

XX

THE LONE PILGRIM

VOL. 2

AUGUST, 1924

NO. 11

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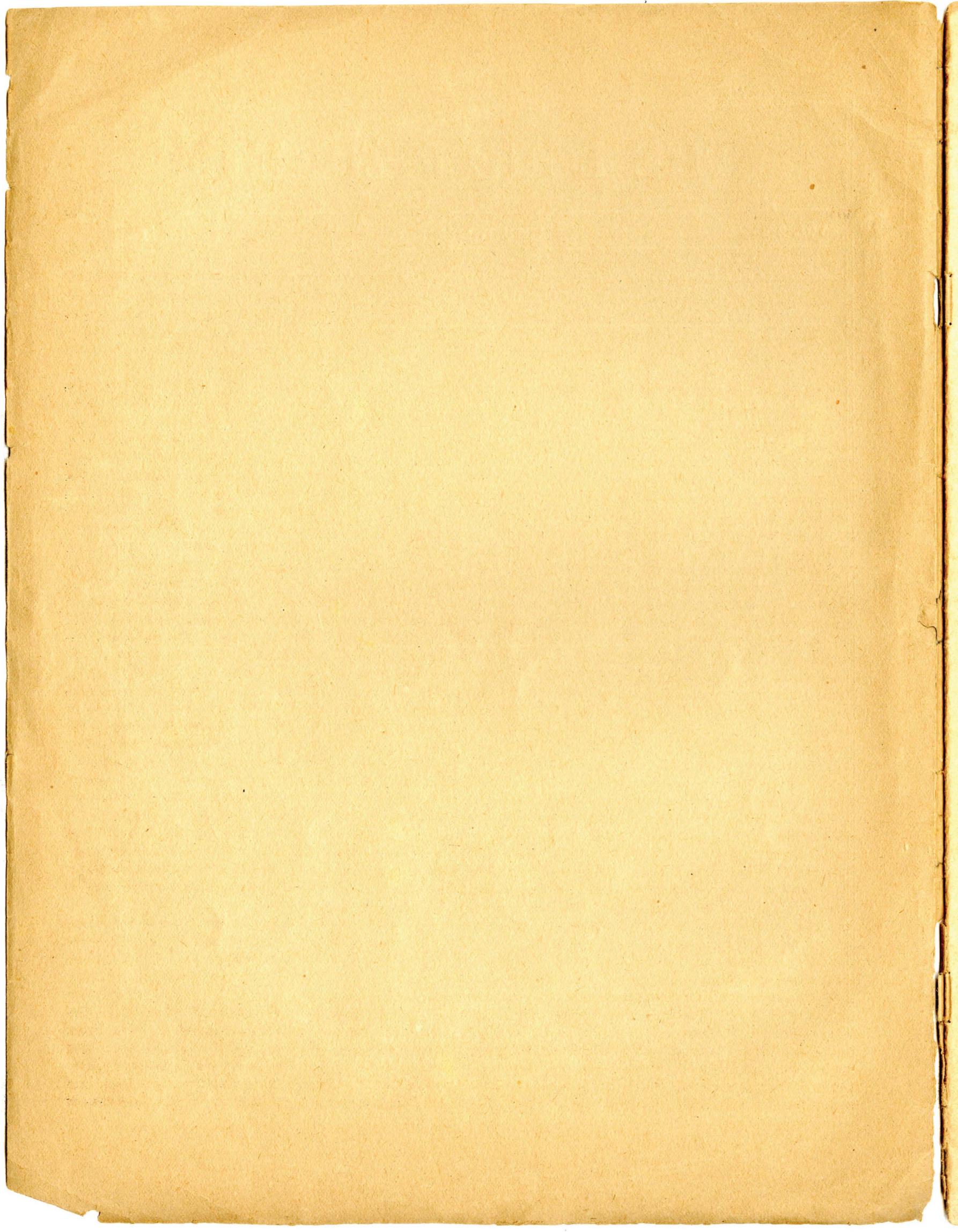
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These all died in the Faith, not having received the Promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them and embraced them, and confessed they were Strangers and Pilgrims on the Earth.—Hebrews 11:13.

THE SHEPHERD'S VOICE

"My Sheep Hear My Voce"—John X.-27.

(A Sermon by Edward Carr of Bath, England.)

The sheep of Christ possess three marks by which they are distinguished from all beside. They are led by The Shepherd; they follow Him as their Leader; He supplies all their need; and they hear His voice Jesus speaks to His people in many ways, so that it is an ever present truth, "My sheep hear My voice;" they "know" it (verse 4), and follow Him (verse 27. Goats, carnal professors hypocrites and all those who assume spirituality which (not being accompanied with humility) is manifestly spurious, know nothing savingly of the glory, sweetness, majesty, and power of the voice. Christ's sheep alone understand and know Him. Jesus speaks in His word; it is His voice heard in it which gives it power to comfort, correct, instruct and support. The Shepherd makes the world efficacious to the accomplishment of His purpose, producing gracious effects in the heart and life. His voice is heard in the Gospel. His sheep resort to His earthly courts desiring to hear the voice of their heavenly King speaking to them in Gospel promises and assurances. When the Shepherd calls, in this lies the difference between Law and Gospel. Law commands but gives no strength to do its precepts. The Shepherd's voice speaking through and in the Gospel makes it so exceedingly precious as good tidings of the salvation which it brings. If the Lord says, "Seek ye My face," the hum-

bled heart replies, "Thy face Lord will I seek."

If He says, "Come unto Me," the listening sheep replies, "Lo, glad I come, and thou, blest lamb, shalt take me to thee as I am." In this way the sheep prove that His bid-dings are enablings. Then His voice is heard in His spirit, secretly witnessing with our spirits in many ways. This "still small voice" is sometimes silenced or overpowered by other sounds, by distrust and confusion of our own multitudinous thoughts, by the uprisings of inward corruption, by the ceaseless turmoil of worldly cares and anxieties, by carnal reasonings of unbelief, and by a thousand other things. Nevertheless, in the "afterward" when sanctified trial has produced peaceable fruit of righteousness the "still small voice," in the quiet of humble resignation brings its message of mercy very gently to the meekened heart. We do well to take heed to the exhortation "Quench not the Spirit." Again the Shepherd speaks in the rod. "Hear ye the rod" Micah vi, 9.) The rod of divine chastening tells only of love. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." It is one of the greatest mercies, both of sheep and lambs, not to be left without chastisement, "whereof all are partakers." Doubts arise as to an interest in His love, fears suggest that the discipline is for destruction; but the attentive ear of faith discerns sooner or later the Shepherd's voice in the rod declaring His love. How blessedly the Lord Jesus sometimes speaks in His providence. Sweetest instruction is often given by deep outward trials. Friends fail, turn against us, or die; this teaches us

the futility of trusting in the creature. Difficulties, at first regarded as light, at length prove to be insurmountable; this teaches us the insufficiency of our own wisdom and strength. Disappointment disturbs and perplexes our mind; this teaches us the unreliability of our best laid plans, and the necessity of submitting to His overruling hand, which, controlling all things, crosses our schemes in the exercise of His boundless goodness. The voice of the good Shepherd is also heard at the throne of glory in intercession on behalf of His sheep, as their representative before the face of the Father. Every blessing comes to them because Jesus pleads for them. Therefore it is in His name all prevailing prayer ascends to the ear of the Majesty on high. Faith commits the cause (of whatever kind, nature or degree) into the hands of the Advocate, who undertakes for every sinner who comes unto God by Him. Here all is well, all is safe, all secure. Our prayers are answered, and our persons accepted. The mercy seat is sprinkled round with blood, and this speaks better things than that of Abel, for it speaks peace and reconciliation. It tells of the removal of sin and of the cleansing of the sinner.

Now, while the voice of the Shepherd is heard in these so numerous and so blessed ways, it is recognized by the effects it produces in those who hear it. The voice of the Lord Jesus is effectual in calling His sheep from darkness to light, from death to life. It conveys both light and life, as it did to Lazarus, causing him to rise from the dead, and to come forth from the darkness of

the grave to the feet of Jesus. Yes, the voice of the Shepherd always calls His sheep to Himself. From the beginning of divine life in the soul all the way through the pilgrimage, Jesus continually calls, "Come unto Me." In almost every dispensation and trial that voice cries. "Come unto Me." Could we but understand it; and at the final consummation He will say to those on His right hand—"Come." His voice is always effectual in separating, in calling them to Himself; He separates them from all beside. Drawn to Him they are separated from the world, from all false confidences and creature helps, from fleshly reliances, and from self in all its forms. Thus dealt with, the sheep obeys and follows His Shepherd, and the nearer he gets to Him, the more clearly the sheep hears His voice teaching and instructing. Divine teaching is continuous. Wisdom's lessons are imparted "line upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," as the feeble ones are able to bear it. Lambs often expect to hear the Shepherd's voice only in comforting accents, and almost always refuse to believe it is His voice when He corrects, instructs or commands. This is very foolish, and shows but a shallow knowledge of spiritual things. Sheep who really know the voice of Jesus know that, while He teaches, it enables giving strength to obey its behests. He commands, and it is done. He speaks and His word accomplishes His will, whether in the creation of a universe, or in the most minute turn of circumstances. Everything is ordered and disposed by the Shepherd's voice. Moreover, His word is abiding. He never says and unsays; there is no "yea and nay" as with men; it is all "yea and Amen."

Experience of Lewis G. King

Ridgeway, Va.,
Henry County,
Dec. 25, 1858.

To Elizabeth McNeely, Rockingham
County, N. C.:

Dear Sister in the Lord:

If I am worthy to claim such a great and blessed relationship with you, as I have some leisure moments, if it is the will of God, our merciful Father and merciful redeemer, I will try to write a few lines.

I think I cannot better apply them, than in reading, writing or speaking of God's love for us poor, sinful and disobedient children, if we have been born of the Spirit; we are children, then heirs; heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ. Dear sister, about twenty two or three years ago, as well as I can recollect I was at a meeting; it had not been very long before the meeting my father departed this life. The friends of the meeting had a considerable revival. Some of my young acquaintances were then on their knees; I was standing nigh by looking on. I was accosted by some of my father's friends; I mean personal not religiously, for they believed in part work and part grace. We read and if by grace, then it is no more of works but if it be of works it is no more of grace, otherwise work is no more work. My father was a Baptist, a Primitive Baptist, and he believed it is by grace are ye saved, through faith and that not of yourselves. It is the gift of God, and not of works lest any man should boast, but this is rather leaving the subject. Those friends of my father, as I stated above accosted me in a very feeling manner. They asked me if I did not wish to be a Christian and be prepared at death, to go to the glorious clime above, there to meet God in peace for ever to be with my Father. They said they had no doubt but what my father was then in

heaven, and if I would come and kneel down and let them pray for me I would get religion. They said then was the time while I was young and if I did not come in and get religion then it might be the last opportunity that ever I would have; they said I had better come and get religion and be prepared to go to heaven, and there I would meet my father, and, oh, how glad he would be to see me, no tongue could express. I think you can better appreciate my feelings than I can express them. I had all confidence in my father's being in that glorious kingdom above there participating in the enjoyments belonging to that heavenly place.

You must know I was young and loved my father; it was well calculated to work deep impressions on my mind. I did not join them though I thought I was a Christian. It was for some three or four weeks I would try to pray. I thought I would do as good as I could and that would be all that was required of me, or that was necessary to continue me a fit subject to meet my father in heaven and to be with my God forever. Jesus said to Nicodemus "Marvel not that I said unto thee, ye must be born again." I knew nothing of the new birth; I never had been born of the Spirit, therefore I knew nothing of a spiritual birth. After the expiration of some four or five weeks this passion began to wear off, and I was frequently in the wildest of company. "They that are of the flesh do mind the things of the flesh." But it was frequently when I would go to preaching and hear a feeling sermon, I could not keep from shedding tears. I would frequently make promises that I would do better. Some times while on my bed I would think of many sins I had committed and many promises I had made; then to think of the death of my father and the dreadful consequences, it would make me have such awful feelings. I shall

never be able to express them or to hear of the death of any of my acquaintances, it would make me have very serious impressions to think that the Lord would take them from this world and spare such a poor sinner as I. When any of my family would be seriously ill, I would beg the Lord to restore them to health, and if he would, I would never, never be so wicked any more, but as soon as they were restored by the merciful Redeemer, all my promises would be broken and in sin I would go traveling the downward road as fast as time did roll, going at a great distance from God and loving the distance well, rolling sin under my tongue as a sweet morsal, for I loved sin and delighted in sin, but still something would seem to whisper to me that all was not right within. In this the Lord permitted me to go until August, 1857, at an association at Leatherwood.

On Sunday while Brother G. W. McNeely was preaching he spoke of the travel of a sinner from nature to grace in a very feeling manner. I became very much affected and while he was addressing the ungodly part of the congregation and telling of the awful consequences of sin and what the final result would be, oh, I think I saw myself to be a poor, condemned sinner. Sins that I had committed years ago, and had forgotten were then present to my mind. Oh, when poor sinners are made to see, feel and understand the dreadful condition they are placed in by sin, it feels like it is more than they can bear. Oh, when I parted with my relations and friends to come home, I thought it very doubtful whether I would see them any more in this world, for I felt very strange. I felt like something serious was going to befall me. I could not think what it would be unless the Lord was going to take me from this world and send me to everlasting punishment. Oh, I have been made to sorrow and bemoan

about the loss of near and dear relatives but there is no sorrow like unto this; there is no person or persons, but those who have been made to feel the weight and burden of sin, who can have any idea of a poor condemned sinner under the curse of the just and holy law of God. Oh, it was frequently that I would be wandering about from place to place and getting on my knees, yea, prostrating myself on the ground thinking to humble myself as much as I could. I would then try to beg the Lord to have mercy on me, a poor sinner. Sometimes I would think it vain in me to suppose that the Lord would have mercy on such a sinner as me. I would think there had been a time many years ago while I was young and had those serious impressions, and before I had committed so many sins if I had sought the Lord he might have had mercy on me, but I am too late. I have sinned away too much of my time. The day of grace is past with me. Oh, I thought of all God's creation, I was the most miserable. I felt like all my petitions were in vain and my tears and groans were not noticed by the Lord and Savior of sinners, and what to do I knew not. I would sometimes think of associating with my gay companions and try to wear the feeling off, for there was no chance for me, then I would think that would not do, for I had spent too much of my time in that way; then I thought if I ceased to beg, I must die, and if I beg I can but die. Oh, I thought I had rather die at his feet begging for mercy than to live in such a distressed condition. I felt like one alone; I could not enjoy wild and sinful company for it was a time of lamentations with me, and I could not expect to be noticed by religious persons, for I was a sinner and not worthy of their company, and, oh, the worst of all to think I had been such a sinner all my life that I could not expect anything but

the frowns from a just and righteous God; for I had sinned so much against such a good and merciful God.

It was a wonder that he had spared me so long. I would go to preaching thinking it might be possible that I might hear something profitable and consoling to me. I would hear many sweet promises that were made to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, to those who are weary and heavy laden, etc. I hungered and thirsted, but I thought it was not the right way; I was weary and heavy laden with sin and guilt, but I thought it was not as a truly convicted person should be. I thought I could see some persons that those sweet promises would suit their case, but they would not do for me, they were too good, but the woes that were pronounced against the ungodly, they would suit my case, for I was a sinner, the vilest of sinners. Oh, I thought my doom was fixed, that I would be cast out into darkness, where there would be wailing and gnashing of teeth, and I thought the sentence would be just and right. It was for many nights that I would sit up late reading my Bible, thinking it might be the last opportunity that ever I would have. When I would lie down I would beg the Lord to have mercy on me, and spare me if it was his heavenly will to let me live to see another morning, for I would feel as though that was the last night with me. I thought I had been sinning so long and so much and making so many promises to do better it was a wonder and a great wonder that the Lord had not cut me off and sent me to hell years ago. When morning would come I would thank the Lord that he had been so kind and merciful to me, as to preserve me through the past night. Oh, I did not believe the Lord would suffer me to live much longer. I would try to beg the Lord to keep me from sinning any more, the short time he might permit me to live here in this

world, if my poor wicked soul after death was sent to hell, there to receive the just punishment for the deeds done in the body. Sometimes I would be going to find some secret place where I might get on my knees to try to beg the Lord to have mercy on me. I would hear the little birds singing their songs. Oh, I thought their enjoyment was so great and their condition so much better than mine. Yea, I would have been willing to have been a worm of the dust rather than myself, for after death there is no punishment for them, but after death, then the judgment with me, and (oh, what an awful sound it would be, to hear the just and righteous judge say to me: depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels.

I have gone and got on my knees to try to beg the Lord to have mercy on me, and I would feel so condemned that sighs and tears would prevent words. Sometimes I could cry out in the anguish of my soul and say: God, be merciful to me, a sinner. Oh, would it please thee in the fullness of thy mercies dear Lord, to have mercy on such a poor worthless sinner as me. Oh, Lord, be not displeased with my frequent petitions for without Thy pardoning mercies I must perish forever. If death is my doom, I want to spend my last breath at Thy feet begging for mercy. Oh, Lord, Thou art merciful, and I am willing to lay all at Thy feet, and what Thou doest with me will be just and right. So the Lord permitted me to go on in this distressed condition until about the first of April, 1838, when I would be begging the Lord to have mercy on me, it would be frequently some of those sweet promises would seem to be on my mind. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." My distress left me and it was for some three or four

days I felt cheerful and was frequently singing, but I did not take it for conversion, for I thought if ever the Lord would be so kind and merciful to me as to pardon my sins I would see some bright light or hear some voice speak to me in such a way that I could not doubt; then I thought indeed the Lord had never began the work in me, if he had he would have performed it, then I began to beg the Lord to give me troubles and distress as I once had. I thought if I could feel them again, if ever I was released from them I would try to know how and in what way. Oh, I was grieved to think my troubles had passed off in such a way, but I could not feel that condemnation and distress of mind as I once did, but I continued to beg and plead my cause with the Lord. Sometimes I would think it possible that He would pardon me. Some time after this, while on my knees in humble supplication to my heavenly Father, the Savior of sinners, these words came in force on my mind, "Oh, praise the Lord, for He is good, for His mercies endureth forever." I arose from my knees praising His precious name. Oh, my love was inexpressable and full of joy; the Lord can kill and make alive, blessed be the name of the Lord. Oh, I cannot help hoping that the Lord has pardoned my sins if I am forgiven and my sins no more to be remembered, and my name is recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life. It is by the grace of my heavenly Father, the merciful Redeemer, the Savior of sinners, who was evil spoken of, who was maliciously betrayed, who was falsely condemned to die, and bled and groaned and died on the cross for my poor sinful soul without any worth or merits in me. Sometimes I doubt my deliverance for I hear others speak of their's being so plain. If I have passed from death into life it is by the grace of God I am what I am. I have gone off in the lonesome

forest to return my heavenly Father thanks for the many mercies He has bestowed upon me, and to offer up my petitions for the continuance of them. I think I have therefore been enabled to say, as Thomas did when the Lord told him to thrust his hand in His side, my Lord and my God. Sometimes I would think of talking to the church, then I would think if I was deceived and was to go and deceive them and they were to receive me and I were to be baptized and partake of the Lord's Supper unworthily, oh, how miserable I would be, for he that eateth and drinketh unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not deserving the Lord's body.

Sometime in May, if I am not mistaken, I had a short interview with Brother McNeely and yourself and you both gave me some encouragement and I went to meeting some two or three times and there was some difficulty in the church. Oh, I thought if I were to join the church and then bring reproach upon it, how awful I would feel. Then I came to the conclusion it was not worth while for me to say anything to them about my feelings for if I was a Christian I could live as well out of the church as I could in it, and if I was to commit any gross sin, I would not bring any reproach upon the church. I loved God's people, and I loved the cause of Christ. I thought if I was to join the church and do anything for which I would have to be dealt with it might be the cause of some others not coming to the church, but I soon saw that I could not live out of the church and enjoy myself in the way I wished for. I wanted to talk of my heavenly Father's love, and to have full fellowship with those who I thought to be His dear little ones, and to join with them in singing praises to His great and glorious name, but I thought I had rather be debarred from all those great and precious privileges, than perhaps to

be a stumbling block to them.

At the August meeting after preaching the church convened and they seemed to be in full fellowship. O, how I wanted to be with them, but when I would think of asking their permission if they thought me worthy to join them, something whispered to me if I join them I might dishonor the cause and bring reproach upon those whom I so dearly loved. They sang some song and were dismissed. I walked out of the house and my sister came to me and said she would have been very glad if I had talked to the church. She said the letter I had written her gave her full confidence in me, and so she said she thought it was my duty to talk to the church and join them if they would receive me. You came up to where we were and said that the Lord was merciful and you hoped he would forgive me. I remarked if I was worthy I would be very glad to join the church and if I had not done rikht I hope the Lord would forgive me. To think of talking to the church was a great cross to me. That night I was reading and came to these words, "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow Me." I thought it strong proof that I should confess Him and take up my cross and follow Him. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved and he that believeth not shall be damned." And I thought baptism was a plain and positive commandment. These words seemed to bear on my mind. "If ye love me keep my commandments." I thought there was one plain and positive commandment I could not comply

with unless I joined the church. I lay down and went to sleep, though I was much distressed. I awoke about one o'clock and did not go to sleep any more that night. I came to the conclusion that I had not discharged my duty. I thought if I could say that I hoped I was a Christian and had evidence to establish that hope it was my duty to talk to the church. What you said to me seemed to have great weight on my mind—you hope the Lord would forgive me. Oh, Sister McNeely, if the Lord has been so good, kind and merciful as to deliver me from so great a death and I hope yet will deliver me, should I not seek to please, obey and honor His great and glorious name! I then began to beg the Lord to forgive me and not send any distress on me, if He would permit me I would go to the next meeting and try to tell some of my feelings to the church, and if they think me worthy of their fellowship I would be baptized, and take up my cross and try to obey His commandments. "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."

At the September meeting I went and related some of my feelings to the church and they received me, and I was baptized the next day, and I felt like I had discharged some of my duty. If I was what I hoped I was and what I professed to be.

Oh, the love, the peace and enjoyment I felt for some time is unspeakable, but I have had doubts and fears since then. Oh, Sister McNeely, I want you all to pray for me that I may live up to my confession, that I may honor my heavenly Father, that I may be spiritual minded, that I may have life and peace. Oh, bless our God, ye people and make the voice of His praise to be heard. Oh, that we may grow in grace and the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ to Him be glory and majesty dominion and power both now and forever. Yours,

LEWIS G. KING.

"RATHER REJOICE THAT YOUR NAMES ARE WRITTEN IN HEAVEN"

Dear Brother Elders In the Afflictions of the Gospel:

I have a few copies of your paper "The Lone Pilgrim" by name, and am favorably impressed with it thus far.

I wish to offer along with the above named text a few words of encouragement to you brother editors.

As you know in 1832 "The Signs of the Times" was established as an organ through which the "old school" or Predestinarian Baptists could express their views. It was freely done in contradiction to all means, auxiliaries, or aids held by the "new school" or Mission Baptists for salvation. From these things our fathers had withdrawn fellowship or rather declared non fellowship, for they never had any fellowship for them. Now there was still an element among them, not well enough established in the doctrine of salvation unconditionally by grace in every sense, so but what questions arose as to the truthfulness in full that the "Signs of the Times" stood for. It takes a well established Baptist to see that God had any use for the devil. Many at that time and to this day, concluded that he arose as an objectional feature in that which God had purposed; and that he has continued to be antagonistic to God, thwarting His will and destroying His pleasure since he appeared in the Garden of Eden.

The idea of a self existing independent devil is Arminianism, it differs not where you find it. Of course you find it in full sway among all Arminian bodies.

The doctrine of an independent God and a dependent devil is the doctrine of salvation by the grace of God. Call it what ever kind of predestination you may.

In 1854, I believe it was, an organ

known as "Zion's Advocate," which was established to take care of the views of those among us who feel that the fall of man was not God's purpose and that the devil arose in the Garden as an objectional feature, hence classed an ever existing eternal spirit, with which God has been struggling in all ages for the ascendency. I say Arminianism again, if it is found among us. What do you say reader! Is not the doctrine that God is struggling with the devil to save man in any sense, and has not the power because of the combined effect of the work of man and the devil's Arminianism out right!

Here I, J. D. Cockram, stand without any paper of my own any more to express to you the views held by the fathers in establishing the first organ for Old School or Primitive Baptist churches in the United States.

"Zion's Landmark," with which I am still connected will not (I am not yet led to believe) surrender her claim to those whom it became the painful duty of Elder P. D. Gold and others of like precious faith to entreat and finally rebuke.

You, Elders Wyatt and Hutchens, will find, should you be continued in the editorial field as long as were Elders Beebe and Gold, that the present artillery which is being planted among us needed only to be pointed out and located; those who are not of us will then "go out from us because they are not of us."

I come to you in the close to tell you that a well established Primitive Baptist does not see satan's desire carried out only as God sees cause to grant it to him. Satan has no power only such as is granted him and this is done by God Himself for wise and beneficent purposes not understood as yet by us.

"Master, even devils were subject to us, and in thy name we cast them out."

I say unto you rejoice not that dev-

ils are subject to you, but rather that your names are written in heaven.

We are not exactly on the track when by faith in Jesus we are enabled to expell or banish devils (which we are) to the extent that we boast.

Rather rejoice that your names are written in heaven. These were but the signs that were to follow them.

Adam cannot banish the devil, if so we need no stronger—no need for faith in Jesus. Man only needs to act himself in his own strength and the victory is his.

Arminianism will say God will help him if he will act. Yes, if he will act righteously, he is righteous. The leaven of the Pharisee.

Now, when you hear from the Old Baptist pulpit, the law phrase, "Be good and obedient and you shall eat the good of the land," go to that preacher and ask him if he is the good and obedient one. Jesus Himself would not recognize anything except divine obedience even in Himself.

There is but one good and obedient one and that is God. The signs of this goodness and obedience is the fruits of the spirit and they bear you record that your names are written in heaven. Humbly submitted, yours in bonds,

J. D. COCKRAM.

"THERE IS NO SPOT IN THEE"

Defiled though I am, and a sinner undone,
I have hope and rejoice in the crucified
One;

The blood of his cross speaketh thus unto me—

"Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot on Thee".

Often my heart aches o'er inward uncleanness;

I am wearied, I faint, I yearn for completeness;

Thy righteousness, Jesus doth say is of me;

"Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

In myself I'm all blemishes, wrinkles and spots,

I have comeliness none, I'm a mass of vile blots

The Lamb's precious blood is my soul's only plea,

And Christ in my heart says, "There's no spot in thee.

I am all imperfection, a vile, dirty spot
Unsightly, I'm one of "the things that are not";

I'm sinful, I've nothing, yet something I

Though the obedience, sufferings and blood of the Lamb.

A song I would sing to the Lamb on the throne,

Jesus suffered and bled, all my sins to atone,

How blissful, how sweet, is his blest word to me,

"Thou art all fair my love there is no spot in thee.

'Tis all through the riches of free, sovereign grace,

That I stand all complete 'neath the smiles of God's face.

The voice of the Lamb is such music to me.

"Thou art all fair, my love there is no spot in thee.

The accuser now whispers, "Thou art a dark spot;"

I am pained, I am shamed, I can answer him not,

At this word of the Lord, he nonplussed doth flee;

Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee.

—Frederick W. Keene,

Raleigh, N. C.

THE BOOK OF LIFE

Pilot, Va.

Dear Children in Christ Jesus:

I have been thinking for some time of writing a few lines for The Lone Pilgrim, so in much weakness I will write a few lines. I will call your attention to John while in the

Isle of Patmos, (Rev. 20:12—"And I saw the dead small and great stand before God, and the books were opened and there was another book opened which was the Book of Life and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the book according to their works." Paul was a great man brought up at the feet of Gamaliel and taught according to the perfect Mosaic law of the Father's. (Acts 22:23.) The things I have referred to in the books are the great men's works. Paul tried them, and what he thought was unto life he found to be unto death.

"When the commandment came sin revived and I died." Cain was a great man standing before God, and offered his own work. Abel the small offered a perfect offering which God accepted. The time is coming when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live. The dead in trespasses and in sin are judged according to their works. The great man says work to keep the law, the commandments, as Paul was taught to do many things to persecute the children of God contrary to God's way of teaching, so God's little ones are taught different. In their works are the works of Almighty God when He called the legion of devils to come out of the man it was the work of God when the Son of God bowed His head and gave up the ghost, the redemption of man was finished, not offered, but given by grace no conditions. He tread the wine press of the wrath of God alone. His precious life was pressed out that His church should have life eternal.

That other book, O, how precious, when we can realize some of the sweetness written in that book. John wept because there was no one in heaven nor on earth who could open the seal and open the book. The angel told John to weep not. Behold the lion of the tribe of Juda hath prevailed to loose the seal

thereof, and open the book. The Book of Life that the children of God's names were written in before the foundation of the world, and whosoever's name was not found in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire.

Jesus told the Apostles not to rejoice because the devils were subject to them through His name, but to rejoice "because your names are written in heaven," the same Book of Life.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

J. H. CUMMINGS.

Tehuacana, Texas,

July 2, 1924.

Editors of The Lone Pilgrim,

Dear Brethren:

I will, with the help of the Lord, write you a few lines which will inform you that I received the sample copy of The Lone Pilgrim, and enjoyed its contents. It was like cold water to a thirsty wayfaring pilgrim in a very lonely desert. I would gladly subscribe for it were I financially able. I am an ex-Confederate soldier with no income except a small pension that I receive. I am not able to labor for a living, but we do feel to thank the eternal God who does His will in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, that it is as well with us as it is. I would love to take all the writers that I have read after in The Lone Pilgrim by the hand and say, "Write on, dear brothers and sisters for you know not what little weak hobbling lamb you are feeding."

If I felt competent I would love to write some of the wonderful love, mercy, goodness and long suffering of that wonderful working God that speaks, and it is done; commands, and it stands fast. Yes, that God who declared the end from the beginning, saying, "My council shall stand and I will do all my pleasure." I love to talk and meditate of a God that is independently ruling all

things after the council of His own will. "And when I say all things, I mean all things, times, events, and occurrences." I care not what it may be, even to that lie that the wicked woman told on Joseph. While I believe God ruled and controlled that event, I do not believe God prompted, inclined, or forced her to tell the lie. I don't believe that God has ever prompted, inclined, forced or compelled in any way, one to commit sin in any way, but condemns and punishes His subjects for sin. God blesses His children in obedience and not for obedience and chastises them in disobedience.

I will close praying God's richest blessings on you and all the household, also asking you to excuse all imperfections you find in this weak effort. I desire the remembrance of you all when at the throne of God's rich grace.

J. H. BOZEMAN.

(Editor's note).—We thank you, Brother Bozeman, for the above good letter, and have taken the liberty to publish it. We have entered your name on our mailing list, and hope you may feel impressed to write more for The Lone Pilgrim.—H. F. H.

APPOINTMENTS FOR ELDER G. M. CORBITT

Old Beulah, Tuesday, September 16th.

Smithfield, Wednesday, September 17th.

Four Oaks, Thursday, September 18th.

Thence to Seven Mile Association Benson, Monday, Septemeber 22nd
Black River, Tuesday, September 23rd.

Coats, Wednesday, September 24th
Angier, Thursday, September 25th

Thence to Little River Association Oak Grove, Monday, September 29th.

Raleigh, Tuesday, Septecber 30th.

THE LONE PILGRIM

A monthly publication devoted to the cause of Truth, and in the interest of Old School or Predestinarian Baptist.

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If you desire Your Address changed state plainly both the old and new Postoffices. If You want Your Paper discontinued, pay Your back Dues and order it stopped.

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It is the desire of The Lone Pilgrim to earnestly contend for the

Faith once delivered to the Saints, rejecting the traditions and commandments of men, regarding the inspired Word of God as the Only Standard of truth.

We desire to set forth that Doctrine that Exalts and Honors God and abases man.

Believing that God is Omnipotent, Omnipresent, Omniscient, a Sovereign over all Worlds, Times and events, and That His attitude towards Righteousness is Causative, and towards Sin is overruling, and that Jesus Christ is the Salvation of His People in Time and Eternity. He is all the Salvation we know or want to know among His People, for there is no other name given under Heaven whereby we must be saved.

We desire the prayers, watch care and friendly Criticism of the Brethren, Sisters and Friends, and when we make an error we hope dear reader you will have a forgiving Spirit, and remember we are only human, and not perfect by any means.

The Lone Pilgrim in the Future will not allow it's Columns to be used in giving publicity to any controversy whatever, between Individuals, Churches or Associations, we hope to print better matter than to air differences between men.

We hope Lovers of the Truth will write for the Paper when They feel impressed to write of Spiritual Things. Each Issue of The Lone Pilgrim comes to It's Readers with the Sincere desire of the Editors, that it may be carefully read and tested by the infallible standard, the Scriptures, and received only so far as it's contents are sustained by the Word and Spirit of Our God.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

We are revising our mailing list; if there is any error in the time your subscription expires, as shown by the date that appears on the label after your name, please let us know about it, so we can correct it.

If you fail to get your paper regularly each month, write us not later than the first of the next month after you have missed an issue, giving your correct name and address, and we will gladly furnish the copies that you failed to get on time.

The Lone Pilgrim depends entirely on its subscription list to pay expenses, and when we fail to get what is due us, it makes it hard to meet our financial obligations, so please help us to live up to our obligations by sending in your subscription promptly. Many of our subscribers are in arrears; to all such delinquents we appeal, to please pay us as soon as you possibly can.

If you like The Lone Pilgrim, show it to your friends and ask them to subscribe. To any one who will send us four new subscribers at one dollar and a half (\$1.50) each, we will extend your subscription one year.

J. W. Wyatt and H. F. Hutchens.

April 15, 1924.

Elder J. W. Wyatt,
Dear Brother in Faith:

The above date, seventy five years ago, I was born, the son of William Smith McClanahan. My mother, Virginia McClanahan, giving birth to a sinner child. I am the oldest son of the above named parents. There is nothing that I could ever have done from my birth that would have caused me to have ceased from being their son; neither was my birth the cause of my being a son, for I was their son before mother gave birth to me. There being a time to be born I was manifestly brought forth; in this I was passive it being in the order of ordinary generation. I feel that I have felt the full force of the words of David that sweet singer in Isreal, Psalm 81:5. "Behold I was shapened in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me." This scripture alone is sufficient to condemn the popular idea held by the Arminian world

who advocate infant purity of all children up to their crossing the line of accountability.

As a preventive their dogma is to bring them up in their Sunday school retaining in them the spirit of infant purity. This is truly the blind leading the blind, but returning to my natural birth which was on the 15th of April, 1849 and from my first recollection of myself I believed what all Arminians believe, it being congenial to my nature. I rejoiced in the chance system of being saved, feeling that I could and would do enough good to overbalance all of my evil doings. I remained in this state of ignorance until I had grown to manhood, and had married. My wife being very weakly, gave me a great deal of trouble about her, fearing she may neglect this all important matter of preparing to die. I could not endure the doctrine advocated by the old order of Baptists. At times it seems strange to me, when I think over my past life, that one would be shut up in such gross ignorance as I was, but only having a carnal mind and it being enmity to God, and to His laws nothing omre could be expected, however, there came an old elder into my neighborhood by the name of Martin. OI had known him all my life but never went to hear him preach but a few times as I had no taste for the doctrine he preached, but hearing of his appointment I felt to go and hear him. When I got to the place for preaching, a large congregation had gathered. He sang a hymn and spoke by prayer, and then read his text. "Thou are weighed in the balance and art found wanting," Dan. 5:27. Dear brother, I can never express my feelings of condemnation at the reading of that text. I don't know how I looked, and can't tell how I felt. My scaffle I had reared up, on doing enough good to overbalance all of the bad I had done toppled, and I was left with a broken heart

to mourn on account of being a wretched sinner in the sight of a just and holy God. This was the first preaching I had ever heard with a hearing ear, and it came to me in the power of condemnation of my former prospects of heaven and immortal glory by doing enough good to over balance all of my evil doing were now blighted out, and now I began to realize that I was helpless and nothing short of being born again could bring me to that inheritance reserved in heaven for those who are born again not of corruptable seed, but by the incorruptable word of God which liveth and abideth forever.

In the year 1886, in the month of April I was made to rejoice in that still small voice that spoke so feelingly down in my troubled soul, "poor sinner I have saved thee." My mind was carried to Mount Calvary where Jesus my Savior said with His precious voice, "It is finished." My hope for heaven and immortal glory from that day to this 's in the finished work of Jesus Christ who Paul says hath saved us and called us with a holy calling not according to our works but according to his purpose and grace given us in Christ before the world began.

Brother Wyatt, I fear I may worry you but feel that I can't stop without saying something more definitely about my second birth. If indeed I have ever been born of the spirit, I was in the lonely mountains alone with a broken heart begging God for mercy, and that my condemnation was just and if my soul was sent to hell God's righteous law approved it well, and as I lay prostrated upon the ground, not knowing help was near me, a voice came into my poor, troubled heart saying, "poor sinner, I have saved you." Here, my brother, it seemed to me the lamp of light and life was lighted up in my heart, which brought to my view a new and living way,

"Christ the way, the truth and the life." There was with me a few days of rejoicing, then the temper saying you are deceived and have deceived others. Oh, what a dark cloud hung over me for a short time which brought me to the throne of God's rich reigning grace pleading him to restore unto me the joy of his salvation and for a continuance of his loving kindness and tender mercy to me.

My call to the ministry, if indeed I have ever been called to that sacred office was so clearly connected with my deliverance from sin and death, that I have never been able to make a clear distinction between the birth and the call to preach the gospel of unmerited grace, for the spirit that revealed to me the beauty of holiness alone through the wounds of a crusified but now risen Savior was at that moment clear and I saw by an eye of faith the redeemed of the Lord washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. They were then to me and are yet the most lovely people my eyes ever beheld. They were of the Primitive faith. From that day to this, I have never doubted the old order of Baptist being the church of Jesus Christ. Now, my dear brother, I want to be clearly understood here, I believe that untold millions of God's children have died and will die without joining the church militant or even making a public profession of religion.

Now as paper is getting scarce, I shall soon close feeling that I have been a failure in this effort to write an article for "The Lone Pilgrim," hoping you will make all allowances for my imperfections, knowing that by the reason of age that I am going down the slope toward the western horizon of this time state, and ere long my voice will not be heard on earth proclaiming the good news of glad tidings. Will say if you feel to publish this do so, if not, cast

it aside and it will be all right with me. Your brother in the gospel of Christ.

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

EVERYTHING MADE PLAIN

Dear Heavenly Kindred:

Can we doubt the marvelous work of God among His believing children when we hear them testifying of the same salvation by grace, from the north, south, east and west! Like traveling a road to some city or noted place they describe the crooks, the turn, the ups, the downs, the rough, the smooth, until we know we have traveled the same road, thus God's children are led along, and like the bugle call among the soldiers, is the sound of the gospel trumpet, to those who have been thus led. Even though this trumpet was sounded by Elder W. G. Green of Texas, so wonderful and marvelous is the work of the spirit of the great and eternal God of the universe, that this sound (through The Lone Pilgrim) reached the hungry souls across the Blue Ridge mountains of Virginia, and caused them to rejoice in spirit (we trust.)

Then are we not a peculiar people! Yes, an afflicted and poor people who shall, and do trust in the name of the Lord! There is no people in the world like unto my people—Israel—saved of the Lord. No god like our God, and no salvation save that wrought on Calvary's cross, which is as eternal as the throne of God, ordered in all things and sure to those for whom the Savior died to redeem. We cannot know this side of the great beyond who the redeemed are, but then we shall know as we are known of Him. He knoweth them that are His, yea, He foreknew them ere the heavens and the earth were created.

It has pleased God to reveal some things to His children but the secret of this foreknowledge belongs to God, and His believing children thus

redeemed must live by hope, being assured of Him that this hope is the anchor of the soul both sure and steadfast, and is Christ in them the hope of glory therefore it reaches beyond the grave, into where it is turned into possession and where the fore-tastes of the glory of God shall then be a reality revealed in us. I have surely feasted on the writings contained in the February issue of The Lone Pilgrim and the letter to Elder L. H. Hardy from Elder W. G. Green was both meat and drink for me, also Elder M. P. Spencers article. I heard Brother Spencer at the Association at Flower Gap, last fall and if I am any judge of preaching the spirit surely made him free to declare the truth in the same doctrinal way that he wrote. When this spirit walks them about there is no lack of words to tell (as the poet says) "the old, old story, of Jesus and His love." I am thankful to see so many of our gifted elders on the editorial staff. Surely The Lone Pilgrim is required among us for our good and for the glory of God, or it would not so soon blossom into maturity—you know it is only one year old and walked before it crawled. This is rather contrary to nature, therefore I grasp it as evidence, that its walk was ordered of the Lord, and was worthy of the vocation wherein we trust it is needed to stir up the pure mind by way of remembrance, and by which we may speak to those of our faith scattered throughout this broad land or foot-stool of our God.

ANNIE FULCHER.

Hillsville, Va., Mar. 8, 1924.

Henry, Va., June, 1924.

Mr. G. F. Dyer,
Rocky Mount, Va.,
Dear Brother:

For relief of mind I will write you a few lines to try in my feeble way to tell you how much comfort yours and Brother Perdue's preaching was to me yesterday, for it seems the

very thing that had made such an impression on my mind for some time was fully brought forth by you both. I cannot express how I feel and tell it like you can, but thank the Lord I can believe with all my heart that its just like you preached it yesterday.

I tried to write in my weak way about the scripture that impressed my mind some time ago, but find I fail to express how I feel in words, but Brother Perdue told it Sunday just as I believe and made it so plain, and when I can feel this way its such a great comfort to me that it encourages, edifies, and strengthens the little hope that I am one of the few called and chosen of God. that when such moments come to me, I feel to say, I know my Redeemer liveth, it's a time of rejoicing together in heavenly places, but when I have gone down in the deep and the billows, it seems are clean gone over my head; then I am made to weep, for not one ray of light can I see. It's mixtures of joy and sorrow I do daily pass through, but count all the crosses and pain I have to pass through here as nothing, if only I can be numbered with that throng that shall be enabled to sing that song perfectly, that you spoke about Sunday in the close.

Please pardon me for writing and taking up your time, but felt like I wanted to tell you how I enjoyed your preaching. Writing is much relief of mind to me. I enjoy it and find comfort in doing it, but am so weak that I feel too little to be any comfort to any one else. I hope you and cousin Annie are well, and I want you both to come to see us this summer. I am going to send you some more of my scribbling with this letter. I reckon you think I am foolish, but it is more pleasure to me than all things else. I feel to tremble and fear to write of these wonderful things to such gifted servants as you, but feel that I cannot tell it as I can believe it. Come

to see us when you can, both of you.
From your cousin and sister in
hope,

MRS. JERUSHA PRILLAMAN.

**"MANY ARE CALLED BUT FEW
ARE CHOSEN"**

"The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a king who made a marriage feast for his son, and sent forth servants to call those that were bidden to the feast."—Mat. 22.

The king here in this parable represents God and the servants, God's ministers, I believe, who go forth preaching Jesus the Savior of sinners, the purpose for which God called and qualified them to feed the sheep and lambs, the believers born of God, but there are some who do not believe, and what is the cause of it! "Because ye are not of My sheep," He that is of God heareth God's word, ye are not of God. This marriage to my mind embraces the chosen of God that should partake of the supper, the guests of the household of faith, the ones born in that holy wedlock through Jesus Christ. The sheep that hear His voice when He calls them and they do follow Him. Those that would not come are the unbelievers who have ears and hear not. They made light of those servants and went on their way, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise and even some were so wicked as to slay those servants. Other servants went and it was told them to go into the high ways and as many as they found, both good and bad, and they went and gathered together as many as they found, and the wedding was furnished with guests. Now, those guests I believe are those in the church, those that are worthy and those who are unworthy, both the bad and the good. The servants are sent forth as fishers of men inviting all to come who have professed to have this hope and when they come making this confession the church receives them as one of the guests

and he is given a seat at the table of the marriage feast. But some of them want the chief rooms and the highest seats; become exalted who think themselves better than others and claim there is something they can do to be saved. These are the friends, kinsmen and rich neighbors who represent good works and would recompense thee for what you do for them desiring popularity and to be seen of men from such turn away only who have on the imitation of the wedding garment. (Luke 14:24—For I say unto you that none of those bidden shall taste of my supper. . . Because they have not on the wedding garment, but the maimed the halt, and the blind that were brought in from the lanes and the city; these are the ones worthy to be there, for they heard that small, still voice that spoke to them and brought them to the banqueting house. Those are they who were maimed, torn and bruised on account of sin, lost in the wilderness until the Lord found him and spoke peace to his troubled soul, then he could sing the glad song, "I once was lost but now am found, was blind but now I see," and so this is the way every one is brought into the household of faith.

By the power of God, predestinated by Him before the foundation of the world to be saved. So the Lord shall send out servants to bring them and compel them to come from the hedges and high ways, wherever He has one yet in his sins predestinated of God to be saved, but not been brought to the knowledge of the truth, but when God's appointed time comes to call him, he calls him and everyone. He calls all those who are compelled and made willing to come by His power for there is room for everyone of the elect and chosen of God, for it was His will to save them and call them at His appointed time, so they are yet in their sins though vile as may be if he is embraced in the covenant

of grace in the mind and purpose of God before the world was he shall be brought in, for He will do all His pleasure, and none can stay His hand, and when He has brought in the last one to the marriage feast, then His house will be filled, all filled with His love, joy and happiness for evermore. There'll be no more pain, no more sorrow and no more crosses to bear. These are the ones that shall have their little hope realized that are made to say "Lord at thy table I behold, the wonders of thy grace, but most of all I admire that I should find a welcome place, when the Savior says, eat my friends, the feast was made for you, for you I groaned and bled and died, and rose and triumphed." Then we can sing this song perfectly with Him when we arise in His likeness see Him as He is and be satisfied. For the marriage of the Lamb is come and His wife hath made herself ready. To her was granted that she should be clothed in fine linen clean and white for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints. The wedding garments, these are the few that were chosen for "straight is the way and narrow is the gate that leadeth to life everlasting and few there be that find it."

The many are those not having on the wedding garments, who when He comes to carry His elect home "shall shut the door on them and cast them into outer darkness there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, for broad is the way and wide is the gate that leadeth to destruction and many walk therein for many are called but few chosen."

MRS. JERUSHA PRILLMAN.

Newark, Delaware,

July 17th, 1924.

Dear Brother Wyatt:

While sending you my check for renewal of "The Lone Pilgrim," I will pen a few words that came to me this morning while writing a note to Sister M. F. Whitaker of

Forest Hill, Md. My mind was directed to "works" of the natural man and this scripture came to me and which I quoted to her, in reference to the subject between us at the time: "Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool; where is the house that ye build unto me! and where is the place of my rest! For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord, but to this man I will look even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word."

The whole chapter is rich in spiritual wisdom, and had I the pen of a ready writer, I would love to expound as you preachers to our edification. It is futile upon the part of man to endeavor to build God's house for that is already built. Christ did that when he expired upon the cross; it is finished, and that is enough, for these are His words and His word is truth. When a sinner stumbles and falls on the stone spoken of in Luke 26:18, whosoever falls upon the stone shall be broken; this character is the one that God loves and has not rejected, but the other one upon whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder. To my mind this is also discriminating words between the elect and non-elect. Grace alone cometh down from above, from the Father of lights, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning, so many have and still are trying to build His house as the tower of Babel in ancient times, but it is of the futile efforts of the fleshly mind. None but God can make a sinner poor and of a contrite spirit and when this is accomplished by the Holy Spirit in his heart, then he will know the difference between works and grace. I have a lot stored up in my mind, but I am helpless to release it as I thought, when I sat down to write you I

would express all, but it seems not. It is only through tribulation I can write or speak and I dread the sweet exercise of mind on scripture, for I know that I must endure some trial ahead, but it is sure to follow, but is not this sure evidence of His everlasting arm always "neath us." It is the Holy Spirit that wields the pen, not the man.

Your broter in hope, if one at all.

J. B. MILLER.

Kinston, N. C., July 21, 1924.

Dear Broter Wyatt:

Enclosed you will find my check for The Lone Pilgrim for B. H. Day, 1301 Shepherd street, Morehead City, N. C. Please begin him with the July number so he will not have to wait so long for is paper.

I am also sending for publication a good letter from Sister Mamie Gibbs to the church at Kinston. I have two reasons for sending this letter: 1st, it is a good letter, and 2nd, I want to encourage our brethren and sisters to write to the churches where they hold their membership when they cannot meet with the churdh.

In this way the church can keep up with her members to know where they are and how they are getting along. We were made glad in receiving Sister Gibb's letter, and it is a pleasure to me to commend her for this act of love through The Lone Pilgrim.

The Lord bless you and all of us to following up the one rule of life made up of two monosyllables—do right.

Your broter in hope,

L. H. HARDY.

Pantego, N. C., July 17, 1924.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

Though I don't feel worthy to call you that, but I am so glad of that privilege. I really am so glad to be able to write my feelings to you today, and a few of my past

week's troubles, and ups and downs. I have been away from you until I had found myself strayed away back in the world, until I had become hardened to sin and I tried to get back where I left, but could not. I would try to read my Bible, but could not find anything there and I had thought God had turned me down. I went about mourning and troubled wondering if God had forsaken me, and I felt so unworthy and sinful that I deserved none of God's blessings, but I knew unless God had mercy on me I would be lost, for I am nothing and can do nothing for for myself. I had been asking God to bring me back in that sweet solemn thought of "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear." It soothes his sorrow and heals his wounds, and drives away his fears. Nothing I could do or say would make any change in me, so I went on in that way until at last to my surprise I heard a voice, on the 7th of July, say at my door, "Heigh-O!" I looked and there stood dear Brother Shaw. Oh, how my heart leaped for joy to think God had sent a brother to see me. He came in and spent the night in my house, and he preached one of the most powerful sermons that night. He left my home the next afternoon, and went to Brother Daniel Topping's and preached there that night. Oh, how it filled my heart with joy. He talked about "Wait on the Lord." It made me know that the Lord made me wait and now I am willing to wait.

Oh, I can say "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear; it soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds, and drives away his fear," and I tell the children of God it does surely sound sweet to me. Oh, how my heart's desire is to be with you all again, and I hope you will not, any of you, think that I do not want to be there with you, for it is my whole crave, but as I said just now I will wait on the Lord, for I know

He has a good purpose, for everything, and if I know my heart, I am trusting Him though He slay me, yet will I trust Him, for I truly believe I am His and I want Him to deal with me as He sees fit.

Well, I guess you will get tired and weary of such poor writing, for I don't think that what I have written is worth reading, for after all I have not written my feelings, for they are inexpressible. I know that you can express them more than I can myself, but I have got as nearly to it as I can with words. I want you to remember me in your prayers and know that my love is always with you. Will some of you write to me and give me some of your addresses so I can write often to you! I wrote to you last fall; and never heard a word from you, so I did not know whether you got it or not. I addressed it to Mr. Mewborn, but I did not know his address, but I sent it, any way, running the risk of it getting to him. So that is the reason I have not written any more. I will address this one to Mr. Gurley and get him to pass it to the church.

Well, I will colse with love to you all hoping to see you soon, if it is right, and also hoping to hear from you soon. From a sister I hope, in Christ Jesus.

MAMIE GIBBS.

Raleigh, N. C.

Can we for a moment consider anything too minute to evade the eyes of Him whose understanding is infinite!—Psalms 147-5. Oh, so sacred is the thought that all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.—Heb. 4:13. David saith, "O, Lord, thou hath searched me, and known me. Thou knowest my down sitting and mine uprising, thou knowest my thought afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and

art acquainted with all my ways. For there is not a word in my tongue but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether."—Psalm 139-1-4. "Great God from thee there's naught concealed. Thou knowest my inward frame, to thee I always stand revealed exactly as I am."

My life's minutest circumstance is subject to the eyes of the Lord, with whom we have to do.

During the past year I have so many, many times repeated to myself, "All my times shall ever be ordered by thy wise decree."

I cannot see why this or that has been, in the providence of God, my lot. Why these conflicts, this tribulation! I am not always acquiescent but I am led to confide in Him, whose judgments are unsearchable, and His ways past finding out, and my tossed about heart clings to the thought and the hope that God hath loved me in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, hath predestinated me unto eternal glory in our Lord Jesus Christ. So, believing that the Lord performeth the thing that is appointed for me, Job 23-14, there are blessed seasons with me when I am in gracious submission to the providences of God, and in my quieted resting heart I sing.

"All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree,
All shall come, and last and end,
As shall please my heavenly friend.

Plague and death around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die;

Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit."

David saith when his enemies would have destroyed him, "My times are in Thy hand."—Psalm 31-15. And with all my heart I believe, and find solace and rest in the truth that my life's minutest circumstance is embraced in the determinated counsel and foreknowledge of the eternal God, the Lord God omni-

potent who reigneth, and whom I have hope is my everlasting Friend, our Father who is in heaven, our Redeemer, our Shepherd, our All. Some people who are ignorant of the doctrine of predestination and His foreknowledge as though one were apart from the other. Could there be the foreknowledge of uncertainties! Did the Lord our God, omnipotent, all wise, whose understanding is infinite create anything (whether the greatest or the smallest conceivable thing) and have no purpose in giving it being! It is unconceivable. Could that thing, whether great or small deviate, or fail to fulfill his determinate counsel therein, could it fall short of His eternal purpose! Could any created thing go beyond that which was His purpose therein when He gave it being! It is impossible to think of such a thing. "He declareth 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, calling a ravenous bird from the east, the man that executeth my counsel from a far country. Yea, I have spokn it, I also will bring it to pass. I have purposed it, I will also do it."—Isaiah 46-10-11. Acts 4-27-28. I know not if the dark or bright shall be my lot, if that wherein my soul delights be best or not; it may be mine to drag for years toil's heavy chain, or day and night my meat be tears on the beds of pain. But this I know, where ere I go, there is a hand divine that holds me still 'neath every ill, whatever lot be mine.

My bark is wafted to the strand by breath divine, and on the helm there rests a hand more strong than mine. One who is known in storms to sail I hear on board above the raging of the gale I hear my Lord. Yes, this I know where ere I go, there is a hand divine that holds me still 'neath every ill whatever lot be mine.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

The following article was written by Elder F. A. Chick of Maryland more than forty years ago:

"Doth Job Fear God for Naught!"

"It seems to me that in this question is involved all the difference between him who serves God and him who serves self; between gospel obedience and legal obedience; between the religion of Christ and the religion of the world. Do we serve God from motives of policy or from principle! for reward or for the delights of service! Do we obey God as a child, or as a slave! as water runs down hill or as it is forced up hill! All who profess to serve God at all are ranged upon either the affirmative of the negative of these questions. According as these questions may be answered concerning us, are we actuated by the spirit of Christ, or are we not! If a man is honest because honesty is the best policy, he is no more honest than the man who cheats and steals because honest because honesty is the best policy for him to do so. If a man is rendering obedience to any of the commands of God because he expects to gain Heaven or escape hell by it, he is in no wise better than he that makes no pretence at serving anything but his own lusts. All natural, fleshly, Arminian religion looks at the matter just as satan does in this question. This religion is essentially a worship of self, and seeking to glorify self. It seeks not to honor God only, but as it imagines that by so doing it can exalt and secure praise to self. Self is the great consideration and end, not God. Self is the center around which sun, moon, and stars revolved. Deity is, according to this system, only a satellite moved and controlled by the central self. This worldly religion is satanic, therefore in its nature it does not attempt to serve God 'for naught,' and does not believe in such a thing. While professing to uphold virtue, it robs virtue of its virtuousness by holding up selfish ends always to view as the

motives for being virtuous. Its votaries appeal to fear and hope as the chief reasons why men should seek the Lord and become religious. They make it a mere matter of bargain and sale, or exchange of commodities in which man strives to get the best end of the bargain. In this plan while the name of virtue is retained its very substance is lost, and but the shell remains. This fleshly religion, whose spirit is from below, and whose nature is seen in this question of the devil, 'Doth Job fear God for naught!' denies that there is any such thing as serving God for love, and so appeals to the lowest selfishness of man's nature, striving to reform the outward manners, while self and pride still reign supreme within. Like satan, it denies that there is any such thing as unselfish virtue, or that any man 'serves God for naught.' On the contrary, the religion of Christ presents an entirely opposite ground for obedience. It recognizes virtue for virtue's own sake. It claims to give such a spirit to man that, if he had no hope of Heaven or fear of hell, no expectation of good in this life, or fear of temporal evil, he still could follow holiness, esteeming its possession greater riches than all other treasures. Nothing short of this can be counted as the service of God. All else is serving self. Now satan denies that there is any such service possible. He says and his followers say, that reward is a must be the motive appealed to in every case, that there is no such thing as holiness for holiness' sake. Satanic religion is today the religion of the masses of men. And the religion which has Arminianism for its basis withers virtue, and takes away all but its name, just as surely as does the man who breaks in detail every commandment of the decalogue. Self seeking is as hateful to God as foreign to true righteousness in one form as in another. The Pharisee who thinks that what he does is gain to him, is as much the

enemy of God as any publican or sinner; yea, more of an enemy. After Job was stripped of everything he still worshipped God; and thus it is made plain as noonday that there is in the religion of God, our Savior power to produce unselfish obedience and disinterested service in men. And the assertion of satan is thus given the lie. The friends of Job, too, are firm believers in the religion of self. If Job were righteous (say they) he would be blessed; being afflicted it is evident that he is unrighteous. They plainly exhort him to seek God, to be at peace with Him and urge as the motive, 'Thereby good shall come unto thee.' They make self the turning point; but the whole spirit of Job revolts at this. He knows it is not for this reason that he serves God. He cannot see through all the ways of God, he cannot see God himself, but yet he believes in God; and he in substance says, I do not fear God for hire. Out of his own heart's experience he found an answer to confound all their legal reasonings, and to trample upon that system of religion which has its origin in a satanic pride, which bids a man think he is something when he is nothing.

"In this wonderful book we see the question of satan answered in the affirmative. Job does fear God for naught. His is not a legal service. It is the obedience of faith. Love is its substance. In this book, too, we see the question answered as to what liberty in Christ is. Christian obedience rests not upon the slavish idea of rewards and punishments, but is the large, noble freedom of a heart which loves God, and spontaneously follows Him. All else that claims to be true religion is a lie, and does credit to its author, the father of lies. Millions are deceived by it today, and its votaries have no shame in confessing that they serve God for hire. . Miserable misnomers! Say rather that they are serving their own selves. Brethren, how heart-searching is the question, do you and

I serve God for hire! Do we love holiness for holiness' sake! I have to confess feeling much legality about me yet. Still I do believe that I do love the service of God for its own sake. O, to be more like Jesus, who said it was His meat and drink to do the will of His Father in Heaven."

Ingram, Texas.

Elder J. W. Wyatt,
Selma, N. C.,

Dear Brother in hope:

I received a sample copy of The Lone Pilgrim last week and like it fine. I have read it over carefully and think it sound, and in line with the Signs of the Times. I have been a reader of the Signs of the Times for a number of years. I am one who has never learned just where to place a line of separation of the things predestinated, and those that are not. As some claiming to be Baptists, I read and re-read Brother C. M. Weaver's article in the July number, and know just exactly how the trouble was in Kentucky. I was reared in Graves county, Ky., and have known the Kirklands all my life. I was present at their home church when the trouble came to a final division. I joined old Harmony church in July, 1897; was there when about 22 members were separated from the old order. Elders J. M. Perkins, R. H. Boaz, Moon, Oliver, Luther and R. T. Davis were strong enemies to the inroads of the new things introduced by the Kirkland brothers. Old Harmony church was where the Kirklands first joined, and as soon as they raised the disturbance and divided the church, they wrecked their vengeance on old Bethel church and then began to travel extensively through Tennessee, Illinois and the south and caused lots of trouble among the churches wherever they went.

Yes, Brother Weaver, you are right about the so-called hobby, if preaching the doctrine of God's eternal decree, the unchangeable love,

mercy and providence of God, salvation for time and eternity by sovereign grace. If this be a hobby horse, just ride him day and night, for such riders as that shall never hold their peace day or night. I was ordained January, 1909 by a church in Kentucky in the Soldier's Creek Association who was sound on those principals of doctrine. Yet we were stigmatized as "absoluters, can't help it's" and so on, but we as Paul, cared for none of those things.

I moved from Kentucky in July, 1909. After gaining my health for a time I was pastor of several churches of the same faith until 1920, when I gave down in health, developed T. B. of the lungs, and have been away from any church of our faith now four years. I have not been able to do anything 'till the last six months. I am doing a little light work now, but am pretty near run down. I have spent over three and one half years in tents away from anyone that has ever been taught of God by experience. Hope to get a letter from some one of your readers. The Signs has been ever so faithful, for when I broke down in health and finance, it just kept coming and was a source of great comfort to me in my isolated condition. As soon as I get back to where I can I want to subscribe for your paper for I believe it is sound. Hoping to get a letter from you when you have a mind to write.

I am as ever your unworthy brother in hope of mercy.

J. B. BOWDEN.

(Editor's Note)

Dear Brother Bowden:

I saw your name and address in one of our exchanges, and was moved for some cause to send you a sample copy of The Lone Pilgrim. We appreciate your good letter, and hope you will have a mind to write for our little paper. We have placed your name on our mailing list. May some of our readers have a mind

to write this true soldier of the cross, and speak words of comfort to him in his afflictions.

H. F. HUTCHENS.

Newark, Delaware,
Dec. 12th, 1920.

Dear Brethren:

It is with affection, and in affliction, I desire in a public way to reply to the many letters I have received from the different brethren extending from Canada to Texas. It would be impossible to write individually to all. I appreciate to the depths of my heart the many comforting words which have reached me, and hope I may receive the strengthening grace to say, "thy will not mine, be done" in these hours of separation from the brethren, but it is for a moment, a small moment" 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." This change must come, sooner or later, with us all. The love and confidence of the brethren is precious to me while sojourning here on earth, and I feel I am unworthy of such blessings in my flesh, "for I know that in me (that is in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing; for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not." Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

JOHN G. EUBANKS.

Skewarkey Union

The next session of the Skewarkey Union will meet with the church at Tarboro, Edgecombe county, North Carolina, the 5th Sunday in August, Friday and Saturday before. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to attend.

E. C. STONE, Pastor.

Roxboro, N. C.

Elder H. F. Hutchens,

Dear Brother in the Lord:

As I am alone this morning I will write you. My mind is on the good preaching I heard at the Association; it was a feast of fat things from start to finish. How good and how pleasant to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus and hear His words. "Happy art thou, Oh Isreal who is like unto thee, oh people saved by the Lord for He has saved us and called us with a holy calling not according to our works but according to His own purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." "We are His workmanship created in Christ Jesus unto good works." Saved first then called of his own will and purpose not anything we have done it's all of him and to him and by his grace we are heirs of God, and joint heirs of the Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. How can poor, puny man claim any merit, whatever, when he is blind and dumb, no eyes to see and, no heart to understand until God gives the understanding by His grace which was given us in Christ before the world began. "So it is all of grace and happy art thou, Oh Isreal who is like unto thee." "Oh, people saved by the Lord." What peaceful hours we then enjoyed when the Lord spoke peace unto our souls and said peace be still, then oh, my soul adore and wonder for He is all fair, not a spot in Him. He leads us forth by the right way that we may go to a city of habitation.

Dear brother, I have had a name with the Baptists 34 years and the older I get the more of my imperfections I see, and the stronger I see the Lord to be. I feel as helpless as a babe but God in His mercy and grace has seen fit to call me, a poor, vile, helpless sinner, from darkness to light as I hope. Bless the Lord

oh, my soul all that is within me, bless His holy name, he has brought me to His banqueting house and His banner over me is love. "There is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit." Christ is the way the truth and the life to His people. Am I one or am I not! This is a great question with me. I get so low down in my feelings I think if I was a child of God I would not have so many trials and temptations, but He is my refuge an strength in time of trouble, a present help in time of need. He carries all my sorrows and grief; He was smitten for all my transgressions and by His stripes we are healed. He was lead as a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before His shearer, so He opened not His mouth. He was smitten and stricken of God and afflicted so He opened not His mouth, but says, "Father if it be thy will let this cup pass, not my will but thine be done." Is it any wonder the old prophet could say, "happy art thou, oh Isreal, who is like unto the people saved by the Lord." And truly they are the happiest people on earth, happy in the Lord's love. "If fellowship with saints below is so sweet, what heavenly rapture shall we know when round the throne we meet." Well, brother, I will close now for fear I worry you; I am so imperfect, cast the mantle of charity over it, take errors as of the head and not of the heart.

I remain your sister I hope; pray for me.

MRS. ROSA A. FOX.

Appointments of L. H. Hardy

Tuesday, Sept. 30th, Sandy Grove, Beaufort county.

Wednesday, at night, Robersonville.

Thursday, Spring Green.

Thursday at night, Hamilton.

Friday, Conoho.

Time's Changes

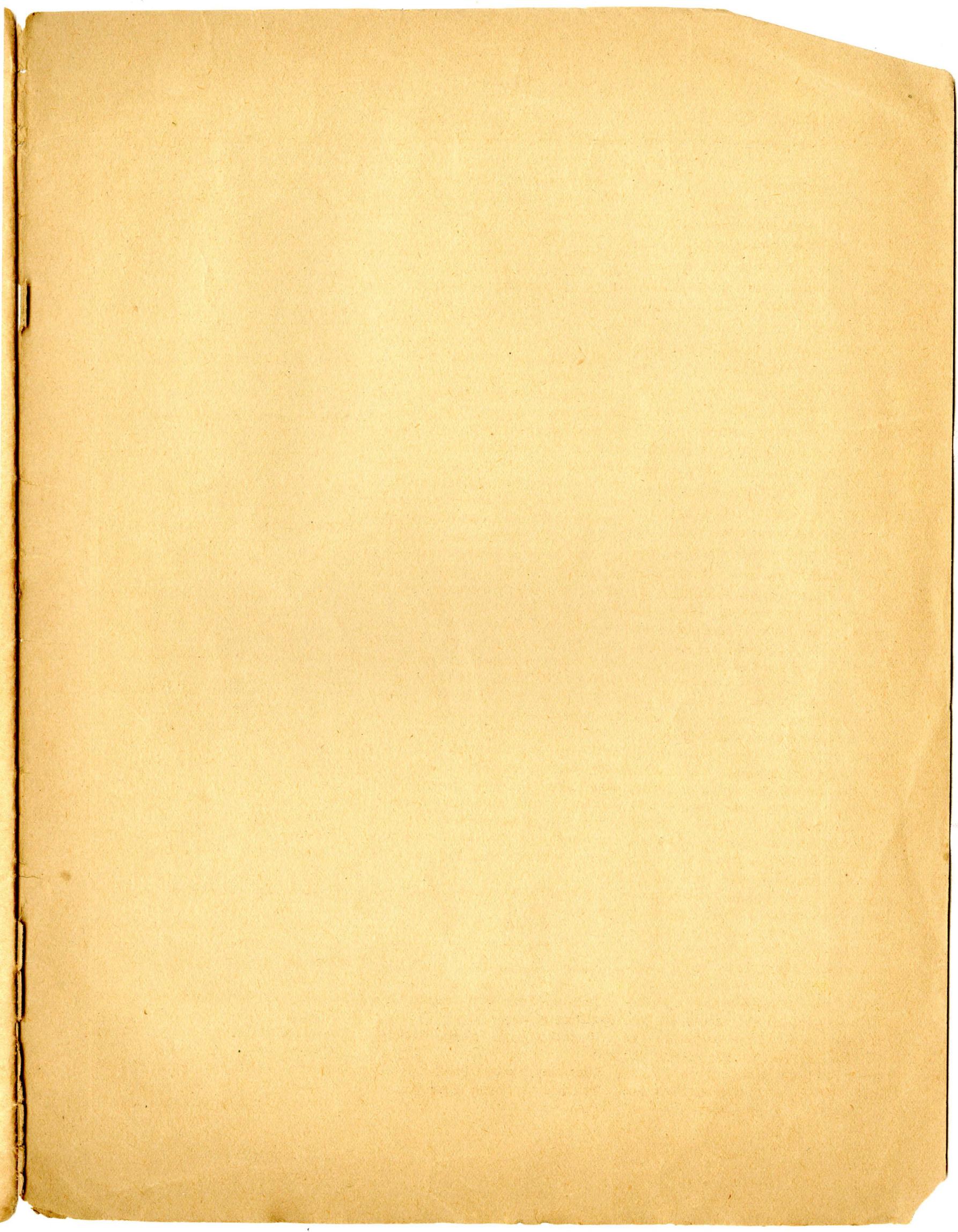
The years revolve with silent, even pace,
Accomplishing the purpose of God's grace;
Time urges on its swift, resistless flight;
But then, its chariot wheels are tracked with light.
The circling course of every day
Shows our Lord's will, and does His love display.

Strange is the scene unfolded to our view,
And unexpected are time's changes too;
Yet all are in His hands, whose skill and grace
Make all things work for good; and faith can trace
Our Father's hand in every rod and cross;
We see His mercy in each pain and loss.

The Lord is good; a sure Stronghold is He;
He reigns and rules, and makes a pathway free
Through trials, snares, and in the wilderness;
The Lord in blessing us does alway bless.
Why should we dread the future!
why distrust
A God so faithful, merciful, and just!

Our days are numbered, and the Covenant sure
Ordains the needed strength whille they endure;
Sufficient in His grare, in every state
Securing all who humbly on Him wait.
Therefore 'tis not in vain we lift our voice,
Defy time's changes, and in God rejoice.

—EDWARD CARR.



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