

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

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CORRESPONDENCE.

“FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.”

(1 JOHN III. 14.)

There is a class of professors who talk about loving the brethren, and thus proclaim themselves to be passed from death unto life. But, do they declare that Christ is precious to them? Do they tell how he became dear and precious to them? Have they seen and felt themselves to be base, things to be despised, vile transgressors? Is Christ Jesus the Lord that altogether lovely One, whom having not seen they love, in whom they rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory? Do they always manifest they have ever felt themselves to be poor lost sinners, that with a broken and contrite heart they were brought to Jesus' feet, and there in the crucified Lamb of God they found forgiveness, justification and hope of eternal salvation? God hath called his own unto the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and in due time Christ is revealed in them, he dwells in their hearts by faith. “Christ liveth in me,” saith the apostle. (Gal. ii. 20.) Do I live by the faith of the Son of God who loved me and gave himself for me? Oh

this is the all-important question, a vital matter with a poor sinner like me. I know the apostle John speaks of the love of the household of God, one toward another, and speaking of the family of God he says, “We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.”—1 John iii. 14. We have been taught of God, our heavenly Father, to love one another. But this love of the brethren is not apart from Christ and him crucified, but it is the fruit of, and flows from, our divine nearness to the Father, and to Christ, the Son of his love, our precious Savior. If we look into this epistle we find who they are that the apostle John is speaking of when he says, “We know,” &c. They are the very family of God, they are fellows, the household of God, who are such in vital knowledge and experience of the things of the Father and of Christ, and that thus in this fellowship, this kinship, this union and communion, they love one another and so they are passed from death unto life. Let us hear the apostle declaring this matter: “That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have

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handled, of the Word of life; (For the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and shew unto you that eternal life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ."—1 John i. 1-3. What ministrations of the Holy Ghost have been our portion to bring unto us this divine fellowship. Christ saith, "All things are delivered unto me of my Father: and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him."—Matt. xi. 27. Jesus saith, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."—John xiv. 6. In the times decreed in Jehovah's counsel the Holy Ghost quickeneth the elect, who by nature are children of wrath even as others, dead in trespasses and sins. He convinceth them of sin, to know themselves to be under the curse of the law, he leads them to Jesus, to the crucified Savior, he takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto them. And into the teachings and guidance of the Spirit of truth, into the truth of Christ's gospel we are led graciously yearningly into the blessed fact that we must be redeemed from under the law that we might receive the adoption of sons. (Gal. iv. 5, 6.) So in this fellowship of the gospel we have fellowship one with another. In the beginning of the knowledge of Christ the called of God have repentance given, a humble, contrite, supplicating heart, and that precious cry is put forth in their heart, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And oh when in Jesus it is ours to taste we have redemption through his blood, even the for-

givenness of sins, what union then we have with our Savior, what fellowship! And, joined to Christ we are one Spirit with him. We have the Spirit of Christ, we are his, and he is ours, our dear Savior, and by his gracious Spirit in us we cry, "Abba, Father." Truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. Without this union with Christ no sinner can be in truth of the household of God, and consequently can have no knowledge of kinship to the family of God. We must be born of God to love God, and to love the brethren. (1 John iv. 7.) For he that loveth him that begat loveth him also that is begotten of him. (1 John v. 1.) Beloved of God, this love of the brethren is more than mere lip love, for there have ever been carnal men among the people of God, who, as the Holy Spirit describes them to Ezekiel, "They sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: for with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness. And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and can play well on an instrument: for they hear thy words, but they do them not."—Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32. "Love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—1 Peter iii. 8. If we have passed from death unto life, and in this life love the brethren, our love will be more than words, there will be love's deeds. "My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth."—1 John iii. 18. The carnal religionist with his superficial profession of love of the truth and to the brethren knows nothing of the work of the Holy Ghost in his heart, he has never known the burden of his vile transgressions, has never been ready to perish in his condemnation under the curse of

the law, he knows nothing of repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ; he has never mourned unto God over his iniquities, was never prostrated at the feet of the Lord with a humble and contrite heart. Neither has he tasted the blessedness of the man unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works. Oh blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. (Rom. iv. 6-8.) If through grace I am a believer in Christ what a favored sinner am I.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress,
Midst flaming worlds in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

If Christ and him crucified be not in the heart's experience our consolation, our hope, our glory, then all this talk about loving the brethren, believing certain points of doctrine amounts to nothing and will be found of no account before the throne of God. These matters are of eternal importance, and that counsel of the apostle is not to be tossed aside as though we were beyond such counsel. "Examine yourselves, whether ye be in the faith; prove your own selves. Know ye not your own selves, how that Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobates."—2 Cor. xiii. 5. If Christ be in us, and we are his, then, "They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."—Gal. v. 24.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

RALEIGH, North Carolina.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ga., Oct. 21, 1928.

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DEAR BROTHER ADAMS:—I received your card a few days ago, and was glad to learn you are better. When I wrote you last I did not think I would wait so long to write again.

I enjoyed the preaching at the Yellow

River Association. It seemed more like Old Baptists were before they became confused by leaders and dictators, who have led many astray. I have heard so much that is not according to my experience and understanding of the teaching of the Bible, and have grown so cold, I fear that I am not included in that "covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." Since the association I have been thinking much of God's supreme power, love, purposes, mercy, &c. "And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."—1 Peter iii. 15. I have heard people tell what they believe, without giving a hint as to why, and I have sometimes thought their belief was only a fancy of the mind, as it seemed that they had not a particle of foundation for what they believed, and such belief is worthless. When one believes a thing, and has solid foundation, able to give a reason, it is a comfort to him, and he can tell it comfortably to others that are exercised on the same subject. It is impossible to believe anything without evidence, either in nature or Spirit, and when any one contends for this or that without giving good reasons for so doing we had better think well before we follow them, for there are many saying, "Lo here and lo there," and would deceive the very elect if possible. Long before I ever heard of absolutism and conditionalism among Old Baptists I believed that God was sovereign ruler over all things, and that he rules all things according to his will and pleasure, and that not one thing ever has or ever will transpire contrary to his will, but I could not give a reason why. Elder N. B. Hardy, formerly of your association, was sound on these points. He was the only preacher I knew in my boyhood days, but

I learned ere he died that he was a deep preacher. I remember very little about what he preached, but remember hearing him talk of God's supreme power, and that all events were under his control. In later years I began to hear things that were new to me, and not being thoroughly established in the faith and doctrine I became confused. Finally I heard that certain preachers advocated this and that which I had never heard, so I began to investigate and found that Old Baptists are contending for the same principles they have always contended for, but that the accusers were not satisfied with the goodness of God's house and were teaching new things. The first brother I heard mention conditional time salvation was, like myself, not able to see the deep hidden mysteries of God, but is now one of the faithful ones. With all that was said against so-called absolutism, I could not understand how God could be supreme ruler over all things and not do his will with all things, for I believed he made everything that was made, and for some purpose, and I did not believe any of his purposes could ever be frustrated. Some brethren say foreknowledge is an attribute of God, but predestination is his act. If the latter be true, am I not right in saying that foreordination is the same? The Scripture is plain that the crucifixion of Christ was in the mind and purpose of God, and was in the plan laid before the foundation of the world for the salvation of sinners. As there is so much objection to predestination, I will not say that this was predestinated, but what I have just written shows where I stand. If God predestinated the crucifixion, and is his act, then he crucified Christ. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in

them." This is one of the conditionalist's texts, so this looks as much like God's act as predestination. If so it kills conditionalism. Some brethren say that God knew before the world began that Adam would sin, and knew how sinful humanity would be, did not intend that it should be that way, but seeing it as it is the three-in-one God went into covenant agreement as to the plan to save those chosen in Christ. God made a covenant to save those the Father gave the Son. This, to my mind, makes God's works dependent upon Satan's works. It seems that God, who knew all things that would ever transpire, even before he began creation, before Satan was made, had to know what Satan's plans were before He could arrange for his work, that he must look all down the line through time and arrange his work to offset the work of Satan to hinder that which he did not want done. If God was this weak some of his and Satan's work would be sure to get crossed and he could not do all his pleasure. I understand that God not only foreknew all things, but all things were in his will and purpose, he did not have to consult any one, but had the whole plan laid out, and made everything according to that plan, made everything for some purpose, pronounced all things that he made very good, and will use them for the very purpose for which they are made, even Satan was good for the purpose for which he was made, and God is using him, and there is no power that can hinder the least part of his will, purpose, plan and, I might say, predestination. God is above all law, therefore he cannot violate any law; can do what he pleases with any and all things and do no sin nor be the author of sin. It seems that sinful man can be compared with a vicious dog. The dog must be chained

to prevent him doing things contrary to his master's will, but when the master wants the dog to chase an intruder he has only to loose him. The will to do these things is already in the dog; the master does not put it there, nor does he entice the dog, he is ready and surging to go. If the dog be trained the master has only to tell him what to do; but the untrained dog has to be directed. Satan, "as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour." He is not like a trained dog, but is surging at the chain's length, seeking every opportunity to devour, and it seems that he would go at random if left to himself. I may be saying too much here, but if God made man for a purpose he does not just turn him loose and allow him to go where he pleases, but "the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain," so God restrains him from doing the very thing he loosed him to do. (Here is some of the deep water I wrote you about, and I fear to express myself on some of the deep things of the Spirit, fearing I am wrong.) If I have a lion chained and should loose him he would prey upon the first thing in sight; it might be my best cow, my child or me; but when God looses Satan he does not have to take notice which way he goes and pull him back until he goes right and then let him go. What I am saying about Satan applies to sinful man, even God's people when not led by his Spirit.

Since starting this I received your last letter, in which you say the deeper the water the better we can swim, and mention what David says about deep waters. I have always been afraid of deep waters as I cannot swim, but all God's people can swim in still, deep waters of his love. Yes, I love to get into this kind of deep waters, that is, enjoying the deep things of the Spirit when we can understand

them, but in those things I do not understand I fear to wade out too deep, for I may say something not in accord with the Scriptures and cause trouble. I have seen more trouble now than I wanted to see among God's people, and have been accused of causing some of it, because I contended for the right as I saw it, and our old deacons and tempest-tossed preachers were with me. There was a time when I thought these things would cause coldness among God's people, but now when I hear them preached in their purity it touches a responsive cord in my being, and I feel glad there are a few who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

I have only hinted at what I wanted to write.

Yours in fellowship,

GEORGE W. JACKSON.

ST. ALBANS, West Virginia.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed are two good letters which were very comforting to me, and I feel like handing them to you for publication, if they meet your approval, for I think they would be comforting to the household of faith.

Yours in hope,

HARVEY BIRD.

HURRICANE, W. Va., July 13, 1928.

MR. HARVEY BIRD—DEAR BROTHER:—It is with much fear and trembling I begin this letter. I know of a truth that unless I am given the power from on high that it will be utterly impossible for me to write anything the least interesting to one of God's children, but my prayer is that I will be led to write and talk always according to those principles of doctrine as believed by the Old School Baptists, which doctrine I believe to be that contained in the holy Bible from end to end, or cover to cover. If I know my mind, it is my desire at this time to write

a little about my experience. I say a little, because it would be impossible for me to tell it all. It is a thing that ever grows and grows. Sometimes I am led to wonder if I have any hope or if I have ever had an experience of grace. Oh, I remember how light-hearted I felt when I hope I was first delivered, then I felt like all was peace, and that there would never be any more heartaches or tribulation. But oh that is not the case. After a few wonderfully happy months I began to wonder if I had not been deceived, if I were not under a false delusion. At times all things seemed very dark, as the poet says, "How tedious and tiresome the hours when Jesus no longer I see," &c. Then when he was pleased to again reveal his blessed face, how tranquilly happy the moments were. I am made to realize more and more that in this world we shall have tribulations. I would not have it any other way. There are so many dark and gloomy days with me that I often wonder if I am not deceived when I think I have bright moments. I wonder if I really do have a hope. I am made to say, How can I have? Surely I would be less vile if I did. Oh I am full of iniquity to running over. But we are not pure as long as we dwell in this tabernacle, but are continually sinning, and fall short within ourselves. As written by the inspired Paul, "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost," &c. I notice in the above explicit language, which was addressed by Paul to Titus, the "he," not themselves, did the saving; that the word "saved" is in the past tense, having taken place some previous time, not going to take place in some future time, which was according to the Creator's

will. Then that little pronoun "us" is in the way. Not in my way; no indeed, but in the other fellow's way. "Us" takes in all of God's elect, as recorded in 2 Timothy i. 9: "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." Some might say, How particular God is. Certainly he is particular, so much so that he explicitly says a certain "us," not the whole Adam family, and it is he who hath saved. Again in the past tense. How can any one who claims to be born again believe otherwise? I believe with all my heart and mind that it is a finished thing, made sure, and cannot be changed one whit by anything on earth or in hell. Unless my God be all powerful, &c., I would be afraid to lie down at night, for I might never wake to see the day again, I might die in my sleep and go to a demon's hell, never to see his all-glorious presence again. But I believe if God be my Father I am always upheld by his omnipotent hand so that none can pluck me out of his hand. Then if I be deceived why do I believe this most wonderful doctrine which says that God has declared all things from the beginning; that he commands and it stands fast; that he has created all things, yea, the wicked for the day of evil, and that he speaks to the dying soul and it is made to leap for joy past telling, it is so wonderful? Sometimes I am made to feel that he has spoken peace to my dying soul, not because of my works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given me in Christ Jesus before the world began. For if he had given me according to my deeds I would long ago have been cast off and sent to a demon's hell, and, I say, justly so. Oh

my brother, what a wonderful doctrine is this as believed by the old order of Baptists. May the grace of God permit us to worship in peace and liberty.

Your brother,

OSCAR J. BYRNSIDE.

HURRICANE, W. Va., July 12, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER BIRD:—I feel at times that I have a hope, although I cannot see why God would be so merciful to as weak a worm of the dust as I to give me such a precious hope of eternal salvation. I feel to know that if I am one of God's little ones that it is not because of anything good which I have done, or will ever accomplish, but through the tender mercy and divine love of God who reigns eternally on high. I know I am full of wickedness and sin, and knowing this how could I believe that I could ever merit a place around God's throne singing praises to his high and holy name? I hope I am thankful for the few bright hours which I have, for there are so many dark and stormy days in which I despair and feel I have probably been deceived in my experience, and that my desire to be with God's children is only a fleshly desire, and my love for those people only earthly love and not the love which is born of God. Then comes a bright day, and I feel that God has been very merciful and good to me in giving me a little hope. I do not know whether I will ever go to the church or not. At the last meeting, on Saturday, I could hardly stay away. I had the greatest desire then I have ever had to unite with the church, but I could not, for something held me back. I stood and trembled as a leaf shaken by the wind and could not keep the tears back. I was miserable. I felt like I imagine one would feel to have to see some one drown, or burn to death,

and not be able to help them, so great was my desire to go home to the church. That shows very plainly that we are governed by a higher power, "for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."—Phil. ii. 13.

Excuse these few broken thoughts. I did not aim to write to you when I sat down at this table, but was so led. We will be glad to hear from you at any time, for we get so few letters.

Yours in hope,

EULA B. BYRNSIDE.

GALATIANS IV. 24.

"WHICH things are an allegory."

What things are here called an allegory? The things mentioned in the two verses just before: "For it is written, that Abraham had two sons; the one by a bondmaid, the other by a freewoman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the free-woman was by promise." So the things which pertain to these two women and their children under the two covenants are, or constitute an allegory. Then what is an allegory? Our dictionary tells us it is the "description of one thing under the image of another," "a figurative sentence or discourse in which the principal subject is described by another subject resembling its properties and circumstances," &c. So then we get the idea that Abraham, Sarah, Agar, and their children, as well as what happened to them, are not the real subject of Paul's address, but only a figure. The apostle is evidently talking of the Jewish kingdom, or the Lord's people in the flesh, and the kingdom of grace, of Christ's people in the Spirit. Yes, and these two peoples and the things pertaining to them are what Paul is separating before the eyes of his church brethren, and ours,

I hope. He tells that Agar is Mount Sinai, in Arabia, and answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem, which is above, is free and is the mother of us all. All of us represented by Sarah, the freewoman by grace. The woman, or Jerusalem above, is mother to all the children of promise, and Agar is only mother of the natural Jew while under the covenant in his allegory. Sarah numbers her children so long and wherever the Lord has a child of grace, for these things are an allegory, and the two covenants. The Jews were a chosen people, but they were under bondage to keep the law, or first covenant, until He should take it away to establish the new. So Agar and her son were taken away so as to establish Sarah and the heir, or son of promise, in their proper rights under the husband and Father. But remember it was the promise of God, and the husbandry of God fulfilled this covenant. The law of the flesh here was dead and inoperative, but with Agar it was in force, so her son was said to be born "after the flesh." No Gentile nation was ever under the Agar or Mount Sinai covenant, and the Jews are not under it, although the Jews and many Gentiles try to make themselves under the law of circumcision. They may be under the law of sin and death, but the power of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made the children of promise free from the law of sin and death, and they cannot now be under law to a husband who is dead. The nation is dead, and their law is dead, and the children under that dead law are all numbered. Not so with the children of grace; no man can ever number the children of that Jerusalem above. Then Paul gives another allegory of the same nature to present his spiritual thought to

the man of God. He quotes in part: "Rejoice, thou barren that bearest not; break forth and cry, thou that travailest not; for the desolate hath many more children than she which hath an husband." Now to be brief, Sarah in the allegory and in her most desolate period of life had no husband, for she had given him to Agar, the woman, or law, "after the flesh." Agar was not desolate at that time. Sarah, being so desolate and unbelieving at the time the angel made the promise to her she laughed, but God promised to be a husband to her, and was and is, so that her blessing and increase shall and does surpass that of Agar, the Jewish woman, or church. Every religious body or church is typified by a woman, and the Lord's chosen is but one, and is free, yet her children and blessings outnumber and surpass any of them. She has a wonderful hope and promise in which she is abundantly able to "break forth and rejoice." But she must cast out every bond child that tries to come in or remain under the first covenant, or after the flesh. For we know it is as Paul said, "But as then he that was born after the flesh, persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now." Here Paul makes it plain that it was the natural Jews who persecuted the believers in the gospel church, for they were the antitype of Ishmael. In this day it is the religious world that persecutes those born of the Spirit wherever found, and yet none of their church memberships equal the Lord's people in Christ.

I realize the readers will see I have made this long and trashy, while it is an effort to leave out the bondwoman and her son, for we know they cannot feel desolate while they rule the house and claim the husband; still when they are cast out in a dry place they must then

cry and look to God for a temporal blessing or salvation. Even so did Agar and her son, and they were given great blessings in this life. So are all false churches to-day, and if they were under the law of circumcision in the flesh, as were the Jews, they could do no better than Agar did in the type. They may circumcise in the flesh, but the children of promise, as Isaac was, are circumcised in heart and in spirit. I cannot see the irreligious world anywhere in this allegory, but I think I can see the doctrine of free grace, as preached by the "little flock," points to the salvation of more children in Christ than any or all other denominations, yet we are most desolate in the flesh, and have no husband, as Mary and Elisabeth.

Yours in hope,

GUSTAVA WEBB.

CULLISON, Kansas.

CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa., Sept. 22, 1928.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am inclosing a letter received many years ago from my husband's sister. It was enjoyed then, and on looking over our correspondence decided to send it to you for publication, if you think best.

Your sister in Christ,

SARAH E. MILLER.

JUSTUS, Pa., Oct. 9, 1889.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER IN CHRIST:—If poor unworthy me can be allowed to thus address you, you who seem so much above me. I feel a great many times as though I had no right to call you, or any of the dear people of God, brother or sister. We found the children all right when we got home, and a welcome letter waiting for us. After reading I felt that if the Lord would guide my pen I would try and answer it, but fear it will fail to be of interest to you. I had a splendid

visit to-day, but as we were coming home I thought it all over, and thought, Now Sarah was disappointed and did not enjoy it as I did. Oh how good it does seem to me to talk with or to hear the people I love so much talk of the wonderful work of the Lord, and to give all honor and glory to him. I feel that I ought to praise him both day and night for what I hope he has done for my soul. I do love the Lord's people, and the Bible says, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." I can truly say that to go to meeting and hear them speak and to hear the gospel preached (and I do believe we have it preached to us) is my meat and drink, but I feel so small and unworthy to be among the Lord's people, yet still I feel to say as Ruth did, "Entreat 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." It seems at times that things are not right as they are and that I would like to have them move to please me, and then the thought comes, "Be still, and know that I am God." We read that "God is love," and what he does is right, just and true are all his ways. All things work together for good to them that love the Lord. I know that is so, but poor mortals cannot always see it so. The week after I was baptized I felt very dark and bad, and thought I would go up to mother's, that she would say a word or two that would comfort me. I went two or three times, but in vain, as she did not say a word to me about what was on my mind, and the last time I felt as if I could not stand it. I think the Lord led me in that way to show me where to look: that I am to look alone to him for comfort and strength, for

I do feel that my strength is perfect weakness. I cannot think one good thought unless he gives it to me. Sometimes I feel it is all a dream, that it cannot be possible I have a home and name among the people I believe are the Lord's, but I suppose it is true, and I hope I will be kept from bringing a reproach upon his name.

I am glad Elder Durand is coming.

Well, I have not written as I should wish, and feel more like putting it in the stove than sending it to you, but please overlook mistakes and think them of the head and not of the heart.

I must stop, for it is now 10:30 p. m., but if I were down there I could talk all night, but I think you are tired now.

Your sister in love,

SEBINA GOODRICH.

PLEASANT HILL, Mo., Oct. 26, 1928.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—I am inclosing you a copy of a letter I received last week, and feasted upon it, and if you see fit would be glad for it to appear in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Sister Beebe, I must tell you I am the proud possessor of your and your son's picture, also a picture of the Brookfield meetinghouse, and of many dear ones, which sister Davis sent me. She and her husband took them while on their tour of the east, and I cannot tell you how I prize them, and the one who sent them to me, telling of her lovely trip also.

Your little sister in hope,

MARGARET S. TAYLOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, California.

DEAR SISTER MARGARET:—Yes, I was indeed very pleasantly surprised to hear from you and tears of joy did flow. I long many times for good letters, but much of the time my mind is so blank I

do not feel I have anything worth writing to any one. It cheered me very much where you said you were traveling my way and could echo every thought I expressed, and we do hope it is the Lord's way. I feel so lonely away out here in this worldly place, and often wonder when I look on this multitude of people if there is even one among them who feels the way I do, and how I pray sometimes when I am out walking around, Oh if I could only get away from all the turmoil of this big city. The Lord has fixed the bounds of our habitation and placed us where we are. My faith in the Lord is firm. He has placed me away off from the people I love to be with for his own purpose, but it is hard for me to know the why and wherefore of it all. I am so weak that without him I would fall into the temptations by the wayside, and how I pray for him to create in me a pure heart and guide my footsteps aright. That longing for some one to talk with of the things I love to talk and hear about is beyond explanation. Sometimes my landlady and I will be talking about events that transpire, and I will express my belief about it, and she will say, That is a good way to think about it if you can. She is a lovely lady and we get along nicely together. I know she thinks I am peculiar and cannot understand me, but I cannot even understand myself. We are a peculiar people, like the verse in the song I love so well:

"We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made peculiar ground;
A little spot inclosed by grace,
Out of the world's wide wilderness."

How my heart rejoiced to know you were blessed to attend the First Kansas Association. How I would love to have been with them again. I hope you were also blessed to attend our association at Adrian. I just missed it last fall by

having to come home here, but it was not for me to be there, but hope my mind was. What a relief to know, What is to be will be, and sometimes when disturbances come into my life I feel I can say, Though he slay me yet will I trust him, for without him I can do nothing. I receive much comfort from reading my Bible and the SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Well, sister Margaret, I thought I was prepared to write you a letter of news, but my mind would not be directed that way, but I will send it nevertheless. Give my love to all in Little Flock Church, and to all the household of faith. May the Lord bless and keep you and yours.

Your unworthy sister,
MABEL LINDSAY.

HIRAM, Georgia.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am, I hope, glad to hear the plain, simple and pure gospel of God our Savior as I have heard it in the past, and I hope to hear it as long as I am permitted to remain on earth. I am a young man, twenty-three years of age, and it seems a long time before I will be old, but the truth will never grow old. I hope the Lord showed me by an eye of faith what I was by nature and showed me what I must be by grace. I like to hear people talk about a sovereign God, a God of purpose, love and mercy. Christ paid all the debt his people owed and canceled it all. I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation. I know I am a weak vessel when I am left in nature's darkness, but at times the Lord gives me a ray of light of his most merciful and righteous plan of salvation, predestination, election and the love he had for his people before the world began. When the grace of God is in a man's heart he is

cut loose from carnality, and everything but the great God of high heaven seems weak and frail. I want to honor God, but it takes the grace of God in a man's heart to be able to honor him, for man is but vapor and cannot direct his steps, it takes the blessed Pilot, Christ our Lord. What love the Master had for his disciples when he caused the angry sea to be calm, and said, Peace, be still.

Your unworthy brother, a sinner saved by grace, if saved at all,

JEWELL O. CROKER.

PROVENCAL, La., Oct. 18, 1928.

DEAR BRETHREN:—If you will allow me to address you thus. I am seventy-seven years of age, and have visited two associations this month, each of them a long way from home. One was in Wood County, Texas, where I met a great many Predestinarian Baptists, and when they began singing the sweet songs of Zion I commenced feeling my unworthiness. When those old servants got up and told of the dealings of the Lord with them it seemed that I could see the very image of Jesus in their countenances, and their words were food for my hungry soul, so I was made to rejoice and feel glad I was there. Twelve preachers were present at the Sulphur Fork Association, and I heard ten of them and all their preaching was in harmony, the same old story of the cross. I returned home, and after a few days rest went to the Louisiana Predestinarian Baptist Association, where I met another band of loving brethren and sisters. The Louisiana Association has but two ordained ministers, brother Baker, an old man, aged about seventy-nine years, and brother B. Valentine, who is aged about fifty-one years, but we had visitors from Texas who were very able preachers and we had a good meeting,

and were made to feel that the Lord was with us. I returned home, where I have a married daughter keeping house for me, found all well, for which I feel thankful to the Giver of all good. We have a little church here where I live, but on account of not having more preachers in our associations we do not hear much preaching. The church called brother Valentine, but because of the distance he could not come regularly.

From a poor sinner saved by grace, if saved at all,

R. A. HAWTHORNE.

ELKINS, West Virginia.

DEAR EDITORS:—We are sending our subscription for our highly esteemed paper that stands so firm in the doctrine of God our Savior. Wife and I hope to continue our subscription for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES as long as we are able to pay for it, for surely it is a great comfort to us in our old age. My wife is seventy-six years of age and I am seventy-seven. We live near Elkins, West Virginia, about two miles from the depot, but the buss line runs west from Elkins by our home and any orderly Predestinarian Baptist passing our way would be gladly received by us. Our membership is with the Leading Creek Church. Elder J. S. Murphy is our pastor, and he is a dear brother, sound in the doctrine of Christ and the apostles. Our association, the Tygarts Valley River, is few in number, only seventy-five members, but is standing firm in the doctrine of absolute predestination of all things.

G. B. McCLANAHAN.

WINNSBORO, Texas, Nov. 26, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—As my subscription expires with the December number I am inclosing my personal check for a year's subscription to the dear old SIGNS, and

one dollar to aid in its publication. I do not see how I could get along without it, for it is all the preaching I get, as I am partly deaf and cannot hear public preaching. I read the SIGNS every month and it is like good news from a far country and water to a thirsty soul. Fourteen years ago I began reading the dear paper and each number seems more interesting and I am drawn closer to the writers. I love each one for the truth's sake, and wish I could write as they do, but there is nothing good in me and sin is mixed with all I do. I sometimes think there is no hope for one as sinful as I am. I am not a member of the only church (it is the only one I will ever believe in), but how I wish to be. I want every one to pray for me when at the throne of grace.

(MRS.) F. S. PETTY.

WEISER, Idaho, Nov. 21, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—I want through your columns to thank the brethren and sisters who so readily complied with the wish of my husband for two back copies of the SIGNS in which were some of his writings. I have received several copies, but he who requested them has gone to his reward. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he kept the faith.

Again thanking you, I am your little sister in loneliness,

(MRS.) M. N. WEBB.

BREWERS, Kentucky.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am made to rejoice as I move around among God's humble poor and hear them express what the Lord has done for them in giving out the pure gospel by pens of ready writers, through the dear old SIGNS and other such periodicals. Just as I write the word "periodicals" I am made to think

of the comparison as to the number of papers coming from the press of to-day that are filled with all kinds of corruptible and deceivable literature and the few that contend for truth and solely engaged in sending out that which tends to edify God's dear children and honor the great Giver of every good and perfect gift.

I herewith inclose my check for two dollars as renewal of the subscription of Mrs. M. J. Warford, of Hickory, Kentucky, for one year, which was handed me yesterday. I hope to send you more soon.

I am, I hope, your brother in fellowship of the gospel,

J. C. CHESTER.

—CEDAR RAPIDS, Iowa, Dec. 10, 1928.

DEAR BROTHERS:—I have lately become so nearly blind I cannot read the SIGNS. I can write better than I can read. I had my eighty-fifth birthday October 27th last, and I think this is the last of my subscription. I am in the Home for Aged Women at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. This Home has been running for thirty years, and is a very good and comfortable home. It was instituted by the ladies of Cedar Rapids for women over sixty-five years of age, or during their life the applicant is to be a citizen of Linn County, must pay \$600, and after six months if she is satisfied she becomes a member; if not satisfied, she pays for her board and her money is returned. We have twenty-one now, and have not room for more. We have meeting, but there is no Old School Baptist nearer than ten miles, and that is the only trouble I have. There is only one lady here that has a name with the Old School Baptists.

There is quite a preacher at Cedar Falls who comes here to visit, but I have never taken the liberty of asking him to

preach, for it is not stylish enough. My SIGNS is all the preaching I get and I have to get some member to read it to me.

I cannot write more.

RACHEL OWEN.

—LONDON, Ontario.

DEAR ELDER DODSON:—Your letter in the SIGNS about His hand hath formed the crooked serpent was wonderful indeed to me, and so comforting that my soul did eat it greedily. O, dear one, how often in days gone by in my distress I would turn to Job's writings, and would say, weeping, You are my brother in affliction. Job was often bewildered and at his wit's end, not knowing what to do, and so was I away back in my girlhood, sitting on the lowest step of my mother's cellar, where I thought no one would see me, and crying aloud. Mother came to get something she wanted, and said, What is the matter? I replied, O mother dear, I am lost forever. She said, No one in such distress as you will ever be lost, adding, I have noticed for some time that you were not the girl you used to be. I do not want to say much about myself, but want to tell you, dear brother, how glad I was to read your sweet epistle, and there was one here in Canada who was greatly comforted by your good letter. I believe God gave you to write to my comfort and to the comfort of others also. Write on, dear brother, and may God give you plenty out of his storehouse to feed his lonely ones who are without a pastor.

Dear brother Ruston was here last month and visited at our house over night, and preached at London. Large gatherings greeted him at the different places of meeting. I heard him at St. Thomas and Ekfrid and it was good to be there. He is a good preacher, both in the pulpit and in the homes where he visits.

Your sister in hope,

FLORA J. SINCLAIR.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JANUARY, 1929.

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*All letters for this paper should be addressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***NEW YEAR'S GREETING.**

THIS greeting at this time will be rather an odd one, for it will take the form of a personal confession to our readers and editors and publishers, which we grant is somewhat unusual. For several months I have had it impressed upon my mind that I ought to resign my connection as editor with the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. This feeling on my part is not at all due to an unkindly feeling toward a living soul connected with the paper. So far as I am aware, I have in my heart nothing but cordiality and goodwill toward my brethren editors and publishers with whom I have long been associated, nor is there any strained feeling toward any who read the paper or who subscribe for it or who write for its columns. My reasons for feeling that I ought to get off the paper are as follows: first, a disinclination to write, due to the fact that

I have so little time for writing in the midst of my busy life, but due more to a total lack of impression that I ought to write. It seems to me that if God meant me to be an editor on the SIGNS, he certainly would incline my mind more toward writing, and such is not my experience. If I have any gift at all in the way of gospel ministry, it certainly is not in the writing line. Whenever I sit down to write, my mind shuts up and whatever is written is brought forth in much intense labor. I cannot reconcile myself to this mind condition on my part, cannot see why one who is really an editor should be so indisposed toward writing. Second, besides my lack of inclination to write, is the busy life I lead, which leaves me little time for writing. Good writing must be born of meditation and reflection and a good writer ought to have time for reading and research along the lines upon which he is supposed to write. I have not time for all this. What writing I do must be done mostly at night after the business of the day is over, and I am generally too tired at that time to collect my thoughts for writing and to concentrate them upon any given subject. At present I am supposed to have the pastoral care of eight churches, and these scattered over a wide area. Too many, you say. I grant it. But how is one to help it when otherwise churches would be destitute entirely of ministerial services owing to the paucity of preachers of the predestinarian faith and order in this part of the country? We could get plenty of conditionalists and limited predestinarian preachers to serve these churches, but these churches say they will not have them. So what is one to do? The churches I am serving are located as follows: three in Virginia, and one of these has a branch across the river in Mary-

land, one in West Virginia, three in southern Pennsylvania and one in Delaware. Besides my service to the above churches, which is enough to take up any one's time and thought, I hold a position as bookkeeper with a firm here in Leesburg which requires all my time through the week except such time as is needed to attend to funerals and to visits to the sick and isolated ones, whom I fear are not visited by me as much as it is my duty to do. Now, I want to say right here that the fact that I hold a secular position is not to be regarded as any reflection on the churches I serve. Every church I serve contributes according to its ability to the support of myself and family. They are willing to give me of their substance according as the Lord prospers them, and are continually doing so. But I have a large family and our expenses have been and still are great. Any one raising a family in this day and time knows by experience something of what it takes financially to get along and try to keep out of debt as much as possible. If I had not had a secular position and had depended entirely on the contributions from the several churches, my family would have had necessarily to do without some things which the income from my own secular efforts has enabled us to have. It might have been better, possibly, to have started out in the beginning by exercising a little more self-denial and thus to have avoided somewhat the necessity of a strenuous life. Anyway, so it is. If I retain my health and strength with which I have been blessed so far, a few years more will see my children doing for themselves, some of them already are, and I hope by that time to be able to ease up, possibly give up altogether all secular employment and devote my whole time and

labor to the churches. My third and last reason for wanting to resign my place on the SIGNS is the fact that it is the duty of the editor to examine all manuscripts submitted to the paper for publication and to pass upon them before they go into its columns. I have not been doing this and am not going to do it. I have not any mind for such work, and if this duty of editorial censorship is essential to my being on the paper, then I quit right now. Many articles go into the paper which I never see before they come out in print. This must be so if I continue as editor, for I cannot take upon myself, and have never taken upon myself, the work of editing all that goes into the paper. The publishers have more than once offered to submit to me for my judgment all that goes into the paper, but I have steadily refused to have them do so. I cannot be burdened with it.

For all of the above reasons, I recently submitted to the publishers of the SIGNS my resignation from the editorial staff and they have refused to accept it. Because they have refused and because they insist on my remaining on the paper, I have decided to make this open and honest confession to them and to all connected with or interested in the paper. If they are willing to still have me on the staff after reading the above explanation and are willing to grant me the reservations which I am compelled to make if I stay on the paper, I am ready to agree to such an arrangement and will allow my name to remain on the staff. I feel it a great honor to be associated on such a venerable and staunch advocate of truth as the SIGNS OF THE TIMES with such splendid and whole-souled brethren as my three associate editors, and with the publishers of the paper for whom I

have the utmost respect and esteem. Our association together the past fourteen years, first with our previous editor, Elder Ker, and now with the present staff, has always been the most cordial. For the future, I can promise nothing. If my mind is led to write occasionally, I will do so. I cannot agree to write a certain specified times nor promise to write so many articles within a year. I never could contract to do so much preaching for so much money or within a given time, nor can I promise to write under contract. If I have any gift in the ministry, I do not control it, it controls me. I cannot exercise it at my pleasure, but I hope it exercises me as God wills. With best wishes and with sincerest love to all my dear brethren and to all who love the doctrine for which the SIGNS stands, I am yours to serve as best I can, God willing.

H. H. L.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by Elder H. C. Ker.)

The Salisbury Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Snow Hill Church, to the several churches, associations and meetings with which we correspond, sendeth greeting and love in the Lord.

Following our usual custom in writing what is called a "Circular Letter," we have chosen the word "faithfulness" as a foundation. Perhaps no one word embraces more real importance to the church than this one, and likely its full meaning is more neglected than that of any other word used by us as a denomination. The word faithfulness has many definitions, and here we shall give some of them in order that we all have better conception of the fullness of the word and what it

should mean to the church: "Fidelity; loyalty; firm adherence to allegiance to duty; truth; veracity; strict performance of promises, vows, or covenants; constancy in affection." These definitions present almost the full rule of the life of the followers of Jesus, yet how few of us so live! Faithfulness becometh the house of God and in its absence there is no evidence of the life of Christ in our mortal flesh. His was a life of faithfulness to God his Father, and to all chosen in him before the foundation of the world. The broad meaning of the word "faithfulness" embraces every duty of both men and women who profess hope and faith in the blood of Christ Jesus the Lord. Faithfulness in the minister to the church, in every sense, demonstrates his call to the work. It matters not how wonderfully a man may preach, if unfaithful his preaching means little indeed. His duty is to take the oversight of the flock of God, over which he has been made overseer. This does not mean merely to visit the church once a month, or oftener, as the case may be, and preach, but to visit the sick and the well and minister to them in their homes; to advise them in the things pertaining to the order and ordinances of the church; to warn them of error; false doctrine and wolves in sheep's clothing. It also means that a pastor should be faithful and brave enough to refuse to receive, or allow any man to occupy the pulpit who does not preach the truth. It matters not who he is, nor from what part of the world he comes, neither his correspondence with another association. Such faithfulness will be condemned by the unfaithful, but such condemnation only proves the unfaithfulness of those who criticise. It is a very small matter to talk of faith and love, but to prove our

faith by our works is altogether another thing. "Love not in word only, but in deed and in truth." To say we love a brother is an easy matter, but how shall we know of that love unless there is some demonstration of it? When a brother or sister is sick and we never call to see him or her to inquire for their welfare and to manifest that love we talk so much about, where is our faithfulness? If a member of the body of Christ is poor and destitute and we shut up our bowels of compassion against that one, how dwelleth the love of God in us? Where is our faithfulness? Just a glance within will show us our unfaithfulness and covetousness and should cause us, indeed, to ask whether we be of God or not?

Along another line we would call attention to the word "faithfulness." Whenever the meetinghouse is open for service it is the duty of each member to be present if not sick and if there be no serious illness in the family. Such faithfulness is expected, and unfaithfulness is manifest when members are absent. No company, entertainments or pleasures should ever interfere with such duty. No minister would be reckoned faithful who did not meet his appointments; the same is just as true of any member who fails to be present at all meetings of the church. Nothing is more discouraging to a pastor than to find members of the church absent. This matter of "faithfulness" is not one-sided. There are duties of the church to the pastor as well as duties of the pastor to the church. One is, to visit him in his home and try to make life as cheerful and pleasant for him as possible. The life of a minister of the gospel of the grace of God is not a bed of roses. His trials and cares of life are many and must

be endured alone, hence frequent calls and visits help to encourage him to go on.

"Faithfulness" also means that the church should look after the temporal welfare of its pastor. In these days of high cost of living, the expense of automobiles, used in the service of the churches, their depreciation, upkeep, and such like, should all be taken into consideration. Often the depreciation on a medium priced car is more than the minister receives each year from the churches he serves. "Faithfulness" should not allow the pastor to serve at a loss.

"Faithfulness" also means dependableness. The word of every Old School Baptist should be his bond. "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways." We should all be careful about making promises which bring us under special obligation, but when made, live up to them. This is a duty that every member owes the church. No church can afford to have a member who is not strictly truthful, not strictly dependable. It is a reproach upon the church to have a member whose life is not in keeping with the rules of the New Testament Scriptures. "Faithfulness" also means that every member of the church should, as far as able, help bear the burdens of the church, such as the upkeep of the house and premises is concerned. No one, two or three should be expected to do this when others are equally able. May the Lord not only give us to meditate upon these things, but to live the life of faithfulness in his church, as well as to all men. In so doing we shall glorify him and magnify his grace so freely bestowed upon us through Jesus Christ our Lord.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

J. H. TRUITT, Clerk.

G. F. ADKINS, Ass't Clerk.

(Written by Elder H. H. Lefferts.)

The Virginia Corresponding Meeting, in session with the Mt. Zion Old School Baptist Church, Loudoun County, Virginia, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1928, to the churches composing this Meeting, and to the associations and churches with which we correspond, sends christian salutation.

DEAR BRETHREN:—"Nevertheless, when the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?" This solemn question was asked the disciples by the Savior, not to indicate any uncertainty in the mind of Jesus as to whether he would find faith in the earth at the time of his coming, but to search the hearts and souls of the disciples themselves, to arouse within them the need of constancy to the faith, that is, to the doctrine of Jesus Christ the Lord. This question may well search our own hearts at this time, for do we not stand forth as the professed followers of Christ? If so, then there is committed to us a dispensation of the gospel to which we need to take heed and to examine ourselves whether we be in the faith. The doctrine may be considered in two aspects: the preaching of it and the living of it. By the latter is meant the manifestation of the doctrine in the lives we live. The preaching of the doctrine is nothing more nor less than earnestly contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and it should be done with earnestness, as though our lives depended on it, for do they not indeed? The pulpit is no place for indifference, and the declaration of the great theme of salvation should never be done in a half-hearted way. If what we preach be true, it cannot be too true and cannot be affirmed too vigorously or too whole-heartedly. Who does not like to hear a man who has the courage of his

own convictions? And surely the righteous conviction that the minister is declaring the truth should spur him to sound it forth in no uncertainty and with great plainness of speech. The doctrine should be declared in its wholeness, and not in one aspect of it to the overlooking of some other aspect just as vital. We in the Corresponding Meeting of Virginia understand the doctrine of God our Savior to embrace the following principles: the omnipotent sovereignty of God over all worlds, principalities and powers; the personal and unconditional election of the children of God in Christ before the foundation of the world, the salvation of the elect alone by the grace of God in Christ, and by grace only, without human means or helps, the effectual calling unto repentance and belief of the truth by sovereign grace of all who before time were foreknown of God and predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ according to the good pleasure of his will, the preservation of all the chosen of God unto final glory, the resurrection of the dead and the final judgment of the righteous unto life eternal and of the wicked unto everlasting punishment. No one need conclude from this that we are endeavoring to set metes and bounds to the truth of almighty God, for the truth is limitless and cannot be compressed into human expressions, but the above will serve to outline our position in the main.

Beside the preaching of the faith or doctrine, there is what is equally important: the living of it. This has to do with the walk and deportment of the professed children of God. Preaching lacks power if the life of him who believes and contends for the truth does not deport itself in accord therewith. The church of God right now is face to face with the

question as to whether we shall neglect scriptural proofs of what a child of God ought to be and of how he ought to do, and fall in line with the lax standards of the world about us, standards of morality and right living which become more and more obscured as time moves on. Men are becoming more and more openly lovers of self and worshippers of wealth, grasping more and more for the material things of life with less and less regard for honesty and honor. The times are marked by fast living, looseness of morals, disregard for family life, decay of legitimate natural affections. In the midst of a naughty world, they that are wise unto salvation should shine as the stars of heaven. The much fine gold should not become dimmed. "Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," so says Paul to the faithful at Rome, exhorting those of that day not to conform to the standards of the Roman world in its heathenish idolatry and paganism, but to let the eyes of their faith look above and beyond it to the high plane of spiritual godly living taught by the grace of Christ in the souls of those to whom this grace has appeared bringing salvation. It is to be hoped that there ever will be those in the earth, subjects of divine grace, who will have no desire to conform to the world, but who will fervently desire to present their bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is their reasonable service, being enabled effectually to do so by the virtue of that Sacrifice which was made on Calvary for them. No one knows at what time the Son of man cometh. It may be now, or it may be hereafter, the end of this present dispensation may be much nearer than we think. But however and whenever it is to be, will He find faith in the earth awaiting him? This is

the question that indicates no uncertainty whatever in the mind of God, but ought to cause us to pause and consider whether that faith is really in us and whether we are being faithful in our allegiance to it, or is there on our part a tendency to shun the doctrine, or some part of it, a disposition to sidestep our responsibility in contending for it? And above all, is there lacking in any of us the courage to fearlessly live according to what we believe to be right for fear of incurring ridicule or persecution at the hands of those who know not the truth? The more we reflect upon these matters and the more we measure ourselves in the light of Scripture testimony, the more shall we feel the need of great grace, of constant prayerfulness and watchfulness lest we be found false witnesses of God.

Our next session of this Meeting will be held, the Lord willing, on the Wednesday, Thursday and Friday following the second Sunday in October, 1929, the place of meeting to be announced later through the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, at which time we shall hope to be favored again with your messages and ministers, praying to be kept in your love and fellowship through Jesus Christ the Lord. Amen.

H. H. LEFFERTS, Mod.

G. C. SPINDLE, Clerk.

WATCH YOUR DATES.

WE wish to request our subscribers when sending in their subscriptions to see that the date on the little pink slip bearing their address is changed. If not changed, please let us know immediately (for that signifies you have not been given credit for the money sent) and we will look into the matter. By consulting that date you can tell at a glance to what time your subscription is paid. Dec. 28 means that your subscription is paid to December, 1928; June 28 means your subscription is only paid to June, 1928, &c.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The Salisbury Old School Baptist Association, in joint session with the several churches composing the same, convening at Snow Hill, Worcester, County, Maryland, October 24th, 25th and 26th, 1928, sends christian greetings to our sister associations and meetings of our correspondence.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Again it has been our privilege, and we hope blessing, to meet and receive your messengers and correspondence, which we trust may be continued. Our meeting has we feel been most enjoyable, and we hope all present have shared the joy. We are glad that Christ has been preached, in the gospel the "power of God," and also as our redemption from iniquity.

Our next session is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before the fourth Sunday in October, 1929, with the Salisbury Church, at Salisbury, Maryland.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

J. H. TRUITT, Clerk.

G. F. ADKINS, Ass't Clerk.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

James Ashurst, Ill., \$3; John F. Oliver, Va., \$1; Mrs. S. E. Enoch, Kans., \$3; Mrs. Mary E. Ellis, Md., \$2; M. C. Reeves, Ill., \$2; Mrs. Charles M. Richardson, Va., \$1; Mrs. George T. Davis, Del., \$1; Mrs. F. S. Petty, Texas, \$1; Mrs. Mary J. Ege, N. J., \$3; Mrs. E. Annie Parker, Md., \$3; Jesse C. Ellis, Ohio, \$3; Cyrus Cross, N. Y., \$2; Mrs. I. R. Blythe, Pa., \$1; "A friend from Oregon," \$5; W. E. Bryan, Ky., \$1; Effie Franklin, Ill., \$3; H. W. Burford, Ark., \$1; Mrs. Mary Pittman, Kans., \$1; S. W. Shipway, N. Y., \$3; J. E. Holloway, Texas, \$1; Mrs. J. A. McTaggart, Ontario, \$2; Mrs. M. E. Drake, N. J., \$1; Hubbell Brothers, N. Y., (In memory of Elder J. D. Hubbell), \$10; W. T. Judy, Neb., \$1; A. F. Jones, Ga., \$3; Mrs. Mary Duffus, B. C., \$3; Mrs. M. J. Myers, Okla., \$1; Hannah E. Danks, Cal., \$1; Mrs. Allie Gooch Reed, N. C., \$2; "A friend," (In loving memory of Mrs. Harriet Harkness) \$4; Attie Curtis, Maine, \$1; Elder George Coulbourn, Va., \$1; H. C. Sledge, La., \$1; Hewitt Osborn, N. Y., \$6.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Sarah Jane (Parks) Barnes was born in Monroe County, Missouri, June 23rd, 1854, the daughter of W. F. and Nancy Parks, and died at the home of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Showalter, Freewater, Ore., November 24th, 1928, aged 74 years, 5 months and 1 day. May 20th, 1875, she was united in marriage to J. T. Barnes, and to this union eight children were born, four boys and four girls, the oldest dying in infancy, the others living to be grown and married. Edd, the oldest son lives in Bates County, Missouri, Anna and Rebecca live in Walla Walla, Wash., Fred, Sam and Edith live at Freewater, Oregon. Josephine, the youngest daughter, preceded her in death seven years. Sister Barnes received a hope in Jesus when young, and on Saturday before the second Sunday in July, 1882, she united with Little Rock Church of Old School Baptists and was baptized by the late Elder John Copland. In November, 1901, she with her family moved to Touchet, Wash., and with her husband united by letter with Mizpah Church of the same faith and order, in which church she lived and loved until the dear Lord called her home. The funeral was held in the Old School Baptist Church November 30th, conducted by Elder C. W. Bond, of La Grande, Oregon, who was blessed to point our sorrowing hearts to the great gain in the death of the saints of God. The house was filled with relatives and friends, after which we laid her precious body to rest in the Touchet Cemetery to await the final call and precious promise of God, whom she loved and so faithfully served all her stay here on earth. The mortal to be made immortal and the natural to be made spiritual. This blessed hope she cherished, and made great sacrifice, which made her life an open book to her brethren. She was the wife of one who felt in his soul to be called of God to comfort his brethren in the gospel of grace, and none but those who have borne the burden of the preacher's wife know the lonely and toilsome hours which they have to endure, and I can truly say to the praise of the grace of God that this dear woman was not only a helpmeet in nature, but a helpmeet in the gospel of God our Savior. She never was too tired nor too sick when my appointment came but what she insisted that I should go. She often said she had rather sacrifice than have her brethren disappointed. Oh I could write so much to the praise of God's sovereign grace which was so wonderfully manifested in the life of my dear companion, but will only say she truly was a Lydia in the house of the Lord. During the last six years of her stay on earth she was confined mostly to the house, and in all that time I never heard a word of complaint come from her lips against the providence or dealings of God with her, but she often prayed for grace for her day of

trial. She dearly loved her children, and when the end came she was blessed to have them all at her bedside but Edd, the oldest son, who lives in Missouri, and her last farewell to us was one of the sweetest smiles I ever beheld. While my soul feels the great loss of her presence, yet I could not wish her back in this poor world of suffering, and oh may God in mercy give us all grace to say, Thy will be done.

J. T. BARNES.

Jesse Rufus Jones, youngest of the family of Isaac and Mary Boothe Jones, was born in Marion County, Iowa, November 2nd, 1874. He passed away at the Mercy Hospital in Des Moines, Sept. 28th, 1928, after an illness of four months, aged 53 years, 10 months and 26 days. He was united in marriage to Grace Jordan, at Winterset, on Nov. 29, 1905. To this union was born one daughter, Helen Jane. They made their home seven miles northwest of Knoxville until 1921, when they retired, and moved to the former place. After five years there, they moved to Des Moines to be with their daughter while attending Drake University. He united with the Primitive Baptist Church in July, 1909. Besides the wife and daughter he is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary A. Antle, of Norwalk, and five brothers, Charles H. and Elder George J., of Knoxville, Z. I., of Battle Creek, Neb., Elder John Q., Council Bluffs, and Ed. M., of Des Moines, all of whom were with him during his last illness. It is with a sad heart I give an account of this great and good man's life. I had learned to love him and his brothers many years ago. I first met them at their mother's funeral eleven years ago, and the tie between us has grown stronger and stronger as the years have gone by. "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" Brother Jones was a life-long reader and subscriber of the SIGNS and for many years a strong believer and defender of the doctrine set forth in its columns. His church membership (with his wife and daughter) was with Sharon Church, Guthrie County, Iowa, where he was a beloved and faithful member. He was an inspiration to all wherever his lot was cast. From almost the time of his affliction he was impressed he would not recover, being afflicted with cancer internally. He arranged his business, and requested the writer to conduct his funeral. He was a great business man, and loved by business men for his honesty, and by his church for his honest devotion. We shall never forget his smiling face and words of cheer as we have met him in the house of the Lord. A short service was held at his late home, 2723 Carpenter Ave., Des Moines, at 10 a. m. Sunday morning, September 30th, after which his body was conveyed to Knoxville, fifty miles away, where the regular funeral was preached at 2 p. m., to a full house of relatives and friends,

many coming miles to attend, with a large number of old friends who had known him all his life, being of a very noted family. Elder Holmes, of Newton, by request assisted at the funeral. May the God of all grace comfort his devoted wife and daughter in this their sad bereavement.

G. E. EDWARDS.

Archibald A. Graham was born July 18th, 1844, in Lobo township, Ontario, and died October 3rd, 1928, in his 84th year, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Lindie Crossan, near London, Ontario. He was one of eleven children. He was married to Miss Mary Smith, who died about forty-eight years ago, and to this union were added two children, one daughter, Annie, died at a young age, and Mrs. Crossan, with whom he made his home, survived him. He received a hope in the Savior in the year 1910, and was received into the fellowship of the Covenanted Baptist Church and was baptized June 28th, 1910, by Elder H. C. Ker. His father's name was Archie, who died at the age of sixty-two. His mother's name was Flora, she died at the age of eighty-two. She was a member of the Covenanted Baptist Church for a great many years, receiving a hope while young. Brother Duncan died twenty years ago at the age of 73. Sister Jane, Mrs. Melver, died eight years ago, at the age of eighty-one. Both were members of the Covenanted Baptist Church. There are only three now living of the eleven: Neil, who lives with his son Lorne, in Vancouver, Canada, Mrs. Margaret McLachlin, 25 Stanley St., London, Ont., who are both members of the Covenanted Baptist Church, and Dougald A., the youngest of the family, now living at 7 Perry St., London, Ont. Archibald in his younger days worked several winters in the lumber camps in the State of Michigan. He married Miss Smith some fifty-two years ago, then farmed in Lobo a few years. After his wife died he went west to Clearwater, Manitoba, and farmed for a few years, then returned to Lobo and farmed with his brother Dougald about twelve years, then moved to London, and secured the position of night watchman in the Middlesex County jail. He retired at the age of seventy-five years, and after that helped his son-in-law garden until within six weeks of his death.

I am indebted to sister McLachlin, and Mr. Dugal Graham for the foregoing. I wish to state that I had been acquainted with brother Graham for several years, and he was a conscientious member of the Covenanted Church, always filling his place, and his presence will be missed, especially by the little band that held their meetings in the city of London. Our brother lived to a ripe old age, and the Lord has called him home, may we be given strength to understand, and say, Thy will, O Lord, be done. I was called from Cleveland for the funeral,

which was held in the undertaker's parlors in London, and tried to comfort the friends with the ability the Lord gave me, after which all that was mortal was laid to rest in the family plot in the cemetery near Lobo, Ontario. May the Lord bless the remaining members of the Covenanted Church, as they are without an undershepherd, and if in accordance to his will send them some one to go in and out among them.

GEORGE L. WEAVER.

Deacon Garrett W. Horner was born at Cassville, Mo., May 3rd, 1866, and moved with his parents to Oregon the same year. He died Oct. 5th, 1928, at the General Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif., from the effects of an auto accident, aged 62 years. He was married to Miss Carrie Cooley April 2nd, 1893, who, with two sons, two daughters, one sister and his aged mother, survive him, one son and one daughter having gone before. They moved from Oregon to Canada in 1917, and to California seven years ago. He and his wife professed a hope in Christ as their life, salvation and resurrection thirty years ago, and were baptized by Elder W. S. Matthews, uniting with the Pilgrims Rest Predestinarian Baptist Church, at Sweet Home, Oregon. His whole life is worthy of emulation. He believed and contended for the faith delivered unto the saints of the only living God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will, no confidence in the flesh: hoping in salvation by the free, unmerited grace of God in his Son, who was God manifest in the flesh for the redemption, salvation and resurrection of his brethren.

The funeral services were held at Price & Daniels' funeral parlors, conducted by Elder James Arledge and the writer. The remains were laid to rest in Westwood Memorial Park Cemetery to await the voice of the Son of God, when all that are in the graves shall come forth.

G. O. WALKER.

Gertrude Peters Myers, daughter of Elder Newton and Rachel Peters, was born in Darke County, Ohio, April 6th, 1874, and departed this life October 10th, 1928, aged 54 years, 6 months and 4 days. Since early childhood she had resided near Portland, Ind. She was a student in local and Portland Normal schools. She was united in marriage to George W. Myers April 12th, 1899, and four children were born to them: Ruby and Helen, deceased, Paul and Harold, living at home. Also, left to mourn, besides her husband, are three brothers: Harry, George and Jesse Peters, of near Portland, and many relatives and friends, as was attested by the large attendance at the funeral services. She was most loving and affectionate toward her husband and children, a kind friend to all, and was universally loved. Hers was a devout religious nature. She was a firm believer in

the Old School Baptist faith, though not a member of the church. Shortly before her death she told her brother Jesse to read the fourth verse of the first chapter of Ephesians, and the nurse, housekeeper and all who were there heard the entire chapter read. Elder Johnson, of near Hartford City, Ind., preached the funeral discourse largely from this chapter. Although she suffered greatly through ten weeks, those who attended her declare they never saw such patience, calmness and meekness as she possessed, seeming to be resigned to all the Lord pleased to send. She expressed her willingness to go, regretting of course leaving her youngest son without a mother, and almost her last words were, Thy will, not mine, be done. Much space might be filled truthfully telling of her virtues and sweetness, for she was so motherly and kind and such a home maker. How we shall miss her until we meet again never to part.

JOIE PETERS.

Mrs. Clara Blue, widow of Donald Blue, of Duart, Ontario, Canada, our dear sister and mother in Israel, departed this natural life July 11th, 1928, in her ninetieth year. She had been in failing health for ten years. Her step-daughter, Mrs. Gillis, a nurse, came to wait on her, and constantly ministered unto her all those years. There was nothing spared that could give comfort to the afflicted one. During the last two years of sister Blue's affliction she was confined to her bed, having fallen and broken her leg. She endured her suffering with patience until the messenger of death came and relieved her of the trials of this world. She passed away like a child falling asleep in its mother's arms. We feel assured from the evidence she has left on record that she is now at rest. Sister Blue was received, and baptized in Ekfrid in May, 1877, by Elder Beebe. She was a faithful member of the Old School Baptist Church, always attending the meetings when not providentially hindered, and her home was always open for her many friends. She leaves to mourn her departure one step-daughter, Mrs. Minnie Gillis, and five step-sons: Frank, William, Alexander, Nelson and George, also one brother, Philip Corneil, and two sisters, Mrs. Alexander McDonald and Miss Letitia Corneil, all of Ekfrid, also the church of which she was a member, and a great many relatives and friends, which was made manifest by the large concourse of people who gathered to show their respect for one they held in high esteem. Her six nephews, Robert McDonald, Will Corneil, Fred and Richard Eaton, James and Albert Blue, bore the remains to the Duart Cemetery, where it was consigned to the mother dust, there to await the resurrection morn, when all that are in their graves will come forth; when the last trump shall sound. On account of none of the ministers of our faith and order being in Canada at that time they had a Presbyterian min-

ister conduct the services. He had lived beside her for many years and knew her well and spoke in highest praise of her. All we can say now is, The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.

Written by request.

ANGUS D. GILLIS.

John F. (Dodge) Lynn, a Confederate veteran of the Civil War, died at his home in Grundy Center, Iowa, Wednesday morning, November 7th, 1928, and his funeral was held Friday afternoon, November 9th, at the family home. Mr. Lynn was born near Cumberland, Maryland, April 9th, 1846, but as a child he became a resident of Loudoun County, Virginia, where he grew to manhood, but since 1873 he had lived in Grundy Center, Iowa. He was married to Miss Lanra P. Dowdell October 15th, 1872, who, with eight children, survives. A DAUGHTER.

Edgar Alger died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. George Beams, in Oneonta, N. Y., September 11th, 1928, following a long decline, due to hardening of the arteries and other infirmities of advanced years. Brother Alger was born in Oneonta April 22nd, 1850, the son of Delos and Cornelia Ceperley Alger. In the year 1870 he married Caroline Bugbee, of Otego, N. Y., where they resided several years, both having been members of Otego Old School Baptist Church since June 7th, 1874, when they were baptized by Elder Balas Bundy, both having been faithful members of the church until called from earth. Sister Alger died September 23rd, 1923. Brother Alger is survived by one son, one daughter, three brothers, fifteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held September 13th, conducted by his pastor, Elder D. M. Vail. Burial was in Oneonta Plains Cemetery.

Written by request. ROSE T. LEONARD.

My dear sister, **Barbara Ann**, passed away November 6th, 1928, at three o'clock in the morning. Interment was in the Rickerd Cemetery October 8th.

JOHN C. McALPINE.

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EMMA BRUNOW, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor,

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the meetinghouse, 210 E. Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.
A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON."

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1929. NO. 2.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LUKE XI. 1.

"Lord, teach us to pray."

There is no subject more misunderstood or abused than prayer. It is a hard matter for us to give a correct answer or definition of that which is called prayer. In almost all gatherings of men and women, whether it be club, lodge, school or prayer-meeting, they have a form of prayer, but the true prayer I have under consideration cannot be learned, comes not by education, neither is it handed down from sire to son, not a form of sayings, not a form of repetitions of the Scriptures to be heard of men for their much speaking. It does not emanate from the flesh. It is not of the world. Who is it then that in reality prays? I answer, None but those who have been led beside the still waters and have been made to lie down in green pastures; they who have been born again, not of a corruptible but of an incorruptible seed, kept by the power of God. They are the ones that pray. Unto them the Lord hearkens and hears; his ear is open to their cries and he knows their needs long before they ask of him. The great Re-

deemer in the mountain, with his chosen disciples around him, gives us an example of prayer: "But thou [addressing his chosen], when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." What a lesson is taught here. Here is a figure portraying great depths for the edifying of his chosen people. Notice, we enter into our closet, all the outside world is closed around us. When we have shut our door to all the works of the flesh and the world, all natural light is shut out. We are in darkness. Yes, darkness that can be felt. The natural eye cannot see, the natural ear cannot hear. Many of the Lord's servants know of this solemn place and from the heart can breathe a prayer illuminated only by the Spirit of the great Jehovah, in this manner, O, dear Lord, just once more may I be given strength and an understanding in thy mysteries. Unworthy as I am, O God, be merciful to me. In spirit and in truth may I approach the throne of grace, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. The poor publican was surely in his closet and his door was shut when he smote on his

breast, feeling unworthy to look toward heaven, and asked God to "be merciful to me a sinner." Here is a prayer that was more justified than the other of the boasting Pharisee. He prayed with himself, the prayer of the world to-day, I am better than they. While the publican prayed to God in humility, he went down to his house justified rather than the other. Only from the heart can we address our prayers to our Father which art in heaven. The kingdom of God must be in us before we can address our petition to him, for he is a Spirit and seeketh such to worship as worship him in spirit and in truth. Not with our hands, not by our works, nor the deeds of the law, only by his Spirit. He knows our needs before we ask him. He shows us our weakness and inability to even think on his name. Prayer is an offering up to God for things needful. Not our wants, for we, like children, often want things that would be our ruination. He knows our needs and will supply them through Christ. Christ himself, the great example of his elect, taught us to pray and how to pray: Thy will be done in earth (in us) as it is in heaven. In our prayers we adore him, confess him, plead with him, give thanks to him for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins. Prayer is the outpouring of a broken and contrite heart, the inward cry of a wounded child that knows there is salvation in no other name but Jesus, the reflection of grace in our hearts, Christ in us the hope of glory. As it is written, My Father's house is a house of prayer, the ground and pillar of truth, built on the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus himself being the chief corner stone. All the prophets

and apostles prayed, Jesus the great example fell on his face and prayed to his Father, If it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will, but thine, be done. This life of the Lord's people is a life of prayer. Hardly a moment of their life is spent without breathing a prayer, for his mercy is so great it endureth forever. Often we hear our brethren say, I cannot pray, I am too unworthy; I am so vile, so prone to sin, I cannot pray, and all the time there is in their hearts the groanings that cannot be uttered, the secret prayer of the righteous. Prayer is the balm that heals the broken-hearted, the good Samaritan that came where he was, bound up his wounds and took care of him, the still small voice to the heavy laden. Oh how sacred is prayer, the redeemed of the Lord can come to the throne of grace, led into the banqueting-house under the banner of love, and led in paths of righteousness for his name's sake. May we be kept humble and at his feet, clothed and in our right mind. Pray without ceasing that we may be kept faithful.

"Prayer is the saint's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the christian's vital breath,
The christian's native air,
The watchword at the gate of death;
He enters heaven with prayer."

The above thoughts on prayer are submitted to the SIGNS for publication, if deemed worthy a place in our paper.

I read with much comfort Elder Dodson's article regarding the Baptist Home. I have met the trustees that were ap-

pointed by the several associations and am satisfied the business will be done in a straightforward way, and I recommend them to the Old School Baptists here in Ohio and Kentucky, and to the brethren the Lord has prospered in this world's goods I will say that if they feel to contribute to the cause it will be gratefully received.

While I am writing I wish to speak of some Baptists who have been taking the SIGNS and not paying their subscriptions and have compelled the publishers to discontinue their subscriptions because of nonpayment. I do not see how they can sleep soundly. Why not, brethren, if you cannot afford to pay for the paper, be kind enough to write and tell them so? Do not let it run on and then come to the conclusion that you cannot pay for it. How long do you suppose they can let their paper and ink bills go unpaid? Is that acting according to the teaching of our Savior to do unto others as you would have them do unto you? I am talking to a people who have a hope in Christ. The world does these things, and some of them think it smart, but among christians these things ought not to be. Think it over.

With best wishes to all the household of faith, I remain yours in hope beyond,
GEORGE L. WEAVER.

GRANTVILLE, KANSAS.

DEAR SISTER BEEBE:—I began to copy this inclosed letter to send to certain ones and it occurred to me to copy it for the SIGNS, as it seemed to me to be suitable, but I leave that to your judgment, and I also wish to fulfill a request made by my daughter, Della Davis, that I write and tell you of her affliction and the reason she had not written to you, after having had the pleasure of a little visit

with you and the joy of having looked upon your dear face, and others with you. She was much drawn to your dear son Gilbert and his wife. She was taken sick the next week after reaching home and was confined to her bed several weeks. She is of a very nervous temperament, and subject to utter prostrations, which increase in frequency, duration and intensity until it does not seem that she could endure many more. This last attack has been most distressing. This is the sixth week, and I have been right with her nearly four weeks, and last week brought her back to Topeka to her old home and her old understanding physician. She is now very slowly improving, and we hope will eventually get up again, but to what purpose only the wise Disposer of all events knows. Her life has been filled with griefs, sufferings and disappointments, but the Lord "will not lay upon man more than is right," and "when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

She wished me to tell you that she has the pictures, and they are all good, and she means to send you some as soon as she can get to it. It has been a great pleasure to me to look upon the likeness of those of whom I have so often heard and have loved for Jesus' sake.

I also have wished to express our appreciation of the work done on our Minutes, but so much sickness has been a hindrance to me, too, and I begin to feel eager to get home and rest, for I am not well myself. Once in the hospital I sat right by her for thirty-four hours, leaving her but once long enough to go and get myself a meal. She is now at the home of her daughter, and I hope she will be so I can leave her by the end of this week.

This letter of my brother's, in which he

speaks of Jesus walking on the water to get to his few tempest-tossed and troubled disciples, seems very timely, as he goes on to speak of how he still comes to his own walking on the waters of affliction and tribulation. Surely he maketh the clouds his chariot, and how eagerly we watch and wait for the brightness of his appearing.

May the blessing of God attend you to guide, help and prosper you in all his ways.

With love to each one as though named, I remain as ever,

MARY ELLISON.

PERRY, KANSAS.

MRS. MARY ELLISON, R. L. AND DELLA DAVIS—DEAR SISTERS AND BROTHER:—Your letter received a few days ago and I was glad to hear from you, but sorry to know Della is so ill again, and hope this will find her much improved. But whether in sickness or in health, I wish we could be resigned to the will of our Maker, for he works all things and never errs. His works, all of them, are laid deep in divine wisdom, and just a portion, a very small portion, is given to us to understand. Through his gracious providence he has arranged to send both sickness and health, and has appointed a time to every purpose under heaven. The night as well as the day proclaims his providence. The winter as well as the summer bespeaks his infinite wisdom. He has created man for his own glory, and therefore if he has appointed one to strength and vigor and another to pain and suffering, his glory is accomplished in the one just the same as in the other, for each one must fill the sphere allotted to him. No one can do more nor less than that. All things are the work of his creation, and he has created nothing too small nor too great to

be subservient to his will. The ants are not beneath his notice. They are a people not strong, they have no guide, overseer or ruler, yet they gather their meat in the summer, and gathereth his food in the harvest. The conies, the locust, the spider, they all have no leader nor king, save their Creator, and they all dwell in their respective habitations. Behemoth moves about and dwells in his jungle, as he is ordained to do. Leviathan, that crooked serpent, is just as much subject to the will of his Creator as any other creature, small or great, weak or strong. I have been impressed with the language of the one hundred and fourth Psalm: "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So is this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts. There go the ships; there is that leviathan, whom thou hast made to play therein. These wait all upon thee, that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. That thou givest them they gather: thou openest thy hand, they are filled with good. Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled; thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust." He has ordained the moon and the stars so that they move with amazing regularity. He placed the sun in its orbit. It has always ruled the day, and always will, according to the earliest word spoken concerning it. Once upon a time it stood still, according to the command of its Creator, and hasted not to go down about the space of a whole day. It shines in dazzling glory, but can shine on only half of the earth at once. Its Creator far excels it in glory and his brightness shines to the four corners of the earth. The winds and the waves obey him. Is he a complete Sovereign?

We may say he is. "Life, death and hell and worlds unknown, hang on his firm decree." Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. They cannot come forth to prey upon us until God himself shall send them forth. Satan is cast into the bottomless pit and the angel of the Lord holds the key. He was bound with a great chain, which no doubt represents the legal tenets which bound the beast. He must remain bound with this great chain until God in his wisdom and providence sees fit to loose him for a little season. Sometimes it looks as if these legal shackles were about to be taken off, but when they are, whether it be soon or a long time hence, it must be remembered that the angel of God shall have turned the key.

Speaking of the wind and waves obeying him, I tried to speak from Matthew xiv. 25, where it is recorded that Jesus came to his disciples walking on the sea. It impressed me as a wonderful example of the way he traveled while here on earth, for whose sake he traveled and the final result. A master mechanic will build a machine, and oftentimes he sends forth a small pattern, an exact duplicate of his machine. If he receives a patent it is an evidence that his machine is a good workable machine and he has the sole right to it. This may be a rather crude illustration, but when I think of that little band of disciples in the ship in the midst of the sea, and Jesus walking on the sea, it seems to be an exact pattern of the great work of salvation which he came to accomplish. It was necessary that he walk on the waters to accomplish this. The waters, an emblem of tribulation an affliction. This is the way he walked while here, "A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He trod the winepress of the wrath of almighty God

alone, and of the people there was none to help. It was alone for the sake of this little band of disciples that he walked out upon the boisterous sea. To accomplish their salvation was his whole intent. Did he reach the ship in time? He did. Glory to God in the highest, their little barque did not sink. It would have been the utmost folly to have urged this little band to exercise free agency, for they were utterly helpless; or to make the start and Jesus would meet them half way. Peter did try that, only to find that he was entirely at the mercy of Jesus after all. Hear his pitiful cry: "Lord, save me." Their whole salvation depended entirely upon Jesus coming to them. He came, and when he had entered into the ship immediately they were on the land whither they were going. The pattern is admirably workable, but no more so than the whole work of salvation which he wrought while here, and it is his. He worked it out himself, and therefore it is his. Any one else claiming any credit for this great work is an impostor. The pattern has been accepted of the great Master Builder, and he has granted to Jesus the sole right to all the praise, honor and glory of it. Hear the Father speak of him: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Hear the Son's triumphant response: "I have glorified thee on the earth: I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do." He must walk upon the waters of affliction to accomplish all this. He must be reviled, persecuted, crucified. He must go down in death and rise again before he could sit in triumph at the right hand of God. But ought not Christ to have suffered these things and entered into his glory? It is certainly good, but solemn tidings, to know that Jesus has walked upon the waters for us. In all our

afflictions he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them. He has come in and suffered with us and we with him.

Our Jesus has walked on the waters,
This truth is most sacred to me;
'Twas sacred to those few disciples
When tossed on the boisterous sea.

He walked on the sea of affliction,
He trod the winepress alone,
He murmurs not at reproaches,
But graciously comes to his own.

And when we come down to death's river,
We dread the dark waters to cross;
But Jesus has walked on those waters,
And softened the billows for us.

You may take the foregoing thoughts for what they are worth. They are like myself, quite imperfect.

With much love for you all,

L. L. SOHENOK.

PHILIPPI, W. Va., June 26, 1928.

DEAR SISTER WORKMAN:—I have never written you a letter, but missed you so at our three days' meeting that I feel compelled to write to you or to some one of the little few. We had a very fine, yet very sad meeting, because of the absence of our aged pastor, my grandfather, who has been gone from our midst now six months. Sister, I think of all the days of the week that Monday after a good meeting has closed is the saddest for me. That may seem strange, but those parting hours are very sad to me, and it is on Monday when my little ones are at play and I am at my work that my mind is carried away into the great beyond and I reflect on those precious hours with the dear brethren, and it is then that perhaps I may recall a loving hand clasp or a tender word from a dear brother or sister. It is then I see myself and feel to be such a weak, unworthy one, so vile and corrupt, and I marvel at the thought that any one could so tenderly call me sister. Oh the anguish of my soul at the

thought of deceiving and being deceived. What good is there in me? None. No, positively none, and except it be by the divine grace of the just and righteous God there is no help for me; no, nothing less than eternal damnation. How can there be good in me when there are times I am angry and cross when about my work, and at times even become impatient with my little ones? But, O sister, that is not my heart, and even though I cannot shed tears as I once did my heart is made to cry in anguish, yes, bitter anguish, Lord, have mercy upon me, a vile, corrupt sinner, a sinner lost and ruined without that saving grace which flows from on high.

September 5th.—Months have passed since I started this letter, but even though pen has not written my heart has ever held that same feeling of weakness, and the same yearning love has always been with me, and his presence divinely sweet.

Since I started this we have, as you know, had the sweet privilege of being together at the association and spending a night at the same place. Oh what a pleasure it was to me to hear those brethren and sisters and you relate your experiences, especially the McOlanahan brothers, who are both old, yet what a task it was for me to hold my peace, but the younger must always listen to the older ones. I tremble to say it, but many of the things said were identical with my own experience, for I cannot see how one so weak and subject to sin as I could ever have experienced anything like those noble and dear ones who talked that night. Oh no, just to-night I said to a neighbor, Such a sinner as I must not stay in the church, thus mocking God and man. But again, I must say he knows them that are his own; he has called them

from far and near, and has called them after the counsel of his own will, neither will he forsake them; no, not the least among them, for he has called them with a holy calling. "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified," and them he also called not of the flesh, but of the Spirit, which is of God, for God is a Spirit, and if I be numbered among the few who are called none can take me from that number. But oh am I one? That is my cry. He says, Ye shall know them, inasmuch as they love the brethren. Sister, if I know my own heart, I do love the brethren, for there are no people on earth as dear to me as the Old Baptists, and there is no name as sweet to me as the name of that Holy One above.

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear."

How sweet those words are to me, yet am I deceiving and being deceived? God alone knows my heart, and even if my fleshly ways are sinful, if grace be in my heart none can pluck it from me. God knows I merit nothing of myself; no, not one farthing, but by the grace of God I am what I am. His sheep are of one fold, and they that have a hearing ear shall hear, and they that have an understanding heart shall understand. Many, many are the nights that I close my eyes with the prayer on my lips, O Father, if it be thy holy will this night, wouldest thou come to me by dream, vision, or in some way by thy precious presence, and tell me if I may only have a small share in thy glory, or tell me, O God, am I deceiving my brethren and myself? Come closer to me to-night and give me just a little brighter evidence of life eternal,

that I may rejoice in thy name and praise thee forever and forever.

Sister, I do not believe I ever expressed myself quite thus plainly to any one before. Do you realize how I feel, or am I pushing myself unworthily upon you? Forgive me for writing so much.

I will close by saying that even though I tread through much darkness, and am vile and sinful, I feel that I once saw the Savior's face and heard him call me into his presence, and that is my only hope. He is my rock, my salvation, my life, my all in all. Praise be to his holy name for my dear brethren, dear old Mt. Olive Church, my family and mother. These little tots around me, that I so often caress bring vividly to me his precious words: Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.

Join me a moment in memory of dear grandfather, whose voice was so precious to me proclaiming His glorious gospel. Forgive my errors, and pray for me when at the throne of grace. Please write.

Your sister in hope, if one at all,
GERTRUDE BARTLETT CROSS.

BERLIN, Maryland.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I hope you will pardon me for thus addressing you, for I often feel I should never call one of God's little ones by that title as I am so unclean. I feel I would like to pen a few thoughts for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I think it is the standard of all gospel truth and a great comfort to many who have no other preaching, also to many who are blessed of the Lord to hear the preached word often.

I did not intend to write along these lines, so will call your attention to Mark xvi. 15: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel

to every creature." This command was given by Jesus to his disciples just a short time before his ascension, and I do not think it means we are to send missionaries into all the world as the world seems to think it does; that is, the natural world, for had the Lord so intended it so it would have been, for we have no record of any of his commands ever failing of fulfillment. He told Jonah to go to Ninevah. Did he go? Of course he did. Jonah said he would not, but see how God prevailed upon him to go, and while forcing him to do his bidding he also taught him a lesson, and that lesson was that salvation is of the Lord and not of man, for he of himself thought to go to some other place, but God had told him to go there and his command must be obeyed. I verily believe that his disciples are to this day preaching the gospel everywhere God intended it to be, and he intended it to be in all the world. To my mind there are always two things, subjects or kinds to be considered, and in this particular case there is a spiritual world and a sinful or natural world. I do not think God meant for his disciples to go into all the natural world and preach the gospel, for he said, I give them (referring to the nonelect or unregenerate) the spirit of slumber, eyes that they see not, ears that they hear not and hearts that they understand not, so he must have meant for them to go into the spiritual or christian world and preach to his people, for he said to Peter, Feed my sheep; feed my lambs. In another place he said, If I go away I will send the Comforter. Does he not send the Comforter to our poor souls when we are cast down and ready to perish, when some one comes along who we look upon as one of God's little ones and can take us by the hand and go with us in all of our

troubles? We can say it is the hand of the Lord leading us out of the wilderness and from under the bondage of the old Mosaic law, which was one of the hardest taskmasters that ever existed, for there was only one ever lived upon this earth who could keep that law, and that was the Son of God, who was slain for your sins and, I hope, for mine. Then when he sends his servants to all the saints of God and they are assured of their sins being forgiven is it not a comfort? But how long does it last before we are made to doubt again and commence to hunger and thirst for another evidence? When the children of Israel were in the wilderness they had to gather manna every day, except on the sabbath, so it is with us to-day, we must be fed daily with that heavenly food.

He said, Go preach the gospel. There is a vast difference between the gospel and the works of poor sinful man. What is the gospel? It is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. We must admit there is nothing good that we can do for ourselves, all things must come from above. Then if all things must come from above, where do the works of man come in? When they are preaching the works of man they are not preaching the gospel, for the gospel is the work of God.

I did not intend writing so much, but there seems to be no end. Do with it as you see fit and all will be right with me.

Yours in hope of mercy,

J. W. S. TIMMONS.

CHATSORTH, Ga., Sept. 27, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—If indeed I may be permitted under the Spirit of Jesus to claim such precious relationship, I would be pleased, the Lord giving you the spirit and desire to do so, to have you

comment at some length upon the seventeenth chapter of John, especially the second verse. From my very limited conception, the sentiment contained in this second verse seems to be the very fundamental principle and capstone covering the salvation of God's people. Not one more nor one less. It seems to me it covers it, and should put an end to all doubts whatsoever as entertained by the world's religion. It seems these, whomsoever they may be, were given to the Son by the Father before the hills were formed. These are they that fell in the transgression of Adam and whom Christ, the Son of God, in his crucifixion and death redeemed from their lost and ruined state. These are they whom God in his mercy has invited to drink from that fountain whose springs never run dry. These are those to whom the Scriptures were written as a guide to lead them in paths of righteousness. These are those referred to by the angel of God when Joseph was told that Mary should bear a son, and that "he shall save his people from their sins." There are many, many more who come under this; in fact it seems to cover the entire scope of the plan of salvation.

Dear brother, please pardon me for having unnecessarily taken up your time, but for the time being I almost lost sight of myself, and of the object in view. I have a few special friends, and although they belong to the religions of the world, yet they seem to have an ear for the truth of the Scriptures as advocated by the Old School Baptists, therefore I am very desirous that you comply through the columns of the SIGNS on said Scripture for the benefit of said friends, and for my special comfort and consolation. I take several Old Baptist periodicals, but in none of the others do I see and read

the deep things of God and his truth that I do in the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES. When I was married (in the year 1882) my dear departed companion, whose maiden name was Nannie B. Woodall, was then taking this dear paper, and it continued coming to her, but under the name of Mrs. G. M. Edwards, until her death, March, 1923. I have continued taking it since then, and if it is the Lord's will I hope to never be without it as long as he shall spare this poor undeserving and unprofitable sinner.

I beg you to remember me when at the throne of God's sweet grace.

In sorrow and tribulation,

GEORGE M. EDWARDS.

LONDON, Ontario.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—Great is the mystery of godliness, and so it seems to me very mysterious that I should take my pen to attempt to write to any who have been enabled by the power of God to stand upon the walls of Zion and preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. The gospel is the power of God unto salvation. "For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself [or power of God] beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified with him."—Rom. viii. 15-17. The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly. The things I hate I do. So it has pleased him who has subjected the same in hope. The sufferings are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. Paul says we are saved by hope, which is as an anchor of the soul.

The editorials of the SIGNS have been of much comfort and strength in the Lord to me, and though I was saddened, and somewhat surprised, when I read the "New Year's Greeting," yet was made to feel it was consoling to the poor and needy whose trust is in the strength of Israel's God. While choosing a back number of the SIGNS for perusal July 15th, 1905, was before me, and I was made to feel that Elder Chick's able editorial was wonderful in explaining Paul's experience of the things of the kingdom. He who felt to be less than the least of all saints was brought to know or comprehend the love of Christ which passeth knowledge (natural comprehension) in its breadth and length, depth and height. What a mysterious contemplation! Alone with God, seeing things inexpressible and full of glory, our life hid with Christ in God. How safe, yet to feel it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, who works and none can hinder. Elder Chick says he did not climb to this state, as though he had anything to do with it, but was caught up. Then he must feel, I am become a fool, &c. He must know the pricking of the thorn in the flesh. The grace of God is the all-sufficiency. Jesus is the way; he alone gives strength in every time of need. No lion shall be there. There may appear to be, but the poor trembling traveler will find they are chained. Thus far, and no farther, shall they be permitted to worry and afflict, but when Jesus says, Peace, be still, the billows subside and the mariner is safe in the desired haven, Jesus our hope. Paul was made to gladly glory in his infirmities, that the power of God might rest upon him. The one thing needful, who made the world and all things. The heavens declare his glory.

"Who can resist the almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?"

Now I feel it best to bring these disconnected sentences to a close.

If the Lord so wills, I would like to see an editorial from your pen on the same text that brother Snyder requested.

With very best wishes to you and yours for a good and happy new year, I am, I hope, yours in gospel bonds,

(MRS.) D. T. GILLIS.

GREENFIELD, Tenn., Oct. 7, 1927.

DEAR EDITORS:—I desire to inform you that I am still receiving the SIGNS each month, for which I trust I feel thankful for your kindness in sending it to me. Many times I feel too sinful and unworthy to be the recipient of such kindness, and often wonder why such a poor sinner loves the gospel truth the SIGNS so ably contends for. When you think best you may drop my unworthy name from your mailing list and I will try and get along without its very welcome visits. I pass my paper on to a dear sister who greatly enjoys reading it.

Nov. 2, 1928.—I am again reminded with a desire to write a few lines and try in my very weak way to sincerely thank you all for the great privilege I have been allowed the past year in reading each issue of your most excellent paper, though I have been, and still am, unworthy of such a great blessing. I am so poor in this world's goods, and make so many failures, that I am still without means to help (in a financial way) in keeping the dear messenger going to carry such God-honoring messages to the scattered few. Some of my richer friends boast of the dues they pay to the Lord, while I am very much like poor Lazarus, not able to pay, just a poor beggar; in fact, I am in need each

moment and not brave enough to launch out on the sea of doing, giving, works or dues. As to works, I do not know what to do, and as to dues, I do not know who to hand them to.

Please pardon me this little liberty I have taken in expressing my sincere thanks for the good truths the SIGNS brings to me. I still pass my copy on to a dear sister who is sorely afflicted and who speaks very highly of it. I repeat, when you deem it proper you may drop my name from your free list, and I will, by God's help, still love the truth as it is in Christ, who, I hope, will save my soul.

I am inclosing a good letter, written by Elder J. R. Hatcher, of Lyles, Tenn., that may meet with your approval for publication in the SIGNS.

A sinner who sins,

W. F. STAFFORD.

LYLES, Tenn., March 18, 1927.

DEAR BROTHER STAFFORD:—Your unexpected letter received, read and reread with much interest. I say unexpected, because I do not think I ever saw you, but when I find that a person reads the SIGNS OF THE TIMES I have to believe he is a subject of grace. I notice you do not belong to the church, but I discover you trust in Jesus. I also note that you are fifty-six years of age, live on a hillside farm and are alone in the world. I passed my seventy-first year February 23rd last. I was injured in my left knee joint by an axe in the year 1900, which crippled me for life, and I cannot work or get around much. I was raised on a farm, but now have none, except a garden I work in. I was born eighty miles east of Waverly, the county seat of Humphreys County, Tennessee.

My brother, you close your good letter by saying, "Write to a poor helpless sin-

ner like me." Oh what good words! How they suit my feelings! "Helpless," means that our Savior has done and must do all things for us. He must be, and is, made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption. He is all these things to us, as we hope, though we often doubt. We feel too unworthy for such glorious things. We not only feel to be sinners before we are quickened, but we are yet sinners, and I am glad this is so, for "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I [Paul] am [now] chief." Jesus is our prophet, priest and king. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, the Almighty. Then he is all things to us, for we are helpless, and he is the Almighty, no power but of him. The powers that be are ordained of God. Listen: "Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son: in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins; who is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature: 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 principalities, or powers; all things were created by him, and for him."—Col. i. 13-16. Read all the chapter. This proves the universal reign of God's government over all worlds, creatures and things, from the smallest atom that floats in space to the great archangel around God's throne. I do not believe that the great supreme God looked through time and there saw who would do good, and then fixed his purposes to suit the convenience of his creatures, for such an idea would make him a God subject to influence. This is not the character of the God of all power, but I believe God was before

all things, and therefore there was none that could influence him, and so our God, without any influence, declared the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. Yes, he declared this, and who but an enemy would say, Jehovah, why doest thou? I hope your pure mind of Christ will grasp this eternal truth. If God is before all things, and he alone inhabiteth eternity, then who can hinder even one of these things coming to pass in its precise order as he declared it? Listen: "And he is the head of the body, the church: who is the beginning, the firstborn from the dead; that in all things he might have the preeminence. For it pleased the Father that in him should all fullness dwell." Do you ever read in the Bible of any fullness dwelling in finite men? No sir, but all the fullness dwells in Christ. Men and devils must bow to God's divine control. God's government is above all governments. He raises up kings to develop his purposes to his people, and he says of Pharaoh, "Even for this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew my power in thee, and that my name might be declared throughout all the earth." Pharaoh was a persecutor of the children of Israel, and was just as sinful in persecuting those Israelites as he would have been had God had no purpose in it. Pharaoh meant it for evil, but God meant it for good, as in the case of Joseph's brethren. When Joseph, the type of Christ, made himself known to his brethren he said, "Be not grieved, nor angry with yourselves, that ye sold me hither; for God did send me before you, to preserve life," &c. So he raised Pharaoh up for a purpose to persecute the children of Israel, the type of his people of all nations. Pharaoh is still living

and persecuting the children of God and through this persecution God has the gospel declared throughout all the earth. Look at the persecution of the Son of God through the Pharaoh principle which God ruled over to the salvation of his people. Look at the persecutions of the prophets and apostles. See where many of the saints were put to death, but our God stood by them and ruled it over for the good of his people and still held the preeminence. The holy apostles were persecuted from one city to another, they preached the gospel of the grace of God everywhere. God ruled all these things over to his own divine purpose and to his own glory and still held the preeminence. In this crowning work of grace you see how helpless men are in God's sight. All these things are in your experience and you are made to say in your dear letter that you are a helpless sinner. God holds you under his divine control, and best of all, he keeps you by his omnipotent power and has saved you by his grace. This power of God in you causes you to not desire to persecute the saints. You are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God, and "when Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Our dear Lord will allow his children to drift away from him only so far, and no farther, and then he gives them repentance, and thus they are taught to feel humble, for had not God given them repentance they could not have returned, for all are poor helpless sinners, trusting in the living God. Yes, without strength, helpless. Then all the strength we have comes from our dear Lord. In him all fullness dwells. This fullness lies in none other; but in him. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual bless-

ings in heavenly places in Christ: 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." Now listen to the best of all: "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Listen: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Oh I cannot quote all on this glorious subject. God's government is above all the governments of this world. "The government shall be upon his shoulder [power]; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." He is all these things to his people. How strange to think that some would limit God's absolute predestination of all things, or think that one link of his chain of divine providence could be left out. We poor finite creatures cannot sit as judges of what God shall do or what he shall not do. It has often been said that God predestinated the good things but he did not predestinate the bad things. Now what man, or set of men, is able to sit as judge of the Almighty and prescribe boundaries for our God, and draw the dividing line, seeing that men are altogether helpless, and vanity? But inspiration says they limit the Holy One of Israel. While they do this very thing, the truth remains just the same: no change in the government of God; never has been, and never will be. Death or hell can do no more than what the Father please. This chain of all the events of time is linked together so minutely that even our God told a lying spirit to go and entice Ahab to go to Ramoth-Gilead and to be killed, so the dogs should lick his blood to fulfill the word of the Lord. Jesus said to

Judas, "That thou doest, do quickly," to fulfill the prophecy of God which says, "He that eateth bread with me, hath lifted up his heel against me." When Judas betrayed the Son of God he made him known to the enemies by giving the Lord a kiss. If God did not predestinate those most sinful acts what is it he has predestinated? If he only predestinated the good, and left the wicked men and devils to drift along upon the scale of blind chance, may it not upset the government of our God? If he has only predestinated the good actions of men, and has left evil men and devils to drift along as they desire, is it not a fact that they might enter heaven itself and destroy the inhabitants of God's supreme government? Suppose that God in the setting up of his planetary system had placed one single star in space to run at random who could know what the destruction of the multiplied millions of stars might be? and might not all things, with men and angels, have gone into nonentity, and not a single soul left to tell the sad story? God might have been dethroned and with all of his royal family sunk in oblivion, and not a trace of anything to be found in all the eternal purpose of God; that is, if all things had not been predestinated of God. To my mind, God has predestinated all things, or else he has predestinated nothing. It is said by holy inspiration, "The wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain [keep from being]." O my brother, how this view of the high and lofty One has brought us down to the dung hill in deep contrition of soul, and he sits upon the throne of his majesty in the highest heavens working all things after the counsel of his own will.

I have not written as I expected, but hope you can understand me, and that

God may give you a crumb of spiritual food to feed your hungry soul. Write again, my brother, when God gives you a mind. Remember poor me at the throne of grace.

A poor sinner saved by grace, if saved at all,

J. R. HATCHER.

TITUSVILLE, New Jersey.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed find check for the SIGNS, and one dollar to aid in sending it to the "poor of the flock." I am also sending you a letter lately received from Elder H. H. Lefferts for publication in the SIGNS, if you think best. I have not his consent, but think he will not object when there are many who would love to read more from his pen, and have often expressed the wish that he write oftener, also a dear letter from Elder F. A. Chick when he was my pastor; no doubt it would be a joy for others to read it.

Sincerely,

OLIVIA NORRIS HELLINGS.

LEESBURG, Va., Dec. 26, 1928.

DEAR SISTER HELLINGS:—Among the many letters I receive, no one is appreciated more deeply than this one from you this morning. That your mind should turn to me, and that you should be impressed to impart unto me your sweet message of encouragement, is a favor from God, because I believe he moved you to do it. I rejoice that you had a visit from that shining Light which faith alone perceives and which the natural eye can never behold. You have indeed tasted the power and beauty in that old hymn which you mention in your letter. At best nature has but a borrowed light, and cannot of itself give forth that Light which never was on land or sea, but which floods at rare times the souls of the chil-

dren of Light, of whom I believe you are one. Paul saw that light and it made another man of him, a new creature; even so all those who are visited by the power and glory of that Light are made new creatures in the Beloved.

You speak about my writing more for the SIGNS. Indeed, dear sister, I should love to be able to do it, but of late years my mind has been but little exercised in a writing way. Generally I have to do my writing at night, after the work of the day, and my mind is usually tired and inactive at that time. I do not want you and others to think I have lost interest in the SIGNS or in the welfare of the flock. I hope I have not, but my way is so hedged about, and my time so occupied with various things, that my editorial work has been pushed aside. I do not feel that the SIGNS or yourself are any loser by it, but really it would be a great pleasure to me at times to have the mind to write and to be able to reflect and meditate upon the blessed theme of eternal truth in order to write. It is a good thing that I am blessed with able and faithful associates on the SIGNS to help out, otherwise I do not know what would become of the paper. If it depended on me it would have ceased publication long ago.

You speak in your letter of the dear ones gone home to their eternal inheritance, especially of Elders Purington and Chick. While it is indeed sad not to have them with us here in the church on earth, but what a blessing it has been in my life, and in yours, to have known and to have been fellowshiped with such men as they were. To have sat under their ministry Sunday after Sunday was a divine privilege of which we are not worthy and which we appreciated all too little when we had it.

It saddens my heart to see the churches dwindling and to see so few ministers equipped to go in and out before the flock of God. It is a condition that ought to make us examine ourselves with care and with prayer to see if the fault lies within ourselves. All these things have a cause. As David said to his brethren, Is there not a cause? May God reveal to us the cause of our delinquency and give us grace to correct the wrong, if wrong there be, is my sincere desire for Zion's sake.

Please remember me to Mr. Hellings and to every member of your family, especially to that daughter of yours, Mary, I think, who always seems so glad to see me. My wife joins with me in sincere love to you and all of them.

Yours in the best of bonds,

H. H. LEFFERTS.

HOPEWELL, N. J., March 14, 1904.

DEAR SISTER HELLINGS:—I received your kind and interesting letter of March 4th in due time, and feel like replying with a few words this morning. I feel glad for the blessing the Lord gave you through his word, of which you spoke, and hope that many such blessings are still in store for you. How precious are such summer seasons when they are given to the soul. They are like refreshing sunshine after a long dark time. "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning," and his coming is like the rising of the sun. You were thus favored, and were glad in the favor. I am glad you wrote me about it. I am glad always in the gladness of the children of God when I know of it. But you also speak of dark seasons, and of the sense of your own vileness and weakness. This is a common experience, and it is a needful one to all of us. As we learn to

know ourselves we come to know the fullness of the grace of God more and more that can save such sinners as we are.

I hoped you would be able to meet with us yesterday. We had a good meeting together. I used as a text the words found in 2 Chronicles xx. 26. I had a very pleasant exercise of mind while speaking. Because the people did not need to fight in the battle, as the Lord fought for them, therefore they could only bless the Lord for the victory. It is truly a valley of blessing. It is only when we are humbled and occupy the lowly places that we ever do really bless God, and the one thought that came to me with comfort was this: that we never do need to fight for ourselves. No matter who or what the enemy may be let us go forth only singing and praising God and the Lord will undertake for us. If some one speaks unjustly of us let us still not contend against him, but go forward in the way in which we are commanded of God steadfastly, only remembering to sing to his praise, and we shall soon come to the cliff, where we see the enemy, all dead bodies on the plain. So Israel was bidden to go forward, with the singers and players upon instruments in the forefront; not swords and shields and spears, but instruments of music and praise. I was glad I was enabled to speak.

I must close now. May God bless you and yours in all things. Remember me to Mr. Hellings and to all. We all join in kind regards to you. Bonnie is now steadily mending. Little Mary has been sick since last Wednesday, but is now better, though as yet in bed.

I remain as ever, your brother and pastor,

F. A. CHICK.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 21, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER RUSTON:—We very much appreciate your kind wishes for the church in Chicago, and are inclosing a copy of the Minutes of the Presbytery which met to aid in the church organization. Will you please publish them in the SIGNS? Let us assure you that if you ever come to Chicago you will be most welcome among us. From what father Keene tells us you are in full accord with the beliefs of Elder Chick and Elder Hassell. We feel the same toward these beliefs, therefore feel in closest fellowship with you. May God's blessing be upon you and yours.

WESLEY N. SPITLER.

MINUTES OF THE PRESBYTERY FOR THE
ORGANIZING OF THE REGULAR PRE-
DESTINARIAN BAPTIST CHURCH
OF CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 17, 1928.

Elder Blair chosen as Moderator of the Presbytery, J. B. Smith as Clerk.

The following members composing the Presbytery: Elder J. H. Blair, from Harmony Church, Grant County, Indiana; Elder H. T. Jaynes, from Zoar Church, Coles County, Illinois; Deacon J. B. Ashby and brother J. B. Smith, from Blue Grass Church, Newton County, Indiana.

Owing to the fact that the letter sent to Hazel Creek Church, near Greentop, Missouri, was delayed, Elder Charles A. Jones was not a regular member of the Presbytery, but was invited to sit in council with them.

Letters called for, read and accepted by the Presbytery.

Covenant read, and agreed to by the following members: brethren Wesley and Keene Spitler, sisters Emma Brunow and Ruth Keene Spitler.

Articles of Faith read and accepted.

Motion made and seconded, that the matter be taken in advisement.

Motion made and seconded, that the request be granted to the brethren and sisters for the organizing of the church.

Motion made and seconded, that Elder Blair deliver the charge to the church. The text was Jeremiah vi. 16.

Extended the right hand of fellowship, in recognition of the legality of the organization of the church at this place.

Short talks by Elders Charles A. Jones and H. T. Jaynes.

Motion made and seconded for the adjournment of the Presbytery.

Signed:

ELDER J. H. BLAIR, Mod.
ELDER HAROLD JAYNES.
ELDER CHAS. A. JONES.
J. B. ASHBY.
J. B. SMITH.

POCA, W. Va., Feb. 20, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I was truly glad to hear from you, your good letter was indeed a comfort to me in my declining days. I read it and thought I would write you in a few days, but having quite a number of letters to answer I fet to take them in turn, so to-day just felt to write you a few lines, as I am getting old and fully realize that my race is nearly at an end. While I have been kept to a reasonable old age for some purpose best known to God, there is in my heart a desire to serve him in a way that would be acceptable to him. Much of the time I am in gross darkness, feeling there is a great drought in the land. Not a drought of natural bread, but of spiritual, the bread of life, which makes me cry unto him for daily bread and refreshing showers from the presence of the Lord. The words of Jesus, when opened

up to my understanding while in these dark seasons, give me much comfort, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled." It is then that I for a time become reconciled by the spirit of reconciliation; that leads me to his banqueting-house and his banner over me is love. We love God and all his children because he first loved us. When the blood-stained banner of King Emmanuel floats in the heavenly breeze over our drooping souls, it is then that our feeble knees are given strength. "But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary, and they shall walk, and not faint."—Isaiah xl. 31. These cheering words of this dear old prophet come to us in the spirit of reviving the poor, weak, trembling children of God as they plod along through this sin-polluted world, feeling much of the time down in the ruts of almost a dispirited condition, their inquiry is, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."—Psalms xlii. 11. The first verse of this chapter reads thus: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Oh what a glorious promise to the poor child of God is found in Isaiah xli. 17, 18: "When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them. I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys: I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water." When the refreshing seasons come to us from the presence of the Lord we then rejoice to

know that our God, the God of our salvation, "is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to usward, not willing that any [of his elect] should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

Submitted in love by

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

HAVANA, Kansas, Dec., 1928.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—As my subscription is due I am sending two dollars for myself, two dollars for Elder Nathan Reeder, of Niotaze, Kansas, and one dollar for the "poor of the flock." I am always glad when the SIGNS comes to my home, for in reading it I am comforted, edified and established in the word of God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will. All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them that are the called according to his purpose. Our blessings are so many they cannot be enumerated. One of the greatest blessings, it seems to me, is that Jesus has revealed himself to poor sinners as their Savior and Redeemer, has promised us eternal happiness in a home in heaven, and has said that he will never leave nor forsake us. He gives us salvation by grace; yes, amazing grace, that saved a wretch like me. There was a time when I did not know the sweetness of this. If I am not mistaken, I have a sweet hope that Jesus mercifully forgave my sins and set my soul free, even for unworthy me. Surely his goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my sinful, unprofitable life. We praise the Lord for the hope that we have. He taught us that we are sinners, and this gives him all the praise and glory. Before this revelation we were not hungering and thirsting after righteousness, for we did not know the need of a Savior.

He knows all our wants and wishes and provides all things needful.

I attended the Turkey Creek Association last September. It was held at a farmhouse sixteen miles south of Fort Scott, Kansas, and we were all together during the meeting. There were eight ministers present; all preached salvation by grace, and we had a very pleasant meeting. If it is the Lord's will this association will next year convene with Shiloh Church, in Crescent, Oklahoma. Only those who have the witness within can know the joy and comfort of these associations. I have loved the Primitive Baptists ever since I heard the first sermon with the hearing ear and understanding heart.

May God bless you in your labors of love and give you grace to continue to feed his sheep and lambs, and to publish the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I wish you joy and contentment at Christmas time, and a prosperous new year.

Unworthily,

(MRS.) MARY E. PITTMAN.

INDIANOLA, Miss., Dec. 6, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed find two dollars, for which please send me the SIGNS OF THE TIMES another year. It is all the preaching I have, and being situated in a desolate place it is like news from a far country, an heavenly country. A dear old servant, as he calls himself, comes about seventy-five miles to preach to a little handful here. I feel that he is a pearl of great price, for he comes laden with that pure and unadulterated gospel of grace, and grace alone, if this poor, old, ignorant worm of the dust is not deceived. The precious Book of our Savior says, "He that is greatest among you, shall be your servant." He feels he is only a poor old servant, but to us poor

worms he seems to be greater than we are for the truth's sake. I do not know that I am one of God's chosen vessels of mercy, believing in grace, and grace alone, but I do know I love all those who do believe it, and I also know I have been perfectly contented about my resting-place since I have had a home with the dear Old School or Predestinarian Baptists. At times I am made to feel that I have been brought out of darkness (works) into his marvelous light (the gospel of grace), and I feel to hunger after things pertaining to a better resting-place than this, and sometimes I grow weary of this sinful life and catch myself longing to depart and leave this world behind. My health is poor and I want all who believe in the gospel of our Savior to poor lost sinners to pray for me.

If not asking too much, please publish this short missive; it may comfort some poor old sinner who feels to be as unworthy as I do.

A little sister, I hope,

OLIVE E. ROBERTS.

WARREN, Arkansas.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am writing to ask you to please discontinue sending the SIGNS. For many years I have been a reader of the paper, but now my precious companion is gone and I am no longer able to take it. My dear husband was born August 9th, 1856, and passed away February 7th, 1928. He joined the church near Iuka, Tishomingo County, Mississippi, August 18th, 1877, and was baptized the next day. Mt. Zion Church licensed him to preach June 20th, 1880. I cannot remember just when he was ordained, but he had been preaching nearly fifty years. He served from four to five churches; was serving five at the time of his death. He was a strong predestinar-

ian, and I do not believe there ever was a man who suffered more persecution, and all I ever heard him say was that he hoped they would be made to see their error. He was confined to his bed about two weeks and not once did he groan or complain, not suffering one moment of pain. The dear Lord took him without suffering. He finished his work here and the Lord called him home. All my joys are gone and I, too, long to go. Remember me when it is well with you.

Yours in much sorrow,
(MRS.) J. H. BLYTHE.

HOLLY SPRINGS, Miss., Nov. 7, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—After so long a time I acknowledge my neglect of duty in not sending in my subscription for our good paper, the SIGNS. Please pardon me. I admit openly that I could have sent it sooner, but just kept putting it off from time to time. I trust I may do better in the future. I pray that God may continue to fill the good writers with spiritual food from on high. I truly am thankful the editors keep confusion out of the paper, for in such there is no food for the true seeker. May God bless the dear writers.

Yours in Christ, I hope,
(MRS.) M. C. JONES.

CULLISON, Kansas, Jan. 15, 1929.

DEAR PUBLISHERS:—In the January number of the SIGNS the article from Cullison, Kansas, should be signed by E. G. Webb rather than Gustava Webb. The daughter copied my letter on her school paper and we should have erased her name from its heading. We are both sorry for the mistake. Will you please correct it in your next issue and each reader can make the change on his own paper? Find a check inclosed for your trouble.
E. G. WEBB.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1929.

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MATTHEW VII. 19, 20.

“Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and is cast into the fire. Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.”

This truth, spoken by Jesus, was recorded by Matthew for the testimony of Jesus relative to the people of God bearing fruit of eternal life. We know, regarding the truth as to natural trees, that if the tree bears good fruit the tree is good, so, naturally speaking, the tree is preserved by the husbandman and the fruit gathered. The tree and fruit here spoken of is to the Scribes and false prophets of every description, which embraces those who falsely profess Christ Jesus, or claim to be the kingdom of God. One born of God is of the good tree. This sets forth God as the good tree, and every other is of the flesh, in which the embodiment of corruption and iniquity is put forth, which is recorded as the corrupt tree. (Matt. vii. 17, 18.) The

text we have here quoted declares that "every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire." Whoever hews down and casts into the fire must have the authority of ownership in order to be able to discriminate as to the quality and kind of fruit it bears. We know the fruit of carnality, because we have tasted the bitterness thereof and know that it is not good. The question arises, What is the fruit of carnality? It is in every way at enmity against good fruit and is destructive to, instead of the building up of life, and the more we are given to note the bitterness of it the more condemnation or death we feel reigning in us. Good fruit nourishes, and life and vigor are felt as the effect of our partaking of it; in other words, it has been given to us to eat. These remarks are to present the true results of fruit given us in the state of nature. So we turn to the spiritual relation of poor sinners. We know if a man or woman is not born of God they have no good fruit in them, hence they cannot do the works of God, and when one is born of that incorruptible seed by the word of God they bring forth fruit unto the seed of which they are born. What do we expect to find upon the good tree? That which is produced by the Spirit of God in the heart, and that fruit will remain the fruit of the Spirit, which is love, joy, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith. (Gal. v. 22.) The fruit of the Spirit as given by Paul to the Galatians to be manifested by mortal creature, and we know he was controlled by a higher power than that conceived in mortal flesh. Jesus knew the fruit of all the trees, and we, in nature, hew down the trees bearing bitter fruit and use them for fuel and other purposes, but the apple tree is preserved because of its fruit. Man in nature is

hewn down or brought low by the Spirit, and all the stay formerly felt, as we would term the root of the tree, is cut off, all his strength is gone, and he goes down and is cast into the fire for the consuming of all pertaining to the flesh. "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." The first taste of the fruit of the Spirit is love, and love is stronger than man. We know we cannot create love, and love casteth out fear. When Ananias was commanded of God to go to Saul he was told, "Behold, he prayeth," and Ananias immediately went to him and called him brother Saul, and this manifested humility by which he was hewn down and cast into the furnace of affliction because of his sins, and the fruit was manifested in the life he lived, for instead of persecuting and going forth to the satisfaction of the flesh he was made to bear the fruit of the Spirit: love, gentleness, longsuffering, faith. All the spiritual relation was manifested in the apostles, who are our ensamples as faithful disciples of Jesus. The church looks upon every member for these fruits of the Spirit, and when there is no fruit coldness is felt and all the relations of life are dormant. The fruit of the Spirit was what Paul had under consideration when he said that when he would do good evil was present with him and he could not do the things he would. If we were permitted to live as becomes saints what a great difference we would witness among the brethren, as each one would show his love for his brother, treat each other gently, expressing brotherly kindness, and joy would shine out in each countenance, expressing relations of love and fellowship, and meeting-places would be a Bethel to all of like precious faith, peace would abound and we would never hear the expression, "I am for peace," for

peace would be there, and longsuffering would abound in the heart of every one. What is longsuffering? To our mind it is the manifested forbearance of one with another, in which all their faults and personalities are not collected and bundled to bring accusation against another brother. Faith, one of the quoted fruits of the Spirit, bears with vital importance on the evidences of eternal life, as we note that without faith it is impossible to please God, and is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, but with patience we wait for it. What wonderful fruit is born by faith! Faith is easily entreated, patient and is kind. The fruit of the Spirit in the church is the drawing cord that binds in one bundle of love all the members, and makes them sit together in heavenly places in Christ, and in these manifestations each can say, There my best friends, my kindred, dwell, there God, my Savior, reigns. What wonderful rest belongs to the people of God, to be partakers with the household of faith in the fruits of the Spirit, giving such strength that one feels rested, and the virtue of holy writ is felt which says, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." We have noted some very sweet fruit borne forth during the past year in the beautiful expressions of love and fellowship communicated to the editors and publishers of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, which was much appreciated. Our writing has been a labor of love, and we trust you may have found some of the sweet fruit of the Vine in it, and in the many other communications found in the pages of the SIGNS. We crave your support in soliciting new subscriptions and urging those in arrears to forward the amounts to the publishers. We trust it may be

the will of God that we serve you during the year 1929 in the Spirit of God, that you may be built up and strengthened in the most holy faith, which will bear to you of the tree of life good faith.

C. W. V.

AN EXPLANATION.

THROUGH sickness, and the death of one of our working force, we have had a hard struggle getting out the January and February issues of the SIGNS, and ask the indulgence of our subscribers until we are able to get our working force functioning smoothly again. Mr. Thomas Kain, who has spent many years in this office, and who at different times has been engaged with three generations of the Beebe family in the publication of the SIGNS, was called home to his eternal reward Wednesday, January 23rd, after being confined to his home by sickness since December 29th last. We feel we not only have lost a valued employee, but a very old and dear friend. The death of Mr. Kain, coupled with sickness of others of the SIGNS' staff, has put us behind with our work, but if our subscribers will be lenient with us we will do the best we can toward getting the SIGNS out on time. The past two months has indeed been a strenuous time for us, and we hope our readers will bear with us and cast the mantle of charity over our short comings.

J. E. B. & Co.

ERRATUM.

ON page 5, column 1, lines 21-23, of the January issue of the SIGNS, in the article written by brother George W. Jackson, it should read, "So God restrains him from doing more than the things he loosed him to do," instead of, "So God restrains him from doing the very thing he loosed him to do."

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Alexander P. McDougald departed this life Wednesday, December 5th, 1928, at his home in Melbourne, Ontario, Canada, aged 77 years, 7 months and 7 days. His father was Archibald McDougald and his mother Elizabeth McTaggart, and he was born to them in Ekfrid, Ontario, April 28th, 1851. Mr. McDougald was a man very highly esteemed in the community where he had spent most of his life. He had many notable traits and excellent qualities that distinguished him among his fellow-men. He was a lover of the truth and was fearless in expressing himself plainly, so that men knew just where he stood. He never felt himself worthy of a name and a place in the church, yet in his death the Covenanted Baptist Church has lost a dear and faithful friend. For several years before he died he was in failing health, which unfitted him for the business and public life in which for years he had been engaged. He took even his failing health patiently, and by his conversation with his dear wife showed that death had lost its terror. Although he was a constant care, yet in the partner of his life he was blessed with one who ever stood with loving hands to minister to his needs. He leaves a wife to mourn, but she is comforted with the assurance that her loss is his eternal gain.

The writer was called to the funeral, which was held at his late residence, Melbourne; the interment was in Mayfair Cemetery.

G. R.

Mrs. Sallie Gulick Powell, our sister in Christ, died of pneumonia at the hospital in Staunton, Virginia, December 22nd, 1928. Funeral services were held Christmas day at Mt. Zion meetinghouse, Loudoun County, Virginia. She was the last surviving child of Francis and Nancy Gulick, and though the oldest of the daughters, she outlived them all. Her exact age is not known, but is thought to be about seventy-six years. She was baptized into membership with the Old School Baptists by Elder Joseph L. Purington about fifty years ago. She was married to Israel G. Powell July 25th, 1911. He died in March, 1915. Sister Ida Norman and sister Emma Young, both her sisters in the flesh and both younger than she, passed away before her: sister Norman in November, 1912, and sister Young in July, 1916. Her brother, J. F. Gulick, died in June, 1927. During the last years of her life she was not able to attend the meetings of the church, owing to her being afflicted. She loved the doctrine preached by the Old Baptists and was a faithful reader of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. We have hope for her that she is now at peace in the presence of her Redeemer, the destiny unto which all saved by grace hope shortly to come, through Jesus Christ the Lord, other than whom there is no Savior.

H. H. L.

Mrs. Fannie Ann Lanham, the subject of this notice, departed this life December 7th, 1928, at the age of 59 years, 8 months and 2 days. She was born April 5th, 1870, and was united in marriage to William R. Lanham February 19th, 1896. To this union were born six children, three of whom died in infancy. The living children are Mrs. Lizzie McClanahan and Mrs. Emma Maddox, both of Poca, and Miss Baetie Lanham, of Charleston. She also leaves three sisters: Mr. Evert Melton, of Gallipolis, Ohio, Mrs. Henry Williams and Miss Lucinda Bailey, both of Rockyfork, W. Va., and four brothers: Wesley, Henry and Sam Bailey, of Charleston. Mrs. Lanham was the daughter of Bushrod and Elizabeth Bailey. She was well known and beloved by all who knew her. She was the widow of William R. Lanham. A host of other relatives survive her, including four grandchildren. Mrs. Lanham was a warm friend of the Old Baptists, but so far as I know never made a public profession of religion. I visited her twice while she was on her last bed of sickness and she was firm in the faith and doctrine of the Primitive Baptists.

The writer conducted the funeral services in the presence of a well ordered congregation in the Missionary Baptist meetinghouse in the town of Poca, where but few of the old order of Baptists reside. I used Luke xlv. 43 as a text, and although nearly eighty years of age the Lord blessed me with liberty to speak for nearly an hour by way of comforting those who wore of a sorrowful heart. God alone can bind up their broken hearts.

Written by request.

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

Edna A. Clark, daughter of W. H. and Elinor McQuerry, was born near Pleasantville, Iowa, February 10th, 1866, and died at her home in Pleasantville September 26th, 1928, at the age of 62 years, 7 months and 16 days. Deceased was united in marriage to W. A. Clark February 2nd, 1890, and to this union three children were born: McQuerry, Callie and one who passed away in infancy. Those left to mourn are her husband and daughter Callie, now Mrs. H. H. Phillips, two grandchildren, Carroll and Berniel, besides other relatives and a host of friends. She was preceded in death by her father, mother, four sisters and one brother. She was the last of the immediate McQuerry family. Deceased became a member of the Primitive Baptist Church in 1910, in which faith she was a strong believer until her death. She was a woman of noble, christian character, and her life was devoted to doing kindly acts. With the exception of about six month's residence in Missouri, her entire life was spent in this immediate neighborhood, and she was loved and respected by all who knew her. She was devoted to her home and family, but was always ready to assist a neighbor in time of need. She was a good woman and will be greatly

missed in the community where she resided so long, as well as in the home.

Funeral services were held at the home, in West Pleasantville, Friday, September 28th, conducted by Elder Milton Young, of Indianola. Burial was in the Graceland Cemetery, at Knoxville. Many beautiful floral offerings decked the casket, contributed by loving relatives and friends as a last tribute to one they admired. (MRS.) H. H. PHILLIPS.

Mrs. Jennie C. Hubbard departed this life November 21st, 1928, at her home in Winthrop, Maine, after a short illness of gripe, followed by heart failure. She had been a great sufferer from chronic bronchitis for several years, but bore her sufferings with patience and fortitude. She was born in the town of Pittston, Maine, May 12th, 1866, the daughter of William H. and Louise Little Moody. She was married to James E. Hubbard June 19th, 1888. The surviving relatives are the bereaved husband and two double cousins; Mrs. Nellie M. Palmer, of Randolph, Maine, and Mrs. Sadie A. Turner, of Palermo, Maine. She was baptized by Elder Frederick W. Keene October, 1895, in the fellowship of the Whitefield Old School Baptist Church, at Whitefield, Maine, and remained a beloved and consistent member of that church until her death. Her life and deportment were always above reproach. Her word was never questioned, and she was highly respected by all who knew her. She loved sound doctrine; all the fundamental truths of the Old School Baptist faith were dear to her. She was quiet and retiring in disposition and ever ready to render aid and sympathy to those in need, to the limit of her strength.

JAMES E. HUBBARD.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Lena E. Wilson, Md., \$1; B. F. Davis, Texas, \$2; E. J. Grogan, N. C., \$1; Woburn Church, Mass., \$5; C. Stevens, Ark., \$3; Mrs. Val. Werner, N. J., \$2; Sarah M. McColl, Ontario, \$3; Miss Jennie Black, Ontario, \$1; Miss Lilly Buck, Conn., \$2; H. F. Cate, Kans., \$1; Paul T. Leigh, N. J., \$1; Miss Editha Corwin, N. Y., \$2; Mrs. W. N. Hines, Ind., \$3; Mrs. J. D. Shafer, N. Y., \$1; Joseph F. Hall, Maine, \$8.50; "A friend," Ontario, \$2; F. B. Paxton, Texas, \$1; Maud Hurlburt, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. M. A. Somers, Va., \$1; Mrs. A. J. Owens, Ky., \$8; Royal E. Smith, Texas, \$1; Elder J. G. Sawin, Ill., \$5; J. R. Nucleo, Ky., \$1; Earl I. McAlister, Texas, \$5; Mrs. Jasper Seal, Ark., \$1; Mrs. W. P. Carter, Tenn., \$1; Mrs. A. M. Helling, N. J., \$1; W. H. Chaney, Texas, \$1; Mrs. A. P. McDougald, Ontario, \$1; P. L. Disheroon, Pa., \$1; Mrs. Florence Bean, Ky., \$1; Elder D. L. Topping and niece (in memory of her grandmother), \$5.

M E E T I N G S .

OLIVE & HURLEY OLD SCHOOL

BAPTIST CHURCH

ASHOKAN, N. Y.

Meetings every third Sunday

10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

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IN

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EMMA BRUNOW, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

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A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every third Sunday of each month at the Swedish Lutheran church-house southeast corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, Riverside, Calif., and at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143 W. 11th St., Claremont, Calif., on the first Sunday of each alternate month, beginning with January, and on every alternate month with brother Joseph Huffman, 128 Van Buren St., Arlington, Calif. Singing at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Lunch at the place of meeting, and continued services in the afternoon.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.
JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

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"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON."

VOL. 97.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH, 1929.

NO. 3.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STORY OF RUTH.

NOT long since, I attended services of the Baptists in the city, and heard the preacher tell "the story of Ruth," and also showed on the screen what were purported to be the leading events of her life, and as there have always been two ways of telling a story, it made me want to tell it in my own little way; hence the attempt.

Back in the depths of antiquity God called Abraham out from among the Chaldeans, and told him to get out of the country, and from among his people, and from his father's house, to a land that he would show him, and it is said that he went out, not knowing whither he went. Therefore we conclude that Abraham in all his journey toward the promised land walked by faith and not by sight. So Abraham came to the land of Canaan, and Lot, his nephew, came with him. Abraham was rich in cattle, gold and silver, and Lot also had great flocks and herds. Abraham, Lot and their servants were strangers in the land of Canaan, and in that "their substance was great, so that they could not dwell together," and

their herdsmen got to fighting, and they had to separate. Evidently this was a sore trial for faithful Abraham, but he bore it patiently, giving Lot his choice: You go to the right and I will go to the left, or *vice versa*, so Lot "pitched his tent toward Sodom." Later we find him living in Sodom, we find also the men of Sodom were sinners exceedingly before the Lord, so much so that the Lord sent his angels to Sodom to inspect the city, and overthrow it if the report were true, but they stopped with Abraham and told him about their errand, and faithful Abraham sued for the city, for the sake of Lot. He probably did not have faith to pray for Lot's family individually, but he put him in with a number, first fifty, then forty and on down to ten, and the angel granted his every request. But lo, and behold, there were not ten righteous people there, but the Lord is ever mindful of his own, and he led Lot and his two daughters out of the city, hastening them, for, said he, I cannot do anything until you get out. "But his wife looked back from behind him, and became a pillar of salt." This all looks sad, but remember they were the dark hours before day. Lot and his two daughters

went and dwelt in a cave and saw the smoke ascend as of a furnace when the four cities were destroyed, and they naturally concluded they were the only ones of the human race that were left, so these daughters formed a plan to propagate the human race, and both of the daughters became with child by their father. The firstborn brought forth a son, and called his name Moab; the same is the father of the Moabites. The younger brought forth a son, and she called his name Benammi. He is the father of the Ammonites.

Now let us recapitulate a little, and see if it is not a fact that all the good things and all the bad things are absolutely necessary to the carrying out of God's great, grand and noble purposes. If the servants of Abraham and Lot had not "strove together" they probably could have lived together, and Lot would not have moved to Sodom. If the men of Sodom had not been "sinners exceedingly before the Lord" the Lord would not have destroyed Sodom. If Lot's wife had not looked behind she would not have become a pillar of salt. Could she have gone on with her husband and dwelt in the cave with him she would no doubt have protected him from his daughters' incestuous crime, and if his two daughters had not lain with him there would have been no Moabites or Ammonites, consequently no Ruth, for she was a Moabitish damsel. Had there been no Ruth there could have been no Obed, for no other woman in the world could have been his mother. Obed begat Jesse, and Jesse begat David, and Christ came of the seed of David. Look over this line of events as we may, and there is not a single one that could have been taken out or changed without breaking the chain of events that led down to the coming of the Savior.

God could, I doubt not, have brought him through some other line, but inasmuch as he did not do it, but chose that line and method, why not just believe that in his omniscience and omnipotence he has ruled and managed all these things according to the good pleasure of his will and the salvation of his chosen? Then why not say as one of old: "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn 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. What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Notice he does not say, How shall he give us all things? but how can he fail to do it, having given such an enormous price as his only begotten Son?

One more point, in Psalms lx. 8, and in Psalms cviii. 9, we find this Scripture: "Moab is my washpot." Every family needs a washpot, and had any one of the foregoing events failed to take place God's family would have been minus a washpot, and his dear little children could not have been purified, and made white, and tried. (Dan. xii. 10.) When the Lord brought Israel out of Egypt, and through forty years in the wilderness, their last camping-place was in the border of Maob (near the washpot), and Balak, king of Moab, was frightened nearly to death at an army of 603,550, and he sent for Balaam to come and curse Israel, and the Lord suffered him to come, with orders

that he was to speak nothing but such words as God was to put in his mouth. So he came and sought enchantment, but God put a blessing in his mouth every time. One of the blessings God put in his mouth was this: "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 Israel, What hath God wrought!" As much as to say, Look at Israel (the church) and see the work of the great God. But Balaam gave Balak this instruction: Send out the daughters of Moab to dance before Israel, and get them to sacrifice to your gods, and so transgress God's law, and you will be able to overcome them. He followed the instruction and all the unworthy and unfit of the land of Canaan yielded to the temptation and were destroyed as filth from the washpot. Israel now being washed in the pot (Moab), they were ready to cross over Jordan into the promised land (church).

Just a few more words. As I have shown before, Christ came through the genealogy of Ruth, the Moabitish damsel. In the spirit of the case, Jesus Christ is the great spiritual washpot, whose blood cleanses all his little children from all their filthiness and uncleanness and prepares them for that heavenly Canaan, that rest at God's right hand.

So the story of Ruth, the little Moabitish damsel, is a much more interesting story than the one I saw at the picture show.

G. W. BERRY.

HAYRE, Mont., June 19, 1928.

DEAR SISTER GALL:—The past few months have been such a lifeless, barren season with me it seemed I could not find one agreeable moment to reply to your

precious letter. I feel to be such a poor ignorant worm of the dust I tremble at attempting to address one I feel to be so devoted to the love and service of the Lord, and at this time I confess to be writing more from a sense of courtesy and duty than with the hope of setting forth a comforting, spiritual message. Having previously written you something of the doctrine of the resurrection, and finding it a theme inexhaustible, I desire again to call to your remembrance the precious declaration of Paul as recorded in the fourth chapter of first Thessalonians: "But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord, that we which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words." He also declares it shall be "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." We see here what a foundation-stone the resurrection of the dead had in the apostolic preaching, what comfort and solace it had, and how often throughout the New Testament Scriptures

it is repeated, to edify, refresh and strengthen the saints. What a rich and glorious message it was for the early church to hear and receive, what a volume of inspiration, oft repeated and received into the heart of faith as the fundamental hope of the gospel; it was the light of hope, and without it all things else pertaining to the gospel were vain. Through its inspiration they endured martyr fires, and persecutions even fiercer than martyr flames, and in this day of falling away, when it seems the whole world is forsaking the truth of God for the doctrine and commandments of men, our faith demands to be fed anew by its life-giving power, that it may remain with us in all its strength and beauty. So far as I am able to learn by a research of the many creeds in existence at this time, the Primitive Baptists stand alone on the resurrection of the body. German rationalism, science, philosophy and evolution seem to have reached their highest conception in natural reason, but our modern Sadducees have advanced no new arguments to refute the doctrine more weighty than the one with which the Sadducees of old thought to confound Christ, and modern Pharisees have no higher conception of it than the carnal Pharisees of old. Human reason can analyze and understand natural things, but when attempting to go beyond its bounds its sight is so dazzled and confounded it is lost in the darkness of imagery. The great mystery of Divinity is hid from natural eyes and can only be perceived by the eye of faith, through resurrection of the human body. Its coming back into life from the ravages, decay and oblivion of the grave is a supernatural thing, and an anxious and tearful question, and has been disputed all down through the ages, and many

substitutes and theories have been advanced to quiet the fears of an unbelieving world and reconcile them to the giving up of their loved ones to the silent dust of the tomb, and over these phantoms of reason the world continues to sigh out their upbraidings, emptiness and despair, but the most illustrious of skeptics can reach no higher end than the displaying of gifted mental powers, by which they often darken truth by their brilliant feats of mental debauchery and depravity. The doctrine of the resurrection of the body belongs exclusively to the revelation of God's word; it is found in the Bible, and nowhere else, and so must be apprehended by grief. Faith therefore makes no appeal to reason, philosophy, evolution or the so-called "fitness of things," its appeal is to the word of God, and whatever is therein revealed faith accepts as true and rests upon its truth without doubt or question, having the witness of the Spirit within, which God has declared shall lead us into all truth. Faith therefore hushes these sighs, fills this emptiness, lifts this dark despair, lights the darkness of the grave and sheds the luster of the resurrection day upon the night of the tomb. Christ declares, I am the resurrection and the life. He is the sure foundation for the resurrection of the body. The Scriptures link these two facts together: the resurrection of Christ from the dead and the resurrection of man's body from the grave. The resurrection of Jesus is the great offering and cementing fact of the resurrection of the body, by it he was declared to be the Son of God with power; it is the fitting, necessary complement of his advent and crucifixion; it binds into a complete whole all the facts relating to Christ in his sevenfold government, and puts the seal of truth on his eternal priesthood; it re-

deems his crucifixion from scorn; it puts divinity and glory on the cross; without it he never could have established the truth of his mission and put the seal of all-conquering power on his gospel. His death met the law, in that he bore our sins and satisfied divine justice. His resurrection sent the proclamation of liberty winging throughout the courts of heaven that Jesus had led the conqueror death in chains, opening that book sealed with seven seals that St. John saw in the hand of the angel (Rev. v.), "written within and on the back side," takes him up to his glorious coronation in heaven. Peter's rapturous shout is still ringing, lighting with life and hope every heart wherein faith has wrought its wondrous work: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. Wherein ye greatly rejoice." That the resurrection of Christ is the cause of our resurrection, Pearson on the Creed says, "By a double causality, as an efficient and an exemplary cause, as an efficient cause in regard that our Savior by and upon his resurrection hath obtained power and right to raise all the dead, 'for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' As an exemplary cause in regard that all the saints of God shall rise after the similitude and in conformity to the resurrection of Christ: 'For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection.' He shall change our vile bodies that they

may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. As we have borne the image of the earthly, we may bear the image of the heavenly. This is the same hope of the christian that Christ rising from the dead hath obtained the power and is become the pattern of his resurrection." Paul puts it clearly as follows: "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him." "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." God hath raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by his own power, "knowing that he which raised up the Lord Jesus, shall raise up us also by Jesus, and shall present us with you." The Scriptures bear ample and continuous evidence that the faith of the resurrection of the body lies in the faith that Jesus Christ died and rose again, and this faith is not an opinion nor a child of reason, but the Holy Spirit inspired confidence that apprehendeth Christ as the Redeemer and Savior, the Lord of lords and King of kings; the gift of God through the illumination of the Holy Spirit, by and through which we are often given a sweet foretaste of heavenly bliss and a hope which reaches into the realms of a blessed immortality; a faith that feeds upon God's blessed word and counts all things but dross apart from Christ. The faith of God's elect that teaches us as Paul hath declared, that if the flesh of Jesus rotted in the sepulchre of Joseph, then our hope of coming out of the grave rots also; if his body went to the dust of Palestine, then our faith, fancied faith and vaunted hope of the resurrection, is as pulseless and dead as dust. "But if there be no resurrec-

tion of the dead, then is Christ not risen. And if Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain, and your faith is also vain. Yea, and we are found false witnesses of God; because we have testified of God that he raised up Christ: whom he raised not up, if so be that the dead rise not. For if the dead rise not, then is not Christ raised: and if Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins. Then they also which are fallen asleep in Christ are perished." But continuing, the apostle asserts all these appalling consequences and throws a flood of light and hope and life over the darkness of the tomb by this restatement and reassurance: "But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." Lifting the darkness and dread from the tomb, spanning the abyss which separates us from our loved dead; implanting in the heart of faith the strength and hope of a glorious reunion in the face of a separation most painful and despairing. The resurrection of Jesus both assures and patterns our resurrection: the two are conjoined. The nonresurrection of the body relegates Jesus back to his grave and seals it as forever dead. Paul plainly shows there could be no redemption of man without an invasion of the realms of death, no sunlight of hope while the clouds and night of death forever sealed the tomb; the great Emancipator must break the thrall of death, dismantle its empire, uncrown its king, until every one of Christ's imprisoned ones shall shout, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" "I will ransom them from the power of the grave; I will redeem them from death: O death, I will be thy plagues; O grave, I will be thy destruction." Jesus holds in his own person the

death of death. "I am the first and the last: 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." Christ, the master over death, Life against death, the eternal source of all deathless energy, the destruction of death in that great day, the last day, the closing of this world's history, "the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God," the day when "the dead, small and great, stand before God" raised from the dead. The day of God's glory and power, the day of terror and alarm to the impenitent and unbelieving, their eternal doom, the day of infinite comfort to all his saints, infinite in measure and infinite in length. Oh glorious resurrection! Our coronation day!

Yours in gospel bands,

JOHN GIBSON.

ZANESFIELD, Ohio, Nov. 20, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—We are sending a portion of a letter received from Elder U. S. Porter, with his consent, and it is yours to dispose of as you please, but if you decide to not publish, please return it to us for preservation. Brother Porter is one of the faithful followers of our Lord, and seeks to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and shuns not to declare the whole counsel of the Lord as he sees it, both from the pulpit and through the press. He is fighting a good fight, is a peacemaker and an earnest and faithful pastor. Brother Porter lives as well as talks his religion, is loving and charitable to all who love the Lord, living in peace insomuch as he can while still keeping the order of the house of God.

Two members were received at our last fifth Sunday meeting, the man by baptism and his wife by restoration. They

seem to be sound in the faith. Elder Gail Hanover preached at the last regular meeting and talked very ably indeed. He is a grandson of Elder Liman Hanover, who journeyed all the way to New York (when a young man) to see Elder Gilbert Beebe. He used to fill appointments in my grandfather's house (Jacob Ekelberry, Sr.). How I wish all who love the truth could live in peace together, not compromising with error, but sitting at the feet of one another to learn of our Jesus and his ways. If the strong could bear with the weak and the weak not be contentious, each esteeming others better than themselves. There is much to gain by humbly desiring the sincere milk of the word; of course the desire as well as the spiritual food is of grace. We can only look to the Lord to bring peace to troubled Zion, give charity to all, correct the erring and fill us all with love and submission. Oh that all who love him knew how to give all the glory to him to whom all the glory belongs. But we may take comfort, for God has said, This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise. Yea, even evil men and devils shall praise him. All things were created by him that his praise and glory should be made manifest. He shall not fail nor be disappointed. All his purposes he will cause to be fulfilled. He created all things and by him all things consist. There will be no failure, for what his soul desireth even that he doeth. May he keep us reconciled to his will and enable us to wait patiently for him, for he will come (always) and will not tarry beyond the due season. Since he is all-wise, almighty and love in perfection, we may safely cast all our care upon him, for "he careth for you." So come, Lord Jesus, lead and uphold us by

thy free Spirit. Thou art our foundation, the wall around us and the capstone, speed the day when all shall say, Grace, grace unto it.

JOIE WOODS PETERS.

THERE are more than two hundred religious denominations in the United States. The christian church has been divided and subdivided over various differences, some of which continue to cause trouble and division. Inability to account for sin and wickedness has caused much speculation and many theories. The question of how and why sin entered the world, and of how and why it continues to rage, has, perhaps, caused more trouble among Primitive Baptists than any other question. The Savior built his church and gave the laws for her government. He told the apostles the things they should teach, and Paul said he had not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God. Teaching more than this causes trouble, and not teaching all of it leaves a place for trouble to come into the church. Every subject treated on in the Scriptures is a proper subject to be investigated and discussed by the ministry and the church. The church is the pillar and ground of the truth. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." A knowledge of God's word brings peace and harmony, not strife and confusion. Knowledge is an important part of the christian character, which Peter tells us to add. What then saith the Scriptures? First, How did sin come? By man. "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Rom. v. 12. Here is a mystery. God is before all things, and by him all things consist; he is eternal, unchange-

able, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent. He created man in his own image, but subject to vanity. Sin is a transgression of the law. Man, though subject to vanity, could not sin when there was no law, but as soon as the law was given there was a possibility of his sinning; with God it was an eternal certainty. Sin is by the law. (Rom. viii. 5) Those motions or passions (not actions) were, before the law, natural. They, by the law, brought sin, and by sin came death. James, speaking of these passions, says, "Every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin: and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." As in biology both sexes are necessary to the propagation of all plants and animals, so James makes the union of opposites, positive and negative, to bring forth sin. God said, Thou shalt surely die. Satan said, Ye shall not surely die. "Your eyes shall be opened; and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil." Her vain desire for these things conceived the idea of disobeying God, and when the transgression was completed sin was the result. Adam also ate and sinned and died. What part did the law play? It condemned the guilty. (Rom. iii. 19) It made the wrong a crime and punishable. (1 Tim. i. 9.) What then? Is the law sin? On what principle of law and justice does the law rest? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." God, inherently, has all right, all authority. There is no power nor authority before or above him to deny him these things. (Dan. iv. 35.) He owes no one and is under no obligation. (Rom. xi. 35.) Man owes everything he has to God; he has

nothing of his own. (1 Cor. iv. 7.) He has no right to find fault with God. (Rom. ix. 20.) What God has done for man entitles Him to all man's service. God had the right to require man to do anything, regardless of whether it was his will. Sin is a transgression of God's law, not a failure to do his will. If God foreknew all things, he evidently intended man to sin. If he did not intend for man to sin, then man did what God did not intend him to do, which is the same as doing what God intended for him not to do. If God meant for man to sin it was his will that man should sin. If he intended for man not to sin it was his will that he should not sin. God either intended for man to sin or for him not to sin, or he had no intention about it. It was either God's will for man to sin or for him not to sin, or he had no will in the matter. If God had no will in the matter man could not obey or disobey his will. God's will and his law are not the same. Will and law are not synonyms nor synonymous. If God worketh all things after the counsel of his own will and according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord, then there must be some sense in which it is God's will for sin to be, and the London Confession of Faith is right in saying, "God hath decreed in himself from all eternity, by the most wise and holy counsel of his own will, freely and unchangeably, all things whatsoever come to pass." This brings us to the question which is the pith of the whole matter: Could God knowingly, intentionally and purposely make this world so there could be sin, without being to blame? To say that he could not is to limit his power and wisdom. Our English brethren believed that God could decree sinful acts and wicked deeds without being the author of sin, or

having fellowship with any therein. God's immunity from blame, and his exemption from being the author of sin, is established by his right to man's undivided service. God did not require of Adam more than he was able to do. Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Not more. Adam sinned in doing. Had he not been able to do what he did, he could not have done it, and it would not have been done. How much ability was required to do it? God gave him the ability to do it, and let him do it because it was a part of his plan to have a redeemed people, saved by grace, to praise him. It was determined before the foundation of the world, "that in the ages to come he might shew the exceeding riches of his grace, in his kindness toward us through Jesus Christ." God's command to Adam no more proves that he intended for him to obey it than his command to Abraham to offer Isaac for a burnt offering proves that he intended for Abraham to slay his son. Sin causes affliction. "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." Paul says, "All things are for your sakes. * * * For which cause we faint not." Also, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good." "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so." We have sinned and brought on ourselves the curse of the law; "howbeit our God turned the curse into a blessing." This is different from saying, "Continue in sin, that grace may abound," or "Let us do evil, that good may come."

In love of the truth,

U. G. PORTER.

BELLINGHAM, Washington.

DEAR BRETHREN:—There has been a portion of Scripture on my mind for some time which has given me much pleasure and comfort as it has unfolded its beauty to me, and if the Lord will be with me while I write of some of its beauties I will make the attempt. The Scripture I want to write upon is 1 Corinthians vii. 23: "Ye are bought with a price." If I could tell of the joy and comfort this Scripture has been to me it would not be in vain for me to write, but as the preparation of the heart and the answer of the tongue is of the Lord I leave it to him, and pray for his blessing to rest upon me while I write and upon all those who read it.

"Ye are bought with a price." The ones Paul had in mind at that time were the children of the true and living God; in full, not a part of them, and since he bought and paid the full price for them they are his, body, soul and spirit, and his Spirit dwells in them. The body is of the earth earthy, and profiteth nothing, and returns to the earth from whence it came, but will be changed and fashioned like unto his glorious body at his appearing. "If Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness." It is Christ in you the hope of glory. He says, Because I live ye shall live also; the words I speak they are spirit and they are life. He was in the world and the world was made by him and the world knew him not. He went unto his own and his own received him not; but as many as received him, to them gave he power to become sons of God. This power was not vested in the ones who became sons, but Jesus gave them this power, and he says, All power is given me, both in heaven and in earth, that I should give eternal life to

as many as the Father has given me. So it is not a matter of guesswork as to who or how many, for John tells us that it was those who believe on his name, who were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Now Christ was a Jew, born of a Jew, and of the lineage of David, who was a Jew, and while they were looking for a king to be born unto them (for it had been foretold by their prophets that God would raise up a king to sit on the throne of their father David), and they being a proud and self-righteous people, supposed a king born unto them would be born of high and noble parentage, and in splendor befitting a king of their nation, and when he came of such humble parentage, and from such a mean and no-account place as Nazareth they would not receive him as their king, but sought to kill him. He made himself of no reputation, but the works he did proclaimed what he was: King of king and Lord of lords. He was truly King of the Jews, not as a nation, for he never served in that capacity, but he was King of spiritual Israel, for he did serve as their king. Paul tells us that although Israel be as the sand of the seashore for number, a remnant shall be saved. He is an Israelite indeed who worships God in the spirit, rejoices in Christ Jesus, and has no confidence in the flesh, for all flesh is as grass, and the glory of man as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, and the flower thereof fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth forever. The things which were written aforetime were written for our learning and for our comfort, and we should study to show ourselves approved of God, as workmen that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth. Paul tells us in Romans ix. 8, "They which are the children of

the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed." The promise is sure to all the seed. They that are born of the flesh are of the earth earthy, without any power or life of their own, and can only move as the Spirit gives them power of action. There is a natural spirit which is given us of God to govern us in natural things, and by it we reason out natural things. This is the spirit that is in the world, and by it men seek out all the inventions which have turned the worldly minds all to pleasure, and should we, as the children of God, blame them, when we know that they can only see and understand as natural men and women? Yet that does not excuse us from sounding out the warning, both from the press and the pulpit, to come out of her, my people, lest ye be partakers of her plagues. Herein is our warfare, for there is a Spirit which is of God, which every one that is born of God is endowed with, and by it we see, hear, taste, feel and understand the things which be of God. When Jesus told the disciples, Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold, them also I must bring with me, and of the twain (he says) I will make one fold, and there shall be one fold and one shepherd. It was hard for them to believe this, and they could not until it was shown them of God that he is no respecter of persons. But in every nation they that feareth God and worketh righteousness are accepted of him. "For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. For ye have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear; but ye have received the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father," and this is given us of God that we might know the things that are freely given us of God, which things we speak

of, not with the wisdom which man teacheth, but with that wisdom which is from above, which the Holy Ghost teacheth, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. It is the same with us to-day as it was with the holy men of old, who spake as they were moved of God, and God is still the same to-day. We have noting in the flesh of which to boast, for who maketh thee to differ from another? Have we anything we did not receive? If we speak or write anything edifying or comforting to the children of God it is given us of God to feed his sheep and lambs; we are only ambassadors, called and sent to a certain people with a certain message which this certain people are longing to hear, for they have been prepared of God, by his giving them a hungering and thirsting for the very message which is sent by the great Shepherd of the sheep, and we should esteem these undershepherds very highly, because they are sent and qualified of God to feed us who are the sheep of his pasture. The time being fully come when the middle wall or partition which separated between Jew and Gentile was to be broken down, we see God, who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever, the same unchangeable God, working this according to his own will, preparing Paul to preach his salvation to the Gentiles, and at the same time he is preparing the Gentiles to receive Paul's testimony of Jesus. We first find Paul (or Saul as he was then called) with all the zeal of the best of the nominal professors, verily believing he was working out his salvation, and for the good of those who were under the law, which was the Jewish nation. He was very zealous and was on his way to Damascus with letters of authority to bind all that worshipped God and bring them bound to Jerusalem, there to be

punished, and at noonday, when the sun was at its zenith, there was a light from heaven shown around him, above the brightness of the sun, and a voice saying, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? Saul said, Who art thou, Lord? and Jesus said, I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom thou persecutest. Saul said, What shall I do, Lord? The Lord told him to go on into Damascus and it shall be told thee what is appointed for thee to do. That sounds like predestination all the way, does it not? These are some of the "wills" and "shalls" of Jehovah, but he was a chosen vessel unto God and had a special work to do that was to distinguish him from all other men. He was the thirteenth apostle and an especial one to the Gentiles, and as one born out of due time, for although he labored more abundantly than they all, yet he was the last apostle to see Jesus. The most distinguishing feature was his conversion, which was the first one on record, and was in unison with our own change from a state in nature to a state of grace, so he could truthfully say that he was an ensample to all who should after believe to the saving of the souls, and the experience of each child of God is so much like his in substance and effect that they can say, "Brother Paul," for they were, like Saul, doing things contrary to the spirit of grace which was taught them in their experience, so they could say with Paul, "I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died," and the law which was unto life he found to be unto death. So the law of the Spirit of life in Christ shined in his heart, showing him the sin and wickedness of his deceitful heart. Was it any wonder he died, when he saw himself without hope and without God in the world? "The soul that sinneth, it

shall die." "But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord." God does not work without a purpose, and what he has purposed that will he do, for having determined beforehand that it should be done, he, having all power, both in heaven and in earth, can do his will, for there is nothing to oppose him. Therefore predestination stands out in bold relief through all his works, and is so plain that it seems as though any one who realizes who and what God is could see it. But we should not boast, since we were once blind and could not see. I wonder if I can truly see now any more than the Jews could when Christ came unto them and they would not receive him. If I can I know it is because Jesus has given me power to become a son of God, and not because I am any better than they, and I am just as blind naturally. When Jesus told his disciples that he had other sheep, which were not of that fold (meaning the Jews) they could not understand what he meant, neither could we now unless it was revealed to us by that Comforter who is to teach us all things, and to the Jews. God was going to bring about one of his hitherto hidden mysteries, and do it in a way and manner that would leave no doubt in the minds of those who were given eyes to see that the power was all of God, for it was all contrary to the nature of man, and since God determined beforehand that it should be done, and then did it, was it not predestinated? If not, what was it? When God begins a work he finishes it so fully and completely that there is no place left open where man can get in any of his works, and if they are not already foolish he takes away their understanding so

completely that they are left a blank. Saul was going to Damascus in all his strength, satisfied, both with himself and with the authority given him by the mission board which sent him. The missionaries say Paul was the first missionary ever sent out by a missionary board, but I tell them Saul was sent by the board, but God stopped him and turned him around, and caused him to go and tell a different story than what the missionary board gave him to tell, even changing his name to Paul. At that time it was a gross error for a Jew to go into a house of another nation, or even talk with them, but while God was preparing Paul to go as an apostle to the Gentiles he was at the same time preparing the Gentiles to receive him, and it came about in this way: "There was a certain man in Cæsarea, called Cornelius, a centurian of the band called the Italian band, a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway," and while he was praying an angel came and spoke to him, and he was afraid, and said, What is it, Lord? How relieved he must have been when the angel said, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. And now send men to Joppa, and call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter: he lodgeth with one Simon a tanner, whose house is by the sea side: he shall tell thee what thou oughtest to do." He called two of his servants and sent them in haste, after telling them of his vision and what the angel had told him. While the Lord was preparing Cornelius he was at the same time preparing Peter to receive the messengers, and while Peter was on the housetop praying, "about the sixth hour: and he became very hungry, and would have eaten: but while they made ready,

he fell into a trance, and saw heaven opened, and a certain vessel descending unto him, as it had been a great sheet, knit at the four corners, and let down to the earth; wherein were all manner of fourfooted beasts of the earth, and wild beasts, and creeping things, and fowls of the air. And there came a voice to him, Rise, Peter; kill, and eat. But Peter said, 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. This was done thrice: and the vessel was received up again into heaven." While Peter was wondering in his mind what the vision meant the men that were sent by Cornelius came and made inquiry for Simon, whose surname was Peter. "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. Then Peter went down to the men which were sent unto him from Cornelius; and said, Behold, I am he whom ye seek." This must have been a surprise to those men, for no man had told Peter about them, and he asked them why they had come, "and they said, Cornelius the centurian, a just man, and one that feareth God, and of good report among all the nations of the Jews, was warned from God by an holy angel, to send for thee into his house, and to hear words of thee." So the next day Peter went with them, taking certain brethren with them, and on the morrow they entered Caesarea and Cornelius was waiting for them, having gathered his near friends and kindred, and I believe they had a real Old School Baptist meeting there that day, with much rejoicing because Peter told them God had shown him that he was no respecter of persons,

but that in every nation they that feareth God and worketh righteousness are acceptable with him. He preached unto them Jesus, and when the Holy Ghost was fallen upon those who heard the word, and they of the circumcision which came with Peter, which believed (being Jews), were astonished, because on the Gentiles was poured out the Holy Ghost, as well as on the Jews. Then Peter said of a truth, I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, and now can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? and they were baptized in the name of the Lord, and henceforth there shall be one fold, one Shepherd, one Lord, one faith, one baptism. So Paul was called and qualified and sent to the Gentiles to preach Jesus.

In hope of eternal life,

DAVIS BURCH.

RISING STAR, Texas, Jan. 21, 1929.

DEAR BRETHREN:—By this time we, the SIGNS OF THE TIMES family, as we sometimes denominate ourselves, have in a great measure given much prayerful thought to Elder Lefferts' proposed resignation as editor. I do not feel to be a safe and wise counselor. But few of us knew that brother Lefferts' editorial labors are done against such disinclination, due he believes to such a busy life. Then he says, "If I have any gift at all in the way of gospel ministry, it certainly is not in the writing line." This expression recalls to my mind the deep and beautiful letters of his before being added to the editorial staff, and so his appearance as editor filled my soul with joy, and in my narrow circle of acquaintances among the brethren I find it so with them, and an unanimous admission that our God has fitted Elder Lefferts for one

of the editors, and his pen productions are with such clearness and ability that our helief is more and more confirmed. If I should speak for all I would here say that the same glorious truth applies equally and as forcibly to the other three editing brethren. Brother Lefferts uses the word "certainly" to emphasize the assertion that he is not suited to the work, but his conviction is doubtless due more to an inwrought knowledge of self-inability, although while thus feeling he is wielding the pen of a ready writer. A felt sense of inability as he feels is attendant on all occasions of well undertaken duties toward God and his church, especially matters of great moment. After Moses had brought forward every excuse, then implored against God's every convincing power by saying, "O my Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send," as much as to say, By the instantaneous affliction and cure of my leprosy and the momentary transformation of the rod to a serpent, I know now that you can make me able to perform this, your requirement, but yet a natural disinclination clings to me, and, besides, I fear on account of the Egyptian whom I slew, &c., and yet for meekness there was no other man on earth like him. Although he was a type of Christ, it makes his natural disinclination not one wit less ours upon whom the Lord imposes special duties such as has come to our dear brother from the hand of the Lord. After all, busy life, an inattendant mind, and the like, is but, no doubt, only your way, brother Lefferts, of seeing yourself as not suitable, while we are thousands and a long time ago came to regard you as the dear brother whom God ordained and set apart to this work. Again, my

dear brother, if all these things did not stand in the way you have no assurance that your way would be clear, your mind applicable and your pen ready, but, no doubt, a thousand other "storms" would arise to trouble your easy sailing. As said before, not many of us knew of your troubles as editor, and now that you have made us acquainted with some of them we feel that we are going to God in prayer, with one consent from you, that if it be his omnipotent will that he will be gracious to relieve you in a measure, if not altogether, so your life may be more tolerable in the way of discharging your many and varied duties. I do not believe the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES did wrong in not accepting your resignation, for I think I would have done likewise, because they most assuredly know that as an instructed scribe unto the kingdom of heaven you are constantly bringing forth from the Lord's treasury such valuable things as the church of God strongly stands in need of at this present time. I feel to indorse the eight churches of your charge, brother Lefferts. I wish from my heart that the predestinarian churches everywhere were like-minded in preferring predestinarian ministers to those of the conditional and limited predestinarian kind. Oh how we do cling to them! Such ministers are very essential to a continuance of soundness of the faith and the orderly conduct of the house of God. Oh may the Lord of the harvest send a bountiful supply of them, for the laborers are so few. Let not a member of these eight churches think that in their choice they have thus hurdened brother Lefferts, so long as they continue to divide their living with him to the utmost of their ability, as he says they are doing. It is a

cheerful thing to be enabled of the Lord to give bountifully of our earthly living to feed and clothe the dear minister and the helpless of his family while he administers to us the gospel of the kingdom of God.

Dear brethren, I have, as you see, given this letter a heading for publication, if in your judgment it is suitable, but I ask that you do not leave out better matter to make room for it. I felt I could not be satisfied to keep silent, and though I knew it would go into the wastebasket I would, I think, have written along this same line of thought. May the Lord continue to bless Zion with the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, if it is in accordance with his blessed will, is the prayer of this unworthy writer.

J. I. FOSTER.

HICKMAN, Ky., Jan. 14, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—Our church at Mud Creek requested that a memorial be written of our dear brother Verhines and sent to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for publication. This paper he loved and had welcomed in his home many times. We feel that much could be said about his orderly walk, but words alone cannot carry with them the love we wish to express for our brother. This love is not understood by the world; it is a love that is felt more than spoken. Our church is few in number, and has suffered the loss of several fathers and mothers in Israel in the last few years. We being of the younger ones, it is sad and makes us tremble when we look around and wonder what will become of us in later years, but if it pleases the Lord to continue in caring for this little flock no power can overthrow it.

I wish to thank you for the SIGNS being

sent to me through kindness. I truly feel unworthy of such consideration, but have enjoyed it much. Sometimes after reading it I almost attempt to write, but tremble at the thought of such a thing, for when I turn my eyes within all is dark and vain and wild, but the God I hope I love is able to bring light out of darkness. I ask an interest in your prayers.

Find inclosed the memorial, which we hope to see in the SIGNS when you have room.

Your unworthy sister, if one at all,

(MRS.) L. C. CAMPBELL.

(See memorial on page 70.)

LA PORTE, Texas, Nov. 8, 1928.

DEAR BRETHREN:—If I may be permitted to thus address you. Inclosed please find two dollars to pay my subscription to the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I am from September until now behind with my subscription and I want to thank you for continuing to send it, for I do not know what I would do without it, as it is the only preaching we get here in the big State of Texas. There is a church about fifty miles from here, but I do not attend as often as I would like, being tied down with the cares of this world. I have been reading the SIGNS ever since I can remember. My father has been taking it for about thirty-five or forty years, off and on.

I will close by thanking the brethren and sisters for the many good things they write for the dear old SIGNS, and also again thank you for not cutting off my subscription, and begging you to overlook all mistakes.

I am your small brother, if one at all,

J. H. SMITH.

MEMORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH, 1929.

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dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***I PETER V. 7.***"CASTING all your care upon him, for he careth for
you."*

The children of God often find themselves utterly at a loss to understand or comprehend the ways of divine providence and grace, and can only say as one of old, His ways are past finding out. It is he himself that teaches that he ruleth in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? They confess this, and at times are thankful it is so, for is there not comfort and security in such a doctrine? In it we see that not a dog can move his tongue, or a devil either, unless it be subject to the will and purpose of him that worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. Men are also subject to him, even the rulers of this world, for when Pilate said to Jesus, "Knowest thou not that I have power to

crucify thee, and have power to release thee? Jesus answered, Thou couldst have no power at all against me, except it were given thee from above." He is before all things and by him all things consist. An understanding of such a doctrine, imparted to us by God himself, is of great comfort to the soul, but few are able to travel long in the path of life, reconciled, with a calm and thankful heart, from every murmur free. God has ordained a furnace of affliction, and if he gives faith that believes that he who has promised is able to perform, he will try that faith; and just so, when we, as we hope, by his Spirit, have been taught to trust in his name and to rejoice in the truth that not a single shaft can hit, until he, the God of love, sees fit, we find the question asked, Do you believe God had anything to do with the sinking of that vessel, or the burning of that family and home? How has God anything to do with the sickness of this man? or with the death of his wife at such a time as this, when he needed her so much? Thus we ask ourselves many questions, and are asked many such questions by others, and often such questions, when asked in the face of terrible trials, and what men call accidents, are almost staggering, especially if we are ourselves affected by the trial. If a terrible bereavement comes upon us we find it not so easy to live the doctrine, yet Job, sorely afflicted, did, when he said, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job xiii. 15. He has said, "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. * * * Fear ye not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows." Again, he saith, "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 as one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" It is the trial of faith that will show to us how little faith we have, and how little we truly believe the doctrine to which we have subscribed. There is not one of us but has his, or her, trials; some hard to be borne, and we do well to consider that

"Whatever cross lies at thy door,
It cometh from the Lord."

It is a crook of the Lord's making, and as long as he sees fit for it to be, none can straighten it. It may be to bring down our pride, to "hide pride from man," or to show us wherein our strength lies, or to make us of comfort to the saints, or to prove to men and devils, as in the case of Job, that our religion is not a fair weather religion, but that it can stand fire and flood; and in all these trials, and many others, too numerous to mention, the presence of Christ is seen, as he was in the furnace of old, thereby proving that he careth for us. In all the ages the Lord has proven his care for his people in the furnace of affliction; such a way is needful or it would not be. He raised up a wicked Pharaoh who knew not Joseph, and he set over Israel taskmasters, to afflict Israel with burdens, but the more they were afflicted the more they multiplied and grew. The Egyptians made their lives bitter with hard bondage, yet the Lord still cared for them. Moses was born, and was hidden three months by his mother, who feared not the wrath of the king, and when she could no longer hide him she took for him an ark of bulrushes and laid it in the flags by the river's brink, the very river

where the wicked Pharaoh had commanded them to drown their sons, yet God cared for him there. He was taken by Pharaoh's daughter and nursed by his own mother in the house of Pharaoh, the very man who wished to destroy all the male children of Hebrew origin. From this we can take this lesson: that the church of God nurses her children in the furnace of affliction. They are strengthened in the doctrine; the more they are afflicted the more they are trained up in the nurture and admonitions of the Lord. In the word of God there are many instances that seem just happen so, mere chance, yet when we trace the chain of circumstances connected with the particular case we find a wonder-working Providence governing all things: as, for instance, the Syrians had gone out by companies and had brought away captive out of the land of Israel a little maid. Who can describe the terror and abject loneliness of that little maid? Think of the parents, her mother, if mother she had, wringing her hands, sighing and pining for her little daughter. Many would there be in Israel then who would say, Tell us, did the Lord have anything to do with that? Thank God there were some then, and doubly thankful we ought to be, there are some now, who unhesitatingly would declare, It is the Lord. Some who by faith could see the companies of Syria going just so far and doing just whatsoever God's hand and God's counsel determined before to be done. The child must leave the arms of the parents, must go into a strange and foreign land, and must go into Naaman's house. God cared for that little captive maid; he had a purpose. In Naaman's house she witnesses to the truth, and her testimony was for one whom God cared for, though in God's purpose he was held

by a more relentless foe than even the captive maid. He was none other than Naaman, the captain of the host, but he was a leper. Yes, he cared for Naaman. He cared for Saul of Tarsus, even while he went about breathing threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord. Saul did not understand, he had no eye to see, the Lord using his persecution for the furtherance of the gospel. It is written, "As for Saul, he made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and hailing men and women, committed them to prison." The following verse declares the result in the purpose of God. It says, "Therefore they that were scattered abroad, went every where preaching the word." Thus a persecuting Saul of Tarsus, in the purpose of God, did more than all the missionary boards can do to-day, although they claim to be on the Lord's side, for there has never been a preacher of the word sent by man, anywhere. Why is it that Saul of Tarsus, Naaman and his companies, Pharaoh and his host, or the devil himself, can do nothing other than God's hand and his counsel determined before to be done? The simple reason is, "He careth for you." For God's dear saints there is a covenant, ordered in all things and sure, and in this covenant

"Jesus is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep,
All that the heavenly Father gave
His hands securely keep.

Nor death, nor hell can e'er remove
His favorites from his breast."

They are loved with an everlasting love. God has predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved. As this is his purpose he

will care for us along the line that we must travel. I might predestinate my trunk to go from here to New York City by railroad. To bring that about, the track must be there, the sleepers in their place, the station, the signal boxes, the men, the engine, coal, steam, and all other requirements must be there or ever my trunk can safely be delivered to its destination. Thus we believe Pharaoh was in the purpose of God, foreordained to that very condemnation, as was the devil himself, and as were the companies of Syria, and if the word be true, that God has created the waster to destroy, and these wasters of Israel were in Israel's life of old, in the life of the captive maid, yes, and in the life of our blessed Lord, who shall say they will not be in our lives? Peter tells the scattered saints of old of a fiery trial that was to try them, and it is true to-day. God's dear scattered saints are a poor and afflicted people, having fiery trials; yet Peter by inspiration says, "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." There comes before our mind one dear sister, over eighty years of age, whom we once saw lying on her couch under terrible distress. Trouble had come upon her in her advanced age and was crushing her to earth: we said, Why should these things be? Faith answered, "He careth for you."

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan God's work in vain."

He is a very present help in time of trouble.

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

We have seen another, younger in years, afflicted in body so that she could hardly move a limb, given up by earthly physicians, having little to look forward to but death and that which is beyond, and to the honor of his name we have seen

that he careth for her. Is he not the helper of the helpless? We visited such an one one day, and while there she said, "Sing Rock of Ages." We sang that and "Father, we'll rest in thy love," and as we got in our car we heard the afflicted one singing by herself in the house, and all we could think of was, "And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God." Later we asked why she sang when we left her a few nights before, and the reply was, "Because I was happy." It is because "he careth for you" that the theme of Jesus and his love makes the captive's portion sweet. It is his care that made David say, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." His care for Israel of old was wonderful. He brought them from under Pharaoh's yoke with a high hand and an outstretched arm and led them through the sea, gave them bread from heaven, water from the rock, a cloud by day and pillar of fire by night, their shoes did not wear out, nor their clothing decay, all because "He careth for you," for were they not a type of Israel to-day? They rebelled and we rebel, too. There is nothing that brings out the spirit of rebellion more than trouble. "The trial of your faith." It is easy to say, "Thy will be done," but his will is a cross, and under the trial he sends we kick like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke. It is galling and so humiliating, especially if it affects our personal reputation, we feel ashamed to be seen among the brethren, we ask the reason why. Pride must be abased. He made himself of no reputation; we would be his, yea, be like him, but it is unpleasant to die daily, to take buffetings. Oh the strugglings and strivings we have to be freed from the yoke!

Paul prayed very regularly to be delivered from a thorn in the flesh, but his request was not granted, and there is not a doubt in our mind the reason for it was that "He careth for you." All these trials, crosses, losses, thorns and snares we must and shall endure in this life are for the lifting of Jesus on high. They are to show us, as we are exercised thereby, how base and vile, unworthy and helpless we are, and, like Paul, we are taught of him to know that when we are weak, then are we strong, and we glory in our infirmities (that are made plain to us in the furnace) that the power of God might rest upon us. Thus his care is such towards us that we shall at last confess, as did Israel of old, that the Lord delivered us, and that "there failed not ought of any good thing which the Lord had spoken unto the house of Israel; all came to pass."—Joshua xxi. 45.

G. R.

WATCH YOUR DATES.

WE wish to request our subscribers when sending in their subscriptions to see that the date on the little pink slip bearing their address is changed. If not changed, please let us know immediately (for that signifies you have not been given credit for the money sent) and we will look into the matter. By consulting that date you can tell at a glance to what time your subscription is paid. Dec. 29 means that your subscription is paid to December, 1929; June 28 means your subscription is only paid to June, 1928, &c.

NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse, 452 Main St., Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in March (31st). All are welcome.

E. M. FORD.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Mrs. Mary V. Hall, our sister in Christ departed this earthly life at the home of her daughter, near Ballston, Va., January 25th, 1929. She was born June 9th, 1851, the daughter of James and Nancy Oliver. Her first marriage was to Nathaniel Thompson, the date of whose death I do not know. To this union were born four sons and one daughter, of whom the following survive: Mrs. Lucy L. Shoekley, of Oakton, Va., Chapman Thompson, of Washington, D. C., Harry Thompson, of Clarendon, Va., and Franklin Thompson, of Fort Myer Heights, Va. By her last husband, William E. Hall, sister Hall was the mother of one daughter, Mrs. Mabel V. Brooks, at whose home she passed away. Besides her husband and children left surviving her, sister Hall has twelve grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. Sister Hall is also survived by one brother, our brother John F. Oliver, of Herndon, Va., with whom many SIGNS readers are acquainted through his writings. The funeral services were held Sunday afternoon from the home of her daughter, Mrs. Shoekley, the burial being in Oakton cemetery. Quite a large gathering of friends, neighbors and relatives testified by their presence to their love and respect for sister Hall. She was a member of the Frying Pan Old School Baptist Church, having been baptized over forty years ago by Elder William M. Smoot, who was at that time numbered with our people. When he saw fit to go out from us sister Hall did not follow him, but stayed with the church at Frying Pan, and through all these years no member has been more steadfast in the faith nor more unwavering in her devotion to the cause than she has been. For several years she was a great sufferer from physical pain due to injuries received when she narrowly escaped death, once by being struck by a trolley car, and again by an automobile. Neither time did any of us expect her to survive, but she did, and lived several years thereafter, becoming strong enough to go about her round of duties and to attend the meetings of the church. At the last she succumbed no doubt to inward trouble brought on by those injuries of the past and from the shocks resulting therefrom. She was a person of wonderful vitality and splendid resolution, overcoming obstacles that would have daunted many a weaker person. All this she owed to the Lord, and she knew it. In him alone was her hope and strength and he was the support of her life, her present help in trouble. While she will be greatly missed in the family circle and in the meetings of the church, we cannot wish her back. She gave abundant evidence of her acceptance in the Beloved, and we believe her to be at rest with him.

At the funeral, by request of brother Oliver, her brother, I used as a text the first verse of the fifth chapter of second Corinthians.

ALSO,

Mrs. Matilda Middleton Starr, our sister in Christ, wife of Joseph C. Starr, daughter of Howard Middleton and the late Mary Templeman Middleton, died at her home, near Floris, Fairfax County, Virginia, February 14th, 1929. She was born February 28th, 1887. With the exception of two small children who died in early years, sister Mattie is the first of her parents' children to pass away. She was the oldest. She leaves three sisters and four brothers, besides her aged father. She was married to Joseph C. Starr in April, 1915, and went with him to live in Bedford County, Pennsylvania. After a few years there they moved to Virginia, in the vicinity of her former home. To them have been born eight children, seven of whom are living, ranging in ages from thirteen to less than two years. Our dear sister was the last person baptized by Elder E. V. White while he was pastor of the Frying Pan Church. She was firm in her belief in the doctrine of salvation by grace and in the confidence she had in Almighty God to rule all things as he pleases after the counsel of his own will. She was very faithful in her attendance at the meetings of the church and staunch in her devotion to the cause of truth. She was a clear discerner of preaching and could tell when it failed to have the right sound. She was blessed with one of the most remarkable temperaments naturally that it has ever been my privilege to know. She kept her worries and troubles to herself, mostly hiding them behind smiles and a most genial exterior. Whatever was her lot, whether of weal or woe, seemed to be accepted submissively by her without complaint or murmuring. This may not have been any credit to her, for she was just what God made her, and I am sure she wanted no credit for it, but her disposition certainly made life easier for those about her and endeared her much to all the church and her friends. Her being called from earth leaves the husband with the care of seven little children, he himself a man of well-nigh seventy years of age. A most sad and pitiful state of affairs. Mr. Starr himself knows the truth and is a better talker than he knows, on spiritual things. He has had a hope for many, many years in the grace of Christ Jesus, but has never united with the church, much to the regret of all of us who know him and who have no doubt of his standing in grace. He is now indeed a sad and lonely man and the hearts of all of us go out in sincerest regard to him in the burden that now weighs heavily upon him, not knowing what is best to do for the seven left for him to look after. His post-office address is Herndon, Virginia, and if any who read this feel like writing him a word of cheer to lighten his load, and if any feel to help him financially, I recommend his case as a worthy one to any who feel to help him in any way. He deserves it. He is not asking for it; he is no beggar. If he knew I was writing this appeal for

him I am sure he would object. Financially, they are in straits and need help. May the Lord provide for them by putting it in our hearts to do what we can for them. The Lord does these things through his creatures and by inspiring whom he will with the disposition and means of giving. He does not hand money and food right down out of the clouds.

Funeral services were held in the meetinghouse at Frying Pan, a dearly loved spot to sister Mattie. Interment in Herndon Cemetery.

H. H. L.

Sister **Bessie Gillies** was born June 1st, 1851, and died July 16th, 1928. She was the daughter of John G. and Jane Gillis. She is survived by three sisters: Mrs. Graham, of Dutton, Mrs. J. T. Kerr and Mrs. Peter Campbell, both of Iona Station, Ontario. Sister Bessie professed a hope in the mercy of God and found a home in the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada, and was baptized in Lobo October 4th, 1902, by the late Elder Carnell, from which time to the day of her death she was a consistent member, walking in love and sweet fellowship with her brethren. She learned that it is through much tribulation we enter the kingdom. Her exercise of mind seems to have begun after hearing the late Elder Wyman preach in Detroit from Malachi iii. 3: "And he shall sit as a refiner, and purifier of silver," &c. She had never heard preaching before as she did then. It pleased the Lord to subject our dear sister to much affliction and sorrow of heart, so that for nearly two years she felt to be under the fearful yet righteous hand of a just and holy God. During this time that the Lord was teaching her she was not left entirely destitute, for the Spirit applied several passages of Scripture, causing her to hope, but it was not until July 31st, 1902, that she was delivered. To use her own words: "My burden was increasing; I could not stand much more. Oh for a resting-place. I clung to those words of comfort. I prayed the Lord to make it known to me whether all this was from him, or was I deceiving myself? When suddenly I was surrounded with great power that made this body tremble, and something smote my breast with these words: I have chosen you before the foundation of the world, why doubt any more? I cried out, My Lord and my God, praise be to thy holy name, thou Lamb of God. Praise the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless his holy name for his goodness and mercy toward me. While in the midst of these praises I noticed my burden was gone, my heart was so light. I thought of Christian when the burden rolled off his back. My sins were forgiven; I was free. I felt I could not praise the Lord enough. Was there ever a greater miracle performed than what was done for me? I thought I would never doubt again, that I should always be happy, but alas, there came a time when I thought I had de-

ceived the Lord's people, deceived myself and that all this experience was imagination." Thus sister Bessie could tell of the travel of God's dear saints. Her language was the language of Canaan. She lived the life and died the death of the righteous, and her end was peace.

The writer was called for the funeral service, which was held at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Graham, of Dutton.

G. R.

Elder J. F. Tipton was born in Schuyler County, Missouri, August 28th, 1858, was married to Miss Emma J. Gage April 14th, 1886, in Monroe County, Iowa, and died September 15th, 1928, making his stay on earth 70 years and 17 days. To this union were born ten children, five boys and five girls. One girl died in 1905, leaving his wife and nine children to mourn his death, together with seventeen grandchildren living, and eight dead. Dear brother Tipton lived to see all of his children married except his two youngest boys. This dear brother professed a hope in Christ in February, 1886, and he, with his wife, later joined the Methodists, in Monona County, Iowa. In a few years they began to see the Methodists did not preach what they believed. A neighbor gave them some copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES to read and God saw fit to show them the true church about the year 1890, and brother Tipton and his wife offered themselves to the Soldiers River Primitive Baptist Church of Monroe County, Iowa, and were baptized by Elder W. M. Dickerson, of Mapleton, Iowa. The church seeing the great gift he had soon liberated him to speak to the people where God saw fit. His health became very poor because of a paralytic stroke (the writer not knowing the exact date), and he with his wife and five small children left Iowa for Montague, Texas, hoping the change might improve his health. He did receive some benefit from the move, but his affliction remained with him until God saw fit to call him home. In 1896 he, with his wife, joined by letter the Primitive Baptist Church known as Lone Star, in Montague County, Texas. In 1897 or 1898 (his wife is not sure which year) he was ordained to the full work of the ministry. A few years later he, with his family, moved to Greer County, Oklahoma, and homesteaded a place on which he lived until three or four years before his death; the four years before his death were practically all spent in Washington County, Arkansas, except a short period before his death, when his health became so bad that one of his sons went after him and brought him back to Greer County, Oklahoma. He stayed with his children here awhile and then was taken to a son's in Quay County, New Mexico, where he died September 15th, 1928, and September 16th his body was laid to rest in the Plains Cemetery. Elder Shipman, of Snyder, Texas, conducted the funeral service.

He surely was a man of God, and to know this dear brother was to love him. Brother Tipton stood solid for God's foreknowledge and predestination of all things, and on February 28th, 1909, he helped to organize and constitute Hopewell Church, at Reed, Oklahoma, and his membership remained with that church until his death. Elder Tipton was an able defender of the faith of God's elect. We were very closely associated with him for more than fifteen years and never heard him when in prayer that he failed to pray for the king on his throne or the beggar in his cottage, so we will say to sister Tipton and children and grandchildreu, Weep not as those who have no hope.

Approved by order of Hopewell Church in conference at Reed, Oklahoma, February 19th, 1929. It is the request of the church that a copy be spread on our church-book, a copy be furnished sister Tipton and a copy be sent to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

W. H. PUGH }
J. C. PRESLEY } Committee
J. D. HATCHETT }

Park C. Ferguson was born February 22nd, 1857, and died January 29th, 1929, aged 71 years, 11 months and 7 days. He was married to Malissa Ellen Gainer February 22nd, 1883, and to that union were born nine children, six sons and three daughters. His wife, one son and two daughters preceded him to the grave. He was later married to Dosa Fitzwater, September 24th, 1913, and to that union five children were born, all living. He joined the Old School Baptist Church called Leading Creek, at Montrose, West Virginia, October 24th, 1886. He leaves a wife, eleven children, two brothers, one sister and many relatives and friends to mourn his departure. He will also be sadly missed in the church.

Funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Elder J. S. Murphy, after which his body was lowered in the grave, there to await the resurrection morn.

BENTON D. MURPHY.

J. F. Fuller was born near Vellarica, Georgia, Sept. 3rd, 1853. His father moved to the State of Arkansas in 1857, and settled near where Hope, Arkansas, is now a nice town. He was married to Mattie Buros June 28th, 1876, joined the Predestinarian, or Primitive, Baptist Church at old New Hope, in Hempstead County, the third Sunday in August, 1886, and departed this life February 15th, 1928, making his stay on earth 74 years, 5 months and 12 days and was buried in the cemetery of the New Hope Church, where he had been a consistent member ever since he joined. Funeral services were conducted by Elder J. R. Rawls. Brother and sister Fuller never had any children of their own, but raised two or three sets of orphan children, to which they were as devoted as real parents. The writer had

known brother Fuller for about fifty years, and to know him was to love him. He was a man who was always meek and lowly, and would rather suffer wrong than to have trouble, always esteeming his brethren better than himself, desiring peace and trying to make peace when there was confusion. He leaves a widow to mourn for him who is a widow indeed. The church has lost a dear devoted christian brother, but heaven has gathered one of her brightest jewels, if we are left to be the judge.

Written by one who loved him, and, I hope, a brother in hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began to them that love him,

JOHN G. RATELIF.

MEMORIALS.

INASMUCH as the good Lord in his all-wise providence September 7th, 1927, took from us by death our beloved brother, **Deacon J. P. Verhines**, we, the church at Mud Creek, desire to have recorded on our Minutes our appreciation of him. He joined this church by experience and baptism September, 1888, over forty years ago. As this church is one hundred years old, he was a member of it nearly half of its existence. His whole soul was constantly for its peace and welfare, and he was always present at the meetings unless providentially hindered. He was patient and prudent in his walk and talk, always giving good admonition and encouraging the brethren and sisters to attend their meetings. We feel we can say he was a deacon in the true sense of the word. It makes us feel sad to have to give him up, yet we feel submissive to an all-wise Providence, who does all things well, and desire to thank him for the long life of our dear brother. We feel he has left behind a well spent life that we would do well to emulate. He lived and died in the faith and has gone to rest with the saints gone before. Peace be to his ashes. We desire to express our heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family. May the God that dear brother Verhines so much loved and tried to serve be with them in this sad hour and reconcile them to his holy will and keep them by his almighty power is our prayer, and when life is over with us all may we bask in the sunshine of his love and praise the Father, Son and ever-blessed Spirit in that world that has no end. Therefore be it

Resolved, that we record this on our church Minutes, and that a copy be sent to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for publication, and also a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

Done by order of the church while in session this 25th day of November, 1928.

G. M. CAMPBELL, Pastor.

L. C. CAMPBELL, Clerk.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE
"SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE
FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."**

W. A. Kelly, Ark., \$1; Annie Putnam, Iowa, \$1; C. T. Riggs, Okla., \$1; "A friend," Mo., \$1; Albert Garber, N. Y., \$2; Mrs. M. L. Rich, Texas, \$1; Elizabeth Rittenhose, N. J., \$1; George Varnes, Pa., \$1; Mrs. U. K. Hamilton, Mo., \$2; Mrs. Kate Cottrell, Ark., \$1.

M E E T I N G S .

The Middleburg Old School Baptist Church expects Elder George Ruston to be with them the fifth Sunday in March (31st), 1929. For convenience services are to be held at the home of J. E. Livingston, 64 East Main St., Cobleskill, N. Y., the Lord willing, at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. Also on Saturday before at 2 p. m. The D. & H. trains from Albany to Binghamton arrive and leave Cobleskill in convenient time for the meeting. All welcome.

ADDIE LIVINGSTON, Church Clerk.

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BAPTIST CHURCH**

ASHOKAN, N. Y.

Meetings every third Sunday

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All who are seeking the truth are
cordially invited.

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2:00 P. M.

To all who are seeking the truth, a cor-
dial invitation is extended to meet with
us.

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(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, P A .

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Preaching First and Third Sundays

ALL WELCOME

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Balti-
more, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the
meetinghouse, 210 E. Madison St., near Calvert St.
An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet
with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of
Southern California meets every third Sunday of each
month at the Swedish Lutheran church-house south-
east corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, River-
side, Calif., and at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143
W. 11th St., Claremont, Calif., on the first Sunday
of each alternate month, beginning with January,
and on every alternate month with brother Joseph
Huffman, 128 Van Buren St., Arlington, Calif. Sing-
ing at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Lunch at
the place of meeting, and continued services in the
afternoon.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Wash-
ington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sun-
day in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth
St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth
floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord
willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.,
(Standard Time) at the home of W. N. Spitzer, 11332
South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car,
111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of
line. By auto from 111th Street Highway south on
Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street, west three blocks to
end of 114th. All lovers of the truth are invited to
meet with us. Midweek song service by appoint-
ment. Pastors Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket
lunch.

EMMA BRUNOW, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

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This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL, 1929.

NO. 4.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE POTTER AND THE CLAY.

“THE word came to Jeremiah from the Lord, saying, Arise, and go down to the potter’s house, and there I will cause thee to hear my words. Then I went down to the potter’s house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hand of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. Then the word of the Lord came to me, saying, O house of Israel, cannot I do with you as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the potter’s hand, so are ye in mine hand, O house of Israel.”—Jeremiah xviii. 1-6.

“My poor clay ever wants to teach God how to be a good potter.”—Berridge. I read those words awhile ago; how similar have been my thoughts. I have many, many times prayed to the Lord to mould me as clay in the hand of the potter, that I might show forth his praise, and be just such a vessel in the service of my God as he would have me. I have thought while thus I have been praying that I was altogether sincere, and surrendered to his sovereign good pleasure, and that I was, and would be, all acquiescence to whatever shape he would fashion me, so long as I could but glorify him in my body and spirit, which are his. I thought it is

“Sweet to lie passive in his hands
And know no will but his.”

But when the Potter has wrought me upon the wheels, and this poor sinner has been in affliction, with trials, oppressions, temptations, buffetings, I have thought some other way of moulding me into some shape and making me a vessel would be better, and as Berridge says, “My poor clay ever wants to teach God how to be a good potter.” O my soul, how weak, how foolish, how presumptuous thou hast been. I feel ashamed, I blush, I hang down my head, I am in confusion; for just at this moment the words come into my mind, “Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?”—Isaiah xl. 13, 14. Mere natural clay is passive in the hands of the potter; but we poor, puny, sinful pieces of humanity would sometimes resist the Potter, cry out under his forming hands, complain at the hard usage we are subjected to upon the wheels. But how shall we poor clay resist Omnipotence? or frustrate his all-wise, and, unto his elect, the all-gracious, determinate counsel of his will? The

chosen of God are described as vessels of mercy, who, as pieces of clay are so wrought of God, they are afore prepared unto glory, and upon whom the Lord will make known the riches of his glory. (Rom. ix. 23.) This is the ultimate end of their calling, their sanctification, their redemption, their glorification in the resurrection at the last day, when in their whole spirit and soul and body they shall be conformed to the image of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord. Therefore all the fashioning of the clay, all the forming that the elect undergo in the hands of the heavenly Potter is unto God's glory, and to make them an eternal excellency. Most blessed is the knowledge for the clay to know that it is our heavenly Father who is our potter, and the clay are his children. How sacredly instructive is the scene when Israel in sore afflictions under the chastening hands of the Lord appeals unto God, saying, "But now, O Lord, thou art our father: we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand."—Isaiah lxiv. 8. An earthly potter in his work may make mistakes, and cannot always perfectly carry out his designs, but our God never makes mistakes, the thoughts of his heart stand fast forever.

"In heaven, and earth, and land, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees,
And by his saints it stands confessed
That what he does is ever best."

"Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? What if God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction: and that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory, even us, whom he hath called, not of the Jews only, but also

of the Gentiles?"—Rom. ix. 21-24. I find there can be an assent that we may give to the absolute sovereignty of God; we can at times contend for it with our lips, prove it to be taught in the holy Scriptures, and yet when God in the good pleasure of his will showeth us hard things, and giveth us tears in great measure to drink, we can fret and murmur, be angry and quarrelsome with the Lord our God. It is dreadful, shameful, but so it is. Oh how corrupt, perverse, how vile is a sinner. I, poor base clay in the hands of the Potter, have thought the Lord is moulding me to some shape; his dealings with me are such doubtless I am being made meet for some service in the household of God. Then some providence has befallen me, some new trial has been put upon me, and I have been moved, worked up in this increase of trouble. All my pleasing thoughts that I was arriving at some shape, to be a vessel of some use to honor in the church are gone, and I feel marred in the hand of the Potter, and am now a shapeless mass, no vessel at all, just a useless, confused mass of clay in tribulation upon the wheels. And I have not been as clay should be: submissive to the will of the Potter. To be in acquiescence to the moulding hands of God in his working me upon the wheels of tribulation I need our heavenly Potter to tell me, even while he doeth his pleasure with me that he is my Father, that I am his child, and that I may learn that he foreknew me from everlasting, and that he hath predestinated me to be conformed to the image of his dear Son, and that he hath called me unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus, our dear Friend, and Husband, and Savior. Oh, in the consolation of this hope there is rest in all dispensations with me, a vile transgressor. I find no pleasure in telling of those seasons of

irreconciliation to the dealings of the Lord with me; except that amidst these trying times I have proved his mercy endureth forever, that his covenant faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds, and I confess once more that it is very iniquity to quarrel with God, our heavenly Father. "Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker! Let the potsherd strive with the potsherds of the earth. Shall the clay say to him that fashioneth it, What maketh thou? or thy work, He hath no hands?"—Isaiah xlv. 9. Even when in unreconciliation to the fashioning providences of my God how I have sighed over my ways, and mourned unto our heavenly Father, and entreated that he would show me mercy, show me his covenant, that he would give me meekness, and cause me to cleave to him, that I might say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." The language of Isaiah lxiv. 8, has, in my heart, been mine: "But now, O Lord, thou art our father: we are the clay, and thou our potter; and we are the work of thy hand." Oh, it is very blessed in the aboundings of God's grace to say, Amen, Thy will be done. "This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise."—Isaiah xliii. 21. And when the apostle Paul reaches unto the heights of our glory and blessedness with Christ Jesus, when we shall be like him, and see him as he is, when we shall be glorified together with him, when mortality shall be swallowed up of life, and his elect, his redeemed, his bride, shall be presented to himself a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, but holy and without blemish, he says, "Now he that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto

us the earnest of the Spirit."—2 Cor. v. 5. The elect are God's workmanship, and his workmanship is wrought in their regeneration, and sanctification, by the renewing of their minds, by the revelation of Christ in their hearts, by the efficacy of his redemption, by the preciousness unto them of Emmanuel's atoning, sin-cleansing blood.

"Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head."

In all of which God maketh us meet to be partakers of the glory that shall be revealed, meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. Christ hath redeemed us from the power of the grave, and redeemed us from death. So, when, on the day the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed, we look for our precious Lord Jesus from heaven, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body, according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself. Then this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality. Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

"Then shall the church, the Lamb's own bride,
Both crowned and seated by his side,
Outshine the sun's meridian ray;
While Jesus, smiling at the sight,
Shall then with a supreme delight
The travail of his soul survey."

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

RALEIGH, North Carolina.

HERNDON, Va., Nov., 1928.

DEAR BRETHREN:—After filling out the subscription blank for another year's subscription to your paper I feel like writing you a few lines in regard to the language of David. David, to my mind, was a man after God's own heart, for he was almost all his lifetime praising his God. Although a sinner like other men, yet he was made to say, "Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men." I have in mind now his words, "Salvation belongeth unto the Lord: thy blessing is upon thy people. Selah."—Psalms iii. 8. David was sometimes high up on the mountain top, then again low in the valley, just like all of God's people feel to be at this day: down and up. I am now reminded of his words when he was down, he said, "I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me."—Psalms lxix. 2. Yet we hear him saying, "I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God," &c.—Psalms xl. 2, 3. David is telling in this Psalm what great things the Lord is doing for him. The modern preacher of to-day when he get up to speak tells what men are doing for the Lord in bringing souls unto God, but David is telling what the Lord hath done for him, and for all the elect of God. Yes, David, he brought me up out of an horrible pit and miry clay. This horrible pit and miry clay denotes to my mind the pit and mire of sin and degredation that the Lord found his children in when he sent his darling Son down to this lowly ground of

sin and corruption to redeem them from under the curse of the law, and to make them white in the blood of the Lamb. David not only said he brought him up out of the horrible pit and miry clay and established his goings, but he also said that he (the Lord) put a new song in his mouth, even praise unto our God, &c. When God's dear children are first brought to the knowledge of sin they find themselves in the miry clay and sinking fast, and the greater effort they make to extricate themselves from this mire of sin and degredation the lower they sink, like Peter when trying to walk on the water, and finding himself sinking fast, was made to cry out, Lord, save, I perish. David was sinking fast, yet he said he waited patiently for the Lord and he inclined unto him and heard his cry and brought him up out of the horrible pit and miry clay. There was no man there to throw down the "life line" so that he could grasp it and hold on until he was pulled out, but the Lord alone did the work. As it was said of Jacob, The Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him. David, after being delivered from his horrible condition, doubtless was made to sing sweetly, for he said, He (the Lord) hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God. My mind sometimes reverts to the times of the long passed year when I was made to rejoice in the sweet seasons of David and in his language when he said, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters," &c. All through this beautiful twenty-third Psalm David is telling what the Lord has done for him. No man's work for him to praise, but all the praise to his merciful God.

This may be the last time I shall be

able to write for your valuable paper. I am too old to write with pen and ink, so must be content to write with pencil. If you see fit to publish this in our family paper, the SIGNS, do so, if you can put it in readable shape; if not, cast it aside and all will be well with me. Pray for me, brethren, that the Lord will enable me to hold out faithful unto the end of my journey here below.

I am inclosing a letter received from Elder J. W. McClanahan some months ago, and leave it to your judgment as to publishing in the SIGNS. Elder McClanahan is, like myself, old, and it is not likely he will write much more for publication.

Your brother, I hope, in fond fellowship,

JOHN F. OLIVER.

POCA, W. Va., July 2, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER OLIVER:—To-day while thinking over many things of the past, and the many precious saints of God with whom I have been blessed to meet and hear them give a reason of their hope in the atonement of Jesus Christ on Calvary for the sins of his people, you both came into my mind with much pleasure and comfort, to think of it being a fact that I had been at your home and received of your hospitality, with a manifestation of lovingkindness to me, a poor worm of the dust. My dear brother and sister, it is of much pleasure to me oftentimes when alone to retrace my many visits among those of like precious faith with me. Now in my old age I am deprived of mingling my voice with God's little ones as I have in the past, while I am aware of the fact that the race that was set before me is almost run. Now in the eightieth year of my age, the indications are that I shall soon

leave the field of labor that I have felt the Lord called me to labor in about forty-two years ago, when my soul was filled with love to God and his little ones, as it were a mighty rushing wind, and, as it were, a voice within saying to me, You must cry. In reply I said, Lord, what must I cry? The voice within said, You must cry unto Jerusalem, telling her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned, that she hath received at the Lord's hand double for all her sins. So I have been trying to preach these many years for no other cause than to publish the name of Jesus Christ, the Savior of all who praise him for their deliverance from the land of sin and death to that bright world of glory.

Your old brother in love,

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

NEWPORT NEWS, Va., Nov. 11, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you the experience of my dear sister, N. Grace Holloway, which to me is most sweet, and I feel that others will enjoy reading it.

BERTHA C. RICHARDSON.

SALISBURY, Md., Oct. 27, 1928.

DEAR BERTHA:—It is nearly a year since I was baptized and I wrote you that I would tell you my experience when I saw you, but it seems that I have not been enabled to do so.

As a child I did not go to meeting very much. The first words that ever made an impression upon me were those in the eleventh chapter of Matthew, twenty-eighth to thirtieth verses: "Come unto me, all ye that labor," &c., taken as a text by Elder Poulson at Indiantown when I was twelve or thirteen years of age. I was visiting either Cousin George or Uncle Jim Adkins' folks, and I went

with them to the services. From that time I went to meeting if I had the opportunity; if not, it made no difference, I spent my Sundays mostly reading my school books or a novel. You used to tell me I was perfectly happy if I had a box of candy, a book and a rocking chair, and I think I was. After awhile I did attend meetings regularly, but they did not mean much to me. I tried to listen, but my mind was mostly on business. I could not understand why I should even go, but it seemed as though when services were held I wanted to go. When Ruth died it seemed the only consolation I could get was that she was a member of the church. I miss her yet. About four years or more ago I thought I would read the Bible through. I had read it some, but wanted to read it from cover to cover, but I got nothing out of it. I remember that Elder Ker said in one of his sermons at Forest Grove that if you were reading the Bible and got nothing out of it to keep on reading it, and I did. Elder Mellott used to take me with his family to the Broad Creek yearly meetings, and I thought the Saturday afternoon meetings were especially sweet, but I thought I should have told him to take some one to whom it would have meant more, yet I went. Two years ago last spring, when I had headaches so I could hardly sleep, one night these words came to me: "I know that my Redeemer liveth." (You will find them in Job xix. 25.) I supposed they were in the Bible somewhere, but did not remember of ever having seen or heard them, and I was puzzled to know what they meant, but did not want to ask any one. In December Elder Coulbourn took his text in Job and quoted and explained the above words. I went to services here in the morning, but did not always go to Forest Grove in the after-

noon, for I did not feel I had the physical strength, but there was one Sunday in the summer when I felt I could go. On the way home I was miserable and could hardly run the car. I was rounding the curve at Walston's when I seemed to be struck with the words, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." I came home to find them in Job xiii. 15. I did not stay home any more, and even went to all the yearly meetings from Welsh Tract to Messongoes, and wondered where my strength came from. The sermons of Elders Lefferts and Dodson last year at the association at Delmar touched me deeply, and on the following Saturday morning while at work I burst out crying and it seemed I could not stop. I wondered what was wrong with me, and the answer was, Your sins have found you out. If ever mortal tasted the bitter dregs of degradation I did, and if any one ever needed to cry out, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner, I did. You were never so low, were you? The first of the week hope came in the hymn, "I love the Lord; he heard my cries, and pitied every groan." I did not remember ever having seen or heard the hymn. The next Saturday was meeting day, and a day or two before the meeting Miss Minnie called me over the phone and said she heard Elder Coulbourn was not coming, and asked me if I knew anything about it. I could not answer her for a moment, then I said, I think he will be here. He came, and well do I remember the text: "Then Agrippa said unto Paul, Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." I went before the church that afternoon, but I could not talk much for the tears streaming down my face. Little did I think that it would be that way, for Grace likes to hold her head up, but with a broken heart, and in humiliation, I had to go.

After communion the next day I started to walk down the aisle and a peace came over me that is inexpressible; it seemed as though I could hardly walk lest I lose it. I thought, If heaven is like this I shall not mind when the time comes for me to depart from this earth. As I neared the door I looked back, vain thoughts came into my mind and it was gone.

In love,

GRACE HOLLOWAY.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Jan. 15, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LIEFFERTS:—Brother and companion in tribulation. I read with much interest your editorial on the entering of the new year. Much, very much, that you have experienced in your labors of love among the churches of our faith and order, became vividly associated with my own thoughts and impressions on the subject at times during the long period of nearly sixty-eight years in which, and in much weakness, I have been trying to set forth Christ as the way, the truth and the life, the only name given among men whereby we must be saved. To raise my family, clothe and educate them, and at the same time try to respond to all the Macedonian calls, it has always been necessary for me to have an income from different kinds of secular employment to meet the expenses of my growing family. Even to do this we had to do away with all thoughts of extravagance. Brought up without even a good primary education in the country schools of three-quarters of a century ago, I could not think of my children having to start out into the world to do for themselves without a good collegiate education that would help them whether we could do anything more for them or not. This we succeeded in doing, and my three daugh-

ters, two of them taught in the public schools, and the other was a competent music teacher and made her way in that work. Now they are all married and settled in life and have families and are in comfortable circumstances. My son, the youngest member of the family, and now past fifty years of age, became, and now is, a successful business man of Mattoon, Illinois. Now, my brother, I could not possibly have done so much for my family had I been compelled to give up my secular work and depend entirely on the free-will offering of the churches that I labored for since 1864, the time I was ordained and began serving churches as pastor, &c. I was born and raised on a farm, and all but fourteen years of my life have been spent on the farm. For nearly forty years my farm lay adjoining a railroad station. I thus lived on the farm and built up a business that helped out more than the farm. Now my age, nearly ninety-one, is such that I can get out but little during the late fall and winter months. During the spring and summer I get out more, but am not as active as I once was. You probably are aware that I lost my companion of nearly sixty-five years. It will be two years ago the 28th of this month (January) that she gently and peacefully fell asleep in the blessed Jesus in whom she had professed a hope many years ago. Of course the old home was then broken up. I am now with my oldest daughter, who is a widow, which is my winter home. As soon as the mother passed away, I broke up and turned everything over to the children and let them divide it among themselves, which they did, except a reservation of enough for the income to give me all I need in the few days I may yet sojourn on earth. Brother Liefferts, what I have

done does not reflect upon the churches for which I labored. There are but a few instances that I can recall where they did not give me as they had been blessed in basket and in store. I am glad you brought out the subject just as you did, and trust you will still go on as head of the editorial staff. May God bless you and direct you.

Your brother,

J. G. SAWIN.

[I HAVE not brother Sawin's permission to publish the inclosed personal letter to me, but feel sure he will not object, because it has been such a comfort to me, and I want to share it with others of the SIGNS fellowship. Deeply do I appreciate the understanding sympathy of brother Sawin, and also of brother J. I. Foster, of Texas, whose letter appeared in the March number, and the exceedingly kind and encouraging letters I have received from various parts of the country since my article in the January number. I had no idea that my feeble and inadequate articles in the SIGNS had touched such deep responsiveness in the hearts of our readers and subscribers. These expressions of love and fellowship have come to me at a time of deep discouragement and have been worth more than money to me. Your kind and understanding words have made me feel that I must keep on the best I can, with the Lord's help. Thus I feel to say that as long as you need me to serve you, and so long as the Lord may spare me to do so, I am dedicated to your service. I should like to answer each one personally, to acknowledge each, and separately, the many letters that have come to me, but I ask you one and all to kindly accept this brief note from me as my thanks for all you have said and done for me, in lieu of a person letter from me to each of you.—H. H. L.]

HARDING, West Virginia.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH:—I feel that I would like to write a few words for our family paper, which seems to me like a large table spread in God's house, around which we all gather to partake of the precious things which Christ has given to his servants to place thereon for our comfort and encouragement. When we with humility receive those refreshing viands we are filled with gladness, and praise to the Comforter who so graciously provides them, and have sweet fellowship for those who serve them to us. February number of the SIGNS has come to us laden with the precious fruits of the Spirit, manifested in both editorial and correspondence. In less than fifteen months death claimed one sister and two of my brothers. Two of them were members of the Valley Church with us, the other one had been taught to trust in the Lord and was a firm believer in the doctrine we advocate. The lives they lived and their faith in God are evidence that they have gone to rest. The last one taken will be sadly missed in our lives and in the church. It made me feel as one of old said, "All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me," but after reading brother L. L. Schenck's letter in the SIGNS I was comforted by the thought that the precious feet of Jesus had walked over and conquered those billowy waves, and when we feel ourselves being overwhelmed by them, or sinking as Peter did, like him we cry to Jesus for help, and he takes our hand and leads us to the ship of safety and immediately guides it to the shore. After reading brother Lefferts' good letter to sister Hellings I, too, realized that it is indeed a blessing to have been fellowshipped by those whom we have esteemed as true followers of the Lord, in believing they have entered into their

rest our hope is strengthened. The above mentioned letters were not written for me, but they became as bread cast upon the waters and were carried by the waves from shore to shore. Doubtless many others, like myself, have been fed and strengthened thereby, and after many days when it shall return may is comfort and encourage your hearts also. Elder Chick's letter made me feel that "he, being dead, yet speaketh." When we can feel as brother Chick did, that the Lord fights all our battles for us, it is an entering into the rest that remains to his people. One of the apostles said, Cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you. He says it is only when we are humbled and occupy the lowly places that we ever do really bless God. I, too, have felt that our hearts have to be crushed and bleeding, as it were, before we can render unto God the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving due to him, and own that all his ways are just and right, and that whatever he does is best for us and will redound to his honor and glory.

On account of the isolated condition of the few members of our church and the location of our church-house we have no services during the winter months. It is a long time to be without gospel preaching. I believe that many readers of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES whose only preaching is through its columns can understand how I feel about it. When I have the opportunity it is a real pleasure to entertain the brethren and sisters in my home, as Martha when she entertained Jesus, also many women spoken of by the apostles who ministered unto them. Many times when I am shut off from hearing the gospel preached for months, then am blessed again with the privilege of assembling with those I love for the truth's sake, I have such a longing to hear them

preach or talk at the homes where we are entertained that I want to sit at the feet of Jesus, as Mary did, and feed upon his gospel ministered unto us by his servants. This is one of the heavenly places in Christ Jesus.

We are glad that Elder Lefferts can remain on the editorial staff of the SIGNS, and hope the Lord will yet open a way that will give him the time and inclination to assist in the editorial writing. We feel we are blessed in having a staff of editors who are sound in faith and well qualified to uphold the cause of the Lord Jesus. I sincerely hope the readers of the SIGNS may fully realize the importance of such a publication and be willing to sacrifice something less needful to them and to the cause in order to pay their subscriptions on time, so the publishers may be able to carry on their work as they have so faithfully done in the past. May the Lord enable us all to give more liberally for the support of our pastors, that they may have time to exercise the gift of their holy calling as the Holy Spirit may direct, and to read, and, as Paul told Timothy, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." May the children of God everywhere hold his cause above riches and every earthly gain, remembering Christ's words to Peter, Lovest thou me more than these.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

(MRS.) E. E. WORKMAN.

BENSON, N. C., Nov. 1, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing a copy of two good letters for your disposal. One is from Elder R. Lester Dodson and the other is from Mrs. Lizzie F. Anderson. Sincerely,

ELIZABETH H. BARBOUR.

RUTHERFORD, N. J., Nov. 12, 1927.

DEAR SISTER BARBOUR:—I feel very unworthy of even the notice of such as yourself, and why you should write to me from time to time and express love and fellowship for me I do not know. If I could show more of the spirit of humility and meekness, and be as reconciled to my heavenly Father's will as you appear to be, it would seem I might make some claim to the fellowship of the brethren, but I am at best but a lump of clay in the great Potter's hand and have to be fashioned as seemeth good unto him to fashion me. Sometimes I am made to feel that he does condescend to those of low estate and that he blesses me to speak and write to the honor of his name and the comfort of his people. That you have been comforted and edified by my writings is an evidence to me of his having been mindful of his servant, though unworthy as I feel to be. I am also glad you are enabled to glean some precious food to your hungry soul from the book "Predestination." As you know, about the only part I had in the matter was to help gather and have published the able writings of others, and even in this I feel to hope the dear Lord directed my mind, and I have been assured from many sources time and again that he has stamped his seal of approval upon it, and this fills me with gratitude to him for all his benefits toward me. But what shall I render unto him in return? "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to thy cross I cling," is all that I can say.

I regret to learn of any impairment in your physical eyesight, but though it may and must grow dim, I hope the eyes of your spiritual understanding may ever be clear in beholding that highway wherein the redeemed of the Lord walk.

Really, I thank you for your good let-

ter, and pray God may bountifully bestow upon you such blessings as you may stand in need of.

Yours in a precious hope,

R. LESTER DODSON.

WILSON, N. C., Sept. 30, 1928.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Many times have I thought of you, and many times planned to write, since receiving your sweet letter in April, but as the days go by I am more painfully conscious that I am nothing and less than nothing and vanity. Two weeks ago to-day I visited a church in the country which I had never visited before. I had a very enjoyable time, but during the day several people spoke to me about my writings, and kindly said they wanted me to write again. Well, you know I do appreciate that, but it makes me feel sad because I know what a sinful creature I am, and how can such an one ever make another attempt to write anything that would be of any consolation to the Lord's afflicted and poor people. Almost all of my letters seem to be a complete failure, and I wonder sometimes if you are disappointed in me and thoroughly disgusted, but for some unknown cause you seem to put up with my short comings, and, too, there seems to be some deep understanding between us, even though we can never fully express it, for you said in one of your letters, "Most of the time I am so empty of everything that is good that it seems my letters are more of a nuisance than anything else." You said also, "Many of my trials are so much of an earthly nature." How true that is with me. We seem to be traveling the same road. I am made to wonder if we have truly entered in at the strait gate and are traveling the narrow way which leadeth unto life. Are we among the few there be

that find it? I trust that it is so. At the end of the journey may we be able to say with Paul, I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith, and may we enter that city which hath foundations, whose maker is God. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

I should have very much liked to have attended the association at Benson, especially to have seen you again, but there really were several reasons which prevented my going. Cannot you come to our association, which convenes the fourth Friday, Saturday and Sunday in October, at Upper Broad Creek, near Lucama? I hope to attend, and would be very glad to meet you there.

Well, I have enjoyed trying to write to you, but do not know that you can get anything from it. Physically, I am real well now, and do desire to be thankful, but oftentimes I am mentally sick from worry.

Trusting that you are as well as usual, and that your eyesight has improved, I remain as ever, your friend,

LIZZIE F. ANDERSON.

BELINGTON, W. Va., Feb. 18, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have been so long sending in my remittance for the SIGNS I feel to offer an apology, or rather to express to you my gratitude and appreciation of your kind forbearance of my seeming negligence; but truly it has not been a mere matter of neglect, but a very serious proposition with me as to whether I should write and have it discontinued or allow it to keep on coming, not knowing just how or when I could pay for it. I have thought for the last couple of

years that owing to financial conditions I would be compelled to give it up, and on one occasion intimated such thoughts to a dear sister. A month or so later, to my surprise, I found the date on my paper changed and my subscription extended, and my cup was filled to overflowing. Though I tried, I never could express my feelings for such unmerited lovingkindness. I was humbled and my heart was filled with gratitude, not only to the donor, but to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, to whom this dear precious sister would join me in rendering praise and thanksgiving for his lovingkindness and tender mercy to us at all times. So at last I am sending a check to cover another year's subscription, which will soon be out, and whether or not I shall be able to renew again the dear Lord only knows. I hope it may be his will to provide a way, but should I not renew promptly you are at liberty to discontinue it at any time, and I prefer that you do, as I do not want to get so far in arrears. Many times have I thought to write for its discontinuance, but each attempt has proven such a task that I have never been able to finish it. To do so really seems like discarding a much loved member of the family, it having been in the family so long. I can hardly remember when father began taking it, some time in the eighties, I think, and continued it as long as he lived. Since then it has been coming regularly to our home, we never having missed, to my recollection, but one copy, and that was the issue for last November. For many years its coming has been looked forward to with pleasure and anxiety, and since it has pleased the good Lord to call home my dear husband it has been my chief companion—meat and drink to my weary, heavy laden soul.

Thanks to our heavenly Father for such worthy and efficient editors and contributors, whose sweet messages are like the refreshing dewdrops on the withering plant. They tell the same sweet story, old, but ever new, of Jesus, our Savior and King, who suffered and died that we might live. Can it be he died for me? I, who am so vile and sinful, not worthy to speak his name, or even look toward heaven, yet cry unto him continually for mercy. No other help I know, nothing but the blood of Jesus can save a poor sinner like me.

I bid you all Godspeed. May his grace abide with you and ever enable you to fill its columns with the same precious truth the SIGNS has always stood for. To all the dear loved ones who know my weak frame, how lonely and isolated from church privileges I am, and those to whom I am indebted for greetings and letters, I would, but cannot, write, so please do not think me ungrateful, but cast the mantle of charity over my seeming indifference, and if you have a fruitful mind and feel to share it with unworthy me, either by pen or with a friendly visit, it will be gladly received. Your loving messages are healing balm to my wounded spirit, sweet incense to my drooping soul. To all the dear household of faith, love and greetings in the Lord. Pray for me.

With an earnest desire for the peace and welfare of Zion, I submit these very imperfect lines, which fall so far short of the purpose intended that I hesitate to send them. Do with them as you see fit. If you deem them unfit for publication cast them in the wastebasket and pardon the effort.

In hope of immortality beyond this vale of tears, from the very least, if one at all,

(MRS.) F. W. GAINER.

MACOMB, Okla., Dec. 10, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—Another year has passed and I am still left here in this world of sin and suffering, for some purpose I know not what, but God has a purpose in all things, and it is his will that I stay here. I pray he will give me grace to sustain me through the trials and temptations of this life.

I wish to thank you for your kindness in sending me the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for the past year. It has been of great comfort and pleasure to me, for I love the doctrine it advocates. The only thing that grieves me is that I am not financially able to help you send your good paper, but I am the poorest of the poor in this world's goods, still I have a sweet hope I have cherished for forty years that I am a child of a rich King, and if so

“How sweet to reflect on the joys that await me
In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
Where glorified spirits in rapture will greet me,
And lead me to mansions prepared for the blessed.”

Jesus says, In my Father's house are many mansions. How often it comes to my mind, Is there one for me? Am I one of the blessed? But I have many doubts and fears, for I feel so unworthy of such a great blessing. Paul says, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. I love God because he hath heard my pleadings for mercy and hath forgiven my sins and given me a hope that I am one of those his dear Son shed his precious blood for that I might have eternal life. Jesus says, I will not leave you comfortless; I will come again. Let not your heart be troubled; neither let it be afraid. Jesus has given us many precious promises. John says, We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. I know I love the church better than anything on

earth, and nothing gives me more pleasure than to meet the brethren and sisters in love and fellowship, though I do not feel worthy of a home with such good people, yet I have a hope they will bear with me if they can, but if they should turn away from me where would I go? I love the Old Baptists with a different love than I have for any others, and I hope it is the love of God in my heart that makes me love them. I love the doctrine of the absolute predestination of all things whatsoever come to pass. I believe God has a purpose in all things. I love the SIGNS OF THE TIMES because it teaches the doctrine that Jesus taught. I very much enjoyed brother Lefferts' editorial in the August number; in fact, I enjoyed all the good letters.

"Oh happy day, when saints shall meet,
To part no more! the thought is sweet!
No more to feel the rending smart,
Oft felt below when christians part."

I am now in my seventy-ninth year and have been greatly afflicted for the past two years. Paul says that our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more and exceeding weight of glory. It is needful for us to be afflicted lest we forget God, from whom all our blessings come. He says that in our afflictions we will seek him early.

Dear editors, I will bring my letter to a close, for it is like the writer, very imperfect. If you think it worthy of space you may publish it; if not, just throw it aside. I only thought to write a few lines to thank you for sending me the SIGNS, but have written as my mind has directed me. I ask the prayers of all the saints that I may never do anything to bring reproach upon the church I love so well.

With love and fellowship to all the readers of the SIGNS, I am your unworthy sister, in hope of eternal life,

M. E. HARRIS.

MONROE, Ga., Feb. 5, 1929.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am impressed to greet my fellow-citizens of the household of faith in a short letter to those who read the SIGNS. Being afflicted, and in my eightieth year, feeling that I am rounding out my career in this world, I am still remembering that your company has been dear and your union sweet since I entered this warfare fifty-six years ago. I hope that we have been made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus many times. I had planned to visit up north and east for one more time, in the spring of 1929, but the prospect looks gloomy now, yet we know that all our times and our destiny are in the hands of God, and that all has been fixed according to his will, decree, purpose counsel and predestination. We may rest assured that his perfect wisdom and power are working all things together for good to all his people. We feel that this blessed relationship with those born of that incorruptible seed by the word of God, when we are in company with each other, is made manifest by the oneness of sentiment expressed. Often I feel that you have a key which unlocks my very being so I can see plainly the Lord has been our dwelling-place in all generations and that his name is a strong tower into which we run and are safe. I have been wondering whether we shall be made bold enough to continue to meet all the opposition being brought against the truth. I have been instructed by some of our best brethren not to discuss predestination among them. Inasmuch as the apostle has instructed us that all Scripture is given by inspiration, and that it is profitable for doctrine, can it be possible that this one part of the truth has become unprofitable and should be discarded? I think of Peter's boldness when the enemy wanted

him to cease discussing the doctrine of Christ. He said, Whether we obey you or God, judge ye. I love to think of his boldness in continuing in the doctrine which he had both seen and heard, and of the result of it when he was in prison: the angel with the light, the chains falling away, his putting on his clothes and following the messenger through the gate that opened mysteriously before them, of the damsel who heard Peter's knocking at the gate and recognized his voice, and who announced his coming and his safety to those within the house who seemed to be holding a prayer meeting. No doubt this damsel had heard Peter's voice before, probably in preaching. Is not this sweet testimony? I can say the same about your voices that I have heard. Tears of joy fall when I think of you. Yes, surely the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God and live. Now, to those whom I have seen and whose voices I have heard, as well as to those I have neither seen nor heard, may you remember me, a poor sinner.

Yours to serve,

JAMES M. ADAMS.

LOS ANGELES, California.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I feel that I would like to write a few lines concerning the late Deacon G. W. Horner, for since his death many things have come to my mind. The faithful as well as the unfaithful must sooner or later go from us, but God is able to raise up others. He never has nor ever will be left without a witness. Ever since I first knew brother Horner he was to me a source of comfort and inspiration. To describe his godly walk and christian virtues is but another way of telling how God works in his people both to will and to do of his good pleasure. As he very

often said, It is not I, but the grace of God that is with me. Brother Horner was one of the most spiritually-minded men I ever met, and it was like heaven below to spend time with him talking about Jesus and his love. Brother Horner had no enemies, yet any one who contends for the truth as earnestly and conscientiously as he did is bound to be misunderstood sometimes. On the occasion of his funeral there was a large number of his friends met to pay their last tribute of respect to him. After reading and prayer by Elder Walker Elder Arledge preached and beautifully described the resurrection and the glory that shall be revealed in his saints. There was hardly a dry eye in the audience. His body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Sawtell, California, to await the glad morning when our vile bodies shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of our dear Redeemer. He leaves to mourn their loss his wife, two sons, two daughters and a host of friends.

Dear Elder Lefferts, I have written this at the earnest request of his dear wife, and I hope you will see fit to publish it; not as an obituary, for one has already been published, but as a token of love and esteem for him and the cause he loved so well.

Written in loving remembrance by an unworthy brother,

I. E. OSBURN.

BELLVILLE, N. J., Feb. 5, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER DODSON:—If you will pardon me for thus addressing you. I have often felt to be such a sinner that I could not call any of God's little ones by that title. I feel as if there was not enough said Sunday for you people to receive me. I would like to express myself as some do, but am unable. I felt

myself to be a sinner thirteen years ago. Elder Charles Evans preached at Weatherford Church, in Virginia. He used as a text Revelation xxii. 17: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." I was then twelve years of age and that Scripture has been with me many times since. I went on from time to time all wrapped up in worldly things. I would beg the Lord for mercy when I was out in large gatherings. I would say when I got home, I will not go to that place any more, but in a short while I would be back there. I went on in that way until four years ago. I was in a hospital and underwent an operation and was suffering a great deal. I found myself begging for mercy; I closed my eyes, thinking I could not rest. I was crying aloud for the Lord to have mercy on me, a sinner. I opened my eyes to find the doctors and nurses standing by my bed and wondering, I guess, what was wrong with me. My doctor said, You are not sick? I said, Not now. I came home and asked my husband if it would be any trouble for him to take me to meeting. We went to the meetinghouse on Home Street, and there I found that those people were my people, and their God my God. They were strangers in the flesh, but I felt they were not strangers in the Spirit. From that day I have wanted to be baptized. There have not been many times in the four years when the subject of baptism was not on my mind. It has been a pleasure to sit and mingle with God's children, and how thankful I am that I can sit among you. I can say with Ruth, "Entreat 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."

I must now close or I will weary you, for this is like the writer, very imperfect. But by the grace of God I am what I am.

Unworthily,

JENNIE SHORT.

[THE writer of the above letter was baptized the second Sunday in February, 1929, into the full fellowship of the Ebenezer Church in New York city.—ED.]

CAREY, Texas, Feb. 8, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed please find check for three dollars, two dollars for SIGNS OF THE TIMES and one dollar to help towards sending the paper to "the poor of the flock." My mother is sending the one dollar. She is seventy-five years of age and has been united with the Old Baptists for over thirty years. She is almost blind and helpless, but still loves the doctrine the SIGNS sets forth. When she could see she read her Bible a great deal and it seemed to be her great delight. Her name is Mrs. M. L. Rich. If you should see fit to publish this letter and any of the brethren or sisters who know her should read it, I will say to them, Please write to her.

Dear editors, will you, or some of the brethren or sisters who write for the SIGNS give your views on the two witnesses, spoken of in the eleventh chapter of Revelation? Mother talks a great deal about it, and wants to know who these two witnesses are. Mother's address is Mrs. M. L. Rich, Carey, Texas.

Your little sister, in hope of eternal life,

(MRS.) L. L. ARNOLD.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL, 1929.

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"AND when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."

It appears to us that we wrote on this subject previously quite awhile ago. However that may be, we shall attempt it again, not knowing what we wrote before, and making no attempt to recall it.

The ancient meaning of the "disciple" was that of a student in a school. Modernly, the word has come to mean a follower. Taking it in its original sense, a disciple of Jesus Christ is one who is a student in the school of Christ. The school of Christ teaches by experience due to the operation of the Holy Spirit in the soul of the spiritual learner. Our text gives three qualifications of a disciple, or of one who follows Jesus through learning of him. First, the will to follow; second, the denial of self; third,

taking up his cross. The truth as to what constitutes a true follower of Jesus is one of the most vital concerns of living characters. There is so much nominal profession of Christ-following in the world, so much lip-service to God among men, that it is with much anxiety and searching of heart that true believers inquire to know whether they are really following Jesus or merely thinking they do. There must first be the will to follow him. "Whosoever will come after me." Only of those who have the will to follow Jesus are self-denial and cross-bearing required. The word "will" may mean determination or it may mean desire. Of God, when he wills to do a thing, it is meant that he determines to do it. However, in this instance the "will" means desire. This can be verified by going back to the original Greek word which is here translated "will." That original word means "desire." In the same sense, Paul said that to will was present with him, but how to perform the good he found not. He did not mean that he was able to determine to do good, but that he desired the good. The first requisite of a follower of Jesus is having the desire or prayerful wish to come after him. The natural man is full of desires, but this is not one of them. No man of himself alone can possibly have any desire to follow Jesus in the true sense. As water seeks its own level and cannot rise above its source, so no human soul can do aught but seek its own satisfaction in natural things, and is without power to transcend the Adamic head from which its being is derived. The natural man knows nothing of the things of God, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned. Jesus at one time told the Jews, "Ye will not come to me, that ye might have life." By this he did

not mean the Jews could have come if only they had determined to do so. No, he meant they had no desire for him, nor for anything Jesus had to give. "Having no desire, they had no life. The absence of desire to come to Jesus proved them still to be dead in sin. Had they possessed spiritual life they would have had pantings of soul to come after him. Life is always the antecedent of activity. No souls can aspire after divine things except they be quickened with and into the life of God. These hungerings and thirstings after Christ and his righteousness are themselves blessings, because they evidence eternal life in the souls thus moved.

Granted then that the soul by the Holy Spirit has been given the will or desire to be Jesus' disciple, we pass on to the self-denial. Again going back to the original language out of which the New Testament was translated, we find the expression, "deny himself" means self-renunciation. It does not mean self-denial such as is meant by most people who talk about denying themselves. It is not denying self at one point or in one direction in order to gratify that same self in some other way. It means painfully more than this. It is the renouncing of the whole natural self. Jesus was verily God and verily man. He had his own will as a man, but it was not his man-will he came to do. He came to do his Father's will and to finish his work. His man-will was totally denied in order to satisfy the God-will. Even when he cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass," that had to be denied, and he acquiesced divinely, saying "Not as I will, but as thou wilt." Just look down the list of those who were Christ's true disciples when he walked on the earth, and you will find not a single one of them who became his disciple

through their own natural volition. Peter and Andrew and Philip, James and John, and others, all followed him because they were powerless to resist his call. They tried to draw back and to make excuses, but all to no avail. On the other hand, there was one who came to Jesus and volunteered to be his disciple. This one Jesus rejected. No volunteer can serve in the army of the Lord. All are enlisted therein by the effectual calling of divine grace. Certainly Saul of Tarsus had never a thought of becoming Jesus' follower. Such a thought, if he had ever had it, was odious to his natural and pharisaical self. However, that self of Saul's was utterly renounced, and we find him in consequence "the great apostle to the Gentiles." It is an utter impossibility for any follower of Jesus of himself to deny himself. Since it takes an absolute renouncing of self, divine grace must do it. The strength of grace takes the believer's natural life and self and places them upon the altar to serve God's own purpose and glory. This is not upon a bloody altar. Only Jesus himself was offered bloodily. An altar of incense is the place of our offering. As Jesus offered his own body without spot to redeem his people from their transgressions, so his Spirit in his followers causes them to render their bodies living sacrifices unto him, their reasonable service in view of what great things he has in mercy done for them.

This brings us to the third factor in discipleship, that of cross-bearing. Jesus says, Let him take up his cross. Notice, "his cross," not "my cross." Not one could bear Jesus' cross, nor does God require that any should, only a part of the way. Simon of Cyrene might be made to bear the cross of Jesus, but not for long. The suffering and the bleeding

and the dying for sin, no Simon could bear. It must be the lot of the Redeemer alone. However, each follower of Jesus is required to bear his own personal and peculiar cross. With all of Christ's followers there is the cross of the Spirit against the flesh, of the old man of sin against the new man of the heart. All true disciples know this by experience. Not all may suffer it to the same degree, but all must know it in their measure. No child of God is exempted from fighting in that holy war staged on the battleground of man's soul. Aside from this conflict between the flesh and the Spirit, there is the peculiar cross which each follower, himself or herself, must bear. Some are called to leave family connections and earthly kindred and friends in this following of Jesus. Some witness the perishing of earthly ambition and of worldly advancement. Some undergo the disuse of their natural talents according to which they might have won some measure of ease and convenience to themselves, in order to serve arduously in the vineyard of the Lord. Still others meet with persecution and misunderstanding at the hands of their brethren, because of their unselfish honesty in standing loyally to their gracious convictions. Against heavy odds, in the midst of barrenness of mind and destitution of soul, in the midst of dwindling churches and congregations and faced with coldness and indifference, still others labor on. Other followers are those who are called to bear the cross of frail bodies and failing health, often in heart-breaking poverty and in isolated circumstances. Some there are who have the cross of not being near churches of their own faith and order, who are denied church privileges, who never meet an un-

derstanding heart or shake the hand of a fellow in the Spirit. In one way or another, each true follower of Jesus has his or her especial cross. The result at the end of all this spiritual learning in the school of Jesus is that the flesh and self are all used up that Jesus may be all in all. All is for the glory of God and not for the gratifying of man. If this following could be of one's self and the result of one's own efforts, one might have something in which to glory before God. But not so. "We are unprofitable servants." God only is glorified. H. H. L.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

THE Primitive Baptist Home will be opened in Salisbury, Maryland, the early part of May. Members and friends within the bounds of the churches composing the Eastern Associations are eligible to enter.

Please direct all requests for information to Cyrus Risler, Secretary, 904 Ogden Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DEATH OF ELDER P. G. LESTER.

OUR hearts were saddened to learn of the death of Elder P. G. Lester, but as yet we have received no obituary notice for publication in the SIGNS.

WATCH YOUR DATES.

WE wish to request our subscribers when sending in their subscriptions to see that the date on the little pink slip bearing their address is changed. If not changed, please let us know immediately (for that signifies you have not been given credit for the money sent) and we will look into the matter. By consulting that date you can tell at a glance to what time your subscription is paid. Dec. 29 means that your subscription is paid to December, 1929; June 28 means your subscription is only paid to June, 1928, &c.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by brother George R. Tedford.)

The Maine Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Bowdoinham Church, Bowdoinham, Maine, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1928, to the churches of which she is composed, and the meetings and associations with which she corresponds, sends greetings in the Lord.

DEARLY ESTEEMED BRETHERN:—It is my lot to again address you with what we call a Circular Letter. The things pertaining to the children of God are hid from the wise and prudent and are revealed unto babes. This must be a most important and wonderful thing, for the dear Savior rejoiced in spirit and thanked the Father that it is so. (Matt. xi.) How good it is for the babes. If these things were to be given according to our ability to learn and to understand them, and our worthiness to receive them, then the babes and others that are weak and poor and helpless would come short altogether. So there comes a time in the experience of every child of God when he feels he has great reason to join with the Savior in thanks to the Father that these are revealed only to babes. Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God. One who is newly born is a babe. The wise and prudent cannot see the kingdom of God by virtue of any powers that they possess in their natural minds, and cannot therefore talk understandingly about anything belonging to that kingdom, for they do not know anything about it. As the apostle says, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. ii. 14. It was God's purpose that it should be so. In the wis-

dom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, and this is the only reason ever given, or ever to be given, for anything which the Lord does. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight. But the babes can prattle and talk sweetly and understandingly about these things, for they know them, they are born into them. These babes do not know that they are talking most clearly the language of Canaan any more than the natural babe knows it is talking the language of its mother. Farewell.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The Maine Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Bowdoinham Church, at Bowdoinham, Maine, September 7th, 8th and 9th, 1928, sends christian greetings to the sister associations and meetings of our correspondence.

DEAR BRETHERN:—Again it has been our great privilege to meet your messengers and receive your correspondence, which we greatly appreciate and hope to have continued. Elder D. L. Topping was with us all three days, Elder R. Lester Dodson Friday and Saturday, and brother C. V. Hill Saturday and Sunday. We all felt to be wonderfully blessed in listening to these dear brethren, for they came laden with food that feeds hungry souls, and we pray that God will bless them.

Our next session is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday before the second Monday in September, 1929, the place of meeting will be given in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, when we hope to meet your messengers again.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

William H. Wicks was born January 1st, 1840, and died October 7th, 1928, aged 88 years, nine months and 6 days. Mr. Wicks died from the infirmities of advanced age, yet he was confined to his home but a very short time before the summons came. It had been his custom for many years to hold family reunions, so Sunday, October 7th, about one hundred relatives and friends gathered at his home to pay their respects to "Uncle Will," as many called him. It was then apparent that his stay upon earth could not be much longer. Some of his relatives thought it better not to hold the reunion at that time, but no persuasion could turn his mind, saying, I can hear their voices, and it must go on, even though I cannot talk with them. Many of them had not reached their homes before his spirit had ceased to strive with mortal flesh and had returned to God who gave it, passing out in peaceful slumber to where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Mr. Wicks was united in marriage to Miss S. Emeline Jenkins about forty years ago. Shortly thereafter they went to West Philadelphia, at which place they lived happily in the love of one another. About the year 1917 they returned to the old neighborhood, near the Rock Springs meetinghouse, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. Mr. and Mrs. Wicks were not members of the church, yet they knew of no greater joy than to meet with the Lord's people in praise to his holy name. Baptists always found a hearty welcome in their home, and we are saddened by the thought of such homes being closed to the Lord's dear ones, yet he is able to open up others, and we trust it may be his pleasure to do so. Mrs. Wicks preceded Mr. Wicks to the great beyond, her death occurring July 14th, 1921, she being in her seventy-eighth year. Mrs. Wicks was one of thirteen children of the well-known Jenkins family of Rock Springs Church. Of this large family there are but four left upon the shores of time: sister S. R. Dance, of Towson, Md., sister Lillie Jenkins, of Rock Springs, Pa., Mrs. Maggie Day, of Philadelphia, Pa., and David Jenkins, near Rock Springs. Mr. Wicks was of a very cheerful disposition and was much thought of in the community, and was especially beloved by the members of Rock Springs Church, which he showed by his actions was dear to his heart. He seldom missed a meeting, though he was not able to walk without support. Our hearts are sad when we think that we shall see him no more in our midst, yet for him, we have no doubt, to depart is far better. When talking to him about his hope in Jesus, I said, Uncle Will, do you not feel sometimes like coming to the church? His answer was, I did years ago, but now I am so unfit I do not think I ever will. Years have passed but I still remember how these words came to my ears: He that hath begun a good work in you

will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, and he said this is my hope that he will. I believe he did.

His body was laid to rest in the Rock Springs Church cemetery, there to await the summons from on high. The writer tried to speak to a large congregation of relatives and friends that had gathered to pay their last respects to one for whom death had ended a well spent life. I used the twenty-third Psalm as the basis for my remarks.

ALSO,

Professor Milton B. Wicks, for many years a leading educator in Philadelphia, was a brother of William H. Wicks. Professor Wicks was a native of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, and was buried in the Rock Springs Church cemetery. At the time of his death he was survived by his widow, one daughter and one son, Clayton. His widow was the fifth daughter of George and Susan J. Jenkins. Sister Wicks was baptized by the late Elder William Grafton September 11th, 1881, and was a worthy member of the Rock Springs Church until the time of her death, which occurred May 15th, 1923, at the age of 73 years. Sister Wicks delighted in entertaining her Baptist friends, which was also the delight of the Professor, and many were the enjoyable hours spent in talking of the wonderful works of God, among the children of men, while in their home. It has been said by those who have had the pleasure of visiting in their home that even the chairs seem to say, Welcome. The Professor was not a member of the church, yet he loved the church of God and the order of the Lord's house, which he proved by his willingness to uphold that which was most dear to his heart. He was seventy-five years of age at the time of his death.

Written by request.

D. L. TOPPING.

Jesse B. Snyder, our brother in Christ, departed this earthly life at his home near Plum Run, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, February 24th, 1929, aged 76 years, 6 months and 5 days. He was born Aug. 19th, 1852, the son of Johathan and Mary Snyder. His brother, John Snyder, survives him, also one sister, Mrs. Thomas Garland, of Carversville, Pa. He was married in the year 1875 to Miss Annie Elizabeth Powell, who survives him. Brother and sister Snyder were baptized in 1882 by Elder Thomas Rose into the membership of the Tonoloway Old School Baptist Church, in Fulton County. Two daughters, Miss Anna M. Snyder, of Worcester, Mass., and Mrs. Iley Hyatt, at home, survive their father. Brother Snyder had a spiritual mind and loved to talk on the Scriptures, being a great Bible reader and able to quote correctly from the Scriptures to sustain his belief in the truth. He was firm and unwavering in his belief in the omnipotence of God and in the doctrine of salvation by grace and grace alone in Christ Jesus.

For the last three years of his life he had been a sufferer and unable to leave his home for much of the time. Thus, during these three years he was not able to be at the meetings, but previously had attended them whenever he could. At the time he came into the church, and for some years thereafter, his mind was so exercised on the Scriptures, and they were so much in evidence in his conversation, that it was thought he might have to preach. As far as himself was concerned, he never felt that he had to preach, but he nevertheless comforted many by his talk and became a welcome visitor in the homes of those who loved to hear of Christ and him crucified. In the last years of his life and all through his suffering, it is but right that we should set down here the record that his daughter, Mrs. Hyatt, was unflinching day and night in her untiring devotion in waiting on and ministering to her father in every way possible to make him comfortable. Funeral was held at the Touloway meetinghouse, burial in the ground there. May the Lord comfort and sustain the bereaved family.

H. H. L.

Adam L. Findley died January 4th, 1929, at his home, near Harding, W. Va., of tonsillitis and complications, aged 72 years, 2 months and 11 days. He was the oldest son of Levi Findley, Sr., and Emeline Kittle Findley, and was born October 23rd, 1856, on the Findley homestead. He married Margaret E. Taylor November 17th, 1878, and to this union were born three sons: Silas H., Charley and Porter, and three daughters: Mrs. Lucoba Allauder, Mrs. Maud Collier and Mrs. Ella Nesbit. After his marriage he moved to a farm adjoining the home place, where he lived until his death. He served as Justice of the Peace in Roaring Creek District for twelve years and was highly commended for his just decisions. His wife died September 7th, 1902. He married Nora E. Musem November 10th, 1904, and to them one daughter, Mrs. Leua Bennet, was born. September 26th, 1914, he made a public profession of his faith in Christ, and joined the Leading Creek Primitive Baptist Church, was baptized by the pastor, Elder J. S. Murphy, and was a highly respected and beloved member. In May, 1928, he and his wife asked for a letter of recommendation from that church and joined the Valley Primitive Baptist Church, which was nearer his home. (Elder J. S. Murphy, his former pastor, was also pastor of the Valley Church.) He was chosen deacon of the Valley Church and was ordained at the July meeting. He was honest and upright in his daily walk, and respected by all who knew him. He was a useful man in his community and useful in the church, where he will be sadly missed, also throughout the Association, where he was well known and esteemed for the truth's sake. He had been a subscriber to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for several years and highly appreciated the editor.

ials and the many good letters contained in its columns. He was sound in the faith and doctrine of our Lord and Savior and was ever ready to give a reason of his hope in Christ. He was a good husband and father, a kind friend and neighbor. He leaves to mourn their loss his faithful and devoted wife, seven children, thirteen grandchildren, one brother, J. K. Findley, three sisters, Mrs. I. J. Scott, Mrs. A. J. Workman, Mrs. G. M. Koon, many nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends. He was active and able to attend to all his work until one week before his death, when he was taken seriously ill. His doctor and family did all they could to relieve him, but his work here was completed. He realized his condition, and told them he was going. His children were summoned and most of them reached his bedside while he was able to speak to them. We all realize our great loss, but feel sure it is his eternal gain. May the Holy Spirit comfort the hearts of all who mourn, and in his own time make them glad that he is done with sorrow, pain and death and has entered into his eternal rest. May his children follow the example of his orderly walk through life.

By previous request of the deceased, the funeral service was conducted by Elder J. S. Murphy at the home, and his body was laid to rest in the Findley cemetery, there to await the resurrection.

His sister,

EMELINE E. WORKMAN.

Mary Margaret Ennist Harkness was born in the town of Olive, Ulster County, New York, March 26th, 1842, the daughter of the late John Ennist and Margaret Barriuger, died September 13th, 1928, making her stay on earth 86 years, 5 months and 17 days. She was married to Andrew Harkness in August, 1866. There were no children, but her niece, Josephine Ennist Boice, whose mother died when she was in her seventh year, was brought up by her, and she was truly a mother to her. Her husband died April 16th, 1916. She leaves to mourn their loss her niece, Mrs. Josephine Ennist Boice, three great-nephews: Burton, Raymond and Harold Boice, and a great-niece and nephew: Virginia and Burton Cudney, besides a host of brethren and friends. She received a good hope through grace, and was received into fellowship with the Olive and Hurley Old School Baptist Church, and was baptized by the late Elder John Clark April 30th, 1893, and remained a very worthy and faithful member until her death. She was a firm believer in the predestination of all things and salvation by grace and grace alone. She attended all the meetings for miles around for a great many years, and her delight was to be with the brethren whenever she could. Although she was eighty-six years of age she attended the meetings and associations up until May 19th, 1928, when she was taken with mastoid and was taken to the Benedictine

Hospital for treatment. At first it was thought they could operate, but found that because of her advanced age and a weak heart they could not, so all was done that could be to relieve her, but she suffered much, and was confined to the hospital for more than three months, when she was taken to the home of her great-niece, Mrs. Olive Cudney, at Ashokan, N. Y., where she passed away. While at the hospital she was visited by a great many Elders, brethren and freinds, which showed the high esteem in which she was held.

Her funeral was held from the Olive and Hurley Old School Baptist Church, of which she was a member for many years, September 16th, 1928, and was conducted by Elder George Ruston, her pastor, and was very largely attended, after which her remains were laid to rest in the Cold Brook Cemetery.

Written by request.

ORVILLE WINCHELL.

SISTER Susan Stark, widow of Frank Stark, died at the home of her son-in-law, R. W. Freeman, Saturday, July 7th, 1928, in the seventieth year of her age. She is survived by nine children: T. F. Stark, May Teal, J. D. Stark, B. W. Stark, Ida Smyth, Dora Bilbo and Ellen Brown, all of Orange County, Texas, Perlle Peveto and Bettie Freeman, of Beaumont, Texas, one sister, Mrs. Calie West, of Oakdale, La., and one brother James Myrze, of Merryville, La. Her funeral was held at the home of R. W. Freeman, conducted by brother S. Newton, of Orange County, Texas. We all know she has gone to rest. She was a woman of most estimable character and had many friends who were very fond of her. She loved to converse upon the things of the kingdom of God, and often spoke comfortingly of her hope in the blessed Savior. We all miss her much. Burial was in the Hudson Cemetery, Newton County, Texas. Sweet be thy sleep, mother, until he bids thee arise to hail him in triumph beyond the skies.

Written by her daughter,

BETTIE FREEMAN.

Mrs. Etta M. Tedford departed this life October 3rd, 1928, at her home in Topsham, Maine, after a short illness of pneumonia. She had been a great sufferer for years and had undergone several operations at a hospital, all of which she bore with remarkable patience. She was a wonder to the doctors and nurses because of the way she bore her different complaints. She was born in Carmel, Maine, September 27th, 1859, the daughter of Peter B. and Harriet N. Newcomb. She was married to George R. Tedford January 26th, 1887. The relatives are the bereaved husband, two sisters: Mrs. A. O. Prescott and Mrs. F. C. Whitten, two nieces and a nephew. She was baptized by the late Elder Z. M. Beal August 13th, 1905, in the fellowship of the Bowdoinham Church, and remained a beloved member of that church until her death. She

loved God's people and attended the meetings of her church when she was really too weak to do so. She loved her home and a Baptist home is broken up, to which fact all who have visited us will testify. I am left to mourn, but not without hope.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Mrs. H. McCormack, Pa., \$2; Effie Graham, Ont., \$2; L. P. Leach, Miss., \$1.75; Elder J. S. Moore, Ala., \$4; Mrs. Kate Lunsford, Ky., \$1; Isaac Kip, N. J., \$1; S. W. Peacock, Cal., \$1; Mrs. Sarah Clegg, Pa., \$1; I. H. Evans, Md., \$1; E. G. Moore, N. Y., \$1.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, &c. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, published monthly, at Middletown, N. Y., for April 1st, 1929.

State of New York, County of Orange, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gilbert Beebe, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 41, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publishers, editor and business manager are: Publishers, J. E. Beebe & Company, Middletown, N. Y.; Editor, Elder H. H. Loefferts, Leesburg, Va.; Business Manager, Gilbert Beebe, Middletown, N. Y.

2. That the owner is, Josephine E. Beebe, Middletown, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding one per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear on the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears on the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the

company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GILBERT BEEBE,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of March, 1929.

(Seal) FRANK P. COX.
(My commission expires April, 1930.)

M E E T I N G S .

The Baltimore Association is appointed to be held at Black Rock, Maryland, May 15th, 16th and 17th, 1929. Those coming by rail will reach Baltimore in time to get the 3:30 P. M. train from the Pennsylvania R. R. Station for Cokeysville, on the 14th, where they will be met and taken to places of entertainment. We hope a goodly number will come.

F. G. SCOTT, Church Clerk.

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ASHOKAN, N. Y.**

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All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

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Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

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CHURCH,**

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(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Preaching First and Third Sundays

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The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the meetinghouse, 210 E. Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every third Sunday of each month at the Swedish Lutheran church-house southeast corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, Riverside, Calif., and at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143 W. 11th St., Claremont, Calif., on the first Sunday of each alternate month, beginning with January, and on every alternate month with brother Joseph Huffman, 128 Van Buren St., Arlington, Calif. Singing at 10:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. Lunch at the place of meeting, and continued services in the afternoon.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., (Standard Time) at the home of W. N. Spitler, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street, west three blocks to end of 114th. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Midweek song service by appointment. Pastors Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

EMMA BRUNOW, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY, 1929.

NO. 5.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MATTHEW XXV. 32.

“AND before him shall be gathered all nations; and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats.”

Cain and Abel were divided. One had the Spirit of Christ that saw the sacrifice of the new covenant that took away sin, and the other could not see it, it was foolishness unto him, for the natural man receiveth not the things of God. Several times John, looking forward by the spirit of prophecy, saw all the world whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world wandering after the beast, and recorded it for us. (Rev. xiii. 8; xvii. 8, &c.) The same thing separated Noah from his neighbors, Lot from his friends, &c. The carnal mind is enmity against God, is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. “The children of the flesh, these are not the children of God.”—Rom. ix. 8. The word divides, it is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. It divides because it teaches salvation by grace to the poor and needy who have no confidence in the flesh, and that is foolishness to the

natural man, who teaches salvation is conditional upon the works of poor, puny, unstable man, which is idolatry, being led by the spirit that taught conditional salvation in the garden. Conditional in that if Eve partook of the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil she should not die, but become as a god. Conditionalists still teach it everywhere. The truth is God is my salvation, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song and is become my salvation. “Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.” Men have tried to commercialize the gifts of God: buy or sell them for money, as did Simon. But men are changeable and uncertain and are not to be trusted, being ignorant of God’s righteousness and going about to set up their own righteousness, and that would not do to trust in when this body shall be moulding in the dust, nor any other time. God’s elect bride is not only quickened but is kept by the power of God, the same power that hung the world on nothing, placed the planets in their harmonious circuits and fixed their bounds and also numbered the very hairs

of your head. Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks. The question of salvation divides so it makes a man's enemies they of his own household. Read Matthew x. 28-42. "This is the stone which was set at nought of you builders, which is become the head of the corner. Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

In Matthew xxiv., preceding our text, Matthew xxv. 32, and in Luke xxi., the Watchman who never slumbers nor sleeps was telling his disciples by what signs they should know of the approaching end of the Jews' nationality, the terrible admonition of desolation when Jerusalem should be destroyed with famine and slaughter. "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judæa flee to the mountains."—Luke xxi. 20, 21. About thirty-six years after he told them, while that Jerusalem had not yet passed away, Jerusalem was surrounded by a Roman army, 68 A. D., and those who feared and obeyed him fled to the mountains, and were not there when the city was destroyed, 70 A. D., and the daily sacrifice taken away the Jews scattered throughout the earth, the middle wall of partition broken down and the times of the Gentiles ushered in. Another sign by which they were to know the approaching end of the Jewish world was, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations: and then shall the end come."—Matt. xxiv. 14. Without any Sunday-school, theological seminary or missionary board Jesus opened his apostles' understanding that they might understand the Scriptures, and told them to go into

all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and they (the apostles) did, and left a clear record that it was done (Col. i. 6; i. 23; Rom. x. 18), and then came the end of the law and the prophets. Our faithful Prophet, Priest and King has also left in his will and testament a record by which we Gentile believers shall know the approaching times of the fulfillment of the Gentiles, and the work of truth to divide: his commandments reveal of what spirit we are: "By their fruits ye shall know them." It is necessary in stewards that a man be found faithful. He sits as a refiner and he will thoroughly purge his floor. A faithful steward said, "And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him."—1 John ii. 3, 4. Little children, love one another. Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. Keep yourselves from idols. A careful study of St. John i. 12, 13; iii. 1-4; x. 26-32, clearly tells who do and who do not believe, and why it separates the goats from the sheep, also what the unbelieving do when the truth is preached to them. The spirit of reconciliation and obedience I believe is the sweetest thing a sinner saved by grace ever experienced. Obedience born of covetousness is an abominable sacrifice of corruption and is compared to filthy rags. (Isaiah lxiv. 6.) The unjust steward told his lord's debtors to sit down quickly and write fifty or eighty measures on their bills, when they knew they owed a full one hundred measures of obedience. (Luke xvi. 1-8.) Our Savior bore their full one thousand talents of debt in his own mangled body in humility, anguish and shame on the cruel cross when they had nothing to pay. A

faithful steward says of the institutions of men, Come out from them, and be ye separate. For many months I tried to loosen the seals of prophecy, or revelation, and see what was written for this generation, without any light, until one very busy day in the year 1910, when I picked up my Bible and stood reading the twenty-two chapters of Revelation, seeming to understand it, much as one reads the fifty-three chapters of Isaiah. If God did open my understanding then, John saw and recorded and hid for us in similes, metaphors, figures, &c., a foretold history of the times of the Gentiles, both of the church that was founded upon the Rock and antichrist, the gorgeously arrayed woman. Hoping the desire may be of the Lord, I want to mention a few landmarks. He saw the body of Christ as a woman clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet and upon her head a crown of twelve stars, and he saw paganism at Rome, personated as a dragon, chapter twelve. Catholicism, personated as a ten-horned beast (Rev. xiii. 1-11), and Protestantism as a two-horned beast (Rev. xiii. 11-18), also called the false prophet, as we see by comparing Revelation xiii. 11-18 with Revelation xix. 19, 20. The dragon gave his seat at Rome, power and great authority, to the ten-horned beast (Rev. xiii. 2) when the last Pagan emperor laid down his sceptre and Constantine took it up, 312 A. D. And the two-horned beast spake as a dragon. So they have very much in common. It is antichrist under three successive heads, and John sees three unclean spirits like frogs coming out of their three mouths, spirits of devils working miracles, going out to the kings of the earth and of the whole world, to gather to the battle of the great day of God Almighty. (Rev. xvi. 13-21.) John by

the spirit of prophecy saw these things nearly 1900 years before as we see them now in nearly every city, village and hamlet, miracles and all. It is the great Babylon whose shadow, or type, is seen in the tower of Babel. Its collective name is the world church confederation, in which the daughters are fast uniting under one head and making overtures to give the power back. They have hated the whore with intense hatred, but no more. John xvii. 16, 17 reveals it. It is the spirit of antichrist denying his divinity, the power of the resurrection, &c. Following closely in chapter eighteen is the fall. The result of this battle is recorded in Rev. xix. 19-21. "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." No member of the body of Christ, no church of his, can disregard his commandments without the penalty. No member of his body can be yoked to the worldly institutions of men that take their membership indiscriminately from the world without being unequally yoked together with unbelievers, contrary to 2 Corinthians vi. 14-18. The Savior said, "No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."—Matt. v. 24. I have seen this verified more than once. If you call these things to the attention of one who has a name to love and obey God and is also bound or promised to serve the elements of the world and he is blessed with the spirit of obedience he will come out and be separate, hating the sins that separated between him and his God; if not, he will hate you and his cross, and refuse to take it up and follow him, without which no man can be his disciple. (Luke xiv. 27.) I have seen

some do one and some the other. I have heard some say, I do not see what harm it can do when I do not neglect the church, even though I do not meet with them often. But you would not for a moment tolerate a man who was bound to two women, even though he only contributed a few dollars toward the support of one of them and but very rarely went to her house. It is adulterating one's marriage to Christ, the holy, harmless and undefiled Husband, who kept himself separate from sinners and gave his life for his bride, his only beloved. It might be all right with the lewd woman that is described in the seventh chapter of Proverbs, but God is a jealous God. See Canticles vi. 8, 9. A just and faithful steward puts it in its true light in James iv. 4. If this was my own judgment it would be worthless, but it is the judgment of One from whom there is no appeal, recorded for our learning. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die." That is, be separated from the head and deprived of the guiding spirit of truth and peace. I have seen churches tolerating the adultery of the spirit, and crying, Peace, peace, when there was no peace, nor can there be in a body trying to serve God and mammon.

Hidden in four different figures in the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth chapters of Revelation is a period of about 1,260 years, beginning about 300 A. D. and ending in the reformation. In chapter eleven the two witnesses, Old and New Testament Scriptures, were laid low about 300 A. D., when the last pagan emperor sent out an edict to burn the christians' books and punish the christians, or rather all who would not bow the knee to the pagan gods, and the Bible was diligently kept from the popular 1,260 years, until Luther and others translated it into

various languages. The printing press came into use and the Scriptures were revived, stood on their feet as it were, witnessing of Jesus. They were never put entirely out of sight, or buried. During this 1260 years the Donatists, Waldenses, &c., were hid away in the Alps mountains, and a Catholic historian said nearly every man, woman and child of them could repeat the entire New Testament.

Chapter 12. A worldly element of idolators crept into the church, from 200 to about 250 A. D., and they elected a loose disciplinarian named Cornelius bishop at Rome, and like-minded men throughout the kingdom, and a minority at Rome, and pious, God-fearing men elsewhere, contended that church members should bring forth fruits meet for repentance, and observe such Scripture as 2 John 10, 11. And there was war in heaven (the church) and the pagan element called the dragon was cast out, much as in the fore part of last century, when Andrew Tuller, Alexander Campbell and other worldly-minded conditional salvationists crept into the church and tried to load it up with cunning devices of men, dress the bride to suit the world, in filthy rags of self-righteousness, as it were. And those who loved not the world rose up and were cast out. At the Red Stone Association, 1872, the Black Rock Convention, 1832, and elsewhere.

"His tail drew the third part of the stars of heaven, and did cast them to the earth." Isaiah says, ix. 15, "The prophet that teacheth lies, he is the tail." So with false teachers, some of the saints, both in 250 A. D. and in 1832, were deceived. (2 Peter ii. 1-3.) Still he is separating his sheep from the goats. When the fires of persecution are kindled there are those who love not their lives even unto death and those who will not stand

the fire and it separates. After the dragon was cast out the woman fled away into the wilderness of the Alps, where they were nourished for 1,260 years, until during the reformation when they were driven out and scattered through Europe, and some fled to America and were called the Pilgrims, and their church order was in part the pattern for our tolerant, democratic government. Jesus said, On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The question of which is now that church rests entirely on which of the two that separated in 250 A. D. is the church and which is not. The church is seen as a lily among thorns. She is kept as the apple of his eye. She is leaning on the arm of her Beloved, &c., while the other is described in Proverbs v.; 2 Thessalonians ii.; 2 Peter ii.; Revelation xviii., &c. The ten-horned beast continued 1,260 years, dominating the world from 312 A. D. and putting upwards of fifty million martyrs to the most torturous death demons could devise. It does not remove the stain from them to say it was the government that did it, when they ruled the government so completely. Did it divide the sheep from the goats that John saw the world wander after the beast, whose names were not written in the book of life from the foundation of the world? He received a deadly wound in the reformation, yet he lived. The two-horned beast (protestantism) rose up in the reformation, gradually increasing in numbers until I understand there are now the full number of denominations, &c., 666. (Rev. xiii. 18.) Satan is now bound, in comparison to the time of martyrs, when rivers of blood flowed in every kingdom reigned over by the beast. When the popular modern movement of to-day is ripened, and all the world but

the remnant according to the election of grace (Rom. xi. 1-10) are wandering after this beast that speaks as a dragon, when the spirits of devils working miracles have gathered the kings of the earth and the whole world to the battle we may expect the fires of persecution to flame again. Antichrist will be alert. John heard a voice from heaven, crying, "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues." (Rev. xviii. 4; 2 Cor. vi. 14-18; Jer. xvii. 5-10.) Such prophecies as Amos ix. 9, 10, does not mean that God will literally rebuild Jerusalem and set up a temporal kingdom there and there will be a millennium of perfection in the flesh, but it refers to the setting up of the gospel kingdom on earth, in which there is no difference between the Jew and the Gentile. The circumcision is of the heart and not of the flesh. Peter and James say so. (Acts xv. 7-19.) There is not one thing in the covenant of this kingdom left to such an uncertainty as the works of man. There is no "if" in it. Read Jeremiah xxxi. 31-35; Hebrews viii. In this kingdom he will take one of a city and two of a family, even as many as the Lord our God shall call, "and as many as were ordained to eternal life, believed."

May it please God to give us, every one, the sweet spirit of obedience that we be not found sleeping, or drunken with the glittering deceptions of the world when he comes at such a time as ye know not.

Dear editors, I am just offering this for your disposal. It seems clear in my mind, but I do not know that I have written intelligibly. I wanted to know whether it was of the Lord, and it came to my mind that if it was others would be proclaiming it in due time, and I have

heard a few. I sympathize with you in the loss of your help, and appreciate your wonderful labor of love in keeping up the SIGNS under such trying circumstances.

Written in the fear of God, I hope,
G. O. WALKER.

TORONTO, Ont., Feb. 4, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—In renewing my subscription for our dear family paper, the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, I have a desire to express my appreciation and praise to its worth, as it contains much comfort and joy to my oft cast down soul. With my renewal I am inclosing a copy of a letter I received several years ago from dear sister Pultz, whose writings have appeared in your paper from time to time. It speaks much of my own heartfelt experience, but she had the gift of expressing it much better than I can, so if you see fit you may publish it. May God continue to bless you in your labor of love, is the sincere desire of my heart.

Your unworthy sister,
(MRS.) W. O. YOUNG.

WHEELING, W. Va., June 22, 1916.

DEAR SISTER YOUNG:—Ever since your letter came I have wanted to answer it. I started to write last evening, but soon found that my mind was in a state of great confusion, so I laid it by and retired for the night. It was wonderful how my thoughts flitted about from one subject to another. I felt sure if it were possible for me to keep pace with them bodily I would soon be judged insane. Finally I slept, but the mental tumult went on so that there was no restfulness in sleep. I finally aroused and felt to beg the Lord to calm my mind that I could rest in sleep. From that on my dreams were pleasant and I slept until eight o'clock. So, dear sister, I do not

see how I can deny that my poor feeble prayers are heard and answered, just as yours were when your dear child was passing away. O, dear sister, my heart yearns to pour forth its sorrows, but I remember we are to speak evil of no man, so I forbear, but please read Genesis xxvii. 46. My life has been much embittered by such things as good Rebecca feared. But we know the Scriptures must be fulfilled in this respect as in all others. Oh how I feel to pray to be protected from Satan's darts. How eager I have been to escape the things our Savior had to bear, and he had all power. (I mean just a little of his persecutions.) How often I feel ashamed of my complaint when I am reminded what he suffered so meekly and patiently without a murmuring word. It is strange to me that I was brought to think on this word when unjustly condemned. "Many good works have I shewed you from my Father; for which of those works do ye stone me?" I am well aware that it is only his grace that enables me to bear with some degree of humble patience, and returning good for evil, not expecting anything in return, and I have tried to pray that the stony heart might be taken away and a heart of flesh given wherein his laws, his precepts and his commandments and statutes are written. I often find my mind going back over these bitter things, and it stirs up indignation and wrath against ungodliness in my heart.

My dear sister, I had to lay aside my pen and lie down awhile such a heaviness came over me. Now I think I will be obliged to lay it aside again unless the blessed Master be mind and wisdom, for I feel shut up, and we read that he shuts and none can open, he opens and none can shut. I am very glad this is so, as I would not want to run where he does not

lead. I often feel that I will have to give up writing to the saints, and yet I cannot. When I say I will cease then the desire to commune with them comes stronger than ever and I find myself more in the spirit of writing than usual. Each time during the last year that I have been brought down by sickness that I thought would surely be my last I was raised up with the hope that I would again write and commune with God's chosen ones, and that was the only hope set before me as to an earthly source. My mind almost entirely fails to take any thought of the morrow. I have longed to live after our Savior's admonitions in these things, and have been brought into it through much affliction of the flesh. When I pray for more of his grace I wonder if the means will be severe, but I do earnestly crave some manifestation of himself to me which will turn midnight into noon. He has caused me to desire him above all things, I hope. My whole soul's desire is for a

"A closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb."

I do hope this weak communication will find you in health, also your family.

Your poor unworthy sister in hope,

FLORENCE PULTZ.

COLUMBUS, Georgia.

DEAR EDITORS:—It is time for me to renew my subscription to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, so please find inclosed the price for the coming year. Surely it seems a member belonging to an old, old family of love, sending comfort, cheer and encouragement to a scattered people whose God is the Lord. Sadly we would miss this dear old companion (for so it is to many isolated ones who are denied the blessed privilege of hearing the preached

word, and enjoying the sweet company of the saints,) should it cease coming to our places of abode, causing a vacancy and a longing in our hearts for the many precious things written by God's dear children for good and benefit to one another. The Lord helpeth the needy. Oh how precious are the things of the Master! How glorious his plan of salvation, just suited to our needs! What a sovereign and gracious work! What wondrous love, O my soul, when sinners are dead in sin and the Holy Spirit quickeneth them, bringing them to the knowledge of their lost and helpless condition as vile transgressors of the law of God, and revealing with power the salvation of God in the blood and righteousness of the Son of God, filling ransomed souls with praises unspeakable to the Father in heaven. We can say these blessed things become more and more precious as the days glide by, and we are called to walk amid trials, vexations, disappointments and tribulations. Yes, here we find the way beset with many thorns, traveling through a barren land with dangerous thickets on every hand. We have no abiding city here. That which gives us delight today may cause us bitter sorrow tomorrow. But we are promised Jesus is leading and guiding all the way. We know not what is for us to bear and endure. All our times are in the Lord's hand. Jesus is the christian's hope, wrought in us by God's power, and it is this hope and trust that stays with us in distressing times. Hope pierces through the darkest cloud and waits upon our Lord. We are looking out for great blessings, they seem long in coming, yet hope will wait and wait, for this hope given us is as an anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast. God is our support, our hope. He is eternal and his loved ones cannot sink

with such a prop. As I live, ye shall live also. All earthly things are polluted. Christian, this is not your rest. The Lord hath appointed thus, that we should not build our nest in this lower world. We are told, "In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider: God also hath set the one over against the other, to the end that man should find nothing after him." Now, beloved kindred in the Lord, as all our steps are ordered by our God we can but believe that all that befalls us is for our good; that the all-wise God our Savior knows what is best for his children while they sojourn here. He hath promised to supply all our need. He will give plentiful manna, or leanness of soul, according to his will and purpose, giving reconciliation to his will. Oh for faith to rest in the Lord and patiently wait for him.

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain."

Jehovah our God is righteous in all his ways, and all his providences that befall us are laden with lovingkindness. We shall ever find it so, even unto the end. As we review our life all the way the Lord hath led us we find his dealings with us tender and full of pity; we shall acknowledge to his praise that he hath graciously led us on, and by his sure word of promise he will lead us all the days of our life. Then in joyful, grateful songs we shall sing, He hath done all things well. All earthly things are vain and fleeting, sooner or later they wax old, decay and pass away, yet for our everlasting consolation the word of the Lord abideth forever, even by that word which by the gospel is preached unto us. The things that are not seen are eternal. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things

which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit, for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God. Blest is the children's estate. It is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. Heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be we suffer with him that we also be glorified together. An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for thee, O believer in Jesus, and our souls will ever be tuned to sing, Unto him that loved us and washed us in his blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory for ever and ever. Amen. Every provision was made for God's chosen people, and therein is secured every blessing for time and eternity. It was made with Jesus for his bride. Before the sinner fell it was signed and sealed in all things ordered well. Dear children, how sweet the thought that though all earthly things fail, in Christ Jesus we have abiding joy and everlasting salvation, and in all our trials, afflictions and buffetings we are called on to endure we will prove him a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He hath said, I will never thee nor forsake thee. Having God for our helper we shall hold on our way. The christian's hope shall never fail. We read that no power in earth nor hell shall separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. We shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us and saved us. Having hope through grace, what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversations and godliness? Oh that we might show forth his praise at all times, who hath called us out of nature's darkness into his marvelous light. May his grace abound in all his loved ones everywhere,

causing them to manifest abundant fruit to the glory and honor of our God.

I will close by wishing our dear family paper unbounded success. May God speed it on its mission of light and comfort to all the loved ones, wherever they may be found, whether in the discharge of duty in the camps of Babylon or sitting outside of the fold feeding on crumbs from the Master's table. May it still continue to come laden with the precious truth of the gospel to strengthen the weak and feeble ones, is my prayer.

Your unworthy sister in hope,
(MRS.) F. J. NORRIS.

DODGE CITY, Kansas.

DEAR SISTER BEEBE:—With a feeling of much weakness, both naturally and spiritually, I will attempt to fulfill the promise I made you at the time of our visit with you last summer, to send you some of the pictures, and I am inclosing with them some we took while visiting sister Bonnie Chick in Maine, all of which I prize very highly. My mind often reverts to the dear saints we were privileged to meet during our trip, and I feel grateful to him who is the Giver of all good that we were permitted so great a blessing, and it has afforded me many hours of sweet meditation since, and especially during the trying days of illness that followed soon after our return home. When I look back over my unprofitable life I am often made to wonder that I have been the recipient of the many and wonderful blessings at the hands of the wise and gracious God that have been strewn along my pathway all down through my journey of life. Truly it is not by works of righteousness which I have done that I have been thus remembered, for I know there is none; no, not one, so weak and unworthy of his notice as I am. How I

do long to live closer to him and learn to praise him as I ought, but when I would do good evil is present with me, and how to perform that which is good I find not. I am so prone to go astray in by and forbidden paths, doing the things I should not, and were he not a God of grace he would frown and spurn me from his side. I have many times been called to pass under the rod, and the crosses of this life are often heavy to bear, yet his loving-kindness he has not taken from me nor suffered his faithfulness to fail. Though his purposes are often enshrouded in darkness and I am not permitted to see nor understand, yet I know he is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. If I walk in darkness and can see no manifestation of his guiding hand, still I know it is there, leading me on as I stumble along crying and begging for light, and praying for faith that will not shrink though pressed by every foe, knowing he will in his own good time remove the clouds and make crooked paths straight and rough places smooth.

“His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.”

And when the flower opens out in all its glory before me, then I am made to rejoice in tribulation, “knowing that tribulation 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,” and I am filled with joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I remember, a few years ago, when the weight of the cross seemed crushing me into the very dust, and in anguish of spirit I cried out, Oh why must these things be? Why am I so burdened? Suddenly a light broke over me and I was filled with the

words, Why, there is a cross for every one, and there is a cross for me, quickly followed by the thought, Where there is no cross there will be no crown, and before I could hardly realize it I was rejoicing that I could even feel I had a cross to bear and to joy in the hope that I might be counted worthy to suffer for his name's sake. Another time when I groaned beneath the weight, in agony of mind I walked the floor praying for relief, and with uplifted hands I cried, Into thy hands, O Lord, must I commit it all. When it seemed I had come to the end of my strength these words were opened out before me, The way of the cross leads home, and a sweet peace that passeth all understanding flooded my soul, the burden was lifted and again I was made to rejoice in the cross and to find strength in the same blessed assurance given the apostle when he besought the Savior to remove the thorn in his flesh: "My grace is sufficient for thee." On another occasion, I was in California working in a canning factory, along with sister Hammons (wife of the late Elder J. H. Hammons). We were seated side by side at the same table. I was meditating with much sorrow and great heaviness of heart, with the weight of the cross again upon me, with apparently no way of escape. My heart grew faint within me and I asked myself the question, Oh can I ever have the strength and courage to go forward and perform that which seems inevitably before me? In a seemingly audible tone I heard the words spoken, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I quickly turned to sister Hammons expecting to see a look of comprehension on her face, that she, too, had heard, but she was busy and did not even notice my look of inquiry. I then felt the sweet morsel was mine and

hugged it to my breast with a feeling that with this blissful assurance I could face a whole army and not flinch. I did not remember of ever reading the words, but when Elder Hammons found them for me, in Philippians iv. 13, I read them over and over, and to my tempest-tossed soul they were as a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, as rivers of water in dry places, and the strength and comfort found in them served to bear me on through the sore trial that awaited me, and has many times since been my stay in times of distress. In my recent illness, when the hand of the Lord was upon me and I seemed drawing very near the banks of the dark river, one night when my strength was well-nigh spent and the darkness closing around me was darkness indeed, in great anguish of body and mind, aloud I raised my voice in prayer, crying, Dear Lord, help; only thou alone can save me, and in answer to my agonized plea he beautifully manifested himself to me as the one great Physician, an ever present help in times of trouble and distress and enabled me to feel the sweetness of his presence, that he was with me and would gently lead me through the dark valley of pain and suffering, and I can yet see in memory the shadowy forms, as of angels that hovered around my bed, and sometimes they came so near me I reached out to grasp them, but when my dear old mother took hold of me to lay me back gently on my pillow she could not see those beautiful forms which no words can describe, that to me were guardian angels sent, and bespoke the love and tender watchcare of him who never slumbers nor sleeps, who is ever mindful of the weakest cry and who tenderly gathers up the shorn lambs and carries them in his bosom, where they are safe and secure from all the trials and vicissitudes

of this unfriendly world ; and since it has pleased him to raise me up again and restore me to those who so faithfully cared for me (for what purpose he alone knows) I can, as in many times past and gone, see the markings of his mighty hand through it all : how he works and none can hinder, how he wounds and he heals, he kills and he makes alive, and all these things are needful and must be for a trial of our faith that is more precious than gold. "I will refine them as silver is refined, and will try them as gold is tried : they shall call on my name, and I will hear them ; I will say, It is my people ; and they shall say, The Lord is my God." Truly the land in which we dwell is one of hills and valleys, but "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." And so I want to press on, leaning on the Staff until I have served out my allotted time here, trusting in that unseen Presence whose hand will ever guide, guard and direct me through all that is to come while I sojourn here, giving unto me daily such strength as he seeth I stand in need of, and my desire is to be resigned to him in all things, who has said that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice, and to pray not for things to be different from what they are, but to be reconciled to them as they are, knowing we are all in the hands of the just and righteous God, who doeth his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, nor say unto him, Jehovah, what doest thou ?

"My God, I would not wish to see,
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise."

Dear sister, this writing, like myself, is very imperfect. I will close lest I weary

you. Remember me to those of your household, who seemed very dear to me. I shall always treasure the memory of having looked upon your dear face.

From one of the least, if one at all,

DELLA POWERS DAVIS.

CHICAGO, Illinois.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—The desire to speak a few words to you, who are scattered throughout the length and breadth of the land, is in my heart, engendered perhaps by the letter I am sending to the SIGNS to be published. Brother Foster speaks of the SIGNS family rejoicing over the goodness of God to us in Chicago, and of the prayers arising in our behalf. How gracious a thought ! Our meetings together are precious, and looked forward to during the week as precious seasons must be. We are of one heart, one mind, and our pastors are unanimous in belief. It is a source of unending wonder to us that God should have so abundantly blessed us in them. They not only are sound in doctrine, both seeking diligently the old paths (which is a wonderful blessing in this age of innovation and reform), but having each passed through much tribulation they are sweetly able to comfort those who are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith they themselves are comforted of God. Their preaching is Jesus Christ, and him crucified, yea, more, risen from the dead, the first-fruits of them that slept. The Son of God, Jesus Christ, whom they preach to us, is not yea and nay, but yea. Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. O, people saved by his name, you who read this, do not neglect to help together in prayer for us, that our house of God may continue here, that we may be enabled to be a true Bethel to many who labor and are heavy laden.

We are infinitesimally small in number so far, yet we are frequently enabled to see with the eyes of our spirit and behold that they which are with us are many and greater than they which are with our enemies on every side, for our God is Lord of hosts. The two or three (almost literally) that we are, but with the Son of God with us and to bless us, we are nevertheless a church, and as beloved, as invincible as a big church. We have especially blessed seasons at our communion. You who have often had the privilege of obeying Jesus in remembering his death until he come again, can scarcely realize what it has meant to us after years of deprivation, to gather together in sweet remembrance of the sacrifice of Jesus Christ for us. It is a time of solemn heart-searching to all of us, I know. To the Lord's table we cannot come with aught against a brother or sister, here we must gather as sinners saved by the merit of His atonement; here must we, by faith, as little children, believe that Jesus' own precious body was broken for us, his life-blood poured out for us, his soul was in turmoil for us, his soul was in travail for us, that he was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, that we, like sheep, all went astray, that God laid on him the iniquity of us all. Remembering the Lord's death until he come again. How it lightens every affliction, sweetens every bitter trial. Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine? Could he forgive, and shall I dare to be unforgiving and hard? Did he gather unto himself publicans and sinners, and shall I dare to be proud? Our communion time is the fourth Sunday of each month. We felt very sweetly enlarged last Sunday by the presence of a brother and sister from Mount Ayr Church, who partook of the Lord's Supper with us.

With love to all the household of faith, in which my husband and eldest son join, I am yours, the least in Christ,

RUTH A. KEENE SPITLER.

—
RISING STAR, Texas, Feb. 9, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER SPITLER:—Most likely this letter will be a surprise, coming from one whom perhaps you never heard of. I address you as "dear brother," but do so with much fear that perhaps I myself am not a brother to you in being born again. In all letters written this feeling is present with me, as is also a prayer (if I know what prayer is) that I am not an impostor. It might be well enough to say of myself that immediately after, as I hope, the Lord added me to his visible church I told a dear brother I supposed there was not a Baptist paper published advocating in full my belief in predestination, to which he replied that the SIGNS OF THE TIMES did. Instantly I recalled seeing some numbers as a child. I at once subscribed, and have been on the subscription roll ever since, except for a short space of time once or twice. I recall the good letters written by your wife when she was quite young, and also that she is the daughter of our highly esteemed Elder Frederick W. Keene, also your marriage to her, the beginning of your and her accounts of the preaching appointments, which have grown into a newly constituted church. How my heart rejoiced to hear of its constitution. Oh the brightness and glory that surrounds it no one can tell. The SIGNS family is praising God for his kindness toward you, his chosen in your city, knowing that his poor and needy ones are made rich in his provision for your needs, and his honor and glory. I note that your stand is supplied by two of God's dear, chosen and faithful ministers. The Lord be praised for such a bountiful sup-

ply of his grace. You recently wrote, concerning the church, of there being many, no doubt, in your city who have church connections and of whom you do not know. This is a fact, no doubt, and my prayer is that he who has given you this little sanctuary will bring them into this glorious tabernacle he has so recently pitched. Never was a house built but that avenues of egress and ingress were provided. The Lord in his wisdom has provided as many ways as there are numbers of them, his people, and although they be so mixed with the tens of thousands he is able to show them the way, as the church is a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid. In the Lord's good time he will bring them into the fold; not passively, but actively, as you were brought into it, for he has ordained that "they shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten."—Jer. l. 5. His prophecy holds good, and I feel that this description will be fulfilled in the hearts of future comers. The Lord be praised for giving you this glorious resting-place. I see also that the Lord has minded you to give him two services each Sunday. What devotion! How beautiful such often coming together! It is an almost continuous gospel feast in this banqueting-house of the Lord. May it ever continue. May God's name be thus often exalted throughout the life of this city of God in Chicago for his perpetual glory and honor. She (your church) is the new mistress of the scores of handmaidens (so-called churches) in the city, though they know it not. Rather would they grieve her for her barrenness, not knowing that they as the desolate have many more children than she which hath an husband. Do we see here the wisdom

of God? He has ordained that in all they say about her they should acknowledge her as their mistress, and they her handmaidens. The old prophet meant this when he said, "There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number. * * * The daughters saw her, and blessed her; yea, the queens and the concubines, and they praised her." These daughters, queens and concubines, would do well to cease prophesying in the name of the Lord, casting out devils in his name, doing so many wonderful works, long enough to get acquainted with their new mistress, who, on the seventeenth day of last November, came into their midst; but no, thus addressed, they with one breath would say, "I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow," and, if more said, would add, I shall be a lady forever, neither shall I know the loss of children. We number our children by hundreds, yea, thousands, while you number yours by the half-dozen, possibly a score or more. Brother Spitler, I am not speaking of your church and the other denominations in the city comparatively in a boasting way, but sincerely, yet if I should be judged by them as boasting I would further add, with David, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord." The wayworn travelers, the lame, the blind, those in the highways, the hedges, as well as a few of the baser sort, the Ephraims, Magdalens, a few of all stations of life, from the lowest to the highest, these all will God bring through the furnace of affliction and the refiner's fire, to purge them from all their filthiness, so they can serve him with one consent and one heart. These will he make to come from all quarters of your city and country; yes, he will bring them and add them as dear brethren and sisters because they are

worthy, and great rejoicings of your souls will attend their coming. This is the way God will make your newly-set plant to grow, for, no doubt, Bethel Church of Chicago is of his right hand planting. How sincerely and joyfully do all God's children who know of its condition ask and pray for its prosperity, that God will water it with the dew of heaven, the gospel of God our Savior, that it may continue to be to the glory of the great city in which it is situated, and the brightness of the country round about it; that both the city and country will in God's multitudinous ways be the recipients of his blessings among men in nature because of its divine presence among them. Such prayer is going up to God, who has built this glorious dwelling-place, as the petition of one man by countless hearts, and what more could we say of this lately manifested glory than, after we have said all and written all, that the half has not been, nor ever can be, told?

This letter is already too lengthy. I must soon close. I could not pass this, your great blessing from the hand of our God of all grace and glory, without adding my little, feeble, imperfect tribute of praise to him for building you all as lively stones together for an habitation through the Spirit, to live with you, dwell with you, walk with you, as he did with the primitive churches at the beginning of the gospel dispensation. Throughout the future life of your church may God's richest blessings rest upon her, the brightness of his glory be her light. May Christ, her head and constant attendant, ever consent to come walking upon the bosom of every storm-tossed sea of trials and troubles, saying, "Peace, be still." May this household of his guests ever feel grateful, lowly and humble, ever thankful to be so highly favored of our gracious

God as to be made to sit at the King's table all the days of their lives, to eat, drink and be satisfied with the goodness of God's house. May you ever esteem your heavenly land far greater and richer than earthly riches, and if there be a last word by tongue or pen may it be, Thine, O Lord, shall be all the honor and glory and majesty now, henceforth and for evermore. Amen.

I am informing you that I have written a sort of introductory letter to be presented to you by a young friend in your city. His parents are members of the Old School Baptist Church here. I have sent him clippings from the SIGNS containing the notice of Bethel Church and its location.

Brother Spittler, please overlook the many imperfections in the composition of this letter, and the Lord enable you to grasp the truth and wisdom so poorly hinted at. It seems of so little worth I cannot ask you to give it more than a passing notice, and feel that even then I may be asking too much of you; if so, please pardon this intrusion upon your busy time.

Your brother, the least, if one at all,
J. I. FOSTER.

FAYETTEVILLE, Georgia.

DEAR EDITORS:—Christ told his disciples that without him they could do nothing. He is the true vine, and as the branches cannot live and bear fruit without the vine, neither can his followers bear spiritual fruit unless they abide in him. Paul said, I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Before his conversion Paul, or Saul, was very good, and no doubt held his head high, and had the highest opinion of himself. After the change he would have lost all identity had his features changed

like his heart. His sinful nature was not changed, but subdued. He was changed in that he saw his weakness and inability to do anything in spirit except by the leading of the Spirit. The tree was made good by the planting of the Spirit of the Lord in his heart, and his fruit was made good. Before this he bore much fruit of the flesh, which was acceptable to the world, and he was highly esteemed, perhaps worshipped, like some people in this time who are rich in worldly goods and works. Since the change he continued to bear fruit, but of the reverse quality. This fruit is not only not relished by the world, but is hated. It is death to them, but life to the saints. The world has been trying to get rid of it ever since Cain and Abel's day, but this fruit is the salt of the earth, and as long as there is any on the earth the earth is preserved, and when this fruit ceases to be borne time will end.

Paul said, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God," &c. What are these "all things?" He did not enumerate them. Several years ago I heard a preacher say these "all things" were the Lord, Christ and the Holy Ghost. I will not attempt to say how much ground these words cover, but it cannot be disputed that they include everything, whether good or bad, that works for good to the called according to his purpose. The Lord said, in Isaiah xlv. 9, "I am God, and there is none else," &c., on through the thirteenth verse, We read in Ephesians i. 11, "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." More "all things" not specified. Some brethren say they are the things under consideration; that is, those mentioned in this chapter, His love, redemption,

being enabled to praise him, &c. "All my pleasure," in Isaiah xlv. 10, is concerning the things mentioned in this chapter. It seems (to those who cannot see and understand deep things) that if God does all his pleasure with all things, and all things, good or bad, work for good, nothing takes place contrary to his will, that all the teachings of Christ and the apostles in the line of obedience and exhortation is vain, for these exhortations and teachings do not change the course of events. In 1 Corinthians, tenth chapter, Paul admonishes the brethren how they ought to live, and calls attention to some of the blessings, sins and sufferings of Israel, and says, These things were written for our admonition. These are some of the "all things" that work for good to the Lord's people. Because God saw the end from the beginning, and saw all things as they are, and had a purpose in all those things, does not lesson the duty enjoined on his servants to admonish, exhort, &c. There is no contradiction nor conflict in his work, word or command, all work in perfect harmony. When one is impressed with the spirit of exhorting the same spirit impresses others with the duty of heeding and obeying, and God is glorified in it. We are forgetful of his love and mercies, and need to have our pure minds stirred up by way of remembrance, thus the need of teaching.

This subject gets deeper, beyond my grasp, as I try to tell it, and it seems that I know less about it. I have not told it as I wanted to, but I hope those who read can see the truth as it is and accept or reject it according to the directing of the spirit of truth as it is in Christ, and remember, if this is worth anything to the Lord's people that it is from the One who "worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

GEORGE W. JACKSON.

WEST MANSFIELD, Ohio.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Loving greetings to you all. Along with the obituary of my husband, George De Bolt Peters, of Zanesfield, Ohio, I am sending a copy of his christian experience, written to Elder George Weaver, in replying to his letter. I would be glad if it could be published in the same number as the obituary. I have heard him relate his experience more fully, but cannot fill in exactly as he told it, as a part of his letter to brother Weaver is gone.

Pray for me. My loss is great.

JOIE E. WOODS PETERS.

ZANESFIELD, Ohio.

DEAR BROTHER WEAVER:—My wife and I drove over to the old Jessie Lines' house and were given the key to the house by a nephew of sister Esther Lines. We entered the old home and found the old church book (I still have it), and we searched through old numbers of the SIGNS, dating back to 1850. We brought quite a number of them home with us and found several articles written by my present wife, as she has been quite a writer.

As for myself, I have visited several associations that were not in full fellowship with the old church, yet I believe they are of the church of God, but preachers who cannot eat strong meat sow discord and scatter the flock. Also, I find members wherever I go who are strong in doctrine but are quiet about it. My wife and I are agreed upon all points of doctrine. I am now in the seventy-fifth year of my age. I enjoy going about rather a listener and a looker-on. I have been attacked several times, sometimes by able ministers and lay members, but have always stood firm on the sovereignty of God in all events, both natural

and spiritual, and found that they in the end differed but little with me. I think, as you state in your letter, the time is coming when there will be a great sifting out, unless some great persecution of the saints takes place, then the sound Baptists and all the Lord's people among the Babylonians will come out and suffer together for the Lord's sake.

Now, brother Weaver, it behooves me to state some of the travels of my own mind, why I am a Baptist at all. I have been driven to be a Baptist by my own experience, if I have not been deceived. But there are some things I am sure of. I was made to see my own sins in reality. I did not only think so, but knew so. I envied the brute beasts their position in life. I thought what they did they did ignorantly, and what I did I did knowingly. I could see no one's faults but my own, and the Baptists shone to me like angels. Of all things I wanted most was to be pure and holy and I was further from that than anything I knew. So there I was. I craved a sudden forgiveness and to see a bright light shining around me, and craved that light for many years, but almost gave up, forgetting that I was trying to choose my own way of being brought. I finally came to the end of the law. I awoke in the night and my sins and iniquities had me hemmed in, and they were piled up so high I could hardly see over them. I said, Lord, where is there a way of escape? There was a rushing thought came into my mind: That is why Christ suffered on the cross. I was shown plainly my way of escape. All my iniquities were brushed away, and all around was a smooth plain, just like a sea of glass in every direction I looked. I was given a little hope in this experience of mind and soul, that we being Christ's flesh and

bones, he being the head and life, so that his righteousness circulates through our souls, that is why we escape. He suffered for us, and it was lawful for him to suffer for us: that is why God can be just and save a poor sinner like me. But, like Paul, I have to endure a warfare between flesh and Spirit. Paul desired that thorn to be removed, but God told him his grace was sufficient. I was made to see the church as the visible kingdom of heaven and I on the outside. I craved to be in the kingdom, but hoped to see myself worthy to enter. I waited several years, but made no progress, until the desire was so strong that I panted for the church. I saw that if I ever entered in I must take my carnal nature in with me, to my regret. But I ventured and went thirty-five miles in cold weather and asked a home with the Harmony Church, near Sidney, Ohio, and was received after relating a few of my travels of mind, and was baptized the following fourth Sunday in April, 1894. My first wife, Bettie, was baptized at the same time, by Elder Breece. I am the only one left of that little band of precious brethren, but feel unshaken, as yet.

With much love,

G. D. PETERS.

(See obituary notice on page 118.)

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., March 21, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—It has occurred to me that some of the readers of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES can assist me in my effort to collect information concerning the Slawson family genealogy. I am particularly interested in the family of Eliphalet Warner, who were among the early members of an Orange County, or possibly Chemung, Tioga County, New York, Old School Baptist Church. Betsey Ann Warner, daughter of Eliphalet Warner,

married Nathan Slawson, my grandfather. Can any one tell me, where, when and by whom they were married? I am also interested in the Polly family, members, I believe, of an Old School Baptist Church either in Orange County, N. Y., or in Potter County, Pennsylvania. Mary Polly, daughter of Hugh Polly, a Revolutionary soldier, married Moses Slawson, my great-grandfather. Can any one tell me where, when and by whom they were married, and where they are buried? I feel sure that some of your readers can help me in my search for this information, and it may be that some one can tell me what has become of the old records of the churches mentioned. If this is so, I assure you I will be more than grateful if they will communicate with me at 58 Davis Avenue, White Plains, N. Y.

Yours truly,

JOHN WALLACE SLAWSON.

HICKMAN, Ky., March 13, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I wish to correct the mistake I made in signing the memorial of brother Verhines, which was published in the March issue of the SIGNS. Instead of G. M. Campbell, Pastor, it should have been G. M. Campbell, Moderator pro tem. I am very sorry for the mistake.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

L. C. CAMPBELL.

WATCH YOUR DATES.

WE wish to request our subscribers when sending in their subscriptions to see that the date on the little pink slip bearing their address is changed. If not changed, please let us know immediately (for that signifies you have not been given credit for the money sent) and we will look into the matter. By consulting that date you can tell at a glance to what time your subscription is paid. Dec. 29 means that your subscription is paid to December, 1929; June 28 means your subscription is only paid to June, 1928, &c.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY, 1929.

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Elder Charles W. Vaughn, Hopewell, N. J.

*All letters for this paper should be addressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***GENESIS XXVIII. 10, 11.**

"AND Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran. And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep."

A dear sister in Canada has asked for our views with regard to the stones which Jacob took and put them for his pillows, and we have quoted the above verses for a text. As Abraham was commanded to "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee," so must Jacob, the seed of Abraham, be made to betake himself into a far country. He must forsake father and mother and flee the wrath of his elder, or earthly brother. That which is natural, or of the flesh, is first, and as Cain rose up and slew Abel, so would Esau take his brother's life were his bounds not set and fixed by the unalterable decrees of Almighty

God. In the purpose of God both the old and the new man, the flesh and the Spirit, are to the end that he (God) shall be glorified. Neither did he wait to see what they would do, but chose them to both ways and ends, and this before either was born or had done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth. He hath, therefore, determined beforehand their bounds and their habitation, and each one in the Lord's time and way must be manifested to fill and fit in the place which he hath designed. Esau and Pharaoh, both types of the flesh, hath God raised up, that he might show in them his power, and that his name should be declared throughout all the earth. The Lord's peculiar portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance; he is ever mindful of his own, and when he comes down to deliver Israel with a high and mighty hand all the earth must keep silence before him. But his people must be taught to know that as the heavens are high above the earth, so are his thoughts above their thoughts, and that his ways are past finding out. The Lord himself will so lead them as to cause them to confess, "Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." Jacob had just obtained the blessing of his father, Isaac, which embraced "God Almighty bless thee, and make thee fruitful, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be a multitude of people; and give thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee, and to thy seed with thee; that thou mayest inherit the land wherein thou art a stranger, which God gave unto Abraham," was sent out on his lone and solitary journey, which all must travel who would know God for themselves. He was directed where to go,

“to Padan-aram, to the house of Bethuel, thy mother’s father; and take thee a wife from thence of the daughters of Laban, thy mother’s brother.” To go among his kindred seeking a wife for himself, would seem at first thought a most pleasant mission, and one greatly to be desired, but the way is strewn with obstacles and difficulties which try the heart of man on every hand, and finally he is made to give up completely in despair. Jesus told the Gadarene to “Go home to thy friends,” thy mother’s kindred—the church—“and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee,” but he also indicated very clearly in another place the route by which we are to enter in to the city: “Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be which find it.” Job said he had heard of the Lord by the hearing of the ear, but after he was made to say, “I know that thou canst do ^{EVERY} ~~anything~~, and that no thought can be withholden from thee,” he said, “but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.” This is the way no man will choose; he goes out not knowing whither he is going, nevertheless he must be on his way. Necessity is laid upon him and he is compelled to seek other quarters. Of all the servants in his father’s house there was none sent to accompany Jacob. Isaac commits him to the care and keeping of Abraham’s God. After all, is it not only He that is able to keep that which we commit unto him? Truly his eye is on the sparrow, which cannot fall without him, and if we are indeed his people we are of much more

value than many sparrows. But as Jacob went, there can be no question but that some unseen hand was directing his course, for we are told, “And he lighted upon a certain place.” How good to realize the definiteness and certainty of all that God does. There was but one place in all the world in the purpose of God for Jacob to light upon, and there he must remain and wait the appointed hour of him who hath made the day and the night.

“And tarried there all night.” It does not say how long the night was, but it does declare that he tarried there all night. This night may vary as to length of time in the experience of the children of God, but whether it be but a few days or weeks or months, or many long and wearisome years, each and every one must stand in their lot and wait on the Lord, abiding his good pleasure, and every one who has known the exceeding sinfulness of sin, of that separation from God which is blackness itself, knows how dark the night is and knows full well that no earthly creature, nor all of them combined, can hasten the coming of the morning one thousandth part of a second. There is nothing which can be done but to tarry there all night. In the nineteenth Psalm we are told, “Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge,” and we understand that it was while Jonah was in the whale’s belly at the very foot of the mountains that he was taught that “salvation is of the Lord,” and so the night season is most essential in the preparation of the Lord’s true witnesses; they must go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters before they can see the wonders of God in the deep. The reason it was night with Jacob was “because the sun was set.” Jesus said the children of the

bridechamber cannot fast as long as the bridegroom is with them, and so there is never any darkness in the soul when the Sun of Righteousness is shedding forth its warm and lifegiving rays into it, but when the bridegroom takes his leave then are we left to mourn our sad and benighted condition. It was during the night, when the sun was set, and there was no light by which he could see to travel, that Jacob pondered the dreadful state he was in, and while he was musing the fire burned; amidst all of his difficulties and distress his mind no doubt was led to think upon the sure and precious promise which God had made to his father Abraham, which had been repeated by Isaac when he began his journey, and the Holy Spirit having stirred up his pure mind to think upon God's faithfulness and his power to perform all that he had promised by faith he was given to embrace that promise as belonging to himself, and was persuaded that though heaven and earth pass away God's words would not fail. The stones which he took and put them for his pillows, evidently were the words, or promises of God which came to him at that place, on that occasion, and having found his word he verily did eat it, and they were as nails in a sure place. Stones are among the most enduring things of nature, and, therefore, are used as a type of the word of God which abides forever. It may be said that they make a hard pillow naturally, which is all true, and natural reason does not choose them for a place to rest the head upon, but how different is the case where one has tried and proven to be failure all that the earth can produce, who have labored and are heavy laden with their burden, feelingly sinking into

utter despair, to find something solid, something that will endure when all that is earthly has been consumed in the using. Such characters know that there is but one foundation, the one resting-place, and how blessed it is to be given some word, even though it be but the one, which we are convinced with all our heart and soul was God's precious gift to us, in that place, during that time of darkness when all thy billows encompassed us and we felt to be poured out like water upon the dry ground which could not be gathered. There are some experiences in our own life when we were so distressed that we knew not what to do or where to turn, and while our very soul seemed to be agonizing in death, the still small voice of Jehovah soundeth forth some promise which fell as seed into good ground, and it brought forth fruit which abides with us until this day. At such times truly one can "lay down in that place to sleep," and there is none to harm or make them afraid, for God that keepeth Israel neither sleeps nor slumbers, and "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Do we not realize of a truth then "that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose"? One has said,

"Day and night in this agree,
They're both alike, great God, to thee."

The seasons must continue, and when winter is yet upon us we confidently look for the coming of spring, when nature will awake from its state of dormancy and the power of life shall be in evidence on every hand. So it is in our experience. We hope what we have written will be of some encouragement to our sister and to the household of faith.

R. L. D.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

Abraham S. Miller, our brother in Christ, deacon of the Mill Creek Old School Baptist Church, departed this earthly life at his home, Kearneysville, West Virginia, early in the morning of Saturday, March 23rd, 1929. Funeral services were held at the home on the 25th, interment in Elmwood Cemetery, at Shepherdstown, W. Va. He was born December 24th, 1847, one of thirteen children of Jacob J. and Catherine Snyder Miller. Of these thirteen children one brother: William Miller, who is eighty-nine years old, is living. In 1874 brother Miller was married to Miss Mary S. Turner. Of this union there are two daughters and three sons surviving: Mrs. Alice Mullaney, of Ohio, Mrs. Laura M. Thompson, of Kearneysville, W. Va., Gilbert B. Miller, of Morgantown, W. Va., Herbert C. and Paul Miller, both of Kearneysville, W. Va. There are fourteen grandchildren and four great-grandchildren. Brother Miller was baptized by Elder E. V. White November 25th, 1883. Previously he had belonged to the Presbyterian denomination. Having been shown in his experience of grace the folly of trusting in human free-will, and being taught by the Spirit that salvation of sinners can never be by their own works, but wholly through the blood of Jesus, he left the Presbyterians and on relation of his experience and being baptized my immersion, he came thus into membership with the Old School Baptists. For many years brother Miller served the church as her Deacon and her Clerk. His going from us leaves the Mill Creek Church, of Jefferson County, West Virginia, with but two members, both sisters. His death will most likely terminate the holding of any regular meetings at that place. This saddens us much, but it is beyond human power to keep the sacred light going unless the Spirit of God continue it. Man, of himself, cannot begin, maintain or finish true gospel church organization. It can only be effected through the operation of the Holy Spirit of God. For the past twenty years it has been my privilege to serve this church as pastor with more or less regularity. I have enjoyed my visits with them, not only with brother and sister Miller, now both gone, and with others of the church, but also with the members of their families. Always have they shown the utmost respect and reverence for the Old School Baptist Church and for the preaching of the word. Brother Miller was a man who walked apart from the world, maintaining a correct life in the neighborhood where he lived, and had the respect of all who knew him: a quiet, humble man, whose personality was marked by an entire absence of any sort of strife or contention with his fellow-man: a lover of peace and a lover of God. He loved to read his Bible, the hymn-book and the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. He was satisfied to let the world and all in it move on as it might, subject

to the will of God, but as for himself he was content if he could but serve and worship the Lord his God. His departure marks the end of a chapter, maybe of the final one, in the history of the Mill Creek Church. Pray for us, brethren, that we may not be overmuch discouraged through these dispensations of an all-wise Providence. We believe all things are in His hands and greatly desire that every one of us may be submissive to his holy will.

ALSO,

Army J. Peck, our brother in Christ, passed away from earth April 9th, 1929, at his home, near Warfordsburg, Fulton Co., Pa. He began to be afflicted several months ago with an internal incurable trouble of a cancerous nature and suffered in consequence great inconvenience and indescribable pain. For several weeks last fall he was at the University of Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia, where he had the benefit of the most skilled nursing and surgical treatment, all of which helped to relieve his suffering and to make him more comfortable, but it meant nothing permanently. In August of last year, when he was at times in intense agony and when his life's end seemed very near indeed, I spent part of an afternoon with him. He talked freely of his interest in the doctrine of God our Savior and expressed his earnest conviction that his only hope of salvation was in the name of Jesus, whom he believed verily to be the Son of God. At that time he asked us to sing Cowper's hymn beginning, "God moves in a mysterious way," which we did, also reading a portion of Scripture and attempting a prayer for his comfort. At that visit he said not a word to me of wanting to be baptized, but three days later he sent his brother-in-law and wife to me and to the deacons of the Sideling Hill Church, asking if we thought him a fit subject for baptism and requesting to be baptized if possible. Thereupon a meeting of the church was called to assemble at his home, when he related his exercises of mind and confessed that God in Christ was his All in All. The church voted to receive him. Strong men picked him up from his sick-bed and carried him down to a running stream near his home, where with the assistance of Deacon J. C. Mellott I baptized him. He was then tenderly conveyed back to his bed again, was given the right hand of fellowship, the ordinance of the Lord's Supper being observed by the church in company with brother Peck in his bedroom. Those who witnessed that day will not soon forget the impressive solemnity of all that took place. After this, our brother seemed to grow stronger physically and became able to walk about the house and even to go outside and walk about outdoors. He also became able to attend two meetings of the church, one in October and the other in December. It was also during this time that he went and spent several weeks in Philadelphia for treatment. Last August no one of us, however

optimistic, believed that he would live eight months, which he did. He was born October 20th, 1876, the son of James and Sarah Peck, and is survived by one sister, the last of seven children, Mrs. E. W. Evans, of Pinehurst, Washington. Our brother was never associated with Old School Baptists until after his marriage to our sister Etta Peck, the daughter of brother Dennis and sister Alice Mellott. He loved the company of believers in Christ and always attended the meetings unless providentially hindered. Besides his widow, he leaves two young sons to mourn their loss: Fred M. and Floyd H. Peck, both at home. His funeral was held at the Sideling Hill meeting-house. Before his death he selected the hymns to be used at his funeral, the portion of Scripture to be used as a text, the friends whom he wished to act as pallbearers, and attended to many other little details, requesting his wife that if an Old Baptist could not be had to preach his funeral, not to have a minister of any other belief. We believe our brother to be with him who heals all our diseases and who forgives all our iniquities, and we cannot wish him back, feeling assured he is in that blessed rest which remains for the people of God. May God comfort our sister in her widowhood and may he direct in his unerring wisdom the steps of the youthful sons.

H. H. L.

George De Bolt Peters, son of Elder John Peters and Ruth De Bolt Peters, was born at Lightsville, Dark County, Ohio, February 23rd, 1854, and died January 10th, 1929, at his home, in Zanesfield, Ohio, lacking a little more than a month of being seventy-five years of age. In March, 1876, he was married to Bettie Shoots, and to that union were born four children: Royal S., Benjamin F., Deota Underwood and Leota Clingerman. Brother Peters was a man above reproach, faithful to friends and loyal to an unusual degree to his church, Primitive or Old School Baptist. After his death his townsmen were heard to say, "He never had a superior, and seldom, if ever, an equal." "We have lost the best man on Mad River," &c. He was considered to be the most learned in the Scriptures of all in Logan County, Ohio. Often it was said, "You cannot contradict him and stick to the Bible." Hearing preaching and conversation on divine things was his chief delight. He was universally loving and beloved, charitable to a superlative degree, not offending, but firm and uncompromising in the faith. He, with his wife Bettie, was baptized into the fellowship of Harmony Church, Mad River Association, in April, 1894. His wife having died early in 1925, on August 24th, 1926, he was united in marriage to Joie E. Woods, of Galena, Ohio, with whom he lived ideally happy, going near and far to attend meetings, and with his wife having many a fireside meeting at home, his not being a "Sunday religion." On Sunday, January 13th, Elder J. H.

Adams preached the funeral discourse from the text, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain," preach- ing ably and with liberty, much to the comfort of friends. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

JOIE WOODS PETERS.

Omar W. Whaley was born in Bath County, Ken- tucky, May 16th, 1846, and departed this life at his home, 6712 Agnes Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri, December 25th, 1928, aged 82 years, 7 months and 9 days. He was married to Margaret Robinson April 25th, 1870, and to that union thirteen children were born, two dying in infancy. Their names are: Clar- ence C., Ada H., Berton V., Charley G., Barton H., Alfred M., Harvey K., Henry S., Frank W., Willie C. and Nellie F., all living except Henry and Frank. The children were all present with the exception of two son, one of whom lives in California, the other in Michigan. His aged companion, two brothers, two sisters, twenty-three grandchildren and six great- grandchildren are also left to mourn. Brother Whaley, with his wife, professed a hope in Christ and united with the Palestine Primitive Baptist Church, in Jackson County, Missouri, June, 1898, and were baptized by Elder Allen Sisk. After locating in Kansas City they united with Mt. Vernon Church. Brother Whaley was a faithful member, always in his accustomed seat if he was able to attend. Without question he had been taught of the Lord, for his daily walk and godly conversation evidenced the work of grace in his heart. "For out of the abun- dance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

The funeral was held at Lindsey's funeral home in Kansas City, and was attended by a large gathering of relatives and friends, the writer conducting the services, after which the body was laid to rest in the Forest Hill, Cemetery, there to await the call of our Master. May God's grace reconcile the family to his will, especially his aged companion, is our prayer.

M. M. SHUMATE,

Sarah M. Turnidge was born November 17th, 1850, in Smith County, Tennessee. She, with her father's family, moved to Missouri, where June 3rd, 1868, she was married to J. C. Turnidge. In February, 1869, she united with the Primitive Baptist Church, of which she was a faithful member. In the fall of 1874 the family moved to western Oregon. In 1883 they moved to eastern Oregon, where they lived on a homestead for six years, moving from there to north- ern Idaho in 1889. In 1895 they came to Weiser, Idaho, where she made her home until her death, November 6th, 1928. She is survived by her husband, Elder J. C. Turnidge, seven children, twenty-three grandchildren and fifteen great-grandchildren. Such were the facts in her life, as far as this world is con- cerned, but I have known her for quite a number of

years as a sister church member and mother-in-law. She was always a faithful member, filling her place and encouraging others. As the wife of a minister she always made a way for him to fulfill his church duties. I never heard her speak ill of any one, always loving peace and peaceful ways. She was at meeting as long as her health permitted, and when the end came died in full triumph of the faith. Two days before she died when asked how she felt, said she felt happy. Her life will always be a loving remembrance of good things. Her labors are over, her work is done, and she is asleep in Jesus.

Written by her daughter-in-law,
(MRS.) ARCHIE TURNIDGE.

Creed Thomas Boothe, infant son of Ardelia and Thomas Boothe, and a grandson of Creed M. Bird, after whom little Creed was named, was born October 11th, 1924, in Putnam County, West Virginia, and departed this life November 19th, 1928, making his stay with his loving parents 4 years, 1 month and 8 days. Ardelia is a sister of the unworthy writer and my heart goes out to her and her loving and dutiful husband in their lonely hours around the home that was made so happy with the childish pratter, the light and love in that once warm and active form that now lies cold and still in that calm and mystical condition that we mortals call death. But our dull faculties are unable to comprehend that God's little ones cannot die, that it is only in Adam they can die; in Christ, who is their eternal life, is no death, but life eternal. Little Creed was very bright for a child of his age, and would talk of things beyond the common grasp of children of his age. His death was the result of that dreaded malady diphtheria. May it please our blessed heavenly Father to so fill the poor aching hearts of the bereaved parents with his wonderful love that they may become reconciled to the sovereign will of him who in mercy calls his little ones home to forever dwell with him in eternal bliss.

G. B. BIRD.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE
"SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE
FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."**

Mrs. J. A. Hurley, Mich., \$3; Miss Altha Drake, N. J., \$2; Robert Turner, Cal., \$3; Mrs. Leonard Hales, Ont., \$2; Mrs. A. J. Crenshaw, Okla., \$4; Mrs. Sirena Bowen, Ill., \$1; Mrs. E. E. Julian, Okla., \$2; Mrs. M. E. Kuns, Cal., \$1; H. M. Bowden, Mo., \$2; Wm. H. Leslie, \$10; Mrs. W. A. Hightower, N. Y., \$1; Miss Kate Rugg, Ohio, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Smith, B. C., \$1; Mrs. E. L. Saul, W. Va., \$2; Miss Sadie T. Nicoll, Md., \$3; Mrs. C. E. Smith, Ore., \$3; Mrs. G. E. Anderson, Va., \$1; L. Z. Ross, N. Y., \$1; Walter Peacock, England, \$1.

M E E T I N G S .

The Baltimore Association is appointed to be held at Black Rock, Maryland, May 15th, 16th and 17th, 1929. Those coming by rail will reach Baltimore in time to get the 3:30 P. M. train from the Pennsylvania R. R. Station for Cockeysville, on the 14th, where they will be met and taken to places of entertainment. We hope a goodly number will come.

F. G. SCOTT, Church Clerk.

The Delaware Association will be held with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, beginning Wednesday, May 22nd, 1929, and continuing three days. Friends coming from the north get tickets for Conowingo Station on Tuesday, May 21st, at Broad Station, Philadelphia, P. R. R., at 1:49 p. m. Those coming from the south get tickets at Union Station, Baltimore, Md., P. R. R., for Conowingo at 3:13 p. m. Change cars at Perryville for Conowingo, where they will be met and conveyed to places of entertainment. We hope for a goodly number of brethren and friends, especially ministering brethren, who will be most welcome. Trains will be met Wednesday morning by appointment. The church-house is directly on the Robert Fulton Highway, about one mile north of Mason and Dixon line, which is marked.

Done by order of the church.

S. R. DANCE, Church Clerk.

The Delaware River Association is appointed to be held with the Kingwood Church, Locktown, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, commencing on Wednesday before the first Sunday in June and continuing three days, May 29th, 30th and 31st, 1929. We extend a cordial invitation to all of like precious faith to meet with us. Those coming by rail will take train to Trenton Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Frenchtown, N. J., where they will be provided for.

O. R. KUGLER, Church Clerk.

The Warwick Old School Baptist Association is appointed to be held at New Vernon, Sullivan County, New York, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before the second Sunday in June (5th, 6th and 7th), 1929. Those coming from and via New York City will take Erie R. R. Ferry foot of West 23rd Street or Chambers Street for train leaving from Jersey City. Get tickets for Howells, N. Y. Those coming from and via Kingston, N. Y., will take Ontario and Western train from Kingston. Get tickets for Winterton, N. Y. Trains will be met and friends cared for. Time of trains will be announced later, when new schedules will be effective. Those coming by automobile will go to the home of Mr. Fred Beyea (The Old Homestead) on arrival at New Vernon.

A cordial invitation is extended to all brethren, sisters and friends to meet with us.

R. LESTER DODSON, Moderator.

The Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every third Sunday at 1 p. m. at the Swedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Orange and Eleventh Streets, Riverside, California, and every alternate first Sunday, beginning with January, at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143 W. Eleventh Street, Claremont, California, at 10:30 a. m., all-day session, with lunch at place of meeting; and every other first Sunday at Riverside, California, same place and hour as mentioned above for third Sundays.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Clerk.

**OLIVE & HURLEY OLD SCHOOL
BAPTIST CHURCH
ASHOKAN, N. Y.**

Meetings every third Sunday

10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are
cordially invited.

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OLD SCHOOL
BAPTIST CHURCH.**

IN

NEW YORK CITY.

Meetings every Sunday at 168 East
70th Street, Manhattan. Near Lexington
Avenue.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

To all who are seeking the truth, a cor-
dial invitation is extended to meet with
us.

**SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST
CHURCH,**

1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, P. A.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Preaching First and Third Sundays

ALL WELCOME

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Balti-
more, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the
meetinghouse, 210 E. Madison St., near Calvert St.
An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet
with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in
each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway
Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with
lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All
are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every
first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday be-
fore third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take
South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north
to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Wash-
ington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sun-
day in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth
St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth
floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers
of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday
each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

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MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE, 1929.

NO. 6.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Argentine, Kansas, Oct. 1, 1891.

Elder Wm. Beebe—Dear Brother:—It has long been on my mind to at some time relate my christian experience, thinking perhaps it was showing ingratitude to my heavenly Father to withhold what might be of comfort or interest to his little ones, as I am well aware of the pleasure I derive in reading each experience in our little family paper. These things it seems to me, are not given us to conceal hidden in our bosom for our own selfish comfort, but they are to be used as a sort of password to show that we are one entitled to enjoy the company of those who know the secret of the order of the house of God, for the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him. He surely leads all his children in the same narrow path, but each has his own experience to tell, and judging from my own, I think it is a delight to each to recall, and proclaim how wonderfully he has been led. I feel that I was miraculously saved by the power of God, from being a Missionary Baptist, and

probably a missionary for it was the sincere desire of all my friends and relatives that I should fill such a position, and they worked hard to accomplish it. But how puny and insignificant are the labors of man before the mighty power of our great Jehovah. My grandfather was the so-called Rev. Dr. Price, who went on a mission to Bermuda with Dr. Judson the missionary. While there my father, Stephen W. Price, and a brother were born, and Stephen became a Baptist minister. He met my mother in Washington, D. C., and was married just before his ordination took place. She was a niece of the Hon. Amos Kendall, who before his death completed a second beautiful edifice, which was called the “Calvary Baptist,” or the Hon. Amos Kendall’s church. His first building was burned to the ground. His father, too, was a very great worker, in his way, and his religion was his idol. He would sacrifice anything for the religion he professed. So you see all my kindred were very zealous in doing all they thought they were able to do for the Lord and

his cause. When I was only a few months old my dear father died. My mother was intending to marry again and go to China on a missionary tour, but the Lord's way seemed to be different from her way, and before the time appointed for her wedding she too, died, leaving me an orphan indeed, at three years of age. But when my mother and father forsook me the Lord took me up, and I have found it to be better to fall into the Lord's hands than to be left to the management of man. From that time until the time of her death, last February, I have been with an aunt of my mother, to whom I became so attached that I soon learned to call her mother. She was an Old School Baptist in sentiment, and joined that church before the division. I tell all this that it may be seen how true is the Scripture, Man proposes, but God disposes, and to show how wonderfully he works to accomplish his wise purpose in the face of all that man may do to oppose his will. You can easily imagine I inherited the "do and live" disposition, and surrounded by those of the same spirit, is it not wonderful how the Lord led me out from among them and their idols? My relatives all had ample means, and were ready and willing to lavish their wealth upon me should I do their bidding, i. e. finish the work my mother had commenced, but as soon as they heard of my joining the Old "Hard Shells" all communication ceased, and I never heard from them any more, but since it was for His dear sake I only smile at my grief and hope I may claim the promise to the blessed,

I do not remember the time when I felt no interest in religion, for I always longed for purity, and many times have thought, Oh that I might be as free from sin as God and his bright angels are, I then could be extremely happy. Repeatedly I resolved to commit no sin during the week, but pray every morning and evening, read a chapter in the Bible each day, go to Sunday School regularly (as my adopted mother felt it could do no harm, and there were none of the Old School Baptists in Catskill where we then lived and she attended the Dutch Reformed meetings) but in all my endeavors I came far short of my expectations. I wanted to gather together the poor children in our neighborhood to tell them about the blessed Jesus, and ask them to be good and try and go to heaven as I was trying to do. One day in Sunday School our teacher asked, Who has prayed to God this morning, thanking him for his care during the long dark night? All who have done so may raise their hand. To my great surprise I was the only one whose hand was not raised at her request. Imagine my feelings when I saw a girl (one who was a constant torment and terror to me each Sunday, as she made fun of my clothing, and in every manner taunted me, if perchance she overtook me in my walk to or from Sunday School) raise her hand with an air of confidence and gaze at me triumphantly as I timidly blushed and settled back in my seat, thinking, Can it be possible that even this bad girl prays in the morning and I do not? I was sorely tempted to raise my hand, but I felt I

could not tell a lie about it, and so resisted the awful temptation. My teacher opened her large black eyes in astonishment, and said, Why Adela, is it possible you are the only one who does not say her prayers? I replied, At night I say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep' (the verses my own mother taught me) but in the morning I do not. She then told us, among other things, that all little children who did not pray, would go to hell, and described the terrors of that dreadful place in such a manner as to lead one to suppose she might have been plunged into the depths of that undesirable place some time herself, so vividly did she describe the surroundings of the devil and his worshiping angels. Then too, she told of the raptures of heaven, with its streets and harps of gold, adding that all good little children who said their prayers would go to live in this beautiful place. I went home so excited and anxious, it made me feverish and sick. I said, Mother, I know when I die I am going to hell. I then repeated what my teacher had said and that put an end to my attending Sunday School. After a few years we moved to Middletown, Orange County, N. Y., where I was blessed with the privilege of hearing the gospel truth fall from the lips of one who received it direct from the Author of all purity and perfection. One to whom it had been said, Feed my sheep, feed my lambs. I used to enjoy dear old Elder Beebe's preaching, but he was preaching to christians and there was nothing for me. He dealt out to them the spiritual food, and occasionally a

little crumb would fall into my hungry soul and it was very sweet, but oh so rich they did not satisfy my craving nor strengthen me in any way, for I was in too sickly a state to receive anything so strong. I longed to enjoy it with them, and felt they could not refuse me the little comfort I received, but the dear Lord had not yet seen fit to prepare me to receive such food as christians thrive upon, so I gathered only crumbs for years. One night I dreamed that all thought me dead. I lay in a beautiful casket, surrounded with sweetest flowers. So real did it seem that I could plainly see the coffin's satin lining, hear the pillow's light rustle under my head and distinctly smell the perfume of the flowers. As I lay there I thought with pleasure of my future home in the unknown world, and my entrance into the better land, but also thought, It seems almost too good to be true though I hope it is. It may be only a lovely dream, and to make sure I will ask my mother and she will not deceive me, but tell me the candid truth. She sat quite near the marble topped stand upon which my casket rested, and I said, Mother, am I really dead? She turned and looked at me, smiling, and replied, Certainly, you are dead and going to heaven. We seemed to be on a large Hudson River steam boat and the continual jar of the boat I felt so distinctly that I thought, Yes, it must be so. But still to make doubly sure I asked again, Mother, are you sure you are not mistaken? Can this be a dream, or is it truly so that I am dead and going to heaven? She smiled, as if to say, How

can you doubt it? and replied, Why my dear child, I am not mistaken, and this is no dream, for you are really dead and going to heaven. Then I felt content. I knew it was no dream, for she had told me so, and I was overwhelmed with happiness. We sailed on for a long time, until we reached a beautiful green island devoid of everything but nature's own creation, except that there were wide steps reaching far above us, and as my mother led me by the hand nearer to them I saw that on each step there stood a beautiful chariot. The one on the first step was ours to occupy. How can I describe its wonderful beauty? It was a two-wheeled carriage, like the war chariots of olden times. Every part was made of the purest white and glistening pearl, with occasionally a precious stone flashing out a ray of color from among the rich carving. One mass of beautiful white pearl and precious stones! The two beautiful horses attached to it were white as snow, with arching necks and flowing manes, and faultless in their form, and needed nothing stronger to guide them than lines of narrow white ribbon in an angel's hand. The angel was arrayed in spotless white, and seemed more like a figure of beautiful marble than a form of flesh and blood, because of the fair beauty of his face and form. He put out his hand and helped me into the chariot, and as I turned to speak to my mother I found I was alone with my beautiful angel, and immediately the snowy steeds began a steady, graceful stepping, stepping, rising in the air with as much ease and grace as a feather

wafted by a summer breeze. When at a dizzy height I looked down upon the earth (I had never in childhood looked from any great height upon the earth below, and so I wonder that my little brain could dream of things so real.) the people on the island seemed like tiny specks as they came near and entered the chariots awaiting them. The rivers winding in and out among the lovely mountains looked like yards of silvery blue ribbon, and the cities and towns along their verdant banks seemed but a handful. It was indeed a lovely picture. But gradually, like a morning fog, there gathered around us a fleecy white cloud, which shut out from my view the earth with its sunlight and shadows, and I could see nothing but my angel driver and his beautiful prancing horses. We went up and up so long I began to feel weary of the monotony, but at length the upward motion ceased and we descended for a short distance, the cloud gradually vanishing, until all motion ceased and then it had floated away. I found we had settled on the edge of a tiny stream, the chariot standing in the water, which was only deep enough to trickle over the small white pebbles with a pleasant soothing sound and was as clear as crystal. On either side were trees of extraordinary luxuriance of foliage and under which sat groups of happy souls reading, talking and in various ways enjoying the dense shade. We were directly in front of an immense brown-stone building, which stood in the midst of beautiful grounds surrounded by an iron fence. My angel driver stood on

the bank and helped me to alight, and as I put out my hand to open the gate it was swung open by some invisible power and I ascended the huge stone steps, singing as I went a song of thanksgiving and praise, the tune and a few words of which I remembered a short time after I awoke. The massive double doors were in the same mysterious manner thrown open as if to welcome me. Turning to my left I saw a congregation of people listening to the Savior's gentle voice as he stood before them. He was dressed in a robe of purple, a beautiful golden halo around his head, and a large book open on a desk before him, and with his raised hands he seemed to be explaining the Scriptures to them. At his feet I observed a beautiful crimson velvet cushion edged with a heavy fringe of gold. I recognized my father and mother at once and saluted each with a kiss, then running to my blessed Savior, with clasped hands and bowed head fell upon my knees on the cushion at his feet. He gently laid his hands upon my head and blessed me, and I awoke. I looked about in perfect amazement for a time. Yes, I could see the paper on the wall, the curtained windows, my mother lying sleeping by my side, and as the truth gradually dawned upon me my agony of grief cannot be told. I sobbed and cried so violently that I shook the bed and awoke my mother, who was very much alarmed, and taking me fondly in her arms tried in vain for some time to find the cause of my distress. I trembled like a leaf and could not speak. At last I repeated

again and again, O mother, I am so disappointed, so disappointed. You told me it was not a dream. Oh I am so disappointed. This terrible feeling of disappointment lasted a number of days. I was quite a child at that time, and this dream seemed rather remarkable for one so young. Some years after this, when listening to Elder Beebe, he took for his text the words, "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him." His discourse was very interesting. He represented our sins as having pierced the dear Redeemer, and also quoted the lines, "Twas you, my sins, my cruel sins, his chief tormenters were." It seemed I could not control my feelings and my poor heart was cut to the core as I realized my guilt and vileness as being the cause of His dreadful suffering and death. It seemed as if I myself had helped to nail him to the cross by my transgressions, and just as he was taunted and tormented by the sponge and spear, so my continual sinning had added to his agony, while with great mercy and forgiveness he had said, Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do. Oh how vividly I could imagine the terrible scene. It seemed I could see the crimson drops trickling down his aching, throbbing brow. (I did not then know the crimson flood was dripping upon my poor hungry soul to wash away the inky stains it bore.) I seemed to hear his pitiful groans of agony, could see his dear parched lips, parted for one cooling drop of water to quench his awful

thirst, and he said, It is finished, and gave up the ghost. He turned those beautiful, mild, compassionate eyes and looked at me, and oh that look. I shuddered, and covered my face with my hands and could scarcely control my feelings sufficiently to remain during the remainder of the service. Yes, I thought, it is finished, I have crucified my dearest friend and it is finished. My doom is sealed; there is now no pardon and no Savior for me. Dear brother, you know the sound of those awful words to a poor crouching sinner, and you, too, know the joy and the gladness which rings through the breast of a christian when he hears and knows it is finished, his redemption is complete, his toils and anxieties are forever done, and he rises with his Savior's triumph over his mighty foes. In November, 1869, I went to Washington, D. C., my birthplace (both naturally and spiritually, I hope) to finish my musical education, and lived for a time with my grandfather Kendall. I was then again surrounded with my missionary relatives and friends. Now that my eyes were open to search the deep recesses of my sinful heart I found that in the sight of the just and holy God I was naught but a loathsome bundle of vileness and sin. All my good works and attempts at christianity were but an abomination in the sight of Him whom I desired to serve. What more could I do, but sink lower and lower as my strength to do grew less and less, and in discouragement sink into the depths of endless woe, and yet I must beg for

mercy, though I found no reason to expect it. So for days and nights on bended knees I pleaded for mercy and forgiveness, but so feeble was my cry it scarcely left my sinful lips ere it fell back again with a sickening thud upon my poor troubled heart. One day my grandfather proposed that we should call upon the minister who baptized my own mother and also performed the ceremony at her wedding. He called him the Reverend Mr. Meadows. While there he kindly laid his hand upon my arm, and said in a very solemn tone, Do you love the Lord? I made the only reply I really could make under the circumstances, and said, "I hope so," and I was both surprised and grieved when he turned to my grandfather, who was very deaf, and said, She tells me she has a hope. Why, replied the poor old gentleman, I knew nothing of it. Oh how tried I felt with the man, that he should misconstrue my meaning. I wondered how he could have expected me to answer No to such a question. Months passed and I seemed still sinking to my doom, but still crying for help, and knowing how others sought their Bible to comfort them, I, too, sought mine but all availed me nothing. I attended meetings regularly, as my grandparents would have been much grieved, and perhaps angry, had I refused, but it was not done because I desired it. The Hon. Amos Kendall's family I know felt quite hurt because I could not enjoy the splendor of their house of worship, but I preferred rather to attend a place nearer

my grandfather's house, where the people were more humble in their dress and worship, which seemed to me more Christlike. The last time I attended meeting with Uncle Amos there stood before the altar a most beautiful banner and after service and the superintendent of the Sunday School came forward and presented it in behalf of a little girl and boy to the Sunday School. Oh how he praised and flattered those dear little children, who, as he said, were trying to work for Jesus, and showed such an interest in the Sunday School, and said he wished all little children would bear such love to Jesus and the Sunday School. Oh how it angered me, and it seemed I could not keep quiet until he finished, as my heart went out in deepest sympathy to the poor little ones who were daily bringing the hard earned pennies of their fathers to this Sunday School, when they needed it themselves to buy food and clothing and who would have gladly given twice as much as their wealthier companions to have received half the admiration and praise. I do not remember ever entering the edifice again.

One Sunday I was particularly sad and opened my Bible to try once more to find a word of encouragement, but the Scripture I opened to was addressed to the disciples or followers of the Jesus I wanted to love and worship, and as I tried to read the good news addressed to them I could not comprehend the meaning of the words I saw, and as I found no word of comfort or advice for one like me I laid the

book aside and wept as if my heart would break, then dried my eyes and got ready to go to meeting, for many had found comfort there. I do not know what the preacher chose for his text, or if he created one for his own convenience, but I know there was little which could have been construed as Bible truth in the whole discourse. He was representing the road to heaven as a rugged, slippery hill, upon the top of which stood the pearly gates ajar, and beseeched poor dead sinners to strive to reach there, and though they might slip back times without number they must not give up or be discouraged, for if they persevered he said they should at last come off victorious and receive the reward they merited, a dazzling crown and a harp of gold. But alas for the weak and faint-hearted, they must work or die. If they did not keep up and struggle on they would gradually sink lower and lower, until at last they would fall helplessly into the bottomless pit and be eternally lost. I listened to the terrible words of discouragement and when he finished was thoroughly convinced that I was eternally lost and there was none to help. My strength was gone (the strength I thought I once had) and all my works of self-righteousness were as nothing, and I could do no more. Verily I could say, "Oh wretched man that I am," &c. I could scarcely control my feelings until I reached my room, then bursting into tears wept until I could weep no more. I received the "Signs of the Times" regularly from my mother,

which was welcomed by me, but not by my grandparents, and my grandmother showed her disgust for them one day in particular when, taking the precious little messenger from my mantle where it was lying, and throwing it into my lap (as one might cast away a piece of broken china) she said, Here is one of old Beebe's books again. The only time my uncle's family ever showed their feelings in regard to the difference of sentiment was one day when I dined with them. Something, which I do not now remember, was said, and my aunt replied, Why they (the Old School) do not believe in Sunday Schools do they, Addie? I answered, No, mam, they do not. My uncle turned to me, almost fiercely, and exclaimed, Do not believe in Sunday Schools! Why they are worse than the heathen. That hurt, but did not stagger me. I continually asked of grandpa to explain some passage of Scripture to me, then unbeknown to any one repaired to my room and wrote a letter to my mother, asking her explanation of the same passage. One did not know of the other's interpretation. When her reply was received I compared the two, and generally came to the conclusion that hers seemed more like Bible truth, and more in accordance with the character of Christ as the Savior, than his. One night while preparing to retire I heard my grandmother say to my grandfather, It is a pity that Daisy is wandering off with the old side Baptists. (Daisy was the pet name given me in my infancy by my mother.) Oh how

I suffered all those terrible, long, gloomy days and nights. It seemed I was sinking, sinking sick and despairing, with no hope, no Savior, no pleasure in this life and no hope in the life to come, and could cry out unheard but could not pray, for my words were leaden and could not rise to the throne of grace. Again one Sunday morning I attended meeting, expecting to hear, as before, of the duty of unworthy sinners to struggle in vain to obtain the starry crown, and quite prepared to hear of works to be attempted which could never be performed, and all the discouragement I had met with before, but go I must for grandpa's sake, as I loved him and did not wish to grieve him. A stranger preached that day, a man of many years. His thin white locks and withered form testifying to the many chilling winters he had seen. If he were not a man of God, his trembling voice proclaimed a message which he had received, pure and fresh from the portals of the glorious King, which through him was sent directly to my poor heart, a comforting, soothing balm, which, like the oil upon the troubled waters, quieted its anxious throbbings and filled it full of hope, love, joy and peace. Oh such peace! He spoke of his extreme age, and said he would probably never preach another sermon, and when he finished his discourse bade us an affectionate farewell. God grant the dear old man never was permitted to preach again unless it was to proclaim the same joyful tidings of truth as is in Jesus Christ. He chose for his text

the words, As the lily among thorns, so is my beloved among the daughters. He represented the church as a bride in her great beauty, adorned for her husband, wearing in her bosom the Rose of Sharon and Lily of the valley. Christ, the bridegroom, came to meet her, bearing on his heart a faded, drooping, dying lily. He pointed to the flower she wore, saying, This is my image, pure and fair, and beautiful, which you wear upon your heart, I am the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the Valley, &c., while this (pointing to his faded flower) is an emblem of yourself as you were before I bought you with my precious blood. He then represented Christ as telling her how he had seen it standing forsaken, helpless and alone among the rank and poison weeds, rubbish and thorns. It was drooping, dying, stained and torn, but he loved it. Oh how he loved and pitied it, and his love and compassion were so great that in spite of piercing thorns and painful toil he reached forth his hand and took it to himself, and now it is forever safe, clasped affectionately and tenderly against his loving breast. Now see the bleeding hands and feet, but all his precious blood was shed for the love of his happy bride, the church. I would gladly repeat the sermon as the old gentleman delivered it, that of course is impossible, and I am sure any christian can tell or know what were my feelings when I heard the joyful sound: a love so strong that it could come and take me, even as I was, in my weakness and poverty, a pity so in-

tense that it could not spurn me, because of my many sins and imperfections, but with forgiveness so free that it sought to hide my blemishes against a heart so warm and full of compassion, and it melted the icy crust of discouragement, and I found myself being led beside the still waters. If all this is true, that he will come to me (as I have no strength to go to him) and will accept me as I am, without one plea, but that his blood was shed for me, then I am saved, weary, sick and sinful though I be. That night I prayed, and I think it was probably the first prayer I ever uttered. It was the old, old story of the publican crying, Lord, be merciful to me, the chief of sinners, and the flood of penitent tears which accompanied that prayer seemed to cleanse my words of their leaden weight and they floated away like incense and arose to the One who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. I laid down on my pillow like a sobbing child and suddenly I felt such a peace as I had never known before. If you can imagine a little child that is lost, running this way and that, tired and frightened, and calling loudly for its father, and when at last it feels the great strong arm around it and the soothing, comforting voice of its father, and looking up into his face sees the tender look of love and pity in his eye, and with childish confidence snuggles its little head against his manly bosom and falls into a quiet and peaceful sleep, you will know just how I felt that night I felt my Savior's love and

sobbed myself to sleep. It was morning when I again opened my eyes, and a more beautiful morning had never dawned on this sinful earth. It seemed to me a holy silence had fallen on all around, as it had done upon my heart. The blessed "Peace, be still," had been spoken, the tempest in my heart had ceased and the very air I breathed seemed to partake of the love, joy and holy calm I experienced. Like David, I felt that everything was praising and must continue to praise the Lord, and it seemed to me that all nature was praising him in silence. I sat by my open window, for though snow was on the ground the sun was warm and bright and was turning the snow into little streams, and occasionally a tiny songster would warble forth a little song of praise, for it, too, was praising God, as was the air, sun, streams and all else on earth. How like my poor unworthy self: first hard and cold and dark, then the glorious Sun of righteousness appeared and warmed me with his rays of love until I was melted to tears, and when I saw the day had surely come and night had fled my heart sang out with joy and gladness, as did the little birds in sunny nature. My Bible was no more a sealed book, but laden with the most precious promises for me. I wondered why I never saw them before. So in peace and happiness the remainder of the winter passed. I then returned to my home and to the preaching of dear old Elder Beebe. But now the tempter came, day after day, saying; Yes, I know you feel per-

fectly happy, but do you really know that your sins are forgiven? Perhaps after all this is only imagination and you will find you are deceived, and that would be awful. This so annoyed and worried me that it threw me into a nervous headache and I was obliged to remain home from school and go to bed. I laid there thinking over my trouble and hearing the heavy clank, clank of the heavy machinery in the factory near which we boarded, when I seemed to be climbing a steep mountain side. My cousin Minnie, a girl of my own age (Deacon Inman's youngest daughter, who died the year of my marriage, 1873) was with me and seemed to have less trouble in climbing, as she got far ahead of me, and would turn and beckon to me, calling, Come on. My feet would slip on the rolling stones, the thorns caught and tore my clothing, and I could distinctly hear the clanking of the machinery, and looking up in despair would answer, Oh I am so tired, I wish I could get away from the noise and clamor of this world. I at last got to the top, and found there a large rock upon which I sat down to rest. Minnie had disappeared and a large fleecy white cloud enshrouded me so I could see nothing. Presently I felt a great weight in my lap, and looking down found an immense book lying open before me with leaves of spotless white. While wondering at this I felt a weight and warmth upon my shoulder, and turning my head could see nothing but an arm and hand, the beautiful index finger of which pointed to the

leaves of the book I held, and ran along under the words, "Your sins be forgiven you." All printed in letters of jet black across the middle of the two pages. I strained my eyes to see more, but there was nothing more there. I then awoke, and as I was thinking it over felt a great sense of comfort and peace. I wondered if those words were in the Bible, and as my mother entered the room I said, Mother, are there any words in the Bible like these? and quoted the words of my dream. She assured me they were, and wished to know why I asked. I told her all, and added, But I wonder why I could not see more? She said, Well, that was all you was troubled about, was it not? You had no need of anything more. I never had any confidence in dreams, but this one had such a quieting effect upon my mind I sometimes think it was sent for that purpose.

In the year 1869 I tried to tell my experience to the Middletown Church, but was so timid and overcome that I said very little, and was much surprised when they received me among them. I was baptized June 13, 1869, together with six others, and just as I was the youngest among them in the church I felt the weakest spiritually. Never can I forget that lovely day in June. The tempter, frustrated in his first attempt, attacked me again while riding to the water, with these suggestions: Now Elder Beebe is a very old man, and not as strong as if younger, and you have just read an account of

slip from his hands and she was drowned, and how awful it would be if you should be drowned in the same way. Besides, there are holes into which you might step and you have never waded into the water before and something may happen. Then came a peaceful calm, and I think he left, both discouraged and ashamed, for I smiled in the face of his impudence as I replied, If my heavenly Father has appointed this as the time and way to take me to himself what could be sweeter than to step directly from the path of duty into his loving arms? How could I ask for greater bliss? I smiled as I contemplated such a happy ending of a day like that. I was as a rule very timid about water, but now I knew no fear or anxiety, nothing but love, joy and peace in the extreme. Since that happy day I have been led, as I hope by my Redeemer, sometimes midst scenes of darkest gloom, sometimes where eden's bowers bloom, still I feel that it is his hand that leadeth me and I am content. I never yet have lost my little treasured hope, and if it is his holy will he will finally take me to dwell with him in glory and I shall then see him as he is, without a veil between, and nothing to hinder me from praising him acceptedly, and enjoying his blessed presence and the company of his dear children for ever and ever. I sincerely hope I am not deceived, but that I may subscribe myself

Your unworthy sister,

ADELA JONES.

[The foregoing experience of sister

William Jones, written over thirty-seven years ago, has just been sent to us for publication. Sister Jones, with her husband and two daughters, now resides at No. 1, Edgewood Park, New Rochelle, N. Y.—R. L. D.]

Kennedy, Alabama.

Dear Editors:—I feel I want to write a few lines, but do not know whether or not the feeling is of the Lord, yet I know he has revealed some things to me concerning his purpose, will and predestination. I believe God has a purpose in all things that come to pass, both good and evil. He made the old serpent, the devil, and put him in the garden to fulfill his (God's) purpose, and he (the devil) was the cause of the first sin that was ever committed, and will be the cause of the last one. We all know that sin is the transgression of God's holy law. If there had been no sin there never would have been a birth, and there never would have been a death. As it is written, **Death** is swallowed up in victory. 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. Yes, victory over death. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints. God hates sin, but it took sin to bring about the birth and death of his saints, and God's people hate sin and want to be free from it, but it will take death to free them from it, then it will take eternity to praise the blessed Lord enough for delivering

them from sin and the troubles and trials of this sin-cursed world.

Your little sister, in hope of this blessed deliverance,

(MRS.) B. A. CRAWLEY.

Mount Bridges, Ont., Nov. 13, 1928.

Dear Editors:—I have been a subscriber of the "Signs of the Times" for twenty-three years, and I intend to take it as long as I live. When you do not receive my subscription you will know I have passed away, and discontinue my paper, for I have no one who would care to take it. I am eighty-three years of age. May God prosper you in your good work. My hope is built upon nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness.

HARRIET A. GIBSON.

Choudrant, La., Nov. 15, 1928.

Dear Editors:—I am writing you a few lines to tell you to discontinue sending our paper. Not that I have any fault to find with the doctrine it sets forth, for I heartily indorse it, and it is with a feeling of sadness that I feel I must give it up, but my husband and I are in our eighty-second year and not able to work as my husband has been blind for two years and I am afflicted with neuralgia and rheumatism.

Wishing you great success, that you may continue to publish the "Signs" for many years to come, I beg to remain, as ever, your friend,

(MRS.) J. M. L. ALLEN.

[We deeply sympathize with this aged couple, and if the "Signs" is any comfort to them gladly send it to them free of charge.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE, 1929.

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That the things which are invisible are more real and more lasting than the things which are seen, is plainly established in Holy Writ. Yet so material a creature is man that he risks his life and everything connected with it for the things that are seen. There is not a thing which the senses of man can appreciate but what passes away. The evidence of this transitory state of affairs is written clearly over everything natural, yet so hemmed in is man by the short-sightedness of his natural being that he cannot learn by nature that it is foolishness to center himself in the things that perish. There is present throughout all the

universe the invisible Being of him who has created all things by the word of his power. That God is a Spirit, all of us believe, but he is at the same time a majestic, infinite and eternal personality. When we say that God is a person some may take us to mean that God has a body somewhat like man's body. When the Scripture says that man was made in the image of God, it does not have to mean that God has a body like man's. A person means more than a mere body. A person has character, feeling, will, mind, affection. A person loves and hates; he is grieved and glad. All these things the Bible speaks of as belonging to God. Therefore the Almighty is a more real, intense and all-pervading personality than any human person can possibly be. In this Person of the eternal Godhead there are three: the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit. It is this third Personality of the Godhead, the Holy Spirit or Comforter, of whom we are thinking now. In speaking of this Comforter the Savior in the sixteenth chapter of John does not use the neuter pronoun "it," but the masculine pronoun "he," "him" or "his," showing that the Comforter or Holy Spirit is a Person and not a mere spiritual abstraction. When there comes into the experience of believers the felt presence of this wonderful personality who is the Governor of spiritual Israel in this gospel dispensation, the life of the believer is thereby enlarged and illuminated to such a degree that he is made to bear burdens, efface temptations,

endure trials and to suffer losses which without the companionship of this divine Person it would be impossible. There is no grander thought in all the gospel than that no believer is ever called upon or required to do anything in his or her own strength without the enabling strength of the Comforter. This glorious personal Presence which never leaves nor forsakes the children of God in this gospel age is indeed a true Comforter. But he is far more than this. The word translated in our English Bibles "Comforter" is from the Greek word "*Parakletos*." This Greek word literally means, "One who stands by." Therefore when Jesus told his disciples that it was expedient for him to go away or the Comforter would not come, he meant not only that they would in that case be without comfort, but would be without One to stand by them in all that might arise. Jesus answered them that if he went from them he would send the Comforter, that is, One to stand by them, and that this Person, though unseen to them physically, would lead them in the way of all truth, and that he would take those things which Jesus had said to them and reveal to them their meaning. All through the ministry of the apostles, and all through the lives of those who made up the membership of the apostolic church, the companionship of this divine Person is ever in evidence. While he himself cannot be seen, the effect of his being constantly with his people can be clearly traced. The one sufficient reason why the church of the apostles' day could

not be swept from its foundation was due to the presence of this One who stood by them. No merely human society or organization could ever have successfully withstood the terrific blasts of persecution hurled against the early church during the first three centuries of its existence. The capacity of the early church for endurance and its propensity for fruitfulness in those dark days was due solely to the presence of the Comforter or *Paraklete*, without whom the early christians would have been wiped out. No one of us amounts to anything from a spiritual standpoint except this divine One be with us. Of our own selves we can do nothing, but through the presence of this One there is nothing too hard for us to do. Instead of miracles being past and done with, those who are attended by the Comforter live with a power continually performing miracles. Thus it was a miracle for an illiterate fisherman such as Peter to be taken from his nets along Gallilee and enabled to preach the gospel of the grace of God. It was a miracle for Saul of Tarsus, who bitterly hated the truth, to be turned about from his persecuting, man-killing spirit and to be sent instead to preach the gospel of love and peace to the saints whom he had evilly treated. It was a miracle that brought Cornelius, whose upbringing, both secularly and religiously, had been both Roman and pagan, to believe the truth of Jesus Christ as preached by Simon Peter. It is a miracle that makes the lame man leap as an hart, that causes the

tongue of the dumb to sing, that makes the blind see, the deaf hear, and the dead come to life. All these miracles, and many more like them, have been accomplished since the coming into the world of the divine Person, the One who stands by God's elect throughout this present gospel age. Without this divine One there is no spiritual life or ability whatever. Without him we cannot hear or sing or read or preach with any understanding or comfort. Jesus said that when this Comforter should come he would reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment. This saying of Jesus shows that the work of the Comforter was to be throughout the whole world and not confined to the Jews as had been the legal dispensation. This world-wide work of the Holy Spirit therefore has been going on for almost two thousand years, gathering God's people from among all nations to the knowledge of the way of salvation through Christ Jesus, bringing into the souls of believers everywhere the experimental proof of the resurrection of Christ and his church. This Comforter reproves. This word "reproves" means to prove over again. The Holy Spirit works in the heart and soul of the sinner by proving again and again the fact that he is a sinner and that in his human nature there dwells no good thing. This is the way conviction of sin comes, by the proof of sin being repeated again and again. This primary lesson in grace (that one is a sinner) cannot be proved by one person teaching an-

other; it cannot be proved by one merely reading the letter of the Scripture; nor can it be learned by merely listening to the preached word. It is the prerogative of the Holy Spirit or Comforter to teach men that they are sinners. It cannot be taught any other way. But the reprov^{ing} or convicting work of this Comforter does not end with the proof of sin. This divine teaching begins with the proof of sin, and goes on to prove righteousness, that is to prove that righteousness such as will avail for the saving of the sinner is nowhere to be found but in Jesus Christ, the Son of God. Jesus had said that when the Comforter came he would take of the things of his (that is, of Jesus) and would show these things unto his people. So when the Holy Spirit has brought within the individual the revelation of sin, and when that revelation has been so firmly driven in that the sinner cannot forget he is a sinner, then the Holy Spirit brings to view the righteousness of God in Christ which alone suffices to atone for sin. When the sinner thus realizes what a sinner he truly is, and what a holy and righteous being God is, he becomes keenly alive to the great distance that lies between the sinner he is and the righteousness God is. Now comes the third proof of the Holy Spirit, which is judgment. In this judgment the sins of the sinner are imputed to or laid on Christ and the righteousness of God is imputed through Christ to the sinner. Thus the judgment in the case of God's elect is the joining in marriage of the sinner

to the Savior, the sinner losing his sins in the cross of Christ and becoming clothed with the righteousness of God. Thus the old man of the sinner is taken away and there is put upon him the new name, which name is, "The Lord Our Righteousness." As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the angel of God's presence round about them that reverence him. This Presence is no mere imaginary or theoretical something or other, but a real, actual, living Personality who is constantly with the Lord's people, whether in the day or night, in sorrow or in joy, in prison or out of it.. This Person guided and watched over the Baptist Church when it was hidden away in the mountains and forests of Italy and France preceding the Protestant reformation. This divine Person, we believe, was with the man who invented the printing-press, which invention more than any other one thing was the means of giving to every one the Bible translated in their own languages so they could read it and know for themselves what it contained. This divine Person of the Comforter stood by Luther and Calvin and gave them courage to denounce spiritual wickedness in high places, and to defy hypocrisies and blasphemies at that time dominating nations in the name of religion. This divine Person of the Comforter guided across the stormy ocean the frail barques of those who fled from persecution in Europe to establish settlements of religious lib-

erty in the new world. It was this divine Person who guided the hearts and hands of our forefathers in the humble beginning of American government so that the principles of religious liberty have been handed down to us for us to enjoy, so that God's church in this day and time is able to contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints without any daring to interfere therewith. It was this divine Person who at the Black Rock convention in 1832 stood by those who were there and who caused those faithful men of God to set their faces as a flint against the encroachments of Americanism. We believe it is this divine Person, the Comforter, who put it into Elder Gilbert Beebe's heart to establish the "Signs of the Times." Under the unction of this glorious Personality of the Comforter the "Signs" in the ninety-seven years of its life has brought edification and spiritual cheerfulness to thousands of believers. Without this presence of One to stand by us at all times the gospel can never be preached by any man, nor without the convincing work of this Spirit in the soul can the gospel be believed. This divine Person is guiding, controlling, managing things throughout this gospel dispensation, and will continue so to do until the fullness of the Gentiles has been brought into the kingdom. Then will the kingdom be delivered up unto the Father that he may be all in all.

L.

AN EXPLANATION.

Owing to the death of our dear mother, Mrs. J. E. Beebe, and to the failure of the company from whom we we purchased a typesetting machine to deliver it on time, this issue of the "Signs of Times" is late in reaching our subscribers, but if all goes well we hope to have the future numbers out on time.

If it is the will of him who is the Director of all things, we hope to continue publishing the "Signs of the Times," and while we shall miss our mother's assistance in this work more than words can express, yet we know that if the dear Lord so desires he can point out the way for us to continue; but if it is not his will to so direct and help, all our feeble efforts will be worse than useless. It is with a sad and heavy heart that we make the attempt, trusting we may be sustained by the all-powerful arm of him who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. We hope the brethren and friends will continue to write for the paper and do what they can to help sustain its publication.

G. B.

NOTICE.

The Primitive Baptist Home in Salisbury, Maryland, opened on May 1st. Those desiring to enter should write to Mr. Cyrus Risler, 904 Ogden Avenue, New York, N. Y., for particulars. Members and friends residing within the bounds of the Eastern Associations are eligible.

R. LESTER DODSON.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

The Baltimore Primitive Baptist Association, now in session with the Black Rock Church, Baltimore County, Maryland, May 15th, 16th and 17th, 1929, to the churches composing the same, Greetings.

Dear Brethren:—In this cloudy and dark day, when so few remain faithful to our beloved Master, it becomes the few who do to examine themselves closely to see whether they are really walking in the path marked out for them by Jesus and his apostles. It is necessary that we preach the truth, which we feel we are doing, and so sure are we of this, that although it is very unpopular with the world, and very few come to hear it, we would not exchange it for the world, believing that we are teaching the truth according to the Scriptures of eternal truth. So we are determined to continue, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. But, brethren, are we walking in the ordinances of the Lord's house as becometh those who love his name and preach his truth? Do we as churches observe a strict discipline in turning our backs upon the world and all seem right ways and walk according to the word of God? Do we require all who profess to love our cause to show their faith by their works? Or do we allow them to live only in name, while they are dead branches and should be removed in order to the health of the vine? "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and

the truth is not in him. But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him. He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."—1 John ii. 4--6. Is our light visible to the eyes of those whose eyes have been enlightened so that they know what that good and acceptable and perfect will of the Lord is? If so, do we teach them to observe all things whatsoever the Lord hath taught us to observe? Do we ask the dear Lord for an awakening by his Spirit, that both they that teach and those taught in the things of the kingdom may be given such holy zeal that they will follow Jesus through evil as well as good report? Love as brethren, be courteous, be pitiful? Love our God supremely, love each other for his sake, and, like David, be glad when they say to us, Let us go into the house of the Lord? He gives us all our blessings, both temporal and spiritual. Should we not honor and praise him with all the power within us?

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Mod.

FRANK G. SCOTT, Clerk.

E. A. JOHNSON, Ass't Clerk.

NOTICE.

Providence permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse, 452 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in June (30th). All are welcome.

E. M. FORD.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. JOSEPHINE ETELA BEEBE, our beloved sister in Christ, passed away from earth at her home in Middletown, N. Y., April 28th, 1929. She was born at Olive, N. Y., March 9th, 1847, the daughter of Dr. John Raymond Travis and Hulda Sophia Huestis Travis. She was married to Benton Lafayette Beebe, the youngest son of Elder Gilbert and Phebe Cunningham Beebe, August 24th, 1860. She had lived in Middletown since 1860, was baptized by Elder Gilbert Beebe, and spent most of her life as a member of the Middletown and Wallkill Church. She had been associated for twenty-five or thirty years in the publishing and editing of the "Signs of the Times." She is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Lillian Beebe Pierson, and one son, Gilbert Beebe, both of Middletown, N. Y., two grandsons, Gilbert R. Beebe, of Auburn, N. Y., and Uzal T. Hayes, of Hackettstown, N. J., also two great-grandchildren.

The funeral was conducted by Elders Dodson and Ruston. Burial was in the Hillside Cemetery, Middletown.

In the passing of sister Beebe the Old School Baptists of this country have lost one of their most useful and devoted members. The subscribers and readers of the "Signs of the Times" for the past twenty-five or thirty years have realized little or nothing of the burdens and responsibilities, due to the faithful efforts and unflagging efforts of sister Beebe, in the continuation of the paper, often against heavy odds and in the midst of discouragements that might well have daunted a less persevering person. Yet her perseverance and courage all these years, as she would have said herself, was due to God-given faith and to her spiritual love for the cause of truth. In the years when her husband's health was failing, and when it was known that he sooner or later would be compelled to cease his labors she entered the "Signs" office and began gradually to enter into his labors and cares concerning the paper. This resulted in the whole responsibility eventually falling on her shoulders. But in this matter she has had the faithful cooperation of her son, Mr. Gilbert Beebe, who now, owing to his mother's death, is left with the entire charge of publishing the "Signs of the Times." Whether it will be the mind of Mr. Beebe to continue the "Signs of the Times" we do not know, or whether he could carry on, even if he wanted to do so, we do not know. The issue of the matter belongs with the God of Israel, in devotion to whom the paper has been maintained for ninety-seven years. Whether God wants the paper kept up, we do not even know. If he does, he will open the way by which it is to be done. If he does not, Mr. Beebe's efforts as publisher and our efforts as editors will avail nothing. In either event our hearts are cast down at the loss we have sustained in the death of sister Beebe. In the epis-

ties of Paul and other writers of the New Testament are mentioned sisters in the church in that apostolic day who ministered faithfully to the saints then. Sister Beebe in her time has rounded out a life of spiritual service and usefulness in the church of this age. May the God of our salvation direct by his unerring counsel all our steps according to his infinite knowledge and wisdom, and may he reconcile to his holy will through the felt presence of the Comforter all who are bereaved in this instance. L.

DEACON JAMES IRWIN MONEY was born in Barren County, Georgia, August 5th, 1850, and died July 13th, 1927, at his home in Tidwell, Texas. He was married to Phatama Martin October 10th, 1869, and to that union were born six children, four boys and two girls, two of whom died in infancy. The surviving children are Mrs. Polly Tatum, of San Antonio, Texas, Mrs. Nancy Samples and Caleb Money, of Tidwell, Texas, and Owen Money, of Sulphur Springs, Texas. He moved to Texas and located in Hunt County in 1871, where he continued to make his home until removed by death. His wife preceded him in death, dying May 29th, 1904. He was married again to Mrs. Sallie A. McBrayer, April 20th, 1905. Two children, a boy and a girl, were born to the union. The daughter died in infancy. The son, Baily, and his mother live together at the home in Tidwell, Texas. Brother Money was called by grace about the year 1880, and united with the Primitive Baptist Church at Saline, where he continued in fellowship and faithful service to his pastor and church for nearly half a century. He was baptized by the late Elder J. M. C. Roberson, and soon afterward the church discovered in him the gift of deacon and set him apart to that office, which he used well and gat to himself a good degree. Brother Money was a good husband and father, a good provider, a good neighbor and a good citizen. His manner of life was so circumspect that the confidence of his friends in him was unbounded. He was well grounded and uncompromising in the fundamental principles of the doctrine which establishes the sovereignty of Jehovah, and exalts salvation by grace, yet with all he was gentle and charitable toward those who were weak in the faith.

Brother Money was one of the most conscientious men it has been my pleasure to be acquainted with. He has been known to voluntarily return and reimburse one with whom he had business dealings when it became evident to him that in the transaction he had gotten the better of the bargain. He was not only a hearer, but a doer of the word. He faithfully lived his profession. He was guided by his impressions of duty and was punctual in his performance of it. I wish here to record two circumstances in his life that will not only serve to acquaint the reader with the characteristics of this good man, but I

feel they are worth preserving and emulating. In a dream a neighbor came to him and solicited a donation to help bury a poor person who had died in the community, and as he was about to make the donation a voice said to him, The living, not the dead. The voice was so impressive that it awakened him, and he could not sleep the balance of the night. The next morning this neighbor he had seen in his dream came to him and requested him to go and take a certain poor and afflicted brother in the community to the poor-house. He made an excuse that he could not, that he had some business to attend to, and hitched to his buggy and drove away and was gone nearly half the day, but attended to no business. He was never able to explain why he should make that trip under such trying exercises of mind, or why he should have told his neighbor what he did, but he returned home with a decision of mind and told his wife he was going to bring this poor brother to their home and give him a home while he lived. Her answer was, I wish you would. He ate his lunch and drove over and got the brother, who had been apprised of the effort being made to send him to the poor-house, and as they were driving along the old brother asked what the poor-house was like, and brother Money tried to tell him. He said, I do not want to go. No reply was made until they drove up to brother Money's gate, when he said, This is the poor-house to which I am taking you. The sequel was doubtless joy unbounded. This was done without charge to the church; and with all his liberality the Lord prospered him. Another circumstance which, in order to relate it intelligibly, will require some personal mention. Elder J. C. Sikes was pastor of brother Money's church at this time, and he often contributed to the temporal welfare of his pastor, but usually in response to his impressions. On this particular occasion his impression directed him to give brother Sikes ten dollars. On the way the impression came to him not to give it to brother Sikes, but to give it to sister Sikes. (She was sick at the time and on her death-bed.) The impression was so forcibly impressed in his mind that he stopped and pondered: Why give it to sister Sikes? Can it be possible brother Sikes is not providing her with such things as she needs? But the impression continued and he went on, and when he went in to bid sister Sikes goodbye he left ten dollars in her hand. But he could not dismiss the troublesome thought of "Why give it to sister Sikes" from his mind. In a few days he was directed by an impression of mind to go to Greenville, a distance of about five miles, and he would meet a sister there from a church below there, and to give her ten dollars. Here he was completely nonplussed. She was in good financial circumstances and did not need any charity, and, besides, at that particular time he did not have ten dollars, all of which he revolved in his mind as an offset to the impression, but the answer was, "The Lord will provide." He hitched his horse to

the buggy and started, but not without much heart-searching to know what it all meant. Just after arriving in Greenville he started up the street and a man called to him, and it proved to be a man who owed him fifteen dollars and wished to pay it. He took the money and walked straight to the bank with which he did business and the sister to whom he had been directed to give the ten dollars was in the bank. He handed her the ten dollars with the explanation that he had been impressed to give her that amount. She was surprised, of course, but took it. He turned and walked out of the bank, and having no more business in town drove home. The sister was on her way to visit sister Sikes. In their conversation sister Sikes made known that she desired to purchase her burial shroud before she died, which she felt would not be long, and which was true, and she did not wish to trouble her husband's mind by mentioning the matter to him. The sister gave her the ten dollars brother Money had given her that morning, and that amount, with what she had, solved the problem for her, and she gave directions and had the purchase made at once. This fact was not known by brother Money for some years afterward. These very remarkable circumstances show to my mind the wonderful hand of Providence on the one hand, and the patient, willing, submission of an heir of grace and glory to the beneficent leadings of the Holy Spirit on the other.

Elder J. C. Sikes conducted the funeral services from the late home in Tidwell, Texas, in the presence of the bereaved family and a large concourse of sorrowing friends, after which his body was laid to rest in the cemetery by the churchhouse in which he had delighted to meet with the saints and worship the God he loved and honored with a beautiful and faithful life devoted to his service. I do not doubt but that life will be perpetuated in the full blaze of glory to all eternity.

ALSO,

MARY ANN (JONES) BURGESS was born in Jackson County, Alabama, June 24th, 1852, and died at her home in Dallas, Texas, January 4th, 1929, aged 76 years, 6 months and 10 days. She was married to J. O. Burgess August 26th, 1869. To that union were born six children, one son and five daughters. Two of the daughters preceded her in death. The remaining daughters are married and live near the home in Dallas, and the son was making his home with his parents at the time of his mother's death. She, with her husband and family, moved to Texas in 1880, since which time, except about three years, their home has been in Dallas, Texas. Early in life she was given a good hope in Christ, but did not unite with the church until about the year 1900. Her husband united with the Missionary Baptists and preached for them for several years, but sister Burgess could never see her way clear to go with him under a banner of legal works for salvation. He finally saw the error of his way and was ready to come with his wife when she offered herself to

the Primitive Baptist Church, at that time an arm of Sabine Church, Hunt County, Texas, which held its meetings in Dallas. They were both received by the church, and baptized by the writer. Brother Burgess was afterward ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry, and his faithful wife has discharged the duties and obligations that became hers, both toward the church and in her home, with such patience and willingness as that no doubt could remain of her love and devotion to the church and to the cause of truth. After the church was constituted at Dallas, of which she was a charter member, it had no house of worship of its own, and for about twenty years held its meetings in sister Burgess' home, where she gave a hearty welcome to all who came. Age and affliction had weakened her, though she was not confined to her bed until the last few hours of her life. She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus January 4th, surrounded by her family and friends. The writer tried to speak some words of comfort to the bereaved family, the church and friends who had gathered. He was assisted in the services by Elder J. H. Smith, of Fort Worth, Texas. Her remains were interred in the South Park Cemetery to await the final summons to awake in the likeness of the Redeemer, when he shall come to raise the dead to eternal glory. To the bereaved husband and children I would say, Submit in patience unto the ways of the Lord, all of which are just, righteous and glorious. May he give you reconciling grace, that you may be still and know that he is God.

J. R. HARDY.

JAMES FRANKLIN SAVAGE, son of the late Dr. John and Mary J. Savage, was born in Jackson County, Missouri, December 28th, 1848. In 1850 the family crossed the plains from Missouri to Oregon by ox teams, arriving in Marion County late in the fall of the same year. Doctor and Mrs. Savage took their donation land claims about seventeen miles east of Salem, in the Waldo Hills, in Marion County, where they reared their large family of sons and daughters. Frank Savage, as he was always known to his many acquaintances, remained on his father's farm until he reached his majority, receiving his education in the public schools of his neighborhood, and attending Willamette University for a time. He married Margaret J. Savage, of Linn County, Oregon, April 21st, 1872, and they traveled the road of life together for nearly fifty years, Mrs. Savage dying February 12th, 1922. To that union were born ten children, as follows: Mrs. Elva M. Martin, of Salem, Oregon, Mrs. Maud Knapp, deceased, Miss Genevieve Savage, deceased, Lewis Franklin Savage, deceased, John I. Savage, of Portland, Ore., Miss Pearl Savage, deceased, W. Ernest Savage, of Salem, Mrs. Lucille Smith, of Portland, Mrs. Ruth Pound, of Salem, Miss Grace Savage, of Clatskanie, Oregon. Two brothers and one sister also survive, they are Dr. Benjamin Savage, of

Kansas City, Kansas, Albert T. Savage, of the Waldo Hills, Marion County, and Mrs. Beebe, of Woodland, California, besides twenty-six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, many nephews and nieces, most of whom reside in Marion County. He had followed farming and dairying until ten years ago, when he and his wife left the farm and moved to Salem to spend their declining years. He united with the Primitive Baptist Church when a young man, and ever afterward lived a consistent, charitable, benevolent and spiritual christian in the fullest sense of the term. He was a loving husband, an affectionate and thoughtful father, a true friend, a good neighbor and an upright citizen. His death occurred suddenly and unexpectedly in the afternoon of April 23rd, 1929, at the home of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lillie Nadstanek, in Salem.

The writer was called to conduct the funeral services, which were held at the funeral parlors in Salem April 25th, 1929, using for a text Job xiv. 14. He was assisted by the Missionary Baptist minister of Salem. His body was buried in the Hillside Cemetery, near Salem, there to await the sounding of the trumpet, when the dead in Christ shall be raised, immortalized, glorified and made like unto his glorious body. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words." Brother Savage was a member of Cedar Creek Church at the time of his death.

Written by his pastor,

S. B. MOFFITT.

MRS. SAMUEL MACDONALD, nee Frances Volumnia Beebe, passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. James C. Macdonald, Ridgetown, Ontario, Friday morning, March 29th, 1929, aged 69 years, she having been born in Covington, Georgia, December 31st, 1859. She was the eldest daughter of the late Elder William L. Beebe and his second wife, Mrs. Eliza Henderson Hawkins. She was a niece of the late Honorable George M. Beebe, Judge of the New York Court of Claims, ex-Governor of Kansas, Assemblyman and State Senator for New York, who was the last surviving child of the late Elder Gilbert Beebe, as he died in 1927. Mrs. Macdonald was a granddaughter of Elder Gilbert Beebe, the founder and organizer of the "Signs of the Times." On her mother's side she was the granddaughter of Elder James Henderson, of Monticello, Georgia. The late Mrs. Macdonald at the age of seventeen removed from Georgia with her parents to Ontario, Canada, where her father for some years served the Covenanted Baptist Church as pastor. In February, 1882, she was married in Duart, Ontario, to Samuel Macdonald. Shortly afterward she was received into the Beulah Baptist Church, of which her father was founder and pastor. She was baptized in the River Sydenham, and remained firm in the faith until her death. Mrs. Macdonald leaves to mourn their loss a son, Gordon Alexander, of Vancouver, B.

C., Canada, and a daughter, Clara Virginia, Mrs. Alfred Cummings, of Fernie, B. C. Her eldest child, Eliza Larue, died in infancy. She is survived also by two sisters, Mrs. Phoebe Louisa Macdonald, of Ridgetown, Ontario, and Mrs. Florence Paxson, of Leesburg, Virginia.

Funeral services were held in the Covenanted Baptist meetinghouse, Duart, Ontario, and were conducted by Elder Watt, pastor of the Beulah Baptist Church, Brooke, Ontario, after which her body was interred in the Duart cemetery beside her late husband and baby.

Written by her daughter,

VIRGINIA MACDONALD CUMMINGS.

MRS. SUSIE FRANCES OSBURN, wife of Peter W. Osburn, passed away at her home, 160 Beacon Street, Middletown, N. Y., May 4th, 1929, after an illness of about nine months. She was born in Elmira, N. Y., a daughter of George Hunt and Clara E. Carey. With her mother, in June, 1898, they were baptized by Elder A. B. Francis, and she believed in this faith until the last. She was married to Peter W. Osburn February 2nd, 1898, by Elder William L. Beebe. Besides her husband the living relatives include four daughters: Mary Emma, wife of Albert Norris, Gladys Evelyn, wife of Nathan Nichols, both of Scotchtown, N. Y., Claribel, wife of Harry Campbell, of Winterton, N. Y., Lila Frances, wife of Daniel Patten, at home, two sons, Clinton W. Osburn, of Middletown, N. Y., and Robert P. Osburn, of Central Valley, N. Y., one brother, Benjamin K. Hunt, of Middletown, N. Y., and one sister, Mrs. Ida E. VanSchaick, of Richmond Hill, N. Y., also two grandchildren.

The funeral was held in the Middletown and Walkkill church-house Monday, May 6th, at 2:30 p. m., Elder R. Lester Dodson speaking with much comfort to those left with sad hearts, and yet with joy to think that the Lord called her from her suffering to the land of peaceful rest. We all knew that she longed to bid this world farewell and be at home with God, our heavenly Father. Elder Dodson read her favorite hymns, 881 and 1228, and took his text from Job xix. 23-27. The burial took place in the Walkkill Cemetery at Phillipsburg, N. Y.

Written by her nephew,

STANLEY B. HUNT.

ANITA DURAND BRONSON died Saturday, April 13th, 1929, at her home in Gordon, Pennsylvania. She was born in Herrick, Bradford County, Pennsylvania, October 10th, 1860. Her father, Warren Durand, and her mother, Urania Stockwell Durand, were members of the Old School Baptist Church at Vaughn Hill, Pennsylvania. After their death she and brother Victor made their home with their uncle, Elder Silas H. Durand. She attended Hopewell Seminary, at Hopewell, New Jersey. She was married by Elder Durand at his home in Southampton, Pa., August

27th, 1885, to Dr. A. F. Bronson. They had two children, one son who died in infancy, and a daughter. Many readers of the "Signs" will remember seeing Anita in her uncle's home. She suffered a great deal from ill health during her lifetime, but made very light of her sufferings. Her life was lived in unselfish devotion to others. She had a peculiar gift for entering into the lives of others with sympathetic understanding, and was always ready to give freely of her time and thought to all who came to her for help. No one ever came in contact with her without feeling the influence of her gracious personality and being helped by it. The great number of people who came to the bereaved home and the innumerable letters of sorrow which poured in testified to what she had meant in the lives of all who knew her. She had been ill for about a month with pneumonia and complications, and her suffering during that illness was very great in spite of all that the faithful nurses and many doctors could do. But the call came to her to come up higher, and now her spirit is freed from that suffering. Her passing has left a vacancy that nothing on earth can fill. Many are the hearts that are asking, How can we live without her? But we do not mourn as those who have no hope. She had a sweet hope in the mercy of God. Her favorite hymn was, "Blessed be thó tie that binds," &c., and it was read at the funeral, which was held at the home in Gordon. She is survived by her husband and her daughter Alberta, Mrs. A. C. Conner, of Ardmore, Pa. and by six grandchildren. May the Lord comfort them in their overwhelming grief.

MILDRED DURAND GORDY.

MARY LOUISA BLUE, daughter of Moses and Loucinda Nellaus, was born April 4th, 1858, and departed this life August 25th, 1928, making her sojourn here 70 years, 3 months and 21 days. In 1878 she was married to William E. Blue, and she bore him nine children, as follows: Maude E. Blue, of Newark, N. J., Rhessa C. Blue, Grand Rapids, Mich., Blanche B. Blue, Newark, N. J., Myrtle S. Redwood, Detroit, Mich., John S. Blue, Maurice Blue, deceased, Thurman Blue, Hammond, Ind., Ralph Blue, deceased, Delta N. Arnold, New Brunswick, N. J. All of the children live hundreds of miles from our home, but all were able to come to their mother's funeral to share the grief of their father, for they all dearly loved their mother. My cup runneth over and I can hardly write. She was a dear wife and companion, a true and helpful helpmeet, a very devoted mother to her family, giving them that thought and care that only mothers can give. Moreover she was a believer in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and by the grace of God was enabled to confess him before all men, therefore in the year 1885 she was added to what was then known as the Walnut Grove Old School Baptist

Church, Benton County, Indiana, to which church her husband, the writer, belonged. For some unknown reason our God chose to call away from that section of country several of the members of that church, we with the rest, so we lost our church privileges, and could never fellowship the teachings that are taught here, so we remained alone, having no preaching but the "Signs of the Times." Many have been our trials, which my dear one bore with meekness and patience.

My nerves are very unsteady and my heart too full to write more, yet I must say I have a little hope that I may meet with our Lord and all his redeemed, to dwell together for evermore.

WILLIAM E. BLUE.

JANIE D. FISHER, my dear wife, was born September 4th, 1848, in Monroe County, Missouri, and departed this life in Accomack, County, Virginia. We were married March 11th, 1873, spending a little over fifty-six years together in this happy union, in which were born four sons, two dying in infancy, leaving two, with myself, to mourn this loss, but not as those without hope. She received a hope in the finished work of Christ and was baptized in the fellowship of Berea Old School Baptist Church, in Audrain County, Missouri, the fourth Sunday in August, 1874, and lived a consistent member in this faith to the end. The hope that had been her stay and comfort in life was her support in death. I have ever felt that she was God's gift to me; she was a faithful helpmeet and companion. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

MARTIN D. FISHER.

ORDINATIONS.

Harmony Church of Primitive Baptists met the third Sunday in April to ordain brother A. Y. Whitmer to the work of the ministry, and John Egneu and brother Cisro Fettinger to deaconships. The presbytery was composed of the following ministers: Elder Irwin, of Greencastle, Ind., Elder W. S. Jones, Redmon, Ill., Elder Goff, Gessie, Ind., Elder Harpster, W. S. Elder, of Gays, Ill., Elder Smith, Gessie, Ind. After choosing Elder Wm. Fettinger Moderator and W. S. Jones Clerk, the presbytery proceeded to the work, and after the Moderator had called upon brother Whitmer to tell his experience and call to the ministry, which he did satisfactorily to the presbytery, he was received by the church, and the presbytery was discharged. The meeting continued the entire day and ten sermons were preached during the session and all were made to rejoice. May God have all the praise.

W. A. WATERS, Church Clerk.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE
"SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE
FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."**

Mrs. W. S. Johnson, N. Y., \$1; T. J. Ratliff, Ky., \$3; Simeon Hiltabrand, Ill., \$3; Mildred Durand Gordy, Mich., \$1; Mrs. Sarah V. Curry, Colo., \$2; G. W. Golden, Iowa, \$1; Wm. E. Blue, N. Y., \$3; "A friend," Mich., \$2; Mrs. Amelia Tomlinson, Pa., \$1; Miss Editha Corwin, N. Y., \$2.

M E E T I N G S .

The Olive and Hurley Church of the Lexington-Roxbury Association, have appointed our annual two days meeting to be held the third Saturday and Sunday in June (15th and 16th), 1929, the Lord willing. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Trains will be met at Ashokan Saturday morning.

JOHN J. SECOR, Clerk.

The Middleburg Old School Baptist Church expect Elder George Ruston to be with them the fifth Sunday in June (June 30th, 1929). For convenience services are to be held at the home of J. E. Livingston, 61 E. Main Street, Cobleskill, N. Y., the Lord willing, at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m., also on Saturday before at 2 p. m. The D. & H. trains from Albany to Birmingham arrive and leave Cobleskill in convenient time for the meeting. All are welcome.

ADDIE LIVINGSTON, Church Clerk.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. (Day-light Saving Time) at the home of W. N. Spittler, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto, from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Mid-week song service by appointment. Pastors, Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

(MRS.) EMMA E. BRUNOW, Clerk.

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the meetinghouse, 210 E Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

**OLIVE & HURLEY OLD SCHOOL
BAPTIST CHURCH
ASHOKAN, N. Y.**

Meetings every third Sunday

10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

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OLD SCHOOL
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IN

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CHURCH,**

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Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

Preaching First and Third Sundays

ALL WELCOME

The Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every third Sunday at 1 p. m. at the Sweedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Orange and Eleventh Streets, Riverside, California, and every alternate first Sunday, beginning with January, at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143 W. Eleventh Street, Claremont, California, at 10:30 a. m., all-day session, with lunch at place of meeting; and every other first Sunday at Riverside, California, same place and hour as mentioned above for third Sundays.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Clerk.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as Second Class Mail Matter.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JULY, 1929.

NO. 7.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Oroville, Cal., March 20, 1929.

DEAR FRIENDS:—I am sending you a letter to publish in the SIGNS if you see fit. I have not the consent of the writer, but as he is one of the editors I do not think he will care. I am the one to care, for it shows my ignorance in blazing colors, but it seems too good to keep to myself. It is the most wonderful letter I ever received, and there might be some other poor sinner would get comfort and understanding from it as I did. I am not a member of the church, but if I know myself I surely do love the dear old SIGNS and all who write for, read and believe what it contends for. I crave an interest in the prayers of all God's saints, and may his richest blessings rest upon the publishers and editors of the SIGNS.

A friend,

MARION S. BROOKS.

Rutherford, N. J., Jan. 26, 1929.

MRS. MARION S. BROOKS—DEAR FRIEND:—Your letter of the 14th was

duly received, and read with interest and appreciation. It is encouraging to me that you should have felt my editorial in the December SIGNS OF THE TIMES was worth reading over and over again, and since you say you are not privileged to hear the gospel ministry and are desirous of my answering some of your questions and giving my views on what is termed “the second coming of Christ in a bodily form on earth again,” I shall endeavor to give you the essence of my understanding of the subject, though let me assure you in advance that I make no claim whatever to having any corner on knowledge of spiritual things. I can only say, in line with one of the apostles on a certain occasion, Such as I have give I unto thee, and my views may not be the facts in the case at all. Just consider what I say, and may the Lord give you understanding in all things that are needful for you.

You ask me to read the seventh verse of the first chapter of Revelation, which I have, and will here quote, that we may

get in our minds thoroughly what it is you wish to consider. The verse reads as follows: "Behold, he cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him: and all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen." The word "behold" implies an exclamation, or, Come see an unusual sight, something out of the ordinary and, perhaps, never before witnessed, and such indeed was the case with John here. I would remind you here of something I said in the article referred to, that this book of Revelation is introduced as being "The Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave unto him, to shew unto his servants things which must shortly come to pass." It is addressed to "The seven churches that are in Asia." The number seven being a perfect Bible number, every one of the churches, or shall I say branches of the vine at the different points of the compass, embracing God's humble followers of every nation and tribe, both Jew and Gentile, in this the gospel day. The Scriptures were given for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of them might have hope, and we do well to search them. I do not feel that I can do better than say what is meant in this seventh verse of the first chapter than that his people should behold him, by faith, as the risen Christ, the King of kings and Lord of lords. In the days of Noah, following the flood, God's promise was that he would put his bow in the cloud, which was to be an evidence that he would no more destroy the earth, &c., and this was the

promise of the coming of the Word, or the Son of God, to be made manifest in the flesh, which is a cloud, for even his own brethren in the flesh, the Jews, did not discern or comprehend Jesus to be the Messiah, for it is declared they received him not, neither did they see any beauty in him, for he was as a root out of dry ground. The Old Testament Scriptures are full of the signs of his coming; they are but arrows pointing to the one and only way of salvation from sin. The prophets are spoken of as stars, shining or reflecting in the legal dispensation, the glorious light of him who was to be the light of every man that cometh into the world—the spiritual world. Isaiah, in the sixty-third chapter, voicing to my mind the mind of the church under legalism, or the night season, looking down through hundreds of years before the coming of Christ in the flesh, asks, Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength? By faith he saw the substance of every christian's hope, Christ, and him crucified and risen. Edom means earthly, or weak, which implied that Christ be manifested in the flesh, take upon himself, not the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, be clothed with humanity and thus experience the weakness of the flesh and be able to succor his people in all their temptations and trials and satisfy the demands of justice against them by suffering, pouring out his life's blood for the sheep of his pasture. Bozrah means sheep-

fold, thus it was that Jesus being made in the likeness of his brethren, came up as one of them and bled, dyed his garments with his own blood for them, but this was not all. Isaiah not only saw him come up out of weakness as the Lamb of God which should take away the sin of the world, but he was "glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength." He was every way a King, and all power, both in heaven and earth, was given into his hand. What a glorious, yea, an unusual sight to behold him coming in the clouds; he is obscured from the sight of mortal man, no one can behold him, or see God in this sense, and live, but those who are born of the Spirit, being new creatures in Christ, do behold him travelling in the greatness of his strength. His answer to that query of the church under that dispensation, as it was spoken by her leader, Isaiah, who prophesied, *The morning cometh*, though he knew not how long the night would last, yet the fire of faith burned in his inmost soul and he was persuaded that however long the night might be prolonged, the morning would come, and with joy, and he was looking and waiting and watching, and Jesus never disappoints one who by faith looks for his coming, his word was, *I speak in righteousness, mighty to save.* How wonderful that it should be he who speaks in righteousness: he being the head of the church, or the Husband of the wife, was rightly bound by God the Father or held as the one responsible for the sins of the church, and he, Jesus, could not have maintained his honor

except by paying the debt and redeeming her from under the curse of the law which she had wilfully transgressed, and thus was manifested the great love wherewith he loved her. Nothing must or can separate her from him, and God accepted and honored the payment of the debt by exalting him at his own right hand, and therefore there is none who can lay anything to the charge of God's elect. Isaiah was right in the vision which he had, which extended beyond the Jewish fold, for when Christ came he broke down the wall of partition which separated the Jew from the Gentile and made of one blood all nations that dwell upon the face of the earth, therefore "every eye shall see him, and they also which pierced him." The law was given to Moses for national Israel, and the Gentiles, not being able to claim Abraham as their father, could have no part in that kingdom, so that a new and better way had to be made whereby the Gentiles could come in, and it was by the shedding of his blood that those who were afar off, meaning the Gentiles, were brought nigh and made fellow-citizens in the household of faith. Indeed, it was their sins as well as the sins of the Jews which nailed him to the rugged cross, and unless his side was pierced for them they are still without hope.

"And all kindreds of the earth shall wail because of him. Even so, Amen." When one is brought to a knowledge of sin, to know it in all of its hideousness and to see it reach the height of its climax in the crucifixion of the holy, harmless, undefiled and spotless Lamb

of God, on the ignominious cross between two thieves, does it not open to our view the bottomless pit of sin and hell into which wicked hands can descend? and when we are made further to realize that this wicked principle is in us, that our heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, is there anything less than the unspeakable mercy of the never-changing God and the riches of his grace as he in his infinite wisdom saw fit to store up in Jesus Christ for their needs, adequate for a basis of even hope of salvation from the eternal banishment of the presence of him who is holy and pure in every sense of the word? Is there then not a wailing when we realize how depraved we are and how wicked we have been, and still are? What a great need there is, and how comforting to those who have been bitten by the serpent of sin and know the malady of their soul, to have the doctrine of salvation by grace, God's unmerited favor bestowed upon the sinner, preached unto them. Is it not, indeed, the most amazing and astonishing sight in all the world that a way should have been prepared by the God of love to snatch such brands from the burnings of his wrath against sin and uncleanness? "Even so, Amen." Yes, even so let it be, for such is the way that God in his infinite wisdom hath designed the plan to be: that sin should come by man and that he should be the wretch that he is, that he, God, might show forth his power and glory in rescuing and delivering such a creature from the very belly of hell. Oh that we could speak

forth his matchless worth for his unspeakable kindness and his wonderful works among the children of men. Moses exclaimed, "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth, * * * * because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God: He is the Rock, and his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." His dealings with Moses had been in a cloud, but at the end of his journey, for Moses was now ready to go hence, the Lord having shown him something of his purpose in grace in preserving his life, when king Pharaoh sought to destroy him; in bringing him up in this same king's household, to the end that Moses must be taught the ways of the Egyptians and prepared for that which God had stored up for him, to be the leader of his people out of the land of Egypt, and all that God had done for him, which I will not take the time here to enumerate, seemed so overwhelmingly wonderful to him as to fill him with adoration for the majestic glory of the God who had been the God of his life, as to cause him to desire that both heaven and earth should join forth in the praise of his great and adorable name. So it is when poor sinners are given to behold the way of salvation, Christ, and him crucified and risen; if they had all the tongues in the world multiplied by an innumerable company, they could not praise him as they feel he deserves to be praised for the unspeakable gift of his only begotten Son

for those whom he chose in him before the world was.

In the first chapter of Acts we find language treating upon the subject under consideration. The writer here declares regarding the fact of the resurrection of Christ, that he "shewed himself alive after his passion, by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God; and being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith ye have heard of me: for John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost, not many days hence." Were they not baptized "not many days hence" when the day of Pentecost was fully come and they all heard, every man in his own tongue? He told them that they would be witnesses unto him, both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth, after they had received power and the Holy Ghost had come upon them. Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria and the "uttermost part of the earth" shows how far reaching and all embracing his power would be felt and witnessed to, no bounds, no conditions, since the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his.

"And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven, as he went

up, behold, two men stood by them in white apparel; which also said, 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." They had looked for him to restore the kingdom of Israel, as you will see from the sixth verse, and they were commanded not to depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father. They were to be made to realize that his kingdom was not of this world, but that he came from heaven, and to heaven he must return. He came from heaven to do the will, or work, of the Father, and having finished that work he is received back up into heaven by the Father, and a cloud received him out of their sight. As they stood gazing up into heaven, unable to see him with the natural eye, so when he comes it is in like manner, or in a cloud, neither is any able to see him but by the eye of faith. His kingdom is a spiritual kingdom and he dwells in light which no man can attain unto, and to this testimony stand the two witnesses in white apparel, the Old and the New Testaments, the prophets and the apostles; the Scriptures all harmonize and are not contradictory, as you seem to think. The contradiction is in you and in me. You say if Christ does not come again in the flesh, or in a bodily form, you will be like the child that discovers there is no Santa Claus. How about this? The child's vision is that there is a man, so to speak, with red coat, white whiskers, &c., and yet when they outgrow this childish

view they realize something of, shall I say, the spiritual aspect of it? that there is something far greater than any man, something which works more or less in all men, by which they are moved to do acts of kindness, &c. To comprehend this is to comprehend in larger measure than ever before. To your question, If we do not look for the coming of Christ, what do we look for? Let me answer in the language of the great apostle, To depart and be with Christ. This in a spiritual sense is far greater and more wonderful, beyond words to compare, than any physical body which our natural eyes can behold. Furthermore, the apostle has declared that, Though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet know we him no more in this manner. Even though he should come in the form which you mention, is there any reason whatever to believe that we would recognize him as the Christ? His mother who bore him in a natural sense took him to be the gardner after his resurrection as he appeared there, neither could she know differently until he revealed himself, and it was only necessary for him to speak—Mary. Then she knew and confessed him, and so does every one to whom he makes himself known. Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven. God is a Spirit and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. The members of his mystical body, like their glorious head, if I have any right understanding of this matter, had their beginning in him (Christ) before ever time was, and at the appointed time and manner

were manifest in weakness, born of Adam, the earthly man, and by nature were all the children of wrath, even as others, but in due time they are brought forth as children of light, born of an incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth forever, and this world is not their home, for they are journeying to another, even an heavenly country, and here among all the weakness and depravity of their vain nature they are made to witness to the power of God in quickening them and raising them up in newness of life and causing them to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. This is all typified by Israel as they dwelt in the land of Egyptian bondage, under the power of Pharaoh, whom God declared he raised up that he might show in him his power and that his name should be declared throughout all the earth. There is a time in which that which was sown in weakness shall be, so far as you and I are concerned, if indeed we be the children of God, raised in power and great glory, and we shall know of a truth that ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, which we understand he reveals unto us by his Spirit. When in our own order we shall be brought forth in his likeness we shall see him as he is, be like him and be satisfied, and when our day here is done we shall go home to God, there to be with and praise him for ever and for ever.

I have no doubt but that the church of God as it is here in this world has

been and will continue to be subjected to many traditions and customs of the fathers; perfection shall not be attained here on earth, and while I do not wish to be guilty of bringing in anything that will disturb the peace and welfare of our beloved Zion, I hope I would not be so faithless as to shun to declare the whole truth of God as it is given me to see it, if thereby she might be sheared of her superstition and awakened to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ, who declared himself to be the way, the truth and the life. I desire to know nothing but Christ, and him crucified, and if the truth is applied by him as a sword which is sharp and divides asunder, &c., and shall set us free, we shall be free indeed. I hope you will continue to read the Bible and ponder the things therein written in your mind and heart, and as it may please him from whom all knowledge and understanding must come, may you receive the spiritual meaning of his written word into your very soul as seed that is sown in good ground, to the bringing forth of a copious fruit. That you can feast upon the fat things appearing in the SIGNS from time to time is evidence to me that you have passed from death unto life. The apostle says, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." If, indeed, we are in him that is true, we cannot be holden of death, for he hath conquered even this last

enemy and it shall be made manifest in us when the time comes for us to experience it.

Lest I darken counsel with a multitude of words to no meaning, I will bring this to a close, hoping what I have said may prove edifying and comforting to you. Should other questions arise in your mind that you wish to ask me, as much as in me is I will endeavor to give you such light as I have, desiring that in all things our God, the blessed God of spiritual Israel, may have the praise.

Yours in hope of the life beyond this vale of tears,

R. LESTER DODSON.

PHILIPPIANS II. 12, 13.

"WORK out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure."

Jude also writes about the common salvation. "A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."—Solomon's Song iv. 12. (Marginal reference is "barred" instead of "inclosed.") Jesus did not claim to do any of his works of himself, but said, My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. He did not claim as much as men do. I often hear it said, "God saves us with an eternal salvation; we have nothing to do with that, but there is a salvation that we must work out," &c. Also, "We must cultivate faith or it will not grow, as we must cultivate crops to keep the weeds down so the crops can grow," &c. "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah: We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and

bulwarks."—Isaiah xxvi. 1. The eighth chapter of Romans teaches us the inability of flesh to follow after the Spirit; that it is through the Spirit we are drawn away from the world to follow Jesus.

There is a vast difference in the view of Elder Hassell and some brethren about the common salvation. He wrote in the *Gospel Messenger*, February, 1913, in answer to the question, "What is meant by the 'common salvation?'" His answer was, "The salvation shared by all the people of God, purposed for them by the Father, wrought for them by the Son, and applied to them by the Spirit." This does not sound like a salvation that is ours if we work it out. We work it out because it is ours. Salvation is given us in Christ or it would not be ours to work out. It is not something worked in us and left with us to work out or not as we please. Of course we do as we please, for when we are led by the flesh, or Satan, we please to follow him, but when we are led by Jesus we are pleased to follow him. To work out our own salvation is to live after the Spirit—live a Christ-like life, manifesting that the Spirit of Christ abides in us, that salvation of the Lord has been given to us, or it would not be ours. All the salvation we know anything about is in time. We have not entered eternity to know anything about it. We hope it is ours, and our work is to show forth the fruits of this life. Christ said he is the vine and we are the branches. If we abide in the Vine we bring forth much fruit,

but if we do not abide in him we are dead to the works of the Spirit.

A garden is a plot of ground chosen from the surrounding ground, usually fenced, and is used for a specific purpose, so is the church called out from the world, separated, and protected. If left to itself any kind of weeds, except what is wanted, will grow, but the good have to be planted. The bad will grow and bring forth much fruit without cultivation, but those that are planted must be cultivated. All kinds of evil grow in the sinner's heart, but the Spirit must be planted in the heart and then cultivated, and it is not left for the sinner to do or it would soon be choked, but is planted and cultivated by the Husbandman. Garden plants are a delight to the husbandman. He has a variety of flowers, spices, &c., so all christian virtues are in the christian's heart and the Lord delights to dwell there. He also cares for the walls, as men care for fences, &c." In dry weather the garden must be watered. Christ is a living fountain to the church. This in substance is copied from Cruden's Concordance. David prayed to the Lord, "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Why did he do this if he could get those joys by working out "your own salvation?" The husbandman cultivates his garden, destroys the weeds, and the plants flourish. Does he tell them to do anything? What can they do? They can do only what is their nature to do, bring forth fruit after their kind. They only manifest what they are by their fruits, do not make themselves into something

else, neither do they plant, fertilize or cultivate. As long as we are in the flesh we grow or bear fleshly fruit, but when the Spirit enters, our nature is not changed, but overruled, turned about, and the good seed is planted in our hearts. Our nature is not killed to the love of sin, (I have often heard that we were killed to sin, but I could not see that principle in me, for my nature loves sin as much as ever) but there is a new principle put in our hearts that hates sin, and it rules over the flesh and makes us hate sin according to the measure of that gift in us. If we were killed to the love of sin where would be the warfare? There are many exhortations in the Scriptures as to how God's people should live and conduct themselves, but there are also Scriptures to show the poor weak sinner how this is done. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do modify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Christ is our life, spiritually, and without him we are nothing, less than nothing, and vanity. Can one imagine what it is to be less than nothing? That is degrading self-exalted humans very low, and how is "less than nothing" going to do anything of its own strength? It may be said that I am surely setting forth a "stool of do nothing people," but not so, for Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." God's people are a busy people when they are exercised by the Spirit of the Lord. He has done more for them than they can ever pay, and they owe him service and praise all their lives, and praise

through all eternity. How do we praise him? The only way I see is to be humble at his feet, saying, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven," and be willing to be used as he sees best, and do what he commands us to do looking to him who is the author and finisher of our faith. In this way we are cultivating our faith. Faith is a gift, and the ability, or tools, with which to cultivate is a gift, so all our salvation is by our Savior, who is a perfect Savior, and working out our salvation is only the effects or fruits of that salvation given us in Christ before the world was.

"A garden inclosed." "Salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." A strong city! The husbandman is careful about the fence. He is jealous of his plants. The fence may be ever so beautiful, but is far eclipsed by the walls about the strong city. God said he is jealous and will not give his glory to another. Salvation is a perfect defense. There is no dog, wolf, power, or anything that can penetrate it. The world does not want it. It is life to christians, but death to the world. It not only keeps the world out, but keeps the Lord's people in. They are saved with an everlasting salvation, and cannot finally be lost, neither can any power pluck them out of God's hand. This does not mean that wolves in sheep's clothing cannot deceive us sometimes and join the church, but they can never penetrate the wall of salvation. They may sit with us around the Lord's table, but they cannot see it in spirit, nor eat of the feast spread

thereon, and sooner or later they make themselves manifest, as many are doing now, worshipping idols and forgetting God and their first love, and some of the idols are men.

Sometimes I can write with an easy flow of mind, but not so in this letter, and I fear that it is of no profit. I do not want to advocate anything contrary to the truth as it is in Christ, nor sow seeds of discord. If this is of no comfort throw it away, and pray for one who is in continual need of prayer.

Unworthily,

GEORGE W. JACKSON.

FAYETTEVILLE,, Georgia.

PHILIPPIANS II. 2.

"FULFILL ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."

Here the apostle is exhorting the Philippians to unity of spirit and humbleness of mind, that as the ambassadors of Christ they might be found as examples of his humility, that they might thereby also be partakers of his exaltation, and Paul's exhortation following is one of the most specific to be found in the New Testament Scriptures, and is a divinely beautiful enlargement of our text, which, although brief, embraces the true essence of the communion of the saints, which is, according to the Scriptures, preserved by two bonds: agreement in sound doctrine and brotherly love, by being "built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone." The church thus being established on the doctrine of Christ and the apostles

cannot admit the inventions of men in their many false theories and doctrines without forsaking this sure foundation and her right to be called the house of God, the pillar and ground of truth, (1 Tim. iii. 15,) and in Isaiah xxix. 13, 14, God has declared he will visit such with spiritual blindness. This sure foundation set forth by Christ and the apostles is founded upon the election of God and cannot fail but with the subversion of his eternal providence; it is also united with the sure stability of Christ in his seven-fold government as "Lord of lords and King of kings," declaring that all which the Father hath given him shall come unto him, and that no man is able to pluck them out of his Father's hand. In Deuteronomy xii. 32, we hear the Master declaring, "What thing soever I command you, observe to do it: thou shalt not add thereto, nor diminish from it." Also Proverbs xxx. 5, 6: "Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him. Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee, and thou be found a liar." These things are spoken expressly to the church, and were accomplishments of the law as relating to the church and are not abrogated, but shine forth in all their clearness under the gospel dispensation. In this respect it behooves us to remember that no change takes place in the Lord, who declares he cannot be offensively worshiped with the traditions and commandments of men, and if we would have communion of the saints we must hold sacred the commands of the Lord

and seek to obey him with one common consent, that the conscience of the church, or members in particular, shall not be burdened in conscience for God's judgments against sins or individual offenses, but with open hearts be enabled to call upon him daily, Lord, forgive us our trespasses. Judges viii. 27, informs us how the ephod of Gideon produced such fatal consequences to himself, his family and all the people, and these things are recorded no doubt for our admonition to "beware of the leaven of the Pharisees and of the Sadducees,"—Matt. xvi. 6, that is, of every doctrine and commandment of men of their own they endeavor to mix with the pure word of God. To this end the churches should have well informed and faithful pastors who through wise judgment will be able to refute and shut the doors against all corrupt opinions and theories injurious to sound doctrine and discipline, and thereby maintain all things "decently and in order" for the preservation and spiritual polity of the church. In the sixteenth chapter of Matthew we read how Christ commissioned Peter, and promised to give unto him the "keys of the kingdom of heaven," saying, "Whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth, shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, shall be loosed in heaven." Here Christ has commissioned unto the church the power of discipline, and hear him further, in John xx. 22, 23, when he says to his disciples in commissioning them to go forth and preach the gospel, "Whose soever sins ye remit, they are

remitted unto them; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained." He is not here setting himself aside as the Redeemer from all sin and who alone hath power on earth to forgive sins and present those so blessed before his Father's throne justified in his righteousness, but relates more particularly to the preaching of the gospel, which is the power of God unto salvation. In 2 Corinthians v. 18--20, Paul sets forth how God hath committed unto his ministers the "word," not the work, "of reconciliation," that in the name of Christ, which is by his authority, they might daily exhort the people to be reconciled to God, thereby confirming pious consciences, through the preaching of the gospel, of the certainty of God's promises in the hope of pardon and remission. The Lord in committing the gospel to the apostles at the same time invested them with the power of binding and loosing according to its precepts; for what is this glorious gospel but that, the whole human race being all slaves to the "law of sin and death," we are loosed and delivered alone by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus, and that those who do not thus receive him as their Deliverer and Redeemer are condemned and remain under the sentence of eternal death? Any minister endowed with any other gospel cannot be a true minister of Christ, for any other gospel is vain and ineffectual to the deliverance or salvation of any for the remission of sins. The promise of eternal life through Christ is the true message of salvation, and is not in the power of

man; only the ministration of it is given to men, through the preaching of the word, of which all down through the ages he has appointed and called forth men to be the ministers of, and he has so inseparably connected the discipline of the church and the preaching of the word that they cannot be separated and maintain the true ministry of the word and jurisdiction of the church. The saving doctrine of Christ is no less essential in setting forth God's plan of redemption than the admonitions of church government as set forth by Paul in 1 Corinthians v. 11: "I have written unto you not to keep company, if any man that is called a brother be a fornicator, or covetous, or an idolater, or a railer, or a drunkard, or an extortioner; with such an one know not to eat." Again, "If any man obey not our word by this epistle, note that man, and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed."—2 Thess. iii. 14. Again, I have judged to deliver such an one unto Satan, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord. (1 Cor. v. 3, 5. In conjunction with this we are admonished to the law of forgiveness, to uphold the feeble hands and strengthen the feeble knees, and that with paternal gentleness, not calculated to confound or exasperate the offender, but to bring him unto a knowledge of the deceitfulness of sin and the cunning artifice of Satan, whereby he lieth in wait to deceive, that such an one may be thus rightly admonished, and not swallowed up with overmuch sorrow, but rather restored to the fellowship of the church,

counting him not as an enemy, says Paul, but admonishing him as a brother. Thus admonitions become an integral part of the gospel and require wise and just judgment to deal with and maintain the communion of the saints, for such is the discipline of Christ in leading his people from grace to grace that he is ever propitious to their cries for mercy and supplications for sins that we should be mindful of the same spirit.

Dear editors, after reviewing the inclosed I feel somewhat undecided about troubling you with it, but feel certain you are fully able to decide if it is worthy of space in the SIGNS, and if not you will not hesitate to cast it aside as useless. I so deeply feel my littleness that I often tremble, not only in spirit, but also in body, at the alarming extent of my own ignorance. Of one thing I feel certain: that regardless of any light we may have, or seek to have of the holy Scriptures, it is only as a passing sunbeam, for here indeed we see as through a glass darkly and thus only get glimpses of God's eternal glory.

Unworthily yours,

JOHN GIBSON.

HAVRE, Mont., April 12, 1928.

LOS ANGELES, California.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I have been requested by some of the readers of the SIGNS to try and write a few words in memory of Elder J. M. Arledge, who passed from this sin-cursed world April 8th, 1929, after a short illness that confined him to the

hospital but three weeks. I was called upon to try in my weak and stammering way to conduct the funeral services. As I stood by his bedside twelve hours before the final summons came these words came into my mind, recorded in Luke ix. 58, "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," which seemed to be most appropriate to the life, character and disposition of this dear servant of God. As far as a business man, or a politician, or any calling of affairs pertaining to the things of this life are concerned, Elder Arledge was a failure, but in the pulpit he was a power. His gift was almost immeasurable, but he was not appreciated as he should have been, as is the case in many instances, which seems so fittingly illustrated in the text referred to, and so typical of a true follower of the dear Lord and Master in his personal ministry here in this world. When buffeted he complained not, when rejected and falsely accused he threatened not nor retaliated, but submitted his case humbly unto his Lord and Master, as unto a faithful Creator. Through the faithful efforts of a few and tried friends a sufficient sum was raised among the Baptist families to purchase a burying site in the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery, in East Los Angeles, California, where his remains were followed by a large concourse of brethren and friends, there to await a better resurrection. In conjunction with contributions from churches in Iowa, where he began his ministry, we

are erecting a monument at his grave, where he fell fighting the good fight of faith, with his face toward the "new Jerusalem." Thus another of God's tried and faithful servants has been removed. His time on earth has been fulfilled, God has called him home, the world was not worthy of him. The last sermon he preached, on the third Sunday in March, three weeks before his death, I shall never forget. He set his "stakes" as a nail driven in a sure place, and as his countenance shown with the grace of God he unraveled to us the revealed mysteries of the gospel of the grace of God. Oh that we all as ministers of God might have the humility, the self-denial, and put on as the elect of God the whole armor of God and fight the good fight of faith, putting our whole trust in him who is able to keep us from falling and present us holy and unblameable before him in love. If my poor heart deceives me not, I rejoice that God has counted me worthy to sit in the stand with such an able gift and to have an ear to hear his words of counsel, and ability to expound the mystery of God. I consider him the ablest gift that has visited the western coast since my time in the west. This I say with all due respect to any and all my yoke-fellows, and I am thankful to the Giver of every good and perfect gift that he has given us such gifts, that our glorying might be in God and not in men.

Yours in gospel bonds,

W. F. McCORMICK.

EDITORIAL.

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*All letters for this paper should be addressed, and money orders made payable to,***J. E. BEEBE & CO.***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***EZEKIEL I. 15—17.**

"Now as I beheld the living creatures, behold, one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures, with his four faces. The appearance of the wheels and their work was like unto the color of a beryl; and they four had one likeness: and their appearance and their work was as it were a wheel in the middle of a wheel. When they went, they went upon their four sides; and they turned not when they went."

This wonderful vision was given to the prophet Ezekiel when the heavens were opened, and it was of God. Now as we come to consider the above we must note that the heavens were opened and he saw visions of God. In this vision he beheld living creatures. These, to our mind, are those to whom were given eternal life, who shall inhabit eternity with Jesus, for none have spiritual life except it be given by

the Son of God, and he giveth eternal life to as many as the Father hath given him, and they shall never perish. He beheld one wheel upon the earth by the living creatures with his four faces, and the appearance of these living creatures were like burning coals of fire. This wonderful wheel, to our understanding, represents God's eternal purpose in all the world, and his creatures in this wheel, which has its four faces, and we hear this expression from him that inhabiteth eternity: "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." These words bring out what we understand to be represented in the expression, "With his four faces," for we believe that everything is as present with him, nothing old nor new with the Lord, and his all-seeing eye is ever beholding his people, and this wheel represents, to our mind, his purpose in the salvation of his people. This wheel was upon the earth by the living creatures, and when these living creatures went the wheels went by them, which is expressed in the New Testament: "I will never leave nor forsake you," and they are kept as the apple of his eye. We note the prophet saw living creatures and the creature. These creatures were in the vision of God and only revealed to the prophet when the heavens were opened. The Spirit of the living God must open to his people, as declared in the word given to John on the isle of Patmos, when he beheld the book sealed with seven seals, and no man in heaven nor in

earth, neither under the earth, was able to open the book and look thereon and he was grieved, then the voice that spake said, "The Lion of the tribe of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book."—Rev. v. 5. All these creatures had one likeness, which is the likeness of Jesus. As one declared, I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness. These creatures are spoken of throughout the Scriptures as the people of God, the saved of the Lord. God's salvation is the wheel that stands as walls and bulwarks about Zion, and they are directed by the Spirit, and they go where the mind of the Spirit is for them to go, as the people of God are led by the Spirit, and as many as led by the Spirit of God they are the sons of God. All these creatures are as one in Christ Jesus, led by one Spirit, and are as one wheel in the middle of a wheel. Their work is manifested as we are in him, and he works in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. This wonderful vision of God not only embraces the salvation of his people, but testifies that his people shall be manifested by the Spirit of the living God, and it is in him they live and move and have their being. This glorious truth brings to our mind the predestinated purpose of God in all things, whether visible or invisible, for we are so finite we cannot comprehend God or see his kingdom until we are born again by that incorruptible seed by the word of God which liveth and abideth forever, which reveals to us Jesus, the way,

the truth and the life. What is it that is old or new with the Lord? We believe his infinite wisdom embraces all his purposes, and as he thought so shall it come to pass. "As I have purposed, so shall it stand."—Isaiah xiv. 24. These words call out the certainty of God, and his thoughts are the searchings of God, distinguishing his people and making their calling and election sure through grace. How can we poor mortals limit his wisdom or his predestinated purpose in all things? We believe, as is declared in his word, that he upholds all things by the word of his power, and there is no power but of God, and he works his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand. The prophet saw this vision which embraced Jesus and the wheel, and all these living creatures were in him as a wheel in a wheel, and as we follow the prophet on in the vision he heard the wings of these creatures as the voice of great waters, and as the voice of the Almighty which was over their heads, which takes from the natural the power to attain unto these things as it was above their heads. We note these creatures were lifted from the earth and the wheels were lifted up over against them, for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels. The child of grace is kept by the power of God unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. What a wonderful all-wise God, and by him all things consist. We do not feel to discern between his predestinated purpose in

all things and his infinite wisdom, knowing all his work from the beginning, but we are assured that he has set the bounds of iniquity, which cannot be taken away, for Jesus declared, "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." When we examine ourselves for the evidence of a hope and note the rooting and grounding, it is builded upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ the chief corner-stone, and all their strength is the love of God. In all these relations we are constrained to believe that the "steps we take and the station we fill, were determined and wrote in his will." We offer the quotation, "The creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope."—Rom. viii. 20. Paul was given to see the creatures of righteousness, and also gives their earnest expectation which waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. We want to behold the power of God in them, and his Spirit humbling them, by which they are continually crying out, I am unclean, and, behold, I am vile. We pass through this life's pilgrimage being subject to vanity, and would be separated from it if we could, but our little hope God has given us in Christ keeps us and causes us to look away from self and look unto Jesus. Our faith is in him because of his mighty power realized in delivering and keeping us, and is always a present help in time of trouble. The spirit of our groanings are,

"Oh that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still;
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will."

It is so dark at times we cannot see our way and grope about in darkness, and we cannot behold these things until he gives us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, then we see how wonderfully his people have been led and directed from a righteous Abel to the present time. He shields them as though he were the shadow of a great rock in a desert land, and how his glorious hand covers them, and underneath is the everlasting arm, and all our times are in his hand, and not a weapon that is formed against us shall prosper. Jesus said, "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." The wheel in a wheel the prophet spoke of represents Jesus and his people in him, and everything in his kingdom is directed by the Spirit.

Now to thy praise, eternal King, be all my thoughts employed.

C. W. V.

In the editorial written by Elder H. H. Lefferts, and published in the June, 1929, issue of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, on page 133, last line, the word "efface" should be "face." On page 136, first column, fourth line, it should read "old name" instead of "old man," and on the same page, seventeenth line, second column, the word "Americanism" should be "armenianism." In the same number, page 121, second column, tenth line, the word "Bermuda" should be "Burmah."

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

The Delaware Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster, County, Pennsylvania, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1929, to the churches composing the same, and to the meetings and associations with which we correspond, sends christian greeting.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In the Psalms of David it is declared that Mt. Zion, the city of the great King, is beautifully situated on the sides of the north. As the temple of old on the literal Mt. Zion faced eastward, looking toward the rising of the sun and the dawning of the day, it is infinitely more true that in the spiritual antitypical temple the outlook of the church's faith is constantly toward the Day of the Lord and the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ. The new testament of grace had its beginning in the announcement of the angel to the virgin Mary that she should conceive by the Holy Ghost and bring forth a son whose name should be called Jesus, because he was ordained to be the salvation of his people from their sins. And the new testament of grace which began with such a glorious proclamation finds its ultimate consummation in those words of the church's expectation which conclude the book of Revelation: "The Spirit and the bride say, Come." "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." This appearing of the Lord is the one all-absorbing hope of the christian's experience. It is impossible for there to be a genuine believer anywhere who does not desire

and hope for the appearance of Christ. As surely as one has been quickened by the Spirit of the living God, so will that spiritual life in that one continually reach forward toward the giver and the object of that life, the Lord Jesus Christ. As the natural life in our human nature is bound to hunger for the things which will appease that life, so will the divine life in the spiritual nature of all believers pant after God and for those things which develop and bring to fruition the spiritual life. It is said, "The just shall live by faith," that the saints must walk by faith, and that those things which are seen by faith are not the things which appear to the natural powers of man. So whatever may be meant by the appearing of the Lord, and whatever circumstances or events may be involved in the coming of the Lord, it is evident these things must transcend and far eclipse the natural expectations of human beings. The prophet Amos declared to national Israel that the coming of the day of the Lord to them would be a time of woe. The expectation of national Israel was for a Messiah to come and establish at Jerusalem the throne of a brilliant earthly government which should lift the Jews politically to a place of preeminence from a worldly standpoint. Amos knew the Jews expected this, and he also knew by faith that this human expectation was to be disappointed. The Lord God did come to Israel, but his coming to them as a nation was a time of darkness, confusion and condemnation. They did not recognize

him as their King. They rejected him and crucified him, thus bringing upon themselves, according to divine foreknowledge and purpose, their destruction as a nation. The natural and fleshly expectations of men as to the coming of the Lord are bound from the very nature of things to be disappointed. The natural man knows not the things of God, and there is no possible way by which the natural man can bring himself to know them. The things of God are spiritually discerned. As no man knows the things of a man except by the spirit of man which is in him, even so knows no man the things of God except by the Spirit of God. The eye hath not seen, the ear hath not heard, neither hath there entered into the heart of man the things that God hath prepared for them that love him. The only way in which these glorious things reserved for the people of God can be known is as his Spirit gives us the revelation of them. That Jesus does and will appear the second time without sin unto salvation is believed by all the faithful in Christ Jesus, but of the times and seasons of such appearing the human mind knows nothing. The power and glory which the disciples experienced when Jesus was with them here on earth meant absolutely nothing to those outside the company of the elect, neither does it mean anything to-day for those not included in the work of spiritual regeneration. The natural world is one thing, the spiritual world is infinitely quite another. Those living the life of the Spirit know full well that which is natural,

but those who are living in the natural world, and living only there, can understand not in the slightest degree anything of the spiritual. Now to define in literal terms just what it is that our faith looks for is exceedingly difficult. The apostle tells us that when Christ shall appear we shall be like him and shall see him as he is. This is surely the end of our faith, but where is the man however spiritual he may be who can tell us in all its fullness what it means to be like Christ and to see him as he is? The faith of God's elect looks unto the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body. This faith also looks for the changing of the vile body and fashioning it like unto His glorious body by the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself. But who is the man, however much enlightened by the Spirit he may be, who can define for us in all its wonderful length and breadth and height what this redemption and this changing involve? Whether in the ordinances of the church, such as the Lord's supper and baptism, whether in the preaching of the word or in the singing of the hymns or in the reading of the Scriptures, it is always for the appearing of Jesus that the believer looks and desires. If to the believer the appearing of Jesus is not seen and felt in the communion of saints and in the preaching of the word, he feels himself sadly out of tune in the company of his brethren. If there is, on the other hand, a realization with us of the appearing of Jesus in the affairs and deliberations of the church, then we lose

sight of earth and its cares and are absent from the body, present with the Lord. Mortality is for the time being swallowed up of life. "If such the sweetness of the stream, what must the fountain be?" If so satisfying and comforting to the soul are these foretastes of heaven which are vouchsafed to us a little here, a little there, as we travel on below, no wonder it lies infinitely beyond our powers to fully describe or even to fully think of all the glories wrapt up in the ultimate appearing of the Lord. The gospel church in all her history and in all her spiritual concerns, in all her experience, whether of trials or deliverances, has the eyes of her faith looking with hopeful expectancy and with blessed assurance toward the appearing of her Lord. Nothing satisfies her short of his coming, and she looks for nothing beyond it. Her Jesus is all she wants on earth, and in heaven there is no one she desires beside him. "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him," that ye be not moved from the steadfastness of your faith by the alluring but vain imaginings of human minds which seek to make literal and material the expectation of our hope, which expectation can be fully and completely satisfied only in the spiritual and invisible appearing of the Lord in glory. When we say invisible, we mean unseeable by mortal eyes or human powers. May the grace of God which has brought us to the revelation of salvation, and which teaches us to live soberly and godly in

this present evil world, keep us ever watchful for the glorious appearing of our Lord Jesus Christ, that we may through the preparation of God's grace within us be kept in readiness for his coming whenever and however it may please the Father to gather us from this terrestrial state to that celestial inheritance preserved for the saints in light.

DOUGLASS L. TOPPING, Mod.

JOHN B. MILLER, Clerk.

(Written by Elder H. C. Ker.)

The Delaware River Old School or Primitive Baptist Association, in session with the Kingwood Old School Baptist Church, at Locktown, New Jersey, sendeth greeting and love in the Lord to the associations and churches with which we correspond.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In attempting to address you by way of a Circular Letter, we have chosen the word "Peace" as a foundation, and shall hope to consider it in some of its phases. Literally the word means: State of quiet; calm; repose; harmony; concord. Perhaps the world has never known less of such peace than at the present time, except while the world was going on. To-day when nations are clamoring for peace, wars and rumors of wars are going on, and likely will continue to the end of time. Man is not so constituted as to be peaceable at all times. This disposition was in evidence when Cain killed his brother Abel. Such demonstrations have followed in men and nations. The condition of unrest in the world to-day evidences the ab-

sence of peace. There is a sense, however, in which the world, nationally, has peace, and it of this we desire to write more particularly. It was because of the nature of man that everything distressing, contrary to peace, entered into the world. The creature, or man, was made subject to vanity, and vanity has always been the very root of evil, hence when man can change his nature and the leopard his spots, international peace, literally, will be brought about, but not until then. The disobedience of man in the beginning of the world brought to him and his posterity separation from peace with God. This wrought in him unrest, affliction of mind and body. This condition, notwithstanding the dealings of the Lord with man during former ages of the world, continued until peace everlasting was brought in. Affliction of mind and body will continue while the world stands, but the distress of mind in this sense is not the same as in ages past. This is not because there has been any change in man by nature, nor because of the efforts of men to christianize the world. Man could never undo what he did, hence the peace we have under consideration did not come through the efforts of men. Man having separated himself from God by wicked works could never again have peace with God by anything he could do. Therefore it was necessary that something be done for him that he himself could not perform. The unspeakable gift of God to man was the "Prince of Peace." He undertook for us, coming in the likeness of sinful flesh,

or man, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh. God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself. In this work of the Redeemer, peace was wrought between God and sinners. God is holy, righteous and good. This peace was not known by the saints of old except by faith. They all died without receiving the promises, but saw them afar off and embraced them. The church of this age of the world has entered into this peace manifestly and rejoices in the hope of the glory of God and his grace wherein she stands. This is the peace the world cannot give, nor take away. The blood of Christ brought us who were afar off near unto God, never again to be separated, for the reason that by the one offering he hath forever perfected all them that are sanctified. There is no law in existence to-day of which the transgression thereof would bring condemnation, or death, upon the redeemed of God. All such law was fulfilled in every jot and tittle by the "Prince of Peace," hence forever put away. Therefore the church is under grace instead of law. Wonderful, wonderful work of the Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world and bring in everlasting peace and righteousness. Having peace with God, through Christ, we are admonished to have peace one with another, endeavoring to keep the unity thereof in its glorious bond. Peace in the church of God—unity of the spirit—is the salvation of it in the sense of visibility and order. No man has right to set himself up as a standard to which all others must bow, and any man who

this thinks and acts will, sooner or later, fall by such temptation and become an abomination in the house of God. The church is sovereign in all her acts, hence let us all understand and remember that no man has more than one voice in any matter pertaining to church government. Wirepulling in the house of God is an abomination in his sight and the man who does it will sooner or later come to grief. Unity is the only safe rule, and to maintain peace within the borders of Zion is the chief thing for us all to consider and strive for. The church has no lords, monarchs nor kings. All therefore being on one equal plane let us act accordingly, to the glory of God and the peace of his kingdom.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

DAVID M. VOORHEES, Clerk.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The Baltimore Old School Baptist Association, in session with the churches of the same Association, being convened in the meetinghouse at Black Rock, Baltimore County, Maryland, May 15th, 16th and 17th, 1929, doth send greetings in the Lord Jesus Christ to our sister associations and meetings with which we correspond.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Again have we been blessed with the privilege of meeting your messengers and receiving your correspondence, and it has been a great pleasure to us to be able to dwell together in unity of the Spirit of Christ Jesus our Lord with you all, and as so many expressions of love have been spoken it makes us feel to look forward

to another meeting of the same kind, for where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them. We trust you will all remember and come and meet with us again next year, which meeting is appointed to convene, the Lord willing, on Wednesday before the third Sunday in May, 1930, and continue three days. The place of meeting to be announced later through the SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

J. T. ROWE, Moderator.

F. G. SCOTT, Clerk.

EDW. A. JOHNSON, A'sst Clerk.

The Delaware Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, 1929, sendeth greetings.

DEAR BRETHREN:—We feel to express our appreciation of the love bestowed upon us by our heavenly Father in sending so many of his servants and messengers to us, edifying us in the gospel of grace, salvation by grace alone, drawing us together closer than ever as an association. We hope for a continuance of your correspondence and presence with us, feeling much comfort in the preached word, and your company in our homes has so sweetly increased our love for you all.

Our next Association is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, with the Salem Church, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, during May, 1930, at the usual time.

DOUGLASS L. TOPPING, Mod.

JOHN B. MILLER, Clerk.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MRS. LUCY JANE (nee Roberts) **WHITENTON**, my dear companion, passed away from earth at the hospital in Memphis, Tennessee, April 14th, 1929, at 6:20 a. m. She was born October 14th, 1856, making her stay on earth 72 years and 6 months. Her funeral was conducted by her pastor, Elder J. W. Kerley, April 15th, 1929, and burial was in Elmwood Cemetery. She was a member of the Primitive or Old School Baptist Church of Christ at Memphis, Tennessee, and was a true Primitive Baptist in every sense, believing the doctrine of salvation by grace and grace alone, the doctrine of the predestination of all things, election, the final preservation of the saints in glory by grace through Jesus Christ our Savior, and the resurrection of the dead. She was first married to William Hay, and to them were born six children, one boy, Lee Hay, and five girls: Mrs. Frankie Mason, Mrs. Ethel Norton and Mrs. Mary Rush, two daughters dying in infancy. She leaves to mourn their loss two daughters, Ethel and Mary, five granddaughters, six grandsons, one great-grandson, one great-granddaughter, with myself, though we mourn not without hope, for we believe our loss is her eternal gain. She was a true and loving mother, and was devoted to her church, her neighbors and friends, and was beloved by all who knew her. She had no enemies that we ever knew of. She and I were married November 14th, 1921, and she was a loving companion to me until death separated us. We never had a cross word, and lived in our honeymoon all the time, so my heart is broken, and will be as long as I live. We were happy together, and loved to talk of and sing the songs of praise to our Savior, but now I am very lonely, no one to comfort or console me when in distress but Jesus. She has gone to rest, her spirit to God who gave it, her body in the tomb, and will remain there until God bids it rise. She is through with her suffering and is with her dear Savior to live and praise him for evermore, where there is no more pain or sorrow, but one eternal joy forever. Her last words to me were, I am gone. I hate to leave you, but God will take care of you. Grieve not. I know I should not grieve, but I cannot help it, and mourn and weep for her. All who read this pray for me. May God reconcile me to his will is my prayer. Amen.

J. M. WHITENTON.

AUGUSTA LEE EDWARDS was born February 14th, 1913, at Lubbock, Texas, and was drowned in the Columbia River, at Vancouver, Wash., Aug. 7th, 1929, aged 15 years, 5 months and 24 days. He leaves to mourn father, mother four brothers, John, Roland, Robert and Dwight, and two sisters, Verda and Irene. The undersigned was called to conduct the funeral services, which were held in the Knapp parlors, in Vancouver, August 19th, in the presence of a large and attentive gathering. The dear boy was well liked by all who knew him,

which was attested by their kindness, words of sympathy and the beautiful floral offerings. It is hard to give up our loved ones, and doubly so under such tragic circumstances as this. He and his father and older brother, John, were employed in the paper mill, and while eating supper, after their day's work was done, he remembered he had left his dinner-pail at the mill, only a few blocks away, and said he would go and get it, and in less than an hour they received word that he was drowned. The police force, sheriff's force, kind friends and neighbors dragged the river until eleven o'clock that night before they found his body, about fifty feet from where he was last seen, where the water was only about four feet deep. Such occurrences make up the great mysteries of God's providence. Our finite minds can never understand these things, and it is ours to be still and know that he is God. Let me say to the dear family, Let us bow our heads in humble submission, and say, Not our will, but thine, be done.

Written by one who feels to be less than the least in my Father's house,

S. B. MOFFITT.

ISAAC M. DARLAND was born in Park County, Indiana, July 10th, 1840, and was married to Eliza Cunningham January 14th, 1858. To this union were born eleven children: Lydia, A. C., Rebecca, I. N., Jennie, Ella, C. R., Emma, John, Maude and Prior. His wife, Jennie, Rebecca, Prior and Ella passed away before him. He had forty grandchildren and sixty-four great-grandchildren. In 1861 the family moved to Iowa, locating in Mahaska County, and in 1882 to Audubon County, where he had since lived, except five years spent in Guthrie County. He, with his wife, joined Sharon Primitive Baptist Church at the November meeting in 1888, and were very devoted members. His greatest ambition was the service of his Savior. He passed from this life at the home of his daughter, Lydia Chandler, in Audubon, May 18th, 1929, at the age of 88 years, 10 months and 18 days. The funeral was held from his home. Elder George J. Jones, pastor of Sharon Church, preached from the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. The body was laid to rest in Maple Grove Cemetery beside that of his wife. As long as he was able to talk he expressed strong faith in a hope beyond the grave. He had been a subscriber and reader of the SIGNS for over fifty years.

Written by his son,

CHARLES R. DARLAND.

GEORGIA ROSALIE PYLE, daughter of Elder John G. and Mary Eubanks, was born March 18th, 1874, in Cobb County, Georgia, and departed this life May 18th, 1929, at Halsted, Kans., from the effects of an operation, aged 55 years and 2 months. She was united in marriage to W. A. Pyle, of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, December 27th, 1894,

To this union five children were born: Carroll, of Wright, Kansas; Edith Marie, who died in infancy; John, also of Wright, Kansas; Everett, of Sawyer, Kansas, and Mrs. Alton Long, of Dodge City, Kansas. Besides her immediate family, she leaves to mourn their loss, seven brothers and sisters, namely: James R. Eubanks, of Louisville, Kentucky; Eugenia Eubanks, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania; Beebe Eubanks, of Norfolk, Virginia; Perry Eubanks, of Wilmington, Delaware; Mrs. Henry Townsend, of Phoenixville, Pennsylvania; Hassell, of Louisville, Kentucky; Benjamin, of Newark, Delaware, and Mrs. James Lee, of Wilmington, Delaware. She was preceded in death by her husband, who died November 8th, 1926. She, with her husband and family, moved from Campbellsburg, Kentucky, to a farm near Hudson, Kansas, in 1907, where the greater part of her life had since been spent, she, with her sons Carroll and John, having recently moved to a farm near Wright, Kansas. She was the daughter of an Old School Baptist minister, and true to her belief placed her life in the hands of a higher power, and had implicit faith that "What is to be will be."

Services were held from the Baptist Church, Stafford, at 2:30 Sunday afternoon, May 19th, Mr. A. W. Lee, of Stafford, conducting the services. Interment was made in the beautiful Stafford Cemetery, where her body was laid to rest beside that of her husband.

Written by her son,

CARROLL F. PYLE.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Mrs. Sarah F. Gandey, N. J., \$3; Mrs. Calvin Cabbage, Pa., \$1; "A friend," N. Y., \$2; Herbert McLeod, Ala., \$4; Thos. W. Records, Mo., \$3; Alfred E. Titus, N. J., \$4; T. J. Everett, Ark., \$3.

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The Cane Run Predestinarian Old School Baptist Church, of Turners Station, Kentucky, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 10:30 a. m., also, the Sulphur Fork Church of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, of the same faith and order, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

GEO. L. WEAVER, Pastor.

The Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every third Sunday at 1 p. m. at the Sweedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Orange and Eleventh Streets, Riverside, California, and every alternate first Sunday, beginning with January, at the home of O. P. Speirs, 143 W. Eleventh Street, Claremont, California, at 10:30 a. m., all-day session, with lunch at place of meeting; and every other first Sunday at Riverside, California, same place and hour as mentioned above for third Sundays.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator.

O. P. SPEIRS, Clerk.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. (Day-light Saving Time) at the home of W. N. Spitzer, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto, from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Mid-week song service by appointment. Pastors, Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

(MRS.) EMMA E. BRUNOW, Clerk.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST, 1929. NO. 8.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Poca, West Virginia.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing two letters written to me by highly esteemed sisters in the faith. In my old age it gives me some comfort to know that I have preached comfortingly to even one of God's little ones, so if you think them worthy of a place in the SIGNS I would be pleased to have them published; otherwise, if you think not, just leave them out, and it will be all right with me. I have sister Parson's consent to do as I think best with hers, and I am sure sister Gall will not object.

Yours in hope of life eternal through Jesus Christ our Lord,

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

PHILIPPI, W. Va., Aug. 28, 1928.

DEAR BROTHER McCLANAHAN:—It is alone by the grace of God that I may claim such relationship with one of God's called and qualified ministers of the gospel. Brother McClanahan, I am a very peculiar person and I have never been able to understand myself.

After spending a sleepless night Saturday I had a great desire to talk with you on Sunday morning before we started for meeting, but for some reason which I cannot understand I failed to convey my thoughts and feelings to you. I have never had the pleasure of having a “heart to heart” talk with one of God's children, and I feel that it would do my soul good some time if I could only pour forth the deep feeling within my heart. But I am such a poor, weak worm of the dust that I remain silent, feeling I might say something that would not give God all the praise, honor and glory. Nevertheless, I must be submissive to the will of God, and I can only try and pray for the ability to talk with the brethren about the glorious theme of salvation alone by the grace of God. There are many things bearing on my mind that I would love to have talked with you about, because you have the God-given ability to speak in such a comforting manner and with such tenderness of heart that it just seems to melt my eyes

in tears. Oh have I been deceived? and if I am writing because of a fleshly desire may God stop my pen forever. I hope I am writing because I love the glorious doctrine of salvation by grace, and I humbly hope I love the brethren who are dearer to me than any other people in this world, the ones who took me in and gave me a home at dear old Mt. Olive Church.

With these few words to serve as an introduction, I am unable to tell you why I am writing to one so wonderfully blessed with the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord. I humbly hope that if this ever reaches you it will not prove to be a burden to you, and that you will not hesitate to inform me if I have said anything that is not in accordance with the eternal words of truth, and if there be one word of comfort to you, give all the praise, honor and glory to God; in and of ourselves we can do nothing. Salvation by grace is a glorious theme, and I felt while sitting under the sound of your voice Sunday, that it was all too good for such an unworthy creature as I am, yet I cannot keep from shedding tears when you proclaim the glorious doctrine in such a beautiful manner. May I always be blessed to sit at the feet of my brethren and gather the crumbs as they fall from the Master's table. Oh what a wonderful meeting we had, and I felt it was good to be there; yes, just a foretaste of the happy meeting when we meet to part no more. 'Tis heaven below my Redeemer to know, and when his Spirit is shed abroad in the hearts of his children they are given a hear-

ing ear and an understanding heart. They are made to rejoice and give thanks to God for his great mercy toward them. Oh how happy we feel when one of the dearly beloved children of God feels it his duty to go home to his people and tell them what great things the Lord hath done for him. He has done it all and they are brought to a realization of the fact that in and of themselves they can do nothing. They only sink deeper and deeper into the miry clay until they are brought out by the power of the all-wise God and a new song is put in their mouth. They are made willing to be submissive to the will of the Father, and say, God, be merciful to me, a sinner. Lord, save or I perish. My people shall be willing in the day of my power. Not may be, but shall be, making the declaration of God firm and sure. He declared the end from the beginning, the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. He leads them in paths they have not known and draws them with never-ending chords of his unchangeable love. He will take away the old stony heart and give them a heart of flesh, causing them to love the things they once hated and to hate the things they once loved. They are born of the Holy Spirit and are living in a new world; the pleasures of this world have lost all their joy for them and they are seeking the old paths, striving to follow in the footsteps of their Lord and Master, ever looking unto Jesus as the author and finisher of their faith. Oh what joy is felt when

a child of God is led into the water to be buried with Christ in baptism; there is great rejoicing that one of the elect, the chosen saints of God, has been brought home to his people, where there is joy and peace untold awaiting them in the meeting together and mingling their voices in songs of thanksgiving and praise to their blessed Master, who shed his precious blood that they might have a home in heaven. The greatest pleasure in this world for a child of God is listening to the gospel proclaimed by a true servant of God, or hearing some dear brother or sister relate their experience, which reveals the fact that they all are traveling in the same way, the strait and narrow way that leads to joy eternal, the way that leadeth from death unto life. There is only one way from earth to heaven, for Jesus Christ said, I am the way, the truth and the life. No man can come unto me except the Father which sent me draw him. He is the only way for a poor sinner to receive comfort for his heavy laden soul when traveling here in this low ground of sin and sorrow with a cloud of trouble hanging heavily over his head. Jesus suffered and died for his people. He came down to earth to do the will of his Father, and when he hung on the cross and cried, "It is finished," he forever put away the sins of his people and saved every one that will ever bask on the sunny banks of sweet deliverance. He did it all, all to him I owe. He saved with an everlasting salvation every one who was chosen in Christ Jesus before the world began, and it is

impossible for man to add to or take away one from that number. The Lord adds daily to the church such as should be saved, and at his own appointed time he causes them to repent and be baptized in the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. They are all bound together by the sweet chords of love into one unit of one faith, one Lord, one baptism. Nothing shall ever be able to separate them, and great will be their joy when life with all its cares is ended, and they shall hear the joyful sound, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from before the foundation of the world. Yes, he has prepared a home for them, a house not made with hands. He said, I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also. When life is ended in this world (how sad and solemn a thought) the child of God goes home to rest, asleep in Jesus until the morning of the resurrection, when they will be fashioned like unto his glorious body, and ever be with the Lord in that heaven of bliss, that world without end.

Oh how we miss dear old brother Bartlett, the one who so faithfully and tenderly cared for and watched over the little flock at Mt. Olive, yet we would not call him back if we could, because we feel he is at rest and will never more be bothered with the sorrows, trials and cares of this world. We feel thankful that it hath pleased the Lord to send another one to watch over us, and we have been blessed by having a message of salvation by grace

brought to us each meeting day since the death of our dearly beloved pastor.

"Salvation, oh the joyful sound,
'Tis a pleasure to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears."

Dearly beloved brother, I hope you will pardon me for intruding upon your valuable time, and forgive me for sending you such a poor excuse for a letter, but I could not ease my mind until I had written something. I know if there is one word of truth and comfort in this all the glory belongs to God, and everything said amiss is due to the weakness of this poor sinful mortal. Very weak and unworthy I feel to be, too humble to ask you to write to me, yet in my heart there is always a longing to receive a word of comfort from one who knows the joyful sound. Tell brother Smith that I enjoyed his message more than words can tell, and my prayer is that he may continue to grow in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

I trust that if we never meet again in this world it may be our happy lot to meet in that world without end, ever to sing praises unto the name of our blessed Redeemer.

In bonds of love,

ELSIE GALL.

KENTUCK, W. Va., July, 1928.

DEAR ELDER McCLANAHAN:—It is with fear and trembling that I try to address you on the things I have felt for some time I must tell, of how I have been led, I hope, in the way to life eternal. In the hills of Dickenson County, Virginia, when I was about

twelve years of age, I began to fear the devil and his hell. I thought I could pray to God and he would keep me from that awful place, and would go out in the woods, to a place where I thought no one could see me, and would pray, as I thought. I would go twice a day most of the time. I thought I could pray myself out of all the trouble that was upon me. About that time we moved to West Virginia. I was then nearly seventeen years of age. I had never attended any but Old Baptist meetings until we came to West Virginia, where they were mostly of other denominations. Here I went to all the big meetings I could, and all the preaching was very much alike to me. It seemed that they were saving a great many people, and I wanted to be saved, too, so I went to the mourners' bench and tried that occasionally for ten or fifteen years. I wanted to be happy and shout like the rest of them. I thought there would be some kind of change and I would feel different, but did not want to be deceived and act like a hypocrite. I thought some time I could save myself. I had no fear of God; it was the devil I seemed to be afraid of. I though I could read and understand many of the Scriptures and could tell others how to do right. Then for two or three years I was miserable, but did not know what was the matter with me. I did not feel sick, but wanted to cry most of the time, yet there was nothing to trouble me that I could see, and thought I must be losing my mind. I answered the advertisement of a medical firm, but ex-

perienced no relief from that. All the time I was trying to pray. At times it seemed that God had turned against me and I would be lost, for I felt to be a hopeless sinner. I was going through the field one day and was trying to pray, and was crying as usual when alone, and all at once the load that had bowed me down in sorrow was lifted, and I was very happy and loved every one, even the one I cared the least for I thought of and wanted to take her by the hand. It seemed that all was well and that all my troubles were gone. I went to the Missionary Baptist and Methodist meetings because they were the nearest, and it seemed to me there was not very much difference in their preaching. I read the Bible a great deal, and liked to hear it read and talked about. It was not long before I became doubtful and to be afraid I had been deceived, but my trouble was not as great as before. I kept trying to pray for guidance to know what was the true gospel. It went on this way for some time and I began to be puzzled about the Scriptures, and found I did not understand them as much as I thought. I read where it said our God is a consuming fire, and that seemed to be on my mind and puzzled me most. I continued trying to pray to know the truth, and while all this was going on I went to old brother Charlie Duffy's funeral. I had been to meetings several times where you preached, but never was given a hearing ear until then, and never had I heard anything that sounded as sweet as that sermon. Things I had been puzzled about were made plain, and you explained very beautifully that Scripture where it says that our God is a consuming fire, and it was a great comfort to me. I was over to Pleasant Run a few weeks after that and you all preached the same truth. The Scriptures were fully, sweetly and comfortingly explained. No others preach as sound or as good as do the Old Baptists. It seemed that I could see a vast difference between them and others. Then I thought it might be because my parents were Old Baptists in belief that made me see as I did. I was alone one day after the meeting at Pleasant Run and read the Scripture you preached from and it seemed so good that surely it must be the truth. I tried to pray to God that if the Old Baptists were right, and I had not been deceived, that I would feel I was blessed, and if not that I would remain in doubt as I was. I kept trying to pray for guidance until in the afternoon, when I was assured that all was well. I thought I never would doubt again, and felt that I could stand anything that might come upon me and all would be well. I knew the things I once loved I now hated, and my joy was perfect, no fear, no doubts. I have never since once doubted the Old Baptists being the true church in doctrine, faith and practice, but I have doubted my being worthy of standing with them. I told no one about any of this, and thought I could stay out of the church and keep

it all to myself and I would be better off. Later I thought I would be baptized, as that ordinance was impressing me very much. I went to hear Elder Dell Smith when I could, and oh how glad I was to hear him preach, for he explained much Scripture to my comfort. I went to the last association held with the Elium Church, just five years ago, and there I was made to say within myself, How beautiful are the feet of those who preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of great joy to poor mourning souls. Not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name belongeth the glory. It seemed I could say, How can we hear without a preacher, and how can they preach except they be sent? I knew I believed the doctrine of the Old School Baptists, and felt they were my people, and their God was my God, and I wanted to stand with them, but my unworthiness was a hindrance to me in offering myself for membership with them. I do hope the good Lord made me willing to go home to my friends, the dear Old Baptists, and tell them what great things he hath done for my soul. My hope seems small most of the time, yet I know if I had to depend upon my own righteousness I would surely be lost, world without end.

Please pardon me for writing so lengthy a letter, but I wanted to speak of the words of comfort I have received from those who have been called of God to preach the gospel. I hope you may be at our next meeting.

Your sister in hope,

(MRS.) LIZZIE PARSON.

EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, Mo., March 28, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—This is to ask you to publish the inclosed letter in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES at an early date. So long as I can remember the SIGNS has been in the home of my grandfather, Thurston Knight, and that of my mother, Melissa Knight Mundy, or as you have it, Mrs. M. J. Mundy. The reading of the correspondence contained in its columns has been a great pleasure and comfort to my mother, and almost her only way of keeping in touch with those of her own faith this past winter, for she was not able to attend her church services. The last time she was permitted to go was with her sister, Mrs. Hamilton, in Kansas City, the second Sunday in December. Her Bible, the SIGNS and letters from her friends meant much to her. Mine was a most wonderful mother, so loving, kind and true, always doing the things to make for another's happiness, never thinking of self. It seems losing her is more than I can bear, yet I know my loss is her gain, and I would that I might become more like her. I wish I knew more of the doctrine she loved, the doctrine preached by the Old Baptists. I wish to renew her subscription, if you will write me when it is due, also wish to send money for one more, so that it may be delivered to some one unable to subscribe for it. I have quite a number (no doubt all) of last year's SIGNS, and if you will suggest the name of some one who would enjoy reading them I will be glad to express the package to them. Mother often did this, but I know not to whom she sent

them. I feel I do not want to part with this year's papers, for it was from the January and February numbers I read so much to her while she was sick.

I hope you will pardon me for taking so much of your time, but I feel that mother's friends are my friends and will bear with me; at least I know that those who love her have endeared themselves to me.

Thanking you for all courtesies shown, I am, sincerely,

(MRS. B. W. CRABB.

GRANTVILLE, Kansas, March 26, 1929.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—By request of the bereaved daughter I will try and write a brief memorial to Mrs. Melissa Jane Mundy, a lovely sister in Christ, who entered into her rest March 8th, 1929, at 10:30 p. m. I think I never received a request which I felt more incompetent to perform, though to do so in a fitting way would indeed be a labor of love.

I will not soon forget the first time I met this dear sister. She wrote me she wished to attend our association and I met the train, and amid the throng of strangers who alighted we had no difficulty in recognizing each other as she came toward me with a smile on her face, though neither of us had ever seen the other before. So I had not the privilege of a long acquaintance with her, but from that time forth she, with sister Unetta Hamilton (her sister in the flesh) attended our meeting each year until last fall, when neither one felt able to come. Her quiet demeanor and evi-

dent love of the truth, and the weariness she would endure to hear it proclaimed, endeared her to us all; and her love for those who believed the same precious truth, and her joy in meeting with them gave the infallible proof that she had passed from death unto life, and thus she made her calling and election sure and undoubted to us. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," has been a comfort to many tried and tempted saints when it seemed that every other prop was gone. It is in actions, the orderly walk in her every day life, and her godly conversation that this love was attested, and which drew us all to her in the same love. I feel that I can truly say that to know her was to love her. This is proven in a degree by the many precious letters she received and treasured, several of which are before me now, having been sent by her daughter. One especially, from the wife of her pastor, Elder W. L. Hall, contains a little poem very applicable to her, from which I make a few extracts, as space will not permit it in full:

"Your life to us who are younger
Has been as a light to our feet,
And I hope when our life here is ended
We all with the Savior shall meet.

The church has been blessed by your presence,
The members all love you, I know,
May Christ and his angels attend you,
As on through life's journey you go.

The King in his glory is with you,
We know by the light of your face;
Oh may we all share his rich blessings,
And every one saved by his grace."

On this sister Mundy had written an expression of unworthiness to apply it to herself, but hoped it might be a

comfort to others. Much might be written in her praise, but she would not wish it. She constantly ascribed all praise for every good and perfect gift bestowed upon her to grace, and grace alone, feeling that in and of herself was no worthiness or merit. So it is

"To the praise of grace we sing,
Though of a dying saint we tell,
For through the strength of Israel's King
She proved a conqueror when she fell."

I feel that I voice the sentiment of all who knew her when I say that I feel to have lost a precious friend and neighbor, a neighbor in the true Scriptural sense, made near and dear to us by the blood of Christ. She loved such neighbors as herself. Christ in you the hope of glory, walking and dwelling in them made her ever esteem them better than herself, ready to minister to them of all he gave her, and by her humble letters kindly sharing with me of her good gifts.

She was the second daughter of Thurston Knight and Mary Jane Hardesty Knight, born in Kentucky March 11th, 1846, thus lacking only three days of being eighty-three years old. She was a member of Little Blue Church, near Blue Springs, Missouri, having united with the church in early life, and had lived most of her life in Missouri. She had one brother and six sisters, all of whom preceded her to the grave, except Mrs. Unetta Hamilton, of 1190 East 65th Street, Kansas City, Missouri, who is the only surviving one of her family. She was married to J. E.

Mundy August 30th, 1866, who departed this life September 11th, 1922. They were the parents of two children, Claudius Knight Mundy, who passed away August 12th, 1912, and Leola Leone Mundy, now Mrs. B. W. Crabb, of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, who is now left lonely and desolate indeed, the only other survivors being the three children of the deceased son: Mrs. George B. Foster, Tulsa, Oklahoma, Mrs. Charles Ford, of Independence, Missouri, and Mrs. Prewitt B. Turner, Kansas City, Missouri. They revered their grandmother, and with Mrs. Crabb were kind and attentive too such a degree that it was remarked by the attending physician that she was fortunate to have such devotion. They quickly assured him that they were the favored ones in having such a mother and grandmother, for in her natural life also she was of a kind and sweet disposition. She became ill the eighteenth day of December, but unexpectedly improved enough to write me, saying she had walked out a little. Later she had a relapse and her suffering was intense. Not a word of murmur or complaint was uttered, but when her suffering seemed so grievous to her daughter would smile, and say, It is all right; the Savior had to suffer. She loved the SIGNS, and when able to listen Mrs. Crabb would read to her, to her evident enjoyment. The last few days she seemed not to suffer, her breathing seemingly became easier and easier until she gently and sweetly fell

asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep.

"Me thinks I see her now at rest,
In the bright mansions love ordained,
Her head reclines on Jesus' breast,
No more by sin and sorrow pained."

Thus was the prayer of her faithful daughter answered: that she might be given a gentle release from her suffering. The meek and gentle spirit returned to God who gave it, and the precious form laid to rest in the Blue Springs Cemetery to await the sound of the trumpet, when the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the dead in Christ shall arise, and oh blessed assurance, that then we which are alive shall be caught up with them, and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Brief services were conducted by her pastor, Elder W. L. Hall, at the home and at the cemetery. May God comfort the lonely sister and the sorely bereaved daughter, and all who mourn. He has said, As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you. We feel our loss, but our sorrow is not without hope that when it is ours to lie down and die that we also may share in the gain it was to her to depart and be with Christ, which is far better than all this world can bestow. Faith is now ended in sight, and hope, no longer needed, is ended in full fruition, but love, the greatest of all, in which was all her joy while here, will still abide with her through endless eternity.

"What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?"

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Written in love and deep humility,
MARY ELLISON.

THE SHEPHERD AND THE SHEEP.

There are sheep that have no shepherd, but there cannot be a shepherd without sheep. Our Lord has said, "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep." What is this door? The Lord has said, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." He goes in by the door. "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." Therefore our Shepherd entered in by giving his life for the sheep. No one else ever did this, for the sheep were the gift of the Father to him, and he never gave them to another. Hence no one else is capable to save the sheep. They must be saved, they are saved, but altogether by him who gave his own life for the sheep. Each human being is a sinner, and of the earth, therefore must die for himself or herself. But after he or she has died only a sinful sacrifice has been made and is of no effect. Our God is pure and only sees a pure sacrifice for sin. Our Shepherd is from heaven and he is pure. He is of purer eyes than to look upon sin and doth not behold iniquity; none else but the pure One can be accepted in sacrifice for sin. He who has appointed and chosen the sacrifice is pure and the sacrifice must be pure, thus it is by the imputation of Christ, the pure One, for us that a perfect sacrifice is made. Our sins were imputed to him and by imputation became his sins. Thus he takes the place of his sheep and the sheep are his

own, he bearing their sins and their grief. Is he worthy to be trusted? Did he do a perfect work for them? Were they worthy of all this? This is why they feel so unworthy, for in themselves they know they are nothing but poor condemned sinners. Not fit to receive the mercies of God, yet the mercies of God are given to just that class of beings. The Lord said in his glorious new covenant, "I will be merciful to their unrighteousness; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." The righteous, the good folks, have no such promise as this, it is altogether for sinners. No man knows of himself that he is a condemned sinner before God, he must be taught by the grace of God. Thus the righteousness of Christ became ours by imputation, and even so our sins became his by imputation. This is the righteousness which exceeds that of the scribes and Pharisees. Paul was a Pharisee, and he said, As touching the righteousness which is of the law, I was blameless. None could be better than he was, yet he was less than the least of all saints. I am sure that the more that grace shines in the heart, the greater sinner one sees himself to be and the less as a saint. When we think what our Shepherd bore for us we can but think of the undershepherd, or pastor, and what he has to endure for the sheep. Sometimes the sheep little realize what he (pastor) endures. His work, much of it, is in secret, and sometimes he is spoken of as an hireling. They tell him, You do what you are hired to do; that is, preach, as if the

undershepherd did not have to look after the flock which is under his care. Such expressions are disgraceful to the church and the pastor. No one can hire a true gospel preacher. He feels his obligation to the great Shepherd of the sheep. The sheep are not his, but the Father's, and he is under obligation to the Father to keep and feed the flock. Not as an hireling, but as one in whose heart is the love of God for the sheep. No church needs any other kind of undershepherd as pastor. No one can know the obligation he is under to God for the sheep. Such things occur at times as getting to think that the pastor is having too good time. These know nothing of what they speak and are not worthy of the name of sheep. The Lord chooses his undershepherds, they are not appointed by man, and only as the Lord wills.

I am your brother in gospel bonds,

L. H. HARDY.

ATLANTIC, North Carolina.

GARDINER, Maine, May 24, 1929.

DEAR BRETHEREN:—I am sending you a letter written to us by our son just before my wife's death, which was a comfort to each of us, and it was her special request that I send it to you for publication, which if you feel to place in your columns I shall appreciate. I feel lonely without her, yet could not wish her back in this life of sorrow and pain. The last weeks of her stay her suffering was intense, though she was conscious to the last and gave full instructions as to her burial.

Your brother in sorrow, also in hope,

MARTIN D. FISHER.

GARDINER, Maine April 5, 1929.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—I do wish I could write some word of comfort for each of you, but I feel shut up and cannot think clearly. I do know that our God has a wise purpose in all he does, and there is nothing that can come to pass that he has not ordained should come to us. All our times are in his hand. I know you know this as well as I do, for you have lived longer in these things than I have, yet as unlearned in this school as I see myself to be, it is a help to know we each have been called to the same understanding of his sovereignty and his wonderful mercy, and that he has never left one to sink. None have ever failed to bring away from the throne of grace sufficient grace to help in time of need, who have gone in the name of the dear Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us. This has been the christian's hope in all ages of time, and there will never be any other while time lasts, but this hope is as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, which entereth within the veil, whither the forerunner has gone, and he is at the right hand of God the Father, the sovereign Ruler of all things, making intercession for the saints, and he ever prays according to the will of the Father, therefore his plea will ever have an answer. Being at the right hand of God is being in power. All power in heaven and earth is given unto him, and we who have been called were chosen in him before the world was, that we should be found in him, wanting nothing; that is, we do not lack one

thing that is needful for the perfecting of the saints. Paul desired that he might be found in him, not having his own righteousness, which was of the law (creature works), but clothed in that pure, spotless robe of righteousness that is of him, which without, we stand naked before him. But being so clothed by his work then do we stand before God holy and blameless, without spot, wrinkle or any such thing, and in that blessed beyond, whither our forerunner has entered, we shall all at his appointed time stand in the glorious reality of the hope that is given us in him. We have a sweet foretaste of the glory of this future life, and if it has been sweet to us, and caused us for a time to be lifted above this world of care, what then must be the eternal weight of joy that shall be ours when we by his grace and in his mercy have triumphed over the last enemy, which is death, and have been delivered through him from the grave, entering into the fullness of that joy prepared for us before time? If one glimpse of him who is the chiefest among ten thousand is a rapturous delight, indescribable and beyond our finite minds to grasp, what then must it be to have come into the blessed reality of his eternal presence and find rest to our weary soul, which pants as a hart does for the water brooks? All this blessed hope and transcending beauty of immortal bliss has been prepared for none other than sinners. Redemption was never designed for any other, for none but sinners need it, and if we were perfect we could have no hope in his

mercy. It was the lost sheep that he came to seek and to find, and when he cried unto the Father, I have finished the work thou gavest me to do, he had found and delivered from death every lost sheep, and none can ever stray beyond the limits of his love. The deepest dye of sin is forever purged by his one offering for sin, and there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, because there is no need of it, for he has forever perfected them that are sanctified, or set them apart to this end, and the sinner was set apart to be redeemed. I love to think that this blessed eternal salvation is for none other than the sinner, and that his blood has cleansed the foulest stain that ever blotted the soul. We are given a hope in this life, and God has never given one a hope that will not stand and bring them off more than conquerors through him that loved us. Every one has the same hope, and that is in the finished work of Jesus, who was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He poured out his soul unto death. He was numbered with the transgressors, and he bore the sins of many, and made intercession for the transgressors. As you know, this has for a long time been a source of joy to me, to have this to look forward to, that there is an appointed time for man to die. While it is true that we must wait all our appointed time, yet when that time comes there is no power that can withhold from us the joy that shall be ours, nor the rest that remaineth to the people of God. This is a rest that remaineth. It is ever-abiding. We have seasons of rest in this life, but they are of short duration, followed by long seasons of unrest and travail of soul, many buffetings by Satan, who is ever at hand to discourage us and tempt us to throw away our hope and deny the Lord that hath purchased us with his own precious blood. All our doubts arise from this arch enemy of our souls, but in the end it proves to us the faithfulness of our God, who will never suffer us to be tempted above that we are able to bear, for his grace is sufficient for every assault of Satan. All is for a trial of our faith, which is more precious than gold, though it be tried by fire. Why certainly this faith is more precious than gold. Would we give it, though it seems small at most times, for all the gold in the world? Then if gold is tried by fire, this faith, which is more precious than gold, must be tried by a test more severe than fire, but as gold is not destroyed by the most severe test, so shall this faith of God never fail nor perish. It shall bring us to the desired haven; that is the purpose for which God gives it, but it must be tried. It ever has been tried, and shall ever be while time lasts. This faith makes us say with the eunuch, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. This confession was sufficient in the mind of Philip to cause him to baptize this stranger from the covenant (according to the old covenant) or the commonwealth of Israel and thereby recognize him as a fellow-citizen with the household of saints. It is a wonderful confession to make, and one cannot be truly made but by the

power of faith. Satan then comes to us and tries to make us retract and disbelieve our confession, but as God gave the faith to believe it, he will also give strength to withstand the wiles of the devil. To all who do so believe this, that he is the very Christ that should come, he is already come in our life, and our heart is the temple of the Holy Ghost, but we must remember that when he sets up his kingdom in one then the warfare begins, for Satan, who hates all things pertaining to this truth, will not release his hold upon one without a fight. Though he knows he can never overcome, yet he finds pleasure in tormenting us with unbelief and doubts, and so long as life endures we are in this warfare. Paul said, "I have fought a good fight." Not that he fought good; no, he was never satisfied with his fighting, but the fight was a good fight, an honorable one, and one in which he was not ashamed to be seen. He says, I am not ashamed of the gospel, for it is the power of God unto salvation. He came to the place where he was ready to be offered up and to desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better.

May the peace of God that passeth understanding, the love and fellowship of the saints and the communion of the Holy Ghost rest upon and abide with you now and in that eternal world of rest, and unto him who has called us with an holy calling and saved us by his grace be our song of praise. Amen.

Yours unworthily, in the fellowship of the sufferings of our dear Savior,

SELBY FISHER.

KELLY CORNERS, New York.

DEAR BRETHREN:—With this I am inclosing a letter written by Eliza Mac Donald which her friends would like to have published. Kindly return to us when you are through with it.

Sincerely yours,

ESTHER RUSTON.

Victoria Hospital, London, Ont., April 22, 1915.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Just a little line, for I felt I could not go to the operating room until I told you that I enjoyed your good letter very much. Words cannot express the feeling of love and deep fellowship I have for you, and oh I felt so little and unworthy when your dear letter came. I knew I was not worthy to know the secret breathings of your heart, but oh how glad I felt for you. Glad that God in his infinite love and mercy had been pleased to show you Jesus as your Savior. For many years, no doubt, you felt that God had a chosen people, that Jesus had died to save them, but the question is a vital one: whether or no we (each of us) are of that number. Here we only see as through a glass darkly and we can never be sure, but we are saved by hope, and hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for it? But there are times when with Paul the veil seems to be lifted, and we can say, "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren," and, again, we can say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and we look back over the past and can see that all the way his watchcare has been over

us, and with Paul I feel to say, "I am what I am." I know I have been a very wayward child, and oh so prone to evil, and it seems that but for his lovingkindness there is nothing my wicked hands and heart would refrain from doing. But surely he is a God that changes not, nor knows a shadow of a turn; his love is from everlasting to everlasting, not for time only, but for eternity. What is the little time we spend here on earth? But the mist of a morning. When Jesus was on earth Satan tempted him and told him he would give him the whole world if only Jesus would worship him. At times we are tempted in like manner, and our minds are occupied with the things of time and we forget the Lord that has led us up out of Egypt, but when troubles come we realize how little there is in this world, and I have truly felt to say, "I would not live away, I ask not to stay." But I know my times are in his hands and he cannot do wrong. I have been made willing to suffer all things if it might be to his honor and glory. I know that "if my soul were sent to hell, his righteous law approves it well," but I have a sweet hope that whether we live or whether we die we are the Lord's, for Paul says that neither life, nor death, &c., can separate us from the love of God. I know that

"If Jesus once upon me shined,
Then Jesus is forever mine."

Paul says to be ready at all times to give a reason of the hope that is within you, and all I can say is that nothing less than the grace of God could have lifted me up out of that miry clay and

placed my feet upon a Rock and established my goings, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to his name. All my powers had utterly failed and it seemed that I must sink into utter despair. Indeed the cry of my heart was,

"Naked, come to thee for dress,
Helpless, look to thee for grace;
Black, I to the Fountain fly,
Wash me, Savior, or I die."

I knew that nothing short of the blood of Christ could cleanse my soul from guilt, but when he spoke peace all was still. Oh how wonderful is the peace of God. It passeth understanding. It seemed for a season then that nothing could ruffle the smooth surface. Oh how unsearchable are his ways, and his thoughts past finding out.

I only thought to write a little, for this morning my nurse told me I must stay very quiet and rest to-day and to-morrow. On Monday Dr. Williams expects to operate. I came here last Monday, but the doctor said he would not operate until he had seen me a few times, and Thursday night he told me he would not operate before Monday. I am gaining since I have been here. The nurses are all lovely to me, and all the friends have been very good to come and see me. Yesterday Elder Slawson came, and never have I enjoyed a visit from him so much. They are all so much better to me than I deserve. Oh what a longsuffering God we have.

But I must stop. I have thought of you very often since I have been here, and all winter I wanted to write to you, but so much of the time I was physic-

ally unable, and what is worse, so much of the time my mind seemed little exercised. Perhaps in the silent hours of the night I would write you in my mind, but when daylight appeared I was unable to put my thoughts on paper. It is six months, all but a few days, since I was taken sick, and oh it seemed so long to be away from the meetings, and of course I will not be able to go in May, but I feel I have had much to be thankful for in days passed in being privileged to attend the meetings, and I know I should never murmur or complain. Oh that in all things I might be patient and await God's time. Pray for me that my faith fail not.

Yours lovingly,

ELIZA McDONALD.

OTTAWA, Kansas, May 20, 1929.

DEAR ELDER DODSON:—After having read your editorial in the May SIGNS several times, I have felt a desire to tell you how I have been comforted and encouraged to hope on to the end. You have written out of my own heart. Indeed the Lord has led me in the way you describe poor old Jacob's journey in the wilderness. The night has often been long and weary, but day has not yet failed to follow the night. We have been brought by a way we knew not, and in paths we had not known. We, too, go out not knowing the way. We would never choose this path. We would see our way, and it would be free from obstacles and difficulties that try the heart on every side. By terrible things in righteousness he answers his people. Job could not have repented

in dust and ashes, abhorring himself, had he been able to continue offering conditional sacrifices to God for sin. It took all the terrible affliction he had to endure for him to be able to say of a truth, I know that thou canst do anything, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. Jonah had come to the end of all earthly help, there was no way by which he could extricate himself, so he was well prepared to say, Salvation is of the Lord. How truly you say, The Lord himself will lead his children so as to cause them to confess, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.

I am saying too much. I just wanted to tell you how I felt to rejoice in the truth as you have so wonderfully told it, in how the Lord leads his people about and instructs them and keeps them as the apple of his eye. I feel to thank God that he has given us this blessing in earthen vessels, the true and tried ministers. If we are taught of God we have the same teacher, and he teaches us to know that he is God, and there is none like him, declaring the end from the beginning. He speaks and it is done, he commands and it stands fast.

I will be sixty-five years old if I live until August. I was baptized by Elder E. V. White at the age of seventeen. The Lord is all my hope. Without him I can do nothing. If my soul is sent to hell, his righteous law approves it well, yet, Save a trembling sinner, Lord, is my only plea.

In hope of eternal life,

ANNA MCKINNEY.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST, 1929.

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I SAMUEL XXX. 6.

"But David encouraged himself in the Lord his God."

We have often felt what a mercy it is that the child of God has a God to whom he can go in his troubles. David found him many times a present help in trouble, and that vain was the help of man. He had learned where to look in time of need. God was his refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, and David was often in trouble, so that once he cried, "Be thou my strong habitation, whereunto I may continually resort," and again, "Thou, Lord, hast holpen me, and comforted me." As a boy he had learned what God's presence meant to him when confronted by both a bear and a lion.

David knew he would have been a certain prey to them if the Lord had not been his strength. This was true regarding Israel: they were the fewest of all people, yet there was no nation able to overthrow them as long as the Lord did not give them into their enemies' hands. Much instruction can be drawn from a study of David's life. He was often in trouble, yet the Lord delivered him out of it all. He had reason to say, "I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth," for he says, "This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of his troubles." The chapter from which our text is taken tells of David returning to Ziklag and finding it burnt with fire. The Amalekites had done this and taken the women captive with their sons and daughters who were therein; they slew not any, either great or small, but carried them away. As David and his men beheld this they lifted up their voices and wept until they had no more power to weep. "And David was greatly distressed; for the people spake of stoning him, because the soul of all the people was grieved, every man for his daughters; but David encouraged himself in the Lord his God." Many times we have been thankful for this testimony. There could be no darker hour than this for David. His loss was as much as theirs, and his grief as sincere, but as he had been their leader, they, of course, blamed him for it all. His case was desperate, but be it said to the honor of God, it was not too hard for

the Lord. True, the Lord could have protected Ziklag from the Amalekites, but he did not; there was a cause, and these Amalekites did just what God's hand and counsel determined before to be done. Therefore David knew that the first to look to in his trouble was the Lord who saw fit for it to be. Undoubtedly, his thoughts ran over the many trying scenes through which he had passed in which the Lord had not only brought him low, but lifted him up. At such a time the goodness of the Lord passed before him to encourage him, and he was encouraged in his God. Some of us have traveled with David in this matter, we believe, or we could not feel the sweetness and comfort that there is in our text. Jeremiah must have been there or he could not have testified, "It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not." Both he and David could truly say, "If it had not been of the Lord who was on our side, when men rose up against us; then they had swallowed us up quick, when their wrath was kindled against us." In this instance it was his own people that spake of stoning him. No wonder that David was greatly distressed, when those who should have had sympathy were turned to be his enemy: but even that drove David to his best and only Friend. It is such trouble that stops one from putting confidence in man, for it is not always that brethren understand. Joseph's brethren did not understand him; they hated him for his dreams. David's brothers did not understand,

and accused David of coming down just to see the battle. Job's friends did not understand, and thought there was some secret sin for which the Lord was punishing Job. How good it is that though man may misunderstand, God does not. He is acquainted with all our ways and it is of his mercy that we can encourage ourselves in him. There are those of our readers who have little rest or comfort in this life, who can say,

"This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home."

You would not give up the few evidences you have of the Lord's mercy for the world, and though your way is dark, and few, or none, can enter into your case with comfort for you, yet just think how desperate your case would be if you had not God in whom to encourage yourself; just think of the many mercies which are innumerable that are from him; and when we remember how base and vile we are, surely we account the longsuffering of God salvation. We believe that it is impossible for man that walketh to direct his steps; and if David was encouraged in his God it was because the Holy Spirit helped his infirmities, bringing to his remembrance God's lovingkindness, and it must be that way with us. There is a sweetness inexpressible when in our distress we are enabled to remember the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. It is the remembrance of such mercies that encourages us to come boldly to the throne of grace that we may find mercy and grace to help in every time

of need. "And David inquired at the Lord, saying, Shall I pursue after this troop? shall I overtake them?" How simple and direct his questions. It was not a lengthy petition to please the ears of man. No, like so many other all-prevailing prayers, it was of a few words. Peter, sinking, put his feelings into as few words as he could speak, and he understood. Another cried, "Lord, help me," and yet another whose attitude and actions expressed far more than words how he felt, cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Such were the prayers of the saints of old, such they are to-day; and the Lord who encouraged David to be encouraged in his God, answered, "Pursue: for thou shalt surely overtake them, and without fail recover all." Ziklag was burnt, the wives and children in the hands of wicked men, yet God was protecting them and man could do them no harm. Oh how blessed was David to have such a God: and are not we just as blessed? David's all was gone, and when everything was restored David felt the Lord had done it, and he blessed him for his mercy and faithfulness unto the sons of men. He could say, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?" and, melted under a sense of God's goodness, it was easy for him to put the men of Belial to shame, wicked men who were among them, and would have withheld the spoil from the two hundred men who tarried by the stuff. David regarded not their selfishness, but generously gave each man his part of the spoil. Dear brethren, it is God's

love and mercy that help us to press on; though at times the way is rough, we have reason to encourage ourselves in our God. The apostle Paul tells us on two occasions of the Lord standing by him, and, doubtless, there were many other occasions that the Lord proved himself to be the strength of his life. At Rome, when all men forsook him, the Lord stood by him, whose he was and whom he served. David, it seems to us, was forced through the extremity of his case to call upon his God; and often, to our shame, we should confess, that God, instead of being the first upon whom to call, seems the last resource, and when all helpers fail, he proves to be the help of the helpless. The many witnesses, by whom we are encompassed, mentioned in God's word, should encourage us to wait upon him.

"He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals;
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.

Wait then, my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat;
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God."

G. R.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

Please notice change of address of Elder George Ruston from Kelly Corners, New York, to Dutton, Ontario, Canada, to take effect August 1st, 1929.

The Primitive Baptist Home in Salisbury, Maryland, opened on May 1st. Those desiring to enter should write to Mr. Cyrus Risler, 904 Ogden Ave., New York, N. Y., for particulars. Members and friends residing within the bounds of the Eastern Associations are eligible.

R. LESTER DODSON.

MARRIAGES.

By Elder L. L. Schenck, uncle of the groom, June 29th, 1929, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Roberts, 833 Morris Ave., Topeka, Kansas, Firman A. Ellison, only son of Mrs. Mary Ellison, and Miss Florance Roberts.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

ELDER POSEY GREEN LESTER was born March 12, 1850, about five miles west of Floyd Court House, Floyd County, Virginia. He was the son of William Terry Lester and Mary Amanda Simmons. His brothers were John Thomas, Hiley Washington, Asa Willivin, Charles Hugh Dillard and Cary Houston. (All brothers dead.) His sisters were Serena Matilda, Arabelle Emily and Permelia Rosabelle (called Jennie). Arabelle Emily (who is Mrs. A. L. Boothe, of Indianola, Iowa,) is the only sister living. He was educated in the common schools. He joined the Primitive Baptist Church on Saturday before the second Sunday in June, 1873, and began to preach on Saturday before the second Sunday in December of the same year. He was ordained as a minister on Saturday before the second Sunday in October, 1876. In 1883 he became Associate Editor of *ZION'S LANDMARK*, and became Editor at the death of Elder P. D. Gold. He traveled and preached in twenty-one of the States, and in Ontario, Canada, traveling as much as 13,000 miles in a single year. He 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 Congress. He served the churches of Washington and surrounding territory also while in Congress. He declined the third nomination in order to retire to more active service of the churches in his native county and town. Elder Lester served as clerk and then as moderator of the New River District Primitive Baptist Association. For twenty years he served as president of the Peoples National Bank of Floyd County. June 22nd, 1898, he married Miss Emmette Harris, of Reidsville, North Carolina, and to this union were born three children, as follows: P. G. Jr., Masten Harris and Annie May (now Mrs. I. N. Hollans, of Christiansburg, Va.) He was called to serve the church at Roanoke, Virginia, as pastor and moved there in August, 1921, serving there until his death. Elder Lester died at his home in Roanoke February 9th, 1929, at the age of 78 years, 10 months and 27 days.

As Elder Lester was the former moderator of the New River District Primitive Baptist Association I deem it therefore prudent that we write this obituary of our estimable brother, although our words will be inadequate to express our high esteem of him.

His mother, Mary Amanda Simmons Lester, of whom he often spoke, taught him, when a child, to shun rude company and to avoid the use of vain language. As his mother said that he did, for he loved her; he grew morally upright. After finishing the common schools he engaged in teaching vocal music and literary schools. I first met him in September, 1872, at an association. He kept near and listened to the conversation of Elders Thomas Dickens, Amos Dickerson, John Hall and Isaac Webb. The interest he manifested in these men of God begat love and fellowship in me for him, though neither of us had joined the church then. In June, 1873, he left me in the cold world and joined the church at White Oak Grove, and in December of the same year he began to preach with the demonstration of the Spirit and with power. The old Elders said of him that he was a Godsend and strength given to the church in due time. They ordained him in October, 1876, and he began to travel extensively, as stated above. He was heartily received, loved and approved of among the Primitive Baptists everywhere he went. He was well established in the faith, firm in the doctrine of God our Savior, zealous in maintaining good works an earnest laborer for peace and an able writer. As a statesman he was the most efficient member of Congress that we ever sent from the Fifth District of Virginia. For that reason our people would have continued to hold him in office, but he preferred Jerusalem as his chief joy. As before stated, he became Associate Editor of *ZION'S LANDMARK* in 1883, and when dear brother Gold passed he became Editor and wrote many comforting editorials to the people of God all over the United States. June 22nd, 1898, he became the worthy husband of sister Emmette Harris, the daughter of Elder J. M. Harris. When he would speak of his wife he called her "Sister Lester." The dear sister did much appreciate his kind, loving companionship, his counsel and his great care for his family, feeling that as God had blessed them with two sons and one daughter he would therefore give unto them wise counsel after a Godly manner, feeling responsible unto God for their moral training. He hath done what he could, with promise, that they will not depart from it. To dear sister Lester I will say, God hath set an open door before thee. As Noah sent forth the dove from the ark, and she returned to the window and the man of righteousness reached forth his hand and took her in, even so is the ark of the covenant of God's grace open to you while you are seeking reconciling rest, that consolation is that the same Hand that sent you forth will take you in where you will be safely housed.

For the last few years brother Lester suffered with high blood pressure. In January he developed something like pneumonia, from which he never recovered, although two of the best doctors were employed to serve him in his sickness. Many friends visited the home and viewed the remains.

The funeral services were conducted by Elders H. V. Cole and O. J. Denny, who preached to a full church-house of people, with many standing outside, unable to get in. There was a large quantity of beautiful flowers brought and sent by friends from far and near. He was laid to rest in the Evergreen Cemetery, not far from his home. Not only his dear family, but many others, will remember his worthy companionship, his wise counsel, sound judgment of righteousness and truth.

He requested that brother H. V. Cole and I conduct his funeral service whenever he passed from this life. I was sick and could not attend. Too much cannot be said in truth of Elder P. G. Lester, for he was a man of God. I loved him and I know he loved me. He came from God and God hath taken him away. Blessed be God for the wonderful gift.

D. SMITH WEBB.

HILLSVILLE, Virginia.

WILLIAM HENRY JONES, son of Evan and Elizabeth Wayman Jones, was born at Royaltown, Indiana, July 29th, 1852. With his parents he moved to Iowa in childhood, and from there to Kansas in 1868, settling in Nemaha County. April 12th, 1874, he was married to Miss Esly Schenck, of Leavenworth County, Kansas, where he afterward located, moving on a few years later to Jefferson County, where the major part of his life was spent on a farm near Oskaloosa, until the infirmities of age compelled a cessation of the activities of his energetic life. He then retired from the farm and moved to Topeka, Kansas, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was the father of nine children, three of whom preceded him in death: "Little Johnny," in March, 1882, Elizabeth E., aged nineteen, in 1901, and Zeru G., aged forty-four, in 1920. Those surviving are Cyrus F., of Cheyenne Wells, Colorado, Alverda Wells, of Concordia, Kansas, Mabel Snell, of Sharon Springs, Kansas, and Will L., of Topeka, Kansas. Also sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, with his lifelong companion, survive him. He and his wife joined Mt. Vernon Church, in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1913, and were baptized by the late Elder W. T. Brown. His membership remained there until released by death, though the last few years his condition and environments prevented his regular attendance there, though he attended meetings in Topeka as long as he was able to go. He had the one infallible evidence of having passed from death unto life which has been the comfort and stay of many poor doubting souls, in that he loved his brethren. If he could not see a point of doctrine he was not contentious about it, nor given to "doubtful disputations," preferring to attribute it to his own limited undersanding. He was esteemed by his brethren and in the communities in which he had lived, and was respected as a moral, upright citizen. During the long illness which preceded his death he talked calmly and frequently of his ap-

proaching demise. "He fell, but felt no fear," passing away October 24th, 1927. Services were conducted by Elder Leon Clevenger, of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, to the great satisfaction of his relatives, some of whom had never heard a Primitive Baptist sermon before. He was laid to rest in Mt. Hope Cemetery, there to await the great and notable day when "the Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: then we which are alive and remain, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words," while a few more days we are going sorrowing here, but rejoicing in hope.

Written by request.

MARY ELLISON.

JAMES HARVEY ANDERSON, beloved husband of Martha Anderson, passed away at 3:45 o'clock Friday afternoon, at his home in Lebanon, Oregon. He was born October 1st, 1843, in Platt County, Missouri, being one of fifteen children born to James and Elanore Anderson. At the early age of four he with his father's family migrated to Oregon, setting near Salem. July 10th 1870, he married Martha Shanks, a marriage that continued for over fifty-eight years before it was severed by his death. He took his bride to Waldo Hills, and in 1880 moved to Scio, where Elder Matthews baptized him in the Primitive Baptist faith. He was employed as a school teacher for some time in his earlier years. In the year 1892 he located at Stayton, and resided there until 1918, when he moved to Lebanon. He was the father of four children: Clarence, now deceased, and three living daughters: Mrs. Stella Ray, of Lebanon, Mrs. Bertha Rhodes, of Oakland, California, and Mrs. Roxey Mac Clements, of Portland. Surviving him also are his widow, Mrs. Martha Anderson, nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Elder Rose conducted the funeral service at Love Chapel. Burial Sunday afternoon at Stayton, Oregon.

W. M. ROSE.

MRS. NANNIE PEEK, our beloved sister, was born August 24th, 1854, in the State of Alabama, and was married to Mr. John Herring January 14th, 1870. One child was born to them, but died in infancy. Later they adopted a little boy named David Taylor and reared him to manhood. She joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Beech Creek, near Atlanta, Texas, October 11th, 1879. Mr. John Herring died March 10th, 1904. In 1908 she was married to Mr. T. B. Peek. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Long. She leaves her husband, one brother, B. D. Long, one sister, Mrs. Annie Hayes, of Bivins, Texas, the adopted son, David Taylor, of Belcher, Louisiana, eight step

children, five girls and three boys (to whom she was a kind and loving mother), and a host of friends to mourn their loss. She was sick for a long time, but was confined to her bed but a short time. She passed away January 3rd, 1929. The writer was at her bedside the morning she died, and saw her suffer untold misery, but she bore it with great patience, and breathed her last in sweet peace. She was always appreciative of everything done for her. Our loss is great, but we feel sure of her sweet rest. I often wish I could be half as good and kind as she was. One could see the love of God in her sweet countenance.

Funeral services were held at Spring Hill Church, conducted by W. B. and B. F. Robertson and D. J. Tolley, after which the body was laid to rest in the Spring Hill Cemetery to await the morning of the resurrection.

Written by her unworthy sister in hope of eternal life,

(MRS.) W. B. ROBERTSON.

SARAH ROBIN DAVENPORT, wife of Ira Davenport, departed this life at the home of her sister, Mrs. William Dawson, Cohoes, New York, June 2nd, 1929, aged 59 years. Her home was at Stewart, New York, where she and her husband lived until she had to go to the hospital for an operation. The remainder of her life, about one year, was spent with her sister at Cohoes, where all that loving hands could do for her was done. We have known of Mrs. Davenport for several years and felt that she was taught of the Lord. She loved to converse on the things of God, and when she heard anything that agreed with what she had passed through her face would light up, giving evidence of the comfort she felt within. It was our privilege to visit her several times at Cohoes, and we were glad to see hope was built upon nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. The hands that patiently cared for her did not grow weary in their labor of love, but the Lord put an end to their labor by calling our dear friend home. May the Lord comfort her dear husband in his loneliness and her sister and niece who showed her such devoted attention.

The writer was called to the funeral, and the interment was in the Albany Cemetery.

G. R.

ROBERT LEE TURNER, the subject of this notice, son of J. B. and Caroline Ringo Turner, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, August 7th, 1863, and departed this life October 12th, 1928, aged 65 years, 2 months and 5 days. He was found dead in a field on his place by his son, Frank Turner. After eating a hearty breakfast he had gone to the field where the men were cutting corn, and was apparently feeling as well as usual when he left the house, but had been in impaired health for some time. He had been dead but a few minutes when his son came to join him in the field. Robert, as he was familiarly known, was in early

manhood married to Miss Bettie Laytham, daughter of the late Frank and Martha Laytham, of Mayslick, Kentucky, where he made his home to the time of his death, and was a successful farmer and stock trader. In the spring of 1896 he united with the Mays Lick Primitive Baptist Church, and was baptized by the late Elder John G. Eubanks, the then pastor of that church, and remained faithful to his church and fellow-man, uncompromising in the doctrine of the Bible (as set forth and contended for by the SIGNS OF THE TIMES). Brother Robert (a brother in the flesh to the writer) was conservative in his views, and uncompromising in his convictions, a man of sterling qualities, revered and loved by all who knew him, having served his purpose on earth, filling up the measure of his days, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, strong in the faith in which he had lived. He leaves to mourn their loss one son, Frank Laytham, one daughter, Irene Turner Hutchins, three brothers and two sisters, together with a host of loving friends. His companion preceded him to the grave November 17th, 1927. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, they rest from their labors and their works do follow them. May the God of all grace, love and mercy rest and abide with us all, is the sincere prayer of the writer.

G. R. TURNER.

MRS. JAMES P. CLARK BEARD, my beloved mother, was born in Scott Township, Pennsylvania, August 2nd, 1848, and slipped into her last long rest July 13th, 1929. She was Mattie Anne Vail, the daughter of Daniel and Margery Elizabeth Vail. My father and mother were married by Elder Almiron St. John, in Waverly, New York, April 12th, 1868. They had five children: Curtis James, George Henry, Fred Silas, Nellie Elizabeth and myself. Nellie died at the age of six, and George many years later, while father left us ten years ago. Mother was for a long period of time a member of the Old School Baptist Church in Waverly, New York, but for the past thirty years had been a member of the Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of New York City. She was a faithful member, a devoted wife and a loving mother. Though grief-stricken and lonely, yet I know she is at rest in Him, where there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow nor crying. It was my privilege to care for mother the last few years of her life, and she was very patient, and though seldom able to attend meeting, her heart was in Zion.

Elder R. Lester Dodson, our devoted pastor, spoke comfortingly at her funeral, and read Hymn 1046, which was dear to mother's heart. Mother's brother, Elder D. M. Vail, spoke sweetly in prayer at the grave in Waverly, New York. Besides my brothers, Curtis and Fred, Elder Vail and myself, mother is survived by one sister, Mrs. Emma Butler, five grandchildren: Mrs. Dorothy Beard Little, Mrs. Victor Borst, Rowena Watie

and Annie Frances Beard, and Laird Clark Addis, also two great-grandchildren: Margery Elenor and Stephen Curtis Little.

RUTH BEARD ADDIS.

BATH, New York.

MRS. EMILY J. FOOKS was born September 20th, 1855, and died at her home in Snow Hill, Maryland, June 12th, 1929, at the age of 72 years. She was a daughter of Uriah F. Shockley, a prominent resident of Coulbourne's District, and was the last, but one, of nine children. She was married August 27th, 1884, to Purnell M. Fooks, who died in 1909. There were four children, two of whom died at an early age, leaving a daughter, Miss Lottie Fooks, of Snow Hill, Md., and a son, Burleigh C. Fooks, of New Haven, Conn., to mourn the loss of a devoted and understanding mother. Mrs. Fooks was indeed a wonderful woman, loved by young and old, and held in highest esteem by all who knew her. She dearly loved the Baptist doctrine, and seldom failed to attend her meetings. She took great pleasure in our last Association and in the entertainment of our friends. The church has indeed lost a friend, and I one of my best loved ones.

The funeral was held at the home, Elders Ker and Coulbourne being present, and interment was made in Parson's Cemetery, in Salisbury. The number of friends present and the floral tributes spoke eloquently of the love which was felt for her.

(MRS.) H. W. PERDUE.

ELDER J. W. BRADLEY was born in the State of Mississippi May 29th, 1853, and departed this life March 14th, 1929, in Banks, Arkansas. He joined the Primitive Baptists at Mt. Pisga Church, Drew County, Arkansas, March 5th, 1898, and was ordained Elder October 19th, 1914. Those composing the presbytery were Elders J. D. Bert, Moderator; J. H. Blythe, T. J. Evers, Clerk, Deacon T. G. Welch. He leaves a wife, one son and four daughters to mourn their loss, but we do not weep as those who have no hope, for we believe he has gone to rest, as he said, Everything is all right, the way is clear.

Written by his wife,

(MRS.) J. W. BRADLEY.

I will add to the foregoing that a good man has fallen and will be greatly missed by his brethren. Brother Bradley was faithful to the cause he loved so well, and earnestly contended for the faith once delivered unto the saints. I tried to speak words of comfort to his sorrowing relatives and a host of friends, after which his body was laid to rest in Banks Cemetery, Banks, Arkansas. I will say to his loved ones, Weep not, for we believe he has gone to rest, but look unto God, who doeth all things well.

Yours in hope of sweet life beyond the grave,

T. J. EVERS,

MEMORIALS.

WHEREAS, it has pleased our heavenly Father to take from our midst by death our dear sister in Christ, **Martha Head Newton**, we humbly bow our heads in sorrow to God's will, and say, Not ours, but thy will, be done. May God in his goodness and mercy bind up the hearts of her children and loved ones, is our prayer.

Sister Newton was born October 6th, 1855, and died May 21st, 1929, making her stay on earth nearly seventy-four years. She loved the church, and lived a consistent life since having received a hope in Christ. Her body was tenderly laid away March 22nd, beside that of her husband, Deacon John Willis Newton, who departed this life in February, 1928, in the Forsyth Cemetery, where their bodies shall rest, as we hope, until Christ shall come again to gather his jewels, when their mortal bodies shall be brought up and fashioned like his glorious body to be carried home in heaven, to be with God for evermore.

RESOLVED, That we, the church at Smyrna, spread this on our Minutes and send a copy of same to each of her children, also send a copy to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, at Middletown, N. Y., and the ADVOCATE AND MESSENGER, at Luray, Virginia, for publication.

This done by order of the church while in conference this 26th day of May, 1929.

T. G. WRIGHT, Moderator:

G. W. WEBB, Church Clerk.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS"

"An Old Predestinarian," Okla., \$1; Franklin S. Terry, N. J., \$1; Mrs. J. R. McAfee, Mo., 50 cents; Mrs. Mary Ellison, Kans., \$1; Mrs. J. W. Taylor, Mo., \$1; Lydia B. Stewart, N. Y., \$2; Mrs. B. W. Crabb, Texas, \$3.

MEETINGS.

The Maine Old School Baptist Association will convene, the Lord willing, with the Bowdoinham Church, at Bowdoinham, Maine, September 6th, 6th and 8th, 1929. All who love the truth are cordially invited.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.

TOPSHAM, Maine.

The regular annual meeting is to be held with the Slate Hill Church, Slate Hill N. Y., on Friday, August 23rd, 1929, and we cordially invite brethren and friends to be with us on that occasion. Elder C. W. Vaughn and myself expect to be present as ministers. Meeting to open at 11:00 o'clock (Daylight Saving Time), at the close of which lunch will be served, to be followed by preaching in the afternoon.

R. LESTER DODSON,

The Lexington-Roxbury Old School Baptist Association will meet (God willing) with the Clovesville Church, Clovesville, New York, Wednesday and Thursday after the second Sunday in September (September 11th and 12th). Trains will be met at Halcottville, N. Y., Tuesday p. m., and at Fleischmanns, N. Y., Wednesday a. m. Those coming by auto come to Halcottville Tuesday, and direct to meetinghouse Wednesday. A cordial invitation is extended to all who love the truth.

GEORGE RUSTON.

The seventy-second session of the First Kansas Association is appointed to be held two miles southeast of Perry, Kansas, at the schoolhouse near the residence of Elder L. L. Schenck, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1929. Perry is located on Highway 10, and on the Union Pacific Railroad. For any other information address Elder L. L. Schenck, Perry, Kansas, or myself, at Grantville, Kansas.

MARY ELLISON, Clerk.

Hazel Creek Association of Regular Predestinarian Baptists will hold their seventy-fifth annual session, if the Lord wills, with the Providence Church, near Plano, Appanoose County, Iowa, commencing on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in August, 1929, and continuing the two following days. All lovers of the truth are invited.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator.

J. M. CATE, Clerk.

The Original South Arkansas Primitive Baptist Association will meet in its eighty-eighth session, with Little Horn Church, fourteen miles west of Malvern, Arkansas, on the Murfreesboro Pike, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1929. Those coming to this Association from the south and west by railroad will come to Camden, Arkansas, get tickets to Malvern, and those coming from the north and east will come to Little Rock and get tickets for Malvern, where trains will be met Thursday, only. A cordial invitation is extended to all genuine unlimited predestinarians, or Baptists of the Old School, to visit this meeting, especially ministers.

V. R. HARRIS, Moderator,

Fordyce, Arkansas.

W. C. HERRON, Clerk, Ellisville, Arkansas.

The Old School Baptist Church at Otego, New York, has appointed a two days meeting to be held Saturday p. m. and evening and all day Sunday, August 31st and September 1st, 1929, the Lord willing. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us.

ROSE T. LEONARD, Church Clerk.

E B E N E Z E R OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

IN

NEW YORK CITY.

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2:00 P. M.

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Meetings every third Sunday

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SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

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(Park Avenue Hall)

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At 10:30 A. M.

ALL WELCOME

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets on the first and third Sundays of each month at the Swedish Lutheran church-house, on the corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, Riverside, California. The third Sunday is the Conference Meeting. All services begin with singing at 1:00 p. m.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator,

495 East Fifth Street, Riverside, California.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk,

143 W. 11th Street, Claremont Cal.

The Cane Run Predestinarian Old School Baptist Church, of Turners Station, Kentucky, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 10:30 a. m., also, the Sulphur Fork Church of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, of the same faith and order, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

GEO. L. WEAVER, Pastor.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. (Day-light Saving Time) at the home of W. N. Spittler, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto, from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Mid-week song service by appointment. Pastors, Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

(MRS.) EMMA E. BRUNOW, Clerk.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1929. NO. 9.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GENESIS XXXII. 24.

“AND Jacob was left alone; and there wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day.”

The life of Jacob is most interesting and instructive. His pathway, amidst the providences of his God, was a succession of changing scenes, wherein he proved the faithfulness and compassion of the Lord. The future scenes of our lives are hidden from our view. We know not if the dark or bright shall be our lot; if that wherein our souls delight be best or not. To-day our portion may be in paths of pleasantness, to-morrow the storm may overwhelm us. Says Job, “I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came.”—Job iii. 26. This was Godsent trouble, else it never could have touched Job. All the vicissitudes of our lives are in the hands of our God, who apportions to each one according to the good pleasure of his will. The chapter from which our subject is taken gives us a glimpse of the varied scenes which God’s providences accomplished

in the life of Jacob. Having parted with Laban, his father-in-law, “Jacob went on his way, and the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, This is God’s host: and he called the name of that place Mahanaim.” This day had a gladsome beginning for Jacob: God’s host escorted him on his way. Are not the angels “all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—Heb. i. 14. “The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.” Jacob forthwith sends messengers before him unto Esau, his brother, to acquaint him of his coming. “And the messengers returned to Jacob, saying, We came to thy brother Esau, and also he cometh to meet thee, and four hundred men with him. Then Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed.” The day dawned with every encouraging prospect, and now dense clouds are gathering, and before night enfolds the earth in its dark mantle Jacob is in trouble indeed. He ex-

hausts all his wits contriving for the safety of his family, but in all his troubles he is graciously helped to pour forth his distresses unto the Lord. "And Jacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Lord which saidst unto me, Return unto thy country, and to thy kindred, and I will deal well with thee: I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant: for with my staff I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands. Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him, lest he come and smite me, and the mother with the children. And thou saidst, I will surely do thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbered for multitude."

"Jacob was left alone." His family and all that he has have passed over the brook Jabbok, and now in the darkness of the night there remains the solitary one. I suppose he felt he could not pass over with the rest of the company, he could not lodge with them that night. In the deep distresses of his soul he chose to be separate from all earthly intercourse. It is not uncommon to those who fear the Lord to feel that their peculiar case separates them from their former companions, and beneath the chastenings of the Almighty the child of God sitteth alone, and keepeth silence. (Lam. iii. 28.) He feels unfit to associate with the family of God. Isolated, by temptations, distresses or guilt, from all the kindred, he spends

the night in pensive disquietude. "I am like a pelican of the wilderness; I am like an owl of the desert. I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the housetop."—Psalms cii. 6. "Jacob was left alone." There was no friendly one to whom he could appeal for help, and like David, when in the cave Adullam he could say, "I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul." Jacob was greatly afraid and distressed, his cogitations troubled him. How tossed to and fro was his soul! What will the morning bring forth? Truly we know not what shall be on the morrow. Will it be dark or bright? All now looks dark. Esau and four hundred men are coming to meet him, he remembers his brother's threats to kill him. (Gen. xxvii. 41.) He remembers how because of Esau's anger he fled from him to Padan Aram. His conscience accuses him of his guiltiness in supplanting his brother, the deception he practiced upon his father Isaac, and how he cried out, "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I fear him." It was night.

"'Twas in the night, when troubles come,
I sought my God for thee,
But found no refuge in that name
That once supported me."

There was darkness, of that Jacob was not afraid, for oftentimes in the darkness of the night he had kept watch over his flocks, and sleep departed from his eyes. (Gen. xxxi. 40.) But there was a night felt within. His soul was laid in darkness, in the deeps. His

fears and unbelief, the remembrance of his sins, the accusations of Satan, all combined to make this night the hour of darkness to Jacob left alone. "Alas! for that day is great, so that none is like it: it is even the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be saved out of it."—Jer. xxx. 7. Was Jacob also for a little while left alone by the Lord? Did God hide his face from him? "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy upon thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."—Isaiah liv. 7, 8.

"Jacob was left alone," but not for long. In the shades of the night there cometh one that layeth his hands on the distressed, solitary one, and or ever he is aware Jacob is in his grasp, and this one begins to wrestle with him. "There wrestled a man with him until the breaking of the day." Is it Esau that has stealthily approached in the darkness that now has Jacob in his grasp? Once he struggled with his brother (Gen. xxv. 22, 23), and Jacob was the stronger. No, it is not Esau, it is the angel of the Lord in human appearance. (Heb. xii. 4.) This was not, as some have erroneously taught, the preexisting manhood of Christ the Son of God. For the manhood of Christ was the seed of the woman, of the seed of Abraham, which when the fullness of the time was come (Gal. iv. 4) was conceived in the womb of the virgin Mary, and she by the power of the Highest overshadowing her was the mother of the manhood of our Lord Jesus Christ. It is far better to abide by the clear testimony of the Bible

concerning the manhood of Christ than by a perversion of the Holy Scriptures to build up a fanciful theory of an everlasting preexisting manhood. The angel said unto Mary, "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and bring forth a son, and shalt call his name Jesus." The virgin Mary was Christ's mother according to the flesh. He sucked the breasts of his mother. (Psalms xxii. 9, 10.) "When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law," and this time was, "In those days that there went out a decree from Cæsar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. And this taxing was first made when Cyrenius was governor of Syria."—Luke ii. 1, 2. How explicitly stated.

But let us return to the wrestlers. The man took hold of Jacob, then Jacob took hold of him. We never take hold of God, we never wrestle with the Lord until he takes hold and wrestles with us. We never come to the Lord except he draws us. (John vi. 44.) We love him because he first loved us. (1 John iv. 19.) We are apprehended of Christ Jesus. (Phil. iii. 12.) Then we reach forth to apprehend the things that are eternal. We are arrested by the reigning grace of God, and the result of this grace of God in us is that we lay hold of God, on Christ, on eternal life, and by a divine power we wrestle by faith and love, with prayers and tears until the blessedness of Christ is imparted to us. The Lord wrestles with his people to bring them down in the dust. He over-

throws Jacob and raises up Israel. He is humbled in the dust, a poor, sinful, unworthy worm, but is so marvelously strengthened by the blessing of God who wrestled with him, that he arises strong in the Lord and the power of his might as a new sharp threshing instrument having teeth, to thresh the mountains, and beat them small, and to make the hills as chaff. (Isaiah xli. 15.)

“I was brought low, and he helped me.” —Psalms cxvi. 6. There are times when the Lord has a controversy with his people. (Hosea xii. 2.) There are seasons for the trial of our faith, he pleads with his people. (Micah vi. 1, 2.) Yes, in various ways the Lord wrestles with his people, by his providences they find themselves in straits, in afflictions and temptations. The Scriptures afford us records of such wrestlings. Paul had such a wrestling. (2 Cor. xii. 1--10.) Moses also. What a wrestler he was for the tribes of Israel. (Exodus xxxii.) The Lord wrestled with Job, and as he approached him said, “Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge? Gird up now thy loins like a man; for I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.” And when Job was abased and cast to the earth he answered the Lord, “Behold, I am vile: what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon my mouth.” Again the Lord challenged him, and took hold of him (Job xl. 3--7), and again, Job is prostrated, and he answered the Lord, and said, “I know that thou canst do every thing, and that no thought can be withholden from thee. Who is he that hideth coun-

sel without knowledge? wherefore have I uttered that I understood not: things too wonderful for me, which I knew not. Hear, I beseech thee, and I will speak: I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me. I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

As the Lord wrestles with his people and bringeth them low they are enabled to lay hold upon his promises, to plead with the Lord his own immutability, and the honor of his name. This is a divine miracle that a sinful creature should wrestle with the Lord. A miracle of God's own invincible grace in the heart of a poor sinner. Draw near and look with sacred eyes at Jeremiah wrestling in prayer with God. “Hast thou utterly rejected Judah? hath thy soul loathed Zion? why hast thou smitten us, and there is no healing for us? We look for peace, and there is no good; and for the time of healing, and behold trouble! We acknowledge, O Lord, our wickedness, and the iniquity of our fathers; for we have sinned against thee. Do not abhor us, for thy name's sake; do not disgrace the throne of thy glory: remember, break not thy covenant with us.”—Jer. xiv. 19--21. When the Syro-phenician woman came to Christ in behalf of her daughter, he wrestled with her and she wrestled with him. First, he answered her not a word, then again he answered, I am not sent, but unto the lost sheep of the household of Israel. But she still clings yet the more to him, and wor-

shipped him, saying, "Lord help me." But Jesus replied, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs." Is she not now cast from him, overthrown, a dog in the dust? But, like Jacob, she wrestles still, she clings to Jesus still, and her faith is saying, I will not let thee go except thou bless me, and she said, "Truth, Lord, yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table." She prevailed, and Jesus blessed her there, and said unto her, "O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour."—*Matt. xv. 22.*

"Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates."

The night is far spent, and the angel and Jacob continue their wrestling. But the Lord will not contend forever, he will bring his dealings with his people to a gracious conclusion. Our heavenly Father ever has our welfare in view, no matter how severe the discipline. Though he casts us down, and we are laid in the deeps, he will bring us up again from the depths of the sea, and exalts us in due time at his own right hand in heavenly places. Thus, when the angel of the Lord "saw that he prevailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his [Jacob's] thigh; and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint, as he wrestled with him." Thus as the ascension of the morning was approaching, by a mysterious and divine touch Jacob's thigh was out of joint. This was a master stroke.

Jacob can no longer stand upon his feet, he sinks, he falls in his anguish to the ground. Did Jacob loosen his hold of the man as he sank prostrate to the earth? No. The man who wrestled with him all night is down with him, too, held fast in his embrace. When we in our troubles could hold up no longer, did we yield to despair? Did not our hearts rather cry out,

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

When Jacob was lowest, then he was uppermost; when he was weakest, then he was strongest. Out of weakness he was made strong. This is a divine paradox so often verified in the experience of the saints. There can be no mistake in affirming that a divine power was imparted to Jacob, a poor, sinful creature, to wrestle with the man. But surely, with his thigh out of joint, Jacob is done for, vanquished, he will slacken his hold, for he can rise no more. Will he not now cry out, Enough, I yield, thou hast gained the mastery? Not so! Shall I say that amidst his agonies the poor, prostrate cripple tightened his grip? What a scene is this just before the break of day; wrestling still, though no longer able to stand upon his feet. What tossings to and fro have also been going on in the heart of Jacob. Before the man began to wrestle with him he was greatly agitated, and his conflicts then taxed all his energies. So Jacob now is engaged in a two-fold conflict. This inquiry also exercises his soul, Who is this that wrestles with me? The darkness of the night is upon me,

and I cannot see his face. So the child of God often inquires, These sharp temptations, adversities and trials that I wrestle with, are they friends or foes?

The day breaketh. Draw nearer with me, fellow-witnesses of this scene. See, one of the wrestlers weepeth. There course the tears down his cheeks. Listen, he maketh supplications. The weeping wrestler is the one, the hollow of whose thigh is out of joint. (Hosea xii. 4.) Jacob wept and made supplication. The day breaketh. It was then Jacob obtained his first glimpses of the face of the mighty wrestler, and such glimpses did he have of the one bending over him, that his heart was wholly persuaded it was not a foe, but one whose look was tender mercy toward the fallen one. When the Lord has brought you low, has it been revealed to thee, as the day breaketh, that he who has afflicted thee, whose providences have prostrated you, is thy gracious Friend, full of pity? Jacob wept and made supplication unto him. All the dear family of God have their times of weeping. Indeed, to some much of life's pilgrimage is in the vale of tears. A tearless religion is not the religion of those who are Christ's. The Spirit of God so teaches the elect that in a heart-feeling way they are made to feel their estrangement from the Holy One of Israel, and they mourn every one for his iniquity. (Ezek. vii. 16.) The causes of the tears of the saints are manifold. They weep when in captivity to the enemy (Psalms cxxxvii.), and when they tread the

homeward journey they come with weeping and supplications. (Jeremiah xxxi. 9.) Contrite souls even in our day water their couch with tears. (Psalms vi. 6.) Peter wept bitterly. (Matt. xxvi. 75.) Hezekiah wept sore. (2 Kings xx. 3.) There are seasons when the daughter of Zion "weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks."—Lam. i. 2. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Then she sings, and her face is radiant with smiles, for the Lord has forgiven all her sins, he hath scattered her foes, he has lifted up the light of his countenance upon her.

"And he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." Jacob might say, Shall I let thee go, and wilt thou leave me, a poor, disabled cripple, in the dark?

"Lord, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

No, I must maintain my hold,
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold;
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake."

"Except thou bless me." Thy blessings shall dry my tears, heal my woes and strengthen me. With thy blessing I will fear no evil, I can face Esau and his four hundred men. "Let them curse, but bless thou."—Psalms cix. 28. Leave me not, neither forsake me, give me first thy benediction. Thou camest as an adversary, and hast brought me in anguish into the dust of the earth, now, only as a Friend can I let thou go. Thou camest with a frown, now leave thy smile with me. Thou

was angry with me, let thine anger be turned away, and comfort me with thy blessing. O, dear reader, whatever thou hast, if thou lackest the blessing of the Lord, how destitute thou art.

“And he said unto him, What is thy name? And he said, Jacob.” This inquiry and Jacob’s answer is full of meaning. There is signified in it Jacob’s unbrotherly conduct. Esau in his exceeding bitter cry exclaimed, “Is not he rightly named Jacob? for he hath supplanted me these two times: he took away my birthright; and, behold, now he hath taken away my blessing.”—Gen. xxvii. 36. The Lord is constantly drawing forth from his people the confession of their low estate, and it is not with a trifling tongue they answer the Lord’s searching inquiry, but in lowliness of heart they bow at his feet, confessing their name is Jacob. A worm. (Isaiah xli. 14.) The chief of sinners. (1 Tim. i. 15.) Ready to perish. (Deut. xxvi. 5.) Dust and ashes. (Gen. xviii. 27.) When Jacob had acknowledged his name did the angel say, Thou art too unworthy, thou hast been too contemptibly mean to have my blessing? Oh no! In such exceeding riches of grace the Lord deals with the vessels of mercy afore prepared unto glory; for on them he will make known the riches of his glory, and Jacob was one of such vessels of mercy. “I have loved you, saith the Lord: yet ye say, Wherein hast thou loved us? Was not Esau Jacob’s brother? saith the Lord: yet I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau, and laid his

mountains, and his heritage waste for the dragons of the wilderness.”—Malichi i. 2, 3. Here we have displayed the holy and glorious sovereignty of Jehovah’s love.

“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 hast prevailed.” Oh, this in truth is raising up the poor out of the dust, and lifting up the beggar from the dunghill, to set him among princes, and to make him inherit the throne of glory. (1 Sam. ii. 8.) As he spake these words methinks I see the man and Israel arising from the dust. Yes, when the man arose Israel was with him. The everlasting arms lifted up the lame man, and in tender compassion put his thigh in joint again. (Although he ever after had a remembrance of this in the sinew that shrank.) The Lord bringeth low and lifteth up. How often are believers brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow; our pride and self-sufficiency have to be brought to naught. He brings down our heart with labor, we fall down and there is none to help. “I was brought low, and he helped me.”—Psalms cxvi. 6. This is ever the experience of the household of God.

“Thy name shall be called no more Jacob, but Israel.” The Lord gives his people another name, a new name. (Isaiah lxii. 2.) The first name is what we are in our fallen estate, base and sinful, earthy, a name declaring our dishonor, a name upon which reproach and condemnation rest, a name in which we are ashamed and weep

before God. But "thou shalt no more be termed Forsaken: neither shall thy land any more be termed Desolate; but thou shalt be called Hephzibah, and thy land Beulah: for the Lord delighteth in thee, and thy land shall be married."—Isaiah lxii. 4. "Ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellowcitizens with the saints, and of the household of God."—Eph. ii. 19. "Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son; and if a son, then an heir of God through Christ."—Gal. iv. 7. The Lord pronounced Jacob a prince. This honor have all the saints, for our mighty Savior, who hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father. "As a prince hast thou power with God and with men, and hast prevailed." This was Godgiven power. Glorious illustrations of this are given in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews. Through faith they "subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouth of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valient in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." The people of God according to their day, the circumstances they are in, the work to be performed, are endued with power from on high. Even the wonderful privilege of having power with God flows from the gracious power of God. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much, and this spirit of supplication the Lord pours down upon the suppliants.

(Zech. xii. 10.) Our power with God in prayer at his footstool ever proceeds from the glorious and precious fact that we have an Advocate with the Father Jesus Christ the righteous. Through him, through his sacrifice and blood, his obedience and eternal excellency, acceptance, favor and power with God are ours, and in triumphant faith we sometimes sing, "We shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us."

"And Jacob asked him, and said, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name. And he said, Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name? And he blessed him there."

"Thy name." In what relationship do we stand to each other? How shall I think of thee when thou art absent, removed from my sight? From the very dawn of the Lord's dealings with his own they begin to ask after his name. How hallowed is his name! and as the name of the Lord is unfolded to them by the Holy Spirit they reverently, affectionately and prayerfully think upon his name; and his wondrous works in creation, his providences, and the gospel of Christ declare to them how near is his name. (Psalms lxxv. 1.) "Wherefore is it that thou dost ask after my name?" Ah, Lord, thou thyself knowest. So poor, weak and sinful am I. Is thy name Jesus, art thou my Savior? Is it Redeemer, and hast thou ransomed me from hell? Is thy name Shepherd, Husband, Friend, the Lord our righteousness, Emmanuel, Incarnate Love? Art thou all this to a poor sinner like me? And he

blessed him on the field of conflict. He anointed him with his blessing. The dark, bitter night is over, and the morning finds Jacob no longer "greatly afraid and distressed," for there he stands in princely majesty, for his name is Israel. Now he can meet Esau. "And Jacob called the name of the place Peniel: for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." "And as he passed over Peniel the sun rose upon him, and he halted upon his thigh. Therefore the children of Israel eat not of the sinew which shrank, which is upon the hollow of the thigh, unto this day: because he touched the hollow of Jacob's thigh in the sinew which shrank."

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

RALEIGH, North Carolina.

BEAUMONT, Texas, June 8, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—HAVING just come across the inclosed article in my files, written as date on same shows, I decided to send it to you, and if you think it would be of benefit to any you may give it to them. It is my expression of belief in how the knowledge of "salvation" is wrought and obtained. I am fifty-six years of age, have tried for over thirty-four years to tell this story, and never have tired of telling it, yet I never have been satisfied that I have told the whole story; if I was I would quit. If there are any Old School Baptists here in Beaumont beside my wife and myself I do not know it. I have lived here for more than three years and know of none within one hundred miles of us.

I am yours in hope by grace through

faith, and that not of myself, yet unworthy,

J. F. PIERCE.

BEAUMONT, Texas, Dec. 5, 1927.

DEAR BRETHREN:—You who believe in salvation by grace, "through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God: not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them."—Eph. ii. 8--10. To you who thus believe, even according to the working of God's mighty power, as when he raised Christ from the dead, even so hath he quickened us together with Christ, that our faith and hope might be, not in ourselves, but in God, even so in Christ, for the Father in Christ did make himself manifest, even so he hath ever done in divers ways since the world began, and hath in these last times made himself manifest unto us by the Holy Ghost, and what we see and hear and feel I am persuaded doth not in the least differ from that which hath been seen and heard and felt by those whose testimony we have on record in holy writ, for if we are not deceived that testimony is in perfect harmony with what we see, hear and feel, even as we believe. So we believe our salvation in time and eternity is the work of God in Christ, and this belief is produced by the working of his mighty power wrought in and on us by the Holy Ghost, and we are enabled by the same to acknowledge, or confess, that Jesus is the Christ. As it

is written, No man can say that Jesus is the Christ but by the Holy Ghost. If I am not deceived, I believe the same, and have for over thirty-four years, but have not always been able to express my belief as plainly and fully as I feel now a desire to do. My inability to express myself in the past was because of the lack of wisdom in the understanding of the truth. God gives that wisdom to us as our understanding of the truth develops, or as it is put in the word. "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." To this end, when he ascended upon high, he led captivity captive and gave gifts unto men. He gave some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers. (See Ephesians iv. 11-16.) So we to-day must say these gifts are still in existence, still doing just what they were given to do, and will "till we all come in the unity [one] 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," &c. I believe such is being performed until God's purpose in Christ is fulfilled, and that will be when we all come to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ. Then all will see eye to eye, and speak the same thing. There will be no more cause of difference, no more declarations of nonfellowship, all will be one in Christ Jesus. To this end I desire to labor, and feel I have labored, and I have no regrets, for all that has passed is that which was to pass, and it is only tending to that end to which

we hope to come. The word "absolute," in connection with predestination, expresses what I believe as to the works of God, in respect and in relation to all that comes to pass, to the end he is glorified in the salvation of his people. Therefore I could not feel I had fully expressed my belief unless I spoke of absolute predestination. I do not believe anything that has come to pass could have been, or come to pass, any other way than it has, so I say I do not regret anything that has passed. It had to be, therefore it must glorify God. He brings peace out of confusion, turns darkness into light, makes crooked things straight, rough places smooth. That is more than man can do, for he says, "Without me ye can do nothing."

These are a few expressions of what I believe.

J. F. PIERCE.

LONDON, Ontario.

DEAR BROTHER DODSON:—I am sending this excellent letter and poem, which I much enjoyed and which was to my spiritual comfort, to be published in our dear SIGNS, that others of like precious faith may enjoy it. I wrote this dear brother to that effect.

Your sister in hope,

(MRS.) JOHN SINCLAIR.

PERRY, Kansas, March 3, 1929.

DEAR SISTER SINCLAIR:—Your kind and unexpected letter of recent date came duly to hand. I have read it and reread it with much interest. Although as you say, we have never seen one another in the flesh, yet the spirit of your

letter stirred me with the hope that we may be members of the same household: the household of God. Although I do not feel worthy to claim relationship with the people of God, yet when I can see the manifestation of a work of grace in an individual I feel a fellowship for that one which I cannot restrain. Your letter bore the marks of one who has been with Jesus and learned of him, and this learning which we receive from him is not like the learning we receive from the world. "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls." So he, being meek and lowly in heart, that is one of the very important lessons we learn of him. I am led to believe that meekness and lowliness is one of the prime essentials to an orderly walk, and I fear that I oftentimes fall short of it. "A proud look" is one of the things mentioned in Proverbs which the Lord hates. If we learn of him we learn obedience through the things which we suffer, even as he learned it. In fact, the greater portion of our learning comes that way, or at least it seems it has been that way with me, and I feel that I have been a very slow learner. The makeup of the Lord's people is peculiar indeed. We learn many lessons, by the way we seem to forget, and we must be reminded over and over again concerning our duties. Sometimes our gracious Instructor even applies the rod in our correction, but there are some things we have learned that we never can forget. We cannot forget that we are

sinners by nature as well as by practice, for we are daily and hourly reminded of this fact. We cannot forget how helpless we felt when we were awakened to the fact that we were sinners justly condemned in the sight of the just and holy God. We cannot forget the darkness and gloom, the distress of mind and the burden of our heart while we were passing through that particular period of our life. We cannot forget the joy that was ours when we heard that still small voice, at the sound of which our fears fled away and the burden was lifted from our heart. We cannot forget the scene when we were first led to view Jesus as our burden-bearer, our law giver, our Redeemer, our Lord, our God, our Savior; in fact, our All in all. All this we have learned of him and all of this we cannot forget, for it is written with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever. Thus we know that our Redeemer liveth. To learn of him it is necessary that we take his yoke upon us. To be yoked with him means that we must walk by his side. According to nature, if one is privileged to walk with one of the kings or notables of earth it is attended with a certain degree of haughtiness, but contrary to nature, if we walk with Jesus we are learning to be meek and lowly at heart. While we dwell here upon earth, God's footstool, it should teach us that we ought always to be found at his feet. Perhaps it might be said there is such a thing as humble pride. We pride not ourselves upon our worthiness, for we have none, but in the hope that grace has

placed us in the number of our Savior's family. God's people have learned many things which the world has never learned and can never know. We know our salvation is not according to our works, but according to God's purpose and grace. The world evidently does not know this, for they are constantly preaching a system of works which is supposed to bring them into favor with God. We know there is an election of grace, and this also is denied by the world, and it is taught instead that Christ died for the whole human family and they all have an equal chance to be saved. We know that Jesus finished the work, thereby glorifying his Father upon the earth, but this glorious truth is also hidden from the world, and it is taught that Jesus came and did all he could to save sinners, but if the sinner does not help him his work, his suffering, his death and resurrection are all of no avail. But we have not so learned Christ, we have not so learned of him. Our hope is in what he has done for us and not in what we can do to help him. Through the gracious providence of God we are enabled to view him the Savior of sinners indeed. "And ye shall find rest unto your souls." Yes, there remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. There is nothing sweeter or more acceptable than rest to a weary way-worn pilgrim. There is nothing more acceptable than a cup of cold water to one who is thirsting, and this also Jesus has promised to provide.

Dear sister, I hope you can pardon me for the foregoing disconnected thoughts. I have not written as I hoped I might. I should be glad to hear from you again some time.

I am sincerely, though very unworthily,

L. I. SCHENCK.

(See poetry on page 212.)

VAN ZANDT, Wash., July 23, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—Please change my address from 2515 Kulshan Street, Bellingham, Washington, to Van Zandt, Washington, where I wish my correspondents to address me in the future. Inclosed you will find stamps to pay for mailing me the July number, as we do not want to miss a single copy, for it is the food this poor hungry soul longs for, and I find it very nourishing and strengthening to my drooping spirits; it builds me up when I am cast down, and it gives me joy and comfort; it is truly as a table laden with good things coming direct from the hand of my dear Savior, so that I can say indeed and in truth, The Lord has prepared a table in the presence of mine enemies. It is meet to eat that they know not of, for it is sweeter, more precious and more lasting than all the treasures and pleasures this world contains, for it is the only substance which does not perish with the using, and it is eternal, everlasting and it fades not away, but grows bigger and brighter unto the perfect day, where I hope to meet all the redeemed at Jesus' feet some day.

DAVIS BURCH.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1929.

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ACTS V. 3.

"But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land?"

This incident of Ananias and of Sapphira his wife occurred at a time when the church at Jerusalem was in a highly spiritual state, as witness Luke's description of it: "And the multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own; but they had all things common. And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all. Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them,

and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."—Acts iv. 32--35. Here we have an instance in the apostolic period of the church, of successful community living and of successful community sharing on the part of those who were believers in Jesus Christ. Since that far distant day, various religious peoples have attempted this community sort of life, but always with less success than those of the apostles' day. There is always one thing necessary to the success of such a community life among God's people, that is, the elimination of selfishness and greed. Unless the self-interest of human nature be held in check, community life cannot succeed. To hold these fleshly principles in check, the active presence of the Holy Spirit is needed. The apostles and the brethren of the Jerusalem church at the above stated time, had the Holy Ghost given them in great measure. Therefore, they could and did live successfully in a community life so long as that Holy Spirit abode with them in sufficient measure to suppress their individual interests. "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost."—Acts iv. 31. When a vessel is full there is room for nothing more nor nothing less. Being filled with the Holy Ghost, there was no room in them for self interest to get in its greedy, selfish work. The case of Ananias and Sapphira proves what the flesh does when not restrained by the Holy Ghost. As Peter told Ananias, he had not lied to men but to

the Holy Ghost. The land belonged to Ananias before he sold it, the money was his after he sold it; then was it not his own to do as he pleased with? To whom then, did he lie? Peter had not exacted any tribute from Ananias, nor had the other apostles. No one of all Ananias' brethren had compelled him to give his money to the common fund. No tax of any sort had been levied by the church on Ananias or on any of the others. What they had done, they did because they wanted to do it; and they wanted to do it because the Holy Ghost filled them. There is no doubt but that the Holy Ghost put the desire in Ananias' heart as in the hearts of the others, to sell the land and give the proceeds to the church. Afterward, however, Satan suggested to Ananias he had better keep back part for himself; and to that self-interest prompted by Satan, he listened and heeded accordingly. Thus, he cheated not Peter, nor the church, but his own inner, better, spiritual self. His deception was against the Spirit, not against men. He experienced as a result, death. Such is always the case of those who go against the promptings of the Holy Ghost and heed the fleshly impulses instead. His wife also met death because, instead of exhorting her husband to heed the Holy Spirit, she catered to his self-interest and was accessory to his willful withholding of part of the price of the land they had sold. So, there is not only death to those who lie to the Holy Spirit within their own breasts, but death as well to those who bid godspeed in such selfishness.

Every true child of God has a pure conscience whose standards of right and wrong are altogether different from the conscientious scruples of natural and unregenerate men. All men by nature have a conscience of some sort, some code or system of right or wrong by which they try to square their lives. This conscience of the natural man, we must not confuse with the pure conscience of the regenerated child of God. The conscience of the believer is, by the blood of Christ, purged from dead works to serve the living God. (Hebrews ix. 14.) What formerly was judged to be wrong, is to the pure conscience right; what once was deemed right, is to the pure conscience wrong. So Paul found it to be, and so do all believers. The life of the pure conscience is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This principle in the believer makes him or her feel keenly alive and tender to the righteousness of their lives not only before the world, but especially before their brethren and the God of their salvation. It was against this pure conscience within him, that Ananias and his wife sinned. So it is with all of us who fail to live up to the best that is in us, and realize shame accordingly. Very few of us do as well as we might do, certainly not as well as we ought to do. Sometimes we say, and possibly we feel, that we have done our best. But have we? "Our best," if it be simply "our best," and not anything more than that, is but poor indeed. However, the best that is in a believer is not his fleshly best, for that is but bad at best; but the best that is

in him is the Holy Ghost, the new inner spiritual self, the new creature created within him in righteousness and true holiness. How many of us live up to this best? What one of us is sufficient for it of one's self? It is of grace, all of grace. This great grace, the church had, in that day told about in the fourth chapter of Acts. This pure or good conscience in the believer is evidenced in that he who has it, is in all things willing to live honestly. (Hebrews xiii. 18.) Did Ananias do honestly when he held back part of the price? Did his wife do honestly when she connived with him in it? No, but their lie hurt themselves more than it hurt the church. It resulted in their death to the church, but the church did not die. So it is with us when we do despite to the spirit of grace within us and hold back such service as the Spirit within us bids us render the church. Very few of us get all out of our spiritual life and all out of our blessings and privileges that we might get out of them. It is so easy to listen to the promptings of fleshly self-interest. But to do so, means death just in the measure that the old man influences us. The preaching and the epistles of the apostles were full of admonitions to the brethren as to how they ought to live and walk. These admonitions we need ever so much to-day. The Holy Ghost would not have inspired the apostles with such exhorting messages to the brethren, unless there is some sense in which we can heed them, but are liable not to heed them. What would be the use of a parent telling his

child to do something which the parent knew the child was utterly not able to do? We cannot believe that God our heavenly Father would by his Spirit exhort his children unto obedience to the truth, unless there is some wonderful sense in which his children are able to render that obedience. The children of God are not mere inanimate pieces of machinery which move only when the power is turned on, but they are living spiritual members of Christ's body having his life flowing through them, and every one of them is a partaker of the divine nature. Thus, to such characters as these, are the exhortations addressed; and God has provided them with the ability whereby they can render obedience to all that he commands them. This they do, not by appealing to their human fleshly nature, but by laying hold on the eternal life which he has given them and which dwells within them. Read 1 Timothy vi. 12. For instance, Paul commands the saints in his first letter to the Thessalonians to "Quench not the Spirit." If there is not the slightest possibility of any one of us quenching the Spirit, then why tell us not to do it? If it lies not within the power of believers to keep from it, why tell them to keep from it? Sometimes believers have been known to excuse their transgressions by saying, "Well, I could not help it." This will not do. Such an excuse seeks to throw all responsibility for wrongdoing back on God, and is not scriptural. David did not excuse his relations with Uriah's wife by saying he could not help it. No, he con-

fessed his sin and blamed himself, not the providence of God, for it. (Psalms li.) "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit, shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—Gal. vi. 7, 8. Let us then not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. Let us ask ourselves, those of us who feel we are called to the ministry of the word and to the oversight of churches, are we holding back from giving the best that is in us? Do we consider our own ease and convenience, or do we esteem first the service of the churches, no matter what sacrifice it may mean personally? Are we instant in season, out of season, or only when we feel like it, or as it suits us? Do we visit the sick and those who are shut-in? Do we seek to encourage the fearful, doubting souls who are seeking that rest and peace which comes only within the courts of the Lord in his earthly tabernacle? Or are we afraid to encourage such characters for fear some one will think we are coaxing them to join the church? Are we ready always to give a reason of the hope that is within us, in meekness and in fear? And those of us who are not in the ministry, but are members of churches of the Old School Baptist faith and order, are we always in our places in the meetings of the church just as we expect the pastor to be, or are we staying home to entertain company, or because we have worked all the week

and need a rest on Sunday? When does the pastor get his rest? Are we giving our money and earthly blessings to help the pastor bear his burdens and pay his debts, or are we holding back, as did Ananias and his wife Sapphira? Are we reading our Bibles, or letting the dust accumulate on them from disuse? Altogether, pastors and brethren, are we living up to the best that is in us, or are we cheating ourselves and thereby dying while living? "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."—Prov. xi. 24. There is a kind of spending that maketh the spender rich; and there is a kind of economy that makes the withholder poor. A preacher who considers his own ease and convenience more than the service of the churches becomes spiritually poorer and poorer. Instead of growing, he becomes spiritually stunted. Brethren who sacrifice their church privileges and associations for worldly gain become spiritually poor thereby. They withhold more than is right, they come to poverty in their souls. Whenever such conditions become general among our churches, or among the ministers, it spells death for us so far as the visibility of the church is concerned. Never yet did an Old Baptist church die out, but there was a cause for it. Often a condition of some sort that was not right and which was not repented of, caused the candlestick to be removed out of its place. Brethren, these are fearful times for the church. Let us examine ourselves and see if there be any root of bitter-

ness springing up to trouble us. Such unrepented of, is fraught with dire consequences to us as a people.

L.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by Elder R. Lester Dodson.)

To the Elders, messengers and members composing the Warwick Old School Baptist Association, convened at New Vernon, Sullivan County, New York, June 5th, 6th and 7th, 1929, Greetings.

BELOVED BRETHREN:—It has just dawned upon us that we were delegated to write the Circular Letter of our Association for this year. In keeping with the precedent established last year, we will again use a subject upon which our views have been requested, the particular verse being the twenty-seventh of the seventeenth chapter of Matthew, reading as follows: "Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them, for me and thee." The one making the request says that while she was reading this chapter, especially the last few verses, it seemed she was void of understanding and she asks, "Do you see anything in the last verse?" In a hurried sketching of the chapter, there seems much to consider, containing as it does an inexhaustible fullness. The name of Jesus certainly stands out pre-eminently, as Paul declares, "far above all principality, and power, and might,

and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Of a truth, "there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." The chapter opens with an account of his transfiguration, and while there appeared with him Moses and Elias, what followed proved conclusively his preeminence over them, for when the mist of the cloud which overshadowed them had cleared away "they saw no man, save Jesus only." He is the sun which outshines and eclipses all others. Second, while Elias, or John the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, was to "have done unto him whatsoever they listed," yet, Christ must have the preeminence in suffering and shame and ignomy. It was not to end there, however, for he must also have the preeminence in glory, and while he told them that "the Son of man shall be betrayed into the hands of men, and they shall kill him," he did not finish speaking until he had said, "And the third day he shall be raised again." The glory of conquering death was to be his, and his alone. Thirdly, when he cured the lunatic who was brought to him, whom it was declared his disciples could not cure, his pre-eminence in power to heal, where others had failed, was in evidence.

In the fourth instance, we are told, "And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute? He saith, Yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying, What

thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom or tribute? of their children, or of strangers? Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free. Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money, that take, and give unto them, for me and thee." In those days tribute money was exacted for different purposes and by different ones. For instance, when tribute money was paid to Cæsar, it must bear his image and superscription. On one occasion, there were those who tempted Jesus, asking, Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar, or not? He said, "Bring me a penny, that I may see it," and when they had brought it and it bore the image and superscription of Cæsar upon it, he said unto them, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." It appears that there was also a custom among the Jews of exacting a tribute of half a shekel from those twenty years old and above, rich and poor alike, no more and no less, "for the service of the tabernacle of the congregation." See Exodus xxx. 12--16. It was evidently for this purpose that those who received tribute money at Capernaum asked of Peter, "Doth not your master pay tribute?" That it was being taken by the Jews is further borne out, we think, by the question which Jesus asked of Simon: "Of whom do the kings of the

earth take custom or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers?" Peter's answer was, "Of strangers." "Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free." According to the record, neither Jesus nor Peter were strangers in Capernaum, both having spent considerable time there, but a great lesson must be taught by the Master. A different order must be followed in the temple, or the church, from that which is common among the "kings of the earth" and men of the world. Love must be the motive and ruling spirit; the children must conduct themselves in such a manner as to provoke unto love, being careful not to offend one of his little ones. What a great example of the consideration of others is shown here! How careful he was not to offend the brethren. We would do well to take heed and follow his example. The first and uppermost thought that is in our mind, however, in connection with this Scripture, is that it portrays in a marvelous and miraculous way the absolute sovereignty of our Lord. He established beyond the possibility of contradiction that he was the "wondrous sovereign" of the sea, as well as the fish that was in it. It seems almost unbelievable and uncanny to our natural reasoning powers that such a thing could take place. By faith, we realize that nothing is impossible with him, but here seemed to be a visible manifestation of his power beyond our imagination or ability to perceive, and does it not hold us spellbound in awe and admiration of him whom we worship as King of kings and Lord of

lords? So far as we know, Peter obeyed his Lord; he went to the sea, and cast an hook, and took up the fish that first came up. He did not have to catch a lot of fish and find pieces of varying amounts in their mouths, the sum of which might have totalled more or less than required, but he was told to open the mouth of the very first fish that came up and he would find a piece of money: "that take, and give unto them, for me and thee." Think of it! Of all the fish in the sea, in the mouth of the first one to be caught there should be found a piece of money of the exact amount of that required for the occasion. It is thought to have been a shekel, or enough for the two, Jesus and Peter, since the tribute price according to Moses was half a shekel each. We also see in this that he came not to offend the law, but to fulfill and meet its every requirement, thereby satisfying its demands and setting the prisoners free. It seems wonderful indeed to be given some understanding of him "who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." How comforting and blessed to realize of a truth that help has been laid upon one that is mighty, one who is able to succor and save to the very uttermost. To look upon nature alone, and to consider the heavens above with all that we know of them and what they contain, would seem sufficient to satisfy and convince the most skeptical that there must be somewhere, even though unknown to them, a God of providence with power to create and operate and control all

things and events. Scientists give us to understand that the earth in its rotation around its axis has not varied as to time a great many thousandths part of a second since they have claimed to have known anything about it, and yet we find in *The Literary Digest* of May 4th, 1929, a group of seven hundred men, said to be composed of five hundred ministers in charge of churches and two hundred students in five theological schools, twenty-nine per cent. of whom, or two hundred and three out of the seven hundred, denying "That God is omnipotent." How shocking to our senses and how abhorrent to all that is in us, that men calling themselves ministers, and would be ministers, should disgrace humanity and stultify their profession with any such declaration as this. There seems to have been fifty-five other questions asked, but we are sure that our readers are not interested in them or their answers, since such a large group admit that their god is so limited in his power. Such questions as the omnipotence, sovereignty and holiness of our God are not debatable ones with us. Those who do not believe all this, and more, of him, are unworthy of our notice. How truly is our God magnified in all of his works! They all praise him, and his saints bless him; they speak of his glory and talk of his power. It is contained in the Psalms that "the heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language where their

voice is not heard," &c. John tells us, "All things were made by him; and without him was not any thing made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not." How true is the word of God! "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." Jesus said, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes." Yes, all that can be known of him, must be revealed. It is upon this rock the true church is built, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. If we have any knowledge of the spirituality of that which is written, it is due to the fact that the "Lion of the tribe of Juda, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the book, and to loose the seven seals thereof." If we can read our title clear and, by faith, see our names written in the Lamb's book of life, we ever must sing, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake."

Regardless of what others may believe and preach, we of the Warwick Old School Baptist Association can glory only in the Lord, and we feel to say, one and all,

"Keep silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.

Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be."

Submitted in love to those of like precious faith in the hope that they may be comforted with the same comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.
HENRY T. LEFFERTS, Clerk.

NOTICE.

Providence permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse, 452 Main Street, Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in September (29th). All are welcome.

E. M. FORD.

POETRY.

Have you ever heard the story, in the Bible it is told,
How the blessed King of glory came to earth in days of old?
How he came to save his people from their sins, the story goes,
And to ransom his disciples from the world and all its woes.
Have you ever heard the story of the sufferings of Christ,
And the glory that should follow when our Lord was sacrificed?
With his garments dyed, and glory, when he bowed his head and died,
Have you ever heard the story of a Savior crucified?
Have you ever heard the story how they laid him in the tomb?
How he burst death's bars asunder and ascended from its gloom?
Have you ever heard the story of the victory he won
As he rose from earth to glory when his mission here was done?
Have you ever heard the story of a Savior and his love
Bringing many sons to glory? Have you ever felt that love?
Bringing many sons to glory! How I love that blessed theme.
Have you ever heard the story? praise ye, praise his holy name.

RESPONSE

Yes, I think I heard the story when a lad of ten-
 der years,
 When it pleased the Lord of glory to wipe away
 my tears,
 And I think I heard the angel when he came to me
 by night,
 As I lay upon my pillow, and it filled me with
 delight.
 For his form was robed in glory, and his words
 were few and sweet,
 As he told to me the story of a Savior good and
 great.
 Lo, "Thy sins are all forgiven," were the only
 words he said,
 Then he flew away to heaven, yea, the blessed
 scene had fled.
 But it was a wondrous story comprehended in that
 line,
 All the attributes of glory were vouchsafed to me
 as mine,
 And it filled my heart with wonder, and I never
 can forget,
 And I often sit and ponder, for it lingers with me
 yet.
 Nearly forty years have drifted since that vision
 came to me,
 But my burden has been lifted, and my spirit now
 is free,
 For the blessed words were spoken, and the story
 sweetly told,
 And the tidings gently broken to a sinner lost and
 cold.
 I should love to tell the story, but, alas, I cannot
 speak;
 Yea, my pencil seems to falter, and I find I'm very
 weak;
 It is not for man to utter words unspeakable as
 these;
 We can only seem to mutter, and our efforts can-
 not please.
 But that angel, robed in glory, he has borne the
 tidings sweet,
 He has told the blessed story which no mortal can
 repeat,
 For that angel, It was Jesus, he has paid his sacred
 vow,
 He has died to save his people, and is crowned
 with glory now.

L. L. S.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE
 "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE
 FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."**

J. Y. Vanhook, N. J., \$1; Archie McPhail, Ont.,
 \$1; T. J. Howe, W. Va., \$3; H. W. Norman, Ark.,
 \$1; W. S. Bourland, Texas, \$3; E. H. Winchell,
 Mich., \$1; J. C. Chester, Ky., \$3; Mrs. Mintie B.
 Mapes, N. Y., \$2.

MARRIAGES.

By Elder H. H. Lefferts, at Leesburg, Virginia,
 July 25, 1929, brother Harvey Jones White, of
 Poolsville, Maryland, and sister Alethea Brewer
 Jones, of Dickerson, Maryland.

By Elder H. H. Lefferts, at Leesburg, Virginia,
 August 5, 1929, Fred Lewis Corbin, of Huntingdon,
 Pennsylvania, and Miss Laura Catharine Wright,
 of Colfax, Pennsylvania.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

MARY ELIZABETH EDWARDS, wife of James
 Edwards, was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, Sep-
 tember 6th, 1861, and died at her home in Corvallis,
 Oregon, August 5th, 1929, aged 67 years, 10 months
 and 29 days. She was the daughter of David and
 Susan Tabos. She was first married to Anthony
 H. Hood, December 25th, 1878, and to that union
 were born fourteen children, seven of them having
 preceded her to the great beyond. Those living
 are Mrs. Jewell Black, of Cashmere, Washington,
 Mrs. Esta Groat, of Corvallis, Oregon, Mrs. Mary
 Ratchliffe, of Easton, Washington, David Hood, of
 Medford, Oregon, William Hood, of Portland,
 Oregon, A. E. and Percy E. Hood, of Spokane,
 Washington. Mr. Hood died in February, 1921,
 and May 10th, 1926, sister Hood was married to
 brother James Edwards, of Corvallis, Oregon, who
 also, together with five sons, survives her. Two
 sisters and four brothers of the deceased reside
 in Mexico. Sister Edwards experienced a hope in
 Christ while quite young (between seven and eight
 years of age), and joined the Primitive Baptist
 Church called Antioch, in Runkled County, Texas,
 at the age of sixteen years, and was baptized by
 Elder Fitzgerald, her father joining at the same
 time. Her membership at the time of her death
 was with Bethel Church, at Tallman, Oregon.
 Brother Edwards' membership is also at Tallman.
 Sister Edwards had not been feeling well for some
 time, but was not considered in a serious condi-
 tion until Friday before her death on Monday
 following. She and brother Edwards were shop-
 ping downtown, when she suddenly complained
 of her head hurting her. She was placed in an
 automobile and taken home, where she continued
 to grow worse until the end came. Three physi-
 cians were called, but nothing seemed to do her
 any good. Her time had come and the Master
 called, and she, like the rest of mankind, obeyed
 the summons. So let us be still and know that
 he is God.

The writer was called to conduct the funeral
 services, which were held at the Keeny Parlors,
 in Corvallis, at 2 p. m., August 7th. Burial was
 in the Crystal Lake Cemetery, there to await the
 last, loud trumpet.

Written by one who feels to be less than the
 least in my Father's house,

S. B. MOFFITT.

J. P. STARR was born July 27th, 1849, and died April 26th, 1929, making his stay here below 79 years, 8 months and 29 days. He was the father of thirteen children, one preceding him to the great beyond. Twelve were present to say farewell, father, for a father he was indeed. Truly we all who knew him can say, A great man has fallen. He joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Shoals Creek, in Newton County, Georgia, August 27th, 1881, was baptized by Elder J. G. Eubanks, and lived a life of devotion to his church and family, also was loyal to his country. He was a sound and deep thinker, always ready to assist his neighbors in the problems of life, and was a pillar of the church in which his membership was. He was a good financier and had plenty of this world's goods, and was ever ready to assist in the financial needs of his church, and ready at the right time to defend the doctrine of the sovereign God who works all things after the counsel of his own will. Brother Starr, the last fifty years of his life here on earth, trusted in the finished work of the blessed Son of God, and was ready and willing to give up the earthly ties which were great (he loved his family and the church) that his faith in Jesus might become a reality. Oh precious hope, that in that eternal world hope will pass into knowledge, and he will see him as he is, be like him, and be satisfied. I would say to the mourning family, Let your countenances brighten and sorrow flee away, for your treasured one is not dead, but is passed safely from earth to that world that shall never end, there we view him in that blessed abode, free from sin and sorrow, shouting praises to God for the gift of his precious Son. To those who are the subjects of his grace and faith, let us all with patience await our appointed time, when our hope will end and knowledge be a reality, and we, too, as the subject of this notice, will be permitted to join that happy throng and sing songs of praise, honor and glory to the worthy name of Father, Son and ever-blessed Spirit, in that world that shall never end. Amen.

By request of the family the writer was summoned when the end came, and tried to hold up to the family and a large concourse of friends brother Starr's God, harmonizing his life, or the fruits of the Spirit, as was seen by his life, with the testimony or examples of God's promises through his inspired prophets and apostles, I hope, to their comfort.

Written by request of the family, and, I hope, by the direction of the Spirit of God.

W. N. GREEN.

MARY SANDAL DYKES, daughter, and the last one of the family, of the late Elder R. T. Webb, was born in Russell County, Alabama, November 18th, 1858, and died in Wood County, Texas, July 13th, 1927, making her stay on earth 70 years, 7 months and 25 days. She was married to M. E. Dykes July 28th, 1878, and they lived happily,

together for over fifty years. To this union ten children were born, four boys and six girls. Two boys and four girls are left to mourn. She professed a sweet hope in Jesus in 1882, and was baptized into the fellowship of Hopewell Church the fourth Sunday in July, 1883, by the late Elder W. B. Stringer, where she continued a faithful and devoted member until she was called home. Her chief delight was to attend her meetings, always filling her place when not providentially hindered, and was blessed to attend many associations. She was a sweet singer and enjoyed taking part in the singing. She was a true and faithful wife, a devoted mother, ever ready to administer to her husband, children, neighbors and friends. Our home was always for our brethren and sisters. It is so hard to give her up. Oh that I could say, Thy will be done. We have the blessed consolation to believe she is enjoying that sweet rest, and praising that mighty God from whom all blessings flow. She was a lifelong reader of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and was established in the doctrine it sets forth. I want to say that my nature is such that if I could have her back in health I would, but hope I have another mind, that I would say, The Lord giveth and taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.

Her remains were laid away in the Hopewell Cemetery July 15th in the presence of a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. The funeral was conducted by her pastors, Elders H. B. Jones and R. E. White, who spoke comforting words to the bereaved.

In conclusion, I want to ask the prayers of all who see this, that the God of all the earth reconcile me to his dealings.

In deep sorrow,

M. B. DYKES.

MEETINGS.

The Lexington-Roxbury Old School Baptist Association will meet (God willing) with the Clovesville Church, Clovesville, New York, Wednesday and Thursday after the second Sunday in September (September 11th and 12th). Trains will be met at Halcottville, N. Y., Tuesday p. m., and at Fleischmanns, N. Y., Wednesday a. m. Those coming by auto come to Halcottville Tuesday, and direct to meetinghouse Wednesday. A cordial invitation is extended to all who love the truth.

GEORGE RUSTON.

The seventy-second session of the First Kansas Association is appointed to be held two miles southeast of Perry, Kansas, at the schoolhouse near the residence of Elder L. L. Schenck, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, September 13th, 14th and 15th, 1929. Perry is located on Highway 10, and on the Union Pacific Railroad. For any other information address Elder L. L. Schenck, Perry, Kansas, or myself, at Grantville, Kansas.

MARY ELLISON, Clerk.

The Maine Old School Baptist Association will convene, the Lord willing, with the Bowdoinham Church, at Bowdoinham, Maine, September 6th, 6th and 8th, 1929. All who love the truth are cordially invited.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.
TOPSHAM, Maine.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Please take notice, that the meeting place of The Original South Arkansas Primitive Baptist Association has been changed from Little Hope Church, Malvern, Arkansas, to Bethel Church, Bearden, Arkansas. Bethel Church is two miles north of Bearden, and all coming from any direction by railroad will come over Cotton Belt Railroad to Bearden, where trains will be met Thursday evening and Friday morning, September 12th and 13th, 1929.

V. R. HARRIS, Moderator, Fordyce, Ark.

The Ebenezer Church, 200 East Madison Street, Baltimore, Maryland, will hold an all day meeting on Sunday, September 15th. We extend a cordial invitation to all who desire to attend.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

The Middleburg Old School Baptist Church expects to have meeting (the Lord willing) the fifth Sunday in September (September 29th) at the home of J. E. Livingston, 64 East Main Street, Cobleskill, N. Y., at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. We have the promise of having some ministers with us, but not decided who it will be.

All are welcome.

ADDIE LIVINGSTON, Church Clerk.

The Virginia Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held with Ebenezer Church, Loudoun County, Virginia, October 16th, 17th and 18th, 1929. Instead of holding this session of the Corresponding Meeting at the meetinghouse, it is planned to hold it in the Auditorium at Purcellville, because the latter place is easily reached by railway and highway, accessible either by auto or by electric car from Washington. Those coming Tuesday evening to Purcellville in autos will proceed to the Auditorium, where some one will be in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment for the night. Those coming Tuesday evening by rail from Washington will be met at Purcellville station. Trains leave Rosslyn for Purcellville at 2 and 5:30 p. m. and 7:30 a. m. Any coming Wednesday morning will proceed directly to Auditorium, which is about a half mile from station. Any coming into Washington by rail from the north or south will take Rosslyn car in front of Union Station and go to end of line where will be found the trains for Purcellville. All ministers of our faith and order and all lovers of the truth of our Lord Jesus Christ are invited to meet with us.

EPPA NORMAN, Church Clerk.

**EBENEZER
OLD SCHOOL
BAPTIST CHURCH.**

IN

NEW YORK CITY.

Meetings every Sunday at 168 East 70th Street, Manhattan. Near Lexington Avenue.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

To all who are seeking the truth, a cordial invitation is extended to meet with us.

**OLIVE & HURLEY OLD SCHOOL
BAPTIST CHURCH
ASHOKAN, N. Y.**

Meetings every third Sunday

10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

**SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST
CHURCH,**

**1315 Columbia Avenue
(Park Avenue Hall)**

PHILADELPHIA, P. A.

Meeting First and Third Sundays

At 10:30 A. M.

ALL WELCOME

The Cane Run Predestinarian Old School Baptist Church, of Turners Station, Kentucky, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 10:30 a. m., also, the Sulphur Fork Church of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, of the same faith and order, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

GEO. L. WEAVER, Pastor.

Little Flock Regular Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every first and third Sunday at the Sweedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, at 1 p. m.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator,

495 East Fifth Street, Riverside, California.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk,

143 W. 11th Street, Claremont Cal.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. (Day-light Saving Time) at the home of W. N. Spitzer, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto, from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Mid-week song service by appointment. Pastors, Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

(MRS.) EMMA E. BRUNOW, Clerk.

The Primitive Baptist Home in Salisbury, Maryland, opened on May 1st. Those desiring to enter should write to Mr. Cyrus Risler, 904 Ogden Ave., New York, N. Y., for particulars. Members and friends residing within the bounds of the Eastern Associations are eligible.

R. LESTER DODSON.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad" This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1929. NO. 10.

POETRY.

THE BRIGHT STAR OF HOPE.

When torn by such grief as I never had known,
And every relief which I sought for, had flown;
Full of guilt and despair, were the hot tears I shed
In loneliness, where I had pillowed my head.

My sins like a mountain, rose up to my view;
I could not cross over, I could not pass through;
The gloom which inclosed me was darker than
night,
In weakness and trembling, I prayed for the light.

And out of that darkness, where I could not grope,
A light had arisen, the bright star of hope;
Brought joy out of mourning, turned gloom into
cheer,
Once blind I could see, and once deaf I could hear.
My fears had departed, my doubts now were gone,
That star which had risen, was leading me on.
'Till I on a mountain of ecstasy stood,
Which the soft light of peace had bathed in its
flood.

And now filled with joy was my once troubled
breast,
So free from alloy was that heavenly rest,
That I felt that I never again should despair,
Since all things to me were so beautiful and fair.

The paths I once traversed where thistles had
grown
Were fragrant with lilies, their pale faces shown;
And though they toiled not, nor yet did they spin,
They were bright with the glory which God clothed
them in.

The doctrine I hungered for, dropped as the rain,
And I felt that I never should hunger again,
Where weeds once entangled, fair flowers now
grew
Refreshed by his speech, which distilled as the
dew.

The milk and the honey no sweeter could be
Than that hope which my Savior had given to me;
And though in the valley I oft wander far,
I am kept by the light of that glorious star.

ALFRED E. TITUS.

TRENTON, New Jersey.

CORRESPONDENCE.

“WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?”

(EXODUS XXXII. 26.)

This most important question was asked by Moses after he came down from the mount and found the children of Israel worshipping a golden calf, which Aaron, one who was called of God, had made, and it might well be asked to-day. As Moses stood in the gate of the camp the above question was asked. Of all that host of Israelites only the sons of Levi came over to him. After this earth had stood about two thousand years and was populated by much people only eight souls were found to be perfect in their generation before God. (Gen. vi. 9.) Again, we find where the Lord commanded Moses to send twelve spies over into the land of Canaan and ten of them came back with a lie in their mouths. But two of

them came back declaring the truth. Still they were all Israelites. "In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established."—2 Cor. xiii. 1. Gideon's vast army of thirty and three thousand was culled down by the Lord to three hundred. They were all the people of God, but the majority were not considered. "Many are called, but few are chosen."—Matt. xxii. 14. I believe that every heaven-born soul will be housed in immortal glory, without the loss of one, and without the help of poor finite man, but many of them will be snared by the devil and suffer untold heartaches and stripes, but there will be a few true witnesses as long as this old world stands; they, too, must suffer many hardships. "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution."—2 Tim. iii. 12. From the earliest morn of time down to this day we find that the true followers of that meek and lowly Lamb have been in the minority, still we hear some who claim to be Predestinarian Baptists, some of them able preachers, contending that church discipline must be decided by the majority, and that the only way to settle church matters is by majority vote. Take "Thus saith the Lord" for our guide, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord."—Jer. xvii. 5. "The best of them is as a brier; the most upright is sharper than a thorn hedge: the day of thy watchmen and thy visitation cometh; now shall be their perplexity."—Micah vii. 4. Judging from the

language of inspired men of old there was not much confidence to be placed in man in those days. Maybe in these times of enlightenment he has become more perfect. Listen to inspiration again: "For wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life; and few there be that find it."—Matt. vii. 13, 14. Here we find majority excluded again. I hope I can say from the very depths of my sinful heart, "Let God be true, but every man a liar."—Rom. iii. 4. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."—Zech. iv. 6. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose."—Rom. viii. 28. Finite man is not able to discern the good in all things, but I believe that God permits the devil to do his work and sift His little ones in order to limber their stiff necks and humble them down at the feet of the brethren; and when they are at the feet of the brethren they are at the feet of Jesus. Dear children of God, the Bible is full of evidence from Genesis to Revelation to prove that those who are traveling that strait and narrow way have always been in the minority. Turn to Revelation and we find that five (some say six) out of seven of the churches of Asia were not right before God. (Revelation second and third chapters.) "Thou shalt not follow a multitude to do evil: neither shalt thou speak in a cause to decline after many

to wrest judgment."—Exodus xxiii. 2. It appears to me that I have introduced sufficient proof to convince any enlightened Bible reader that it is not safe to trust in numbers. I sometimes feel that I have been made to witness with old Elijah when he said to the Lord, "The children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life."—1 Kings xix. 10. Are we any better than they? Not a whit. I did not intend to mention this, but since I have some might think I am trying to equal myself with the old prophet. I will just state that I have felt the torture of the sword. At one time I stood against the judgment of my association and two corresponding associations. Not a human on earth, that I knew of, agreed with me. The good Lord has been pleased to reveal this error to a little band of brethren and sisters who are living together in peace and fellowship and have been recognized as standing in order by orderly Predestinarian Baptists. Dear brethren, be ye not slothful in business. (Rom. xii. 11.) "He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster."—Prov. xviii. 9.

I hope that what few scattering thoughts I have tried to pen are not dishonoring to the great cause of all causes, and will have a tendency to stir up your pure minds.

If the editors of the SIGNS deem this worthy of space please publish it; if not, cast it aside, and it will be satis-

factory with me. Cast the mantle of charity over my imperfections, and when at the throne of grace pray for a sinner saved by grace alone, if saved at all.

J. P. McMILLIAN.

MERRYVILLE, Louisiana.

I JOHN III. 14.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death."

I have been thinking for some time that I would write a few lines for the dear old SIGNS, but have felt too unworthy to attempt it, and I know I am too ignorant and unlearned, and cannot write to the comfort of the dear children of our God. It has been a long time since I have written, and I seldom get to read the SIGNS, only through the kindness of some brother, yet I still love the doctrine it advocates and the brethren who write for it.

The above text has ben on my mind for some time, and I must confess that I do not know whether I have the right thoughts on it or not, yet I feel that the editors will not let any unsound expressions enter the columns of the SIGNS.

The word "love" is found in the fourth chapter twenty-five times, and forty times in the first book of John, and some as good testimony as can be found in all the Bible relative to the manifested children of God. The word "love" is the strongest term used in the Bible relative to the dealings of God with his children, and his children one with another. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of

God." Never was the like known in all the world, that a man should lay down his life for his friends. Behind all that, the love of the Father was so great that he gave his only darling Son to suffer and die for miserable wretches like us. His love was from everlasting to everlasting; his love surrounded the whole elect from all eternity. "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore [or for this reason] ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."—Mal. iii. 6. We often look back over our past life and view our ruined condition, our sinfulness and unworthiness, and can but wonder why we should stand in the congregation of the saints with a hope of the final entrance into the peaceful presence of God, who is pure and perfect, but that love which the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the children of God, is from everlasting, and in time he leads us to his banqueting-house, where his banner over us is love. (Songs ii. 4.) There is nothing more beautiful and pleasant than to meet with the churches and find the brethren in love with each other, find them a unit, find them united in the holy bonds of sweet fellowship. One's mind is carried back to the days of his first love, when he could see a perfect reflection of God's love mixed with all their deliberations. It is then he remembers the words of the preacher, when he says, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—Eccl. xii. 1. Yet we have to travel over many paths that are not smooth, and, like the poet, mixtures of joy and sorrow we daily do pass through. But

the dear Lord leads us through many conflicts and distresses and his love is the same.

The above text sometimes gives us something to study over. We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. Oh what a test! If we could only realize that we truly and honestly did love our brethren and sisters, what could be of more joy? How could we want any stronger testimony of our acceptance with God if we could only know, without a doubt, that we do love the brethren? All day long I find myself hoping that I sincerely love the brethren. Then again, "Every one that loveth, is born of God."—1 John iv. 7. Oh what a test! God is love, and he that is born of God is born of love. My mind goes back to my childhood, fifty years ago, when a small boy, my parents would go to their regular meetings at old South Mount Zion, in Kentucky, and while listening to a lengthy sermon delivered by the late Elder W. A. Bourland tears of joy would run down the cheeks of those old grey-haired brethren and sisters, and it seemed to be the happiest time on earth with them. Of course I did not realize the great beauty of it then, but now I can look back to their manifested love one for another and realize what David meant when he said, "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."—Psalms cxxxiii. 1, 2. Many

times it has looked like a perfect fulfillment of Paul's writing to the Ephesian brethren where he said, "And hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ." The love manifested among the saints in those days is in perfect harmony with the doctrine of the apostle in describing the future state of the church, for he says that here we see only in part, as through a glass darkly, but then we shall see face to face, and shall realize to the fullest of our hope. I sometimes weep and mourn over the coldness that seems to exist among the saints. For the last few years there is, it seems, a falling away, and coldness. We do not hear the dear saints talking of the wonders of God's love, and telling of the great mercy they hope the Lord has had for them, as we did in the olden days, and the love that once was plainly shown does not seem to be so great. I well remember several years ago of hearing a conversation between two people which ran something like this: Did you ever see such people as those Old Baptists? (Hardshells, as they called them.) Why, the weather is never so bad they do not go to their meetings. They will go farther, and against more obstacles, than any people I ever saw. Yes, and I will say that they usually show plainer the love of God in their walk and their Godly conversation than is noticeable among the worldly people. In days past it was a part of the articles of the conference to make inquiry into the wel-

fare of the brethren, and if any were in need it was generally reported and then something was done for their benefit. This should be a part of the business in all the conferences of to-day. It is their duty as much to-day as in the days of Paul, when he gave orders to the church at Corinth for the relief of the poor saints at Jerusalem. Love covers a multitude of sins. True love stands between the brethren and their little faults and causes them to go to the relief of their brethren in need. John says, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 John iii. 16, 17. Love is the underlying principle of all good works, for all the works we perform, either to God or his people, are wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, for it God which worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

I have written what I have for the consideration of the brethren, and if it should miss the waste-basket, and be of comfort to any of the Lord's humble poor, give God the praise. If any should have a mind to write me it would be appreciated. My health is still poor. Love to the household of faith.

Your brother in bonds,

J. B. BOWDEN.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, May 22, 1929.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Ky., April 26, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have a mind to write a few lines to you. This mind may be of the flesh; if it is it will profit nothing, and if when you have read this you think it only of the flesh cast it aside as being unworthy a place in our family paper. You are to be the judge, and I am sure it will be right.

I want to say a few words about myself. (Yes, a poor subject I know.) I was born March 30th, 1869, near Beaver Lick, Boone County, Kentucky, so am just turning into my sixtieth year. My parents were Warren and Calista Sleet Ashbrook, and I was the youngest of nine children, six girls and three boys. All lived to be grown men and women, but at the present time most of this large family have gone to their reward. My parents were sound Old Baptists, and they lived in faith and died in faith, rejoicing to go home. As for myself, I have always been called a "Hardshell" Baptist. It may have been, and I suppose it was, many times spoken in ridicule, but it always sounded sweet to me, as I never wanted any other name, though I did not know at that time what the name stood for. I understood but a very small portion of Baptist doctrine, and I fear I am not much wiser now, but I have been given hope that I love these people and believe what they believe, and what they preach is food and drink to me. I cannot remember a time in my life when I hated these people, as I have heard others tell in their experience, and not for a moment have I ever doubted what I have heard others tell,

and it has been a great trouble to me, it causes me to fear I am not one of them. Where do I stand?

"Tis a point I long to know,
(Oft it causes anxious thought),
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

No truer words were ever penned. How I do long to know for myself. I long to read my title clear. I am always wanting more evidence that I am his and he is mine. If I could see myself as I see others I think I would not be so miserable. But Paul says we are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope, for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? May the Lord give us grace to hope to the end, and give us to know his grace is sufficient for every thorn. As one has said, Our Master is great. Yes, he is great indeed. I believe he has all power in heaven and in earth. He rules in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou? Nothing can move without him. He speaks, and it is done; he commands, and it stands fast. How good it is to know he is God and he changes not; the same yesterday, today and forever. He alone is Sovereign over all worlds, times and events. He holds the winds in his fist; he rides upon the stormy skies and manages the seas. He looks and ten thousand angels rejoice, and myriads wait for his word. He speaks and eternity filled with his voice reechoes the praise of her Lord. He speaks to his people and they hear. He calls them and brings them out of nature's darkness into his marvelous

light. Oh wonderful and boundless love, to come to die on the cross to save his people with an everlasting salvation. He comes and speaks peace to them and draws them with cords of love. If we love him it is because he first loved us and gave himself for us, and not one shall ever be lost for whom Christ died, because what he does he does forever. Forever, O Lord, is thy word settled in heaven. As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so is the Lord round about his people, henceforth and forever. He has loved them with an everlasting love, and with lovingkindness draws them. He finds them all just where he found Jacob: in a waste howling wilderness of sin, and you hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and in sin, and hath raised us up together and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ. By grace are ye saved, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. There were a certain number chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, they are the ones for whom Christ died, not one more nor one less, the rest were fitted to destruction. I cannot think this would make him unjust, for has he not a perfect right to do as he pleases with his own? I believe he has foreknowledge of all things, for known unto God are all his works from the beginning, and I believe he predestinated all things to come to pass just as they do come to pass, and he had a purpose in it, known to himself, and they cannot preach predestination too strong for me. I hope and believe I love predestination, unconditional election, the

sovereignty of God and the eternal vital unity of Christ and his people. This covenant of grace was ordered in all things and sure, firm as his throne his promise stands. In experience, if indeed I have ever had any experience of grace, and in reading the Scriptures, I see no place for any works of the creature in the wonderful plan of salvation, for he says, Saved by grace through faith, and not by works; not by works of righteousness which we have done; but according to his mercy he saved us. Again, Who hath saved us and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. We shall be saved from wrath through him, and we shall be saved by his life, and kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation. So it is always, and in every case, saved by grace, both in time and eternity. To-day while about my work I thought what a miserable creature I am, and what a miserable condition I felt myself to be in. I do not know how to pray as I ought. Then the thought came that Paul said we know not how to pray as we ought, is it possible that Paul, a chosen vessel sent to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, did not know how to pray? But he goes on to say that the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. Then prayer does not consist of words, but in spirit, and he that searcheth the heart knoweth the mind of the spirit, and he maketh intercession for the saints according to

the will of God, and not according to anything we have done or can do. We have no strength of our own to rely upon, but the dear Lord knows our weakness, and in his own time and manner he comes to us and sheds abroad in our hearts his wonderful love, causing us to love him and to hope in his mercy, and to love one another, and to esteem others better than ourselves, and may we all be found at the feet of our Savior, clothed and in our right mind. The mind of Christ the Lord is the only right mind. O, dear Lord, give us more of that mind. Give us grace to help in every time of need. Keep us from evil, and lead us in the way that leads to life. Bless thy people everywhere as thou seest they have need. Be with us throughout the uneven journey of this life, and when we come to stand by the dark river, O Lord, be with us then, and lead us into that haven of rest and peace in the Lord.

I would like to ask a special favor for the publishers and editors of the SIGNS: May they be given strength and courage to continue steadfastly in the work the Lord has called them unto. May it please him who rules all things to put into the mind and the hearts of his people to pay what they owe to the SIGNS, if they can do nothing more. Lord, bless our ministers who labor so faithfully for us, that they may have free course to finish with joy the race set before them to the glory of Christ.

I feel to sympathize with Elder Lefferts in his many burdens, but I rejoiced to read in the last SIGNS that he

has consented to leave his name on the editorial staff. He is a wonderfully gifted man, and we all would miss him very much. We hope he may see his way clear to stay with the SIGNS, and we hope he may be spared for many years to preach and write to the comfort of the Lord's people. I think we are wonderfully blessed in having such editors as we have on the SIGNS' staff. They are all sound in their writings, and I feel sure they comfort many weary ones. I have never had the pleasure of hearing any of them preach, with the exception of Elder Ruston, and I cannot speak too highly of his preaching. He gave good evidence that he had been with the Lord and learned of him.

I have had a home with the Old Baptists a little more than twenty years, and while I am no better now, and feel not fit to be with them, yet I hope their God is my God. There is nowhere else for me to go, there is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved, but when thou, my righteous Judge shall come to call thy ransomed people home shall I among them stand? I have a hope, nothing more.

(MRS.) ADDIE CHANDLER.

FLEMINGTON, N. J., June 10, 1928.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing a letter from a dear old Elder in the south for your consideration. To me it has been as a precious jewel and I have read it many times. How wonderful and how good to look upon those whom the Lord has kept as the apple

of his eye, whom he has chosen to be followers of him "as dear children," "e'en down to old age," and to that child who has once felt his divine presence no powers of earth or hell can poison his mind, for as he has spoken so shall it be, and in the twilight of life how sweet to rest in his love.

GERTRUDE PYATT.

SAMANTHA, Ala., May 10, 1928.

DEAR SISTER PYATT:—I will try and answer as best I can your good letter, which I received some time ago, and was glad to get it and hear from you. I enjoy reading your letters, for they contain good news from a far country. Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver. That would be something very beautiful, so are your words to me. You speak the full Hebrew language, and that is the sweetest language that I have ever listened to. It is like this: "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah: * * * * salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks." That is, A city of habitation and name, but the redeemed of the Lord shall dwell there, and that city hath foundations. Ye "are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone; in whom all the building, fitly framed together, groweth unto an holy temple in the Lord," and man has nothing to do with it, the building of the church is all the work of the Lord. Except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain; except the Lord build the house they that build it labor

but in vain. Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God that giveth the increase. He said, Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up. So man's planting is not worth anything. There are but few people in my country who believe this doctrine, but I know the Old Baptists are the people of the most high God and heaven will be their home after this life. I know, my dear sister, that this doctrine you believe will do for you, but the question is, Will it do for me? Have I been taught it like you have, taught by the Lord? You believe according to the working of his mighty power. Behold, I and the children which God hath given me. All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. They were given him by the Father before the world began, and they will all be saved with an everlasting salvation, without the loss of one; and in this life they will all hear the voice of the Son of God, and those hearing shall live. He came, suffered, bled and died for their offences, and rose again for their justification. He says, Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee. The king's daughter is all glorious within, her raiment is of wrought gold. He has cleansed her from all her sins. He says, I have taken off my coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my feet, how shall I defile them? So his bride can never be defiled; never can be separated from him. He says, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee. So

his people are the only ones he came to save, the only ones he suffered for, and they were preserved in him before the foundation of the world. "Jude, a servant of Jesus Christ, and brother to James, to them that are sanctified by God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called." I sometimes hear women say they have lost their preserves, but they have not lost them; they never had them preserved is why they could not keep them. But the preserved of Christ will never be lost, for of all the Father gave him he shall lose nothing. All the Father gave me shall come to me, and he that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out, but will raise him up at the last day.

Well, there are many things on my mind, but I had better close lest I weary you, if I have not already done so. I hope you will understand this rambling letter. O, Lord God, I am but a child; I cannot speak. I wish I could see you, for I could talk much better than I can write. If you ever have a mind to write me I would love to hear from you again.

Love and best wishes to you and to all the household of faith, in this life and in the world to come. Remember me when at the throne of grace.

S. J. NORRIS.

CASH, Texas, June 13, 1929.

DEAR BRETHREN:—John xiv. 15, says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Notice, "If ye love me." No word spoken to those who do not love, and this love I understand is indited into a poor sinner's heart from above; cannot be gained by all the ef-

forts we can put forth. Those words, "If ye love me, keep my commandments," were spoken to the disciples, and men in a state of nature do not seek in their hearts to obey, for they choose darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil. Christ said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." When the light of divine love shines into a poor sinner's heart that light makes manifest to him the darkness here: the evil of his own depraved nature. He is made to weep and to cry with the publican, Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner. Repentance comes when that light reveals us sinners. But "Blessed [already blessed, to my mind, beforehand] are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." Not may be so if they will be good and obedient children. Not all the obedience in the world could make one a child if not called. One writer has said, The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination unto the Lord. Christ said, With their mouth they make confession unto me, but their heart is far from me. In another place, They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. You who have mourned on account of your sins have felt the need, have seen yourselves not able to keep even one of the least of his commandments; without him ye can do nothing. Saul, bear in mind, was of the strictest sect of religion of his day, but persecuted and wasted the true church until he saw the light, and he then immediately cried out, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? He was shown what to do, as I

believe his people are to-day. This same Saul, later called Paul, said he profited in that way above many of his equals. There is profit for some in so-called religion now. Their story is to the natural mind a plausible one, but see what Paul said, "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jew and Greek, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God." There are some spoken of as having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. You must make the start, they say, just make the start and the Lord will save you. Now I ask you, What kind of a start did Paul make? It was after he was called that he said, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." Paul did not call himself good, but the chief of sinners. The Lord knows our thoughts, even afar off, and if our thoughts then our deeds also; if they be good it is because of his law written in our hearts. Then to him, not to us, the praise is due. He who has said, My glory I will not give to another.

Now that I have written I begin to hesitate to send these weak lines, not wishing to intrude, for always, since first received, I have, and do yet, if not deceived, desire some most humble place at the saints' table, but never on any account to cause them any trouble.

Your unworthy sister, if one at all,

(MRS.) NELLIE PERRY.

JOHN I. 12, 13.

"BUT as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

The reason for the statement in verse twelve, viz.: "As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God," and, "Even to them that believe on his name," is given in verse thirteen: "Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." When Adam fell his posterity fell with him, hence all by nature are sinners and aliens to God. But God decreed in himself before time began to form in himself a people that should show forth his praise, and since that people were dead in trespasses and sin, he sent his only begotten Son on earth "in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh: that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." The atonement of the sins of God's people being then carried out, the evidence of that atonement is manifested to that people in the "new birth." As they had no part in their natural birth even so they have no part in their spiritual birth. "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit."—John iii. 5, 6. "Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new. And all things are of God, who

hath reconciled us unto himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation; to wit, that God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them; and hath committed unto us the word of reconciliation."—2 Cor. v. 17--19. "He that commiteth sin is of the devil; for the devil sinneth from the beginning. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that he might destroy the works of the devil. Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him: and he cannot sin, because he is born of God."—1 John iii. 8, 9. Herein lies one of the mysteries of godliness. The chosen of God know they were "shapen in iniquity," and that in their flesh there dwelleth no good thing. When they would do good evil is present with them, yet because they are born of God their sins are all blotted out. "For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."—Heb. viii. 12. The visible or outward evidence of the new birth is that where once they were blind now they see. The things formerly hated or treated with indifference are now the chief delight of the believer. The ways of sin, the follies and vanities of the world have lost their charm. The believer has a sincere and abiding desire to so live as not to bring reproach upon the cause he loves, or sorrow to the people of God. "He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that

believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God. And this is the condemnation, that light is come into the world, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil."—John iii. 18, 19.

J. E. HUBBARD.

NORTH JAY, Maine.

RANDOLPH, Maine, Sept. 11, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—Dear brother in a good hope through grace. I have read and reread your editorial in the September issue of the SIGNS, and to me it contains some very searching questions to those who profess a love for the church of Christ, and to those of like precious faith. Have we profession without possession? As you truly say, if there were not danger of professors coming short of the things needful, in an orderly walk and conversation before their brethren, and in their intercourse with the world, the apostle would not have written the admonitions contained in his letters to the churches at that time. Peter said in substance that he wrote his epistles to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance." I feel that a careful and prayerful consideration of the editorial will be profitable to all believers.

Our Association for 1929 is a past event, but I believe the memory of it will be pleasant to all who were privileged to attend it. Elder Dodson was enabled to show us "glad tidings of the

kingdom of God," and I believe those present will agree with me when I say, "The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad." I hope and believe there are not many among us who excuse their wrong doings with a "can't help it." It seems to me that only a degenerate would try and justify ill conduct in that way. But, brother Lefferts, I believe there are "can't help its" of an entirely different order, and I hope I am one of them. In my youth I had no desire to belong to the unpopular people called Old School Baptists. I felt that when I got ready to "settle down" I would join the Congregationalists and be thought something of in the world. Well, I tried to carry out that plan, but I could not, and the time came when it was the supreme joy of my life to be taken into the fellowship of this poor, despised and afflicted people. I was literally forced to confess that I "believed the report." Now do you not think I am a "can't help it?"

But I only intended to write a note, expressing in my imperfect way my appreciation of your editorial. If I know anything of the inmost desires of this deceitful heart of mine, it is to have the gospel preached in its purity, either spoken or written, and may the undershepherds throughout the length and breadth of this great country of ours proclaim the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, without fear or favor.

Your most unworthy brother,

JAMES E. HUBBARD.

WEST MANSFIELD, Ohio, June 12, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have just reread the June number of the SIGNS, with tears of rejoicing, as also at the first reading, and my heart cries against the possibility of the SIGNS being discontinued. Oh it must not be! True, I know that the Lord can comfort his poor, little, hungry bleating lambs without any paper at all, but the SIGNS has been blessed, in so great a degree, to the comfort of the pilgrims of the Lord that I cannot at present believe that he will let it be discontinued. I am reading two other Baptist papers, with comfort, but none so comforting and quite so sweet to the taste as the dear old SIGNS, which contains not only milk for the weak, but much juicy, well prepared, strong meat for the more advanced, who have so grown in grace (not in works) as to relish and to crave the strong meat, even a taste, or sweet reminder of what our hope rests upon: the eternal, almighty God, our Rock. How comforting to rest upon this Rock, which is not only described as our foundation, but as a shade under which we may rest. It is also a wall about us to shield us from all harm. It is a still small voice within, to admonish, to cheer and strengthen; also a guide to say, This is the way, walk ye in it. Yes, walk in Him, not in ourselves. Do not understand me to mean that the SIGNS is this Rock, but it has so faithfully portrayed and reminded us of this, our Rock. His way is perfect. The SIGNS spreads a feast, without gourds in the pot. His will be done, but I hope it will be his will to continue

the SIGNS. I feel sure that all lovers of the paper mourn the loss of sister Beebe, and that many prayers ascend that God may comfort all those who mourn. Surely few have done more than sister Beebe to comfort the family of the redeemed. May her mantle fall upon some one else, and may they as faithfully perform the duties involved in the undertaking. Preaching face to face to congregations, and children of the Lord, speaking often one to another, are wonderful works, also when the truths of the gospel are sent forth to so many homes what a vast company may be cheered and comforted. Sometimes, when I think what a great factor for good or evil a communication to such a medium of correspondence may be, I tremble, and, also, wonder if I will dare to again venture to send forth my thoughts and feelings. But there are times when it is very hard to refrain, such a beauty appears, and such love for the brethren springs up, that we long to share with them the thoughts which prove so comforting to us, and I fear that I shall trouble the editors more often in the future. Since Mr. Peter's death I have no way to go to meeting, very often, and when I get so full, with no brother or sister to tell it to, I must write, or talk to my Methodist neighbors, some of whom, I am thankful to say, seem to know the Lord. But one cannot speak with the same liberty as when addressing those of our own "household of faith."

If this should be published, I beg the prayers of all, that I may be comforted of God, and be guided and led

by his Spirit into, and be kept in, the truth, and that my walk and conversation be becoming to my profession.

JOIE WOODS PETERS.

YAKIMA, Wash., May 23, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I surely love the precious doctrine the SIGNS sets forth, and in reading the letters from different ones I feel I know them by their writings. I have met with many dear ones in my time, as my father's house, in Nevada, Missouri, was a home for the Old School Baptists. His name was W. S. Lee, and if any who knew him read this they will know there is one of his family left who is a believer in the same doctrine. He has been dead nearly twenty-five years. Oh how I yet feast upon those good times and meetings gone by. My christian experience started in early childhood, and I joined the church in my father's home. We are surely blessed in having good meetings. While there are but few of us, we feel the Lord dwells there, too. Elder A. D. Hughett is our pastor, and he is an able speaker. Our regular meeting time is the third Sunday in each month. The meetings are held near Emerald, and the first Sunday in or near Yakima. We have been blessed by having sister Hess, widow of Elder Wm. Hess, with us at some of our meetings. She seems very cheerful, although she is helpless in some ways, and rejoices to be with us. We all send christian greetings to the dear ones wherever they may be.

Your sister in a sweet hope,

LILLIE BLYSTONE.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1929.

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SOLOMON'S SONG I. 6.*"Look not upon me, because I am black."*

We have been requested the second time to write on the above words. We are sorry not to have been able to comply more promptly with the request, but as our turn to write comes only three or four times a year it is impossible to give our views on all the portions of Scripture desired. Besides, we can by no means write at all times on spiritual things. We are wholly and entirely dependent upon the Holy Spirit to take of the things of Jesus and show them unto us. The above words are found in what is called the "Song of Songs, which is Solomon's." It is referred to by some as being the Song of Love between Christ and his

bride, the church, and of all the music earth has ever heard, to be sure, nothing can compare with the voice of Jesus to a poor sinner, assuring him of the forgiveness of his sins and of his acceptance with the Father. Solomon, the man of wisdom, summed up all the works of his hands by saying, "All was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun." He was representative of the characters who are not only made wise to the need of salvation, but to salvation itself, with all that it means to be delivered from the darkness of nature into the marvelous light of the blessed truth as it is revealed by and through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who came to save his people from their sins. The Song opens with the pleadings of the bride. One has well said, "All the fitness he requires, is to feel your need of him," and here we have the church desiring with all her heart the evidences of his love towards her. In olden times a kiss was regarded as a token or proof of an espousal, therefore the chapter begins with, "Let him kiss me with kisses of his mouth: for thy love is better than wine. Because of the savor of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love thee." The poet has wonderfully enlarged upon "thy name is as ointment poured forth" in that beautiful hymn, where he says,

"How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the troubled soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never-falling treasury, filled
 With boundless stores of grace."

"Therefore do the virgins love thee." Because he is the one altogether lovely, the chiefest among ten thousand. The Song continues, "Draw me, we will run after thee." How different this is from what the worldly teachers are saying. They say, Run after him and he will draw you, but the virgin, that one that is pure in heart, born of the Spirit, the undefiled and choice one of her that bare her, knows that except he draw her, she cannot run after him. To begin with, she knows not where to find him. She has sought him on her bed at night, she sought him, but found him not. Whereupon she said, "I will rise now, and go about the city; in the streets, and in the broad ways, I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not." She then inquired of the watchmen, "Saw ye him whom my soul loveth?" but they could not tell her where she might find him. The ministers, or watchmen who stand upon the walls of Zion, are just as helpless and dependent as the weakest member of the church. She had to go beyond them to find him whom her soul loved, and so does every one to-day have to go beyond the preacher, but when she had found him she said, "I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me." How precious, indeed, he was to her! There seems to be a two-fold meaning, individual and collective, in the expression,

"Draw me, we will run after thee." The Lord deals individually with his people, bringing them one by one, but he gathereth together the solitary in families, and they are all taught of him. For this reason the church testifies, "The king hath brought me into his chambers." How highly favored is she that the King himself hath come for her; not that he sent one of his servants to extend an invitation to her, but he sought her in person and brought her into his chambers, where he communed with her in secret and bestowed his loves upon her, not before outsiders and the curious to mock and deride, but first he takes her into his own chambers, in the privacy of the royal palace, and there she is made to know of a truth that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." What a great privilege it is to be called out and separated from the crowd and the multitudes and sanctified, or set apart to some special and peculiar blessing and favor, and all this by the very King of kings and Lord of lords. Was there ever such love as this displayed before, that the King of Peace should leave his princely throne, descend into ignomy and shame, and suffer and die in order that he might seek and save that which was lost and ruined? In order that she should appreciate and properly value the greatness of that love she must know what

she is and the great price that was required to redeem her from the horrible pit of sin and death. When, therefore, God commands the light to shine into her heart it reveals her terrible condition. She says, "I am black, but comely, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon." First, she confesses that she is black, as black as the tents of Kedar, steeped in sin and knows that in her flesh dwells no good thing, and this confession is made to the daughters of Jerusalem, her kindred in Christ, who thoroughly understand her language and the longings of her heart, desiring to be holy even as her Beloved is holy, but the one who has taught her this does not desert her to her foes, but by his Spirit works in her the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and she becomes meek and lowly of heart and is clothed upon from above and is, therefore, comely as the curtains of Solomon. The conclusion of the whole matter then, is, "Look not upon me, because I am black." Are not the Lord's people continually writing bitter things against themselves, not able to find one good thing to their credit? They have the desire to do right and good, but how to perform they find not. Seeing themselves to be such vile and black sinners, both by nature and by practice, and being convinced that it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, that they have no strength or ability in and of themselves to even think a good thought, they cry

out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Their only possible hope of salvation is through the mercy of God, and they can and do join with the apostle in saying, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then, with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." They are still black in nature; the flesh is not changed, but if they have received the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him, and had the eyes of their understanding enlightened, they know what is the hope of their calling, and what the riches of the glory of their inheritance is: "And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to usward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places, far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come; and hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all."

We hope our brother and our readers will be edified and comforted by what we have written, and will leave the subject for their meditation and consideration.

R. L. D.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by brother James E. Hubbard.)

The Maine Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Bowdoinham Church, at Bowdoinham, Maine, September 6th, 7th and 8th, 1929, to the churches of which she is composed, and to the associations and meetings with which she corresponds, sends greeting.

BELoved FOR THE TRUTH'S SAKE:—

In accordance with a long established custom, we address you in a so-called Circular Letter. The words recorded in Philippians ii. 12, 13, seem to be impressed upon our mind as a foundation for our letter: "Wherefore, my beloved, as ye have always obeyed, not as in my presence only, but now much more in my absence, work out your own salvation with fear and trembling: for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." It is a well known fact that the above words, or a portion of them, are, and always have been, used by the religious world to persuade prospective converts to "make a start" in the service of the Lord. They adhere to the theory that God cannot, and will not, save sinners unless the sinner does his part; viz.: work out his own salvation. While, by detaching these words from their connection, they doubtless deceive many, yet, when it is considered to whom the letter was written, and the context as well, there is absolutely no foundation for their claim. The inspired writers of the New Testament found it necessary to write the exhortations and admonitions contained therein, to the

churches of that time, and they are no less essential to the saints which are in Christ Jesus to-day. "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness; that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." "For the grace of God that bringeth salvation, hath appeared to all men, teaching us, that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world; looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus ii. 11-16. "Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye."—Col. iii. 12, 13. The above quotation shows how believers are enjoined to work out their own salvation with fear and trembling, also, "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof. Neither yield ye your members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin:

but yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness unto God."—Rom. vi. 12, 13. By their fruits ye shall know them, and because they are believers, and are saved with an "everlasting salvation," through the blood and righteousness of Jesus their great High Priest, do they abhor their proneness to the evil and vanity of this present world. It is their desire before God to manifest the fruit of the Spirit, which is "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law," and in the manifestation of the fruit of the Spirit do they work out their own salvation with fear and trembling. "With fear and trembling." The chosen of the Lord love him because he first loved them, and because they love him they desire to walk softly before him, to do that which is pleasing in his sight, and there is a fear born of that love, but through the weakness of the flesh their feet slip, and they bring reproach upon the cause they love, and sorrow to the hearts of their brethren, thereby. It is only as they are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, that they are enabled to manifest the fruits of the Spirit, and keep themselves unspotted from the world. When God in his wisdom sees fit to withdraw his presence from his people, and they walk in darkness and have no light, no earthly agency or power can restore the joys of his salvation unto them. By faith they "trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon their God."

God declared by the prophet Isaiah, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction." There are trials, temptations, losses, crosses, and disappointments from without, and trials without number from within. But God has promised never to leave nor forsake his people. "There is none like unto the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the heaven in thy help, and in his excellency on the sky. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 26, 27.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.
 GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.

The Tygarts Valley River Association of Old School, Primitive Baptists, now in session with the Little Bethel Church, Barbour County, West Virginia, to the several churches of which she is composed, and to all of the faith of God's elect, sendeth christian greeting.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Once more we are through the mercy of God spared to meet in the capacity of an association of churches and brethren, for the purpose of keeping up a friendly correspondence among us, and corresponding brethren who meet to worship the true and living God, and have no confidence in what men do.

"When Jesus came into the coasts of Cæsarea Philippi, he asked his disciples, saying, Whom do men say that I, the Son of man, am? And they said, Some say that thou art John the Baptist; some, Elias; and others, Jeremias, or one of the prophets. He saith unto them, But whom say ye that I am?"

And Simon Peter answered and said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. And Jesus answered and said unto him, Blessed art thou Simon Barjona: for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven." So is every one of God's elect directed by the Holy Spirit to the same answer. They have not learned of man, but it has been revealed to them by the Holy Spirit, through Jesus our Redemer, the living God, to declare positively that he is the only true God, and besides him there is no other. He it is that reveals his Spirit to his people through Jesus Christ. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved, only through the name of our Lord and Savior Jesus. It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. This is why brethren love to meet in an associated capacity. It is love that has drawn them together to speak of the goodness of God, and to worship him in spirit and in truth, for he seeketh such to worship him in spirit and in truth. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. His blood has cleansed his people: they have been made white in the blood of the Lamb. His grace is directing his people day and night. Flesh and blood have not revealed it to us. Paul, the apostle, declares, "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace." This separation here clearly shows that Paul did not go back

to any one of his kindred in the flesh to learn the things of the Spirit, but it was revealed by the living God.

Now, dear brethren, we will notice the church which Christ has built on himself and the gates of hell shall never prevail against. No earthly power can destroy it. Christ is a King and has all power, and his kingdom is not of this world. He loved the church and gave himself for it. It is composed of a regenerated membership who worship God in spirit and in truth. The Lord adds to it such as shall be saved.

May the Lord keep you in peace. Amen.

J. S. MURPHY, Mod.

J. R. DENNISON, Clerk.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The Delaware River Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Kingwood Church, at Locktown, Hunterdon County, New Jersey, May 29th, 30th and 31st, 1929, sendeth greeting.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In the kind mercy and lovingkindness of God we have been privileged again to enjoy another session of our Association, hence are addressing you by way of a Circular Letter, telling you of our pleasure and comfort. Your messengers and Minutes have been gladly received. The preaching has been sound and good. We ask a continuance of your correspondence.

Our next session is appointed to be held with the Southampton Church, at Southampton, Bucks County, Pennsyl-

vania, to begin Wednesday before the first Sunday in June, 1930, at 10:30 a. m., Daylight Saving Time, when and where we shall hope to have your messengers again.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

DAVID M. VOORHEES, Clerk.

The Warwick Old School Baptist Association, in joint session with the several churches composing the same, convening at New Vernon, Sullivan County, New York, June 5th, 6th and 7th, 1929, sends christian greetings to our sister associations and meetings of our correspondence.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Through the goodness and mercy of God we have been blessed to meet again and receive your messengers and correspondence, for which we trust we have thankful hearts. We feel that the Giver of every good and perfect gift has overshadowed us and made us to sit together in a heavenly place. Your ministers have been blessed to preach the truth with no uncertain sound, which comforts, strengthens and builds us up in His most holy faith. May the Lord continue in us this desire to meet together and bless us with hearing ears and understanding hearts.

Our next session is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before the second Sunday in June, 1930, the place of meeting to be announced later through the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, when we hope to meet your messengers again.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.

HENRY T. LEFFERTS, Clerk.

MARRIAGES.

By Elder H. C. Ker, at his residence, in Delmar, Maryland, August 29th, 1929, Samuel Linwood White and Miss Dorothy May Pusey, both of Delmar.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

SISTER ROXY SLAUSON departed this life February 4th, 1929. She was the loving wife and devoted companion of the late brother Seeley Slauson. She was the daughter of James G. and Nancy Ballard, and united in marriage with Seeley Slauson in the year 1875. He preceded her to the grave nine years. She leaves to mourn their loss two sons, Amasa J., of Halcottville, N. Y., and Orley H., of Roxbury, N. Y. Sister Roxy united with the church, along with her husband, and they were both baptized by the late Elder John B. Slauson, November 1st, 1918. She was a faithful wife and mother, very devoted to her husband and family, patiently filling her place in the lives of those near and dear to her, she was a help meet indeed. In the church she was always in her place, faithful and steadfastly minded, rejoicing in the truth. She was favored with good health almost all her life, and was of a cheerful disposition, so that her presence was often like a ray of sunshine in the home. She was only sick a few days of acute bronchitis, and to the sorrow of all, she was taken to her eternal home. Her sorrowing family miss her much, but with a feeling that their loss is her eternal gain they desire to say, "Thy will be done." She was staying with her son Orley, at Roxbury, at the time of her death. The funeral service was held at the Halcottville meetinghouse and the interment was in the Vega Cemetery.

G. R.

THE death angel took from this life our dear beloved sister in Christ, MRS. EMMA WASEN, wife of Mr. Willie Wasden, of Frisco City, Alabama. March 28th, 1929, she was sixty-three years old, and departed this life May 8th, 1929. She suffered for three weeks, but bore her sufferings patiently. All was done for her that loving hands and physicians could do. She leaves to mourn their loss a husband, four daughters, three sons and a large circle of friends and relatives. She united with the Old Primitive Baptist Church in September, 1918, and had been all these years loyal to her church and pastor. Her faith in God was wonderful. She was mild and gentle in her manner, dignified and courteous in her bearing, the very soul of loyalty and devotion to truth and righteousness. She seldom missed a meeting, and was an attentive listener. She was a woman of sterling worth and exemplary life, and in her death the family sustains the loss of a faithful and loving wife and mother, and the community a good neighbor, kind and sympathetic in sickness

and sorrow, and many bedsides have been brightened by her words of cheer and counsel, but God saw fit to call her to her eternal home, where there is no more sorrow and affliction.

The funeral was held in the Shiloah Church, where her membership was. Elder B. Sawyer, together with Elders R. D. Hendrix and T. M. Moseley, spoke comforting words to the bereaved family, after which she was laid to rest, the sleep from which none ever wake to weep, in Shiloah Cemetery. Her soul is at rest, and we cannot change God's will. Sweet be thy sleep, dear sister, until he bids thee arise to hail him in triumph beyond the skies, where I hope we may meet again.

Written by a sister in Christ, I hope,

(MRS.) L. A. GREENE.

MRS. ELIZABETH ANN GILLISS, widow of Edward J. Gilliss, died at her home at St. Martins Station, Maryland, Tuesday afternoon, August 6th, 1929. She was the daughter of John C. and Mary Fassitt Hall, and was born near Ocean View, Sussex County, Delaware, August 26th, 1846. For a number of years Mrs. Gilliss was a teacher in the public schools of Wicomico and Worcester Counties, and the influence of her strong character still lives in the lives of those who were her pupils. Mrs. Gilliss attended the Old School Baptist Church from childhood, and more than thirty years ago was baptized by Elder Silas H. Durand, and became a devout member of the Old School Baptist Church in Salisbury, Maryland. June 17th, 1918, Mr. Edward J. Gilliss, husband of the deceased, died, and from this sorrow Mrs. Gilliss never fully recovered. At the time of his death she wrote: "We sadly miss his dear presence, but feel that our loss is his gain, and desire to say from our hearts, The will of the dear Lord be done." Five years ago Mrs. Gilliss suffered the first paralytic stroke. The third stroke came July 25th, and on Tuesday afternoon, August 6th, her spirit passed into the haven of rest. Mrs. Gilliss was very fond of children and perfectly devoted to her three grandsons: James, John Hall and Robins Gilliss. She always referred to them as "my boys." Mrs. Gilliss is survived by one son, Mr. John Gilliss, one daughter, Miss May Gilliss, both of St. Martins Station, also one brother, Mr. James H. Hall, and one sister, Miss Sallie Hall.

The funeral services were conducted in her home at St. Martins Station, August 8th, by Elder H. C. Ker, assisted by F. R. Holland and J. B. Pettus. A large number of friends gathered for the services, and burial was in the family graveyard on the old Fassitt farm.

The above is a clipping from one of the county papers, and speaks none too highly of sister Gilliss. It was my privilege to call on her several times during her years of affliction and I always found her steadfast in the truth and glad to have me talk with her. She will be much missed in

the town of St. Martin, as she had long made it her home. Owing to her affliction she was not able to attend the meetings of the church, but never forgot the blessedness of the years of long ago. May he who only can, comfort the family.

H. C. KER.

MRS. AGNES BRINK, wife of Mr. Sylvester Brink, of Kirkwood, N. Y., died April 5th, 1929, aged 64 years, 10 months and 21 days. She was the daughter of George and Sarah Bishop. The cause of her death was pneumonia. She united with the Brookdale Old School Baptist Church May 20th, 1906, and remained a faithful and loving member until called to her home above. She was esteemed very highly by her church friends, as well as by all who ever knew her. She leaves to mourn deeply her absence her lonely husband, one brother, with many other relatives and friends, who mourn the loss of one they loved dearly, but she is in heaven with her dear Savior, praising his holy name in a world without end. May God bless all who mourn and give them grace to uphold them in their sorrow.

Funeral services were held at her home April 8th, the writer officiating. Burial was in Kirkwood Cemetery.

Written by request of her husband.

D. M. VAIL.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Mrs. E. J. Clary, Ohio, \$1; "A friend," N. J., \$1; Mrs. M. C. Martin, Tenn., \$2; J. P. Fallin, La., \$1.

M E E T I N G S .

The Sideling Hill and Fairview Churches have appointed to hold a two days meeting at Needmore, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, Saturday and Sunday, October 12th and 13th, 1929, and we invite ministers of our faith and order and all lovers of the truth to meet with us. Those coming by train and wishing to be met either by way of the B. & O. at Hancock, West Virginia, or by way of Western Maryland R. R. at Hancock, Maryland, will write beforehand to brother Jefferson C. Mellott, Needmore, Pennsylvania, or to myself at Plum Run, Pennsylvania.

ROLLA MELLOTT, Church Clerk.

An all-day meeting will be held in the New Vernon meetinghouse Saturday, October 12th, 1929. We hope to have one or two visiting ministers.

R. LESTER DODSON.

The Virginia Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held with Ebenezer Church, Loudoun County, Virginia, October 16th, 17th and 18th,

1929. Instead of holding this session of the Corresponding Meeting at the meetinghouse, it is planned to hold it in the Auditorium at Purcellville, because the latter place is easily reached by railway and highway, accessible either by auto or by electric car from Washington. Those coming Tuesday evening to Purcellville in autos will proceed to the Auditorium, where some one will be in attendance to direct them to places of entertainment for the night. Those coming Tuesday evening by rail from Washington will be met at Purcellville station. Trains leave Rosslyn for Purcellville at 2 and 5:30 p. m. and 7:30 a. m. Any coming Wednesday morning will proceed directly to Auditorium, which is about a half mile from station. Any coming into Washington by rail from the north or south will take Rosslyn car in front of Union Station and go to end of line where will be found the trains for Purcellville. All ministers of our faith and order and all lovers of the truth of our Lord Jesus Christ are invited to meet with us.

EPPA NORMAN, Church Clerk.

The Welsh Tract Church has appointed her yearly meeting to begin on Saturday October 19th, at 2:45 p. m., and on Sunday preaching to begin at 10:00 a. m. and continue all day. We expect two or more ministers with us, trusting the dear Lord may bless the occasion to our mutual edification. Those coming from Philadelphia and Baltimore will come via. B. & O. R. R., and get tickets for Newark, Delaware. At present train leaves Philadelphia at 1:20 p. m., but consult the new time table which will be issued before the time of the meeting. All lovers of the truth and of our faith are cordially invited.

P. M. SHERWOOD, Church Clerk.

The Salisbury Old School Baptist Association is appointed to be held with the Salisbury, Maryland, Church on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday (October 23rd, 24th and 25th), 1929. All incoming trains will be met on Tuesday and Wednesday. Busses stop near the church. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers of our faith and order and all other lovers of the truth.

W. J. HOLLOWAY, Clerk.

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., meets every Sunday at 11 a. m. in the meetinghouse, 210 E. Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Mount Vernon Church meets the first Sunday in each month in Robertson's Hall, 4th and Broadway Ave., Arlington, Washington. All day service with lunch at noon. Morning service begins at 10:30. All are invited.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

MRS. CLARA E. GENTRY, Clerk, Marysville, Wash.

**E B E N E Z E R
O L D S C H O O L
B A P T I S T C H U R C H,**

IN

N E W Y O R K C I T Y .

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11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

To all who are seeking the truth, a cordial invitation is extended to meet with us

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B A P T I S T C H U R C H
A S H O K A N , N . Y .**

Meetings every third Sunday

10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

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1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

P H I L A D E L P H I A , P A .

Meeting First and Third Sundays

At 10:30 A. M.

A L L W E L C O M E

The Cane Run Predestinarian Old School Baptist Church, of Turners Station, Kentucky, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 10:30 a. m., also, the Sulphur Fork Church of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, of the same faith and order, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

GEO. L. WEAVER, Pastor.

Little Flock Regular Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every first and third Sunday at the Sweedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, at 1 p. m.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator,

495 East Fifth Street, Riverside, California.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk,

143 W. 11th Street, Claremont Cal.

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

The Primitive Baptist Home in Salisbury, Maryland, opened on May 1st. Those desiring to enter should write to Mr. Cyrus Risler, 904 Ogden Ave., New York, N. Y., for particulars. Members and friends residing within the bounds of the Eastern Associations are eligible.

R. LESTER DODSON.

"FEAST OF FAT THINGS."

This pamphlet contains the following articles, viz: First. "Minutes of the Proceedings and Resolutions, Drafted by the Particular Baptists, Convened at Black Rock, Md., September 28, 1832," at which time the division ("or split") took place between the Old School and the New School Baptists. Second. The "Everlasting Task for Arminians." By the late Eld. Wm. Gadsby, of England. Third. "A Dream-Tour Through the Arminian Heaven." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fourth. "Fatalism." By Eld. H. M. Curry, of Lebanon, Ohio. Fifth. "The Celestial Railroad." This allegory, after the style of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," is written to show what wonderful improvements have been made since his day, in journeying to the "Celestial City." Please do not confound this with the Arminian poetical effusion of the same title. Sixth. "A Riddle." By the late Elder Gilbert Beebe. All the above six articles are bound in one pamphlet of 128 pages, in handsomely colored paper covers, and cloth binding.

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SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1929. NO. 11.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TRENTON, N. J., Sept. 19, 1929.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—It is with a feeling of unworthiness that I thus address you, yet I know that the love I feel for you is very different from what I feel for my earthly friends and relatives. I have been somewhat impressed to write, telling you how much your messages through the SIGNS mean to me. I see the all-powerful love of God in the experience of each one as they write. The word “all-powerful” means something over and above all things, able to perform all things, and is applicable only to the Lord. “In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength.” So God is not only all-powerful, but eternally so. We marvel not at the strength and wisdom of God, except as it concerns us eternally. The things of natural beauty, the sky, the sea, the birds and flowers, and all things, are made for the comfort and pleasure of man and are accepted as his due, but the salvation of the people of God, the church, is the manifested strength and

love of God that is so marvelously great to those who hope in that salvation. To be strong is the opposite of weakness, and as God is the perfection of strength so the natural man is perfectly weak in the ability to save himself eternally. But the Lord’s people have their strength in the Lord, for while they were yet without strength Christ died for the ungodly, so giving them the strength of his salvation. In this day, as in past time, it is well that God’s people stand firm in that strength, ready to defend the truth at all times. We are told to be instant in season and out of season, also to “be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear.” That does not mean to boast before man, but rather in all humbleness in the house of God give to the kindred in Christ the reason we hope in God, for “God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” When one stops to think of the immensity of God and his wonderful love, giving his Son for the redemp-

tion of the elect, using his strength for the love of his people, what kind of people should we be who are the recipients of such love? Ought we not to so live that Christ is always first in our thoughts and actions? "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." So if Christ is the leaven of the whole lump, then indeed is the good work of the Lord manifest in our walk and conversation. Never yet has man received any reward for good works. It is not for doing them, but in the doing of them that we find happiness. If ye know them, blessed art thou if ye do them, was not spoken to any but those who know the works of godliness. He gave his disciples power to heal the sick, cast out devils, and other miracles, but always in the name of Christ, never in Paul's, or Peter's, or any other name except the name of Christ, so to-day all things must be done in that same glorious name. John baptized in the name of Jesus, not in the name of any church, neither in any man's name, and so all things to be done decently and in order must be done in His name, and nothing is right that is not so done. What prayer and supplication it takes to so do. I have heard it said that one cannot pray without the spirit of prayer is given. I grant that, but if we have Christ do we not also have all of his traits? Is not the spirit of prayer also love and forbearance with us? Yet we heed not the commands which are given in love and for his glory. The disciples were told, Freely ye have re-

ceived, freely give. Did they do it? Yes, in the Lord's strength they obeyed, yet found no reward for so doing, but suffered all things for his sake. They were working the work of Christ and found happiness in so doing, for Christ was first and all to them. They had the Spirit of Christ, so to-day the yoke is easy and the burden light to those who follow in his commands. James calls to our minds, "Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience. Behold, we count them happy which endure." I am glad that Christ, the head of the church, is powerful and able by the word of God to the "dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." This brings to my mind the parable of the cursed fig tree, found in Matthew xxi. 19. So the soul that yearns for the flesh pots of Egypt, that manifests no fruit, shall be cut off from the privileges and pleasures of church fellowship, for it is written, "By their fruits shall ye know them." How many of us utter with our lips lies that are not from the heart. How many times we say with our tongues things that we know are not in our hearts. Why? To teach us the weakness of our flesh; so that the word shall be proven to us that God is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart. He will have his strength manifest and needs no words to make him acquainted with our weakness. All of the chosen material of the house of God was

known and fixed before the world was made, and God gave to his Son the plan and pattern, that he, through the strength of suffering, should mould and bring together all things for the setting up of that house, the church of God. Not one bit or portion was lost or misplaced, but all, both Jews and Gentiles, and from all the nations of the earth, were, through that supreme sacrifice, sealed and brought together a perfect building. That is the strength of the love of God. "But Christ as a son over his own house; whose house are we, if we hold fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm to the end." If once we are chosen and built in that great and wonderful church of God, then we are safe indeed. We can and do neglect the privileges of the visible church on earth, we shun our duties and cast off our cares, all through the weakness of the flesh, and we suffer death or separation from the joys of the companionship of the saints. Brethren, is it right? "Therefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. For if the word spoken by angels was steadfast, and every transgression and disobedience received a just recompence of reward; how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation; which at the first began to be spoken by the Lord, and was confirmed unto us by them that heard him."—Heb. ii. 1--3. How easy it is for one to neglect the duties and privileges of the church. How many things there are in this world to lure the flesh from right. As Christ

gave the order and rules of the church they are to be heeded. James says, "Do not err, my beloved brethren." Again, "Let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath," "but be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves." The branches of the vine must bear the fruit of the vine, and the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law. So when we walk in the Spirit, and bear the fruit thereof, we are indeed free from strife, confusion, hatred, envyings and heresies which kill. Adam had the fruits of the kingdom and enjoyed them, but as soon as he tasted the forbidden fruit he suffered separation from his Eden and his God, and so do we if we kill a brother, if we strive for supremacy in the house of God, if stir up strife and yield to hatred in our hearts and spread reports that lead to division. Brethren, is it worth it? How can we have a foretaste of that heaven we hope for if we neglect the fruits of righteousness? "Freely ye have received, freely give." "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Those words were spoken to the people who know and have enjoyed the blessings of God, the lively stone in the building, and they were not spoken in vain. Pray without ceasing, is one of Paul's admonitions. Prove all things, hold fast that which is good, abstain from all appearance of evil, are others, and they were not spoken to a people who did not know the truth. We glory in the

strength of God, our wills always subject to the will of God in all things, let us so live that the glory of God is manifest in our walk and conversation.

This is submitted to my kindred in Christ in this land of ours, and may love prompt the readers to overlook the imperfection of expression. I feel to be less than the least.

Yours in love and for the peace of the household of God,

ELIZABETH L. FETTER.

[To my way of thinking, this a most excellent article. Some Old Baptists cannot suffer a word of exhortation without charging the one who thus exhorts with being a conditional time salvationist. What a pity that we dare not exhort without being falsely accused for so doing. To me this is a lamentable sign of our declension from what is right. Unless we repent, what can the end be but eclipse?—H. H. L.]

BENTON, KY., July 14, 1927.

DEAR EDITORS:—In looking over stored away letters and articles on this rainy Sunday I came across a folded letter, dimmed with age, but which is very dear to me, the writer having been the wife of Elder J. P. Jenkins, who has been pastor of the Soldier Creek Church since before my birth, in the year 1887, making his care of the church over forty years. She was one of the first women I ever heard discuss the Bible. When I was a small child she visited our home often, and my recollection of her was always talking along lines of God's sovereignty. She had been dead several years when her daughter-in-law found this letter

among some embroidery work that she wanted me to have. It seems she was alone at the time of the writing, and addressed it to whoever might read it. It is such a good and sound letter, and was of so much comfort to me that I thought it would have the same effect upon others, so am sending it to the SIGNS.

EFFIE BLAGG.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—In my lonely meditations this morning my heart is overflowing with love and pity for all christendom the world over. I love every one whose only hope is in God for life and salvation in time and eternity, and greatly sympathize with those whose hope for happiness even in this life depends upon conditions to be performed by themselves. Oh how I do pity them, as their happiness here is so very uncertain, but how safe and sure to trust in God alone. They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be moved, but abideth forever, and as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people, from henceforth, even forever. (Psalms cxxv. 1, 2.) The Lord speaking by the mouth of Ezekiel says, "For thus saith the Lord God, Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out. As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." Again, "I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to

lie down, saith the Lord God." "I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season: there shall be showers of blessing."—Ezek. xxxiv. 11, 12, 15, 26. Dear reader, these are precious words from our Lord and Master, sure and unconditional promises of blessing to his children. Oh how can children of God doubt the words of their heavenly Father and depend upon creature conditions? All worldly "christians" believe (as far as my knowledge extends) that the obedient child enjoys blessings that the disobedient child does not, yet God says he will cause these showers of blessings. There never has been an effect produced without a cause, and if we are obedient servants of God he is the cause, and the effect is manifest by us. He writes his laws in our hearts and they are so indelibly fixed there with such an irresistible force that they are all fulfilled to a jot and tittle. We could not afford to believe otherwise, unless we were to take the position that God had no purpose at all in writing his laws in our hearts, yet all are ready to admit that God wrote them there for the purpose that they should be fulfilled. However, some think that we can obey them or let them alone at our option, regardless of God's will. But our dear Lord says, 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. Let us never be guilty of disputing our dear Lord's solemn oath by saying that God's purposes are

not accomplished here in time in all things. I maintain that there are not principalities or powers enough on earth to thwart one of God's purposes, and as all spiritual blessings were treasured in Christ for his children before the foundation of the world they are just as sure to receive them as that God sits on his throne, because they were deposited there for the heirs of promise, and every one will get his legacy. We cannot perform certain acts to procure certain blessings. Conditions we perform of our own free will would not be acceptable of our God, but when he works in us to will and to do of his own good pleasure we always do that which is wellpleasing in his sight, and if we ever walk in the strait and narrow way we will walk by faith and not by sight. (The redeemed of the Lord shall walk there.) As faith is not a production of our own, and the Lord says he will deal to every one the measure of faith, let us look to God alone, as the apostles did, for an increase of faith, and never try and act faith, as some say we can, for we would surely be acting the hypocrite. Let us ever ascribe all obedience and good works to God, the great fountain-head of all good. He is the sovereign Ruler of the universe. He speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. Even the waves obey his will, and the cyclones that sweep the land are controlled by his almighty power. Ah yes, he made everything according to his purpose, and everything will fulfill its purpose, and to take the position that it does not would be accusing God of ignorance or lack

of power to carry out his purposes. All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. I feel to hope at times that I have realized some of these things, as I have had many sore trials in life, and also afflictions. Many sad and lonely hours have I spent, with no earthly hand to protect or eye to watch over me while staying at home trying to take care of what the good Lord had blessed us with, and make all I honestly could while my companion went away to preach. This has been a considerable trial to me, yet I believe it has worked for my good. It has caused me to feel my dependence upon One who is able to save me from trials, persecutions and affliction, if it be his holy will. I feel assured at all times that God is good, and he will do right, and I feel that I am a poor, dependent, imperfect creature and need the sustaining grace of my God every hour, and in him, and him alone, do I trust to save me in time and in eternity, for there is no other name given under heaven or among men whereby we must be saved. Many times I have sat alone long hours after the inhabitants in our little town were in bed, trying to read the dear old Bible, studying to find out if I could whether or not it was free will agency and conditions to be performed by the creature. I knew that if it was conditional the Old Baptists had been advocating a false doctrine ever since they had accepted the London Confession of Faith as their faith and practice, which was over two centuries ago. I also knew that my experience

contradicted it and that my understanding of the sacred Scriptures would not admit of creature conditions, so long hours I have spent reading and searching into the matter, feeling I did not want to be deceived, and desired to become fully convinced. It seems that it is plainer than ever to me to-day that salvation is by grace. We have his solemn oath, As I have thought so shall it come to pass, and as I have purposed so shall it stand. He says, My counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure. Predestination and purpose are synonymous terms, therefore I think that all who oppose this grand old doctrine of predestination and the purposes of God should fall down and bury their mouth in the dust, as they are certainly disputing the oath of the almighty God, who holds the issues of life and death in his hand. He can 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. Again, he says, This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise. Not that they may, or he rather they would, but they shall.

"God's purposes they ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

So our trials and afflictions here, dear reader, are only blessings in disguise. For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,

and I believe our trials bring us closer to our God.

"Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer,
Trials bring us to his feet,
Lay us low, and keep us there.

If I knew no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not in reason fear
I'd be a castaway?"

Our blessed Savior, in speaking of his dear children, says, In this world ye shall have tribulation. Therefore these things are unavoidable on our part, it matters not how many conditions we may perform.

Whoever may read this letter, please excuse me for denouncing this "conditional pony." I "can't help it." It will not work to save me. I have tried with all my power.

SUSAN JENKINS.

ELKINS, W. Va., Feb. 10, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I am sending you a letter I received from brother J. W. McClanahan to do with as you think best. If you think it will not be in the way of better manuscript you can send it to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office for publication. My very dear brother, we often think and talk about your visit in our country, the Pocatalico and Tygarts Valley River Associations. You do not know how glad we would be to have you come among us again with such glorious messages from heaven. I often think of our trip over in Putnam County, and the liberty you had at sister Byrd's. It seemed to me the congregation was feasting upon the gospel truths falling from your lips. We notice in the Jan-

uary number of the SIGNS that owing to your being laden with so many cares, and having the pastoral care of five churches, that you had thought of resigning as editor of the SIGNS. We would hate to give you up. My wife remembers you and your preaching. She had some conversation with you at Mr. Chenoworth's, where you preached the last sermon in these parts. My wife joins me in love to you and yours.

G. B. McCLANAHAN.

POCA, West Virginia.

DEAR BROTHER GEORGE AND WIFE:—This morning finds me pondering over the many trials and troubles I have had to pass through. I have often wondered if there was any one else had suffered as I have, yet at times there is a sensation within me telling me these bitter trials I have to pass through are for my good. I know the apostle Paul said all things work together for good to them that love God. Do I love God? is the question that springs up in my mind. I want to love him. My greatest desire is to love him, but do I love him with that pure love that purifies the heart? Yes, all things work together for good to them who are the called according to his purpose. Is my calling real, or is it imaginary: my imagination? These questions are often presented to me, and in a way at times, seemingly, to arouse within me a greater desire to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Then for awhile I rejoice with joy unspeakable, and feel within my heart that my Redeemer

liveth and that I shall yet see him and be like him, when this vile body shall be raised an immortal body. Oh how sweet this good old hymn rings in my very soul:

"Hail, sovereign grace, that first began
The scheme to rescue fallen man!
Hail, matchless, free, eternal grace,
That gave my soul a hiding-place!"

Against the God who rules the sky
I fought with hands uplifted high;
Despised the mansions of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place."

These verses apply to me with much comfort now in my declining days as I totter around about my every day avocation. I fully realize that my time is short here upon the earth and that soon all my labors will end. I feel to say that I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith and have earnestly contended for it at all times with the ability that God has given me. Now we being brothers, and in our old age thrown far apart by distance, I do hope we may continue steadfast in the doctrine of God our Savior to the end of this mortal life, and may we go down to our graves in honor to the glorious cause we have so boldly, earnestly and lovingly stood shoulder to shoulder for many years, when we were young and active and in the prime of life.

From your old brother,

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

MACOMB, Okla., Sept. 14, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have a desire this morning to write you a few lines in regard to your valuable paper, which you have been sending to me for the past two years. I appreciate your kindness, but do not feel worthy of such a bless-

ing, and if I were able to pay for it would not think of doing without it. I see each month the contributions to help the poor get less, and I know it is a burden to get it out each month and I do not wish to be a burden to you. While I love to read the good letters and editorials, which are a great comfort and pleasure to me in my lonely hours, still I feel it is not right for me to continue a burden to you. My Bible, the SIGNS and the *Lone Pilgrim* are all the pleasure I have, as I do not get to mingle with my dear brethren and sisters very often. I have only heard one sermon in the last year. Sometimes I get low down in the valley and feel that I am not worthy to have a home with you dear people. Solomon says, Acknowledge God in all your ways and he will direct your paths, but oh how often I find myself denying him in my actions. I sometimes fear I have had no change of raiment and am still clothed in my filthy rags instead of Christ's righteousness and salvation, but when my mind goes back to that sacred hour when love divine first entered my heart I cannot give up that sweet hope I have cherished so many years that I am one of those for whom Christ shed his precious blood that they might have eternal life. I pray God that he will lead me in the way that he would have me to go, and that I may ever be found humble and at his feet pleading for grace and mercy to sustain me through the rest of my days in this vile world of sin and suffering. I pray that he will ever be my guide and help me to overcome all temptations to

do evil, for I know that without him I can do nothing good, and if left alone I cannot stand.

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?"

I will close by again thanking you for your kindness. My prayer is that God will bless you in your good work, and that he will enable you to still publish the dear SIGNS that we love so well. I pray that you will remember this poor sinner when at the throne of grace, for I feel I need the prayers of all the readers of the SIGNS, that I may ever be found at the feet of Jesus.

From one who feels her unworthiness,

M. E. HARRIS.

VENICE, California.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed you will find money to pay for the dear old SIGNS. Please let us know if it is paid up to date, and we will try and be more prompt in the future. We certainly enjoy the SIGNS. My husband's grandmother, who is living with us, reads and rereads them and enjoys them very much. I sometimes hope I can see beauties in what it sets forth. My husband and I are not members, but can see no other way, and hope to have a home with them some time, if it is God's will. But I feel sometimes (of myself) it can never be, for I am so vile, so prone to sin, I fear I am not born again. We know we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. But how are we to know

whether we really love them or not? Sometimes the verse runs through my mind:

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?"

Yes, often, so often, I feel no peace for days. I have just read in the editorial of the October number of the SIGNS these words: "All the fitness He requires is to feel your need of him." That seems so easy, but the question that bothers me much is, Do I feel my need of him? I would love to say from my very heart, Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner. But do I? No one knows but the One who knew all things when as yet there was nothing. I often feel I would like to talk with or write to some one and ask them if it was ever so with them, but I am afraid it would only sound foolish to them, and that it would seem to them I was trying to be something I am not. We have meetings in our home every second Sunday for sake of Grandmother Berry, who is crippled and not able to go from home. She is a strong believer in the doctrine of Jesus Christ our Savior, and she enjoys the meetings very much. Perhaps some of the older writers will remember her: Mrs. Hattie A. Berry, whose home used to be in Texas, but has been in California for about eighteen years. Elders T. D. Walker, of Tennessee, and G. O. Walker, of Oregon, preach at or home nearly every meeting, and if I should be allowed to say anything about it, they surely set forth the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. But oh I fear I am taking on myself too much and

taking upon myself the name of One of whom I have no knowledge. O Lord, grant that it is not so. I am the only daughter of W. L. and Otha Pennington, who are members of the church, and they have written a few times for the SIGNS. They are kind and loving parents, which fact I did not realize enough when I was with them. The late W. C. Pennington, who has gone (some years ago) the way we all must go, was my uncle. We truly hope and believe he is at rest on his dear Savior's breast, in whom he was a strong believer. I hope I can say truthfully that I believe in the same way they do: that it is by the free and unmerited grace of God that we are what we are, and that if I have been saved it is alone by His mercy and not of any good that I have done, for I do nothing but evil day after day. When I would do good evil is present with me. I can see no way to save myself. I get lower and lower every day and every hour. Although I am altogether unworthy of the notice of the dear ones, I ask my dear father and mother, and all the rest of the dear children of God who find it in their hearts, to pray for and remember me, a vile sinner,

(MRS.) W. J. BERRY.

STEM, N. C., Oct. 15, 1929.

DEAR PUBLISHERS:—Some time ago in reply to an inquiry from me in regard to buying some back numbers of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, you very kindly offered to insert a notice in the SIGNS, hoping to help me secure the missing copies. I had hoped to be able

to find them without asking you to do this. Since that time some copies have been added to those I have, but there are still some lacking. Elder Dodson and others very kindly sent me some. Elder Dodson wrote us that he was forwarding a list of those desired to you to be published in the SIGNS. As a few have come in since then, I am inclosing a corrected list to be used in place of the one he sent.

Appreciating sincerely your kindness in doing this, which I feel is not only a favor to me, but to those who may come after me, and thanking you gratefully for the deed, I am, with every good wish for you and the comforting paper you send out,

Very truly yours,

J. H. GOOCH.

[BROTHER Gooch would very much like to obtain the following issues of the SIGNS, as he is starting a library for his church. If any have any of the copies, and are willing to part with them, they will please communicate with or send them to Mr. J. H. Gooch, Stem, North Carolina. The numbers desired are: December 1st, 1899; June 1st, July 15th, August 1st, August 15th, 1902; January 1st, February 1st, May 1st, June 1st, October 1st, November 15th, 1903; September 15th, 1904; May 1st, June 1st, July 15th, October 1st, November 1st, 1905; May 1st, June 15th, July 1st, 1906; January 15th, February 15th, April 1st, August 15th, October 1st, 1908; September 1st, September 15th, October 15th, 1916; November 1st, 1918.—Ed.]

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1929.

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J. E. BEEBE & CO.*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***I PETER I. 2.**

"ELECT according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ."

The principle we wish to notice in this passage of Holy Writ is the use of the word "obedience." Let us not overlook the fact that "election" and "foreknowledge" are the divine sources mentioned here, from whence springs the "obedience" of saints and believers. If, then, the "election" of the saints by the Father was a divine act which took place before the saints were in evidence; and since "foreknowledge" also was before the saints were manifested, then it must surely follow that their "obedience" was divinely prearranged before there were any of them visible as yet.

If it is granted that the "election" and the "foreknowledge" were unconditioned upon the acts of the creature, then it must follow that their "obedience" also is not conditioned upon the act or acts of the individual. The Holy Spirit of God is the principle in the children of God which sanctifies them, or sets them apart from the world, the flesh and the devil unto the obedience of Christ and unto the sprinkling of his blood which purges their consciences from dead works to serve the living God. Jesus Christ is head over all things to his people, and among these "all things" is their obedience. The human nature of the saints is not obedient to the truth. Neither can it ever be. The natural man knows not the things of God, and is wholly incapable of ever knowing them. This means the human nature or natural man of the believer. The carnal mind is enmity against God. This means the carnal mind of the believer. It is not with one's human nature, nor yet is it with one's carnal mind, that the believer assents to the principles of divine truth. In the work of regeneration, the natural man and the carnal mind are not born again. They remain as they were, unchanged. The new or heavenly birth brings the believer out into the spiritual world and into the manifestation of heavenly or spiritual life. This having been effected in the believer by the Holy Spirit, the believer now has the mind of Christ and the nature of Christ, in contradistinction to the human nature and to the carnal mind which he also continues to have as

formerly. Hence arises within every believer the spiritual warfare: the flesh lusting against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh. Now, to assist the believer in this warfare and to aid him in keeping in subjection the human nature and carnal mind, he needs and must have the things which grace furnishes him for the contest. The apostle Paul was granted, through grace, a sufficiency of strength to enable him to withstand the prickings of that thorn in the flesh, that messenger of Satan, which was sent to buffet him. The preaching of the gospel is one of those divinely ordained things which God has ordained for the salvation of them that believe. Preaching does not save the unbeliever, but under the unction of the Spirit it does establish them that believe in the truth, and does save from error, delusion and human traditions. But it must have the unction of the Spirit in order to accomplish this salvation in them who believe. The mere mechanical or formal act of preaching will accomplish nothing. Likewise, the word preached must be mixed with faith in the soul of the hearer or else the hearer will not heed. Thus, this salvation through preaching is not conditioned on the will of the creature or on the will of the believer himself, but is conditioned on the presence of the Holy Spirit both in the one who preaches and in the one who hears. If there are any such things as conditions in the covenant of grace, one thing is sure: they are not conditioned on the acts of sinners or believers, but every condition is met and fulfilled in the

completeness of Jesus Christ, for he is the obedience of his people and they are every one complete in him. The righteousness of God's holy law is fulfilled not by the believer, but in the believer, by the indwelling of the Holy Spirit in him. This effectual indwelling of the Spirit of Christ in his people constitutes their obedience. Without this effectual indwelling religion is nothing more than form, devotion languishes and prayer becomes but parrot chatter. That the blessings enjoyed by believers here in time are contingent upon their obedience, cannot be proved by Scripture. All our blessings are in Christ, and have ever been in him from before the foundation of the world. We are told that God has blessed his people with all (not some) spiritual blessings in the heavenly places in Christ Jesus according as he has chosen us in him before the foundation of the world. How many of these blessings will God's people miss through their failure to be obedient? Will there be any blessings left over through their failure to obey? On the other hand, will there be any shortage of blessings through their being more obedient than God expected them to be? If, therefore, the "election" and the "foreknowledge" of God from which "obedience" is derived, are certain and definite, there cannot be anything uncertain or indefinite about the extent of their "obedience." God does not bribe his people to be obedient by offering them blessings, as we have seen some parents promise their children money or candy if they will behave themselves. The mercy of God endures

forever and his people have always been bountifully blessed in all ages, regardless whether they have been obedient or not. Not a believer anywhere but what he must say, if he tells the truth, that God has blessed him far above anything he has ever merited. And it is because of what one feels God has done already that the child of God earnestly prays that he may be able through grace to walk acceptably before the Lord; and not at all for blessings he expects to receive in the future for thus having been obedient. Obedience is the effect of grace and the fruit of obedience is the outcome of mercy graciously bestowed.

H. H. L.

AN EXPLANATION.

It has come to my knowledge that, in some quarters, there has been a gross misunderstanding of my article on "Ananias and Sapphira" in the September SIGNS. I have been told that certain men and others in some sections of the country are construing my article to bolster up their theory of "conditional time salvation." It grieves me to know that any such misconstruction should be put on my article so as to afford a weapon in misguided hands of designing men against our own people who believe and love the principles for which the SIGNS has always stood, and for which principles the SIGNS does still stand, all misapprehensions to the contrary notwithstanding. I have no patience with the theory of "conditional time salvation" and no fellowship for those who advocate it. I understand this theory to mean that the blessings

enjoyed by believers here in time are conditioned upon their obedience to the precepts of Christ, and that believers may or may not, as they please, render this obedience of themselves. I do not believe any such theory, and I am at a loss to know what part of my article in the September SIGNS can be so misconstrued as to support any such notion. In the middle of the second column on page 205 I plainly say, "To hold these fleshly principles in check, the active presence of the Holy Ghost is needed." In the middle of the second column on page 206, I repeat, "The life of the pure conscience is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost." At the bottom of second column, page 206, I say, "Our best, if it be simply 'our best,' and not anything more than that, is but poor indeed." At the top of first column, page 207, again, "It is of grace and all of grace." What more could I have said to plainly show that such obedience as the believer acceptably renders to his God is always of grace, and not of human ability in his own fleshly self? At the top of second column, page 207, "We cannot believe that God our heavenly Father would by his Spirit exhort his children to obedience to the truth, unless there is some wonderful sense in which his children are able to render that obedience." To say that God's Spirit would exhort or command his children to obedience, and they not render that obedience, would be to say that God's Spirit would in that instance fail. Such cannot be. Where the word of a King is, there is power. True believers have received this ingrafted Word. Can the

issue of that Word in them fail of accomplishment? Perish the thought. When he speaks it is done. When Jesus commanded the man whose arm was withered, to reach forth his hand, the man did so. The power to do so accompanied the Word. When Jesus said to the lame man, Arise, take up thy bed and walk, the man immediately did so. Power accompanied the Word. So it is in this present dispensation in which God's people are a willing people in the day of his power. His law is written, not on tables of stone as formerly, but within them; and the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in those who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. Now, where any one can get "conditional time salvation" out of what I have written, I fail to see. Believers in Christ are in living union with him, and his life and virtue flow through each one of them; they are not to be compared with mere bolts and screws and gears of mechanisms which have no life or consciousness. They are not like dumb driven beasts guided here and there by bits and bridles, but are in lively spiritual oneness with their divine Head who has given unto them his life and his mind and his divine will within them moving them to will and to do of his own good pleasure. However, it is very difficult to so write and so express one's self as that one's enemies cannot twist it to mean what the writer never thought of. Even the Bible itself has been wrested by misguided men to their own destruction. If they treat God's own word so, what better can one expect of our own writings, we who are

mere men and who can lay no claim to verbal inspiration? I sincerely regret that any words or expressions of mine should ever have been used as a sword against our own SIGNS people. Such an outcome never passed through my mind when I wrote the article before referred to.

H. H. L.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by Elder L. L. Schenck.)

To the Elders and messengers composing the First Kansas Association of Regular Old School Predestinarian Baptists, Greeting and christian salutation.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—In preparing this Circular Letter we enter upon the task with fear and trembling; but if the Lord will direct our mind and pen we desire to notice briefly some things in connection with the language recorded in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith." A witness is one who is called to bear testimony. It is according to the testimony of the witnesses that a case is tried and a verdict rendered in our common courts. The witness is sworn to tell the truth, and if the testimony in an earthly court be attended with such solemn sanctimony, how much more the testimony of those witnesses who testify in the court of divine justice, whose judge is the Lord

God Almighty. We desire to notice some of the testimony of this great cloud of witnesses. The fact that they are designated as a "cloud" is worthy of consideration, for there is a difference even in the clouds. Jude speaks of some whom he designates as clouds without water, carried about of winds; but this which we have under consideration is not clouds, but "a great cloud." There are those who view a great cloud with dire apprehension, while others hail it with joy, hoping that a blessing may come out of it, and so with this cloud of witnesses, some view their testimony with doubt and alarm, but the lovers of truth accept it with joy. It would seem that our dear Redeemer has been on trial ever since his advent into this world. There have been witnesses for and against him. His blessed testimony has been set aside by many, and false witnesses are seeking to overthrow his sacred work, saying, You must do something or you cannot be saved, whereas his own testimony is, "It is finished." If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater, for this is the witness of God, which he hath testified of his Son. Whether accepted or rejected of men, we will accept the testimony of God as the standard of all truth.

Now "to the law and to the testimony." One witness testifies "The Lord is our judge, the Lord is our law-giver, the Lord is our king; he will save us." The false witnesses declare, The Lord is offering salvation to all, but is able to save none only upon condition of acceptance by the sinner. This would

place the King, the Judge, in a very awkward position. In such a case the Lord knoweth not them that are his until the sinner himself decides the case for him; whereas one of this great cloud of witnesses testifies, "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his." This great cloud of witnesses comes forward with those dreaded wills and shalls of Jehovah. "He will save us." A dangerous looking cloud, indeed, to those who cherish a fancied system of free agency, but to the lovers of truth it showers a blessing upon your heads. To the one a savor of death unto death, and to the other the savor of life unto life. The great Judge has taken note of this testimony, but for the comfort of his chosen ones he calls another witness from the great cloud, who testifies, "Salvation is of the Lord." This was the prophet Jonah, and the truth of this testimony he learned through sore affliction. His condition was desperate. The belly of hell was his bed. Free agency could play no part in his deliverance, but God was there. "If I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there." But "thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." This is the testimony of one witness and corroborated by all the rest. The testimony of Jonah was written in the divine record, and Jonah was placed in the roll of this great cloud of witnesses whose testimony looks so appalling to those who contend salvation is a matter to be decided by man and not of God. But he calls yet

another witness to testify in his gracious court. God has never yielded his position as King and Judge and Lawgiver, therefore he calls whomsoever he will. This time an angel from heaven. He came proclaiming the advent of the great Messiah whose "name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." His testimony was not blurred by carnality, nor was it fashioned after the manner of earthly traditions, for this was the angel of the Lord. His testimony is unimpeachable, and it is agreeable to that which is gone before, but there are those who rise up and say that he came only to make a way possible and passable whereby all may be saved. It will be observed this saying was never written into the divine record. The pure testimony is all that is written there. All else is superfluous, and all that is opposed to this pure testimony is false. The "shalls" of Jehovah are preeminent and cannot be construed to mean anything but "shall." "He shall save his people from their sins." The unyielding doctrine of God, our Savior, coming as it does from this great cloud of witnesses, falls as thunder upon the ears of those who are not prepared to receive it, but to the people of God it drops as the rain. It comes as a refreshing shower upon a parched and dreary land. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass." Yes, the doctrine of God our Savior settles down upon his people, strengthens and settles them in things

pertaining to his kingdom, while the enemies of Jesus look on him with astonishment, and prefer to give heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. But let us further notice the testimony, for we are not ashamed of the testimony of our God. The apostle testifies, "Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." It is not necessary to produce all the testimony bearing upon the matter of salvation, but "in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established."

We will pause a moment and review the testimony, and we find one witness has testified, "He will save us." Another has said, "He shall save," while yet another has declared, "He hath saved us." The blessed truth is established, the verdict is rendered and written in the divine record: Christ crucified, his people justified and God is glorified. "What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?"

But let us turn again to this great cloud of witnesses. Their testimony concerning the sovereignty of God is very important. God is a sovereign, or else he is not a sovereign. We have already viewed him as King and Judge and Lawgiver. If he be a King he is a sovereign. His jurisdiction extends over all the universe. Heaven and earth are subject to the sway of his scepter. Heaven is his throne, the earth is his footstool. Declared to be

the blessed and only Potentate, the King of kings and Lord of lords; he proclaims from his majestic highness, "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, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure." The working of his providence is subject to no creature nor circumstances. His works are ordered after the counsel of none, save his own sovereign will. His reign is absolute. His scepter is a scepter of righteousness. Whatsoever comes to pass is ordered according to his own righteous providence. Every creature and every circumstance must conform to his eternal desire. Men and devils yield obedience to his righteous government. They proceed on their way, performing their carnal devilish designs only so far as it accomplishes God's righteous designs. They all can only fill the sphere that the King eternal has allotted to them. They can do no more than that, and they can do no less. Even the assassin in his gruesome work of death can do no more and no less than to conform to God's eternal decree. Just why tragedies are included in the providence of God is not our province to state. But to deny that it is so is to deny divine testimony, for one of this great cloud of witnesses has thundered forth this unerring prediction, "Some of you they shall kill." We can only "be still, and know that he is God." Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire, and are therefore made subject to the reign of God's sovereign

power. They cannot come forth to prey upon us, until God himself speaks the word.

"Though men and devils aim to kill,
They can't exceed our Father's will;
Though plagues and death around me fly,
Till he commands I cannot die."

Satan himself was cast into the bottomless pit, bound with a great chain. He is helpless to come forth and tempt God's little ones until God himself turns the key. Such is the array of testimony of this great cloud of witnesses. But even this blessed testimony is viewed with alarm by those who say, If God has predestinated all things it would make him the author of sin. This argument was not given place in the divine record. But it is recorded there, "And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." He is the author and finisher of our faith, but not the author of our sins. "I am God, and there is none like me." This answers all questions relating to his kingly powers. This truth forbids that we compare him to puny man. There is nothing baffles his gracious providence or thwarts him in his eternal purpose. The witness speaks again: Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, and preserved in Jesus Christ, and called. This also is viewed with alarm, and even disdain, but coming from this great cloud of witnesses it is hailed with joy of those that are chosen. Some have sought to soften this language by saying, If you will choose the Lord the Lord will choose you. But this choice is according to God's foreknowledge, and the

Lord himself has testified, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." It matters not how men may view this cloud of witnesses, God's people will ever stand as that "remnant according to the election of grace."

The limits of a Circular Letter will not admit of a full review of all the testimony set forth to honor and glorify the King of saints. We submit the foregoing in sincerity, in love, and, we trust, in humbleness of heart.

L. L. SCHENCK, Mod.

MARY ELLISON, Clerk.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The First Kansas Association of Regular Old School Predestinarian Baptists, to those with whom we correspond, and to the saints scattered abroad, sendeth greeting and christian salutation.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD:—Another year, with its joys and sorrows, trial and triumphs, has passed into the annals of time, and we are still spared as monuments of grace, and permitted by a kind Providence to meet again in an associational capacity. Love and peace abound with us, and our visiting members came bound together with us in the same bonds of love and fellowship. Through the never-failing mercy of the kind, indulgent Father of us all he has sent to us able ministers of his gospel, who as a unit have proclaimed the same unsearchable riches of his grace, in demonstration of his Spirit and the power of his Christ, and to them, and to

all of like precious faith, we heartily say, Come again.

Our next session is appointed to be held with West Union Church, near Meriden, Kansas, to begin on Friday before the second Saturday in September, 1930, when, if the Lord wills, we hope to meet again in the same love and fellowship in which we are now blessed and permitted to rejoice. Until then we bid you farewell in the Lord.

Done by order of the Association, and signed in her behalf.

L. L. SCHENCK, Mod.

MARY ELLISON, Clerk.

The Tygarts Valley River Association of Primitive Baptists, in session with Little Bethel Church, West Virginia.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Your messengers came to us with sweet messages of salvation through the finished work of the adorable Redeemer, preaching Christ as all in all, as the way, the truth and the life, and the only name given among men whereby we must be saved. Dear brethren, we greatly appreciate your correspondence, and earnestly desire a continuance of the same.

Our next Association is appointed to be held with the Amnon Church, Marion County, West Virginia, to commence on Friday before the last Sunday in August, 1930, at eleven o'clock a. m., and continue three days, when and where we hope to meet your messengers again.

J. S. MURPHY, Mod.

J. R. DENNISON, Clerk.

The Maine Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Whitefield Church at Bowdoinham, Maine, September 6th, 7th and 8th, 1929, sends christian greetings to our sister Associations and meetings of our correspondence.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Through the goodness and mercy of God we have been blessed to meet again and receive your messengers and correspondence. We feel that God has been gracious to us and blessed us with that peace that passeth all understanding. Brother Dodson was with us all three days and preached Jesus Christ, and him crucified.

Our next session is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, before the second Monday in September, 1930, the place of meeting to be given later through the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, when we hope to meet your messengers and receive your Minutes again.

R. LESTER DODSON, Mod.

GEORGE R. TEDFORD, Clerk.

SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS.

IN each copy of this issue of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES we are inclosing a Subscription Blank as a convenient form for our subscribers to send in their subscriptions, the majority of which expire with the end of the year. It would greatly encourage the editors and publishers to receive some new subscriptions, together with the old ones; if each one would try and get us at least one new subscriber it would assist us greatly. Brethren, sisters and friends, will you see what you can do for us?

POETRY.

POEM ON LORD'S PRAYER.

During the Civil War a unique composition by an unknown author was found on a battlefield in South Carolina. It was a poem into which the Lord's prayer was uniquely fitted. Being a literary curiosity, and because of its worthy and beautiful sentiment, it was widely circulated. At one time it was printed on heavy satin. Many of these old satin prints are still in existence. The poem, dated Charleston, South Carolina, July 4th, 1823, follows: "Thou, to the mercy-seat our souls dost gather, To do our duty unto thee, **Our Father** To whom all praise, all honor, should be given, For thou art the great God **Who art in heaven**, Thou, by thy wisdom, rul'st the world's whole frame,

Forever, therefore, **Hallowed be thy name;**
Let never more delays divide us from
Thy glorious grace, but let **Thy kingdom come**
Let thy command opposed be by none,
But thy good pleasure and **Thy will be done**
And let our promptness to obey be even
The very same **On earth as it is in heaven;**
Then for our spirits, O Lord, we also pray
Thou wouldst be pleased to **Give us this day**
The food of life, wherewith our souls are fed,
Sufficient raiment, and **Our daily bread;**
With every needful thing do thou relieve us,
And to thy mercy, pity **And forgive us**
All our misdeeds, for him, whom thou didst please
To make an offering for **Our trespasses,**
And, forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe
That thou wilt pardon us **As we forgive,**
Let that love teach, wherewith thou dost acquaint us,

To pardon all **Those who trespass against us;**
And, though, sometimes, thou find'st we have forgot

This love to thee, yet help, **And lead us not**
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us **Into temptation**
Let not the soul of any true believer
Fall in the time of trial, **But deliver**
Yea, save them from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep **Us from evil;**
Thus pray we, Lord, for that of thee, from whom
This may be had, **For thine is the kingdom,**
This world is of thy work, its wondrous story
To thee belongs **The power and the glory**
And all thy wondrous works have ended never,
But will remain forever and **Forever,**
Thus, we poor creatures would confess again,
And thus would say eternally **Amen."**

Mixtures of joy and sorrow
I daily do pass through;
Sometimes I'm in the valley,
And sinking down with woe;
Sometimes I am exalted,
On eagles' wings I fly,
I rise above my troubles
And hope to reach the sky.

Sometimes I'm full of doubting,
 And think I have no grace,
 Sometimes I'm full of praising,
 When Christ reveals his face;
 Sometimes my hope's so little
 I think I'll throw it by;
 Sometimes it seems sufficient
 If I were called to die.

Sometimes I shun the christian,
 Lest he should talk to me;
 Sometimes he is the neighbor
 I long the most to see;
 Sometimes we meet together,
 The season's dry and dull,
 Sometimes we find a blessing,
 With joy it fills my soul.

Sometimes I am oppressed
 By Pharaoh's hand,
 Sometimes I look over Jordan
 And view the promised land;
 Sometimes I am in darkness,
 Sometimes I'm in the light,
 And then my soul is winged,
 And upward speeds its flight.

Sometimes I travel mourning
 Down Eabel's ancient stream,
 Sometimes my Lord's religion
 Appears my only theme;
 Sometimes when I am praying
 It seems almost a task,
 Sometimes I find a blessing
 The greatest I can ask.

Sometimes I read my Bible
 And 'tis a sealed book,
 Sometimes I find a blessing
 When'er therein I look;
 Sometimes I go to meeting
 And wish myself at home,
 Sometimes I find my Savior,
 And then I'm glad I come.

Lord, why am I thus tossed,
 Thus tossed to and fro?
 Why are my hopes thus crossed
 Wher'er I'm called to go?
 O Lord, thou never changest,
 And 'tis because I stray;
 O grant me thine assistance
 And keep me in the way.

Oh may thy counsels guide me
 And keep me while I live,
 In death be thou my portion,
 And then my soul receive,
 To praise my blessed Savior,
 And magnify his grace
 Bestowed on such a sinner,
 The chief of all the race.

There with the holy angels
 That stand around the throne,
 And saints of every nation,
 Our voices join in one;

We'll sound aloud the praises
 Of our Redeemer God,
 Who saved us by his sorrows,
 And washed us in his blood.

[After her death the foregoing poetry was found in the Bible of sister Emily Hershaw, whose obituary appears in this number, and as it was in her handwriting was sent to us for publication in the same number as her obituary.—Ed.]

MARRIAGES.

By Elder G. E. Coulbourn, June 17th, 1929, at the home of the bride. Mr. Austin J. Pusey and Miss Ruth Morris. Both of Salisbury, Maryland.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

WILLIAM A. THOMPSON, our brother in Christ, one of our deacons of the Frying Pan Church, Fairfax County, Virginia, passed away from this life at his home, Sunnyside Farm, near Herndon, Virginia, Tuesday, October 8th, 1929. He had not been well for several months and suffered from a diseased condition of the heart. At the end he passed away peacefully. For two weeks prior to his death he had felt that he was away from home and talked much about going home, although he was in the midst of his family all the time and in his own earthly home. However it was not this earthly home he meant, but that better home beyond which is reserved for those who are being kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time. Brother Thompson's parents were David and Mary Ellen Thompson, of West Virginia, and he himself was born in that State, May 14th, 1857. He is survived by two sisters and one brother: sister Ida Hauger, of Shepherdstown, West Virginia, sister Emma Jones, of Vienna, Virginia, and Robert Thompson, of Herndon, Virginia. Brother Thompson was married in 1878 to Sarah Myerly, of Tough Creek Valley, Huntingdon County, Pennsylvania. Of this union there are living the following children: Mrs. J. A. Gullick, Aldie, Va., Mrs. Walter Fox, of Vale, Va., Mrs. Jether Dove, of Navy, Va., Miss Hattie Thompson, at home; Albert Thompson, of Pender, Va., and Earl Thompson, at home. There are eleven grandchildren. At the time that brother and sister Thompson united with the Old School Baptist Church they were living near Kearneysville, West Virginia. They were baptized by Elder E. V. White into the Mill Creek Church. In 1900 they moved with their family to their present home in Virginia, and joined by letters with the Frying Pan Church. Brother Thompson had served the Mill Creek Church as her deacon prior to his moving to Virginia. The Frying Pan Church appointed him her deacon, and in this capacity he served faithfully and well. He was devoted to the cause of Christ, and in the nineteen years I have been serving as pastor of the Frying Pan

Church I have known him to be absent from his place in meetings but very few times, and then only because he was not able to get there. He was a staunch believer in the omnipotence of God and in the unlimited sovereignty of Jehovah. He had no patience with any conditionalism in salvation, believing firmly that salvation in whole or in part is altogether of grace in Christ Jesus. He was an humble, God-fearing brother, esteeming all his brethren better than himself, and showing at all times a willingness to spend his substance, time and energy in behalf of the church. His home was an open house for all attending the meetings, and there is no counting how many lovers of the truth have at different times found entertainment and hospitality beneath his roof. No words can express how I myself will miss him, his presence and his help, his love and devotion to all things which affected my interest and welfare as pastor of the church. Neither can words express our dear sister Thompson's loss and that of the family, to say nothing of the loss which his going from us entails upon the church. We are comforted, however, with the assurance that the same God who gave brother Thompson to the Old Baptist Church yet reigns and rules in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and that this same God, if it be his will, can raise up others endowed with the same graciousness to take up the work where our brother laid it down. To the Lord alone we look for strength to bear our cross and heavy loss. By the grace of God our brother was enabled to leave behind him in this life among us the evidence of a gracious walk and conversation which proved his calling and election sure. May the Holy Spirit of all real comfort and solid consolation comfort our dear sister Thompson, and the bereaved church and family.

He was buried in the cemetery at Herndon, Virginia.

ALSO,

MRS. ROSIE WHITE FURR, our sister in Christ, passed away from this earthly life at her home, Adamstown, Maryland, September 27th, 1929. She was born October 18th, 1847, making her stay in this world nearly 82 years. Her parents were brother Joseph and sister Ann White, both deceased several years ago. She is survived by one sister and four brothers: Mrs. Mary E. W. Pratt, of Morgantown, W. Va., Mr. John White, of Terre Haute, Ind., Mr. Furr White, of Poolsville, Md., brother B. Frank White and Mr. Arthur White, both of Adamstown, Md. Sister Rosie was married many years ago to Mr. Henry Furr, son of Johnson Furr, and nephew of the late Elder Joseph Furr. Her husband preceded her to the grave several years ago. To them had been born three girls, all of whom died of diphtheria in rapid succession. To these sorrows which had befallen her she was in addition afflicted with blindness. Her life was indeed one of suffering and sore trials, yet was she given grace through the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to bear all

patiently and without either complaint or murmur. She was baptized by the late Elder Furr, in 1877, into the New Valley Old School Baptist Church, and at the time of her death was the oldest of our members in the New Valley Church, both in age and in membership. She had not been in good health for many months, had been confined to her room since June of this year, but not all the time in bed. The end came to her very peacefully. She was in her right mind to the last, but suffered no pain when death came, just falling peacefully asleep as a tired child might in the bosom of its mother.

Services were held at the home in Adamstown on Monday afternoon, September 30th, the writer speaking from the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians. Burial was in Union Cemetery, at Leesburg, Virginia. May the Lord comfort the bereaved family and church, giving us the blessed assurance that for our sister to depart and be with Christ is her eternal gain.

H. H. L.

JOHN K. DUNCAN was born September 14th, 1863, and died October 9th, 1929, being in his sixty-seventh year at the time of his death. November 16th, 1882, he was married to Virginia Turner, and to that union were born eight children, one dying some years ago. The children are as follows: Anna Taylor, of Manzanolo, California, Oscar B. Duncan, of New York city, Charles G. Duncan, of Louisville, Kentucky, Samuel G. Duncan, deceased, Mary S. Harmon, 3696 East 18th Street, Cleveland, Ohio, Elizabeth L. Dobson, Joseph B. Duncan and Lorena K. Hamilton, all three of Louisville, Kentucky. The widow and seven children are left to mourn. Brother Duncan spent most of his life in the employ of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company, until about four years ago, when, on account of ill health, he was retired on a pension. As an employee he stood high among his railroad friends. Both brother and sister Duncan were members of the Sulphur Fork Church of Predestinarian Baptists of Campbellsburg, Kentucky. Sister Virginia Duncan was baptized by the late Elder John G. Eubanks at the August meeting, in 1890, and brother John by the writer, in August, 1928. Brother Duncan wished above all things that he might die in the church, and the Lord granted him this request. It surely was a day of rejoicing to him and to the brethren when he was baptized. On account of his failing health he and sister Duncan spent most of their time with their daughter, Mrs. Mary Harmon, here in Cleveland, who took care of him, and at whose home he died. The week before his death he was taken to his bed and I visited him almost daily and tried to comfort him and the family. His appointed time had come, he had fulfilled his stay here on earth, and quietly fell asleep, with the full assurance of hope of a glorious awakening the morning of the resurrection. We will all miss him, his place will be vacant, may the Lord reconcile us

and make us say, Thy will, O Lord, be done.

I tried to comfort the friends at the funeral, using by request the Scripture found in John xiv. 1-6, more especially the words, "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God." "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." After which we laid his body to rest in the Lake View Cemetery, in Cleveland, Ohio. May the Lord bless the dear ones.

GEORGE L. WEAVER.

MRS. SABINA JOSEPHENE GREATHOUSE

was born in Mead County, Kentucky, January 5th, 1853. She was born and raised a Catholic; was married to I. R. Greathouse September 1st, 1870, and died in Selma, North Carolina, September 19th, 1929, making their life together 59 years and 18 days. She never fussed at any one in her life, and there never lived a more faithful and affectionate wife nor a more patient and loving mother than she was. She received a hope when about twenty-five years of age. She left the Catholic Church and united with the Primitive Baptists at Sebree, Kentucky in the year 1878. She lived a quiet, christian life until it pleased the Lord to call her home. The brethren and sisters over the United States where she traveled with her husband spoke of her in the highest terms. Elder Colier, of Selma, North Carolina, in speaking of her, said, "She is an exception." It was her delight to cook for and wait upon the brethren and sisters. She could follow me and knew by heart any song I could sing, and if my mind wandered off so I could not think of the next words she would sing on, and I knew the song all through, but she did not know one song by heart. She was the mother of eleven children. Two of them preceded her to the grave, leaving us to mourn for them. From Christmas morning until God called her home at different times she suffered more than any one I ever saw. We buried her precious body in the cemetery at Cortales, New Mexico. We miss her sweet voice and delightful presence, but our loss is her eternal gain. May God give us grace to bear the loss.

I. R. GREATHOUSE.

REBECCA JANE CULVER was born December 14th, 1854, in Clinton County, Missouri, the daughter of James and Rebecca Groom, and died September 9th, 1929, at the age of 74 years, 8 months and 25 days. February 10th, 1874, she married Millard Filmore Culver, and to this union were born eight children: E. C. Culver, of Denver, Colo., J. B. Culver, of Lathrop, Mo., Charles and Benjamin Culver, of Oregon, Mo., Mrs. B. J. Wilson, of Oregon, Mo., Mrs. Thornton Cash and Elizabeth and Ina Culver, of St. Joseph, Mo., all of whom are living. She is also survived by two sisters: Mrs. Mary Poage and Mrs. Rhoda Brown. Her husband preceded her in death about ten years. She united with the Primitive Baptist Church known as Mt. Zion, at Gower, Missouri, the third Sunday in

September, 1877, and was baptized the next day by Elder William Tillery. Later she united by letter with Little Flock Church, at St. Joseph, Missouri. Her faith was firm and immovable. She was humble, letting her light so shine that when men saw her good works they glorified her Father in heaven. She often said that any virtues she possessed were the fruit of the Spirit of Christ Jesus who dwelt in her and not of the flesh. Her departure leaves a vacancy in our midst, and though we will long mourn her, yet we are comforted in the belief that she is with her Lord and Master whom she loved and served while with us. May her children look to Him who was the author and finisher of her faith for strength and guidance and comfort. May they never forget her forgiving spirit, her faithfulness to her church and all that it stood for; her gentleness and meekness and her beautiful character and blameless walk in life. May we all who knew her be better men and women because she lived and walked in our midst reflecting in her life the grace of God that was in her heart.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer at the family home, Elders Walter Cash and J. C. Jones assisting. The funeral was well attended.

MORTE H. CRAIG.

Sister **EMILY HENSHAW** was born December 4th, 1844, in Forsyth County, North Carolina, and died January 26th, 1929, at Monta Vista Home, in San Bernardino, California. Her mother died when she was only a child, and after her father's death she and her sister lived with an aunt. During the Civil War her sister's husband died and she and her sister and her aunt lived together, and when her sister and aunt died sister Emily kept house for her sister's sons, Sanford and William Reese, both of whom are still living, William in North Carolina, and Sanford in San Bernardino, California. In 1890 she and Sanford came to Sonoma County, California. In 1897 she moved to Riverside, California, and was baptized by Elder Hagan, of Illinois, about that time. October 18th, 1908, Little Flock Old School Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California was constituted with eight members having letters from their home churches, and sister Emily was one of them, and continued to be a most worthy member of that precious little band of believers until the dear Lord called her home. She could relate a sweet experience of grace, which dated back to early childhood. She was a constant reader of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for many years, and a firm believer in the doctrine of sovereign grace alone. She was numbered among the poor of this world, but was rich in faith and a precious heir of the kingdom. Brother J. W. Haynes, Moderator of the Little Flock Church, Riverside, California, conducted the funeral services and a few of her brethren who loved her for the truth's sake saw her body laid to rest until that glorious morn of

the resurrection, when she, with all the redeemed of the Lord, shall be raised up in his image, and shall be satisfied. This is the hope of the unworthy writer of these lines,

G. A. DUNDAS.

W. N. HAYNIE was born May 6th, 1853, in Pulaski County, Arkansas, and departed this life February 22nd, 1929, at the home of his oldest daughter, Mrs. M. C. Samons, of Ft. Worth, Texas. Brother Haynie was married to Miss Mary Estes December 5th, 1872, and to this union ten children were born, three dying in childhood. One son was shot and killed after he had grown to manhood. Brother Haynie left to mourn his dear companion, six children and many relatives and friends. The children are Mrs. M. C. Samons, of Ft. Worth, Texas, W. F. Haynie, of Quail, Texas, Mrs. Tishie Norris, of Lawn, Texas, Mrs. Abbie Blake, of Lubback, Texas, Mrs. Clara Askew, of Wolcott, Texas, Mrs. Tennie McMillan, of Gulian, Texas. Brother Haynie joined the Predestinarian Baptists about twenty-two years ago, and was a true and faithful member of his church, and was also a true and faithful husband and father, and a real friend to the poor and needy. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and such a friend was brother Haynie. I feel we can truly say of him, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth, yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them. Brother Haynie endured inexpressible suffering for three years, caused by cancer, but he bore it patiently.

His mortal body was buried in the cemetery of the church of his membership, Pilgrims Rest, Lawn, Texas. Elder John Smith and Elder J. B. Reid, his pastor, conducted the funeral service. I would say to his loved ones, Weep not as those who have no hope, for your loss is his eternal gain.

A sister in hope of mercy,

(MRS.) M. N. GRIFFIN.

MARGARET ELIZABETH HAVENS, daughter of S. A. and Julia Ann Kelley, was born August 13th, 1857, in Polk County, Arkansas. January 15th, 1874, she was married to F. H. Walker. They moved to Comanche County, Texas, in the year 1877. To them were born four children: S. T. Walker, Clyde, Texas, Howell, who died at Medina, Texas, in 1911, Iona, who died here in Rising Star, Texas, in 1896, and Mrs. Viola McClure, of Rising Star, Texas. In 1892 Mr. and Mrs. Walker went to Hot Springs, Arkansas, for her health, and in a few months Mr. Walker died there. She and the four children accompanied the body back to the old home in Polk County, Arkansas, for the interment, returning to their home in Eastland County, Texas. In 1895 she moved to Rising Star, Texas. In 1904 she was married to John R. Havens, moving with him to Coleman County, Texas, but returning in seven years to her home in Rising Star. Brother and sister Walker were baptized into the fellowship of Shiloh Primitive

Baptist Church, Comanche County, Texas, by Elder Wm. Burke, in the year 1880. She died September 21st, 1929, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Viola McClure.

J. I. FOSTER.

MRS. MARTHA ELLEN ANDERSON, widow of Harvey Anderson, departed this life Wednesday, September 18th, 1929. Her demise, which was both sudden and unexpected, was due to heart failure. Mrs. Anderson was born in Iowa February 22nd, 1855, the eldest of six children born to Abner and Elizabeth Shanks. There were also six half-brothers and two half-sisters. At the age of ten years her family was one of a party that braved the rigors of driving across the plains and mountains. Their home was made at Waldo Hills, Marion County, Oregon, and for seventy-one years Mrs. Anderson's life was spent in that and Linn County. She was in every true sense one of the pioneers of this great State of Oregon. Surviving are three daughters: Mrs. Stella L. Ray, of Lebanon, Mrs. Bertha M. Rhodes, of Oakland, California, and Mrs. Roxey Mac Clements, of Portland, also nine grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon at the Lowe funeral chapel, conducted by Elder W. M. Rose, and interment was in the family plot in the cemetery at Stayton, Oregon.

HER GRANDDAUGHTER.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Mrs. E. J. Bolton, Mo., \$1; G. A. Dundas, Cal., \$1; John W. Rockafellow, N. Y., \$8; Mrs. M. Perry, Ark., \$1; J. W. Black, Manitoba, \$2; Mrs. Laura E. Elgin, D. C., \$3; Mrs. Charles H. Glasscock, Va., \$1; Joseph Buckwalter, Ohio, \$3; Mrs. Kate E. Rogers, Ont., \$3.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, & C. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, published monthly, at Middletown, N. Y., for October 1st, 1929.

State of New York, County of Orange, ss.:

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Gilbert Beebe, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 1st, 1912, embodied in section 41, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse side of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publish-

ers, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publishers, J. E. Beebe & Company, Middletown, N. Y.; Editor, H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

2 The owner is, Gilbert Beebe, Middletown, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagers and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear on the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stocks, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

GILBERT BEEBE,

Owner.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 13th day of October, 1929.

(Seal)

FRANK P. COX.

(My commission expires March, 1930.)

MEETINGS.

NOTICE.

The Woburn Old School Baptist Church has decided to have its next meeting the first Sunday in December (December 1st) instead of the fifth Sunday as usual. We expect our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, to be with us.

E. M. FORD.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 97. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1929. NO. 12.

CORRESPONDENCE.

POCA, W. Va., Oct. 30, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I just felt to drop you a few lines this morning to let you know that I heartily indorse your editorial on the subject of exhorting the church members to their duty. The apostles did it, and I am sure it is right, as it was done by them. Good brethren become careless and need to have their pure minds stirred up. I have thought, and still think, the spirit of exhortation to be a gift, to edify and comfort the hungry and thirsty who are anxious for a crumb that falls from their Master's table. Paul to the Thessalonian brethren said, Now we beseech you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feeble minded, support the meek, be patient toward all men. Again, to the Hebrew brethren he said, Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily while it is called to-day, lest any of you be hardened through

the deceitfulness of sin, for we are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end. Now to accord with the apostles it is a duty by holy writ enjoined upon all who profess to have a hope in the atoning blood of the Lord Jesus Christ to warn, exhort, persuade. Knowing therefore the terror of the Lord, we persuade men. He that converteth a brother from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sin. The spirit of exhortation is profitable and edifying.

When I began to write I had in mind to speak of some things as they appear to my mind: the words of Jesus to his disciples shortly before his crucifixion, which read thus: “Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that

where I am, there ye may be also.”—John xiv. 1-3. Jesus had demanded John the Baptist to baptize him, saying to John, It becometh us to fulfill all righteousness, and it being John’s mission to make ready a people prepared for the Lord, the time was drawing near that the church militant should be organized, by a supernatural power, and he tells his disciples, It is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. These words were spoken by Jesus to his disciples by way of comforting them, and are comforting to his followers through all time; and as the body of Christ is but one heart, so he said, Let not your heart be troubled. This address is to a people of one heart, one mind and one language. In my Father’s house are many mansions. Wisdom hath builded her house. To my mind, the foreknowledge of God comprehended all the inmates of that house, which is a spiritual building, not made with hands, eternally in the heavens. So the church, the home for the redeemed and regenerated sons and daughters of Adam, to have while they remain on earth, was organized by the power of the Holy Ghost on the day of Pentecost. Daniel, referring to this great and memorable event, said, In the days of these kings (earthly kings, natural, carnal-minded kings) shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed; and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, but it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand

forever. And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place. And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty rushing wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues, like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost. Yes, how true the words of Jesus are: “I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” “But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.” These precious words are from the mouth of our adorable Lord and Master. The mansions are the chosen vessels of God’s mercy in the covenant of redemption prepared by grace divine.

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 9, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing a letter I received from a dear sister in Tennessee, and as it was such a good and comforting letter to me I felt I must share it with the rest of the family of God, so am sending it to you to publish in the SIGNS, if you see fit to do so. The Holy Spirit surely reigns in this

dear sister's heart. I learned to love her when she was living here in Chicago, and I love her for both the truth's sake and her own sake.

If any of our eastern ministers, or brethren or sisters ever come to Chicago we would be very glad to have them look us up and come to our meetings. I am sure they would meet with a hearty welcome from the little Bethel Church of Chicago.

I hope the inclosed letter will meet with your approval, and that it will comfort others and that they will enjoy it as much as I did.

Your sister in hope,

(MRS.) E. BRUNOW.

LENOIR CITY, Tenn., Aug. 20, 1929.

DEAR SISTER BRUNOW AND FAMILY:
—Tongue cannot express my feelings in full this morning as I sit down to try and reply to your sweet, and I must say truly, very, very comforting letter. Sister, it did me good all over when I read your message of love. I had been feeling somewhat down in the valley of gloom, wondering if I am serving God, and if I have ever been taught anything of that glorious work, or if what knowledge I have is only of the head, and if I am only wise in my own conceit. All these things, and more, have been, and were then, running through my mind. O, dear sister, if I could only understand wisdom. You know he tells us that with our getting to get understanding also, for without understanding we would not know how to apply wisdom. It is all in one; that is, it all works together, each in harmony with

the other. Wisdom gives us the capacity, or power, to use our knowledge. Knowledge is (seemingly to me) our experience. We experience these things, therefore we can understand them in a way to know the meaning of it, and by wisdom we are able to tell it, or profit by our experience, knowing that it is God who worketh in us (if children) both to will and to do of his good pleasure, for we learn obedience by the things we suffer, and our suffering is not in vain, for Christ tells us that if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him, and it is good for us to wait on the Lord. I believe this means not to try and be too hasty, but wait on God, the Lord and Savior, he is our Captain and must go before in these battles if we are to win, for our strength is in him, and he has already overcome it all, and is now set down on the right hand of God, making intercession for his children. He is the mediator between God (Justice) and man (the guilty offender). He is the middle man, on whom the whole wrath of God fell; the stroke struck him, and he suffered the full penalty of God's broken law of justice, and submitted himself to death, for death is the end of the law. So Christ suffered it all, the whole penalty, to satisfy the commands of God's justice. We see, then, that God's holy law of justice is satisfied, and Christ died, the stroke of his wrath fell upon him. He was buried, must go into the earth, into the very heart of his creation. Why? Did Adam's transgression reach that far? Listen! Where sin did abound grace did much more

abound. Now we see him dead, buried in the grave. Can this death hold him there? No, for on the third and appointed morning Christ was raised. His resurrection is the fruit of this satisfied justice. Just as soon as justice (the law) is satisfied the power of God's wrath is appeased and we see him arise a glorified Savior. So it is through his resurrection that we are justified, and the power of death cannot touch us. Christ is our mediator, God is a God of purpose and he will remember our sins against us no more forever, because Christ himself made intercession for us. His blood is his life, and, behold, he is alive for evermore, and is sitting on his throne of eternal glory. His throne is in our hearts, and there he is reigning to his own praise, and just as long as Christ lives the church (his redeemed people) will live also, for he is our life, therefore we are alive inside (the inner man, the soul). He is not afar off, as some think he is, but he is in us, if we are his. So we can plainly see that Christ's resurrection is the first fruit that was manifested. This is his glorified state. God promised him this before he died, and Christ being a perfect Being, could believe in God, for he was, and is, God in the Spirit, and in him dwells all the Godhead bodily. This is, I think, what it means. He is a man, as touching the flesh, but God as a Spirit, for he has all power both in heaven and in earth, and he is wisdom, knowledge, strength, love, mercy, peace and union, all in one man. We are sometimes persecuted here in this world for our faith. Some think we are too

hard. They think it would be hurtful if every one believed as we do, for then they could not have their protracted meetings, for there would be no one to fall victim to their traps. But they need not worry, for the majority of the people in the world still want to hold on to their theory, because in the end of their meetings they get their reward (the dollar). There are some claiming to be true Old Baptist preachers here in the south (and I believe they are true ministers of God and have a gift to feed the flock) who sometimes are found practicing in these protracted meetings, using the mourners' bench, as they call it. Sometimes they call it the mercy-seat, but we who have been taught of God know better, for our experience teaches us there is only one mercy-seat, and that is in the heart of every child of God where Christ is. He sits on the mercy-seat now since justice is silent and shows his mercy to all the beloved family. Some are not able to discern between their right hand (where their strength lies) and their left (where weakness is), but that does not hinder the cause of Christ in his kingdom, not one jot, he goes on and rules, putting to silence evil workers in his own good time and way, exalting his own right hand and working his own good pleasure. It hurts me to see the people we love be so foolish as to believe in these things just because of the traditions which some have received. We who have been led out of these things feel very thankful to God that it has pleased him, our great Deliverer,

to lift our feet out of the sand and place our goings on solid rock, where the very gates of hell (road to destruction or trouble) cannot prevail against our faith, or have the victory or mastery over it, for God is the foundation of this faith. Dear sister Brunow, sometimes I suffer on account of the evil that is spoken against us sound Old Baptists because of our faith (that is, the doctrine we believe), and I feel that the things I have suffered caused me to earnestly ask of the great Jehovah to teach me his will, and if I have been taught of God to keep me immovable, that I may be found living in the truth, walking in the path of obedience to him, fearing not man nor the devil. The world is out teaching the people to fear the devil, fear the eternal punishment, thinking they will have greater success in their work of proselyting if they can deceive the people in fearing the devil, but God said fear him (God). We cannot find one place where he tells us to fear the devil or the lake of fire, but fear God, who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell, which I think means trouble, misery and distress. I do not understand that one of God's children ever has or ever will be on his or her way to that lake prepared for the devil, but we are saved from our sins (our weakness in the flesh). If we were not saved from our own sinful nature, or lusts, we would soon be destroyed by our own lusts, but we are saved from the effects of sin in the flesh. If left to our own arm it would lead us off into perdition, but God saves us from ruin, and if we are led

off after our own lusts, and sin, we have an advocate, Jesus Christ, he suffered it all before we were yet born into the world, and he will not let us be led away by our own lusts beyond his reach, for he is ever near us, and when we are shown how weak and blind we are he carries us back to the fold, and we have learned a lesson from God, taught by him, and are made to desire to be near him at all times. We are taught in our travels of experience that God is all-wise and all-powerful, able to declare the end from the beginning, saying, My counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure. We fully realize that what he desireth and hath purposed he is able to bring to pass, therefore we fear him, because we have learned of God and find there is nothing too wonderful for him. This knowledge of him causes us to fear and tremble before him. This is why he said, The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It all works together. The preachers can to the end preach to the people to fear Satan and the lake of fire, but it will not cause one soul to be born into the kingdom of Christ, for they are not added in that way, nor will it keep out a soul from being born. God has it all planned and predestinated to come to pass just as he desires it should, so if we have faith in God we must confess that he is God, for without this faith we are dead. God is the author of our faith, which in bearing fruit brings forth our salvation. You ask me if I do not believe that all our punishment is here in this life. Yes, dear sister, I under-

stand according to the reading of the Scriptures that in this life here in this world comes all the chastisement upon his disobedient children, to teach them the will of God and to cause them to fear before him. If there is any punishment for the redeemed of Christ after they leave here I have not been able to find it in the Scriptures. There is none of the redeemed of the Lord who will not be with him, for he is a God of purpose, and no power under heaven is able to separate them from that love he has loved them with, for God is love. They are given to Christ by God, the eternal Father, and sealed with the blood of Christ. How could it be made any more sure?

Well, dear sister, I may have wearied you; if I have let me know. I would love to see you all. If you knew how little, weak and helpless I am, and how I fear before God that I might not say things as I should, you would hesitate to speak so highly of me. I have said in the past that I did not think I would ever try again to write anything concerning God, for I am so sinful and blind, and much of the time wandering, yet longing to be taught in the true gospel, until I am afraid and fear I may not speak as I should. But this I do know: that when I am possessed with a fruitful mind I am so full of the things I am trying to tell that I cannot begin to keep up with the traveling that my mind goes through and only tell a little of it. Oh I wish I were able to tell it all, that others could feast also. If I am a vessel I am so small that I can only hold a drop, as it were, com-

pared with the glorious mysteries of the kingdom. It does me good to feast on his love and hope in his mercy, trust his grace and believe his promises.. Dear sister, oh that I could take you by the hand in token of that sweet fellowship we have with the Father. It is sweet to feel his love burning upon the altar of our hearts, consuming all that is contrary to his will, and causing us to lean upon him, as a babe leans upon its mother in solid comfort. That is my feeling now. I hope God will fill you with the same sweet love when you read this poorly expressed letter. I am so imperfect in my own way, but hope I have been rejoicing in the Spirit all the morning, and feel that I am not alone. Praise his high and holy name. Oh that he would continue with me, but there are dark times for us all. We can then appreciate the light when it comes. Pray for us.

Your sister in hope,

(MRS.) WILL MATHIS.

ATLANTIC, N. C., NOV. 7, 1929.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—This morning after I had dressed I sat musing, very comfortably, on your sermon at Welsh Tract, and I saw that I fully agreed with you in what you said. Then this blessed word came to me: "We glory in tribulation also: knowing that tribulation 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."—Rom. v. 3-5. Those words became very sweet to me, because

I saw that they embraced the blessing of the resurrection of the saints who are dead in the flesh, even from our brother Abel until the end of time. That notwithstanding all the things which seem to be impossible to men, all things are possible with God. (Matt. xix. 26.) I reasoned, Where is Abel? Likely the winds have blown away his dust. Can it be found? Then I saw that nothing is too hard for God. It is sure that all the saints shall come forth in the first resurrection, and shall come with Christ in his glory. Nothing can act so as to render this impossible, for with God it is not only possible, but *sure*. Our God changes not, and as he has made the Bridegroom perfect in the resurrection, will he not make the bride the same? She shall be prepared to dwell with him in glory, and she shall be like him. Here I saw that Abel's time that he had been dead was and is with the Lord as one day, for there is no time with God, but one eternal now, and all things are in that "now." Hence Abel's death was but as yesterday with God. The time that the righteous shall lie as men dead in the earth is as one day with our God. He speaks and it is done. He spoke by Isaiah and seven hundred years later it came to pass, but it was the same day in which our God gave the word. Read Luke iv. 18. When we die as men and women it may be days or thousands of days, but with God there is no time. It is evident that all the saints shall live with him, for they are members of his body, the bride, the Lamb's wife. There could be no marriage of the Lamb and his

bride if this were not so. Here we are carnal, sold under sin, but when this body dies, this carnal is dead and must not live again. Hence the carnal cannot know anything of the resurrection life. It is altogether in the Lord. When Peter, James and John saw Moses and Elias they were with Christ in glory. Though glorified, they knew them. As men they had never known them, for Moses lived many years before, and when he died no one knew the whereabouts of his grave. Elias did not die, but went to God when the Lord took him, yet when the apostles saw them in glory with the glorified Lord they knew them. So shall all the saints see him and be with him in glory, and be with him where he is, and be like him. I am satisfied that these blessings will come to us about the end of this dispensation. Then the dead, small and great, shall stand before God and shall receive according to their works as they are found written in the books. But the children of God shall receive according to that which is written in the Book of Life, and which is approved and indorsed by the God of heaven and immortal glory. This is the life and happiness of the saints, their life and their immortal glory with God and the Lamb.

Brother Lefferts, I would love to write more, but my eyes forbid and rheumatism in my right hand is bad to-day. The Lord continue to bless you to know and declare his truth.

Yours in this hope,

L. H. HARDY.

BERLIN, Md., Oct. 23, 1929.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD:— I for some reason feel I would like to write something for publication in the good old SIGNS OF THE TIMES, if the dear Lord will direct my mind in the right channel, for I know by long experience that of myself I can do nothing. My mind has for some time been kept from the things of the Spirit on account of sickness and death in my family, but for some reason it now seems to be led to the one hundred and seventh Psalm, nineteenth verse, which reads as follows: "Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble; and he saveth them out of their distresses." I know of a certainty that I cannot do justice to the above text, if I may thus call it, for except God interprets the Scriptures no man can understand them. Let us see who David was talking about. It could not have been the Scribes or the pharisees, for they were of a class that knew no sorrow or pain on account of sin, for they boasted of how good they were and how they could serve the Lord by their good works. Then it must be to or of the ones born of God. Why was it the ones born of God? In the New Testament we read, Ye are dead in trespasses and in sins. If we are in sin how can we know anything of the Spirit until our eyes have been opened and we have been made to see what great sinners we are? Then it is that we come to cry unto the Lord, for we see ourselves as poor lost sinners, for the light has shined in our hearts and we have been led by the Spirit to see what a mass of

filth lies beneath the soil of our bodies, and then it is that we are made to cry unto the Lord for help and mercy. "And he saveth them out of their distresses." We read in the New Testament, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."—Matt. v. 6. Is not this a blessed assurance? for when our eyes have been opened and we have been shown the beauty of God's love, and how his flocks lie down together, and how lovely it all seems, do we not mourn on account of the sin that we see in ourselves? Did Job feel and see this sin in himself? It seems to me he did. "He is chastened also with pain upon his bed, and the multitude of his bones with strong pain."—Job xxxiii. 19. Job was a righteous man, and was made to see the many sins that seemed to lie between him and his God, and he with no power to put them behind him. Then it was that the Lamb slain for sinners came in and revealed himself to him as the Savior of sinners. If that pure and holy One comes between you and your sins with God, and pays every farthing you owe, then it is you are made to see Jesus as your Savior; then it is your distresses are gone, and as long as you see Jesus as your refuge you will sing praises to his dear name. Then it is you are made to repent on account of sin. It must be the one who sees himself a poor sinner that Christ came to save, for he says, I came to seek and to save that which was lost. When was this people lost? They were lost and ruined through the fall of Adam, long before they were

born. Could they of themselves right the wrong that had been done long before they were born of the natural birth? A thousand times no. We are born in sin and of ourselves cannot get away from it, and except God has mercy upon us we can never see Jesus as our Savior. Then it is we will beg for more mercy and abhor ourselves on account of sin.

I think I had better stop here, and leave this subject for your consideration, dear editors and publishers. Do with this as seems best to you, for I do believe God has appointed you to a good work and he will sustain you to the end.

This has been written in love, I hope, and if it should be printed and any get comfort from it, then let God be praised, is, I hope, my prayer.

J. W. S. TIMMONS.

STEM, N. C., Nov. 14, 1929.

DEAR EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS:—The mail this morning brought the final copies needed to complete the files of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, beginning with 1897. The volumes are now ready for the binder. The response to my request, which you so kindly published, has been more than adequate to supply the numbers desired, and with them has come such a cordial interest in our undertaking that I am unable to express my gratitude as I feel it. May I ask that you give this notice space in your next issue, that the brethren and friends may be spared the trouble of sending further copies? I have been taking the SIGNS since early manhood, long before I united with

the church, in June, 1897, and regard it as the most orthodox paper published that I know of, and wish that it was in the home of every Old Baptist in the United States. I thank you for the notice given, and wish for you a continued success in the valuable and comforting paper you send out. After having them bound I propose to give them to our church (memorial), in the town of Stem, North Carolina, and establish a church library, that others may read the comforting messages contained in the same when I have passed from the scene of action.

Your unworthy brother, I trust,

J. H. GOOCH.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DEAR EDITORS:—I received the October number of the SIGNS, and was surely glad to get it. I was feeling sick when it came and I read a little at a time until I had read it through carefully. It did me much good, and I want to thank you for sending it. Only one mistake in my article, and that was, you have Elder W. A. Bourland and it should have been Elder W. A. Bowden. Please correct. There was so much good, sound writing in that number that I was proud of it. I was taken with the "flu" October 12th and am still very weak. My health at best is poor and this attack made it hard for me to get up.

Again thanking you for sending me the October SIGNS, and with love and fellowship for the household of faith, I remain, as ever, a poor and affectionate brother in hope,

J. B. BOWDEN.

EDITORIAL.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1929.

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HEBREWS X. 35.

"CAST not away therefore your confidence, which hath great recompence of reward."

As we are reminded that it is time for us once more to address the household of faith, we are conscious of our inability to command the spirit, or even of ourselves, to speak one word in season to those that be weary. It is an act of divine mercy if one shall comfort another, and when the occasion arises that one must write, the thoughts are ever present, "What an I that I should presume to give my opinion or attempt to write to God's dear saints?" Perhaps it was this feeling under which Gideon labored, when the angel of the Lord appeared unto him and sat under the oak which was in Ophrah, as Gid-

con threshed wheat by the winepress to hide it from the Midianites. The angel said unto him, "The Lord is with thee, thou mighty man of valor." Let us consider Gideon's reply. He said, "Oh my Lord, if the Lord be with us, why then is all this befallen us? and where be all his miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, Did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt? but now the Lord hath forsaken us, and delivered us into the hands of the Midianites." It is evident that Gideon mourned an absent God, feared the common enemy, and the only way to obtain food, that which sustained him at that time, was to hide away behind the winepress, so fearful was he of the Midianites. Let us continue with this blessed man for a while. It is written, "And the Lord looked upon him, and said, Go in this thy night, and thou shalt save Israel from the hand of the Midianites: have not I sent thee? And he said unto him, Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is poor in Manasseh, and I am the least in my father's house." It is evident from the above that Gideon had little confidence in the flesh, and the subsequent experience through which he was made to pass taught him also to cease from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of. Gideon was stripped of all false confidence and his only hope was the presence of the Lord in accord with the words He had before spoken unto him. Thus it is, we hope, with us, we have foes without and foes within, and we at times would hide behind the winepress which

Jesus trod, to get our morsel of sustenance for fear of the enemy. It was there where the angel of the Lord appeared to Gideon. He has appeared to us, and all the confidence that is worth while, that is true and not false, is wrought in us by Jesus, the angel of the Lord. There is much false confidence in man and it is not a pleasant thing to be stripped; the Lord has a place where he strips each of us, if we be what we profess to be. We do not know, either, what we need, but we believe the Lord knows, it is very mortifying to the flesh when the Lord takes us into the stripping-room. Humbling grace not only teaches us to look to Christ, but to trust in him, also, and to come to Christ one must be killed to self and self-confidence, and often when we seem to have attained unto this the Angel of the Lord shows us greater abominations, so that we despair of self and self-confidence. It is God's teaching when one learns that it is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man. It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes. Peter, full of self-confidence, could say, Lord, I am ready to go with thee, both into prison, and to death. How humble Peter was under the teaching of his God. He went out and wept bitterly. His self-confidence left him before the knowing eye of the maid. Just as it is God that humbles, so it is he only can lift us up, and it is often by his word in which he has caused us to hope. The psalmist David said, "For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; I will triumph in the works of thy hands." It is the Lord who is the confidence of all the ends of the earth and all of them that are afar off upon the sea, and it is his love and mercy manifest in us that is our joy and gives us confidence in him. Thus when persecuting Saul was changed to praying Paul such was the blessing and favor showered upon him from above that he did not even consult with the brethren of Jerusalem, but such was his confidence in the Lord that he went about preaching him whom he once destroyed. Sometimes this confidence is manifested in a person who is made to know they have passed from death unto life because they love the brethren. Others find their afflictions are those of the saints of God. Some are enabled to-day to endure a great fight of afflictions, partly being made a gazingstock both by reproaches and afflictions, and partly while they became companions of them that were so used. Paul in Philippians tells that many of the brethren in the Lord waxed confident by his bonds and were much more bold to speak the word without fear. Thus by a diversity of operations the brethren are given confidence in the Lord, and such a confidence have they in him that they know that he who hath begun a good work in them will continue it until the day of Jesus Christ. Yet at times there are those who creep in unawares, to which condemnation they were before of old ordained, teaching a duty religion, some effort of the creature, instead of a continued work of the Creator. Where

such a doctrine is listened to and believed there is a casting away of their confidence, for creature attainment will carry with it creature glorying, and Paul says, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." He had confidence only in Christ Jesus the Lord. Job was sorely tried, his house destroyed, his cattle stolen, his children dead, and, last of all, he was afflicted with boils. In the dust he mourned an absent God, searched for him forward, backward, and to the right hand, but could not find him, yet such was his confidence that he declares, "He knoweth the way that I take: when he hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Just as Job was tried, each of us will have our portion, for if we are to walk with Jesus it will be in the furnace of affliction, and we shall ever prove that the mount of danger is the place where we shall see surprising grace. It is often in trials that we learn what wretches we are and how very little real religion we have when put to the test. It is at such times that Satan will harass and tempt us to despair. His efforts are always directed to undermine our confidence in the Lord. We remember very well an occasion, some years ago, when after a season of joy in believing, we felt forsaken of our God, and in our distress it seemed that ours was a stony ground hearer's experience. We experienced nothing but condemnation. Day and night his hand was heavy upon us. What with Satan's temptation and a

heart of unbelief we had almost come to the place where Peter said, "I know him not." Our former confidence was gone and we believed Satan's lie rather than what our living, loving Lord had spoken to us. The day came when by a word from on high our confidence was renewed, for he said, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Then our mountain was strong and we thought we should never question his love and mercy towards us again. Paul has been putting the brethren in mind of their fellowship with him and those of like precious faith, and says, "Cast not away therefore your confidence." They could not cast away that which they had not, and they would learn, even as Paul himself had learned, that it is only the grace of God that enables us to hold fast this confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end. The grace of God is an enabling grace, and the faith of God's elect is an overwhelming faith, and it is in and through these blessed and heavenly gifts that the righteous does hold on his way. Paul says this confidence hath great recompence of reward. Each evidence of God's love and mercy is a sweet foretaste of what heaven hereafter will be, and the rougher the way the sweeter is the rest that remains for the people of God. It is true that there seems little account of what heaven will be, but we are confident that when He shall appear we shall be like him, and what a recompence of reward it will be to see him as he is, and be like him. It was in the

confidence of faith that Paul said, "For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." His whole ministry was a plain declaration of the truth that was revealed to him and of which he was confident, and in his concluding testimony he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." We have loved his appearing in the past, for it is in his appearing that our confidence abounds. May he grant us grace to stand fast and hold our confidence even unto the end.

G. R.

CLOSE OF VOLUME XCVII.

WITH this issue the SIGNS OF THE TIMES completes another year of its existence, making ninety-seven years since it was established in 1832.

The past year has indeed been full of sadness for us, owing to the death of two of our staff. In January Mr. Thomas Kain, who had at different times been in the employ of three generations of the Beebe family, and who was a tried and true friend, was called to lay his armor by, and in April Mrs. J. E. Beebe, who had spent most of her life in the work of publishing the paper, was taken from us, to, we feel sure, that home where she will have no more worry, trouble or sorrow, but all will be sweet rest in her dear Savior for

evermore. Through the death of these two props the task of issuing the paper became hard indeed for those remaining, but we hope that He who is able to do all things has been with and helped us with our work, and we can but hope he will be with and guide us in our future work. If he still has use for the SIGNS, nothing can stop it; if he has not use for it, nothing that men can do can change his plan.

The past year has also been one of many changes in our office. One of them being the change from setting the type by hand to machine set, and we hope our readers are pleased with the new and clearer faces of type now used. Of course it takes some time to accustom ourselves to the changes, and mistakes are bound to creep in, but we hope that after we thoroughly acquaint ourselves with the new ways our work will be better.

Now for a short review of the business of the SIGNS: Our subscription list has not changed much during the last twelve months. Some subscriptions have been discontinued and others have been added. We have not had as much good copy to select from as in former years, and would suggest that our ministering brethren especially write for publication when they feel to be so led. We have in mind a new feature for the year 1930 that we think our readers will enjoy, and that is, Elder H. H. Leferts has consented to try and write an editorial for each issue, and each of the associate editors are to write in their turn, which will make two editorials for each number.

In conclusion, we wish to thank all who in any way have assisted with the publication of the SIGNS, either financially or by writing for its columns, not forgetting our faithful editors, who have done so much for the good of the cause the SIGNS stands for.

Again thanking all our friends, and praying that God will be with us and be our guide in the future, we bid you farewell for the year 1929.

J. E. B. & CO.

CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by Arnold H. Bellows.)

The Lexington-Roxbury Association, now in session with the Middletoxon and Andes Church, at Clovesville, New York, September 11th and 12th, 1929, to all the churches composing the same, sends greetings in the Lord.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Pursuant to a commendable and long established custom among Primitive Baptists, whereby the unity, order and doctrine of God's house, the church, are set forth for the examination and consideration of inquiring brethren, this Circular Letter is submitted. It has seemed appropriate to present some thoughts suggested by the sixteenth verse of the second chapter of the Song of Solomon: "My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies." Remembering that the inspired author of Hebrews emphasized the primacy of the principles of the doctrine of Christ before going on unto perfection, and that Timothy was admonished by Paul that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God and is profitable for doc-

trine, and to take heed unto it that both he and his hearers might be saved from error, we find that the Scripture under consideration presents most beautifully the one doctrine of our Lord and Savior in which is embraced his electing love, his predestinated purpose in conforming to the image of his crucified and risen Son Jesus Christ all that are the called of God in him, and through his covenant-keeping office by effectual saving grace presenting them faultless and sinless before God. Because of the finished work of Christ on earth, and his continuing heavenly priesthood, every heir of glory is as complete and perfect in him as the ineffable holiness of Almighty God before whom the winged seraphims veiled their faces in Israel's wondrous vision. It is written by the pen of divine inspiration that God having completed the creation of the earth, its contents, and of man, knew that it was not good for man to be alone, and made a companion for him by causing a deep sleep to fall upon Adam, during which God took from the side of the sleeping man a rib and made it into a woman, and brought her unto the man, who said, "This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shall be called Woman, because she was taken out of Man. Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh." The woman was not taken from the feet of man that she should be trodden under his feet, nor from the front of his body that she should be his shield, nor from his back that she should be thrust behind him,

but from his side, from the place nearest his heart, the seat of his affections, that eventually she should be equal with him. The woman Eve represents the true church of Christ, of which he is the blessed and glorious head. The woman had nothing to do regarding the time, manner nor purpose of her miraculous birth, and this is equally true of the bride of Jesus Christ. The woman was in the man before her manifestation, therefore all that comprise the election of grace were in Jesus Christ from the ancients of eternity, but spiritually manifested and redeemed by the atoning work of the Son of God, from whose spear-pierced side upon a Roman cross there came forth blood and water bearing witness, for there were three that bear record on earth: the spirit, the water and the blood, these three agree in one. Therefore Solomon in his deathless song so full of spiritual melody to the hearing ear in portraying the ravishing love of Christ for the church and her responding affection could declare, "My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies." Through the crucifixion of her heavenly Husband for her transgression, by which the penalty of a broken law cursed and separated from fellowship with God, and from holiness itself, all the children of Adam and Eve and rendered them helpless to relieve their condition, find a perfect sacrifice or render a holy offering for sin, all that are chosen of God in Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world are saved, forgiven, redeemed and justified, and walk in newness of life, knowing

the fellowship of the suffering of Christ and the power of his resurrection and being blameless and unreprouable before God. Because of their identity in Jesus Christ all of the spiritual seed of Abraham experience release from guilt, which is justification, and wear the seamless robe of the imputed righteousness of Him whose name they take. In marriage the wife assumes her husband's name, so of the bride of Jesus Christ, who is none other than the glorified subjects of grace. Jeremiah was led by the Spirit to declare, "And this is the name wherewith she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness." In the subject under consideration it is stated of Christ, "He feedeth among the lilies." Here is presented a beautiful symbol of Christ and his people feeding together and they upon him. It is written that Israel shall grow as the lily, and to his disciples in the sermon on the mount 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." The spiritual flowers in the garden of grace, like the natural lilies of the field, do not grow by and of themselves. The growth, life and development of the natural lily come from the sun; it has its winter season, its time of drought and coldness to bear root downward that it might bear fruit upward; it is refreshed by the natural dew and rain; it is not quickened except it die, and from the lifeless, inert, conscienceless soil it grows toward the light and

toward the sun, sustained by a higher power than itself, that causes a manifestation of life and growth within itself. So the spiritual lily is nourished and given life and activity and strength by the Sun of Righteousness, Jesus Christ; it feels the blighting effect of the cold north wind of desolation and deadness in itself so far as natural powers are concerned; it has its night of gloom and sorrow, its period of mourning and self-abasement because it cannot do the things that it would, its seasons of hope and expectation, finding that two opposite forces of life and death are operating within itself. But though weeping endureth for a season, its long night ends with the joy that cometh in the morning, and the warm, life-giving south wind of the life-giving, life-reviving spirit blows again into God's inclosed garden and with the dew of the word that cometh from above upon the spiritual lily, clothes it with a spotless robe of beauty and purity that it may shed its fragrance forever. "He feedeth among the lilies," said Solomon. This is both true in type and in antitype. Before Joseph revealed himself to his guilty brethren they sat at his table and ate with him, and the banner over them was love. Often the children of God feast upon heavenly manna and know it not, and realize not its source at the time in the peculiar experience that is theirs. Again, they are gladly conscious of the source and quality of that bread that cometh from above. Jesus said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom, as my Father hath appointed unto me; that

ye may eat and drink at my table in my kingdom, and sit on thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." The kingdom of heaven is within his children; they sit down in that kingdom with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, having entered into rest, and do sit in judgment upon the admission into the gospel church of members, exclude from church fellowship unrepentant and erring brethren, and judge the qualifications of ministers and deacons. When Jesus finished his work of atonement and ascended into heaven he sat down at the right hand of God, therefore his people find that he has kept a holy law for them and blotted out forever the handwriting of ordinances which was against them, and which was contrary to them, and took it out of the way, nailing it to the cross. Through the ministration of the Holy Spirit Jesus is glorified, for all things that the Father hath are his, and the Spirit of truth hath taken of them and shown them unto the bride, the Lamb's wife, which is the new Jerusalem from above, and she is thereby enabled to discern the heavenly manna upon which she feeds, and her bridegroom the end of the law for righteousness, also her shield and preserver, also her fount of all excellency, the sum of all perfection and the brightness of all glory. In all these things the church is experimentally led to realize that divine justice has been satisfied, the infinite holiness of God vindicated, and Zion revealed as the perfection of beauty.

GEORGE RUSTON, Mod.

AMASA J. SLAUSON, Clerk.

(Written by brother H. J. Bird.)

The Pocatalico Old School, or Predestinarian Baptist Association, in session with the Hopewell Church, Kanawha County, West Virginia, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, August 30th and 31st and September 1st, 1929, to the associations with which we correspond, and to all of like precious faith with us, sendeth greetings.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN:—It has once more fallen to the lot of unworthy me to try and write what is termed a Circular Letter, to be spread upon our Minutes and to be scattered abroad among the faithful in Christ Jesus. I know this one thing: unless the Lord undertakes for me the effort will prove a failure, for I am in no sense equal to the task. Unless the Lord be pleased to take my mind from the transitory things of this life, lift me above the darkness of carnality and center my thoughts and affections upon him who is the Captain of our salvation, I will in no wise be able to write anything that will be comforting or worthy the notice of God's humble poor. My desire, if I know my heart, is to ascribe greatness unto our God, to extol the name of Jesus above every name. Well could the psalmist David say, "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"—Psalms viii. 4. How often do we feel the depths of this language in our experience when we are tried and brought low. The more we see of the power, glory and majesty of Him who upholdeth all things by the word of his

power the more do we abhor self. Then when we contemplate the theme of God's salvation, how that when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly. (Rom. v. 6.) How that he "was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification."—Rom. iv. 25. "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed."—Isaiah liii. 3-5. In wonder and amazement we cry,

"What was there in you that could merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight?
'Twas 'even so, Father!' you ever must sing,
'Because it seemed good in thy sight.'"

"For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."—2 Cor. v. 21. Oh how incapable are we of praising him as we ought. "O the depths of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor? Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."—Rom. xi. 33-36. No wonder

Paul could say, "And without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."—1 Tim. iii. 16. When we are given to behold some of the wonders of God's grace, and to feel the love of God shed abroad in our hearts, when we can behold Jerusalem a city of habitation, and are enabled to walk about Zion, the city of our solemnities, and are enabled to eat, as it were, the crumbs that fall from the Master's table, that heavenly manna, and, as the poor Gadarene, are clothed and in our right mind, and at the feet of Jesus, then can we adore his high and holy name, then can we sing praises unto him and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. With the woman at the well we can say, Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ? The more the light of the glory of God shines into our poor benighted hearts the more do we loathe ourselves. The brighter the light shines the more do we see the blackness, the guilt, of our nature. Oh the awful vileness of our nature, the deceitfulness of our hearts, our proneness to wander from our God, forgetful of him and his wondrous mercies; but he is longsuffering to usward, he is ever mindful of us, however forgetful of him we may be. "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Oh how full of compassion, of tender pity and love, "even as a father pitieth his children." Any loving earthly father

pitieth his children, and when the rod must be applied it is through love that he applies the strokes. "So the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son.

"If he is mine, then from his love
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And bliss his rod attends."

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not." May the Lord bless Zion. May his love be shed abroad in our hearts.

J. W. McCLANAHAN, Mod.

OSCAR J. BYRNSIDE, Clerk.

CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

The Leavinton-Roxbury Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Clovesville Church, in Delaware County, New York, September 11th and 12th, 1929, to the several associations and churches with which we correspond, sends love and fellowship.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Although we have recently been saddened by the removal of our pastor to Canada, we would bow in submission to the will of almighty God, and desire to be thankful to the Lord for his mercy that we are again permitted to assemble as an association. We welcome all who love the doctrine of salvation by grace, giving all praise and honor to the Lord for the salvation of sinners. The Lord has so blessed the preaching of the word that it has dropped as the rain and

distilled as the dew, and has built up his people in their most holy faith. We desire a continuance of your correspondence, and hope the visiting ministers will be moved to visit us again.

Our next session is to be held (the Lord willing) with the Olive and Hurley Church, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday between the second and third Sundays in September, 1930. Until then, dear brethren, farewell.

GEORGE RUSTON, Mod.

AMASA J. SLAUSON, Clerk.

The Pocatlico Old School, or Predestinarian Baptist Association, in session with the Hopewell Church, Kanawha County, West Virginia, August 30th and 31st and September 1st, 1929, sendeth greetings in the Lord to our sister associations and meetings with which we correspond.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Once more we are permitted to meet and greet your messengers and receive your correspondence, which we greatly appreciate and of which we desire a continuance in the future. Although we are a small body, we are endeavoring to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. So far as we know, there is no strange doctrine among us. Your ministers have come to us preaching Christ Jesus the only Savior of sinners, which is food to the hungry soul. May they ever be kept faithful.

Our next session will convene, the Lord willing, on Friday before the first Sunday in September, 1930, with the

Providence Church, Lincoln County, West Virginia, when we hope to meet a goodly number of your messengers. In love and fellowship.

J. W. McCLANAHAN, Mod.

OSCAR J. BYRNSIDE, Clerk.

CHURCH LETTERS.

(Written by sister Effie Givan.)

The Nassaongoes Old School Baptist Church, to the Salisbury Old School Baptist Association, to be held with the Salisbury Church, October 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1929, sends greetings.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In addressing you we are reminded that another year has passed since we met in this way. A year brings many changes to us creatures of earth and time, but not so with God. In the third chapter of Malachi, sixth verse, we read, "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." In this God was speaking, through the prophet, to national Israel, or the Jews. He had given a law, or covenant, to this nation and they, according to his purpose, had not kept that covenant. They had not honored God as the God of truth; they had not made offerings and sacrifices that were pleasing to him; "But ye are departed out of the way; ye have caused many to stumble at the law: ye have corrupted the covenant of Levi, saith the Lord of hosts."—Malachi ii. 8. All these things they, the sons of Jacob, had done, and yet because He changes not they were not consumed, but through his purpose the Gentiles were brought in to enjoy

equally with the Jews the unspeakable blessedness of the kingdom of God. When we are given to see our own heart, by the Spirit of God, are we very different from the old disobedient Jews? God never gave a law or decree that was not kept, and according to his all-wise purpose the law given to Adam could be kept in no other way than by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. "Known unto God are all his works, from the beginning of the world." Such a God the natural mind cannot conceive. From the beginning of the world he knew just what man would do when tempted and tried. He knew man could not keep the law he was placed under, and it was not in his purpose that man, by nature, should keep that law. Let us suppose for a moment that our Lord did change as man does. Would there be any foundation for our hope in his never-failing mercy, in his promise never to leave nor forsake his people, even though they pass through the furnace of affliction? Should our Lord be a God that changes, would we not give up in despair when our sins appear as huge mountains before us, fearing that he who is pure and holy would spurn us from his sight? But, thanks to our mediator, Christ Jesus our Lord, no such condition can ever exist. John says more than once in his first epistle, "God is love." Perhaps we can grasp why, in as far as he gives us the ability to do so, he changes not. We know what natural love is. How by its power and influence we, though creatures of time and earth, can over-

look and excuse many failings and shortcomings in the object of our love. If this be true in nature, and we know that it is, how far above and beyond natural love is the love of God for his people. Even the strongest natural love would hardly be sufficient to cause one to sacrifice his only begotten son for his enemies. But because of God's everlasting love, that changes not, our blessed Jesus came in the likeness of sinful flesh to redeem and justify all his chosen people from under the curse and condemnation of the law. Our sins were imputed to him and his righteousness became our righteousness, so we are blameless and without fault before God in love, by and through the cleansing blood of Jesus.

Since last year Elder G. E. Coulbourne has accepted the call extended by the church to become our pastor. He comes the first Sunday in each month, when possible, preaching salvation by grace, through the atoning blood of Jesus, the absolute sovereignty of God, who changes not, and the doctrine of election according to the all-wise purpose, plan and foreknowledge of God.

A CORRECTION.

IN the November issue of the SIGNS, page 260, second column, in the obituary notice of William A. Thompson, it reads, "Brother Thompson was married in 1878 to Sarah Myerly." This should read, "Brother Thompson was married in 1878 to Matilda Myerly, daughter of George and Sarah Myerly."

OBITUARY NOTICES.

ELDER E. A. MORELAND, our beloved and precious pastor, fell asleep in Jesus on the morning of October 9th, 1929, after being sick only two days. He preached at our little church Sunday before, seemingly in the best of health, and on Monday following he went to his usual work, but early in the morning he was stricken with a sharp pain in his breast, but was able to reach his daughter's home by ten o'clock. They called a doctor, and he pronounced it acute rheumatism. He did not seem to be seriously sick, but Wednesday morning at about 6:30 o'clock he had another attack and died in just a few minutes. He leaves to mourn four daughters and two sons: Mrs. E. P. Payne, T. A. Keenan, Will Melkell, Walter Ray, Hugh and Elton Moreland, sixteen grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, also two brothers, two sisters and a large number of nephews and nieces. His wife and three children preceded him in death. His wife died in 1900. Brother Moreland practically was both a father and mother to his family. He was born in Terrell County, Georgia, October 22nd, 1858, moved with his parents to Webster Parish, Louisiana, in the fall of 1869. In the year 1880 he married Miss Susan Aalsey Hawkins, and to that union were born nine children. He united with the Old School Baptist Church, Mount Mirrah, Louisiana, July, 1889, and was baptized by Elder M. C. Parker. He moved to Texas in the fall of 1898, and united with the Sardis Church, near Arlington, Tarrant County, Texas, and in 1903 was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry. Afterwards the church dissolved, lettered each member out, and then he put his membership with Liberty Church, near Grapevine, Texas. He lived there a few years, and then moved to Ft. Worth, Texas, and placed his membership with the Ft. Worth Church soon after he was called as pastor of the church, which office he ably filled until he was called home in death. Brother Moreland possessed beautiful virtues of charity, was a kind, good, gentle man, easy to be entreated, not puffed up, but meek and longsuffering. He was loved by all who knew him, and if he ever had an enemy no one ever knew it. I have often heard him tell his experience when he first felt to be a poor undone sinner. How wretched he felt. He was forced to go away from all earthly eyes and try and beg the dear Lord for mercy. When he had gone he fell down prostrate on the ground and lay there some time before he could utter a sound. When at last he was able to speak he could only smote his hands upon his breast, and say, O Lord, be merciful to me, a poor, weak, vile worm. Then it seemed his dear Savior came to him in a vision, and he saw him pressed down as a cart pressed under many sheaves. He wept, for he felt his sins were pressing his dear, loving Savior, yet he rejoiced to feel his precious Savior was his sin-bearer, for he knew within himself was no good; that is, in his

flesh. While he was in this deep wonder there came to him this Scripture (at the time being he did not know it was in the Bible): "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter; and like a lamb dumb before his shearer, so opened he not his mouth." In his humiliation his judgment was taken away, and who shall declare his generation, for his life is taken from the earth? In this he saw his dear Savior suffering for his people. He could but weep and mourn, yet hope sprang up that he was one of that true generation. He saw the old order of Baptists as the true witnesses on earth, and he immediately resolved to join them if they would receive him, but before the next meeting day he was in doubts and fears, yet he did go and offer himself, and they received him gladly. He often said he never had a doubt that the Old School Baptists were the true people of God, but often had doubts about himself being one of them. He loved his church above everything in this world, never missing a meeting unless because of sickness. He loved his children and his children loved him. The dear Lord gave him one of his daughters (Mrs. Keenan) to live in the church with him during the last six months of his life. He died in her home in her loving embrace. It will be a sweet consolation to her during the remaining days of her life to know her father's God is her God, and to remember that she ministered unto him during his last moments here in this world. His other children have given evidence they love the truth, and at God's own appointed time he will bring them out if it is his most holy will.

His funeral was held at his daughter's home in Ft. Worth, but his remains were taken about eighteen miles east, near Grand Prairie, Texas, and laid to rest beside his wife, there to await the resurrection morning. Elders J. O. Burgess and W. N. Green spoke comfortingly at his funeral, setting forth the God brother Moreland's hope was in. We shall miss him. Our little church has lost the most faithful member, but we know God is able to raise up another to take his place if it is his will. His dear children are lonely and sad, but let us think of him as being with his dear Savior, whom he loved so well, and all his trouble is over. He has gone where there will be no more sickness, pain nor partings; gone from the evil to come. Oh that we could live as close to our Savior as brother Moreland did, trusting him in all things. Many more things could be said in honor of this dear servant of God, but possibly he would not have himself praised, for he often said, All honor and praise belong to God and not to sinful man. May the dear Lord comfort all the bereaved.

Written by one who loved this dear brother as a father, he having baptized me, and he seemed to look upon me as a child. In deep sympathy with all who loved this dear man of God,

MINNIE C. O'MILL.

THERESA (PERRY) BONE was born January 25th, 1901, and died June 29th, 1929, making her stay on earth 28 years, 5 months and 4 days. She was married to D. F. Bone June 23rd, 1918, and to this union were born a daughter, Edith, and a son, Fulton Lee. The latter died in infancy. Her husband, D. F. Bone, little Edith, father and mother, L. D. Perry and wife, two brothers, Fred Perry, of Detroit, Mich., and Willie Perry, of Nashville, Tenn., together with other relatives and many friends mourn their loss, yet sorrow not as those who have no hope. The cause of sister Theresa's death was tuberculosis. She was confined to her bed most of the time for fifteen months and suffered much, yet bore her afflictions with christian fortitude. While suffering bodily pain her gentle spirit would look forward to a release, and she would say, "Oh when will my cup of suffering fill?" and would continue by saying she understood the perfect work of God was evidenced by a profession of a good hope in Jesus. She was given to see the beauty of the church, and united with the Primitive Baptists in sweet fellowship on the first Sunday in August 1917. This young sister was much loved by the children of God, and was faithful to her obligations to the end. She was well established in the doctrine of God our Savior, as was manifest by her life and the many expressions of love and devotion made known to those around her. That knowledge which surpasses the understanding of carnal minds gave her to see and understand the perfect work of God her Savior to the end, and she would express this truth to her mother and those around her, by saying, I will cough and suffer just what the Lord has planned for me, and then it will all be over. She would speak of death as one would of going to meeting, and even told how she wanted her hair combed, saying, Fix it like I did when I went to meeting, for I am going to a meeting that will never end. It was her request that the writer should speak words of comfort at her burial, but because of the distance and the troubled conditions of the telephone lines I failed to get the message in time, so the husband called on a friend near by, who held burial service. I would say to all who mourn on account of her going, We have much reason to believe her spirit is safe in the Hand which gave it; yes, "asleep in Jesus." While her mortal body lies in the tomb, with the all-seeing and powerful watch of God's everlasting arm, he will on the resurrection morn speak to her sleeping dust, and in a moment, yes, in the twinkling of an eye, the natural will be changed to spiritual, soul and spirit reunited and in the presence of God and all his holy angels will realize it is free from sin, sickness, pain and death. Yes, will know it was a sinner saved by grace, and will cry out, O' death, where is thy sting? Oh grave, where is thy victory? and will join with the ransomed of the Lord and give thanks unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

ALSO,

RACHEL A. McNEELY, her grandmother, wife of J. Y. McNeely (deceased), departed this life September 12th, 1929, at the ripe age of 84 years and 21 days. She had been sad and lonely since the death of her husband, in the year 1922. The many shifting scenes of this dull mortal life made this mother in Israel desire to give up the battle of this life and dwell with her Christ at home. The end came very suddenly, and was a great shock to her loved ones and those around her. She lay down for her afternoon rest, and when called for supper she could not be awakened. Alas, her gentle spirit had taken its flight and was sweetly sleeping that sleep from which none ever wake to weep. This soldier of the cross had been a member of the Primitive Baptist congregation for about forty years, and was a firm believer in and a strong adherent to the doctrine of predestination. She leaves to mourn their loss five children: W. T. McNeely, of Obion, Tenn., Mrs. C. N. Perry, of Sylvia, Tenn., Mrs. Maggie Jones, of Union City, Tenn., M. C. McNeely, of Dyersburg, Tenn., and G. G. McNeely, of Wingo, Ky., one sister-in-law, Sophia P. Copeland, of Owosso, Mich., several grandchildren and great-grandchildren, and other relatives and friends who mourn their loss of one who desired to pass away and not have to suffer longer. I would say to those who mourn, All those who really believe that Christ died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him from the sleeping tomb and in the great end they will be with the Lord, be like him and be satisfied.

J. C. CHESTER.

ELDER EDWARD LEE ANDERSON, our precious brother and pastor, died at his home in Cave Spring, Kentucky, Tuesday, September 17th, 1929. He had been in failing health for several years, and although he had seemed as well as usual for some time, his death was expected at almost any time, for his doctor had told him some time ago that there was no cure for his disease (kidney trouble). It was only about twenty minutes from the time he was last stricken until his death. His suffering was great, but God took him away at once. None of his family, except his loving wife, was with him at the time of his departure. Had he lived until September 24th, 1929, he would have been seventy-four years of age. He leaves to mourn their loss a devoted companion, two daughters, one son, six grandchildren, together with great-grandchildren. Words of comfort were spoken by brethren W. T. Clayton and Rose Malroy. He was laid to rest in the family burying-ground near his home. He united with the Methodists early in life, but later asked for a home with the Primitive Baptist Church. He had been a Primitive Baptist minister for nearly forty years, preaching salvation by grace and grace alone. His home was a home for all

Old Baptists. He lived and died in the neighborhood of his birth, and was loved by all who knew him. He was a kind and gentle husband and father. He spent the night in the home of the writer the Sunday before he died. Elder Anderson served all the churches of the Red River Association. Oh how we will miss him, but we feel sure our great loss is his eternal gain. He told his congregation the Sunday before his death that they might never see him again. He was ready, willing and anxious to go home, where sorrowing would be no more.

Written by one who loved him.

(MRS.) B. H. SHEARON.

EZRA JOSEPH MORSE died June 11th, 1929, at his home, in West Conesville, New York. He was the son of Joseph and Alba C. Ellis Morse, and was born December 22nd, 1845, on Hubbell Hill, near Halcottville, New York. Many years ago brother Morse moved from Hubbell Hill to West Conesville, where he spent the remainder of his life. He married Mary Case May 22nd, 1882. She died March 16th, 1911. April 3rd, 1912, he married Abigail H. Mead, and she survives him. Brother Morse was a firm believer in the truth from his youth up, and always whenever possible was found in his place at meeting. For many years he attended the Gilboa Church, Gilboa, New York, where he delighted to do whatever he could for the comfort of the brethren and for the good of the cause. When the Gilboa meetinghouse was taken by the New York City waterworks the nearest place he could attend was Lexington. There he attended, and it was there that he was constrained to ask a home with the church. The writer baptized him in Schoharie Creek, opposite the meetinghouse at Lexington, and it was a time long to be remembered. Brother Morse was a very meek and humble man, a good husband, brother and friend, and was respected by all who knew him. Besides his widow, he leaves one sister, Mrs. Eunice Stillwell, of Oneonta, to mourn their loss, but we believe their loss is his eternal gain.

The funeral and interment were at West Conesville, New York.

Written by request.

G. R.

JOYCE RUNYON, infant daughter of Irving and Elizabeth Runyon, was born September 9th, 1926, in Pike County, Kentucky, and departed this life September 26th, 1929, making her stay on earth 3 years and 17 days. She was a victim of that dreaded disease known as T. B. Meningitis, for which our ablest doctors know no remedy. Her parents and friends did all that was humanly possible, laboring with loving and tender hands, but her time had come, the Lord had called her home, and there is no power that is able to resist our blessed Lord when it is his good pleasure to call one of his precious jewels home. But now the home of these bereaved parents is made desolate,

and in their hearts is an aching void the world can never fill. Little Joyce was a very brilliant child, far above the average in wisdom, gentleness and pleasantness. She was a choice pet of all who knew her, and it is hard to give her up. But O, beloved, sorrowing friends, there is a balm in Gilead, a solace for all our aching hearts, it is found in Jesus, the Friend and Savior of sinners, and oh what a heaven-bought privilege to turn to him in our deepest sorrows, like poor, helpless, wayward children.

Funeral services were conducted September 28th, 1929, at the home of the parents of the deceased, by Elder W. M. Stanley and the writer, in the presence of a large congregation of sorrowing friends, after which the mortal remains of little Joyce were tenderly deposited in the tomb in the family cemetery.

In hope of immortality,

G. B. BIRD.

JOHN C. McALPINE departed this life Thursday, August 6th, 1929, at his late home, Aberfeldy, Ontario, aged 71 years, 3 months and 17 days. He was the last surviving member of a family of twelve, his sister Barbara Ann having preceded him in October, 1928. In the spring of 1927 he was taken ill with influenza, then pernicious anemia set in, from which disease he never fully recovered, but gradually grew weaker, until the above mentioned date when he passed peacefully away. All through his illness he never complained, but bore his suffering with great christian patience and fortitude. In his life he set an example that was helpful to many, being the soul of integrity and honesty, and he clung to his religion and belief in God, thus giving him a strong anchor in his life and a pleasant contemplation of a union beyond the grave. He leaves to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father his wife, three daughters and one son. The funeral was held from the home, burial was in Rickard Cemetery.

(MRS.) JOHN C. McALPINE.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO HELP SEND THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK AND TO AID THE "SIGNS."

Mrs. W. E. Short, N. J., \$1; A. B. Corder, W. Va., \$2; Mrs. Mary Ellison, Kans., \$1; W. H. Profit, Ark., \$1; Miss Annie E. Parker, Md., \$3; Sarah I. Rittenhouse, N. J., \$8; G. C. Jordan, Mo., \$3; Mrs. Mary J. Ege, N. J., \$3; R. L. Davis, Kans., \$1; Mrs. Mary A. Drew, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. Maria Rees, Ky., \$4; S. F. Carruthers, Va., \$1; Hubbell Brothers, N. Y., \$10; Mrs. Henry Hayman, Md., \$1; Anson Quint, Me., \$3; Attie Curtis, Me., \$1.

NOTICE.

Any one having a copy of Hassell's Church History they are willing to part with, will please notify R. L. Davis, 1000 Avenue G, Dodge City, Kansas, as he is anxious to purchase one.

M E E T I N G S .

**E B E N E Z E R
O L D S C H O O L
B A P T I S T C H U R C H .**

I N
N E W Y O R K C I T Y .

Meetings every Sunday at 168 East 70th Street, Manhattan. Near Lexington Avenue.

11:00 A. M. 2:00 P. M.

To all who are seeking the truth, a cordial invitation is extended to meet with us.

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B A P T I S T C H U R C H
A S H O K A N , N . Y .**

Meetings every third Sunday
10:30 a. m. 2 p. m.

All who are seeking the truth are cordially invited.

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C H U R C H .**

1315 Columbia Avenue
(Park Avenue Hall)

P H I L A D E L P H I A , P A .

Meeting First and Third Sundays

At 10:30 A. M.

A L L W E L C O M E

Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church meets every first and third Sunday at 11 a. m., also Saturday before third Sunday at 2 p. m. in each month. Take South Main car, go to end, walk one-half block north to meetinghouse.

E. A. MORELAND, Pastor.

Mt. Zion Church, Weslaco, Texas, invites all lovers of the truth to meet with us on the fourth Sunday each month, at High School Building.

E. B. AULT, Church Clerk.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the third Sunday in each month, in Pythian Temple, 1012 Ninth St. N. W., at 3 o'clock p. m. Take elevator to fourth floor. All lovers of truth are invited to meet with us.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

Cedar Creek Church meets every fourth Sunday at 10:30 a. m., at the home of Dr. Thomas Stakley, 7029 59th Ave., S. E., Portland, Oregon. Take Mt. Scott car at First and Alder Streets, get off at Tremont Station and go one block west. Lunch at noon.

S. B. MOFFITT, Pastor.

J. B. SALLEE, Clerk.

The Bethel Church of Chicago meets, the Lord willing, every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 2 p. m. at the home of W. N. Spitler, 11332 South St. Louis Avenue, Chicago. By street car, 111th Street and Sacramento Avenue car to end of line. By auto, from 111th Street Highway south on Kedzie Avenue to 114th Street. All lovers of the truth are invited to meet with us. Midweek song service by appointment. Pastors, Elders Jones and Jaynes. Basket lunch.

(MRS.) EMMA E. BRUNOW, Clerk.

The Cane Run Predestinarian Old School Baptist Church, of Turners Station, Kentucky, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 10:30 a. m., also, the Sulphur Fork Church of Campbellsburg, Kentucky, of the same faith and order, meets every third Sunday, and Saturday before, of each month, at 2:30 p. m.

GEO. L. WEAVER, Pastor.

Little Flock Regular Predestinarian Baptist Church of Southern California meets every first and third Sunday at the Sweedish Lutheran church-house, on the southeast corner of Eleventh and Orange Streets, at 1 p. m.

J. W. HAYNES, Moderator,

495 East Fifth Street, Riverside, California.

O. P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk,

143 W. 11th Street, Claremont Cal.

S E L F - P R O N O U N C I N G B I B L E

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