember it will stop at your grave. Have you unruly children that are going to destruction? Remember they can only follow you only to your grave. Have you a tormenting husband or wife? Remember, they can follow you to torment you no further than your grave. Have you besetting sins of your nature that try and daily annoy you? Remember, they can follow you no further than your grave. Have you a host of devils that yell and howl, persecute and slander your moral character, and try to destroy your religious influence, your common peace, your social comfort, and pull you down in your common business, and separate you by lies, gossip and slander from your best friends and your most loved ones? Remember, those devils in human shape can follow you no further than your grave! Then when our loves ones die why should we tremble to convey their bodies to the grave? Well did tried Job and patient David pray to be "hid in the grave" - "until these calamities be overpast." Job 14:13 & Psalms 57:1. Here your wearied, tempted and tried body will rest for a while in your grave, a blessing from your God, and your soul shall ascend to Him who gave it.

While you, perhaps, know, and I know for a fact of myself that I often shrink when I think of coming to my own grave, yet for the past two months such have been my conflicts that I have looked, prayed for and sought relief, until at times the grave only appeared to me as a

sweet hiding place from the storms of life, through which I have been called to pass. Then may our God of all comfort bless us to be meek in all our trials, patient in all our afflictions, looking and hastening to our grave as a temporary resting place from all our sorrows and trials, knowing that "Christ will descend from heaven with the trump of God, and the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God" (1st Thess.) and gather our bodies out of our graves in the glorious resurrection, fashioning them like unto His own glorious body. There in that happy place, we shall meet and compose that "innumerable company which no man can number," and shall ever be present with our Lord.

Lovingly adieu,  
L. I. Bodenheimer

## EDITORIAL

(Note: The following editorial was published in the March, 1975, issue of *Zion's Landmark*, and is being republished at this time by special request.)

### WAR IN HEAVEN

Elder W. W. Hudson, Jr., of Bastrop, La., has written to me and asked the following question, "Do you feel that Revelation 12:7 could have reference to divisions among God's people here upon this earth?" "And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels." There are connecting or related scriptures found recorded in Rev. 13:4, which read as follows, "Who is like unto the beast? Who is able to make war with him? And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme His name, and His tabernacle, and them THAT DWELL IN HEAVEN. And it was given unto him to make war with the saints." Rev. 13:3, 5, 6. John also saw this revelation, "And I saw heaven opened, and beheld a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness He doth judge AND MAKE WAR." Rev. 19:11. The conflict or warfare between these two armies is described by John as follows, "And I saw the beast, and the kings of the

earth, and their armies, gathered together to make war against Him that sat on the horse, and against His army." Rev. 19:19.

From time immemorial there has been much opposition (at times there has been much more than at other times) against the truth as it is in Christ Jesus, the Lord of Glory. This opposition has always stemmed from darkness or from the unbelieving heart. God controls this opposition for His saints according to the Will of His own good pleasure. His beloved saints (those who have been given hope in Christ) receive this persecution and opposition in the same faith that the Apostle Paul received it, "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose." Roms. 8:28. This opposition had its beginning or origin in the morning of time when God spoke to the serpent and said to him, "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." Gen. 3:15. The word bruise as used in this connection denotes conflict to the extent of warfare. I believe that this enmity is found within the ranks of the militant church as well as from without. The Apostle Paul verified this point in the following scripture: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? And what communion hath light aith darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? For ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." II Cor. 6:14-18. I feel that this scripture applies to the militant ranks of the church, and beyond that point so far as it shall reach.

When God said, "It shall bruise thy head," this referred directly to His triumphant resurrection as well as the unblameable life and death of the Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. A bruise within the confines of its own definition constitutes an injury. The encounter of Christ with satan in the wilderness during those forty days together with every miracle that He performed

during His thirty odd years in the world, and finally His resurrection from the dead with the victory over death made the complete, final atonement for sin. In this offering by His Father, it has been said, "For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Hebs. 10:14. When God said, "Thou shalt bruise his heel," (and again, a bruise as such constitutes or infers injury), this quotation or saying has reference to the church which fell in the ruins of Adam in the morning of time. A bruise to the head is much more greater in severity than a bruise or injury is to the heel. A bruise to the head can be so great so as to prove fatal, while complete annihilation of the heel does not kill or destroy the life that is in the body. All of us are familiar with the manner and way in which serpents are destroyed in a natural way. This injury by Christ to the head of the serpent was permanent in that satan was left in a dying way; also, He destroyed His works and set the bounds of His kingdom as was foreknown in His own mind and purpose before the world began. In Christ's post resurrection Word, He delivered to satan the following message, "I have the keys of hell and of death." I take this to mean that satan does not even possess or hold the keys of his own kingdom. See Rev. 1:18. While we have briefly seen that the head of the serpent has been injured, on the other hand some of the injuries that were done to the heel of the woman embraced the beheading of John the Baptist while he was in prison. See Matt. 14:10. "And others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover of bonds and imprisonment: They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword: they wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented, etc." Hebs. 11:36, 37. "From the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent taketh it by force." Matt. 11:12.

The word enmity means "ill will on one side or both; hatred; rancor; especially mutual antagonism that embraces hostility." Enmity has also been described as the feeling that enemies have for each other. Let me say that the carnal mind has not at anytime in the past, is not at the present time, neither will it ever be reconciled in the future to the Infinite Being (and understanding) of the Godhead. The enmity that God created and placed between the seed of the serpent and the seed of the woman has never been reconciled,

neither will it ever be reconciled as such in the sight of God. "The Lord hath made all things for Himself: yea, even the wicked for the day of evil." Prov. 16:4. "The wicked is reserved to the day of destruction, and they shall be brought forth to the day of wrath." Job 21:30. The wicked here are the non-elect. In the New Testament scriptures they are sometimes referred to as goats.

There were false prophets in olden times as well as false teachers in the days and times of the apostles. False prophets and false teachers, as such, would have to appear under the heading "Antichrist." John said, "Little children, it is the last time: and as ye have heard that antichrist shall come, even now are there many antichrists; whereby we know that it is the last time." "I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know it, and that no lie is of the truth. Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son. Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." 1st John 2:18 & 21, 22, 23. To my understanding the two doctrines, one of antichrist, the other of Christ, each stem, the former from the serpent, the later through the seed of the woman, as made manifest in the virgin birth of Christ. The two nations, the non-elect and the elect, are both here under consideration. They cannot under any circumstances be reconciled, and they cannot fraternally live in the same house. In a literal sense, when they are both outwardly sheltered in the same dwelling or under the same roof, sooner or later, a conflict will arise, and the war of which Elder Hudson has made inquiry will soon begin. This warfare is more intense and the enmity between the two seeds is at its raging height when, according to the Will of God, He sees fit to afflict His saints or people in the following manner. "For such are false apostles, deceitful workers, transforming themselves into the apostles of Christ. And no marvel: for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore, it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works." II Cor. 11:13, 14, 15. When the transformation, that the apostle has mentioned above, reaches fruition, then I believe we have the condition that the apostle also had reference to when he said, "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armour of God,

that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of darkness of this world, **AGAINST SPIRITUAL WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES.**" Eph. 6:10, 11, 12. To my understanding, this spiritual wickedness to which the apostle has made reference is created or brought on by these false apostles who have by the will of the flesh (carnality) have deceitfully transformed themselves into "would be" apostles of Christ, even as satan is transformed into an angel of light. At first they cannot be detected or their identity is obscured and unknown by a satanic voluntary humility. In true essence, their very existence and principle is wholly counterfeit. However, sooner or later, they must be brought to light for at some given point they will choose darkness rather than light. This is only characteristic of man. A man may attempt to hide secret sins from his brethren and the church, but as I have said, sooner or later, the following scripture will be made manifest, "And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. For everyone that doeth evil hateth the light, neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd." John 3:19, 20, 21. When the battle reaches this point, then we have the warfare which Elder Hudson has mentioned in the outset of this article. However, so often at this state or point, many of these false apostles will have gained the upper hand of churches while many fainthearted sheep are deceived, and the flock is often led away. In the end of this battle, one can in retrospect look back and understand in some small way the reason why Cain and Abel could not worship together, neither could Jacob and Esau walk or travel as one in their earthly sojourn. Isaac and Ishmael, although half-brothers according to nature, were separated in feeling while trying to abide within the household of Abraham. The prodigal son and his elder brother could not love their father as one. The scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees were the relatives in a natural way to the Lord Jesus Christ (the natural descent of Abraham), yet their followers were domiciled in two separate places, or two different camps.

An attempt or an endeavor to continue to abide fraternally together under the same roof will, sooner or later, lead to the feeling that Solomon was given when he said, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the house top, (alone) than with a brawling woman and in a wide

house." Prov. 25:24. How could he have known about a brawling woman if he had not already, previously dwelled with her. Job experienced the contact with this same woman, and he referred to her as "one of the foolish women." Job 2:10. Because one may have the same natural ancestry or may even be close kin in a natural way does not make them related spiritually, nor does it identify them as being in the true household of faith. It is recorded, "For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel: Neither, because they are the children of Abraham, are they all children; but, in Isaac shall thy seed be called." Roms. 9:6, 7. The enmity between Jacob and Esau was even made manifest between them before they were born. See Gen. 25:26 and Hos. 12:3.

Today, when the Gospel is preached an alarm is sounded, else it is no gospel. Anciently, the trumpet was the means for calling the camps together for both peaceful assemblies as well as for war. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Make thee two trumpets of silver; of a whole piece shalt thou make them: that thou mayest use them for the calling of assembly, and for the journeying of the camps. And when they shall blow with them, all the assembly shall assemble themselves to thee at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. And if they blow but one trumpet, then the princes, which are heads of the thousands of Israel, shall gather themselves unto thee.

When ye blow an alarm, then the camps that lie on the east parts shall go forward. When ye blow an alarm the second time, then the camps that lie on the south side shall take their journey; they shall blow an alarm for their journeys. But when the congregation is to be gathered together, ye shall blow, but ye shall not sound an alarm. And the sons of Aaron, the priests, shall blow with the trumpets; and they shall be to you for an ordinance for ever throughout your generations. **AND IF YOU GO TO WAR IN YOUR LAND AGAINST THE ENEMY THAT OPPRESSETH YOU, THEN YE SHALL BLOW AN ALARM WITH THE TRUMPETS; AND YE SHALL BE REMEMBERED BEFORE THE LORD YOUR GOD, AND YE SHALL BE SAVED FROM YOUR ENEMIES.**" Numbers 10:1-9. From the above description of the (three) signals of the trumpet, there was one signal for an alarm, one for war's alarm, and one for the peaceful assembling together of the camps of Israel. Notice that both trumpets had to be blown in order for them to be saved from the enemy. This writer feels that it has been his privilege and blessing a few

times in his life to have heard both trumpets sounding with the blasting of all three of the signals of this trumpet. This occurrence has not often, however, been the case. The prophet, Nehemiah, left on record a beautiful sanction or endorsement of the above description when the broken walls of Jerusalem were being rebuilt. He records, "So built we the wall; and all the wall was joined together unto the half thereof: "Therefore set I in the lower places behind the wall, and on the higher places. I even set the people after their families with their swords, their spears, and their bows." Neh. 4:6 & 13. Then he records, "They which builded on the wall, and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, everyone with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon. For the builders, everyone had his sword girded by his side, and so builded. And he that sounded the trumpet was by me." Neh. 4:17, 18. It is true today when the Gospel is preached that we have an uplifting in heart, a solid building base or restoration while the Lord Jesus Christ also defends His people from their enemies. Keep in mind that the trumpet was made from one whole piece of silver. It was not made of two pieces and put together. (A blend of self righteousness and the righteousness of God.) It was of one piece, the same as the coat of the Lord Jesus Christ. "Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout." John 19:23. The Gospel Trumpet as well as the Robe of Righteousness were both perfect. The elect church (in His sight) has no spot or wrinkle. There is a glorious sound from the Silver Trumpet. To the unbeliever, when it falls upon his ear, it is severity. Paul said, "Behold therefore the goodness and severity of God: on them which fell, severity; but toward thee, goodness, if thou continue in His goodness." Roms. 11:22. It is only His grace that can keep us in this goodness.

From the interpretation that one would have or be given from the above Old Testament scriptures, it would appear that there were certain specific sounds which were given by the trumpeters, and the children of Israel knew these sounds as well as what they meant. How true this is in the Gospel of the Son of the true and living God today! His sheep hear as well as know the Voice. The two Silver trumpets point to and are also a figure of the Gospel ministry in which there is a rightly dividing of the Word of truth, sometimes called the separation or the dividing of Law and Gospel. It has

also been called "separating the precious from the vile." Isaiah said, "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8:20. I understand from the following scripture that when man attempts to blow the trumpet, it gives an uncertain sound. "For if the trumpet gives an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to battle." 1st Cor. 14:8. The two silver trumpets must be joined together, the melody of which brings a oneness in harmony, and a unison in strength that is perfect. It is no wonder that the prophet described the effect of the sound of this trumpet as follows, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance." Isa. 89:15.

I have heard it said as an every day expression, perhaps, all of my life, that satan was once an angel in heaven, but God kicked him out because of his disobedience. I do not believe (in the first case) that he was ever in eternal heaven to have been kicked out, neither do I believe that the war or warfare which Elder Hudson has mentioned in the outset of this article has ever occurred or will occur in the eternal heaven. The Lord Jesus Christ described the fall of satan as follows, "And the seventy returned again with joy, saying Lord, even the devils are subject unto us through thy name. And He said unto them, I beheld Satan as lighting fall from HEAVEN. Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you." Luke 10:17, 18, 19. In this blessing of great, exceeding rapture these seventy marvelled and were astonished at the great power given them through faith in being made to see the fall of satan to the extent that they should reign over him. Jesus said, "Notwithstanding in this rejoice not, that the spirits are subject unto you; but rather rejoice, because your names are written in HEAVEN." Luke 10: 18, 19, 20. It is this writer's firm belief that one can only experience the knowledge of the fall of satan in a perfect way when he is cast out of the unbelieving heart. This operation is described as follows, "When a strong man armed keepeth his place, his goods are in peace: But when A Stronger than he shall come upon him, and over come him, He taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divided his spoils." Luke 11:21. To my understanding, Jesus is referring directly to the new birth, the operation whereby His children are personally given

faith and hope, as He (Himself) said, "But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the kingdom of God is come upon you." Ezekiel described this operation in this manner, "And I will give them one heart, and I will put a new spirit within you; and I will take the stony heart out of their flesh, and will give them an heart of flesh." Ezk. 11:19.

The question was once asked me by a dear brother (now departed from this world), "What literally became of satan after he beguiled Eve in the Garden of Eden, after both Adam and Eve became transgressors of the law of God?" As I hope I am given to understand the truth, all of Adam's human posterity fell victim of his vicious design, and, as such, in their mortal flesh only are yet under the rule of the reigning power of sin and death, even to the seal of the bond of iniquity and the gall of bitterness. God clothed Adam and Eve in coats of skins, a wonderful figure of the wrought righteousness of Christ. Job was clothed in this same wrought righteousness, and God revealed to him the extent of satan's kingdom when the question was asked by God to Satan through His upright servant Job, "From whence comest thou? And Satan answered the Lord, and said, From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it." Peter said, "he (satan) walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." 1st Peter 5:8. From the morning of time the bounds of satan have been set, as indicated above. The reign of Antichrist is limited to or within his (satan's) own kingdom. From the moment that the unbelieving, stony heart is removed and the believing heart of flesh is given, satan is driven back into the flesh (the world), and a conflict between two natures is automatically set up and felt in the individual for whom receives the experience. **I believe this work is truly the casting out of satan.** Once this operation is completed within the breast of one of His little ones, he will be made to feel from an eternal sense that he (satan) has been bound, with a peace that passeth all understanding, and that his kingdom is henceforth and forevermore under subjection, "being reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day." Jude 6.

The prophet Isaiah said, "How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!" Isaiah 14:12. Here I believe reference is had with the scripture, "And thou shalt bruise his heel." Satan's damage to the children of God in the fall of

Adam is only temporary. Gen. 3:15. "For thou (satan) hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, (his final destruction) to the sides of the pit." Isa. 14:12, 13, 14, 15.

John Milton once wrote what is called a classical interpretation of the fall of satan from heaven, perhaps, with the thought in mind of showing this fall in an intangible, fantastical light. This writing in the academic knowledge of men has been called a masterpiece, and is entitled by them, **Paradise Lost**. This writer fully believes that the fall of satan in reality is much more nearer than fantasy to those to whom it is given to be felt. From the standpoint of the casting out of satan from a literary or academic quality, in that event it can only be known in the natural order or the carnal mind of men. Remember that the knowledge of the academic world and the knowledge of **the inspirational world** are separate and will never be intermingled since the origin of the former stems from the natural research of man and the knowledge of the latter, **the inspirational world**, has its origin from the Godly wrought work in the experience of a child of God.

Satan or Lucifer attempted to lay his groundwork for his ascension into heaven (the church) when he had the immortal encounter with Jesus in the wilderness of Judaea. Satan had said, "I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation." Isa. 14:13. "Then the devil taketh him up into the holy city, and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple, and saith unto him, If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Matt. 4:5, 6, 7. Even after satan had showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, saying unto Him, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." It was not possible that He could fall, because He had stood as a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Rev. 13:8. Lucifer said, "I will exalt my throne above the stars of God." Isa. 14:13. This was impossible since the moon (The Law) stood between the woman clothed with the sun who had upon her head a crown of twelve stars, the elect

church of God, and the dragon that was beneath. Christ fulfilled the law; therefore, those twelve stars (the number composing the Apostolic Church) are safe forevermore. They are kept by the power of God. Even though his tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven (the seed of the serpent bruising the heel of the woman), in God's own appointed time, she (the woman) brought forth the man child, Christ, who was to rule all nations with a rod of iron; and her child was caught up unto God, and to His throne. After His resurrection from the dead, the Lord Jesus Christ ascended back to His Father's throne in Glory. I believe that this same woman (the church) while she is here today in the world (wilderness) hath a place prepared of God in His blessed peace and righteousness. And he (satan) "prevailed not," neither was their place found any more in heaven. And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole earth: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him." Rev. 12:8, 9.

In this mighty hope today is the blessed consolation of the final culmination or end of a warfare that can never be revived nor refought. We hear of wars and rumors of wars in the earth, but this hope is for eternity. Christ destroyed the works of satan and of his kingdom by His unblamable life, and He made an end, not only to sin, but the power of the grave by His resurrection from the dead. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death, and this glorious event shall take place when He comes again the second time without sin unto salvation, in that day when He comes to be admired of His saints. When the elect church of God is resurrected on the morning of that great day, it is then that shall be brought to pass the saying that is written. Death is swallowed up in victory." John said, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when He shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is." 1st John 3:2. Following this final victory, there will come a kingdom where no warfare can ever be found within her borders, "there the wicked cease from troubling; and there the weary be at rest." Job 3:17. It was one of old who said, when he well described the blessed truth,

"It cannot in Eden be found,

Nor yet in a Paradise lost;

It grows on Immanuel's ground,

And Jesus' rich blood it did cost."

**J. M. Mewborn**  
**March 16, 1975**

## OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

### ELDER HENRY ARTHUR YOUNG

Elder Henry Arthur Young was born in Stokes County, North Carolina, on August 17, 1905, and passed away at Onslow Memorial Hospital, Jacksonville, N. C., on January 2, 1982, at the age of 76 years. His parents were Henry Hubert Young and Mary Ayers Young of Danbury, Stokes County, N. C.

He was married to the former Ruth Tilley (Young) on April 3, 1927. To them were born the following children: one daughter, Mrs. Mary Ann Singleton, Wilmington, N. C.; two sons, Thomas Young of Morrow, Ga., and Charles Guy Young, Borden, Indiana. He also leaves behind to mourn his passing seven grandchildren, along with brothers, John D. Young and D. Elmer Young, both of High Point, N. C., and Jay Ellis Young, Kernersville, N. C.; one sister, Mrs. Bertha Blackwell, Pine Hall, North Carolina.

Brother and Sister Young moved from hilly Stokes County, N. C., where they attended the Old Baptist Churches of the Lower Mayo Association in that area, to Swansboro, N. C., the coastal area of North Carolina, in the early days of World War II in 1941. They resided there until 1946, when they purchased their home and permanently settled near Jacksonville, N. C., where he resided at the time of his death.

He asked for a home with the Church at Newport River, Newport, North Carolina, on July 18, 1943, and was baptized by Elder Thomas Hill Edwards. In less than a year, the church recognized the qualifications and calling of the gift of deacon and he was set apart to that sacred office on March 19, 1944. Later the church granted him a license to exercise his gift in public in March, 1952, and he was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry on the third Sunday in March, 1955, by a presbytery composed of his pastor, Elder R. W. Gurganus and Elder W. A. Walton.

Elder Arthur Young, as he was more commonly known among the Old Baptist, was faithful and true to his churches. The White Oak Association has sustained a deep hurt and sustained blow in his passing. Especially feeling his passing, next to Sister Young and his family, are the Churches at Newport (his home church and membership) and the Church at Davis Memorial, near Jacksonville, N. C., where he had served as pastor since that church's organization on March 12, 1966.

His funeral services were held at 1:00 P.M. on Tuesday, January 5, 1982, at Jones Funeral Home Chapel, Jacksonville, N. C., by Elders Johnnie Carroll, Furney Wood and Eddie Humphrey. His body was laid to rest in the Onslow Memorial Park, near Jacksonville, N. C., to await the glorious resurrection of these our vile bodies.

May the God of all grace and mercy reconcile and comfort Sister Young, their children, his two churches, Newport and Davis Memorial, and the membership of the White Oak Association in their great loss. A faithful servant in the Lord has been removed from us.

**J. M. Mewborn**

### WALTER CLYDE BLALOCK

It is with a feeling of humbleness, I trust, and incompetence, that I make the attempt to write the obituary of our beloved brother and deacon, Walter Clyde Blalock. Notwithstanding my feelings, my heart was made willing when appointed to do so, being given a desire to be submissive to the will of the brethren.

Brother Clyde Blalock was the son of June S. H. and Mary G. Blalock. He was born on June 3, 1907, and passed from this life on October 24, 1981, while a patient in the Veteran's Hospital at Durham, North Carolina. He was confined to this hospital for about

four weeks before he died. His stay on earth was seventy-four years, four months, and twenty-one days.

On January 4, 1955, he was married to Ada Rimmer Bradsher who proceeded him in death. No children were born to this union. Survivors left to mourn his passing are: two step-sons, Mr. Jimmy Bradsher, Williamsburg, Virginia, and Mr. Clifton Bradsher, Rougemont, N. C.; two step-daughters, Mrs. Marie B. Dunkley, Roxboro, N. C., and Mrs. Joyce B. Smith, Newport News, Virginia; one brother, Mr. Wyatt Blalock, Roxboro, N. C.; six sisters, Mrs. Rena B. Long, and Mrs. Rosa B. Chambers, Roxboro, N. C.; Mrs. Josephine B. Stearns and Mrs. Vessie B. Buchanan, Newport News, Virginia, and Mrs. Lula B. Slaughter, Mebane, N. C., and Mrs. Mary B. Ezelle, Hillsborough, N. C. Also, a number of nieces and nephews are left behind to mourn his passing.

On May 5, 1942, he entered the United States Army in the service and defense of his country. He was honorably discharged on December 2, 1945.

Brother Clyde united with Surf Primitive Baptist Church, Person County, N. C., at the June meeting in the year 1931. He was set aside to serve as a deacon on the second Saturday in August, 1952, and was ordained on the second Sunday, September 14, 1952. He was a faithful and punctual servant in looking after the welfare of the church that he loved so dearly. He was dearly loved and respected for his unwavering devotion to the church, and his conduct and manner in life. He steadfastly upheld the doctrine of God's election and predestination, believing that if heaven were his home, that it was by the mercy and grace of the Heavenly Father. In the resurrection we believe that he will hear his Lord and Master say, "Welcome home, thou good and faithful servant."

His funeral was conducted at Surf Primitive Baptist Church on Monday, October 26, 1981, by his beloved pastor, Elder L. P. Martin, and Elder O. J. Wray, Jr. His body was laid to rest beside his precious wife in the church cemetery.

We, the members of Surf Church, are saddened and grieved, but feel that Brother Clyde is sleeping a peaceful sleep, awaiting the call of his Lord and Master. Our deepest sympathy is extended to his bereaved family. In the eternal God may they find refuge, grace, and underneath His everlasting arms to bear them up.

Be it resolved that three copies of this obituary be made and distributed as follows: one copy to the family, one copy to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one copy for the church record.

Done by the order of the church in conference December 12, 1981

**Elder L. P. Martin, Moderator**  
**James H. Rose, Committee**

(See article and portion of experience of Brother Walter Clyde Blalock in the Sept., Oct., 1980, issue of Zion's Landmark, pages 159-160. Editor)

**MYRTLE WRAY HALL**

It is with a sad heart that I make the attempt to write the obituary of our beloved sister in the Lord, Myrtle Wray Hall. She was born March 9th, 1898, in Rockingham County, North Carolina, to William Andrew Wray and Sarah Elizabeth Hudson Wray.

She united with the Church at Macedonia, near Reidsville, Rockingham County, N. C., in the year 1931. She was married to John Curtis Hall on October 30, 1943, and he preceeded her in death in 1956. Sister Myrtle died on August 30, 1981.

This precious sister was a firm believer in the doctrine of salvation by the grace of God. She was a loyal and faithful member of her church as long as her health permitted. Her seat remains

vacant now and we miss her so very much, but feel our loss is her eternal gain.

She left behind to mourn her death six (6) nephews who were very near and dear to her. They honored her with much love and respect in her last days here on this sin cursed earth. We are led to believe that this dear sister was loved by all who knew her.

Her funeral service was conducted at Macedonia Church and her body was laid to rest in the Dan View Cemetery, in Draper, North Carolina, beside the resting place of her husband to await the second coming of her Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. We would say, Sleep on, beloved sister, we feel that you are finished with the trials and tribulations of this life, awaiting the coming of our blessed Lord. We would say to her friends and family, Weep not for her, for we feel that she is now resting in the Arms of Jesus in the Paradise of God.

"A precious one from us is gone.

A voice we loved is still;

A place is vacant in the church,

Which no one else can fill."

Therefore, be it resolved, that three copies of this obituary be made: one for the family, one to be kept in our church book and one to be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication.

Done by order of Macedonia Church in conference this the 27th day of December, 1981.

**Bessie Clark, Church Clerk**  
**Eden, N. C. 27288**

**MALCOLM D. WHITTINGTON**

It is with a heavy heart that we attempt to write in memory of our dear brother in Christ, Malcolm Daniel Whittington, who was born May 8, 1910, near Benson, in Johnston County, North Carolina. He was the son of Thaddaeus Daniel Whittington and Clara Mae Byrd Whittington. He was called home to be with his maker on July 16, 1981. He died suddenly at his home on Parrish Drive, Benson, N. C., on this date.

Brother Whittington left behind to mourn his passing, his beloved and faithful wife, Sister Bessie Woodall Whittington. The Lord blessed them to live together for over fifty (50) years. They had celebrated their Fiftieth (50th) Golden Wedding Anniversary on November 30, 1980, less than a year before his passing. Many of their dear friends and loved ones were there to celebrate with them on this occasion. They were a very devoted couple. There were no children born to this union. Besides his widow, he left behind one sister, Mrs. Vonnie Mae Powers, Fayetteville, N. C. May God comfort them in their grief.

It was on November 25, 1979, that Brother Whittington and his beloved wife came before Primitive Zion Church, Harnett County, North Carolina, and asked for a home with God's little children. They were received with open arms among the little flock that day. During the brief time that he was with the church, both of them were blessed to enjoy all the blessings that the Lord ordained that His children in love should enjoy together, until he was called away to, we believe, a better place to rest in the Arms of our Lord, forever.

His funeral service was held at Rose Funeral Home Chapel, Benson, N. C., with his pastor, Elder T. Allen Johnson, whom he loved very much, officiating. His earthly body was laid to rest beneath a beautiful mound of flowers at Roselawn Cemetery, Benson, N. C.

We, the members of Primitive Zion Church, mourn the loss of Brother Malcolm Whittington, but we believe that our loss is his

eternal gain. We miss seeing his smiling face when we meet for worship services at our church. May God comfort his family, friends, the church and all that mourn his passing.

Be it, therefore, resolved that a copy of this obituary be sent to the family, one to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one be placed on our church record.

Done by order of the church in conference at the November, 1981, meeting.

Elder T. Allen Johnson, Moderator  
Mazelle Strickland, Clerk  
C. W. Wood, Robert Gaudin and  
Mazelle Strickland, Committee

#### MISS SARAH MOLLIE SALMONS

"Sister Mollie" as she was known by the church, was born March 7, 1884, and was called out of this life June 14, 1981, having sojourned here for ninety-seven years. Mollie Salmons was the daughter of the late D. G. and Amanda J. Salmons of Woolwine, in Patrick County, Virginia. She is survived by one brother, M. S. Salmons, Roanoke, Virginia.

Sister Mollie will be greatly missed from all the churches of this area as her greatest pleasure came from attending the dear Primitive Baptist Churches. She was able to attend regularly through the fifth Sunday in May before her death which took place on the second Sunday in June, 1981. The day she died was communion time at her home church, Thomas Grove Primitive Baptist Church.

After professing a hope in Christ in January, 1903, Sister Mollie joined Jack's Creek Church, near Woolwine, Virginia, the fourth Sunday in May, 1904. She later moved her membership to Thomas Grove Church in October, 1932. Thomas Grove Church is less than a mile from her old homeplace where she spent seventy-two years of her life. Sister Mollie was always faithful in attending her church and walked "up the mountain" to the meetings for many years even into her ripe old age. She remained home with her parents and never married, although she did plan marriage at one time, becoming spiritually troubled and called it off.

Sister Mollie Salmons was blessed to have her mind centered on spiritual concerns most of the time and wrote numerous articles for several Primitive Baptist publications as well as some newspapers. All of her writings were of one accord, giving God the honor and praise for all grace toward His people.

Her last few years were apparently her most pleasant ones on earth, as she came to live with her "adopted" family, Brother Noel Tilley and wife, Mertie. This enabled her to attend church almost every Sunday which was her delight. Brother Tilley served as her Deacon at Thomas Grove for several years and when her last brother at home became gravely ill, Brother Tilley and his wife were blessed to take Sister Mollie into their home as one of their own immediate family with their family responding likewise. She was with them until she fell asleep in Jesus at their home on Sunday, June 14, 1981.

Her body was laid to rest in the Tilley Family plot, as she had requested, at Old Center Cemetery with her pastor, Elder Frank Pegram, conducting the services, assisted by Elder Calvert Fulcher and Elder Buddy Crofts.

Her church family followed to the graveside and sang her favorite hymns until the wreaths were all placed upon her grave.

Then they most fittingly sang Hymn No. 280 in the Goble Hymn Book "Sister, Thou wast mild and lovely." Our loss will be felt for a long time to come, but we feel her gain is now eternal peace and joy.

Written by request of Thomas Grove Church by one that counts it a great blessing to have known such a saintly sister.

Kenneth D. Hopkins, Clerk  
Meadows of Dan, Virginia 24120  
Thomas Grove Primitive Baptist Church

(Sister Mollie Salmons was blest to write a number of good articles for our paper, some of them after she had past her 90th birthday. A few of them are still on hand and have never been published: the Lord will, we hope to publish them at some future date. Editor.)

## MEETING NOTICES

### ANNUAL MEETING AT MACEDONIA CHURCH, (Fla.)

#### Dear Brother Mewborn,

We would appreciate it very much if you will announce our annual three days' meeting at Macedonia Church, Alturas, Florida, beginning on Friday before the fourth Sunday in February, and continuing through Saturday and Sunday following, the dates being February 26th, 27th and 28th, 1982.

Directions to Macedonia Church are as follows: Those coming from the north take Interstate 95 to Interstate 4 at Daytona Beach, Fla. Follow Int. 4 to Haines City, Fla. There take U.S. 27 south to Lake Wales, Fla. At Lake Wales, Fla., take U.S. 60 west for approximately 9 miles to "Alturas, Fla. Sign." At this point turn left on State Road, Route 655-A. Go for about 1½ miles to church building on your left.

Those coming from the west follow Interstate 10 to Interstate 75. Continue to U.S. 98. Follow U.S. 98 to U.S. 60 and sign "Alturas." Turn right at this point on Route 655-A for 1½ miles to church building on your left.

We invite our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us.

For more information call or contact Brother Bill Lake, Telephone 813-683-1726 or Brother Clarence Duckworth, Telephone 813-537-1208.

W. C. (Bill) Lake,  
1111 N. Gilmore Ave.,  
Lakeland, Florida 33805

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NO. 2

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

## NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

Postal rates for second class postage went up by 134 percent, effective January 1, 1982. In the nine years that I have tried to serve as your editor, this is the largest increase that I have ever seen at one time. If it is the Lord's will to enable us, we shall endeavor to absorb and sustain this increase, at least, for the time being, with the same subscription rates that are now in effect.

Our subscribers and friends, however, can be of great assistance to us at this time by securing new subscribers. We lose from time to time due to failing eyesight, death and old age many faithful subscribers who have been with us for many years.

Will you please help us in this manner to refill this loss that we may hold our subscription total to the proper level? We desire your prayers and continued interest. Thank you.

J. M. Mewborn

## AFFLICTIONS

Afflictions lead the way to God  
And checks our love for sin;  
Tho' heavy be the chastening rod,  
A Heaven we hope to win.

Affliction forces us to trust

In God alone for aid;  
'Ere long we return to mother earth,  
And all our hopes are staid.

Affliction lifts our thoughts beyond

A world of pain and care;  
Where many of our kindred's gone,  
To suffer here no more.

Afflictions check our foolish pride,

And puts our mind in frame,  
That we hope to land on Canaan's side,  
To reign and bless God's name.

Afflictions turn our foes to friends,

In sympathetic love;  
And all the host with pity ends,  
As their better nature's move.

Afflictions hide the world from view,

And fixes in our minds,  
An earnest longing for faith anew,  
The world to leave behind.

Afflictions soon will pass away,  
To visit us no more,  
If fitted for a better day,  
On that bright and happy shore.

Afflictions on the bed of death,  
If Christ be smiling there,  
Will soothe the last expiring breath,  
To own us for His heir.

Afflictions leave the body when  
The stream of Jordan's passed;  
Where Christ our Saviour, Brother, Friend,  
Receives our soul at last.

(Anonymous)

### LAZARUS

Dear Brother Mewborn,

I was reading in the **Landmark** where Sister Flonnie Broom, Monroe, N. C. had written, hoping that someone would give their views on the meaning of the napkin that was on the face of **Lazarus**, spoken of in John 11:44. I am not qualified to write on scripture,

but, God willing, I shall make the attempt.

The napkin was first called a handkerchief or apron. In Acts 19:11, 12, we find that God wrought special miracles by the hands of Paul: "so that from his body were brought unto the sick handkerchiefs or aprons, and the disease departed from them, and the evil spirits went out of them." (Acts 19:11, 12.)

In another instance we find the napkin mentioned in Luke 19:20. "And another came, saying, Lord, behold, here is thy pound, which I have kept laid up in a napkin." (Luke 19:20.)

The napkin is the English version of the handkerchief.

Now **Lazarus** is mentioned again in Luke 16:19-25. "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day: and there was a certain beggar named **Lazarus**, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table: moreover the dogs came and licked his sores. And it came to pass, that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried; and in hell he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and **Lazarus** in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send **Lazarus**, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime received thy good things, and likewise **Lazarus** evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented."

Following the path of **Lazarus**, in the scripture, we will notice that he was buried in a cave with a stone at its opening. This was **Lazarus'** grave. "Jesus therefore again groaning in Himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it." John 11:38. **Lazarus** was buried in a cave with a stone having been laid upon it. We will notice there is not a coffin spoken of here in his manner of burial. His body was wrapped in graveclothes and his face was bound about with a napkin. "Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on Him." John 11:45.

When Jesus was crucified, He, likewise was buried in a tomb, and His Body was wrapped in linen. (See Luke 23:53 and Mark 15:46.) This was a Jewish tradition. However, I believe that the napkin has a plainer

## Zion's Landmark

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

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tradition with Jesus. He performed countless miracles in His life while here upon the earth. He is the Head of the Church. He is the Head of all things to His people. He taught His people to know the difference between right and wrong. He taught them to walk in paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

Now let us look momentarily at the surroundings of Jesus just after His post resurrection from the dead. "Then cometh Simon Peter following him (the other disciple), and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, and the napkin, that was about his head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself." John 20:6, 7. The napkin, being wrapped or folded separately, clearly shows, as one of His signs, spoken of in the scripture, that His work on earth was finished, as He had declared while on the dreadful cross.

Brother Mewborn, I hope you will overlook my lack of knowledge in trying to answer your request. I am now well passed my eightieth (80th) year, and it is sometimes difficult for me to collect my thoughts, as was the case in my years now passed and gone.

Yours in hope,  
St. Clair Graham  
170 Shackleton Street  
Dutton, Ontario, Canada  
February 1, 1982

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**( SELECTED )**  
**AN UNEQUAL YOKE**

It is the peculiarity of the order of God to couple things congenial together and forbid unequal yoking. The law of Moses forbids the plowing of the ox and ass together. There is no harmony between them, no congeniality, no fitness, and nothing that would typify fellowship.

The nature of the ox and ass are dissimilar. The ox is much more quiet and less noisy. Suppose they are hooked up together to draw a load. They are not of the same gait, nor strength, nor are their yokes the same. The patient ox would not enjoy the braying and bawling of the ass, nor would the ass have any respect for the groaning of the ox as he comes to his knees under the heavy load.

If two preachers, a predestinarian and an Arminian, should start out together to preach, the former one

being sensible of his poverty and dependence on God, and the latter boasting with loud mouth about his power to save sinners, and the power of man to determine his own course and save himself eternally, would there be any peace and fellowship between these preachers? Wherein could they walk together? How can two walk together except they be agreed? See Amos 3:3. When Jesus sent them out two and two they preached the same gospel. In prayer, in doctrine, in experience, in exhortation, good works, discipline, or whatever appertains to the church of God, they are one and true yoke fellows. The gift of one may be greater than that of another, yet what each does is of the same kind of service. But if one preacher trusted alone in God, and another leaned on man or trusted in human ability, they could not go together. Nor does the Lord ever send such.

The ox and the ass are not prompted by the same cause. The ox regards his owner and serves him. The ass knows his master's crib and aims for that. The ox is a faithful beast to serve His owner while the ass is quick to slip to the crib where the corn is. The ox serves from principle, the ass for pay. The ox knoweth his own owner, and the ass his master's crib. Isai. 1:3.

A true preacher of the gospel seeks the honor of His owner and regards the rights of His owner. He knows that the kingdom, glory and power belong to the Lord, that the doctrine is God's, the cause is His, the people are His, and he belongs to Him, and is deeply laden with the weight of his requirement to the Lord Jesus. He desires, therefore, that God be glorified in his body and spirit which are His. As Abraham's servant went out under the weight and solemnity of an oath which he deeply felt, seeking a wife for Isaac, could not turn either to the right nor the left, nor even eat until his message was delivered, not seeking his own comfort or gain but that of his owner, likewise it is also true that a gospel preacher, represented by the patient, faithful, laborious, burden-bearing ox, knows his owner or Lord, and serves Him from true principles. He knows that Jesus has redeemed His people by laying down His life for them, and that He has washed His church and cleansed it, and, therefore, he is faithful to Him as a servant, and does not preach the gospel for money or filthy lucre or worldly gain. He knoweth His owner.

The ass on the other hand seeks the crib. He knows where that is. He preaches for pay or money and divines for reward. He is not in the market unless there

is money. It is the crib he seeks. He never sees beyond that. Like Gehazi, he begs a reward of Naaman.

The ox is to be fed, and his mouth is not to be muzzled, while he is treading out the corn. But he (the ox) does not seek that. His owner cares for him and supplies his need, and the ox seeks better things. The gospel preacher has faith in God and seeks for the kingdom of heaven and His righteousness, and all needed things are added to him.

The ass must crouch down or be kept under or between burdens, or he is of no true service. That wolfish, assinine principle of the flesh that seeks the crib first must be kept under and bound down or it is as the wild ass's colt snuffing false doctrine or the wind at its pleasure. When it is kept under and mortified or ruled by bridle and bit, or strong chords, it is of use. Jesus rides it into Jerusalem, and thus displays His sovereign power to rule and also show His humility. For man is as the ass, vile and selfish, and Jesus, the King, comes into Jerusalem, riding upon the colt, the foal of an ass, that no man had ever rode or controlled. He appears as controlling man. We see Him as He saves sinners and brings them under His blessed power.

But naturally the ass is not for the plow or tillage as the ox is, for in the plowing or tillage of the poor ox, there is much food. Where there are no oxen, the crib is empty. If there were no true preachers, even the ass could find no corn in the crib. But a faithful ministry is of great use in feeding the flock of God and even false preachers get their bread and apparel on the credit of true preachers of the gospel.

P. D. Gold  
(Editor, Zion's Landmark  
1871-1920)

### FOREKNOWLEDGE AND PREDESTINATION ARE INSEPARABLE

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Matt. 10:16.

What did Jesus mean when He said "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves?" What was the purpose of that saying? Did He have reference to the cunning devices of satan? It is written, "We are not ignorant of his devices." II Cor. 2:11.

Let us remember that satan is continually warring

(without cessation) against the church of the true and living God. Without the striving of His Spirit, satan influences brethren to fight against one another. Why was this exhortation written? "But if ye bite and devour one another, take heed that ye be not consumed one of another." Gal. 5:15. What causes hard feelings among brethren? Can we explain it? Can we explain why we have seasons when the love of God feels so cold within our hearts?

One of the devices of satan is to cause brethren to fight over the mere meaning of words. "That make a man an offender for a word—" (Isaiah 29:21) "strive not about words to no profit—" (II Tim. 2:14). One may be explaining his views on a beautiful subject, and another argues over certain terms he uses. After much discussion, the main meaning of the principal subject is forgotten.

For example, the predestination, providence, decrees, foreknowledge, and purpose of God are wonderful subjects. Some attempt to "split hairs," so to speak, over these subjects, and try to separate foreknowledge from predestination. Do the Scriptures show that God foreknows anything without predestinating it? Do not they both go hand in hand?

Do the Scriptures show that God has seen all things from the beginning? "Known unto God are all His works from the beginning of the world." Acts 15:18.

The Scriptures plainly declare that God has determined all things, and this includes even the small events and things to bring about His purposes. "Remember the former things of old: for I am God, and there is none else; I am God, and there is none like me, declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done." We believe this means these events and things have already been decreed by the Lord but have not been manifested or taken place as yet. They are only future events to man's knowledge. "Saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure: Calling a ravenous bird from the east, the Man that executeth my counsel from a far country: yea. **I HAVE SPOKEN IT, I WILL ALSO BRING IT TO PASS: I HAVE PURPOSED IT, I WILL ALSO DO IT.**" Isaiah 46:9-11.

The Scriptures show that God is not surprised by events that are taking place today. Ecc. 1:9 sustains our views: "The thing that hath been" that God has decreed or determined. "It is that which shall be." All events that God has determined, decreed, foreknown,

or predestinated will take place in due time. "And that which is done is that which shall be done." Eccl. 1:9. This means that which is done in the mind and purpose of the Lord will be manifested at the appointed time known only to the Lord. "And there is no new thing under the sun." Eccl. 1:9. This means there is nothing new to the Lord because He knows all things and events before they take place.

Notice the reading of the 10th verse: "Is there anything whereof it may be said, See, this is new? it hath been already of old time, which was before us." Eccl. 1:10. This Scripture unmistakably proves the foreknowledge of God.

Let us consider Ecc. 3:15: "That which hath been is now." The events that God has determined, foreknown and decreed are taking place at the present time." And that which is to be hath already been." Eccl. 3:15. The future events to man's knowledge have already been in the mind and purpose of the Lord. "And God requireth that which is past." God has decreed the events that have already taken place, or we may say that God determined the events that are past. They did not take place by chance.

The wonderful subject of predestination causes a poor sinner to rejoice that the Lord is tenderly watching over him. "Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you." I Peter 5:7.

Let us not forget about satan's devices, because he causes brethren to fight over the word or the subject of predestination. (This cunning device, if possible, is to split and divide the children of God.)

On one side are those who attempt to bring the wisdom of God down to man's level of finite understanding and give credit or the glory to man. Satan appeals to man's ego and tells him that the Lord needs his help. Therefore, the conditional theory gives credit to man and would rob God of the honor that rightfully belongs only to His Holy Name.

On the other side are those who are caught in the error of excusing their faults, weakness, and sins to the predestination of God, attempting to hide their sins behind the providence of God. As the Lord blesses us, let us examine this because we believe this is one of the devices of satan: One who feels guilty over certain sins may find some relief (from his misery) by attempting to hide those sins behind the purpose of God. This error is one of the seducing spirits that come from satan. "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in

the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils." I Tim. 4:1. Therefore, one may be caught in the snare of satan and believe that false doctrine. What is the purpose of this snare of satan? Do we believe it is to dull the conscience and cause one to be conformed to this world and set his affection upon things upon this earth rather than things above? "And be not conformed to this world." Rom. 12:2.

One who is caught in this snare of satan will frown at the exhortations that are mentioned in the Scriptures. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth." Col. 3:1-2. Those who are caught in this snare of satan will frown at the minister who preaches the exhortations that are mentioned in the scriptures.

May the Lord bless us with His wisdom and remember that satan causes some to make conditions out of the true exhortations that are mentioned in the scriptures.

Before we leave the subject of the predestination of God, let us remember that no man is able of himself to understand the ways of the Lord.

The following scriptures proves that man cannot think and understand as the Lord does. No one knows the mind of the Lord. "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Isaiah 55:9-9. "There is no searching of His understanding." Isaiah 40:28.

May the Lord bless us to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. May the Lord bless us to be watchful because satan is going about, attempting to lay snares for the children of God. "Be sober, be vigilant: because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour: Whom resist steadfast in the faith, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world." I Peter 5:8-9. It is a comfort to know that other brethren know something about our afflictions. Notice the scripture: "The same afflictions are accomplished in your brethren that are in the world."

Why did Jesus say "harmless as doves?" We find the answer in 1st Peter 2:20-21: "For what glory is it, if,

when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently: but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps." To our own feelings, there is no glory when we are chastened for our faults. It is a wonderful blessing when the Lord blesses us to patiently endure all the trials, tribulations, persecutions, and afflictions that it pleases Him to lay upon us.

May the Lord bless us to overcome evil with good. "Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men. Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give peace unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." Rom. 12:17-21. May the Lord bless us to follow these exhortations in the Spirit of His love.

When the Lord blesses us to follow the teaching in the following scripture, it shows great wisdom: "A soft answer turneth away wrath: but grievous words stir up anger." Proverbs 15:1.

May the Lord bless us with Godly wisdom and truth to walk in an humble spirit and to consider this Scripture: "But let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of A MEEK AND QUIET SPIRIT, WHICH IS IN THE SPIRIT OF GOD OF GREAT PRICE." I Peter 2:4.

Woodrow H. Hudson, Jr.  
208 Frederick Street  
Bastrop, La. 71220  
January 20, 1982

### THE DOCTRINE OF GOD, OUR SAVIOUR

"That the saying might be fulfilled, which He spake, Of Them which thou gavest me have I lost none." John 18:9. Jesus said, "For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of Him that sent me." John 6:39. And what was His will? "And this is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the

Son, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up the last day." John 6:39.

Jesus continued, "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled." John 17:12.

So, it is proven from the scripture that the children of God cannot be saved now because they never have been eternally lost. It is true that Jesus said, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Luke 19:10. In the mind and purpose of God, His chosen people have never been lost. His ELECT children were saved from the beginning. God CHOSE His children in His Son BEFORE the foundation of the world. "The Father is in Me, and I in Him." John 10:38. According to scripture, there has been no saving done since then.

God's people are a CHOSEN people and are not "born again Christians" in the way the world claims they are. Jesus said, "Ye must be born again," (John 3:7), but man has absolutely nothing to do with it. Man had nothing to do with his natural birth and he has nothing to do with his Spiritual birth. All of it is in the Hand of the true and living God and it was predestinated and settled in God's mind when He spake the world into existence. "As I have thought, so shall it come to pass; and as I have purposed, so shall it stand." Isa. 14:24. Since God made His decisions BEFORE the man came on the scene, He has not changed His mind about any of them. "God is in one mind, and who can turn Him?" Job 23:13. His children are right where they have always been, IN HIM.

Men's efforts are of no avail when they undertake to do God's work for Him. Simply speaking, there is nothing to do. Strictly speaking, He finished all the work before they were born. Jesus declared it with His own words, "I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." John 17:4. Now tell me if you can, what could poor mortal man do with such a finished work?

Many of my natural friends of other faiths believe in the "help God with his work system," but it seems to this unworthy writer that just reading the above scripture would be proof enough that man is totally depraved and helpless in the sight of the All-wise God. "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible." Matt. 19:26. These friends also

associate the growth, prosperity and large membership of a church as an indication of spiritual progress because God first exchanged their works with them for His blessing. This is not true. The scripture proves otherwise. "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure: for this is all my salvation, and all my desire, **although He make it not to grow.**" II Sam. 23:5. Since the chosen family of God is the fewest of all people, a remnant, and since God chose them before they were born into the world, or before the world was made, and has not lost any of them, not even one, what more could be said? It seems to this unworthy one that the above quoted scriptures cover the whole destiny of man, all of Adam's posterity, from beginning to end. God's people do not believe it is necessary, nor if they could, would they change it.

This belief is not new to a true believer, but sometimes it seems good when we are given to compare our belief and faith with other doctrines and teachings just to remind us of how very blessed we are. This comparison sometimes brings on a renewal in our hearts of the true understanding of wisdom and faith. The more I hear the doctrine of the worldly religions, it seems, the more I am confirmed of their blind error. They preach the impossible.

The worldly preachers tell us that we must accept the Lord Jesus Christ in order to be saved, but they don't tell us clearly enough how to go about doing it. They say all we have to do is "just believe on His name." That is all it takes. We know better. One prominent evangelist told his radio listening audience that God would not always have patience and strive to save them and that God would not coerce anyone into accepting Him. God's true coercion, which is the work of His Spirit in the hearts of His people, brings about a willingness that they (the world) know nothing about or have never known. All "thy people shall be **willing in the day of thy power.**" Psalm 110:3. The world says that Old Baptist preach a doctrine that God takes one by the hair of the head and drags them in, whether they want to believe or not. The reason they make such a statement is because they have never known "**THE DAY OF THY POWER**" and the **willingness** that is inwardly wrought in one when this day is revealed.

Oh, Dear Believer, aren't we made glad in the blessing to believe the truth supported by the scriptures? And to realize, if we believe it, God made us

(not by carnal coercion, as some would say), to believe it, but by the same power that He also "made it not to grow." II Sam. 23:5. As to who will believe it, God tells us: "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord; and great shall be the peace of thy children." Isa. 54:13. What is the means of this teaching? Answer: **Experience** that accompanies **REVELATION** only! There is no other way. "We are saved by hope." Romans 8:24. This true hope will sustain everyone of them.

Without the mercy of God, all of us would believe "false doctrine." It is only the natural way of sinful flesh and it takes the power of the **ALL-POWERFUL GOD** to show a poor, helpless sinner the difference.

God ordained the **WAY** and His people walk in it. How blessed they are if they are given to tread this path: "His people live "in a wilderness," but He instructs them in wisdom's way. And some sweet day He will lead them out of the wilderness into the Promised Land to be with Him forever.

There are people of other faiths who criticize our belief because we do not send missionaries to foreign countries, quoting this scripture, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." But, there is more to this scripture: "He that believeth (already) and is baptized **SHALL** be saved; but he that believeth **NOT** shall be damned." Mark 16:15, 16. (And all that believeth have already been baptized... with Jesus.) "The Father is in me, and I in Him." John 10:38. There is another baptizing, too, "with fire" - and most true believers are aware of it and know about that one from experience.

As this unworthy one understands it, the whole world, as spoken of in the scripture, consists of God's people **WHEREVER** they are. Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." John 10:14, 15, 16. (Speaking of **HIS** sheep, the Jews and Gentiles, and the **ELECT** of **ALL** nations to whom the scripture is written... this is the world in question.) We believe God has a chosen people in every nation, kindred and tongue. What they may call their form of religion, creed or order of worship has nothing to do with their eternal destiny.

It seems to this unworthy one that "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" included His **CHOSEN** children wherever they are anywhere in the entire world. We believe it is wasted and fruitless effort to send anyone to do God's work for Him. We would we do? and **WHO** is qualified? "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy, that it cannot hear." Isa. 59:1. What accurately and truly counts in God's sight is the fact that He chose all of them before they were ever born and He has since lost none.

Of course, none of us believe that God limited His Holy blessing to one single group in one single nation. But, wherever they are, there are not masses of them, only "a remnant" of mankind, "the fewest of all people." It is recorded, God said, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain," (Duet. 32:1), and the rain falls wherever there is life. God also said, "And they shall teach no more every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know me from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord." (Jeremiah 31:34, also Hebs. 8:11.) This scripture applies directly to His chosen people. God did not specify where they were. And wherever they are, God knows them and "He calleth His own sheep by name." John 10:3. Consequently, we see from reading the scripture that God does not need any help from puny man. God said, "I am the Lord, and there is none else. There is none beside me." Isa. 45:6. So, what could man do? Jesus also said, "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day." John 6:44. God's foreordained purpose in His election, held before the world began, has not gone astray, nor has He become confused in it. He said, "My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." Isa. 46:10. Pertaining to His own everlasting Kingdom, He has said, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it," and pertaining to satan's kingdom He has said, "I have numbered thy kingdom, and finished it." Daniel 5:26.

Now what does He say of man's work? Jesus tells us: "But all their works they do for to be seen of men." Matt. 23:5. Isaiah under inspiration of the Holy Spirit said, "But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags." Isa. 64:6. So, we see man's efforts to help God with HIS FINISHED WORK is condemned from the beginning. Just think of the money spent and time wasted! Make no mistake

about it, however, for God has a purpose in every bit of it, and "His ways are past finding out." Rom. 11:33. May the Lord bless us with thankful hearts if God has given us hope that we are among His chosen and that we are of them that are in the world but not of it. If this be the case, the blessed promises are written to you.

God's people are saved by grace (already). "For by grace are ye 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. Therefore, since it is by grace, as the scripture states, and **NOT** of works, what can man do in a foreign country, or anywhere else? It seems to us that God is His own missionary and is well qualified to carry out His own work. Being the omnipotent, omnipresent and omniscience God that He is, He certainly needs no human help from man. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and all thy saints shall bless thee." Psalm 145:10. This praise is eternal and the work is finished forever. There is **NOTHING** left for man to do. The gospel is preached for the sole purpose to feed **HIS** sheep, **NOT** to save souls. God ordained it that way. "According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will. In whom we have redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of His grace." Eph. 1:7.

God's people do not get carried away with enticing words. "And this I say, lest any man should beguile you with enticing words." Co. 2:4. This is a characteristic of satan's doctrine. God's doctrine in His Son, our Saviour, is described by Paul, "My speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." 1st Cor. 2:4. When we hear the world talk of sending foreign missionaries to do God's work, we recall the above scriptures that make the separation. Then we are satisfied to go on about our own business. We have been shown how helpless sinful man is and that includes all of us. God is **ALL** power. **NOTHING** is too hard for Him. God says of Himself, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there any thing too hard for me?" Jeremiah 32:27.

"We **walk by faith** of joys to come," and we **live in hope** of everlasting happiness one day ere long. If we are the chosen children of God, His blessed promises

ARE the "Joys to come" and that "everlasting day of happiness" in blessed eternity. His purpose and His promises will **NEVER** fail. What a comforting thought! What a blessed truth! What a divine blessing and privilege to be made to believe it.

"Long ere the sun began his days,  
Or moon shot forth her silver rays;  
Salvation's scheme was fixed, 'twas done  
In cov'nant by the Three-In-One."

Elizabeth C. Edwards  
417 South Boylan Avenue  
Raleigh, N. C. 27603  
July 12, 1981

### ENCOURAGEMENT FROM ELDER GEO. W. HILL'S WIDOW

Dear Brother Mewborn,

If I could write like some of the good contributors that write for the paper, *Zion's Landmark*, I surely would love to do it. I feel that I am blessed to enjoy their writing, if I cannot write.

I do appreciate your efforts and work to take care of the paper. I know for a fact that it means much to many people throughout the country.

Please take the enclosed check in the amount of \$25.00 and renew my subscription for two years. The remaining balance of \$12.00 is for the future upkeep and maintenance of the paper.

I sincerely hope that you and your family are doing well. Please come to see us and visit the Church at Bunker Hill, Kernersville, N. C., soon.

Love to you and yours,  
Ada M. Hill  
(George W. Hill's widow)  
Greensboro, N. C. 27403  
January 1, 1982

### PAPER IS SOUND IN DOCTRINE

Dear Elder Mewborn,

Enclosed you will find a check in the amount of \$7.00 to renew my subscription of my paper for another year.

I enjoy reading the *Zion's Landmark*. God is enabling you to set forth sound doctrine in its pages. I hope it is His will to continue to bless you in this manner, as He

has in the past. I hope that you can continue the paper for many years to come.

Yours in hope,  
Martha Carter  
623 Lindsey Street  
Reidsville, N. C. 27320  
January 5, 1982

### NOVEMBER ISSUE, A GOOD ONE

Dear Brother Mewborn,

Yesterday afternoon I received the November issue of *Zion's Landmark*, and after retiring for the night I read it through with tears of rejoicing. The beautiful poetry that graced the first two pages filled my heart with overwhelming joy as I read so much of my experience written by an anonymous person, but surely, surely known and taught by our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. Oh, the beauty and sweetness of such evidences of the teachings of grace by a merciful God to helpless, vile, and unworthy sinners. Then following these beautiful lines comes the wonderful experience of Elder L. I. Bodenheimer. I remember reading many articles written by him through past years. I am so glad you have felt to bring back to the pages of the *Landmark* some of the writings of these old saints, the memories of which linger on with us.

I also find your historical account of the different churches and associations very informative and truly interesting. I'm sure many of our readers appreciate and enjoy this information. I really do.

The editorial of Brother Fulk is rich indeed. When I had finished reading, down to the last page, I felt like I had many times after being blessed to hear the gospel preached at an association. My cup was made to run over with manna from on High. "Angels to beckon me, Nearer my God to Thee."

Brother J. M., I just felt like telling you how much I have really enjoyed this *Landmark*, from cover to cover.

May the Lord continue to bless you with all things necessary to keep this dear old paper going to all the needy souls who have enjoyed and loved the principles of doctrine and truth which the *Landmark* has stood for and upheld these many years.

Thank you for listening to my scattering thoughts.  
My love to Susie and the children.

I plan to go to North Carolina February 3rd for our

meeting the following weekend, at Angier Church,  
Angier, N. C.

In bonds of love  
and sweet fellowship,  
Meta B. Rohrbaugh  
Williamsburg, Va. 23185  
January 24, 1982

### AGREES WITH EDITOR ON ISRAEL

Dear Elder Mewborn,

So often I have wished to write you, but somehow my time is taken up. I have enjoyed Zion's Landmark, but like many others, wish it were possible for you to improve the quality of paper used in the current production.

I have enjoyed the letters and articles published in the paper. I also enjoyed your article on the subject, ISRAEL. However, I believe that you will find that in the Yom Kipper War in 1973, the Israelis did not stop at the order of cease fire (as in 1967), but continued until they took the whole of Jerusalem, and even Hebron. Their most recent taking of the Golan Heights is another step in the fulfillment of prophecy. I cannot see them giving up to Egypt the land in the Sinai Peninsula which was occupied in 1973 too.

We are most assuredly living in marvelous times. Even Pakistan and Poland are hooks in the jaw of Gog and Magog as in Ezekiel 37, 38 and 39. How excited my father, Elder George Ruston, would have been at current events, were he living today.

May God continue His blessing with you.

With brotherly love,  
Frank G. Ruston, M. D.  
Nipissing, Ontario, Canada  
January 12, 1982

I am most appreciative of Brother Ruston's calling my attention to the above omission. In researching the progress of Israel's retaking of their promised land since 1948, I did not go quite far enough. As Brother Ruston has already pointed out, it is interesting to note Israel's continued retaking of their promised land, even since I wrote my article, ISRAEL, on July 24, 1981, that was published in the June, 1981, issue of the Landmark with regard to the Golan Heights.

J. M. Mewborn

### A FEW CRUMBS FROM THE MASTER'S TABLE

Dear Elder Mewborn,

I am sorry I let my subscription expire, and really I have no excuse. I trust that you will forgive my tardiness.

I have enjoyed the good writings throughout the year and feel that the Lord allowed me a few crumbs from His table here and there. I especially enjoyed your editorial on the subject, ISRAEL. It was good!

Enclosed is my personal check for \$50.00. Please renew my subscription for two years and use the balance for the paper.

May the Lord continue to bless you to contend for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

Yours in hope, if not deceived,

Carl Keaton  
Eden, N. C. 27288  
January 2, 1982

### LOVES THE OLD BAPTIST

Dear Elder Mewborn,

Enclosed you will find our check for renewal of the Landmark. I am so sorry that I let it run over too long. Sometimes, I feel that my memory is about gone. The things that I desire most to do, I do not do.

We both, my husband and I, love the paper. There are times when I read someone else's experience and feel that I have received a little crumb along the way. I really enjoy Elizabeth C. Edwards' writings. The beautiful poem on the cover of the October, 1981, issue, entitled, *The Beauty Of God In Creation*, very plainly shows the wonderful work of our God.

If not deceived, we love the dear old Primitive Baptist. Although we are not members, we go to hear them every time that we can and are able to attend. We are not well enough to attend every time, but God has blessed us to have fifty-three (53) years together. We are aware there cannot be many more. Yet, we hope to be made thankful for the time God has given us together here. We love the dear old church for Christ's sake and what it stands for.

May God continue to bless you in your labour of love for His people. We love you for Christ's sake.

Yours in His love,  
Bert and Hester Wood,  
Lawsonville, N. C. 27022  
December 14, 1981

## EDITORIAL

DESIRES MEANING OR INTERPRETATION  
OF SCRIPTURE

Dear Elder Mewborn,

Since my subscription to the *Zion's Landmark* ran out in October, I thought I would send a check for renewal. You may use the remainder as you see fit.

I hope that you or someone will be given a mind to give your views on the meaning of the napkin that was upon the face of Lazarus that is spoken about in John 11:44. "And he that was dead came forth bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus said unto them, **Loose him, and let him go.**"

Also, concerning the resurrection of Jesus Christ as recorded in 20th Chapter of John 6th verse: "Then cometh Simon Peter following him, and went into the sepulchre, and seeth the linen clothes lie, And the napkin, that was about His head, not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself."

I remember when I was a little girl that my mother was so good to visit the sick and carried them soup, food and raiment to help them in their distress and trouble, and when a neighbor passed away, she would be asked to bathe and dress the corpse, which she would do. Sometimes, they would ask for a face cloth or napkin. She would have my older sister to make a nice one for the last facial covering.

I awoke one night with the above scriptures on my mind and it seems the subject stays with me. So, I thought that you or some of the brethren might shed some light on the subject, as to your views.

May the good Lord bless you in all your labor.

I send my love to all the family and to Sister Adams.

Love,  
Flonnie Broom  
Route 6, Box 62  
Monroe, N. C. 28110  
November 10, 1981

## EDITORIAL COMMENTS ON JOHN 11:44

The above letter of Sister Flonnie Broom appeared in the October, 1981, issue of *Zion's Landmark* on page 163 in which she requested that someone give their views on the meaning of **LAZARUS** and the napkin that was bound about his face, as mentioned in John 11:44. I indicated at that time, if the Lord will, that I would attempt at some future date to give such views, as I have been blessed to have, along with any of which our brethren might write and give to us.

It was a genuine pleasure recently to have received the enlightening letter of Brother St. Clair Graham, Dutton, Ontario, Canada. We feel that the Lord has blessed him with a true insight as to the meaning of the "napkin," as used in this scripture. Please see his article as published elsewhere in this issue of the *Landmark*.

Jesus performed many miracles in His ministry when He lived upon the earth. He enumerated these miracles to John's two disciples. John the Baptist was in prison at this time and sent two of his disciples with this question to Jesus, "Art thou He that should come, or do we look for another? Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and shew John again those things which ye do here and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleaned, and the deaf hear, **THE DEAD ARE RAISED UP**, and the poor have the gospel preached to them." Matt. 11:3, 4, 5.

"**THE DEAD ARE RAISED UP.**" I believe, has specific reference to the miracle that Jesus performed in **Lazarus'** case. **Lazarus** is a figure or type of the chosen, **ELECT** church of God here in the world. The sick were also raised in several instances, but **Lazarus'** case is the only one in which He actually raised the dead.

When Jesus said, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live," (John 5:25), I believe that He had Lazarus in mind. There is no doubt in my mind but what in reality He (Jesus) actually raised Lazarus from the dead. He was actually dead

corporally. He was bodily dead. Yet, the scripture states that Jesus said, "Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin." John 11:43, 44. The afflicted state of Lazarus here clearly points to the lost state and condition of the child of God before his conversion or new birth.

There has never been one yet that failed to come to Jesus when he said, "COME." The soul of a man is what is raised up here from under the bondage and power of reigning sin and from under the curse of the law of sin and death. When the soul has been redeemed from under the power of sin and the curse that God placed upon Adam after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, we have what is referred to in the scripture as "the Spirit of adoption," (Romans 8:15), or being "begotten again unto a lively hope," (1st Peter 1:3), or "sealed with the holy Spirit of promise," (Eph. 1:13), etc. These terms deal strictly with the quickening that Paul made mention of when he said, "And you hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." Eph. 2:1.

Let us closely compare the condition and set-up of the wearing apparel or clothing of both Lazarus and Jesus immediately after their respective post resurrections. Lazarus came forth bound hand and foot with graveclothes with the napkin bound about his face. Jesus had already risen from the dead and was not in the tomb when Simon and the accompanying disciple went into the sepulchre. The linen clothes were found lying in one place and the facial napkin was found in another place, wrapped together by itself.

By comparison, Lazarus came forth bound hand and foot with the graveclothes and with the napkin about his face. An angel of God must have removed, no doubt, the graveclothes from the body of Jesus and the napkin from about His face. To my unworthy understanding the graveclothes and napkin that were still confined to the body of Lazarus are figurative of the mortality that still exists in the corruptible bodies of the saints of God. The living bodies of His saints, though they may have a soul that has been purified and purged of sin, still contain sin and will not be made perfect until the resurrection of the just.

We find recorded, "But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death, crowned with glory and honour; that He by the grace of God should taste death for every man." After His

resurrection He had already tasted death and all mortality had then been laid aside, since He was the Son of Man as well as the Son of God. "The linen clothes lie" implies being put aside, or of no more use. His suffering was now over, and as Brother St. Clair Graham was blessed to express so beautifully in his article, the napkin wrapped together in a place by itself can mean none other than a positive sign of the "finished work" of our risen Saviour and Lord. He had forever laid aside mortality and corruption that would reign no more with the positive sign of approval with the folded napkin, a finished work forever. Here was one of His signs, "Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and SIGNS, which God did by Him in the midst of you," "whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death: because it was not possible that He should be holden of it." Acts 2:22 & 24. Remember that the whereabouts of the wearing apparel of Lazarus, while he was delivered momentarily, was left uncertain, but the objects of clothing, including the napkin, that Jesus used were left behind in His tomb. When Jesus said, "Loose him, and let him go," Lazarus, and all of those like him, have the experience when they are received into the true fellowship of the church of the living God. Here, we have a freedom that the world knoweth not of, and this command to loosen, I believe, He gave to the church for He said, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Matt. 16:19.

The main characteristic of Lazarus, after he was raised from the dead, while he lived here in the world, was his status as a poor beggar. He was a "certain" beggar." Lazarus had the evil things while here upon the earth. Does this not point precisely to the life of a child of God here in the world? I know from my own experience, so much of my time, that I am a poor beggar with trials and tribulations laid out for me here. I do not know that I am God's child, but I do have a hope of one day being carried by God's angels with my God and King to a more peaceful place where the water of life from that great Rock will be sufficient in blessed eternity.

J. M. Mewborn  
February 23, 1982

OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

**MATTIE E. BREEDLOVE**

Sister Mattie Estes Breedlove, age 91, passed away at her home in Monroe, Georgia, on Friday, January 29, 1982. Sister Breedlove was the widow of Brother Thomas R. Breedlove who was clerk of the Yellow River Association of Ga. for many years.

Sister Breedlove leaves behind to mourn her passing four daughters, Mrs. Elizabeth Kitchens, Mrs. Sarah Verner, Mrs. Ella Adams and Mrs. Hassie Lee; two sons, James I. Breedlove and Preston Breedlove, with a host of grandchildren and great grandchildren. Two sons, T. R. Breedlove, Jr. and Luke Breedlove, passed away in 1955 in a tragic accident that took place on their father's dairy farm while moving cattle.

For many years it was the pleasure and delight of this sister to entertain the Baptist in her home during the meetings of the church of her membership, Harris Spring, Newton County, Ga., as well as the union meetings and associations that occurred annually. There was a certain sister, mentioned in the scripture, named Lydia. She is described as follows, "And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatire, which worshipped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul. And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house and abide there. And she constrained us." Acts 16:14, 15. There is no scripture in all the Bible that more accurately describes the beautiful life of this dear sister, her husband, and family, than the one just quoted. Her heart was truly opened to the saints of God, and the household of faith. Likewise, her home, with wide open doors and strong embrace, received them for many years. Today, we, who are left behind, judge her faithful. May God in His infinite mercy and goodness watch over her dear family, the sons and daughters, who were so faithful to her in the last eight months that she lived.

Her funeral services were held in the First Baptist Church Meeting House, Monroe, Ga. on Sunday, January 31, 1982, by her pastor, Elder Burch C. Wray, Pastor Ramsey and the unworthy writer officiating. A large congregation assembled to pay their final respect and tribute in behalf of the life of this noble woman. Soloman said, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Proverbs 31:29.

**J. M. Newborn**

The Lord will, a more suitable obituary will appear in the near future. (JMM.)

**CHARLIE W. CHAMBERS**

Brother Charlie W. Chambers was born December 23, 1900, and was taken from this world December 24, 1981, making his stay on earth eighty-one years and one day.

In early life he was married to Sister Grace Moore Chambers. To them were born the following children: five sons, Charlie W. Chambers, Jr., Benjamin Chambers, Raleigh Chambers, Alvin Chambers and Brother William A. (Bill) Chambers. Three daughters: Mrs. Harriet Mashburn, Mrs. Elizabeth Carver and Mrs. Christine Carter. He also leaves to mourn his passing one brother one sister and one step-sister, along with thirty-nine grandchildren and twenty-seven great-grandchildren.

Brother Chambers was received into the fellowship of Helena Primitive Baptist Church, Person County, N. C., on Saturday before the first Sunday in July, 1931, and was a faithful member to his church over fifty years. He also visited other Old Baptist Churches and their meetings, attending as long as he could. He was one who

stood firm in his conviction as to the truth, and this principle meant more to him than flesh and blood. He believed in the doctrine of the predestination of all things, Salvation by the Grace of God, and loved the true order of the House of God.

We at Helena Church feel the passing of Brother Chambers very much; yet we must say there is no doubt that he is now resting in the Paradise of God's eternal love. We believe that his body and dust are now waiting for that time when Christ shall come again the second time without sin unto Salvation to gather the members of His body from the grave, when all that the Father gave to His Son in the beginning shall be brought forth, will see Him as He is, be made like Him and be forever satisfied.

Brother Chambers' funeral service was conducted at Helena Primitive Baptist Church on December 26, 1981, by Elder L. P. Martin and Elder R. B. Barham. His body was laid to rest in the family cemetery near his home where he and his companion had resided for many years, there to await the call of His Lord.

Done by order of the church on January 2, 1982.

Humbly submitted,  
Elder R. B. Barham, Moderator  
Lela Pennington, Committee

**MINNIE TINGEN MORRIS**

Sister Minnie Tingen Morris, age 92, widow of the late Andrew Morris of Timberlake, N. C., passed from this life on December 23, 1981, in Person County Memorial Hospital, Roxboro, N. C., after a long illness.

In July, 1940, Sister Morris joined Wheeler's Primitive Baptist Church and was baptized by the late Elder T. Floyd Adams. After moving with her family to Helena, she called for a letter of dismission from Wheeler's Church in December, 1955, and for convenience moved her membership to Helena Primitive Baptist Church, where she remained a faithful member as long as her health permitted. She was a firm believer in the doctrine of Salvation by Grace and Grace alone, and that it is God who controls all things.

Surviving her are three daughters: May M. Day, Roxboro, N. C., Rosa M. Groves, Durham, N. C. and Beth M. Rogers, Timberlake, N. C. Two sons: Floyd Morris, Timberlake, N. C., and Layton Morris, Roxboro, N. C., along with sixteen grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren.

Her funeral service was held at Helena Primitive Baptist Church on Thursday, December 24, 1981, at 3:00 P.M. by her pastor, Elder R. B. Barham, and Elder L. P. Martin. Burial was in Person Memorial Cemetery, Roxboro, N. C.

Be it, therefore, resolved that a copy of this obituary be sent to the family, one to Zion's Landmark for publication, and that a copy be recorded in our church record.

Done by order of Helena Primitive Baptist Church in conference on January 2, 1982. Approved in conference this the 6th day of February, 1982.

Elder Richard B. Barham, Moderator  
Lela Pennington, Clerk  
Annie Ashley and (Friend)  
Ethel C. Clayton, Committee

**LELA K. PARKER**

Sister Lela K. Parker was born September 9, 1901, and died December 1st, 1981, making her stay on earth 80 years and 3 months. She was the daughter of John Radford Kinsey and Margaret Kinsey, of Johnston County, N. C. She was united in sacred matrimony at a young age to Mr. Olen P. Parker who died

February 16, 1980.

To them were born eight children, four boys and four daughters. They are as follows: John Linwood Parker, Linden, N. C., Robert Parker, Route 1, Benson, N. C., Edward Parker, Route 1, Benson, N. C., C. L. Parker, Garner, N. C., Doris P. Langdon, Route 1, Angier, N. C., Ruth P. Byrd, Route 1, Angier, N. C., Shelby P. Young, Route 4, Benson, N. C. She also leaves to mourn her passing, one sister, Sister Alma K. Matthews, Dunn, N. C., along with 17 grandchildren and 19 great-grandchildren.

Sister Parker was received into the fellowship of Fellowship Primitive Baptist Church, Johnston County, N. C., on Saturday, July 6, 1968. She was baptized on Sunday morning following by her pastor, Elder W. D. Barbour.

She was a faithful member and filled her seat as long as she was able to go. She had a serious heart condition for several years, but she attended church as often as she could. She was a true, faithful member, always standing for the true doctrine of the electing grace of God. The weaker she became, the stronger her faith became. Her children were faithful to stay with her and look after her as long as she lived. We would say to her children, "Weep not for her as for those who have no hope." We believe and trust that her soul is now resting in the Paradise of God.

Her funeral service was conducted or held by her pastor, Elder Curtis Parrish, and Pastor Billy Parker at West Funeral Home, Benson, N. C. Her body was laid to rest in the Devotional Gardens beside the resting place of her husband. The many beautiful floral arrangements showed the esteem in which she was held in the hearts of her family and friends.

Be it, therefore, resolved, that a copy of this obituary be sent to her family, one to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one be placed in our church record.

Done by order of the church at Fellowship in conference.

**Clyda Parrish and  
Tunie Ellen Whittington, Committee**

#### EDNA K. COCKRELL

We desire to bow to the will of our Heavenly Father in removing from our midst, Sister Edna King Cockrell. She was born July 22, 1898, and departed this life June 11, 1981.

Sister Edna was first married to Henry Edward Starling who preceded her in death February 22, 1929. To this union were born five children of which two, Henry Edward and Ella Murrell, preceded her in death. Mrs. Pearl Weirdt of Swansboro, N. C., Annie Lee Strizell of Leona, Wis., and James Allen Starling of Louisburg, N. C., are left to mourn her passing.

In 1933, she married Matthew Cockrell who also preceded her in death, leaving her with two step-children of which Clyde preceded her in death. Rosa Reed survives who now resides in Cary, N. C. She also leaves thirteen grandchildren, two step-grandchildren, twenty-one great-grandchildren, and seven step-great-grandchildren.

Sister Edna united with Pleasant Hill Church, Edgecombe County, N. C. early in life, where she proved to be a faithful member until moving her membership, by letter, to Hadnot Creek Church in November, 1976. She was also faithful, attending her meetings as long as she was physically able. She was also a firm believer in the doctrine of Salvation by the Grace of God.

Her funeral was conducted at Jones Funeral Home in Jacksonville, N. C., by the unworthy writer.

May God's Grace reconcile the family and each of us who miss her here, hoping to be joined in praise with her when our Saviour returns.

Written by order of conference at Hadnot Creek Church, on December 5, 1981, by one who loved her for Christ's sake, I hope.

**(Elder) J. T. Prescott  
Swansboro, N. C.**

#### WILLIAM MORGAN KEARNEY

I have been asked to write my grandfather's obituary, and if it be the Lord's will, I will try to respond to that request.

William Morgan Kearney was born February 16th, 1907, in Greene County, N. C., and departed this life Monday, January 9th, 1978, making his stay on earth 70 years 10 months and 9 days. He was the son of the late Elder William Berry and Betsy Johnson Kearney. On December 14th, 1925, he was united in marriage to Carrie L. Wade also of Greene County, N. C. To this union were born seven children: Ruby L., Wade H., William D., Betty J., W. Paul, Carol J., and Sarah E. Also to mourn his passing along with his spouse and children were 24 grandchildren, 6 great-grandchildren, 3 sisters and 4 brothers.

Granddaddy never joined the militant church, but he was firm believer in the doctrine of election and the predestination of God over all things. Granddaddy was faithful to attend church as long as he was physically able and he and grandmother traveled many miles, far and near, to fellowship with God's little ones. He was also a good singer and was asked to help sing at a number of funerals.

Granddaddy suffered a lot the last year he lived. He was crippled with arthritis and was confined to his bed. I helped wait on him and he never complained about his condition. I believe that God had reconciled him to his sufferings and I believe that all the suffering that he ever had to do was while he was here on this earth.

Funerals services were held in the Chapel of Edwards Funeral Home, Snow Hill, N. C., on Wednesday, January 11th, 1978, by Elder Delbert Carraway. His body was laid to rest beneath a beautiful mound of flowers in the Mewborn's Primitive Baptist Church Cemetery, to await the second coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

**Humbly submitted,  
W. William Edwards  
Goldsboro, N. C.**

#### JAMES CLEE OLIVE

James C. Olive passed away March 30, 1981, at the age of 58 years. He was held in high esteem by all the Primitive Baptist Churches in the Little River Association of North Carolina, as well as by all that knew him. He leaves behind to mourn his death, his wife, Sister Pearl T. Olive, five sons, four daughters, four step-sons, two step-daughters, two brothers, one sister, six grandchildren, and three step-grandchildren. Daddy was the son of the late James Rufus and Mary Stephenson Olive. He was born September 4, 1922, in Johnston County, N. C.

Daddy was never a member of any militant church, but he had a strong hope and faith in His Lord and Saviour and he often defended his Master's cause and the doctrine and order of the Primitive Baptist Church.

His funeral was conducted at 2 o'clock P.M. on April 1, 1981, in Little Creek Primitive Baptist Church. Elder R. L. Fish, Elder Bennie Roberts, Elder Jack Hawkins and Elder Curtis Parrish were

requested to speak on the occasion of his funeral. His body was laid to rest beneath a beautiful mound of flowers at Knollwood Cemetery in Clayton, N. C., to await the second coming of his Lord and Saviour.

**His youngest son,  
Craig Olive**

**VIRGINIA ("Virgie") B. DEAN**

It is with much sadness that we attempt to write a few lines in memory of our dear sister, Virginia ("Virgie") B. Dean. She was born July 17, 1917, the fourth child of five children of David and Alice Williford Bullock of Wake County, N. C.

Sister Virgie, as she was known by all that knew her, was married to Elmo Dean on November 23, 1933. To this union were born two children; a daughter, Emogean Driver, Knightdale, N. C., and a son, Lt. Col. John David Dean of the U. S. Army, currently stationed at Fort Bragg, N. C.

Sister Virgie united with Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in May, 1953, and was baptized the following fourth Sunday morning in June, by our pastor, Elder T. Floyd Adams. She was a strong believer in the doctrine of salvation alone by the grace of God who created everything in Heaven and on earth and who rules accordingly all of it. Through the years of her membership with the church she was a very faithful member, filling her seat regularly as long as she possibly could and her health permitted. She and her husband, Elmo, enjoyed visiting other associations of our correspondence and in the homes of the brothers and sisters. Likewise, in return, many of them visited in their home.

Sister Virgie was in declining health for many years. Elmo, her husband, was a faithful, loving companion and helpmate. He waited on her and took her to church as long as she could possibly attend. He is not a member, but is a very strong believer. Sister Virgie and Elmo loved people and enjoyed company.

After a very long illness she departed this life on August 13, 1981, making her stay on earth 64 years and 28 days. Her funeral service was held at Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church on August 16, 1981, by her pastor, Elder J. M. Mewborn. Her body was laid to rest in the church cemetery beneath a beautiful floral arrangement to await the great resurrection.

She also leaves behind two sisters and two brothers and a host of friends to mourn her passing.

We, the Church at Willow Springs, extend our deepest sympathy to her bereaved husband and family. We loved her but feel that God loved her best and so graciously took her out of all her suffering that she had been enabled to bear for so great a length of time.

**Be it, therefore, resolved,** that three copies of this obituary be made and that one copy be given to the family, one be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one be kept for our church record.

Done by request of the church in conference November 28, 1981.

**Elder J. M. Mewborn, Moderator  
Sister Lillie L. Kearney, Clerk Pro Tem  
Lillie L. Kearney and Alice J. Johnson, Committee**

(Note: Due to a malfunctioning of the label machine, many labels of the November, 1981, issue of the Zion's Landmark were misplaced too far into the left hand column on page 184, thus covering up a portion of the obituary of Sister Lucy Inez Turnage. We are republishing her obituary in this issue to correct. Editor.)

**LUCY INEZ TURNAGE**

Lucy Inez Turnage passed away March 14, 1981, at the age of 73 years. She is survived by three sisters, Mrs. Nannie T. Daniels, Mrs. Edith T. Barnes, and Annie Ava Turnage. Lucy Turnage was born October 2, 1907, in Greene County, near Jason, the daughter and eighth child of Noah Henry Turnage and Mary Ava Gray Turnage of Greene County, North Carolina.

Sister Lucy united with Mewborn's Primitive Baptist Church, Greene County, N. C., the third Sunday in September, 1979, at which time her two sisters, Edith and Annie, also united. All three sisters were baptized by our dear pastor and nephew, Elder J. M. Mewborn.

Her funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Elder J. M. Mewborn, at Edwards Funeral Home, Snow Hill, N. C., with burial in the Turnage family plot at Mewborn Cemetery in Greene County. Her funeral was attended by many school officials, former teacher associates and townspeople who knew her and loved her during her long career in public education. Among the many beautiful remarks made at the service was the quotation of her favorite scripture, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Mathew 11:28. Lucy was a Mother to all who knew her or to those she served. Therefore, all those she helped were as her children. The many beautiful flowers and memorial gifts were reflective of her life of love and sharing with her family and friends.

According to an officially written and recorded **RESOLUTION** honoring Miss Lucy Turnage and which was presented to her by the Greene County Board of Education during its meeting on September 4, 1973, it states,

**"Miss Lucy Turnage gave her life forty-seven (47) years of dutiful and faithful service to the school system of Greene County, North Carolina, and specifically served with 6 superintendents of the Greene County schools," etc.**

Lucy's business career began at age 19 years; then she worked continuously until her retirement, often working overtime that she might better perform her duties for success. She saw the school or educational system pass and grow through three phases from the one and two room rural community schools to the local town high schools at Snow Hill, Walstonburg, Maury and Hookerton, and then finally culminating into the merger of the former ones into the Greene Central High School, as it is known today. She was also a leader in her family, often assisting her widowed mother and family members. She was highly respected in the local town and community where she had resided since 1927.

When Lucy retired July, 1973, the Board of Education members resolved and recorded their heartfelt appreciation for her many years of faithful service to the Greene County School System as follows: **"AND WHEREAS, Miss Lucy Turnage was always a courteous, friendly and capable employee, both to the general public, to the school board, and to her fellow employees, etc."**

During her last six years of declining health, Lucy was cared for by her sister, Annie, her family, and by her faithful nurses. By the divine guidance of our Dear Lord, we were able to care for her and to love her as she had cared and loved others during her life on earth.

It is with much sadness that I have tried to write this brief memorial to my dear sister, Lucy Turnage, and, yet, the most joyful memory is that I knew her so well during her entire life.

**Annie Ava Turnage  
For Mewborn Primitive Baptist Church  
Snow Hill, Greene County, N. C.**

## - IN MEMORIAM -

## Dear Brother Mewborn:

My beloved brother, James Holman Tucker, passed away August 24, 1981, at Walter Reed Medical Center, Washington, D. C. He never united or joined any church, but he always supported the Primitive Baptist Church, as well as those of other faiths and orders when he felt they needed help. He had many friends in all walks of life.

He had told me in his lifetime how he wanted his business carried out, as well as his funeral arrangements, if I was the longest liver. He was sick for sometime prior to his death and this responsibility, as well as those of my own personal affairs, made a hard, difficult summer for me. When that time arrived, the dear Lord blessed me with presence of mind to know exactly what to do, even though I was broken-hearted, and, seemingly, drained of physical strength at the time. The Lord blessed me in such a way that I did not have to even think one time what to do. It seemed He did it all by causing everything to fall right into the exact place.

His funeral service was held at Ray's Funeral Home Chapel, Madison, N. C., with a military detachment from Fort Bragg, N. C., rendering full military honors. Interment was beside his mother's final resting place at Kallan Grove Christian Church. Elder J. G. Gardner, Stoneville, N. C. and Pastor Okel Evans had charge of the service. This was his request. In one sense of the word, he (by the grace and mercy of God) had already preached his funeral. His life had already spoken for itself.

I am enclosing a tribute in memory of him that I have written, which if you have space, I will appreciate it very much if you will have printed in the *Zion's Landmark*.

Your sister in Christ, I hope,  
Irene T. Newman  
Stokesdale, N. C. 27357

## A TRIBUTE TO M-SGT. JAMES HOLMAN TUCKER

I have a new coat. It was designed and sewed by God and fitted to me by Jesus Christ.

I did nothing to receive this coat, but it came with the hope that My Maker and Seamstress gave to me in His beloved Son and in the belief of His truth. I find that it fits me perfectly unless I am not kept by the striving of His Spirit, and am allowed to become "puffed up" with foolish pride; then it is too tight. If I am not kept by His grace, I will walk with my head high, trying to be above my coat. When my coat is too short. But, when God blesses me to walk humbly, as becometh His child, I hope, it fits me just right.

How is this coat made? The shoulders are wide and roomy, requiring the strength of One who is able to help the troubled and tried carry their burdens. The collar is made of God's mercy; yes, the mercy of God who one day delivered my soul from the reigning power of sin. The sleeves are made of God's promises, (first) that He would bless me with hope that I am His child while here in this sinful world, and (secondly) that one day I shall reign with Him in blessed eternity in that home prepared for His saints. The cuffs are narrow so that there is no room to tuck away greivousness and hard feelings toward my neighbor and fellowman. The pockets are oversize: one is for the love of God, the other is to hold or contain the love for my fellowman and all humanity. There are three buttons on this coat. Their names are faith, hope and charity. Not that these buttons can be lost, but I check them often that neither of them become detached from my coat. The lining is made of God's forgiveness. I need it (forgiveness) very often. I want the

lining very close to me, next to me, at all times. The belt is made of God's love that encircles me everyday. This material is thick and tough enough to protect me when the storms of life come my way, but not so thick and so tough that I will not be able to feel the presence of the Holy Spirit who guides me through the journey of life.

There are many threads in "my new coat," but it does not have one thread of doubt that any one of the many promises of God are not true. Every thread will hold and will not break.

Do you wonder about the color of my coat? Why, it is the color of Jesus' eyes that must sparkle with great delight when one of those little ones that His Father gave Him before the world began is brought to Him at His appointed time here in this time world.

I will need my coat all through my life, and when I travel through the valley of the shadow of death, it will protect me against all fear. In that glorious, final day, when I shall at last be raised, according to my hope, to meet my glorious Maker and Seamstress in the air, I believe that I shall hear Him say, "By the Gift of my grace, he has worn it well." Then to accompany this garment it is my hope to receive a Crown of Glory and be bidden by the Hostess of the Feast to share the endless and eternal joys of eternity with Him at the right Hand of God, my Lord forever.

Some people may say that my coat is too old-fashioned and quite out of style, but if it is kept mended throughout with dying daily and constant abasement because of the sting of the sharp needle of sin, it will finally culminate into that day when I hope I can say, "Praise God, I wore my coat to the end."

This coat fits James Holman Tucker. In life I believe that his God enabled him to wear it well.

He will be missed in this community. He was always there to help his neighbor and fellowman in his troubles and trials of life with a heart of love. May God bless his friends forevermore.

His sister,  
Irene Tucker Newman

## MEETING NOTICE

## EASTER MONDAY MEETING

The annual Easter Monday Meeting of churches comprising the Lower Country Line Association will be held with Eno Primitive Baptist Church on Easter Monday, April 12, 1981, the Lord will. It is our sincere desire that our correspondents, elders, deacons, members and friends in the Lord be with us again this year. Eno Church is located in Durham, N. C.

Directions to Eno Church are as follows: Those coming from the north by Interstate 85 or Route No. 15, from the south by I-85, and from the east or west by Route No. 70, or from the south by Route 501, turn north at Roxboro Road Exit I-85, 70, and 15 By-Pass. (DO NOT TURN AT EXIT THAT SAYS 501 NORTH or ROXBORO); Follow through Braggton to the 5th traffic light on State Road 1004 (Central Carolina Bank, CCB, will be on your left); turn right on No. 1004, go one-fourth mile to church bldg, on your left. Those coming by N. C. Route 55 from the east, follow the same directions as given above. Those coming from the north from Roxboro on 501 to Durham, turn left at the 4th traffic light and State Road 1004.

Please remember us at this meeting and come and be with us.

Elder Burch Wray, Pastor  
W. A. Wheeler, Church Clerk

# ZION'S LANDMARK

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

BY

*PRIMITIVE OR OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST*

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VOL. CXV

FEBRUARY, 1982

NO. 3

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

## A WAY-WORN TRAVELLER

I saw a way-worn traveller  
In tattered garments clad,  
And struggling up the mountain,  
It seemed that he was sad;  
His back was laden heavy,  
His strength was almost gone,  
Yet, he shouted as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

The summer sun was shining,  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His steps seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward  
For he was wending home;  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

The songsters in the arbor  
That stood beside the way  
Attracted his attention,  
Inviting his delay;  
His watchword being, "Onward!"  
He stopped his ears and ran,  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

I saw him in the evening,  
The sun was bending low,  
He'd overtopped the mountain,  
And reached the vale below;  
He saw that Golden City--  
His everlasting home--  
And shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance will come!

While gazing on that city,  
Just o'er the narrow flood,  
A band of holy angels  
Came from the throne of God:  
They bore him on their pinions,  
Safe o'er the dashing foam;  
And joined him in his triumph--  
Deliverance has come!

I heard that song of triumph  
They sang upon that shore,  
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
To suffer nevermore;  
Then, casting his eyes backward  
On the race which he had run,  
He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
Deliverance has come!

(Anonymous)

### THE CURRENT FINANCES OF THE PAPER

From time to time it has been the policy of our paper to publish the annual budget that our subscribers may know how we are coming along with the finances. We last published our budget for your inspection in the August, 1980, issue of the *Zion's Landmark* that covered the year 1979.

Beginning with the January, 1981, issue of the paper, due to heavy rate of inflation, we were forced to discontinue the use of our good quality bookstock white paper and revert to the regular (cheaper) newsprint paper (which many of you do not like) in order to keep the cost of the production of the paper in line with our annual income. Many of you have expressed your dissatisfaction with the present use of the newsprint type of paper.

Our last price increase for the paper occurred with the August, 1980, issue. We have not increased the subscription rate since that time. However, since our last increase in the subscription rate of the paper to \$7.00 annually and \$13.00 for two years, we have had two increases in the price of paper, which would have occurred regardless of what kind of paper we used, plus a 134 percent increase in second class postage rates that was effective January 1, 1982.

## *Zion's Landmark*

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

### EDITOR

ELDER J. M. MEWBORN  
Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GEORGE A. FULK  
Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

VOL. CXV      FEBRUARY, 1982      NO. 3

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TO ELDERS \$6.00 PER YEAR -- 2 YEARS \$11.00

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Now, if you will examine the budget that was prepared by my certified public accountant, as shown below, you will see that had we not reverted to the newsprint (cheaper) type paper, in January, 1981, we would either have had to (1st) increase the price of the paper by now or (2nd) seen a folding up.

In the year of 1981 we received a total of \$7,202.10 from the subscriptions (both new subscribers and renewals) with an annual cost of \$7,726.37, a figure that fell in the red by \$524.27. Had it not have been for the loyal kindness of you, our subscribers with your gifts and extra contributions in the amount of \$2,212.90, we would not have made it. (See Budget)

The annual amount (balance) left over each year, (as has been the case since I have tried to serve as editor of the paper) is for my many, many hours of long, hard work that go into its production.

Therefore, if the *Zion's Landmark* is to continue, if it is the Lord's will, it appears that two things are now imminent. The first is that we may soon expect another price increase in the annual subscription rate, or a cut in the size of the paper in order to hold the line on the cost of its production. Secondly, we must increase our subscription list. We are losing some of our most faithful, long-time subscribers due to failing eyesight, death and old age. We are not gaining new subscribers to fill these losses.

I beg your prayers at this time, as well as your counsel and advice concerning the welfare and continuation of our paper, *Zion's Landmark*.

I realize that many can hardly afford the \$7.00 annual subscription fee now in effect with times as they are, but what shall I do? Brethren, will you let me hear from you? Please send me some new subscribers or send in a name and I will send them a copy for solicitation.

There may be other newspaper publishers that would print the paper for less money than our current publisher, the Lawrence Newspapers, Inc., Fuquay-Varina, N. C., but if that is the case, I have been unable to locate them.

Humbly,  
J. M. Mewborn, Editor

ZION'S LANDMARK  
(Budget - 1981)

### RECEIPTS:

Direct payment of renewals at \$7.00 per year

and \$13.00 for two years, including new subscribers at the same rates \$7,202.10

Gifts, Donations, Memorial Contributions, and Gifts to Indigent Fund for paper \$2,212.90

**DISBURSEMENTS:**

Commission	\$10.00	
Office Supplies	\$147.00	
Postage (office use only)	\$348.24	
Printing Paper & Postage from Benson, N.C. Post Office	\$3,856.83	\$2.41
Intangible Tax (N.C.)		
Other Expenss (Gift to Associate Editor, Bookkeeper & Purchase of Library Books)	\$435.29	
Telephone Expense	\$145.96	
Salary for Bookkeeper & Typist	\$2,400.00	
Social Security Tax for Bookkeeper	\$172.98	
N. C. Sales & Use Tax	\$207.66	

Total Receipts & Disbursements	\$7,726.37	\$9,415.00
Less Disbursements		\$7,726.37

**BALANCE -----\$1,688.63**

**HISTORICAL**

**(IN MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MOTHER)**

In previous issues of *Zion's Landmark* we have published accounts of pioneersmen in the early days of the founding of our country and their respective treks westward, establishing the militant church of God as they moved into the frontier land that was enshrouded with Indian savages and wild beasts. These included the account of Elder Daniel Parker's trek from northern Virginia in the latter 1700's through Georgia, Tennessee and finally Illinois. In 1833 he organized the Pilgrim Church, near Palestine, Ill. and with the membership and connected families thereto moved into, what was then Mexico, but is now the State of Texas, to help establish the state of Texas and open up the country for development. Pilgrim was the first non-Catholic church to exist in the United States of America west of the Mississippi River. Parker's fort was massacred by the Comanche Indians on May 18, 1836, when a number of them died and some were taken captive. An account of this ordeal was published in the February 1, 1973, issue of *Zion's Landmark*.

Just recently, we published in the November, 1981,

wagon train to what is now western Tennessee. These pioneersmen were Baptist, and, according to that article, helped to establish the State of Tennessee.

My mother, Emma Turnage Mewborn, who died on December 15, 1980, left behind in her papers an account of her family that came to America about 1711. Her great grandfather, William Levin Turnage, married Senetty (Cinnette) Tyson, a granddaughter of Elder Noah Tyson (1957-1805) who helped to constitute the Great Swamp Primitive Baptist Church, Pitt County, N. C., in 1795. The Turnages and Tysons of Pitt County, N. C. have intermarried for over 200 years, and the Tysons, like the Turnages, suffered at the hands of the Indian savages while settling our country. Some of the early Tysons were killed by the Tuscarora Indians in 1710, near Grifton, Pitt County, N. C., just prior to the time when John Lawson, the Surveyor-General of Carolina, was burned at the stake at their Indian town, Catechna. This same family of Tysons established the Tyson's Primitive Baptist Church, near Farmville, Pitt County, N. C., in the 1700's that is still standing today.

When I was a boy, perhaps ten years of age, I remember my father, Elder Joshua E. Mewborn, pointing out to me, as we were riding along one day, a beautiful rolling knoll on the west side of N. C. Highway 11 between Kinston, N. C., and Ayden, N. C., in Pitt County, N. C., saying our ancestors, Joseph Turnage and his brother, William, once worshipped and established the first Bethel Church there. I remember that spot now as a beautiful, smooth, rolling knoll with one large, lone long-strawed Pine tree left, still shading and standing over it. My father said that as the Turnages moved on westwardly, the church moved on outwardly with them, but in their hearts there was no inward movement. Some of them stayed behind in North Carolina. These were my mother's direct forebears. However, Michael Turnage, Sr. left eastern North Carolina, with his father, William Turnage, and his mother, Sarah Turnage, about 1818, and moved to frontier (Ray County) Missouri, going by way of Claborne County, Tennessee. Here the Turnages (spelled Turnidge in Missouri) made their second permanent settlement in the U.S.A. Here, also, they established, so I am informed, "Little Bethel Church," from the first (mother) one established in North Carolina many years before, in Pitt County, North Carolina.

In May, 1846, Joseph Warren Turnidge, with other members of the family, decided to migrate from Missouri to what was then called the "Oregon County," the far west, to help open the Pacific north-west country for development. It was in 1932 and 1933 that Alice Turnidge Hamot left Portland, Oregon, and came from the Pacific Coast to the East Coast of the United States, gathering a 459 page book that she entitled, **THE TRAIL BLAZERS**, on the heritage of the Turnidge family. She visited in our home when I was two years old.

In this book she traces the Turnage-Turnidge family from Scotland to North Ireland where they came because of the Jacobite uprising in Ireland in 1688. Hence, the roots of this unusual family is pure "Scotch-Irish." These Scotch-Irish were an industrious, law-abiding people. They built up a great commerce in the manufacture of wool, dairying and other products. However, measures were passed by the English Parliament in those days that prohibited the exportation of these products from Ireland to England and Scotland. This with the imposition of religious restrictions upon the Baptists and Presbyterians forced them to pay tithes to the Anglican Church, also excluding them from all civil and military service, with their ministers being held liable to penalties for the celebration of marriages, caused them under such great pressure and persecution (those high-spirited Scotch-Irish) to exodus to the new world, even as the three Hebrew boys would not bow down and worship the golden image that the king had set up, and the children of Israel would not worship the god of Pharaoh. As there were conflicts in those days between Ireland and England, one is reminded even today of the terrible conflict of the IRA of Northern Ireland with the Crown of England.

It is with much pleasure that I published this chapter from **THE TRAIL BLAZERS** (pages 110-120) that describes the rough, rugged journey of the Turnidge family from the plains of Missouri by wagon train as they journeyed over the Rocky Mountains in 1846 to the "Oregon County." Many were their hardships, even to the desecration of the graves of little children by the Indians, unbelievably told and described, as Mrs. Hamot has so skillfully and vividly written into one of the marvellous of many chapters of this wonderful family book.

I am told, that when The Turnidge Clan finally

reached the "Oregon Country", they organized another (second) "Little Bethel Church" that stood for many years through which whose various arms and branches have sheltered and fed the elect of God and their descendents under the name of "Hard-Shell, Old School, or Predestinarian Baptist" in the States of Oregon, Washington and Idaho, for 136 years.

When I am given to recall that beautiful, rolling little knoll with one lone pine tree, left standing in it, beside Highway N. C. 11 between Kinston, N. C. and Ayden, N. C., that once held a small log meeting house of Baptist brethren, whose roots only a few decades previously had come from the old world, and who after three or four decades after this point, would still be found worshipping the same God three thousand or more miles away in the opposite direction, I am left in awe and expressionless. Somehow in my feelings and I can almost go back through the years and feel myself with them as they worshipped God in Spirit and Truth at this place.

So, it is with genuine pleasure that I publish this account in memory of my beloved mother, Emma Turnage Mewborn (1892-1980) who was of this same ancient stock of rugged people and her fellow family members who have suffered and died for the sacred cause of civil liberty and the founding of our beloved country, **AMERICA**, with a faith that moved them outwardly, but in their hearts was steadfast and immovable.

J. M. Mewborn

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### THE TRAIL BLAZERS

#### "The Spirit of the Oregon Country"

It's the old story--yet ever new--the story of the pioneers crossing the plains; their hardships and their courage.

Sitting around the fireplace evenings, when we lived with Grandma Miller, I heard the history recited and told over and over, but always with deepest interest. So, when I came to Oregon years later and crossed the rivers and creeks, heard the names of counties, towns and people, memory awoke and I felt the urge to know more of those far-away years of my family's early history. I started to search around Albany -- one inquiry led to another, and for pure joy and interest this exploration is unequalled in my experience.

I delved into old newspapers. I spent hours at the Oregon Historical Society in Portland, browsing among the histories and old records of Oregon. I hunted up the oldest pioneers in Linn County. I discovered unknown relatives by the dozens. The Turnidges had surely been prolific enough. I found an old aunt, Mary Turnidge Kelsoe, 82 years of age, living in Portland, who had come across the plains at the age of two years. She unearthed old clippings, family Bible records and daguerreotypes. Her remarkable memory enabled me to recall the smallest details of her own life, as well as those told to her by her mother.

I found a little history written by a Mr. Carter who came in the same train of prairie schooners as the Turnidges—at least from Lost River as far as Eugene. His story coincides exactly with Aunt Mary's; and so, after many months of happy hunting, the history was pieced together.

My grandfather, Joseph Warren Turnidge, was born in Missouri, January 19, 1819. My grandmother, Elizabeth Dagley, was also born in Missouri, July 20, 1822. They were married in 1837. Four children were born and in May, 1846, the long journey was commenced from Holt County, Missouri, across the plains in company with a train of wagons, all ox-drawn, headed for the Oregon country, as the vast territory then comprising Oregon was called. I don't doubt that many of the women were in tears, for I know grandmother was leaving a comfortable home, with four small children and a fifth expected. She said that each of the first two years spent in a cabin in Yamhill, Oregon, she was glad to see the sun go down, for one more day of her lonely life, far from all her friends and relatives left behind her, was gone.

Most women in that day clung to the familiar and loved sense of home and the story of the heartaches and bravery of women through all the ages, who have followed their men to pioneer lands, enduring a life of hardships unimaginable to the present generation, would fill volumes.

Their journey was like that of hundreds of families who crossed the plains that made a circle of their wagons at night, all camped inside the circle, and the men took their turn as guards, to keep the Indians from scattering and driving off their cattle. Many times their only fuel on the plains was the dry buffalo chips. Grandmother said she would hurry out as soon as they camped to gather her apron full before they could all be

picked up by the other women.

I understand that the "Donner party" was a part of this train. At Fort Hall, in Idaho, the train separated, part of them going by the Barlow trail farther north—now a part of the Mount Hood loop highway. My grandparents stayed with the train, the first to come over the southern route.

The whole train was met by Captain Applegate and his men, who had come through the Cascade Range on horseback in search of a shorter way into the Willamette Valley. The train was urged to continue by the route they had blazed, and they were told there was much better feed and that it was a shorter way to reach their destination. The part of the train that was afraid to follow his advice came by the then-known Barlow Road and not only reached the Willamette Valley six weeks ahead but were spared the terrible ordeal of those who took the new way. About fifty wagons followed Captain Applegate, these breaking up into small trains of eight or nine wagons each. They had all been warned by the Captain that no time must be lost, for the road must be made as they went, a long and wearisome task. Fall was not far away and the mountains were yet to cross. They traveled by Lost River, losing ten head of cattle there, the Indians stealing them at night; but my folks were not among the losers. They crossed the Klamath River at Spencer Creek, the way leading by Jenny Creek; and Emigrant Creek was named for this train.

I quote the following from a letter written by E. O. Applegate, son of Captain Applegate, dated October 29, 1927:

"Yours of the twentieth inst. at hand. I will say in reply that I regret very much not having seen you last summer when you called here, for I am quite sure that I might have been able to give you some information in regard to the early history of this country that may have been interesting to you.

"The south Emigrant road, sometimes mentioned as the Applegate Cut-off, was located by fifteen men from the Willamette Valley, where our only American settlement in the Oregon country was at that time (1846); and from your statement it is evident that your grandfather was one of the first immigrants over the new route.

"The fifteen men who hunted out the new way crossed the Lost River about 25 miles south of here on a rough ledge, always since known as the "Stone Bridge" and at that point we erected a stone marker on

July 6, this year, the eighty-first anniversary of the date of their crossing. On the great stone, which perhaps weighs approximately two tons, there is a bronze plate on which is engraved the names of the 15 explorers. This was the crossing place of the immigrants for a good many years, and, no doubt, your grandfather crossed there late that year. In fact the train was so late that the rainy season set in before they reached the Willamette, and their journey through the Umpqua country, especially through the canyon of that name, was with considerable hardship."

Grandmother said after they crossed the Lost River they were faced one way by Klamath Lake, and so their way must lead over a long, steep hill, which meant more delay. It took 12 yoke of oxen to pull each wagon slowly to the summit of that hill; and after all were up but one man, who had been walking and driving cattle, they drove on. That night in camp he was missed, and several of the men turned back to look for him, but it was soon dark and the fear of the Indians drove them back to camp. Early in the morning a party of men went back, and this time they found him stripped to the waist and pierced with 20 arrows. There was not a minute's time to lose and so a shallow grave was made and grandfather (a preacher) said a few words over him.

From here on their way led through canyons and over boulders. At one place they had to lead the oxen around a huge boulder and let the wagons down over it with ropes, one at a time. This all took days of most gruelling work and winter was close upon them. They lived mostly on game which they were able to kill; their supplies were all but gone; their cattle were getting thin, and if it hadn't been for a few beef cattle driven to meet them as they neared the Rogue River Valley, this might have been the end of their story. A small amount of flour was sent, but it had been trampled out by oxen and was so dirty they could hardly eat the bread made of it.

The winter rains had now set in, and they made only a few miles each day in the mud, with their weakened oxen and themselves hungry most of the time. For several days at a time their oxen had nothing to eat, and grandmother said it fairly hurt her to look at them. Coming up a hill, where is now Canyon City, one of the head oxen fell and could not get up; so they unhooked him and he rolled to the bottom of the canyon. Whatever their feelings were they had to leave him

there. Such an ending even for an ox after plodding patiently and wearily all the way from Holt County, Missouri! A big roan cow was hitched in his place and they moved slowly on. Often in fording streams they got water in the wagon beds. Camping for weeks on the wet ground, cold and hungry and wet, was a terrible experience, and a number of them never got through.

In my grandparent's little cavalcade of wagons was the Crowley family, grandmother's relatives. At Cow Creek flats they buried a son, and afterwards they built a fire over the grave and then drove their wagons over it to hide all trace of it from Indians. Later their daughter was buried near a creek not far from the present site of Roseburg. Grave Creek is named on the state map, and it was named from the grave of Leland Crowley, daughter of Thomas Crowley, who died two weeks after Leland's death. (Grandmother's cousin.) They buried her in the center of a corral and burned a lot of brush on the spot, but they were sure afterwards that the Indians were watching every move; as three years afterward, in 1849, when grandfather went to the gold mines in California, he stopped and buried her bones. Mr. Carter relates in his story of his trip that two years later he passed that way again and saw her beautiful auburn hair, as lovely as it had ever been.

Winter was now upon them, and they were still 200 miles from their goal. At this place they entered the Umpqua Canyon; and for seven days over frightful roads they traveled through this dismal, wet place, and it poured rain on them every night. In desperation the emigrants were all leaving behind them whatever they could possibly do without, cherished possessions they had brought all this way from their now distant homes--so that the roadside was strewn with all manner of things. Mr. Carter says, "One Mr. Wood brought a hive of bees safely this far, but the wagon got upset in a creek, broke the hive to pieces, and the bees all drowned. Had he got through with them he had an offer of \$500. for the colony."

When they reached the North Umpqua River, they hired canoes from the Indians, and by lashing two of these together, and lifting the wagons in and out, they got across, swimming the cattle over. When they thought of the weary miles ahead of them, they despaired of ever getting through alive. They faced the mountains and the prospect of climbing them in the mud and rain was a nightmare to all. Several babies were born during this time.

Mr. Carter tells of three men who went on ahead, as they could travel faster on foot, thinking to reach a settlement and bring back supplies. The woods were full of berries, and although they were nearly starved, they were afraid to eat the berries, thinking they were poison. On the third day out, they met a man who told them they were salad berries and that the Indians almost lived on them. Dan Tool, a portly young man, on hearing this, devoured a quarter of an acre of vines, berries and all.

Several days after entering the Willamette Valley, another halt had to be made to bury Leland Crowley, daughter of Thomas Crowley, buried at Grave Creek. This was the fourth one of the Crowley family to pass away since they started on their journey.

Aunt Mary told me that Thomas Crowley was the wealthiest man in his county in Missouri, but out here in this wilderness his money mean't nothing. There was no place within many miles to buy the comforts they so much needed. He was buried without even a coffin. Long Tom Creek was named for him. He was buried at the head of this creek.

They now arrived at the present site of Eugene, Oregon. One small cabin stood where the beautiful college city now is. It was built by Eugene Skinner and was known as Skinner's cabin. And so in November, 1846, my grandparents and their children slept for the first time in seven months, indoors again--and theirs were the first white children ever to sleep in Eugene.

The cattle were left in care of a man for the winter in Eugene. Through this wilderness country my brave grandmother rode horseback on a man's saddle with one small child clinging behind her, and grandmother held the two-year-old baby on her lap. In crossing a slough her horse mired and began to flounder about; she became frightened and called for one of the men to come to her. Grandfather rushed to her side and took her from the horse, and she stood almost waist deep in muddy water. It was now December. She rode the rest of the way, wet and cold.

They bought out a squatter's right with a cabin on it on the north fork of the Yamhill River in Yamhill County and moved into it on Christmas day, 1846. On January 12, twelve days after their first arrival, a daughter was born. Here grandmother spent her first lonely year in Oregon with five small children in a one-room cabin far from other settlers; for in those early days the Willamette Valley was a wilderness.

In the spring of 1848 they moved into Linn County and pre-empted 320 acres of free land each, making 640 acres located between the forks of the Santiam River on Thomas Creek, not far from Scio--and across from Jefferson. Part of this acreage was the high bottom lands, and here they added to the cabin found on the place. The cabin was made of hand-hewn logs and a mighty fireplace, with two doors but no windows; for there was no place to buy window panes in those days. Here they were more comfortable and grateful to have a real log house. The nearest flour mill was at Oregon City, miles away; and it took a week to go with an ox team to the mill and have their grain and corn ground into meal and returned; so long weeks often went by when they had no meal for bread but boiled the corn and wheat. They could have deer, elk or bear any time--sometimes shot from the front door; and everywhere were grouse, some hens and pheasants; so they never lacked for fresh meat. All the cooking was done over the fireplace. Aunt Mary said she well remembered their first stove, and she was a good sized girl then.

Grandfather Turnidge was a Hardshell (Primitive) Baptist preacher--one of the first men to preach in that part of Oregon. In my search I spent several days around Scio, where I felt most completely the spirit of the Oregon country. I found the same general type of architecture in the old homes all through that part of the valley--large, square, frame buildings, always with an upstairs; very long windows, curved at the top, and often a door in front upstairs with no porch to be set on, the roof only about half as high as the main building. At several places we saw the original old log cabin built by the parents or grand-parents, still used as a wood or store house. We explored all the old deserted ones and found old hand-made chairs, what-nots, and in the attics of two places, old hand-made spinning wheels. I saw grandmother's spinning wheel (in pieces); the wheel was four feet high and spokes were hand turned. I stood in the attic over the kitchen at Uncle William Turnidge's old home, near Mills City, and felt and saw many things that I could not possibly put into writing. Surely nowhere else in this country have the sons walked in the footsteps of the fathers even on the same land, that free land that brought their forefathers from their homes in the East (North Carolina), the Middle-West (Missouri), to endure nameless sufferings and hardships. And I believe most

of the people in and around Scio are still the first, second and third generation of the early pioneers of the Oregon Country.

We visited Aunt Becky Crabtree Morris in Scio, and I will give in her own words some of her answers to my question:

"My parents lived in the east and had five children. They moved to Missouri and had five more children. They moved to Oregon in 1845 and settled in what is now Scio. Here, they had five more children. Father then talked of moving to California, but mother said, **"No, we have family enough!"**

"I was born in Missouri in 1842 and was nearly four years old when we started West. I remember many things about crossing the plains. (She named the four oxen that pulled their wagon.) When we came to this place, it was a heaven on earth; beautiful high grass waved in silver and green shades as far as you could see. Many times, I called my brother to bring his gun, when I saw a herd of deer right from our front door.

"Joe Turnidge? I should say I do remember him; he was the first man I ever heard preach. It was at old Uncle Jimmy Curl's house, and he wore buckskin pants, and I went there in moccasins. We got buckskin from the Indians and the women made garments of it. My brother learned to make moccasins. Later we gathered tanbark and we tanned the hides of animals and made our own shoes. There were lots of Indians here then. The Calapooias were friendly. The first funeral I ever saw was of an Indian boy. They dug a hole straight down and kept on measuring him and then the hole; and when it was deep enough, they wrapped his blankets around him and stood him in, feet first; covered him over and put all of his belongings on the grave.

"The Indians lived in wigwams made from long strips of fir bark placed lengthwise, and they ate bread made from the ground seeds of the wild sunflower and from acorns. They dug camas, which grew a tall stem with a blue blossom and had a white bulb under ground somewhat like an onion. They dug a hole in the earth and lined this with smooth stones, heated the stones, put in the camas, covered it over, and baked it.

"The Calapooias had no ponies but their enemies, the Malalas, had them. One day a Malala rode up, dismounted and came into our house when one of our own Indian men was there. They started to fight and when father told the Malala to get out, the Indian stuck

his face out at him. Father kicked him out of the house and he then got a rock to throw. Father hit him with his gun and he rode off muttering threats. Mother was crying; and we were all scared to death that they would come back and make war on the Calapooias; but they had seen our men fire their guns and were afraid of them, so did not return.

"I remember well when Mary Turnidge was married to Bob Woods. (This is the same Aunt Mary Kelseo I referred to in the beginning of this story. After Bob Woods died she married Tom Kelseo.) She was 14 and they had the biggest infair at Scio that we had ever seen." (An infair is held only after a wedding and the father of the groom furnishes all food and amusements--usually lasting several days.)

Aunt Becky truly was a wonderful old lady at 84; her eyes twinkled with fun and her memory was something at which to marvel.

My folks and most of the early pioneers raised sheep for the wool with which to make their own clothes. The wool was cleaned, carded and spun and made into different patterns of cloth on a huge, hand-made loom. Even blankets were woven, and socks and stockings were knitted for all. Grandmother made the clothes by hand, even making grandfather's suits, his best one being a salt and pepper weave that he wore to preach in, at the Hard-Shell Baptist meetings.

My father, James Curl Turnidge, was born in 1849, named after their neighbor, Uncle Jimmy Curl.

In May, 1849, grandfather, together with Marion and Tom Munkers (relatives of grandmother) started for the gold rush in California. In the late summer the two Munkers returned on horseback, leaving grandfather to finish a claim; and in October he left San Francisco on a sailing vessel for Portland. They were becalmed on the ocean and he was three months getting back to Linn County. He had sent word to Grandmother that he would be home in about three weeks; and when week after week went by and he never came, she almost gave him up for dead. Aunt Mary told how each time they saw a man coming in their direction, grandma would shade her eyes with her hand and start toward him, saying to the children, "I wonder if that could be your father." When he finally did come, she had seen him and had walked a quarter of a mile to meet him. We can only guess at how she felt--left alone from May until January with six small children, the baby but two months old. Then there were the long months of

waiting, not knowing if he would ever come back. She would take William, the oldest boy and with the ox team, they would go for a load of wood, and she was very often wet to the waist, feeding the stock and doing a man's work. One day she heard a commotion among the pigs and sent William to see what was wrong. He rushed back excitedly to tell her that there was the biggest yellow dog he had ever seen, with a tail six feet long, among the pigs. Grandmother grabbed her broom and hurried out in time to see a cougar (mountain lion) carrying off one of the pigs.

Grandfather had been ill on the sailing vessel for weeks at sea; but on reaching Portland he was able to continue his journey home by ox-cart. He brought with him a considerable amount of gold in a small iron-bound box, all the way from the gold fields of California. Plans were then carried forward for a big hewn frame house, as well as many other improvements on the place.

Two men, James Bassett and Martin Crooks, plained or dressed by hand all the lumber that went into the home. It had two fireplaces, big rooms upstairs and down; and they were all very proud when it was finished; for it was one of the nicest at that time in Linn County. No doubt, it would be one more of the old homes to now stand near Scio, had it not burned down.

During all this time, grandfather (a Primitive, "Hard-Shell" Baptist) was riding around the country and preaching wherever they held service in homes and in log school houses—a circuit rider as they were then known.

Alice (Turnidge) Hamot

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## EDITORIAL

### SPIRIT, SOUL and BODY

**"And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became A LIVING SOUL."** Gen. 2:7.

God created the earth first, then He formed the man here in the earth from a part of the same earth that was created before He formed the man. God formed man from the ground which He had at first created. The earth was created, but man was formed from the earth. The soul of man was another creation, separate and apart from the first creation of the earth, because it required a special act of God in the form of another creation by His direct power when the soul was

created. This separate creation was brought about when God Himself breathed into the nostrils of man, Adam, whom God had formed, the **breath of life**. This **breath** was not the breath of the air, but it was the **breath of life** (the soul) that was created. The formed body was just as dead and lifeless before the creation of the soul as the ground was from which God had formed it. That which is only formed from another material can be dissolved and destroyed, but that which God created, as He did the soul or life into Adam, man cannot destroy. The reason for this non-destructible quality is that it is a direct creation of God, and is not just a formation. Only God has the power to destroy the earth, which He created, not man, as is believed by some. God formed the body, but God created the soul with the **breath of life** that He also breathed into it. Notice that it was the **breath of life** that God breathed into the man, and then he was no longer a dead body, but a living soul. "The first man Adam was made a living soul." 1st Cor. 15:45. This act was a creation of God, not a formation. A creation takes place when something is made without any previous material being furnished from which to make it. God created the life that He placed in the man from that which was in or of Himself, even His own **breath of life**, and that life (the soul) is indestructible. "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear Him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." Matt. 10:28. Man alone cannot kill or destroy the soul because it is a part of the life of God Himself, even **His own breath**; hence, man cannot destroy it. Neither can the soul die, as is not the case with the body, while here in time. Remember, the body was only formed, the soul was created. The body was formed, not created, from the dust of the ground, but the soul was made from the very **breath** of God Himself. Therefore, in consequential order, the soul is just as indestructible as God Himself is.

Now what is the Spirit? The Apostle Paul writes in Romans 8:16, "The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." It is alone with the Spirit that we worship God. It is also the Spirit itself that maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. The scripture says God is a Spirit and He seeketh such to worship Him as do worship Him in spirit and in truth. We do not worship God with the body that was formed from the dust of the ground, but it is in the Spirit that we worship God and have no confidence in the flesh. So, there is an innate

spiritual creation, like the creation of the soul, that God has also created. This spiritual creation (our spirit, the new man, the inner man, the hidden man of the heart, or sometimes called Christ formed in you the hope of glory) is a creation from God placed within the soul. This spiritual creation, like the soul, is not a formation, but it is a creation. This spiritual creation is God's workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God has before ordained that we should walk in them. "The Spirit itself beareth witness with **our spirit**." As the soul or **breath of life** came from God, likewise the spirit or spiritual workmanship also came directly from God, each as separate creations in each child of grace or recipient of His mercy. The life is in the soul, and the action is in the Spirit. God is the immediate source and foundation of both the soul and spirit of man and the earth out of which He created the man.

Paul prayed to God, as recorded in 1st Thess. 5:23, "I pray God your whole **spirit and soul and body** be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." The soul and spirit of man are both alike, invisible, but so is the **SPIRIT OF GOD ITSELF INVISIBLE**. God performs or does His work in the soul and spirit of man. Luke 1:46, 47, reads, "And Mary said, My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." This scripture proves the fact that it is in the spirit that we rejoice in God, our Saviour, and in our souls it is the inwardly wrought spiritual life of God Himself that we magnify the Lord. It is not alone of our bodies or our flesh, but to the contrary, it is in the Spirit of God Himself bearing witness with **our spirit** that we are the children of God.

That which is of the body may be only an act of the head, but that which is of the Spirit is an act of the heart. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Romans 10:10. It is in the spirit which God hath created, not formed, (but created within us) that we worship God and have no confidence in the flesh. An attempt of the body (carnality) to worship God is what is sometimes called or referred to in the scripture as "will worship." This is Cain's worship and is rejected by God. That which the natural eye sees is only the body, but the soul that giveth life to the body is of God and is not made by man. Neither is the spirit in that body, which giveth action to it, made by man. It is God who creates both soul and spirit in the man each time, as it was done in the first man Adam. Man cannot

create the soul and spirit.

In Acts 7:59, "And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive **my spirit**." Therefore, we can see that both soul and spirit go back to God who created them. In Matthew 26:41, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the **spirit** indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." That which God has created is strong, but that which is formed (or which is of man) is weak and fearful. In New Testament scripture the word **SPIRIT WHICH REFERS TO THE HOLY GHOST** is always (in every instance) written with a capital letter, but when it refers only to the spirit of man, it begins with a smaller letter. In the Old Testament scripture the smaller letter is sometimes used with reference to the Spirit of God, as well as to the spirit of man.

The body is a natural being, and is, therefore, subject to death or dissolution. The body does die but the soul does not... The soul survives the body and lives on after the body returns back unto the dust from whence it was formed. The soul is immortal and never dies. The body without the soul is dead, yet the soul without the body lives on. When the body returns to the dust of the earth from whence it was formed, the soul returns to God who is the immediate author and giver of it. Although man may kill the body, which is only the temple of the soul, none can destroy the soul, for it cannot be destroyed. In Thess. 4:14, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, **even so them also which sleep in Jesus** will God bring with Him." The Apostle Paul makes it very clear that the souls of the elect of God for whom Christ died and for whom He had already stood as their Mediator or Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, will sleep in Jesus until Christ comes again the second time without sin unto salvation, to carry them home forever. In this scripture the Apostle Paul must of necessity be referring to their **souls and spirits**, for we know that the body goes back to the earth from which it was formed.

God only has immortality of Himself in that He has neither a beginning or an ending. The soul of every man was identified in the mind and purpose of God, both elect and non-elect, before the world began. These souls (both elect and non-elect) come into existence by the creation of God here at His appointed time, but since their identification began with God in eternity, likewise the souls of all just men have no ending with the exception of those of the non-elect that

will be destroyed in hell by God Himself at the resurrection of the unjust. The soul of man is immortal, and is, therefore, not capable of death by man. Eilihu in Job 33:4, says, "The spirit of God hath made me, and the **breath** of the Almighty hath given me **life**." This has already been stated in Genesis 2:7, "God breathed into his (Adam's) nostrils the **breath of life**; and man became a living soul." So, the body of every man is first formed, then the soul is created in it. In Zechariah 12:1 God here is described as "He that formed the spirit of man within him." Thus, God upholds their souls in life. The soul can and does live on without the body, as described in Jesus' language in Luke 12:4, "And I say unto you my friends, be not afraid of them that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." It has now become clear that man can destroy that which is formed out of the earth, but man cannot destroy that which God has created.

Man cannot destroy the soul. The body without the soul is incapable of thought, reasoning, or discoursing; the soul is capable of all these. The body which is basically made up of flesh, bones, blood vessels and blood is capable of destruction by man, but not so with the soul. The "souls of just men made perfect" (God's chosen elect) will be reunited with their respective bodies in the day of the resurrection of the just. Listen to the language of Jesus through Luke 20:35, 36, "But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry, nor are given in marriage: neither can they die anymore: for they are equal unto the angels; and are the children of God, **being the children of the resurrection**."

In Job 32:8, we find that "There is a **spirit in man**: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding."

If the soul were not everlasting, how could the Lord say, as recorded in Jeremiah 31:3, "The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee?" Also, if the soul died, how could the Apostle Paul write thus in Acts 13:48? "And when Gentiles heard this, they were glad, and glorified the word of the Lord: and as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Life could not be spoken of by Paul as being eternal for them (the number) who were ordained unto eternal life if the soul of man never died. This is a very precious thought to those who have been

given the hope of being ordained unto eternal life.

The immortality of the soul is shown in 1st Kings 17:21: "And he (Elijah) stretched himself upon the child three times, and cried unto the Lord, and said, O Lord my God, I pray thee, let this child's soul come into him again." This is full proof that the spirit of this child was alive, for nothing is said about restoring its life except a prayer that its soul be given to it again, therefore, restoring life. Where the soul is, there is life. They could not kill the soul and spirit of Christ. Luke 23:46 verifies the fact: "And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, He said, Father into thy hands I commend **my spirit**: and having said thus, He gave up the ghost." This unquestionably proves the fact that they could not kill that spirit that was in His own soul. God has so created or made the soul and spirit of man that they are not subject to the destruction of man. The body is only a temporal and temporary dwelling place for the soul and spirit. Man cannot destroy that which he cannot see.

Today, Christ deals with His people (now) exactly as He did anciently or in the Biblical times. God does not change. This is done in His Spirit when He reveals Himself to them today just as He did then by the revelation to His Spirit in the souls of His people. God revealed Himself to Joseph to take the young Child and flee into Egypt. Joseph did not resist or try to question the reality of the revelation in the form of a dream within his soul. His Spirit (God's Spirit) could and did bear witness with Joseph's spirit to convey the message by revelation in a dream. The Lord still works in the souls and spirits of His people in this day for, as we have said. He has not changed. If it is of the Lord, it will be revealed within the heart so strongly that it cannot be resisted. If it is of the head, it will come to naught because it is carnal, of the flesh or of the body. If it is of the soul and spirit it cannot be resisted. Now let it be stated again that the formed body is only a temporal and temporary temple for the soul and spirit. The natural life is also in this temple, but the spiritual life (our spirit) is in the soul, both of which are created by God Himself.

Quoting 1st Thess. 5:23 again, "I pray God your whole **spirit and soul and body** be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." Emphasis is called to the order of presentation here of the three entities or elements of man. And, so as it is with the **TRIUNE GOD, FATHER, SON AND HOLY GHOST, THE**

**MAN IS ALSO THREE-IN-ONE, SPIRIT, SOUL AND BODY.** As there are three dispensations of time, (1st) the Old World, (2nd) the Law World or Legal Dispensation, and (3rd) the final or Gospel World, there are three in the Trinity, God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Many other times in the scripture do this triune reference appear. Jonah stayed in the fish three days before he was vomited up, and so did Christ's body lay in the heart of the earth for three days and three nights before His resurrection from the dead.

In conclusion, the three parts of the man, namely, **spirit, soul and body** have great significance in the purpose of God. Here, the body is made of the earth, and is, therefore, earthy, as other earthy things, but the **soul and spirit** are spiritual, (Heavenly) as the angels of God. Yet, as the angels are spiritual, they are still very real. So it is with our souls and spirits, while they are spiritual, yet, they are very real, even though they are to us invisible, even as they are in the sight of God both very real and immortal. The soul and the spirit are that part of this triune man that live on when the tangible body is laid to rest. The soul and spirit are the part that Paul is referring to in 1st Thess. 4:14, "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, **even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.**" The soul and the spirit are that intangible part of the triune man that are not buried. That is the real part, for it (both soul and spirit) lives on in the Lord Jesus Christ to await the morning of all mornings for the church of the true and living God, when Christ who rose through the trackless air almost two thousand years ago will descend again to raise these vile (formed) bodies which were sown in weakness, but will be raised in power, were sown natural bodies, but will be raised spiritual bodies, changing them like unto His own glorious body! They were sown in dishonor, but will be raised in glory to be re-united with these souls and spirits that have been sleeping in Jesus to honor the Triune God forever and forever.

**Geo. A. Fulk**  
**November 12, 1980**

**"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."** Prov. 18:24.

**"The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth; by understanding hath He established the heavens."** Prov. 3:19.

**"Pride goeth before destruction, and an haughty spirit before a fall."** Prov. 16:18.

**"A man's heart deviseth his way: but the Lord directeth his steps."** Prov. 16:9.

**"Better a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife."** Prov. 17:1.

**"A good name is rather to be chosen than riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."** Prov. 22:1.

**"The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water: therefore leave off contention, before it is meddled with."** Prov. 17:14.

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#### OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

##### ELDER F. L. CLARK

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," II Timothy 4:7. I feel no words could be used any more appropriate in memory of my father, than to adopt the language of the Apostle Paul, for I believe he finished the work ordained for him to do, and he did, indeed, keep the faith.

According to the will of an all wise covenant keeping Jehovoh God, my earthly father finished his course in this world at 11:15 p.m. on December 23, 1981. Elder Clark was born in Franklin County, Va., on February 1, 1892, to his parents, the late Robert F. and Martha Turner Clark, making his stay in his earthly tabernacle 89 years, 10 months and 23 days.

He left behind to mourn his loss, his wife, Malissa Parker Clark, one son, Paul M. Clark, three daughters, Mrs. Rachel Purgason, Mrs. Goldie Bryant, and Mrs. Mary France, and two sisters, eight grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren.

Elder Clark united with Knob Primitive Baptist Church on October 11, 1919, and was baptized the next day, October 12, 1919, having been blessed to be a member for over 62 years. He was ordained to the ministry on October 7, 1938.

I know of no words in the English language that I might use that would in any measure, describe the attributes my daddy possessed. He brought us four children up in a God Fearing Home, taught us decency, and honesty. His word was his bond. Whatever he told us, we could depend on it being the truth. It seems that the time has come in this age of the world, that the truth is very rare.

One of the earliest scriptures I have knowledge of hearing my father quote, when I was a very small child, is recorded in Isaiah 46:10 "Declaring the end from the beginning and from ancient times, the things that are not yet done, saying My counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure." He believed in the doctrine of predestination of all things. He believed in the God who has a

purpose in all things and that nothing happens by chance or accident, God being in complete control of all things while leaving man out. I have heard my daddy say that he didn't find any record that God needed any help from a mortal man or ever consulted him for anything. He was blessed so wonderfully to be enabled to speak sound doctrine, never swaying to the right nor to the left to compromise with the truth and upheld the old landmarks our forefathers set.

Elder Clark spent a majority of his life span suffering, as he had been afflicted since a young man returning from World War I. He grew up to know poverty, but was blessed by The God of Heaven, with a gift all the world's wealth could not produce. Despite the bitter cup that fell his lot to drink on several occasions, he feasted upon many sweet morsels, when it pleased God to open The Windows of Heaven to him.

Elder Clark had a dream which he held precious, when a young man, in which he dreamed he was walking along an old wagon and buggy road that led in the direction of Knob Primitive Baptist Church. He was given the mind to look up, and he saw thunderhead clouds rolling up, as if a storm was approaching; one of these clouds started moving downward and he saw in the cloud a book. The book started falling downward, and coming in front of him was a man on a sled being pulled by two oxen, and the man had a long rod in his hand. When the book fell in front of my daddy, the man drew his rod back intending to knock the book from my daddy, but the man couldn't move his hand any more and the oxen stopped still in their tracks. The book fell at my daddy's feet and a voice spoke to him and said, "Pick up the book and go straight forward." He picked up the book and on the book were three red roses and green leaves. He tried to open the book but could not. My daddy saw this dream unfold on several occasions during his ministry.

"O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs." Solomon's Song 2:14. How wonderful is the handiwork of Almighty God, that He has his church safely hid so secure that no man's hands can reach to devour or erase His members, for they are engraved in the palms of His hands.

My father died a most glorious death at his home with his family at his bedside. All that loving hands could do was done, but we saw the hour come when we had to give up and "Stand Still." As he lay in stillness when he could speak no more, I believe he had "The New Jerusalem" in view, when his soul started across Jordan's River. As the end drew near he opened his eyes wide and moved his tongue and mouth and spoke, but we could not understand what he said, but I do believe he went out of this world preaching that glorious doctrine of His Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ and praising His Holy Name. My mother and two of my sisters saw a bright beam of light shining over his head and face. When the last breath was drawn, the light faded out. I believe his spirit and soul went on with the light when he received that welcome call, "Arise my love, my fair one, and come away." My brother and I did not see The Glorious Light as it was not meant for us to see it.

Elder Clark's funeral was conducted by Elder Donald Smith, Elder Amos Hash, and Elder William Holland, three Elders whom he esteemed highly and dearly loved as well as the many more. I shall never forget the last time he was blessed to hear Elder Smith preach at Town Creek Church on December 3, 1978. When my father returned to his home from church, he told me and my mother that while he was sitting next to Elder Smith, something got hold of him, a Great Love flooded his soul, and he felt like he was

sitting next to Jesus Christ. He said he wanted to reach and take Elder Smith in his arms and he had a hard time keeping from breaking down and crying out loud. He said, "I do hope I live to see that boy again." The Lord did bless him to see Elder Smith one more time, when he visited him at his bedside in December, 1980. I recall when Elder Smith was leaving my daddy's bedside he quoted the beautiful scripture recorded in Genesis 28:15, which reads, "And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." What a wonderful promise God made to Jacob and God kept His promise to Jacob and my father also!

We have suffered a great loss. His memory will ever live in our hearts, but oh how we miss him! May we bow to The One who has never made a mistake and say our father's suffering and trials are over forever. I felt that when I viewed my father's face for the last time, I would never again see him, to know him in the flesh, for I believe the children of God will awake in the likeness of Christ: "As of me, I will behold thy face in righteousness, I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness." Psalms 17:15.

Elder Clark's remains was laid to rest on his own land to await His Heavenly Father's call at that Glorious Resurrection. I feel that no father or husband could have been loved more than we four children and our mother loved him, but God loved him more.

We are all now approaching the chilly waters of death, living with a blessed hope that we may wake at the dawn of that new day, join with the Glorified Bodies of The Saints of God, singing a new song with a joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Written by One Who Loved Him,  
A Daughter - Rachel Clark Purgason  
Route 2  
Rocky Mount, VA. 24151

#### JANIE CASEY MCGEE

To the God of love, peace and mercy, we desire to praise His Royal Personage in remembrance of His divine virtues bestowed so richly upon our beloved and deceased sister, Janie Casey McGee. As it was to those who knew her in the various stages of her affliction, there was sadness and feelings of empathy for her condition. But she "Loved" and this love was not according to nature, nor was it dimmed by her natural affliction. How brightly it shone in the midst of those she loved best! Neither trial, turmoil or affliction shall displace the evidence of His visitation upon the recipients of His Mercy.

At the appointed time the Creator of the seasons plucked from our midst this lovely flower and delivered her to her appointed place in the glorious, eternal arrangement which is Heaven. And there-in she eternally dwells in the fullness of her beauty, for her fears are now quieted and her pain is no more. A lovely flower has been sufficiently blessed with seasons of trouble, afflictions, trial and also peace and joy.

Sister McGee joined Little Creek Church, Johnston County, N. C. in February, 1949, and was baptized the third Sunday in March, 1949, by her pastor, Elder T. F. Adams. She was wonderfully blessed, with a deep and loving devotion to her church and to her parents in all their sickness as long as she lived.

She was born July 8, 1926, and departed this life October 22, 1981. Her funeral was conducted by Elders R. L. Fish and Bennie Roberts at Rose's Funeral Home Chapel, in Benson, N. C. and burial followed in the McGee Family Cemetery near her home. May God comfort her family, friends and all who loved her. For we feel her gain is eternal peace and joy.

Be it, therefore, resolved that a copy be sent to the family; one be sent to Zion's Landmark, and one be kept for the church records.

Done by order of the church in conference February 20, 1982.

**Elder R. L. fish, Moderator**  
**I. R. Casey, Clerk**  
**Sister Lizzie B. Parker, Sister**  
**Nola Olive and R. L. Fish, Committee**

#### PEARL KINSEY JOHNSON

It is with sad hearts that we attempt to write an obituary for Sister Pearl Johnson. Sister Johnson united with the church at Hickory Grove, Johnston County, N. C., October, 1941. She was a faithful member as long as she lived. In her late years, she was physically unable to attend church often, but was there when God gave her the strength. It was God's will for her to go through much suffering, being in the hospital a lot of her time, but God gave her grace to bear it. She was so humble and felt to be the least, if one at all. We loved her and miss her so much, but feel our loss is her eternal gain.

Sister Pearl was 81 years of age. Her parents were John Radford Kinsey and Margaret Kinsey, of Johnston County, N. C. She leaves to mourn her passing the following children, four daughters, Mrs. Evelyn Lee, Route 2, Benson, N. C., Mrs. Lesa Ballance, Fayetteville, N. C., Mrs. Etheline Lee, Rocky Mount, N. C., Mrs. Gaynell Blackman, Whitakers, N. C., and two sons. Hursel and Rayford Johnson, Whitakers, N. C. Also, eighteen grand children and twenty-one great-grandchildren, along with one sister, Sister Alama Mathews, Dunn, N. C., are left to mourn her passing.

Her funeral service was held at Hickory Grove Primitive Baptist Church, Johnston County, N. C., by her pastor, Elder Jack Hawkins and Pastor W. A. Martin. Burial followed in the Johnson family cemetery beneath a beautiful mound of flowers.

Her family was so faithful to look after her as long as she lived. May God bless them and her church to be in humble submission to His will for we are persuaded to believe that He knows what is best.

Be it, therefore, resolved, that a copy of this obituary be sent to her family, one to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one be recorded in our church record.

Done by order of Hickory Grove Church in conference, Saturday, March 13, 1982.

**Elder Jack Hawkins, Moderator**  
**Merdie Morgan, Clerk**  
**Vara Morgan and Merdie Morgan, Committee**

#### BETTIE CRISP ALBRITTON (1908 -1982)

There's an open gate  
 At the end of the road  
 Through which each must go alone,  
 And there in a light we cannot see  
 Our Father claims His own;  
 Beyond the gate, our loved one  
 Finds happiness and rest  
 And there is comfort  
 In the thought  
 That a loving God knows best.

On January 26, 1982, Bettie Crisp Albritton passed through the gate to find happiness and comfort. This departure was our loss, but Heaven's gain.

Bettie Crisp Albritton was born on November 28, 1908, the daughter of Lydia Elizabeth Moore and Elder Amos M. Crisp who served Autrey's Creek Primitive Baptist Church in Edgecombe

County, North Carolina, for forty years.

On January 22, 1932, Bettie married James Marvin (Bill) Albritton. They celebrated their 49th anniversary before Bill's death in June, 1981. As a wife, Proverbs 31:10-12 describes her perfectly: "Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

About a year after their marriage, an infant son was born who lived only one day. Kate Elizabeth Simons, sister of Bettie Albritton, died, and in 1938, her youngest daughter, Cleo Elizabeth Simmons, age 9, came to live with Bettie and Bill and was lovingly reared by them. I, Cleo Elizabeth Simons Beaman, now write this obituary notice of my "mother" - Aunt Bettie.

On July 3, 1971, both Aunt Bettie and Uncle Bill were received into the fellowship of Autrey's Creek Primitive Baptist Church and the following day were baptized by their pastor, Elder Joe Sawyer. Aunt Bettie felt a great love and concern for her church until her death, and following the loss of Uncle Bill, found a growing love, strength, and consolation in Elder Sawyer and his wife, Doris. Funeral services were conducted at the Chapel of Edwards' Funeral Home of Snow Hill, N. C., on January 28, 1982, by Elder Joe Sawyer, assisted by Pastor C. L. Patrick.

Aunt Bettie is survived by myself (her daughter), three grandchildren, and two great-grandchildren. Her death was sudden and unexpected. We felt unprepared and still feel sorrow and emptiness. But, we find consolation in 1st Timothy 4:6, for we know that Aunt Bettie was "ready to be offered." From Uncle Bill's death until her own, she must have often felt the sentiments expressed in "Should You Go First" by Albert Rowswell:

Should you go first and I remain  
 To walk the road alone,  
 I'll live in memories' garden, dear,  
 With happy days we've known.  
 In spring I'll wait for roses red  
 When fades the lilac's blue;  
 In early fall when leaves turn brown  
 I'll catch a glimpse of you.  
 Should you go first and I remain  
 For battles to be fought,  
 Each thing you've touched along the way  
 Will be a hallowed spot.  
 I'll hear your voice, I'll see your smile,  
 Though blindly I may grope;  
 The memory of your helping hand  
 Will buoy me on with hope.  
 Should you go first and I remain  
 To finish the scroll we started,  
 No length'ning shadows shall creep in  
 To make me walk downhearted,  
 We've known so much of happiness,  
 We've had our cup of joy,  
 And memory is one gift of God  
 That death cannot destroy.  
 I'll want to know each step you take  
 That I may walk the same,  
 For someday, down that lonely road  
 You'll hear me call your name.  
 Should you go first and I remain,  
 One thing I'd have you do;  
 Walk slowly down that long lone path  
 For soon I'll follow you.

When Aunt Bettie wrote Uncle Bill's obituary notice, she said, "I cannot wish him back to suffer anymore, but long to join him in the beauties of 'that morn without clouds' (II Samuel 23:4)." From June '81 to January '82, Aunt Bettie did long to join Uncle Bill. Even with all our love, she felt a loneliness, and there was a vacant spot in her heart which no one could fill.

So, Aunt Bettie's family and friends can rejoice when we consider the wonderful homecoming which occurred on January 26, 1982: Aunt Bettie was reunited with Uncle Bill and her Saviour. How exceedingly happy and satisfied she must feel. For this, we thank God, who does know best.

Written by her daughter,  
Cleo Simons Beaman  
Snow Hill, N. C.

This editor was acquainted with the subject of the above obituary and remembers her father, Elder Amos Crisp, Pinetops, N. C., and his preaching many years ago. Elder Crisp was a gifted minister of the gospel and the three churches under the care of his ministry were thriving ones. Sister Crisp's memory also lives today in the hearts of many who knew her.

Sister Bettie Albritton, the subject of this obituary, taught school for many years in the Greene County (N. C.) School System, and as such, is lovingly remembered by many people in that area. Surely, this was a noble family that will be greatly missed by those who knew them.

J. M. M.

#### FLORA H. HILL

On the 20th day of September, 1981, Sister Flora H. Hill passed from this life, we hope and believe, to her eternal home in heaven, her body being left behind to rest until the resurrection day and her soul and spirit being returned to the Father from whence they came. Sister Hill was born February 24, 1896, in Wayne County, N. C., making her stay on earth 85 years, five months and 25 days.

She loved and also attended her church every time that it was possible. She loved the brethren and sisters and always had a pleasant word to everyone present, when she came to meeting.

Sister Hill and her natural sister, Lillie, united with the Mewborn Primitive Baptist Church, Greene County, North Carolina, on June 9, 1957, and were baptized with Sister Etheleen Kearney, (now deceased), by their pastor, Elder Joshua E. Mewborn. They came saying that they were not worthy and were received amidst much rejoicing and love with open arms by the church.

She leaves behind to mourn her passing three daughters, namely, Mrs. Louise Alander, Kinston, N. C., Mrs. Maryleen Smith, LaGrange, N. C., and Mrs. Ruby Gray Hardy, Route 1, Kinston, N. C. Sister Hill had one son who predeceased her in death. The surviving children miss their dear mother very much.

Sister Hill requested this poor writer to carry out her funeral wishes when she passed from this life, and her request was that Elder J. M. Mewborn conduct the services which were held in the Chapel of the Edwards Funeral Home, Snow Hill, N. C. The congregation, consisting of her brethren and sisters in the church, her family, neighbors and friends sang two hymns, "Amazing Grace" and "Nearer My God To Thee," in unison and good harmony after which her body was laid to rest in the Snow Hill (City) Cemetery beneath a mound of beautiful flowers.

Humbly submitted, I hope,  
B. L. Bartlett,  
Pikeville, N. C.

Read and approved in conference of Mewborn Primitive Baptist Church on March 13, 1982, with the request that a copy be sent to Sister Hill's family, one recorded in our church book and one be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication.

Elder J. M. Mewborn, Moderator  
Inez S. Gray, Church Clerk

#### SUSAN JANE SMITH

We, the Church at Hannah's Creek, Johnston County, N. C., bow in humble submission to the will of Our Heavenly Father, who removed from our midst sister Susan Jane Smith.

She was born February 8, 1887, and died December 11, 1981, making her stay on earth 94 years, 10 months and 3 days.

Sister Smith joined the church at the age of 18 years after experiencing a vision that she would go blind if she did not unite with the church. After rebelling against this vision, she had another vision; that her child would die if she did not join the church; after her son died she obeyed her calling. Throughout her life, she continued to have great experiences.

She leaves to mourn her passing two daughters, Willie Mae Langdon, and Mildred O'Neal; two sons, Ralph Smith and J. T. Smith and a host of relatives and friends.

Her funeral service was conducted by Pastor Mike Scott in the Chapel of Rose Funeral Home, Benson, N. C., and her body was laid to rest in the Roselawn Cemetery beneath a beautiful mound of flowers.

Be it, therefore, resolved that a copy of this obituary be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication, one be sent to the family and one be placed in the church record.

Done by order of the Church in conference December 19, 1981.

Elder D. E. Parker, Moderator  
Lillie P. Weaver, Church Clerk  
Leola W. Allen and  
Lillie P. Weaver, Committee

#### CHARLOTTE ANN SKIPPER GILMORE

We, the members of Simpson Creek Primitive Baptist Church, Loris, S. C., bow in God's humble submission, to the will of Our Heavenly Father, who called our beloved sister to her eternal home, September 11, 1981. She was born in Horry County, S. C., on January 5, 1881. God blessed her to be here over ninety (90) years.

Sister Gilmore united with the church in July, 1916, and was received into full fellowship of the church by profession of faith and baptized by Elder George W. Gore, her pastor. In those days, the church yard did not have grass and she came out on Friday afternoon to sweep the yards with a brush broom before the regular meeting day.

She married Ben Gilmore who was the father of three daughters, whose mother had died. She was a faithful housewife and stepmother, as well as a faithful church member as long as her health permitted. Due to poor health, she was homebound in a Conway, South Carolina, nursing home until God called her home.

Surviving are her three (3) stepdaughters, Mrs. Eunice Chestnut, Conway, S. C., Mrs. Lucille Skipper, North Myrtle Beach, S. C., and Mrs. Annawill Whittington, St. Petersburg, Fla.; also five (5) grandchildren and twelve (12) great-grandchildren are left to mourn her passing.

Funeral services were held at Simpson Creek Primitive Baptist Church by Elder L. G. Mishoe with interment in the Catter Cemetery, directed by Hardwick Funeral Home, Loris, S. C.

Therefore, it is resolved that a copy be given to the family,

one be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication and one be left on our church record.

Mary Louise Rabon, Esther Harrelson,  
and Macie P. James, Committee

### MEETING NOTICES

#### YELLOW RIVER UNION

The Yellow River Union was appointed to be held with East Atlanta Primitive Baptist Church, Fulton County, Georgia, beginning at 11:00 E.D.T. on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in May, 1982. (May 29th, 30th.)

Directions to East Atlanta Church are as follows:

(a) From I-85 to 285 By-Pass to I-20 West, travel I-20 to Moreland Avenue North. Cross under Dekalb and turn right on Dekalb West. Travel two blocks to Degress Avenue. Turn right on Degress. Church is located at 191 Degress Avenue.

(b) Alternate Route: From I-85 exist at North Druid Hills to Briarcliff Road South. Pass Little Five Points and take next exit to right to DeKalb Avenue. Turn right on DeKalb. Travel two blocks to Degress Avenue. Church is located at 191 Degress Avenue.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren, sisters and friends and especially to ministering Elders to meet with us.

Jeffie Fitzpatrick, Clerk  
Route 4, Box 199  
Commerce, Ga. 30529

#### BLACK CREEK UNION

The Black Creek Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Memorial the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in May, 1982.

Elder Walter Barnes was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Delbert Carraway is his alternate.

Memorial Church is located just west of Fremont, N. C. Turn right off U.S. 117, going south through Fremont, N. C. at first street beyond traffic light. Go two blocks, then turn left and continue to church for about three miles.

We invite our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us with a special invitation extended to our ministering brethren.

J. B. Williams, Clerk  
225 Braswell Street  
Rocky Mount, N. C. 27801

#### LOWER COUNTRY LINE UNION

The next session of the Lower Country Line Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Flat River, Person County, N. C., beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in May, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following.

Elder Wallace Oakley was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Burch Wray is his alternate.

Flat River Church is located about three miles south from Roxboro, N. C., and about 1/2 mile west of U.S. Hwy. 501.

A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth to meet with us.

Clyde Satterfield, Union Clerk  
Timberlake, N. C.

#### MILL BRANCH UNION

The next session of the Mill Branch Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Simpson Creek, Horry County, N. C., the fifth Saturday and Sunday in May, 1982. Services will begin, the Lord will, at 11:00 E.D.T. (A.M.) on Saturday and at 10:30 E.D.T. (A.M.) on Sunday.

Simpson Creek Church is located about 7 miles east of Loris, South Carolina. Those traveling S. C. Route 9, turn right at Getowen, going east, to second paved road to your right. Turn right and continue to church on your right.

We invite our Elders or brethren in the ministry, along with our brethren and friends, to visit and worship with us.

J. D. Wright, Union Clerk  
Tabor City, N. C.

#### WHITE OAK UNION

The next session of the White Oak Union was appointed to be held with the Church at South West, Onslow County, N. C., beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in May, 1982, and will continue, if the Lord will, through Sunday.

South West Church is located on N. C. Hwy. 53 (Burgaw Highway) about six miles west of Jacksonville, N. C.

Elder I. W. Shepherd was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Furney Wood is his alternate.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren and friends to come to our union meeting and visit with us with a special invitation extended to our ministering brethren.

Furnie Wood, Union Clerk

#### PORTRAIT UNVEILING

If the Lord will, a panel portrait containing the pictures of four deceased pastors of Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church, Willow Springs, Wake County, N. C., will be unveiled after the close of the regular monthly church service on April 25, 1982.

According to the early church record, the Church at Willow Springs was constituted in the year 1825 by Elder Nathan Gulley and others who came from nearby Neil's Creek, Holly Springs and Cool Springs Churches. Elder Gulley served from 1825 until his death that took place about the year 1845. No daguerreotype or tin-type picture of his personage could be found to honor his memory as the first pastor of the church. However, four photographs were obtainable of the four (4) following pastors, as follows.

2nd. Elder James Wilson, pastor 37 years, 1849 to 1886;

3rd. Elder J. A. T. Jones, pastor 38 years, 1886 to 1924;

4th. Elder C. B. Hall, (D.D.S.), pastor 2 years, 1925 to 1927;

5th. Elder T. F. Adams, pastor 45 years, 1928 to 1973.

(Elder James Wilson was an ordained minister of the Baptist Church when their militant ranks divided in the year 1832 into the two groups known today as (1) Primitive or Old School Baptists and (2) Missionary Baptists over the issues of foreign missions, Sunday Schools, secret orders, etc.)

The above four Elders' pictures have been nicely paneled into an attractive setting by a local professional photographer. The picture will be permanently hung in the foyer of the meeting house as a permanent memorial of these faithful pastors who served the church for a period of 125 years.

After the unveiling of the portrait, lunch will be served in the church basement.

An invitation is extended to our brethren, ministering brethren, sisters and friends with a special invitation given to the descendants of the above named Elders to meet and share with us in the memories of those who stood faithful in years gone by in a church that has stood for 157 years.

It was agreed by Willow Springs Church, while in regular conference on Saturday, March 27, 1982, that this notice be forwarded to Zion's Landmark for publication.

Elder J. M. Mewborn, Moderator  
J. C. Adams, Church Clerk

# ZION'S LANDMARK

## PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY

BY

*PRIMITIVE OR OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST*

AT

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POSTMASTER: Please forward change of address orders on form 3579 to  
Elder J.M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N.C. 27592.

VOL. CXV

MARCH & APRIL

NOS. 4 & 5

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

### BORN AGAIN

When first my sinful self I saw,  
Condemned by God's most Holy law;  
I saw that sin to death must reign,  
And that I must be born again.

I saw the law had no relief,  
But only added to my grief!  
Its just demands but gave me pain,  
I saw I must be born again.

A sinner vile, I turned away,  
While in my heart a burden lay;  
All hope of Heaven in me was slain,  
I saw I must be born again.

I plead with Jesus for His love,  
That I might with Him dwell above;  
And thus He spoke in substance plain,  
I say, you must be born again.

Lord, how can I, a sinner vile,  
Be born when I am not a child;  
The way is clear, the way is plain,  
I said you must be born again.

I prayed that I, this thing might see,  
And be from sin and bondage free,  
But still the needful thing remained,  
The sinner must be born again.

At last when all my powers had failed,  
And sin my soul had sore assailed!  
The power of God within me reigned,  
Whereby a man was born again.

This man who, once a child of wrath,  
Had roamed in sin's destructive path;  
Is made this truth, to see quite plain,  
A sinner still, yet born again.

Two natures now doth in him dwell,  
One leads to heaven, one leads to hell!  
Which warfare does the truth maintain,  
This sinner has been born again.

One nature does to flesh pertain,  
The other doth divine remain;  
And yet the truth is still sustained,  
This sinner has been born again.

O may I but this truth proclaim,  
By power divine in Jesus' name;  
A hope in Christ is not in vain.  
The man who hopes is born again.

As born of God he doth not sin,  
The seed of him remains within!  
The flesh from sin cannot refrain,  
A man must hope, though born again.

O happy thought that saints shall meet  
Around the throne at Jesus' feet;  
To join in one long, long refrain.  
The sinner man was born again.

Born from beneath, born from above,  
Born once in sin, again in love;  
Born from the dead, with Christ to reign.  
All born of God, yes, born again.

Elder P. G. Lester

### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL SUBSCRIBERS PLEASE READ

Beginning with this issue of *Zion's Landmark*, the following changes are being made with regard to the publication of the paper:

(1) The frequency of publication will be Bi-Monthly in the following order or manner, to-wit:

January - February

**MARCH - APRIL** (This issue)

May - June

July - August

September - October

November - December

(2) The number of pages per issue will be increased from the current size of eight pages to a new size of twelve pages.

The above changes are necessitated by the continued rise of the total cost of production of the paper plus vastly increased postage rates. By making the above changes will preclude or avoid a price increase in the subscription rates at this present time.

We hope that all our subscribers will understand our reasons for having to make the above changes.

J. M. Mewborn, Editor

## Zion's Landmark

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

### EDITOR

ELDER J. M. MEWBORN  
Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GEORGE A. FULK  
Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

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### REPRINT

Due to a labeling mishap on the front page of the previous issue of the *Landmark*, we are republishing the poem entitled, **A WAY-WORN TRAVELLER**.

Editor

#### A WAY-WORN TRAVELLER

I saw a way-worn traveller  
In tattered garments clad,  
And struggling up the mountain,  
It seemed that he was sad;  
His back was laden heavy,  
His strength was almost gone,  
Yet, he shouted as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

The summer sun was shining,  
The sweat was on his brow,  
His garments worn and dusty,  
His steps seemed very slow;  
But he kept pressing onward  
For he was wending home;  
Still shouting as he journeyed,  
Deliverance will come.

The songsters in the arbor

That stood beside the way  
 Attracted his attention,  
 Inviting his delay;  
 His watchword being, "Onward!"  
 He stopped his ears and ran,  
 Still shouting as he journeyed,  
 Deliverance will come.

I saw him in the evening,  
 The sun was bending low,  
 He'd overtopped the mountain,  
 And reached the vale below;  
 He saw that Golden City—  
 His everlasting home—  
 And shouted loud, Hosanna  
 Deliverance will come!

While gazing on that city,  
 Just o'er the narrow flood,  
 A band of holy angels  
 Came from the throne of God:  
 They bore him on their pinions,  
 Safe o'er the dashing foam;  
 And joined him in his triumph—  
 Deliverance has come!

I heard that song of triumph .  
 They sang upon that shore,  
 Saying, Jesus has redeemed us  
 To suffer nevermore;  
 Then, casting his eyes backward  
 On the race which he had run,  
 He shouted loud, Hosanna,  
 Deliverance has come!

[Anonymous]

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## COMMUNION

From John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* I borrow this verse. "Solidity, indeed, becomes the pen of him that watcheth things divine to men; but, must I want (need) solidity because by metaphors I speak."

Were not God's laws. His Gospel laws according to faith in olden times, held forth by shadows, types and metaphors? Yet, loath will any sober man be to find fault with them, lest he be found for a to assault the Highest Wisdom? It is he who is given rather to descend into the depths where he seeks to find this Highest Wisdom by types, shadows and metaphors, by calves and sheep, by heifers and by rams, by birds and herbs, and by blood of lambs. God speaks to him; and happy is he that finds this light and grace that in them be.

After reading the 10th chapter of *Contemplations Of The God Of Israel* on the subject of "Communion" by William Huntington, this writing is the result. I would like to mention that Elder Stewart McColl, our pastor,

spoke on this subject at Ekfred Meeting House recently. To me it was wonderful. When I came to this chapter I saw how closely he followed, as it were, in the footsteps of Mr. Huntington, yet he (Elder McColl) had never read after him in this book. Surely, "God moves in a mysterious way."

This subject of "Communion" is that about which I desire to write. The first thing that came forward was the word of God to Moses. "And thou shalt make a **mercy seat of pure gold**. And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat. And thou shalt put the mercy seat above upon the ark; and in the ark thou shalt put the testimony that I shall give thee. And there I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat." Exodus 25th Chapter.

I feel The Ark and The Mercy Seat might be a similitude or type of The Old and The New Testament. It is interesting to note that The Ark was made first of wood and was overlaid with gold. It contained the two tables of stone, The Ten Commandments. The Mercy Seat was made of pure gold. It has the same measurements of The Ark, but what arrested my attention concerning The Mercy Seat, there was no height. There was no limit to the height of The Mercy Seat. Therefore, it cannot be measured. This represents to the writer The Mercy Seat as being from the omnipotent God, portraying His most excellent perfection in power, as recorded in Psalm, 139: 7, 8, 9, 10. David was inspired to say concerning Him, "Whither shall I go from Thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, Thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me."

As Elder McColl brought out in preaching at Ekfrid in Romans 8:38, 39. "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, **NOR HEIGHT**, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

"And thou shalt make two cherubims of gold, of beaten work shalt thou make them, in the two ends of the mercy seat." Exodus 25:18. Note here, please, that gold and silver are purified with fire. And as the

hymnwriter says.

"The flame shall not hurt thee. I only design.  
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

I might add in this connection that gold speaks of the divinity of Christ.

The Cherubims of Glory, shadowing the mercy seat from each end of the same with wings extended, looked one to another and to the mercy seat in the midst of the house. In Hebrews 9:5 with reference to the Ark of the Covenant and Cherubims, "And over it the **cherubims** of glory shadowing the mercy-seat; of which we cannot now speak particularly," only to mention Genesis 3:24, "So He (God) drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden **Cherubims**, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

I know and recall from Elder George Ruston's preaching The Mercy Seat to be a Throne of Grace. Jeremiah brings this out in Chapter 17, verse 12: "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary." Now, the great condescension of God the Father, which appears in this passage, forcibly struck me. The Mercy Seat, I feel, is a type of Christ, who is our Throne of Grace. "He shall be a Father to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, and to the house of Judah." Isa. 22:21. "He shall be for a glorious throne to his Father's house." Isa. 22:23.

The two Tables of the Testimony were to be put into or inside the Ark so that they were not to terrify, nor arrest them who fled for mercy. This leads me to the words of Christ which says, "Yea, thy law is within my heart; I delight to do thy will, O my God." Psalm 40:8.

To continue in the words of the Psalmist which says, "The Lord is high above all nations, and His glory above the heavens. Who is like unto the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high, who humbleth Himself to behold the things that are in heaven, and in the earth!" Psalm 113:4, 5. Here, we have God's respect unto the lowly made manifest, but how much more to meet and commune with men of low and fallen estate.

To Christ Jesus, who received the sure mercies of David for us, must we poor sinners go that we may find grace and strength to help in every time of need. And it is here that God promises to help in every time of need and it is here that God promises to meet with us. For Christ is the only way to the Father. "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but

by me." John 14:6. This is totally impossible with every one of the human race with the one exception that those whom the Father and Son had chosen before the foundation of the world, to lead and guide to Son, as the true Mercy Seat, and they shall see His Father's face. "Thou meetest him that rejoiceth and worketh righteousness, those that remember thee in thy way." Isa. 64:5.

We now must consider what were to be the blessed effects of this communion? What was to be communicated to Him? They were to communicate their **troubles, cares, burdens, wants, fears, requests**, etc., to the Lord by prayer:

**Troubles:** "He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Job 5:19.

**Cares:** "Casting all you care upon Him.; for He careth for you." 1st Peter 5:7.

**Burdens:** "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Psalm 55:22.

**Wants:** "For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living." Mark 12:44.

**Fears:** "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Psalm 34:4.

**Requests:** "In every thing by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understandings, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Phil. 4:6, 7.

And, likewise, their recitals are expressed to Him for His favours with thanks, praises, blessings, and grateful acknowledgements for them to Him, to-wit:

**Thanks:** "Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." Ephs. 5:20.

**Praises:** "Let the saints be joyful in glory: Let the high praises of God be in their mouth." Psalms 149:6.

**Blessings:** "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. 7:12.

These were some of the things that they were to commune to God.

And God promises to communicate the following blessings to them by the priests: "The Lord bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make His face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee: The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they

shall put my name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them." Numbers 6:24-27.

This whole cluster of blessings is now to be found in Christ: (1) The blessing of eternal life is in Him; (2) We are in His hands and kept by His power through faith. (3) The knowledge of the Glory of God is in the face of His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ, and (4) from his fullness all grace is received.

Christ is the Son of Righteousness that rises and shines upon the hearts and souls of His people; and He is our peace who hath made both one (Jew and Gentile), and hath broken down the middle wall of partition. As Mr. Huntington says, these were my thoughts of God, our Heavenly Father, communing with us upon The Mercy Seat.

My mind then turned to Genesis 18: "And the Lord appeared unto Abraham in the plains of Mamre." "Mamre" means "elevated." Indeed, it is a high place when God condescends to meet with His lowly creatures. Genesis 18 continues: "And Abraham sat in the tent door in the heat of the day; and he lift up his eyes and looked, and, lo, **three men** stood by him: and when he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and bowed himself down toward the ground," signifying humility. Abraham thus prayed, "My Lord, if now I have found favour in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant." "And the Lord said (10th verse) I will certainly return unto thee according to the **time of life**; and, lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son." How quickly unbelief creeps in. Verse 14 reads thus, "Is any thing too for the Lord? At the time appointed I will return unto thee, according to the time of life, and Sarah shall have a son." "And Abraham called the name of his son that was born unto him, whom Sarah bare to him, Isaac." Genesis 21:3. "To every thing there is a season, and a **time to every purpose** under the heaven." Eccl. 3:1.

I call attention now to the three men that Abraham addressed. One was addressed as, "My Lord." Gen. 18:3. I would suggest the other two as being God the Father and God the Holy Spirit or God the Holy Ghost, the three comprising the Holy Trinity. "For the promise, that he should be the heir of the world, was not to Abraham, or to his seed, through the law, but through the righteousness of faith." Roms. 4:13. This righteousness of faith is Christ. Therefore, it was Christ who spoke unto Abraham from the tent door. In Genesis 19:1 these men were called angels.

After the visitation of the three men to Abraham, the Lord communes with him and Abraham communes with his Lord. The Lord tells Abraham, "Because the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah is great, and because their sin is very grievous" in the plain. Abraham communicated the desires of his soul to the Saviour, and asks the question, "Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked?" Gen. 18:23. Abraham also said, "That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked." Gen. 18:25. Then he continues, "Shall not **the Judge** of all the earth do right? And the Lord said, If I find in Sodom fifty righteous within the city, then I will spare all the place for their sakes. And Abraham answered and said,

Behold now, I have taken upon me to speak unto the Lord, which am but dust and ashes." Genesis 18:25, 27. Notice, each time Abraham asks, his request was granted, because of the gift and immediate presence of God-given faith. Abraham was so fearful and said, "I will speak yet but this once: Peradventure ten shall be found there. And the Lord said, I will not destroy it for ten's sake." Gen. 18:32.

How freely Abraham communicated the desires of his soul to the Saviour, all of which were granted, as long as the Saviour blessed him with faith with which to ask! "And the Lord went His way, as soon as He had left **communing** with Abraham: and Abraham returned unto his place." Gen. 18:33.

I feel Abraham's concern was for his nephew, Lot and family. In Genesis Chapter 19, Lot calls the two angels, "My Lords," and they seem to refuse his request to sojourn with him. Lot said, "Behold now, my lords, turn in. I pray you, into your servant's house, and tarry all night, and wash your feet, and ye shall rise up early, and go on your ways. And they said, Nay; but we will abide in the street all night." Gen. 19:2. But, Lot pressed upon them greatly, and he entertained them as Abraham had. Lot tries to pacify those that were upon his threshold, but they would not be content. Then those without were smote with blindness. They could not find the door and they wanted their one fellow or man which came in to Lot to do their judging. "And he will needs be a judge." (Gen. 19:9) they said. They like the high priests, at Jesus' trial, uttered truth, but did not know it.

Lot went out and spake unto his sons in law and said, "Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will

destroy this city, but he seemed as one that mocked unto his sons in law." Gen. 19:14. These angels (again called men) laid hold upon Lot's hand, his wife and daughters, the Lord being merciful unto him. They brought him forth, and set him without the city. See Genesis 19:16. Then it says that "God destroyed the cities of the plain," and "God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow, when He overthrew the cities in the which Lot dwelt." Gen. 19:29.

Then my mind went to Emmaus. As the two disciples were traveling that way, and while they communed together, Jesus Himself, drew near and asked them, "What manner of communication are these that ye have one to another, as ye walk, and are sad?" Luke 24:17. They, answering Him, said, "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" Luke 24:18. Jesus said unto them, "What things? And they said unto Him, concerning Jesus of Nazareth, which was a prophet in deed and word before God and all the people: and how the chief priests and our rulers delivered him to be condemned to death, and have crucified Him. But we trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel: and beside all this, today is the third day since these things were done. Yea, and certain women also of our company made us astonished, which were early at the sepulchre; and when they found not His body, they came, saying, that they had also seen a vision of angels, which said that He was alive." Luke 24:19-23.

Here, they communicated to the Lord Jesus their bitter griefs and troubles and that the crucifixion of their dear Lord was the sole cause of their calamities. The womens' account that He was yet alive was good news. But, they received no comfort from these things for Him they saw not. (Like Thomas.)

At this point, He began to open to them the scriptures, concerning Himself and His past and imminent sufferings. As they had already been eyewitnesses of them, they could compare spiritual things with spiritual, while He opened the prophecies of the things concerning Himself. After making Himself known to them, He vanished out of their sight.

However, all that they desired in this world was now granted to them, and "He vanished out of their sight." Luke 24:31. They saw and knew that He was alive, and said one to another, "Did not our heart burn within us,

while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the scriptures?" Luke 24:32.

I then thought of what the apostle says of your having the same communion with the Holy Spirit also: "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the **communion of the Holy Ghost**, be with you all. Amen." II Cor. 13:14. The Holy Ghost or "the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered." Roms. 8:26.

Real or true communion is the blessed effect of vital union. But he that is joined unto the Lord is one spirit." I st Cor. 6:17. From this union springs the communion that is with God. Communion is nothing else but giving and receiving and is both passive and active in giving or bestowing good things upon others. Passive is receiving good things from others.

Now all true or real believers are united to and ingrafted into Christ, as the branches are to the vine; and without continual supplies of life from the main stock of the vine to the branch or branches, they cannot live, much less can they be fruitful. Without the life, they must wither and die away. "If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and **men** gather them, and cast them into the fire, **and they are burned.**" John 15:6. Yes, wicked **men** gather them into their company and in this sense they are truly burned.

No creature can stand alone; angels could not; Adam could not; Judas could not; not could even Peter. Paul's very pointed and admonition is unmistakably clear here. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." I st Cor. 10:12. "**Woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.**" Eccl. 4:10.

(Note: I remember the last day that Sister Effie Malcome was alive. (She was my mother's sister or my aunt.) We were on our way to London to meeting. And in passing some natural property I owned, I made the remark I did not know how I would make out, that I was alone. She spoke right up and said, "You are not alone; our Saviour said he would never leave thee nor forsake thee." See Isa. 41:17. He (if we are His) picks or helps us up when we fall.)

But "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing." John 15:5. No stock in hand will do, however

large a portion of the Spirit as Elijah had; however strong the mountain of prosperity as David was; however embolden and fortified as Peter thought he was, when he promised to face prison and death; all will soon wither without continual supplies. Remember, Elijah fled for his life from the face of Jezebel; God hid His face and David was troubled; and Peter fell before the face of a servant girl.

Christ is the Root both of David and all true believers. They are the wild olive branches, grafted into the good olive tree; and we bear not the root, but the root bears us. "Boast not against the branches. But if thou boast, thou bearest not the root, but the root thee." Romans 11:8. The life of all trees lies in the root of them. Christ is our life and our love, and we must live in the root. (We cannot live out of it.) And the root is in us or there will be no fruit. Nothing less than vital union with **The Living Root** and momentary communication therefrom can and will keep us either alive or fruitful.

In that day sing ye unto her, A vineyard of red wine. I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." Isaiah 27:2, 3. "Behold, He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." Psalm 121:4.

Momentary supplies (of His life, love and grace), and nothing else, can keep the strongest believer standing. Without this blessing, all joys, yea the strongest joys, will wither away from the sons of men. "The vine is dried up, and the fig tree languisheth; the pomegranite tree, the palm tree also, and the apple tree, even all the trees of the field, are withered; because joy is withered away from the sons of men." Joel 1:12.

Thus, does the Apostle Paul endeavor to bring his beloved son, Timothy, off from trusting in his own comfortable frames, however strong they might be, knowing that they are only short-lived, transient and characterized by continual changing. "Thou therefore, my son, be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus." II Timothy 2:1. Here, grace in all its fullness is always the same and inexhaustable; and it is in the fountain, but not in the streams, that we must trust. "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." Psalm 34:4. "Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for in the Lord **JE-HO-VAH** is everlasting strength." Isaiah 26:4.

Trust in the living God who promises seed time and

harvest; may we ever look only unto Him. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy." 1st Timothy 6:17.

But, then how are these momentary supplies of life and strength, grace and help, to be communicated to us? Answer: By the Holy Spirit of God, as it is written: "For I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ." Phillipians 1:19.

Again, "Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth: for He shall not speak of Himself; but whatsoever He shall hear, that shall He speak: and He will shew you things to come. He shall glorify me: for He shall receive of mine, and shall shew it unto you." John 16:13, 14.

Eldon Gilbert  
R. R. 7,  
St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada  
March 25, 1982

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**CONTRIBUTION TO FUND FOR THOSE UNABLE TO  
PAY AND FOR THE SUPPORT AND MAINTENANCE OF  
ZION'S LANDMARK**

(From November, 1981 - to April 26, 1982)

Again, we would like to take this opportunity, as we have done before, to express our heartfelt appreciation to you who have made contributions in this manner for the above cause. If it was not for your assistance in this respect, it would definitely be impossible to keep the paper in circulation at current subscription rates. May we say again that your support and help in every respect is greatly appreciated in behalf of this common cause among our people. May God in His mercy continue His blessing with us.

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**HISTORICAL  
(OBSERVATIONS)**

In my editorial on the subject of ISRAEL that was published in the June, 1981, issue of Zion's Landmark, I made the following statement on page 107 (latter portion of that page), "I believe that we will never again see throngs standing on the foundation of the true doctrine, as many of us saw over 30 years ago, and as was seen in the early days of the Federal period of the History of the United States of America, 1776-1840. The Lord's return to the Jews accounts for the falling away as seen today in our churches. May we be reminded that for those years prior to the Revolutionary War, including the signing of our Declaration of Independence and those years that followed, at least 70 percent or more of the people, in what is now known as the United States of America, religiously speaking, or that professed religion as such, were pure pre-destinarian in their faith and belief." (End of quote.)

The above statement was made in my editorial on that date in connection with the following scripture, as

recorded by the Apostle Paul in Romans 11:25, "Blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fulness of the Gentiles he come in." The blindness of Israel lasted from the time of the destruction of the temple in Jerusalem in A.D. 70 by the Roman Army, until just after the closing of World War II when the State of Israel was established on May 14, 1948. It was also at this time that the fulness of the Gentiles came to an end.

The question has been asked, "When, then, were throngs seen standing on the foundation of the true doctrine during this specified or designated period of time of American history?" To interested inquirers, I will cite you in the first instance to Pages 809-810, **Hassell's Church History**, to the proceedings of the 104th annual session of the Kehukee Primitive Baptist Association, as follows:

"The Association was held in 1873 at Cross Roads, Edgecombe County, N. C. The introductory sermon was delivered by Elder Clayton Moore. Elder C. B. Hassell was chosen Moderator, Brother Joseph D. Biggs Clerk, and Brethren Bryant Bennett and A. B. Baines Assistant Clerk. Letters from thirty-five churches were handed in and read; 126 baptized; total members, 1,398. Churches altogether, thirty-seven. Ordained ministers, twenty-six; licentiates, four.

Messengers from Sister Associations were Elders B. P. Pitt, P. D. Gold and S. Pate and Brethren James S. Woodard, A. J. Moore, B. C. Pitt, R. R. Dupree, C. C. Bland, John H. Smith, S. D. Proctor and D. C. Mercer from Contentnea; Elder James S. Dameron, D. R. Moore and Q. A. Ward and Brother James Harris from **Country Line**; Elder Aaron Davis and Brethren Job Smith and J. C. Hewitt from White Oak; Elder J. E. Adams and Brother William Hilliard from Little River; Elder A. St. John from Chemung and Western Conference; Elder William J. Purington from Delaware River; Brother Owen Smith from Union Association, Georgia, was present; Minutes from Warwick, Salisbury, Delaware, Baltimore and Virginia Corresponding.

The appointments of a Committee of Arrangements the year before were confirmed at this session.

Elders Bodenhamer, St. John and Purington preached on Sunday.

Messengers appointed to Sister Associations were Elders J. W. Purvis, W. A. Ross and Brethren S. W.

Otterbrige, Asa Biggs, A. B. Baines and William Hodges to Contentnea; Elders Thomas O'Berry, D. W. Topping, and Brethren Archibald Staton, William Hodges and Nathan Pitt to **Country Line**; Elders John W. Purvis, William A. Ross, John L. Ross, Russell Tucker and Brethren A. B. Baines and C. J. Walker to Little River; Elders L. I. Bodenhamer, A. St. John and William J. Purington to Baltimore, Delaware River, Warwick, Chemung and Western Conference; Minutes to Abbott's Creek Union, Fisher's River, Mayo, Virginia Corresponding, Upatoie, Ocmulgee, Etcheconnee, Primitive Ebenezer and Union to Georgia; Elder A. St. John and D. W. Topping and Brother Archibald Staton to White Oak.

The question proposed by the church at Jamesville last year was discussed, and on hearing from the churches on the subject, the Association decided that the colored people should remain as they are. Twenty-five hundred copies of Minutes were ordered to be printed.

**This Association was held about eight miles east of Tarboro, N. C., and the number of persons assembled on the occasion were supposed to be at the least calculation ten thousand. Some good judges estimated them at thirteen thousand.**

It was probably the largest gathering ever seen at a session of the Kehukee Association before or since." (End of Quote.)

Further documentary evidence, supportive of the above position, is taken from the 1926 and 1927 minutes of the Lower Country Line Primitive Baptist Association of North Carolina, as follows:

"Association was held with the Church at Memorial, in the Town of Stem, Granville County, N. C., July 17, 18 and 19, 1926. (Page 9). The crowd was large, estimated on Sunday to be **ten thousand people**, the behavior was good. Not a single violation of the law was reported. May the influence of this meeting be for good and long remembered by those present." (End of Quote.)

"Association was held with the Church at Helena, Person County, North Carolina, on July 16, 17, and 18, 1927. (Page 7). The crowd was large, near **twelve thousand**, attending on Sunday. The behavior was as good as could be expected. The weather was excellent, except warm. We do not recall ever having more able preaching from the introductory sermon to the close of

the meeting. The preaching was entirely free from the conditional "do" and "live" system or any form of Arminianism, with perfect union and harmony, all of which we desire to thank the God of Heaven." (End of Quote.)

It is to be pointed out that the above two associations, Kehukee and Lower Country Line, were at that time, 1926 and 1927, in direct correspondence with each other, and were supportive of this paper, **Zion's Landmark**.

The question is now asked today, "Where are these crowds that ranged from 10,000. to 12,000. people?" Answer: We believe if the Lord has blessed you with an insight into the scriptures, you already know the answer from reading the above quoted scripture from Romans 11:25. Crowds into the thousands are still to be found in the U.S.A. at religious gatherings, but they are found at so-called evangelistic crusades and Arminian conventions, etc., a far cry from those 12,000. people who assembled in Edgecombe County, near Tarboro, N. C., in 1873 as well as the same number at another gathering in the years of 1926 and 1927, to hear the glorious doctrine of Salvation by grace and grace alone, with the theme of election, foreordination and predestination being the foundation of all sermons, as were the cases in 1873, 1926 & 1927.

In my humble judgment, if it were possible to assemble every Primitive Baptist congregation from all conditionalist, progressive, predestinarian and absolute predestinarian (old line absoluters) Baptist associations at **one time**, cumulating in the run of one total year I doubt seriously if that number would come near 12,000. people.

Assuming that our calculations are in line and correct, how much more would it take for us to be convinced of the fulfillment of Romans 11:25?

**J. M. Mewborn**

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### **ELDER BEEBE DID NOT SEPARATE THE ATTRIBUTES OF GOD'S DEITY**

It is our observation from time to time that some of our precious brethren are inclined to attempt to make a separation in the attributes of God's deity, placing more emphasis upon some more than others in the doctrine of predestination.

The following article on this subject by Elder Gilbert Beebe that was published as an editorial in the February 6, 1833, issue of **The Signs Of The Times** rather speaks for itself. We believe that Elder Beebe was a man blessed of God with a gift in the latter day as the same God had blessed a man in the earlier day (the Apostle Paul) when he said, "I am set for the defense of the Gospel." Phillipians 1:17. Also, in this same connection, please notice the stand that was taken by Elder P. G. Lester in the editorial of this issue of **Zion's Landmark**, as well as the article entitled, **FOREKNOWLEDGE AND PREDESTINATION ARE INSEPARABLE**, that was published in the January, 1982, issue of **Zion's Landmark**, pages 20-22, by Elder Woodrow Hudson, Jr., Bastrop, La.

The definition of the word **THOUGHT** as it relates to knowledge, is as follows: Act or process of thinking; reflection; the power to think over with purpose and intent; the power to conceive and to realize; the power of conception; the product of thinking resulting in affirmative action, creation and judgment, etc.

The definition of the words **PURPOSE(D)** is as follows: That which one sets before himself as an object to be attained; intention; resolution; the object of result aimed at, etc.

Now, as to God's eternal thought, His eternal purpose and mind, He gave us His definition of them through His servant and prophet, Isaiah, as follows: **"The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, SURELY AS I HAVE THOUGHT, SO SHALL IT COME TO PASS: AND AS I HAVE PURPOSED, SO SHALL IT STAND."** Isaiah 14:24. I see the words, **THOUGHT** and **PURPOSE(D)**, as used in the just quoted scripture, as being synonymous with the words, **FOREKNOWLEDGE, PREDESTINATION, ELECTION, FOREORDINATION,** and others. I have believed the doctrine in this manner for the past 26 years. My position on the doctrine has not changed from that date in 1956 until this moment in which I am now closing this statement on May 2, 1982. I humbly hope it is the will of God that He will bless and keep me believing it in this manner until the completion of my life's journey here in the world.

**J. M. Mewborn**

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### **PREDESTINATION**

On this important part of the doctrine of Christ, we wish to be well understood, as we consider it a fundamental part of the faith of the Gospel. In the

absence of this doctrine we can have no confidence in the predictions of the word of God. If the prophets spake and wrote of undetermined events, events concerning which the Holy One Himself had not made up His mind, they must have spoken and written with the utmost uncertainty. If it were possible to banish the doctrine of Predestination from the Holy Scriptures, we should not only lose thereby our interest in the ancient predictions of the Old Testament, but we should find it impossible to believe the testimony of the new. What consolation would the exceedingly great and precious promises of the Gospel afford us, if we had reason to believe that God had not yet determined whether they should ever be verified? Again, what confidence could we have in the veracity of God, if it were certain that His promises were made without any determination on His part to perform them? Indeed, there could be no certainty of a future state without the predestination of such a state. No heaven, no hell, no resurrection, nor final judgement. Thus, we see to what an awful dilemma we should be driven without this doctrine. Predestination is the pre-determination of all events that can possibly come to pass. It involves the doctrine of **Divine Sovereignty**, and exhibits the wisdom and the power of God; the one (wisdom) presents the design, the other (the power of God) carries into execution the things decreed.

Predestination is the result of the counsel of God's own will, originating within the mind of Himself alone. "With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him?" Isa. 40:14. In the doctrine of Predestination all the Attributes of Deity shine forth with the dreadful majesty. The entire history of mankind is by Predestination, established in the view of God, and the final destiny of all things are held in His Almighty Hand.

"There's not a sparrow nor a worm,

But's found in His decree;

He sits on no precarious throne,

Nor borrows leave to be."

We may consider this doctrine first in the economy of salvation, and then in its more general bearings. First, God has chosen, or predestined, His people unto salvation, through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth. See II Thes. ii. 13. Agreeable to His own sovereign pleasure, as expressed in the above text, He has predestined them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself according to the good pleasure of His will. See Eph. i. 5. He has also

predestined them unto eternal life. "As thou has given Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him." John xvii. 2. "And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." Acts xiii. 48. He has predestined their calling, conformity to the image of Jesus Christ, their justification and glorification. "For whom He did foreknow He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of His Son, that He might be the first-born among many brethren. Moreover whom He did predestinate them He also called, and whom He called them He also justified, and whom He justified, them He also glorified." Rom. viii. 29, 30. In short, every thing in relation to His people, here and in the hereafter, is so firmly established in the decree of God that no power can prevail against them. "He rideth upon the heavens in thy help and in His excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Deut. xxxii. 26, 27. "Surely there is no enchantment against Jacob, neither is there any divination against Israel: according to this time it shall be said of Jacob and of Israel, What hath God wrought?" Num. xxii. 23. "Even the very hairs of your heads are all numbered." Math. x. 30. Luke xii. 7.

Predestination is not confined alone to the adorable purpose and doctrine of Salvation by Grace, but it has a direct bearing on all things. Not a sparrow can be brought to the ground, nor can the troubled ocean dash her foaming waves one inch beyond the limits of God's decrees.

If anything was left upon uncertainties, everything must have been equally uncertain. If the smallest atom in creation were suffered to fly at random in the full sense of the word, God Himself not knowing where or when it would alight, it would prove what cannot be proved, viz; that God is deficient in knowledge. **THE OMNISCIENCE (INFINITE KNOWLEDGE) AND THE PREDESTINATION OF GOD MUST STAND OR FALL TOGETHER; THEY CANNOT BE SEPARATED. WE ARE CONFIDENT THAT BOTH EXIST IN GLORIOUS HARMONY IN THE MIND OF HIM WHO HAS DECLARED THE END FROM THE BEGINNING, SAYING, "MY COUNSEL SHALL STAND, AND I WILL DO ALL MY PLEASURE."** Isaiah 46:10. The doctrine of Absolute Predestination, when rightly understood, does not involve the idea of man's acting involuntarily in sin; nor does it exonerate him from accountability. This may be discovered by noticing the following examples: (1st)

The Crucifixion of Christ. (2) The Abduction of Joseph, together with many other circumstances recorded in holy writ. "For a truth against the holy child Jesus, whom thou hast anointed, both Herod, and Pontius Pilate, with the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together, for to do whatsoever thy Hand and thy Counsel determined before to be done." Acts 4:27. "Him, being delivered by the **determinate counsel AND FOREKNOWLEDGE OF GOD**, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." Acts 2:22, 23.

The brethren of Joseph had no knowledge of the purpose of God when they sold him to go down to Egypt. They mean't it for evil, but God ordained it for good. When the Jews (Saul of Tarsus being one of them) persecuted the disciples of our Lord Jesus into strange cities, they knew not that God had ordained this very method of sending His called servants everywhere preaching His word. And amidst the abounding abominations of the present day, it is our consolation to know that God has ordained "The wrath of man shall praise Him, the remainder of that wrath He will restrain." Psalms lxxvi. 10. We need only to understand this precious doctrine, and we shall most assuredly love it. The child of God exults in the thought that death and hell can do no more than what our Father please.

We might notice the objections commonly brought against this doctrine, but we shall wait until such objections are presented. In the meantime we earnestly request our brethren to examine the word of God on this important subject. May the God of all grace give us light and wisdom from above that in His light and wisdom we may see light and possess His wisdom, is our prayer in Jesus' name, to whom be glory, power and dominion, now and forever, Amen.

Elder Gilbert Beebe

### ELDER ARNOLD H. BELLOWES

[Editor's Note: The following article was written by Elder Arnold H. Bellows, [deceased], sometime in the 1950's prior to his death. Elder Bellows, as I recall, was a member of the Olive & Hurley Old School Baptist Church, near Ashokan, New York, of the Lexington-Roxbury Association. I distinctly remember the Lord blessing him to ably expound the scriptures, especially in the unfolding of the types, shadows and figures of Christ in the Old Testament, as well as the opening up of the Spiritual meaning of the parables and other scriptures of the New Testament. His gift had much depth, as your reading of the following excellent article will discover.

J. M. Mewborn ]

### THE WATER OF LIFE

For a text, I feel led to write upon the 3rd, 4th, and 5th verses of the 44th Chapter of Isaiah.

**"For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."**

This language applies to the church of the living God which is a love gift from God unto His beloved Son, the Christ. Let us consider for a moment the language, "For I will pour water upon him that is thirsty." The wills and shalls of Jehovah abound in application in this wonderful text.

These promises of God are unconditional promises in the Old Testament. One reading: "If thou wilt harken unto the Lord thy God, blessed shalt thou be in the city, and blessed shalt thou be in the field; if thou wilt not harken unto the word of the Lord thy God, cursed shalt thou be in the city, and cursed shalt thou be in the field." The Jew today is an example of this conditional covenant, for he could not keep the conditions any more than the Gentiles today can keep the conditions required for salvation; for they were all utterly under the law that condemns them. But now we see the precious promise, "I will pour water upon them that are thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

Water is a word that is significant in the Scriptures. Water is absolutely necessary for natural life. It comes in various forms: Sometimes as rain, for, "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, and my speech shall distill as the dew." Sometimes water comes other than in the forms of dew and rain. It may come as a cloud; and isn't it true that often there are many things of the gospel that seem hidden from us, as it were by a cloud? Sometimes water is in the form of ice; and do not the children of God testify to the fact that sometimes they feel cold and icy, as it were, and mourn because of a cloud? Sometimes water comes as mighty waves that overwhelm; and so the floods of sorrow and contrition of heart sometimes seem to overwhelm the soul.

So we see the operation of the Spirit of God represented by water. Water often meaning the Word of God, as we remember in the Scriptures, "Husbands

love your wives, as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it that He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word. Now we see here the expression, the washing of water by the Word. The Holy Spirit takes the Word of God, putting it into your heart, bringing Godly sorrow and conviction of sin, and Godly fear. How wonderful, then, is the action of water in connection with the Holy Spirit! You will note here the Scripture. "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground: I will pour my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring."

The relationship of water and of the Spirit is beautifully emblemized in the language I have read. You know that in Joel it is said, "Behold, the days come saith the Lord when I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy; your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions." It was quoted by Peter on the day of Pentecost -- the outpouring of the holy Spirit of God. And water was connected with the sanctification of the priest. When Aaron was sanctified, the holy anointing oil was poured upon his head and ran down to the skirts of his garments. So we find water having many uses, and many beautiful meanings.

Without water there would be no life upon this earth. Without the Holy Spirit of God in its divine operation there would be no children born into the kingdom of heaven. How water fertilizes the soil! and how the graces of the Holy Spirit spring up when the water of the Word nourishes the soul, and supplies that thirst! "For as the hart panteth after the water brook, so panteth my soul for thee. My soul thirsteth for the living God." Now, then, Jesus said, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Thirsting, then, is an attribute of a living character. One does not thirst for the Word of God, nor for association with the saints, until he is first made alive, born again into the kingdom of heaven, and, therefore, desiring the things which are above, the things which nourish his soul. We remember that water was used when Jesus rose at the supper, laid aside His garments, and washed His disciple's feet, washing them in the water of the Word, cleansing, in type, their daily walk.

There was another use of water that often comes to mind, found in Numbers, Chapter 19, as I recall. When one had touched the dead body of any man, he was

unclean, and there had to be a red heifer killed and burned to ashes, and water mingled with the ashes and sprinkled the third day, and the seventh day, upon the one who have come ceremonially unclean. Then that one was restored to the privileges of Israel. And so water is significant in its many uses and applications.

Before God communicates grace unto a believer, that one has no knowledge savingly of Jesus Christ; that one has no Godly fear in his heart; that one has no filial love for the Lord of light and glory. What produces this love? What causes this change? When the water of the Spirit is poured out to refresh the soul, and to cause the manifestation of life, then one believes. First, one may have a dismal apprehension of the life to come: he may have a fear, for the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. But the application of this water will cause the marvelous change that accompanies the new birth in Christ Jesus.

Now, then, the water is poured upon the thirsty one, and floods upon the dry ground. We often feel to be dry ground, don't we? We feel so utterly lifeless; and, therefore, floods of water, as it were, the Holy Spirit, are poured out upon us. It says so beautifully here, "I will pour out my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." This includes here the whole church of the living God, the offspring of Christ Jesus. The water is poured copiously upon the seed. Now, we remember that in Christ there is neither Jew nor Greek, male nor female; but, if you are Christ's, ye are Abraham's seed, and heirs according to promise. And upon this seed -- upon all believers, is poured out the living water of the Spirit. It says here, "They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water courses." See Isaiah 44:4. It seemed beautiful to me as I read this verse, that something springs up as among the grass. We read in Isaiah that "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand forever." Isaiah 40:6, 7, 8.

Now, then, as this grass represents flesh, you will see that something springs up as among the grass. Note the meaning of these little words: "They shall spring up as among the grass." Then, among the fleshly people of the Lord, (for we are all in the flesh, and with the flesh we serve the law of sin, but with the mind the law of Christ), something springs up as the result of this outpouring of the water of the Word. What are the things that spring up? One of the very first

things is conviction of sin. Before one feels the working of the Spirit in his heart, he has no Godly sorrow for sin. He may have a head-knowledge of God, he may with his natural eyes look upon the starry heavens and the majestic sun rising in all his glory, and think that there is a Creator back of creation, but with that knowledge only, there is no comprehension of God in any saving sense whatsoever.

Now, to have a knowledge of God savingly, there must be a condemnation in the flesh, and the pouring out of the Spirit of God produces this condemnation in the flesh for in the condemnation of the flesh, there is the appearing of Jesus. Now one of the greatest things that springs up at the pouring of water is supplication. There can be no supplication until first there is conviction, until one has seen himself as utterly ruined, until one has seen the very doors of Hell, as it were, opened to receive him, and truly does feel, "I am worthy of hell -- not worthy of Heaven." When one can feel that way, being made of a broken and contrite heart, and reckons bitter things against himself, and feels the flaming sword of justice cutting him down, then he has a conviction of sin. Feeling the conviction of sin, there is revealed to him another grace of the Spirit which springs up among the grass, and as the willows by the water courses. Having a knowledge of the conviction of sin, having a tortured soul and a burdened conscience, (all because of the application of this water of the Spirit that is poured out), there is a cry that goes up to heaven, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Luke 18:13.

Why did the publican put his hand over his heart when he stood and prayed? All because he had been made to realize that the heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked -- and who can know it. He stood, let us remember, in the temple. The Pharisee also stood in the temple. It is not true that in buildings dedicated to the worship of God, there are Godly men who stand and pray, taught by the Spirit of God, and receiving the answer of prayer. Also, there are those who have never tasted that the Lord is gracious -- they stand and speak of their good works, but do not go down to their homes justified, as did that poor sinner and publican.

So, we may be justified in concluding that there is not only the conviction of sin, but there also comes a realization of the pardon of sin. There comes an experimental knowledge of a sweet deliverance. So, "I

will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and they shall spring up as among the grass." -- the graces of the Holy Spirit, if you please. I love to think of it in that way.

**Faith** is one of those graces. Without faith, it is impossible to please God. Having faith, one has access to all things. Is that not true? Another grace that is notable with faith, and in conjunction with it, is **hope**, the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. While going up in Maine one time, I saw a great ship out on the sea, and as the wind blew, that ship turned -- but always toward the anchor. How true it is that when the storms of sorrow beat upon us, our hope is the anchor of our soul sure and steadfast, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. I love to think of this **hope** as one of the three great graces: **faith, hope, and love**. **Faith** is the evidence of things not seen, the substance of things hoped for. **Faith** can but take or carry us to Heaven's door, but **hope** takes us inside; for **hope** is an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and reaches to **that within** the veil, whither the forerunner has entered, **even Jesus**.

Regarding the forerunner, do you not know that anciently the high priest entered into the holy of holies? He went behind the veil of blue, and purple, and scarlet upon the Day of Atonement and there he made atonement for himself and for the people. The high priest entered within the veil of the natural tabernacle, here on earth, so our Jesus has entered within the veil of Heaven, itself, and is there, the Man, Christ Jesus, for we have an Mediator, the Man Christ Jesus, the same Man whom the disciples saw ascending, the same Man whom they saw the doors of heaven open to receive, and two shining angels, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? **This same Jesus**, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into Heaven." Acts 1:11. We have to have a Mediator in Heaven after the order of Melchizedek, after the power of an endless life. For Jesus, completing the type of the Aaronic priesthood, entered into Heaven, itself, as our High Priest, not after one who could die, but after the power of an endless life, being our **Melchizedek**, the Priest of the Most High God, without beginning of days, nor the end of years, for He is surely our Intercessor touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

Again, we must have a Mediator in Heaven who can represent both man and God. A prophet represents God to man; a priest represents man to God. Jesus presents us unto and before the Father holy and without blame in love; and He presents the Father to us, so that through the Spirit we are led to cry, "Abba, Father."

Reader, if you will, allow me to write a little bit more about **hope**. How sweet it seems to me that this flood that is poured out upon the dry ground, embraces the promises of God unto the church of Jesus Christ. The promises include the application of His atoning blood; the promises include His manifestation to us as our Saviour and Redeemer. And more than that, it embraces the super-aboundings of grace over the aboundings of sin. All of these precious promises are like the rungs in that ladder that Jacob saw reaching from earth to heaven, with the **Angels of God** ascending and descending upon it -- being a type of that which Jesus said to Nathaniel: "Hereafter ye shall see greater things than these, ye shall see Heaven open and the **Angels of God** ascending and descending upon the Son of Man." John 1:50, 51. Was not Heaven opened upon the day of Pentecost, when the Church of God was manifestly set up? To my understanding, it was.

Therefore, the pouring out of this living water, giving life to the soul, has a meaning far deeper and sweeter than that we may at first think. But this **hope**, which I alluded to a moment ago, may be put this way: **We must see Jesus in His suffering, we must each feel Him in His agony as we experience the condemnation of sin, as the law stands against us in a pitiless way.** We think of Jesus in the garden, sweating, as it were, great drops of blood; and saying, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death." Matt. 26:38. And do you not remember that He was there with the eleven disciples (Judas was absent), and that He withdrew from these eleven disciples, and from them he went a little distance, "a stone's cast," and there knelt down and prayed? (See Luke 22:41.) Why did He go a stone's cast? Because Jesus must fulfill the law. Heaven and earth should not pass away until all the law be fulfilled. And the Jewish law demanded death by stoning, not death by crucifixion. Therefore, the nature of our very sins were the stones that were hurled at Jesus in that bloody sweat. Our sins were cast upon Him when He said, "My soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Matt. 26:38.

But let us go a little further -- until the next day, when He hung upon the cross. The Roman spear opened His side, and forthwith came blood and water. Let us recall now that three bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost; these three are one. And there are three that bear witness in earth, the Spirit, **the water**, and the blood: and these three agree in one. Therefore, we have in our text, "I will pour water upon him that is thirsty."

Please note that in a dead body blood will not run, although, water flows. But while Jesus hung there upon the cross with death upon His pallid brow, the blood flowed from His side, showing that He was the Son of God, that He was holy, and, therefore, His blood never lost its efficacy.

"Dear dying Lamb thy precious blood,  
Shall never loose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

When Moses stood by the burning bush, while as it flamed, was not consumed, the voice of Jehovah told Moses to go deliver Israel from Pharaoh's dominion. Moses desired a sign. The leprous hand was one sign. There was also another sign when the rod was cast upon the ground and became a serpent, then changed back to a rod again. In the first instance, the leprous hand was healed. But then another sign was given, brethren, that when Moses should take water from the river Nile and pour it upon the ground, it should become blood. Search the Scriptures all you can, if you please, and you will never find where that blood was ever changed back to water again, showing that the blood of Jesus had **eternal efficacy**. So **faith** can shield itself in the suffering open side of Jesus; yes, it can take anchor there in that salvation given unto His people, which is for time and eternity.

Now, I will present a few more thoughts, and will hope to bring this article to an end. "As willows by the water courses." I have noticed near my former home where willow sticks, seven or eight feet high, were cut off and one end driven into the ground. Before the season was over, there was life in the end of those sticks -- those seemingly dead sticks. Comparably speaking, those that are born dead in trespasses and sins, after the water of life is given them, like the willows by the water courses, will manifest life.

Now let us see the result of the outpouring of this water. And this seems like a climax to me. "One shall

say I am the Lord's." Isaiah 44:5. I have often wished I could say this with all my heart, without doubt; but most of us have doubts and fears, don't we? Sometimes, those doubts are removed, but often we go in darkness, a mourning people; but sometimes, Oh, sometimes, we say, we feel that we know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren. Job felt this way when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Job 19:25. God's people truly love one another and they dare embrace one another in this love, nor do they apologize for the demonstration of a love which makes them seem dearer to one another than any person that was not a professor, or confessor. Yes, indeed, many witness that love shed abroad in the heart, a fulfillment of a promise, the result of the outpouring of **The Spirit**. Now, do not we see there are times when we can say, as one of old did sweetly say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His: He feedeth among the lilies." S. of S. 2:16. Jesus said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." Matt. 6:28, 29. Therefore, when the water of the word is life to your soul, there comes a sweet time. It may not be too often, but you can say, "I am the Lord's." Isaiah 44:5.

"Another shall call himself by the name of Jacob." Isaiah 44:5. Let us consider this particular character, Jacob. He had deceived his brother Esau, and after the deception, he fled, from him, as he thought, for his very life. He crossed the river or brook, called ford Jabbok, which means "emptying." And that has a beautiful significance to me, because Jacob, we find, was emptied of all self-righteousness, of all creature efforts. He crossed the brook. Now notice, a **Man** wrestled with him. This man was the theophantic Christ, which means a manifestation in spirit-form of Christ, the eternal Son of God. **The Spirit** took the form of a man, and wrestled with Jacob, and likewise Jacob with the Angel -- a Minister from God. Remember, Angels are ministering spirits to the heirs of salvation.

Now we wrestle in our experience as the water is poured out upon us. We wrestle not against flesh and blood nor principalities and powers, but rather against the power of sin. Now Jacob wrestled, and yet the Angel for a time did not overcome Jacob, nor Jacob the Angel. There was a wrestling. When the Spirit of God works within you, as this water is poured out, there is a

wrestling. There are doubts and fears, and you wrestle with your doubts, and you wrestle with your fears. But, finally, you prevail after wrestling with the Angel. We find that the Angel was overcome, and He blessed Jacob. What does that mean? That Jesus Christ was overcome when He came into the world to be our sinner-bearer. He had to come into the world in the flesh, and in the flesh He must be condemned, and in the flesh must die. Therefore, man, seemingly, overcame Him. "For a small moment have I forsake thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. Isaiah 54:7. Is this not true? Did not Jesus say unto Pilate, "Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above; therefore he that delivereth me unto thee, hath the greater sin." John 19:11. Pilate delivered Jesus to be crucified. It seemed momentarily as though man overcame Christ. And as the result of that crucifixion the blessings of salvation were poured out profusely upon all the family of believers.

Now, then, as Jacob overcame the Angel, in that type, he received the blessing. But before he received the blessing, Jacob's strength was all gone. It was all taken away. No longer could he wrestle, no longer could he struggle, but he clung to the Angel, and said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And then Jacob received the blessing, but his name was changed to **Israel**, because he had found favor with God, and prevailed. And the morning dawned, the sun arose in all its splendor, and Jacob re-crossed the brook, no longer a wrestling Jacob, but a **triumphant Israel**.

Now you will notice that the result of that struggle was that Jacob's name was changed to **Israel**. You have all had this experience, I believe. You have struggled, you have wrestled, but at last glorious peace has been spoken to your poor soul, and you have received the blessing of salvation. This is verified by the Apostle Paul in Ephesians that, "God hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world." Eph. 1:3, 4. You have now received these spiritual blessings. You are no longer Jacob, in that sense, but are an Israelite -- you have triumphed through Jesus.

Finally, note the beauty of this climax, "One shall say I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; (that's in your experience), and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of **Israel**. Isaiah

44:5. What does that mean? I will tell you what I think it means: You hear preaching. It clears up your mind; it comforts your heart; you are edified; you are strengthened by it, and you say, "That's the truth: I am willing to die by that truth. I subscribe to all that is presented in the name of the Lord Jesus." So you can say, "One shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord." That is surely you, my brother or my sister, when God has given you to witness His blessed truth.

Then again, "And surname himself by the name of Israel." Isaiah 44:5. So you have advanced then in your experience until you have become a prevailing Israelite because the water of life has been poured out upon your thirsty soul.

(Elder) Arnold Hill Bellows (Deceased)  
West Hurley, New York

### "BEAR WITH ME A LITTLE IN MY FOLLY."

(II Cor. 11:1.)

Recently, I came across the following article that was published in the February, 1967, issue of **North Carolina Education**. I got a good laugh out of reading it, so I thought some of you might enjoy reading it too. To those of you who might enjoy it by having a good laugh, I am passing it on for your pleasure. **Editor**

#### STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Not being a theologian—either by training or desire—I have never been able to discern with absolute certainty the finely-drawn differences between and among some of the various branches of the Protestant church. As a child, for instance, I frequently attended the Missionary Baptist church, the Free Will Baptist Church, and the Primitive Baptist Church, depending on which relatives we were visiting or which were visiting us at the particular time. As I think upon it now, I believe I am most perplexed by the term "hard-shell" Baptist. Those whom I knew were soft of heart, generous to a fault, and very compassionate.

Not until this morning did I even have an inkling of how to justify the designation; and this shedding of light on so long a mystery came from a news story in **The Gazette**, published in Berkeley, California.

First, let me tell you, however, that my favorite "hard-shell" Baptist was one of my early heroes. He could do no wrong. His words were pure wisdom. His opinions were the laws of the Medes and Persians. He was a self-appointed magistrate, minister, barber, baker, dentist, and doctor. And, thereto, hangs the explanation.

He was a confirmed victim of dyspepsia. He supposedly suffered from indigestion, heartburn, and various and sundry other symptoms of acidity and acid eructations. His one remedy, however, was **baking soda**. Its virtues he could endlessly extoll.

Now, back to Berkeley, California. There, the poultry specialists have discovered how to save the farmers and retailers four million dollars a year by eliminating cracked eggs. How? Why, they feed the hens **bicarbonate of soda** and and thus cure the dyspepsia of the chickens, brighten the disposition of the poultrymen, and explain to me, for the first time in half a century, why one of my favorite relatives was truly a "hard-shell" Baptist.

Glenn Kever, Jr.  
Raleigh, N. C.

#### EDITORIAL

The following editorial entitled, "Sovereignty of God", by Elder P. G. Lester, written by him, shortly after he became as Associate Editor of this paper in 1883, is being republished in this issue as being one of the best and ablest, if not deceived, we have ever read on this subject. We believe the doctrine, as expressed by him in this article, is not only the same, but is also completely in line with those editorials that have been published and written by Associate Editors and Editors of this paper in more recent years. One needs only to read and compare them to be convinced that our paper, doctrinally and editorially speaking, has not departed from the sacred truth. This truth is the faith of God's elect.

Elder P. G. Lester was directly affiliated with **Zion's Landmark** for a period of forty-six (46) years, thirty-seven years as an Associate Editor and nine years as Editor. In 1883, he became an Associate Editor with Elder P. D. Gold, and in 1920 at Elder Gold's death, he was named Editor, serving until his death which took place on February 9, 1929. He traveled and preached extensively. The area he visited included twenty-one of the states in the United States and Ontario, Canada, traveling as much as thirteen thousand miles in a year. He also served churches in Kentucky for several years.

In 1888, without any solicitation and in his absence, he was nominated by the Democratic Party to represent the Fifth District of Virginia in the United States Congress. There he served during the fifty-first and fifty-second Congresses. He served churches in Washington and surrounding territory also, while in

Congress. Elder Lester served as clerk and afterwards as moderator of the New River District Primitive Baptist Association, composed of churches in southeastern Virginia. These churches are still today affiliated with this paper, **Zion's Landmark**. For twenty years, he served as president of the Peoples Bank of Floyd County, Va.

In 1886, both he and Elder Silas H. Durand compiled and published an acceptable **Hymn and Tune Book** at Southampton, Penna. that has been used extensively by our churches since that time in many sections of the country.

In our humble judgment the following editorial is an accurate exponent of the doctrine of God our Saviour, if not deceived. One must only needs read the beautiful poem on the front cover of this issue of the paper, entitled, **BORN AGAIN**, and the following editorial to know that he was a gifted man of God.

Editor

#### SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD

Sovereignty implies the right to exercise supreme power, dominion and sway of the realm. A sovereign is one who has supreme power over as well as full control of his realm, and all that belongs to it.

The sovereignty of God gives Him unlimited authority and rule over His dominion, and all that dwell therein to lift up or cast down, to make alive or to kill, to preserve with life, or destroy with death—to exalt, or debase—to justify or condemn, and none dare say why or what doest Thou. God is the only King of kings and the only Lord of lords. His sovereignty is equal in expanse with that of His presence, and His presence fills immensity. David says, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven Thou art there: if I make my bed in hell behold Thou are there: if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." Psalm 1-39.

The fact that God is eternal, or self-existent, proves to a demonstration that He is the Creator of all things, besides Himself, and being the creator of all things, He must of necessity be the creator or author, controller and final disposer of all things, including all states and conditions, for they are all subjects, so to speak, of His realm, and each occupies its relative position to the other according to the attributes of His Deity, which are inseparable, each (foreknowledge, foreordination,

election, justification, glorification, predestination, etc.) as a yoke fellow, or as cause to effect in the working together of all things for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose.

"He is before all things, and by Him all things consist." Colossians 1:17. If He was before all things, and all things exist by Him, then He alone is eternal. If there be an eternal thing, of whatever character or nature outside of the great God-head, it is not in heaven, nor in earth, is neither visible nor invisible, is neither throne, dominion, principality nor power. "for by Him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or powers: all things were created by Him and for Him." Col. 1:16. So we see that all things exist directly by creation and fulfill the purpose for which they were created which is but the result of God's pleasure, and their character, and manner of existence must be the result of His independent sovereignty. All of His works, yea all things, are the out growth of His will, and His will stands with the eternal security in His immeasurable sovereignty. "He doeth according to His will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." Dan. 4:35. "What His soul desireth, even that He doeth." Job 23:13. "He declared the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that were not yet done, saying that my counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure." Isaiah 46:10.

His right to have a desire of soul for the working of all things, and a will of His own and the counsel thereof, according with which to work by His Almighty power, and His own supreme prerogative to execute His will, and sustain His own counsels, are but the most legitimate fruits of His infinite sovereignty. In fact, all of His divine perfections of the attributes of His deity, as seen in His great God-head, and set forth by His power, as described in His doctrine, have their settings in His sovereignty, and from thence they shine forth with an everlasting brilliancy, to the praise of the glory of His grace, and to the end result of the edification, ordaining and comfort of His people. It seems to me that the sovereignty of God is not so much a principle of doctrine as are foreordination, foreknowledge, predestination and election, but that it (His sovereignty) is the foundation upon which the others rest, or the great trunk or vine of which these

are the branches, which draw from this body their life and efficacy. Deny **Jehovah** the prerogative that the name implies, and foreordination, foreknowledge, predestination and election amount to nothing but a mere farce, and the world of mankind will in the end go down into nonentity together.

Sovereignty is not an act, but is authority for action. When the Lord sent Moses unto the children of Israel, He gave His authority for action both in commanding on the part of God, and of obeying on the part of Moses and Israel, by saying tell them that "**I AM**" hath sent thee. And again he says: "**I am that I am.**" Jesus said, "even so Father for so it seemed good in thy sight." "He spake and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast." "Where the word of a king is, there is power: and who may say unto him, What doest thou?" Eccl. 8:4. That which constitutes him king is the same which lends power, or authority to his word. Jesus spake as never man spake, in that He spake as one having authority. He spake as none else could speak—with the sanction and power of eternity.

"He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,  
And myriads wait for His word;  
He speaks, and eternity, filled with His voice,  
Re-echoes the praise of her Lord."

Until we find other worlds and space, dominion and power, beyond those of God, that occupy, and fill up another immensity, we may keep silent as to the advocacy of a self-existent being beside Him, for things equal to each other must be equal to the same things.

If two beings could exist without inception, they must necessarily be equal to each other, which would make all eternal things, apart from the God-head, if there be any, equal with God: Jesus is the only one said to be equal with God, but this equality is in the God-head. (The Triune God), and not that Jesus had a separate existence from God, for He says, "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father also." Isaiah described this Triune God when he said, "To whom then will ye liken Him? or what likeness will ye compare unto Him?" Isa. 40:18. "To whom will ye liken me, and make me equal, and compare me, that we may be like?" Isa. 46:5. "Unto thee it was shewed, that thou mightest know that the **LORD** He is God; there is none else beside Him." Deut. 4:35. "I am the Lord, and there is none else, there is no God beside me." "There is none beside me." "I am the Lord, and there is none else." Isa. 45:5, 6.

Self-existence is by virtue of a being's own nature, and does not imply coming into existence, but that such a one as self-exists, exists wholly within and of himself by virtue of his nature and character, independent of and above every thing else.

If the devil was self-existent, he would thus be equal with God, which would destroy the idea of the sovereignty of God, and would, therefore, bring God into question for the manner of His doings and would justify the works of the devil. Such would bring us into much doubt as to whether there is any such thing as the work of a spiritual character being performed, embracing both good and evil, and whether any thing really exists, but is merely phantomatic.

But, as God is before all things, all things must exist by Him, and are and must be subordinate to Him. He is above every thing in every respect, and, therefore, is subordinate to nothing.

There is no law above Himself, and as all of His works of whatever character, and in whatever department, are by virtue of the law of His own mind, and for His praise, we dare not attempt to bring Him to an account, nor question His right to thus do, nor attempt to challenge His justice. "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee, they shall talk of the glory of thy kingdom and speak of thy power." Psa. 145:10, 11. "Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul." Psa. 103:22.

God is under law to nothing, and, therefore, what He does is right and can not be otherwise. To us who are subjects of His power, and objects of His wrath while under the curse of His law of sin and death, many things appear to be very black, and in themselves they are; among them nothing is blacker than ourselves, and sometimes we wonder how God can in justice bring these things to pass, but should we fail to see the justice in them, and the punishment due to them, yet that has nothing to do with the matter at all. Our failure to comprehend the matter does not alter the reality of truth. God is just in all His works, and He works all things after the counsel of His own will; therefore, all things are just with Him, and He doeth His wonderful works that men may fear before Him.

It was and still is a mystery to us, how God could be just and save us on the principle of mercy, and still we believe it is true (according to our hope) that He has saved us, and to know that we possess this hope of

eternal salvation gives us more comfort than trying to find out the secret place of His justice and mercy. I feel that if the work of God in my salvation is just, then all His works are equally so, for they are all for my salvation—all things work together for good to me. O what a glorious thought, that this God is our God, and will be our guide and stay even unto death! If God be for us who can be against us? Who will lay anything to the charge of God's elect. It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen!

Jesus Christ was the only One who had power or authority to die for His people, and this commandment He received of His Father.

Take away the sovereignty of God in His creation of all things, and the law by which Jesus became the author of eternal life, and the principle of divine mercy upon which He died for His people cannot be reconciled with justice.

God, out of His own right to do so, in the covenant of Grace before the foundation of the world, while foreseeing and foreordaining the fall of Adam, gave certain ones to Jesus, and made Him their Head, Husband and Saviour, and gave Him power over all flesh that He should give eternal life to as many as the Father had given Him. "And this is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." John 17:3. And these things were hid from the wise and prudent, and revealed unto babes, simply because it seemed good in God the Father's sight. Why it seemed good in His sight to hide eternal life from any, or to reveal it unto any, His majesty has not answered.

In considering the wonderful works of our God, I do not understand that some things are the result of His sovereignty, and others of His foreordination, and others again of His predestination, others of His foreknowledge, and still others of His election, and so on through the entire catalogue of His works, but that His sovereignty is the foundation for all works, whether it be foreordination, predestination, foreknowledge, election, sanctification, justification, redemption or salvation, all are His works and are but the well-springs of His eternal mind, based upon His sovereignty or right to do these things without being required to give a reason why. As a result, all things are within His own sovereign right to do as He pleases.

"Not Gabriel asks the reason why,

Nor God the reason gives;  
Nor dare the favorite angel pry  
Between the folded leaves."

Among the different gifts in the church today, in different localities, these subjects are by some treated separately as they bear upon each other, while others are inclined to quibble by attempting to place greater emphasis or importance upon some certain one as, more or less, embracing the whole, to the detriment of others. May God bless all to see them come together in the end as one with the same result—**Salvation is of the Lord!**

P. G. Lester

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## OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

### ELDER HENRY ARTHUR YOUNG

"And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them." Rev. 14:13.

We feel that the above scripture can well be used in connection with the writing of a memorial of Brother Arthur Young, our beloved brother in Christ, a true and faithful pastor. He was one who was always interested in the welfare of the church. He tried to treat all equally and it did not matter who they were.

Therefore, the Primitive Baptist Church at Newport, N. C., has asked that we write a memorial for publication to express our feelings in the loss of this brother on January 2, 1982.

One of these writers was older and became acquainted with the Young family when they first came to the church in this part of the country. For this reason we would like to express the joy of the miracles of seeing this brother as he grew in the fellowship of the church here, joined with us, and a year later was ordained a deacon. About twelve years later he was ordained to the full work of the Gospel ministry. He, like Solomon, was as a "little child, that knew not how to go out or come in." Kings 3:7. To us that knew him well, he grew to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. "Till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ." Eph. 4:13. "He doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay His hand, or say unto Him, What doeth Thou?" Daniel 4:35.

We are sure the preaching brethren will remember his hospitality in the pulpit. Many preachers loved to come to the churches Brother Young served, and he remarked, "I want my preaching brethren; I need them at my back." He never felt sufficient of himself, but he desired the testimony of others to help strengthen him.

The hospitality of his as well as his dear wife's (Sister Ruth Young) home was also outstanding. He would say, "I like for other people to put their feet under my table." They made their guests feel wanted and did all they could to look after the welfare of each and every one.

When he preached his last sermon at Newport on the third Sunday in December, 1981, he closed by quoting General Douglas

McArthur, "Old soldiers never die, they just fade away." The memory of knowing this dear brother in Christ will be a long time in fading away.

One thing we would like to add to Elder J. M. Mewborn's obituary of Brother Young that appeared in the December, 1981. Issue of *Zion's Landmark* is that he was also Clerk of the White Oak Union for about 24 years.

To Sister Young, their children and all the relatives, we extend our deepest sympathy and know that his shoes can never be filled in this world. We know that they have sweet memories of him. To his preaching brethren, we extend our sincere sympathy, also to all his friends wherever they are.

Be it, therefore, resolved: that we the Church at Newport have lost a faithful pastor, but we sincerely hope and believe our loss is his eternal gain.

We also resolve to send a copy of these resolutions to the *Zion's Landmark* for publication, place a copy on our church book and send a copy to the family.

Done by order of the church in conference March 20, 1982.

Elder John C. Carroll, Moderator  
Sister Alice Hill, Clerk  
Sister Annie Higgins, and  
Sister Alice Hill, Committee

#### MEMORIAL TO MATTIE F. E. BREEDLOVE

Memorial to our sister in the Faith, Mattie Fleta Estes Breedlove, born February 7, 1890, in Morgan County, Georgia, and passed away February 5, 1982, lacking two days being 92. Sister Breedlove married our late Brother Thomas R. Breedlove December 26, 1915. Her funeral was held in the First Baptist Church, Monroe, Georgia, Sunday, February 7, 1982, at 2:00 P.M. with Elder Burch C. Wray, her pastor, Elder J. M. Mewborn and Dr. James Ramsey officiating. Surviving are four daughters, Mrs. Alton (Elizabeth) Kitchens, Mrs. Leroy C. (Hassie) Lee, Mrs. Floyd W. (Ella) Adams Jr., and Mrs. Henry (Sara) Verner; two sons, Mr. Preston Breedlove and Mr. James I. Breedlove. Daughters-in-law are Mrs. Sarah Eddie Malcom and Mrs. Jackie Bradley. Twenty-one grandchildren, eighteen great-grandchildren, also survive. Her grandsons served as pallbearers: Luke Breedlove, Bruce Breedlove, Bill Verner, Thomas Verner, David Adams, Harold Breedlove, Michael Breedlove, Dr. T. Russell Kitchens (M.D.) and Thomas Breedlove III.

Her funeral was in charge of Arthur Bowick Inc., Funeral Director, with interment in the Resthaven Cemetery, Monroe, Georgia.

Sister Breedlove joined Harris Spring Church with her late husband on November 10, 1934.

Her funeral was conducted as she desired. Dr. Ramsey came forth with prayer followed by organ playing softly. "Amazing Grace". Elder J. M. Mewborn came forth who took his text I John 5:1-3 "Whosoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God; and every one that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of Him. By this we know that we love the children of God, when we love God, and keeps his commandments. For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments, and his commandments are not grievous."

The organist softly played "How Firm a Foundation".

Her pastor, Elder Burch C. Wray, came forward and took as his text, 8 Chapter Romans, 23-24 verses. "And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. For we are saved by hope but hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth, why doeth he yet

hope for?" Romans 5:1-5. "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God. And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also; knowing that tribulations worketh patience; And patience, experience; and experience, hope. And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

By using these texts, it is evident how fitting they were to Sister Breedlove. The first was of love. This love was manifested to all who came into her presence, her two homes, the natural with her family and the church where she never failed to show her deep love for all connected. She spent her last years as a wonderful keeper, even till her last days she was concerned about how it was to be kept and preserved.

She was a good deacon's wife and hospitable - I Timothy 3:2 "Given to Hospitality". This was manifested as she always opened her doors to the many who came and shared it with her. Is this not one of the fruits of the Spirit? In all her walk she lived by hope and her faith that all was well.

In her life she suffered some sad experiences and then her strong hope that her faith would never fail her, she carried on and was a strong beam of light to all who came in contact with her.

Let me quote I Timothy 3:11: "Even so must their wives be grave, not slanderers, sober, faithful in all things." I Timothy 5:10 "Well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work."

All we can say now is "she fought a good fight and kept the Faith". We shall miss her. There is now a large void in our church and we must remember that God knows best in life and in death. Surely the arrows of the Almighty have pierced our soul and we are wounded and broken; like Israel of old, we are made to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. There is a line I would quote from one of our hymns, "No sanctuary Lord, but thee".

May we ask for three copies to be made, one for the family, one for *Zion's Landmark* and a copy to be put in the church book of Harris Spring.

Submitted in sorrow by,  
Carolyn Peters Alston,  
Clerk of Harris Spring Church  
Burch C. Wray, Pastor

#### MARTHA LONIE WHITT HARRIS

It is with a sad heart that we make the attempt to write the obituary of Sister Lonie Harris, whom we loved so much. She was 91 years of age on September 6, 1981, and was the daughter of the late Henry and Betty Jean Whitt, of Halifax County, Virginia. She was married to James Fleming Harris who preceded her death on May 16, 1969.

To this union were born three children, Elizabeth Lorrene Oakley, Mary Frances Satterfield and James Corbett Harris all of Route One, Roxboro, N. C. Ten grandchildren, and twelve great-grandchildren are left to mourn her passing.

On May 20, 1956, Sister Harris united with Stories Creek Primitive Baptist Church. Elder N. D. Teasley was her pastor, but at that time when she was received into the church he was sick, and could not come. Her request was for Elder L. P. Martin to baptize her. We, the members and friends at Stories Creek Church, will miss her. Our loss we feel is her eternal gain. She was faithful and a regular attendee as long as she was able. She had a long illness, being bed-ridden for almost six years.

"A precious one from us is gone.

A voice we loved is still;

A place is vacant in the church,

Which no one else can fill."

Graveside rites were held February 12, 1982, at 11:00 A.M. in the Harris family cemetery by Elder L. P. Martin and Pastor Marshall Old.

Her earthly or mortal body was laid to rest under a beautiful mound of flowers. She has fought a good fight, and now we believe she has gone on to receive her reward that our dear Lord promises to His chosen ones. May God continue His blessings and keep her dear family safe until His return.

May a copy of this obituary be placed in our church record, a copy be given to the family, and a copy be sent to **Zion's Landmark** for publishing.

Done by order of Stories Creek Primitive Baptist Church in conference, February 28, 1982.

Written by **Elizabeth Clayton**  
and **Odell Clayton, Clerk**

### GEORGE HARDEE CARRINGTON

It has pleased the Lord of all power, love, and mercy to call from this world Brother George Hardee Carrington on January 14, 1982. Brother Carrington was born January 10, 1902. Elder Burch Wray, pastor of Eno Primitive Baptist Church in Durham, N. C., conducted the funeral service. Brother Carrington had been a member of Eno Church since June 23, 1962. He was a strong believer in the foreknowledge and predestination of the One who created all things by the word of His power. Although he was not one to attend many churches away from home, Brother Carrington was always blessed to manifest his love to the brethren at home as long as he was able.

Surviving are a daughter, Mrs. Rosa Byrd of Hillsborough, N. C., and three sons: Andrew T. Carrington of Durham, N. C., John H. Carrington of Jacksonville, N. C., and Samuel R. Carrington of Houston, Texas. There are also two sisters, Mrs. Marie Roberts of Hillsborough, N. C., Mrs. Ruth Mangum of Ohio, 25 grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren.

Done by order of Eno Primitive Baptist Church in conference on the fourth Saturday in March, 1982.

Elder **Burch Wray, Moderator**  
Brother **W. A. Wheeler, Church Clerk**

### MARY ANN PARTIN

We, the members of Angier Primitive Baptist Church, Angier, N. C., hope to bow in humble submission to the will of God, who saw fit to call from our midst, Sister Mary Ann Partin. She was born November 6, 1901, and departed this life December 12, 1981, making her stay on earth eighty (80) years and six (6) months.

Sister Partin offered to the church at Angier during conference, relating a beautiful experience of grace, and was warmly received into the fellowship of the church on July 6, 1968. She was baptized the following day by the pastor, Elder T. Floyd Adams.

She was married to the late Mr. Yancy Partin, and to this union were born nine children, four boys, and five girls, who are left to mourn their loss, along with a host of friends.

Because of ill health and being afflicted with arthritis for many years, she had been unable to attend church regularly.

Funeral services were conducted at Skinner-Drew Funeral Home, Dunn, N. C., on Monday, December 14, by Elder R. L. Fish.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to her family, and may God bless them in their bereavement.

Be it resolved that a copy of this obituary be sent to the family, one be kept for the church record, and one be sent to **Zion's Landmark** for publication.

Done by order of the church at Angier in conference Saturday, February 6, 1982.

Elder **J. H. Carter, Moderator**  
Brother **Avery Beasley, Clerk**  
Sisters **Ruth Dupree, Meta Rohrbough,**  
and Brother **Avery Beasley, Committee**

### JIMMIE BROWN

Brother Jimmie Brown was born May 31, 1911, and died February 25, 1979, at the age of 67. He was survived by his wife, Sister Ruby Brown, with the following children: one son, Daniel M. Brown, Deep Run, N. C.; five daughters: Mrs. Barbara Nobles, Farmville, N. C.; Mrs. Mary Hudson, Jacksonville, N. C.; Mrs. Jessica Wood, Chinquapin, N. C.; Mrs. Donna Bell, Mount Olive, N. C.; and Mrs. Lynn Carlyle, Richlands, N. C. Also left to mourn his passing are twelve grandchildren.

Brother Brown joined the Muddy Creek Church, Duplin County, N. C., on June 3, 1960, and served the church body actively. He was ordained as a deacon on the first Sunday night in April, 1977.

He was a unique man who always seemed to enjoy his life of farming, hunting and enjoying nature. Many people enjoyed being with him because he always seemed to keep them laughing with his unusual or uniquely witty personality.

It was with much sorrow that we had to bid him farewell, but knowing the pain and suffering he endured his last few weeks here on God's earth, he freely welcomed the Lord's coming to take him home to that place that knows no pain or suffering, only peace.

The funeral services were held at Edgerton Funeral Chapel by his pastor, Elder William Everette, and also, Elder D. B. Stokes, Jacksonville, N. C., attending. He was laid to eternal rest in the Brown Family Cemetery near his home.

Written by order of the Church at Muddy Creek in conference, May, 1979.

Elder **W. L. Everette, Moderator**  
Stewart **D. Brown, Clerk**

### MEETING NOTICES

#### LAUREL SPRINGS ASSOCIATION

The Forty-Fifth Annual Session of the Laurel Springs Association will convene, the Lord will, with the Roaring River Church, Wilkes County, North Carolina, beginning on Friday before the first Sunday in June, 1982, at 11:00 E.D.T., and will continue, if the Lord will, through Sunday following.

Those desiring directions to Roaring River Church, please take your nearest route to U.S. Hwy. No. 21. About 9 miles north of Elkin on U.S. Hwy. 21, turn west on the Traphill Road No. 1004. Go about 200 yards and turn left for about 4 miles. Drive to the next paved road. Turn right for 2 mile drive to the church.

Please note that if the weather is bad, the association will be held at State Road Church. State Road Church is located 8 miles north of Elkin and about 30 yards east of Hwy. U.S. Route No. 21 or about 4 miles west of Mountain Park. To State Road Church, if

the weather is bad, those coming by way of Dobson, N. C., will take rural paved road No. 1001 for 7 miles to Zephyr. At Zephyr turn right on Road 1315 for a 6 mile drive through Mountain Park to the church.

All of our corresponding brethren, sisters and friends are cordially invited to come and meet with us.

**Elder George Flippin, Moderator**  
**Ray Rayne, Clerk**  
**Elder Lonnie Pardue, Asst. Clerk**

#### SALEM ASSOCIATION

The Seventy-Third Annual Session of the Salem Primitive Baptist Association will convene, the Lord will, with Sardis Church, on Saturday before the third Sunday in June, and will continue through Monday following, the dates being June 19th, 20th and 21st, 1982.

The association will be held all three days at the Sardis Church. Sardis Church is located in Rockingham County, N. C., just off U.S. Hwy. 220, 4 miles south of Madison, N. C. and 16 miles north of Greensboro, N. C. The church is just west of U.S. 220 on the old roadway in sight of Hwy. 220. There are two entrances off U.S. 220, one to the north and one to the south of the church building. A marker will be located at both entrances. Please watch for a Sunoco Service Station on the east side of U.S. 220 across from the southern entrance. Those coming from the north will turn right and those coming from the south will turn left at either entrance and follow the old roadway parallel to U.S. 220, a short drive to the meeting house.

We extend an invitation to all our corresponding brethren, sisters and friends to our association. May the Grace and Mercy of God continue with all of us.

**John T. Lee, Clerk**  
**1956 East Webb Avenue**  
**Burlington, N. C. 27215**  
**Telephone: A.C. 919-226-5686**

#### LOWER COUNTRY LINE ASSOCIATION

The next session of the Lower Country Line Primitive Baptist Association will be held, the Lord willing, on July 3rd, 4th and 5th, 1982, at the permanent meeting site near Surl Church, Person County, North Carolina, which is about five miles east of Roxboro, N. C., just off U.S. Hwy. 158.

Elder Wallace Oakley was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Burch Wray is his alternate.

All lovers of the doctrine of Salvation by the grace of God are invited to meet with us and especially do we feel the need of the ministering brethren.

**Reuben Bowes, Association Clerk**

#### ANGIER UNION

The next session of the Angier Union will meet with the Church at Little Creek, Johnston County, N. C., the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in May, 1982, if the Lord will.

Elder R. L. Fish was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder S. J. Sauls is his alternate.

We invite all lovers of the truth to meet with us, brethren, sisters and friends, and especially our ministering brethren to come and be with us in our union meeting.

**E. T. Jones, Union Clerk**  
**Fuquay-Varina, N. C. 27526**

#### BLACK RIVER UNION

The next session of the Black River Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Hickory Grove, Johnston County, N. C., beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in May, 1982, and will continue, if the Lord will, through Sunday following.

Hickory Grove Church is located about six miles south of Benson, N. C., on north side of No. 50 Hwy. at Meadow School.

Elder J. W. Hawkins was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder W. C. Noles is his alternate.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren, sisters and friends, especially our ministering brethren to visit us.

**Alonzo Barefoot, Union Clerk**  
**Newton Grove, N. C. 28366**

#### ORDINATION OF A DEACON

**(Sunday Afternoon 2:00 P.M.,**  
**March 21, 1982)**

The Newport Primitive Baptist Church, Newport, North Carolina, called a meeting for the ordination of Brother Jerry N. White to the office of deacon. The services were opened with Hymn No. 563 in the **Lloyd Hymn Book** followed by prayer by Elder J. C. Carroll. Elder Owen Kennedy and Brother Orby Raynor escorted Brother White and his wife to their seats.

With the laying of the hands on the candidate, Elder Eddie Humphrey started the prayer, then he was followed by Elder Owen Kennedy, Elder Furney Wood, Brother Orby Raynor and closed by Elder J. C. Carroll.

The charge was given by Elder J. C. Carroll, who read from 1st Timothy, 3rd chapter. Elder Carroll spoke for several minutes about the duties of a deacon. Then there were remarks by Elder Owen Kennedy, Brother Orby Raynor, Elder Furney Wood and Elder Eddie Humphrey. Brother White and his wife were then escorted back to their seats.

The ordination services were closed with Hymn No. 704 in the **Lloyd Hymn Book**. Benediction was by Elder Furney Wood.

**Elder John C. Carroll, Pastor**  
**Alice S. Hill, Church Clerk**

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'DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST'

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

## THE LIFTING OF JESUS

("Given Him A Name Which Is Above Every Name.")

(Phillipians 2:9)

Jehovah in counsel resolved to fulfill,

The purpose from eternity laid in His will;

A decree too profound for seraphs to pry,

And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

'Twas not from the creature salvation took place,

The whole was of God, to the praise of His grace;

And all to His glory shall attend by and by,

To accomplish the lifting of Jesus on high.

His wisdom contrived the adorable design,

Grace, mercy and peace, and good will toward man;

The great **Three-In-One** did the same ratify,

And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

Here all the perfections of Deity shine,

Love, wisdom and power, and goodness divine;

His justice and grace were honored thereby,

'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

When first the great work to angels made known,

They hailed Him in songs as the Lamb on the throne;

The concave of heaven resounds with their cry,

Good Man, Mediator, they lift Him on high.

Creation proclaims this great work of thy Hand,

All beings and things in thy order they stand;

Productions by chance we are led to deny--

'Twas all made for the lifting of Jesus on High.

All things for His sake did Jehovah prepare,

For of Him and to Him and through Him they are;

All systems and worlds that revolve in the sky,

Were all made for the lifting of Jesus on high.

Set up as the Head of His mystical frame,

He honored the record of election with His name;

And nothing was wanting which God could supply,

To aid the uplifting of Jesus on high.

When man was created what wisdom we see,

The whole he possessed was the image of thee;

But O, in his fall we are led to espy,

'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

Here satan was nonplussed in what he had done,

The fall wrought the channel where mercy should  
run;  
In streams of salvation which never run dry,  
And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

When Adam to eat of the fruit was induced,  
It answered the end which Jehovah designed;  
No purpose of wisdom was altered thereby,  
Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

From hence it appears He made nothing in vain,  
For Adam thus formed was a link in the chain;

In him 'twas decreed that his members should die,  
And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

The man that betrayed him the prophecy foretold,  
The pieces of silver for which He was sold;

To prove His salvation the world we defy,  
He fell for the lifting of Jesus on high.

The law of sin and death that reigned anciently of old,  
Was still His great mercy and love to unfold;  
Which did in the womb of eternity be,  
And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

In the fullness of time He came under that law,  
It's penalty and power He answered we know;  
And stretching His arms, did on Calvary die,  
To accomplishing the lifting of Jesus on high.

He slept in the tomb till the morning arose,  
That signed His release and confounded His foes;  
Then bursting its bars He ascended the sky,  
To reign in His glory eternal on High.

**JOHN KENT (England)**  
Born 1776, Died 1843

### WRITE

In the prospectus of this paper, **ZION'S LANDMARK**, those who feel led to do so are invited to write for its columns. We would be glad to have more of our readers write---that our readers might have the benefit of more of the gifts of writing among us. Tell us the reason of the hope that is within you. Give us items of news from your respective churches. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another." Malachi 4:16. Do you fear the Lord? If so, tell us about it.

**J. M. Mewborn, Editor**

### ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

To All The Brethren, Both Far And Near, That Loved Our Mama:

It was our Mama's request that we address you through the *Zion's Landmark* to try and tell you how much she appreciated your every kindness to her and her family during her past few months of illness. Whether in prayer, thought, the spoken word, a smile, a gentle touch of the hand, cards, flowers, or just loving her and us. She knew, as well as us, where every good and perfect gift comes from, and she and our family have been the recipients of an untold and unknown number of His manifest blessings, most especially in the fellowship (through Christ) of His little children of grace. She knew and loved so many of you!

Written for our Mama, sister and friend (Hokie Marie Gray Bartlett), by her daughter,

**Betty B. West**  
Goldsboro, N.C. 27530  
May 5, 1982

(See obituary of Sister Hoke G. Bartlett in obituary column elsewhere in this issue of *Zion's Landmark*.)

## *Zion's Landmark*

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

### EDITOR

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ELDER T. Floyd Adams  
PASTOR 45 YEARS  
1928 - 1973



ELDER C.B. Hall (D.D.S.)  
PASTOR 2 YEARS  
1925 - 1927



ELDER J.A.T. Jones  
PASTOR 38 YEARS  
1886 - 1924



ELDER James Wilson  
PASTOR 37 YEARS  
1849 - 1886

### BAPTIST MINISTERS' PORTRAITS UNVEILED

It was during the lifetime of the late pastor, Elder T. Floyd Adams, that he was requested by several people to have his picture placed in the meetinghouse at Willow Springs Church. Elder Adams flatly refused, and made the request in the event such should ever take place after his death, that all former pastors who had served prior to him be included and so arranged to appear before his likeness. Such was the modesty of Elder Adams that caused him to be loved dearly by so many people. This trait that he possessed is not forgotten until this day. He desired no preminence and preferred his brethren before himself.

Several years ago, it became known that a tin type picture of Elder James Wilson, a Baptist minister who was ordained to the ministry before the militant ranks of the Baptist Church divided in the year 1832 into the two groups known today as (1) Primitive or Old School Baptist and (2) Missionary Baptists, was in existence in the family of the late Brother Alex Dupree, Willow Spring, N. C. Also, it was discovered that a large, oval wall photograph of Elder J. A. T. Jones was in the family of his late son, Brother Street Jones, Pine Level, N. C. The late Sister Vara S. Hardee, Dunn, N. C., had in her possession at the same time a photograph of Dr. Charles B. Hall, the man who baptized her in the year 1926. Elders Wilson, Jones and Hall were former pastors of Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church.

The church borrowed these portraits from the respective owners, and through the kindness of Mrs. Mildred Garner of the Siddell Studio, Raleigh, N. C., she was able to enlarge the small image of Elder Wilson from the size of a pea to the nice portrait as shown herein. Likewise, she was able to reduce the large two foot wall portrait of Elder Jones down to the regular size to match with the others. Mrs. Garner is the daughter of the late Elder W. A. Simpkins, who lived in Raleigh, N. C., and her love for the God of truth, His church and people, and His doctrine caused her to take an active interest in seeing this work through. Mr. Roderick D. Adams, of Durham, North Carolina, a son of the late Elder T. Floyd Adams, furnished the mat, frame and gold plates for this historical picture.

So, on the fourth Sunday in April, 1982 (April 25, 1982), approximately 200 people, including members, friends and ministers of the Old Baptist faith gathered at the Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church, Willow Springs, North Carolina, for services and the unveiling of this panel picture, containing portraits of four of the

church's past pastors, embracing a period of one and a quarter centuries.

According to the early church record, the Church at Willow Springs was constituted at the year 1826 by Elder Nathan Gulley and others who came from nearby Neil's Creek, Holly Springs and Pleasant Springs Churches. Elder Nathan Gulley served from 1826, the year of constitution, until his death that took place about the year 1845. A diligent search and effort to obtain or locate a portrait of the first pastor, Edler Nathan Gulley, was made, but all efforts proved fruitless. Elder Gulley was born about the year 1760 and died about 1840. Even in those early days, tintype photographers were unheard of and all photographs were called "daguerreotypes." The image of the person or individual was mounted on glass. The tintype picture came into existence in the latter 1800's.

Those pastors honored include:

Second: Elder James Wilson, pastor for 37 years from 1849 to 1886.

Third: Elder J. A. T. Jones, pastor for 38 years from 1886 to 1924.

Fourth: Elder C. B. Hall (D.D.S.) pastor for two years from 1925 to 1927.

Fifth: Elder T. Floyd Adams, pastor for 45 years from 1928 until 1973.

It is to be noted that descendents of all the pastors, with the exception of Elder C. B. Hall, were present to honor the memories of these servants of the Most High God in the unveiling of the portraits. However, the Hall family was represented through letters of acknowledgement and memorial contributions through his daughter, Mrs. Estelle H. Haley, Hillsborough, N. C., and son, Dr. C. B. Hall, of Washington, D. C. Also, noteworthy of mention in this regard was the presence of Sister Alice Gulley Perry, and her sister, Sister Alma Gulley simpkins, great-great-granddaughters of Elder Nathan Gulley. It was a striking sight, indeed, to see Sister Alice Gulley Perry, who is now well into her eighties, walk down the aisle of the meeting house, unassisted except by her walker, and take her usual seat in the front row of seats to honor her faithful forebear, who through the mercy and grace of God, helped constitute this church 157 years ago. Sister Alice Gulley Perry was baptized by Elder J. A. T. Jones, third pastor of Willow Springs Church, into the fellowship of Middle Creek Church, in the year 1917, 65 years ago.

On hand to represent the family of Elder J. A. T. Jones were his granddaughter, Mrs. Vivian Barnes and husband, Mr. Raymond Barnes and family from Garner, N. C., a daughter-in-law, Mrs. Irene (Waverly) Jones and son, Mr. Waverly Jones, Jr., of Pine Level, N. C., and another grandson and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Norwood Jones, also of Pine Level, N. C.

Looking well and robust to be almost four score and ten years of age and on hand for the occasion was our precious and beloved Sister Pauline W. Adams, beloved companion of Elder T. F. Adams for 57 years with her six children and flock and grands and great grands.

Last but not least was the presence of many (numerous) descendents of Elder James Wilson, the second pastor of the church and faithful stalwart of long years ago. Among them was Sister Bernice Stephenson Sauls of Raleigh, N. C., great granddaughter of Elder Wilson and her granddaughter, Laura Baker, great, great, great, great granddaughter of Elder James Wilson, who actually unveiled the picture during the services. Sister Mary Wilson Stephenson, mother of Sister Bernice Sauls, was a faithful member of Willow Springs Church for many years. She died in 1960.

It has been suggested by many people that we publish something in the *Zion's Landmark* concerning the lives of these old patriarchs and servants of God, especially for the benefit of those who could not be present with us. In this connection, I have chosen to publish the *Experience and Call To The Ministry of Elder James Wilson*, along with a short autobiography that he wrote of his life, just prior to his death. Also, to be published following his (Elder Wilson's) *Experience and Call To The Ministry* will be short biographies concerning the lives of Elder J. A. T. Jones, Elder C. B. Hall and Elder T. Floyd Adams.

**J. M. Mewborn, Editor**

---

#### EXPERIENCE AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY OF ELDER JAMES WILSON

By request of Elder J. T. Coats and Elder J. E. Adams, I shall make an attempt to give a brief statement of my life, experience of grace, and call to and work of the ministry up to the present time.

According to my father's record, I was born September 8th, 1807. When but a small boy by my surroundings, I was made to understand that there were two future places beyond this world that would contain all of the human family, one was called heaven, a place of peace and rest, the other called hell, a place of misery and distress. I resolved in my mind that I would prepare before I died to go to the good place, and escape the bad place, not dreaming but what it was within my reach. The thought of dying would often trouble me, especially when anyone would die in my neighborhood. My understanding was to do good and be good. I was called a bad boy, and so I was, but I did not aim to do anything to injure anyone. I only desired to make sport and make people laugh which was my chief delight.

When about thirteen years old, I had a hard spell of sickness of about four weeks. I was not able to raise my head from the pillow and thought I should die. I suppose all who saw me thought so too. I remember saying that, if I was prepared to die, I would be willing to die, but I did not feel that I was prepared to die. I had a man sent for to come and pray for me. I promised the Lord that if He would spare me and raise me up that I would do better than I had done. He spared me and raised me up, but I was the same bad boy, though I would often go to secret places, kneel down and use a form of words. I suppose you would have thought I was praying, but, alas, it was borrowed, and I now think there was no prayer in it; yet, it was the best I knew, and the best I could do.

I went on in this way, making promises and breaking them, and became a proud Pharisee. I would not do things I saw some Baptists do. I used a form of prayer, I suppose, more than a thousand times. I tried to refrain from sin, as I thought my sinning made me a sinner, not yet truly knowing the total corruption of my nature. I went on in this way until in the month of July, 1826. One night, while lying in my father's house, and I suppose the family all asleep but myself, I believe my case was opened to my mind. I could not see how a just God, as I believed He was, could save such a sinner as I felt myself to be. I, in my feelings, began to sink down. I saw no place for hope, but to hell I was going, and I exclaimed, "I am going to hell" with an audible voice so as to alarm the family that was asleep. To my mind this was the darkest time of my life. I truly was without hope and without God in the world, but

unexpectedly a kind of vision appeared to me high up in the element, something like a Ball of Fire. It seemed to be coming (floating) down with the most calmness and serenity of anything that I had ever seen. It continued until it came near my breast, then it bursted open, and the darkness was all removed. I saw something like unto a bed-post about three feet high with a head to it, bright as silver, and by virtue of that light, something was found that was lost. It, too, was bright as silver. It was put on the other and it remained there. This was explained to my mind (but I can't tell how) that the first was Christ, and the second was me that was found and put on Christ. In a moment all my trouble was gone. Here, hope sprang up. No particular passage of scripture occurred to me at that time to comfort me, but I was in a rejoicing frame of feeling for several days. My mind was so filled with this subject that I was unfit for business. I was very anxious to hear preaching, and went when opportunity offered

I began to have fears that I was deceived. I searched the scriptures to see if I could find any passage that would fit my case, and I found this passage, "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, His servant ye are to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death or of obedience unto life." Roms. 6:16. There was a feeling of submissiveness to yield myself in obedience to God to be His servant. From then until now (if not deceived), it has been my desire to live in the service of God. But I have come far short of doing what I thought I desired to do. This, you see, was in July, 1826, but I did not join the church until March, 1827.

I joined the Muddy Spring Church in Moore County, N. C., and was baptized by Elder George Brown on the last day of March, 1827. I will here state that this church never belonged to any Association that I know of.

Now, as regards my call to the ministry, if I have been called, it has only been by an inspiration being made through my mind by the work, I hope, of the Spirit of God, having my mind opened by the power of God to understand the way of Salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, and being made to hope in the mercy alone of God through Him. I was so absorbed inwardly with the honor and glory of God and the good of souls. I was anxious to publish to others what a dear Saviour that had found me. Others that saw I was thus so led would call on me to take part with them in public

worship of God. Not thinking that I should be called a preacher, but very unexpectedly to my surprise, one day in conference a move was made that Brother Wilson have license to preach, which was sanctioned unanimously by the members of the church. On the next day, I think, I was given a certificate by the clerk of the church certifying that I was at liberty to exercise my gift when and where the Lord cast my lot. I have said before that this church had never belonged to any Association that I know of, but from their articles of faith at that time they were Primitive or Old School Baptist. I married in 1834 and left that section, taking a letter of dismission. However, I went back occasionally to see my people and would try to preach to them. Two preachers of the Missionary order, visited that section (viz) William E. Oakley, and William Dupree, and led that church off into the Missionary institution. Here, I and my relatives became divided in our religious sentiments. We have continued so ever since. I have always contended for the doctrine of Salvation by Grace, and Grace alone, for His elect for both time and in eternity.

In the date of 1832, I was ordained to the work of the ministry by the imposition of the hands of the presbytery consisting of Elder John Crumpler and Elder George Brown, the same man that baptized me. Soon after, I was called to take the care of Reedy-Prong Church in Johnston County, N. C. It belonged to the Little River Association at that time. Elder George Nance was pastor of Seven Mile Church where my membership was. In 1827 the Little River Association was held with Reedy-Prong. I was not in it. I saw the inconsistency. I determined that if the Seven Mile Church would not join the Association that I would ask them for a letter and put it in at Reedy-Prong. But before the next session they (Seven Mile Church) consented to join the Association and sent me with a petitionary letter to join the Association at Cross-Roads Meeting-house, Johnston County, N. C., in 1838. Since that time, I have attended every session of the Little River Association. I am sure no one has but me, and I am sure there is but only one other member now living, beside me, that was a member of the Association at that time. He is Elder Moore Stephenson of Fellowship Church. I have been acquainted with brethren preachers of this state and others and I believe I have the fellowship and confidence of all of them, unworthy as I feel to be. I have traveled somewhat over the

country, trying to preach, from the mountains of this state (North Carolina) to its seacoast, and some in South Carolina, as well as the sea coast of that state. Now in my 89th year, I feel that my work on earth is about done. I think I love the brotherhood and love the doctrine I have tried to preach so long. I believe the Lord has raised up and sent out to preach those who are enabled to preach more to my satisfaction than I ever could, though I was trying to preach long before they were born, and I bless God's Holy Name that it is so.

Brother Gold, I am going to send this to you. I had no idea of ever writing such a piece until last Sunday morning. At the time, I thought if I began it, I should leave it unfinished. I, indeed, have had some doubts since I began that I would leave it unfinished. But such as it is, it is now done. Look over it, and if you think it is worth the space it will occupy, publish it. If not, throw it aside. I am very poorly. I hope you and yours are all well. My love to you and all inquiring friends, if any.

**Yours in much love,  
James Wilson**

---

### REMARKS

The above invaluable letter is published about word for word, as this careful, nice, faithful brother sent it. He is gone from this world forever, but his name, labor of love, and noble example all linger as perfume embalmed in the hearts of many dear Baptists who have known him so well. If any man in this country is worthy of imitation in good points of careful, prudent conduct, he is a man of that sort.

He left the world February the 21st, 1896.

**P. D. Gold**

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This record was taken from the March 15th, 1896, issue of **Zion's Landmark**. (Copied by J. M. Mewborn February 2, 1982.)

### AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL

I have thought for some time that I would write a sort of historical sketch of my life, not for any gratification to myself, but feeling that it might be of some

satisfaction to my friends when I am gone.

I was born in Sampson County, N. C., on the 8th of September, 1807, according to my father's record. When in my 13th year, my father moved to Cumberland County, N. C., (now Harnett County). I was born in sin and raised up in the love of sin, but when very young, from my surroundings, I learned that I, with all of Adam's race, had to die and leave this world. That there were two future places that would contain all of the human family, one was called heaven, a place of rest and peace, the other was called hell, a place of misery and woe. I resolved in my mind that, sometime in the future, I would change my course so as to be prepared to go to heaven when I died, not once dreaming but what it was in my reach.

About the time I was thirteen years old, I had a severe spell of fever. For about four weeks I was not able to raise my head from the pillow. I thought I should die, and I suppose all that saw me thought so too. I remember saying that if I was prepared to die, I would be willing to die, but I did not feel prepared. I made promises that if the Lord would spare me and raise me up, I would do better than I had done. But to my shame when I got well, I was the same bad boy yet, but the promises I had made often bore heavily upon my mind. I tried to reform my life. I betook myself to saying prayers until I got to be better in my own eyes than some professors of religion. But in the month of July, 1826, one night in my father's house, I was brought to see the justice of God in my condemnation. I could not see how God could be just and save me, and at the same time I believed that He was just. As such, I sank into despair, and exclaimed, "I am going

to hell." Of all the dark scenes I ever passed through, this was the darkest, but a **Light** came from above that removed all that darkness and gloom. I was made to hope in the mercy of God through Christ Jesus. There was no certain passage of scripture applied to my case at that time, but, after reading and meditating for sometime, this passage was presented to my mind, "Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, His servant ye are, to whom ye obey; whether of sin unto death, or of obedience unto life." Roms. 6:16. I felt that I did freely yield, or give up to be the servant of God, if so, "His servant ye are to whom ye obey." I felt then and have felt since, until the present time, that my chief concern and hope has been to live in the service of God, my Heavenly Master. The

first opportunity I had I offered myself to what I then believed to be the church of God. The church I joined was in Moore County, N. C., called Muddy Spring. That church, after I left there, joined the Missionaries, but I was already established in the same doctrine before I left there that I have been trying to preach ever since, Salvation by Grace and by Grace alone.

I have had the pastoral care of the following Churches in North Carolina: Seven Mile, in Sampson County, Reedy Prong, Juniper, Hannah's Creek and Sandy Grove, in Johnston County, Middle Creek, Willow Springs, Cedar Grove and Old Bethel in Wake County, and Eno in Orange, now Durham County.

My service has been poor, but so far as I know it has been acceptable with the brethren composing those churches. I have been identified with the Churches of the Little River Primitive Baptist Association of North Carolina since 1838, having attended every session since that time, and two sessions before. There has never been an allegation brought against me in a church that I recollect, and, yet, I am a poor, unprofitable servant, if one at all.

**James Wilson**  
**August 20, 1887**

### ELDER J.A.T. JONES

Elder J.A.T. Jones was the son of Matthew and Grisselda Jones and was born December 21, 1842 and died December 14, 1924. At the time of his death he was 81 years of age.

At the age of 18 in the year 1861, he volunteered and joined the Confederate Army, was commissioned to First Lieutenant of Company I, 24th North Carolina Regiment and served until the surrender.

He was married to Sarah Elizabeth Barnes on February 20th, 1867, and they lived happily together nearly 58 years. It is reported until this day that they were a very devoted couple. The fruit of this union were five noble sons and six daughters.

He joined Middle Creek Primitive Baptist Church on the second Sunday in October, 1871, and was soon afterward ordained to the ministry by Elders James Wilson and Aldridge Partin. He was ever faithful to the calling and it was truly said that he fought the good fight, kept the faith and finished his course. He faithfully served as pastor of Middle Creek Church, his

home church, Willow Springs, Smithfield and Salem for many years. God blessed Elder Jones to preach the gospel of peace and glad tidings, that which edified the churches. It was said that whenever he admonished, it was always with love; when he reproved or rebuked, it was with longsuffering and doctrine. His preaching and fatherly advice are still remembered by the older generation living today. Many still vividly and fondly remember him.

Not only was he blessed with an able gift in the ministry, but he was also one of the best school teachers, having taught continuously in Wake and Johnston Counties of North Carolina for 48 years. While he was said to be strict in discipline, yet his students loved him so devotedly that he seldom had to correct them. As an instructor or teacher in the classroom, he was said to have been equaled by few in thoroughness and in efforts to uplift the minds and morals of the youth in his day. He was also teacher or instructor in the art of vocal music and led singing in the churches where he served with a melodious voice. Elder J.A.T. Jones was a precious gift to the church in his day from God. His God-given faith was proven by his walk in life through many years of devoted service, through adverse and trying conditions, embarrassments, faithful to the end. Even when the infirmities of old age and afflictions came upon him, his interest, as reported today, for the sacred cause never wavered.

The members who were baptized by him, who are still living today, report that he was a gentle and loving undershepherd, possessing a noble, uplifting and forgiving spirit, untiring energy, a high sense of honor and industry. Loyalty to his word and natural obligations, loyalty to the faith bestowed him from His God were his to the fullness of the ability with which God endowed him.

Elder Jones was held in such high esteem by the people generally in this section that he was elected to the North Carolina State Senate in 1899 and again in 1905, these two sessions which place he filled with honor and ability.

His home was opened to traveling preachers, as they were called in his day. He was the very able and efficient Clerk of the Little River Association for forty

years. He left behind such a good name as the wise man said is more to be preferred than great riches. Memories of such Fathers-in-Israel never die.

Editor

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### ELDER C. B. HALL

After the death of Elder J.A.T. Jones on December 4, 1924, the Church at Willow Springs called Elder C. B. Hall as their pastor on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in February, 1925. Elder Hall was from the Hillsborough, (Orange County) N. C., area, where he had been a member of the church since 1897. He served Willow Springs Church until his death on January 16, 1928. Elder Hall was ordained in 1916 and for a number of years practiced dental surgery in the City of Goldsboro, Goldsboro, N. C.

Later, about the year 1920, when the Church at Mebane, N. C., was organized, he returned to the Hillsborough area to serve this church as pastor. At the time of his death on January 16, 1928, he was serving the Churches at Willow Springs, Angier, Mebane, and the Church at Durham, North Carolina, the latter where he was stricken with a fatal stroke of paralysis while filling his appointment there on the third Saturday in January, 1928. He died on Monday night following.

Elder C. B. Hall was a very gifted minister in the church. Likewise, as a gifted writer, he was an Associate Editor of this paper, **Zion's Landmark**, for two years just prior to his death.

Editor

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### ELDER T. FLOYD ADAMS

Elder Thomas Floyd Adams, Sr., was born the 7th child of David H. and Mary H. Adams of Wake County, N. C., on April 8, 1891. He joined the Church at Willow Springs on the fourth Saturday in August, 1916, and was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry on the second Sunday in September, 1927. He served as moderator of the Little River Association from 1947 until his death. Elder Adams was editor and publisher

of **Zion's Landmark** from 1952 until his death in 1973, a period of 21 years.

After the death of Elder C. B. Hall on January 16, 1928, he was called as pastor of Willow Springs Church where he served faithfully until his death on May 4, 1973, a period of 45 years. Other churches that he pastored during the 45 year period of his ministry were Angier Church, Angier, N. C., Wheeler's Church, Person County, N. C., Mebane Church, Mebane, N. C., Raleigh Church, Raleigh, N. C., and Clement Church, near Four Oaks, Johnston County, N. C. Of the first five pastors of Willow Springs Church, Elder T. Floyd Adams is the only one that was actually licensed and ordained by this church's membership.

He rode many, many miles to meetings in many states and in Canada. The record that he kept shows that he ministered in North Carolina, Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Mississippi, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas, California, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware and Canada, and from the year 1940 until his death in 1973, married 120 couples, conducted 1,171 funerals and baptized over 400 people. These figures do not include the period of time 1928-1940, when he kept no record.

Elder Adams served on the Board of Commissioners of Wake County, N. C., where he was elected by the people of the county to this position of public trust for several terms. His services resulted much to the benefit and common good of his fellowman.

God was good in blessing his dear companion for 57 years, Sister Pauline W. Adams, along with their lovely children of four sons and two daughters, numerous grandchildren and great-grandchildren to be present on the day when his portrait was unveiled. How fitting it was for them to honor his memory, because it was God's blessing and mercy to them that enabled this dear servant of God to travel and minister to so many of His little children for those many years in so many far-reaching states and places.

Elder T. Floyd Adams died on May 4, 1973, in his 82nd year.

Editor

**PAPER UNBIASED**

Dear Elder Mewborn,

In behalf of the family of Elder Flem L. Clark (deceased) and myself, we desire to extend to you our sincere appreciation for your kindness and respect for the publication of The Memorial that you published in the February, 1982, issue of **Zion's Landmark**. I hope I am thankful to God that He has and is blessing you to perform the duties as Editor of **Zion's Landmark** in an unbiased, impartial manner, showing no disrespect to the Saints of God, regardless of the different factions that they may be numbered with. Now, this is sufficient evidence or proof that you have no grudges against any of the Primitive Baptists, even though they may be divided by bars that have been set up by men.

Sorry to have to say, it has been known that some Primitive Baptist periodicals show favors in that they refuse to print articles and obituaries that have been written by brethren who are not in their correspondence; therefore, they show no love or feeling for them.

I am enclosing my check for which I would like to subscribe for the **Zion's Landmark**.

May God continue to bless you in your labor of love in that you hold fast to the true Landmarks which our forefathers have set. In this standard God has highly favored you to carry them out.

In hope of life eternal,  
A sister, I hope,  
Rachel C. Purgason  
Route 2,  
Rocky Mount, Va. 24151  
May 21, 1982

(I have nothing of which to boast, or in nothing of which to glory, save in Christ, my Lord and Master.  
J. M. M.)

**WHO WAS JUDAS ISCARIOT?**

Dear Elder Mewborn,

I hope you and your family are doing well. We are doing so much better than we were at one time. My husband's (Wilson's) health seems much better. We were able to attend the Laurel Springs Association at

Roaring River Church, Wilkes Co., N.C., two days (1st weekend in June, 1982) and enjoyed it very much. Elder and Sister James T. (Jimmy) Jones were able to go with us. They enjoyed the meeting also. All of us came back home on Saturday and they attended the communion services on Sunday at Lamm's Grove Church, near Carthage, in Moore County, N. C. They enjoyed a good meeting with the brethren there.

With Brother W. C. (Bill) Lake's permission, we are sending an article pertaining to Judas which he sent to us several months ago. We hope you will find room or space in the **Zion's Landmark** for publication.

Give our love to your family and come to see us whenever you can.

With love,  
Brother and Sister, we hope,  
Wilson Jones,  
Polkton, N. C.  
May 15, 1982

**JUDAS**

Dearly Beloved in the Lord, Brother and Sister Jones,

I will attempt to write you a few lines. You cannot know how much it mean't to Bea, my wife, and me for you two to come to see us in our three day meeting at Macedonia Church, Alturas, Florida, in February of this year. We hope you will be given a mind to come to see us again.

Now, if it be the will of the Lord, let us talk concerning the scripture. The main subject that seems to be uppermost on my mind is concerning Judas. I have been trying to get away from this subject and related scriptures, but it seems they just keep coming back. The only way I know to get rid of this cup is to drink it.

I know there are some that will not say anything about Judas, the one who betrayed Jesus. It seems that they are afraid. If we are not given scripture to sustain our position, I say that it is best to let it alone. However, in John 13:2, "And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him."

It is believed by us that the scripture teaches when Jesus Christ takes His abode in the heart of one of His little ones satan or the devil is cast out permanently and the devil is never again able to enter the heart of

that child again. Jesus said, "But if I with the finger of God cast out devils, no doubt the Kingdom of God is come upon you. When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace: but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, He taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divided his spoils." Luke 11:20, 21, 22. I believe that the palace, referred to in this scripture is the human heart of a sinner, the "strong man" is the devil or satan, and "the stronger than he" is the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Surely it is in the hearts of His people that Christ binds satan, taking from him the armour wherein he trusts, dethrones him there, and casts him out.

Let us look at another scripture: "Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil? He spoke of Judas Iscariot, the son of Simon: for he it was that should betray Him, being one of the twelve." John 6:70, 71. I emphatically say that if it is the devil or devils that are saved and are carried to heaven, then it would certainly be possible to surely take a goat and make a sheep out of him. But, that cannot be done because the scriptures do not teach such. Again, in John 13:10, 11, "Jesus saith to him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit: and ye are clean, but not all. For He knew who should betray Him; therefore, said He, Ye are not all clean." There was one who was not clean. He most definitely was speaking of Judas. If you will closely observe from Christ's language in the scripture, when referring strictly to Judas, He was always separating him by reference from the other eleven (11) disciples.

Again, in John 6:64, "But there are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that belived not, and who should betray Him." So, we see very plainly of whom He was speaking. I fail to find one word, through diligent searching of the scripture, where Jesus ever spoke one word in favor of Judas. "Jesus knew from the beginning who should betray Him." On the other hand with regard to His own elect, the Apostle Paul referred to them most favorably, "But we are bound to give thanks always to God for you, brethren beloved of the Lord, because God hath from the beginning chosen you to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth." II Thess. 2:13. He knew just as

much in the beginning about those who were not His as well as about those who were His. Those who are His were chosen in Christ Jesus by God the Father in that covenant agreement before the world began and their names were written in the **Lamb's Book of Life**. All the rest were blinded and will ever be so.

In Matthew 26:24 Jesus said concerning Himself, "The Son of man goeth as it is written of Him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed! It had been good for that man if he had not been born. Then Judas, which betrayed Him, answered and said, Master, is it I? Jesus said unto him, Thou hast said." May I asked the question at this point, how much plainer and more specific must the scriptures get? Now, let us look at Luke 6:16. "And Judas the brother of James, and Judas Iscariot, which also was the traitor."

The word "traitor" is the word which is the uppermost in my mind. In this verse we find the word "traitor" quoted which is my reason for quoting the scripture at this point. We hope to show what the word traitor means. Notice how it is spelled - "traitor" not trader. The pronunciation is almost the same. Turn now with me to II Tim. 3, 4, and it will tell you what a traitor was and is. "Lovers of their own selves, covetous, boasters, proud, blasphemers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection, trucebreakers, false accusers, incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, **TRAITORS**, heady, highminded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God; having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such tury away." It is in the 4th verse, just quoted, where we find the word that Christ called Judas. Traitor or traitors, meaning more than one. Christ here plainly tells us what a traitor is. And He has also already plainly told us that Judas was the traitor. The scripture says concerning him, "It had been good for that man if he had not been born." Matt. 26:24.

Now let us look at Romans 8:18: "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." Now, Brother and Sister Jones, let me say right here and now that I do not believe regardless of what a child of God must have to endure and be brought through here while in this time world that it would have been

better for him if he had never been born! The scripture tells us that whatever trials, sorrows, tribulations and suffering that the child of God has to endure or go through with while here in this world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in him. God has something wonderful in store for this person, whomsoever he might be. The stay here in this world is short. A man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. John recorded Jesus' words as follows concerning those who will have this glory revealed in them: "While I was with them in the world, I kept them in thy name: those that thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition; that the scripture might be fulfilled." John 16:12. The word "perdition" means simply - Entire loss, ruin, utter loss of the soul or of final happiness in a future state, i.e., damnation. Regarding the word "perdition", it is very plain to see who Jesus had in mind, when He said, "None of them is lost, but the son of perdition."

In II Peter 3:7, we will find explained more as to what this word "perdition" means. It says, "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and **PERDITION** of ungodly men." We cannot judge those who are still here, but only those that the scriptures plainly tell us about. Would you be afraid to say that Abraham, Isaac and Jacob are the children of God? Neither would you be afraid to say that Pharaoh and Judas are the children of the devil. Why? Because the scriptures plainly declare them as such. Now what is the purpose of the scriptures? They tell us, "For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope." Romans 15:4.

They were written for the learning of the generation of Jesus Christ or God's chosen, elect people. This unchangeable learning is what we hope that we have been trying to discuss in this article.

To hear more about Judas, read the 109th Psalm. It appears to me that this 109th Psalm takes in a lot more than just Judas, but it does not leave any doubt about the identity of him. I will not attempt to quote this because of its length, but it does take in all the haters of Christ, especially those that had to do with His death. I will try to stay away from that part at this point

because there are too many that would not agree. I will, however, quote these few verses beginning at verse 5: "And they have rewarded me evil for good, and hatred for love. Set thou a wicked man over Him: and let Satan stand at His right hand. When he shall be judged, let him be condemned: and let his prayer become sin. Let his days be few; and let another take his office." Psalms 109:5, 6, 7, 8. Read Acts 1:20. This will tell you a lot more.

I will just have to stop right here because I see at this point more than I have now written.

Come to see us whenever you can.

Fare you well,  
W. C. (Bill) Lake  
1111 North Gilmore Avenue  
Lakeland, Florida 33801  
April 10, 1982

## A REMARKABLE OCCURRENCE

(Editor's Note: The following interesting account was left on record in a 1925 issue of **Zion's Landmark** concerning an unusual incident that took place in one of the Old Baptist Churches many years ago. This incident portrays the strictness that the churches practiced in those days when receiving members into their gospel fellowship and order. In those days when such **strict order** was carried out, churches prospered and true love reigned among their memberships. This incident was left on record by one of my great uncles, Elder Drewry Aldridge (D. A.) Mewborn, 1840-1928. This same Elder, D. A. Mewborn, performed the marriage ceremony for my mother and father on June 20, 1913. I found this account most interesting and am having it republished at this time for the many who, perhaps, have never heard or read about it.

J. M. Mewborn, Editor)

## HISTORICAL

I have been asked by the Editor of **Zion's Landmark** to leave on record what Brother James Beaman told me about a very remarkable occurrence

that took place many years ago. It may have been recorded in the old church book, as it should have been, but unfortunately the old church book is lost.

Our Articles of Faith date back to 1785 when the Church at Meadow Meeting House, Greene County, North Carolina, was constituted, but the minutes in the church records that we have only go back to about 1820. So we are without a record of the minutes of our church for the first thirty-five years of the history of the church. Brother Mills Smith was clerk of the church when I was received there in November, 1872, and Brother James Beaman had been clerk before Brother Mills Smith. They both told me that they had never seen the first old church book.

I will now write what I have been told about this incident. It concerns the death of Mrs. Rhoda Garris, the lady who died in the Meadow Meeting House many years ago. Old Brother James Beaman told me what the old members told him. The incident must have taken place around the turn of the 19th century, or about the year 1800, for it took place before he knew or could remember. He joined the church in May, 1839, and died in September, 1882 at the age of 86 years. Therefore, he was born in the year 1796.

Sometime shortly after I joined the church in November, 1872, Brother Beaman told me that the old church members told him that Mrs. Rhoda Garris had come before the church conference and had offered herself for membership. That her confession did not give the church satisfaction and that she was not received. He said she remarked that if she ever offered to the church again and was not received, she hoped she would die! I do not remember if he said whether his remark was made in conference or privately.

Brother Beaman said that afterwards, as she was walking with other ladies, going to meeting, she asked one of the members to tell her what she told the church when she joined. The sister told her. That same day in conference the invitation was extended to those who desired to join and Mrs. Garris came before the conference. When asked to relate the dealings of the Lord with her, she attempted to speak, but she failed to speak. She died, then and there, and was laid out on a bench or benches. They sat up with the corpse that night in the meeting house. Mrs. Rhoda Garris was

buried the next day near the southeastern corner of the meeting house, as it stood then. When her husband died, he was buried by her side.

The above is correct according to the best of my recollection. These two graves are the only ones in the church yard.

D. A. Mewborn,  
Farmville, N. C.  
October, 1925

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Your editor has seen these two graves when a child, while growing up, a number of years ago. At that time they were marked by pine lightwood posts and the small lot was maintained or kept up by the church in an appropriate or nice manner.

J. M. Mewborn, Editor

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## PROPHETICAL

(Editor's Note: The following article was left on record in the same 1925 issue of *Zion's Landmark* that contained the above historical narrative by Elder D. A. Mewborn. The following article by the same Elder, D. A. Mewborn, deals directly with events and things that are at this very time taking place today in the world with regards to the winding up of the present dispensation of time. From this article God had given him an insight or revelation into current events, taking place at this very time, back in the year 1925.

Elder D. A. Mewborn was a son of Elder Parrott Mewborn (1799-1864) who "was considered a very able doctrinal, experimental and prophetic preacher. Many important events such as the Civil War, the overthrow of the Civil power of the Pope of Rome, etc., were prophesied by him and came to pass about the time predicted." (See *Biographical History of Primitive or Old School Baptist Ministers in the United States.*" by R. H. Pittman. In the following article the son, Elder D. A. Mewborn, mentions his father in this connection of his prophetic gift. Also, as indicated above, Elder D. A. Mewborn prophesies and tells of things, back in

1925, that are actually taking place today. His article is as follows.

J. M. M.)

May the Lord bless His people with all necessary blessings.

D. A. Mewborn,  
Farmville, N. C.  
October, 1925

### 36th, 37th, 38th, & 39th CHAPTERS OF EZEKIEL

I have been asked if I remember when we were kids of hearing the older people at that time talk of a great battle to be fought in the future in which the blood was to be to the horse bridles. I remember hearing my dear father which I was a small child preach about it. Read in the 14th chapter of Revelation 11th to the 20th verses. I recall that he thought the reaping of the earth mean't the people who will be manifest as false professors of religion and the vine of the earth was the false church or the religion class of the people who do not have the true religion of God.

The battle in which it will take seven months to bury the dead, you may read of in the 39th Chapter of Ezekiel and 12th verse. To understand about this, I feel that it is necessary to take the 36th, 37th, 38th and 39th chapters of Ezekiel (the four of them) in connection for they are connected together in meaning.

The 36th and 37th chapters of Ezekiel tell of the Lord's people, the Israelites, (or Jews as they are commonly called) now going back to Palestine, which is the land that the Lord gave to Abraham's seed. See Genesis 12:7. The 38th chapter tells of the enemies of Israel gathering against Israel, after they have returned to Palestine and have become to be a prosperous and wealthy people, to rob them of their wealth (see verses 10-13). The Lord will fight against the enemies of Israel and cause them to fight against each other. (See verses 13-18). The terrible rain and hail, I am inclined to think, means a rain of destruction and hail of bombs dropped from a cloud of airplanes, as they fight against each other. I think this battle is the same that is called Armageddon in the 16th Chapter of Revelation.

Compare Ezekiel 39:17-20 with Revelation 19:17 & 18. There are several other places in the scripture that, I believe, speak of this same great battle.

In my humble opinion and judgment, what the Lord blessed the above man to see in the year 1925 hits the nail directly on the head of what is transpiring today, at this very minute and hour, in Beirut, Lebanon. It is marvellous to see how God inspires His servants to see by Revelation and prophesy of the coming to pass of future events. In the year 1925, many people at that time could not and would not have believe that there could be such an event as the reestablishment of the nation today called "ISRAEL."

Yet, all of it was plainly prophesied in the scripture. These events are now taking place so fast that nations are spelled bound at their rapidity. The State Department of this (our) United States of America, was only just this week, thrown into disarray, when the Secretary of State, Haig, resigned because of related events involving the Israeli-Arab (PLO) conflict in Lebanon, or Palestine.

It is my humble judgment and belief that the worst is yet to take place, when at the appointed time Russia will become directly involved in the above conflict and the prophecy of the Lord through his servant Ezekiel and the Revelation of the Lord that was given through John will be fully brought to pass. For further information on this subject, please read the Editorial of the June, 1981, issue of **Zion's Landmark**.

I know and am completely aware that many people after reading the above will tend to pass it off as so-called "hogwash." There have always been "mockers" and "scoffers." They were here in the time of Christ. Christ told them in His day when upon earth, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Luke 16:31. To such and their posterity I will humbly say that although they may not see it, they will feel it.

J. M. Mewborn  
June 28, 1982

**FELLOWSHIP OF GOD'S  
WONDERFUL PEOPLE**

**HISTORICAL ARTICLES  
ARE INTERESTING**

**Dear Brother Mewborn,**

I am so glad to see all of you, Brother and Sister J. M. Moon, Brother and Sister Cosby Ford, you and your wife, as you came to see me on the fifth Sunday afternoon in May, 1982. I wish you could have stayed longer. I hope to see all of you again soon. I know that because of my hearing, I miss a great deal of all that is said, but I do get lots of pleasure out of what I do hear of Godly things, which was the topic of our discussion when you visited in my home.

Somehow, I cannot seem to find words to express my unworthy feelings of humble gratitude for being received and accepted into the fellowship of these wonderful people. Maybe, if it be the Lord's will, I'll try later to say what I actually feel, I hope.

I am enclosing check for a year's subscription, **Zion's Landmark**.

**Humbly and sincerely yours,  
A. Frazier Jackson  
Atlanta, Georgia  
June 1, 1982**

Brother A. Frazier Jackson, age 92, if I recall correctly, offered to the Church at East Atlanta, Atlanta, Georgia, on the third Sunday in March, 1982, and was baptized by his pastor, Elder W. C. Edwards, Charlotte, N. C., on the third Sunday in April, 1982. His handwriting of the above letter is almost perfect, completely steady and legible, truly quite remarkable for one his age. We thank God, if He would bless us, that He has let us see, just once more, the marvellous working of His almighty power in displaying such blessings to and for His church. It was wonderful to be in the presence of this dear brother for the short time that I was so privileged. We hope the Lord will bless him to write his experience for our benefit, as he has indicated that he hopes to do. I am sure that the brethren would be glad to read it. Please write, Brother Jackson, if so blessed.

**J. M. Mewborn**

**Dear Elder Mewborn,**

Enclosed you will find \$10.00 to renew my subscription to the **Landmark** for another year. Please use the extra as you see fit.

I find your historical articles truly interesting and I do enjoy and appreciate the **Zion's Landmark**. I hope you will be blessed to continue with the paper for many years to come.

**Yours in hope,  
Annie Martin,  
Stoneville, N. C. 27048  
June 8, 1982**

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**LOVES THE PAPER**

**Dear Brother Mewborn,**

I am enclosing \$10.00 for my next year's renewal of **Zion's Landmark**. You may use the extra money to help in some small way with the expense of the paper. Perhaps, it will help some poor soul here along life's rugged pathway.

In reference to the last issue of **Zion's Landmark**, the March & April, 1982, issue, the article by Elder Arnold Hill Bellows entitled, "The Water Of Life," it is truly inspired of God. It is one of the most well written and well spoken articles that truly I have ever read. This article truly expresses my feelings. It is true and contains the truth that is of God. Also, the article entitled "Communion" by Brother Eldon Gilbert, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, is my experience. I hope I also have seen the truth as God has blessed you to pen it down in the paper.

My membership is with the Simpson Creek Church, near Loris, South Carolina. Simpson Creek Church belongs to the Mill Branch Association that contains churches in both North and South Carolina.

**A brother, I hope,  
Walter N. Horne,  
Fayetteville, N. C. 28306**

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## EDITORIAL

**"THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN  
IS LIKE UNTO LEAVEN."**

**Matt. 13:33.**

**"The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." Matt. 13:33.**

In attempting to comment on the above scripture, I would appreciate it very much if my reader would allow me in the outset to make known that I am aware that many precious brethren do not see eye to eye, or exactly alike, on the meaning of the above scripture.

It seems that the main point of difference in the interpretation of this scripture concerning the leaven, the woman, the hiding of the leaven in three measures of meal, and in the end the bringing together of the three measures into one, is in the interpretation and application of the word, "leaven." Throughout the scriptures an identical word may be used by different writers to apply in ways that are altogether contrawise to each other. For instance, the word "love" has direct reference to God in many, many ways, even to the point of being an attribute of God Himself, and even as being God. On the other hand the word "love" can apply to natural things, according to the scriptures.

"Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." 1st John 2:15. The word "world" is used in the scripture many times but in altogether various types and anti-types of meanings. For instance, the scriptures make reference to the natural world, as just recorded in 1st John 2:15, the old world, the law or Jewish World, the Gospel World, etc.

In the same sense of the word, the word "leaven" is used in many places in both Old and New Testaments but with adverse applications in different instances.

The Apostle Paul made reference to "leaven" as false doctrine when he admonished the Corinthian Church as follows, "Your glorying is not good. Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump? Purge out,

therefore, the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump, as ye are unleavened. For even Christ our passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness; but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." 1st Cor. 5:6, 7, 8. Here, the word "leaven" relates directly to the use of false or unsound doctrine that was being preached to the Corinthian brethren in Paul's day. Our Lord verified this point when He said, "Beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees." Matt. 16:6.

The word "woman" with reference to anti-Christ as well as to "Christ" Himself is found in the scriptures many times. As to anti-Christ, Solomon refers to her and her doctrine as the "strange woman" and describes her full in Proverbs 5:3 & 20. In Proverbs 7:24, it describes her, "Let not thine heart decline to her ways, go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded: yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death." John in Revelation in a more refined sense speaks of this "strange woman", the false church, "And there came one of the seven angels which had the seven vials, and talked with me, saying unto me, Come hither; I will shew unto thee the judgment of the great WHORE that sitteth upon many waters. And upon her forehead was a name written,

**MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH." Rev. 17:1 & 5.** On the other hand, completely contrawise in meaning, John in the same book of Revelation refers to another woman, "And there appeared a great wonder in heaven; **A WOMAN** clothed with the sun, and the moon under her feet, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, and she being with child cried, travailing in birth, and pained to be delivered, etc." Rev. 12:1.

Therefore, we see that the word "woman" is used in two altogether different ways or two full senses of the word to express the truth in its completeness and fullness.

Now let us look at the above scripture or text for this article by taking apart the words from the sentence and then looking at each figure of speech. They are enumerated as follows, to-wit:

- (1) Kingdom of Heaven
  - (2) Leaven
  - (3) Woman
  - (4) Hidden
  - (5) Three Measures
  - (6) Meal
  - (7) The Whole or Completeness
- (Note: Seven is a perfect number.)

In the very outset our Lord emphatically states this scripture as relating to the Kingdom of Heaven. "Now the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto, etc." He makes no reference to the non-elect, the reprobate or that which is apostate, and of which He will separate and destroy in the end.

Let us now come to the point and say that "the leaven" represents faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, "the woman" represents the church, and "the three measures" represent the three periods of time into which the scriptures are divided by both Old and New Testaments. Just as the leaven works in the meal in secret, so the Kingdom of Heaven works in the hearts of poor sinners, by controlling grace and redeeming love in bringing them to the knowledge of sin and death, making them alive to light and life. Our Lord gives them (poor sinners) faith to believe in Him, their Saviour, and this faith returns or goes back to Him. It is hidden in Him. "For ye are dead, **and your life (by faith) is hid with Christ in God.** When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory." Col. 3:3, 4.

This is the same faith that Abel had and all the saints of God possessed it before the flood. It is the same faith the saints had in the prophetic period of time. And it is the same faith today in the gospel day or time. Although there are three measures, but it is the same (meal), (that chosen portion of Adam's race) the elect family of God, while here in the world in each of the three dispensations of time, and the same woman, the church, the bride, the Lamb's wife that God chose in His Son before the foundation of the world. "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all." Eph. 4:4, 5, 6.

Thus the Kingdom of Heaven works until the whole is leavened. Jesus said, "My Father worketh hitherto,

and I work." John 5:17. The Kingdom of Heaven, Jesus said, cometh not with observation, but in word and in power. It is within you. There are many members of His body, but one (woman) church. "My love, my dove, my undefiled." S. of S. 5:2. "My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her." S. of S. 6:9. And she is the same in the three measures of time, and is the same (leaven) faith of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ all the time. "Jesus is the Lord." Saul said, "Who art thou, Lord?" Christ answered him and said, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." Acts 9:5.

It is the work of Love. "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving kindness have I drawn thee." Jer. 31:3. The woman loves Him with this same Love too. "We love Him, because He first loved us." 1st John 4:19. This Love is different from all other loves. It is the first love of God, the difference being because it is an inside Love, an heart-felt Love. We cannot have this Love except it be given us from above. "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Philippians 1:6.

As there has been a quickening of the soul, there must also be a quickening of the body. "And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit (soul) is life because of righteousness. But if the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you." Romans 8:10, 11.

When the sinner is quickened, the good work, spoken of in Philippians 1:6, has already begun. The power of the leaven (faith) is at work, and just as sure as He begins it, He will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. And that day is beyond the resurrection, when He will take His bride, this woman, home to be with Him forever where sin and death will never separate them anymore. And this is His will that He prayed to His Father, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." John 17:24. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." John 14:20.

We certainly do not know it now. We only have a little faith and hope, but then "ye shall know it." "Then cometh the end, when He shall have delivered up **THE KINGDOM** to God, even the Father; when He shall have put down all rule and all authority and power." 1st Cor. 15:23, 24. "And when all things shall be subdued unto Him, then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him that put all things under Him, that God may be all in all." 1st Cor. 15:28. Then the whole will be leavened even in God the Father.

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood,  
Shall never lose its power;  
'Till' all the ransomed church of God  
Be saved to sin no more."

**J. M. Mewborn**  
**June 23, 1982**

#### OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

##### IN MEMORY OF SISTER SUSAN ELIZABETH LACKEY

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His Saints," Psalms 116:15. I feel beyond any doubt that the scripture just quoted rightly embraces this dear one, Sister Lizzie Lackey, who according to the Will of an All Wise, Everlasting God, passed from the shores of time into blessed eternity on Saturday morning, April 24, 1982.

Sister Susan Elizabeth Lackey was born on March 5, 1893, to her parents, the late James F. Jamison and Nancy Jane Brammer Jamison. She was first married to Ed Martin, who passed away at an early age. To this union were born two children, a daughter who passed away at a very young age, and a son, Frank Martin, Bassett, Va., who survives to mourn her loss. She was married the second time to Elder George Lackey, who preceded her in death on November 13, 1962. She also leaves to mourn her loss two daughters, Mrs. Thomas (Nervie) Lovell, Henry, Va., and Mrs. James (Myrtle) Ramsey, Front Royal, Va., born to her by her (second) late husband, Elder Lackey. Surviving also are two step-daughters, Mrs. Emma Jane Brammer and Mrs. Beulah Wright, Bassett, Va. A sister, Mrs. Alice Halvorsen, Corpus Christi, Texas, 17 grandchildren, 19 great-grandchildren with a host of brethren, sisters and friends are left behind to mourn her passing.

Sister Lackey was over 89 years old, as mortal men count age, but with God all of His children are just as old and just as young as He is. The everlasting, eternal God had no beginning of days nor will He have any ending of years. Sister Lackey believed that all the children of God were ever with the Father before the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy; that they were saved in the mind and purpose of God before the first and highest dust of the hills was ever laid.

How sweet are the memories of this precious one! I feel too unworthy to even attempt to give a description of her walk and talk in life. However, she stated to me the last time I visited her at her daughter's (Sister Nervie Lovell) on April 2, 1982, that she desired

for me to write her obituary. I answered her, "I will try if the Lord will see fit to give me something to say; otherwise, I cannot write anything." I hope I have been given a mind from a Spiritual Source to write something that might be for the glorification of God, and to some measure will relate "The Love" in my heart and feeling concerning this "Lovely Life" that fulfilled the days appointed her on earth by "The Heavenly Father."

Sister Lackey had been a member of Old Center Primitive Baptist Church, Henry County, Virginia, for 60 years. During my last visit with her on the night of April 2, 1982, she was refreshed with moments all anew, and related a portion of her hope of an experience of Grace to me. Over 60 years ago, when she went before the Saints of God, stating that she desired a home with them, she went carrying something, a burden. It had become so heavy. No man did not have to ask her to lay it down. When the time ordained by God approached, it was willingly and submissively laid down.. This "Sweet Hope" that was given her served as an anchor of her soul, both sure and steadfast. Throughout the many storms, the battles of life, the losses and crosses, that fell her lot to bear, her God-given faith never faltered nor waivered. I am sure it was true many times in her life span that such sorrow beset her, that her harp had to be hanged upon the willows in the midst thereof. In this experience she could witness with King David of old, "How can I sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" Psalms 137:2 & 4. But, Glory to God, Hallelujah, she left grace evidence behind!" She can sing that song ever anew now.

I know not how to describe this dear one's life. She was a mother both to young and old alike, and I feel to say without any doubt that she was a Mother-in-Israel and of Israel. Whenever she met anyone who was downcast, she always had a word of encouragement. She never criticized anyone, but forever desired to think the best of every person.

Sister Lackey, stated to me on the night of April 2, 1982, (as all other saints of God are desiring that God give them more evidence of a Hope) that she had begged and begged the Lord give her just little more evidence before she departed this life. The Lord inclined His ear unto her and heard her cry while in deep bodily affliction with heart failure in October, 1981. He poured out upon her such a blessing that the big storehouses of time would be unable to hold. She was in such a happy, heavenly state of feeling. She sent for brothers and sisters in the Lord to come and see her that she might be able to tell them of "The Glory she had beheld while upon "Mount Carmel"." "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Psalms 126:6, 7. Sister Lackey's coming in and her going out among God's humble poor were with an humble countenance, carrying a bowed down head, which manifested evidence that her heart was heavy with weight. Today, when we look upon a field of wheat, the solid grain at the top of the straw will be bowed over, but, behold, the faulty tares will always be standing straight up. Christ was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. See Isaiah 5:3.

Sister Lackey spent her last years with her daughter and son-in-law, Brother Thomas and Sister Nervie Lovell, together with Brother Lovell's brother, Chester Lovell. I feel that her last days, were some of her happiest days here upon earth despite her great affliction. She was in a meek, humble home, a home that was flowing with "Love." This "Love" is the kind so few have ever known. It was a wonderful experience to go into that home to visit those four people. I cannot express my feelings for I had to go

there. I feel too unworthy to even enter my head under their door. I have no doubt that the Saints of God know what I am talking about, those who have been blessed to visit that home. It was surely a "foretaste of Heaven," a camp near Canaan's Land for, indeed, I was given to feast upon milk and honey, whenever abiding in their tranquil habitation.

Sister Lackey's funeral was held at Old Center Primitive Baptist Church on April 26, 1982, conducted by Elder Donald Smith and Elder Buddy Crofts, both whom she loved as if they had been her two "Little Children." I say "Little Children" because they both bear a Godly appearance which is the countenance of a little child. They both were blessed to speak of her in such a way that so rightly portrayed her life. Elder Donald Smith was so wonderfully blessed to portray a beautiful picture of her life when he was highly overshadowed by the Holy Spirit to bring out the beauty and the glory of "The Dove" which represents The Church of Almighty God in her entirety, while here in the world.

Sister Lackey's mortal remains were laid beside the temporal resting place of her husband, Elder George Lackey, in Old Center Church Cemetery, to await the moment when King Jesus will dismount "His Throne," bring all The Holy Angels with Him together with the spirits that have gone on before, call for the sleeping dust to reunite with the spirit and soul, being awakened into an immortal body, to meet with Him in the air, to be carried to that Heavenly Mansion that He has gone on before to prepare for those who love Him.

The precious memory of Sister Lackey will ever live in the hearts of all who knew and loved her. Greater than this, her spirit and soul will live in Christ who gave it. May we be given to say with King David, when he said concerning his little child, "He shall not return to me, but I shall go to him." II Samuel 12:23.

**Written by one who loved her,  
Rachel Clark Purgason,  
A sister, I hope, in Christ,  
Rocky Mount, Va. 24151**

**(IN MEMORY OF SISTER SUSAN ELIZABETH LACKEY)  
THE DOVE HAS NOW A SWEET RESTING PLACE**

This precious Dove bore heavy burdens on a narrow and toilsome road that she trod,  
She confessed evidence of a visitation by "The Priest of the Most High God;"  
He bountifully blessed her, as He did Abraham of old,  
With a sweet hope that He gave her of being numbered in that one sheepfold.  
While in deep bodily affliction in October, 1981, from His storehouse of boundless mercy, once more over her He did hover,  
Showering her with sweet Heavenly Manna, "Her cup runneth over."  
For many, many years for her Heavenly Mate she did sigh,  
As stated in Isaiah's written word,  
Before she called, He had already heard her cry;  
For her it was only one Mate of her kindred or kind,  
Because for Him she possessed a great Love, of Origin Divine.  
Now quoting from Elder Donald Smith's text at her funeral, "She had found no resting place for the soles of her feet,"  
She with patience waited the moment for her Heavenly Mate to meet.

When the time appointed on April 24th, 1982. He called for her while here below;  
She heard His call, for the voice of a stranger  
She did not know;  
She, being highly favored, came bearing an olive leaf; and  
All her sorrowful, mourning did cease, when He took her into "The Ark of Peace."  
The Dove has now returned into "The Ark"  
From whence she came from Her Master's Heart.  
Forever and forever with her Mate, there she will eternally reign  
Through the everlasting Covenant of Grace.  
The snow white Dove now has a final  
"Sweet Resting Place!"

**(Written the day after her funeral, April 27, 1982)  
Her neighbor, friend and sister, I hope,  
Rachel Clark Purgason**

**(IN MEMORY OF OUR MOTHER)  
HOKIE M. BARTLETT**

How does one write of the Angels? Moreover, how does one write of the Fortress of our God?  
On September 11, 1901, Richard Hadley Gray and Irene M. Edwards were united in Holy Matrimony. To this union were born eight children. These are:  
1. William T. Gray, born September 3, 1902, died January 22, 1952.  
2. Hokie M. Gray, born September 14, 1904, died May 4, 1982.  
3. Her twin sister, Phoebe, born September 14, 1904, died September 14, 1904.  
4. Cicero H. Gray, born April 6, 1906, died May 4, 1938.  
5. Major M. Gray, born June 10, 1908, died June 12, 1982.  
6. George D. Gray, born November 19, 1910, died February 16, 1965.  
7. S. McKinley Gray, born October 5, 1914.  
8. Parrott M. Gray, born June 9, 1917, died February 14, 1978.

On October 8, 1935, Richard Hadley Gray lost his wife of 34 years, and he passed away Wednesday, September 14, 1937.

Hokie Marie Gray and Benjamin Lloyd Bartlett were united in marriage Wednesday, January 9, 1929, by Elder W. B. Kearney at his home. This ceremony was witnessed by William Kearney and Annie Kearney Ginn. To them were born four children, Betty Gray, Barbara Ruth, Victor Hadley and Cicero Benjamin. Her word was her bond in many ways, one of them being promised discipline that was always promptly received. Her first concern was that of her family. She was obsessed with teaching her children right from wrong.

On the second Sunday in September, September 11, 1937, she begged for a home with the precious members of Mewborn's Primitive Baptist Church. She was received in good faith and was baptized at 3:30 that same afternoon by Elder J. E. Mewborn at Turnage's Mill Pond. You could count on her integrity. Her heart and her home were opened to her brethren. Her love for the church was manifested in her daily walk of life. There was no question to all that knew her. She was a firm believer in the Doctrine of Salvation by Grace and Grace alone. While she stood in fear of the Lord, she witnessed with the Archangel that He (Christ) is the Pillow Stone of her faith.

On May 4, 1982, at 5:25 P.M., she was blessed to pass from this life of trials. God had better use for her elsewhere. It was her hope that she awaited a priceless inheritance to be received at the

appointed time of her Heavenly Father. Her funeral, by her own design, was held at Rouse's Funeral Home, in LaGrange, North Carolina, by her pastor, Elder J. M. Mewborn and Elder J. B. Williams. It was her desire that the congregation sing "Rock of Ages" and "We Seek A Rest Beyond The Skies." That of her mortal body was laid to rest in Mewborn's Primitive Baptist Church Cemetery. We believe that her spirit is now enjoying the sweet peace and tranquility of Eternal Love.

How does one write of the Angels? And, how does one write of the Fortress of our God? I don't really know; all I know is that this Lovely Lady you have just read about was my mother.

Humbly submitted,  
Barbara Bartlett Smith  
Pikeville, N. C.

#### ELLEN HORNE BRYAN

It has pleased our loving, Heavenly Father to call Sister Ellen Horne Bryan from our midst at Muddy Creek Church, home to be with him on July 21, 1981. She was a patient at Elder Lodge Nursing Home, Jacksonville, N. C., when the call from the Lord came for her to go.

A life-long resident of Onslow County, N. C., she was the youngest and only daughter in a family of six children. Her parents were Willouby and Luke Horne. She was born December 5, 1887, making her stay here 93 years, 4 months and 14 days.

She married William B. Bryan on April 19, 1908, and this union was blessed with three children. Her husband and son preceded her in death. Two daughters, Mrs. Albert (Eva) Lanier, Mrs. Jessie (Lucille) Lowe, a host of grandchildren, great-grandchildren, as well as nieces and nephews, are left to mourn her passing.

Sister Ellen Bryan asked for a home with Muddy Creek Church, Duplin County, N. C., April 21, 1951, at her home. She was received and baptized afterwards. She was faithful to attend church meetings as long as her health permitted. Through all of her years here on earth, her love for the doctrine of Salvation by Grace, those dear old hymns, and the brethren and sisters, never diminished in the least.

Her funeral service was conducted at Johnson's Funeral Home Chapel, Richlands, N. C., at 2:00 P.M. Thursday, July 23, 1982, by Elder D. B. Stokes, Jacksonville, N. C. Her body was then taken to Bryan Cemetery where it was placed beside her loving companion. The beautiful floral arrangements showed the love that family, church and friends felt for her.

We miss her very much, but feel our loss is her eternal gain.  
Written by one who loved her very much.

Arlene Williams

#### LILLIAM M. KEMP

My dear companion, Lillian Mumford Kemp, age 73 passed away on November 28, 1981 at Wayne Memorial Hospital, Goldsboro, N. C., after several months illness. She leaves behind to mourn her passing, her lonely husband, the writer of this notice, James R. Kemp; two daughters, Mrs. Marie Rogers, Orlando, Fla., and Mrs. Ann Smith, Titusville, Fla.; two sons, William J. Toler, Cocoa, Fla.; four brothers, Carl Mumford, Kenly, N. C., Alden Mumford, Princeton, N. C., James Mumford, Goldsboro, N. C., and Edwin Mumford, Columbus, Ohio, along with 14 grandchildren and 14 great-grandchildren.

We were both received into fellowship of Memorial Primitive Baptist Church, near Fremont, North Carolina, along with her mother. (my mother-in-law), in December, 1955, as I recall. The

three of us were baptized together by our pastor the first Sunday in December, 1955. Elder Nathan S. Davis. The Lord gave us many happy years together, as husband and wife, and as brother and sister in the loving fellowship of Christ's family, here on earth, the Church of the true and living God, the pillar and ground of the truth. I miss her more than mere words can describe, but I believe, according to her hope, that she rested from all her toils and labor while here upon earth and is now resting eternally with Christ to be raised when He calls for His own at His second appearing to reign with Him in that everlasting Kingdom when this world is no more.

Her funeral services were conducted at 11:00 A.M., on December 1, 1981 at Shackleford Funeral Home, Fremont, North Carolina, by Elder Delbert Carraway and Elder Walter Barnes. Interment was in Barnes Cemetery nearby.

May God in His infinite mercy reconcile all of us to the dispensation of His blessed will and providence. We would not call her back to suffer anymore.

Her lonely companion,  
James R. Kemp  
Fremont, N. C.

#### BESSIE MAE ADCOCK

Sister Bessie Mae Adcock passed from this life March 23, 1982, at Person County Memorial Hospital, Roxboro, N. C. She was born February 5, 1903, making her stay on earth 79 years, 1 month, and 18 days.

She was the daughter of the late James E. and Mary Currin Dean.

On November 21, 1924, Sister Adcock was married to the late Brother Willie Thornton Adcock. To this union were born two sons, W. T. Jr., and Edward, Roxboro, N. C., who survive. She also leaves behind to mourn her passing, one brother Nat C. Dean, Norwood, N. C., four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Although I was not well acquainted with Sister Adcock, I am told that she was a very astute person. She taught in public schools of Person County, N. C., for several years and was secretary of the family business for forty-two years. She was a firm believer in the doctrine of God's election and predestination.

Her funeral was conducted at Surl Primitive Baptist Church, Person County, N. C., by her pastor, Elder L. P. Martin, on March 25, 1982. She was laid to rest beside the resting place of her beloved husband in Burchwood Cemetery at Roxboro, N. C.

We at Surl Church extend our sympathy to her bereaved family. We believe that she is sleeping that sweet sleep, awaiting the call of her Lord and Saviour. May the God of wisdom, mercy, and love comfort them in the days of their loneliness that lie ahead.

Be it, therefore, resolved, that three copies of this resolution be made, one copy to Zion's Landmark for publication, one copy to the family, and one copy for the Church record.

Done by order of Surl Primitive Baptist Church in conference May 8, 1982.

L. P. Martin, Moderator  
James H. Rose, Committee

#### MYRTLE BLANCHE JOHNSON

On January 19, 1981, God called our precious sister in Christ, Myrtle B. Johnson, home to her eternal rest after a long illness. She was in her eighties. Even in her afflictions she was kept in the true faith and was a remarkable lady. Sister Myrtle B. Johnson joined Oak Grove Primitive Baptist Church, Wake County, N. C., in 1955, and was a faithful member as long as she was able to come.

She was married to Mr. Theodore Johnson on July 30, 1911. They were blessed with three children, one daughter, Mrs. Felix Jones, two sons, Alton B. Johnson and Millard B. Johnson.

We firmly believe that she has entered into that eternal home prepared for her from the foundation of the world, for the chosen, elect family of God. The funeral services was conducted at Brown-Wynne Funeral Home, in Cary, N. C. by her pastor, Elder T. Allen Johnson.

We, the members of Oak Grove Primitive Baptist Church, express our heartfelt sympathy to her children, relatives and friends. May the Lord bless them to see their earthly loss is her eternal gain.

This was done by order of conference on May 16, 1982. We request that three copies be made, one for the Zion's Landmark one for the family, and one to be entered upon our Church Book.

Elder T. Allen Johnson, Pastor  
Written by Sister Pauline Jones  
and Sue Adcock, (Church Clerk)  
Committee

**JOANNA OVERBY**

Sister Joanna Williams Overby, 83 years of age, was born March 23, 1898, to J. S. and Ellen Jones Williams. She was married to the late Lem Overby, who preceded her in death by several years.

Sister Overby united with the church at Draper, in Eden, N. C., July 8, 1933. She loved her church and attended as long as her health permitted. She was sick for nineteen years and was bedridden for the last nineteen months. Realizing the fact that we only pass through this life but once, and also are blessed to manifest our love for and to each other, it is then that our greatest joys are realized. Sister Overby was blessed in proving her love and devotion to the church and her family in many ways.

She passed from this life December 15, 1981, and is survived by five daughters, two sons, seventeen grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren.

Her funeral was conducted at Fairs Funeral Home, Eden, N. C., December 17, 1981, by her pastor, Elder Albert Doss. Her body was buried beneath a beautiful mound of flowers at Dan View Cemetery, Eden, N. C. May her children who cared for her in her declining years be made able to look to the One who holds the issues of life and death in His Hand. May God reconcile them in the loss of their beloved mother.

Resolved, therefore, that a copy of this notice be sent to the family, one be kept in the church record and one be sent of the Zion's Landmark for publication.

Done by order of the church at Draper in conference.

Elder Albert Doss, Moderator  
Elder Gordon Roberts, Moderator pro tem  
Helen Roberts, Church Clerk

**CLOE PENNY JONES**

We, the members of Middle Creek Primitive Baptist Church, Wake County, N. C., desire to bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father who does all things well. Our beloved sister, Cloe Penny Jones, passed from this life April 13, 1982. Our hope is that she has gone home to rest where there is no sickness, sorrow, or death. Sister Jones was a very quiet, soft-spoken sister.

We would not call her back. She lived to be ninety-three years old. In her last years she was very feeble, never complaining. She was married to our late pastor, Elder E. C. Jones, who passed away several years ago. To this union twelve children were born, eight of whom are now living. Our desire is that the good Lord be with her family and reconcile them to her passing.

Be it, therefore, resolved that three copies of this obituary be made -- one copy to the family, one to Zion's Landmark for publication, and one to be kept for our church record.

Done by request of our church in conference at our May meeting, 1982.

Committee,  
S. J. Sauls, and  
Minnie L. Sauls

**AGNES MCKENLEY**

The funeral of Agnes McKenley was held on Tuesday, April 13, 1982. She passed away on Saturday before, at 74 years of age. Her place of birth was Maude, Oklahoma.

Agnes taught high school in the State of Texas. She was Dean of Girls until her retirement in the early seventies, when she came to live with her mother, Watie Mae Gill, (deceased 1977). Agnes never married.

Agnes and her mother were dear believers of our faith, although neither ever united with the church. They loved the Old Baptist and attended meetings. Visiting members and pastors stayed in their home. Agnes and her mother cooked food to carry to the meetings. Each of them manifested a great love for the church and had, we believe, the blessed hope of immortality.

Agnes McKenley was a very rare person. Her continuous kindness, thoughtfulness, and gentle treatment of others made her very dear to those of us who were blessed to know her well.

Little Flock Church of Bakersfield, California, and Seclusia Church of Los Angeles, wired flowers for her funeral at DeQueen, Arkansas.

We believe she is now resting peacefully in the Lord.

Submitted in love, we trust,  
Little Flock Primitive Baptist Church  
Bakersfield, California  
By: Thelma Bridges, Clerk

**MAGGIE LEE RORRER**

I would like to leave on record a brief death notice of my beloved mother, Mrs. Maggie Lee Rorrer, of Stuart, Virginia, who passed away on May 1st, 1982. She was very sick while confined in the Stuart, Va., hospital for over three weeks prior to her death. We miss her very much, but do not question God's will in her removal from time, as did Job of old, who said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Job 1:21. Our God knows best. She was 85 years of age at the time of her passing.

My trials and conflicts have been many in this world, yet I can still say or witness with Job of old, "Blessed be the name of the Lord" in all of them. Losing my dear husband, Elder Layton Winfield, ten years ago, was really hard on me. Still harder, it seems to be has been the division among God's people, here on earth. The Lord only knows what I have been carried through in the loss of these things.

May God have mercy upon all of us is the prayer of this unworthy sinner, if I could pray.

Dora Wingfield,  
Ridgeway, Virginia 24148

**ESTHER POOLE CAPPS**

Sister Esther Poole Capps was born October 20, 1925, and passed from this life April 18, 1982. She was a daughter of the late Joseph E. and Alice Corbett Poole. She was united in marriage to our Brother Deacon George Capps on October 23rd, 1943. Sister Capps was received into fellowship of Little Creek Church on Saturday before the Third Sunday in May, 1945, and was baptized by her pastor, Elder T. Floyd Adams, the following morning.

This committee feels a lack of ability to properly write of this precious sister's life in the church. She greatly loved the membership and was very generous in helping meet the obligations incurred by the church. She was saddened greatly by the death of Brother Capps, but remained faithful to attend our services when her health permitted.

Sister Capps was a patient and cheerful sufferer until the end. She was given solid support by her family and no effort or expense was spared in making her as comfortable as possible. Her last weeks were spent in the home of her sister, Mrs. Louise Thompson, in Garner, N. C.

Sister Capps is survived by two stepsons, William R. Capps of Newport, N. C., and Thomas L. Capps of Woodruff, S. C.; a brother, W. E. Poole of Garner, N. C.; three sisters, Mrs. Louise Thompson of Garner, N. C., Mrs. Dorothy Boyworth of Tarboro, N. C., and Miss Edith Poole of Garner, N. C., also, eight step-grandchildren. We have a deep feeling of sympathy for her family in this great loss and we hope they will be consoled as we have been by the firm belief that the soul of this precious sister is now in the paradise of God, awaiting that day for which all others were made when her body will be raised, rejoined by that soul and spirit and be carried to that house, not made by hands eternal in the heavens, where she will see her Saviour, be made like Him and be forever satisfied.

Her funeral service was conducted by her pastor, Elder R. L. Fish, assisted by Pastor Eddie Franks, after which her body was laid to rest beside the resting place of her husband, in Maplewood Cemetery, in Clayton, N. C., there to await the second coming of her Lord.

THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED, that one copy of this resolution be sent to **Zion's Landmark** for publication, one copy placed in our church records, and other copies be sent to the bereaved family.

Done by order of Little Creek Church in Conference on April 15th, 1982.

**Elder R. L. Fish, Moderator**  
**I. R. Casey, Clerk**  
**Sister Nellie Prince,**  
**Sister Annie P. Casey,**  
**I. R. Casey, Committee.**

**MEETING NOTICES****ASSOCIATIONS****ABBOTTS CREEK ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred Fifty-Seventh Annual Session of the Abbott's Creek Primitive Baptist Association will convene, if the Lord will, in August on Friday before the fourth Sunday and will continue through Saturday and Sunday, being the 20th, 21st and 22nd of August, 1982.

This session is to be entertained by the Mount Shepherd Church, and the members and friends of this church along with the five other churches that comprise the association extend to all of our corresponding brethren, sisters and friends a warm welcome and an unworthy desire of your presence.

The members of the Tom's Creek Church have graciously and generously consented for this session to be held at their meeting house and on their church grounds. Tom's Creek Church is located in Davidson County, near Denton, North Carolina, just off Highway No. 109. Those coming from the east and west should use Highway U.S. 64 to where it intersects with Highway No. 109, about nine miles north of Denton. At that point, take No. 109 south to the markers. Those coming from the north and south should come Highway No. 109 to the markers just north of Denton, North Carolina.

May it be God's will that we may have your love and sweet fellowship.

**W. I. Atkinson, Association Clerk**  
**605 Sherbrook Drive**  
**High Point, North Carolina 27621**

**MATES CREEK ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred Thirtieth Annual Session of the Mates Creek Primitive Baptist Association will convene, if the Lord will, with the Indian Fork Church, Culloden, Cabell County, West Virginia, beginning on Friday before the first Sunday in September, 1982, the dates being September 3, 4, and 5, 1982.

Indian Fork Church is located in Culloden, West Virginia. Those coming from the east, take Route 460 to the West Virginia Turnpike. Those coming from the south, take I-77 to West Virginia Turnpike, Take I-64 to Hurricane and No. 34. Take Business Route 34 through Hurricane to Route No. 60. Follow one mile west on Route No. 60 to Culloden; turn left at Elementary School. Go .4 miles to church on your right.

Elder Elmer Smith was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Woodrow Lake is his alternate.

Services, the Lord will, will commence at 11:00 (E.D.T.) on Friday, September 3, 1982.

**Elder Smith, Association Clerk**  
**Ransom, Kentucky 41558**

**NEW RIVER ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred Eighty-Eighth Annual Session of the New River Primitive Baptist Association, the Lord will, will convene with Wilson's Grove Church, Pulaski County, Virginia, on Friday before the second Sunday in September, 1982, the dates being September 10, 11 and 12th.

Wilson's Grove Church is located about two miles from Snowville, Virginia. Those coming on Int.-81, take Exit 31-A to service road left to first road right 272; also take Exit 31-B to 99 left to service road left for short distance; then first road right 272 to 693 left to 665 right to 620 left to first road left. Church is on hill behind trees.

Those coming from the north, east and west on Int.-81, take exit No. 34 first left 605 to 664 left at Pond on 613 to 693 right across bridge to 665 first road left to 620 left first road on left to church.

Those coming on Route 8 between Riner, Va., and Christianburg, Va., take 693 at Route 8. Drive to Snowville, Va. Cross bridge, take first road on left 665 on to 620 left to right road left to Wilson's Grove Church.

We do invite all of our corresponding brethren, sisters and friends to the New River Primitive Baptist Association this year at our 1982 session.

May God's grace and mercy continue to abide with us all.

**Elder J. S. Sechrist, Moderator**  
**G. E. Duncan, Clerk**

**SEVEN MILE ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred and Second Annual Session of the Seven Mile Primitive Baptist Association will convene, if the Lord will, at Seven Mile Church, Sampson County, North Carolina, on Friday before the third Sunday in September, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following. The dates are September 17, 18 and 19, 1982.

Directions to Seven Mile Church are as follows: Those traveling east on N.C. Route 55, turn right two miles west of Newton Grove, N.C. on State Road No. 1647. Follow to McLamb's Crossroads; turn right on State Road No. 1703. Go one mile to church. Those traveling north on U.S. 701, turn left at Monk's Crossroad near Newton Grove on State Road No. 1845 to McLamb's Crossroads. At McLamb's Crossroads turn left on State Road No. 1703. Go one mile to church.

Highways leading to traffic circle in Newton Grove, N. C. are Nos. 55, 50, 701 and 13. Those traveling any of these highways can follow easily for two miles west of Newton Grove on Highway (U.S. Route 13); turn south at Crossroads on State Road No. 1647. Go to McLamb's Crossroads. Turn right on State Road No. 1703 and go one mile to church.

Those traveling north on Route 421, turn right at Herring School on State Road No. 1703. Follow to church. Those going south on Highway 421, turn left on Route No. 13. Follow to two miles west of Newton Grove, N.C. Watch for pointers to association.

Services will commence at 11:00 (E.D.T.) on Friday, September 17th. Elder Delbert Carraway was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder J. W. Hawkins is his alternate.

The churches of the Seven Mile Association extend a general invitation to all our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us.

**C. W. Woods, Association Clerk,**  
**Route 1, Box 425**  
**Spring Lake, N. C. 28390**  
**Telephone: A.C. 919-497-3577**

**LITTLE RIVER ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred and Fifty-Third Annual Session of the Little River Primitive Baptist Association will be held at Middle Creek Church, Wake County, North Carolina, beginning Friday, September 24th and continuing through Sunday, September 26th, 1982, if it be the Lord's will. Elder S. J. Sauls was appointed to preach the introductory sermon. Elder E. T. Jones, alternate.

Those coming by way of Smithfield, N. C., take Hwy. 70 north to Clayton; where Highway 70 intersects Highway 42, take Highway 42 west and follow same about 11 miles to marker "Association." Turn right to Middle Creek Church, only a few hundred yards. Those traveling north on Hwy. 50 from Benson, N. C., turn west on Highway 42 at the intersection of these highways, travel about 2 1/2 miles to the "Association" marker.

Those coming to the association by way of Fuquay-Varina, N. C., take N.C. Hwy. 42 from Fuquay-Varina and travel east about 8 miles to the marker; turn left a few hundred yards to church. Those coming by way of Raleigh, N. C., take Highway 401 south. Follow Highway 401 about five miles to the intersection of Old

Stage Road (State Road No. 1006). Follow Old Stage Road 7 miles to Rockside Tire Sales & Service which is just beyond Ferrell's Garage and on a sharp curve. Bear to your left at "Y" intersection and go about 3 miles to church.

A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth to come and be with us during this session of our association.

**John R. Green, Association Clerk**  
**2825 Barmettler Street**  
**Raleigh, N. C. 27607**

**YELLOW RIVER ASSOCIATION**

The One Hundred Fifty-Seventh Annual Session of the Yellow River Primitive Baptist Association will convene, the Lord will, on the fourth Sunday, Friday and Saturday before in September, 1982, at East Atlanta Church. (Note: There has been a change of meeting place from the one shown in the 1981 minute.)

Directions to East Atlanta Church are as follows:

(a) From I-85 to 285 Bypass to I-20 West, follow I-20 to Moreland Avenue North. Cross under Dekalb and turn right on Dekalb West. Travel two blocks to Degress Avenue. Turn right on Degress. Church is located at 191 Degress Avenue.

(b) Alternate Route as follows: From I-85 exit at North Druid Hills to Briarcliff Road South, pass Little Five Points and take next exit at right to Dekalb Avenue. Turn right on Dekalb Avenue; travel two blocks to Degress Avenue. Church is located at 191 Degress Avenue.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren, sisters and friends, especially our ministering brethren, to meet with us.

**Jeffie Fitzpatrick, Association Clerk**  
**Route 4, Box 199,**  
**Commerce, Georgia 30529**

**UNION MEETINGS**

**LOWER COUNTRY LINE UNION**

The next session of the Lower Country Line Union will be held with the Church at Helena, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in August and will continue through Sunday following, if the Lord will.

Helena Church is located in Person County, about four miles south from Roxboro, N. C., just east of U.S. Route 501.

Elder Burch Wray was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Wallace Oakley is his alternate.

We welcome our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us and we extend a special invitation to our ministering brethren.

**Clyde Satterfield, Union Clerk**  
**Timberlake, N. C.**

**ANGIER UNION**

The next session of the Angier Union will meet, if the Lord's will, with Clement Church, Johnston County, N. C., the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in August, 1982.

Clement Church is located about four miles west of Four Oaks, N. C.

Elder T. Allen Johnson was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder S. J. Sauls is his alternate.

We invite all our brethren to come and meet with us, especially our visiting ministers.

**E. T. Jones, Union Clerk**  
**Fuquay-Varina, N. C.**

**BLACK RIVER UNION**

The next session of the Black River Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Seven Mile, Sampson County, N. C., beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in August, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following, if the Lord will.

Seven Mile Church is located about four miles west of Newton Grove, North Carolina, near McLamb's Crossroads.

Elder Delbert Carraway was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder J. W. Hawkins is his alternate.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren, sisters and friends, especially ministering brethren, to visit us.

**Alonzo Barefoot, Union Clerk**  
Newton Grove, N. C. 28366

**BLACK CREEK UNION**

The next session of the Black Creek Union will be held with the Church at New Chapel, Wayne County, N. C., but owing to convenience the meeting will be held at the Goldsboro Church, the Lord willing.

Goldsboro Church is located about 1/2 mile west of the U.S. 117 Bypass that goes around the city. Traveling south on U.S. 117 Bypass, turn left at Hines Wholesale Company, continue 1/2 mile to church on your left.

The union will meet on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before August, 1982. The introductory sermon is to be preached by Elder A. F. Langston and Elder J. B. Williams is his alternate.

We wish to invite our brethren, sisters and friends with a special invitation extended to our ministering brethren to meet with us.

**J. B. Williams, Union Clerk**  
225 Braswell Street  
Rocky Mount, N. C. 27801

**WHITE OAK UNION**

The next session of the White Oak Union will be held, the Lord willing, with the Church at Davis Memorial, Onslow County, North Carolina, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in August, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following.

Davis Memorial Church is located near Jacksonville, North Carolina. Those coming east on Highway U.S. Route 258, turn on Airport Road west of Jacksonville. Go to Floyd Pond; turn left and go about five miles to church on your left.

We extend an invitation to our brethren, sisters and friends with a special invitation given to our ministering brethren.

**Fernie R. Wood, Union Clerk**  
Route 1, Box 198-AA  
Chinquapin, N. C. 28521

**MILL BRANCH UNION**

The next session of the Mill Branch Union will be held, if the Lord will, with the Church at Tabor City, Columbus County, North Carolina, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in August, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following.

Tabor Church is located on U.S. Hwy. 701 (Business) in the city limit of Tabor City, North Carolina.

A cordial invitation is extended to our ministering brethren, brethren, sisters and friends to visit us.

**J. D. Wright, Union Clerk**  
110 Williams Street  
Tabor City, N. C. 28463

**BOOK AVAILABLE****Dear Elder Mewborn:**

I will appreciate it very much if you will mention in your paper, **Zion's Landmark**, the recent publication of my new book entitled, **THE HISTORY OF WELSH TRACT CHURCH AND THE LIFE OF ELDER JOHN GREEN EUBANKS**. The books sells for \$25.00 per copy delivered. On quantities order of three or more the price is \$16.08 per copy.

The book covers the history of the Primitive Baptists from about the year 200 A.D. to the present time with emphasis on the time in which Elder Eubanks lived. Chapter 2 covers the Revolutionary War in the State of Delaware from July 23, 1777, to September 9, 1777. Much of the information, used in the publication of this period, came from a diary of a Hessian soldier. Chapter 12 of the book is devoted to the Progency of John Eubanks, born in 1799. It is interesting to mention in this connection that all three of his children were members of the Old School or Primitive Baptist Church.

Send all orders to:

**Mr. P. R. Roberts, Jr.**  
47 East Cleveland Avenue  
Newark, Delaware 19711

# ZION'S LANDMARK

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY

BY

PRIMITIVE OR OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST

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JULY & AUGUST 1982

NOS. 8 & 9

"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27041

## THE CONTRAST

Arminians preach that Christ did die,

To save all those that just would try;

The Primitive cannot with them agree,

He died to save, we hope, just such as we.

They say He gave to all a chance,

That would do good and never dance;

We say that Salvation does not depend,

Upon good works of sinful men.

Sometimes they preach both night and day,

And call on all to try to pray;

We say that Christ will find you out,

Whether in church or walking about.

They say if you wait for such salvation,

You'll find at last just damnation;

We say that God gave His only Son,

To save His children everyone.

They say He died for everyone,

If we will do as they have done;

We say Christ has saved His heart's delight,

For they do wrong and they do right.

This Arminians surely do deny,

And say Christ will surely save us, if we try;

We say 'tis all by His free grace,

Without it none will ever see His face.

They say we have strayed from the rule,

Because we oppose the Sunday School;

We say the rule that God did give,

For parents to teach them how to live.

They say no one can explain Salvation,

Without they have a good education;

We say the servants of Christ can preach,

Without the aid of human to teach.

They say their banner is now unfurled,

Give them money, they'll convert the world;

We say without money and without price,

While all our love is centered in Christ.

They say we all should be ashamed,

For such a doctrine to proclaim;

We say we are not ashamed of Christ,

We will proclaim Him during life.

They say they send the Gospel to heathen land,

That they may save poor fallen man;  
We say the Gospel is the power of God,  
And will save poor sinners wherever they trod.

They say we are hard-hearted and have no  
compassion,

And all of our religion is old and all out of fashion;  
They said the same about Jesus Christ,  
And we desire to bear it like Him so nice.

They do not believe in Predestination,  
Because it does not embrace all creation;  
This knowledge to them we cannot impart,  
Until God changes their sinful hearts.

Many are going to be deceived,  
It's not what we do but what we believe;  
They have fine churches and organs to ring,  
And only a few are allowed to sing!

They have parties to draw in the money,  
And many other things that look very funny;  
We know the above to be the truth,  
We have heard it and seen it from our youth.

So live or die, survive or perish,  
Christ is the true believer's hope to cherish;  
So now I lay my pen to rest,  
But not my heart within my breast;  
And shall I ever see the time.  
When I am Christ's and Christ is mine?

( Anonymous )

## REPRINT

Due to a delay in getting the type on the press for our last issue, several lines in the poem, **THE LIFTING OF JESUS**, faded because of chemical deterioration. We are republishing it in this issue to correct.

Editor

### THE LIFTING OF JESUS

["Given Him A Name Which Is Above Every Name."  
[Phillipians 2: 9]

Jehovah is counsel resolved to fulfill,  
The purpose from eternity laid in His will;  
A decree too profound for seraphs to pry,  
And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

'Twas not from the creature salvation took place,  
The whole was of God, to the praise of His grace;  
And all to His glory shall attend by and by,  
To accomplish the lifting of Jesus on high.

His wisdom contrived the adorable design,  
Grace, mercy and peace, and good will toward man;  
The great *Three-In-One* did the same ratify,  
And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

Here all the perfections of Deity shine,  
Love, wisdom and power, and goodness divine;  
His justice and grace were honored thereby,  
'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

When first the great work to angels made known,  
They hailed Him in songs as the Lamb on the throne;  
The concave of heaven resounds with their cry,  
Good Man, Mediator, they lift Him on high.

Creation proclaims this great work of thy Hand,  
All beings and things in thy order they stand;  
Productions by chance we are led to deny—  
'Twas all made for the lifting of Jesus on high.

All things for His sake did Jehovah prepare,  
For of Him and to Him and through Him they are;  
All systems and worlds that revolve in the sky,  
Were all made for the lifting of Jesus on high.

## Zion's Landmark

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

### EDITOR

ELDER J. M. MEWBORN  
Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

### ASSOCIATE EDITOR

GEORGE A. FULK  
Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

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Set up as the Head of His mystical frame,  
 He honored the record of election with His name;  
 And nothing was wanting which God could supply,  
 To aid the uplifting of Jesus on high.

When man was created what wisdom we see,  
 The whole he possessed was the image of thee;  
 But O, in his fall we are led to espy,  
 'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

Here satan was nonplussed in what he had done,  
 The fall wrought the channel where mercy should run;  
 In streams of salvation which never run dry,  
 And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

When Adam to eat of the fruit was induced,  
 It answered the end which Jehovah designed;  
 No purpose of wisdom was altered thereby,  
 'Twas all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

From hence it appears He made nothing in vain,  
 For Adam thus formed was a link in the chain;  
 In him 'twas decreed that his members should die,  
 And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

The man that betrayed him the prophecy foretold,  
 The pieces of silver for which He was sold;  
 To prove his (Judas') salvation the world we defy,  
 He fell for the lifting of Jesus on high.

The law of sin and death that reigned anciently of old,  
 Was still His great mercy and love to unfold;  
 Which did in the womb of eternity be,  
 And all for the lifting of Jesus on high.

In the fullness of time He came under the law,  
 Its jots and its tittles He answered we know;  
 And stretching His arms, did on Calvary die,  
 To accomplishing the lifting of Jesus on high.

He slept in the tomb until the morning arose,  
 That signed His release and confounded His foes;  
 Then bursting its bars He ascended the sky,  
 To reign in His glory eternal on High.

JOHN KENT [England]  
 Born 1776, Died 1843

**(SELECTED)  
 "REVEREND"  
 NOT FOR  
 YOUR PASTOR**

"He sent redemption unto His people; He hath commanded His covenant forever: holy and reverend in His name" (Psalm 111:9).

Holy and reverend is the Lord's name is the way God's written words puts it. A reverend is one who is

worthy of reverence and I believe that God is the only one worthy of such an honor.

Look at 1 Timothy 5:17. "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honor, especially they who labor in the word and doctrine." The qualifications of a preacher are, indeed, high but not high enough for him to be called reverend. Many ministers today are not even worthy of the title "preacher" much less "reverend." No matter how great a man may be, his righteousness is as filthy rags in God's sight and all come short of the glory of God. Can we truthfully call a human being a reverend?

When people address me, I don't want them calling me reverend. Call your preacher, "Pastor," "Brother," "Elder," or some other title that belongs to a preacher and not a title belonging to God. Would you call your preacher "Holy"? That's God's title just as much as reverend, because "holy and reverend is his name." (Psalm 111:9).

The only time reverend is mentioned in the Bible, it is mentioned with God's name in our text. Psalm 111:9. May God bless us to keep His titles in their right place or proper perspective!

**Allen H. Higginbotham**  
 (From *The Baptist Examiner*,  
 July 24, 1982)

**A SINCERE REQUEST**

**Dear Brother Mewborn,**

Due to my part time work in nursing companionship, I have a lot of time on the side for reading. I have just finished reading something so wonderful that I wish you would consider having it published again in the *Zion's Landmark*. This article, entitled **Turton's Pillar**, was published in the July, 1949, issue of the paper, which was over 33 years ago. Brother Mewborn, I have read this article through several times in these years and enjoyed it just as much the last time (tonight), as I did the first time back in July, 1949. People think they are having hard times now, but all it takes to be convinced that others have had to endure more in the past is to read this article.

It is my understanding that Turton belonged to the Strict Baptist Church of England, his membership having been in London. Someone has told me that this

church, the Strict Baptist Church of England, doctrinally speaking, is the equivalent or counterpart, comparatively speaking, of our Predestinarian, Old School or Primitive Baptist Church here in the United States of America. If I am not deceived, Turton bore evidence as one taught of the true and living God. I hope you will have it republished in the paper again for I believe many will appreciate reading it.

**Love to you and your family,**

**Bessie Jo Pittman  
Selma, N. C. 27576  
June 30, 1982**

#### FROM THE EDITOR:

Dear Subscribers and Readers of Zion's Landmark,

We are complying with Sister Pittman's request. I have had time to re-edit the article, that she mentioned above, again for publication, but a tremendous work load in the past few weeks has made it altogether impossible to edit other articles and letters for publication in the paper at this time. This summer has been most difficult to cope with for many of us and we beg for your understanding in these times. Due to the length of this article and also not being able to prepare an editorial, the latter is being omitted for this issue.

Thank you for your understanding and continued support. It is appreciated.

**Humbly yours in hope,  
J. M. Mewborn**

#### TURTON'S PILLAR

##### Part I

##### Conversion

In the year 1839, October 27th, I came into this world in a Godly home in the village of Haydock, near St. Helen's, Lancashire, (England). My grandmother, my father, my dear mother, feared God above any I have known, deep down in poverty and hard labour. They had six children. One died in infancy, five grew up, and entered the marriage state. I, the worst, have lived the longest, through sovereign mercy.

My father was the strongest man I ever knew; he could carry sacks of wheat under his arm as others would carry a parcel. He worked hard for 11 dollars a week, and my dear mother worked hard in the fields when the weather was fit, to help to get us bread. They

never missed the Sabbath services for over sixty years; and my dear old father took every child he had to Sabbath meeting at three years old for he used to say, "My seed shall serve Him." I believe if ever parents tried to bring their children up in the way they should go, mine were those parents. My dear old father would read no book but the Bible; and when he instructed us children, it was in Bible language; when he corrected us, it was the same. And my dear mother (bless her!) was more earnest than he, if that could be. Her prayers, her tears, her rebukes for sin, her loving correction and Godly counsel hang about me to this day; and I can remember her words, her looks, her waving hand, her pleasant smile, her withering frown, and her placing her hand on the Bible, which was always in our sight. Sometimes, she would quote from it, and sometimes a look was enough, with her broad hand on the open page. Even then, as a child, I do not know whether my mother's eye or the sight of the Bible had the greater effect on my little mind and young heart. We were acquainted with no other literature than the Holy Book; nothing else would do with my dear father and mother but the Bible. He used to sing the Psalms to his heart's delight; even the ungodly neighbors would say, "Old John is happy, hear him singing."

But let me tell some of the history of my childhood life. I was a bright, healthy boy, much thought of by my parents and my dear old grandmother. We never had anything but brown, dry bread, potatoes, and buttermilk, until I was seven years of age; and then I went to work in the coal mine with my elder brother for 6 dollars per day, and we thought we should soon be millionaires. Then we began to have a bit of white bread, and a taste of tea on a Sunday, and sometimes we got a bit of bacon to our potatoes. Often, my dear old father, after a hard day's work, had filled his belly with milk and potatoes and dry bread. Still, his strength remained in him, and at threescore and ten he could carry logs of timber, props, and bars which no other younger men would tackle, during of which time he never complained. Truly he was an Issachar. And he would not rob his master of a minute's work. He was an extraordinary man, lived an extraordinary life and died an extraordinary death. He lived 92 years in one house, died in the same corner of the room in which he was born, never slept a single night in any other room, never rode in a cab,

coach, or carriage in all his long life, and never required a doctor. He was a born slave, and yet he was God's freeman. I should say the freest man I have ever known. He lived unto His God and died in the full assurance of faith that he would shortly be in His presence in glory.

But leaving him, I shall come back to myself. Well, now, I had all impressed so deeply in my memory, and grounded in my heart all of these things that it might be thought I could not depart from the good way, Prov. xxii. 6. But let me tell of the terrible effects of sin and how I got away from the good path for up to seven years of age I had followed, as I thought, Prov. iv. 20: "My son, attend to my words; incline thine ear unto my saying." In these coal mines I lost much of my childish innocence; the men would swear and talk language I had never heard. Here poor, fallen nature became a prey to almost every evil, and I was quick to take it in. Sinners and sin so broke in upon my young, simple soul that I grew in it like a willow. I had not been long in this employment before my parents perceived a difference in my conduct, and they doubled their efforts, but to no purpose; sin cannot be quelled but by Almighty power. There was no escaping the evil influence; I was in it from four in the morning until six at night. I never saw the daylight from October until March, only on Sundays. Besides this, I was ankle deep in a sludge all the while, until I got a change of work in another mine. Here I learned to fight, swear, lie, and cheat. Few could excel me. I got so inured in sins of every sort that my dear parents were sorely troubled, although I hid everything from them I could.

About this time, my dear old grandmother died, and my young, wicked heart melted at the sight of her face. I thought of the tears I had seen run down her furrowed face as she read the Book of God, and another book by John Flavel, and yet another, Fox's Book of Martyrs. She was the means of dropping the seeds of something into my heart that still remains until this day and hour. Hers was a well ordered walk besides her faith in Christ. There used to be an old mongrel man who visited us occasionally. He was a real gentleman, a universal lover, but my grandmother so riddled him from time to time that all the love he had professed to have for her died away and turned to hatred. To Arminian Baptists, she gave no quarter. She was hard upon Arminians, but not too hard at times with some moderation. I feel I have the same spirit in

me. Yet, I cannot tolerate them at times. Well, they buried my dear grandmother, a real, praying saint. She would say, when reading those wonderful accounts in God's Book, with much emphasis, "Every word is true." Now I proved the needs-be for all that in after years. When I read Tom Paine and such books, my fears would come in like a flood upon me, and often some of her words would come for she made a clean job of all skeptical books. I bless God that I had such a grandmother as she. I think of her now often. I have not forgotten her dear old face after seventy years. When crossing the Jordon, she told my dear mother and sister all was well. Now I leave her, feeling satisfied she had been found of that precious Jesus she so much talked and sang about for she could sing at four-score with a melodious voice.

Now, let me return to my early days and the wild experiences I underwent. I was now getting twelve years old, and had had five year's training in the dark shades and black hearts. I had made great strides in these dark chambers, but kept as good as I could at home before my parents and eldest sister. She had profited by parental tuition; I had refused everything; and as time went on I became more hardened in sin. I took to gambling, boxing, dog-fighting, and cock-fighting on the Sabbath day, crucifying my dear ones at home. This way I went on until the appointed time rolled on to, I trust, my call by grace.

I dare not write a full account of all I was subject of. I was in the hands of the natural law more than once, and should have suffered a good term of imprisonment, but the magistrate dealt leniently, and let me off with a fine. He told me himself that had it not been for the respect that all had for my parents, he would have carried out the law to its utmost bounds or full intent. Here, perhaps, I have an experience that all men have not, and can feel for those poor wretches when they listen to their sentences. Though the magistrate dealt very gentle with me, my wicked heart was boiling with rage which, I believe, is the case with most of these poor, fallen beings who groan under the power of sin and the devil. Now I will just mention the difference between receiving a lenient sentence and a free pardon. In 1859, I was locked up in Liverpool, and when brought out before the Bench, as I looked at the men round the table and the man above with the wig on, O how I longed to have a rush upon them! I felt

sure I could kill, at least, one or two. This, I believe, is the wrath that works in a prisoner's bosom in these times and places. But look now. They charged me, and I pleaded guilty, for I was guilty. They talked the matter over, and the judge said, "Young men, as this is your first offense, and judging from your appearance that you have been led astray, I acquit you." The moment he uttered those words I seemed petrified. Every shade of wrath sifted out of my heart. I could have cast myself at his feet and adored him.

Here, I have to speak of God's preserving care over me in my younger days. Mine was, perhaps, an exceptional case. I have three special divine providences in my mind. Once I was in the mine when a fire took place, and five of us crept in a hole expecting to be roasted. But the fire went out, God only knows how and why? We had a job afterwards to get out, and the extent of cursing and swearing that went on I cannot tell. But this shows how men in explosions are hurried into eternity. Another time I was made up in a place full of damp, so called. Two hours I was there, and God surely kept me awake, for a man could not live twenty minutes in foul gas like that, except some unseen Power was there. Another deliverance in the same place I experienced in this way: I was working in great danger when a large stone fell ten feet, not a hand's breadth from me, which would have crushed me to death in a moment. The first of these was in my state of unregeneracy, in 1862, and four others were spared as well as I. My elder brother was one, who was killed in the mine ten years after. He was in the covenant of grace, but knew it not then. The others were cut off in their sin and blood. I think none have more need than I to sing,

"Wonders of grace to God belong,"  
and wonders of His providence, too.

Now I come to the time when God would show surprising grace--yea, to him who had gone over every line, only not this line of sovereign grace, the exception. For grace shall reign over sin; none can get beyond that. But I need to explain how I got out of the broad, iron, dark road going down to hell, and into the narrow, bright, shining way that leads upward to heaven. I will attempt to tell how it took place. The sceptic laughs at it, the wise and learned would beat me, and charge me not to tell it any further. But as it

was with Peter and John, so it is now; we cannot but speak and tell the wonders of Jehovah. I stopped at nothing until God stopped me and He did it at a stroke. In 1862, I was in a drinking frolic along with others of a like order. Late in the evening or early morning, our evil passions broke out, and in these things I was always the first. But I must omit of necessity, the things that were done that night. I fell into the hand of the law; my mate fled the country and has never been heard of since. Now here comes the sovereign mercy, the uncontrollable will of God, the gracious power of the Spirit of God, frustrating the awful determination of wicked men. I had purposed killing the officer that took charge of me. I had fixed the spot on his beat, and went to get drink to inflame me for the deed; but the more I drank, the more sober I was. I left the house disgusted at the drink, because it took no effect. Now comes the peculiar moment. As I neared the spot where I purposed to kill the man and bury him under a tree, some peculiar Power came over me. I could only stand still, and O, such a horror came over me. I thought God was about to kill me and drop me into hell. O, I cannot describe my feeling, my fears, and the awful Majesty surrounding me! A light seemed to flash around me. I knew not what to do; but in a moment I ran under the very tree I had intended for his grave, and fell on my knees, craving mercy from God. How long I was there I cannot tell, but when I got home my dear old mother blessed God aloud. But I got to bed out of sight, to reflect upon it all. And O the change! The night before I was meditating murder; this night I was trying to cry for mercy, but knew not how to obtain it. I knew there was no mercy for devils, and such I thought I was.

In the morning shame seemed to cover me and my conscience began to own her guilt. I had no word for any. Guilt stopped my forward mouth. I was surprised to see such pleasure hang about my dear mother's face. She explained to me in after time that she felt persuaded that God was answering her long and many prayers. This composed her under it all. But Oh, had she known the wormwood and the gall I was just beginning to partake of, she would have felt for my distress. She told me afterwards she did not care what I suffered, now God had begun to work, for she knew He would do it well; and so He did. That God whom I had blasphemed and set at nought I could now see as a terrible Judge, an awful Being, at whom and whose piercing sight I would fain have escaped, but I knew not

where to flee. I durst not look heavenward; I felt His wrath was upon me. O if I could have found a place to hide in from His awful presence, how glad I would have been! But His peering Eye was upon me night and day, sleeping and waking; both seemed alike to me. I had gloomy, distressing dreams of hell, and visions of dark abodes for such as I, with eternal torments awaiting me. If I read the Word, it was a terror to me; if I left it off, I was worse. At this time I was working in the coal mines, and once I went into the old workings, secretly wishing I might be buried by a falling roof and be lost, so that none would know what had come to me. But after waiting in vain some time, I came out for all was quiet. Now I thought I had done the last and worst deed men could do, for I was now convinced of self-murder, which is the worst of all crimes. I cannot tell what I suffered through with the inward thoughts of that willful act, but it was terrible for a time. Satan tempted me to plunge headlong again into those things I formerly delighted in, but O the mercy of God manifested toward me here! He gave me to see it was Satan tempting me, and I vowed times and times that I would never obey his voice again, never serve him again, never listen to him again. But in a time of great trial my head was shaven and left without any strength, and while my hair was growing, I got mauled terribly. But, afterward I found my path smoother for a time.

My dear father and mother knew no better than I knew myself. They took every opportunity to read the Word to me and tried to encourage me, but I durst not handle the Word myself. Oh, no! I thought only pure, holy hands could rightly touch that blessed, sacred Book. God made me smart here before I durst handle it myself, for I had scouted it, ridiculed it, done despite to it. I knew the reverence with which it was held at home and Satan set me more against it on that account. I was such a wild fool that I obeyed him implicitly in all things; never had he a more willing servant.

For two years my flesh seemed to decay, and my dear mother mourned over me. But O, I went through something in that time. I wandered about that terrible Mount Sinai, until I was ready to perish, and perish I must have done, had not God in mercy sent relief. O what a ray of hope is worth in these experiences! I got rays of hope at these times, but I did not know it was hope for good. I used to think these flashes that darted through my soul were to make my condemnation the

greater, and aggravate my miserable existence the more. O, that thought of those years of life and death even now, half a century after! I have been going to chapel near fifty years, and there is one hymn in our book, 189, that I do not remember ever being sung without its bringing trouble and sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes:

"O let my voice proclaim the joys  
My heart and tongue have felt;  
And let my tongue declare the woes  
My soul has known thro' guilt!

Long in the paths of sin I trod,  
And in her foulest way,  
Provoked a kind and gracious God,  
And grieved Him day by day.

He doom'd me in the dust to lie  
In sorrows sharp and long;  
Then changed my sadness into joy,  
My mourning to a song."

And though the last lines of it are heaven to my soul, yet I tremble when it is given out. And there is another hymn (by Bonar), which I have not looked at many times in these fifty years; it so shatters my poor frame that I am afraid to look at it, but I do love it. It is this: "I was a wandering sheep," etc. And many scriptures there are that shiver my soul until I tremble. But now some poor sinner may say, "I wonder what passage those are that so affect you." Eh, there are many; I give a few. "I know thy rebellion and thy stiff neck," etc. (Deut. III. 27) "I will not go up in the midst of thee; for thou art a stiff-necked people: lest I consume thee in the way" (Exod. xxxiii. 3-5). "But they obeyed not neither inclined their ear, but made their neck still, that they might not hear, nor receive instruction." (Jer. xvii. 23.) With such as these my parents used to correct and rebuke me. My dear mother's words were sharp swords in my heart; and even now, after fifty years have passed away and they have both gone to their heavenly home, when I open the Bible on some of these portions, I tremble from head to foot at the remembrance of the terrible things I experienced at that time. When I come across those parts and passages of Scripture that condemned me, they cut me off from any hope in God's mercy. And more, they consigned me to eternal torments in the

deepest hell, they bring the remembrance of the wormwood and gall that so tormented my soul to the last degree of life. It was real, it was not imaginary, for I lived nearly two years under this condemnation. And if Christ had not appeared to deliver me, I felt I could have lived no longer under the fiery law and thunderings of Sinai for the rolling noise and scorching flame had drunk up (as I thought) the last drop of life out of both soul and body.

But it may be said, "I thought you were made free from everything." So I am, blessed be Jesus Christ He redeemed my soul, liberated the poor, devil-captured slave, He opened the blind eyes covered with tenfold cataracts, removed the flint from my heart (and it was flint, too). Almighty power alone could change a heart like mine, but He did it, and did it effectually for within was a cross between good and evil which was now mine to bear. And I thank God from my heart that I have known these things, with all the sorrow, pain, and grief they bring. Now when I reflect that so vile a monster of iniquity, such a blasphemer, such a rebel, that would not hear, that would not be controlled, that swore treble oaths that I would obey neither God nor man, has obtained mercy, how can I not be affected at the thought of these things? I have thought sometimes it was as marvellous to save as it would be to save the devil. But when I consider the covenant of grace, it leads me into another world of thought, another atmosphere altogether, but I cannot do this at will. If I could, I would never take a retrospect of my former life, but God has said it, "Thou shalt remember all the way." Not part of it "which the Lord thy God hath led thee" (Deut. viii. 2). I have tried, perhaps, as much as any man I know, to keep in the pleasant path, but I have found and do find, that God leads the blind by a way they know not.

The last Good Friday that I served the devil, he drew me so near his dark, dismal abode, with the very foam of the surging pit upon me, that I was more like a devil than a man. I set off early to Newton Common, a suburb of hell, where every abomination was practiced, and here I had a full day to my heart's content. However, I cannot say that some of my dear mother's thorns did not prick me. And the Sunday following was the day my dear Redeemer ascended on high, led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, yea, for this rebellious, corrupt, abomination of the earth-I

went again to fight cocks, swim ducks, and drink and gamble. Shortly after this, the scene I have narrated took place when God stopped me. And glory be to God-Father, Son and Spirit, the following Good Friday, 1863 I was groaning sighing, praying, lest I should drop into the pit.

Between this Good Friday and the next in great trouble I went to the Church of England to hear a red hot, fiery Arminian. Now I went up into the gallery, where none went scarcely, and as he read the Litany, this part, "By Thine agony and bloody sweat, by Thy cross and passion, by Thy precious death and burial, by Thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost," eh, I crept down to the bottom of the high box pew where nobody saw me. Here I saw Jesus Christ crucified, buried, rise again, and go right up into heaven. I crept out before the other people, and got home by myself. After this I was as sad as before, or worse for I thought it could not be for me who had so abused Him and every holy sacred thing. I durst not tell anybody, not even my dear father and mother. But O, had I known that Christ was so near, so ready to save, with such abundant pardons in His hands--O, I say, if I could have known this, how it would have relieved me! But God's predestinated time was the best time--to give liberty to the captive, to open the prison door, bind up the wounds, heal the broken, bleeding heart, and raise the feeling dead soul to life.

Now comes Good Friday, 1864, when I walked some miles to hear the joyful sound, and heard it. I saw the Lamb of God stretched on the bloody tree for me. Dear Bradbury preached, and sang an anthem (and who could sing like him I do not know). Eh, I heard the gospel sweetly, and my misery was considerably abated. The remembrance of it is still fresh upon my memory today, March 16, 1911, though so long ago. When I look back to the hole (or pit) that I was in when Christ showed me His bleeding body, it breaks me all to pieces. I neither knew nor cared for Christ until He appeared to me in His agony and humiliation.

Now between the years 1859 and 1866, dear Mr. Bradbury was going through the village of Haydock, teaching and preaching the kingdom of God. I can never calculate the value of that man to me, and not to me only, but to every one of our family. O, the prayers offered by him and the songs that were sung from time

to time, heaven knows them! If there is such a thing as pure love down here, God gave it to that dear man and me. In the beginning of our love, I wondered how he could come near me for I knew he was conscious of all my devilism, and I felt loathsome to myself. But love covereth every sin; so it was. I could see nothing else in him but grace; yes, all in our home had great esteem for him. After a hard day of visiting and preaching, he would walk a mile to spend an evening hour with us in reading and prayer. Though I had not yet received the pardon or forgiveness of my sins, I loved to hear him talk of the great Persons, the glorious Trinity; and the time was drawing near for my pardon, when God in sovereign mercy would make known and reveal my Sonship and seal me an Heir of heaven.

At length Mercy's Angel form appeared and Christ was in it. I saw Him the second time as a loving, pardoning, saving Jesus. It was one Sunday evening-- Oh, that memorable night when dear Bradbury was preaching from Song iii. Also, he quoted these blessed words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heaven laden, and I will give you rest." Eh dear! those words rushed into my withered soul like a living stream for truly I felt my poor soul withering away. Moses had withered it, and my body too, so that my bones were bare. Wherever I looked in the Word (when I thirst), condemnation took hold of me keener and keener. O, mine was hard labour and no rest; I had solemnly concluded there was no heaven for me, only a yawning hell. I cannot write these things even now without tears. But look how near that surprising mercy was to my soul when I was lost, when I had no strength, when I could not pray, only sigh and groan only smite my poor breast, only fear the next day would be my last, then He comes, the glorious Deliverer with salvation in His hands, with love flowing from His loving heart into my thirsty soul. I looked at Christ with His hands stretched out and said, "O God, what is it? am I really alive? must I live?" I now had hope of heaven; yea, the words of grace, love, **EVERLASTING LOVE**, so flooded my soul that all doubt, fear, death, the devil, everything was gone; and Christ, glory, heaven, and immortality reigned in my soul. Now I had rest, the load was gone, hell was gone and heaven was mine. Christ put His yoke upon me, and O how true the words, "My yoke is easy, and My burden is light!" I went home another man. Christ and I went together near two miles. I could not tell what passed between us. This I know, I kept

telling Him how I loved Him, and He smiled at me all the while and never upbraided me with one word. Then began our love, and it is as warm today as it was then. I cannot think of it even now without weeping eyes and a broken spirit.

Though I have travelled through fire and flood, wind and storm, wild and bewildering tempest, this precious yoke of Christ has never hurt me, never troubled me, never been irksome. No, bless His dear name, I love it. When I have been sorely pressed, the lion roaring, providence frowning, pain increasing, and no friend near to sooth the grief, then some drops of the oil of joy for mourning have found their way to my soul from His loving heart. Some gracious word has fallen on my ear, bringing comfort into my soul, and allaying the fear that was in my heart. So I have found it all through this dreary, rugged way. I must say this Jesus is altogether lovely, and His yoke is easy and His burden is light. Had I not had to go into the world for my daily bread, I would have felt the most heavenly minded creature in this world, but in spite of all opposition, I enjoyed much of His sweet presence. The Word was sweet, the gospel was heavenly music, the saints were holy in my sight. Zion's songs were sweet delights.

Here I have been looking over what I have written, and find abundance of things I have missed, because they did not come up before me as I was narrating the wonderful things God had done for me in a way of preservation both before my call and after. I have not these things written down, but the Holy Ghost cut them so deep in my heart, soul and mind that I shall never forget them. Through Mr. Bradbury I went to the Baptists. Dear Mr. Vaughan was the first Baptist minister I heard. He preached in June, 1865, from Psalm xiv. 4: "There is a river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God," etc., and I thought Heaven had come down into the chapel. I could see nothing but majesty and glory; I lost sight of the man, but I heard his voice like heavenly music. The time was gone, and I knew it not. Next came John Kershaw. Now Mr. Bradbury said, "You must not miss John; he is a God-sent man, you will like him." Eh! and didn't I like him? He read his text: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Here was another display of God the Father, of Christ and of the Holy Ghost. In the following year, it fell out in the providence of God that Mr. Bradbury left

Haydock. Since that time, I have kept with the Baptists, and I shall die with them, and they will bury me.

**TURTON'S PILLAR**  
Part II  
**Prosperous to Hard Times**

The first drawing away that I felt was towards my very dear wife. She was a hearer of dear Bradbury and a lover of him too. Here, my old master appeared to me again for he urged that I could not love a woman and Christ, too. This was a great trial. Now in my wild, dark days he never could succeed in tempting me with women, though he tried his best. Though seven devils were cast out, woman was not one of them. He drew many pictures to keep me from my purpose of forming an acquaintance with my dear one. I had little hope that she would look toward me, for she was brought up not over two miles from me, and all knew my career. However, I was not to be cowed, if once a thing got into my brain; but this had got lower than my brain, and nothing could stop it. So after many prayers, I went to make my request known, but, to my great disappointment, she was from home on business. I left word with her mother that I would be there at such a time tomorrow, and I should deem it a favour to have an interview with her. The mother looked crusty and gave me no encouragement, but I pressed it home that I must see her tomorrow. I marched up at that time, and knocked at the door as one having authority. The door opened, and the mother with her straight face met me again. "Good day," I said, "where is your daughter?" As I spoke, she came into the kitchen where I was. I put out my hand, and said, "Good day, how are you?" But no reply, "Now" I thought, "I have won the battle at the first blow." But I further said, "I want a little private talk with you." She opened the parlor door; we went in. To relieve her I said, "I have come to ask you to be my wife." I never forget the look; she knew not what to say but wished me to let her consider it. "Eh," I said, "you do not need consider, you are my wife. I will come and see you again" (naming the day and time). All was well. Now we looked to the time when we should be one, and soon it arrived. We were married on December 7, 1867. To tell our life would fill a folio, but our marriage was joy and peace, and we lived together forty-three years without a quarrel. O the wonderful gospel we heard, the wonderful power that attended it, and the wonderful

effects it produced! Really it is all wonderful, when it is understood that ours is a wonder-working God. Well now, we went on in these pleasant ways for nine months, and came to the (bitter) waters of Marah. My dear wife's father died with a week's illness. This was bitter, indeed, for she loved him much, but he died on **The Rock** singing a short time before he died.

"Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God."

After this break in our enjoyment, we went on smoothly again for nearly four years, until 1872, when my dear brother, John, who was called by grace the same year that I was, got killed in the mine, leaving a widow and seven children. Here, I had what I had hoped never to experience again--rebellion. Awful rebellion sprang up in my heart against God for this stroke. I always feel afraid to think of it. God in mercy took it away, but some time passed before I could feel that familiarity I had had with the Lord or at His footstool, or conversing with friends of His goodness and grace. I believe it was sanctified for my good for in all that has befallen me since that time, that terrible rebellion has come as a picture before me. As a warning, I have taken it, and instead of rebelling, I have been enabled by grace to say, "Thy will be done."

Forty years have passed since the above heavy stroke. I have gone through many storms since then. The gate has been strait and the way narrow since then. The floods have run high, the fires have been hot, and faith has been tried since then. To mention some of these might help some poor thing caught in a storm.

The next trial after the above, I mean death trial, was that of my dear wife's mother. Painful was the experience of sickness for months together night and day, but the end was triumphant. She passed away with glory in her soul and heaven was in view. My dear one was ever in bed for weeks and suffered the rest of her life with swollen legs and feet, through loss of rest and painful anxiety. This was a great trial to me, but the promise was made good, "As thy day, so shall thy strength be." But, although it was a great trial, it left behind it a lasting mark to remind us of the great things God had done in taking her father and mother to that glorious heaven so long looked for. After many fears of not obtaining, they yet had abundant entrance. After this, we had again some years of pleasure, save the

afflictive cross above mentioned. Mr. Bradbury came to preach in the old place two or three times a year. These were jubilee days to us. And he continued to do so until within about two years of his death, which took place in 1905.

Here, I must turn back some few years for I am smitten with this rod, that I am not making a clean breast with everything. I would not relate it but to show forth the sovereign grace of our ever merciful God. About this time I was friendly with two customers, worldly men, though decent and moral. One was a churchman, the other nothing. I could persuade this one (the latter) to come to chapel with me sometimes, but the churchman (so-called) I never could for he thought us heretics. However, after tea on a Sabbath evening, these two called upon me to take a walk with them. After repeated calls, I did take a walk one nice, warm evening, and in our walk we came to a licensed (beverage) house kept by a relation of the non-professor's. He said, "Let us call and see him." I said, "You go; I will wait till you come." The next time I went with them I was overcome and went in, and took a ginger beer. Now the job was done. I had heard dear Vaughan that day, and his words kept pricking me and hurting me, so that I could not rest. I durst not tell my wife. She would not have believed an angel that I had been in a pub, and especially on a Sabbath evening. But no more. O, that night I wanted no supper. My wife kept looking at me with her innocent eyes that never deceived me—but no word; yet, I thought she was under suspicion. When I fell asleep, God gave me this dream: I saw myself drunken and depraved, worse than in my darkest, wretched days. O, what this dream did for me! It was like a second conversion. I told my friends not to call upon me again, for I should never go again. This staggered them for they knew I should not go, and it put us more apart. Still the non-professor kept me in trade as long as he lived, but the churchman died 15 pounds in my debt.

Now after this very salutary and merciful lesson, we kept going on in our business quite cheerily. My heart was full of gratitude to God for His goodness in so mercifully delivering me from snares and temptations, and drawing me closer to Himself. After this time, our dear old brethren, the Baptists, opened a Sunday night prayer meeting. I began to go, and even go yet, bless the Lord for this. Often, I have gone

bewildered, hoping to be missed by the good old deacon, but it often fell out that when I had the most fears, then I had to say a word in prayer. And truly I did feel I knew not how to pray or what to pray for. After one of these praying, fearing times, one of the deacons told me how good it was to him and he seemed helped, but I was buffeted still for I knew not a word that was said. This is the way I have been harassed by Satan, sin, and unbelief, and now, after all these years, Satan still plagues me, and delights to maul me.

Next comes my own dear father's death. He died as he had lived. He was kept in great measure from those terrible conflicts with Satan, sin, and unbelief that some of the saints of God are harassed with—even poor I, if I be one of His elect. God seemed to give him (my father) great faith. I have known none that lived like him, nor have I known one that died like him. He had no pain, and was quite sensible. I said to him the day before he died, "How do you feel, father, in your soul as to your present state?" He gave me a look I shall never forget, and began to repeat many scriptures to prove what God had done for him, was doing in him, and what He would shortly do. I was rather backward at asking him any more questions just then; he had staggered me. I thought if I had a grain of that faith he had, how happy I should be! He said to my dear mother a minute before he died, "God is taking me to Himself, and He will take care of thee." Then he shut his eyes and died without a groan, April 15, 1887. My dear mother seemed ready to die at the time, but God supported her. She lived another five years.

In the year 1889, when dear Bools was preaching, I had a sight of Christ in His sufferings that overwhelmed me. I saw Him bleeding, dying, groaning, and I begged of God He would let me alone, or I felt I must die on the seat. I seemed to hear those eternal words, "FATHER, FORGIVE THEM." But I do not know where the poor sinner is that can fully or perfectly describe Christ in His sufferings or in His glory. O, that time! I was on the back seat, how glad I was! My poor dear wife knew what ailed me, but I could not talk to her of it for some time.

My mother gradually lost her sight, and was quite blind for the last two years of her life. I loved her much, and stuck to her to the last. So did my dear wife love her; and my eldest sister watched over her night and day with every possible care. Dear Bradbury sent her a

weekly donation for years, and though her blindness was a great affliction, I am persuaded there were times she was quite reconciled to it. I took every opportunity to spend an hour or two with her, though living nearly two miles from her. She had watched over me, and prayed over me in those dark days, and God gave me a strong desire to do all I could for her. The last week she lived, I went after business, and stayed with her through the night, and O, what I learned in those nights! Sometimes, she forgot there was anyone there but God and herself, and the holy, heavenly communion that went on between them I can never describe. The last portion of the wonderful Book that I read for her was Psalm cxxxii., on the night before she died, about 12:30, when her very soul seemed to dance within her. She held up her thin hand and praised the Lord marvellously, and prayed earnestly for God to take her to her heavenly mansion; and in twelve hours He answered that prayer. She never spoke again, but once during those hours I had her thin hand in mine, and I said, "Mother, if God is with you and you are happy, squeeze my hand." And O, how she kept squeezing it! and she died without a struggle or a groan. Thus ended a precious life, dear to me.

The first glimpse I had of that glorious place the Lord has prepared for all His blood-redeemed people, was about this time, now twenty years ago, as I lay ill in bed. There, I lay wondering what it meant. I saw Jesus enthroned on high in glory, and the Father seated beside Him in all the splendor of His Majesty, and the Spirit moving all glorious trains of living, adoring, glorified beings, some I knew, some I knew not. But O, the glory, majesty and grandeur I cannot describe.

Dear Watts has it in those beautiful lines:

"There all the heavenly hosts are seen  
In shining ranks they move  
And drink immortal vigor in,  
With wonder and with love."

Now, having had this sight, I have no fear of death, for Christ will convey me through the shadow. It is only a shadow, see Psa. xxiii. This was a blessed time to me. I told my dear wife how I had seen the Glory. She believed me, and rejoiced with me at the great goodness of the Father of mercies in so graciously dealing with such a poor, ignorant sinner as I. I told another dear saint, who I thought understood

all mysteries, but he only smiled and said nothing. This was a damp cloth on my mouth, and I have not told it again until now.

But in twelve months after the above display of divine goodness, there was a change in providence. Now I was nearing a new roadway, a path I had never travelled in; and had I known what was before me, I should have wished to die with my dear mother. In the following year the great coal strike of 1893 came as a great calamity upon us. We were in the midst of it, for I believe we had not one customer but worked in or about the mine. We had done a good business, and worked hard; we had got a bit of property and a bit of money, a good stock of eatables and wearables, and a good stock of patent medicines. But the eighteen-week stop cleared us of everything and put us in debt. This was what we had never known before. Many of our customers left us, some owing 10 pounds, some 50 pounds; some blamed me for letting everything go. Well, I had been a collier myself, and I helped them all I could to win the battle. Yet, they proved treacherous, and instead of stopping with me, they left. A great misfortune to me was a big store and another drug shop started within a quarter of a mile from me. Here they all fled, and left the poor simpleton to do the best he could. We struggled against wind and tide five years, until two of my creditors passed me into bankruptcy. This gave my poor wife a blow she never got over. To describe the first ten days of our bankruptcy would be more than I could do. I could not persuade her to go to bed, and I could not go. At everything that stirred, she thought someone was coming to take all we had. The night was worse than the day. I read all the cases I could find in the Bible to try to show her that others had been in deep trouble before us, and God had delivered them. The looks she would give almost petrified my soul, and she would say with such force, "He will never help us."

I will just note one thing; it may not suit some, yet I believe it will others that have been tempest tossed. The night before I had to meet my creditors at Manchester, I had a terrible night: we had no sleep, I had not a penny to take me there; and the ordeal I thought I had to go through was awful to me. I took my knife, and sent it into my hand and wrote a prayer to God in my own blood. Those lines are on a leaf in my old Bible now and as I write I see the knife mark in my

hand. But behold here what God did for me. The morning came, and I was getting ready for Manchester. My dear wife said, "What is the use of getting ready? You have nothing, and you cannot walk so far; what will you do?" I said, "Just be quiet and see what God will do." I had not long said those words when a knock was at the door. I opened it, and a woman put 10 shillings in my hand, saying, "This will perhaps help you; pay me back any time." I could as soon have thought of a star falling as that coming. But O, it filled our mouths with praise, and off I went to Manchester.

Here, I met with the most fierce temptation I ever had. I got into a compartment alone, and as the train hurried away at full speed, the devil came in closer by my side. He said, "You will get in such a mess with those creditors today that you will be locked up, and never get home again. Open the door, and jump out."

O how I kept praying to God to drive him away! I was covered over with perspiration. I thought about the blessed Jesus sweating, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. But these words came with power: "Fear not, I will deliver thee." O what a miracle! Sceptic, where are you? The devil fled. I saw him (mentally) go out at the door he tried to persuade me to go through. I sat all the way after as calm as a summer day, and went to the place appointed as quiet and still as the night. "I will deliver thee," kept singing in my soul. When I got there, the official Receiver came and shook hands with me and asked me to sit down. I waited half an hour, when he came again, and sat down beside me, and said, "I do not think your creditors will appear, but wait a little longer; I will come again." In about ten minutes he came again, and said, "It is all over; none of them will come now." I said, "What will the next be?" He said, "You will hear no more of it until your public examination;" and he shook hands again, and said, "Good afternoon." Now I hurried home to tell my dear one all that had transpired, and we wept together. We broke our fast at five P.M., having had nothing since the day before. That blessed promise and speedy fulfillment of it were both meat and drink to me. The eleventh day came. My dear friend, Bradbury, of Camberwell, sent me some money, and our deacon, Jas. Simm, collected me some from friends, which enabled me to pay the Receiver all he required, to let everything remain. Then my dear wife began to revive a little and chided herself for her unbelief.

At my public examination, I was questioned and cross-questioned three quarters of an hour and God helped me through after a night of wrestling prayer. My poor dear one and I had little sleep that night, but God gave me this word, "Fear not"--only seven letters, but they did my soul more good than if King Edward, our natural monarch of England at that time, had been going with me. After the examination was over, the official Receiver told me to go home and not trouble, for they had never had a straighter case than mine. He said it was an honorable bankruptcy. This was a backing to "Fear not." So I hurried to my dear wife to tell her the whole matter, but it was something ere (before) I could do it. We had eaten nothing before through fear and trouble; now we could not eat for rejoicing of heart. I crept to my secret spot, and was looking to see if there were any marks of the tears that I had shed, when a heaven of praise rushed into my soul. Then I felt a new man, and we ate our meat with gladness.

But after all this, I had my old infernal foe to battle with. God had kept him in the background, I feel sure, through all the foregoing worry and trying sadness, but now he showed his face once more and began to plague me about this matter. One morning, after I had been at the mercy seat, he came to me and so dogged me that I could not get rid of him until I gave him an audience. And he began like a real master that knew how to environ poor, simple souls. He said, "There is one little thing here you can't deny." I said, "What is it?" He had particular note of the whole matter. O how necessary it is that we be kept in our conduct and behaviour! For even the devil knows our wrong steps. I had once acted a lie, although, I had not said it with my lips, but it was brought so vividly before me that I could not deny it. Then he went on reaping up things half a century ago. "Ah," I said, "all those things were swallowed up long ago. My blessed Master said, "All manner of sin shall be forgiven unto men," and I know it, because I have felt it. My first witness is, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins," "and I have a score more witnesses from His blessed Word which thou and all hell cannot withstand." This finished him for that time and he departed foiled.

After five weeks of an experience that I hope no children of God may ever have, we opened the shop

again with nothing in it to sell. Here, God found me some more friends and raised me a bit of money, which helped us to keep creeping on. It has been all creeping from that day until now. We crept along together until my dear one dropped into the grave, and I am now creeping onward to it. To tell of some of these creeping times might interest some that have been made to know the narrow way. For truly it has been a narrow way, so narrow sometimes that my dear wife and I could not go together; but I could not leave her, so I had to keep fetching her up by prayer, supplication, and tears. Sometimes, when we had got through a difficult pass, she would drop a tear, and bewail her want of faith; but I tried to encourage her with the Word. It is a wonderful Word. One Word from the Book is better than a thousand of mine, for God will honor His Word. After one sleepless night in this trouble, when I had been driven by wind and tempest to my wit's end, I took the blessed Word, and fell upon, "Be still and know that I am God." I was enabled by His Grace, I trust, to obey the word, and He wrought wondrously, making darkness light and crooked things straight.

I might just here, as we are telling of the wonder of our God—for He is surely our God, relate a wonderful thing that took place in this old house. Our cupboard was bare, as it had been so three days, and we had no coal either. My wife says, "We are getting to the end now." "The end of what?" I said. She looked at me, but said nothing. I said, "Just have a bit of patience." "Patience! Patience!" she emphasized it. Now there was not a more patient woman than she, though she repeated the word in the manner she did. "Yes," I said, "that is one of the things that God learns us, Romans v. If we had not patience, the chain would be a link short." "Ah," she said, "we are short altogether, we never shall see good anymore." "Well now," I said, just sit down while I tell you a thing or two. Now where shall I begin? If I start 6000 years back (from the creation of the world), and come down to Jesus Christ, we shall find that our condition is gentle compared with any one of them." (I had mentioned above a score of suffering men and women, all followers of God.) "Look at our blessed Master," I said; "He had nowhere to put His dear head; we have a nice warm bed." I could see the tears coming, and mine began to creep down my cheek, when she said, "Let us never say another word, but suffer until we die." "Agreed," I said, "we will never

grumble again." While we were making this bargain, the postman left a letter; and when I opened it there was a 10 shilling order in it. I put it on her knee. It was knocked all to pieces, and she was the same. But it put us right for a time, and we ate our meat with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God. Now who had more need than we?

## TURTON'S PILLAR

### Part III

I have said nothing about my baptism and a hundred and one other things besides which God has done for me, but I must say a word about the baptism. I was not baptized until 1894, although stopped in my wild course in 1862. Perhaps some will wonder how this was. I will tell it as well as I can. Baptism never troubled me until dear Bools was preaching, I think it was in 1887. He spoke of it in a way I had never heard before. I had my tea with him, and began to argue about it. He knocked all the breath out of me in two minutes, and three words he said never left me until Mr. Hinchliffe put me in the water. Now if I must write all that passed between Ruach and me during these seven years while the battle lasted, I should need fill a volume, but I will try to put it in *multum parvo*.

When the conflict began, I thought it was only a flash in my natural understanding, and would subside by and by. However, to my great surprise, it turned out to be more than a flash for it kept pricking me more deeply and more keenly. Still, I fought hard against it, until at last I fell down and said, "Lord, I will obey, have mercy on me." Now this was a new line of experience; I never thought I should get into conflict with my Lord, "O," I thought, "is this all my dear Rose of Sharon wants me to do in obedience to His sweet command? Lamb of God," I said, "I will go ten times through the water; yea, I will go through fire if thou command it." But O, what a poor, weak, procrastinating spirit I had at that time! O the forbearance of my loving Lord! Years passed ere I yielded. When he invited me in gentle terms by the mouth of Bools, I paid no particular heed. Dear Croft touched me, so did Master Alexander, and after these touches, RUACH began and it was in more earnest. In 1892, one morning at 5 A.M., He brought me out of bed with a melting heart and much confession for my fighting against so kind and gracious a Master. Here, on

my knees with my Bible in my hands, on the 5th day of May, Deut. xxvi. 17, 18 was solemnly entered into: "Thou has avouched the Lord this day to be thy God, and to walk in His ways, and to keep His statutes, and His commandments, and His judgments and to hearken unto His voice. And the Lord hath avouched thee this day to be His peculiar people, as He hath promised thee, and that thou shouldest keep all His commandments." And I vowed before God with my hands upon His holy Word; it was a solemn time indeed.

At this time I had some property, some money, and a shop and store rooms full of everything. It was a saying in the place, "You can't go to Turton's for the wrong thing." Now who could forgive me, beside God, for my wretched procrastination? I did not perform my vow until I was so reduced in Providence that I had not a shilling. Then He brought me again on my knees, Bible in hand, early in the morning. In fact, I may say I had had a night of struggling, praying, weeping; and with trembling heart I opened the Book and said, "Lord, let us settle the matter now." And O, it said, "I will chastise (or punish) thee seven times for thy sins." (Lev. xxvi, 18). I opened right on it, and I said, "Lord, it is enough; I will go to the old deacon now and offer myself, if they will have so vile a monster as I," thinking He would shut their hearts against me after such villainy as I had practiced against the best, the kindest, most loving Friend I had ever known or the world in its faintest knowledge could ever know. But, instead of frowns, which I feared, I met with smiles on every hand. "O my God," I said, "where must I hide my face?" But instead of hiding my face in shame, my blessed Lord lifted up the light of His countenance upon me, and made me drink and forget my poverty.

Now comes the time for the burial. On the Wednesday night previous, I had five hours' fight with the devil. I jumped out of bed, fell on my knees, and said, "Lord, deliver me." O the arguments I had with the devil that night! He showed me almost every sin I had done in my unregenerate state, and said, "Dare you take that solemn step? There are people living yet that know your vile, vile, mad career." I said, "Devil, if thou bring a thousand devils with thee on Sabbath morning, God helping me, I shall go through, if it is fire instead of water." I saw (felt) him move away as plainly as I see my pen run along. Perhaps some may pugh at

this. Ah, but if ever he mauls them as he has done me, then they will know more about it. Well, after this I got into bed, and slept three hours, and I had sweet anticipations of the event. On Sabbath morn early I arose with joy in my soul, and my much abused Master was so near to me I was astonished, after all my treachery and base conduct. Yet, after all this, He filled my soul with love, and my mouth with laughter. The devil, he could not get near me, for Christ was a pavillon round about me. I felt nothing of the water, heaven was in my soul, and my blessed Lord never upbraided me, never took His smiling face off me all day. And what think you, poor sinner, who are hanging back after the Holy Ghost has shown you the right way? Do not treat Him as I did. I will never forget my conduct to this day, although it was nearly nineteen years ago. He has blessed me, loved me, caressed me, but do not think I have had all this Lamb and no bitter herb.

One time we had a very hard week. We scraped up everything on the Saturday to pay the rent and get a bit of coal, and we had nothing left. On the Sunday morning I got me ready for Sunday service. My wife said, "You will not do much good with an empty belly." "Well," I said, "I must go." Then we read of the prophet and the ravens and I had a real, good meal, did not feel natural hunger at all. And by the time I got home, a woman had been in with two cakes and a bit of bacon. As soon as I saw my dear wife's face, I knew there was some dinner. She drew the bacon out of the oven, and cut up the cakes with tears running down. She could not tell me for a time, and we had a silent meal. These are the times we thank God, although nothing is said. "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit." Broken and contrite hearts—we had them, and I felt persuaded God accepted them. I went back to the Sunday service for I felt I had got a little oil in my lamp as well as food in my stomach. And after the Sunday preaching, and prayer meeting was over, a friend, yea, a brother, gave me two shillings. Then I longed for an opportunity to get on our knees to praise Him who has the hearts of all men in His hand. This is one of many such things we passed through, both in the old and new habitation.

Now if I went on relating these displays of God's wonderful providence, I should never stop because He has kept following me with goodness and mercy all along until now. There are three times our Sunday

service friends have helped me, and one brother especially has been good to me so that which ever way I look, I am hemmed in with marvels of providence and wonders of grace. We had a girl we had brought up from the cradle, who was the picture of health up to fifteen years. Some great change came over her, and she became a wreck. There seemed no hope, the doctor was lost over it, and nothing seemed to have any good effect. What with sickness, fainting, and sometimes spitting of blood, we knew not what to do. Our school friends gave her some money to try a change at Glackpool. She went, and the following week I was taken with inflammation in the bowels. Then I thought, "All is over; my poor wife will be left alone." For a night and a day I thought I should die, but late in the second day I thought otherwise. I had used some remedies, and felt myself in the hands of God, whether for death or life. Then I was overflowing with gratitude to find that the pains had left me--the severity of them. I was not altogether free for days, but in three weeks I got out of bed and walked about, and tried to do a little.

All this time we were in great straits. We had hard work to keep the rent and other things paid, and a man we did business with was as hard as Pharoah. My very dear wife was broken in health and spirit, and I had no sooner got going at half speed than she jammed her leg against a soap box, and brought on inflammation. She had to sit four weeks with the leg in one position, and the girl was ill too; she would faint for over an hour at a time and lie as dead. Satan comes creeping when all is still, and says, "Where is your God now? What does He mean to do with you?," and much more suggested. I trembled, I sweated; I know not how I was. But in a moment God gave me mighty faith, and I said, "Devil, I will hope to go to heaven as Lazarus did, but I will never obey thy voice. Get thee behind me, get thee behind me, thou vile monster." O miracle! He left me, and I fell asleep. I awoke refreshed, kissed my dear Bible and clung it to my heart. Then I opened it and read: "**THOUGH I HAVE AFFLICTED THEE, I WILL AFFLICT THEE NO MORE.** For now I will break his yoke from off thee, and will burst thy bonds in sunder." (Nah. 1, 12, 31.) From this time things began to mend. God put it in the heart of some of His people to help me, and scarcely a week passed but I got some help. Now when God spoke the above promise to my soul, I could not see how it could be done, but faith ruled and I doubted it not. As time went on, my wife was better,

the girl grew slowly better, and often my soul was filled with praise. We cried unto the Lord in our trouble, and He brought us out of our distresses. And we praised the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men.

In times of trial Satan has asked me what I think of that promise now. One time in a great battle, I showed him what God had done for me. I read it over to him like an eternal law. "Now," I said, "what have you got to say about that? **GOD** is true; **THOU** art the liar. Get thee behind me." He was gone; I was the victor. "Ah," you will say, "I can't get rid of the devil like that." Neither can I always, but when the Spirit of God comes in my heart, bringing things to my remembrance, then I can face and conquer him.

Just here I will mention a pass that we never hoped to go through. It was such a terrible pass, with dangers in it and all around it, that we could not see a streak of light in it. This was the trial. The shop and house we did our business and lived in, had to be sold. We had lived there between forty and fifty years, and the man that bought it wanted it for a friend of his. But my God in answer to prayer, overturned this, and for a time we were quiet respecting it; but the trials, storms, and bewildering things we met with in the way almost rent our souls to pieces; and but little more than twelve months passed away, when we got notice to quit. The man was coming to it himself to do business. "Now then," my wife says, "it's all up; there's nothing but the workhouse for us." "Well," I said, "the Lord has done great things for us; we are not going to give Him up now." "Ah no," she said with a look of sadness on her face, almost like despair, "He is giving us up for I am sure He is tired of our misery and complaint. We no sooner get out of one hole than we are in another, and it's pray, pray, pray; our knees are worn with praying." "Well," I said, "I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll give it all up, and take pot luck, and let come what will." "Eh," she said, "I never thought you would say that. I shan't give it up, I'll trust in Him until I die." Eh, bless you, that did me more good than a pot of gold because I knew the grace of faith was deep bedded in her soul.

Well, the time kept nearing that we must leave the old Bethel, the place where the gospel had been faithfully preached for over forty years, and faithful men and good women had come and gone at pleasure.

Now it must be a den of thieves, for the man coming in was a gambling bookmaker. The thought of this grieved me much, yet I could not pray to stop for I had an inward conviction we must go. Well, the time was up and past that we should be gone. They sent and came repeatedly to see if we had gone, until they grew impatient. I had kept begging all the while for God to find us a house, and so had my dear wife, but no answer seemed given. At last we had strict notice to be out on a certain day; then the crying became earnest. And now He wrought a mighty thing; this is it. A man opposite, that had lived in the house over twenty years, left it without any known cause. I went myself to see after it, and got it; and they did what they had not done for any one before—they bought the gas fixtures, and let me go in free. Then we sang as one awaked out of sleep, my cup was full for the time being. Willing hands were ready to help us, and so we got removed into a clean house. Our hearts were then ready to give praise unto God, for really we were like them that dream; and I tried to sing that nice song:

"For mercies countless as the sands,  
Which daily I receive  
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,  
My soul, what canst thou give?"

Though we had not a penny in the world, our hearts were glad that we had a home so near, and so unexpected. But O, at night, when the time of the evening sacrifice came, I looked at my wife, she looked at me, though not a word was said. My soul yearned for the old room, the Bethel—it had often been a Bethel to me amidst storms and tempests, trials and temptations, doubts and fears. I tried to read the Word, I tried to pray, but I was like one of old, "O that I knew where I might find Him! O that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when His candle shined upon my head!" Some days and nights passed over before I could find a place to draw water. Here God found me a friend who gave me the means to put a few things in the place. Then with a broken heart I fell down with my faithful companion to bless and praise God for His goodness so that now this is like a little hill of Zion. Still, I walk around the street sometimes to where I can see the old room window. O, the sight of it has sometimes filled my soul with joy at the remembrance of what God did for me in that place; and He did great things for us there. But to return to

our new home. Time has insured us to it and in it. I have had such visits here, time after time, that the old place seems in a measure vanishing, although I think I can never quite forget it—the old room, the place where I wrote the prayer in blood, the spot where I had knelt so often and poured out my soul to God with many tears.

Here in this humble abode, we suffered much. We had little to sell, and some days did not take in one penny. Then a little change, and then more prayer. One time, after near twelve months had gone over our head in the new home, we had a great trial. A debt we owed, and we fell into a lawyer's hands. He troubled us much. My poor wife again was in deep trouble. This made mine heavier; I felt so much for her. I prayed and groaned over this, but the man grew impatient, and pressed me sore. The great wonder was that we took double money that week and paid the debt. The week following, the man that pressed me died suddenly. O, I did wonder at the stroke. Though things seemed so hard in this new place, the touches of His hand and visits in the night watches made up for our scant fare. For over twelve months things were very trying. We have gone to bed without anything, and got up the same.

At the time our old deacon died, in 1902, they put me in this place, and O, how I trembled at the thought of being a deacon! I had been praying all the week the lot would not fall on me. The day the meeting was held for the choice I was ill at home with influenza. I was sure they would not appoint me in my absence, but they did; and when I knew, I was in great fear, for I had great reason to fear. Our little bit of business was in a poor way; we were in debt, and could see no improvement, not the least sign of lessening the debt were always afraid of being sold up. But years went on, and we were not quite so crushed, for the debt kept lessening. We often paid up all we could muster off the debt, and left ourselves without a penny. I think we had prayed as much to be out of debt as for anything else, yea, more, except our own soul's salvation.

Now the time was drawing near when my dear wife would be entitled to the Old Age Pension. She could not go to look after it, because of the affliction in her legs and feet, and when I went for her register, I had nothing to pay with. After a time I went again, and told

the clerk I had only a few coppers, and he gave it to me for what I had. Then we had to be examined as to what business we did. After the Pension officer had examined every stick and straw, he looked about him and said, "There must be something more, for I can only find seven shilling profit per week on your business." "Well," I said, "if you count 20 shilling a hundred times, you can only make it a sovereign."

"Well then," he said, "how do you live and pay your rent?" I said, "I don't think it has cost that for us to live." He laughed at me, and said, "Come now, you are chaffing." "Nay," I said, "for we have not spent a penny on beef, bacon, or anything of that sort for years." "Well," he said, "I cannot make it out--seven shilling for three people! Say nothing about rent." I said, "We only drink water, and oftener eat dry bread than anything else. But I may tell you we have had some good friends that have helped us for a good while, or we might have gone to the workhouse." "Well," he said, "I believe you have told me the truth; yet it seems a mystery." "Eh, man," I said, "God is in it," but he could not grasp it. Well, we got the Pension book and the five shilling, and often we bent our knees to the Father of mercies. Now I thought God would shut up the hearts He had opened, but O, blessed be His name, He kept them open, and kept our hearts overflowing with gratitude for all He had done and was doing.

I now come to a mighty trial. I could see my very dearly beloved wife beginning to fade like an autumn leaf. This weighed heavily on my spirit. I could see it, but did not like to tell her so. She was always a poor, fearing thing, and yet I used to think if I had her life instead of mine, I should have nothing to fear. This is carnal reasoning, I know, but truly her life was exemplary. Often, I envied her quiet spirit, when my flippant tongue would bring guilt upon me. About the end of May, 1910, the man with the scythe seemed ready to cut her down. We lived in an upper room for the next fortnight, and I had to flit. I had prayed God for twenty years to remove the affliction from her legs and feet, and now they went down like another woman's. She now was only skin and bone, and what the issue would be I knew not. The doctor found something internal that, he said, had been coming for a long time, which was the cause of the sudden attack. So the dear Lord answered my prayer, but,

"But it has been in such a way  
As almost drove me to despair."

Oft have we sung that hymn, and now I have experienced it to the very letter. Yet, after all, after the effervescence has subsided and the sediment settled at the bottom of the vessel, the result looks like a pure white crystal with a heavenly lustre about it, worth the riches of India or Peru. What shall I say more? O if I could tell the marvelous mercy, the rich grace, the abounding love that Jesus Christ shed upon us in the quiet hours of the night, when no eyes saw us but that all-seeing Eye which chased away every shadow, and makes all darkness to flee away! O, He looked love into my soul when on my knees by her bedside! I could and did say, "Father, Thy will be done." After that I was calm and waiting. For two days she seemed a little better, and again I said, "Thy will be done." I wept at His feet, looked at the nails, the spear, and the tomb; and was led from there to Bethany. How blessed to behold ascended Glory, the conquering Hero with all His vesture spangled with gems of victory, the Glory-Man, the exalted Lamb. If He did not appear in these marvellous ways, I and carry us heavenward, what must we do? Die, die, die I feel we must. But He says, "I will bring the third part through the fire."

I thought the first week I was willing; then I was bewildered. O, I wanted faith to give my dear wife up willingly and unreservedly, but He had touched me in a very tender, vital spot this time. I wanted to get nearer to Him. I had been very near to Him sometimes. Once, it was so near that I felt I could give myself up, but now I hung in the balance. This portion broke my heart, "If any man come to Me, and hate not his father and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv. 26). He seemed to be trying me on this very point. I could not pray for her restoration; neither could I say, "Take her." I sat by her bedside, I yearned over her. I lay beside her in the night, and when I woke up, I was afraid to look, lest she should be gone. I wanted to see her die, if she did die, yet, O, I was afraid of it. I loved the Lord, I loved His people and His ways, and all this because He first loved me. And I did feel that if He took my dear wife, I would trust in Him still. I would love Him still; yea, I would call upon Him while I lived; and when I died, hoped to die shouting, "The Lord has appeared."

But the life spark still kept waning. I watched more than twelve months, and never told her my thoughts; but a change came, and she had to lie in bed. The first time death was mentioned, she looked at me and said, "do you think I am going to die?" "Well," I said, "my dear one, we all have to die." Now she knew my thoughts. I might have told her that I did think so, for then she knew I did. But she lived three months longer, and O the sweet times I had by her bedside reading and praying! Often she would respond. But, O, the last day and night I read her the 41st of Isaiah, and truly I believe she experienced the latter part of it in her last hours. Her last words were "Lord, help me," and she died calmly without a sigh, August 23, 1910. O how I missed her! But I could not grieve for her, feeling her happy spirit was in glory. I was never chided for loving her too much. She was no hindrance to me in serving my God; she never put a straw in my way. Thus ended a companionship of forty-three years, that few have experienced; and I buried her in certain hope of everlasting life.

Now after some conflict with the devil, when he was gone, I had a pleasant hour. I laid me down in the green pasture of covenant love, the still water of sovereign grace, and had a good feed amongst the lilies. I never remember a happier time. Here I gathered strength, and was renewed in my inner man, so that I had no fear at all of the devil. I read in the Word with sweet delight; nothing seemed dark to me. I do not want to put me on the same step with dear Job when he said, "His candle shined upon my head," but truly the Light of Love seemed to shine about me and the Word seemed a light to my soul. This is the Light of Life, the Daystar from on High, and O, I have had many dawns of day after dark and terrible nights. God is in the midst of all these things, so that Zion cannot be moved. Impregnable is the great Rock.

"Here to this Refuge I repair,  
When storms around me blow;  
Here I for shelter haste away,  
And flee from all below."

## TURTON'S PILLAR

### Part IV

#### Remembering All The Way

Since I buried my dear wife and have been left alone, I have called myself a lone sparrow, and so I am.

I often think of dear John Newton's lines, which he wrote four years after his wife's death:

"Forget her! No, Can four short years  
The deep impression wear away?  
She still before my mind appears,  
Abroad, at home, by night, by day.  
Oft as with those she loved I meet,  
Her looks, her voice, her words recur;  
Or, if alone I walk the street,  
Still something leads my thoughts to her."

Now I dwell alone, and yet I am not alone, for the Father is with me. I meditate in His seven decrees, and here I find employment day and night. The beginning of my new life and second birth comes before me like a picture—which I had to appear before the judgment seat, and O, the time of my deliverance was marvellous, indeed. As I have mentioned it before, I need not repeat it. Now having no mate to talk to, I try to go through the first lessons I learned in the school of Christ.

The Triune God was such a mystery to me. O the time I spent labouring in prayer and meditation to know this sacred mystery! But the Holy One revealed it to me little by little, in reading, in hearing the gospel. I would strongly encourage all seekers to miss no opportunity of hearing the gospel. God ordained it to give life, to call from darkness, to enlighten the soul, to quicken the understanding, to solidify the mind. This I am sure of for I was like a pot of foam continually effervescing; I had more sins stored up in my vile tabernacle than I could find vent for. But God soon quieted me down, and how glad I was to eat a bit of ox's straw, while a little child led me to it.

Sometimes, I have a day meditating in the divine essential of God's foreknowledge. This is a marvellous thing and none can fully know it. But the sinner taught of God is fully and everlastingly convinced that God knows all things, that His Eye can see all things in heaven, in earth, in hell, and knows every thought of the heart. This is good doctrine. I remember the time when God showed me this clearly. O I lay at His sacred, sovereign feet adoring Him, I know not how long.

Then, there is His eternal predestination -- personal. Eh, that is mighty, the close, the essential thing with the soul. O the groans, the sighs, the deep exercises, the wrestling of the poor soul until God

appears! And truly God must appear for the knowledge of our predestination cannot be obtained through any other medium but God Himself. If I could tell it out, how God revealed it to me, I should be glad. But I know this, I kept reading Ephesians and kept praying, begging, pleading, -- "Lord Jesus, tell me, am I predestinated? O show me, do make it known to my poor soul." And O, how it came under the gospel! The trumpet sounded predestination into my soul. This was indeed heaven to me; now I felt satisfied.

But ere long another mighty thing came up-election, and as I look back to the time of this exercise, it seems to revive my spirit. O that time! I had not seen the 8th of Romans then. At least, I had not seen the chain link that starts and ends in eternity. Had I seen it with the eye of faith, it would have saved much trouble, many fears, much labouring and searching. I kept groaning out to God, "Am I elected? How must I know and be sure? O show me my election! Thou hast shown me I am predestinated, but O this election?" But O the mercy of God, He showed me I was elected according to the foreknowledge of God. On my knees He made it known to me; He sealed it on my heart in reading the 9th of Romans, and this was a double mercy to me. "I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy" -- that did it. I saw all the mercy, bestowed by the Hand of God alone, to a poor sinner was according to His sovereign, predestinating will, and my soul was at ease for a time.

Now I was not troubled about calling. I knew I had been called from an awful state and condition to another life, but I could not think it was to a life of righteousness, although I was afraid to look at sin, or think of it, if I could avoid it. I did many things in my simplicity to keep the thought of sin away, but it was too strong for me. It bore me down sometimes with a tremendous crash. And how this taught me I had no strength at all against sin! O, if I could tell what that passage, Matt. xi. 28, did for my soul, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest"! The rest He gave me was marvellous for a time.

Then justification troubled me. The conflict within put that out of sight for a time, until God the Holy Ghost showed me how I was justified, from Rom. iv. 25, "Who was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification." And I am sure none but

God Himself can do this. Some He puts through severe lessons to learn it, some He teaches by a sermon, some in reading a single portion, and some hang in doubt and suspense all their days, until at last God makes it known to them, and takes them straight to heaven.

There is another thing which I fear to mention. Though it is true, it is seldom mentioned in the pulpit. I have often wondered at this. It is the absolute, irrevocable decree of heaven--the reprobation of the wicked. I do not know why this solemn matter is not spoken of. It is in the Book, and plainly seen by the eye of faith. True, it is awful to think of.

But the glorification of the saints (the final resurrection of their bodies) is the great finale. God has made this so plain in His word that no doubt of it exists in the minds of the saints. The great fear is concerning their own personal interest in it. Yet, when divinely taught concerning other cardinal points of this great doctrine, this one great principle is often longed for, and sometimes they have such sweet foretastes of it that it becomes an over-ruling power in the soul, and she often sings:

"O blissful dawn of endless day,  
When sin shall cease and death shall die;  
When Christ His glory shall display,  
And beam upon my longing eye!"

And O, I must tell is for the glory of His name, the glory of His grace, and of the eternal power of the Triune Being; I have seen the heaven I am going to more than once. The first glimpse I have spoken of. Now the second sight I cannot give the date of, as I keep no diary, but the Holy Ghost brings it to my view very vividly sometimes. In Philpot's "Eternal Sonship," p. 6, he says he had a sight he could not fairly describe. I read it many years ago, but did not remember he had said that, until recently I read it again. And how my own experience of such a sight came to my mind! I had been in bed poorly; and past midnight, ere dawn came, I saw in my room about my bed a glorious Light. I had been weeping and praying, wondering if I was going to die, but I had no fear. The Light seemed to ascend and open out in a glorious expanse, which appeared heaven to me. And how I gazed, and longed, after I had seen the glory-home, to enter in. But shortly all disappeared. I was in the darkness and felt sorrowful, but soon my sorrow fled

away. With delight I began to meditate on what I had seen. Often I think of it with pleasure. Heaven begins below, I am sure of it. Heaven has been in my soul, and I have been in heaven. The Lord be praised for that; heaven is my home. "Bright land of bliss, O let me see Thy beautiful abode! Take me in Thy dear arms, and say, "Come to thy home, thy God." My heart runs over, mercies flow, and the new man is quite alive. O for a thousand tongues to sing! Is it not grand to have a little lively grace in the soul drawing us after God, to be clinging to Christ, hearing His Spirit whisper, "All things are yours?"

Another sweet time comes to my thoughts just now. Many years ago dear Collinge was preaching blessedly on the subject of death, from the text, "For me to die is gain." the things he said were puzzling to me then. I had not long been married, I had a good wife and everything I could need for comfort, and to think about death was a breach upon our enjoyments. But now, after more than forty years' experience of trial, pain, and sorrow, and being left like a lone sparrow, I understand more of dear Collinge, I know his feelings. Often now death is pleasant to meditate on. Perhaps this will perplex some, but it is true, vile as I am and have been. God is a Sovereign. Why He should deal with me as He has done I know not; only sovereignty explains it. Some do not see the fullness of that glorious attribute (the Sovereignty) of our God: there is awful majesty and glory in it. How sweet, how pleasant to dwell upon His eternal excellence, to talk of His power, to speak of the glorious honour of His majesty! O that I could exalt Him! It would be the delight of my poor soul.

One blessed time I had at the Christmas following the death of my dear wife. On Christmas Day (Sunday) I felt comfortable all day during the services, but did not have the sweet hearing I have sometimes. That night I went to bed calm and composed. I felt a sweet nearness on my knees, and got into bed feeling a desire to depart. I had a softness of heart the whole of the next day, until 3 P.M., when I had gone to tea with some chapel friends, and I was left alone. I fastened the doors and began to sing;

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,"

and my soul was full of heaven in a minute. I fell on my knees, and Jesus Christ was with me of a truth; I thought I felt Him touch me. And O (my tears of love

run down as I write, at the remembrance of it), I saw His hands and His feet--

"Those soft, those blessed feet of His,  
That once rude iron tore."

and I began to sing again

"Didst Thou for me, my Saviour, brave  
The scoff, the scourage, the gall,  
The nails, the thorns, the spear, the grave,  
Whilst I deserved them all?"

O, I was as near Heaven as I can be until I hope to enter in. He showed me Heaven and its glory, besides His dear hands and feet and bleeding heart. I beheld His Majesty, His glorious Person and my Heavenly Home. Bless you, this world was nothing to me. I knew nothing of this world, nor did I desire another moment in it. This lasted two hours until a boy, knocking at the door, disturbed me. O, I did not know what to do for the boy would have thought me not myself, I am sure. I sat down again, and said, "Blessed Jesus, art Thou gone?" O, I said, "Am I in the same house? Am I the same man?" I felt altogether different. And then I meditated on the His glorious Person, and His glory seemed enhanced. I had often had views of Him, but this eclipsed them all. The week before I was sorrowful because I had not my loved one, after all the long years of mutual love. But my glorious Lord removed every shade of sorrow and filled my soul with joy and peace. Writing of this blessed, over-shadowing of Jesus Christ makes me indifferent of anything. I love Him with intense love, and I know He loves me. I have seen the blessed habitation three times, twice in dreams, but this one, on December 26, 1910, was no dream.

(To be Continued)

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#### OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

##### ELDER SAM L. GILBERT

It is with great fear that I attempt to write this obituary of this lovely brother and Elder, to-wit: Sam L. Gilbert. Elder Gilbert passed away about 8:30 A.M. on December 29, 1980. Brother Gilbert was a faithful member, also an able Elder among us. He served Pleasant Grove and Russell Creek Churches for many years as their pastor. He also served State Road Church in the Laurel Springs Association and the Bay (Sea Level) Church in the White Oak Association. Also, Elder Gilbert was elected to serve as Clerk of the Lower Mayo Association on October 3, 1958. He was a wonderful Clerk and served as long as his health would permit.

Brother Sam was married to the former Blanche White, and to

this union was born one son, Davis Gilbert. He is survived by his son along with two grandsons. The son, Davis, along with his wife and family reside in Winston-Salem, N. C. At the time of his death, he also left behind one sister and three brothers, all of Winston-Salem N. C.

Blanche passed away a few weeks after Brother Sam. I believe Blanche was truly Brother Sam's given companion. I am sure she suffered the burden of all of Brother Sam's undertakings about the Church and the brotherhood in general.

This writer fully realizes that God moves in His mysterious way. My great desire is that God Almighty would bless us with His understanding to read this obituary and think back of the many times we basked in the Sunshine of His eternal, heavenly love.

We believe both Brother Sam's and Blanche's bodies are now at rest in the grave at Winston-Salem, N. C., their spirit has gone back to God who gave it, their bodies awaiting this great, final day of the resurrection of the just.

I have just hinted at what I wanted to write, but I hope God will give you to think of this dear brother, and, I believe, sister, in the true Spirit in which they lived while on earth.

Written at the request of the Lower Mayo Primitive Baptist Association in conference of the 49th Annual Session on October 3, 1981.

**An unworthy brother, I hope,  
Cletus Turner, (Bassett, Va.)  
Clerk of the Lower Mayo Association**

### ERNEST M. HOPKINS

Ernest M. Hopkins was born October 1, 1905, to John Green and Lutena Mize Hopkins in Patrick County, Virginia. He lay down to sleep on Sunday, September 13, 1981. In answer to his prayers, he died in peace, fully in his sleep, making his stay on earth 75 years, 11 months and 12 days.

He received a precious hope in Christ in October, 1928, and united with Pleasantville Church the first Sunday in March, 1933. He was baptized the first Sunday in April, 1933, by Elder D. A. O'Bryant. He was ordained a deacon at Macedonia Church on May 24, 1969. At the time of his death, he was a member of Mayodan Church, at Mayodan, North Carolina. A short while before his death, he was liberated to preach the doctrine of Salvation by Grace among the Lord's people.

Brother Hopkins was married on October 7th, 1936, to Hallie Watson, who is left to mourn his passing. To this marriage were born six (6) sons, namely: James Clyde of Inverness, Fla., Ernest Donald of Stuart, Va., Kenneth Delane, Otis Elwood and Zennie Lowell of Meadows of Dan, Va., and Paul Wayne of Linwood, N. C., along with 16 grandchildren, all of whom are left to mourn his passing. He also is survived by two sisters, Mattie Kendrick, Greensboro, N. C.; and Nena Phillips, Gibsonville, N. C.

His funeral services were conducted at 2:00 P.M., Tuesday, September 15th, 1981, at Mayodan Primitive Baptist Church by his pastor, Elder W. J. Puckett, with Elders J. G. Gardner, Frank Pegram and Gordon Roberts. His body was laid to rest in the Macedonia Church Cemetery, near Reidsville, North Carolina to await the great Resurrection Day when, according to his hope, he

will hear the welcome voice of His Lord and Master say, "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. 25:34.

**Written by his son,  
Lowell Hopkins,  
Meadows of Dan, Va.**

**Remarks by Church Clerk, Sister Veocia B. Goad:** "Brother Hopkins was a wonderful brother and a very good deacon. He was interested in the welfare of his church and was always ready to help in any way he could.

He will be greatly missed, but we feel our loss is his eternal gain. May God richly bless and comfort his dear family."

**Mrs. Veocia B. Goad,  
P. O. Box 474  
Mayodan, N. C. 27027**

### MARY ELIZABETH COTHRAN WILSON

Mary Elizabeth Cothran was born in Person County, N. C., November 16, 1888, to the late Melvin and Mary Elizabeth Cothran. Her father was deacon of Helena Primitive Baptist Church. He was the first member and helped to organize the church. She was married to the late G. N. (Tom) Wilson in 1914. To this union were born two children, Cedric and Louise Wilson, both of whom are deceased. She lived most of her life in the Durham, North Carolina, area and twenty-eight years in the State of Virginia.

On July 5, 1964, she offered to the church at the Lower Country Line Association for membership at Rougemont Church. I saw her, as she was coming, making her way down the aisle that was filled with chairs and people. She was begging, "Lord have mercy, what am I doing?", every step of the way. As she made each step, the visible obstacles were moved out of the way, as I also believe God moves invisible objects out of the pathway of a child of God, as his journey leads him to heaven, his eternal home. She was unanimously received and was baptized the following third Sunday, by her pastor, Elder L. P. Martin. She was a faithful member and a beautiful person in her walk and life in the church. She attended regularly as she could and seemed so glad to be among us. Sister Erma Godfrey, her niece, and a daughter-in-law were by her bedside in the hospital a few days before she died. Erma asked her if she was hurting. She answered, "No." Then she began saying,

"A few more days on earth to spend,  
And all my toils and cares shall end,  
And I shall see my God and Friend,  
And praise His name on high:  
No more to sigh or shed a tear,  
No more to suffer pain or fear,  
But God, and Christ, and Heaven appear  
Unto the raptured eye.  
Then, O my soul, despond no more,  
The storm of life will soon be o'er,  
And I shall find the peaceful shore  
Of everlasting rest, etc."

She then turned her head and fell asleep. Sister Wilson died in the Durham County General Hospital, Durham, N. C., on May 7, 1982. She was 91 and one-half years of age. Her funeral was held at Rougemont Primitive Baptist Church, Rougemont, N. C., May 9, 1982, by her beloved pastor, Elder L. P. Martin. She was laid to

rest beside the resting place of her husband in the Mt. Sylvan United Methodist Church Cemetery.

She is survived by one sister, Sister Sally McElveen, Raleigh, N. C.; a daughter-in-law, Minnie Wilson, a son-in-law, Steve Detweiler, three grandchildren, five great-grandchildren, seven nieces, and three nephews. Most people called her "Aunt Mary." I think it commendable to mention how closely her daughter-in-law stood by her during her lengthy and last illness.

We, the Church at Rougemont, desire to bow in humble submission in the passing of "Aunt Mary." She believed the glorious doctrine that everything is in the Hand of Almighty God, that it was by His grace and mercy alone before time began, if you are one of His little ones. How beautiful and applicable to her memory is the 116th Psalm, 15th verse - "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

Be it resolved that we send a copy to the **Zion's Landmark** for publication, place a copy in our church book, and send a copy to the family.

Done by order of the church in conference, May 15, 1982.

**Elder L. P. Martin, Pastor**  
**Brother John Blalock, Clerk**  
**Sister Erma Godfrey and**  
**Gladys Clayton, Committee**

#### DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF OUR MOTHER, SISTER MARY J. RHODES ROBINSON

Friday morning, February 12, 1982, God granted our Mother's request and called her home, to forever be with Him. She looked as if she had found peace and rest, for she had begged to go home for a long time. Now she is free from all pain and sorrow. To me, her presence is still a part of my life. As in World War II, at times when our roads or pathways here were rough and hard to travel in so many ways, I felt secure because I knew there were many friends praying for me and Mama was one of them. My Guardian Angel kept me safe.

Mary J. Rhodes Robinson, better known as Sister Mary or Grandma, was born December 4, 1892. She was the daughter of Durant H. and Malissa Bloomfield Littleton Rhodes and sister to Durant H. (Willie) Rhodes Jr., Beauregard Rhodes, Anthony Rhodes, Solomon Rhodes, Ivey A. Rhodes, Zilphia Rhodes Humphrey, and Johnnie Rhodes. All of these are now deceased.

On October 6, 1912, she was united in marriage to Benjamin F. (Frank) Robinson. She lived her entire life in Onslow County, North Carolina, as a farm wife and mother. They lived near her birth place on the banks of New River until the farm was appropriated by the U. S. Government in 1941 to become a part of Camp Lejeune, today a major U. S. Marine Corps Installation of our country. In September, 1941, our family had to move to a small farm near Jacksonville, N. C., where she lived the rest of her life. Mama and Daddy had a good life, during the forty years they were together, farming, fishing, rearing their family, going to church, and being good neighbors.

Mama was survived by her two sons and their wives, Bennie B. and Julia F. Robinson, Frankie L. and H. Joyce Robinson. She was the grandmother of Alan F. Robinson, Billy Bryan Robinson (deceased) and Charles E. Robinson, and great-grandmother to William Alan Robinson. To Mama, family meant all the nieces, nephews and cousins. She loved each one in a special way.

Mama and Daddy were received as members of the **Old Bay Primitive Baptist Church** (Stones Bay area near Verona) that was in the old White Oak Association on the third Saturday of September, 1928, and were baptized the next day, Sunday morning, before church, in the beautiful clear water of Stones Creek near the point

where Stones Creek enters New River, by Elder E. F. (Ed) Pollard. They were faithful members of the Primitive Baptist Church the remainder of their lives. Mama's happiest days were spent visiting the churches and having the members and friends visit in our home. Although it has been more than forty years, I can still hear within my memory, the music of the precious old hymns echo across the quiet waters of New River, when the Brothers, Sisters and Friends gathered at our home when the church meeting was held at "The Bay."

Mama loved her church, her family, her neighbors and her flowers. She gave abundantly of her love and her flowers as she traveled down "Life's Highway." She has not passed away, for she still lives in the hearts of those who knew and loved her. We hope to be sincerely thankful that God, allowed her to pass this way. This world has been a brighter, more happier place, because she had the privilege of planting flowers along the way. They are still blooming.

On Sunday afternoon, February 14, 1982, Mama was laid to rest by the side of the resting place of her husband, Benjamin Franklin (Frank) Robinson, and at the head of her grandson, Billy Bryan Robinson, beneath a mound of beautiful flowers, in the Jacksonville (North Carolina) Cemetery. Comforting words were spoken by Elder J. B. Pollard, Major Gray and Pastor Wessel Brown. Her many friends that shared her love through the years, shared our sorrow. I sincerely believe that her request will be granted when she will answer to her name one more time, in that final gathering of His saints "on that morning without clouds, when the sun riseth, as the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain." II Sam. 23:4.

Submitted by her sons,  
**Frankie L. and Bennie B. Robinson**

#### CELIA ENNIS McLAMB

On February 21, 1982, our Heavenly Father reached down and took from our midst a dear and beloved sister, Sister Celia Ennis McLamb. Sister McLamb was born October 15, 1895, and died on February 21, 1982, making her stay on earth 86 years, 4 months and 8 days.

She united with the Primitive Baptist Church at Bethsaida, Harnett County, North Carolina, on Saturday before the first Sunday in July, 1952. She remained a true and devoted member, attending church regularly as long as her health permitted. She was held in high esteem by her church and all who knew her. She leaves behind to mourn her death, two children, Edward McLamb and Lenora McLamb Ivey, nine grandchildren, seventeen great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild and a host of friends.

Her funeral services were conducted at Cromartie-Pearsall-Smith Funeral Home Chapel, Dunn, North Carolina, with Elder W. C. Noles and Elder R. L. Fish, her pastors, and Elder T. Allen Johnson, officiating. Her body was laid to rest beneath a beautiful mound of flowers at Bethsaida Church Cemetery.

First it be resolved that the Church at Bethsaida bows in humble submission to the will of God. Second, that a copy of this memorial be sent to the bereaved family. Third, that a copy be sent to **Zion's Landmark** for publication, and fourth that a copy be recorded in our church book.

Done by order of Bethsaida Church in conference on April 3, 1982.

**Elder W. C. Noles, Moderator**  
**Cleo Noles, Church Clerk**  
**Cleo Noles, Committee**

## MEETING NOTICES

### LOWER MAYO ASSOCIATION

The Fiftieth Annual Session of the Lower Mayo Primitive Baptist Association will be held, if the Lord wills, at Russell Creek Church, Patrick County, Virginia, to be entertained by Mayodan Church, beginning on Friday before the first Sunday in October, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following, the dates being 1st, 2nd & 3rd, 1982. (The association this year is being entertained by the Church at Mayodan, Mayodan, North Carolina, but is being held at Russell Creek for convenience and space.)

Directions to Russell Creek Church are as follows: Those coming from the north by way of Stuart, Va., get on Route 8 and go south for a few miles to Road 653. Turn left on Road 653 and go to first black top road on your right. Turn right and meeting house is on your right. Those coming from the east or south follow Route 704 west to intersection with Route 8. Follow Route 8 north to a point just across Virginia-North Carolina State Line in Virginia. At this point turn right on State Road 653. Go for a short distance to first black top road to your right. Turn right and meeting house will be on your right.

A cordial invitation is given to one and all to come and be with us and a special invitation is extended to our ministering brethren.

**Cletus Turner, Association Clerk**  
Route 1, Box 681  
Bassett, Virginia 24055

### BLACK CREEK ASSOCIATION

The One Hundred and Sixth Annual Session of the Black Creek Association will convene, if it is the Lord's will, beginning on Friday before the second Sunday in October, 1982, and will continue through the following Sunday, the dates being October 8th, 9th and 10th. This session will be held with the Church at Sappony, Nash County, North Carolina.

Directions are as follows: Those coming from the west, take nearest route to Raleigh, N. C., and take U.S. 64 east toward Rocky Mount, N. C., to Nashville, N. C. In Nashville, take N. C. 58 south toward Wilson, N. C., to J. W. Bone's Store on right at Sandy Cross. Turn right and drive a short distance to church on your left.

Those coming from the south take I-95 north to N. C. 58. Take N. C. 58 north toward Nashville to J. W. Bone's Store on left at Sandy Cross. Turn left, drive a short distance to church on your left.

Those coming from the east, take nearest route to Wilson, N. C., and take N. C. 58 north toward Nashville to J. W. Bone's Store on left. Turn left and drive a short distance to church on your left.

We especially invite all lovers of the truth to come and be with us.

**Elder J. B. Williams, Moderator**  
**Paul H. Carraway, Clerk**

### WHITE OAK ASSOCIATION

The One Hundred Forty-Ninth Annual Session of the White Oak Primitive Baptist Association will convene, the Lord will, on Saturday before the third Sunday in October, 1982, and will continue through Monday following with the Church at South West, Onslow County, North Carolina, to be entertained by Maple Hill Church, the dates being the 16th, 17th and 18th of October, 1982, the days being Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

South West Church is located on Hwy. (N. C. Route) No. 53, about six miles west of Jacksonville, N. C., in the South West Community. Those coming from the north and west will follow Route Nos. 24 and 258 toward Jacksonville, N. C., until you come to Hwy. 53. Turn right on Hwy. 53 at marker and follow for 2 or 3 miles to church on your right. Those coming from the east will come to Jacksonville, N. C., and follow Route 258 west to Route 53. Turn left and follow above directions. Those coming from the south will come to Burgaw, N. C., and take Hwy. 53 toward Jacksonville until you come to church on the left hand side of road just past blinker light at South West.

We extend a special, cordial invitation to our corresponding brethren, sisters, ministering brethren and friends, as well as all lovers of the truth to visit with us during our association.

**Virgil E. Davis, Clerk**  
Route 4, Box 455, El Camino Ave.  
Grand Bay, Alabama 36541

### MILL BRANCH ASSOCIATION

The One Hundred Twelfth Annual Session of the Mill Branch Primitive Baptist Association will be held at Simpson Creek Church, near Loris, Horry County, South Carolina, beginning on Friday before the first Sunday in November, 1982, and will continue, if the Lord will through Sunday following. The Mount Pleasant Church, Lee County, South Carolina, will be entertaining the association for this session, but the meeting will be held at the site of Simpson Creek Church for convenience.

Simpson Creek Church is located between Loris, South Carolina, and North Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, just off Hwy. No. 9. Turn south off Route No. 9 at Goretown. Go to second paved road and turn right. Proceed to church on your right.

Elder J. H. Carter was appointed to preach the introductory sermon and Elder James (Jim) Moody is appointed as his alternate.

A cordial invitation is given to our ministers, brethren and believers in the truth as it is in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ to come and visit with us in our association.

**M. B. Paul, Association Clerk**  
Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577

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"DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST"

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

## ELDER M. B. PAUL PASSES

Elder Moses B. Paul, of Garden City, South Carolina, an ordained minister of the Mill Branch Association, comprised of Churches in both North Carolina and South Carolina, passed away on October 2, 1982, after a serious heart ailment. He was also Clerk of the Mill Branch Association. If the Lord will, we hope someone in his association will send us a complete obituary notice for publication in the *Zion's Landmark*.

Editor.

## ENCOURAGEMENT

Afflicted saint, to Christ draw near;  
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;

His faithful word declares to thee  
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Let not thy heart despond, and say,  
How shall I stand the trying day?

He has engaged, by firm decree,  
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;  
And, if the conflict should be long,

Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;  
For, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

Should persecution rage and flame,  
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name;

In fiery trails thou shalt see  
That, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When called to bear the weighty cross,  
Or sore affliction, pain and loss,

Or deep distress, or poverty,  
Still, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

When ghastly death appears in view,  
Christ's presence shall thy fears subdue,

He comes to set thy spirit free;  
And, as thy days, thy strength shall be.

**TURTON'S PILLAR**  
**Part IV (Continued)**  
**Remembering All The Way**

(Continued from last issue --)

Here, I begin again after a lapse of three weeks, having had neither courage, memory, nor faith to proceed. Now I feel a little reviving. I have got to the place where fears are in the way, and sometimes the grasshopper is a burden; yet, I feel I am the subject of many mercies and blessings above others at my years. I feel just now that I stand on Jordan's stormy banks, casting, now and then, my eyes to the other side of Jordan, where the sweet fields are blooming. There, sometimes, I long to be; not always. Sometimes when things are smooth, when I can see bread and butter for the table and particularly if I have a sixpense to call my own, then I begin building another castle. O what a fool I am! I have done this scores of times, and they fall the same day. The old man will never alter; he clings to earth and earthly things, and earthly things cling to him, but the new (Inner) Man triumphs over him. When grace drops down upon him like rain upon the grass, every blade seems to be invigorated and springs forth with new life. As I meditate in His Word, I find a

fullness beyond all my expectations. Portions force themselves into my soul, and I feel sometimes that heaven is at my door. The Holy One, the Leader, Guide, and Instructor of all the heirs of grace, leads me into the green pastures and by the still waters. He restores my soul when fallen; yea, when Apolyn has almost killed me, and left me for dead, filled with his poisonous breath, and with scars upon me from his weapon that nothing but the healing balm of the covenant can remove.

"O grace, thou bottomless abyss,"  
 How sweet thou art!

I had a very nice time with the minister one Saturday evening, followed up on Sunday with good texts, preaching, prayer, and singing particularly the 9th hymn (Gadsby's) and the 2nd verse.

"He saw me ruin'd in the Fall," etc. How it led me fifty years backward, when I was in an awful gulf, to all human appearance beyond a thought of recovery,

## Zion's Landmark

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
 which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

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damned by my terrible manner of life, damned by my own words! -- None I think, more ruined in the Fall than I, But O, at the very moment when I was so near to hell, the mighty power shone forth, the almighty arm was stretched out, as the poet puts it,

"Almighty love, arrest that man!"

"Sovereign grace, o're sin abounding!"

Here my tears run down at the remembrance of super-abounding grace, mercy and love. If I could tell it out, how glad I should be to show forth His exceeding grace! Even now, after fifty years' experience of mercy, favour, long suffering, and abundant goodness, How helpless I am! I need the Holy Spirit to quicken me afresh; I need Christ to appear, to show me His blessed hands or feet or side. But who can bear the full sight? Once I had a full sight, and it was overwhelming.

Though I have had all these year's experience of God's almighty power and grace, and enjoyed the sprinkled blood and the sweet presence of God's good Spirit, still I am the subject of many changes. I have had the sweetest, happiest night that mortal could have, dreaming of heaven and seeing the glory, with the sweetest foretaste of my Heavenly Home. Then I have got up with a heart full of gratitude and praise, and come to my open Bible, and fallen upon some of the old passages that used to affect me so deeply; and they have shivered my soul, dried up every drop of the sweets I had enjoyed in the night. Now sometimes it has lasted a whole day, a remembrance of and reflection on my unregenerated state, the sins of my youth, my lack all along to use every effort to enhance the glory of my best, my only Friend, and my felt inability to shake off my present state of feeling; and besides all this, my old enemy taunting me and swearing by all the power he has that he will overcome me in the end and make me an apostate. And I must confess I am still nothing but clay in the sovereign Hand of God; and glory be to His dear name, He will keep me (faith says so in my soul) until He conducts me safely across that narrow sea of death.

"Then I shall see His face

And never, never sin;

There from the river of His grace

Drink endless pleasures in."

Sometimes, He touches me with this word, Remember, and forget not, that thou art a stiffnecked

people" (Deut. ix). O how this word has melted me down, and caused me to own with shame the truth of it! "Yea, Lord," I have said, "far exceeding those poor people in the wilderness: I have exceeded all bounds." But O miracle of grace, a voice of sovereign grace sounds from the sacred Word! It carries mercy with it to the darkest souls, blinded by the devil, corrupted by sin, covered with shame, outlaws and outcasts. It says, "Such were some of you"--me, me, me; I am the man. But this has given me abundant comfort many times--the Book of Hosea. Ephraim was "a silly dove without heart," but I was without everything. As I have read God's wonderful dealings with Ephraim after all his sin, idolatry, backsliding, and revolt, hope has sprung up in my soul, "Who can tell? He pardoned iniquity, loves him freely, is as the dew unto Israel. Ah, He and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon." This is the way He purges poor sinners from idols, and makes them blossom as the rose. His alluring power is beyond all our thoughts. Who is a God like unto this God, that has made Himself ours by ties of blood, by bonds of love, by pardoning mercy, by overflowing grace, by eternal righteousness, and assurance of glory? "This God is our God for ever and ever: He will be our Guide even unto death."

There was one time in September, 1911, as sorrowful as any I have had for many years. My soul was troubled and my spirit bowed down. I went to the meeting; we read Acts vii., and I was very very comfortable. The Holy Ghost blessed my soul in meditating upon it; it was very full and good to me, especially the latter part. Before we went to bed, I read in the holy Book with sweet joy. As I lay down to sleep, I read the latter part of Psalm cii., and went to sleep with the holy words on my spirit--the very last verse, "The children of Thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before Thee." Happy, indeed, I fell to sleep. In the darkness of the night I woke up with my eyes bathed in tears, and O, they ran down on my pillow and ceased not; I could not sleep again. I had dreamed a dream and my tears come now as I write. I dreamed that I had denied the faith, and denied my blessed Jesus; and more than that, I had gone into the world, and begun to blaspheme that dear name I love and esteem above ten thousand worlds. O, I awoke with a broken heart; I knew not what to do. "O my God," I said, "do not forsake me, do not leave me,"

and I wept until I had no more power to weep. I got up and went to my Bible, as I used to do in the regeneration, afraid to touch it, and could not leave it. "O," I said. "My God, for my dear Jesus' sake, do show me Thy Word--I have no other hope--what this dream meaneth. Do not forsake me now. If thou forsake me now, I shall die in utter despair. My God, let Thy Word and Thy Spirit give me life again for death is in my soul." And with a trembling hand and more trembling heart my very soul quivered, there was no strength left in me--I opened the life and death Book for truly it was life and death with me at that solemn moment. But O the glory of that almighty Word! I opened it, and my weeping eyes fell on Phil. i. 6: "Being confident of this very thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." I could not suppress the tears, but they were tears of joy; the others were tears of bitter sorrow. Every fresh gush seemed to drain the last particle of life out of my soul. How sweet, how precious now my life appeared! For it was new life. O the death that held me when I awoke, the trembling, the fear! I thought, "The devil will have me now, and will see I am an apostate." O blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus!

I cannot tell how long I lay on that bed in that state, nor how many times I called on that blessed, dear name. But even after the sweet, reviving power of the almighty word, I had a strange feeling upon me. Though the Holy Spirit lifted me up by His gracious word, yet a heaviness hung over me, and I felt as a withered leaf and a broken bough. My spirit trembled as I looked at that terrible dream. I do not want to put into words my devilish appearance, but I thought there was not a devil in hell half such a monster. God in mercy save you and me from such a dream as that! It shook my whole frame. I thought I loved Jesus Christ before; then I knew I loved Him. O how dear He is to my soul now as I write.

In November, 1911, affliction came upon my niece; it affected her sight considerably, and left her as weak as a child. This was a sharp trial. I kept praying. When I read Paul's earnest, praying spirit, how his whole soul was absorbed in heavenly things, and his spirit inflamed with divine love, I shrank away into nothing; and yet I rose again to pray. O I must pray! It is in my very soul to pray. And God has done such great things for me in answer to my poor, babbling

prayers that I cannot keep away from the mercy seat. I want to keep thick with Him. O how He warms my heart when He draws near! But when He withholds His presence, I droop and die. But I am soon there again for I cannot live without Him, and what a sweet feeling comes creeping over my soul, as I draw near the mercy seat! Sometimes, He meets me with a kiss. This is heaven, heaven begun below; it is heaven to live beneath His smiles.

In the following December I took a severe cold, which lingered on until April this year (1912). On January 20th I got up early on Sabbath morn to make my morning sacrifice. It is such a sweet, hallowed time to write, to meditate, to pray. I got to reading the 139th Psalm. Eh, the Spirit took me up, and carried me to Mount Zion and Bethlehem. I saw the place where He was laid in the manger. I followed Him down to Egypt and back, and saw Him baptized, and the Dove hovering over and descending upon Him. O how sweet the sight! Then I followed Him into the wilderness of temptation, and O the terrible scene! The monster dogging Him, tempting Him, challenging Him, insulting Him. But soon I saw Him triumph, and come forth victorious. Then I saw Him talking to Nicodemus, thence to the well; and O how my soul was knit to the poor harlot! "Ah, poor thing," I said, "thy one crime was nothing to my seven deep-dyed crimes, which the Saviour cast out of my soul in one day." But after this I saw Him again in the Garden. I saw Him kneeling in agony, I saw the bloody sweat. O, my poor soul wept with Him, and over His sorrow. Yea, I saw vile Judas kiss Him and my soul was wrung to the quick. And O dear, I saw the nailing and the sword plunge, and my very soul sank within me. Here I was lost for a time, but I revived, and saw Him again, leading the dear disciples to Bethany. I saw His lovely, smiling face beaming upon them and telling them what to do, assuring them He would be with them to the end. I was so wrapped up in holy wonder and amazement that I said, "Blessed Lamb of God, where am I?" Ah! they say we are not sure of heaven. I am; neither devils nor sceptics can persuade me out of that. But I have given only a faint touch of my Sabbath morn festival and sacrifice. Living tongues are dumb at best to set forth, or even speak of, the glories of our glorious Christ, the God-man, the bleeding Man, the conquering Hero, the eternal Son, the glory of heaven, our best, our only Friend, O for a

thousand tongues to sing His blessed praise! How the lone sparrow would sing!

I had nearly recovered from my cold, when I went to see a dear one buried. That day I took a fresh cold, and had tonsillitis for over a month, in which I could not sleep or rest, but I durst not see the doctor, for I fear doctors and their drugs. I kept begging and praying to Jesus (in much humbleness and submissiveness) to do just as He pleased for I felt resigned to Him, and was willing for Him to cure me or take me to heaven my home. He had given me twice to see the glory land in my dreams, and put a longing desire in my soul to leave this world behind. And now, since I have been better (June, 1912), He has given me another view of the King in His beauty, which has made my soul long, yea, faint, sometimes, for the longing it hath for the sweet Rose of Sharon. The other day, before I went to our meeting, this lovely Rose was so near me that the sweet perfume hung about me; so that I was afraid to go, fearing I should lose the sweet scent that I had been inhaling during the afternoon. But I durst not stay away, and the dew remained on my branch. I must say this as long as I live--bear with me. I cannot help it. He is all fair, there is not a spot upon Him, His mouth is so sweet, and His countenance is comely; yea, He is altogether lovely. I wish I could tell all I feel in my soul of this glorious Person. As I near the gate of Paradise, His glorious Majesty shines out sometimes with such lustre that I know not where I am. I have seen Him in the Garden, I have seen Him in the hands of that bloody (Herod) monarch, I have seen Him at Pilate's bar, I have seen Him led to the ignominious tree, and I have seen the monsters driving the nails into His sacred flesh. I have seen the devilish fiend plunge the sword into His loving heart, I have seen His languid eyes, and heard His dying cry, "My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?" All these scenes are accompanied with bitter sorrow and sore lamentation (Zec. xii. 10).

But the scene I want to describe, if I could, is beyond the mortal power to describe, yet I will try to tell the feelings of my soul as I stood near the heavenly gate. There were songs of immortal joy filling every soul, glory, lustre, immortal grandeur, harps, songs, living trees in all their beauty, rivers clear as crystals, saints, angels, and all beauty indescribable and the expanse of the place beyond all thought. But the glory of it all was that I stood and beheld the most glorious

Personage eyes could behold. His glory seemed to fill all space, every eye gazed upon Him, every voice seemed to roll to Him, every strain of music seemed to hover around Him, thousands of rays of light seemed to burst out and shoot forth from His magnificent Person; and all seemed to go on, as it were, eternally. I cannot say how I was at this time, whether properly asleep or partly awake; whether it was a dream or I had found my way into one of the fields in the suburb of Paradise. But such was the effect, and it partly remains, that I had no fear, no sorrow, no knowledge, as it were, of earth and its things--all seemed a forgotten thing, expecting to enter in. But in a short time (I cannot explain how) the glory began to dim, the Majesty I lost sight of, and gradually I found myself alone in my chair, with my Bible on my knees. I had been reading in the Psalms. My heart melted, my tears running down, my whole self as though oblivious to everything earthly. This sort of compassion of the Holy One in showing a poor sinner things as these, out runs all my understanding, but O, the settling, the establishing of my faith in heaven's understanding, the consolation of the wonderful hope in the sure abode of believers, on and in the Lamb of God! There is nothing so sure as the hope of heaven to every follower of the Lamb.

"My soul anticipates the day,  
Would stretch her wings and soar away;  
The song to sing, the palm to bear,  
And bow the chief of sinners there."

### TURTON'S PILLAR Part V Reflections

After some weeks of delay, again I begin to write October 14, 1912. If I could describe the conflict that has raged between my soul, the devil and the powers of darkness, it would, perhaps, do some other poor thing good, that has to fight some with these great powers. I have tried to take my pen many times, but some accountable power has stopped me; and I have prayed to be delivered from it.

One morning after a pleasant night of sweet sleep, heavenly thoughts, and sweet fellowship with the Son of man, yea, with the Son of man. He came and took me to those scenes of His earthly pilgrimage; one in

particular was that one in Luke xxii. But the xxiii. rd of Luke is beyond all I can write; it is humbling, heart-breaking, and rending asunder of soul and body. To have fellowship with Christ in these sufferings is sweet, blessed, precious, and glorious; and yet if it were continued long, I believe the soul would be so wrought upon that it would leave the body for there have been times when my old carcass has seemed completely bereft of power while the soul has been so alive and near to God that I have been reluctant to move. At these times, I have wanted to be released from the burden of the flesh. O these visits to the sacred places—the Passover room, the Garden, the Mount of Olives, Calvary, Gethsemane! Here, I have been led in the spirit, and lingered long. Some will say this is all imagination. True, without this faculty these things could not be experienced, but if I could work my own imagination at will, I would be in these blessed places, enjoying these sweet, precious things until I was carried out into heaven. It is the favour and mercy of God when any poor sinner is caught hold of by the Spirit, and led into these mysteries of the Man of Sorrows.

I believe many children of God are the objects of much mercy and compassion, but are not given to behold and experience the great, deep, marvellous mysteries of the **Manhood** and **Godhead** of their glorious Christ. They believe what they read in the record that God has given, but “the deep that coucheth beneath” hath not been opened to their view. I speak from my own impressions. When I am in company with the brethren and hear of their knowledge of Christ and in Christ, and of the Father and the Holy Ghost, I see how far they have got in these things, and I believe there is a reason for this. Perhaps, it may be wise to keep this to myself; still if I say a thing or two, or express a thought or two here, I may not be condemned. I do believe that through the furnace of affliction we will search the Scripture for a witness. The furnace of affliction will yield a more penetrating conversation in our all around circles. It will be for good. Some will ask the question, “How are we to attain these things?” All I can say is through the furnace “Search the Scriptures,” for it will keep you close to the throne of grace, it will cause you to shun the world in all its phases, it will make you sacrifice something for Christ, it will bless you to follow the Lamb on the Monday as well as the Sunday, and every

day till Sunday again. How blessed is the furnace! If this truly be the work of God, it will have its reward in gracious blessings, richer fruits, and deeper discoveries of the mysteries both of our fallen, ruined, and depraved nature and of the glories, beauties, riches, and fullness of Christ. The work of the furnace will lead to a more heavenly intercourse with, and a deeper knowledge of, the **Three Persons**. These things are very low amongst us as a people, but it was not always so. There was a time when men and women were greater in their hold on divine things, though they were not so well blessed. Their spirits and lives were more saintly, their conversation more savoury, their walk more circumspect, their attendance on public worship more regular and punctual. These things all show a higher state of spiritual life. Yet, we know it is God who controls the flame in the furnace. But we leave all these things, and pray for more displays of sovereign grace, sovereign mercy, sovereign power, and richer effusions of Spiritual Union in the churches of God that we know and love. How sweet to leave the world, and earth, and sin, and self, and feel after God and Heaven and Christ, ardently, earnestly striving and craving for the Holy Spirit to quicken and energize our souls, that we may truly enjoy the blessings treasured up in Christ Jesus; and that, as adopted sons and daughters of our Father which is in heaven, we may surely taste and feel the delights of our Heavenly home, in anticipation of the full delights which a thousand promises assure us of in His blessed word. I believe many at times do not half enjoy the sweets of grace, because their surroundings and environment are untoward. Parents do not seem to see, or at least to be convinced of, the necessity of having the blessing of constructing their home in the mode and manner needful for the sanctifying influence to be felt and enjoyed. This blessing must come from God and be directed according to His fear.

Again, many children of God are very poor; the doctor's bill is a great trouble, and the suffering of their poor bodies has a mixture of trouble, fear and sorrow. Some think the next time will be the last, and their poor souls are dark. They have never had the enjoyment of great things, their Sonship has not been made clear to them; that is one great reason of their trouble. They cannot say with the dear hymnwriter, Charles Wesley, in one of the hymns, “Jesus, I know, has died for me.” Eh, if God, the Holy Ghost, would reveal that to them,

how it would help them through these dark, dismal places! Or if He would say, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee," etc. They love the Lord and His people, but this affliction--the dread of death, hangs about them like a ponderous thing, and they cannot remove it. If mixed in their prayers, it is plain in their conversation, and it is seen in their everyday life. How I long to see them walk at large, to have this assurance and say with Job, "I know that my Redeemer liveth"! We love these things, and they are the very essence of the Christian experience. It all amounts to this, "Christ in you the hope of glory." It makes this world and this life very little and very narrow, so that we can see the end of it, and end of both world and natural life. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour," (James 4:14), even as "a wind that passeth away." And what is the world? "Vanity of vanities." (Eccl. 1:2.) The Preacher said so, and he could preach and sing, too. I have not seen or heard any songs like his (Soloman's).

In meditating on the lxxxix Psalm I have seen the heights of grace and the depths of sin, the heights of mercy and the depths of misery, the glorious Christ and the incorrigible sinner, the sovereign God and the fallen backslider -- with triumphing adversaries, broken down hedges, strongholds in ruin, and his crown that he once delighted is cast to the ground. Was ever a poor sinner in such a plight--forsaken of God, slighted of man, and self-condemned too, the devil's sharp darts piercing him, and horrors in his soul that none can describe? If any poor sinner has been here, he understands in some measure the 15th of Luke and the Book of Hosea. Some may say, "How do you know these things? I have known you 30 years, and I never saw you only in the same quiet, easy going way; I never knew you to backslide." That may be, but I cannot say before God and man that I have never been a backslider in heart. We need not backslide a week, a month, a year. O, I do not know what I must do if I was in that state a week, say nothing of a year. I have suffered enough in one day. I know that God corrects for sin, and I do not need to kill a man, rob a woman, deceive a friend, any of which to bring my soul into a dark place. No; I believe God has kept me from this backsliding way in a good measure, and I do not want any experience of this sort to learn the secret. If the person that goes into the pulpit on the Sunday morning or the Sunday evening service, man or woman, spend

the Saturday afternoon and evening before reading newspapers or talking politics, or less than that, if they pore over nice philosophy, with an idea of improving the mind and enriching their talents, or if they take a walk to town to see what is going on, and meet a friend and stop an hour talking at the end of the market, there will not be much God honoring praise rendered in the name of the Holy Child, neither will there be much expounding of the divine Word in the service. But apart from all this, if the Word of God is neglected, if the precious name of Christ is never made the topic of the home conversation, the daily subject, if I am only on my knees in a formal way for a short time in the morning and again at night, can I expect Jesus to come and take up His abode with me, to cheer my heart and enrich my soul with thoughts of God and the Father and Christ, and to assure me that heaven is mine, and that He has truly redeemed my soul? Though He has told me this many times, I do love Him to come and tell me again. But, I say, if we are not searching for these things from our hearts, not striving to enter into this strait gate--and it is very narrow, how shall we obtain? I know no other way. The wisest man that ever lived, or will live, said "He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread." (Prov. xxviii. 19). And I have watched men and women too, and I find that some Bible readers and meditators get more of the real Bread than some of their professed so-called preachers.

I have thought that God in mercy to my soul has given me to taste a little of the backslider's trouble and sorrow in this way. I have got more than once in a low, cold state, not feeling the sweet warmth in my soul, not read the Word with that eagerness I love to do, not knelt over it in tears, not poured over some words of the Prophets, or the Evangelists, or the Epistles, or some gracious words of Christ, with that wrestling, longing, groaning, striving, and never giving up feeling, until He, the Spirit, has answered my request. Now I have felt at these times that I was in or very near the field of the backslider, but God has preserved me from the open field and all its shame and reproach. But O the terrible work that is experienced after such an inward fall, which none know but the soul and God! The world has not discovered it, the church knows nothing of it, neither do I believe satan knows for he is not omniscent, although he knows a lot.

But I was thinking of the mercies of the Lord and began to think of that eternal love of God which is

without beginning or end, and never did an never will know any change. What a mercy to have sweet intercourse with the Holy One as I sit poreing over the pages of the sacred Book, not in a methodical way, nor as a daily task, but with a sweet, gracious desire to find tokens of love, evidences of a heavenly birth, proving my election to be of God, not theory, not dry doctrine, no. The doctrine is good, but I want the doctrine written on my soul in lines of blood by the sacred pen of God's love, the indelible blood of the dear Redeemer—my Redeemer, made mine by the sweetest impression of love divine by the sealing of the Holy Ghost on and in my new man of grace, that God-like image stamped upon my soul. I love to dwell on the glorious expression of my exalted Friend ere He left this cruel, death-like world: "Let not your heart be troubled. I go to prepare a place for you. My peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you." (John 14th Chapter). And this His God-spoken prayer, "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold my glory—the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." (John 17th Chapter.) These are the mercies I love to sing of, and the nearer I approach the blissful home the more intense are my desires, and the more ardent are my longings. I count it a marvelous mercy to have these things in my bosom, to take the mercies of my God, my Saviour, my precious, indwelling Friend, the Comforter, one by one.

I have been reading and meditating on the mercies of David in the 1xist Psalm, and have never been favoured with views of God's care, protection, and defense. I love to be brought into these pleasant fields of musing meditation; I think it is Heaven below, abiding beneath the sacred fig tree. I went back to those first days of gospel things when Christ was near and dear in my heart, filling my soul with gladness, making me ride upon my "high places." Some dear ones that have never seen much light may wonder what these "high places" are. I will just tell one or two. This is one—when the Holy Ghost leads me into this precious truth, viz., that I am united to the living Vine, that I am identified with Him with these sweet lines bubbling up in my soul,

"He that has made my heaven secure  
Will here all good provide;  
While Christ is rich I can't be poor,  
What can I want beside?"

And this precious word rolling about in my soul: "Ye also as lively stones are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." 1st Peter 2:5. This is a blessed "high place." And here is another grand, elevated spot; to be here is a bit of heaven below: "But ye are come unto Mount Zion, and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem" ... "and to **JESUS**, the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel." Hebs. 12:22-24. Now is not that a high place? I have found it so, and I shall never get to a much higher place until I hope to awake in His likeness. Then shall I know even as also I am known. How gracious the Redeemer is to indulge such a one as I! I can only reconcile it alone by His sovereignty, if it be His sovereign will and pleasure that it should finally come to pass.

I remember reading some years ago of a poor, degraded sinner, such as I, when Christ took hold of me. I cannot remember the name of the man, nor the title of the book. But after he had been stripped of his vile raiment and clothed in new garments, he was a miracle to everybody and a great mystery to himself. He went through much suffering and persecution, deep trials and afflictions for many years, and came forth as gold. For some time in his closing life he was so amazed at the goodness of God in altering His course of dealing with Him, that he felt sure these heavenly things that dropped down into his soul were premonitions of his removal to his home above. But to his surprise, he kept on living in sweet delights, poor as poor could be temporally, but rich to all the intents of bliss for Jesus Christ was his daily Companion. And when the time came for him to die, he died in the glorious faith, triumphant, singing the new song (of blessed redemption) before he set his feet on the heavenly shore.

O how beneficial, establishing, strengthening it is to have fellowship with the Father and the Son, by the power of the leading of the Holy Ghost! These three are One. This puts every other thing in the shade. I want to spend the rest of my time here in sweet meditation of this sweet theme. I want Him to rule over me and in me, to lead me into His Word day by day. This is my prayer and desire, and He sweetly grants it from time to time. I just feel now that I will of mercy as long as I live, and when I die, I will sing louder still.

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing Thy power to save,  
When this poor, lisping, stammering tongue,  
Lies silent in the grave."

O this grave! it is a terror to most people. God in mercy has relieved me from this terror and fear. Sometimes I feel ready to die, and sometimes willing, but not every day. But there have been times when I could say,

"I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,  
And long to see it fall."

And when I have a desire to depart, I know where Paul lived. But when I am saying, "O spare me, that I may recover my strength before I go hence and be no more!", then I live in another house; and this is a very miserable one. Every stormy wind that blows is ready to feel it, and every swelling tide of woes seems to make another crack in the wall; and when a very strong hurricane comes with such surging waves of power, I shiver and shake like an aspen leaf. Then I begin to think about the storm of death, and wonder how it is that storms and rough winds shake me, for when I am meditating on death, I have no fear. Often this precious word will come, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?", and sometimes it comes with such sweetness and power that fear has no place. I cannot believe that to pass from life into death corporally will be so terrible to me as it was to pass from death to life spiritually.

I so very much feel for the dear servants of Christ, and I must do so, or it would never be laid so strongly upon my heart to pray for those dear men. Without boasting (God forbid I should!) often as the Sabbath day approaches I beg earnestly for them, and forget my own poor, weak, ignorant self. Often I have said, "Lord, look after them whatever betides me," and yet I do plead hard for myself that my dear RUACH will be given to take the things of Christ and show them to me. O when Christ is revealed to a poor sinner, I believe he feels a thousand times more than he can express. I have often thought, if God had given me the gift of speech, what a pleasure I should take in proclaiming the glorious Christ of God, my own Christ, as I know Him, by the teaching of the blessed Spirit! But here I am, perfectly satisfied God sends by whom He will send, and I admire His wisdom and goodness in doing as He will.

Days and weeks have gone by since I wrote the

last line, then some sweet impulse came over me to try to finish this record of a thousand wonders. It may not be much wonder to some that have known me many years, but if they read what I have written (Please see early portion of my experience), it should in some measure show them how marvelous the grace that preserved me when grovelling in sins of the deepest dye, in full league with the devil and wicked men. And O, if I could have learned that truth, "The way of transgressors is hard." I have thought sometimes I should not suffer now some things that will stick to this old clay house until it falls down for the worms to feast upon. I used to think, when under the terrors of the law and feeling the wrath of God abiding upon me day and night, and longing for death to know the worst, yet under awful fear of it, that if I died and was cast into the grave, not a worm would touch such cursed, sin-stained polluted flesh as mine. Surely they would withdraw themselves and move away!

Now I say without any fear, with love springing up in my soul as I write, that Christ Jesus my Lord has done a thousand, yea, ten thousand times more for me than I can either write or utter, but I want to tell or write all I can until He takes me up to the full glory. I have been blessed in my soul in looking back on the way He has led me these fifty years--a long journey, with many haltings and many mercies, yea, mercies beyond which all my praise excel. He has done so much for me that sometimes I have such longings and anxious desires to see the King in His beauty and the glory of the place, that I forget all about these little things, although at other times I am worried and anxious about this poor, old, vile tent, how to keep it together. One pin gets loose and then another, and if grace did not prevail, I should lose myself quite. But thanks be to God, He giveth victory over all our fears. Why I should ever doubt is a mystery to me, after all He has done for me. I am old and greyheaded, and feel the old man of sin as strong as ever. Sin prevails for a time, but grace rises triumphant, and will reign, for God has said it, and it has been the experience of my soul for half a century. Therefore, I have no hope but in this ever gracious God, abundant in goodness, rich in mercy. Grace and salvation are round about Him, goodness and mercy follow me day by day, and His tender love is my safe abode throughout the night.

For the last twenty years, since the change I have related in His divine providence, I have been injured to

being nothing and having nothing, and I never expect anything only from day to day. Here I am, 73 years old, and I have every faculty intact that God gave me from my mother's womb. A thousand mercies are wrapped up in this bundle of natural life, and though I have not had a shilling to call my own for many years, and have suffered want sometimes both of food, fire, and money, yet I have had many mercies, for which my heart and soul long to sing His praise oftener than I do. Here is mercy in abundance: I have not a thing I wear or a single thread upon my bare back but God has sent me, and I should be the most grateful man if I did not boldly sing aloud of these things. For years now He has raised me up friends (some known and some unknown), so that I keep living as though I had an income, and so I have, for God does it, and it is marvelous to me. I often am constrained to say it, "Bless Him, my soul, from day to day,

Trust Him, to bring thee on thy way."

It is wonderful, indeed, to have to live on daily providence, but only grace can effectually teach this lesson. When God sends a crumb, my heart rejoices, and gratitude flows out like a stream. Then I begin to sing, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits." Psalm 103:2. Now, even now, my heart is glad, my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour, because He hath holden me up until now, brought me through many, many, trials, many temptations, many fears, and made many a cloud break in blessings on my head.

"Wonders of grace to God belong."

and I am repeating His mercies every day in my songs of gratitude and praise. **Hallelujah!** Glory be to God the Father, and the Son, with the Spirit, world without end. Amen.

James Turton  
(England)

### INTERESTING EXPERIENCE AND CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Brother Mewborn,

I am enclosing two articles that have been written by Sister Ruthene S. Cox who is one of our members at Tabor City Primitive Baptist Church, Tabor City, North Carolina.

One of the articles is an experience that Sister Cox encountered while confined in the hospital back in

1974 when she was seriously ill. Medically or clinically speaking, she had stopped breathing and had no pulse. This was prior to the time when she came to the church, asking for a home with the precious brethren at Tabor City Church.

The other article is a letter that Sister Cox wrote to her fourth grade school teacher, Sister Bessie Wright Stanley, now age 91 years, who is also one of our very precious members of the Tabor City Church.

We believe that the Old Baptists will appreciate reading the good articles, and we are submitting them to you for consideration of publication in the **Zion's Landmark**.

May God in His infinite mercy and love continue His blessing with you and your family.

Humbly yours, in hope,  
(Elder) L. G. Mishoe

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina 29577  
June 28, 1982

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### OUT OF THE BODY EXPERIENCE IS THERE LIFE AFTER THIS LIFE?

Is there a Heaven?

Is there a Hell?

This question has been asked down through all the ages. My answer is yes. I believe God created a Heaven for Him and His Angels and that He created a hell for the devil and his angels.

Some people have said that during their "out of the body experience", they were in a dark tunnel-like place. My experience was much different. This took place with me in 1974 in a hospital in Florence, South Carolina. I stopped breathing. I had no pulse or vital signs at all. I was pronounced clinically dead. But the doctors would not give up on me. I was told this by my doctor several days after it all took place. They called my family and told them what had occurred. But at that time, I was responding to treatment. "My Out Of The Body Experience" was as though I was in a Heavenly place, a realm of extreme beauty, peace and brilliant warm light. This was my experience.

There is no way to describe it. There are lots of beautiful things here on this earth that God has given us to enjoy, but there is no comparison to the beauty I felt in this wonderful experience. It was so quiet and so peaceful over there. I felt just like resting forever in

that lovely place. There was no darkness. I did not know when my spirit left my body, but I do remember being in this wonderful place. I also knew when my spirit came back. My body was like a shell laying on the bed, but I was floating above it in warmth and peace. When I came back, I remember hearing the nurses talking about me. They said that lady has been to the other world and come back. They were ordered to give me anything I wanted.

I did not know then why I was allowed to come back, but a little bit at the time has been, I believe, revealed to me. After having this wonderful experience, I believe I had more than a glimpse of mortal hell. I thought I had seen misery before, but I was to go to what seemed to me to be the bottom most pit. I believe I suffered everything except the actual loss of my life. I cannot put into words the agony I went through or I hope I was brought through. It was a Saturday night before the fourth Sunday in September, 1977, that I was brought to the lowest ebb. I thought my end was near, and it was to a certain extent. I made a promise to God that Saturday night with my own weakness and mouth that if I could be spared until Sunday I would offer myself to the Church and beg for a home. This scripture was before me. "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in Heaven." Matt. 10:32, 33. This doctrine of Salvation by Grace was not a new thing to me. I was blessed with a wonderful, earthly father who, I believe, was and is a Saint of God's. He humbly bore the fruit during his life here on earth. We shared many precious times together.

On Sunday, September 25, 1977, I feel I was drawn to go before the humblest and most beautiful people in the world, people I dearly loved, not really knowing if I would be accepted and given a home with them. A void was filled in my heart that day. I had had so many problems in my life that I could not straighten out or even cope with. But I hope, and sometimes, I can say I know that God made a way for my very escape. He made opened many ways in my life where there seemed to be no way. Then on the fourth Sunday afternoon in October, 1977, I was led down into the water with two dear sisters and was baptized by Elder L. G. Mishoe, who is my beloved Pastor, and Elder Grady Cox whom I dearly loved for Christ's sake. I do

not know if I really died because, as I recall, the Bible says "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment." Hebs. 9:27, but I do know I had this experience. My family was informed that I had actually stopped breathing and that I had no pulse or blood pressure.

I believe that our God is King of kings and Lord of lords. He is all powerful and did fore-know, fore-ordain and predestinate everything that has been or ever will be. He holds the issues of life and death in His own blessed hand. I am glad that He said, "None can stay His Hand, or say unto Him, What doest thou?" Dan. 4:35.

This is lengthy, so I will try to stop here. I could never, never tell of all the good things the Lord has done for this poor sinner, saved, I hope, by His wonderful Grace, if saved at all, and by every drop of His precious blood that He shed on Calvary's Cross for His chosen elect, the ones that were given to Him by God the Father before the foundation of the world was ever laid. **I expect and invite response to this article.** I dearly love this Doctrine and these people so much. It is hard to stop writing. I will close by sending my heartfelt love and best wishes to my beloved brethren. I hope, my brothers and sisters in Christ. I dearly love each of you wherever you are.

**Ruthene Cox**  
14 Garrell Street  
Tabor City, N. C. 28463  
March, 1982

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#### TO MY FOURTH GRADE SCHOOL TEACHER AND A SISTER IN CHRIST, I HOPE.

It is a very rare thing in this life for one to have had the wonderful privilege of knowing a person like Sister Bessie Wright Stanley. She was my public school teacher in the fourth grade. Today, I would like to say she was the best.

When I was in the fourth grade, I did not think of her as the best. But as my life has progressed, nearly everyday, I have been reminded of her teachings. She was one of the few who was dedicated to her profession. She strived in everyway, not only to educate her pupils in reading, writing and arithmetic, but she tried to instill in them a responsibility and a knowledge of what we would meet in the world as we

grew to be adults and all through life. She worked hard. Besides her struggle for her own education, in the meantime she raised a fine family of children. I think if she looks back over some of the obstacles she has overcome, she should have a warm feeling of a work well done, acknowledging at the same time that all of it came through God's mercy to her.

The day she came up to me and put her arm around me saying, "we are now Sisters in Christ," was the happiest day of my life. Oh what a privilege and a pleasure it is to be in her presence. When I am with her, it seems I can feel the presence of my dear earthly father, who admired her so much. They shared their experiences together many times for Christ's sake. If it were possible, I would have liked for my life to have been patterned after hers.

She is such a precious, gracious and humble person. Again, let me say, Dear Sister, I love you and appreciate you and the influence you have been in my life. I cannot see where anyone would be proud to know me, but I am so thankful, I hope, for having the great privilege of knowing you. I cannot find words to describe how wonderful a person I think you are. I pray God's richest blessings on you for if there is such a thing as a poor, helpless creature deserving them, you do. I will love and treasure our friendship always.

Written by an undeserving student, friend and a Sister in Christ, I hope. I hope I will always remain your "little girl." That is what you have always called me. What a privilege!

**Ruthene Stanley Cox**  
**14 Garrell Street**  
**Tabor City, N. C. 28463**  
**April, 1982**

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**"HE BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."**  
**Hebrews 11:4.**

**Dear Elder Mewborn,**

My father, the late Curtis Jacobs, Fields, Louisiana, left some writings that were unknown to us prior to his passing from this life. I shall make no comment on them for they bear witness unto one that you knew as a brother who loved you very much. The following is one of the many themes he wrote when inspired, I believe, of God. I have copied the following writing of Curtis Jacobs from his papers that he left

behind following his death on December 17, 1981.

May the Lord continue His blessing with you and your precious family, as well as the Zion's Landmark.  
**(Elder) Lynwood Jacobs**  
**Orange, Texas 77630**  
**August 15, 1982**

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**THE SELF-SUFFICIENCY OF GOD**

Teach us, O God, that nothing is necessary to Thee. Were anything necessary to Thee, that thing would be a measure of Thine imperfection. If nothing is necessary to Thee, then no one is necessary, and if no one, then not I. Thou seekest those that are lost, although Thou dost not need them. They seek Thee because Thou hast decreed that they need Thee, for in Thee they live and move and have their being.

"The Father hath life in Himself" said our Lord in John 5:26, and it is characteristic of His teaching that He thus in a brief sentence sets forth Truth so lofty as to transcend the highest reaches of human thought. God, He said is self-sufficient; He is what He is in Himself.

Whatever God is, and all that God is, He is in Himself. All life is in and from God, whether it be the lowest form of unconscious life or the highly self-conscious life of a seraph. No creature has life in itself; all life is a gift of God.

The life of God is not a gift from another. Were there another from whom one could receive life, or indeed, any gift whatever, that other would be God. An elementary but correct way to think of God is the One who contains all, who gives all that is given, but who Himself can receive nothing that He has not given.

To admit the existence of a need in God is to admit to incompleteness in the divine Being. Need is a creature word and cannot be spoken of the Creator. God has a voluntary relation to everything He made, but He has no necessary relation to anything outside Himself. His interest in His creatures arise from His sovereign good pleasure, not from any need those creatures can supply, nor to any completeness they can bring to Him who is complete in Himself.

Our common habits of thought allow for the existence of need among all living created things. Nothing is complete in itself but requires something outside itself in order to exist. All breathing things need

air; every living organism needs food and water. Take air and water from the earth and all natural life would perish. It may be stated as a truth that to stay alive every created thing needs some other created thing, and all things need God. To God alone nothing is necessary. The problem of why God created the universe, to say the least, is not understood, but it is given to some to believe that He did not bring His words into being to meet some unfulfilled need in Himself. The word **necessary** is wholly foreign to God.

Since He is the Being supreme over all, it follows that God cannot be elevated. Nothing is above Him; nothing is beyond Him. He holds His position out of Himself and by leave of none. As no one can promote Him, so no one can degrade Him. He upholds all things by the Word of His power. How can He be raised or supported by the things He upholds?

Were all human beings suddenly to become blind, still the sun would shine by day and the stars by night. These owe nothing to the billions of people who benefit from their light. Similarly, God is what He is in Himself without regard to any other. To believe in Him adds nothing to His perfection; to doubt Him takes nothing away.

Almighty God, just because He is almighty, needs no support. He is not greater for our being, nor would He be less if we did not exist. That we do exist is altogether of God's free determination, not by our desert nor by divine necessity.

Probably the most rejected truth is that God does not need help from anyone. He is commonly represented as a busy, eager, somewhat frustrated father, hurrying about, seeking help to carry out His benevolent plan to bring peace and salvation to the world. This is done despite the fact that God who worketh all things after the council of His own will obviously needs no help and no helpers.

God needs no defenders. **He is the eternal Undefended.** The scriptures makes full use of military terms, but this does not mean that the throne of the Majesty on high is under seige with Michael and his hosts or some other heavenly being defending it from possible stormy overthrow. To think thus is to deny everything that the Bible teaches about God. A God who must be defended is one who can help only while someone is helping him. He can be relied on only if he wins the seesaw battle between right and wrong.

True Christian religion has to do with God and

man, but its focal point is God, not man. Man's only claim to importance is that he was created in the image of God; in himself man is nothing. That God exists for Himself and man for the glory of God is the emphatic teaching of the Bible and not the other way round.

All of this points to why the scriptures have so much to say about the vital place of faith and why they brand unbelief as a deadly sin. Among all created beings not one is admonished to trust in itself. God alone trusts in Himself. Unbelief is actually perverted faith, for it puts its trust in dead men and not the living God. The unbelievers denies the self-sufficiency of God and attempts to usurp attributes that belong only to God.

In His love and pity, God sent to His own, Jesus Christ. This has been the consistent position of the church since the days of the Apostles. It conforms to the doctrine of the incarnation of the Eternal Son. The man Jesus, as He appeared in the flesh and walked among men, was a demonstration, not of visible deity, but of perfect humanity. The awful majesty of the Godhead was mercifully sheathed in the soft envelope of His human body to protect mankind. The Lord told Moses, "Thou canst not see my face, for there shall no man see me, and live." Exodus 33:20.

There are some today who appear to know Christ only after the flesh. They try to achieve communion with Him by attempting to divest Him of His burning holiness and unapproachable majesty, the very attributes He veiled while on earth, but assumed in fullness of glory upon His ascension to the Father's right hand. This christ, so called, many believe, has a weak smile and a halo. To them he is someone up there who likes people. If they need him, the score is even because he needs them in their belief.

The truth of divine self-sufficiency does not place all mankind in a hopeless state. Faith and hope, grace and mercy, Christ in you the hope of glory, are eternal promises that will be fully manifested in God's own appointed time, to those that have ever been His from eternity.

The Apostle Paul in these beautifully inspired words summed up the subject matter of this article as follows: "Not that we are sufficient of ourselves to think any thing as of ourselves; but our sufficiency is of God." II Cor. 3:5.

**Curtis Jacobs, (Deceased)  
Fields, Louisiana**

## AN REVELATION UNFOLDED

Dear Elder Mewborn,

I hope this finds you and all of your people well. I am enjoying the **Zion's Landmark**. You have had many interesting articles of the dear Elders or ministers who have gone before and their experiences. Also, the one published concerning your mother's ancestors, The Turnidge or Turnage Family, who immigrated from the eastern coast of the U.S.A. by way of Scotland to the Pacific Coast area of the State of Washington, was most interesting. This article appeared in the February, 1982, issue of the paper.

Your writings on the Middle East, Israel, and the present conflict there, as they relate to the scriptures, are enlightening. I am also very interested, as things unfold there from day to day. Our pastor of many years, Elder George Ruston, followed events there from the foundation of the Nation -Israel- in 1948 until his death. I feel to say in all the events up to the present, it appears that the Lord's Hand is surely with them. I have a nephew who served in the Canadian Armed Forces for three years. He spoke well of the Israeli soldiers. He was in the Gaza Strip before the late Nasser, President of Egypt prior to Sedat, had them removed.

Elder Mewborn, I have another writing on Acts 10:13 that I am submitting for your review. I was working in the garden and the word, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat," (Acts 10:13), were very strongly impressed or laid upon my mind. I got my Bible and read the scripture, Acts 10:13. Then I turned to Huntington's book, **Dimensions of Eternal Love**, which treats upon this subject. It was wonderful to me at the time, all of it. That is how this article came about. Too, I remember Elder George Ruston, our beloved pastor of many years, speaking of these things.

If you feel to use the article in the paper, you are welcome to do with it as you see fit. I felt that I had to write these things down to get them off my mind. I feasted on these things, as they were unfolded by His Spirit, I believe.

Your brother in a precious hope,  
 Eldon Gilbert  
 R. R. 7,  
 St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada  
 N5P-3T2  
 July 7, 1982

## THE GOSPEL SHEET

"A GREAT SHEET KNIT AT THE FOUR CORNERS."  
 ( ACTS 10:11 )

The words of Acts 10:13, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat," were last week continually on my mind. (Middle of June, 1982). I would desire, the Lord willing, to show them as I have felt to have been shown. After my last article on the subject of "**COMMUNION**", that was published in the "March-April - 1982" issue of **Zion's Landmark**, I thought, would be my last. But as Jeremiah 10:23 says, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps."

It is all a great mystery. (The Gospel is the wisdom of God in a mystery.) Deut. 29:29 says, "The secret things belong unto the Lord our God; but those things which are revealed belong unto us and to our children forever, that we may do all the words of this law."

Turning to Deut. 33:19 says, "They shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness; for they shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures in the sand." "And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live; and there shall be a great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from Engedi even unto Eneglain; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." In this connection John Bunyan's **Pilgrim's Progress** reveals those who call are the Shepherds, or the true Gospel ministers. Their names are **Knowledge, Experience, Watchful, and Sincere**. Four attributes of an Old School Baptist minister or Elder will be designated here.

These Shepherds are on the mountains. These mountains are Immanuel's in sight of the Celestial City. (Note: For instance, the Law was given on Mount Sinai. The transfiguration also took place upon a high mountain. See Matt. 17:1.) Thus, by the Shepherds are secrets revealed, which from all other men are kept concealed. Come to the Shepherds then, if you would see things that are deep, things that are hid, and things that mysterious be. I never before realized the mysteries that are hidden in both the 10th and 11th Chapters of Acts.

In Acts 10, Cornelius, a Gentile, and Peter, a Jew, receive such a vision. These words, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat," have been upon my mind. The Trinity works at both ends in this chapter, and as Revelation Chapter 1:8 says, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." In connection with the text, Peter remarks, "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean. And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

God spoke of old to His chosen in visions and dreams. "And God said, Hear now my words: If there be a prophet among you, I the Lord will make myself known unto him in a vision, and will speak unto him in a dream." Numbers 12:6. "And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Joel 2:28.

The dimensions of eternal love are revealed to Peter in the vision of a great sheet knit at the four corners, and they agree in letting down to the earth. See Acts 10:11. This sheet is one of everlasting love. And it is written, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Psalms 85:10. Thus, we have four of the glorious attributes of God, viz: **MERCY, TRUTH, RIGHTEOUSNESS** and **PEACE**, knit at the four corners of this (Gospel) sheet. They agree in letting down to the earth. This sheet is everlasting love. As it is written, "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Each of these four attributes hold at four opposite corners. Thus, they (all four of them) harmonize together to hold up their respective opposite corners. In this sheet were the elect Gentiles chiefly exhibited. It contained all manner of four footed beasts. (Mark or emphasize at this point that they were all manner of four footed beasts.)

Their species were human, but brutal by sin. Every man is brutish in his knowledge. "Forasmuch as among all the wise men of the nations, and in all their kingdoms, there is none like unto thee. But they are altogether brutish and foolish; the stock is a doctrine of vanities." Jeremiah 10:7, 8. Solomon in Proverbs 30:2 agrees with Jeremiah, "Surely I am more brutish than any man, and have not the understanding of a man." Yea, the whole human race is emphatically

called "beasts", as it is written that God will manifest them, as such, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts. "I said in mine heart concerning the estate of the sons of men, that God might manifest them, and that they might see that they themselves are beasts." Ecclesiastes 3:18.

These beasts were represented to Peter in this sheet as follows, viz:

(1) **Some sinners are called "dogs."** "And she said, Truth, Lord; yet the **dogs** eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." Matthew 15:27.

(2) **Some sinners are called "swine."** "Cast ye not your pearls before **swine**, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you." Matthew 7:6.

(3) **Some sinners are called "wolves."** "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of **wolves**." Matthew 10:16.

(4) **Some sinners are called "lions."** "Her princes within her are roaring **lions**; her judges are evening wolves; they gnaw not the bones till the morrow." Zephaniah 3:3.

(5) **Some sinners are called "calves."** "Ye shall go forth, and grow up as **calves** of the stall." Malachi 4:2.

But, "The wolf also shall dwell with the Lamb (of God), and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them." Isaiah 11:6.

That sheet contained all the Elect of God from eternity or before the foundation of the world. This sheet is their rest, and divine solace, when grace has tamed them, as it so vividly represented by their lying down with the **Lamb**.

Now, some sinners were also called "creeping things" in the sheet, as well as beasts. The creeping things are illustrated as follows, viz:

(1) **Some sinners are called serpents.** "For every kind of beasts and of birds, and of **serpents**, and of things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind, but the tongue can no man tame." James 3:7. Also, synonymously speaking, "O generation of **vipers**, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" Matthew 3:7.

(2) **Some sinners are called worms.** "They shall lick the dust like a serpent, they shall move out of their holes like **worms** of the earth; they shall be afraid of the Lord our God, and shall fear because of thee." Micah 7:17.

(3) **Some sinners are called 'fowls of the air'** in

the sheet also. "And in that day will I make a covenant for them with the beasts of the field, and with the fowls of heaven, and with the creeping things of the ground; and I will break the bow and the sword and the battle out of the earth, and will make them to lie down safely." Hosea 2:18.

(Note: Also in the connection with the "fowls of the air", the Elect of God are also called "Doves." "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?" Isaiah 60:8. As Eagles, "They shall mount up with wings as eagles, etc." Isa. 40:31. Even as "a Speckled Bird", "Mine heritage is unto me as a speckled bird, the birds round about are against her." Jeremiah 12:9. These were all (everyone of them) living creatures in Peter's sheet.)

And there came a voice to Peter saying, "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." Acts 10:13. Take the Sword of the Spirit and kill them to all hope in the Law. Crucify them to the world, that they may be dead unto sin. "How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?" Rom. 6:2. Kill them to all confidence in the flesh that their old man be crucified with Christ, that they may "become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that they should be married to another." Romans 7:4. "Rise, Peter; kill, and eat." Jesus said, I told you at the well of Samaria that "I have meat to eat that ye know not of. My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work." John 4:32, 34. I have made theese, Peter, a minister and the conversion of these sinners must be meat and drink of thy ministerial appetite, or a thirst for souls.

Mine Elect in this world are compared to fish in the great sea. "And it shall come to pass, that every thing that liveth, which moveth, whithersoever the rivers shall come, shall live; and there shall be a very great multitude of fish, because these waters shall come thither; for they shall be healed; and every thing shall live whither the river cometh. And it shall come to pass, that the fishers shall stand upon it from Engedi even unto Eneglaim; they shall be a place to spread forth nets; their fish shall be according to their kinds, as the fish of the great sea, exceeding many." Ezekiel 47:9, 10. And I told thee, Peter, I had "made you to become fishers of men." Mark 1:17. Suck, therefore, of the abundance of the seas. Peter, for that is the food of the minister, and of treasures hid in the sands. "They shall call the people unto the mountain; there they shall offer sacrifices of righteousness; for they shall suck of

the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand." Deuteronomy 33:19. "Then thou shalt see, and flow together, and thine heart shall fear, and be enlarged; because the abundance of the sea shall be converted unto thee, the forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." Isaiah 60:5. Mine Elect are treasures, hid in the sand. Deut. 33:19. Thou shalt also suck the milk of the Gentiles. See Isa. 61:16. "But ye shall be named the Priests of the Lord; men shall call you the Ministers of our God; ye shall eat of the riches of the Gentiles, and in their glory shall ye boast yourselves." Isaiah 61:6.

"Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten any thing that is common or unclean." Acts 10:13, 14. (O wretched construction! Too incorrectly and carnally understood.) "And the voice spake unto him again the second time, What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common." Acts 10:14. Peter's last comment on the vision proves what is asserted, when he says God had showed me that I should not call any man (Note here that these beasts and creeping things are called men) common or unclean. See Acts 10:14, 15.

Please let it be observed that when this sheet was let down, all the beasts were in it. It was let down from Heaven; and the beasts were in it to show their Election and Eternal Union with Christ in the Bonds of everlasting love before the world was, represented to Peter by the sheet, and afterwards these beasts were drawn up again in the sheet to show their safe arrival into glory in the identical, same sheet or Bond of eternal love. Although they (the contents thereof) are compared to beasts, yet were they all in the same sheet, and were said to be cleansed.

By outward observation, by carnal assumption, it would appear they were not called by grace, for they were not dead to the Law, nor were they alive by faith. Could we say this in a spiritual positive sense? No. For they were to hear from Peter the Word by which they might live.

And the sheet was let down thrice (meaning three -3- times). **The first time** was to show their vital eternal union with Christ in the bond of everlasting love; and, therefore, they are said to be preserved in Jesus Christ, and called. "To them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." Jude 1:1. **Secondly**, this sheet is again let down at the time of conversion, the new birth, as appears by the

Holy Spirit falling on them. Peter spoke to them as follows. "Who shall tell thee words, whereby thou and all thy house shall be saved. And as I began to speak, the Holy Ghost fell on them, as on us at the beginning." Acts 11:14, 15. Read also Acts 2:4. **Thirdly**, this same sheet shall be let down again at the great or final resurrection of the just, of their vile bodies, for their bodies, as well as their souls, were represented as he described again the vision in Acts 11:5. "I was in the city of Joppa praying; and in a trance I saw a vision. A certain vessel descend, as it had been a great sheet, let down from heaven by four corners; and it came even to me; upon the which when I had fastened mine eyes, I considered, and saw **four footed beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things and fowls of the air.**" Acts 11:5, 6. It even extends out to the "wild ass," for "A wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure; in her occasion who can turn her away? All they that seek her will not weary themselves; in her mouth they shall find her." Jeremiah 2:24. Yet, they were let down from heaven in this sheet and were cleansed in Christ. Who is their sanctification and Who sanctifieth them. "For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one." Hebs. 2:11.

Some of these four footed beasts were knocking at Peter's door at the same time that the vessel was drawn up to Heaven again, denoting their inseparability.

Now, while Peter doubted in himself what this vision should mean, behold, three men which were sent by Cornelius had made inquiry for Simon which was surnamed Peter, and stopped before the gate, called and asked, whether Simon Peter was lodged there. Then follows, "While Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee. Arise therefore, and get thee down, and go with them, doubting nothing; for I have sent them." Acts 10:19, 20.

Thus, the Holy and Divine Love of God extended itself in its administration far and wide, until it had gathered some from the east, some from the west, some from the north and some from the south; and will at last bring them to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the Kingdom of God. Jesus said, "Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel. And I say unto you, That many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham and

Isaac, and Jacob, in the Kingdom of Heaven." Matt. 8:11. And finally, in the third raising of the sheet, they will hear Him say, "Fear not; for I am with thee; I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west; I will say to the north, Give up; and to the south, keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by **My NAME**; for I have created him for my glory, I have formed him; yea, I have made him. Bring forth the blind people that have eyes, and the deaf that have ears." Isa. 43:5-8. God gave the Word and great were the company that published it. See Psalms 68:11.

Even when the devil raised a persecution against the Apostles of God, this (persecution) was made an instrument in His Hand of wisdom for a further promulgation and spread of His Divine Law. As it has been written, "They that were scattered abroad went every where preaching the Word." Acts 8:4.

Finally, this eternal love in its full or complete breadth shall never leave the earth, until the kingdoms of this world become the Kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ who shall reign for ever and ever. See Rev. 11:15. Then, "shall the earth be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the **Lord**, as the waters cover the sea." Habakkuk 2:14.

I might add that the **profound depth of the Love of Christ** may be subdivided into three heads, as follows, viz:

(1) It was **deep** in the Eternal Council of God - in the secret councils of old, in the decree of Election and in the everlasting Covenant of Grace.

(2) It was a **mysterious depth** in the agonizing suffering of Christ, and,

(3) It was **deep** in the manifestation of it to poor mortals, who were deeply fallen into the pit of the powers of sin, death, hell and the grave with their master, the devil, from their federal head and forefather, Adam. These are the ones who have been brought to know the plauge of their own hearts.

Our quiet resting places are in the Electing Love of **God the Father**, the finished Salvation of His Son, the Lord and Saviour **Jesus Christ**, and in the Word and Witness of the **Holy Spirit**. Yes, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." Psalms 90:1.

**Eldon Gilbert**  
(July 7, 1982)

Brother Eldon Gilbert is a deacon in the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada and is much beloved among his people there. He has been a regular, faithful reader and subscriber of our paper, *Zion's Landmark*, since 1955, a period of nearly thirty years. We are glad that the Lord has blessed him to write several good articles for our paper recently, and we hope the blessing will continue.

Editor

Sometimes, I am made to say,

"O land of rest, for thee I sigh;  
When will the moment come,  
When I shall lay my armour by,  
And dwell with Christ at home?"

An unworthy brother, I hope,  
R. L. Wright,  
Bassett, Virginia 24055  
May 21, 1982

### A FIERY TRIAL

Dear Elder Mewborn,

In looking over my letters in the past, it brought to my memory the following. When my wife was baptized in Goblintown Creek, Patrick County, Virginia, in the year 1918, I stood on the bank, feeling forsaken, feeling that she had been admitted into another world, and that I was left behind.

The first time that she communed was at Old Center Church, Henry County, Virginia. I stood at her back, just outside the communion ring. Our baby began crying and I carried him away, feeling that I was too unworthy to even be allowed to behold that sacred service. Little did I know then that such heartaches would ever enter such a sacred place.

I was first received into fellowship at Goblintown Church, Patrick County, Virginia. I later moved my membership to Riverview Church, at Bassett, Virginia. These two churches were in two different associations, but at that time were in full fellowship with each other. Our memberships, respectively, were in two different associations. We happily communed together, then. Today, we are not allowed to commune together. However, I have to look to her to prepare my meals, clothes, etc. She is still my beloved wife.

The Apostle Peter has given me reassuring words, "Beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you; but rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings; that, when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy. Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." 1st Peter 4:12 & 19.

We have lain awake many hours, in tears, thinking over this sad condition. I still love my church and she continues to love her people.

### A STEADFAST BELIEVER

Dear Elder Mewborn,

I wanted to write to you and let you know that I enjoy reading the *Zion's Landmark*. I have been exposed to the writings of this paper for a long time, or many years due to my natural heritage who were subscribers.

My mother was the first one to be received into fellowship of the Ridgeway Old School or Primitive Baptist Church, Ridgeway, Virginia, by confession of faith in 1893. The church here had been established the previous year, 1892. My grandmother moved her membership here by letter from Camp Branch Church in the fall of 1892 and my mother joined the following March or April, the next spring. This made them the first additions to this church, nearly one hundred years ago.

I am one who enjoys your writings of the old churches and the old Elders. It was through your writing of Elder Benjamin Lloyd and the compiling of his hymnbook about two years ago that I learned Elder Jesse Cox, whose picture or photograph is in the hymnbook, was the grandfather of a distant cousin of mine who now lives in the State of Kentucky. We are grateful that the Lord has blessed you to treat upon such subjects for they prove to be beneficial to God's humble people.

My name is not on any church book of this blessed faith, but I do enjoy going to the meetings and taking part in the singing of the old hymns that I have heard for many years; also, I enjoy listening to the preaching when I think it is sound.

Yours in hope,  
John E. Pace, Sr.  
Ridgeway, Virginia 24148

## ENJOYING TURTON'S PILLAR

Dear Elder Mewborn,

I want to let you know that I have enjoyed the last two issues of *Zion's Landmark*. Especially have I enjoyed reading "Turton's Pillar" that was published in the "July-August, 1982," issue, and is to be continued in the next issue of the paper. His parents must have been saints, but I daresay they would not have described themselves as such. Many in this age, day and generation feel that they need diversion, vacation, getting away from it all to a secondary home or residence, a beach or mountain cottage, a change of scenery, a balanced diet, reading many books on varying subjects to be broadminded. Yet, this father, James Turton's father, never spent a single night away from home, read only the Bible, had a very limited diet and lived to be 92 years of age. How wonderful to see that God has ever taken care of His own under any or all circumstances.

Our churches here have received some sweet meetings lately. Brother Walter Wilson is being blessed to speak to our comfort and edification, as well as Brother Bud Smith. Perhaps you may have heard that Sister Thelma Simpson, wife of our beloved Brother Tom Simpson, was baptized here in May, 1982. This addition into our church brought much joy and happiness, assurance in hope that our Lord was abiding in our midst.

I hope that all of you are in good health. I think of Cynthia and Lydia, your two older daughters, and wonder what they are doing. I know they must be mature, young ladies now and, perhaps, are enrolled in college. They were 7 & 5 years of age, when we visited in your home last in 1967.

Love and best wishes to all of you,  
Grace Jefferson

September 12, 1982

Bakersfield, California

## A LOVE LETTER

Dearest Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

I have been and still am on the "Mountaintop." It is so beautiful here. I want to stay here and never, never come down. The Lord has let me "wear my golden slippers" again, as dear Sister Pauline W. Adams use to say to me. There are some things on my mind that I would like to say to you, but I do not know where to start or how to tell them. I trust that Brother Mewborn will, perhaps, do away with these words, my poor try, should it be wrong, but if it be right, as the Lord will, then let it be.

Several years ago when I was first given a home in

the Church at Middle Creek, I was happy when I was at church. "I wore my golden slippers" as Sister Adams would say. Many years went by. Sometimes, I would be taken to the mountaintop and would write my experiences while in this wonderful state of mind. The dear ones were kind and told me to write again. Often, I attempted to write of how it was with me. Those were my "golden days." I shall never forget them as long as my dear Lord will let me keep my mind, as long as He will let me remember. These were the happiest days of my life. Yet, there were times when I was down in the valley, even back then, so low at times that I did not even have the will to live. I look back now and see that my inward or soul suffering was worth it all to have the lifting up that followed.

But precious brethren, let me tell you, I have again been down very deeply in this valley. David said, "Thou, O Lord, hast lifted me up, and thou hast cast me down." Psalm 102:10. O how true are these words! David did not say how high the Lord lifted up or how long He would cast down. Yet, I can tell you that He doth cast down, very, very low. Regardless of how low He may cast us down, He will not destroy. I believe I have been brought to understand in some small way the language of the Apostle Paul when he said, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; **CAST DOWN, BUT NOT DESTROYED.**" II Corinthians 4:8,9. I am so glad he said, "not destroyed." This has truly been my experience. But, let me continue to tell you.

I do not know if you have ever been brought this low down (to this extent) in the valley of despair, but my doubt in the whole matter became so great that I felt to be deceived in the whole matter, wondering if there was anything to my hope and faith, feeling that, perhaps, it was and had all been imagination. O how low down I was in my feelings and frame of mind. I felt that I should call for my name and leave these precious people that I love so much. I hope, for Christ's sake. I thought I would get my name and go with my husband to his church. I felt that, maybe, I was fooled, deceived in the whole matter, and did not rightfully belong. That everyone would be better off without me. I cried a lot-I felt so alone. I felt so friendless, wondering if I had even one earthly friend, much less One in Heaven. This burden stayed upon me for about 6½ months. It would come and go. Somehow, through the mercy and

goodness of the Lord, I managed to keep going, trying to do my job at work, attempting to go on with life as best I could. Yet, I was so unhappy, not knowing where to turn or what to do about my awful condition. Dear brethren and sisters, do you ever get in such a shape or condition? Inwardly, I begged and craved for just a little bit of evidence, one small crumb from my Master's Table. If only I could have a little evidence, I thought, but none came. I went to meetings when I could during this time, but I was so burdened!

One night, as I slept, I dreamed I was married to my husband, but I fell in love with another Man. I married this Man in my dream. We were married in church. Then someone told me it was wrong to be married to this Man--there was still my first husband. I sat in a car with this, my new Husband, and told Him that I could not go and live with Him because I still wanted to go home with my first husband. Then, suddenly, I told Him I would stay with Him anyway. I loved Him so. I woke up. Days passed, and then, I hope I knew what the dream mean't. It was this. My husband represented the world (the Law) and the new Man represented Christ and His Gospel. I had wondered if I should go back to the old way, the law worship, in my very low condition, so very low that I wondered if I had been deceived in the whole matter the whole time. No, I could not go back, there was no way possible, because I was already married to Christ and His Church. At least, this is what I believe that it (the dream) mean't. The Lord showed me His Holy and Divine Hand in this matter. It is truly a blessing when we are given to watch His Hand in all matters, even the smallest of things in our everyday lives. But, O, I thought, how could I ever return back to them, even though He had let me see His Hand in the matter after wearing my "golden slippers" the years before? O the fear of the power of doubts and fears! I know that the church does not need this unworthy, sinful being, but, O how I need the Church, the Lord's people! I hope, somehow, that there will always be a small place, although so very small and insignificant there for poor me. I know that I would not be worthy of the smallest place. O that I might have a place to sit at the feet of my Lord and Master, that I might have a small crumb, now and then, from my Master's Table, just a little bit of evidence, here and there, along the way. David beautifully expressed my feelings in the 84th Psalm, 10th verse, "For a day in thy courts is better than a

thousand. **I HAD RATHER BE A DOORKEEPER IN THE HOUSE OF MY GOD, THAN TO DWELL IN THE TENTS OF WICKEDNESS.**" I do believe that there is such a thing as "spiritual wickedness in high places." Had not the Lord directed my mind in my dream and kept me, I would have, when left to myself, gone astray. Yes, I feel that had He not watched me as His own, I would have been destroyed. Surely, He that keepeth Israel neither slumbers nor sleeps. "Nevertheless my lovingkindness will I not utterly take from thee, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail." Psalms 89:33.

Our yearly meeting started yesterday and the happy feeling, the unexplainable joy, came back into my heart once more. The silver lining was again there. We had church services at Middle Creek and it was just wonderful. Then, today, we had baptismal services when Brother Joe and Sister Jeanette Proctor of Garner, North Carolina, were baptized. I wept all the way through the baptismal service. O how sacred is this ordinance, this Holy Rite, the Key of Admission into the militant Kingdom of God here in the world. Just how sacred it is, none will every fully know! All of this was now my dream, fully come true. I was now, once more, back with my Beloved, where deep down inside me, all the time, I wanted to be; yet, I could not control another power that was attempting to pull me away. O how happy I was! It was so real and now I hope they too (Brother Joe and Sister Jeanette Proctor) will wear the "Golden Slippers." I have worn them today. I have been at home once more with **my Beloved** at my beloved church. "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors **THROUGH HIM** that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor power, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, **NOR DEPTH**, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the **LOVE OF GOD**, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Romans 8:37, 38, 39.

I send unto you my love in the Lord for it is bound in Him. In Him we live and move and have our being. In Him only is our Hope of eternal life anchored both sure and steadfast. Hope maketh not ashamed for it is the love of God shed abroad in your hearts. I love you, my dear ones, I hope, for Christ's sake.

A little sister, if one at all,  
Joan Crenshaw,  
Garner, N. C. 27529  
August 8, 1982

## EDITORIAL

As I read the above experience of Sister Crenshaw, my mind went immediately to the Book of Ruth with the experience Ruth had with her mother-in-law, Naomi, and her sister, Orpah. I could see the experience of Ruth of old and the one of Sister Crenshaw going hand in hand. No doubt, many of us, in our many doubts and fears, somewhere along the way, have experienced the same thing they did.

I am submitting my thoughts in this connection for this issue as my editorial. Let us momentarily reflect on some of these things.

The families of Naomi and her two daughter-in-laws, Ruth and Orpah, had left the land of Judah and had dwelled in the land of Moab for ten years. Here, in Moab Naomi's husband had died, as well as her two sons, the husbands of Orpah and Ruth. They had heard in their desolate condition, down in Moab, of bread being given back in Judah. It says, "And they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah." Ruth 1:7. Here, Naomi could go no further saying, "Go, return each to her mother's house." She was old and knew that her childbearing age had passed. She could bring forth no longer unto them sons to be their husbands. "Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her." Ruth 1:14. Orpah is persuaded. Her name means "back," or "departure." She would sacrifice her own feelings, but it would be natural, not a spiritual sacrifice. Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, meaning Goodbye, "but Ruth clave unto her." What an astonishing thing this is to that homesick, lonely woman. Orpah is going back away yonder, along that lonely road in which they have come, but here stands Ruth yet. She is not even looking back, but her race is toward Naomi, (here a figure of the true Church of God), and towards Bethlehem. What a new light there is in her eyes, and what an expression of more than a daughter-in-law's love there is upon her face, as she still stands looking into the face of Naomi, her mother-in-law! Naomi has not yet seen the secret of Ruth's tender heart, nor has she yet known the deep meaning of her own name, "Friend." "And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law (Orpah) has gone back unto her people, and unto her gods, return thou after thy sister-in-law." Ruth 1:15.

Now is to be seen why Naomi came away from the land of Judah to dwell and suffer for ten long years in the country of Moab; that Ruth might see and love her,

and return with her. Now is to be seen the wonderful works of God in the heart, and how He brings His people from the ends of the earth unto Himself. And now is Naomi to know something of the Lord's purpose in her long and afflictive sojourn here in this strange land (of Moab). Yes, Orpah would have made a natural sacrifice if she had gone with Naomi, but Ruth makes none. Ruth has no people there (in Moab) anymore, nor any gods there. Her name is "Friend," but it is "Friend in the Lord" to Naomi and Judah, not to Moab. Moab represents the natural world here which now encases the true Church.

What wonderful words fall from Ruth's lips! What tender love and faithfulness are shown by them to Naomi, as she thus opens to her view the secret feeling of her heart, as follows: "And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God. Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried. The Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me." Ruth 1:16, 17.

Here is a most sweet and true expression of the Lord's work. Here is manifested the new and everlasting covenant, as the Lord writes it in the new heart. It binds all the Lord's people together in unity. It is the same covenant that God made between Jonathan and David and Paul and Silas and others. Please take notice that Ruth's words do not express the feeling that she can be of any help whatsoever and benefit to Naomi. It is for herself she is speaking. It is on her own account that she pleads to go with her mother-in-law, Naomi, a figure of the true Church of God. Her desire to be in that dear company is so strong and masterful that her words express assurance and sweet determination, as well as desire. I would say that she even speaks with the authority of divine inspiration in that Ruth speaks for the Lord's people throughout all time, as they come, one by one, from the ends of the earth, being drawn by that Love of God which passes all knowledge. It was in Bethlehem where Ruth afterwards came with Naomi that she must glean in order that they, too, might live. Her hope will always be to enter on a part of the field belonging to Boaz. Here is the gospel field. Boaz, a figure or type of Christ, finds her there, etc.

When I read Sister Crenshaw's experience, I could see it beautifully typified in the above lines. The flesh

or human nature (Orpah) will always return back. The Spiritual Seed (Christ) will always remain permanently. Naomi, a figure of the Church of God, does not want anyone to go along with her whose affections are with the world. Instead of extending invitations, as practiced by the Arminian world, to such, and urging people to go with her, the true church has even refused such human sacrifices. She wants none but those whose hearts are truly with her. While their hearts are singularly with the world, a membership in the church would, as I see it, only be an outward or false appearance. It would not be true because it is not a Spiritual union. To all such, the true Church of God has ever said, "Go back to your own people." Had Orpah remained with Naomi and Ruth, this would have been only a natural sacrifice. Such has never been acceptable in the sight of God. This, Sister Crenshaw could not do, as she so beautifully pointed out, "I was already married to Christ and His Church."

J. M. Mewborn

#### OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

##### HARRY T. VORIES

Brother Harry T. Vories was born April 23, 1896, near Campbellsburg, Henry County, Kentucky, (near the Indiana border), and passed from this life on September 1, 1982, in Phoenix, Arizona. His parents and forebears attended the Sulphur Fork Old School Baptist Church, Campbellsburg, Kentucky, where Brother Vories grew up and also attended as a child, under the ministry of Elder P. W. Sawin.

Brother Vories lived in several parts of the country throughout his lifetime where he was a dairy farmer. While living in these areas, he attended the Old School Baptist Churches nearby. These churches included the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada, a Predestinarian or Old School Baptist Church in Miami, Florida, and in his latter years the Seclusia and Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Churches of Los Angeles and Bakersfield, California.

The writer was personally acquainted with Brother Vories since 1964, and he can truly say that he was a lovely, humble brother. If not deceived, he was firmly established in the true doctrine of Electing Grace and Absolute Predestination and the teaching of Salvation by Grace and Grace alone both for time and eternity of the Church of God. Often, he wrote many encouraging letters to me in my endeavors in editing and continuing this paper, **Zion's Landmark**. He was a faithful supporter, both in word and deed of action.

About three years ago, the apartment building in which he lived in Los Angeles, California, sustained a heavy fire and in this fire he lost much of his personal belongings. However, the Lord blessed him to escape with his life. Afterwards, he moved to

Phoenix, Arizona, to be near his family and sisters, **Mrs. A. V. (Ann) Brown** who so faithfully and tenderly cared for him in his last days. Sometime in July or August, 1982, he fell and broke his hip from which he never recovered. We feel that the Lord was merciful to him in his suffering when he took him out of this life on the above date, September 1, 1982.

The two Predestinarian Baptist Churches of California, Seclusia and Little Flock, especially, as well as many other Old School Baptist people with whom he corresponded throughout the United States and Canada, will miss him very much. May the Lord in his love and mercy comfort his family, the two surviving sisters, Mrs. Ann Brown and Evelyn, along with his two nephews and niece, in their loss.

Funeral rites were held in the A. L. Moore and Sons Funeral Chapel, Phoenix, Arizona, with Pastor (Minister) Dwane Averill, a friend of the family, officiating. Concluding services and interment were in the Arizona Veterans Cemetery, Phoenix.

We share the hope today with God's people that he will be among that number when Christ comes again to call for the sleeping dead to raise their bodies from the dust of the ground to blessed immortality when they will hear Him say, Child, "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." **Matthews 25:34.**

His friend and, I hope, brother,  
J. M. Mewborn

##### ELI GROVER (E. G.) MCKINNEY

It is with a saddened heart, but also with loving memories, that I attempt to write a memorial to my dear father who was called from this life on May 11, 1982. E. G. McKinney was born to William Preston and Sarah S. McKinney on December 3, 1893, making his stay on earth 89 years, 5 months and 8 days.

In August, 1913, he was married to Elizabeth Loucinda Payne, who survives him along with six children as follows, viz: Byron C. McKinney, National City, California; Boyd G. McKinney, Toast, N. C.; W. H. (Jack), Toast, N. C.; Madeline M. Lowry, Toast, N. C.; Margaret M. Speaks, Winston-Salem, N. C., and Carol M. Johnson, Mount Airy, N. C. He also left behind to mourn his passing eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

My father and mother first united with Round Peak Primitive Baptist Church where he served as deacon and clerk. Later, they moved their memberships to Old Hollow (Stuart's Creek) Primitive Baptist Church for the sake of convenience. He served as deacon there also. He also served as Assistant Clerk in the Laurel Springs Association for several years. My father was a true believer in the doctrine or teaching of Salvation by the Grace of God, and loved the Old Baptist faith and fellowship. He was faithful to attend as long as his health permitted him to go.

He was reared on a farm in the Round Peak Community of Surry County, North Carolina, and later in life he worked as a merchant and carpenter. He was always a very hard worker, truly dedicated, and he seemed to enjoy it so much. He was blessed to go to his Little Coffee Shop on Saturday before he was stricken so seriously ill on the following Sunday, Mother's Day. The Lord called him home to be with His Son, Jesus, on Tuesday following.

His funeral service was conducted at Moody's Funeral Home Chapel, Mount Airy, N. C., on May 13, 1982, by Elder Paul Hopkins and Elder J. Sebron Sechrist. Interment of his body followed in

Old Round Peak Cemetery beneath a mound of beautiful flowers.

We miss him very much, feeling that our loss is his eternal gain, and that he is now basking in the Sunlight of God's Eternal Love. My brother, Bryon, wrote a sweet verse in memory of our loved one.

"Papa sleeps there in Old Round Peak Churchyard,

The Mocking Bird sings O'er where he lies;

Although he's gone now, we'll never forget him,

For in our thoughts he never dies!"

We wish to submit a copy of this memorial for the church, one for the family and one for publication in *Zion's Landmark*

Written by his daughter in love.

A sister, I hope,  
Madeline M. Lowry  
Mount Airy, N. C.

**HARRY E. WOOD**

I will attempt in my weak way to write Brother Harry Edwin Wood's obituary. Brother Wood was born, April 28th, 1900, and passed away June 23rd, 1982, at the age of 82 years old.

Brother Wood married Nannie Biggs over 50 years ago. She survives him with three daughters: Mrs. Harden (Mary) Freeman, Mrs. George (Elizabeth) Brinegar, and Mrs. Bill (Margaret) Coleman. Also surviving are three sisters, two brothers, seven grandchildren and 5 great-grandchildren.

Brother Wood united with Spoon Creek Church, Patrick County, Virginia in 1937. He was ordained a Deacon at Spoon Creek Church on Saturday, October, 1945, and was blessed to serve the Church well. He carried the love and respect of all the brethren every where. He attended Spoon Creek and all of our sister Churches every meeting as long as he was able. We know that Sister Nannie, family, and friends greatly miss him. We at Spoon Creek miss Brother Wood, but we feel our loss is his eternal gain.

Brother Wood's funeral was preached at Moody Funeral Home in Stuart, Virginia, by Elder J. G. Gardner, Elder A. A. Doss, Elder David Minter and Elder H. H. Meeks. His body was laid to rest at Mt. View Cemetery, Ridgeway, Virginia.

Done by order of our church in conference.

A very small Brother, if one at all,  
Cletus Turner  
Bassett, Virginia 24055

**MAGGIE LEE FOLEY RORRER**

Our Heavenly Father saw fit to call from this life a dear sister in Christ, we believe, Mrs. Maggie Lee Foley Rorrer, who was born January 1, 1897, and died May 1, 1982, making her stay on earth 85 years and four months. She was the daughter of the late James T. Foley and Martha A. Law Foley of Henry County, Virginia. They died on January 14, and January 19, 1935, each only a few days apart from the other.

To them were born five children. Two sons died in infancy. Her daughters are Mrs. Glenn McCraw, Mrs. Layton Wingfield, Mrs. Raymond Hall, and Mrs. Warren Shough. The surviving son is Henry L. Rorrer.

She was a member of Goblintown Primitive Baptist Church, near Bassett, Virginia, for 53 years. She moved her membership to Elamsville Primitive Baptist Church in the year 1971. Her membership was there when she passed away.

We feel that our loss is surely her eternal gain. She bore the mark as surely one of God's children while here in the world. In this calling she was a good mother to her children. The Bible says,

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." Psalm 116:15. In the church she was a loving, faithful sister, and is greatly missed by the brethren, sisters, and friends, as well as her family. May God in His infinite mercy reconcile all of us to his blessed will.

Her funeral service was conducted at Moody's Funeral Home by Elders Bennie Clifton, John Wingfield and Pastor (Minister) T. E. Leviner. Her body was laid to rest in the Foley Family Cemetery, Route 2, Stuart, Virginia.

Written by request,  
Maude R. Handy, Church Clerk  
Patrick Springs, Va. 24133

**ANNIE WRENN GRINSTEAD**

Sister Annie W. Grinstead was born June 26, 1898, and passed from this life on Thursday, July 22, 1982, while a patient at Duke Hospital, Durham, N. C. Her sojourn in life was 84 years and 25 days. She was the daughter of the late Chesley and Martha Jeanette Wrenn, of Person County, N. C.

On January 16, 1918, she was married to the late Trogen B. Grinstead. Six children were born to this union. Three sons are Chesley, who preceded her in death, Trogen B. Jr. of Roxboro, N. C., and Pasco of Rougemont, N. C.; three daughters: Mrs. Melba Horton, Route 1, Timberlake, N. C.; Mrs. Jeanette Davis and Mrs. Julia Jones of Roxboro, N. C., who survive to mourn her passing. Also, 20 grandchildren and 22 great-grandchildren are left to mourn her passing. She was a devoted wife and loving mother to her family, especially during her afflictions in the latter days of her life.

Sister Annie was given a precious hope in Jesus Christ, her Lord, and on July 5, 1966, was baptized and received joyfully into fellowship with Surl Primitive Baptist Church, Person County, N. C. She was a very devoted, faithful, and highly esteemed mother. She believed in God's doctrine of eternal election and the predestination of all things. If heaven were her home, she believed that it was by the Grace of God--not of anything that she had or had not done while here in this life. If she was a child of God, it was because she was chosen in Him from or before the foundation of the world.

Her funeral was conducted at Surl Primitive Baptist Church on Saturday, July 27, 1982, by her pastor, Elder L. P. Martin and Elder Wallace Oakley. Her body was laid to rest beside the resting place of her beloved husband in Person Memorial Cemetery, Roxboro, N. C.

We at Surl Church extend our sympathy to her bereaved family. May God in His mercy reconcile all of us to the dispensation of His blessed will and providence. We believe that Sister Grinstead will hear her Saviour say in that day, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Matthew 25:21.

Be it, therefore, resolved that three copies of this obituary be made. One copy to be sent to *Zion's Landmark* for publication, one copy be given to the family, and one copy be retained for the Church record.

Done by order of Surl Primitive Baptist Church in conference, September 11, 1982.

L. P. Martin, Moderator  
James H. Rose, Committee

**MEETING NOTICES****ANGIER UNION**

The Angier Union will meet, if the Lord will, with the Church at Old Union, Johnston County, N. C., on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in October, 1982.

Old Union Church is located on the Brogden Road between Smithfield, N. C., and Goldsboro, N. C.

Elder Walter Barnes was chosen to preach the introductory sermon. We invite our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us, especially our ministering brethren.

**E. T. Jones, Union Clerk**  
Fuquay-Varina, N. C. 27526

**BLACK CREEK UNION**

The next session of the Black Creek Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Sappony, Nash County, N. C., the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in October, 1982.

Sappony Church is located just off N.C. Hwy. 58, about half-way distance between Wilson, N. C., and Nashville, N. C. On Hwy. 58, turn west at J. W. Bone's Store and go 1/2 mile to Church on your left.

Elder J. B. Williams was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Delbert Carraway was chosen as his alternate.

We extend a warm invitation to our brethren, sisters and friends with a special invitation given to our ministering brethren to come and be with us in our union meeting.

**J. B. Williams, Union Clerk**  
225 Braswell Street  
Rocky Mount, N. C. 27801

**LOWER COUNTRY LINE UNION**

The next session of the Lower Country Line Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Mebane, in Mebane, North Carolina, on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in October, 1982.

Elder Burch Wray was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder L. P. Martin was chosen as his alternate.

Mebane Church is located in the Town of Mebane, North Carolina, on West Lee Street, near the school building.

A cordial invitation is given to our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us. Most especially would we be glad to have visiting ministers come to see us in our union meeting.

**Clyde Satterfield, Union Clerk**  
Timberlake, N. C.

**BLACK RIVER UNION**

The next session of the Black River Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Harnett, Sampson County, N. C., beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in October, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following.

Harnett Church is located about 15 miles south of Dunn, N. C. Follow U.S. 421 to N.C. 242 South. Follow N.C. 242 South in the direction of Salemburg, N. C. to first crossroad. Turn right to Church on your right.

Elder J. W. Hawkins was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder W. C. Noles was chosen as his alternate.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren, sisters and friends to come and be with us, especially ministering brethren to visit us.

**Alonzo Barefoot, Union Clerk**  
Newton Grove, N. C. 28366

**WHITE OAK UNION**

The next session of the White Oak Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Newport, Newport, North Carolina, beginning, the Lord will, on the fifth Saturday in October, 1982, and will continue through Sunday following.

Elder Johnny Carroll was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Furnie Wood is his alternate.

A cordial invitation is given to our brethren and believers in the truth with a special invitation extended to our ministering brethren to come and visit with us.

**(Elder) Furnie Wood, Union Clerk**  
Route 1, Box 196  
Chinquapin, N. C. 28521

**MILL BRANCH UNION**

The next session of the Mill Branch Union was appointed to be held with the Church at Mount Pleasant, Bishopville, South Carolina, beginning on the fifth Saturday before the fifth Sunday in October, 1982, and will continue through the following Sunday, if the Lord will. The dates are the 30th and 31st of October, 1982.

Traveling directions are as follows: Those traveling Int-20 west from Florence, S. C., turn right on U.S. 15 Hwy. Go to first blacktop road. Turn left and proceed to Church on your left.

We extend a special invitation to our ministering brethren, brethren, sisters and friends. We will be more than glad to have you visit us in our union meeting.

**J. D. Wright, Union Clerk**  
110 Williams Street  
Tabor City, N. C. 28463

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NO. 12

DEVOTED TO THE CAUSE OF JESUS CHRIST

EDITOR - Elder J. M. Mewborn, Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

ASSOCIATE EDITOR - George A. Fulk, Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

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Thank you very much for your help!

Editor

**ELDER MAON JONES****( An Historical Perspective )**

The Zion's Landmark acknowledges with regret and sorrow in this issue of the passing of Elder Maon Jones, Streamwood, Illinois, on August 27, 1982, who founded in that town in 1975 the **Primitive Baptist Library**. This library, as we understand, is permanently endowed and established for the use of generations to come. Many priceless, valuable volumes of our Primitive Baptist heritage are catalogued and stored there. Elder Jones labored long and hard to accomplish this great undertaking.

Among other contributions that the Lord blest and enabled Elder Jones to carry out in recent years in connection with the establishment of the library for the benefit of the Primitive Baptist cause in the United States of America was the republication or reprinting of numerous volumes of books that have long since been out of print by Old School or Primitive Baptist authors of America as well as by writers who were affiliated with the Strict Baptist Church of England. Perhaps the most outstanding of these republications by Elder Jones are the works of John Gill. Works republished by American Primitive Baptist authors are Elders Wilson Thompson, John Leland, W. S. Craig, David Bartley and James H.

Oliphant and others. A catalogue or list of still available books can be obtained today by writing to the Primitive Baptist Library, 107 Elm Lane, Streamwood, Illinois 60403. A number of these books are still obtainable, so I am informed, and will be sold on a "first come, first served" basis. Please contact the library at the above address if you are interested.

Our paper commends the efforts of this most unusual man in regards to his above described efforts in behalf of the cause of truth. It was my privilege to have talked with him by telephone a number of times and I found him to be, if not deceived, an unusual man of understanding in the truth. Reading of the ancestry of his forebears from his obituary, as published in this issue of **Zion's Landmark**, stirred my thinking more about him, after he had passed from this life. When I read that his ancestry was Welsh and American Indian, my mind was carried immediately back to *Legendary History of the United States* that ties directly in with our earliest Baptist heritage of our country, the *United States of America*. *Legendary history*, of course, is based upon information at hand that has been handed down from generation to generation without documentary evidence to support the contention. We acknowledge this fact in the publication of the following *legendary history*, of the "Welsh-Jones Family", feeling, however, at the same time that you may not have been aware that such (legendary) history existed and also that you will be interested in having this information.

This undocumented American history is left on record today of the Welsh among the American Indian. The idea or notion that Europeans were on these shores long before Christopher Columbus came here in 1492 is intriguing but not without consideration, as follows. There is hard evidence that Columbus arrived very late in the exploring and discovering race, beaten here by the Welsh, Norsemen, Egyptians, Mongolians and Phoenicians. But what apparently gives Columbus his niche in the history books today is that he was the only one to go back to Europe and brag about it.

There are two legends on record today of the Welsh coming to this continent as early as 1170. One is found right here in eastern North Carolina, and the other incident, having the same circumstances and identical ramifications is found in the midwest (Illinois, Indiana, & Kentucky), the area of the ancestry of Elder Maon Jones. He told me recently that his great

***Zion's Landmark***

"Remove not the ancient Landmark  
which thy fathers have set." Proverbs 22:28

**EDITOR**

ELDER J. M. MEWBORN  
Willow Springs, N. C. 27592

**ASSOCIATE EDITOR**

GEORGE A. FULK  
Pilot Mountain, N. C. 27401

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grandfather helped establish the first association of churches in the State of Iowa. (See Hassell's Church History.)

Now in the year 1170, the legend goes, the king of Wales died, leaving his blood-thirsty sons to fight among themselves for his throne. It was a slaughter, urged on by the king's evil widow. Madoc, the youngest, decided to leave his homeland, so he gathered around him more than 100 followers and set sail westward of a peaceful land. This account is more specifically described and told in **NORTH CAROLINA LEGENDS**, edited by Richard Walsler, and published in the North Carolina Department of Cultural Resources (Division of Archives and History), in 1980, page 7 & 8, as follows:

### "PRINCE MADOC, THE WELSHMAN

In 1170, upon the death of the Welsh king in Great Britain, the succession was contested by several of his ferocious, brutish sons. Twelfth-century Wales was a barbarous country and the most heinous atrocities went unpunished. As the brothers, incited by the king's evil widow, slaughtered each other, the winsome youngest son, whose name was Madoc, decided to leave his bloody homeland. The twenty year old prince gathered together more than a hundred of his peace loving followers and sailed into the unknown western seas, hoping to find an untroubled land where they could live happily and congenially with each other.

He found it. Beyond the ocean was a beautiful, bounteous realm peopled by dark-skinned natives who led industrious, harmonious lives. After a year, leaving behind most of his companions, Madoc went back to Wales for supplies. The report on his new home was ardently received by the strife-weary people, and ten shiploads of his countrymen returned with him into the west. They were never heard of again.

Five centuries later in 1666, Morgan Jones, a Welsh clergyman, sailed south from Virginia. Some weeks after landing at a dismal spot on the coast, he became so beset with hardships that he started an overland trek back north. On the banks of the Pamlico River in North Carolina he was taken captive by a Tuscarora tribe of Doeg Indians, many of whom had fair complexions and red hair. He was condemned to die the next morning.

All night Jones prayed for deliverance, exclaiming over and over again in Cymric, "Have I escaped so

many dangers that I must now be knocked on the head like a dog?"

A chief of the Doegs heard him and spoke to him in the same strange but wonderful language. "You speak our tongue," he said. "You shall not die."

For four months Morgan Jones stayed with the Doegs, preaching to them three times a week in Welsh. Finally resuming his journey, he promised to go to Great Britain and come back with more brethren to preach to the tribe in the Christian faith. His death left his mission unaccomplished.

Only much later was it conjectured that the Doegs were descendants of Madoc's Welsh explorers and the blessed natives of the western seas." (End of Quote.)

-----

The second historical "Madoc" legend, that has been handed down over the years, is from Mr. Robert Lightfoot, Jr., formerly director of the Bradley University Library in Peoria, Ill., and now a Raleigh, N. C., resident. This (second) legend has Madoc entering the midwest area through the Mississippi River. All other details are the same.

The first mention of the Midwest Welsh-speaking Indians was in 1819 when a Lt. Joseph Roberts left on record: "In the year of 1801, I was in a hotel and there was a young lad, a native of Wales, a waiter in the house. He had displeased me and I said to him, jocosely in Welsh, "I'll give thee a good beating." "There happened to be in the same room...an Indian chief who rose in a great hurry, stretching for his hand, at the same time asking me in the ancient British tongue, 'Is that thy language?' "The chief said that was his language and the language of his father and mother of his (Indian) nation. "The Indian began to inquire whence I came and I replied Wales, but he had never heard of the place. I asked him if there were any traditions among them whence his ancestors had come. 'He said that they came from a far, distant country, very far in the East and over the Great Water. ! conversed with him in Welsh and English. He knew Welsh better than I did."

In 1794, there was a report of light-skinned Indians speaking Welsh along the Missouri River. In 1842, an antique expert named Thomas Hinde described six skeletons found earlier near Jefferson, Indiana, each of which had a breast plate of brass on

which was described the Welsh coat of arms. In 1926, a Kentucky woman, granddaughter of an Indian fighter, said her grandmother had met Welsh-speaking Indians and had spoken with them.

And then there are the stone grave people. Fourteen ancient tombs were found on a Kentucky farm, each of them containing a skeleton. The tombs were of a special kind, researchers said, unlike any ever seen or used by native American Indians. The only other place on Earth that uses stone tombs exactly like those found in Kentucky is Wales."

Much history pertaining to civilization has been lost throughout the history of time because of the dissolution of documentary, supportive evidence. The above information is a case at point, and like the natural fate of the famous "Lost Colony" of Roanoke Island, near Manteo, North Carolina, the first attempted (documented) settlement in the new world in 1587 by Sir Walter Raleigh, perhaps, the real truth of the "Welsh and the American Indian" will never be known.

(Compiled and edited for the Zion's Landmark,  
by J.M. Mewborn, Editor, December 17, 1982.)

### PREDESTINATION

**SOVEREIGN** Ruler of the skies

Ever gracious, ever wise!

All my times are in thy hand,-

All events at thy command.

His decree, who formed the earth,

Fixed my first and second birth:

Parents, native place, and time,-

All appointed were by Him.

He that formed me in the womb,

He shall guide me to the tomb;

All my times shall ever be

Ordered by His wise decree.

Times of sickness, times of health,

Times of poverty and wealth;

Times of trial and of grief,

Times of triumph and relief.

Times the tempter's power to prove,

Times to taste a Saviour's love;

All must come, and last, and end,

As shall please my heavenly Friend.

Plagues and deaths around me fly;

Till He bids, I cannot die;

Not a single shaft can hit

Till the God of love sees fit.

O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just,

In thy Hand my life I trust;

Have I somewhat dearer still?--

I resign it to Thy will.

Thee, at all times, will I bless,

Having thee, I all possess;

How can I bereaved be,

Since I cannot part with thee?

(Selected)

### THE FISH THAT SWALLOWED JONAH

Brother J. J. Hicks of Onslow County, N. C., wishes me to write on the above subject for the Landmark.

The word "whale" occurs in the King James or The Authorized version of the Bible four times: Gen. 1:21, Job 7:12, Ezek. 32:2, and Matt. 12:40. The word "shark" does not occur in our English version of the Bible at all. We learn on the title page of all English Bibles that our English Scriptures were "translated out of the original tongues"; and as it is well known, the Hebrew was the original language of the Old Testament, and the Greek was that of the New Testament. And as the old London Baptist Confession of Faith says: "Although those things which are necessary to be known, believed, and observed for salvation are so clearly propounded and opened in some place of the Scripture that not only the learned but the unlearned, by means of revelation, may attain to a sufficient understanding of them," yet "in all religious controversies the church is finally to appeal to the original tongues."

The Hebrew word rendered "fish" in the book of Jonah, is dag, and means any kind of fish; and the Greek word by which dag is translated in the Septuagint or Greek version of the Old Testament, and

in Matt. 12:40, is Ketos, and means any large fish, including the whale, shark, tunny, or any other. While the throat of some whale is too small to swallow a man, that of the Sperm and Rorqual whales and White Sharks are found in the Mediterranean Sea, where Jonah was sailing when thrown overboard. The White Shark has been known to swallow a man and a horse whole, and to vomit them after having thus swallowed them. The Hebrew word rendered "belly" in Jonah is *meim* and the Greek word thus rendered in Matt. 12:40 is *koilia*. Both of these words mean any internal cavity of the body. If it were a Rorqual Whale that swallowed Jonah, the prophet may have been entombed in some of the many longitudinal and nearly paralleled folds that commence under the lower lip and extend the whole length of the fish's body, and may not have gone far down into the digestive canal. Of course, his preservation alive was a miracle, and all circumstances were appointed of the Lord; they are a lively representation, not only of the burial and resurrection of Jesus, but also of the judgment and mercy of God to sinners.

No genuine Primitive Baptist can doubt the literal as well as the spiritual truth of the book of Jonah, affirmed as it is by Christ (Matt. 12:40, 16:4, Luke 11:30). All things are possible to Divine Omnipotence.

**Sylvester Hassell**  
(From Zion's Landmark)

### THE SNOW IS FALLING GENTLY

The snow is falling gently outside on this cold January day, but as I walked to our front door and viewed through the glass the panorama spread out before me, I humbly bowed my head in reverence and thankfulness to the Great Supreme Power above who alone could make such miracles to take place.

The snow covered all unsightly and ugly things and spread only a scene of beauty before my eyes. Only man can make the earth ugly and only God can hide it all in a few hours when He sprinkles it with pure white snow.

The many birds that eat from our feeders were flitting from one snow-covered tree to the other; the cardinals, jays, purple finches and doves were all

there, even a flock of black birds looked pretty with the white background.

Our faith and belief are often renewed in One so powerful and great by seeing for ourselves, with our own eyes, that which God so graciously gave us to see: His handiwork! How wonderful to be a recipient of His mercy.

"All things are possible with God." How can we ever doubt that?

"These things are impossible with men." How can we doubt that either?

Have we ever thought how impossible it would be for mankind to cause it to snow, to rain, the sun to shine, trees and plants to grow, the sun to rise and set at a certain time each day, and on and on?

Along with His miracles and His mercy, God lets us experience sorrow and grief. He often finds us in a desolate desert, wandering in a wilderness of woe, and only He can lead us out. God knows all our needs, and when His purpose has been served, He reaches out in the desert land and leads us by His Hand through the wilderness, sets our feet upon a Rock (Jesus) and establishes our going and coming.

From darkness we are led to a marvelous light—a Light of understanding, thankfulness and humbleness. Then God spreads the beauty of His universe before our eyes and we look again with thankfulness to Him.

**Elizabeth C. Edwards**  
417 South Boylan Avenue  
Raleigh, N. C. 27603  
January, 1978

**"THE WEAPONS OF OUR WARFARE ARE NOT CARNAL,  
BUT MIGHTY THROUGH GOD TO THE PULLING DOWN  
OF STRONG HOLDS." II Cor. 10:4.**

( A DEMONSTRATION )

**Elder P. D. Gold, Zion's Landmark,  
Dear Brother in Christ:**

I saw recently an article in the Landmark in reference to Elder John Leland, a Baptist minister who

was some fifty years ago sent to the General Assembly of Massachusetts to get repealed the law taxing all citizens to support the state (or established) church, and he succeeded. The clergy, of the State (or Established) Church were greatly exasperated against him, and one of them accused Elder Leland falsely of writing and committing to memory his political sermon before the Massachusetts General Assembly in behalf of religious separation from governmental power.

Elder Leland challenged him to a public pulpit performance of extemporaneous preaching. His opponent agreed to the challenge. Elder Leland, the first to preach, arose, when his antagonist gave him for his text, "And Balaam saddled his ass." Numbers 22:21.

Instantaneously, Elder Leland divided his discourse into three heads, and said, "Balaam is the priesthood of the tithing church, the saddle is the tithing system, and the ass is the people." For his agreed (allotted) sixty minutes of time, Leland poured forth in eloquent strains against the iniquity of false doctrine and its supporters never surpassed in modern times, while the thousands present hanged on his lips in breathless silence.

When his antagonist arose to take his turn of sixty minutes, Leland gave him for his text, "And the ass opened his mouth and spake." Numbers 22:28. And such a storm of applause arose that his antagonist soon sat down in silence without uttering a single sentence.

**Mrs. Eber Hix,**  
**Jefferson, New York.**  
**(From Zion's Landmark, 1889.)**

### EDITORIAL COMMENTS

Elder John Leland lived in the period of time in American History when this country belonged to Great Britain before we had an American Constitution, as we today know it. There was no Bill of Rights, no freedom of religion, no freedom of the press, as well as the other guaranteed freedoms that we so richly enjoy here today.

James Madison, a devout patriot in that day, after the Revolutionary War, had wanted to be elected to the

Constitutional Convention as a delegate to help draft our present Constitution of the United States of America. (James Madison later became the fourth president of our country.) Madison needed Leland's support to get elected because of the vast number of followers (Baptists) under Leland's ministry in that time. Without Leland's support, it would have been impossible. Madison agreed with Leland to meet at Orange, Va., not far away where Baptist ministers had been publicly whipped, imprisoned, and severely persecuted in other ways by the government of the state church for preaching the Gospel of Christ. Elder Leland wanted, as much as anything else, to see the "Freedom of Religion" clause written in the Constitution just as much as Madison wanted to get elected to the convention as a delegate.

Here, at Orange, Va., they worked out a "log-rolling" agreement, known in the study of Political Science as the kind where two separate parties or people agree to reciprocally and equally work for the other's interest to acquire a divergent goal. Leland told the Old Baptists back in the hills, the plains, and in the forests who to support when they went to the polls. They had been for so many years deprived of the true privilege of worship, as pointed out in the editorials in this issue, "Every man **under his vine and under his fig tree.**" 1st Kings 4:25. Beyond words or expression had been the extent of their suffering over the attempt at the public and open worship of God, for, at least, three centuries.

Ultimately, Madison was elected to the convention and through his stand in their deliberations came forward these wonderful words to every Baptist in posterity,

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, etc.,"

as a result of the uncompromising strength and conviction of a man named "Elder John Leland."

In recent months efforts have been made to amend our Constitution, relating to this first amendment, that would allow prayer in public schools. While our voice is small, as such, as a people, we would admonish the leaders and lawmakers of our country, both in the halls of Congress, as well as our

resident, to weigh well the tampering with this sacred **Bill of Rights**, remembering at the same time that any approach in this manner to it would be an attempt to lay with the "HOLY OF HOLIES."

It is wonderful that the Lord blessed Sister Eberlix of Jefferson, New York, who was a contemporary of Elder Gilbert Beebe, to leave on record for our learning today of the fearlessness and boldness of Elder John Leland in defending the truth of the sacred cause.

Make no mistake about it, Elder Leland in the Spirit of God clearly disarmed his antagonist.

J. M. Mewborn, Editor

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO FUND FOR THOSE UNABLE TO PAY AND FOR THE SUPPORT AND MAINTENANCE OF ZION'S LANDMARK.**

(From April 24, 1982 to December 2, 1982)

We would like to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for the contributions that have been made in this manner for the above cause. Your assistance in this way greatly helps us in keeping our paper in circulation at current subscription rates. Thank you for your loyal support and help in every respect in behalf of this common cause among our people. May God continue His blessing with us in the future as He has in the past.

Editor

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**EDITORIALS**

**"And Judah and Israel dwell safely, every man under his vine and under his fig tree, from Dan even to Beersheba, all the days of Soloman." 1st Kings 4:25.**

We, your editors, have felt for sometime that, if the Lord will, we would like to undertake a joint editorial on the above subject in light of the wonderful privilege that God has granted us for the past 206 years in being enabled by His grace to worship "under our own vine and under our own fig tree." We fear that we

would not fully know how to appreciate this blessing in the truest sense unless it were removed, or that we were deprived of it.

We do not recall ever having seen the above two subjects, "The Vine" and "The Fig Tree", as mentioned in the above scripture, commented upon together, as they are jointly and spiritually related.

In this issue of the **Zion's Landmark**, we have undertaken to express our views at this time. We hope that the dear Lord has been our guide and pen in the attempt.

**Geo. A. Fulk  
J. M. Mewborn**

**THE VINE AND ITS BRANCHES**

**"I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5.**

In nature, all life that comes up through the vine has to come up through the roots, then through the vine, which is a type of Christ. From the vine, the life, which represents Christ, as it has to come up through the vine, then proceeds out to the branches to every bud, branch, flower and leaf. No life can find its way out to the branches and finally to the bud, branches, flowers and leaves except through the vine which typifies Christ. The minute that a bud, branch, flower or leaf falls off, it no longer can live. It is the power of God that causes that life-giving moisture to find its way up through the roots and through the vine's branches and finally to the buds, leaves and flowers. The same life that is in the vine goes out to the branches and even to the leaves. They are all inseparably tied to the life that is in the vine, and the life in the vine is tied to the earth. "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman." John 15:1. So, Christ's life is in the Father, as the natural life of the natural plant is in the earth. The natural life of the vine has to start from a seed that is planted in the earth. When the life-generating moisture is applied within the seed and the natural warmth of the earth, which is a type of God's love, as it would relate to His people, that natural seed begins to grow and expand until the natural life that was in that natural seed bursts forth with such power and God-given force. It is emphasized that the natural

life was in that seed all the time. When the moisture which typifies life and that natural warmth from the sun, which typifies the **LOVE OF GOD**, are both applied, natural life shows forth. All this is natural, but is God-given, and is so typical of Spiritual life.

As the natural life to the natural plant is in the earth, and the vine gets its natural life up through the vine, so it is Spiritually. All Spiritual life is in that Seed that Paul writes about in Galatians 3:16: "Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made. He saith not, and to seeds, as of many; but **AS OF ONE**, and to thy seed, **WHICH IS CHRIST.**" As the natural plant comes forth from the natural seed, and all natural life has to come from the natural earth up through the natural vine out to the leaves, so it is with us. Spiritually speaking, all life is in that **VINE WHICH IS CHRIST**. That Seed which is Christ is in everyone of the chosen Elect of God by God's eternal act of foreknowledge and predestination. They are the ones that the Father gave the Son in that everlasting covenant made between them before the foundation of the world. See Romans Chapter 9. This Seed is in these children at birth. The natural life shows up in the natural seed when the natural life of moisture and the natural warmth of the sun, which is, spiritually speaking, a type of the Love of God, are both applied. The seed then germinates and natural life shows forth. How true it is, spiritually speaking, when that Seed, which is Christ, was already in the little one from the beginning. This Spiritual life shows forth when the Spiritual birth shows forth. Then the believing children can see the mark in the forehead, which is Christ, come forth. Because of the sprouting of this Seed, they can feel that Spiritual life and see the effect of the planting of the Seed. The unbelieving one cannot feel it for he or she has never experienced this Spiritual birth. They, not being in this Seed which is Christ, have no feeling of warmth of love for that one who has been so wonderfully blest to manifest this Spiritual life that was in this little one all the time, as natural life was in the natural plant even before it sprouted and came through the soil. Therefore, Spiritual life has been in this one to whom the promise was made that Paul wrote about in Galatians. As the spring warmth and that life-giving moisture that came along in the spring and caused that plant to germinate and come forth, so it is Spiritually.

Scriptures that show that Christ has ever been in His people follow, among many others. "For we are His

workmanship, **CREATED IN CHRIST JESUS** unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Ephesians 2:10. Also, Galatians 1:15-16, "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace to **REVEAL HIS SON IN ME**, that I might preach Him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." The reader can see that Christ was already in Paul, but it had not been revealed to him until now. Also in Luke 1:44, "For, lo, as soon as the voice of thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy." This scripture shows that Seed which is Christ was in John (The Baptist) when he was yet in the womb. Also, in John 17:33, "I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one."

As the babe has been in its mother's womb from conception and the same life that is in the mother feeds through that life-line to the child, so it is with this **VINE WHICH IS CHRIST**. All natural life has to feed from the mother through the life-line to the child, and, likewise, all Spiritual life has to come through this **VINE WHICH IS CHRIST** to all the little branches. All natural life is in the mother from the beginning, and all Spiritual life is in Christ from the beginning. This Spiritual life is there, but it is not made manifest until the new birth, just as there is natural life in that little seed, but it is not made manifest until it comes up. There is natural life in that little one in the womb, but it is not made manifest until the natural birth, and so it is with that Christ Child, which is the hope of Glory, who is born in the hearts of His people. When the little child is born, it is made manifest that a new, natural life has been born into the world, and so it is Spiritually when the new Spiritual birth takes place. The Church and the believers will see it and feel it.

As there is a time for the natural seed to come forth and show life, so is it spiritually. This will be at God's own appointed time, and not before. That Spiritual Seed, which is Christ, will come forth in those who are made to feel so unworthy of this glorious hope of incorruptible and immortal life. This humble Spirit, which showed forth in Christ, will most surely be made manifest at the appointed time, and the church will not only see it, but they will feel it. The little one in whom this Spirit is made manifest will try to hide the little plant, but he cannot do it. That warmth of love that brought this spiritual plant up cannot be hid. It must be felt and seen. Also, that little plant that manifests so

much love will bear fruit. It cannot help but bear fruit; yet, it will try in every way possible to hide and conceal this fruit. It will bear the "FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT" WHICH HAS COME FORTH FROM THIS SEED WHICH IS CHRIST. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." Gal. 5:22, 23. These are made manifest in this little one because that Spirit which is Christ is actually born in him now. The "Fruit of the Spirit" is made manifest without any effort on the part of the little one, just as natural life is made manifest on the part of the natural plant. The natural plant has to make no effort on its part for natural life to show. The same power that provides natural life for the natural plant to show life and grow also provides all the Spiritual life for this spiritual plant. The little natural plant can do nothing of itself; neither can the spiritual plant (the Child of God) do anything of itself, for He said, "Without me ye can do nothing." John 15:5. All things, both natural and spiritual, are entirely and completely dependent on this God who brings about this natural and spiritual life at His own appointed time, and provides for all that wonderful Fruit of the Spirit." Notice that it is **FRUIT**, not fruits.

Now the flesh bears "works," better known as "the works of the flesh," not fruit or fruits, as misquoted by some, which are many. "Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these; Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, etc." Gal. 5:19-21. This is what brings on the cross. The little one who has now experienced this bearing of precious fruit would like very much if it were God's will to bear nothing but this "Fruit of the Spirit," but it is not appointed for it to be that way. In Proverbs 16:9, "A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." Paul would have enjoyed only the "Fruit of the Spirit" when he asked that the thorn in the flesh be removed, but the Lord told him that His grace was sufficient for him. Otherwise, Paul would have become exalted above measure. The Lord even provides the adversity for the natural plant. Adversity is even for its good. A natural plant of tobacco that has not gone through a dry spell and had adversity will have no body to that plant of tobacco. So, the Lord knew what it would take for all things, both natural and spiritual. He said, "Without me ye can do nothing."

John 15:5. Neither can the little plant do anything without Him. It comes up from the natural seed here in nature, and is entirely dependent upon God to furnish the natural moisture which is typical of life and the natural warmth of the sun which is typical of God's Spiritual love for all the life for the little plant. Spiritually speaking, this little one who has come up from this Spiritual Seed which is Christ is even more dependent upon God for this Spiritual Moisture (The Holy Spirit) which represents life and this Spiritual Warmth which is Spiritual Love for it to produce any of this "Fruit of the Spirit." This is what Paul desired to produce all the time. In like manner it is the same desire of this little spiritual plant that has just been born from this Spiritual Seed which is Christ, but that Spiritual plant grows here in an earthen vessel. It has to produce some "works of the flesh" as long as it is in this earthen vessel.

When that Spirit which is Christ is withdrawn, all the little one can produce is the "works of the flesh," which are in the plural, and are many. That is what causes the warfare that exists between the flesh and the Spirit. The works of the flesh come naturally for us here in nature. They are innately a part of our physical flesh. Just as the natural plant responds to nature for its growth, so do we in nature respond to natural stimulus, for we act in the carnal mind when that north wind blows, but when that Spiritual (South) wind blows that Solomon wrote about then those spices flow which represents that Spiritual Seed which is Christ. Then one can enjoy the "Fruit of the Spirit." This little one who hopes that he has been blest with this wonderful new birth is just as dependent on that South Wind as that little plant that has come up from that natural seed is upon the rain for moisture which is life and the sun for warmth which represents the **Love of God**. When that Spiritual South wind blows, that Spiritual warmth and thirst for love for Christ and His people is wonderfully and deeply felt. We can control that natural wind that influences the natural plant just as much as we can control that Spiritual South Wind that Solomon wrote about so sweetly, saying it would make those spices flow which is the **Love of God**.

This afflicted and poor sinner hopes that he has felt some of that South Wind blow today and some of those spices flow. If, indeed, he has, he has, he had just as much control over that north wind to keep it back as he does to cause the precious South Wind to blow.

One has said that the **SEED** of the branches of this vine, as the members of Christ's body, are still in Him even when the body goes down in death, as they will rise with Him in the first resurrection at the last day:

"Though **SEED** lie buried long in dust,

It shan't deceive their hope;

The precious grain can never be lost,

For grace insures the crop."

Geo. A. Fulk  
October 25, 1982

### THE FIG TREE

Several people have asked me to pen my thoughts on the subject, **The Fig Tree**, as it relates and compares spiritually with the church of the Lord Jesus Christ after attempting to speak from the subject several times in recent months. It was during the past summer that I heard a dear Elder refer to the subject during his discourse at an association and from that point my mind was greatly and deeply stirred concerning it. The stirring, it seemed, has been so deep at times that I am now made to believe that every aspect or characteristic of this wonderful tree or bush bears some relationship, regardless of how large or small, to the wonderful things of the Spirit of God. The Apostle Paul declared, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth; comparing **spiritual things with spiritual.**" 1st Cor. 2:12, 13. The Spirit of God "searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." 1 Cor. 2:10.

The fig tree, of course, will first be seen in its natural setting or habitat, but let us state in the outset that it is the first tree to be specifically named in the scripture to be found outside of the Garden of Eden. There were many trees in the Garden of Eden, but only two are mentioned specifically by name as being there, "The Tree of Life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil." Genesis 2:9. Then it follows after the transgression of Adam and Eve in the garden, "And the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked; and they sewed **fig leaves** together, and made themselves aprons." Genesis 3:7. Scripturally speaking, the fig tree or bush is as old as time itself, pointing directly to the Church of God, and I am now persuaded to believe that

it points (with all of its aspects and characteristics) to things that are wholly spiritual, divine and eternal. In this editorial, I hope, if it is the Lord's will to bless me, to bring out in clarity a few of the Spiritually beautiful distinctions of these aspects and characteristics. The Fig Tree is mentioned all through the scriptures from Genesis to Revelation. Christ made several references to it, once in a parable and another time in actual reality, as He and His disciples came upon one as they journeyed here on the shore of time. I shall attempt to dwell upon these two incidents later on in this writing, if the Lord will.

The Fig Tree and its fruit, sometimes called **The Fruit Of Summer**, symbolizes calm and tranquility, a cool, peaceful haven in midsummer heat. It represents sylvan glades, verdant meadows and blue skies, with its shadowy forms of nymphs in the warm summer afternoons of gentle breezes and peace. As already indicated or mentioned earlier, it is a native of the Mediterranean region of the Middle East area where God planted the Garden of Eden in the very beginning of time, and where He made His covenant with Abraham, where Noah built the ark that housed his family of eight souls during a flood that covered the face of the whole earth when all human life was entirely exterminated except those eight people that were saved in this ark whose course was solely directed by God who was its Pilot and stood at its helm, guiding it at last to sure safety. Though not native to the New World, (America), the Fig Tree, one of nature's most beautiful and bountiful food producers, followed the earliest Spanish explorers to this continent in the 17th century. It was not here prior to discovery and colonization. Here in our state, North Carolina, there is an old traditional saying that has been handed down from our forefathers for many generations that says "it will thrive if grown where it can hear voices. It sulks and withers if ignored." If this be true, then Spiritually speaking in His Church, there must of necessity be an inward or Spiritual Voice that no man can hear outwardly, but is heard only through the ear of that Inner, New Man, Christ, who is formed in the hearts of His people the hope of Glory. A brother in our church told me recently of an attempt made once in his family at trying to destroy by fire an old worn out fig bush, as they thought. It was burned down by him completely to the ground with the trunk stub left beneath the soil. The following spring, he said, the tree sprouted and in

three years a new tree had originated with what seemed to be better fruit borne from it than had been the case for all of the tree's previous years of existence. In Exodus 3:2, we read of an Angel of the Lord appearing unto Moses in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. "Moses looked and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt. And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called unto him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses, Moses. And he said, Here am I." Whatever kind of bush that is mentioned here is not designated in the scripture, but we have to believe that it is a true figure or type of the church in its characteristic of indestructibility. It is through the Gospel Church, here in the world, that the Lord speaks to His believing people. The Gospel is only preached to and heard by them, and not to the world at large. Satan and man have ever tried to destroy it, but have not succeeded to the present time, nor will they ever triumph in their efforts. "And the bush was not consumed." Fiery trials have never hurt nor injured the church, but inward troubles, as the bitter cold, will cause it to decrease or appear to diminish. For early Greeks, one of our oldest civilizations in the history of time, according to ancient history, the fig was the basic food that was found on the public tables of Sparta. Ancient history has also left on record that a fig tree shaded Romulus and Remus, infant founders of Rome. In our United States today, the fig tree grows chiefly in the southern half of the country and in central California. Like the true church, it will be found living from the seacoast to the highest mountain peak. However, figs may be grown as far north as Michigan, if the trees are protected against bitter cold in the winter.

We have experienced at times the wonderful effect that is found in the application of the precious doctrine of God our Saviour to our souls and the saving effect that is experienced in hearing the wonderful sound of the Gospel of Christ to the poor dying sinner. Likewise, by comparison, we also find a medicinal effect in the quality of the juice or sap of the fruit of the fig tree. Hezekiah 718 years before Christ, was treating infections with fig poultices. Hezekiah commanded Isaiah, "Take a lump of figs. And they took and laid it on the boil, and he recovered." II Kings 20:7. Figs were used medically by army physicians as late as the Civil War in the United States. Recently a dear friend came

to me and said that her grandmother, she remembered, had applied a poultice of figs to an infectious sore on her face when she was a little girl. The infectious sore, she said, became healed from this application. Elderly people today eat fig bars or fig newtons for the quick energy strength derived from them to strengthen their weakened bodily systems.

In the New Testament Christ mentioned two Fig Trees specifically, (1) the barren (non-bearing) fig tree and (2) the fruitful (or fruit-bearing) fig tree. One was in the path or journey of Jesus and His disciples as they journeyed here in the time world. This is the one that Jesus cursed. "Now in the morning as He returned into the city, He hungered. And when He saw a fig tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig tree withered away! Jesus answered and said unto them, Verily I say unto you, if ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done. And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Matt. 21:18-22. The other instance is the one in which He mentioned the fig tree in a parable. "He spake also this parable; A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard, Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? And he answering said unto him, Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Luke 13:6-9.

The first fig tree that bore no fruit portrays the outward worldly religion of the law, the attempt of man to worship God by his own works of free will and self righteousness as contained in the law. The worship of Cain in the beginning of time is an example or case at point. The worship of the unbelieving Jews, the scribes, Pharisees and Sadducees in the time of Jesus, while He lived here on the earth, is another instance. Jesus defined the meaning of a parable in His own words when asked by His disciples: "Unto you it is given to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of God: but to others in parables; that seeing they might not see and hearing they might not understand." Luke 8:9, 10.

The blind eyes of the non-elect are never opened, their deaf ears are never unstopped, as a lame person, faith is never given that they might walk, their stammering tongue is never unloosened to sing that glorious praise to Him who liveth forever and ever, and they never obtain that joy and gladness with the fleeing of sorrow and sadness in their hearts. This fig tree has never borne fruit and never will.

On the other hand in the case of the second (above mentioned) tree, I will venture to say that it has borne fruit, even as far back as righteous Abel, it is bearing fruit today, and it will forever bear fruit, all the way down to the end of time. What is the difference? I believe I can tell you what makes all the difference. **The fruit of faith.** Jesus said, "If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree." Here, He had reference to false faith, pretended faith, faith that is no faith. True faith has ever involved doubts and fears in the life of a child of God while he lives here in the world because of sin that dwells in his flesh. Jesus had reference to a professed religious people who never experience any doubts and fears. "If ye have faith and doubt not." Who are they? Those who trust in themselves and their own works wholly for salvation for they have never been given Godly inspired faith to trust in the work of their Almighty God and Saviour because He has never shown them their lost estate that they are in because of their fallen nature. By their doctrine they will tell you they know that they are saved and beyond any doubt heaven will be their home after this life. In the end of time the religion of the law will go down because there is no foundation to it, to those who trust in it for salvation. Christ is the Rock, the foundation that is both eternal and everlasting. Jesus verified this truth with His own words when He told Peter, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Matt. 16:18.

Faith is faith, regardless of how small the measure of size. Jesus said immediately after telling of the destruction of false faith and its constituents, "If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall only do this which is done to the fig tree." Here, He follows with the use of the word, "also." **"BUT ALSO IF YE SHALL SAY UNTO THIS MOUNTAIN, BE THOU REMOVED, AND BE CAST INTO THE SEA; IT SHALL BE DONE."** Matt. 21:18. The word **ALSO**, as used here, means to say "on the otherhand" with the possession of true faith mountains

will be removed. He told His disciples in another place, "If ye have faith as a grain of mustard seed, ye shall say unto this mountain, remove hence to yonder place; and it shall remove; and nothing shall be impossible unto you." Matt. 17:20. With the fruit of faith, although the size of a grain of mustard seed, which is said to be one of the smallest of all seeds, mountains are removed. I believe these to be the mountain or mountains of sin. Therefore, the strength of just a little bit of faith is just as powerful and effective as the largest measure. What truly counts is the actual presence and possession of genuine faith!

For many years it has been the custom to plant fig trees in the back yard or remote portion of one's home or residence. Seldom is the fig tree seen in the front portion or yard area. Other more decorative shrubbery is more common to the street or frontal area, but think with me where, no doubt, you or your neighbors planted the fig tree. I knew a brother and sister of our church who resided in the City of Raleigh, N. C., for many years. The sister is now 94 years of age and resides in a nursing home in Charlotte, N. C. They had a large fig tree planted at the back or farthest end of their residential rectangular lot in that city. It was just as far back from the street as they could get it, not to be on the other person's property. In fact, if you had not been there, you would have never known that it was in existence. Yet, it was one of the largest fig trees that I have ever seen. What is the significance of this characteristic? The scripture will give the answer. Jesus, in describing the religion of the Pharisees, said "But all their words they do for to be seen of men: they make broad their phylacteries, and enlarge the borders of their garments, and love the uppermost rooms at feasts, and the chief seats in the synagogues." Matt. 23:5, 6. The religion of God in a true believer's heart is not like the religion of the world, out "to be seen of men," but to the contrary, it will prefer not to be seen of men. It will remain, on the most part, obscured and kept on a very insignificant basis, completely hid in many instances, as the location of the fig tree. The world will advertise its religion, many times in large letters, but not so among the true household of faith. Usually, one will have to look sometimes long and hard before he will find the meek and lowly fig tree as it is obscured by many other bushes and shrubbery in one's yard. Enter into any urban or metropolis city area today, or into any rural area and you will find many

sanctuaries of the world. To find the true church of God sometimes is quite difficult to locate. If one will look long enough and hard enough, he will usually find it, but it will not be found out in front with the religions of the world. The true religion of God will never boast about what it has done for the Lord or about how many souls it has saved for him, "where there is envying and strife, confusion and every evil work, but the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." James 3:16, 17. The true religion of God will lead a quiet and peaceable life in all Godliness and honesty. See 1st Timothy 2:1. When the Virgin Mary was great with Child of the Holy Ghost and before the days were accomplished that she should be delivered, Joseph, the husband of Mary, a just man, not willing to make her a public example, was minded of God to put her away privily (or privately). This principle is manifested today by those who possess a living hope in Christ in their breasts. Never will they make this religion a public example, a show to the world, but to the contrary the fruit of faith will inwardly be thought upon continuously in a personal way for true religion has ever been a personal matter. James describes the non-fruitbearing tree in these words, "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, **this man's religion is vain.**" James 1:26. Modern day religionists, so-called, even advertise their brands in daily newspapers, radios, street placards and posters, television, etc.

Let us now look more closely at the time that is usually required for a fig tree after planting to bear fruit, the number of crops produced annually on one tree, the most unusual aspect of the blossom, the method and manner of pollination, the symmetry of the leaf, etc. In these characteristics and aspects, just mentioned, we will see identical Spiritual reciprocations that are wholly equal by proportion in comparison.

Usually, in order to begin a new tree or bush a three year old branch must be cut from the primary bush and then planted in early spring. Then, a three year waiting period must take place, when usually in the third year will be seen the first production. Let us recall, that the children of Israel were brought through three stages in their earthly journey, and it was in the third stage of their experience that they did drink the

milk and eat the honey that flowed in the promised land. These stages were as follows, (1st) Bondage in Egypt (2) the law and rebellion against God while wandering in the wilderness, and (finally) (3) the promised land that flowed with milk and honey, the latter which prefigures the Gospel inheritance. In the parable of the fig tree, let us remember that the Man who planted it had come each of the three years into His vineyard seeking fruit and had found none. He said unto the Dresser of His vineyard, "Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" The planter of this fig tree is God the Father and the Dresser of His vineyard is His Son the Lord Jesus Christ. Back in the annals of eternity, before time and the world began, God in His infinite foreknowledge and wisdom saw the vanity and vexation of the spirit of man that He had made. If left alone to God's justice and wrath, all hope for him was gone in the fall of Adam.

"Cut it down," the Owner said. "Why cumbereth (bother) it the ground?" But the Dresser, God's only begotten Son, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who was equal with His Father in the Holy Trinity, answered according to His Mercy and Grace, "Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it: and if it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after thou shalt cut it down." So, this tree was planted in eternity and the three years required for maturity reflect the three dispensations of time which contain all the witnesses of the faith of the chosen, elect family of God from Adam, Abel, Seth, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, David, Solomon, Rahab, Gedeon, Barak, Samson, Samuel, John the Baptist, the twelve Apostles, and reaching all the way down to the last heir of promise at the end of time. "Lord, let it alone this year also." Here is our Advocate with the Father in the counsel hall of eternity, pointing to His crucifixion in the third dispensation of time, pleading for the very life of this church, even to the last heir of promise. It was the work of our Lord and Saviour in complying with the demands of the law by His fulfilling it to every jot and tittle, by His perfect life and honorable death, by His resurrection from the dead and His ascension into Glory that saved His people from the vineyard's owner's wrath. His agreement with His Dresser to go forward with the redemptive work of Salvation was put into action. He was to be born in due time. The digging about points to the experience of God's children in

their dying daily, their trials, tribulations, inward suffering and outward suffering and sorrows here in this world. Dung has reference to sin that dwells in the flesh. So dreadful is the trial and experience of deliverance from the stynch of sin that the Apostle said, "But sin, that it might appear sin, working death in me by that which is good; that sin by the commandment might become exceeding sinful." Romans 7:13. The tree would never have lived except for death, having been cut away from the parent tree, nor could the fruit of righteousness appeared without first the manifestation of the knowledge of sin.

Now it is interesting to note that the common fig tree produces two crops of fruit each year. The first crop is produced on branches made during the previous growing season. The first crop matures in late June or early July. The second crop is produced on entirely new branches of that particular growing year and matures in late August or early September. What is the significance here? As we know, the scriptures are divided into two separate divisions or sections, the Old Testament and the New Testament. To my understanding the first crop represents the elect church of God that is reflected or portrayed in the Old Testament in both the (1st) old world from the time of Adam down to the flood and the (2nd) law or legal world that began at that point (the flood) and lasted until the coming of Christ. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Hebs. 11:13. The second crop produced on brand new branches represents the Gospel Church as contained in the New Testament. Here, the worship of God was changed from the old way to the new way. These are two separate distinct crops, but they are the same kind in variety. There is no change in kind or type because the fruit is identical in that it originates or comes from the same bush or tree. It is the same faith in Christ in all three dispensations of time. There is no change or variation. Job had the same faith as Abel, and Abel had the same faith that will also possess the last heir of promise who is known only by God Himself, when he will be made manifest against that final day. All of them are kept, even their dust in the graves at this very moment, "by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." 1st Peter 1:5. As

the fig tree was here in the morning of time, you may confidently rest assured that it will likewise be here in the end of time.

Jesus told the Samaritan woman, "Woman, ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews." John 4:22. The Gentile Church in the Gospel dispensation could never have existed (the one that Soloman mentioned), "We have a little sister, and she hath no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?" (S. of S. 8:8), had not Jesus Christ been born of the lineage of the tribe of Judah, son of Jacob who was the grandson of Abraham, the first to believe God and it was accounted unto him for righteousness. It is no wonder Jesus said, "We know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews." Abraham was a Jew, a direct descendent of Shem, oldest son of Noah. Abraham has ever had two classes of descendents, religiously speaking, (1) those who attempt to worship God by the righteousness contained in the law, and (2) those who do worship Him by the righteousness of God which is by faith of Jesus Christ. The Apostle Paul categorized them: "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in Him, not having mine own righteousness which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." Phil. 3:8, 9. The later righteousness is imputed, as a gift. The church of God that was back under the law, stemming also from eternity, is that first crop (of figs) and the Gospel Church, embracing the Gentiles is the second crop (of figs) who is the little sister spoken of by Soloman. God wonderfully favored the Gospel Church, but in the end it will take no preeminence over the one in the first and second dispensations. This is verified by the Apostles language, "And these all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise: God having provided some better thing for us, that **THEY** without **US** should not be made perfect." Hebrews 11:39, 40. They will all be made perfect in the New Jerusalem in the final, glorious resurrection day of the just when the bodies embraced in the whole volume of the Book will "when He shall appear, be (made) like Him; for they shall see Him as He is." 1st John 3:2.

The fig is sometimes called a fruit without a

flower. This is not true. Someone may have called it as such, but I will venture to say that there has to be of necessity a flower for there can be no fruit without a flower. This is commonly true with all fruit bearing trees. This is logical. Where is the blossom of the fig that gives rise to the fruit? Answer: On the inside of each fruit will be found several tiny flowers. Therefore, the blossom is on the inside of the fruit. The significance here is that you cannot literally see Christ who is placed and fixed inside the heart and soul, the breast, of a little child of God. The blossom is "Christ formed in you the hope of Glory" (Galatians 4:19 & Colossians 1:27). Inside of the fruit is one blossom that is aggregately composed of many smaller blossoms. These tiny blossoms of "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance" are all in one fruit. They are designated "fruit of the Spirit" (not fruits) (See Gal. 5:22, 23) and will so permeate the old man and manifest themselves outwardly that "the fruit of the Spirit" will be seen, but not the blossom. This is why the true church looks for that well-ordered walk and Godly conversation in the lives and examples of those numbered with her. The evidence of the blooming of the flower of Christ in the heart is the "fruit of the Spirit" in the outward walk for this fruit will surely stem from the good tree. "Jesus said, "Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" Matt. 7:16. "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them." Matt. 7:18, 20. All of this is surely the workmanship of God as the Apostle Paul declared, "For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." Eph. 3:10. Good works in God's church, someone will say? Yes. God before the world ordained that they, who bear this fruit, will walk in them. How do you find and identify them? He tells you. Look for the manifestation of love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness and temperance. When you find this exemplary walk, just know that tree of Christ has been planted and bloomed in the heart of that man, woman or child.

I remember so well hearing Elder George W. Hill, Greensboro, N. C., say a number of years ago, "No flower ever bloomed in this world as beautiful as "the Church of God in peace." No natural or earthly beauty

is comparable to this sight. Many brethren turned their backs on this dear man because of the doctrine God so ably blessed him to preach to His people. So bitter was the hatred and persecution against him that not since the division of 1832 among the Baptist did one take place in the early 1950's that divided the militant church from north to south, and from east to west. Today, in very recent years we have lived to see his enemies (those who persecuted him the hardest according to the will of God, with the fellowship of their churches) rent asunder and brought down in utter confusion. To the church of God the Apostle admonished, "Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord." Romans 12:19. There are brethren among us yet living until this day who will surely remember these things. Elder Hill's troubles were many, but God let him see the tranquil peace from this flower (the church) after "weeping had endured for a night, and joy came in the morning." Psalm 30:5. Humbly speaking, we believe this same church is today alive in Him who said, "I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore. Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." Rev. 1:18.

Another outstanding aspect or typical characteristic of the fig tree that compares and coincides favorably with a spiritual application is the method and manner of pollination. I well remember when I was a child about the age of 8 years of age of being stung severely by a wasp as I was enjoying the delicious ripened juicy figs from my Aunt Viola Turnage's fig tree. For many years after that occurrence any desire henceforth to be about the fig bush was not present with me. I can still almost feel the pain in my left leg that was inflicted by the sting of that wasp. From that point forward I stayed away from the bush. But God has a wonderful purpose in the presence of the wasp at the fig tree. It is interesting to note that we do not find the oyster mentioned in the scripture, but the pearl is mentioned time and time again. Yet, there could be no pearl without the oyster. By comparison, the fig is mentioned time and time again in the scripture, but we do not find the wasp mentioned. Yet, by comparison we could not have the fig without the wasp. I wondered when that first wasp got me, as to what purpose God had in creating a wasp because of such dreadful pain. I knew and believed, as a child, that He made all things. Little did I realize then

and have come to know now that God had a wonderful purpose in creating the little wasp. Likewise, He has a blessed purpose in His creation of sinners (some do not believe this) for there could be no existence of the true church of God, here in the world, without the existence and presence of poor sinners. I am sure that many have noticed the presence of wasps, as they hover on the fruit of the fig during the bearing or production seasons.

The wasp, as well as the hornet and the bee, are from the **Hymenoptera Biological Classification** of insects. The bee produces honey while the wasp and hornet do not. They are said to represent the highest development among the six-legged animals, and come the nearest to exhibiting intelligence. Their instinctive abilities are the most clever and amazing.

Now we have already pointed out that inside of each fruit will be found a number of small blossoms that together aggregately form one blossom, as such. An opening at the top of the fruit of the fig permits a small wasp to enter and pollinate the flowers. Thus, the beauty of the flower is contained on the inside of the fruit. The whole beauty of the flower is inwardly concealed. Likewise, the real beauty of the true church is found only on the inside. This beauty is securely withheld from the eye of the unbelieving world, that always spurns it or turns away from it, even when mentioned. Wasps, today, naturally speaking, habitate Old Baptist Meeting Houses more, perhaps, than any other place to my knowledge. Just fire up the old pot bellied stove and you will see. It is true, likewise, when the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour has warmed the believing heart, you will see the activation of human wasps. "The king's daughter is all glorious within." Psa. 45:13.

I remember a conversation with a sister in our church before I asked for a home and was received in their fellowship over 26 years ago. She was speaking of the great love and dear fellowship of God's kindred people. I remarked that I felt it best to remain on the outside, not feeling worthy of such a blessing. She replied in such a warm, encouraging way, "Yes, but it is by far better inside." I did not realize what she meant at that time, but have come to fully realize and know the meaning of her words since. I can now agree wholeheartedly with her, and I believe that you, my reader, my dear brother, sister, or friend, will also agree. This true light "giveth light unto all that are in the house." Matt. 5:15. The church and her God-given

truth, like her Lord and Master, "hath no form nor comeliness: and when we shall see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him." "We hid as it were our faces from Him; He was despised, and we esteemed Him not." Isa. 53:1, 2. Hid? Yes, "hid from the wise and prudent, (hid from the world), and revealed unto babes." Matt. 11:25. The wasps in this instance are comparable to sinners, the ones who were given by the Father to the Son in that covenant ordered in all things and sure before the foundation of the world. When that appointed time arrives, these sinners are brought by reason of the Inner Man having been placed inside their souls to hunger and thirst after righteousness. As the wasp enters inside the fig to reach the sweet nectar of the fig blossom, sinners are drawn under the sound of the glorious gospel of Christ for that Inner, New Man to be fed. Wasps have stings. So do sinners. "The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Because of His victory over sin, death, satan, hell and the grave, sinners sing the glorious song of blessed triumph, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." 1st Cor. 15:55-57. His glorious victory has destroyed and broken asunder the reigning power of sin, the sting of death, as well as the power of death, hell, and the grave. This gospel is that sweet nectar that comes from the glorious blossom of Christ Jesus. We love it when our death ears are unstopped to hear it. As the wasp enters inside the fruit of the fig, being drawn there for food in its mouth and the good taste, yet altogether and completely unaware on a strictly involuntarily basis, it is also carrying the pollen from flower to flower that brings about the pollination. When sinners are brought into the full fellowship of the Gospel Church, here in the world, they likewise are involuntarily carrying a completely remote foreign substance with them. Like the pollen on the little legs of the wasp that is derived from another altogether different source, they (sinners) involuntarily carry the **Love of Christ Jesus** in their hearts which is the very life of the Church itself. If the pollen could not be carried from flower to flower to effect pollination, the fig tree would eventually cease to bear fruit and die. Likewise, if the Love of Jesus Christ were prevented from being carried from church to

church, from meeting to meeting, from heart to heart, from breast to breast, the church would eventually cease to bear fruit and die. How wonderful and beautiful is this picture! Soloman, a figure and type of Christ, in the building of his temple that was built without the sound of hammer, ax or any tool of iron, had it "overlaid **WITHIN** with pure gold," (1st Kings 6:21), which is a figure of the pure Love of God that is given to those who receive the light that is "**in the house.**" Matt. 5:15. It is interesting to note in Soloman's Temple that "the cedar of the house **WITHIN** was carved with knops and **OPEN FLOWERS**: all was cedar; there was no stone seen." 1st Kings 6:18. Here we can see the glory of Soloman depicted from the beauty of the fig and its tree, as these internal flowers, a picture of the glorious church, behold in one another their likeness and oneness in the Lord. Here, I believe, we can faintly comprehend the beauty of this scripture, "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." Psalm 50:2.

Of striking significance in the Spiritual realm is the interpretation of the symmetry of the fig leaf. How many of you who are reading this article have ever looked or inspected the design or makeup of the fig leaf? Perhaps, very few of you, to say the least. Get one next spring, if the Lord purposes for time to last that long and look at it. At the top of the leaf you will see three lobes. The middle lobe of the three extends just a little higher than the two surrounding ones on either side. I see in this illustration the Holy Trinity, the Three-In-One God, the Triune God. Since the Father, the Creator, the Son, the Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost, the Revealer, are tri-equal and inseparable in their respective offices of the Holy Trinity, then why would the center or middle lobe of these three be higher or, perhaps, more outstanding. This is answered in the fact that God, the Father, is the **first** in the Trinity as the **Godhead**. It is to be remembered that these lobes point upward, as if to Heaven.

Now if we look down a little lower down on each of the leaf will be seen two more lobes that point upward. Here with these two lower ones, including the three top ones, totals the number of five. In this we have the fulfillment of the law which equals the number of five in the scriptures. The first five books in the scripture are called the Pentateuch collectively. These five lobes are all pointing upward. The Trinity is in Heaven and likewise the law came down from heaven through the

lawgiver, Moses. Christ also came down from Heaven and fulfilled the law to every jot and tittle, even unto perfection. All of this work originated and came from heaven. All five of these lobes point upward.

By contrast, if we look at the bottom of the leaf we will find two lobes that are pointing downward. This is peculiar. In this connection it is also to be pointed out that we have five upward pointing lobes and two that point downward, a total now of seven which is a perfect number. Seven denotes perfection. There were seven churches of Asia, there were seven days to the week, and seven devils were cast out of Mary Magdalene. Hence, we have a perfect leaf, that covered Adam and Eve anciently. See Genesis 3:7. In the examination of all other kinds or varieties of leaves, all lobes are pointing either upward or outward horizontally. The fig leaf is the only one to my present knowledge that will be found with lobes that directly point both vertically downward or directly upward. Again, what is the significance? These two bottom lobes that point downward prefigure the two witnesses spoken of in the scriptures that the child of God must have in his experience that qualify him as a true believer. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses **let** every word be established." Matt. 18:16. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses **shall** every word be established." II Cor. 13:1. There must of necessity be two witnesses in the test and requirement for the establishing of the truth and sustain the faith of the true and living God. Here are the scriptural descriptions of these two witnesses:

(1) "**WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH THAT JESUS IS THE CHRIST IS BORN OF GOD.**" 1st John 5:1.

(2) "**NO MAN CAN SAY THAT JESUS IS THE LORD, BUT BY THE HOLY GHOST.**"

The possession of the above two designated witnesses, Christ and the Holy Ghost, comprise true belief in the heart of a sinner. It is absolutely necessary to possess both witnesses to truly believe in God. The presence of one to the absence of the other will not hold up. The Armenian world has ever possessed but either one of the two witnesses, but not the two at the same time. To accept **Jesus Christ** by attempting to raise one's self from the bondage of iniquity and the gall of bitterness (Acts 8:23), better known as the lost estate of mankind through the fall of Adam, has no state of permanency when it comes to reaching God eternally. The rank and file, the mass mankind of the

religious world interpret this means primarily as the way to God. Another approach that is commonly utilized by man is the attempt of reaching God, as they say, "you must get the Holy Ghost." This is all that is necessary. In this way the flesh is sanctified, they will say, and in so doing one then is and thereafter forever living a life above sin. He is saved, he will tell you, from there on to eternity. It is "through the **sanctification of the Spirit,**" not the sanctification of the flesh, that saves the soul of the child of God. The two lower lobes of the fig leaf are constantly pointing downward, that is from heaven towards the earth. Job said, "My witness is in heaven, and my record is on high." Job 16:19. The record of God in heaven in the establishment of these two immutable things was confirmed in earth when John the Baptist baptized Jesus in the River Jordan when the Father sanctioned the event from heaven by verbal voice saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," and when the Spirit of God, the Holy Ghost, came down from heaven, "the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon Him." Matt. 3:16. With the presence of these two witnesses, as one witness, in the heart of a poor sinner, we have the Holy sealing. "For God is my witness, whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of His Son." Romans 1:9. "After that ye heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation: in whom also after that ye believed, **YE WERE SEALED WITH THAT HOLY SPIRIT OF PROMISE.**" Eph. 1:13.

The true Church of God today seeks the evidence of these two witnesses, as one, in the testifying of the omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient and omnificient qualities of God. There is no weakness in this two-witness God for the preaching will always be in demonstration of the Spirit of God and with power. **The true Church of God is not interested in a "one witness" doctrine.** "In the mouth of two or three witnesses every word shall be established." Matt. 18:16. He tells us the origin of these witnesses: "Not to all the people, but unto witnesses chosen before of God, even to us." Acts 10:41. They belong unto Him, "Ye are my witnesses, saith the Lord." Isa. 43:10. The Church of the Lord Jesus Christ while here in earth is identified as follows: "Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Matt.

18:19, 20. In the final analysis, at the top or highest lobe of the fig leaf we have God, and at the bottommost portion, we have the two lower lobes as witnesses, pointing to the earth, where the Church is that came from Him and will return to Him once more at the last or final day.

This is the church referred to in the scriptures as "the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect," Hebs. 12:23, "the pillar and ground of the truth." 1st Tim. 3:15. It is clearly not a denomination of the world!

The first time that the name **ISRAEL** appears in the scripture is in Genesis 32:28. After the man (Angel) had wrestled with Jacob until the breaking of the day, He touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh; "And the hollow of his thigh was out of joint." Jacob refused to release or let Him go, and He said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." Jacob said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me. The man (Angel) said unto Jacob, "What is thy name? And he said, Jacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but **ISRAEL**, for as a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and has prevailed." Gen. 32:24-28. Today, those who belong to the nation of **ISRAEL** are called **ISRAELITES**. The Lord has wonderfully blessed them in a special way. There are **ISRAELITES** and also **ISRAELITES INDEED**. When Phillip found Nathaniel, he said to him, "We have found Him, of whom Moses in the law, and the prophets did write, Jesus of Nazareth, the son of Joseph. Nathaniel said unto Phillip, "Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth? Phillip said, Come and see. Now Nathaniel was like all the dear children of God who was minded, as was Joseph, the husband of the Virgin Mary, to attempt to hide these things. But could he do it? "Jesus saw Nathaniel coming to Him, and saith of him, Behold **AN ISRAELITE INDEED**, in whom is no guile! Nathaniel saith unto Him, Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered and said unto him, Before that Phillip called thee, **WHEN THOU WAST UNDER THE FIG TREE, I SAW THEE.**" John 1:45-48. Now this tells me that those who are associated with **THE FIG TREE** are **ISRAELITES INDEED**. There can be no doubt about it, there is a close association or relationship with **ISRAEL** and **THE FIG TREE**. Nathaniel, while previously questioning the Lord as to what He knew about him, "Whence knowest thou me," like the

Samaritan Woman at Jacob's well, gave Him drink when he (Nathaniel) uttered these words, "Thou art Son of God; thou art the King of Israel." The Fig Tree was just the beginning of Nathaniel and it is just the beginning for all the dear, elect children of God here in the world. "Jesus answered and said unto Nathaniel, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under **THE FIG TREE**, believest thou? **THOU SHALT SEE GREATER THINGS THAN THESE. VERILY, VERILY, I SAY UNTO YOU, HEREAFTER YE SHALL SEE HEAVEN OPEN, AND THE ANGELS OF GOD ASCENDING AND DESCENDING UPON THE SON OF MAN.**" John 1:50-51. This Royal Family of God will see Him one glorious day "Coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." (I believe these clouds that will accompany Him back to this world will be all His Holy Angels.) "And He shall send His Angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together His elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other. Now learn a parable of **The Fig Tree**; when his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors." Matt. 24:31-33. We believe according to these signs (Read the entire 24th Chapter of Matthew) that the last day and hour are drawing nigh, very close at hand. We join with the Apostle John in the closing verses of Revelation, "Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come **LORD JESUS.**" Revelation 22:20.

How reassuring and comforting are the words of power, in that hymn,

"Even let our unknown tomorrow  
Bring with it what it may,

"It can bring with it nothing,  
But He will bear us through;  
Who gives the lilies clothing,  
Will clothe His people, too,  
Beneath the spreading heavens,  
No creature but is fed;  
And He who feeds the ravens,  
Will give His children bread.

"Though the **VINE** nor **FIG TREE** neither  
Their wonted fruit shall bear,  
Though all the field shall wither,

Nor flocks nor herds be there;  
Yet God the same abiding,  
His praise shall tune my voice,  
For while in Him confiding  
I cannot but rejoice."

J. M. Mewborn  
December 9, 1982

#### OBITUARIES AND MEMORIALS

##### DEACON CLYDE T. SATTERFIELD

It is with fear and unworthy feeling that I attempt to write this obituary. Brother Clyde T. Satterfield was born December 8, 1899, and passed from the land of the dying into the land of the living on September 26, 1982.

Brother Satterfield joined Surl Church, Person County, North Carolina, at the August Meeting, 1930, and was appointed deacon at the April Meeting, 1933. He was also Clerk of the Lower County Line Union for many years.

He was first married to Miss Sadie Sherman in 1922. To this union were born two sons, Woody Satterfield, Route 1, Timberlake, N. C., and Luther Sherman Satterfield who was killed in service to his country; two daughters, Mrs. Geraldine Cothran, Roxboro, N. C., and Mrs. Marie Rigsbee, Durham, N. C. Five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren are also left to mourn his passing.

His first wife, Sadie S. Satterfield, passed away many years ago, and he later married Mrs. Hazel Mooney in 1950, who also survives. She was blessed to love and help him through his illness for the past three years, although her health is declining also. Brother Satterfield dearly loved his family.

Brother Satterfield was a good leader in the community in which he lived and was also endowed with good business knowledge. As a successful businessman and farmer, his wisdom and knowledge were unexcelled. He enjoyed his profession and enjoyed helping others. He was instrumental in many business organizations in this area that called for his services from time to time. He was a man of good judgment.

But there was another love that was placed in him for his church and his God that was sealed in his heart. He was, from time to time, as it pleased God, in possession of peace in his breast that any husband, wife, or children could not give. He truly loved peace and unity among the churches and his brethren and sisters.

It is recorded in Psalm 133:1-2, "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity! It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments." I would like to express my belief as to what Brother Satterfield believed in this scripture. That this ointment, that David mentioned, which is the true grace of God, blessed him to want to be good to his lovely family, and this grace had kept him all the days of his life.

He was blessed to serve as a deacon of Surl Church for 49 years. His leadership or field in the service to his church, and to the Lower Country Line Primitive Baptist Association, was wonderful! He did not want to put a burden on anyone to cause hardships in any way.

I loved Brother Clyde, as he was so gently called by many. We talked much from time to time. I would like to relate two experiences that I had with Brother Clyde Satterfield. It seemed so easy to talk to him. The first time I remember meeting him was on one Monday morning when there was severe drought in the land

and the crops looked bad, and he seemed to be down and very low in his feelings. He talked to me and I began talking with him. I do not remember the exact words that were said in our conversation that morning, but it seemed that when we separated, we both felt better. The second time was when my wife and I visited in his home one Sunday afternoon when I wanted to talk to him, but I didn't have to try. He began talking so sweetly of the promises of God to His children. I left from him feeling better and did not even have to try to talk. I am not trying to put myself up with him, but I feel that, perhaps, these experiences are comforting to those that knew him and to everyone that loves the doctrine of Salvation by the Grace of God, when they can talk and be blessed to listen and witness with each other. Even though Brother Clyde T. Satterfield possessed the wealth of this world's goods to some degree, God kept him humble in it.

I cannot seem to find words to express myself as I truly feel, but I would say to the children, grandchildren, and his wife, my God reconcile you to press on and be good to one another. It is my hope that God will give you to understand, at least in part, as I have felt to try to express what Brother Clyde believed, that if he was saved, it was by grace and grace alone, not of works, should God bless him to reach that heavenly home. If heaven is his home, he would tell you that it was a gift of God.

We at Surl Church loved him and Oh how we will miss him and his Godly counsel and guidance. We would say, sleep on and take thy rest, which will seem only as a short summer's night sleep when the great Reaper, we believe, who will call him to come home at last to be with his God and Father eternally and forever.

Therefore, be it resolved by the church at Surl, Person County, N. C., that three copies of this memorial be made, and that one be sent to his family, one given to the **Zion's Landmark** for publication, and one to be recorded on our church book.

This done by order of the church in conference on November 13, 1982.

**Elder L. P. Martin, Moderator**  
**Charlie Blalock, Church Clerk**

The word or expression "non-assuming" means not to take to or upon oneself and not to pretend to possess. This manner was truly expressive of the life of Brother Satterfield. He was humble and soft spoken in his loving manner, but the foundation or Rock upon which his faith rested was solid, if we be not deceived. His wise counsel will not only be missed by the brethren of his home church and associations everywhere. We share with his brethren at home in their great loss, as far as we are able, but would not wish him back to suffer again here anymore, believing that his gain is good unto everlasting. A servant of God has gone home to die no more.

**J. M. Newborn**

#### **ELDER MAON JONES**

The sovereign God of all graces has called home another faithful servant.

On the 27th of August 1982, Elder Maon Jones passed into eternal bliss to be with his Saviour forever.

"There is a land,  
a golden strand,  
Where saints and angels,  
robed in white,  
Are singing praise,  
thru' endless days,  
In shining worlds,  
of pure delight."

Elder Maon Jasper Jones was both the 7th of June 1910 in Wayne County, Iowa, the son of Elder Newton Jasper and Clara

Adams Jones. Brother Jones was of Welsh and American Indian ancestry, both of which he was very proud.

On the 16th of June 1945 Brother Jones married the former Miss Marie Hart.

Although Brother Jones was raised in a Primitive Baptist home, after he reached manhood he went to sample some of the world's religions. After years of wandering he offered himself to the Chicago Primitive Baptist Church on the 10th of June 1956. Shortly after his baptism he began to exercise in the ministry. He was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry on the 26th of May 1966. Brother Jones faithfully served his home church as moderator since 1963.

On the 30th of April 1975 Brother Jones organized the Primitive Baptist Library in his home at 107 Elm Lane, Streamwood, Illinois. Under his direction, the Primitive Baptist Library has been meeting the reading needs of all Primitive Baptists all over the world.

Elder Jones was survived by his widow, Marie Hart Jones, and three daughters, Mrs. Barbara Jones Choquette, Mrs. Linda Jones Perkins, and Mrs. Clara Jones Lay, Brother Jones also has two sisters still living; Mrs. Ruby Davis and Mrs. Naomi Wahl.

Our loss is heaven's gain. Tho' the earth mourns, the heavens rejoice.

Prepared at the request of the congregation and members of the Chicago Primitive Baptist Church.

**by Sister Arlene Holtet**  
**Brother Alvie L. Davidson**  
**Lakeland, Florida 33805**

(See Historical Article elsewhere in this issue of **Zion's Landmark** in connection with the ancestry of Elder Maon Jones. Editor.)

#### **ABBIE L. SHUE**

Our hearts are saddened at James Street Primitive Baptist Church, Burlington, North Carolina, due to the passing of Brother Abbie L. Shue. He was born February 20, 1917, and died October 8, 1982, making his stay on earth 65 years, 7 months and 18 days. A native of Alamance County, North Carolina, he was preceded in death by his parents, Lawrence and Lucy Evans Shue.

Survivors include his companion, Mrs. Cleo Loy Shue; two daughters, Mrs. Linda Tyre and Miss Kathy Ann Shue; two sons, Jimmy L. Shue and Jerry L. Shue. Brother Shue is also survived by four sisters.

He had been a member of James Street Church for approximately the past twenty years and had served as our Assistant Clerk for the past few years of his life.

Brother Shue deeply believed in the doctrine of the predestination of all things and Salvation alone by God's free grace. He was loyal to his church and manifested his love for his brethren, sisters and friends by his walk and his talk. We feel that our loss is his eternal gain.

A graveside service was held at 2:00 P.M. on October 10, 1982, at Pine Hill Cemetery, Burlington, N. C., by Elder Hugh D. Wray, pastor of James Street Church.

Be it, therefore, resolved that three copies of this obituary be written, one for the family, one for the church record and one for publication in **Zion's Landmark**.

**Elder Hugh D. Wray, Moderator**  
**Curry Barnwell, Church Clerk**

#### **WILLIAM THOMAS CLAYTON**

We, the Primitive Baptist Church at Angier, Harnett County, North Carolina, desire to bow in humble submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, who saw fit to call from our midst our

beloved brother, William Thomas Clayton, on June 30, 1982. He would have been ninety-three years old, had he lived until August 15, 1982, a period of about six weeks. He was born on this date, August 15, 1889, in the Moriah Community of Person County, North Carolina.

Brother Clayton was married to Eugenia Williford on January 13, 1913. In January, 1924, they moved from Person County, N. C., to Harnett County, N. C., where he labored hard as a farmer for many years. This dear couple lived together for 69 years, 6 months and 7 days.

To Brother and Sister Clayton were born seven children. One son preceded him in death. Four daughters and two sons are left to mourn his passing, along with his dear companion, nine grandchildren and ten great-grandchildren.

Brother Clayton and his wife, Sister Clayton, were received into fellowship of the Church at Angier on the first Sunday in October, 1962, and were baptized the same day by the pastor, Elder T. Floyd Adams.

He was almost blind for many months before his death, but was faithful to attend his church meetings as long as he was able. He was a precious member and will be sadly missed by all of us.

His funeral services were conducted at Angier Church, Angier, North Carolina, on Saturday, July 3, 1982, by his pastor, Elder J. H. Carter, of Manning, South Carolina, assisted by Elder R. L. Fish. His body was laid to rest in Greenlawn Memorial Gardens, Fuquay-Varina, N. C.

We extend our heartfelt sympathy to Sister Clayton and all the family in their sorrow.

Be it, therefore, resolved, that a copy of this obituary be sent to the family, one be kept for the church record, and one be sent to Zion's Landmark for publication.

Done by order of Angier Church in conference on Saturday July 31, 1982.

Elder J. H. Carter, Moderator  
 Brother Avery Beasley, Clerk  
 Sisters Meta Rohrbaugh, Ruth Dupree  
 and Brother Avery Beasley, Committee.

**ESTHER B. STEPHENSON**

On Friday morning, August 13, 1982, our Heavenly Father called Sister Esther Baker Stephenson home to be with Him. Sister Stephenson was born September 8, 1912, in Wake County, North Carolina, making her stay on earth 69 years, 11 months.

She was the daughter of Mr. Johnnie R. and Sister Della P. Baker. Sister Esther had two sisters and eight brothers. She was married to Mr. David Stephenson in the year of 1939. To this union there were no children.

Sister Stephenson worked in the Willow Springs School lunchroom and with the Southern Wake Hospital for a number of years. She enjoyed her work for she loved people. Her former employers held her in high esteem which was proven by their attendance at her funeral rites.

Sister Stephenson asked for a home with Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church, Willow Springs, North Carolina, on the 4th Sunday in June, 1953. At the water's edge of the Baptizing Service for Sister Virgie Dean, she was received into the fellowship of our church and was baptized with Sister Dean that same day, by our pastor at that time, Elder T. Floyd Adams.

She loved her church and attended regularly as long as her health permitted. She loved the doctrine of Salvation by the Grace of God. When there was something to be done at the church, she was there to do whatever she could to help. Her husband was blessed in taking care of her with great love and understanding, for a number of years when she was confined to hospitals for several enduring confinements.

Her funeral service was conducted on Sunday, August 15, 1982, at Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church by her pastor, Elder J. M. Mewborn. Burial was in the church cemetery.

We, the Primitive Baptist Church at Willow Springs, North Carolina, extend to the family our deepest sympathy. Our hope is that God will reconcile all of us to His Holy will.

Therefore, be it resolved that three copies of this memorial be made, one for the family, one for the church record and one for Zion's Landmark

Done by order of Willow Springs Primitive Baptist Church in conference Saturday, October 23, 1982.

Elder J. M. Mewborn, Moderator  
 Brother J. C. Adams, Clerk  
 Sisters Alice Johnson, and  
 Annie Dean, Committee

**MATTIE R. McDANIEL**

It is with much sadness, as well as much joy in obedience to the respect of her precious memory, that I attempt to write this obituary of our precious sister in Christ.

Sister Mattie McDaniel was born December 14, 1900, and passed away on July 28, 1982. She was the daughter of the late Jackson and Mary Lee Higgs Roach. She was married to Mr. Joel Clyde McDaniel on December 15, 1920, who preceded her in death by 22 years.

Surviving this union are four daughters, Mrs. Margaret Barber of the home in Danville, Virginia, Mrs. Madeline Burnett of Cascade, Va., Mrs. Helen Stewart of Reidsville, N. C., and Mrs. Shirley Vaughn of Texas City, Texas. Nine grandchildren, fifteen great-grandchildren and one great-great-grandchild are left to mourn the passing of Sister McDaniel.

Sister McDaniel united with Draper Primitive Baptist Church, in Eden, North Carolina, on August 13, 1933. She dearly loved her church and attended regularly, as well as her sister churches, both far and near, as long as health permitted.

To have known Sister Mattie was to have loved her. Whenever my husband and I visited with her, she seemed to be filled with words about the goodness and mercy of her God to her. She told us that God had seen her through her trials and tribulations. We know that God wonderfully blessed her in raising such fine children. Her walk in life was meek and humble, and no matter how hard the pain, she always carried a sweet smile.

Her funeral service was held at Townes Funeral Home on July 31, 1982, by Pastor John Stewart. Her body was laid to rest beneath a beautiful mound of flowers at Highland Burial Park, Danville, Virginia, to await the second coming of her Lord and Saviour.

Done by order of Draper Primitive Baptist Church in conference on November 27, 1982.

Helen Roberts, Church Clerk  
 Eden, North Carolina

**FLORA DEAN GOODWIN**

We, the members of Cedar Island Primitive Baptist Church, Carteret County, North Carolina, bow in humble submission to the will of God, who called from our midst Sister Flora Dean Goodwin on Sunday, September 12, 1982.

Sister Goodwin was born February 15, 1897, on Cedar Island, in Carteret County, N. C., making her stay on earth 85 years, 5 months and 12 days. She was married to John H. Goodwin April 11, 1923. To this union were born four children. One died in infancy.

Surviving her and left to mourn her passing are her husband, John H. Goodwin; two daughters, Hazel Goodwin of the home and Mrs. Grace Goodwin Styron, Atlantic, N. C.; one son, Alton

Goodwin of the home, along with four grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

She united with the church on Cedar Island in April, 1971, and was baptized by Elder Dewey Humphrey in July, 1971. She faithfully attended her meetings as long as her health permitted.

Her funeral was held on Tuesday, September 14, 1982, at 2:00 P.M. at the Cedar Island Church, conducted by her pastor, Elder J. T. Prescott. Burial was in the Goodwin family cemetery on the island beneath a beautiful mound of flowers.

Therefore, be it resolved that a copy of this obituary be sent to **Zion's Landmark** and the **Signs Of The Times** for publication and a copy be recorded on the church book.

Done by order of the church at Cedar Island in conference on November 7, 1982.

Written by her son, Alton Goodwin  
Elder J. T. Prescott, Pastor  
Alton Goodwin, Church Clerk

### MEETING NOTICES

#### ANGIER UNION MEETING

The next session of the Angier Union Meeting will be held with the Church at Sandy Grove, Johnston County, N. C., if the Lord will, on the fifth Sunday and Saturday before in January, 1983.

Sandy Grove Meeting House is located about three miles east of Angier, on Route N.C. 210.

E. T. Jones was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder R. L. Fish is his alternate.

We invite all lovers of the truth to visit us, especially our ministering brethren.

E. T. Jones, Union Clerk  
Fuquay-Varina, N. C.

#### BLACK CREEK UNION MEETING

The next session of the Black Creek Union Meeting was appointed to be held with the Church at Upper Black Creek, Wilson County, N. C., on the fifth Saturday and Sunday in January, 1983.

Upper Black Creek is located about one mile east of U.S. 301 Hwy. between Kenly, N. C., and Lucama, N. C.

Elder Alex Langston was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Delbert Carraway was chosen as his alternate.

We invite our brethren, sisters and friends to visit us in our union meeting, with a special invitation to our ministering brethren.

J. B. Williams, Union Clerk  
Rocky Mount, N. C.

#### BLACK RIVER UNION MEETING

The next session of the Black River Union Meeting was appointed to be held with the Church at Bethsaida, Harnett County, North Carolina, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in January, 1983, and will continue on Sunday following.

Bethsaida Church is located about two miles west of Benson, North Carolina. Follow N.C. 27 Hwy. west to first paved road to your left. Turn left and go about 1/2 mile to church on your left.

Elder W. C. Noles was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder R. L. Fish was chosen as his alternate.

A cordial invitation is extended to our brethren sisters and friends to come and be with us in our union meeting, especially ministering brethren to visit us.

Alonzo Barefoot, Union Clerk  
Newton Grove, N. C.

#### LOWER COUNTRY LINE UNION MEETING

The next session of the Lower Country Line Union Meeting will be held, if the Lord will, with Wheeler's Church, Person County, North Carolina, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in January, 1983, and will continue through Sunday following.

Wheeler's Church is located about twelve (12) miles south of Roxboro, N. C., off N.C. Hwy. 49, approximately 1 1/2 miles.

Elder L. P. Martin was chosen to preach the introductory sermon and Elder Burch Wray was chosen as his alternate.

We welcome our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us and we extend a special invitation to our ministering brethren.

Bernard Whitfield, Union Clerk  
Carrboro, N. C. 27510

#### WHITE OAK UNION MEETING

The next session of the White Oak Union Meeting will be held, if the Lord will, with the Church at Maple Hill, Pender County, N. C., on the fifth Saturday and Sunday in January, 1983.

Maple Hill Church is located near the intersection of Hwys. 50 & 53, on N.C. Hwy. 50 in the Maple Hill community.

We invite our brethren to come and visit with us, with a special invitation extended to our ministering brethren.

Fernie Wood, Union Clerk  
Chinquapin, N. C.

#### MILL BRANCH UNION MEETING

The next session of the Mill Branch Union Meeting was appointed to be held, if the Lord will, with the Church at Pleasant Hill, Horry County, South Carolina, beginning on Saturday before the fifth Sunday in January, 1983, and will continue through Sunday following, the dates being January 30th and 31st, 1983.

Pleasant Hill Church is located at Myrtle Beach, South Carolina. Those traveling U.S. 501 from Conway, South Carolina, to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, after you cross the overpass bridge at Myrtle Beach, turn right at the third traffic light. Then turn right at first traffic light and proceed to church on right.

We invite our Elders, brothers and sisters, and friends to visit us in our union meeting.

J. D. Wright, Union Clerk  
Tabor City, N. C. 28463

#### ANNUAL MEETING AT MACEDONIA CHURCH, (Fla.)

We would appreciate it very much if you will announce our annual three days' meeting at Macedonia Church, Alturas, Florida, beginning on Friday before the fourth Sunday in February, and will continue through Saturday and Sunday following, the dates being February 25th, 26th and 27th, 1983.

Directions to Macedonia Church are as follows: Those coming from the north, take Interstate 95 to Interstate 4 at Daytona Beach, Fla. Follow Interstate 4 to Haines City, Fla. There you will take U.S. 27 south to Lake Wales, Fla. At Lake Wales, Fla., take Route U.S. 60 west for approximately 9 miles to "Alturas, Fla. Sign." At this point turn left on State Road Route 655-A. Go for about 1 1/2 miles to church building on your left.

Those coming from the west will follow U.S. 98 to Route 60 and "Alturas, Fla. Sign." At this point turn right on Route 655-A and go for 1 1/2 miles to church building on your left.

We invite our brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us. For more information call or contact Brother Bill Lake, Telephone 813-683-1726 or Brother Clarence Duckworth, Telephone 813-537-1208.

W. C. (Bill) Lake  
1111 N. Gilmore Avenue  
Lakeland, Florida 33805











