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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

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## P O E T R Y .

### BE STILL, MY HEART.

“My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.”—Exodus xxxiii. 14.

Be still, my heart, my Savior speaks;  
His word will fill my soul with joy;  
Upon my ear its music breaks,  
It tones my gloomy fears destroy.  
He knows me well, he loves me still;  
His word is true, his favor sure;  
His power will guard from every ill,  
His mercy evermore endure.

My way is hid, my eyes are dim,  
I cannot see the far-off land;  
Gladly I turn my eyes to him,  
And eager seize his outstretched hand.  
His sight is clear, his arm is strong,  
His love will never change nor die;  
Mercy and truth to him belong,  
He will my every need supply.

When dark the sky, and fierce the storm,  
When friends shall fail, and weakness come,  
When terrors fill me with alarm,  
When underneath his stroke I'm dumb,  
His voice shall hush my fears to rest,  
His presence chase my doubts away;  
I'll lean upon his loving breast,  
And see my darkness turn to day.

In childhood's joys, in manhood's cares,  
In age, and feebleness, and death,  
In toil and pain, midst foes and snares,  
His arms are ever underneath.  
Where all is change, and grief, and woe,  
He ever standeth by my side;  
He ever standeth by my side;  
He ever standeth by my side—  
His plans no power can overthrow—  
He changes not, his words abide.

And soon will come the blessed day  
When doubts shall end, and sin and tears;  
When clouds shall all have passed away,  
And ended be the roll of years.  
Then, gathered in from different lands,  
The parted saints shall meet again,  
And midst the songs of angel bands,  
Begin their everlasting reign.

—Selected.

### A PRAYER FOR STRENGTH.

GIVE me strength, my Lord and Master,  
Give me strength for this one day—  
Strength for battle in life's conflicts;  
Give me strength, O Lord, I pray.

I would do thy will, my Master,  
Would perform life's duties all;  
I am weak, and I must perish,  
Unless thou dost heed my call.

Give me strength, O make me stronger,  
Fit me for life's duties all;  
Give me strength, nor let me waver,  
Choose my footsteps, lest I fall.

If not best that for my pathway  
Flowers and sunshine fill my day,  
Let me have the clouds and rainfall,  
Only give me strength, I pray.

Never let my heart grow faithless,  
Even though thou thy face dost hide;  
Though my days be dark and dreary,  
I would in thy strength abide.

—Selected.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

COLMAR, Ky., Oct. 6, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you a letter written me by brother J. E. Fincher, of Banks, Ala., which you may publish in the SIGNS if you wish to do so. I am like brother Fincher, I think his letter is in harmony with the teachings of the Bible; if it is not, I hope we may soon see our error, that we may be able to confess our errors to the brotherhood.

Yours in many doubts,

L. D. HOSKINS.

BANKS, Ala., Sept. 8, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER HOSKINS:—I feel that I have lived in soul union with you a portion of the time since you first wrote me, more than a year ago. Until that time I had no knowledge of your existence, and I feel that it is a great privilege to know that God's children can become acquainted in the spirit of love, even before they know each other naturally. I feel sure you never heard of me until you saw my name in the SIGNS, our family paper, and the tenor of your letter revealed the relationship; when I read it, I knew it was "brother" Hoskins. I could see clearly that you belong to the royal family, which is not of this world. When I consider what a vile wretch I am, I wonder how you could say that I, too, belong to this family. Jesus told his apostles they were not of the world; common sense and reason dispute this. There is a sense in which they are of the world. Our first existence, or nature, is of this world. Jesus was full of grace and truth; then it is very necessary to make the proper application before we can get the import or teachings of Jesus. He says, Father, I pray not for the world, but for them thou gavest

me out of the world. This shows very clearly that there is more than one world. Jesus did not mean that the humanity of his people was not of this world, but the spirit of them was not of this world, even as Christ was not of this world. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that the world through him might have life. Again, I am that true light that came down from heaven, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. I understand this to be the grace world, or spiritual world, otherwise we would have to admit that he lighteth every man that comes into this visible world. Then all mankind is born of God, if this be true, but we know this is not true.

Brother Hoskins, I intended writing you on the subject of falling from grace, or the condition that God's children get into by reason of sin and unbelief. I meet with but few Baptists who accept this doctrine; they are inclined to think it is not Bible doctrine, but according to my views this doctrine is as true as salvation by grace. I will state in the beginning that I do not believe it final, but it affects them in this time world only. Paul tells the Galatian brethren, v. 3, 4, "For I testify again to every man that is circumcised, that he is a debtor to do the whole law. Christ is become of no effect unto you, whosoever of you are justified by the deeds of the law; ye are fallen from grace." If this was true in Paul's day, it is true at the present time. There were some in those days that held to circumcision, or human works, and they are doing the same things at this present time, and making Christ of none effect. Now we notice the seven churches of Asia, which to my mind represent the churches of God in all ages, or in all time, and there were only two

blameless; all of the other five had somewhat against them, while there was only one that had fallen to such an extent that our God said he would spue her out of his mouth. This church (the Laodicean) had completely fallen into dead works; there was not a live member there. She was not commanded to repent, I understand she had sinned unto death. John says, There is a sin unto death, for which I command thee not to pray for. Sardis was a dead church, yet there were a few names there that had not defiled their garments, and she was commanded to repent. Now the dividing line between the minor sins and the sin unto death is hid from all human wisdom. This dividing line runs through the promised land, which is Christ, and there is also a dividing line between the sick and those who are sick unto death in nature, and no human physician can know this line absolutely, God has reserved this knowledge to himself. Some tell me that God's spiritual children never die. I desire to be understood on this point, and will have to write what I see, if I write at all, and if it is of the Lord it is all right, if not, it is all wrong. David was a figure of Christ, and I understand he was speaking of his divine family when he said, Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days. These days are spiritual days in the promised land, which is Christ. Again, David says, Those that turn aside after the crooked ways the Lord will lead them forth with the workers of iniquity. Brother Hoskins, I believe this is the death that shall have no power over those who have no part in the first resurrection, which is Christ. I believe this possession which they have in Christ is obedience, and the two blameless churches in Revelation represent this class: a remnant saved in time according

to the election of grace. I cannot mention all of the Scriptures in proof of this point, they are numerous. He that provideth not for his own household denieth the faith, and is worse than an infidel. This is a child of God; then if he denieth the faith, and is worse than an infidel, surely he is dead, meaning separation, he is not a live christian. It is written in John, I, (Christ) am the true vine, and ye are the branches, and every branch that bringeth forth fruit my Father purgeth it, and every branch that bringeth not forth fruit my Father taketh away. These branches are the children of God, Christ is the spiritual vine. When the Father taketh away these fruitless branches do they remain alive? Does not the apostle Paul say, As in nature so in grace? Then does not a tree or vine have dead branches? We all know they do. Are they not a part of the tree after they die before they are taken away? Yes. Are they not a part of the tree after they are taken away? Yes. Has not God the power to restore these branches if it is his will? Yes. This is what I mean by the children of God dying in time. Now let us notice Peter on this point. But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction. How much difference is there in destruction and death? It had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. These were the people of God, (2 Peter ii. 1-21,) for no other people can know the way of righteousness. They turned from the holy commandment delivered unto them. Verse 22: "It is

happened unto them according to the true proverb. The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed, to her wallowing in the mire." Now what does this mean? They were delivered from bondage, but again became entangled therewith, and their destruction was swift. God's children after they have known the way of righteousness, if they turn from the holy commandments they become vile enemies to the truth, and from a spiritual point of view they are bloody and deceitful, and they shall not live out half their days in the promised land, for it is not a vain thing for you, for it is your life, for in this thing ye shall prolong your days in the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it. (Deuteronomy iii. 47.) Moses commanded them to set their hearts unto all the words of the law which he had commanded them to teach unto their children to observe and do, for he says, It is your life. Moses was a figure of Christ, and in perfect obedience to him. Ye shall prolong your days in him, which is the land whither ye go over Jordan to possess it. The Scriptures plainly show that God's children lengthen or shorten their days in Christ, which is the promised land that flows with milk and honey. This signifies something grand. Man cannot make either milk or honey. While man may lengthen or shorten his days in Christ, which is sometimes called "time salvation," it is not left to the option of the creature to accept or reject, although Joshua said to Israel, If it seems evil to you to serve the Lord, choose ye this day whom ye will serve; whether it be the gods on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell. This choice was put to them on conditions after it seemed evil to serve the living God. The cause of their get-

ting into this condition is the works of Satan, who is going up and down and to and fro in the earth seeking whom he may devour; he is under complete control of our God, and can do nothing but what his hand and counsel determined should be done. Now it did seem evil to some of Israel to serve the Lord. The Lord led them out by Moses.

While Moses was leading this people thirty-three thousand fell in one day for disobedience. Again I refer you to the case of Korah, Dathan and Abiram: And they rose up before Moses, with certain of the children of Israel, two hundred and fifty princes of the assembly famous in the congregation, men of renown. This is the kind that causes trouble in the house of God. David said he saw strife in the city; such as this is what he saw: And they gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron and said, Ye take too much upon you, seeing all the congregation are holy, every one of them, and the Lord is among them. You see they showed their ignorance in this saying; they were not walking as children of light. Moses called for Dathan and Abiram, and they would not come; they accused Moses of bringing them out of a land that flowed with milk and honey to kill them; they not only lied, but rebelled against the God that brought them across the Red Sea. The Lord was able to draw the line between those who were holy unto him and those who were not. These men did not die the common death of all men, but the Lord caused the earth to cleave asunder, and the earth opened her mouth and swallowed them up, and all that pertained to them went down alive into the pit, and I believe this is the pit David was brought out of. It is an horrible pit to those who have wisdom. Did not this

people die, or were they not separated from those who walked in that narrow way which but few find? That people was a type of spiritual Israel. The history of this case of the Korahites is found in Numbers xvi. Now we will hear a little from Solomon in this line. Prov. vii. 2: "Keep my commandments, and live." If we can live in the divine world, or in Christ, and keep not his commandments, why does he say, Keep my commandments, and live? The truth is, it is life to keep them, and death not to keep them. Solomon here is admonishing spiritual children, those born again, to keep the spiritual law, which is spirit and life to them. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thy heart, say unto wisdom, Thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman, that they may keep thee from the strange woman, from the stranger which flattereth with her words. In the same chapter Solomon saw a youth void of understanding going to her house; he was met by a woman with the attire of a harlot and subtle of heart; so she caught him and kissed him, and with an impudent face said unto him, I have peace offerings with me; this day have I paid my vows. This was in the dark. She was a legal worker. She began to lie to him and boast of what she had done. This strange woman is the only rival that Christ has; she is antichrist. She represents all the religious theories and spirits of Satan. She hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain by her. If she gets many of the strong men, what shall become of the weak? If the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the sinner and the ungodly appear? This applies in time; the great struggle in time between the righteous and the unrighteous mammon, be-

tween life and death, the wisdom of God and the wisdom of this world. Moses calls Israel to remembrance of how Amalek met them by the way and smote the hindmost of them, even all that were feeble behind them when they were faint and weary, and he feared not God. (Deut. xxv.) The God of heaven said this war between him and Amalek should continue from generation to generation, and he confirmed it with an oath. This is the greatest of all wars; it is universal and very destructive. Whoso curseth his father or mother his lamp shall be put out in obscure darkness. A child of God cursing his spiritual father or mother. (Prov. xx. 20.) I believe those forty-two children torn by the bears were typical of God's disobedient children. Before Elijah was taken up to heaven he told Elisha to ask of him what he should do for him, and he asked that a double portion of his spirit be upon him, and it was granted. I think Elisha here is a figure of the undershepherds, or gospel ministers; this is their souls' desire: a double portion of the Spirit of their Master, Christ. But I cannot go into the details of this. So Elisha went on to Bethel, and as he was going up by the way there came forth little children out of the city and mocked him, and said, Go up, thou bald head; go up, thou bald head. I suppose his head was without hair, which represents power. Elisha knew he had no power, but what he did was in the name and power of God, so he turned back and looked on these children, and cursed them in the name of the Lord, and there came forth two she bears out of the wood and tore forty-two of them. I am sure they were vile enemies to truth, and were scoffers and mockers of the gospel, and destruction and misery were in their way, whether they represent the

children of God or not. The Lord prepared those bears for this purpose, and they knew it not. These things all exist to-day in the antitype, that which was, is yet, and that which is not, has already been. As to this state or falling away, lengthening and shortening of days in the promised land spiritually is fixed by the providence of God; his knowledge and purpose embraced it all before man was formed of the dust of the earth. The lot is cast into the lap, and the Lord is the whole disposer thereof.

One more point and I will close; this is much more than I expected to write. I refer you to the words of Jesus in Mark ix. 47: "And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than, having two eyes, to be cast into hell fire: where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Jesus was talking to the twelve, and telling them what was best for the body, from a spiritual point of view. In nature, if we see a member of our body cannot be saved, we then agree for it to be amputated to save the body from destruction. The teachings of Jesus show unless this offending eye is plucked out the whole body shall be cast into hell fire. Is this the hell that the world and some of the Baptists hold to? No, by no means; this hell fire none but the wise can see. Hell is the environment of the devil; this hell fire is the fire of the devil and his angels—what they keep themselves warm and comfortable by; they do not need Jesus to keep them warm. They also purify themselves by this fire. Paul became shipwrecked, got cold on the sabbath day, and tried warming himself, and there came an asp, or viper, out of that fire and bit him. Paul shook him off; he was a chosen vessel. This hell fire is full of

vipers, and nothing but the power of God can save us from them.

Dear brother, I have not forgotten the promise I made you to write upon another subject, which I intend to do, if the Lord will give me sufficient light. I would be delighted if you could come to our association.

Yours in hope,

J. E. FINCHER.

CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa., Nov., 1916.

DEAR BROTHERS EDITORS:—You will find inclosed two good letters; use your own judgment in regard to publishing them. I often wish I could write something that would be to the edifying of the body of Christ, the church, but the dear Lord has seen fit that it should not be so, and for this reason, with several others I could mention, I have written but little for some time. God has prepared some by giving them gifts of writing and preaching to the comfort of God's needy poor people, and I feel glad it is so, even if I am not one of them. I want to be thankful to God for the gift of hearing, for I do believe that I know when men are preaching the gospel or are just talking good. To me, preaching is expounding. I like good talk, and I like good preaching; both have their place. There are but few judges of the gospel; many good christian people cannot discriminate; all that is necessary to satisfy them is that he is called an Old School Baptist preacher. Am I right? I am still going about as usual trying to serve eight churches and supply in several other places. There have been a few additions the past year and some deaths. The congregations are about the same as in the past—small. Some interest seems manifest in some localities. The brethren in the ministry in this part

of the country all seem to be taught in the same school, therefore see eye to eye in regard to the fundamental principles of the gospel, each esteeming other better and superior to themselves, nothing being said like, You preach as I do or we do not want you. I do not know of any such spirit among us; no one attempts to regulate another's preaching, believing that God himself will do that; he holds them in his own almighty hand. While this is manifest, peace and prosperity exist, but to the contrary, strife, confusion, divisions and numerous evils or disorders are the result. May God continue to give us peace and keep us in the enjoyment of it, is my prayer for Jesus' sake. I wish to say that I attended the Delaware River, Warwick, Roxbury, Virginia Corresponding and Salisbury associations, and they all passed off quietly and were good; had excellent preaching at all of them, and they were well attended. I wish to thank the brethren for their kindness to me at each of them. Brethren, one and all, when you are in the lowest hell remember me; I am there much of the time.

D. M. VAIL.

WILKINSBURG, Pa.

BELoved BROTHER IN THE LORD:—Your good letter of some time ago deserved an answer long before this. It was a very great comfort to me, as I was at that time living over again the heart-rending scenes that I was called to endure a year ago. In the past few months I have received your good, comforting letter, also one from Elder Durand and sister Watie Beard. I do not need to tell you what a great comfort it was to know that I had the love, sympathy and fellowship of my dear kindred in Christ, those whom I esteem as the "salt of the earth." I have just reread your letter

this morning, and I am thankful in my heart that our God is all sovereign, and that he in his great mercy has taught us to understand the truth. Here in Wilkinsburg are twenty-three large edifices called churches, and the masses are striving to see which can get the largest numbers, and which can get the brightest crown by being the best worker for the Lord. There is so much said about the Missionaries. I hear it and say nothing, but my heart goes out in gratitude to my dear heavenly Father for his great mercy in leading me in the way, for our dear Savior says, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life." I hope I may still be led in the way, for of myself I can do nothing. My people here are very conscientious in their belief, and try to live up to it. My brother-in-law was singing, I am a child of a King, when I remarked, If we were only sure of it. He said he was, and asked me if I were not. I said I hoped I was. He said that was the work of the evil one to doubt. I said, Well, the Lord knoweth them that are his. I was glad to hear of your immediate family and of the church. I have been blessed with good health this winter, and feel more reconciled to the Lord's will, and have the precious promise that he is with his children even unto the end. You may read this to the church if you think best, as I do not feel capable of writing such a letter as I should, considering what a poor sister I have been to them; but I have had the comfort and consolation of having a home with the people of God, and should much enjoy meeting those dear ones face to face.

With the best of love, from your unworthy sister,

CARRIE EATON.

KELLY, Ky., August 10, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER:—If one so unworthy as I feel myself to be should claim that sacred relationship with one of the household of faith. I will try in my poor, weak way to unburden my mind, if the great Giver of every good gift will give me light, for without him I can do nothing. Praise him from whom all blessings flow. Brother Vail, I must say I was somewhat surprised to receive a card from you, saying that something I had written, published in the SIGNS, did you good. For myself, I can see nothing in all my efforts to edify or comfort any of the family of the redeemed, for in me (that is, in my flesh,) there dwelleth no good thing; when I would do good, evil is present with me. But I must say I took courage and was comforted to think that one so little and ignorant as I might claim a name with that dear people. It seems that these words have been written to express my feelings, therefore I feel impressed to pen them:

“I grope along on the highway,  
Or deep in the valley of tears,  
Searching for Jesus at noonday,  
And on as the evening appears.”

“As one veiled aside, after him I am pining,  
Such a dreary waste desert is all unto me,  
When Jesus most lovely, my hope, my salvation,  
Is absent, and I his dear face cannot see.”

It is then, dear brother, I am made to cry out, Save me, O God, for the waters are come into my soul. I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me. I am weary of my crying, my throat is dried, my eyes fail while I wait for my God. The distress of those who are hungering for spiritual blessings is terribly real, and O the emptiness of soul. Will the Lord ever grant me a personal token of his love?

I have been looking over some back

numbers of the SIGNS. I often read them over and over again, they never grow old. I would like to see your name, read something from your pen more often, but I know your time is about all taken up. O how I love to read the many good letters and editorials published in the SIGNS, and how I long for the pen of a ready writer, that I might express my feelings as they do, but I have already made my letter too long. Please cast the mantle of charity over the poor effort, and in your prayers remember a wayworn sinner, trusting alone in the crucified and risen Redeemer.

HARRIET UNDERWOOD.

WEISER, Idaho, July 26, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—Truly the apostle spoke wisely when he said, How to perform that which is good I find not. Surely he desired to do good, to walk in the steps of the Master, to live a humble christian life, to at all times honor God. He had tasted of the goodness of God and of the power of the world to come. He certainly knew Christ, whom to know is life everlasting; he had been taught of the Spirit. His desire was to follow Christ, but how to do good he found not. We have a great many Baptists to-day who can tell the apostle just where he missed the track, and how much he lost by his failure to do all the Master pointed out to do, and I am afraid if one to-day were to say he could not find how to perform that which was good, it might be said of him that he did not try, neither did he read to know what to do. I should not wonder if one read much, and believed what he did read, he by experience would be forced to use the same words the apostle did. David seemed to come to the conclusion that he could not stand in uprightness unless the Lord held him



up. One transgression makes one a manifest transgressor, and demonstrates a condition that exists in the human family, namely, the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, and if he receives them not, how can he keep them? Paul had this natural man, and also the inner man, that delighted to do God service, but he found them in opposition, contrary one to the other, so that the good he would he did not. If the apostle had found some way whereby he could have brought the "old man" under complete subjection, and the "new" or inner man ruled supreme, then he would have found how to perform that which was good, and would not have said, "O wretched man that I am!" I am of the opinion that the apostle did the best he could, and when I read of his efforts and life I stand in amazement, and am forced to say, How wonderfully blessed of God; and through it all the apostle, as well as all the disciples, took no honor to themselves nor claimed blessings as earned. But Paul, in summing up his whole christian life, confessed he was an unprofitable servant of God. I think one would have a hard time proving Paul left undone that which God had for him to do. Was he an unprofitable servant to the believers who have come after him? It would surely be quite a task to find one whom God had not in some way blessed through Paul's experience and ministry, hence we are forced to believe that Paul learned his profit, blessings or comfort came alone by the mercy of God. You can take him as he was, in his hope, in his sorrow, in his weakness or in power, and he sums up the whole affair with these words: "By the grace of God I am what I am." No, not by, nor for, what he did, but by grace. Now this encourages me, for I find two natures; one lustful, and enjoys

natural things, and if not deceived, there is one that desires to live as Jesus did, to give and not take, and I get so worked up over this complex condition that I am often made to say, "O wretched man that I am!" If I know anything of God's mercy or love why am I so weak and sinful? I have heard a few brethren say they had never done a wrong knowingly. They are far ahead of this poor, weak sinner, and if they are so blessed I want to tell them one thing that is so, namely, the wrongs you do ignorantly do not hurt, for you do not know you do wrong; but those you do and know it, they are the ones which cause your bed to be hard, and force you to the closet to beg for forgiveness; they are the ones which cause you to stay awake and force you to say, Surely I am deceived in the whole matter. So with the mind we serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin. May God enable us to live after the Spirit.

Yours in hope,

T. E. ATTEBERY.

CERULEAN, Ky., Oct. 17, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you the experience of sister Strong, hoping that you will publish it. I will also write some for the paper, hoping to be guided by truth and honesty. Paul in Romans iv. 25, said this: "Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Deliver is to free, as from danger or bondage. Offence, transgression of law. Justification, act of justifying, remission of sin. (Webster.) Who was delivered? Jesus. What for? For our offences; and was raised again for our justification. It is commonly believed that the word "our" refers to all men everywhere, in all nations, kindreds, tongues and peoples, uni-

versally speaking. If this is true, then what did Jesus accomplish by his death and resurrection? Those who believe in a universal redemption claim that Jesus did as much for the salvation of one man as he did for another, that he died for all and arose for all. If that is true, then all are in a saved state, or all are in a condemned state, and unsaved. To believe that all men are in a condemned state, is to deny the teaching of the Bible. Heb. i. 1-3: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high." Spake by the prophets, saying, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—Isaiah ix. 6. I believe this Son given is none other than Jesus, who was wounded for our transgressions, was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. "For the transgression of my people was he stricken." To them God sent his prophet to cry that her warfare is accomplished, her sins are forgiven, and she hath received double for all her sins. When Jesus was delivered for our offences, the demands of the law were satisfied; it could claim nothing more. Jesus, being the resurrection and the life, arose from the dead for their justification; they, being reconciled to God by the

death of his Son, were freely justified by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. If Jesus arose for the justification of all men, are not all men justified through the resurrection of Jesus? If a man for whom Jesus died and rose again is not justified, what hope has he in the resurrection? If all men were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, (Rom. v. 10,) and were justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus, (Rom. iii. 24,) will not all men be saved? Jesus said, I lay down my life for the sheep. If Jesus laid down his life for the sheep, did he rise again for any other than the sheep? If Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, were there any goats in the church? If so, did he love them? The first promise as I see it in the New Testament is, that Jesus shall save his people from their sins. This we believe he has done. (Eph. i. 7.) In whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace. Jesus put sin away by the sacrifice of himself; so then, so now, his people are not under any law of a condemning nature. The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made us free from the law of sin and death. So then there is therefore now no condemnation resting upon the church, the righteousness of the law being fulfilled in us by Christ; all things are put under his feet, and he is the Head over all things to the church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all. Of his fullness the church receives, and grace for grace; hence his body is complete in him. 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.

These things I have written, as they

appear to me to be truth. Submitted to your riper judgment.

Yours in love and fellowship,

D. R. TURNER.

SOME OF MY TRAVELS.

In the year 1907 I was made to wonder about eternal life. My burden commenced when I was thirty-one years of age. It would become heavy at times, and then again it would seem to be all gone. I went on in this way for some time, and I seemed to get worse and worse, and at last I thought I would try to pray, but could not; it seemed that something was holding me down. Then I thought to tell some one about my troubles, but could not, and it seemed that I was bound to go to torment, and could do nothing to prevent it. When I would try to do good, evil was always present with me. I was taken sick in the month of July, and as I lay upon the bed my burden was heavy and my heart throbbing, and I seemed to be sinking fast. I said, O what will become of poor me? When I got well I took my Bible to see if I could find any comfort, but little could I find. I would go to meeting, and it seemed to me that every one knew what a vile sinner I was. One morning I went to the garden to work, but I could not do anything, all was darkness to me. I sat down on the ground and thought I was going to die, such a dark cloud was hanging over me, and it seemed that I was too bad to live, but all at once a light fell upon me, and that was the brightest time I ever saw in my whole life. These words came to me:

"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 seemed that I could hear a sweet voice singing, and I was made to rejoice and

praise the Lord for what he had done for me. I received my hope at the age of thirty-eight, after eight years of trial. I felt very thankful that my burden was gone, and I cannot express how rejoiced I did feel, and praised the Lord for all, and wanted to tell my friends what great things I hoped the Lord had done for me, but thought I might be deceived and my troubles might come back. I hope I am a true believer in Christ Jesus, for he has made me what I am, not anything that I could do, but he did it all. All praise to his name.

LAVANY STRONG.

MATTHEW XVI. 16.

"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."

When Jesus asked his disciples the direct question, "Who say ye that I am?" Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." Jesus said to Peter, Flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven hath given you this knowledge. Thus establishing the everlasting truth of the gospel of the grace of God that our Lord and Savior is known only by revelation, for no man can come unto him except drawn by the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the power of God's Holy Spirit. Every one who hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto Jesus. This is the way that Jesus builds his church through all ages of the world; that which is perfect cannot be changed. The work of Jesus is perfect, therefore nothing shall be added to it and nothing shall be taken from it; it stands forever, from everlasting to everlasting. He prepared all the lively stones that are in this glorious building, the church of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; he gathers them out of every nation, kindred and tongue under heaven,

and they constitute that innumerable company which no man can number, of both Jews and Gentiles, even the world, whose sins Jesus forever put away, by offering up himself unto God without spot. He forever removed the sins of his people, who are his church, that he might present them a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing, for his church stands pure and complete in him and receives his name. This is the new name whereby she shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness. When our first parents, Adam and Eve, disobeyed the command of God the whole unborn race was plunged into the pit of sin and corruption, and are all under condemnation and held in bondage by the prince of the power of the air, the prince of darkness, and none comes out of this bondage except those whom Jesus releases, having paid their debt. For if the Son shall make you free, you shall be free indeed. They are the purchase of his blood, and Satan cannot hold them prisoners when Christ bids them come unto him. These weary and heavy laden ones find rest in the fold of God, and they ascribe all glory to him; they are not reckoned among the nations, for his kingdom is not of this world. They are given new life by being born again, even Christ in them the hope of glory, for the life of his people is hid with Christ in God, and they recognize and rejoice that Jesus is the Christ, the beloved Son of God, and this new life in his people is the only life in which the christian cannot sin, this new way created in righteousness. It is the good tree that cannot bring forth corrupt fruit, therefore all these tried and afflicted ones sing the glad new song, Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thou hast redeemed us by thy blood, and

brought us out of the pit, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise unto thy name. They all sing, It is by the grace of God I am what I am, and unless this grace reigns in our hearts we know that we are without hope.

"Through many dangers, toils and snares  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home."

Yours in hope,

WM. F. SLOAN.

LEXINGTON, Ky.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 17, 1916.

"I WANT to die." These words were spoken by one not three years old, when in distress and trouble, and I was wondering at the way of the Lord and his work by his Spirit in the hearts of his children. Like Jacob of old, I observed the saying, and as Mary, the mother of Jesus, I pondered it in my heart. As Samuel was sent of the Lord in answer to prayer by Hannah, so I believe this little one was sent to his mother, and my mind dwelt upon the wonderful way of God in dealing with us upon the earth. We are often asked to tell our experience, and how little of our travel of mind can we tell. John the Baptist leaped for joy in his mother's womb, and could it not be possible that he sorrowed also before he was born? Could he not have been grieved for the afflictions of Joseph even before birth naturally? And yet he could not intelligently go back and tell an experience when it actually began. We are apt to look for some wonderful revelation or exercise, whereas it is the Lord gently, softly and yet perfectly bringing us to know him, whom to know is life eternal. The exercise of mind to want to die is one common to the Lord's people. Elijah was the Lord's prophet, and after he had proven before four hun-

dred and fifty false prophets that the Lord received his offerings, he wanted to die. He had every evidence that the Lord had answered him from heaven, yet later on in his journey, under a juniper tree, he wanted to die. Moses, the servant of God, was in the Mt. Sinai, and had received the commandment upon tables of stone for Israel, and had been with the Lord forty days and forty nights, yet soon after he said unto the Lord: "Oh this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold; yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written." In this way the Lord prepared him to lead Israel. When the Savior was on his journey with the apostles to where Lazarus was dead, Thomas said unto his fellow disciples, "Let us also go, that we may die with him," counting it gain to die and be delivered. Judas Iscariot, one sent with the other eleven to preach, betrayed the Savior and wanted to die, and went out and hanged himself; so that the desire to die may be to such an extent as one to destroy himself, and yet not be separate in the experience of the Lord's elect.

J. M. FENTON.

ROANOKE, Va., Dec. 1, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am now a subscriber of your good paper, and desire to express my confidence in it, notwithstanding my ability is short of the knowledge of the great cause set forth therein. However, I feel to say a few words which may be understood to mean that I am in accord with the doctrine advocated through its columns, which is, salvation is of the Lord, nothing transpiring or expiring without the knowledge of him who knoweth all things, and the creature must abide therein, for our God changes not in

all his ways. He has made his decrees, and all creatures must abide by these decrees, for they have gone forth, and will not be recalled by him who doeth all things well. Many good articles appear from different parts of the country which express my feelings and cause me to feel, or rather know, that I have fellowship for this people and wish to meet them in time, but feel this cannot be done, but hope that the time will come when we shall meet in that country spoken of by our Lord, where we shall ever be with him and be like him, which seems to me to be sufficient. We would be glad to have the editors visit Roanoke. Our pastor is Elder J. C. Hurst. We have meetings each Sunday. Our church has one hundred and forty-seven members, all in peace. Come and see us.

Yours in hope,

J. W. SIMPKINS.

BARTON, N. Mex., Oct. 25, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I want to thank you for sending us the SIGNS. We have been in New Mexico for over a year, and have gotten the paper regularly twice a month, and it has been a source of comfort to us old people. My husband could not read the paper himself, but I read to him, and he was glad when it came, and rejoiced in the many good letters, they did his poor heart so much good. We have not heard any preaching for two years, and have not seen a Baptist since we came here. There is one "dry land" Baptist in this county, and we let him read our paper, and he likes it very much, but is not able to take it, yet loves the doctrine it advocates. He is surrounded by people of different opinions, but they do not seem to have any influence with him. He is a true Baptist in belief, and would like to be a member of the church, but there is no church of that kind here in

New Mexico. Mr. Adams' health is no better, and we are going back to Colorado to our son's, where we can put him in a sanitarium for treatment. We have a son who is coming after us the last of this month, and he will take care of us both as long as we live. You can stop the paper until you hear from us if you please, and when we get settled again I will write you. It is so hard for us to do without the dear old paper, for we have been readers of it for many years, and love it very much. The Lord only knows what will become of us poor old sinners, but we still trust him for all things, both temporal and spiritual, and know he will be to us a kind Father and protector. In all things he is Alpha and Omega, and to whom else can we go? for he has the bread of life. He rules in the army of heaven, he works and none can hinder, and he is all in all to the poor, unworthy sinner. O what a dear Lord and Savior and High Priest we have. He is all in all to me, and I want to praise his holy name, and hope he will hear poor me. How can such sinners endure to the end? We would fall right now if it were not for the goodness of our dear heavenly Father, who remembers his children in pity. O how we ought to love him with all our hearts. How precious is his holy name to poor, lost sinners!

I hope you will excuse this poor letter, for I am seventy-two years old and never wrote a letter for publication before. You can publish this if you think best, for there are some old friends who would like to hear from us. May the good Lord help you through life, is my prayer for Jesus' sake. Pray for me, a poor sinner saved by grace, if saved at all.

Your sister in hope of a better world than this, beyond this vale of tears,

JENNIE ADAMS.

ONEONTA, N. Y., Dec. 3, 1916.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I am again inclosing one dollar to pay for the SIGNS for the next six months. I have been able mostly to hear it read, and feel that I cannot be without it while I live; it is all the preaching I have. Elder Vail called on me yesterday on his way from his several appointments, and I very much enjoyed his visit. I am no better either physically or spiritually, as I had hoped to be as I grew older, but seem worse. This cold, hard, rebellious heart is a constant trial to me by day and by night. "Of feeling, all things show some sign, but this unfeeling heart of mine." There is nothing but the grace of God that can ever soften it. I know the Lord reigns, and works all things after the counsel of his own will, and what am I that I should murmur or say, What doest thou? I have thought much of the valley of dry bones. They were dry, and exceeding dry, but the Lord put new life in them and raised them up, and said they were the whole house of Israel; and Job and David complained in the same way. This journey here is truly a thorny maze, and the Lord leads his people in ways they knew not, and in paths that they have not seen, but I am so poor, weak and worthless I doubt I am one of them, still I had thought in times that are past that the Lord was with me and near me. I wish to lie passive in his hands, and know no will but his. I must stop this, for it is like myself, of no worth. I leave it all in the hands of Him who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind.

Your poor, doubting and unworthy sister in a trembling hope,

LUCINDA BREWSTER.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JANUARY 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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**NEW YEAR'S GREETING.**

AGAIN the SIGNS greets all its readers, friends and contributors with the old, familiar greeting, "A happy new year." This has been the custom of the SIGNS for years, and perhaps many would be disappointed if something along this line did not appear in January 1st number. The desire for a happy year is good in itself, and we all appreciate such a wish for us, but our desires for each other do not change the path marked out for us nor lessen the cares, burdens and trials which await each one during the year. But all the path ordained for the people of God is not trials and afflictions, but joy and blessedness, and we should not forget to make mention of these in our writings and in our attempts to speak. When enumerated the blessings are far more than the trials and conflicts of life, but we all are prone to forget them and think more on the dark side of life. Adversity and prosperity are set over one against the other; one counteracts the other, so to speak. If we had prosperity always we would soon become highminded and have lack of fear in our hearts—would settle down on our lees with a feeling of satisfaction and pride. But adversity comes to counteract all such feel-

ings. In sorrow we cannot rejoice; in poverty we cannot be proud; in humbleness of mind we cannot feel exalted. Prosperity is given to encourage the saints; adversity is given that they should walk by faith. Hence the prayer of one of old: Give me neither poverty nor riches, lest through riches I forget thee, or overwhelmed by poverty I curse thee. So we see that neither in itself is sufficient for the children of God, but both are necessary to their spiritual welfare, and in the wisdom and mercy of God he hath so blessed his children.

It is natural for each one at the beginning of the year to wonder what is in store for him or her during the twelve months ahead. Judging from the years past we know that many things await us, but we have not the slightest idea what they are, whether joy, gladness, prosperity or comfort, or all of these blessings, or whether sadness, sorrow, loss, cross, poverty, life or death. As in the years past, some of both are sure to be meted out to us. If we fully knew all the joys and gladness of heart, through prosperity of whatever sort, in store for us, it would be with the most pleasant anticipation that we wait the day for them to come to us. On the other hand, if we fully knew all the sorrow of the way for us to walk through we doubt if we could endure even the thought of its approach. Then how good that the Lord hides both joy and sorrow from us until the time arrives for each. On the side of joy we then say, Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me; bless his holy name. The Lord is good. O that men would praise him. While on the side of sorrow we say, O Lord, help me and forsake me not when the billows of grief overwhelm me; when my nights and my days are spent in tears be thou my refuge and

strength, that I faint not. Thus it is our lives are spent, but the Lord is faithful, and will bring all his redeemed off more than conquerors at last through Christ.

As we begin the new year knowing, if we live, the arduous labor before us, we shrink. No one can know the time and labor spent upon such a paper as the SIGNS except those fully acquainted with such work. Yet, like Israel of old, we remember the goodness and faithfulness of the Lord in days and years past, and in measure, at least, take courage. Every line for the paper for the year 1917 is ordained, predestinated and fully arranged in the plan of the Lord; comfort for one, reproof for another, instruction for one and correction for another. We are bound to believe these things from the holy Scriptures, and are bound to contend for them in meekness and fear. If there was uncertainty in the affairs of the world and in the church, faith would be of little consequence. If things ordained failed to come to pass, how could the saints be settled and fixed in anything? The very fact that all things are governed by the sovereign Ruler of heaven and earth establishes those who trust in the Lord. The Scriptures abound with proof that in the days of old all things were predestinated and brought to pass for the benefit, comfort and learning of the people of God. It was as true then as now that the people had dire distress, loss and persecution. On the other hand, they were the most favored people on earth. Their joy, their prosperity and their protection surpassed anything the world has ever known literally. Their deliverance from Egypt, their journey through the wilderness, the giving of the law, the priesthood, the oracles, the promises, their possession of Canaan, the tem-

ple with its worship, the prophecies, &c., were all ordained and came to pass in their proper order. Wars, famines, pestilences, &c., came to pass in those days also, and worked for the good of Israel in some visible or invisible way. All the efforts of that people proved failures unless the Lord blessed them. If all those things were true in days of old, why not now? The Lord has not changed, he is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But as Israel feared and quaked, doubted when walking in darkness, so do the children of God to-day. To-morrow's strength is not needed to-day, although we often feel it is; to-morrow's labor does not have to be done to-day. Hence the writing, the judgment nor the mechanical labor for the year has to be done in one day; each day brings with it its work, of whatever sort it is, and so far during the past eighty-four years the SIGNS has gone out on time as a rule with its columns filled as was ordained of the Lord, and notwithstanding all our fearfulness, misgivings and lack of faith, the same will doubtless result this year. Many of its editors, contributors and supporters have been called home during these many years, and are sadly missed, yet the SIGNS continues the same as in its beginning. How glad we all are that the doctrine of God changes not. We fully believe in and indorse progression, but the doctrine of Christ cannot progress, because it is perfect; the religion of Jesus cannot progress, because it is perfect; the ordinances of the church cannot be improved upon, because they are perfect. This is why the SIGNS has neither offered nor suggested anything new, but rather has affirmed the old landmarks for the salvation and comfort of the saints. The doctrine of God does not make his people careless nor indiffer-



ent, but rather careful and diligent. While everything is settled and fixed in the predestination of God, it does not hinder or exclude exhortation to good works. This is one way in which all things work together for good. Paul knew perfectly well that Timothy was called of God to the ministry, and that he would preach the doctrine of God our Savior, yet he exhorted him to preach the Word, to be instant in season, out of season, to reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. This was one of the Lord's ways to make known to Timothy what he had ordained that he should do. And while we have stated that every line for the SIGNS for the year 1917 is fixed in the plan of God, it does not hinder us from exhorting the brethren to be faithful in communicating one with another, that they write of the dealings of the Lord with them, that they continue to write of his grace and power to save. We do not think when the doctrine of predestination is understood that there is anything objectionable about it to any one, but the misconceived ideas men have of it make it very distasteful to them. No man can ever have the image of Jesus except through predestination, as God predestinated all the redeemed to be conformed to the image of his Son. Hence if any man hopes for this glorified image he must acknowledge that it must come to him according to predestination. We therefore exhort all who love God and his cause to write for the SIGNS during the present year. We shall do all in our power to make the paper pleasant and profitable. No unpleasant controversies nor unkind expressions will be admitted into its columns.

With all sincere and good wishes for the year, we close.

K.

### THE HIGHEST GOOD.

*(Continued from last number.)*

4. Service. Jesus came down from heaven, not that men might have the opportunity of waiting upon and serving him, but he came to serve his people, came to do sinners good, came to minister to his chosen. He girded himself with a towel, took a basin of water, knelt and washed the feet of sinful men. What awe-inspiring, holy condescension and humility is here enacted in the incarnate Son of God. Just as he came into the world to serve his people, by living and suffering and dying for their eternal welfare, so through him the spiritual blessing of being able to serve one another is given to all believers. It is a blessed thing in the heavenlies to be able to spend and be spent in the service of God's people. What a blessing to be able to perform this service with a willing mind and not by constraint. "Of his fullness have all we received, and grace for grace." We understand this to mean that the church is now living in the gospel dispensation, the day of grace, when it is no more possible to bring to the altar the blood of bulls and goats, of turtle doves and young pigeons, when no longer will the sprinkling of the ashes of an heifer avail to the sanctifying of the unclean, but in this day of grace, God, to be worshiped and served acceptably, must be worshiped and served in spirit and in truth. Where is obtained this spirit and this sincerity with which to worship and to serve our God? Nowhere but out of the fullness which is in Christ Jesus. Therefore, when the word says we all have received of his fullness, and "grace for grace," it means believers receive grace from him to answer all the demands and exigencies of this day of grace: grace with which to hear him; grace with which

to understand him; grace with which to preach him; grace with which to pray to him; grace with which to praise him; grace with which to obey and to follow him. This grace of divine service is one of the sweetest and most blessed of all the heavenly conditions of the children of God. Just think of all that Paul endured in his ministry as he went about serving the churches scattered over the country, and all without thought of being recompensed. He never made himself a burden to the brethren, but ministered to his necessities with his own hands. His was not the service of an hireling, but the service of one who was the Lord's free man. A service of love serves for the very joy of service, and not for pay or reward. Love is its own reward. Moses was faithful over his house as a servant, but Jesus over his house as a Son. See what a difference; one served for hire, the other out of infinite love and tender compassion; the one a harsh and unrelenting taskmaster, the other with pitying eye, knowing our frame, and remembering that we are but dust. That man or woman in whom is the life of Christ will, in the measure they possess it, be moved to serve the brethren of the Lord. We are all servants one of another, and we cannot get along without each other. If one organ of our physical body is out of order, all the body suffers in proportion. So, in the church, the burden of one is the burden of the whole. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." The grace of hospitality is a gift of God, and serves the church. How good and comfortable it is to find homes over the country with one's own kindred in spirit, homes where really one feels at home, where cordiality and welcome without stint await one. Such hospitable hosts in the Lord never dream

of being paid, but entertain because they love to entertain: their's is the enjoyment of the gift of service, the fruit of divine grace; they bear the likeness of their Lord, and his mark is in their forehead. In whatsoever way one gives a cup of cold water to a thirsty soul, one does it unto the Lord. If we clothe one of these, we clothe him; visiting them, we visit him. It cannot be known by us when we do it, for we walk by faith and not by sight. Those on the right hand of the Lord who were bidden to enter into the joy of their Lord, were not conscious of having ever done good. Unconscious goodness is the only real goodness there is. A conscious christian is never humble, though he may assume it. So, it seems to us, to be blessed with grace to serve God in his people is to be blessed in the heavenlies in Christ, and since it takes grace to serve this way, "Let us have grace, whereby we may serve God acceptably with reverence and godly fear."

5. Suffering. Can it be possible that suffering is a blessing to the believer? Assuredly it is, or the Scriptures are not true. The church is like a mighty woman travailing in pain, in birth to be delivered. She brings forth a man-child: Jesus. It is only through suffering, therefore, that Jesus is born, or brought into manifestation. No believer can be established in truth by merely hearing preaching or reading the Bible, it must be through experience which entails suffering. What do we know about predestination, or about election, or about salvation by grace, or about the resurrection of the dead, except as we have learned it through travail of soul? Every entrance into an understanding of spiritual truth is through affliction. This is why we never feel like entering into a controversy with those who do not see points of doctrine as we

do. Argument will never make them understand, and as they have not had the travails of mind to undergo that we have, of course they cannot appreciate our viewpoint, and we do not expect them to. The Lord alone is the teacher of his children, and he will wisely superintend and administer their instruction. No preacher can teach a believer what the Lord has not. Preaching awakens a response in us only so far as we are able to read our life and exercises of mind in that which is preached. Growth in grace and in knowledge of the truth is only attained through the enduring of hardness. Along natural lines, the men who have achieved success in the world are those who have served extended courses in the university of hardships. So, in the kingdom of heaven, suffering and affliction serve to root the believer more and more solidly in the love of God and in the doctrine of God our Savior. The glory of Christ never shone so radiantly as in his dying agony; so the glory of the Christ-life in the believer never does other believers more good than when self is effaced in the breaking of the earthen vessel, so that the treasure within shines forth without hindrance. It is a blessed thing to be called to suffer for righteousness' sake. One thus suffering is in a heavenly place in the Beloved. It is a gift of God not only to believe on Christ, but also to suffer for his sake. The cause of truth has sanctified itself in the blood of the martyrs all down the ages. These Christians of old who were willing to suffer death for Christ's sake, counting not their lives dear unto themselves, had this grace of suffering accorded them, and were in a heavenly place in Christ all the time their bodies were burning at the stake or their flesh was being devoured by wild beasts. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you

and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. "Count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations." There are so many, many places in the Bible where suffering is said to be a blessing to the heir of glory, that we hesitate not to put suffering as fifth in the list of these spiritual blessings in the heavens.

6. Inheritance. "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." The believer already here below has an earnest of this wonderful inheritance, and hopes to enjoy the fullness hereafter. God has appointed his people that which cannot be corrupted nor defiled.

"He loved me of old, and he loveth me still;  
Before the creation he gave me by will,  
A portion worth more than the Indies of gold,  
Which cannot be wasted, nor mortgaged, nor sold."  
It can never be wasted by spending it. The more one enjoys it the more there is to enjoy. The more one is led to survey and to comprehend this inheritance, the more there is to survey and to understand.

"When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun."

One often sees rich men's sons who soon run through what their fathers have left them, and are reduced to straitened circumstances. In contrast, the eternal inheritance of the elect never lessens the more they enjoy it, it can never be diminished through expenditure, it is unwastable. Each one has as much as all the rest put together, and the possession of one makes the rest none the poorer on that account. To sum up in a few words, if possible, this inheritance consists of all the spiritual benefits, temporal and eternal, flowing out of the life, death and

resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. This wonderful inheritance of the people of God is a spiritual blessing in the heavenlies in Christ.

7. Glory. It is the predestined end of every believer that he shall be conformed to the image of Jesus. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." This, the future glory of the elect, is incomprehensible now, only in measure as faith lays hold of it, but, unspeakable as it is, we must confess this glory to be the grand and wonderful consummation of all the purpose of God concerning his people. "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly," though flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God. "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" This, then, is the seventh and last blessing, the blessing that consummates all the others, the blessing that will never end, but which the redeemed shall enjoy throughout eternity. The Lord will glorify his people with his image, and the body of their humiliation shall be changed and fashioned like unto his glorious body by the mighty working whereby he is able to subdue all things unto himself. When and how and where this will be no man knows, but that it will be, we are sure, for God's word so declares, and God cannot lie. "Unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation." He will come to glorify his saints

and to be admired in all them that believe. This, surely, is a spiritual blessing in the heavenlies. We denominate this here the seventh and last, not because it is by any means the least, but because all the other blessings we have enumerated lead up to this of glory and find their ultimate end and satisfaction in the glorification of the body of Christ, the church of the living God.

Now, here ends our analysis of the highest good that can accrue to redeemed souls. The philosophers of the ancient world, of Greece, Egypt and Rome, spent much time and effort in the search for the Absolute, for the Highest Good. Philosophy, nor science, nor man-made religion, will ever lay bare this secret. The Highest Good is discovered only by revelation. For who is good in the highest but God, and who can enjoy this highest good but those whom he has attracted unto himself in Christ Jesus? "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him." Only, then, by the declaration of this sonship in the soul's experience of the people of God can God, the Highest Good, be known. The Spirit, not of bondage again to fear, but of adoption (sonship) being sent into the believer's being, causes him to cry, "Abba, Father," which Spirit draws the believer into harmony with the Absolute, which is God. For, is not God absolute in all things, in power, in wisdom, in love, in knowledge, and in all the other infinite attributes of his eternal being? God's bestowal of himself upon his people, therefore, constitutes their Highest Good, and it seems to us that Paul's words in Ephesians i. 3, define in fewest words what is the highest good of those who love the Lord. To have been blessed in

eternity before the world began with all spiritual blessings in the heavenlies in Christ Jesus, is surely the believer's highest good, and will constitute in final consummation the full flowering and fruitage of all the believer's hope and love and aspiration.

It may be that some of our readers will think we have undertaken an ambitious thing in trying to analyze these spiritual things under seven heads, but we do believe that there is no blessing which ever falls to the lot of any child of God but which may be classified under one or more of these seven heads outlined here. We hope our readers will enjoy this at least as much as we have enjoyed writing it.

L.

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NOTICE.

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

L. B. FORD.

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CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING  
THE "SIGNS" TO  
THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Lieut. Col. Knifton, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. M. M. Rounsavel, N. Y., \$3.00; Mrs. W. B. Sproul, N. Y., \$2.00; Mrs. Duncan McCallum, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. J. H. Dickson, N. Y., \$2.00; Mrs. H. J. O'Bannon, Va., \$1.00; Hubbell Brothers, N. Y., \$5.00; John E. Bannister, Ont., \$1.00; G. C. Jordan, Mo., \$1.00; Martha Beardsley, Ind., \$1.00; Mrs. W. J. Rees, Ky., \$3.00; W. T. Hnghett, Ill., \$2.00; C. Stevens, Ark., \$1.00; Ivory Ford, Maine, \$1.00.

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MARRIAGES.

By Elder B. C. Caldwell, at the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 25th, 1916, George W. Jackson and Miss Cora E. Hartley, both of Fayetteville, Fayette Co., Ga.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Elder H. J. Redd** was born near Northport, Ala., Nov. 17th, 1848, and departed this life Nov. 24th, 1916. He was married to Miss Margaret Jane Taylor, April 11th, 1869. To that union were born fourteen children, five boys and nine girls, of whom only one boy and four girls survive. His faithful wife, one sister, one brother and a half sister are left to mourn the loss of this dear man of God. I met Elder Redd about twenty-eight years ago at a district meeting in Jefferson County. It was at this meeting that I heard him preach so ably from the text, Why art thou cast down within me, O my soul? Hope thou in God. I learned at this meeting to love brother Redd, and I have loved him ever since. After this meeting I only met him occasionally until about six years ago, since which time I have met him frequently. He has visited and preached for us at Mt. Olive, near Columbiana, Shelby County. The first time I met Elder Redd I found he was suffering from heart trouble and indigestion, and he was a great sufferer until his death. Besides suffering in body, he, being an able minister, suffered much in other ways. I said once publicly, Brother Redd is a battle-scarred soldier of Jesus Christ. He said in the preface to his autobiography, which now lies before me in manuscript: "My whole life has been one of sorrow, poverty, conflicts and trials." Elder Redd was the best versed man in the Scriptures I ever saw. It seemed when he was preaching that the whole Bible was at his command. Surely a great man has fallen, and we deeply mourn our loss. In his nature brother Redd was irritable and high tempered, but these defects were a source of grief and sorrow to him, far more than to others. Within him was the real man of love, of pity, of compassion, of piety and gravity. He was greatly troubled over the divided condition of the Old Baptists, and often said to me, "Brother Crumpton, there are too many bars of non-fellowship. Primitive Baptists are one family, and should not be divided." He loved the church of God, the doctrine and ordinances, and often said that the gospel of Christ would edify and unify the people of God. In his preaching he ever set forth Christ the way, the truth and the life, and for more than forty years this man of God contended earnestly for the faith of God's elect to the comfort of many of God's tempest-tossed children. To God he gave all the glory in all things. For himself he claimed nothing, except a sinner saved by grace. Dear brother Redd was so afflicted for the past two years that he was confined to his room nearly all the time. He could not lie down, but sat day and night, winter and summer in an armchair, while his wife with untiring devotion waited upon him. Much was done for him, but at last the summons came and he had to go. He sleeps in Jesus. Weep not, dear wife, dear children,

dear brother, dear sister, for blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Brother Redd is at rest, resting from all his labors. Sleep on, dear brother, until Christ shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, then you shall awake with the full likeness of Jesus, whom you loved and served.

After services at the home by the writer, assisted by Elder Woods, and prayer by the pastor of the Mission Baptists, to which his youngest and only unmarried child belongs, on Saturday evening the body was laid to rest in the Woodlawn Cemetery to await the resurrection.

S. S. CRUMPTON.

**William Shockley**, husband of sister Mary Shockley, of Snow Hill, Md., died at his home in Snow Hill Nov. 20th, 1916, after a lingering illness, aged 73 years. He spent nearly all of his long and useful life in Worcester County, Md., a man highly esteemed in his community. His well ordered life, pleasant manners and intelligent conversation won him many friends and admirers. He leaves a loving and devoted wife, one son, Arthur E. Shockley, one daughter, Mrs. Emily Disharoon, two daughters-in-law, Mrs. G. B. Shockley and sister Alice Shockley, and six grandchildren to mourn their loss. His eldest son, Goldsborough B., died in June, 1915. All that loving hands could do to soothe and comfort him through all his suffering was done. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of God our Savior, and a warm lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, but felt unworthy to unite with the church.

He was laid away in the Old School Baptist Cemetery in Snow Hill on Wednesday, Nov. 22nd. Elder A. B. Francis and the writer conducted the services at the house and at the cemetery in the presence of a large congregation. B. F. COULTER.

**Mrs. Martha J. Kuykendall**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Woodward, was born Feb. 11th, 1852, and departed this life Sept. 28th, 1916, making her stay on earth 64 years, 7 months and 14 days. She was united in marriage to brother M. J. Kuykendall, Jan. 11th, 1872. To that union were born five children, two sons and three daughters, all of whom are living and married. One son, S. M. Kuykendall, and two daughters, Mrs. Dollie Roberts and Mrs. Lizzie Slusher, were at her bedside when she fell asleep. Sister Kuykendall spent the last fifteen years of her life on earth a faithful member of the Old School Baptist Church. She, with her husband, brother M. J. Kuykendall, after spending twenty-three years with Cumberland Presbyterian people, went to West Providence Church, in Coke County, Texas, and asked for a home, and were received after relating their travel in grace. Elder J. S. Newman baptized them in the clear waters of the Colorado River.

Sister Kuykendall was an affectionate wife and a kind mother. Though she had been in failing health for several years, and suffered untold misery and pain, she was always ready to do what she could to make her brethren and sisters happy when at her home. The writer was at her bedside when she fell asleep. She said before she went home that Jesus was with her and would not leave her. Sister Kuykendall certainly died in the full triumph of faith.

Elder I. D. Moody and the writer conducted the funeral service at the home of the deceased, after which the remains were conveyed to the Cement Cemetery and laid away to await the great resurrection morn. I would say to the bereaved husband and children that God works all things for good to them that love him, to them that are the called according to his purpose. May God reconcile us to his will.

Written by request of brother M. J. Kuykendall.  
L. E. SKINNER.

## MEETINGS.

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O L D S C H O O L  
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I N  
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11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

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[THIS book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1917. NO. 2.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Dec. 5, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—As 1916 draws to a close, I feel impelled to write you a few lines, though know, unless directed by the Spirit of the ever-living God, that I can say nothing that will interest or comfort you. If growing in grace and knowledge means to humble one's self, to know that my sins have found me out, to be thankful that all things are ordered and sure, and to trust him more and more for his grace, then I have been greatly blessed, have had a remarkable growth. Still, I feel this morning that I am not worthy of the least of his mercies, because of my sin before he made himself known to me, and because of my sin since he revealed himself to me. I cannot do the things that I would; I cannot live as near him as I desire; I cannot even pray to him without the cares of this world creeping in and diverting my mind, but when I can forget self, and ignore that which tends to make me fear him, I am very happy. Then I remember that he has promised to be my everlasting portion, a promise which is being fulfilled day by day, that he has promised

eternal life to all who believe, and I rejoice, trusting that I am one of that number; moreover, he has promised that he will finish the work begun in the hearts of his people, and that no one can pluck them out of his hand. What more can he say to us than he hath said? What more can be done for us than has already been done? For what signs and wonders are we waiting that we hesitate to lay our burdens down and to sing of our deliverance? Why do we walk weeping through this world, when we are not of it? Why do we cling to life here, when we have so rich an inheritance beyond it? I ask myself these questions, with many similar ones, and the only answer I receive comes as quietly and as satisfyingly as his grace came into my heart: Be still, and know that I am God. I have found great comfort in those still moments, have found myself very close to him, and have wished the feeling might continue until he called me home. The stillness is not that of death, but of life and immortality. I am not beset by sin or sorrow, I am raised to where the veil intervenes but dimly between that bright city and me. Sacred moments to every child of God; a foundation for the faith

that is within us, a tower of strength, even when the silence is rudely broken by the whisperings of the tempter. We are with him one day, the next we look around for him whom our souls love, only to find that we are alone and helpless, and we cry,

"O, Savior, I have naught to plead  
In earth, or heaven above,  
But just my own exceeding need,  
And thy exceeding love."

This cry is answered in these words: I will never leave nor forsake thee, and again we go boldly to the throne, that we may receive more of his fullness, more of his enabling power, that we may endure to the end. He does not always send us empty from the fountain, sometimes we get a sweet, refreshing draught which soothes our sorrows and heals our wounds. Some writers in the SIGNS, and some with whom I have talked, acknowledge themselves sinners without seeming to find any comfort in it, when it is a mercy to know, by the teaching of the Spirit, that one is a sinner. He that is whole needeth not a physician, but he that is sick. Christ, the great Physician, has promised that those who cry to him in spirit and in truth shall be healed; that by his suffering and death on the cross he paid the debt, thereby saving our souls from death. The promise is that sin shall not have dominion over us, for we are no longer under the law, but under grace, and we can say, Whom have I in heaven but thee? And there is none on earth I desire but thee. Dear brethren, we have much to be thankful for; then let us hold up our heads and sing that sweet song, Saved by grace. Is it not enough to strengthen us for the conflict? Is it not enough to know that we shall come off more than conquerors through him who loved us and called us with an holy calling? Then let us thank

him that he sought us when strangers, found us poor, miserable sinners, saw our helplessness and interposed his precious blood. It was not of our willing, nor of our running, and if we are a peculiar people, is it not because we have been set apart from the world; because we rejoice in him and have no confidence in the flesh; because we give him all the glory, and praise him that he left nothing for us to do; because we have to confess that all our righteousness is but filthy rags? Our only plea is, "God be merciful to me a sinner," thus acknowledging our sins once more, and with it comes the sweetness of forgiveness, the remembrance of joys once tasted, and the assurance of an abundant entrance into the haven of eternal rest. The knowledge of Jesus and his love with our faith in unseen things should be enough to make us submissive to all his decrees, and to be willing to follow in his footsteps wherever they may lead, for we have the promise that the flame shall not hurt us, nor the rivers of woe overflow us. Blessed are those who have ears to hear, who walk in the light of his countenance, and who can say truthfully, Thy will, O God, be done. I have all of you in my mind continually, and my prayer is that I may live worthy to meet and to greet you once more. As some of you know, I am living in a barren country, spiritually, where, if seed has ever been sown, it fell on unfruitful ground, and I mourn on account of my loneliness; but his Spirit turns my heart to my mother, the church of God, and you may well believe that I love you, and continue to feel that sweet fellowship for you that I had in the beginning. But by this time you must know something of my poverty of spirit, as well as my ignorance in the things which so vitally concern you, and in which you are

so deeply taught by the one Teacher, who speaks as never man spake; so while I love you, and desire to be with you, I am wondering why I am writing, and can give no excuse except that brother Leferts suggested it; and while I have much confidence in his judgment, I feel abased rather than exalted. Again, there came to me during the year the greatest earthly sorrow I ever experienced, and I have been only a fit companion for owls and dragons. If the dear Lord had not drawn very near, and filled my soul with the knowledge of his greatness and goodness, with love for him and for his truth, which comforted me so exceedingly, I would have given up in despair. Many of you have been called to lay away a dear companion, and to feel the sting of parting even as I did, but I feel constrained to say: Shall I receive good at thy hands, and not evil? And with it came a willingness and submission which has worked for me an exceeding weight of glory. I pray when similar trials come to you, or tribulation of whatever character, that you may be sustained as I have been; that you may be made strong enough by the power of His might to believe that all things work together for the good of those who love and trust him. I pray every day that God will bless the ministers of his gospel, that they may be given wisdom with which to exalt his holy name, and that his people may be edified and encouraged. Dear pastors, dear people. Though thousands of miles apart, in their inner lives there is no time nor space, they speak the same things, hear the same things, see the same things, and love one another. The explanation of this is, they are all taught of God; the beauty of it is, we never forget what we are taught, and the power of it is sufficient to give life, and to save that life

forever and ever. From the ends of the earth they come; he has gathered them and put them together, and no man can put them asunder. In the light of the Sun of Righteousness we see what no man can teach us, viz., the wretched depravity of our minds and hearts, and we cry, "Woe is me, for I am undone;" but a miracle is wrought, for by the shining of the Sun which revealed our sins to us, we see the forgiveness of them, are alive in him, and we pray to be more like him, to love him more, and to be able to serve him more acceptably. How well it is that he directs our minds and steps; how faithful he has been to us in all our wanderings; how he has forgiven our disobedience; and he calls us children, when we are so unworthy of the least of his mercies. Was there ever such love, ever a more favored people? We should raise our voices in one accord, and proclaim him Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty, loving and merciful God; we should praise him in the highest when we remember the sacrifice he made that we might live, and with him, and we should walk humbly and softly, because he chose us in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world. But you who have tasted of his grace know all these things; have been with me in the valley of doubt, and on the mountain of delight; have borne crosses and losses to a greater degree, perhaps, and with more patience, with a greater trust, and with a more fervent love, so why write further, or attempt to tell of that which you have experienced and which you believe? You may call it vanity, but there will be no echo from my heart, for I know my leanness as well as the readers. It is not merely for the sake of seeing it in print, for the writings of so many others are far superior in strength and beauty, and uplift and com-

fort, when this may confuse them. So it must be my great love for you, my desire to let you know that I have not forsaken the old paths, and that I am willing to be less than the least by doing what I can. May he richly remember all who have patience to bear with me. Let us cast our cares on him, who careth for us, giving diligence to our calling and election, that we may not be unfruitful in the knowledge of him who has promised to be our everlasting portion. Let us stand fast in the faith whereby he has made us free.

With love unfeigned, your unworthy sister,

MARY E. WRIGHT.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Dec. 6, 1916.

DEAR BROTHERS:—In looking over the first letters I received from sister Florence Pultz I found this one containing a relation of her early experience, and have obtained her consent to send it for publication, as I think it will be read with interest by her many friends and all who love the dear SIGNS.

Unworthily,

BESSIE DURAND.

WHEELING, W. Va., March 10, 1911.

DEAR SISTER DURAND:—I have just reread your precious letter, and as I read I was wondering how I had restrained myself from trying to reply this long. Your dear letters are all good, but this last one I am at a loss to describe just how I do feel about it. I think it surely cannot be for me—it must be some one else that you are addressing. I take comfort in thinking that it is my mind which you have found favorable in your sight, and O, if I could say, as did Paul, I have the mind of Christ. Dear sister, I know you fully agree with me, that if

there is any good in me it does not belong to me by nature. We are even afraid to hope that we have the Spirit of Christ; it seems too much to hope for. The thought of this is too stupendous, too wonderful; the thought is too much for my poor, weak mind to grasp. Some days ago as I was alone for a few minutes I was considering my poor condition, and O how miserable, forlorn and destitute I felt. I felt that I could not endure myself, and I wanted to flee from this miserable old body. I walked into another room, and as I passed along a wail went up from my heart for relief. I tried to implore that this burden be lifted a little from me, and our blessed Lord had mercy on me and answered my prayer, for when I considered or tried to recall these feelings they were gone from me. There are many things I want to speak of, but unless our great Teacher guides me I cannot set my thoughts in order. I feel very thankful to you for those pages from the SIGNS. How glad I was to read your brother's experience from childhood up. It is a sweet story, and so well told. His style of writing is very agreeable and pleasing. Now what can I say that will express my feelings in regard to your letter to Elder Beebe? Truly it is a soul-stirring letter, but I could not wonder at the holy joy that led you out into such a large place. Surely your family ties have been sweet, with this double fellowship of love. I have not been reading much lately, but at times I feel drawn to read the Bible. The Psalms have been impressed on my mind, but often by the time I sit down and open the book my poor, weak mind is drawn off in another direction, or I have some household duty to perform.

This is Sunday evening. I have been very weak to-day, and my mind very

weak and confused. When I started to write last Friday my heart was so stirred with the thought of your and your brother's kindness to me I felt that I must try to write to you and relieve a little of this overflowing, but soon I felt barren and destitute of anything to write. I hoped for a little rest and quiet to-day, but instead I have felt vexed in spirit, and have felt to fret under my burden. Some days it seems heavier than I can bear, yet at the same time I do not feel that I deserve anything better. You speak kindly of me visiting you. There have been times when I have thought that I might be permitted to do so, yet I have felt that I was not worthy to meet you in the flesh. In meditating about such an event I have felt to shrink within myself, then I have had some pleasant and (to me) very affecting thoughts about your church. I have fancied that it would be such a homelike place to me, and I have wept at the thought of entering its doors. Truly your church appears to me as the most sacred spot on earth; I cannot describe my impression of it. Last Friday, while my mind was so tenderly exercised about you, I felt a great desire to talk with you, and I thought of several portions of Scripture which I would like to have your brother explain, and I became so exalted in spirit that I lost sight of this sinful old self altogether, but after attempting to write I became so self-conscious that all my joy was turned to shame and confusion, then I decided that it was best for me to keep myself apart from the dear saints. I feel to describe my condition by this verse, which I read years ago, and which made such a deep impression on my mind that I have never forgotten it:

"Nay, leave me to my own sad heart—  
To nature's more than midnight shade;  
I seem to-day to stand apart  
From everything that God has made."

You spoke of walking in darkness. This is my condition at present, yet I am blessed with a sure hope. I call it sure, for no matter how low and dejected I become this hope never wavers, but seems sure and steadfast; I cannot see any reason why I should be indulged with such a good hope. When I come to think about it, I do not remember the time that I ever was bereft of this hope of salvation. My experience is peculiar. I somehow got the impression that I was a christian when I was a child, but I have no idea how this became settled in my mind. When I grew up into young womanhood, and became fond of gay, young companions, and became concerned about my personal appearance, then I began to have twinges of conscience, and reminders that I was straying from the Lord. In reading of your brother's childish or youthful thoughts I saw many of my own described. I was very anxious to merit the favor of God, and feared to offend him; I feared torment, and greatly feared death. I am confident that when I was baptized and taken into the church I had not yet been born a new creature in Christ Jesus. I had been given a hearing ear and an understanding in the gospel of the imputed righteousness of our Savior, and I was given faith to lay hold on this, and in the strength of this faith I united with the church. It was in the year 1892. I went along (I might say) hand in hand with the world; I still loved the pleasures of the world. I could enjoy the conversation of worldly people, and did not have any scruples about going to the opera. I went to the so-called churches here in this place to see and be seen. I often thought that many things I did were wrong in the sight of God, and yet I tried to hope that he would forgive me.

I went along in this way until the year 1900, then I began to feel a keener sense of my sins before the just and holy God. I tried to search the Scriptures, and found many precious promises, but could not lay hold on them. I felt that I had lost the favor of God, and felt that I was separated from him by my sins. I felt that there was that in me which was abhorrent to my God. Yes, I still claimed him as my God. Then I began to have a great hungering for gospel preaching, and felt that I would find help in this way. I went to Hampshire County for the summer, and while there I was in reach of our church. I could hardly wait until our preaching days came. I set out and walked nearly two miles in the hot sun, over hills and hollows and dusty roads, to reach the meetinghouse, and, lo, when I got there I heard that Elder Power would not be there, as he had been called away to attend a funeral. I then had to wait four weeks for the next appointment. I set out again, and walked all this distance, only to be disappointed again; he failed to be there. During the next month I had a dream which comforted me a great deal. In the dream I was preparing dinner for company, and while doing this I became aware that there was preaching going on in the stable. I could see them through the cracks, but I was too busy to join them, but I told my son to watch, and when Elder Power came out to bring him in to dinner, but directly I looked out and saw Elder Power walking away, and I appeared to be in a perfect agony of fear that he would not come in to this dinner. I cried out to him loudly, and he turned and came toward me. I ran and met him, and clasped both his hands while I wept bitterly. I thought he led me up a hill, and as he kindly supported

me as we ascended this hill I felt a sweet calm come over me. I woke from this dream with this calm, restful feeling still with me. I felt somewhat comforted, but still had the intense desire to hear a gospel sermon. The third time I went to our church (on Saturday) and Elder Power was absent, but there was a young preacher present whom I had never seen before, and when he got up to speak he appeared to be at such a loss for something that I began to assure myself that I would not hear any preaching. I began to feel much discouraged, but while grumbling at this (in my mind) I became interested in this young man. He was preaching with much feeling and liberty. I had never heard the gospel preached with such a blessed tone of assurance as he preached it. He dwelt much on the "wills" and "shalls" of Jehovah. That sermon was just exactly the kind that my soul was hungering for, and I was all attention and loved this dear young servant of the Lord for the rich feast he had given me. He had noticed the hungry looks, and he asked our deacon, at whose house he was staying, to take me home with them. Brother Compton (the deacon) had meant to ask me anyway, so I had the great pleasure of his company, and heard him preach another good sermon the following day (Sunday). It would be impossible for me to describe the joy that I experienced in believing; I could claim the precious promises as my own; I seemed to be in a new world or existence. My heart was singing praises to our dear Lord from morning until night. I remember some hymns that were precious to me. The theme of predestination and election was my meat and my drink, and I loved to hear or read the experience of the saints. From that time on I lost my love for the world,

and felt as if the graveclothes were taken off of me, the Savior had loosed me and let me go. From that day I have, by the grace of God, been released from Satan's yoke. I feel to be sinful, and know I am all undone, yet I feel that sin does not have dominion over me. This sweet and blessed charity you speak of, I, too, see much beauty in. Our dear Lord has led me into the experience of it.

Now I will draw to a close, as I am becoming so confused that I cannot express my thoughts. Please pardon this long letter. I had thought I could not write at all to-night, but I became interested in trying to tell my poor little experience, or a small portion of it. I do long to be worthy of your kindness, but can never attain to it myself, my worthiness must all be in Him. Only in this hope could I dare to claim the fellowship of any of his children.

Your sister in this hope,

FLORENCE PULTZ.

URTON, New Mexico, Dec. 3, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—If one so poor and unworthy as I am should be allowed to thus address you. Many long days and years of suffering are allotted to the people of God in this life, and it is written, It is not only given you to believe on his name, but also to suffer for his sake. By faith Moses, when he was come to years, refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; for he had respect unto the recompence of the reward, not of himself, not by a change of his own mind voluntarily, but "by faith." He did not come in possession of this faith by hearing some one preach Jesus

Christ, nor for any good thing he had done, and not by concluding he would seek for it, because faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and is in every child of God when born of God. When we are born of the flesh we possess certain characteristics, such as natural love, hatred, anger, envy, jealousy, murder, deceit, &c. So it is true, when we are born of the Spirit we have the fruits of the Spirit, which are love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, and we do not have to work to get these fruits. Our faith is born of God, for the Bible says, Whatsoever overcometh the world is born of God, and this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. Faith exercises us, we do not exercise faith. Paul says, Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Did you ever know any one to exercise evidence? Evidence exercises us. You hear one of your loved ones is dead, through a not very reliable source, you doubt it, but when you get home there is the loved one in the cold embrace of death, you have the evidence right before you, and this exercises you, causes you to mourn, and you cannot help it. You were exercised by the evidence. Faith is a wonderful power, controlling us, and not we controlling it. Then by this power Moses was caused to make a choice, and that was to suffer affliction with the people of God. Who would stand up and say Moses did this of his own accord, without something unnatural to move him to do it? Only one destitute of reason or biblical understanding. It looks to me any one with good natural reason would know better, but God has hid these things from the wise and prudent. Look at his surroundings, he has almost everything a natural man could wish, the son of the daughter of

the king of one of the richest countries on earth, the nicest bed to sleep on, the finest food in the land, the best clothing, a life of luxury and ease. Who would give that up and go down and be one of a people that were suffering, terribly afflicted? God said, I have heard the cries of my people, and am come down to deliver them. What is the matter with you, Moses? You want to leave all of the natural pleasures of the king's court and go forth and suffer with a people whose cries have gone up to the Lord of Sabaoth. Yes, he is willing now, for "it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure." Do you not recollect when you were made willing to give up all worldly pleasure? When you became tired of earthly joys? Can you not well remember when you said with the poet,

"Weary of earth, myself and sin,  
Dear Jesus, set me free;  
And to thy glory take me in,  
For there I long to be.

Burdened, dejected, and oppressed,  
Ah, whither shall I flee  
But to thy arms for peace and rest;  
For there I long to be.

Empty, polluted, dark and vain,  
Is all this world to me;  
May I the better world obtain;  
For there I long to be.

Lord, let a tempest-tossed soul  
That peaceful harbor see,  
Where waves and billows never roll;  
For there I long to be?"

Before this there was so much joy in the world to you, the days passed with hardly a ripple on the sea of this life, but there came a change, something filled your heart with sadness, dark shadows began to hover over your heretofore bright pathway, there came creeping away down into your heart of hearts a sadness before unknown to you, you began to feel that you needed help, fear

came over you that you could not shake off, the dark shadows became more dense; the anxiety increased, and you began to be awfully burdened. I could see the grave open and my bones lying in it, but for the life of me I could see no further, I felt that there I would go, and there remain forever and forever. So terrible was the darkness, and so heavy the burden, life was a misery to me. What did you say?

"Till late I saw no danger nigh,  
I lived at ease, nor feared to die;  
Wrapped up in self, conceit and pride,  
I shall have peace at last, I cried.

But when, great God, thy light divine  
Had shone in this dark soul of mine,  
Then I beheld with trembling awe  
The terrors of thy holy law.

With melting heart and weeping eyes  
My guilty soul for mercy cries;  
Where can I go, or whither flee,  
To escape the vengeance due to me?"

I can go to the place where the burden rolled off and a text of Scripture came into my mind. This came: And the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Jesus Christ. It has kept you, it will keep you, little, trembling one, although the bitter, briny waves of sorrow and affliction will come sweeping over the sea of this life, and will go over you, overwhelming you in the most awful grief and sorrow; still you will be kept, still you are safe. His love is always the same, never changes, and all your sorrows and every pain are for your good. Many waters cannot quench love, the floods cannot drown it; nothing can cause his love to change. The anguish and fear only prepare you to joy in Jesus when he manifests again himself to you as your Savior, Protector, King, Husband, Friend. Although years and years of the deepest sorrow have gone over me, I remember as well as yesterday when I



first heard Elder Silas Durand preach on the subject, "Who shall separate us from the love of God?" and still can see in my mind the illustration he used in describing real, true christianity and painted or false religion. That was away over from where I now live, where God has so wonderfully blessed me, away over in what the Indians called "the dark and blood ground," and it proved to be that to me. So faith forced Moses to suffer affliction with the people of God, choosing rather to suffer than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, esteeming the reproaches of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Certainly the children prize the services and the joy and sweetness found in him more than all the world. David said, One thing have I desired of the Lord, and that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord and to inquire in his temple. Worship him in the beauty of holiness. These are the greatest riches: to behold the beauty of the Lord. What is the beauty of the Lord? An upright walk and a godly conversation. Nothing in this life, hardly except the Savior himself, is more beautiful than an upright walk, and this is him manifest in us. Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined. Disorderly conduct and bad language in one professing the name of our Savior are to the people of God very ugly. Do not boast, you cannot keep yourself; the dear Savior only can keep you. Who hath delivered me from so great a death, who doth also now deliver, and who will yet deliver us. Bless his holy name.

Your brother in hope of mercy,

✓ ISAAC R. GREATHOUSE.

CEMENT CITY, Mich., December, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—Another year has passed and gone, and it reminds me that my subscription has expired, so please find inclosed two dollars to pay for another year. I have taken the paper a long time, and do not want to be without it. I only wish I could write like the dear ones do; how they cheer us on life's journey.

I inclose a letter from brother John Oliver, and would like to have you publish it in the SIGNS if you think best. I have not his consent, but think he will not care. I think it has the certain sound.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Farewell.

NETTIE KELLEY CARY.

TWIN LAKE, Mich., Nov. 23, 1916.

DEAR SISTER:—I have long had a desire to write you, but realizing my many imperfections, and my inability to write wholly to the glory of God, I have put it off from time to time. I am surely aware of the fact that this old fleshly man is a very insinuating character, and should be kept in subjection; but O, my sister, what a continual warfare do I pass through. I feel that the God we love leaves us to wander after the things of the flesh, that we may be taught our entire dependence on him. I remember that for many years I was almost proud of the fact that my conversation had been free from jesting, and looked upon those who indulged in those things as being very disobedient, but the time came when I, too, was found jesting, and that on a very solemn occasion, and what anguish of soul I passed through for that moment of jesting. A short time ago I was mourning on account of my shortcomings, when these words came to me

as they never had before: There are no pangs in the death of the wicked. I never saw any beauty in this portion of Scripture before, but then it came with force, and I was made to rejoice that it had been written. I began to inquire, Am I a living creature? Have I been born again? I know I am a subject of many pangs; I go mourning from morning until night on account of pangs, and with Paul I can say, Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But there are no pangs in the death of the wicked. The children of the bondwoman are not troubled with pangs, for they are dead, and their sins trouble them not. Not so with the children of the free-woman, for God has written his law in their hearts, and they mourn because they are unable to keep that perfect law. None but these children is troubled with pangs. These children have all been circumcised in the heart, they are now very sensitive; what would cause them pain would not be felt by those uncircumcised children of the bondwoman. But blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. Not only shall they be comforted, but they shall be satisfied. When we awake with his likeness, then we shall be satisfied. At times I find myself longing for that time to come. I sometimes ask, What good am I to the world or to the church? With the world I am not in harmony, I cannot go with it. Many hard things are said against me by the world, because I refuse to be harnessed with it. The other evening my little boy was accosted by a lady who belongs to modern times; she told him that she was astonished at the doctrine I contended for. He answered her by telling her that the Jews were astonished at the doctrine of Christ. She retorted by saying, You are too young to know any-

thing about the Bible; if you will come to our Sunday-school you will learn something worth knowing. I am so far from our church, and have such poor health, that it seems to me I cannot expect to meet with you much more. I am about the same as I was last year; am able to do a little. I well remember the good time I had while with you all last year. While visiting brother and sister Titmus I could not doubt that the Lord was very close to us as we reasoned together concerning the things of the kingdom. After leaving Cement City, for many days I was with a strange people (relatives in the flesh), many of whom had waxed fat with the things of this world, but little evidence did I see of that spiritual food which builds up the inner man, and I felt to be a stranger among them. On my way home I stopped at Norville, and found Elder Pittman and family. Although I had never been there before, I did not feel to be a stranger among them. My visit there was somewhat marred by my sickness. Though I felt it good to be there, yet I felt unworthy of the much kindness shown. I hope the little church there may prosper, and hope I may visit them again.

I received the little book you sent me. Accept my thanks for the same.

Dear sister, I am addressing this letter to you, but it is meant for one and all of our little church. Please communicate this to them, and may they accept it as a token of my love.

Your brother in hope of eternal life,  
JOHN OLIVER.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Nov. 19, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—I often think of you in your trials and tribulation, and often look for your writing in the SIGNS, but that space is often taken by others.

Man cannot always write, but when the Lord gives a portion it is good. I often feel alone, like a sparrow upon the housetop. Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may raise her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God. Even the sparrow has a house, and I do feel I can say I have a house where I can meet my brethren and sisters in spiritual worship.

I have written more than I thought to when I started. I often try to write, but give it up, and think I am of no comfort to any one, not even to the church of God; so prone to sin, so prone to wander from God's throne, but I have the comfort of hearing from God's people by letter. It has been a comfort to me to read your letters. I can truly say I do not see anything in myself except sin, vile and polluted, but I take comfort in writing sometimes of God and his ways, but his ways no man can understand. The same rod that parted the Red Sea closed it up again.

You will find inclosed a letter, which you may publish if you think best. It has been good to me.

Your brother,

GEORGE M. CONNER.

MURRAY, Ky., Nov. 6, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER CONNER:—I have been reading your letter of July 16th, and decided to write you again. O how it does my soul good to read such good letters, and to know that God's little ones are scattered abroad, but in the Shepherd's own good time all will be brought into the fold; he will not stop until all are gathered home. I often wish it were my privilege to attend the good meetings everywhere. I feel I have been wonderfully blessed, however, in

having the sweet privilege of attending our association (Soldier Creek), also the Tennessee Obion Association, and we had able ministers present; God surely must have been there. I did not think I ever heard such good preaching, but I suppose I have; I probably was hungry and could understand better, and I trust God gave me an understanding mind. Dear brother and sister, as I am young, I fear the older members will not have confidence in me, but I love them, and am perfectly satisfied when I can have the pleasure of sitting under the sound of the voice that tells of Jesus and the wonderful and mighty works of God, not the works of men; man's works are no more than filthy rags. The God I serve I hope and trust is the God who is able to destroy both soul and body. How comforting to taste that the Lord is gracious. My heart's desire is to follow in the footsteps of Jesus. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds to the believing ear. I am glad I was born to die; yes, I long to be where I will never be separated from the Lord. The Old School or Primitive Baptists are the people I love, the little ones of God, if I do not misunderstand the Scriptures. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."—John v. 39. This one verse of Scripture is on my mind, and why it is I do not know. How thankful I am that I give all praise to God. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no wise enter therein." I do feel within myself that I received him as a little child, for I did not do anything. I tried, and did everything I could, and that was noth-

ing; so when I gave up all for lost, God, the great physician, took my case, I trust and hope, and healed me; a hopeless case for man, but God did the work, I hope. "If I had not done among them the works which none other man did, they had not had sin: but now have they both seen and hated both me and my Father." "He that hateth me hateth my Father also." "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world." O, is not that grand? Christ has overcome the world. There is salvation in no other name, for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. O glorious thought, that we trust in the true and living God. May God bless you, dear brother and sister, and give you grace to live and die in him, is my prayer.

Your little and unworthy sister, if one at all,

FANNIE HENDRICKS.

DRAIN, Oregon, Nov. 20, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have a short sketch of the experience of a dear niece only seventeen years old. She and her father and mother were received by our church last August. This dear young sister dates her hope back when she was but ten years old. She went through two severe operations within the past eighteen months, but I am glad to say she is getting quite strong again. Her mother said she never saw more wonderful faith in the Savior than Ethel had during all her sickness. Her parents were much worried about her, but she would tell them she trusted in the Lord, and for them not to grieve, all would be right. O how we love to see our loved ones coming home to the church of the true

and living God. How thankful we felt at our meeting yesterday, when one of my daughters-in-law came forward and was received for baptism; again our cup of joy was full. We had long felt she was a fit subject for the church, but she wanted to wait until her husband could be with her. I tell my children, and all others who have a desire to follow in the footsteps of the meek and lowly Savior, to never let anything of a worldly nature keep them back. I do not believe it right to persuade any one to unite with the church, but when indeed one is inquiring after the truth to give them what the word of God says, and speak words of encouragement to them; but the Lord is able to bring the blind by a way they knew not.

I did not intend to write so much, but the half can never be told; we wander so far from what we feel to be our duty. I wonder how the Savior can be so kind to poor, unworthy me. If you see fit to publish this, all right, if not, cast it aside. My heart goes out to all lovers of the truth. May our heavenly Father be with us all.

Your little sister,

S. MORNINGSTAR.

MY DEAR AUNT AND SISTER:—When I was ten years old we came down there to one of the Old Baptist meetings, which I enjoyed very much and which I never shall forget. Although I had always tried to live a christian life, I never until then thought about joining any church, but after that meeting I thought that the Old Baptist Church would be the one where I could make my home. This meeting of which I am speaking was in 1909. It was the year 1911 on a cold winter night when creeping into my bed I fell asleep, and some time in the night I

had a dream which was very different from any other I ever had. I dreamed that a crowd of us had gathered beside the waters of the creek down below your house, and some of us were going to be baptized; when, as we were looking upon the water, there appeared on the other side the gates of heaven. While looking upon those beautiful golden gates they opened, and we, marching forward, walked through those precious gates, and after we got inside the gates closed, and hurrying toward us was a band of angels to greet us, and they were the loved ones we had known on earth. As my dream came to a close I awoke and sat up in bed, for before me I saw the faces of those dear loved ones. I was struck dumb, and as I gazed upon those beloved faces they and the gates of heaven disappeared, and I was left alone sitting in my little bed. O auntie, that was the sweetest dream I ever had. As the years passed by my desire grew stronger and stronger to be a sister in the church. The sweetest moments of my life were at the meeting in August, 1916, when I went forward to bear the cross of Christ, and father and mother followed in the path. Now, auntie dear, I hope I may be given grace to live the life of a true christian.

Your loving little sister and niece,  
ETHEL STOWELL.

HAVANA, Ark., Sept. 27, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Inclosed please find money order to pay my subscription from November 15th, 1915, to Nov. 15th, 1917. I can say that I fully indorse the doctrine that the SIGNS contends for, and it is, and has been, the most of the preaching I have had in several years. I subscribed for it in 1884, if my memory serves me right; the first number brother W. J. Purington wrote on the absolute predestina-

tion of all things, and he proved it to my satisfaction, without making God the author of sin, as a great many claim. He was an able writer. There are some who claim to be Primitive Baptists in this country who claim that predestination makes God the author of sin. If I understand the Bible, sin is the transgression of God's law. When any one transgresses God's law he or she sins against God's will. God is not the author of sin, although he allows it. He had the power to prevent it, but for his own power and glory he allowed it, as in the case of Pharaoh. He raised Pharaoh to do just what he did. I understand everything came to pass just as God knew it would; if not, how did the holy prophets and apostles prophesy of perilous times in the latter days? I understand all prophecies will come to pass in due time, and in God's appointed way; there is nothing new under the sun to God. Brother W. J. Purington said at one time that God's "wills" and "shalls" were recorded above fourteen thousand times in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, and I believe every one will come to pass in God's appointed time. If that is absolute predestination, it is what I believe, for I do not believe in trying to limit God, who has all power, both in heaven and on earth. As in the case of Pharaoh, God said, For this purpose have I raised thee up, to shew forth my power in thee. A thing does not have to occur before God knows it; he knows what is in man, even the secret intentions of the heart are known to him; he is all-wise. It is not a plausible doctrine with the world, or the worldly religionist. As long as a man is in nature's darkness he is spiritually blind; it is only by the revelation of God that we know anything of a spiritual nature; to God be all the power.

I wish that brother Ker or brother Lefferts would give their views on two passages of Scripture, both in Revelation. The first is found in the second chapter, seventeenth verse, the last part: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it." The other is found in Revelation xvi. 13: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs come out of the mouth of the dragon, and out of the mouth of the beast, and out of the mouth of the false prophet." Now is that the common religion that is taught in the world to-day?

M. T. PENCE.

CALLALLEN, Texas, Nov. 24, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Only once before have I attempted to write to the dear old SIGNS, and that was when I attempted to give some of my experience. Eight or nine years have passed, and I still find myself the same old sinner I felt to be then, and am more helpless and dependent upon the Lord for everything. I had hope then of getting better as I grew older, but this has been a failure, still I have been wonderfully blessed, far more than this poor mortal ever deserved. About eight years ago I married a Missionary Sunday-school teacher, who lived two hundred miles from where we had meeting, and she had never heard an Old Baptist preach; so when our meeting day came we went, and when we got home she said that the preacher directed all of his sermon to her, and she was offended. About a year later I noticed a change; she would be as anxious to go to meeting as I was, and glad when any Old Baptist would come to our home. I had been praying for months, If it be thy will, O

Lord, show her the right way. One night I dreamed that I found her behind a haystack praying. After that I never was troubled about it any more. Night before last she told me what she had been going through with in the past, and you can imagine how happy this poor mortal was. She said many times she thought she would tell me all about it, but was afraid she was mistaken and it might be imagination on her part. She said, Now do not tell any one. I cannot keep it. She said, They know how I have argued and held out for my side so long, even when I myself did not believe it, and now they will laugh at me. It has been over a year since we have been permitted to attend meeting, and I get very hungry for preaching sometimes. We live at present about seventy miles from where they have meeting. Our dear old grandfather is visiting us now, and how glad we are to hear him talk. His name is M. V. Dykes, one of the pioneer Old Baptists in Texas. As high as the heavens are above the earth, so are the Lord's ways above man's. I am made to pause sometimes and exclaim, O Lord, how merciful thou art to thy little ones here below. May I always be found at the feet of my brethren, and esteeming others better than myself, is my prayer.

Your unworthy brother, if one at all,

E. B. AULT.

EVERETT, Pa.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN CHRIST AT FRYING PAN:—Saturday and Sunday will be your meeting days again, and I wish I could see you face to face, but as I cannot, will try to write a few words just to let you know I still remember you, and hope I am kept by the power of God in love for the assemblies of the saints. I long for the time when it is my

privilege to go to meeting, but feel that, unworthy as I am, I am blessed far above what I deserve. It was my privilege to attend the Juniata Association this autumn, and I felt it was good to be there. There I met many whom I had met before, and several whom I had never met, and heard good preaching and singing. Sometimes I feel that I am in the wilderness indeed, and feel it would do me good just to hear real, true singing, then again I feel that there is singing and making of melody to the Lord right in my own heart.

I was very sorry to hear of the death of sister Wortman and brother Paxson. I know you will miss their faces and cheerful words when you come together.

I will not tire you with many words, only ask that you remember me at the throne of grace, and when you come together remember that the least one of the flock is with you in spirit, if not in body. Love to all the church.

MATILDA T. STARR.

ELKMONT, Ala., Dec. 3, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—As it is near the close of the year, and you have been so good to me in sending me the dearly beloved SIGNS, which is of much comfort to me, I must write and tell you how much I appreciate your kindness, as I am deprived of hearing preaching often, as I am not able to go. To-day is our meeting day. Brother Leonard, our pastor, and brother Hatchet, from Oklahoma, spent last night with us. Our church here is small in numbers. It is strange to me that when members can attend the meetings that they do not do it, for it seems to me that if I were able I would go every time. If the Lord will permit me, I will say to the writers of the SIGNS, Please continue writing as God gives you

mind and directs your pens, as I believe he has done in the past, for without him I know you could not write to the comfort of poor, weak pilgrims, such as I feel myself to be. I enjoy reading all the editorials, and when I read sister Mary Ellison's letter in June 15th number I felt that she had written some of the things of God which I hope I have been able to see and understand for some time. When I cannot sleep or rest I am often meditating upon the Scriptures, and O what great things I do hope I am made to see, and I wish I were a ready writer, that I could tell it to others. Again, I am made to doubt, and to think it all a delusion, or imagination of the carnal mind. I have thought of trying to write what I hope have been the dealings of God by his grace with me, but of late I have felt so unworthy and ignorant that I fear I am deceived, and it would be of no use.

Elder Ker, you have my sympathy in your sad bereavements, you and all others who have severe trials in this life, for if there is anything I know, it is affliction and trouble; I am now just able to sit up after another operation.

Brethren, I thank you again for your kindness, and ask your prayers for a poor, afflicted sinner.

(MRS.) W. R. JAMES.

WARREN, Ark., Nov. 14, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I write to send you some new subscribers; I sent my own renewal in October. I do not see how I could get along without the dear old family paper, for through it I hear from the family of our God. It seems they all see alike, they all hear alike, they all speak alike, and I do believe they are all taught in the same school and by the same Teacher, and this Teacher has

taught every one of them that they must be saved by grace, and grace alone, and that salvation is of the Lord, and that they can have no confidence in the flesh, that without him they can do nothing. I believe they all know that he paid for his people with his blood to redeem them, for he loved them with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness has he drawn them. Dear children of God, do you not remember he said he would send another teacher, and he would take of his and show it unto us, and bring all things to our remembrance? "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." A place for you, dear family of God, the ones who have been to school to this great Teacher, and I do believe that every one of these children know he could lay down his life and take it again. The Father has given him power over all flesh, to give eternal life to all that he gave him. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who according to his mercy hath begotten us again to a lively hope. Begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

You must forgive me; I only thought to write and send you the new subscribers.

An old sinner, in hope of a better world,

A. TULLAS.

LEBANON, Ohio, Sept. 27, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I see by the little slip on my SIGNS that my subscription has expired, so inclosed you will find postal order for two dollars, for which please send me that precious paper for another year, as it contains all the sermons I am

permitted to read (or hear), and God is glorified in it, to the exclusion of all the evil claims of man to help the Lord do his work. By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Within those who have received this precious gift, is a company of two armies, and there is no release from the warfare. In the language of David, Let thy light shine upon me, and I shall be saved, not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. Jesus says, I am the way, the truth and the life. He that cometh up any other way is a thief and a robber. O may I, a poor helpless sinner, buffeted by Satan within, and enemies without, on all sides, be kept by this mighty power to pursue this highway cast up where the redeemed of the Lord walk with meekness and godly fear. Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth. Sometimes I think he delivers his wayward children into the hands of Satan (was it not so with his servant Job?) to be taught wherein their trust must dwell, for he (God) looked and there was none to help, and his own arm brought salvation. I know that often my feet have slipped (not well-nigh, but altogether), and I seem in the pit and miry clay, from which I once thought he raised me, and put songs of praise to his name in my mouth. O if this be true,

"E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love."

The two editorials in September 15th, 1916, especially the second, on "Adam," by Elder Lefferts, were most comforting to me. When it is well with you all remember me at the throne of grace.

From the least of all, your sister, (if one) in the precious hope of immortality,

EVA W. MORRIS.



**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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

**NEHEMIAH XIII. 23, 24.**

"IN those days also saw I Jews that had married wives of Ashdod, of Ammon, and of Moab: and their children spake half in the speech of Ashdod, and could not speak in the Jews' language, but according to the language of each people."

Proof is given us here of the inability of the Jews to obey the law of Moses. The law commanded Israel to have no dealings with the Gentile nations round about them, to abstain from all the idols of the strangers, and not to take their women in marriage. Human nature is such that it lusts after all that is forbidden. Notwithstanding that God told Adam he could eat of all the trees of the garden except one, his nature lusted to eat of that one forbidden, and was not satisfied with all the rest. So with the Jews, though they had many and sufficient women among themselves, they desired rather those forbidden them in their law. The result of this intermarriage with Gentile women was strange children, children that could not speak the Jew language, but spoke half Ashdod, half Ammon, or half Moab, as the case might be. As it was with national Israel in this instance, so is it now with spiritual Israel in a spiritual sense. In order to speak and to understand the pure language of Canaan, one must be a born Jew; and to

be a spiritual Jew, we have but to read Paul's definition of a Jew to learn that such an one is the subject of a spiritual birth: "He is a Jew, which is one inwardly; and circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." Thus the spiritual Jew is the child of God who has been born from above by the will and of the operation of the Spirit of God. This one is by birth an inhabitant of the land of Canaan, his citizenship is in heaven, and he is a fellow-citizen with the saints of God and of the household of faith. Being thus a subject of the new and heavenly birth, there is turned unto him a pure language, and this language none can speak or understand but those who, like himself, have been born from above. "For then will I turn to the people a pure language, that they may all call upon the name of the Lord, to serve him with one consent." Those who speak this language worship God and not man. They call upon God, not man, to help them; they serve God, not as hirelings, but willingly, "with one consent." Those unto whom is turned this pure language learn the right pronunciation of every syllable in wisdom's school. They do not say "sibboleth," but "shibboleth." The poor publican that said: "God be merciful to me a sinner," was speaking this pure language. Jonah, in the belly of the great fish, when he said, "Salvation is of the Lord," was speaking this pure language. Peter, when he essayed to walk on the water, and failed, and cried out, Lord, save, I perish, was uttering the language of the heaven-born Jew. The patriarchs and prophets of old, and the apostles of more recent times, all spoke this pure language of Canaan. All having been born from above by the Spirit of God, having been translated

from nature's darkness into the kingdom of God's Son, spoke the language of their spiritual nativity, the tongue of their mother country: the new Jerusalem. This pure language gives God all the glory in the work of salvation, from beginning to end; it praises God in all things, thanks him for all things, has no confidence in the flesh, rejoices in Christ. It knows no conditions contingent upon puny man in the work of salvation. The substance of this pure language can be summed up in these words: "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created." But as there were restless ones among the national Jews who were not satisfied with their own things, but desired the things of the Gentiles around them, so from the days of Paul, even until now, there have at times been restless spirits among God's people, who have not been satisfied to walk in the old paths, who have not been satisfied with the simplicity of the apostolic faith and order, and who have lusted after new things, after the doctrines and institutions of men. Just as surely as these restless ones have succeeded in invading the church with their new things, just that certainly have converts (?) been begotten by that intermarriage with forbidden things, children that are not able to speak the language of the children of God, but the language of Ashdod, or of Ammon, or of Moab. We have an instance of this in the Galatian Church of Paul's time. There was a case where were those who had taught strange doctrines among God's people. "There be some that trouble you, and would pervert the gospel of Christ." These false teachers declared that though salvation is by grace in its beginning, yet the after

blessings of the child of God depend upon his obedience. These taught a superstructure of blessings to be enjoyed by obedience, upon a foundation of salvation by grace. These looked to the law for blessings, though claiming to be saved by grace. Now, this speech was surely not pure Jew language, but was half Ashdod. Paul never agreed to any such language, but insisted that salvation is by grace to the believer at all times, not simply in the instance of his first receiving a hope. Paul believed that the very obedience of the child of God is the fruit of faith which exercises the believer unto obedience. Paul did not frustrate the grace of God as did these false teachers. To say that the believer's obedience is of himself, that he can obey or disobey at will, that his enjoyment is contingent upon such obedience, is to frustrate the grace of God, and to talk in the language of Ashdod, not of Canaan. Paul reproveth these by saying, "But now, after that ye have known God, or rather are known of God, how turn ye again to the weak and beggarly elements, whereunto ye desire again to be in bondage?" God does not leave his work unfinished for man to complete, but when he begins a good work in the hearts of his people he himself carries that work on to completion in the day of Jesus Christ. It is so natural for even the believer to think that there is something he must do, that there is something required of him in the way of salvation. The Galatian brethren, some of them, thought so. They tried to carry on the Spirit's work by the efforts of the flesh. Paul asked them, Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh? The language of Ashdod is very popular in every age of the world. Rarely does one meet with one who speaks the language of Canaan in its

purity. The Baptist Church in America was for a long time untroubled with Ashdodism, but restless spirits among the Baptists were not satisfied with the old order of things and longed to connect themselves with the doctrines and inventions of men about them. Thus came in the Sunday-schools and Missionaries and various societies, which gave birth to a new set of children, children unused to the ways of spiritual Israel, and who could not speak that language. These Ashdodites greatly troubled the Baptist Church in this country until 1832, when the Black Rock Convention was held, and those who spoke the pure language of Canaan resolved to have nothing further to do with the mixed breed of Ashdod, of Ammon and of Moab. Of late years a new idea in the way of "conditional time salvation" has made its inroads among the Baptists. This is not a pure Jew language, but an Ashdod dialect: a mixture of grace and works. We do not mean by this that grace and works ever really mix, but the mixture is all the time being attempted. To say that God predestinates some and not all things, is to speak half Ashdod. Pure language says that God does his will among the inhabitants of the earth and in the army of heaven, and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?

This article is written at the request of brother John R. Havens, of Santa Anna, Texas. This brother says: "I read many of our religious papers, but I am partial to the SIGNS when matters are controverted."

L.

#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

We have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

## MARRIAGES.

By Elder A. B. Francis, in Salisbury, Md., October 16th, 1916, Isaac Lester Swann and Bessie Belle Dennis, both of Wicomico County, Md.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**R. J. Hill** died at his home in Marshall County, Ky., Dec. 17th, 1916, where he had spent a long and useful life. He was born on this same farm June 28th, 1833, making his stay here 83 years, 5 months and 19 days. He was married to Mariah Johnson Dec. 2nd, 1858, to which union were born eight children, three boys and five girls, seven of whom, with their mother, grandchildren and other relatives and friends, are left to mourn the loss of a dear, good man, but not without a sweet and precious hope. He and his wife joined the Primitive Baptist Church in October, 1889, and were baptized by the late Elder J. M. Perkins, and until the day of his death proved a faithful and profitable member. He was a dear lover and defender of the Baptist doctrine. Brother Hill was a loving husband and kind father, and he endeared himself to all with whom he associated. He was a quiet and unassuming man, enjoying the confidence and respect of both the aged and the young. He had a reputation for honesty and truth equal to any man, and was a true Primitive Baptist, and his friends felt at home when enjoying his kind hospitality. Brother Hill had been sick for some time, but bore his afflictions with christian fortitude, often telling his family and friends that he was nearing the end of his mortal journey, and was only waiting to be released from pain and this world of sin. He passed away very quietly in the afternoon of Dec. 17th. All that loving hands could do was done by his loving wife, dutiful son and other children, physician and friends, but he could stay no longer than his appointed time. He must answer the call of his Master: Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. He was a brave and fearless soldier of the cross of Christ, though meek and lowly of heart, and he fought a good fight, kept the faith, finished his course, and we believe he was ready to be offered, and realized there was laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give him at that day; and not to him only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.

On Monday, Dec. 18th, his mortal remains were carried to Bethlehem meetinghouse, where his beloved pastor, Elder J. P. Jenkins, with whom he had spent many pleasant hours in talking of the Lord's goodness and way of salvation, spoke to a large gathering of friends from 1 Cor. xv. 49, and although sorrowing much for the loss of such a dear brother,

spoke in power and demonstration of the Spirit, pointing to the christian's hope, that reaches beyond this life, after which the mortal remains were laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the church lot until the resurrection morn. We shall miss our dear brother from the home and church he so much loved, also his kind and soul-cheering letters of love, in which he so many times ministered admonition and cheer to lone pilgrims of Zion; but we rejoice in the hope of meeting him in the new Jerusalem and joining him in everlasting praises to that Jesus whom he loved to serve here below. May the God of all grace comfort our dear sister in her sorrow, as well as each of the children, and all who mourn, and give them all the sweet assurance of His love that their dear one was blessed with.

One who loved him.

J. C. CHESTER.

**John A. Nuckols**, of Cave City, Ky., departed this life August 25th, 1916, in the 83rd year of his age. Brother Nuckols was the third son of nine children of the late Pouncy and Hettie S. Nuckols, all having preceded him to the grave except one sister, Mrs. J. R. Hodges, of Marshall, Texas. His parents were members of the Primitive Baptist Church. He was united in marriage to Miss Lavina J. Baird, May 13th, 1855. To them were born two sons and three daughters: Mr. J. R. Nuckols, of Cave City, Dr. O. P., of Pineville, Mrs. O. P. Owens and Miss Lelia, of Cave City, and Mrs. G. W. Ellis, of Glasgow. The deceased united with the church in September, 1866, and was baptized by Elder Ishmael Higdon, then pastor of the church. Our dear brother was a firm believer in the doctrine of free, sovereign grace, the absolute rule and government over all powers, and the final resurrection of the saints through grace to glory. It has been my sweet privilege to enjoy many precious seasons in the home of this dear family of believers, which were to us all heavenly seasons, as we talked of the things by the way. He was highly esteemed in the neighborhood where he lived. To quote from a Glasgow paper: "No better, more clever, straightforward man ever lived. A kind, indulgent father and devoted husband."

The funeral was largely attended from the late residence, and was conducted by the writer, after which that which was mortal was laid to rest in Cave City Cemetery. He is survived by his devoted wife of more than sixty-one years of true companionship, and the five children, who deeply feel their loss, but are comfortingly assured of his eternal gain. Brother Nuckols had been in failing health for some time of a complication of diseases, to which frail nature had to finally succumb, but each of us will fill the measure of our days. May God graciously remember the dear lonely one, together with the dear children, with every needed grace.

In fond remembrance,

P. W. SAWIN.

**Katharine Labauw**, widow of David Labauw, departed this life October 8th, 1916, aged 86 years, 4 months and 16 days. She was the mother of four children, three girls and one boy. Her husband and two girls preceded her in death, which leaves one son and one daughter, together with two sisters and two brothers, to mourn the loss that the hand of death brought upon them. She was one of the famous Leigh family, which has been so prominent in the Old School Baptist Church of Hopewell, N. J. Her brother, Elijah Leigh, was one of many strong deacons which the Hopewell Church has been blessed with, and many of her sisters were constant and devoted to the doctrine of salvation by grace. It was a great pleasure for her pastor to call on her, and her true devotion was manifested by the presentation of her Bible and solicitation to read therefrom and engage in thanks and supplication, feeling the bountiful blessings of the Lord bestowed upon her, both temporal and spiritual. She was a member of Hopewell Church for years, and her godly walk and conversation bore fruit of the foretaste of life and immortality beyond this world, which we feel was bestowed upon her by the Father of mercies. I could write much in connection with her life and character, but the expressions which are stated will give an outline of the deceased. She is dead, though she lives and is cherished in the memory of all who knew her. May all feel not to weep for her as though she had no hope, but say, Sleep on, dear one.

Funeral services were held October 11th, conducted by her pastor.

Written by her pastor,

C. W. VAUGHN.

**Mrs. Amanda West Gorsuch**, youngest daughter of Japeth and Charlotte West, the eleventh child of a family of twelve children, seven daughters and five sons, all of whom have departed this life except one sister, Mrs. Jane Gardner, of Fulton, Ohio, was born May 11th, 1847, in Delaware (now Morrow) County, Ohio, and died Sept. 13th, 1916, at her home near Marengo, Ohio, which was a part of the old home farm on which she was born. Her age was 69 years, 4 months and 2 days. She was united in marriage to Lemach Gorsuch, March 27th, 1870, who died Jan. 11th, 1910. To their marriage union were born three children: Lizzie Belle, Frances Caroline and Clay West. Frances Caroline died in infancy at the age of eleven months, October 3rd, 1874. Mother experienced a hope in Jesus in early life, and was baptized in the fellowship of the Primitive Baptist Church at Mt. Pisgah in July, 1887, and lived a faithful and devoted member. She was faithful in attending all the services of her church as long as her health would permit. Her affliction of ten months was endured in humble, sweet submission, never complaining, never murmuring, just calmly and patiently

waiting to be called to her heavenly home, which she so often said would be rest, sweet rest. She realized she possessed no merits of her own, and often said, "Nothing but the righteousness of Christ can save a poor sinner like me." Her faith was strong and steadfast, and she would often say to us, "Jesus, precious Jesus, will take care of you and me," and just before she died she kissed us good-bye, saying, "I am going home." We bow in humble submission.

The funeral services were held at her home Sept. 15th, conducted by her beloved pastor, Elder George A. Bretz, after which she was laid to rest beside her husband in the Ebenezer Cemetery to await the summons from on high.

In loving memory of my precious mother.

BELLE GORSUCH.

**Linnie Stephens Sparks**, daughter of Johu and Ann Stephens, was born Sept. 16th, 1868, and died Dec. 18th, 1916, aged 48 years, 3 months and 2 days. She was one of a family of ten children. One brother and one sister, with her parents, have been called to the great beyond. She was united in marriage to Albert E. Sparks Sept. 15th, 1909. One son, John S., was born to this union, who, with his father, four sisters, three brothers and a host of relatives and friends, is left to mourn. She had not been in good health for some time, but her last illness was of short duration; she was only confined to her bed a few days. She had taken a severe cold, which terminated in asthma and heart trouble. All that kind hands could do was done for her, but as she often expressed it, her time had come and the Lord called her home. Linnie was quiet and unassuming, a lover of her home and family, and kind to all.

O Lord, thou art merciful. Grant us submission, for thine is the right to both give and take.

I will add to the above, as her kind husband asked me to do, and send it to the SIGNS. She died at her home, which was her father's old home, about four miles southwest of Jamestown, Ohio. Sept. 21st, after funeral services conducted by the unworthy writer, she was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Jamestown to await the summons from on high.

L. E. STEPHENS.

**Maria R. Riley** was born in Yorkneck, Adams Co., Ill., May 5th, 1857, and died at the home of her son Dec. 8th, 1916, aged 59 years, 7 months and 3 days. She was united in marriage to Elijah E. Riley, of Bowen, Ill., Dec. 24th, 1874. To that union were born three children, two daughters and one son, as follows: Lottie M. Mairs, of State College, Pa., Lucy M. and Shrader S. Riley, of Sapulpa, Okla. She was the eldest daughter of Hiram and Matilda Shrader. Besides her husband and children she leaves to mourn their loss two brothers, two sisters and five grand-

sons. She united with the Primitive Baptist Church called Little Flock, at Coatsburg, Adams Co., Ill., when in her twentieth year, and was baptized by Elder John Goodson. She gave an active experience of a hope, believing in the saving power of grace, and that through Jesus Christ alone. While she dearly loved to hear the preaching of salvation by grace, and to meet and mingle with her brethren and sisters, she was deprived of that privilege, as she and her husband moved west, where she could not enjoy her church privileges. The country being new and sparsely settled, she met very few of her denomination, and no church organization. During her long illness, which lasted nearly two years, she often said she did not fear death, but was sorry to leave her loved ones, and would like to live to see her five grandchildren grow to manhood.

Her remains were brought back to her old home. Elder Rice Harris, of Denver, Ill., conducted the funeral services, after which all that was mortal was laid to rest in the family plot in Ebenezer Cemetery, there to await the resurrection morn.

E. E. R.

**William Allen Hixon** was born Jan. 15th, 1856, in Pike County, Ala., and died Dec. 23rd, 1916. He was married to Miss Lavonia Braswell, of Bullock County, in 1880, the county in which he died, and not more than five miles from where he was born. He lived in Perote, Ala., about seventeen years. He had many friends, as to know him was to like him. He raised a family of six children. On the night of Dec. 22nd he retired at the usual time, not knowing he had spoken his last, that he would see his dear ones no more, that he had finished his course on earth. O how sad to the writer when I realize I can never see his dear face again in this world, nor hear him speak of the glorious truth and the wonderful works of God. He fought the good fight, finished his course and ran with patience the race set before him, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

J. E. FINCHER.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Jane Lucas, Iowa, \$2.00; G. C. Harrison, Texas, \$2.00; Mary A. Barnett, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. Sarah A. McColl, Ont., \$2.00; Reuben C. Clark, Maine, \$1.00; J. D. Welborn, Ind., \$1.00; E. R. Kinney, N. Y., \$1.00; Lewis T. Sanders, Ark., \$1.00; Mrs. T. V. Richardson, Md., \$8.00; Lavina Morgan, Mo., \$1.00; J. A. Tandy, Okla., \$3.00; Simeon Hiltabrand, Ill., \$3.00; H. C. Woodward, Mo., \$1.00; Wm. F. Sloan, Ky., \$1.00; Mrs. W. C. Stevens, Ga., \$3.00; George Harryman, Md., \$1.00.

### APPOINTMENTS.

THE Lord willing, Elder J. M. Fenton will fill the following appointments:

Justus, Pa., Sunday, Jan. 21st, 1917, 11 a. m.; Clarks Summit, Pa., 2 p. m.; Brookdale, Pa., Monday, 22nd, 2, p. m.; Maywood, N. Y., Tuesday, 23rd, 8 p. m.; Otego, N. Y., Wednesday, 24th, 2 and 7 p. m.; Richmondville, N. Y., Loren Meads, Thursday, 25th, 1:30 p. m.; Geo. Meads 7:30 p. m.; Jefferson meeting-house, Friday, 26th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Cobleskill, N. Y., 7:30 p. m.; Middleburg, N. Y., Saturday, 27th, 1:30 p. m.; Schoharie, N. Y., sister Kinney's, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie meetinghouse, Sunday, 28th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

E. R. KINNEY.

PROVIDENCE permitting, there will be an all day meeting in the Old School Baptist meetinghouse at Halcottville, N. Y., on the fourth Sunday in January (28th), 1917, commencing at 10:45 a. m. All are welcome; also Jefferson Church Sunday, February 4th.

GEORGE RUSTON.

### E R R A T A .

In the last number of the SIGNS, on page 3, first column, sixth line from the bottom, the word "no" should have been omitted.

### TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., FEBRUARY 1, 1917. NO. 3.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ISAIAH LXIV. 8.

“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.”

Dear brethren, whose hope is in Christ, my mind of late has been impressed with the above words as never before. I feel to write some thoughts as presented to me for your consideration. O what a wonderful subject is presented in these few words. First, the Lord is the Father of his people. Second, his people are clay (or dust of the ground). Third, the Lord is our Potter. Fourth, we are all the work of his hand. This I feel is conclusive evidence as pertaining to God's people being made of the dust of the earth. There is much Scripture to prove the same doctrine. Read Gen. ii. 7; iii. 19; also Job xxxiii. 5. Here Elisha says, I also am formed out of clay. In the words of our text. We note here that Isaiah includes himself as being the clay, and the Lord being his Potter, and then says, “And we all are the work of thy hand.” These words evidently apply to all of God's people in all ages of the world. We yet by faith and hope can say, “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.” Our believing or disbelieving this truth does not change the fact that if in truth the Lord is our Father, then it is true we are the clay and he our Potter, whether we believe it or not. O how thankful we all should be (whose hope is in Christ) that it does not depend upon our believing that the Lord is our Father in order to make it true; neither does it depend upon our believing that we are the clay and the Lord our Potter in order to make it true, yet there is sweet comfort in believing these truths. First, because we hope it embraces us, realizing that we are clay. Second, because our hope reaches beyond this life, when our vile body shall be changed and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body. It is the man of clay that is the subject of death and the resurrection; it is the man of clay that can say through the Spirit, “But now, O Lord, thou art our Father.” Paul said, And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father. From this time on we are no more servants, but sons, and if sons, then heirs of God through Christ. Read Gal. iv. 6, 7. It is after

we receive the adoption of sons that we in truth can call the Lord our Father. Paul also said, Ephesians i. 5: "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." This presents to our minds a great mystery, equally as great as the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead. It is a personal or individual matter with each and every child of God. Each child of God was personally chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, and those thus chosen are predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself. This we note is all done according to the good pleasure of his will. This is in harmony with the words of our text: "We are the clay, and thou our potter." It is just as unreasonable to claim that man in a state of nature has any power in and of himself to become a subject of grace, as it would be for a lump of clay to choose what kind of a vessel it would be formed into. The potter is the one that decides this matter, and not the clay. Read Romans ix. 21. Just so the Lord decides this matter. "We are the clay, and thou our potter; and we all are the work of thy hand." There is no failure in this work, from the fact that we all are the work of his hand. This was all planned and purposed before the world began, or as Paul said, "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ." Man has no more to say or do in being predestinated unto the adoption of a son than he had of choosing himself in Christ before the foundation of the world, that he should be holy and without blame before him in love. Jesus said in prayer to his Father, "As thou hast given him power over all flesh, that he should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given him." It is after receiv-

ing eternal life that we in truth can call God our Father. None but Christ was ever given this power to give eternal life. Paul said, In hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began. Here again Paul goes back before the world began; that is when the promise was made, and it is as sure of fulfillment as it is true that God cannot lie. We also see the harmony between the words of Jesus and the words of our text; that is, Jesus has power over all flesh to give eternal life to as many as his Father hath given him. It is after eternal life is given that the subjects of God's grace know the true and living God. It is then they can call God their Father and Christ their Savior. This knowledge comes by revelation. Paul said, But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me. Here Paul attributes all to God. This was as certain of coming to pass as it is true that the Lord is our Potter and that we all are the work of his hand. O what wisdom and power are manifested here by the Lord, who is our Potter. If I have a right conception of the words of the text, and also the general teachings of the Scriptures concerning this subject, the subject of predestination is vividly brought to view; much more so, perhaps, than we want to acknowledge. Some even deny the doctrine of predestination to the extent that nothing is certain with God as to who will be saved, but it all hinges upon conditions to be performed by man. Most of the people who teach this doctrine teach that men by nature are free moral agents, meaning by that, that man in a state of nature can be a child of God when and where he pleases, or not be a child of God at all unless he wants to be. That they call free moral

agency. Evidently very many of God's dear people have been bewitched with this man-pleasing doctrine. Now let us reason together. We all know the words of our text are opposite to the doctrine that man is a free moral agent. The doctrine of free moral agency is as untrue as it would be to say that natural clay can say to the potter, I have the right to say what kind of a vessel I will be made into, or whether I will be made into a vessel at all. We all know that if it were left to the clay to say what kind of a vessel it should be formed into, it would not be formed at all. Even so with human beings upon the earth; if it had been left for them to say what kind of a vessel they should be formed into, they never would have been formed. It is too late after the thing is formed for the thing formed to say to the potter, I am free to choose as to what kind of a vessel I shall be made into. O how sorrowful it is that God's people can be deluded with such a doctrine as to claim that man is a free moral agent, meaning by that, that man can be a child of God and be eternally saved, or he can choose not to be a child of God and be eternally lost. If this doctrine is true, then it evidently must be true that God had no certain purpose in view in making man, but that his eternal destiny is left to the will of man, instead of the purpose and will of God.

The Lord said by the mouth of the psalmist David, Psalms cii. 18: "This shall be written for the generation to come: and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord." This refers to the Gentiles, as the fifteenth to seventeenth verses evidently teach. This would be a future event. "This shall be written for the generation to come." They were not yet created, yet David

said: "And the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord." This would take place as described in verses sixteen and seventeen. When the Lord shall build up Zion he shall appear in his glory. He will regard the cry of the destitute and not despise their prayer. O what a sweet and precious promise, that the Lord will regard the cry of the destitute and not despise their prayer. O may we all (whose hope is in Christ) ever remember that these words were prophetic and pertained to the future when spoken, but have long since been fulfilled, and are yet being fulfilled. It is true that the Lord does regard the prayer of the destitute and does not despise their prayer; even the prayers of weak mortal beings that were not created, therefore had no existence in form or fashion until passing through the hand of the Lord, who is our Potter, our Creator. Read Eccl. xii. 1; Isaiah xl. 28; xliii. 15; 1 Peter iv. 19. We note Peter says, "Wherefore, let them that suffer according to the will of God, commit the keeping of their soul to him in well doing, as unto a faithful Creator." These and other Scriptures teach that the Lord is the Creator of his people. They also teach that the Lord is our Maker. Read Job iv. 17; xxxii. 22; xxxv. 10; xxxvi. 3; Psalms xc. 6, 7. "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." All these Scriptures are in harmony with the words of our text. The Lord is our Potter, the Lord is our Creator, the Lord is our Maker, and we all are the work of his hand. O what a glorious thing it would be to hear all say with David, "O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." We note

the reason given for doing this is: "For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand." No other hand ever had any part in making them the people of his pasture, no, not even making the pasture. David 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." The Lord our Shepherd does all these things for the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. No other hand can make the pasture green nor make the still waters, feed the hungry and quench the thirsty soul. Jesus said: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." Those thus blessed are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand. The Lord God said: The flock of my pasture are men. All such can in truth say with Isaiah: "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." O may we by faith, hope and grace take courage to ask of him from whom every good and perfect gift comes, for needed wisdom to enable us, the sheep of his pasture, to live as becometh the flock of his pasture.

Submitted in love.

JOSEPH FORD.

SENECA, Kansas, Nov. 10, 1916.

SCHOHARIE, N. Y., Dec. 12, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing two letters which have been of comfort to myself and others, and they have said I ought to send them to the SIGNS, and am doing so, leaving it with you to judge.

Your sister in hope,

HELEN KINNEY.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Sept. 22, 1916.

DEAR SISTER KINNEY:—It is indeed very refreshing to a poor, famishing soul

to receive such messages of love from one's kindred in Christ as are contained in your recent letter to the unworthy writer. I had no idea that you were even thinking of me, much less that you would have a mind to write me, but I believe I have long since learned that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," and I feel to thank him for putting it in your heart to remember one who so often finds himself "cast down, but not destroyed." Coming home this afternoon I took out your letter and began rereading it, and the language found in Deut. xxxii. 2-4, came into my mind. Beginning with the first verse, it reads as follows: "Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. 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: because I will publish the name of the Lord: ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he." As I said before, your letter was very refreshing to me; it caused my drooping spirits to revive and take courage. I was in a dry place, my soul was thirsting for some manifestation that the Lord had not forsaken me, that his mercies were not clean gone forever, and that he would turn again and remember me as in the days that have past. And when we come to consider what the inspired writer of the above language had in mind, I think we will do well to recall to mind the condition of the grass, that it was evidently parched, dying and drying up because of the lack of moisture; that it was absolutely helpless and dependent upon some superhuman power to obtain that which it so much desired and needed to sustain

life. It had no power of itself to command the rain to descend and replenish that fountain of life. In another place it is declared that "All flesh is grass, and all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass." Why does the flesh cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Is it not because of the operation of the Holy Spirit being manifest in our wicked and deceitful hearts, showing us what we are by nature and what we must be by grace before we can even hope to appear before him with whom we have to do? This wonderful Sower prepares the ground before entrusting to its soil his precious seed of faith. He causes one to feel that he or she is a poor, lost, hell-deserving sinner, one who is in need of a Savior, an alien to the commonwealth of Israel and a stranger to grace, before making known that he came to seek and to save that which was lost; that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; that he is the one and only great Physician who can do them any good. They have first spent all of their substance endeavoring to find some remedy for their terrible malady, and instead of being benefited, have discovered that they have grown worse, and realizing their awful predicament are made to cry out, What shall I do? Where can I go for help? To whom must I look for assistance? Like the one who had been afflicted thirty-eight years and was helpless to let himself into the pool while the waters were troubled that he might be healed, so also is this character who has been made to know that of himself he can do nothing; and, dear sister, it takes the same Jesus to-day that it did then to speak and it is

done, to command this one to take up his bed and walk, and he who was afflicted all those years arises to his feet and goes forth a living testimony of the wonderful works of this man Jesus. Again, we recall the man who was born blind, and his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who hath sinned, this man or his parents? Jesus replied, Neither this man nor his parents, but that the work of God might be made manifest. Does not God, then, lead us into the wilderness and cause us to realize in an experimental way what the desert is by nature in order that we might also realize with amazement and wonder something of that transforming power which causes even such a place as this to blossom as the rose? And so, dear sister, if we are to know the meaning of his doctrine dropping as the rain upon the grass and as the small rain upon the tender herbs; if we are to know anything by experience of the distilling power of his speech, we must first be brought into the place where we will rejoice with exceeding great joy when his doctrine is poured into our hungering souls, and be cast upon the stormy sea of trouble, unable to direct our course, before we welcome the sound of the voice of that one who spake as never man spake, saying, "Be not afraid, it is I." At such times as these do we not feel to call upon heaven and earth to bear us witness in ascribing greatness unto our God? We desire to publish his name and to tell all who may hear what a wonderful Savior we have found, because he is become our rock, our shelter in time of storm, our hiding place from the winds, and because his work is perfect. What do we mean when we say, "His work is perfect," if we do not mean that it is finished, that nothing can be added to nor taken from it? Anything that is perfect cannot be

improved in any way. If God's work is perfect, and it is, then he does not need man to help him do anything. Man has failed in everything pertaining to his salvation, he desires not the things of the Spirit of God; Christ is as a root out of dry ground to him, and there is no comeliness in him that he should desire him; his works and ways are in direct opposition to the works and ways of our God; then why should God, who knows all things and foresees all things, the end from the beginning, choose such a creature as this to help him perform such an important work as the salvation of his people? It is impossible. Jesus said on one occasion that he came down from heaven not to do his own will, but the will of him that sent him, and what was the will of him that sent him? "That of all he hath given me I should lose nothing." And were not his last words as emphatic as it is possible for language to express, when he cried out while hanging upon that shameful cross of Calvary, "It is finished"? I believe that all of God's people rejoice in the finished work of Jesus; their only standing before the God of justice is in the meritorious work of their blessed Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; neither do they desire to plead any righteousness save that of their Elder Brother, the one who gave his life that they might live, and they are perfect in him; none can bring any charge against God's elect. It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. He has paid the debt; he has led captivity captive; he has conquered every foe and put all enemies under his feet, and sits enthroned on high our victorious Captain, where, ere long, we hope to see

him as he is and be like him, and praise him in that world that never shall end. Amen. The hymns you quote have been of great comfort to me in times that are past, as well as the one where the poet asks,

"How can I sink, with such a prop,  
As my eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heavens abroad?"

This is something upon which we can stand in the hours of trial and affliction, and without his everlasting arms underneath, upholding and sustaining, we would be certain to sink, but we know that he is able to keep that which we have committed unto his hands against that great day, and in the knowledge of this we are strengthened, realizing that while we are helpless and poor and needy, without any power to bring or retain the Spirit, that his doctrine does drop as the rain, that he does come to us, that he does open rivers in high places, and fountains in the valleys; that he does make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. Every child of God knows that he does these things for them, and they desire to render unto him undivided praise.

Sister Kinney, I fear I have made a poor answer to your good letter, and have written very scatteringly about a subject which is very dear to me, if I know my own heart, but if the Lord has been in the matter he will cause it to bring to your mind something of which you may receive comfort in meditation. I still feel that not only the church at Schoharie, but that the Lord's people everywhere of my acquaintance, are deceived in me. I am a mystery to myself, and often find the question in my mind, If I am a child of God, why am I thus? I cannot understand. The Lord knows. He is his own interpreter, and he can make it plain.

I desire that God's will be done, and as to the accomplishment of all his purposes, from the least even unto the greatest of them, I have not the slightest doubt. He rules all things after the counsel of his own will, and all the hosts of hell are and forever will be utterly unable to disturb a single one of his plans, or prevail against the church of God, except as the God of love sees fit.

Write me again when you have a mind so to do, and remember me with love to any who may inquire after my welfare, and forgive me for wearying you as I have, is my closing request.

Your unworthy brother,

R. LESTER DODSON.

FOREST HILL, Md., Aug. 12, 1916.

DEAR SISTER KINNEY:—I want to tell you I love you and esteem you highly for the truth's sake, and you are very near and dear to my soul. You have held up my hands, and your prayers in my behalf have been heard of the Almighty. We have had sweet fellowship together in the kingdom of God; it is the love that passeth knowledge of this world; it is the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. As I sit in the home of the late Elder Wm. Grafton and see his daughters about their work, I am carried back to the days when I visited here and he was present, and I find that the home of the saints of the Most High is made pleasant; the dew of heaven distils there, the atmosphere and perfume of the Savior is there, and the power of the Almighty overshadows it. I am made to rejoice and praise him who is the Giver of every good and perfect gift and all our blessings. I have thought much of death, especially since my little granddaughter's death. It was shown me so plainly and clearly that Jesus is

the only one who has power over death and does destroy him that has the power of death. David felt that though he walked through the valley of the shadow of death, he feared no evil, for God was with him. That was the secret why he feared no evil, because the Lord would be with him.

"It is not death to die,  
To leave this weary load,  
And with the brotherhood on high,  
To be at home with God."

Jesus overcomes death; all that physicians, specialists, nurses, loving mother and father, all that loving hands can do cannot stop the progress of death. The babe must pass through the valley of the shadow of death in order that the Lord deliver her from death; and he did deliver her, and took her unto himself in the paradise of God. I think about the loved ones who have gone before, and where are they? In the paradise of God. Yes, and in our heart and love and being they are part of us, one body, one spirit, and when we are made to sit down in heavenly places in Christ we are with them. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory, and if our loved ones are with Jesus, and Jesus appears, do not those in Christ appear with him and with us who are blessed to be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord? The apostle says, We are come to the spirits of just men made perfect, to an innumerable company of angels, and to Jesus, the Mediator of the new covenant; and surely we do know now that death is abolished, that Jesus reigns and sits a Sovereign on his throne, a great High Priest before God, ministering unto the saints, interceding before God for us, and he must reign until he hath put all enemies under his feet. The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. When this corruptible

shall have put on incorruption, and that is when Jesus shall appear, then this mortal shall put on immortality; then shall be brought to pass the saying, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The Lord Jesus has manifested his power over all his enemies, and we are more than conquerors through him who loves us.

My love to you all.

In best of bonds,

J. M. FENTON.

### JAMES III. II.

“DOTH a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter?”

The apostle James throughout all his epistle is bold in rebuking and reprov- ing his brethren, in emulating the manifesta- tions of faith in them, and denouncing the evil workings of the flesh, showing us all the beauty and profitableness of faithfulness one to another, and calling to our remembrance one of the chief frailties of our nature, which is, respecter of persons, and that we do well only when we fulfill the royal law to love our neighbor as ourself. And also, having the mind of Christ, we should mind the things which belong and pertain to Christ, rather than yield to temptation, when we are drawn away of our own lust and enticed. Now inspiration presents to the mind of the apostle the question in the words which have been quoted as a subject for this communication: Can a fountain send forth at the same place sweet water and bitter? that they should be placed on record for the edification and profitable meditation of the church in all following generations. When faith exercises the creatures of God's choice it shows the church pure and unspotted in the eyes of Christ (the Bridegroom) and

in the sight of God, and at the same time showing the creature having the mind of Christ, yet with the flesh serving the law of sin. The apostle is presenting the two opposing principles which are to be found in each subject of grace in the daily manifestations of the fitful fever of their journey through this vale of sin and sorrow. The water which springs up out of the earth, forming a spring or fountain, in its resting-place appears to be pure, clear and sparkling, because it has been filtered by passing through the sieve-like crevices of the earth in its passage from the mysterious depths to manifestation, in which case it is refresh- ing and desirable to natural man and beast alike. But perchance, in its travel from darkness to light, it comes in con- tact with bitter roots and soluble earthy matter. So in many portions of this broad land mineral and bitter springs abound. Fountains, whether sweet or bitter, receiving their water out of the earth, are never pure, yet they are suit- able to the requirements of the natural man. So also that which proceedeth out of the natural heart of man, tinctured with the lusts of the carnal mind, is evil, and that continually, although to the un- tutored mind they may appear pure and untainted. But “there is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God,” which cometh not up out of the earth, but cometh down from heaven; and this is a “pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God,” and whosoever drinketh of this water shall live forever, and it shall be in him a well of water spring- ing up unto everlasting life. The ques- tion of the apostle sets the machinery of our mind to work out the problem, whether good and evil, sweet and bitter, can issue from the same fountain at the



same time and place. Jesus said, A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things. As the atmosphere of the firmament is purified of the poisons and odors passing through it, by the pure ozone in the air, so also in nature's darkness the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked, yet when the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus spreads its banner of love among the tendrils of the heart, and the power of the word is made manifest therein, then as saith the Lord, Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. A new creature in Christ Jesus is he who is so richly blessed; old things are passed away and all things have become new. The heart then sings the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints. The work of grace in the heart cleanses and purifies through the blood and righteousness of Christ, and to them who are pure all things are pure. The fountain of life sendeth forth sweet water, the conversation is in heaven, love flows from heart to heart, faith answering to faith. The wisdom of God declares the precepts by which we are exercised in the manifestations of grace. Thus are we taught the knowledge of God precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, there a little. So the Proverbs remind us that the law of the wise is a fountain of life. Also, The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life. Then in Revelation Jesus says, I will give of the fountain of life freely. The Bridegroom in the beautiful Song of Solomon says, "A garden inclosed is my

sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." All of these bring to us refreshing and cooling draughts of sweet water from the ever-flowing river of God. Jesus is the only source of our salvation, the fountain of life, and we cry with the psalmist, Bless the Lord from the fountain of Israel. Pure water, sweet water from above, cleanses and purifies; we wash and are clean. Happy are they who are washed in the fountain of Jesus' blood, and whose God is the Lord. They faint not, neither are they weary. Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.

B. F. COULTER.

NORTH BERWICK, Maine.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Ezra exclaimed, "Thou our God hast punished us less than our iniquities deserve."—Ezra ix. 13. Jacob said, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant."—Gen. xxxii. 10. Both of these Scriptures came into my mind, and as I mused upon them I felt to love the state of mind that both Ezra and Jacob were in that moved them thus to express themselves. I know when smarting under the chastenings of the Almighty that, left to our fleshly nature, we shall be far from enduring them. Fretfulness, hardness of heart, hard thoughts of God, self-pity and rebellion will hold us in wretched captivity, and thus our iniquity under his chastening hand becomes an added rod that smites us. "Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know therefore and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God, and that my fear is not in thee, saith the Lord God of hosts."—Jer. ii. 19. But O, when we are humbled under the

mighty hand of God, when we are made to put our mouth in the dust, if so be there may be hope, when in our affliction he draws us to seek him early, and at his footstool confess our vileness, hardness, utter baseness and nothingness, when the Lord puts a few drops of his pardoning mercy into our cup, O then we can drink it. Then we see the strokes of the rod in our heavenly Father's hand have not been too many, they have not been too heavy, but less than iniquities deserve. We are brought into submission to the gracious discipline of our God, and know that in faithfulness our covenant God has afflicted us. All for our profit. (Heb. xii. 10.)

"How light, while supported by grace,  
Are all the afflictions I see,  
To those the dear Lord of my peace,  
My Jesus has suffered for me!  
To him every comfort I owe  
Above what the fiends have in hell,  
And shall I not sing as I go,  
My Jesus does everything well?"

Jacob saith, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant." There are mercies temporal, belonging to earth and time, and there are gospel, new covenant mercies, which are spiritual and eternal. It is good to have a measure of health, to have food and clothing, it is good to have a friend. O, there are thousands of mercies pertaining to our earthly life. I remember many years ago, when I was about sixteen years of age, I was singing the verse of the hymn I have just quoted, and when I came to the words, "To him every comfort I owe above what the fiends have in hell," I could hardly acquiesce to that thought. I said within me, That is putting it dreadfully strong, that is extravagance. I tried to shun those lines in the verse, but they stuck in my mind; I

quarreled with them, saying in my mind, That is exaggerated language. But the Lord led me to know a little more of the vileness of my nature, and I saw, yes, I felt in my ashamed and bruised soul that in the corruptions of my earthly nature I was only fit for the society of the fiends in hell; anything above those dismal depths was mercy. It is good to have a heart to recognize the mercies of the Lord; his compassions fail not, they are new every morning; great is thy faithfulness. (Lam. iii. 23.) O my soul, forget not all his benefits. Our burdens, afflictions, griefs, our faded flowers, dried up brooks and broken cisterns, our plans defeated, our hopes overturned, these so swallow up our minds that we can scarcely have a thought for anything else. We brood over our miseries and forget our mercies; we think the Lord is showing us hard things, and it may be we become jealous of others of the household of God, imagining that he favors them more than he does us. But the Lord our God can cure us of all this sinful wretchedness; he can melt away all our hardness, make an end of our peevishness, jealousies and unbelief, and bring us in meekness, with brokenness of spirit, with tears and supplications, with love and trust, at his feet. It is the Lord who makes our wanderings away from him to cease, and heals our backslidings. He turns us by his gracious power unto himself; he enlightens the eyes of our understanding to see what is the hope of his calling, and he gives us to hope that he hath called us with an holy calling, with the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, even unto all the blessedness of eternal glory. God hath called us unto his eternal glory by Christ Jesus. Am I a vessel of mercy afore prepared unto glory? O the exceeding riches of his grace in his

kindness toward us through Christ Jesus! The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant. O, as glimpses into this everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, are given unto us, our hearts are comforted, refreshed and strengthened, and we say, This is all my salvation and all my desire. (2 Samuel xxiii. 5.) O to be led to Jesus, to meditate upon our suffering, dying Savior, to enter into, even just a little, how he poured out his soul unto death to ransom us from the power of the grave and redeem us from death. Here, in Gethsemane, and at the cross, we sit down and watch him there. (Matt. xxvii. 36.)

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the cross I spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing  
From the sinner's dying Friend.  
Here I'll sit forever viewing  
Mercy's streams in streams of blood,  
Precious drops my soul bedewing,  
Plead and claim my peace with God."

O just a little of this experience, just a few moments' sight of the bleeding, dying Lamb of God, a taste of the pardon of our sins, a glimpse of Emmanuel's loveliness, to have some token that we are set as a seal upon Christ's heart, a seal upon his arm. (Solomon's Song viii. 6.) Am I graven upon the palms of his hands, and may I hope that I am ever before him in everlasting love? (Isaiah xlix. 16.) O this is the cure for all disorders of the soul; this will sweeten the bitterest cup and quiet all our sinful murmurings, and we shall wonder at the marvelous kindness of the Lord to us vile sinners. Even in the midst of great and sore troubles, when blessed with spiritual mercies of the covenant of grace we are meekened, broken and contrite at the feet of our beloved Christ; yes, and we are dissolved in wonder, love and praise that such

grace has been shown to a poor, vile sinner, such a base thing, despised. (Truly when we feel what miserable things we are in our flesh, we must loathe and despise ourselves.) We are nothing; God hath chosen things that are not. (1 Cor. i. 28.) Under the comfort of Jesus' love we see our mercies, and sweet gratitude moves our hearts toward our gracious God, and we say of our beloved Savior:

"His way was much rougher and harder than mine; Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

Well may we say like Jacob, "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant." Not worthy of the least, then surely not worthy of the greatest. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. ix. 15.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

DECEMBER 16, 1916.

DEAR BROTHERN:—I feel to submit the inclosed letter from sister Reed to you for publication, subject to your better judgment. I have enjoyed several very pleasant visits with sister Reed, and like to hear her talk of these things of which she is an eye-witness.

Your unworthy brother,

F. SELBY FISHER.

HOPEWELL, N. J., March 6, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER FISHER:—I hope you will forgive me for being so long in answering your good letter to me. It did me much good in many ways, in bringing things to my mind away back in my first experience, when I was a very little girl. Also I want to tell you how I enjoyed your first visit at sister Chick's, and the last one, too. When I was a child I wanted to go to normal school, but my father thought he could not afford it, and I would cry when I went to bed, and

would cover my head, for I did not want my dear mother to see me. One night while I was crying it seemed as if some one were near me, and a voice said, Do not cry any more, I will give you knowledge of things more than all the world can give, and stand by to the end. I uncovered my head quickly, and there seemed a light about me, and I never cried about going to school any more, and it has been a comfort to me all my life. Afterwards I was in that waste howling wilderness, of which you were speaking, for a long time, for I felt to be such a sinner, everything so black. I tried to ask the Lord to take me out, but it did not please him to do it just then, but I was reading in the thirty-second chapter of Deuteronomy, the song of Moses, and where it speaks of Jacob, how He found him in a desert land. This wilderness, dear brother, you know. He kept him as the apple of his eye. I thought, If I were only one of his, then a little light came. Soon after this Elder Leachman came to Hopewell, and he took the next verse: "As an eagle stirreth up her nest," &c., but he spoke from the ninth to the twelfth verses, and it seemed to be all for me. I felt so light, as if I were walking above the earth, but the tempter was always near, telling me I was deceived. I was very much worried, and afraid that I had caught the shadow and missed the substance, but I had never said a word about it to any one. I went along hoping and despairing for some time. I was very much drawn to the church, but thought it would never do to think that any one would believe me a subject of grace. I tried going out into the world, thinking it would all wear away, and it did for a little while, but then O what trouble of mind; I thought I would go crazy. Every time I would

go by much water the words would come, "See, here is water." My mind was on baptism all the time, awake or asleep. If ye love me keep my commandments and follow me. When in my nineteenth year, on Saturday before the fourth Sunday in May, 1860, I went to the church asking a place, feeling they would not receive me, but to my surprise they did. I felt that no one would think of me asking a place with them, but they seemed to know all about it. I was baptized the next day, and it was a very happy day to me, one of the happiest of my life. I stayed in this frame of mind for about three months, then doubts and fears began to arise, and I thought I had made a great mistake, and had deceived myself and the church, too, but it has been a sweet home to me and I love them all.

Dear brother, I hope to receive another letter from you.

Your sister in hope,

SARAH F. REED.

—•••••  
 BUCYRUS, Ohio, Dec. 17, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I have just finished reading the December 1st SIGNS, and feel a desire to write you a few lines and tell you how much I have enjoyed reading it the past year. Both your articles and Elder Ker's, and likewise all the others, have seemed to blend together in the one theme of Christ and him crucified, giving all glory to the one omnipotent God, who rules in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth. When reading the many good letters I often think if I only could tell it like they do I surely would write often; but we know the members of the body of Christ all have their proper gifts of God, one after this manner and another after that. They cannot all prophesy, neither do all speak with tongues, nor yet do all

interpret, but God has set every member in the body as it pleased him. I am often made to wonder if there can really be a place in the body for one like me, if I am altogether mistaken; but there are one or two things which sometimes give me hope; one is, I know the Lord rules, and another is, I know the foundation of God standeth sure, for the Lord knoweth them that are his, and he will never leave nor forsake one of those he chose in Christ before the foundation of the world. There was a time when I did not see these things in this light, but thought the salvation of man depended on man, as the world preaches and believes today. I also read in the Scriptures that 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. The preaching of the cross is unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness, but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power and wisdom of God. We remember when the Lord led the children of Israel out of Egypt and through the Red Sea, that the same cloud which gave light to the children of Israel was darkness to the Egyptians, which seems a type of the preaching of the Word, which is darkness to the world, but to the children of God is light and the power of God, just as the old or legal covenant was a type of the new or spiritual covenant. The old covenant was given to the Jews, the chosen people of God, and was not over any other people; so the new covenant, which was given to the chosen people of God, or spiritual Israel, is not given to any other people. The first covenant was given on condition that if those under it would live law-abiding they were allowed to live in peace

and eat the good of the land. The new was not like the old, for after those days, saith the Lord, I will make a new covenant with the house of Judah and the inhabitants of Jerusalem; not according to the covenant I made with their fathers. For I will put my law in their mind, and in their hearts will I write it, and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. So we see under the new law there are no ifs or ands, but the Lord says, I will and they shall; and he will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will remember no more. So we see it is not their righteousness, but their unrighteousness, the Lord is merciful to; not when they have become good and fulfilled the law of God, but as the Savior said, I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Again he said, The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; but go ye and learn what this meaneth: I will have mercy, and not sacrifice. O, if it were not that way what hope could there be for any poor, sin-polluted mortal? The word declares that all have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Well, I will have to close this poor attempt at a letter, and hope you will overlook my many imperfections. I just arrived home from the hospital, where my wife underwent a serious operation for appendicitis. She is getting along nicely now, but for several days it looked doubtful. This is the second operation in two years, the other was for gall stones; but the Lord, the great Physician, has seen fit to spare her. O, if I only could be thankful to him for all his benefits to this poor, sinful worm of the dust, but it seems I cannot.

Do with this as you deem best, and remember me at the throne of grace.

Your unworthy brother in hope,

C. E. JACKSON.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Dec. 17, 1916.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH:—Now that I have addressed you I do not know what to write you, but as many have asked why I do not write, felt to make an attempt. I can only plead my poverty and ignorance. I was thinking to-day that it is a very long time since I asked for a home in the church, and a home I yet find it. I am nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity, and so prone to leave the God I love, to look at or hear of the doings of the day. How I would love to be ever found at his feet, and as I just write it the thought comes to me, Well consider that, for to be found at his feet must be in humbleness, meekness, real inquiring. Now how do we get to any of these? Is it not through trials?

“Trials make the promise sweet;  
Trials give new life to prayer;  
Trials bring us to his feet,  
Lay us low and keep us there.”

So when we consider it, does not our flesh shrink for fear of the trials needful to bring us there? I went to meeting this morning rather disturbed in mind and tired of self and the many things around me. My hearing is so bad I could not hear without artificial help, and could not hear the prayer even with that, and O, I did want to hear the sermon, wanted something to rest and cheer me, and asked if I were not permitted to hear more to-day that I might get a few crumbs, and presently I heard Elder Vaughn say, Blessed is the man who putteth his trust in the Lord, and I thought, Is that for me? Do I put my trust in him? Have I anything to look to that gives me any comfort in this life but my faith in his mercy? I was made to see that I did put my trust in him; I had nowhere else to go but to the sinner's Friend; and then I was permitted to hear

other parts of the sermon, and it was very rich and comforting to me, also to feel the Lord heard my desire. Another quotation I have so clear in my mind: Blessed is the man whose soul is stayed on thee. I had some sweet meditations on that, and they were of great comfort to me, and now comes the thought, Was I as a dog stealing from its master's table? Yet I feel to claim I do know something about these sweet things. Where is there a place for one to go? I am tried, and tired of the continual things of the day, almost making me feel the grasshopper a burden. Where can we turn for comfort or rest but to that One whom we know has all strength, and will comfort us and strengthen us and help us on our way with sweet promises? I will be thy God; none shall pluck them out of my hand; I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest; and O so many others. How they build us up, and we feel ready to go on, feeling the support. It makes me think of a weary child that the mother takes up and soothes and fondles, and soon it is ready to go on, rested from some of its troubles; and so we go on, desiring to be patient and submissive to all his will, and desire not to murmur, but to feel the Lord doeth what seemeth him best, and to be ever ready to wait on the Lord. One might ask, How long do these feelings of trust last? I answer, That is as the Lord wills it. I know I am not worthy of the notice of the brethren, and O how very unworthy of the notice of the Father. How merciful he has been to me all my days. I have been made to feel as did Mephibosheth: How was he remembered, such a dead dog as he was? So very, very often I feel more dead than alive. O that I could love

God more and serve him better. But what can I do in my own strength? Man's arm is so puny, not one good thing can he do, though they are proclaiming over the land what wonderful things they are doing, and they almost give man the honor and power. How little they think of the Lord's words in the beginning of creation, where he said he made all things, and without him was not anything made that was made; and we read of the development on through the Scriptures, and do we not continue to see it, and can we give the glory to man, who does not own the breath in his nostrils nor any space of time? No. I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness. O that I might love him more and serve him better.

I inclose a letter from sister Bonnie Chick, written while visiting in Maine, which you may publish if you see fit.

Love to you one and all.

MARY HILL TERRY.

BOWDOINHAM, Maine, Sept. 17, 1916.

MY DEAR SISTER:—You are on my mind, and in my moments of loneliness I so long for the companionship of the saints, and it seems now I can only talk to them through writing. There is no one where I am staying now who enjoys the things which are my only comfort and joy at present. I hope to go to Aunt Angie's this week, and then I will be with one whose delight is in these things, and one whom it seems now is nearing her heavenly home. There are moments when I can only long to be freed from this bondage of sin and be at rest in that home where there will be no more sorrow, sin or pain. The things you were given to write me were indeed a sermon, and how beautiful it is when we are granted

these meditations. Such times leave a sweet savor, and we long to be in such a frame of mind all the time, but while we live here there are things we must attend to, and we know the Lord always gives us what is needful, even though we in our blindness cannot see it. It seemed as I read what you wrote that I knew just where you were, for several days after the meetings some Bible truth would be brought to my mind, and I was as one numbed to pain and distress by a soothing balm. The past few days I have been left to feel my loneliness more, and it is like one awaking to acute pain again. I wonder sometimes how I can keep up before the others, when it seems the heartache will crush me, and I am choked with pent up sobs. I know if I attempted to talk to those around me they would feel I needed to get out in worldly life. I long to write and read, yet I know they think the things in which I find my rest are those that would weary me. Yesterday evening it seemed I could neither sit nor stand still. All the time I kept hearing the words, Thou shalt see the glory of the Lord, but I was fearful lest I was just mistaken in all, and that deliverance would never come to me again. This morning I awoke with a sickening dread, and felt glad Uncle Everett and Aunt Etta had asked me to come there for the day, for they are alone, and there will be several young people here. I look back over the days of the meetings and the days afterward which I mentioned, and I know that there must have been some power keeping me in that wonderful peace. The words, Look to the Lord, and be ye saved, just came. I know there is no other source of help, but I have been made to cry out in anguish because of my unworthiness and sinfulness. I know that it is only the

grace of God that can save such a vile one as I. His grace is sufficient to cleanse the blackest stain. How wonderful that we have a Mediator through whom we can appear before God pure and spotless. O what a rich blessing is ours in this glorious High Priest, who is ever making intercession for his children at the throne of grace. This is far, far too wonderful for my poor, finite mind to grasp, but sometimes I am given glimpses into this truth which bring a feeling of gladness no words can express. If only I am one for whom he shed his precious blood I have nothing to fear, but O how often I am fearful and doubting. I know he is able to do all things, but will he deliver me?

Sister Mary, I never had such a restful trip as the one up here. It seemed but a moment, and I dreaded to get off the train and have to mingle in worldly talk again. I had spent such wondrously sweet, precious moments reading and writing and thinking upon the goodness of the Lord. There is no meeting today. Only God knows how I dreaded to have the meetings end. I need your prayers and those of all his children, for I am so weak that when left to myself I feel I cannot endure the burdens of the day. There is needful strength I know to endure the pain, but my flesh rebels against suffering. It seems my only quiet is in reading and writing.

May the Lord bless you both.

Your sister, I hope,

BONNIE CHICK.

ATLANTIC, N. C., Jan. 15, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—Just now I was reading the letter of sister Mary E. Wright, of Santa Cruz, Cal., in the SIGNS of January 15th. I felt reproved and rebuked, as well as greatly edified and comforted. That dear sister is away off by herself in a (gospelly) barren land, and can send

out such a sweet message of gospel experience. We are here in the east where we can mingle together and visit each other and get up questions which none of us can understand, and contend for them and over them until we become alienated and lose fellowship for each other. I felt that there is more of the "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven," in that one letter than there is in a hundred letters of the deep questions which God has never revealed to mortal man, and which stir up so much opposition and strife among us. The letter of sister Wright will surely find a "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," in the heart and experience of every child of God, and we have already enfolded her in the arms of love and sweet fellowship. Such letters tell us of Shiloh, and we are gathered together in one body, with one mind. O that it could be the will of God for some of us to put our hands on our mouths and confess that we have spoken words too wonderful for us; that we might speak those things which edify, and which make for peace; speak that we do know, and testify of that we have seen; write and speak the things we have seen with our eyes, heard with our ears, and that our hands have handled of the Word of life. I feel that the letter of sister Wright is worth more to me than a thousand lengthy letters or sermons in explanation of the great unrevealed mysteries of God, which he has hid away in his own great storehouse to reveal in his time, when we shall all partake of them in seeing eye to eye and speaking the same things to the honor and praise of him who has saved us and called us.

The God of peace be with us all, and with our dear sister, and give her much comfort.

Your brother in a sweet hope,

L. H. HARDY.



**EDITORIAL.**

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**DANIEL XII. 3.**

"AND they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

The late pastor Russell, of the Brooklyn Tabernacle, and the Millennial Dawnists, interpret this Scripture in the prophecy of Daniel as applying to the millennium which is to be ushered in at the end of this gospel dispensation by the general resurrection of the bodies of the dead. We do not agree with this millennium theory. We do not believe that the words in Daniel xii. 2, as follows: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt," apply to the resurrection of the bodies of the dead at the end of the gospel era. One reason for our not so agreeing is because "many" does not mean "all." If the Scripture meant a general resurrection of all bodies from the graves, it would have said "all" of them that sleep in the dust of the earth, and not "many" of them that sleep in the dust of the earth. In our view of this matter, the Spirit in the prophet Daniel in speaking of the sleeping in the dust of the earth had no reference at all to the corporeal death of the race of mankind.

The Spirit when it descended upon the saints at Jerusalem at Pentecost, as described in Acts ii., brought about this twofold awakening. Peter and the disciples with him awoke to righteousness or everlasting life. They had, not so very long before that, turned back to the world, as when Peter had said, "I go a fishing," and all the others had assented to going with him. They had been overcome with doubts and serious questionings regarding the true character of the Savior, whom they had seen slain, and being discouraged, had essayed to go back to the world. In this sense, they had slept in the dust of the earth. These, at the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, were awakened out of that sleep and equipped with understanding of the true meaning of the sufferings and death of Jesus, awaking thereby to "everlasting" life, not eternal life. There is a distinction between the expressions "everlasting life" and "eternal life." Those in the congregation of the Jews who heard the gospel preached that day and were pricked in their heart, were stricken with a consciousness of their guilt before God, and awoke unto shame and "everlasting contempt." Again, we notice the word is "everlasting," not eternal. We believe, therefore, the Scripture in Daniel xii. 2, refers not to the end of the gospel era, but to its beginning. Following this, the words in the third verse find their fulfillment in this gospel dispensation, not in some theoretical era to come after awhile.

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." The firmament shines with the reflected light of the sun. The sun is the center of our solar system. The moon and the stars shine with no light of their own, but with the reflection of the sun's glory. In the same way, those who are made wise unto salva-

tion, which is by grace through the Lord Jesus Christ, shine with no light of their own, but with the light of Jesus shining within them. This wisdom unto salvation cannot be imparted by one's intelligence, nor taught by others to one, but must come into the consciousness of the believer by divine revelation. Therefore, wherever and whenever a sinner is made alive to his own depravity, and to the hope of salvation by grace in Jesus, this is divine instruction, wisdom imparted by the God of heaven. Thus, these that are thus wise shine, not with any light of human wisdom or learning, but with the light of the Sun of Righteousness radiating within them, just as the firmament shines with the light of the sun.

"They that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." By this expression is meant the apostles. They turned many to righteousness. This does not mean that they saved souls or brought sinners to Christ. It does not mean that they imparted spiritual life to any one. It was given the apostles to set in order the things pertaining to the gospel church in its visible organization. They pointed the way to righteousness in sound doctrine, sound church order and sound gospel practice. All through this gospel day, though the apostles as men are dead, their testimony lives in the church of Jesus wherever it is raised up by the Spirit into manifestation. The words of the apostles are words of authority, because they are the words of inspiration. Their words being divinely inspired, turn believers to righteousness in doctrine, order and practice. In doing this they shine as the stars. That is, as we have said before, starlight is reflected sunlight; so apostolic teaching is not the shining of human wisdom, but the shining of the Spirit of Jesus out of the apostles. John

saw a wonder in heaven, a woman clothed with the sun, and upon her head a crown of twelve stars. These twelve stars represent the twelve apostles. Their teachings are the crown of the church, and the church walks in the light of these stars; that is, in the doctrine, faith and order of the apostles.

L.

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#### ACTS V. 38, 39.

"AND NOW I say unto you, Refrain from these men, and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought: but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Not long after the establishment of the gospel church in the city of Jerusalem, persecution broke out against it. Peter and the apostles were commanded by the high priest and those in authority not to preach their doctrine, because it was stirring up the whole city. The party in power never likes to be disturbed. Conventionalities intrench themselves behind the unanimity of public opinion and regard bitterly the invaders of a new regime who seek to root up things commonly accepted hitherto as being true and right. This new doctrine of salvation by grace without the works of the law was very disturbing and annoying to those who, like the high priest and the Sadducees and the Pharisees, made their living by the law. Thus it came to pass that Peter and the other apostles found themselves arraigned before the council of the Jews, and the high priest said to them: "Did we not straitly command you, that ye should not teach in this name? and, behold, ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's [Jesus] blood upon us." Peter answered to this: "We ought to obey God rather than men," and much more to the same effect. When the council heard what Peter had to say they were cut to

the heart, and took counsel to slay them. At this point in the proceedings, a member of the council, a Pharisee named Gamaliel, stood up and began to speak in defense of the accused apostles. He it was that used the words quoted in our text at the beginning of this article. One cannot help wondering what kind of a man this was, this man of the Jewish Sanhedrin, who felt himself actuated to take the part of the accused men. Can it be that Gamaliel himself was a subject of grace, and that he discerned in the apostles' doctrine that which could not be gainsaid nor destroyed? We shall never know just what was in this man's heart, but he certainly had the knowledge that God could not be successfully opposed by man; that if this preaching of the apostles was of God, it could not be overthrown. This man also knew the futility of the works of men; that if this preaching was of men, it would come to nought. Gamaliel knew that error was doomed to defeat, and that truth would ultimately triumph; that man's teaching ends in nothing, while the doctrine of God eternally prevails. One cannot help but feel Gamaliel must have had something of the divine essence within him to have realized this much. Gamaliel mentions to the other members of the council with him instances where false teachers have arisen whose movements amounted to nothing. There had, for instance, been one Theudas, who had insurrected, "boasting himself to be somebody; to whom a number of men, about four hundred, joined themselves: who was slain; and all, as many as obeyed him, were scattered, and brought to nought." Also, there had been one Judas of Galilee, who led an insurrection in the days of the taxing, and drew away much people after him; he also perished, and those who had

obeyed him were scattered. Both these movements, Gamaliel showed, had come to nought. To Gamaliel, the fact that they came to naught proved their man-made origin. So now, if this new doctrine of Peter and those with him be of men, it will die out of itself. Therefore, let it alone. Why advertise it by persecuting it? On the other hand, if this doctrine be of God, it cannot be overthrown. Persecution, in that case, is simply so much hatred run to waste. The verdict of the centuries is that the doctrine of the apostles is of God, for all the venom vented by men against it has left it undaunted and triumphant.

L.

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#### REVELATION XVIII. 7.

"How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her; for she saith in her heart, I sit a queen, and am no widow, and shall see no sorrow."

These words are used with reference to Babylon, the embodiment of the forces of antichrist, all opposed to God and his righteousness. Babylon, we think, does not any more represent the Catholic Church than it does united Protestantism. One is just as bad as the other, and all together are antichrist arrayed against the truth of salvation by grace through the unmerited and divine favor of eternal life through Jesus Christ the Lord. Babylon is religiously pompous and commercially great. She glorifies herself with the riches of the world and with the imaginary righteousness obtained by her good (?) works. She lives in luxury and ease, deliciously. Torment and sorrow are visited upon her from time to time, as when, for instance, a war like that now raging in Europe disrupts her commerce, demolishes her civilization and contradicts all her theological theories. The Bible prophesies the downfall of Baby-

lon, a downfall inevitable and unailing as the word of God that had declared it, though it seem to the righteous strangely to tarry. All the boasted queenliness of Mystery Babylon will be leveled to the dust, her boast of being no widow will be discovered to have been but living in licentiousness and lust, her "no sorrow" but sorrow unceasing and unavailing. When all this shall be, we cannot say. God knows when the hour shall strike, not we; but we have no doubt as to its coming, nor to the outcome when it does come: error vanquished, truth triumphant.

We have written the three above sketches at the request of brother T. H. McKenzie, of Keaton, Ky. L.

### NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Woburn, Mass., the second Sunday in February, (11th). All are welcome. L. B. FORD.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Attie Curtis, Maine, \$1.00; Joseph F. Hall, Maine, \$1.00; C. E. Miller, Pa., \$1.00; Rose Tamsett, N. Y., \$1.00; J. P. Fields, Ky., \$1.00.

### MARRIAGES.

By Elder H. H. Lefferts, at his home, Leesburg, Va., Dec. 20th, 1916, Norman B. Smallwood, of Millsville, Loudoun Co., Va., and Miss Lizzie Cross, of Halfway, Fauquier Co., Va.

By Elder J. B. Slanson, at the home of the bride's parents, in the township of Caradoc, Ontario, Canada, Dec. 20th, 1916, Gerald M. Zavitz and Margaret H. Campbell.

### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Isaiah Bowden** was born Jan. 18th, 1845, and died Dec. 28th, 1916, making his stay on earth 71 years, 11 months and 11 days. He was married in September, 1870, to Miss Linnie A. Emerson, and to that union were born eleven children, four dying in infancy. Seven children and our dear mother survive him. The children are J. B. Bowden, of Como, Texas, H. T. and Crate Bowden and Mrs. Cora Morris, of Murray, Ky., A. O. Bowden, of Huron, S. Dak., R. D. Bowden, of Dodge Center, Miss., and Mrs. Allie Smith, of Danville, Ill. Owing to the great distance and illness the writer failed to get there at his burial, which was in the old Harmony Cemetery. The funeral was conducted by Elder H. N. Oliver, who spoke to the comfort of all present. Dear father was given a hope in the mercy of God in the year 1874, and was baptized in the fellowship of South Mt. Zion Primitive Baptist Church, by Elder W. A. Bowden, and walked all those years as becometh those professing the name of Jesus, contending at all times for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints, believing in the sovereign and effectual working of God's grace in the salvation of poor, lost sinners. He stood firm during the stormy days of the introduction of conditional time salvation and limited predestination into our ranks, ever contending for the absolute sovereignty of God, rejoicing in hope of eternal life through the merit of Jesus Christ, having no confidence in the flesh or in the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reproveth them. He was honorable and upright in dealing with his fellowmen, and lived and died in full triumph of a living faith, always attending his meetings as long as he was able. May the Lord enable us all to walk uprightly and honor the cause he so much loved. Even in his last years, when his mind was enfeebled by reason of high blood pressure, he was sound and unmovable in the Bible doctrine of salvation by grace. With the evidence we have of his gracious state in life, proven by his walk, let us through the grace and mercy of God look forward to the time of the coming of the Lord. O blessed, happy morn, when all the saints shall shout together in the church triumphant, where no farewell tears are shed, where God himself shall wipe all tears from our eyes. Dear mother, brothers and sisters, may God in his infinite mercy and love prepare us to meet on the shore of eternal bliss, there to join in singing the song of the redeemed host. I pray that God in mercy will give us all the spirit of reconciliation to his providential dealings with us, help us to bear the stroke, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. I know, dear mother, it is hard to give him up, but the same God that has been with him will be with you and give you strength to bear the stroke. Written by his affectionate son, in much tribulation. J. B. BOWDEN.

**James D. Little** died at White Plains, N. Y., Dec. 31st, 1916, aged 44 years. He was a grandson of the late Elder Gilbert Beebe, being the son of sister Virginia Beebe by her first husband. The deceased was married to Estelle Blackford in 1898. Eight children were born of that union, five of whom survive. Mr. Little was devotedly attached to his family, and his wife and children sadly feel this bereavement. There also survive to mourn their loss, his mother, Mrs. Virginia B. L. Bailey, and three sisters: Mrs. Florian Root, Mrs. C. Virginia Camp and Mrs. Kathleen L. Jerome. The immediate cause of Mr. Little's death was Bright's disease. While he had been a sufferer for some time of this malady, he was active in general pursuits until shortly before the end came.

On Jan. 3rd, 1917, the funeral service was held in the New Vernon Church meetinghouse, New Vernon, N. Y., and interment made in the adjoining cemetery.

JOHN McCONNELL.

**Nell McAlpine** was born in Scotland in the year 1829. His parents came to this country in the year 1831, brother McAlpine being two years of age. His parents settled in Elgin County, on the Talbot road, about five miles west of St. Thomas, Ont. May 15th, 1856, he was married to May Curry, to which union were born thirteen children, eleven of whom are still living. Brother McAlpine was received in the fellowship of the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada in the year 1874, and baptized by the late Elder Wm. Pollard, and lived a faithful and devoted member for forty-two years. Brother McAlpine was quiet in manner, yet firm in his convictions. His travel from nature's darkness into the light and liberty of the gospel was marked by great distress of soul. Deliverance came to him in the midst of the night, and to him the room was filled with light and his soul with joy. He was a man held in high esteem and loved for his honesty and integrity. His daily walk before the world, as well as among his brethren, was well ordered, and showed the effect of grace in his heart. Brother McAlpine had been in failing health for nearly two years, but never murmured nor complained, but patiently awaited his Master's call from the shores of time into that sweet and peaceful rest which awaits the people of God. His kind and devoted children were with him many times during his sickness, and all that kind and loving hands could do was done. His faithful companion, who now mourns her loss, was ever at his bedside to do what she could for his comfort, as well as his noble daughter, who was with him day and night for many weeks and gave her undivided attention to her kind and devoted father. All that kind and loving children could do for a parent his children did, not leaving anything undone that would be of comfort to their dear father, but time rolled on, and the relentless hand of death claimed their loved one at 10 o'clock p. m. August 16th, 1916.

His funeral was held from his late residence, conducted by the writer, who spoke with such ability as the Lord was pleased to give, using for a text Romans ix., last clause of verse fourteen. The large concourse of people which came from far and near to pay their last tribute of respect to one of their fellow-men showed the high esteem in which brother McAlpine was held. He leaves to mourn their loss his faithful and devoted companion, eleven children, besides the church and many other relatives and friends. Burial was in the St. Thomas Cemetery.

May the Lord apply the healing balm to their sorrowing hearts, is our earnest desire.

J. B. SLAUSON.

**Mrs. Martha Reeves** was born and lived near Riugoes, N. J., and died May 18th, 1916, aged 80 years. She had enjoyed very good health, and was a most conscientious person, loved by all her friends and neighbors. Being situated some distance from an Old School Baptist meetinghouse she would frequently remark, "All the preaching I get is from the SIGNS OF THE TIMES," which paper she much enjoyed reading, and was anxious that others situated as she was, far from preaching, or could not afford to take it, should receive the comfort she did in reading the articles which were of so much interest to her spiritually. She was a believer in good works, and knowing the isolated of the flock would receive comfort and instruction in reading, being deprived of meeting with the children of God, felt to assist in sending it to them. She never united with the visible church, but we all feel that she belonged to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. The only preaching she ever heard was when Elder Chick spoke on the occasion of her husband's funeral, and in a visit he made her, which she always spoke of as being the best day she ever had.

Her funeral was held at Mr. Ryuearson's, May 24th, 1916, Elder Charles W. Vaughn officiating.

**J. P. Whitt** was born Sept. 10th, 1840, in Carter County, Ky., and departed this life October 4th, 1916, aged 76 years and 24 days. He was married to Missouri Cox, and to them were born six children, four of whom survive him, two having passed to their reward. Brother Whitt professed a hope in Christ, and he and his wife were received in the fellowship of the Rockspring Church, and baptized in June, 1868, by Elder David Magard. Our dear beloved brother was a firm believer in the doctrine of salvation by grace, and claimed no merit himself, saying Christ was his only hope. He was clerk of the Macedonia Church for several years, and was an active member, always in his place in the church. His home was the home of his brethren, all of them were hospitably entertained, and he took great delight in the work of the association. By hard work,

and good and honest management, he accumulated a goodly portion of this world's goods; he worked because he enjoyed his labor. He had many friends, as was manifest at the time of his burial. He had good health for a man of his age until a few days before his death, when he contracted pneumonia and only lived seven or eight days. All that loving hands could do was done by his beloved and devoted wife, his only son, Senator W. B. Whitt, and his daughters, Mrs. Minty Jordan and Susan James, together with the most skilled physicians that could be obtained, but his time had come, and he must go to his reward.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Elder H. H. Wilcox, after which his mortal remains were laid in the family burial grounds at his home, in McGlone, Ky., to await the summons to arise with the likeness of his beloved Lord and Savior. We shall all miss him at our meetings, yet none will miss him so much as his beloved and devoted wife, sister Whitt. May the God of all grace enable us to bow to his sovereign will, and may the bereaved ones have grace to support them in this their greatest trial.

J. E. THORNBURY.

**John C. Shields** was born in Missouri April 23rd, 1840, and departed this life at his home in Ft. Worth, Texas, Dec. 31st, 1916, after a lingering illness of that dread disease, tuberculosis of the lungs. He was married to Rebecca Vermillion Nov. 25th, 1860, and they shared the joys and bore the burdens of life in happy union for more than fifty-six years. To that union were born eight children, six of whom are still living, three sons and three daughters. He was a Union soldier, serving in Company G, 16th Missouri Cavalry. He moved to Texas about 1893, and shortly afterward he and wife united with Shiloh Church, Denton County, Texas, and were baptized by Elder Thomas A. Ball. At the time of his death his membership was with the Ft. Worth Primitive Baptist Church. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of salvation by grace, and attended the meetings of the church as long as he was able. All that medical skill and faithful attention could do was done, but he gradually grew weaker until the end, when, surrounded by his faithful wife, children and friends, he quietly and peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

The next day the relatives and friends assembled at his home, and Elder E. A. Moreland preached a comforting sermon on the resurrection, after which his remains were conveyed to the beautiful Mt. Olivet Cemetery and there laid to rest to await the resurrection morn.

May God bless and comfort the bereaved widow and children, and grant them sweet resignation to his holy will in all things, is the prayer of the unworthy writer.

PRESTON STAGGS.

## APPOINTMENTS.

The Lord willing, Elder J. M. Fenton will fill the following appointments:

Justus, Pa., Sunday, Jan. 21st, 1917, 11 a. m.; Clarks Summit, Pa., 2 p. m.; Brookdale, Pa., Monday, 22nd, 2 p. m.; Maywood, N. Y., Tuesday, 23rd, 8 p. m.; Otego, N. Y., Wednesday, 24th, 2 and 7 p. m.; Richmondville, N. Y., Loren Meads, Thursday, 25th, 1:30 p. m.; Geo. Meads 7:30 p. m.; Jefferson meeting-house, Friday, 26th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Cobleskill, N. Y., 7:30 p. m.; Middleburg, N. Y., Saturday, 27th, 1:30 p. m.; Schoharie, N. Y., sister Kinney's, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie meetinghouse, Sunday, 28th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

E. R. KINNEY.

PROVIDENCE permitting, there will be an all day meeting in the Old School Baptist meetinghouse at Halcottville, N. Y., on the fourth Sunday in January (28th), 1917, commencing at 10:45 a. m. All are welcome; also Jefferson Church Sunday, February 4th.

GEORGE RUSTON.

## MEETINGS.

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OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1917. NO. 4.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### DEUTERONOMY XXXII. 9.

“For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance.”

That the Lord will receive and keep his portion is as certain as it is that he possesses “all power in heaven and in earth,” and is immutable. In the same chapter where my text is found it is recorded, “Just and right is he.” Justice and right guarantee to every one his portion; and when there is power on the side of justice to enforce its demands, the end of righteousness is always attained. The Lord's portion is said to be his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. The lot is all of his inheritance, or all of his portion. The ends of justice could no more be served by one taking more than his portion than they could by his taking less than his portion; he must receive all of his, no more and no less. So we conclude the Lord will take all of his people, and nothing more. His people are identified as Jacob. Jacob was the twin brother of Esau, yet the Lord loved Jacob and hated Esau; this was so that the purpose of God according to election might stand. (Rom. ix. 11.) But it is not my purpose in this article to investigate the relation

of Jacob and Esau; Jacob will claim all of our attention. The Lord chose Abraham, and through him Isaac, and through him Jacob, and in him all Israel to be his special people, and separated them from all other people, and distinguished them in many ways as his separate people. Likewise those who were chosen in Christ to obtain salvation and eternal glory are separated from the world of mankind (which is just like them by nature, and their equal in every respect by ordinary generation) by the distinguishing grace of God, and thereby manifested the spiritual Israel of God. On the way as Jacob journeyed toward the promised land, the angel of the Lord met him, and he wrestled with the angel all night until the break of day, and the angel blessed him, and his name was changed from Jacob to Israel. His person was not changed; his walk was changed, but the same person did the walking now that walked before. His condition was so changed that his walk was uneven henceforth, and he needed his staff to lean upon. Now the people of the Lord were chosen in Christ before the foundations of the earth were laid; this choice or election embraced the persons of his peo-

ple, not something that descended or was to descend from heaven. These people constitute the members of the body of Christ. The Lord speaking by David tells of their origin; he says: "My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them."—Psalms cxxxix. 15, 16. This locates the origin of the Lord's people in the lowest parts of the earth. Thus we see that the people that God loved, chose and gave to his Son to be his portion and the lot of his inheritance, and that he separates from the world and manifests as the members of his body, of his flesh and of his bones by distinguishing grace, are creatures of earth. They are in no way different by nature from all other people. They had their origin in the earthy Adam, and became transgressors of the law in him, and came under its penalty. Now the people that sinned are the the people that needed redemption from sin. The inspired record abounds with testimony declaring that the loved and chosen people of God became transgressors of the law and fell under its curse in Adam, and that redemption was provided in Christ Jesus to deliver them from their bondage and from death and to secure unto them the riches of eternal life and glory. Is not this the burden of the gospel to poor sinners? Yes, poor sinners; the very persons that sinned are the persons who need salvation from sin, and are the ones whom Christ came to seek and to save. Jesus says, "I am come to seek and to save that which was lost." "The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."

The angel said of Mary his mother, "She shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. i. 21. Paul 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." Again, in speaking of Christ, Paul says, Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works. Testimony might be added to testimony until every inspired witness had been examined, and all would be found declaring the same great truth that the salvation of sinners was the object of Christ's mission into the world. The covenant of grace and mercy embraced sinners and provided all the things necessary for their complete redemption and emancipation from sin and all of its baneful influences and effects before time began. The stipulations of this covenant were but the expressions of the will of the Father, and in it Christ became surety for his people and the executor of his Father's will. He said of his mission here: I came down from heaven not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me; and this is the will of my Father which hath sent me, that of all he hath given me I should lose nothing, but raise it up again at the last day. We affirm that all that Christ ever did in execution of his Father's will, was done for his people, for sinners. There is such oneness existing between Christ and his people that they are inseparable. Neither of them can be perfect or happy without the other. The messenger of the covenant was held in contemplation and used as a pattern in the creation of man; for it is said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." So when Christ, the Husband of

the bride, was manifested in that body which the Father had prepared for him to do the will of God, it was a body like unto his bride's body. He was made in all things like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. This is the work of the omnipotent God, and is marvelous in our eyes. Great is the mystery of godliness. There is a profound mystery running through the whole work of God in the work of grace, a mystery that finite creatures cannot understand or explain, and yet faith embraces it as truth, and hope delights to cherish the bright anticipation of it. The resurrection and the changes attending the same are by no means the least mystery connected with the work of salvation, yet the crowning work in the salvation of sinners could never be reached until the resurrection is attained. The apostle says, If the dead rise not, then our hope is vain, our preaching is vain, Christ is yet in the grave, and we are found false witnesses of God. But such fearful consequences do not confront the trembling prisoners of hope, for Christ is risen and become the firstfruits of them that slept. The apostles were called in question for preaching Christ and the resurrection, which were inseparable themes with them, yet they proclaimed it the more and withstood and condemned those who denied the resurrection or taught that it was past already. Let us keep in mind that the resurrection is part of the work of salvation which Christ came to bring unto his people, and the people that were the recipients of all of the other provisions of the covenant are the recipients of this last and most glorious of them all, which admits them into the fullness of those blessings and glories

which they have only been enabled to see and know in part heretofore. The faith and hope of the people of God—sinners redeemed, embrace a future state of bliss and glory, where they cease from sin and have perfect rest from all their fears within and foes without. To deny them this faith and hope would rob them of the only pleasant anticipations they know, and render them most miserable indeed. Paul says, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable." But hope reaches beyond the shores of time, beyond this life, and embraces a higher and holier life where, as Job says, the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. Poor, halting, trembling, doubting ones, are you hoping for this blessed state? If so, then says the apostle, "do we with patience wait for it." And your waiting will not be in vain, for it is written, To them that look for him will he appear the second time without sin unto salvation. He appeared unto you once as your sin-bearer, and lifted that load of guilt and condemnation from you, and revealed to you how he had borne all your sins in his own body, and that they were not remembered against you any more forever; and he gave you faith to embrace this truth and rejoice in it, and here your hope still rests; but he is going to appear again, not to reveal himself as your sin-bearer, but as he who hath reigned until he hath put all enemies under his feet. He is coming in the clouds of his glory to receive his "portion," "the lot of his inheritance," "his people," all that the Father gave him; for he said they should come unto him, and that he would in no wise cast them out. I think I hear you say, I am such a great sinner; my thoughts and my conversation lie so far from God and righteousness. Yes, but

Christ is an infinitely greater and richer Savior, and he is full of grace and truth. So wonderfully great is his grace that when he extended it to his people—to you, my reader, it completely covered all your sins and blotted out not only them, but all the stain of them, and made you as clean in the eyes of God as though you had never been a sinner. While all this has been done for the people of God and is here revealed to them, yet there is a great change that must come before they are ready to meet the Lord at his second coming. They are still mortal, are bound by mortal relations, and are bearing the image of the earthy. These mortal relations must be dissolved, they must be made spiritual, and made to bear the image of their glorified Redeemer. This wonderful change is what Paul speaks of when he says, “Behold, I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, 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.”—1 Cor. xv. 51, 52. Indeed, this is a great mystery, yet the Spirit of God revealed it to the apostle, and he by the inspiration of that Spirit shewed it unto us, and it is no intrusion into the secret things of God for us to look at it and rejoice in the hope of its fulfillment. True, the apostle did not explain the mystery, for then it would have no longer remained a mystery; neither did he explain any other part of the mystery of godliness, but the children of God delight to contemplate its glories and rejoice in the part which they hope they have in it. The apostle in speaking of this same mysterious event on another occasion said, “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.”—1 Thess. iv. 15–18. Where in all the inspired record is the mystery of election, of redemption, of pardon or of quickening presented in simpler or clearer words as embracing the persons of the people of God? Reader, it is of no consequence what you or I believe and teach for the resurrection; here is the simple truth of it declared by the inspired apostle, and our contrary belief or teaching will never change the divine arrangement. Let us pause for a moment and consider this grand, this sublime event toward which the flight of time is hastening all the people of God: “We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,” writes the apostle to the Corinthian Church. I understand the sleep here mentioned to be the sleep in mortal death, for in this same connection it speaks of the dead rising. In his letter to the Thessalonians the apostle says, “We which are alive, and remain unto the coming of the Lord, shall not prevent [go before] them which are asleep,” but that they shall rise first, and “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.” The truth of the apostle’s words then is this: some of the Lord’s people will be dead, and some will be still alive, engaging in the various pursuits of this life as they now are at the second coming of Christ,

at which time those that are dead will be raised up and those who are alive will with them instantaneously be changed, and all will be caught up in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air. The language of our text, "The Lord's portion is his people," will be as true at that moment as when it was uttered; it will be verified in the presence and to the perfect understanding of all his chosen, redeemed and resurrected people. They have labored and toiled, while they mingled their tears of penitence with their ecstasies of hope; they have hungered and thirsted for that satisfaction which this world is too poor to afford; they had often drank at the streams of this river that flowed from the throne of God and the Lamb, but they longed to drink at the fountain-head. You may be a doubting Thomas, you may be a denying Peter, you may be a trembling jailer; your trembling, your doubting or your denying will not hasten nor retard this supreme moment, this moment of all moments; it will certainly come, and your Savior will come with it. In their present condition the Lord's people are not suitable companions for him, therefore when that moment comes in which they are to be caught up in the clouds to meet him they will be changed. This, says the apostle, is what that change consists of: "This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."—1 Cor. xv. 53. When this has been done for the Lord's people, their salvation from sin and all of its influences, effects and consequences will have been accomplished, their complete victory over death, hell and the grave been given, their feet will quit this earth as they rise to meet the Lord in the air, bearing his likeness, and "so shall they ever be with the Lord." Should you, who read these lines, never

see my face, I want you to know that my hope embraces that salvation, which had its incipency in eternity, is sufficient to reach down into the lowest depths of sin and degradation and embrace the persons of poor sinners, quicken them into divine life, lift them up above the claims of a broken law, give them a standing in Christ Jesus, put a song of praise to him in their mouths, set their affections upon things which are above, preserve their whole spirit and soul and body until the coming of the Lord Jesus, and then deliver them into the presence of the Father in the resurrection at the last day incorruptible and immortal. At this haven is where my hope, the anchor of the soul, is resting, and here my faith is staid; but as my frail bark is tossed to and fro on the billows of doubt, and its destruction threatened upon the shoals of unbelief, I am often compelled to take soundings and pause to consult my mariner's chart and compass in a vain effort to assure myself whether I am in reality sailing on those "broad rivers and streams; wherein shall go no galley with oars," and where gallant ships cannot pass. May the glorious Lord dwell richly in your hearts.

In humble hope,

J. R. HARDY.

HAVILAND, Kansas.

IONA, Ont., June 30, 1880.

DEAR BROTHER:—We arrived home from the June meeting, where we heard the gospel preached in its purity, and I feel to write to you, hoping to say nothing but the things I know and experience, and that it may stir up your pure mind by way of remembrance. For some time I thought of writing to you, and being more impressed at this time, I shall endeavor to write the reason of my hope in

Christ, though I am fully persuaded it will come far short of telling it in full. However feeble it may appear to the writer in the way it is set forth, I would not exchange it for all the treasures of this world. However, if the Spirit directs my mind I know it will comfort some one led, as I humbly hope I have been, by a way I knew not, in paths I had not seen.

When very young, I might say as far back as I can remember, I had serious thoughts of death and my future destiny. My grandmother taught me a prayer that I was to repeat every night, and when I would repeat the little verse I thought I was all right, but sometimes I would forget, and if I awoke in the night I would repeat it. As I grew in years I would often forget it, and finally I forgot it altogether. I was very fond of company and the amusements of the world, and enjoyed myself well, but now and then I would ask in my heart, If anything should happen to me where would I appear? and often I prayed to the Lord to forgive me; especially when a storm of thunder and lightning was approaching how I would beg of the Lord to forgive me, and would promise to be a better girl in future. But as often as promises were made they were broken, and that was truly sad to me. How could I go to Him again after such promises? but I would beg for mercy. I had a great desire to be good, and would walk long distances to hear preaching. I thought they were such good people they would not be afraid to die, and if I were as good as they I would not be afraid. I felt I was young and could not be good with so many things in my path, and that when I would settle down in life I could live a more christian life. As time passed on I was married, and then it did not

seem to be any easier to become a christian than before, except, as before, now and again my convictions would come, and I would beg for forgiveness. My husband and I would often converse on the Scriptures, and he seemed to have a different light or opinion of them. I felt I must do a great deal myself in order to be a christian—duty and means. We would argue nearly every night, and when he would go out to his work I would get the concordance and Bible and hunt up all our arguments, and the passages I thought would back up my arguments, but in reading them over I found they were not as I understood them, but were plainly made to me that they were as my husband had them, and I was stripped of all my goodness, duty and means. Then I cried in sincerity and truth with a broken heart and contrite spirit for mercy. I could not cease from seeking him with my whole heart. Yes, dear ones, when we are stripped of our own righteousness, then we are made to cry out, As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. That is the way when the Lord begins his work in a poor sinner, although he may not realize it at the time; he will not leave it until he finishes it. Yes, when I worked the hardest with my hands I cried the more for mercy, and if at any time I felt careless about my soul I begged for my burden back, so that I could seek him. My prayer was to guide and direct me in the right path and lead me by the still waters; my desire was to belong and be numbered with his sheep, that if I were to be one of them to lead me in the footsteps of his flock. O what yearning for the living waters. Pen fails to relate the feelings of a convicted soul burdened with a load of sin and guilt before a just and holy Being; it cannot be fathomed,

nor can language ever express it. If my soul were sent to hell, thy righteous law approves it well. I do not know how long I was in this state of mind. I have been comforted several times in dreams, and in hearing the word of God preached while they spoke of the convicted sinner, but when they came to where their hope sprung up, I was lost, it was Egyptian darkness to me, I knew nothing about that, and O how sad that was to me; when the essential part came I was shut out. About this time it pleased the Lord to take our dear mother from us, which was to us a very trying time. I had a hope that she was numbered among the blessed, though I could not realize it then as I do now. She was firm in the faith and predestination of all things. She repeated the fifth hymn on Friday and slept quietly in Jesus on the following Monday morning. I was comforted by a dream a few nights before she died. I dreamed I was going on a long journey to a city, and several started with me, but I was finally left alone. I was to go on a straight line, and if I left that line there were wild men shooting arrows on either side of me, and I was terribly afraid. As I journeyed along I came to the city, and saw a large company who looked like soldiers, who wore the same clothes, their step the same, and I thought they were going where I wanted to go, but I had to go alone, and came to a large building which no one could enter without the password. I said something, and they let me in. There was a large company of people there, and as there was a second story in the building I went up there, and saw on the left side of the place one who looked like Christ, standing, and sheep lying down around him, and the sun on his breast illuminating the whole building, and on the other side

there were people placing crowns on their heads; father and mother were there, and a crown was given to me. Then it seemed as if the great I AM came down on wings and made his abode with us. I awoke, and for some time I could not realize whether I was in heaven or on earth. The sight was marvelous to behold, and I was sorry when I found I was still on earth. Shortly after this as I laid down my weary body to sleep I told my husband that I did not know what to do; my feelings were more than I could bear, and I prayed the Lord to have mercy upon my soul. I felt I was wounded in soul and spirit, and as a flash the words came to me: Thy sins, though many, are all forgiven thee. Then I felt I was raised out of the miry clay and placed upon a rock. He put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto him. He gave me the oil of joy for mourning, beauty for ashes, turned darkness into light, and then I could praise him without ceasing. Then I could say, My God reigneth, I am his, and he is mine. Next morning when I went to my work I was making melody in my heart to the One my soul loveth. For I knew and felt that I had found him whom to know is life eternal. I thought then I was going to live the rest of my days rejoicing. I read Isaiah twice and other portions of the word of God, which were good to me, and I could see and understand the way I humbly hope I was led. My joy lasted for some time, and when I would go to meeting and hear Christ exalted above every name it was sweet music, and I never thought I could doubt any more. But I found it was not lasting, and I was much impressed to tell some one whom I felt was a child of God, also to tell the church. Shortly after this we went home, and Elder Pollard preached in a schoolhouse;

and we all went to hear him. As he went on preaching so beautifully he told my experience better than I could. It was the first gospel sermon I ever heard; I could follow him all the way through, and could say, Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. That was a feast to me, fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. Language cannot express the sweet comfort of a soul in its earliest love. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace, that publisheth salvation, that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth. Thy watchman shall lift up his voice, with the voice together they shall sing, for they shall see eye to eye when the Lord again shall bring Zion. Yes, dear friends, it is the most satisfying feeling in all our life when we have the witness within us, eyes to see, ears to hear, and hearts to understand the things of our heavenly King; it is sweet food to the hungry soul. I thought then I would tell Elder Pollard how sweet his preaching was to me, but when he came down I could not tell him. These words were on my mind, and I could not get rid of them: If ye love me, keep my commandments. I knew I loved him, and would love to tell the church what great things the Lord had done for me. Once I was going to the quarterly meeting at Ekfrid, and on my way there I felt the least concern about myself, and felt I had better stayed at home. But as soon as I heard the gospel preached it came to me in power and full assurance, so that I could not leave at that time until I related my sorrows and joys to those dear people whom I longed to be numbered with. The words came to me very forcibly, If you hold your peace the stones will cry out; so I spoke to Elder Pollard after the

congregation had left the house, and he told me to stop over at the meeting on Monday morning next. I had no sooner told him than the tempter told me I was mistaken, and the words came to me: From whence cometh temptation? of the evil one; and my troubles left me, and I went before the church and was received, and baptized the same day by Elder Pollard, and felt the answer of a good conscience toward God and enjoyed the blessings of my dear Savior with those of like faith.

CATHERINE MACALPINE.

WHEELING, W. Va., Dec. 11, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am inclosing a good letter written by sister Lina Beck to sister Bessie Durand. She kindly shared it with me, and I feel a desire to share it with the rest of the household of faith. I have sister Bessie's consent to do so. I also inclose a letter from sister Anna McKinney, which I feel is too good to be hidden away.

I would like to speak a few words of greeting, and tell of the Lord's mercy in my times of need (which are many), but I am too weak at present. For the past two weeks I have been able to read or write but very little. I ask the prayers of our brethren and sisters for the least of all.

Your unworthy sister in hope,  
FLORENCE PULTZ.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., July 16, 1916.

MISS BESSIE DURAND—MY PRECIOUS SISTER:—Words will not tell how glad I was to see your familiar writing once more. I could not blame you for dropping such a poor, unworthy correspondent, lame on both feet. I was sick all winter, and still have a sore throat, but this very warm weather makes me much better, so



I have ridden to two meetings with the very kind Stovers, who have an automobile. My eyes fail me, but I want to tell you my brother Mahlon, of Denver, Colo., came to see us in an automobile, accompanied by his wife, son and grandson, named Mahlon, eighteen years old. They went to Morristown, N. J., to attend the reunion of our grandfather, Mahlon Johnson, who had never seen any of the four. A large assembly of cousins met there. I was too feeble to go with them.

I want to speak of one more thing which is on my mind. In the June 15th number of the SIGNS is a long, interesting letter from Mary Ellison, which I have read several times, subject, Mandrakes. Please write me what you think of it. I think I wrote you once about going to our association with my father, in the year 1854, the year I was baptized. I read that Elder Beebe was to attend that association in Johnson County, Ind., and I was very anxious to be there. My father was building a bridge eight miles from home, and he must go with me. I hired a boy to take me in a wagon to Darlington, where my parents were staying, and that night I persuaded father to leave his work where it was. We started next morning, but railroads were very scarce in those early days. We caught rides as we could, making several changes, and reached Indianapolis, where we found cars that took us to Franklin. The notice said the meeting was to be four miles east of Franklin. Father asked every one he met where the association was to be held, but no one knew. We went to a hotel for dinner, and father said, "I think we will return on the next train." I sat at the table near a window, and looking out saw a man with a farm wagon drive up to a house, and another man

handed him many loaves of bread, which were put into a box. I said, See, that wagon is taking food for the meeting. Father hastened to him, and he proved to be the right man, and gave us directions about a new railroad being built that we must go on. We soon found that new road and were started in those cars when father stood up and said, "Is any one here going to the Old Baptist Association?" Elder David Bartley came right to us, and as he had often been to that church he knew where to stop, which was in a large cornfield, with corn higher than our heads. After much difficulty we reached brother Nay's, where we, with many others, were made very welcome. Elder Bartley and another Elder preached that morning very comfortingly. We had supper, and a farm wagon was filled with men, who went many miles to a town where Elders Beebe and Dudley were to preach their first sermon. There was room for me, and I was tired. I think six preachers came home with them, and the next day we went to a beautiful woods, which made me think of the groves as God's first temple. The birds were very numerous, and sang cheerily, the mint and pennyroyal sent forth their fragrance, which I compared to Jesus and his faithfulness to his little flock. Sixteen preachers sat on the stand and sang, "Sons we are through God's election," &c. I think they sang that dear old hymn every day for three days of the session, and such wonderful preaching I had never heard before in such quantities. I look back to that time, 1854, and wonder if this poor, old, disconsolate woman, so full of doubts and fears, can be the same as that hopeful girl, so full of wondrous love. That was one of my hopeful years. Dear sister, my heart is full of love to you for bearing with me all these

years. Thank God for such choice blessings.

Sue Wilson, wife of Deacon Owen Wilson, was buried last Thursday. Elder Oliphant preached from the fourth chapter of 1st Thessalonians, commencing at the ninth verse and reading the rest of the chapter. When I was so sick and came near choking two nights I gave those words to Elder Oliphant to use at my funeral. Sue had been to see me often last winter, and I loved her much. She was seventy-seven years old. She stayed at her son's on our street, near us, so I could go and hear my own funeral text used, which was a coincidence.

Your loving sister,

LINA W. BECK.

OTTAWA, Kansas, Sept. 14, 1914.

DEAR SISTER FLORENCE:—More than a month has passed since I received your precious letter. It seems strange that I could wait so long to reply when you are so often in my mind, and your letters are such treasures to me, because you tell me of the things I know, which I hope I have seen with my eyes of the Word of life. I am always comforted and built up in the faith after reading one of your letters. I did not know you were so afflicted in body. How sad your lot in this life, yet how wonderfully blessed in things pertaining to the kingdom. Not every Old School Baptist has been given your deep understanding of the ways of the Lord. We have to be brought very low; we must be entirely helpless to become as little children. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child

in my name, receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."—Matt. xviii. 3-6. I have ever been fearful of offending a little one who believes in Jesus. Often I have tried to beg him to keep me from doing anything in any way that would wound their feelings in the least. I think I know just how you feel while you are looking in two directions at the same time, working with your head and your hands, your hungry heart longing after the saints and the preached word. I have felt to be almost in a state of collapse. I was sure I could not go on from day to day year after year in this lonesome way. Once after going through one of these heartrending trials the dear Lord seemed to come very near me in these words: Am I not better to you than all the brethren? I said, O yes, Lord. Then I saw it was the Lord I was seeking among the saints. Then I saw, though we were gathered together, we could not be comforted in him if our minds were filled with worldly thoughts and our time spent in conversing about things of this life. How needful then that when a few are gathered together in his name that he be in the midst. It is no wonder Paul said, I would know nothing among you save Christ and him crucified. I think it is good to talk to one another of our trials and afflictions by the way, knowing that the same afflictions are accomplished in our brethren that are in the world. I do hope the dear Lord will be merciful to you and strengthen you in your labor of love. It seems a miracle is being performed in your case, or you certainly could not work every day in your condition. I, too, have much work to do, and

am never well, but I am not afflicted like you, though I know not how soon I may be. I am always interested in your personal welfare, and am so sorry when sorrow comes into your life.

I feel this is a poor return for your deep, spiritual letter. I can only write what is given me. I do not believe you would want me to try to do more. Write when you can.

Affectionately your sister, I hope,  
ANNA MCKINNEY.

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ACTS X. 34, 35.

"THEN Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons: but in every nation he that feareth him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him."

The proposition set forth in verse thirty-four is probably one of the most popular on the schedule of the inventions of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; for to separate or quote this verse without its qualification in the next verse is the most abominable deceit of lying deception, the object of which is to attempt to prove that God has no discriminating partiality among the children of men, but that the whole race of mankind is subject to equal favor. This is not so in the course of every day life, for daily we see that,

"Here he exalts neglected worms

To sceptres and a crown;

And there the following page he turns,

And treads the monarch down."

Some have all that heart can wish—honor, wealth and long life, and on the same street you find poverty, misery, distress and death, so it is plainly seen that partiality is shown to the sons of men on earth. Then why so much ado if in the affairs of eternal life he shall have mercy on whom he will have mercy? If we are powerless to thwart his will

among the inhabitants of the earth, shall we find fault with his ruling in "the army of heaven"? The criticism is that if God does not treat all alike, if he is a respecter of persons in the blessings of glory, he is a monster and a tyrant, unjust and unfair. But if it is beyond man to regulate the equality of his race in his home town, how can he accomplish it "in the army of heaven"? If he cannot make one hair white or black, how shall he interfere with "the things which are not seen"? God had respect to the offering of Abel and not to Cain. He loved Jacob and hated Esau. He opened the Red Sea for the children of Israel to cross, and closed its waters over their enemies, and "from the days of righteous Abel until now" vessels of honor and dishonor in greater or lesser degree have emerged from the same lump, so that there is no question of distinction and partiality having been shown plainly among the children of men. The vision of the "great sheet" and its contents, and the visit of Peter to the house of Cornelius, taught him to say that God is no respecter of persons, so far as restricting favors to the Jews is concerned. But Peter did preach that God is a respecter of persons when the whole race of mankind is considered, when he said, Acts ii. 39: "The promise is unto you, \* \* \* even as many as the Lord our God shall call." His respect then is surely partial to such as in every nation feareth him and worketh righteousness, fearing and working as the result of being subjects of respect, and as a result of God that worketh in them both to will and to do of his good pleasure.

Yours in christian love,

EVERETT R. KINNEY.

POCA, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am satisfied there is much disobedience among the people of God in this age, as well as in all other ages. Those who are led by the promptings of the flesh always act in disobedience, for the two opposites are contrary to each other, the flesh against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh; so with the mind we serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin. Hence the apostle Paul could say, In my flesh dwelleth no good thing. Realizing the imperfection of his nature he also could say, For to will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, I do not, but the evil which I would not, that I do. O how forcibly these Scriptures are presented to me in my afflictions, as I mourn over my transgressions because of the infirmity of my flesh; for after the order of ordinary generation I realize my imperfection, that I am but the multiplicity of Adam, and with the apostle can say, Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me. Truly I feel to say with the apostle, I find then a law that, when I would do good, evil is present with me. For I delight in the law of God after the inward man; but I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? By nature we are rebellious, for our natural mind is carnal, and enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. For to be carnally minded is death (spiritually lifeless), but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Just how far one may be influenced by the carnal mind to stray from

the solemn admonitions given in the word of truth and still be a child of God I dare not say. Of a truth it is said of God's children, Having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his; and they are not of them that draw back unto perdition, but of them that believe to the saving of the soul. God's people are the only people who are able to discern their imperfections, and are as willing to confess them as was the chief butler. Pharaoh was in spirit troubled over his dreams, and called for all the magicians of Egypt, and all the wise men thereof; and then told them his dreams, but there was none who could interpret them unto Pharaoh. Then spake the chief butler unto Pharaoh, saying, I do remember my faults this day. This message to Pharaoh could have been of no benefit to him one day sooner, for Pharaoh (as the natural man has always done) was trusting in the natural ability of man to fathom the deep mystery of his dreams. Pharaoh had no conception of secret things belonging to the Lord our God, but those things which are revealed belong unto us. So Joseph, being a type of Jesus, revealed to Pharaoh the mystery of his dreams, as the mystery of godliness is revealed to the heirs of promise by Jesus Christ.

Dear editors, please excuse this poor, old, sinful mortal. I just felt to-day that I wanted to confess my faults to you and the rest of the household of faith. I hope from an honest heart I can say, I remember my faults this day, which are many. With the poet I can say:

"In mercy, not in wrath, rebuke  
Thy feeble worm, my God;  
My spirit dreads thine angry look,  
And trembles at thy rod.

Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
Regard my heavy groans;  
O let thy voice of comfort speak,  
And heal my broken bones.

By day my busy, beating head  
Is filled with anxious fears;  
By night upon my restless bed  
I weep a flood of tears.

Thus I sit desolate and mourn,  
Mine eyes grow dull with grief;  
How long, my Lord, ere thou return,  
And bring my soul relief?"

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Jan. 1, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—As we have just entered this new year, I feel inclined to pen a few of my thoughts and send them to you for consideration, and if you deem it advisable, you may publish them, but do not crowd out other matter that will be far more interesting, as I suppose you have plenty of it on hand. I am well aware that I shall not be able to write anything that will interest the household of faith, unless the God of heaven and earth directs my thoughts; I therefore pray to him that he will do so. I also realize that I am as prone to wander from the right way as the sparks are to fly upward; in fact, I find myself much of the time going into by and forbidden paths, which makes me abhor and be ashamed of myself. In looking back over my past life it appears to be made up of failures and mistakes, and I am entirely dissatisfied with myself, yet am all the time hoping that I may be able to make some improvement in the future. I make resolution after resolution toward that end, yet I find myself breaking them as fast as I make them, and stop and meditate, and ask myself, What shall I do? I find I can do nothing that I can make any headway in that direction, rather slipping backward, growing worse instead of better. If a good and pleasant thought enters my mind it lingers but a short time, for it is driven away by some vile and (shall I say devilish?) thought. I know this sounds like harsh language,

but it is true nevertheless, and the pleasure I enjoyed with my good and pleasant thoughts is all destroyed and forgotten. At times I feel very much discouraged, and feel almost like giving up in despair. But that little hope, I said "little," but at times it appears like a big hope, springs up and encourages me; it lifts me up, and bids me go on in the unequal fight, as the good Lord is fighting the battle for me, and I hope will bring me off victoriously in the end. O what a dear and gracious Savior we have. I hope I am not too presumptuous in claiming him as my Savior, although I know that I am not worthy to do so. I know if it depended upon my works of righteousness I never could be accepted of him. I feel like saying with the poet, "Nothing in my hand I bring, simply to thy cross I cling." I also know that if I am saved it must be by the grace of God, as I see no other way, and if it is his will that I am saved (not will be, but am) he will bestow it upon me; it is a gift from him. But I am constantly doubting, fearing and wondering if I am a subject of his grace, or are all my thoughts delusions and illusions of the mind. I get bewildered in my mind at times, and do not know where I am, and sometimes think it matters but little where I am, as I feel myself of so little account. My friends (if I have any) you may think you know me, but I think you do not, and I am thankful you do not; if you could see me as I see myself, I do not see how you could fellowship me as you do. I do not even know myself; I am a very complex and complicated being. It is possible for me to deceive each and every one of you; not that I have any desire to do so, far from it, but I know it is impossible to deceive my God and Savior; he knows my every thought; in fact, he controls

them, and my every action; I can do nothing without him, he directs my footsteps and leads me day by day in the way he will have me to go. He is a good leader, I can find no other, and am not looking for another, although at times the road looks very gloomy and dark, but it always turns out to be the right way, any other way would have been entirely wrong. I feel to thank him that he has led me safely thus far, but I know I do not praise him as I should, that is one of my many shortcomings.

But I must close, not that the subject is exhausted, as I can see no end to it, it is inexhaustible. Please spread the mantle of charity over all my imperfections.

Your very unworthy servant,  
C. S. FETTER.

MONROE, Ga., Jan. 13, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—As life is made up of appointments and disappointments, both being good and bringing to pass just such things as God purposed long before our day and generation, to-day is my appointment at Bethlehem Church, fifty miles away, but the cold, dark clouds, with frozen roads, have shut me in, and my mind goes out and takes in you and those whom I have met up north, hence I will try to write. I often think of the cares and responsibilities that are upon you as ministers of the gospel; difficulties to be overcome, often not knowing what to do, how to do, nor when to do. At times we may feel we have done the right thing, but at a wrong time, perhaps. Love, duty and obedience are very closely connected in our travels, as when love prompts us to take the care of a church and duty comes before us to do it, and we obey by trying to solve the situation. Hence, obedience to the law

of love, to the law of duty and to the law of obedience. Satan goes with me often on the way. He tells me why things are not better with me, that it is because I do not carry better prepared food to the saints, and I often agree with him. I am told that Satan rode with the minister of long time ago, when he went horseback all day to get to his appointment, and that the tempter even went into the pulpit with him. Later, he went with him in the top buggy snugly and with less time to tempt him, but none the less effectively. To-day I find this same Satan in the automobile with me putting in his time well with all the new things of the day, methods of progress, &c. I feel to hope sometimes that this Satan is disappointed, the Lord leading me into the fertile field of the gospel and plucking for me the fruit that is sweet to our taste, as perhaps the figs, pomegranates and grapes were to the children of Israel on their way to the promised land. Then I forget all the blow-outs and punctures on the way, rejoicing in the law of love, duty and obedience, notwithstanding all my imperfections. As I grow older, I think of those in the past who traveled in this way. Brother Horace, we love to think of your visit among us last summer as you stood in the pulpit where Elders Joseph L. Purington and William L. Beebe and others stood over fifty years ago, declaring the same glad tidings of salvation, and it was received in the same way, with joy and love, stirring up the pure minds by way of remembrance, reminding us of the woman who touched the hem of Jesus' garment and was healed, and that Jesus is touched even now with the feeling of our infirmities. We shall be glad for an opportunity to have you with us again. I think now that I shall be at the Warwick Association next June,

hoping to meet again the brethren and sisters and to renew the friendship and fellowship that I hope exist between us. There seems to be a tie of love in my heart for those who make the SIGNS what it is to-day, especially those whom I know. I well remember your pleasant home, Elder Ker, at the association in 1910, filled with light and cheer of love for all the friends who were there. How sad that home has been since then by death and sorrow. You have had the sympathy of all the readers of the SIGNS, you have comforted others with the comfort where-with you have been comforted of God. David said when he prospered that he forgot God, but when he was afflicted he meditated in the law of the Lord both day and night. When the light of grace shines in our hearts, all self-righteousness vanishes. Then we can but say, O wretched man that I am! We then have no confidence in the flesh, a warfare continually going on in our breast. When we would do good, evil is present. Hence, the admonition to take heed to ourselves and to the doctrine, and to continue in them, will occupy all of our time; no place to stop, no abiding city until this warfare is over. Then it will be good if it can be said of us that we have fought a good fight and kept the faith, as we feel to say of some who have already finished their course.

Yours in hope of life,

JAMES M. ADAMS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 2, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Kindly find herewith check covering the subscription to the SIGNS for myself, and also for my sister, Mrs. Daniel Shields, as per blank. I am highly pleased with the SIGNS, having read it for many years, and according to my belief and experience I think it

sounds the same sweet story of Jesus and his love to unworthy sinners. If I did not feel myself to be the chief of sinners I presume I could not get much comfort from the SIGNS, but after reading the conflicts and trials of the writers from almost every part of this country, it is about the only consolation that I am afforded, being situated so far from our church. I enjoyed very much Elder Ker's New Year's Greeting. I wish every one could read it, whatever the belief may be. Hope he will write oftener for the paper.

Yours in hope,

M. C. REEVES.

PARRY SOUND, Ont., Dec. 6, 1916.

DEAR SIR:—Inclosed please find express order for four dollars, being the amount of my own subscription, expiring December 15th, and two dollars for the purpose of sending the SIGNS to some one who cannot afford to subscribe. I may say that I eagerly watch for the coming of the SIGNS, because, as far as I know, I am hundreds of miles from any place where the gospel is preached, consequently I have not heard a gospel sermon for years, and as I cannot attend the meetings of the "free will" denominations which abound here, as well as in almost every other place, I fancy I am looked upon as a heathen; however, I can bear their reproach.

Faithfully yours,

J. H. KNIFTON.

## NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Woburn, Mass., the second Sunday in February, (11th). All are welcome.

L. B. FORD.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
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dressed, and money orders made payable, to*  
**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**  
*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***I CORINTHIANS XV. 29.**

"ELSE what shall they do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? why are they then baptized for the dead?"

In this chapter the apostle is treating upon the resurrection of the dead; Christ as the firstfruits, and afterward them that are his at his coming. Some of the church at Corinth did not believe in the resurrection of the dead at all; such he classed as not having the knowledge of God, and spoke some things to their shame. The resurrection of Christ from the dead was his special argument in this chapter of his letter to the Corinthians, to establish the doctrine of God, who had declared by the prophets that he should die and be raised again from the dead. Not only did the resurrection of Christ from the dead establish the doctrine Paul preached, but the hope and faith of all the churches of that age, as well as in this age of the world. If Christ be not risen, our faith, hope and preaching are vain and we are yet in our sins. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and the saints are begotten again unto a lively hope, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for all who are kept by the power of God unto salvation. Christ

came into the world to save sinners, which work could be wrought only through his death and resurrection from the dead. Therefore the apostle declared first of all that which he first also received, how that Christ died according to the Scriptures, and rose again the third day according to the Scriptures, and that he was seen alive by all the apostles, together with above five hundred brethren at once; last of all by himself, as one born out of due time. We understand that all except Paul, mentioned as having seen Jesus after his resurrection, saw him in bodily form, talked and some of them ate with him. Paul saw him in vision, and by faith the resurrected Christ, the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead. He affirms that there could be no doubt of his resurrection when so many had seen him, and had also seen him ascend upward until the cloud received him out of their sight. After most positively having declared the resurrection of Christ, the firstfruits of them that slept, he affirms the resurrection of the body, the church, as the culmination of the purpose, plan and salvation of God through Christ, which hope we all have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. If there be no resurrection of the dead there is no salvation to sinners, but the resurrection is sure, since Christ arose from the dead. He had power over death, and could not be holden of it. In obedience to the commandment of the Father he laid down his life and took it again. This is why the saints have hope in him, not only in this life, but in that beyond. His reign will endure until all enemies are destroyed, the last enemy being death. Here again the apostle emphasizes the truth that death shall not reign, shall not separate us from God. If this be not so, what shall they



do which are baptized for the dead, if the dead rise not at all? Why are they then baptized for the dead? In baptism the children of God profess faith in the life, death and resurrection of Jesus. He lived, died and was raised from the dead, hence for, or because of, the dead the saints put on Christ in this way. Alive once without the law, sin revives and they die to sin, no longer live therein. This death makes burial necessary, then follows the resurrection unto newness of life. This is what baptism means: death, burial and resurrection. But if Christ be not raised, what does it mean? If he did not live and die, and was raised by the glory of the Father, baptism has no meaning whatever, and the saints are of all men most miserable. But, "Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life. For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection. Knowing this, that our old man is crucified [dead] with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin. For he that is dead [to sin] is freed from sin. Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him." If the dead rise not at all, the foregoing Scripture is without meaning, and we are yet in our sins, and why are we baptized for the dead? There is no advantage to any man in being a believer in Christ if the dead rise not; let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die, and that would be the end of our hope and faith in Jesus. Be not deceived, beloved brethren, let us awake to

righteousness and sin not. This hope through grace is a living hope, this faith is the fruit of the Spirit, and this love is the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost. We understand by the expression, "awake to righteousness and sin not," that the apostle meant for those who did not believe in the resurrection of the dead to accept and believe the testimony of the resurrection of Jesus. In the absence of that vital principle all else was vain. Evil communications had corrupted them. The preaching of Hymenæus and Philetus had overthrown the faith of some, those of Corinth were perhaps included. It is good to be fully established in the doctrine of God, to believe with the heart all the Scriptures declare, to lay hold of the new covenant promises, rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. We are all waiting, to wit, the redemption of our body, and while waiting we are saved by hope; saved from despair, saved from error, the commandments of men and the doctrine of devils; saved from the craftiness of false teachers, who lie in wait to deceive. Since death has lost its sting (sin), it is powerless to claim one for whom Jesus died and rose again. The strength of sin being the law, and the law having been completely fulfilled by the blessed Son of God, it has no further dominion over the saints, they are now under grace, and sin shall have no dominion over them. Through this work the redeemed are made alive from the dead, to die no more in the sense of condemnation, separated from God by wicked works. There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus; the law of the Spirit of life in him hath made all his people free from the law of sin, and hence free from death or condemnation. Yes, the sanctified, the preserved in Jesus Christ are as pure

and sinless in the sight of God as though Adam had never transgressed the law given him. Then let us all be steadfast, always abounding in the work of the Lord.  
Written by request. K.

#### REVELATION XXII. 14.

"BLESSED are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

This is not offering a reward to any that will do the commandments. There is, in this Scripture, no condition to be fulfilled by the human creature in his own creature strength. The Scripture states an everlasting truth, that those doing the commandments of Jesus are blessed already. The meaning is that in order to do the commandments of Jesus one must be in a blessed condition. Therefore obedience to his commandments is an evidence of blessedness. Not that any do the commandments in order to obtain blessing, but have the blessing in being able to do the commandments. Those who do the commandments of Jesus show in their doing them their blessed state, which blessed state is that they are branches of the true Vine, that they abide in Jesus and he abides in them. For how, otherwise, could they be fruitful in the works of the Spirit? "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me." "He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing." Doing the commandments, therefore, is the visible sign of life union with Jesus Christ; it is the evidence that one is begotten of God, is made the partaker of his Spirit and of the divine nature, and is alive from death in sin to live unto God and his righteousness. The people of God were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, so that

their unity with him is eternal. The evidence of this life unity with Christ is that they do his commandments. Obedience is the fruit of oneness with and in the Head of the church. No wonder, then, the Scripture says that those doing his commandments are blessed. Now, what is meant by "his commandments"? Here, many will think the commandments of Moses are meant. But the commandments of Moses are not the commandments of Jesus. The Jews tried to obey Moses, but failed, and their experience proved conclusively that no flesh can be justified in the sight of God by the deeds of the law. The commandments of Jesus involve more, much more, than the commandments of Moses. One may not lie, may not kill, may not covet, may not commit adultery, and still not keep the commandments of Jesus. Jesus said to his disciples: "A new commandment give I unto you: that ye love one another." This rule of love is the commandment of Jesus, and blessed are those who do it, for doing it they are in union with the Lamb. Otherwise, they could not love one another. Those who love one another (the brethren) are already passed from death unto life. Is not that a blessing? The very love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost is life from the dead. Paul declares the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in those who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. That is, those walking after the Spirit have the righteousness of the law fulfilled in (not by) them. The law is never fulfilled by us, but its righteousness is fulfilled in the people of God, and the evidence that it is, is that they walk after the Spirit. Now, this fulfilling of the righteousness of the law in the people of God is by the shedding abroad of the love of God in their hearts. "Therefore, love

is the fulfilling of the law." For the law commands love to the neighbor—an impossibility from the standpoint of the capabilities of human nature. But once the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, there worketh no ill to the neighbor. Having this love which endears the neighbor to us as ourselves, we cannot covet his goods, or kill him, or bear false witness against him. There was no righteousness in the law of Moses any more than a typical righteousness, which prefigured the righteousness of Jesus, and now this righteousness is fulfilled in those walking after the Spirit, because they have the love of God in them, and this love is the fulfilling of the law. Also, one loving the family of God will desire to obey the gospel and follow their Lord and Savior through baptism, to confess their faith and hope in his resurrection from the dead. They will desire to frequent the assemblies of the saints, and to present their bodies before the Lord. All this is keeping the commandments of Jesus. Doing this, they have right to the tree of life. They do not have this right by doing the commandments, nor does the doing the commandments give them the right to the tree of life, but the doing the commandments is the evidence of their right to the tree of life. Just as the obedience to the commandments of Jesus is proof of blessing because it betokens unity with Jesus in life and Spirit, so the same obedience is proof of one's right to the tree of life. This right to the tree of life is not because of obedience, but because of election in Christ before the foundation of the world, and the obedience is the badge of election, or sign of one's inalienable right to the tree of life. The tree of life was in the city that John saw, which, by the way, was not a vision of the heaven of future glory, but a revelation of the church of God here in the world. This tree of life is Jesus Christ,

and he is in the midst of the church, "the paradise of God." Christ is God's heir, and all the elect are heirs and joint-heirs of God with him. Thus they have right to all the things of Jesus; what is his theirs according to the eternal covenant of redemption made by the Father in him before all worlds were. They thus have right to the "tree of life," and the love of God working obedience in them does not give them this right, but proves their right which has been theirs from eternity.

"And may enter in through the gates into the city." This city, which John saw, which is the church not afar off, but present here in the world, had twelve gates: three on the east, three on the west, three on the north, three on the south. Each several gate was a pearl. So, whether one entered from the north, from the south, from the east or from the west, entrance was had into the city through the one way: the way of the pearl. Jesus is the pearl of great price, and Jesus is the way, the only way of salvation for all his people, no matter whether they come from the north, south, east or west. Whether they come from Jewry or from the Gentiles, whether from Greece or from Rome or from the barbarians, all come in through the finished redemption work of Jesus, the gate of pearl. No man comes unto the Father but by him, and he is the only way into the city of God. Those who come into the visible organization of the church are commended unto the love and fellowship of the saints by the evidence of Jesus in them. It is because the brethren see Jesus in the obedient one, that they embrace him in their fellowship and welcome him to all the privileges of God's house. Such an one comes through the Pearl, never comes through anything that he has done to commend himself to the consideration of the church.

Written at the request of Elder G. E. Mayfield, of Elgin, Ore. L.

## ROMANS VI. 17.

"BUT God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you."

Paul here thanks God that the Roman brethren had been formerly the servants of sin, and that they had been brought to obey the doctrine delivered them. This was a miracle of grace, such a miracle as God is yet to-day working in sinners who are the subjects of his divine grace. Not a link from all the chain of God's eternal purpose can be omitted. Sin has its place in God's plan of redemption just as much as righteousness. Except there had been sinners to save, there would have needed to be no Savior to save them. Without the full development of the iniquity in the first Adam there could not be the full revelation of the righteousness of the second Adam, Christ Jesus. If the birth of Jesus, his sufferings, death and resurrection, were all predestinated (and who dare deny it?) then all the sin and ruin of mankind consequent upon the fall of Adam must also have been predestinated. Otherwise, how could the redemption work of Jesus be certain, unless it were certain also that there would be sinners to save? And who could establish this certainty but God himself? Occasionally we hear the foolish query: Why could not have God prevented the sin of Adam and Eve and preserved them innocent in the garden? That he could have done so, there is no doubt; that it was not his will to do so, is evident from the course of events. Had he preserved our first parents in their innocency, God would still have been just as wonderful as he is now, but who would have known it but himself? That men should see his glory and praise him, was God's purpose in plunging us all into ruin, that he might make bare his mighty arm in ex-

tricating us therefrom. Therefore Paul thanked God that his brethren had once been the servants of sin, that they might contrast their former state with their present obedient one, and thus be qualified to render God the honor and glory due him.

L.

## ROMANS V. 20.

"MOREOVER, the law entered, that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

Paul said he never would have known sin except by the law. That is, the law did not make him a sinner, but showed him that he was a sinner. "By the law is the knowledge of sin." The law was added because of the transgression. Paul here means the Mosaic law, which was not added to Israel until long after the transgression of Adam. They were all sinners by reason of Adam's transgression, but their sin was not revealed to them until Moses was given the law to declare unto them. This law did not make any change in their condition, it simply revealed their great distance from the righteousness of God. Thus the law entered, that the offence (sin) might abound. Paul said he had not known covetousness except the law said, Thou shalt not covet. When the commandment came, sin revived and he died. This is the experience of all God's people. When the law is made spiritual unto them by the Spirit of God, they then see what sinners they are, the offence then abounds. Soon they find, however, that God for Christ's sake has forgiven them all their sins, so that grace abounds where sin abounded, and abounds much more, in that it subdues the sins and gives perfect rest in the finished salvation of Jesus.

The above two brief articles are at the request of brother J. B. Adams, of Farmington, Ky.

L.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mrs. Lucetta B. Bartlett**, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. P. Hampton, of Sparta, White Co., Tenn., was born May 7th, 1845, and died Jan. 12th, 1917, making her stay on earth 71 years, 8 months and 5 days. She was married to E. J. Bartlett, March 10th, 1868. There were sixteen children born to that union, of whom twelve boys and two girls lived to be grown. She leaves ten married sons and one married daughter, Mrs. T. C. Putman, of Potosi, Texas, thirty-eight grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. Mrs. Bartlett had been in feeble health for about two years, so when she took to her bed on Jan. 2nd those about her were much concerned, and at once gave her close attention and loving care. Her husband was also ill at this time in another room, and could not reach her bedside without assistance, but her sons, several of whom lived near, were in constant attendance upon both parents. When death came all her living children, eleven sons and one daughter, were within call. Mrs. Bartlett joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Pleasant Valley, Texas, about twenty-four years ago, and retained membership with that body until her death. For the last ten years she had not been able to attend preaching, on account of the distance, but she remained loyal to the faith to the last. She loved the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and had long been a subscriber to that paper, even before it was published in its present form. The writer had been more or less closely associated with the deceased for some time past, and had learned to love and respect her as one who ever wished to have a conscience void of offence toward God and man. She possessed a strong character, and though weak in body she wielded a great influence for good in her family and in the community in which she lived. Our sympathy goes out to her aged husband, her children, grandchildren and friends.

Her funeral was conducted by Elder I. L. Hicks, of Gaines County, Texas. The remains were then borne to the Lamesa Cemetery, where she was laid to rest by the side of a son and daughter who preceded her.

LOU HANCOCK.

**Maggie Manning** passed away Jan. 12th, 1917, aged 63 years. She professed a hope in Christ and united with the Primitive Baptist Church at Bethany, Madison Co., Ala., about seventeen years ago, and was a faithful and devoted member until her death. Sister Manning leaves a dear companion, four children and many friends and relatives to mourn their loss, which we feel assured is her eternal gain. I had been acquainted with the dear sister fifteen years, and found her a devoted christian, a kind and loving wife and good mother. The dear sister who has passed away lies in the tomb to await the second coming of our Lord and Master. I will say to the dear husband

and loving children, You can never meet your loved one or hear her sweet voice in this life, but may it be God's holy will that you may meet where you will never have to part again, where there is no sickness, sorrow, pain or death, all of these having been conquered by our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who conquered death, hell and the grave for his people, and they will be made the happy recipients of all that he has in store for them.

The writer tried to speak to the comfort of the bereaved ones at our sister's funeral.

M. J. TAWRY.

**Hannah A. Ellenbury** was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1830, and died Dec. 7th, 1916, after an illness of three weeks of pneumonia. She was married to Henry Ellenbury June 8th, 1852. In 1862 they crossed the plains with an ox team, stopping in Nevada until 1870, when they moved to Oregon. She was the mother of eight children, five of whom are living, together with twenty-one grandchildren and fourteen great-grandchildren. Her husband died nearly twenty years ago. On the third Sunday in June, 1898, she, with my son Charles and wife, was baptized in the fellowship of the Coast Fork Church, where she remained a faithful member until her death. She was gentle and unassuming, but firm in the faith of salvation by grace. She was cheerful to the last, and endured her suffering with patience, but was ready and willing to depart. We miss her dear face from our meetings, where she always filled her place unless providentially hindered. She had lived a long and useful life, and we know she is at rest. She was buried in Richey Cemetery, near Drain, by the side of her husband, to await the resurrection.

ALSO,

**Delilah Baker** died at her home in Roseburg, Oregon, Dec. 15th, 1916, after an illness of nearly a year of heart trouble, aged 62 years. She was the daughter of Elder Caan. She leaves her invalid husband and seven children to mourn their loss. Sister Baker wrote a short sketch of her life, which was published in the SIGNS last summer. She was a noble woman in every sense of the word, well established in the truth as it is in Jesus, and it was a great pleasure to hear her talk of the things of the kingdom. She made all arrangements for her departure as if preparing for a journey, and was calm and resigned. She was laid to rest in the Camas Valley Cemetery, beside her parents. I hope her family will be made to say, Thy will, O God, be done. They have the deepest sympathy of us all. She was a member in good standing of the Oak Creek Church, and will be greatly missed, but I hope the Lord will reconcile us to all his dealings with us. What a comfort it is to know our loved ones leave evidence of a good hope beyond this vale of tears. May our God comfort all who mourn.

ALSO,

**A. A. Engels** was born in Arkansas, and died at the home of his son, Peel, Oregou, aged 86 years. He came to Oregon in 1852, and was an active, energetic man, well liked by all who knew him. He was twice married, and both wives preceded him to the great beyond. He leaves a son and a daughter, sister Mary Birge. He never united with the church, but believed in the doctrine held by the Old School Baptists, and his walk was upright and honest, and his conversation godly, and gave evidence that he was a child of the heavenly King. May the children be able to say, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be his holy name.

The funeral was conducted by C. F. Morningstar, at Roseburg, after which he was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Edeeden.

May God reconcile his children to his will, is my prayer.  
S. MORNINGSTAR.

**Mrs. James I. Pierce** was born in Marshall County, Ala., March 26th, 1844, and died Nov. 8th, 1916. She was married to James I. Pierce May 13th, 1860. To that union were born two daughters, Amy and Julia Bell, both living. She united with the Primitive Baptist Church on Saturday before the third Sunday in November, 1881, and with her husband was baptized by Elder T. J. Moore, joining the Lebanon Church, in Marshall Co., Ala., where she lived a consistent christian life, true to her faith. Her home was a home for her brethren and sisters. She was always ready to welcome all, and to know her was to love her. She was zealous for the cause, and filled her place in the meetings when possible, and will be greatly missed by all. She leaves her dear old companion, two daughters, five grandchildren, eleven great-grandchildren and many relatives and friends, with the church, to mourn their loss, but they know she is asleep in Jesus, and with all the redeemed will praise him forever. May the bereaved ones receive comfort and blessings.

The writer spoke to a large company of relatives and friends at the funeral.

Written by request.

L. F. EASLEY.

## APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Arena, N. Y., Sunday, Feb. 11th, 11 a. m., Dickson Hall; Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, Feb. 18th, all day meeting commencing at 10:45 a. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

By request of brethren I have an appointment at the home of Casper G. Fetter, Hamilton Ave., Trenton, N. J., Sunday, Feb. 18th, 11 a. m.; also at Stockton, N. J., 3:15 p. m. same day.

D. M. VAIL.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

S. L. Moore, Pa., \$1.00; Catherine E. Mills, Mont., \$3.00; G. H. Tatom, Okla., \$1.00; J. C. Chester, Ky., \$2.50.

## MEETINGS.

### EBENEZER OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH, IN NEW YORK CITY.

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11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

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JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

The Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]

THE  
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 (ESTABLISHED 1832.)

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH 1, 1917. NO. 5.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

TIAWAH, Okla., Jan. 10, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you a letter from sister Mary Ellison, and if you think it will make good reading for the saints you may publish it in the SIGNS. I have her consent, though she feels like hiding her name from the dear people of God. I feel that it is right that her name should appear in connection with the letter if published.

All yours in hope of immortality,  
J. F. BEEMAN.

OSKALOOSA, Kansas, Dec. 3, 1916.

ELDER J. F. BEEMAN AND WIFE:—I will again attempt to write to you, and if the Lord will bestow his help and guidance, try to answer your letter. I think I never realized more that without him I can do nothing than I do at this moment. I have long wished to tell you how pleased we were with your letter, but have been so blocked and hindered with the cumbersome load of clay that I have to battle with all the time that I do not feel I ought to take the time of one so busily engaged as you are in your various occupations. It seems that I simply cannot write on any subject as it deserves. I

think sometimes that surely the time to write is when the mind is so filled, as I sometimes hope, with good things, but am so pressed with the necessary duties of life that I put it off until a more convenient season; perhaps it is then I am found an empty blank, and I have to learn again that when He shuts none can open, and the things I had thought to enjoy penning are completely gone, or I am in such a lifeless state that I feel no pleasure in them. The different paragraphs in what is called the Lord's prayer have been filled with so much fatness and marrow, and also some of the commandments, I have much desired to record some of the reflections I have been given, and search and see if they are in accord with other portions of Scripture; but while I may think they are sweet and all right, perhaps no one else would see any beauty or right in them, and it is a good thing I do not get to write and inflict them upon others. But I know that a letter that is all apologies is not very interesting, and how much less so it would be if I could really tell how utterly unworthy I feel of the least of God's blessings. If I could praise him as I ought in my daily walk and conversation, or even in my writing when

the confusion of the day is over and the quiet evening has come, what a very great blessing it would be. My mind is led to the words: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." While the people of God long to send to one another tokens of brotherly love, yet how hard it is at times to lay aside the awful weight of unworthiness and the constant feeling of unfitness to handle sacred things, and try to share with others the good things which we hope the dear Lord has shown to us of the things of his. O my leanness, my leanness. When it comes to trying to fulfill my desire to communicate with others, and of sending my imperfect thoughts to them to read, I always fear it will be an infliction of weariness to the dear, elect, precious, rather than of pleasure to them. But if I could write in harmony with their belief of the truth according to the Scripture, it will come from the source of all good, and will not be weariness, but a pleasure, even though the hand that penned it is altogether sinful. "The elder shall serve the younger." The hand of the old, strong man of the flesh must be bound and subjected by the new, stronger man, and made to do his bidding, though so rebellious as to often get the mastery. And when we feel the strength of that old, strong man of the flesh lusting against the Spirit, so that we cannot do the things we would love to do, how can we ever present it holy and acceptable unto God? That is the question which arises in our minds. I have, very naturally, thought that this living sacrifice in presenting our bodies, consisted in attending our church meetings and trying to faithfully perform all our religious duties, even when very difficult for us to

do so. I still think this to a certain extent, but how to present them holy and acceptable unto God is indeed a matter for deep and serious reflection. When it comes to rightly discerning the word of truth, does not every one feel that it is a time of need of the help of the Lord? and to his help we must come, and if he withholds it all our best efforts must fail. I believe this holiness of our bodies is the same as sanctification, when sanctification means separation or separateness from the world, a setting apart for the Master's use. We know that it does not mean sinlessness in the flesh, for then Paul would be beseeching us to do that which no man can ever pretend to attain to without making God a liar. But let God be true, and every man a liar. We know that there is none good, as God is good, no, not one. O what wretchedness when in the depths of our hearts we realize that in the flesh there dwells no good thing. And these poor, vile bodies, wherein dwell no goodness, no righteousness, no worth or merit, how can we present them holy and acceptable to a holy and righteous God, who cannot look upon sin? It surely can be done, or it would be a vain admonition to us to do it. If this holiness then does not mean sinlessness, as Christ was sinless, and it does mean sanctification, or separateness from the world, it means to keep ourselves unspotted from the world; to come out from among them and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing. This calls for a living, continual sacrifice of our bodies in denying self, denying worldly lusts. We must not be found in any of the institutions of men, walking with them in the lusts of the flesh, in the ballroom, barroom or other vile places, but being sanctified by God the Father and set apart from the world for the Master's use, we

must strive ever not only to walk with him in white, unspotted from the world, but to be of good report of them that are without. The evil that is said against us must be said falsely. We must not suffer as really evil doers or as busybodies in other men's matters, but striving always to maintain an orderly walk and godly conversation, in lowliness and meekness trying to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called. In this way we are holy, sanctified, separate from sinners, unspotted from the world; and even more is that separateness manifest when we refuse to mingle with them religiously. Then indeed is the two-edged sword of doctrine and order brought into requisition, and we are completely cut off and separated from them. This living sacrifice requires that we constantly watch to strictly maintain this separation and sanctification, or holiness. It does make a living, or continual sacrifice, to constantly deny our old Adamic bodies to indulge in worldly lusts. We sometimes, (naturally, not spiritually) crave Reuben's mandrakes, knowing that by partaking with them we could have the popularity and companionship that our human nature craves, but we must not so indulge our lusts. We must keep under our body and bring it into subjection, and keep the chosen vessel of mercy clean, the temple of God fit for the Master's use. This is your reasonable service. Then by the mercies of God, not by our own strength we do this, but by the mercies of God we can present our bodies before him and among our brethren holy and acceptable, having a clear conscience, knowing that we are holy, or unspotted from the world, uncontaminated, by having not run greedily and wilfully after the wickedness of the world. If we do sin wilfully after having received these admoni-

tions and knowledge of what is required of us, then we are not holy, we are not guiltless, we do not feel a clear conscience, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment, for God is not mocked. O, dear people of the living God, it is written that man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God. It is not enough that we rest and rejoice in the hope that he has so mercifully given us, but every word he has spoken by the mouth of his prophets and apostles, every word that proceedeth out of his mouth, should be carefully obeyed. Some of his words are: Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is, and O, is it not a wilful sin when we allow our worldly interests to keep us away? When we know the reasonable service that is required of us, to allow little trifles to keep us away? O what does it profit a man if he gains the whole world and loses his own soul? the precious life and standing in the church. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul? "Vainly we offer each ample oblation, vainly with gold would his favor secure," for there is no more sacrifice for sin, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment that shall devour the adversaries which so beset us and keep us from our love and duty. We are not told to present our bodies as often as we can without sacrificing our worldly interests too much, but O, how little and reasonable is the sacrifice and service required of us, in comparison to the great things that have been done for us. With all our best efforts we do sorrowfully realize that we come far short of the glory of God, or of glorifying him in our bodies, which are his. So we know that the keeping of our bodies, the temple of God, holy, is not the eradication of the work-

ings of sin in our members, (O wretched that we are) but in the constant watchfulness to keep ourselves separate from sinners, unspotted from the worldly lusts and inventions of men, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, in striving to maintain an orderly walk and godly conversation, working out the salvation that is so fully and freely bestowed on us; for how shall we escape that fearful looking for of judgment if we neglect so great salvation and turn aside and walk again in the weak and beggarly elements of the world? All the days of our carelessness and our backsliding from him his mercy is extended to us, and we hear him say, Return unto me, O ye backsliding children, for I am married unto you. "O for such love let rocks and hills their lasting silence break." How can we withhold or neglect the reasonable service that is required of us, in presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto him? Some are so situated that, much as they long to mingle with the Lord's people and hear the truth proclaimed, it is impossible to do so. Such ones can scarcely comprehend how others who are favored with such a precious, God-given privilege, could ever neglect so great salvation. But whether we are able to get to our meetings or not, we must maintain that constant living sacrifice, denying worldly lusts and going not in the way of sinners. "Woe to them that are at ease in Zion." But when by the mercy of God we are enabled to keep under our bodies, and bring them into subjection, and unspotted from the world, then by the sure mercies of David we can present them holy, acceptable unto him, and can say,

"Let worldly minds the world pursue,  
It has no charms for me;  
Once I admired its trifles, too,  
But grace hath set me free."

The more we watch and strive to keep the temple holy, the more we realize that the holiness of our bodies is not spiritual holiness, as God is holy and sinless. And now, holy, separate or sanctified brethren, let us who are of the day strive to live soberly and righteously in this present world, and by the mercy of God keep under our bodies, and by denying the lusts of the flesh keep the chosen vessels of mercy fit for the Master's service, so that we can present them at any and all times holy and acceptable unto him, for this is our reasonable service. If we do not maintain this constant living sacrifice we cannot present ourselves guiltless before him. And in view of the sacrifice of that Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, who has done more for us than we can ever in this life hope to be worthy of, it is not an unreasonable service for us to devote our lives to striving after holiness. But O how far short of such service do we come. We turn our eyes within and cry, O wretched man that I am! I know, O Lord, that the way of man is not in himself. I cannot do the things that I would, and more deplorable still, the evil which I would not, that I do. Wretched, wretched indeed, and undone, if left to our own strength, but O what a relief to know that we are not expected to act in our own strength, but by the mercy of God we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. O what a precious gift. After our utmost endeavors we are brought to realize that if it depended on our own efforts we never could win the victory, but he has won it, and he gives it to us. We can but try, knowing that it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure. We dare not relinquish

our vigilance or watchfulness, though not one of our natural instincts would ever prompt us to this living sacrifice, but by the mercy of God may we be enabled in the end to say, I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, and may we hope to hear the welcome plaudit, Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

Dear brother and sister, I do not know whether I have written truly according to the testimony of the Scripture or not. If I have, you will receive it and read it with pleasure; if not, taking none but the Man of God for your counsel, you will cast it aside as of the earth earthy—of the carnal mind, which is enmity against God. Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. It was my wish to answer your letter. Maybe I can some other time, but it seemed that I could not now. My mind was led this way, and I feel that I would love to follow it up with some thoughts on the words, "Honor thy father and thy mother." Maybe I will try later on, if you can find any fellowship of truth in what I have here written. I hope you are in better health than when I last heard from you. We are none of us at our best.

Our little association passed off very pleasantly, and I will send you a copy of the Minutes. I know I ought not ask any of your time, but, though little and unworthy, I do long for the communion of saints, and would like to hear from you again. I realize fully that this world through which we are passing is truly called a low ground of sorrow, but,

"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,  
Rising above the sorrow, I seem to reach the sky."

I must remain, as ever, unworthy to be called a sister in Christ, but still he is all my hope and all my salvation.

MARY ELLISON.

"THERE IS DEATH IN THE POT."

(2 Kings iv. 40.)

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—As I have a desire to send to the readers of the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES a new year's greeting, I have decided in my mind to offer a few thoughts on the above text and send to you for the consideration of the brethren and friends, its many readers, provided you think it proper to publish them. I do not remember of ever seeing or hearing the view of any one on this peculiar text, although I have often heard it referred to, and while I feel sure there is a deeper and more exalted view of this subject than I am prepared to conceive and grasp, my aim shall be to only mention a wonderful phase in it, which I think is evidence of the line of thought which has occupied my mind much of late years, and which I desire to express in this article, which is, that there is much of the preaching of our people of late, and has been for several years, that is the truth in the letter, and yet is death to a large per cent. of the Lord's people who are not capacitated to understand and feed upon it in the manner it is presented, and the spirit that actuates us. All the flock of God are not strong, neither are they all weak, but all must be looked after and taken care of. The Lord by the prophet Ezekiel reprov'd the bad shepherds of Israel, for they had thrust with side and with shoulder, and pushed all the diseased with their horns, till they scattered them abroad. (Ezekiel xxxiv. 21.) These poor, weak, lean cattle, or sheep, were God's chosen, loved and redeemed children, as were those strong and robust ones who pushed and horned them off until they were scattered in every mountain and every hill, (institutions) in a dark and cloudy day. When Jesus strictly called the apostle Peter's attention to the

love and regard he had for him (for Jesus) he said to Peter, Feed my lambs. It seems to me from this that the lambs are the first to be looked after, although we are to take heed to all the flock which Jesus has purchased with his own blood, especially the weak, who cannot feed upon strong meat, unchewed food, or in other words, preaching with grace but not seasoned with salt. Job says, "Can that which is unsavoury be eaten without salt?"—Job vi. 6.

I will digress a little here and say that the Scriptures are to God's people only, and the discrimination that is so clearly demonstrated is not between God's chosen and redeemed people, the election of grace, and the nonelect, but between those of God's people who live after the flesh and die to the enjoyment, interest and privilege of the blessings of the gospel of the kingdom of God here in their time state, and those of God's children who are enabled by divine grace to mortify the deeds of the body and live in the light, life and liberty of the blessed kingdom of God, which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost to those who are walking in the strait and narrow way unto the life which they live by the faith of the Son of God.

But to return to the line of thought under consideration. There are but two systems of religion, one of grace, the other of works; and strictly viewed there are but two things preached, or but two things to preach, which are Adam and Christ, and one is death, (Adam) the other is life (Christ), therefore when we preach Adam we preach death, and when we are blessed to preach Christ we preach life, light, rejoicing and strength, for Christ

is the strength of Israel. The gospel is the power of God, and power is ability. Hence, all preach either the power of God (Christ) or the power of the creature (Adam). So there is death in the pot now as well as in the prophet Elisha's time, for this peculiar type is like all other types of the ages past, therefore has its antitype, or fulfillment, in this our day and time. There are but two vines to gather fruit from: one is the true vine, Christ, (John xv. 1,) and the other the vine of Sodom, Adam, or our Adamic nature, whose grapes, or fruits, are the grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter. (Deut. xxxii. 32.) This gives us the idea clearly that this one who went out into the field to gather herbs, gathered them from the vine of Sodom, and the bitter and poisonous fruit caused death in the pot of pottage, so that the sons of the prophets could not eat of it, but when the man of God cast meal into the pot there was no harm in it; therefore, they ate thereof and lived together in peace and enjoyment. Meal is only a modified form of grain, so we do not have to preach false doctrine in order to feed and take care of the weak and tender lambs of the flock of God, but preach Jesus in meekness, tenderness and love, leading them softly into the wonderful things of God, who is rich in mercy. All gospel preaching is leading softly, and is plainly exemplified in the case of Jacob leading the flock on softly, for he said, "The children are tender, and the flocks and herds with young are with me; and if men should overdrive them one day, all the flock will die." A miserable death indeed, the death of all deaths to God's people. The inference is plain that if Jacob had yielded to the persuasions of

Esau the flock would have been destroyed. That is the great trouble with us now, we have yielded ourselves servants so much to the suggestions of the flesh, which Esau represents, and let some of his men drive the flock until they are scattered in every mountain and in every hill in a dark and cloudy day and state of mind. When preaching with a mastery spirit, which is always of the flesh, (Esau-like,) there is always death in the pot. All this is gathered from the wild vine of our Adamic nature, the vine of Sodom and fields of Gomorrah, which vine is of low stature and very prolific; no trouble to get a lap full from such a fruitful source, where the branches are laden with grapes of gall and bitter and poisonous fruits: the fruits of the flesh, the source from whence all the wild gourds that cause death in the pot are gathered, and which never fail to bring death and destruction among God's dear children, who are so lovingly commanded to love one another and to live in peace.

I wish to say in concluding this strange and peculiar article as a new year's greeting, that my heart's desire and prayer to God is, that we all may be blessed of the Lord our God, each and every one, to abide in the calling of God, wherewith we were called, as in David's time, when the people came to David day by day, until it was a great host, like the host of God, (1 Chron. xii. 22,) and they brought bountifully rich and suitable provision for all the people as their conditions required. Some brought bread, some meat, meal, cakes of figs, and bunches of raisins, wine and oil, and oxen and sheep, abundantly, for there was joy in Israel.

I hope to be remembered by you all. I am eighty-one years of age.

W. J. MAY.

SHOCK, Ky., Jan. 15, 1917.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Jan. 14, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—In the SIGNS of January 1st you exhort all those who love God and his cause to write for the paper during the present year. I feel to write, for it is some time since I attempted to do so; but what shall I write? I could write for hours, but of what use, unless of profit to writer and reader? My first thoughts were, when looking at this exhortation, Do I love God? Do I love his cause? This momentous question was put to poor Peter: "Lovest thou me?" We also have his answer recorded: "Thou knowest that I love thee." I believe there is no question which comes to the child of God that causes such anxious thought.

"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?"

There are times in my experience when like Peter, without a moment's hesitation I answer, Yes, and then again the question comes, and then again I am grieved at the question, and am made sad at heart, and exclaim, "Thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee." When I look back over my unprofitable life, lo these thirty-three years, since I first had a hope that the Lord loved me and gave himself for me, and to a degree could say, I love the Lord because he first loved me, I ask, What are the grounds of this assurance that I love him? There was a time when without a moment's thought I would say, I do not love him; in fact I hated him and his professing people, believing I could see much injustice in his ways and in the actions of his professed followers. I was almost ready to discard even the thought of there being a God. But now how different; I see all perfection in him and imperfection in self, and this makes me

think I have a hope, that I do love him, and that a change has been wrought in my whole being. I now love the things I once hated, and hate the things I once loved, and amidst all the trials and troubles of life I cannot give this hope up. Sometimes it seems almost hope against hope, nevertheless it will not be put down; and so after years of experience and many tokens of his loving watchcare over me I do from my heart say, I do love the Lord. The second thought is, Do I love his cause? He that loveth God loveth him also that is begotten of him. One of my chief joys in life is to meet with God's people, to hear the truth once delivered unto the saints. It is not often my privilege to do so in Brantford, and this fact often brings sorrow of heart. I have been unable to visit the church of my membership for about sixteen months, and this is a great trial, and questioning comes if I did right to ask them to receive me in their fellowship. I know I have fellowship for them, even though unable to meet with them. It was our privilege and joy to have our pastor, Elder J. B. Slauson, with us in the early part of 1916, even though the occasion was a sad one for us. He came to attend the funeral of our beloved sister, Mrs. Emma Smith, who has been much missed by all the friends here. Elder D. M. Vail was here twice in 1916, and Elder J. M. Fenton was here just before the year closed. These brethren are always welcome here, as indeed are all Elders who may visit Canada. (Elders who visit Canada, kindly accept this as an invitation to call on us.) The year just closed has been one of extreme anxiety and discouragement, both of mind and spirit—external things, which I could not divert from my mind either night or day. My youngest son

is away at this dreadful war, and has been in some of the very thickest of it since September, 1915. He was brought back to England in August, but returned to France December 2nd. He had been suffering with trench fever, after having been between ten and eleven months without a break in its midst; but God has heard our cry, and he has been restored to health, and honors have been given him, but only those who have been through it know what it means, not knowing when sad news might arrive; but in the midst of it all, at times God by his Spirit would show me he still reigns, and that even this dispensation was working good to them that love God and are the called according to his purpose. I would be utterly cast down were it not for these visits. Only yesterday, when in the midst of sorrow of heart, these words came with sweetness into my mind: 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. My only hope for time or eternity is in him who knows my every thought and action, and rules and reigns over all things, according to his own purpose and grace, which he purposed in Christ before the foundation of the world. May he give us grace at all times to see his hand, even in the things which seem to crush us to the earth.

My dear brother, many times I had the will to write you when I have learned of your manifold afflictions, but what could I write to the comfort of any in affliction when in such a state of mind myself? But I do know you have the sympathy of the whole church, and that you know it, and that many are far better able to express it than the writer, even at his best state, but I do want at this time to mention how my heart has gone out in sym-



pathy for you, even though my expressions have been tardy. I have been thinking this afternoon of that great hope of the church: the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. What thoughts came to my mind. If it is God's will I hope to at some future date send some of them to you, but as my letter is much longer than I expected I shall have to close. I dare not say I have written for publication in the SIGNS, but if you think any portion will be of comfort to any of the afflicted ones you are at liberty to use such portion. I do not think I have written you since you led me into the water. None but God knows my thoughts at that time. How I did pray that if not according to his blessed will to stop it at once. Trials and temptations have beset me on every hand, but he has brought me through, for which I give him all the glory.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

FRED SIMMONS.

[WE appreciate very much the kind expressions of brother Simmons regarding us in our times of need, and kindly thank him.—K.]

KNOX CITY, Texas, Jan. 21, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I herewith inclose a copy of the experience of brother J. T. Bingham for publication.

With love and best wishes to all the household of faith, I remain your brother in hope,

J. A. CAMPBELL.

MUNDAY, Texas, August 6, 1915.

DEAR BRETHREN:—About the 15th of July, twenty-four years ago, it was on Cumberland River, Bell Co., Ky., I saw myself lost, condemned to endless woe, and it was as sudden and painful as if a red hot spear had pierced my heart. I began to pray for mercy, but something seemed to say to me, There is no use to

pray, for the sentence is passed, and it is impossible for God to lie. I then thought I was committing sin by asking God to pardon me, knowing he could not lie, so asked him not to take the Spirit and power from me by which I prayed, but let me pray throughout eternity, though I must soon be in that pit. It seemed my prayers descended forever. I saw hell about eight feet away from me, and I saw a small platform between the earth and sky, on which Jesus stood, his Father sitting at his left hand, and my love was so great it cannot be described, though I must be forever banished from them. It then seemed I was in the front part of a house, and saw a hole in the ceiling about four inches in diameter, which was filled with a sponge and looked like smoke or fog drawing from all parts of the house. I thought it was my prayers which had entered through that wall, and a voice said, Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted. I was then given power to examine myself, that I might know if it would apply to me or not. I will say I knew it did. I began to praise the Lord, and awoke; it was a dream. My mind and desire were different after this. A few days later I was riding along with an Old Baptist, whom I believed to be as good a man as I ever knew, and unaware of what he might think, I asked him if he thought any one was ever changed in a dream. He said, "Yes; the body sleeps, but the spirit never sleeps." I told him my dream, and he was so enthused he shouted, and told me to tell it to the church. I told him I was not a christian, but he tried to convince me that I had been born again. A few days later I became troubled about my condition, and decided to question christian people, but resisted, fearing they would suspect something of my condition.

At length I asked a Baptist preacher a question, and he answered thus: Behold, ye despisers, ye do wonder and perish, for I work a work in your day, a work which ye shall in no wise believe, though a man declare it unto you. It was as a spear in my heart. I arose from where I was sitting and started for home, about five miles distant. I will not try to describe my feelings, as it is impossible. I thought I had fulfilled that Scripture he had quoted to me because of what the man had told me a few days before, to whom I had told my dream. It was night when I reached home, and my wife and I went to bed, and as I was restless she asked me what was the matter. I did not answer her. She asked me again, and I gave her no answer. The next morning about 4 o'clock she awoke and asked me again. I told her nothing to trouble her; I did not want any one to know my mind. That morning I made an excuse to get away alone, and was going along a path through the woods, crying and trying to pray, and it seemed that a voice spoke to me, saying, Fear God and keep his commandments. I returned home late in the evening with the same burden. All at once I felt as if water had been poured on my head and it ran off at my feet, and my trouble was gone. I did not think I was yet a christian, but that the Lord was showing me it was his work with me, and he had forgiven me for not believing that what had passed was his work. So all was love and joy for one month, except about one-half hour I was filled with trouble, and then my mind was easy again. One day I was pulling fodder with a man who had a short time before joined the Old Baptist Church and told a bright experience, and who afterward became an able minister. He became carried away in spirit

talking of the dealings of the Lord with him. I could see so much of the power of the Spirit exhibited in him that I was afraid I knew nothing about it myself. I was burdened with prayer, and felt that I ought to get on my knees there and pray, but did not do what I felt was my duty. I went home at night with a dread upon me, and told my wife there was something going to happen to me. Next day we were pulling fodder in the afternoon when trouble came on me as suddenly as lightning, and I sank down. The man asked me what was the matter. I told him I felt very weak. He said I looked pale. This trouble lasted three months, and I had no rest day or night. I was troubled in dreams at night just as I was in the daytime. I was afraid I was committing the unpardonable sin. I would often ask the Lord in my weak way to let me rest a little while, that my burden was so heavy I could not bear it. I would often make lamentation at night, and disturb the sleep of my wife, but she was a believer in the Lord and was patient with me, and tried to comfort me, though I felt if she knew how wicked I was she would not have any sympathy for me. One night I dreamed eleven other men and myself were traveling up a ravine, as it appeared to my mind, and we passed some men digging a pit, and they were very immoral in appearance. We turned to our right hand, walked up out of the ravine. The land was fine and level as far as I could see. I did not know where we had started to go, but we all had farm tools of some sort on our shoulders. We had not gone fifty yards when I felt I was sinking into that awful pit, but instantly I felt safe in the hand of the Lord, and he had called me to prayer. I turned to go away in secret to pray, but just took three steps and was

forced to the ground. I saw the Lord in the air a short space above me, and he told me at his own appointed time he would demand of me and I could not resist; that I had tried to resist praying in public and could not, and that I should never stray beyond the limits of his love. I got rid of my burden there and lived twelve months at ease. I loved the Baptist Church, and had a great desire to be a member of their order, but never offered myself to the church, so doubts and fears overtook me, and I have had nothing but a continuous warfare ever since. I feel the battle is getting harder and I am getting weaker.

Now, all who may chance to read these few lines I have written, pray God for me that I may stronger be, that more thanks to God be given.

I am the poorest of all who ever dared to claim a hope.

J. T. BINGHAM.

BALTIMORE, Md., Jan. 5, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I wish to call your attention to Revelation xiii. 8, which reads as follows: "And all that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names are not written in the book of life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world."

It appears to me that John was given a heavenly vision, and was clearly shown those who should worship the beast, and also those who should worship the true and living God. It looks to me that God's children were all chosen in Jesus, and as he stood as a Lamb slain from the beginning, that is, he stood ransom for all whose names were written in the book of life from Abel and all of the prophets down to the end of time, there is never a time when one of God's dear children stands condemned before his throne, and

God makes them manifest in his own time and way. The word says, Jacob have I loved and Esau have I hated, when they were not yet born, having done neither good nor evil. It seems to me that he loved Jacob because he was his son already. The Lord found Jacob in a waste howling wilderness many years afterward, presenting the spiritual birth of God's people in the gospel dispensation. He hated Esau because he was not his son, and his name was not written in the Lamb's book of life, and he would worship the beast with the rest of the world that had no relationship with the Son, so they could not know him, whom to know is life everlasting. The Scripture declares that God loved his people with an everlasting love, and the word "everlasting" means eternal, having neither beginning nor end. Now it looks reasonable that they were his from the beginning, all of them, sons and daughters, and when the fullness of time comes he makes them manifest to each other. He takes frail man, who is as grass, and builds up his house as best suits his purpose, and they are made lively stones, and are made to fit together, made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. This building of God that I see marked out in the Scripture, is not put up by force, or with saw and hammer, but all are born of God. The light is not put under a bushel to be hid, but on a candlestick, that all in the house of God may see, and they are led about and instructed and drawn by love that is shed abroad in their hearts, and this comes in the Lord's own time and way. He leads them to his banqueting-house, and his banner over them is love. He loves them because they are his children, and when he makes known to them their lost and ruined condition according to the flesh,

or nature, then he shows them that his righteousness is sufficient for them; then are they made to rejoice with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and the Lord leads them about and instructs them as he did the Israelites of old. Dear brethren, I feel that he never leaves nor forsakes his children, but is ever watchful over them, not only after their spiritual birth, but from the beginning. Although we get cast down, and feel that our every prop is gone, and are made to cry out from the belly of hell, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? it is all working for our good and God's glory, for it is God working in us to will and to do of his good pleasure; and after awhile, when the Lord shows his smiling countenance, we can say with one of old, He leadeth me beside the still waters, and maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he restoreth my soul, he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. It appears to me the Lord leads and instructs his people, and they, like Jesus, learn obedience by the things they suffer, and like David they complain of the Lord's absence and mourn because they are cast down; they do not feel that love and rejoicing which they did in their early experience, and fear the Lord has cast them off. But this is the rod and staff that comforted David. I have been cast down for some time, very little light on anything, but the Scripture quoted at the beginning of this letter has been on my mind until it became a burden, and I felt impressed to write a few of my thoughts which have occurred to me, but have written more than I intended, so will close, hoping you may have a prosperous year, and that God may bless the editors and publishers and all of the writers, that they may be enabled to write to the comfort of God's humble poor and

to the praise of him to whom all praise is due; and I ask one and all of the household of faith to remember me when at the throne of grace, for I feel to-night to be the least one of the flock, if one at all, yet had to write to relieve my mind. Do with this as you think best.

Your little brother, I hope, in the love of God,  
L. C. GODWIN.

HAMMOND, W. Va., Dec. 14, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—Please find inclosed money order to pay my subscription for the dear old SIGNS another year. I have taken the paper for about sixteen years, and still wish to take it while it continues to contend for salvation by the grace of God alone. I want to say to you, both editors and readers, that there is nothing that will save a poor sinner except the grace of God, and grace alone, because our works are evil, and there is no good thing in us, that is, in our flesh. Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners, and if he came to save sinners then he will save them, and not just try to save them and fail because they are too stubborn to let him save them. But let me say that the poor child of grace strives to do right; his desire is to do right, but how to perform, is what he cannot find out, because evil is present, so that he cannot do the good that he would; but the evil that he would not, that he does, because of the evil that is in his flesh, for in the flesh there dwells no good thing. Christ Jesus is able to save them, because he ever liveth to make intercession for them, for he finished the work that the Father gave to him, which work was to save all that the Father gave to him, and he saves them here in time and in eternity with an everlasting salvation, as he saved the jailer and Saul of Tarsus and Peter and all the saints; it

is not left to them to save themselves by their obedience in time or in eternity, because he will cause them to walk in his statutes, as the man that lay in the pool, who took up his bed and walked because Jesus caused him to do so. Christ is our everlasting strength.

I will close. Farewell.

JAMES W. LINN.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Dec. 13, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—Time admonishes me that I am again slow in sending in my renewal for my paper, so will try to attend to it now. Another year has passed, and many have been called home, and I am often made to wonder why my life, which seems so unprofitable, is still spared, while others that are so missed are taken and so many hearts and homes are saddened. It came very near to me when my nephew was taken, yet my very own have all been spared, and I wish to be thankful for all such mercies, while I deeply sympathize with those who are called to mourn losses. One of old said, It is good to be afflicted, so I can but think it is, although I shrink from affliction quite as much as any other person, and sometimes I think I have a great deal of affliction to bear one way and another, and wish to bear it with christian fortitude, but am afraid I do not; it seems that I only bear it because it comes to me, and I have to, and that seems to be about the way all the events of my life have been. So I can but think that all things of every nature are ordered and sure, and yet many times I find fault because I cannot have things go more to my mind; but when I think I see aright, I can say, Father, thy will, not mine, be done. I feel more and more the need of sustaining grace to lean upon as age creeps on and strength fails, and I so

miss the companionship of those who are traveling the same dark and thorny road, for they alone can understand these lonely days and sleepless nights. Yet there is a ray of comfort with it all, for the poet says, Is this the blessing we expect? Is this the lot of God's elect? None others seem to know anything about the wormwood and the gall. I wish each and every one of the dear Father's household all the blessings that are stored up for them, which I feel assured will be dealt out to them in mercy according as they have need of them, for the promise is, As thy day, so shall thy strength be. Mine is not as much as I would like, but perhaps if I had more I would not use it wisely, for quite often I feel anxious to do things which, after considering, I feel would not be for the best. If I am saved it is alone of grace and mercy, and I do rejoice that it is not left to poor worms to work out their own salvation, for I know there would be no flesh saved, for it is not in man to direct his own steps, and the more I see of human goodness, the more I feel to rejoice that God alone reigns in earth as well as in heaven, and has brought me to know his great name, and that his mercy endureth forever and ever.

I will close, as I feel this is too poor an attempt, but I wish to say I enjoy the writings of those who so ably write for the SIGNS, and wish for the welfare of Zion.

From one who feels to be the last of all,  
MARY M. FAULKNER.

RALEIGH, N. C., Jan. 20, 1917.

THE Primitive Baptist Church at Raleigh, N. C., in conference this date, having heard some dissatisfactory talk for some time, and also having heard of dissatisfactory talk abroad and faultfinding

of the business of this church transacted in our conference at times in the past, wish to state and do hereby invite and request that if any Primitive Baptist Church in good standing, or any individual member above suspicion and in good standing, has any charge against any member of this church, or the pastor of this church, or any charge against any of the business proceedings of this church, that such charge or charges be brought to this church in writing and in person, at our regular monthly conference on Saturday before the third Sunday in March, 1917.

We hereby also invite and request that each church of the Little River Association send one or more members as delegates or messengers to sit with us in said conference; and especially do we invite Elders and deacons of the churches of the association. The conference will be open to any Primitive Baptist out of the Little River Association also to sit with us or to present charges.

By order of the church in conference.

ELDER W. A. SIMPKINS, Mod.

ELDER G. T. POWELL, Clerk.

N. B. GULLEY,

J. L. BRITT,

JAS. E. WEATHERS,

} Deacons.

N. B.—The minutes of our conferences are on record, and will be open for inspection. Elder Isaac Jones will be asked to sit as moderator. Meeting at 11 o'clock a. m.

HOMEWOOD, Miss., Feb. 17, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I feared this morning that my desire to write you all was not of the Lord, and I kept begging him to direct me; I picked up my Testament and read a chapter in the Psalms, and it said it was good for me to trust in the Lord, and I felt in my poor heart that it

was indeed good for me, even me, to trust in the Lord, and a beautiful thought or Scripture came to my mind: Speak comfortably to Jerusalem. O that I might speak in a way to comfort you that are cast down. I trust that the Spirit of the true and living God will be with you, brother Easley, or whoever is permitted to speak in His great and glorious name when you all meet together Saturday and Sunday to worship his holy name, and enable you to speak comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her sins are pardoned. O it takes that to comfort a poor wayfaring one; the thought that our sins are pardoned is healing balm to our tried and weary souls, which enables each one to press on toward the mark. I am thinking this lovely morning of the door through which if we enter we shall go in and out and find pasture. Dear ones, do you care to climb up any other way, thereby becoming thieves and robbers? Robbing our crucified Redeemer of the glory that belongs alone to him, that of our eternal salvation, for he says that he will not give that glory to another, neither will he sell it, for it is without price, so if we climb up any other way than through that door spoken of we become thieves and robbers. According to the way I view it, the Old Baptists will have to enter in through that door or they will never gain an entrance into that blessed clime, for they claim no merit of their own, but they must be drawn by the tender cords of God's eternal love. That is why the Old Baptist doctrine suits my feelings. As we go in and out among the little flock we find sweet pasture, and there we can sit together in heavenly places; then we feel to praise God for his great and wonderful mercies to us poor sinners.

Dear brethren and sisters, if you can

feel it in your heart, please pray for me, a poor sinner, and may his rich mercy and love abound in dear beloved Zion to his honor and glory, and may his Holy Spirit be poured out upon each one of you as you meet to worship his holy name.

From the very least of the flock, if one at all,

ANNA WINDHAM.

ABERFELDY, Ont., Jan. 1, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—In renewing my subscription to the SIGNS I thought I would like to write a few lines to you. It seems all well and good with us when our brethren and sisters speak well of and enjoy what we speak and write, but when it is otherwise it does not suit us as well. I have been a reader of the SIGNS for some fifteen years, and must confess that I have read many good and comforting things in its columns, and have been made to rejoice to know that there are others who have been shown the depravity and sinfulness of their old nature in thought, word and deed by the power of God as I hope I have. I know that I never would cry to God as the publican of old did unless I were made to know how corrupt and vile a creature I am, and how helpless I am to keep the holy law of God. But I find the natural mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. How plain the apostle spoke: neither indeed can be. So, then, if it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be, and the law is holy, just and good, we by nature must be just the opposite—sinful and no soundness in us. My only hope is in the finished work of Jesus Christ, and I believe he finished it in every particular. I am an “absoluter” and a “can’t help it” in every sense of the word. I cannot believe that God predestinated the good, as men call it, and the devil predestinated the bad, but that God created all things, the good, the devil and the bad. He said, I form the light and create darkness, I make peace and create evil; I the Lord do all these things. It does not read, I and the devil do all these things. Then we may say that we shelter behind God’s predestination with our sins. What have we but our sins to shelter behind his predestination? and if we do not shelter behind God’s predestination where do we shelter? We have no righteousness, all is dark and vain and wild. I have to confess that I know of no other shelter for my sins, and I am like those at the baptism of Jesus, I have to come confessing my sins. But predestination is no excuse for sin. We read, There is no difference, for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. All flesh is grass—no difference. I cannot say to any one of God’s little ones, I am holier than thou, for I am carnal, sold under sin. When we are made to esteem others better than ourselves there are no divisions, no carnality and walking as men, no babblings about the law. As Elder Ker wrote some time ago, where most of the divisions come in is in striving about the law, which none of us is able to keep, for all have sinned. We read, If we say we have no sin, we make him a liar and his word is not in us. I had thought some time ago that I would not take the SIGNS any longer, but my ways and thoughts are not in myself. I know and am satisfied that those who write for the paper are the children of God, if I may be allowed to judge, and while there are some of the writings I cannot agree with, I hope I may be given the spirit to bear with them, if it can be his will.

Now, as this is the beginning of an-

other year, may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with us all, as we read that we are saved by grace.

I have written more than I intended. You may use this as you see fit.

A poor sinner,

REUBEN BENSTEAD.

BIVINS, Texas, Jan. 3, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—Inclosed find two dollars to renew my subscription to the SIGNS for one year. I have only been a subscriber for about two years, but have read it occasionally for forty years. My dear father was a subscriber when I was a boy, and I loved to read it then. If I have an experience of grace the work began with me when a boy of twelve years. There has been no change in the doctrine advocated by the SIGNS from my earliest recollection; if it was wrong then it is wrong to-day. If I know my heart, I love the doctrine it advocates: salvation by grace, and grace alone, and this is a fact, or there is no grace; and God predestinated all things, or there is no predestination. I certainly believe with all my mind and strength that God made all things, and made them for a purpose, and that all will fulfill the purpose for which they were made. Everything he made he pronounced good—good for the purpose for which it was created. He made a devil, good for a devil and for nothing else. God made this poor worm of the dust for a purpose known unto himself, and while seemingly my life so far has been an entire failure, I know that he has a wise purpose in my existence, and when his purpose is fulfilled in me he will call me, I hope, to himself, when and where I shall be fully prepared to ascribe all honor and praise to him for his great mercy.

I will say now in conclusion, that I

hope the brethren everywhere will come to the aid and assistance of the dear editors and publishers of the SIGNS. I believe that they will do this, for our God is a God of might, and it has been of him and through him that the SIGNS has been sustained.

Wishing the dear editors and publishers a prosperous year, both spiritually and temporally, I am your poor, little, unworthy brother, in hope of sweet rest and peace beyond this vale of tears.

J. S. McLEOD.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 10, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I wish to say through the SIGNS, that I have a daughter living at 886 Lenox Ave., Detroit, Mich. If there are any of the readers of the SIGNS in that city who could go and meet her some time when convenient, I would be glad, and so would she. Her name is Mrs. Minna Worrell. She is not a member of the church, but has been brought up among them, and knows who and what they are, and she would appreciate a visit from any one who might care to go and see her, and if the Baptists are meeting anywhere in that city she would be glad to know it. Also, there is a young man going to school in Cincinnati, a son of the late Elder George M. Hite, of this city, who also would be glad to see any of the Baptists who live in Cincinnati, or meet them at their place of worship, if there should be such in that city. His name is Geo. M. Hite, Jr., address 630 West Sixth Street at the college. He rooms at 602 West Seventh Street. He is not a member of the church, but would be glad to meet you at any time. He loves the Baptists, and would like to know if there is a place in that city where they worship.

Yours in humble hope,

C. M. HOOD.



**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH 1, 1917.

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

Elder H. C. K. . . . . N. Y.

Elder H. H. . . . . Va.

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

**2 THESSALONIANS II. 11, 12.**

"AND for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned who believed not the truth, but had pleasure in unrighteousness."

It seems from the reading of this letter to the church at Thessalonica, written by Paul, that certain men were troubling the church by teaching that the day of Christ was at hand. We understand by this that they were teaching that the end of the world was about to take place, and this teaching troubled the brethren. To substantiate this false idea they were even making use of letters purporting to have been written by Paul himself, but which were forgeries. "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand." Paul then goes on to say in this letter that there are certain things to be fulfilled before the day of the Lord shall come, that there must first be a falling away, that there must be a full revelation of the man of sin, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is wor-

shipped. It is quite evident that the revelation of the man of sin in all his perfidy had not been realized at the time Paul wrote this letter, hence the day of the Lord, or the end of the world, could not be so near as these false teachers were declaring it to be. This declaration, then, was a delusion, and a strong one, as it had gotten hold disturbingly upon some in the church at Thessalonica. These false teachers were not established in the truth as it is in Jesus, they did not believe the truth, hence to make their "damnation," or condemnation, manifest, God sent this strong delusion into them to separate them from the believing body of the church, that the church might be purified from these troublesome spirits, and that the occasion would demand from Paul and the apostles such preaching and writing as would clear up this point of doctrine and establish the true believers more thoroughly in the doctrine of God our Savior. This sending of strong delusion is one of the ways that God works in preserving his church from error and false doctrine and to take out of the visible church organization those who do not belong there. John, in speaking of these spirits of antichrist, says, "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us." Some doubter might say, Would it not be more a proof of God's wisdom in taking care of his church to keep these false ones from ever getting in, rather than to plan a way to get them out after they have been in? To this, we answer that no man has a right to judge God's way of doing things. His way is ever best, no matter how it appears to human reason. Further, it is well for these delusions to

come into the church in its travel through this lower world, rather than for them always to have been kept out. This is so for several reasons: first, because it is God's purpose, as we have said; second, the prevalence of error calls for clear and discriminating preaching, and, therefore, furnishes the occasion for some of the greatest preaching gifts the church has ever known; third, error troubling the church compels self-examination to make sure of one's standing, therefore brings about more Bible-reading and prayerful searching of the Scriptures than might otherwise be the case; fourth, the Scriptures have been opened up and understood more clearly than would have been the case, doubtless, had error never been circulated. We are confident that God has a use for error and ordains it to carry out his purpose whenever he pleases. All the false religion that is now in the world, and that has ever been in the world, never came here by chance or a mere happen-so. It is in the world now, and has been hitherto by God's express purpose. The devil makes a fine broom in the hand of God to sweep out the house whenever God sees fit to use him that way. The Scriptures plainly teach the doctrine of election, which means that some are destined unto salvation, while others are left to perish in sin. Since it is not God's plan to save all, it is a very wise provision of Providence that the unsaved believe something, even though it be false. False religion teaches men are saved by their works, that every good deed is placed to their credit by the recording angel to offset wrongdoing that may have been committed. Such error as this, which holds such dominant sway in the civilized world to-day, serves to restrain men from outbreaking crimes, so that the social structure in the midst of which we live

is outwardly decent, though it is inwardly a whited sepulchre. The restraint which error furnishes over the passions of men, in the providence of God, makes this world tolerable to the true people of the living God. Were not men kept in check by something such as this, persecution of the elect would be rampant and no true believer could ever have peace to live his own life according to the dictates of a living faith. Thus, it is honoring God to say that nothing, even error, is absent from the divine plan of things. Lights and shadows, good and evil, devil and saint, all find their place and their time in God's plan of salvation purposed in his Son before time began. The last chapter of Isaiah holds this declaration of the Lord: "I also will choose their delusions, and will bring their fears upon them." Thus both the Old and New Testaments warrant us in believing that error is sent not by chance or accident, but by divine intent. "Who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap: and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness." One way in which the "sons of Levi," in other words, the church, is purified in its visible organization here in the world, is in having these errors or delusions sent to act as a ladle or spoon to take away the scum which collects on the top of the silver in the crucible over the fire. Ahab was a wicked king over Israel in the days of old, and the Lord determined his death. To bring about this man's death in the Lord's way, Ahab was encouraged to believe he would be successful in battle against the king of Syria. Being thus made to believe he would be

successful, Ahab went forth in battle and was killed. If any one will turn to the eighteenth chapter of 2nd Chronicles they will learn there just how the death of Ahab was accomplished. It was accomplished by Ahab's being made to believe a lie. He was deluded, and this delusion was sent him by the hand of the Lord. The Lord said to the lying spirit, "Thou shalt entice him, [Ahab] and thou shalt also prevail: go out and do even so. Now therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of these thy prophets, and the Lord hath spoken evil against thee." Thus we see how God saved Israel of old from a wicked king by sending him strong delusion, which accomplished his destruction. The case is not so very dissimilar from the way in which God has worked in more recent times to extricate his people out of dangerous errors. Sunday-schools, missionary societies, theological seminaries, and all other inventions of men to save souls, are very strong delusions, and they have a mighty hold on the people of this day and generation. Time was when the above inventions troubled the church, but not now. The damnation or condemnation of those advocating such things was made so plainly evident to the true church that there occurred a separation or sifting, which purified the visible organization at that time. Being carried away by strong delusions shows that one has pleasure in unrighteousness, and not in the truth. Belief in lies shows that one is in a state of condemnation; belief in the truth shows that one is in a state of justification. One believing a lie to-day may be brought to believe the truth to-morrow. In that case, one is passed from death unto life, and every one of God's people has passed through such an experience. The strong delusion to which Paul had

reference in our text was the teaching that the day of the Lord, or end of the world, was immediately at hand. This delusion has persisted even to this late day, and prophets every now and then rise up claiming to be able to tell the exact date when the world will come to an end. Mosheim tells us in his history that a general belief prevailed in Europe toward the close of the tenth century that the year 1000 would witness the coming of Christ, the day of judgment, and the end of the world. As the time drew near a general panic seized the minds of men. Many abandoned their homes and their families and repaired to Palestine; others made over their lands to the Roman Catholic Church or permitted them to lie uncultivated, and the whole course of ordinary life was violently disturbed and deranged. But the year 1000 came and went and the world still stood, proving that it was all a delusion. Now it is not hard to find any number of people who believe the year 2000 will witness the destruction of this material world and the end of time. We are safe in saying, as Paul said, that the day of the Lord cannot come until there be first a full revelation of the man of sin. Who can say when this man of sin has been fully discovered? Furthermore, no man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh. The day of the Lord cometh as a thief in the night. Does the householder know when the thief is coming? Neither, then, can any man fix the date for time to end. It is foolish to try to do so, and surely entangles in a snare any who pursue such delusion. Here in our own country in the year 1843 there rose up a man named William Miller, who figured out from Daniel viii. 14, that the end of the world would take place in 1843. This caused

great consternation among multitudes of people, so that some sold their farms and houses, some cast their stocks of goods from their stores into the streets, to be taken by whomsoever they might, and others completely lost their reason. Notwithstanding all these prophets have been proved false by the outcome of events, the delusion still persists, and it is not hard to find persons who soberly claim to be able to tell just when the world will come to an end. It is easier to believe a lie than the truth. Our first parents proved this in the garden of Eden when they believed the words of Satan that they should not die, but would become as gods, knowing good and evil, though God had plainly said, Thou shalt surely die. The same nature in them that then believed the devil, now dwells in every individual of the human family, so that it is natural to follow a delusion and believe a lie, while it takes the grace of God to cause one to follow Christ and believe the truth.

Written at the request of brother Milton Maddock, Alvinston, Ont. L.

#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

#### MARRIAGES.

By Elder A. B. Francis, Dec. 25th, 1916, at the residence of the bride, in Delmar, Del., Marion H. Hearn and Mae M. Elliott, both of Delmar.

By the same, Dec. 30th, 1916, at the residence of Robert Bailey, near Salisbury, Md., Gardner H. Fooks and Mollie E. Miller, both of Wicomico County, Md.

#### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mary A. Yarbrough**, wife of brother H. P. Yarbrough, was born July 5th, 1849, and departed this life at her home in Montgomery, Ala., October 7th, 1916. Her maiden name was Croxton, daughter of brother E. M. and sister Nancy Croxton, deceased. She was married March 5th, 1868, to which union were born thirteen children, six sons and seven daughters, most of whom are living, who, together with her husband and a host of relatives and friends, mourn the loss of a good and loving wife, a kind and affectionate mother, a true and faithful christian and friend, whose generosity and hospitality were unbounded. Her home was a Baptist home indeed and in truth; she was never too weary to welcome them. One of her chief delights was entertaining and caring for the poor, humble ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ. She united with the church at Harmony, Ala., August 27th, 1881, to which profession she faithfully clung to the last moment, ever adorning the same with an upright walk and godly conversation. Her seat at her meetings was seldom vacant when health permitted her to attend. She was sound in doctrine, and her faith was sorely tried many times, but she always came through, shining brighter than before. She stood firm and unwavering, and died in the full triumph of living faith. To know her was to love her. Often has the poor, unworthy writer enjoyed the hospitality of her humble home and received godly counsel at her fireside. Now her voice is stilled by the chilly hand of death, no more to be heard on earth, but while she is dead, she yet speaks. To the sorrowing and bereaved husband let me say, Dear brother, while in this sad hour of bereavement, while clouds of darkness hover about you, and the storms of sorrow beat upon you, and the thunders of desolation and bereavement terrify you, your Father is at the helm; there is a bright day coming. Soon the conflict will be over and the joyful summons will come, Child, your Father calls, come home. Children, you had a christian mother, who has left many sweet admonitions, and noble examples which are worthy of imitation. May God give you grace to heed her godly admonitions. May kindness and hospitality toward the Old Baptists ever abound with you, having your hearts, hands and homes open to receive them; they were your mother's people.

The funeral service, at her home, was conducted by her pastor, Elder B. J. Wilson, who preached a very able and comforting discourse. Her remains were conveyed to the cemetery at Rocky Mount, Ala., near her childhood home. The pall-bearers were her five sons and one grandson. At the cemetery were many sorrowing relatives and friends. Elder H. M. Curry spoke in a very able and comforting manner, after which, in compliance with her request, the

hymn, "O sing to me of heaven," &c., was beautifully sung. Her request was for Elders J. A. Mills, B. J. Wilson and A. H. Williamson to be with her family at her funeral, on account of the great love and esteem she had for them, and the able and faithful manner in which they contended for the doctrine of the Bible. Circumstances were such that Elders Mills and Williamson failed to get there.

Written by request of the bereaved husband.

A. H. WILLIAMSON.

**Elder Ahlmaaz Mellott** was born April 10th, 1835, died Jan. 6th, 1917, aged 81 years, 9 months and 3 days. Was baptized by Elder Joseph Furr in the fellowship of the Sideling Hill Old School Baptist Church and ordained to the office of deacon about the close of the Civil War, and served in that capacity until 1893. Was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry in May of that year, by Elders E. V. White and A. B. Francis, of Virginia, John Roe, of North Carolina, and J. D. Hubbell, of New York, and served the Springfield Church as pastor for many years, and the Tuscarora Church from 1898, and preached for the Sideling Hill, Fairview and other churches. I wish Elder Funk to preach my funeral and to send a notice to the SIGNS of my death.

The above was written by Elder Mellott Feb. 17th, 1911. I tried to comply with the above request the best I could, using for a text 2 Timothy iv. 7, 8, after which we laid his body to rest amid the snow of the winter to await the resurrection, when, according to the word of God, it will be raised incorruptible and fashioned like unto his glorious body. Elder Mellott was a good citizen, spent his days in the community in which he died, was kind to all and a loving father. He was well informed in the Scriptures and in the plan of salvation by grace, as taught in the Scriptures, and longed to see the time when God's dear children who had been separated could be united in sweet union and fellowship. He is gone from this sinful world, and his spirit is sweetly resting in the paradise of God until the day in which Jesus will come according to his word and raise our vile body and fashion it like unto his glorious body, and we shall be prepared to sing the song of the redeemed host: Not unto us, but unto him who washed us in his blood on the tree.

C. L. FUNK.

**Margaret S. Campbell** was born April 15th, 1834, and died Dec. 3rd, 1916. She was baptized in the fellowship of Welsh Tract Church, at the foot of Iron Hill, Del., in the Christiana Creek, on the church property, the first Sunday in August, 1866, by Elder Thomas Barton. For some time prior to her baptism she had been in a suffering condition, physically, and at the time of her baptism she was

carried in a chair into the water and out of the water by brethren Joseph Griffith and Ries. Afterward her health was much improved, and she was given strength to the extent of being the nurse of the family until within three years of her death. The last remaining years of her life were spent with more or less suffering and pain, being afflicted with bronchitis and asthma. Pneumonia ultimately was the direct cause of her death. She is survived by two sisters, sisters Sarah A. and Emma Campbell, both beloved members of Welsh Tract Church, and the last of a family of eleven. Sister Margaret was the first Old School Baptist her present pastor met on his first trip north, on this side of the Potomac River, at Washington, D. C. She was a faithful and useful member of the visible church, and the interests of the church were paramount with her. She was a consistent, practical adviser in both church and business matters, and will be missed by the members and friends wherever she was known. She expressed a wish a short time before her death that she hoped she would be taken home before the dreadful war we are threatened with should come upon us. She died as she had lived, in hope of eternal life, and we who knew her are strengthened in the belief and hope that she is "asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep, from which none ever wake to weep," and that her spirit has returned to God who gave it.

The funeral services were conducted by Elder B. F. Coulter and her pastor, Elder John G. Eubanks, Dec. 6th, 1916, and her mortal remains were laid in the earth in her favorite spot, Welsh Tract Cemetery.

JOHN G. EUBANKS.

**Mrs. Kate W. Mace**, aged 82 years, widow of John Mace, died Wednesday morning, Jan. 31st, 1917, of acute indigestion. Her husband died about twenty-five years ago, and her last years were spent with her son-in-law and her daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cator, on Taylors Island, Md., about thirty miles south of Cambridge, Md. She was a member of the well known and highly esteemed family of brother and sister George Whitefield Woolford. Those who survive her are Samuel W. Woolford, of Woolford, Md., sister Susie Woolford and Mrs. Virginia Hurlock, of Cambridge, Md. Mrs. Mace was not a member of the visible church, but was an ardent lover of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. She was indeed a lovely character, both in her family and among her friends, being highly esteemed by all who knew her. Her last days were spent in singing her favorite hymns and having the Scriptures and the SIGNS OF THE TIMES read to her, as she was nearly blind. She raised five children: Bassett Mace, of Baltimore, Md., a high official in the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co., Benjamin Mace, an electrician, who died in June, 1913, Harry Mace, Assistant Director of Health and Charities, in Philadelphia, Pa., John Sawin Mace,

inspector in a large railroad packing company, and Mrs. Virginia Cator, of Taylors Island, Md. The children were all earnestly devoted to the mother who loved them so dearly, and did all in their power to make life comfortable and happy.

Funeral services were held in the Fishing Creek meetinghouse at Woolford, Md., Friday, Feb. 2nd, 1917. By request of her daughter, the twenty-third Psalm was read by the writer, after which her body was laid away in the adjoining cemetery.

B. F. COULTER.

**J. W. Hale** was born in the State of Mississippi in the year 1853, and died June 7th, 1916. He was married to S. E. Linza Jan. 26th, 1873. To that union were born eleven children, six of whom preceded him to the better world. He leaves his widow and five children to mourn their loss, which we hope is his eternal gain. The children who survive are W. T. Hale, Mrs. Mary Burges, Mrs. M. E. Hale, Mrs. P. A. Thornton and Mrs. P. A. Geddie. In the death of brother Hale the church has lost a faithful member, but we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things right, and say, The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. At about the age of eighteen, brother Hale received a hope in Christ. In 1887 he joined the Primitive Baptists of the Predestinarian faith and order at Friendship, in Vanburen Co., Ark. He was baptized by Elder J. E. Venable. He lived a consistent member, always filling his seat when not providentially hindered. He never had a charge against him, and was godly in conversation and orderly in his walk, believing in the unlimited sovereignty of God and salvation by grace both in time and eternity. I will say to the dear bereaved ones, Weep not as those who have no hope, for he is gone from the evil to come.

Written by his pastor,

W. W. SLAUGHTER.

**Mrs. Fannie Thomas**, whose maiden name was Smith, was born and raised on the eastern shore of Virginia, and was married in early life to Samuel J. Thomas, who died several years ago. For many years they made their home in the city of Norfolk, Va., and their home was always a home for the Old School Baptists. Sister Thomas was baptized many years ago in the fellowship of the Ebenezer Old School Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., by the late Elder C. B. Hassell, of North Carolina, and proved a faithful member until death, which occurred Jan. 23rd, 1917. It was the privilege and great pleasure of the writer to be intimately acquainted with sister Thomas since the year 1899, when he became her pastor, and he can say of sister Thomas that she was faithful to her church and pastor. She was a genuine Old Baptist, and it was her delight to have her

brethren and sisters in her home and to talk of the things of the kingdom. She knew what she believed and she rejoiced in it. For some years she had lived in the home of her only living child, Mrs. C. W. Northern, of Norfolk, Va., where she was cared for as tenderly as mortal hands could. Although unable for a long time to mingle with her brethren in the church of Norfolk, they visited her, to her delight and spiritual comfort. The last time I saw her she spoke of the constancy of the Savior's love, that he still showed his loving-kindness to her in her afflictions. Sister Thomas had many friends, and they manifested their friendship by their presence and floral designs at her funeral, which was held Jan. 25th, 1917, when the writer spoke for a short time from portions of the fourteenth chapter of Job and fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, showing to the sorrowing ones from these and other Scriptures the certain present joy of the soul of their loved one, and also the assurance of the mortal putting on immortality when the blessed Jesus shall come again without sin unto salvation. I would say to the bereaved daughter and family, that while you miss your dear mother, remember the mercy of the Lord in giving her to you for so many years, and now he has called her to himself, which for her is far better. May he give you also the precious faith which was hers, is the desire of your friend,

JOSHUA T. ROWE.

**Charles Wible**, son of sister Evaline and the late John G. Wible, of Three Springs, Pa., was born August 4th, 1878, and died Jan. 4th, 1917, aged 38 years and 5 months. Mr. Wible had been failing in health for some time, but was not considered as sick as he really was. He evidently realized that the end of his journey of life in this world was near at hand. He told his wife how to arrange the affairs of the home so that she might remain on the farm and care for her little ones. The subject of this notice was a firm believer in the doctrine of salvation by grace for time and eternity. He had a clear view of the Scriptures, and loved to talk upon them, and it was his meat and drink to have the members meet at his home and have preaching. He was one who paid strict attention to what was declared by the ministry, and I shall greatly miss him at our meetings. We had expected he would talk to the church regarding his exercises of mind, but this was not his portion. We believe he is in the paradise of God perfect and in eternity, for time and time conditions are at an end with him, therefore no waiting. His faith and hope are swallowed up in the full fruition of that blessed and never-ending eternity with the redeemed of the Lord.

The writer spoke from the words of Jesus: "I go to prepare a place for you." Hymns 69 and 1022 (Beebe's collection) were his most favorite ones,

and were read in the services held at Springfield Old School Baptist meetinghouse on Monday, Jan. 8th, a large number being present to show their respect and esteem with which he was held by all who knew him. He leaves a widow, sister Rosa, baptized last August, and seven children, besides five brothers and one sister, to mourn their loss. May the Almighty comfort all the bereaved.  
J. M. FENTON.

**APPOINTMENTS.**

PLEASE publish the following appointments:  
Roxbury, N. Y., Sunday, March 11th, at the Mead sisters' home, 10:45 a. m.; Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, March 25th, all day meeting, commencing at 10:45 a. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

THE Lord willing, Elder D. M. Vail will visit friends, brethren and churches as follows:

Schoharie village, Feb. 24th, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie Hill, 25th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Central Bridge, 26th, 7:30 p. m.; Albany, 272 Clinton Ave., 27th, 1:30 p. m.; Howe Cave, 27th, 7:30 p. m.; Isaac Smith's, 28th, 7:30 p. m.; sister Gardner's, March 1st, 1:30 p. m.; George A. Miers, 1st, 7:30 p. m.

E. R. KINNEY.

**ANNOUNCEMENT.**

I have written and am preparing for the press a book of about 100 pages, treating upon the personal identity of the church of God, titled, "My God and my Salvation," and will be priced at 50 cents post-paid. I earnestly request that all who may want one of those books will notify me as soon as possible, that I may know how many to print. Write name and address plainly, and send to

ELDER C. M. WEAVER.

COMMERCE, Mo.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

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“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

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VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1917. NO. 6.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

### “BETHLEHEM EPHRATAH.”

(Micah v. 2.)

How peculiarly blessed it is to us that God decreed and chose Bethlehem as the place where Jesus Christ, the Son of God, should be born into this world. This was foretold by the prophet Micah; and when it was demanded by Herod of the chief priests and scribes where Christ should be born they readily answered, “In Bethlehem of Judæa: for thus it is written by the prophet; and thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel.”—Matt. ii. 5, 6. But Joseph and Mary, his espoused wife, have their home in Nazareth of Galilee, a long way, after the manner of journeying in those days, from Bethlehem. The Scriptures cannot be broken, the counsel of the Lord it shall stand. God’s decree, declared by the mouth of the prophet seven hundred and ten years before the birth of Jesus Christ, is that he should be born in Bethlehem. So, when the fullness of time was come, God by his unerring wisdom, in the execution of his

counsel, by his providence, for he worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, caused a puny creature (but he was considered among men to be the greatest in the earth at that time) to make a decree, and the fruit of this decree was to make Joseph the carpenter with Mary his wife take that long journey from their home to Bethlehem. But let us read together the story as told in Luke ii. 1-7: “And it came to pass 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.) And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city. And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judæa, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem, (because he was of the house and lineage of David,) to be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.” The Lord taught his

people to look for Christ the Lord to be born in Bethlehem. This was of sacred signification unto them. This is how the Lord foretold the matter unto them: "But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." Bethlehem signifies the house of bread, and Ephratah, fruitful, fertility. Christ is the Bread of Bethlehem, and there is no bread in all the world except Christ, the true and living Bread. (John vi. 48.)

"Without this Bread I starve and die,  
No other can my need supply;  
But this will suit my wretched case  
Abroad, at home, in every place.

This precious food my heart revives;  
What strength, what nourishment it gives!  
O let me evermore be fed  
With this divine, celestial Bread."

Jesus Christ is peculiarly the food of his people; he nourishes and cherishes the church. (Eph. v. 29.) It is in Christ that a poor sinner is made to know his sins are all forgiven. It is in him we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of our sins, according to the riches of his grace. O how the sin-famished soul feasts upon the pardon of sin. By Jesus we receive the atonement, and our sins all covered by Emmanuel's blood how blessed before our God is our condition. The quickened sinner hungers and thirsts after righteousness, and no such food is to be found in his sinful, wretched life. But Christ, who came forth in Bethlehem, is Jehovah our Righteousness. Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, and his righteousness is unto and upon them that believe in him. Here we are filled and our hungerings are satisfied, for we are made the righteousness of God in him.

"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."

"The terrors of law and of God  
With me can have nothing to do;  
My Savior's obedience and blood  
Hide all my transgressions from view."

Jesus Christ is the "hidden manna," (Rev. ii. 17,) the golden pot of manna in the ark of the covenant. (Heb. ix. 4.) O Christ, thou hast the words of eternal life, and on these our hungry souls must live. To whom shall we go if we should go away from thee? Thou art our Bethlehem, the house of bread. Thou only, Jesus dear, art the life and sustenance, the living bread of poor, perishing sinners. Christ, our Passover Lamb, is sacrificed for us. (1 Cor. v. 7.) He is our feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined. (Isaiah xxv. 6.) Out of Bethlehem Christ came forth unto the Father, the Ruler in Israel. The Son of God was made of a woman, the Word was made flesh. In Bethlehem he was born of the virgin Mary, and she laid him in a manger. He was thus in fashion as a man; he was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. Christ was born a king, (John xviii. 37,) and we remember that Nathaniel exclaimed, "Rabbi, thou art the Son of God; thou art the King of Israel."—John i. 49. The dying thief, beholding Christ upon the cross, according to the working of God's gracious and mighty power in his heart believed in Jesus, and prayed unto him, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," and our dear Savior said unto him, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise."—Luke xxiii. 42, 43.

"Jesus the Savior reigns,  
The God of truth and love;  
When he had purged our stains,

He took his seat above.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice.

His kingdom cannot fail,  
He rules o'er earth and heaven;  
The keys of death and hell  
Are to our Jesus given.  
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice;  
Rejoice, again I say, Rejoice."

The shepherds were watching over their flocks by night. "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke ii. 8–11. And I am sure if we poor sinners have had the testimony of the Comforter, the Holy Ghost, in our hearts that Jesus is our Savior we shall in truth believe that he is not only our Friend and Redeemer, but that he is Christ the Lord, the Ruler in Israel, the blessed and only Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords. (1 Tim. vi. 15.) Christ came the Deliverer and Ruler in Israel to deliver his people from sin and death, hell and the grave. He came to redeem us from the curse of the law; he spoiled principalities and powers, sin, death and Satan, and made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in his cross. (Col. ii. 15.) He finished the work the Father gave him to do; he was the Surety of the everlasting covenant, and ratified it with his precious blood. On the night in which he was betrayed he said, "This is the new covenant in my blood, shed for the remission of sins." Truly it is our precious Christ who has done worthily in Ephratah, and who is preeminently famous in Bethlehem. (Ruth iv. 11.) The renown of his fame has gone into all the

world. The queen of Sheba heard of the renown of Solomon, and she came from the ends of the earth to partake of his wisdom. O, she found he was so glorious that she was overcome with his magnificence and wisdom, and she said to the King, "It was a true report that I heard in mine own land of thy acts and of thy wisdom. Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes have seen it: and, behold, the half was not told me: thy wisdom and prosperity exceedeth the fame which I heard. Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants, which stand continually before thee, and hear thy wisdom. Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighteth in thee, to set thee on the throne of Israel: because the Lord loved Israel for ever, therefore made he thee king, to do judgment and justice. And she gave the king an hundred and twenty talents of gold, and of spices very great store, and precious stones: there came no more such abundance of spices as these which the queen of Sheba gave to king Solomon. \* \* \* And king Solomon gave unto the queen of Sheba all her desire, whatsoever she asked, besides that which Solomon gave her of his royal bounty. So she turned and went to her own country, she and her servants."—1 Kings x. 6–10, 13. Our Lord Jesus Christ being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God. (Phil. ii. 6.) In him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead bodily, and one in his Deity with the Father and the Holy Ghost, he is the eternal God. No other being save the one self-existent, eternal Jehovah, the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, inhabiteth eternity. (Isaiah lvii. 15.) In the beginning the heavens and the earth and all the host of them were created by the breath of his mouth. (Psalms xxxiii. 6.) "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: and he is before all things, and by him all things consist."—Col. i. 16, 17. All these creative acts of God were according to his eternal purpose. He created not the earth in vain, he formed it to be inhabited. I am the Lord, and there is none else. (Isaiah xlv. 18.) There is not an atom too many nor too few in all the universe, and no atom thereof shall exceed or come short of fulfilling his holy, wise, eternal decrees.

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

And it is peculiarly in connection with the church, the elect of mankind, that his goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the wisdom and power of God; yes, he is "the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory; which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory."—1 Cor. ii. 7, 8. So in Proverbs viii. 22-31, we have so blessedly declared his goings forth from of old, from everlasting, in the covenant ordered in all things and sure: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world. When he prepared the heavens, I was

there: when he set a compass upon the face of the depth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment: when he appointed the foundations of the earth: then I was by him, as one brought up with him: and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him; rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth; and my delights were with the sons of men."

Some scoffers have asked, What was God doing in eternity before the creation of the world? All that he was doing we do not know, but the transactions of Jehovah the Father, the Word and the Holy Ghost, that he has been pleased to reveal unto us in the Scriptures, "are most surely believed among us," and we muse upon these acts of the eternal God, his goings forth from of old, from everlasting, with sacred pleasure. Contemplate a few of the testimonies of the holy Scriptures relative to these matters. In Ephesians i. 3-6, the apostle Paul testifies: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will, to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved." And Christ, "I have manifested thy name unto the men which thou gavest me out of the world: thine they were, and thou gavest them me; and they have kept thy word." And then he says, Thou "hast loved them, as thou hast loved me. Father, I will that

they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am; that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me: for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."—John xvii. 6, 23, 24. Christ, the Lamb of God, was verily fore-ordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory, that your faith and hope might be in God. (1 Peter i. 20, 21.) Christ is the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory. (1 Cor. ii. 7.) God 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, but is now made manifest by the appearing of our Savior Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. (2 Tim. i. 9, 10.) And thus the apostle Peter writes: Elect according to the foreknowledge of God the Father, through sanctification of the Spirit, unto obedience and the sprinkling of the blood of Jesus Christ. All, the sufferings, death, resurrection and ascension to glory of Christ, was in fulfillment of the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the covenant Head of the church. He was set up as such from of old, from everlasting, and all the characters he should sustain unto his people, and all the offices he should fulfill in their behalf, were provided for in the counsel of Jehovah's will, according to the eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. (Eph. iii. 11.) But these matters of the goings forth from of old, from everlasting, are too deep and too extensive to enlarge upon just now. This

belief is our comfort, that we are "in hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began; but hath in due times manifested his word through preaching, which is committed unto me, according to the commandment of God our Savior."—Titus i. 2, 3.

"Vast were the settlements of grace  
On millions of the human race,  
And every favor richly given  
Flows from the high decree of heaven."

"O wondrous grace, and mystery profound,  
In God's eternal purpose I was found;  
His sovereign love, his grace, his deep decree,  
In some mysterious way included me."

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

NORTH BERWICK, Maine.

SUMNER, Wash., Jan. 4, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—In looking over some old correspondence during the inclement weather I have copied most of several letters, which I send you. I do not presume to judge of their value or fitness for your purpose, but merely submit them; they at least furnish us a glimpse of how those old saints who are fallen asleep were led.

Yours in the joys and sorrows of the way,  
B. H. CARTER.

FOREST HILL, Md., April 21, 1904.

DEAR SISTER MARTHA:—Yours of March 24th was received here in due time, and appreciated by us all, but one would suppose more especially by me, as my memory runs back over the past, and can call up many things they know nothing of, although it seems strange to me to be writing to one so far away and so well acquainted with in former years. But in reading your letter I hear the same things that you used to say in your home when I used to visit there; the change of place of living has made no change in the doctrine you then defended and the truth you

then espoused by being led by the Spirit to believe that salvation is of the Lord, and that you had an interest in that salvation. Many times in my early days, when I saw old people who had been traveling by faith until old in years, it seemed to encourage me to believe that the religion of or taught in the Bible was no cunningly devised fable, but well grounded truth, to still live with them in old age. As I was then earnestly desiring to see a way of life and salvation and ground of hope for a seemingly lost and ruined creature, this evidence in old people helped me much to believe that in hoary hairs he would carry those who believed in him, and that he would never leave nor forsake them. Now I have come into those years myself, and that generation has gone the way of all the earth. I heard them talk of things then that I have since learned to understand better, and am led to believe one must pass that way to know. I am in old age different from what I had expected in some things; I have fallen short in my calculations, for I surely thought of a growth in grace and knowledge in spiritual and eternal things, but instead I have been made to feel the hidden evils of my own heart. I looked to have it in one way, and the Lord was pleased to lead me in another way, I believe to teach me that man was not to live by bread alone. I hope I have learned some things, but not in the way that I expected. If not so pleasant, I hope it has been profitable to me. I have been trying to serve the same churches for so long I may imagine many things, for it is hard for me to do otherwise, but they arise from my unprofitable life. To will is present, but how to perform I find not. When a little fruitful traveling is mine to enjoy, all is well, but this is not always the case, in-

deed but seldom. I love to go as well as ever, but the trips now seem to be more of an undertaking as I get older, but I feel anxious to do no harm if I can do no good; to leave my post at last and feel to say, Neither count I my life dear to myself, that I might finish my course with joy, and the gospel committed unto me. You are the last one of the members at Rock Springs who were there at my first visit. I want you and all the family to know that you have my best wishes for your welfare, and when it is well with you remember me, fainting, yet still pursuing and knowing no way for a poor sinner to be saved but through Christ.

Your old servant,

WM. GRAFTON.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Feb. 27, 1909.

MY DEAR SISTER:—Your good and kind letter written early in December was greatly enjoyed by me, as well as by all with whom I shared it. It touches me deeply that you should have us all in such tender remembrance, and especially that you should continually remember me at the throne of grace. I feel so unworthy, yet so needy, your words strengthen and comfort me more than I can say; your letters have a value that I cannot measure. I want to thank you for telling me as much as you did about your own family. I believe you have realized all that is promised in Matthew xix. 21, and Mark x. 30, to those who have left all and followed Him. I believe all do receive here in time an hundredfold. This has seemed a most touching example of the condescension and love of the Father, who sent his Son to bear not only our sins, but our weaknesses. I have heard parents say they were not impressed to pray for their children; they knew they were in the Lord's hand, and he

would call them when it seemed good to him. Doubtless they spoke the truth. Perhaps the agonizing supplication that proceeds from many a parent's heart is not prayer in the true sense, if only the prayer of faith is true, yet I cannot believe the Lord forbids us to ask the blessing of his love for our children, if in our hearts we also say, "Thy will be done." I would not instruct the mind of the Lord, or make channels wherein his grace may flow, but I can no more resist the continual supplication for our children which goes on in my heart than I can help breathing. Once I was stunned and made dumb for a considerable time by the words spoken to my soul with power: Speak no more to me of this matter; but the cry began to go up again, and I think after that I knew as I had not before the meaning of, If it be thy will. I know there was always an humble attitude after that, and I do not know in what other way I could have been taught the full value of that call by grace which comes to those the Father hath chosen than in the waiting for its manifestation in those I most dearly love. Do you not think that just as Abraham laid Isaac on the altar at God's command, so we lay our children on the altar of God's righteous judgment, trusting, just as he did, in the power and mercy of God to save? Sometimes I have feared it irreverent to think of this; at other times it has seemed beautiful to me, and more and more so as it comes to me again and again. I do not know how I could ever have been so fully established in the truth that, No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him, as by the experiences I have had. It used to seem to me the Lord always heard and answered my prayers. I did not know that I was presumptuous in thinking so; it

seemed wonderful, and I thought I felt humbled and grateful, but by the consternation and dismay I experience when the heavens are brass above me and my cry is not heard, I learn that I have been presuming. There seems to be no wrong attitude that I do not at times assume. Surely only infinite mercy could meet a case like mine, and how great the grace that inspired an apostle to say that they cannot sin who are born of God. This wonderful language never seemed clear to me until a few days ago, and at a time when the sin of the broken law seemed most dreadful.

Yours in love,

C. E. DURAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Jan. 18, 1910.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER:—I wonder how I could wait so long to acknowledge your most excellent and more than welcome letter of Nov. 4th. I know it has not been my pleasure to thus delay. There has always been a feeling like this in my mind with reference to our correspondence, that it was an imposition on you, and that I ought not to write too often. Most kindly and patiently you have sought to relieve me of this impression, and it is ungenerous of me not to freely receive the assurance, and it is scarcely courteous when you do write for me not to acknowledge at once a favor so much valued and of so much worth. I think any one who has any interest in christian experience could not fail to appreciate your letters, and to be the one to whom their contents are addressed, and to be the subject of them is like every gift to me from the Father's hand, inexpressible, wonderful. You have often expressed this interest, mentioning me and mine in your prayers, &c. I was thinking of this, and the wonder of it

this morning, and it appeared to me to be like all the adaptation of circumstances to the need of the Lord's children. Your mind was drawn out to pray for me because my need was so great, and I could not but worship the mercy that so ordained it. Perhaps I have told you this before, but I will refer to it again as showing my great poverty and the depth of my unworthiness, or part of it. Some twenty years ago or thereabout I was thinking, but not with emotion, of the deadness of my condition; I could not recall a spiritual impulse in years. The words, At evening time it shall be light, occurred to my mind, but not with power or promise. I continued in the same frame of mind I do not know how long thereafter, but many times these words were in my mind. At last I began to wonder if they were a promise to me, just to wonder. As they persisted, I came to the conclusion they were really spoken to me, and what then do you think was the attitude of my mind toward them? I was afraid to claim the promise or desire it, lest the evening might be at hand and I was not ready. It would be a longer story than I have days to write or you to read to tell all that has since intervened, but the evening has come, and with it light by which to see day by day more and more of my dreadful deformity. I supposed light would mean something like complaisance, and a comfortable acceptance of my condition, but nothing could be farther than that from what I know. But I am comforted by the belief that the Lord would not have shown me so much truth about myself if he had not had thoughts of mercy toward me. I know he has at times enabled me to praise him for his wonderful works to the children of men. I suppose I could not do this if I did not love him, although my

heart is so cold and dead. I have been enabled to realize the necessity of the work of the Mediator more and more clearly, for which I have felt very thankful. There could be no hope for me were the atonement any less perfect than it is. Here and there, up and down in the world there are scattered evidences that the Lord has not forgotten to be gracious, yet often I tremble lest he has. I have been rather impatient lately because the Lord with his great power does not make an end of sin, but I have suffered rebuke for my presumption, which for the time has made me willing the Lord should do his own work in his own way. I have also been reminded it would be better to be more diligent in the performance of what we are already directed in the New Testament to do.

Lovingly yours,

CLARICE E. DURAND.

LYLES, Pa., April 20, 1903.

MY DEAR SISTER:—I cannot help addressing you in this way, though I never felt farther from the community of interest which this implies than I do at the present time, and I do not know that I ever felt a greater longing for the fellowship of the saints of God. I am cold and lifeless, and realize fully that I am helpless and undone unless our gracious Redeemer reveals himself again to me as my Savior. More than once these words have remained in my mind: "If the vision tarry, wait for it." I have waited long, and have had perhaps a little glimpse, but do not receive the fullness of joy which was mine in my early experience, when over and over with an almost perfect assurance and for many days these words lingered with me: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." I could not then



know the weary way which lay before me, and as the years pass I groan more and more over the sin that doth so easily beset me and the sorrows that are meted out to me. In those early days, when my health was frail and I often seemed to walk hand in hand with death, Jesus all the day long was my hope and my song, my meditations were sweet, and no outward occurrences seemed to mar the nearness to him. I scarcely now seem to be the same person who experienced this love and joy; I am so different, and I look back with amazement at my path. I can indeed lay my hand upon my mouth and say, I have sinned, and in all things come short of what is a true christian walk. If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not. I feel sometimes that I cannot pray, that I constantly ask amiss, and then I do not know whether I am sincere, and the problem seems so unsolvable that I give it up; but not for long, it returns, and again I feel indifferent as to the result, and conclude that I cannot change anything. I was reading not long ago, and the words, Quench not the Spirit, remained in my mind, and I began to think that no doubt that was the reason I was in such a strait; instead of taking the Bible and compelling my mind to retain the words, I was reading until I gained interest in it. I would take a paper or a magazine and enjoy the diversion. I was quite sure this must be true until I was taught again that I had no such strength; I could not will a thing like that and do it. How could a weak and puny thing quench the Spirit of the living God?

In the joys and afflictions of the way, I am, I hope, your sister,

MARY THOMAS JENKINS.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Feb. 8, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—In your "New Year's Greeting" you exhorted all who love God and his cause to write for the SIGNS during the present year. I hope I am included in that number, though I feel the columns of the SIGNS can be filled with much better material for the Lord's people than anything I can contribute. At the same time, when I reflect upon the faithful and arduous work which you and Elder Lefferts have been performing in keeping our dear paper up to the high standard set by its founder and continued by those who have succeeded him, there comes the desire to at least acknowledge to our beloved editors and contributors some of the benefits which I have derived in following their pens. No doubt they all need the encouragement which the knowledge that their efforts are appreciated gives, and I am glad to state that many of the sayings of those who have written during the past year have come to me as water in a dry place, and I was enabled to drink of the streams which flowed out from the wonderful river of grace, which proceeds forth from the throne of our adorable God. It has been provided that the precious garden of the Lord, shall be well watered; a river shall flow into each of its four corners, thus signifying that not a single plant of his right hand setting shall fail for thirst, but that each and every one shall be supplied with all that is needful, in due season. The plants are unable of themselves to approach that which sustains and gives life, but how glad they are when the beloved gardener sees fit to send forth this living water, causing it to permeate their very being, reviving and nourishing wherever its power is known and felt.

In tracing the rivers of nature we find

that the nearer we approach their head the smaller they become, until finally we come to only a little spring at the foot of a hill, which as it wends its downward course becomes enlarged by other little streams flowing into it, gradually swelling until by and by it is lost in the mighty ocean. How different from this is the river of eternal life! The great ocean of this wonderful river is at its fountain-head, and instead of tributaries flowing "in," they flow "out" into the desert, and wherever their waters reach the parched soil it becomes fertile and brings forth a copious fruit. The soil has absolutely no power to turn away or to refuse to drink of this water.

The world to-day is full of people who would have us believe that the Lord is wooing and beseeching all of Adam's race to accept of his salvation, and that he cannot save them so long as they resist his pleadings. Any one who believes that must be entirely void of any knowledge of the effectual working of his mighty power. There are a peculiar people, however, who, having been called out of darkness into his marvelous light, believe that God is omnipotent, almighty, sovereign, unlimited in power; that he created the heavens and the earth and all that in them is, and that all things hang on his firm decree. When this One speaks it is done, and when he commands it stands fast; there is nothing to hinder him from doing all his pleasure, and whatsoever he desireth that he doeth. The words of this One are accompanied with power, and holy writ contains not even the slightest hint of his failure at any time in all of his marvelous works. Whether he says to the leper, Be ye cleansed, or to the maimed, Arise, take up thy bed and walk, or to the blind, Receive thy sight, or to the dead, Come

forth, it is done. A power that comes short of this is not sufficient for the people of God to trust in, for their case requires infinite power, one that can and does deliver from the very belly of hell, that brings one up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and sets their feet upon a rock and establishes their goings. O what a wonderful Rock is the Rock Christ Jesus! "For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." His people rejoice greatly in this glorious truth, for they know that though heaven and earth pass away, the foundation upon which their faith rests cannot be shaken; therefore, instead of telling what they are doing for the Lord, they feel that heaven itself could not contain the books that it would take to describe what wonderful things the Lord has done for them. They know that the things which they have received were not given according to the reasoning of a natural man, neither did flesh and blood reveal it, but that some wonderful, mysterious power, which they cannot describe, has wrought a marvelous change in them, causing them to hate the things they once loved and to love the things they once hated, and they delight in believing that this power is none other than the almighty power of God. Many are the times that doubt and fear that it is not the Lord almost sink them in despair, but this good Shepherd does not leave his sheep to become the prey of the destroying wolf; he watches over them, and they know his voice and follow him; he gives unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. He makes them to lie down in green pastures, he leadeth them beside the still waters; he restoreth their souls, he leadeth them in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake. Yea, though they walk through the valley

of the shadow of death, they fear no evil, for he is with them; his rod and his staff comfort them. He prepares a table before them in the presence of their enemies, he anoints their heads with oil; their cup runneth over. When he makes bare his arm in their behalf and reveals himself unto them as their Savior they can and do adopt the language of the psalmist in saying, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." The religion of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ is a personal religion, and he alone can and does teach his people in such a way that caused Peter to say, "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye witnesses of his majesty." The Lord's witnesses are true witnesses, therefore they must see, handle and taste of his goodness, of his long-suffering to usward, of his never-ending mercy and of his eternal love, which knows no height, nor depth, nor circumference, and from which nothing, tribulation, distress, persecution, famine, nakedness, peril, sword, death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor any other creature, can separate us from this love of God, which is in Jesus Christ our Lord.

Submitted in love.

R. LESTER DODSON.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Feb. 10, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I will mail you a letter written by sister Elvira H. Perrine to sister A. Johnson Drake, for publication in the SIGNS. It was handed to me by sister Drake by sister Perrine's consent, so I ask you to publish it, if in your judgment you feel it is good matter for the readers of the SIGNS.

I much enjoyed the last number of the SIGNS, and several [previous issues have also been good.

Wishing the SIGNS and all its readers the divine guidance of the great Shepherd, I am, I hope, your brother in tribulation,

C. W. VAUGHN.

OCTOBER 24.

DEAR SISTER:—I told you this morning I felt to write you, and will now try to tell you some of my sweet experiences to-day. "Joy cometh in the morning," and it came to me very sweetly about 4 a. m. to-day; it was the morning of a new day to me, spiritually as well as naturally. When I awoke it seemed as if some one spoke, and these were the words: The light of the world is Jesus. I laid for half an hour thinking of how wonderful it is to think what is the light of the world. After I arose these words came to me: "Lord, forever at thy side let my place and portion be." I looked for the hymn and found it. You do not know who I am, for I am like this: "I am a stranger here below." Read the whole hymn, it suits my case perfectly. Again, this afternoon while ironing, the hymn, "Quiet, Lord, my froward heart," &c., came to me so beautifully. Weeping can endure but a night. The morning and evening were the first day, the day of joy, not measured by hours and minutes, but measured as God sees fit to unfold his love to us and makes us bask in his sunshine, and when it pleases him to withdraw his presence from us, then night and darkness cover the earth and gross darkness the people. I understand this earth to be our bodies, as God rules in heaven and in earth, and how long the night. It has pleased God to give me a long night, but in his, not my time, joy cometh in the morning, and the Sun

arises with healing in his wings, making all joy, and he that wipes the widow's eyes wiped mine, and put a new song in my mouth, even praise to his holy name. It seems the very smallest ray of hope I have held fast to like an anchor is like the grain of mustard seed grown into a large tree. There seems to be so many doubting castles in my path that I get almost behind the rest, just get almost out of sight, then I am out of doubting castle again and traveling with the rest until I am caused to go through another doubting castle, and the way is so rough and slippery that my feet too often slip. Then again I come out of the castle and am led in green pastures and he restoreth my soul, and it seems that I will never want or cry for help or mercy again, but every day will be the same; but I so often leave the narrow way and trespass where the paths are pleasant to my feet, but ere I go far I am walking on thorns and thistles, and then I am made to know the cry of one in the wilderness, and when He brings back his wandering one it is with love and tender forbearance, so I am made to say, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. This afternoon I broke out in singing, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," and when I had sung this line through I stopped and thought, The worldly minded sing that to rescue the natural ones; but I saw it was for me when I lay perishing and dying, as I die daily, and when I am covered with putrefying sores and all hope is gone; that is the perishing and dying I was singing about.

Dear sister, these are some of my travels, never on the mountain top, but mostly in the valley, on the shady side, with few bright spots. Now let me go a little farther and tell you how my brethren and sisters appear to me. As I write this I

can see them all assembled at our place of worship, and how good they look; all have the mark in their foreheads that they are born of God. Can this be the poor, despised company that the world hates? It must be the world does not know them; they are not poor, but rich, rich in God's grace, each esteeming other better than self. O what a beautiful place, it must be the very gate of heaven.

I will not weary you with my rambling letter much longer, but just want to say to you that I pray God may give you many such days, more so than me, for you are more worthy than I, and that he in all your pains and weaknesses may hold up your hands and confirm your feeble knees, and may you find in him a very present help in trouble. As the good Samaritan found the man lying in the highway and took him to the inn, so may you feel He has taken you to the inn and fed you with manna, a new supply each morning, and gave you dew from heaven for your thirst. He is the great Physician, pouring in oil and wine and restoring your soul. May it be when he afflicts you with bodily pain that his strength will carry you through. Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. I know you feel that the way is barren, but there is hope. If you feel you are alone, you are not, for it is then he travels with you. As your day your strength shall be; weak in the flesh but strong in the Lord. It seems I have never had such a blessed day and evening. As I write, thoughts are passing through my mind too fast to get them all on paper. May God bestow upon you health, is my desire, and also give you an understanding of him and his love daily, that you may have sweet communion with him in a little sanctuary built round about you, where thieves cannot break through and steal.

I hope I have not wearied you too much; it just seemed I could not stop, but I suppose before this is in your hands I shall have repented sending it, fearing the flesh and worldly notions have occupied too large a place, when it was my desire to dwell on heavenly and divine things.

Good-by, dear sister; write me, it will do us good.

Very lovingly and unworthily,  
ELVIRA H. PERRINE.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Jan. 29, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—The many good letters I read in the SIGNS are a comfort and blessing to me in my old age, and I often think how we have been blessed here as a church to have preaching most of the time, while others who are as worthy as we are deprived of that privilege; but we hear them say that the SIGNS preaches to them, and so it does. It tells of each other's joys and sorrows, pleasures and comforts, and that love which binds our hearts together in one bundle of love. It is wonderful love, so different from natural love. Our pastor spoke yesterday from Luke iii. 9: "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees; every tree, therefore, which bringeth not forth good fruit, is hewn down, and cast into the fire." I believe that I need pruning at times, when the flesh gets the uppermost of me. But I do believe that I love the children of God, and like to be present with them, and enjoy every meeting; it is my meat and my drink to be with my brethren and crown God Lord of all. To the name of Jesus every knee must bow and every tongue confess. He that confesseth my name before men, him will I confess before my Father which art in heaven; he that denieth me before men, him will I

deny before my Father which is in heaven. "I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. \* \* \* Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me. I am the vine, ye are the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned. If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." There certainly can come no fruit from the branches unless they abide in the vine. "If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love." Job said, Surely I would speak to the Almighty, and I desire to reason with God. But ye are forgers of lies, ye are all physicians of no value. O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom. Job knew full well that it was much safer to put his trust in his heavenly Father than to trust in worldly men, wherein is no salvation. O that men would praise him for his wonderful works. All his people are taught of the Lord, and great shall be their peace. That Friend which Job trusted in we also trust in; he is the Rock of our salvation. Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. He rules, and must rule, until all things are put under his feet, and the last enemy is death. 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 through our Lord Jesus Christ we gain the victory. He conquered death, hell and the grave, and rose triumphant over all his foes in glorious victory. We love to meditate on these things both day and night; they are lovely in our sight. We are guided by that precious hope, which is the anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. We are pilgrims and strangers here below, but we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. On the blessed promises of our heavenly Father we can rely. He will never forsake one of the little ones; they are his, and he loves them with an everlasting love, and with that love he draws them to him. Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you. He leads the blind by a way they knew not, makes the lame walk, cures the lepers. We are in the Potter's hand. Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but the poor of this world. When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, he makes rivers on the mountains and streams in the valleys. The mountains shall depart, and the hills shall be removed, but my loving-kindness I will not take from you. O thou afflicted and not comforted, I will lay thy stones with fair colors, and thy windows of agate, and they shall all know me, from the least to the greatest. I will discern between the righteous and the wicked, between them that serveth me and them that serveth me not. We are not our own keepers, we are kept by the power of God. The redeemed of the

Lord shall come with singing unto Zion, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads. He is merciful and gracious, he will not chide, neither will he keep his anger forever. If we suffer, we shall reign with him; if we deny him, yet he abideth faithful, he cannot deny himself. We are told that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose. We know not how to pray as we ought, but he maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. What great love he had for his people to lay down his life for them as he did. He said, Greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his friends. We love him because he first loved us. He brought us up out of the miry clay, set our feet on a rock, established our goings, and does so much for us that we surely love to crown him Lord of all. Not unto us, but unto him be all honor and glory, knowledge and wisdom, and all power to save just such poor sinners as we are. He stilled the mighty waves, divided the Red Sea so that the ransomed of the Lord passed through dry shod, which the Egyptians attempted to do and were all drowned. We feel glad to trust him for all that is to come and praise him for all that is past. None can stay his hand. What is man? He is as the grass that springeth up in the morning, as the flower of the field; the wind bloweth over it, and the place that knew it knows it no more.

Dear brethren and sisters, may you be kept by his almighty arm and be the lot of his inheritance. May you be kept from falling, is my sincere prayer.

Your brother in a precious hope,

D. L. BLACKWELL.

OMAHA, Texas, Dec. 22, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Inclosed please find check for renewal of my subscription to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I wish you all a merry Christmas and a prosperous new year, and hope the Lord will still sustain you and enable you to publish the SIGNS in the future as you have in the past. No one ever contends for or publishes the truth without the will of the Lord, neither can any receive it without the Spirit of the Lord, and then O how sweet it is when we can see it strictly by grace, that grace that brings salvation to poor sinners, and elects them to glory and enables them to worship God in spirit and in truth and true holiness and righteousness before him all the days of their life here upon the earth, which is their delight, and in which is all of their joy. Surely such people are wonderfully blessed with those spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus which God has, according to his own purpose and grace, blessed us with in him in whom dwells all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. Then there can be salvation in no other; it is he who is our deliverer and who delivers us from all the evil consequences of sin. Then there is no more condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit; hence the admonition of the apostle to stand fast in that liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. Then may it be the will of the Lord to bless us all with that steadfastness in this glorious liberty of the Lord, that we may ever contend for that faith once delivered unto the saints.

Yours in hope of a blessed immortality,  
W. B. ROBERTSON.

SOLDIERS' HOME, QUINCY, Ill., Jan. 26, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Those who feared the Lord spake often one to another,

and a book of remembrance was written, so my Bible tells me. Now, dear brethren, as my wife and I are so situated that we cannot speak face to face, it has been impressed upon my mind to use the only medium to talk: through the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES. May the dear Lord direct me in writing to the dear ones from whom through its columns I have received so much spiritual comfort to cheer me on my pilgrimage here. O brethren, what a solid foundation we have for our faith recorded in his word. When we feel cast down what joy to know that we will never be forsaken. Our Savior is the great rock of defense in a weary land. When temptations assail us, and the archenemy of our soul assails us, we can hear him say, Fear not, I will be with you, nothing can harm you. Let us trust him, for he knows our every trial, and we can rest upon his word that nothing shall harm one of his little ones whom he gave his life to redeem. Yes, brethren, in all our conflicts with the flesh he certainly will bring us off more than conquerors over all our foes. Blessed Jesus, keep us humble, and as little children.

Dear editors, if there is one word of comfort in this for any of the scattered little ones, send it on its errand; if not, cast it aside. My wife joins me in sending christian love to all the brethren.

Yours in hope through Christ of everlasting life,

B. F. MEHEW.

#### A CORRECTION.

IN the article of brother Reuben Benstead, of Aberfeldy, Ontario, on page 111, March 1st, number, in the second column, a little more than one-third down, will be found the expression, "But predestination is no excuse for sin," which he wishes us to state should not be there.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be addressed, and money orders made payable, to**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***A R M A G E D D O N .**

THIS word, though it occurs in the New Testament, is of Hebrew origin. It is used but once: in Revelation xvi. 16. It signifies the "mountain of slaughter," and is the battle-ground of that great day of God Almighty. The three frog-like spirits that come out of the mouths of the dragon, of the beast, and of the false prophet, proceed from the devil and work miracles. These evil spirits go forth unto the kings of the earth and of the whole world to gather them together unto the battle of Armageddon. These three spirits are spirits of error and delusion, but the whole world believes them and is swept along by them to certain defeat and overthrow in the battle of the Lord. They never have a single likelihood of being ultimately victorious, for it is certain the Lord will overcome and that Christ and his truth will be victorious. Frequently we hear it said that the present awful war raging across the sea in Europe is the battle of Armageddon: the battle of that great day of God Almighty. We are not prepared to fall in with this notion ourselves, for we have never been able to see, as yet, where any great spiritual truth or principle is at stake in the European war, neither is righteousness

wholly on the side of either Germany or of those arrayed against her. The battle of the great day of God Almighty, it seems to us, is a conflict in which truth is arrayed against error—a conflict of Christ and all his people against the devil and all his forces. We have tried to closely follow the varying fortunes of the European war ever since its beginning in the summer of 1914, and have so far failed to see where truth on one side is arrayed against wickedness on the other. There has been a great deal of wickedness manifested on all sides, and we do not deny that there have also been worthy aims actuating all the contestants in a more or less degree. However, these worthy aims, excellent as they may have been and still are, are not spiritual aims, but either moral or intellectual, or social or political. This war is not a religious war at all, and we know of no principle of any religious faith that is at stake or that will be affected by the outcome. Boundaries of nations may be changed, new treaties affecting commerce and world-politics may be entered into by the peace-contracting parties, and forms of government may be altered to some extent; but where in all this is godliness affected, or how does it in anywise touch the truth of our Lord Jesus-Christ? No, this European war is not Armageddon. Armageddon is the arraying of all the host of antichrist against the truth of Christ, and all in whom is that truth. It is the conflict between the church and the world, the flesh and the devil. This is a spiritual conflict, and is not fought with carnal weapons, such as are being used in the slaughter abroad. In Armageddon, spirituals and not materials are in conflict. The battle of the great day of God Almighty will end decisively, will end never to be fought again, will end with



truth triumphant and with error forever routed and vanquished. Christ came into this world to vanquish the power of Satan. Sin, death and hell are the awful triumvirate against which the Savior fought. He fought with the word of the Lord. This was, in his hand, sharper than any two-edged sword. He, through death, destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil, and delivered them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. Christ, in his life and sufferings and death, vanquished his foes and delivered his church. The tragedy of Calvary was the battle of Armageddon. There heaven and earth met, and heaven defeated all the powers of the world, the flesh and the devil. The omnipotence of God triumphed over all the works of the devil, and that battle will never need to be fought again. By this one offering of himself, Christ has forever perfected them that are sanctified. He will never repeat that sacrifice, for there is now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus. "Then shall the Lord go forth, and fight against those nations, as when he fought in the day of battle. And his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem on the east." "And it shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear, nor dark, but it shall be one day, which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night: but it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." The evening time is when the sun sets. As Christ, the Son of God, was leaving this world, as the life of Jesus ebbed away on the cross, it was evening time. This was the end of the legal day. But, lo, instead of great darkness following the withdrawing of this Sun of Righteousness from the world, behold a new

day: the gospel dispensation is ushered in. This is, we believe, the meaning of the expression: at evening time it shall be light. The death of Christ is the dawn of salvation for every one of God's sheep held captive under the law. The glory of victory for righteousness shines forth from the cross with the Savior's words: "It is finished." His death is the release of the elect from death. His death paid the debt they owed. Thus, when it was evening time with him, it meant light and life for the church of God. By his stripes the chosen of God are healed. Thus was fought out to the bitter end the issue between truth and error. It took the blood and sweat and agony of our Redeemer to win the fight, but he triumphed over all his foes and ransomed his people from the captivity to sin, death and hell. This was a glorious victory, and in this overcoming work of Jesus is the hope of every heaven-born soul secured. As he once triumphed for them, so shall they triumph through him and be brought off more than conquerors, too. This is our understanding of the battle of Armageddon, and we cannot understand how the European conflict has any connection with it or wears any religious aspect at all. L.

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WE have many times requested our subscribers to send subscriptions direct to J. E. Beebe & Co. Many seem to think it makes no difference to whom they are sent, but if they knew how much inconvenience and delay it causes us, they would kindly comply with our request. Make all checks, money orders, &c., payable to J. E. Beebe & Co., Middletown, N. Y.

## BIBLE READING.

THERE can be no cast-iron rule laid down for one to follow in reading the Scriptures, as to how often, or when, or how much. For ourself, systematic as we have tried to be in most things, we have never been able to be very systematic in reading the Bible. While we believe there is no part of the Scriptures but what we have read, we have never been able to read it through from beginning to end by course. If one feels inclined to read it that way, let him do so, but to do so simply for the sake of saying one has done so, amounts to nothing. The Bible is the one book in all the world that is wholly reliable. It is the only wholly truthful book in existence. It is the only book written by divine inspiration, and serves as the only test as to what is true and what is false. Whatever or whoever does not agree with the Scriptures is false. The opinions or views of no man or body of men count for anything when in opposition to the Scriptures. Without a "thus saith the Lord" for authority, one is not worth the consideration of spiritually-minded people. To read profitably, the Bible reader needs the guidance of the Holy Spirit to illuminate the page of holy writ. Since the Bible is written by the Spirit of God, it is therefore necessary that the Spirit of God direct one in the understanding of it. The Bible can only be understood in the light of the same Spirit that wrote it. When the Spirit of God in the heart of the reader meets the testimony of the Spirit of God in the written page, the Bible is more enjoyable than any other book. Every other kind of reading, at such times, seems utter folly and waste of one's time. On the other hand, when the Spirit of God is not with the reader, and one is aware only of the bare letter

of the Scriptures, how disheartening and dull it seems. At such times one appreciates the fact that the hidden treasures of the Scriptures cannot be unlocked by dint of study or mental effort. At such times one might read it as a matter of history; but if one has ever read the Bible with an insight into its spiritual significance, one hates to read it simply as a history book ever afterward. The bulk of Arminians have never read the Bible other than as a religious duty, have never known what it was to read the Scriptures breathlessly under the tuition of the Spirit; therefore, they seem to be satisfied, most of them, to read a few verses or a chapter every day and call it a deed well done. But the Old School Baptist, having known in his first love what it means to verily eat the word of God, lays the Bible down with a sigh of keen regret in after days when he finds not that sharpness of appetite nor fullness of satisfaction which was his in spiritual youth when the Bible seemed a new book because the Holy Spirit unlocked its treasures so wonderfully and clearly to the quickened understanding. This is the reason, we think, that Old Baptists as a rule are not great Bible readers. If one had never known the intense joy of being able to see beneath the bare letter of the Bible and to appreciate its hidden spiritual significance, one might be contented to read it merely for the letter's sake. But after one has had a taste of the kernel, one hates to feed on the bare husk afterward. So it is that often we pick up the Bible and try to read it, but when we find its treasures locked away from our understanding we lay it by with a sigh and wish for the days that are gone. However, there are times when one picks up the Bible not expecting to meet with any enjoyment in reading it,

when something will strike the attention, and we read on and on, oblivious of how many chapters or verses we have read, and finally lay it down with a feeling that we are glad we picked it up, having found it more engrossing than anything we ever remember to have read. Why cannot it always be this way with us? The only reason why it cannot, that we can now think of, is to keep us ever mindful of the fact that we are wholly dependent upon divine guidance in understanding the Bible, and that, in the absence of such guidance, our intellect will not suffice. We do not think the Bible is being read as much as it used to be. It is our observation that Old School Baptists are not the readers of the Bible that our fathers were. The reason for this must be that the Spirit of God is not as much with us as it was with them. Is not this deplorable? There is no escaping the fact that the church generally throughout the United States is passing through a period of coldness, indifference and falling away. Many absent themselves unnecessarily from the meetings of the church. The conversation of many of us is upon worldly themes, and not upon the things of the kingdom of God. In no place are there many being added to the church. From north to south and from east to west we are rent asunder by differences over this or that point of doctrine or order; jealousies, backbitings and cruel prejudices hold sway. All this proves a predominance of carnality in the minds of all of us, and absence of the spirituality of the mind of Christ. What can it all mean? To what is it leading? We sometimes wonder if the visibility of the church is to be taken from among the Old Baptists and given to another people. You know that ever since the apostles' day the visible organization of the church

has been known to history under varying names. The name Old School or Primitive Baptist, is a new name, and has been used only since 1832. What if the Old School Baptist organization has served its purpose and God is about ready to have the visibility of his gospel manifested among some other body of people? It will be the same truth wherever it is and by whatever people it may be advocated. Certainly there is something the matter with us. We all feel it, though we may not be able to read its meaning. At least, the Spirit is not with us in the same vigor and intensity and zeal that it was with our fathers. That much is clear. For the rest, we can only wait and hope.

L.

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**EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

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**APPOINTMENTS.**

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Roxbury, N. Y., Sunday, March 11th, at the Mead sisters' home, 10:45 a. m.; Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, March 25th, all day meeting, commencing at 10:45 a. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

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**MARRIAGES.**

By Elder J. F. Tipton, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hatchett, Reed, Okla., Jan. 14th, 1917, Elder W. N. Green, of Mt. Park, Okla., and Mrs. Kittie Hobbs, of Hollis, Okla.

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**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

Geo. H. Merryman, Md., \$1.00; Mrs. A. J. Crenshaw, Okla., \$2.00; S. A. Campbell, Md., \$1.00; E. M. Kuehne, N. J., \$1.00; O. F. Ballard, N. Y., \$1.00; R. Scates, Ont., \$1.00.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Annie M. Staples**, of North Berwick, Maine, departed this life to be with Christ, which is far better, Jan. 24th, 1917, aged 62 years, 9 months and 15 days. Our sister was the daughter of Joseph and Joanna Staples, both of whom were members of the church at North Berwick. She had one brother and four sisters. Three of the sisters died of consumption of the lungs. Sarah Elizabeth died in 1860, aged 22 years; Mary Ellen in 1865, aged 21 years, and Elmira in 1866, aged 24 years. She has left to mourn their loss her sister, Mrs. Luthera Chadbourn, wife of Frank U. Chadbourn, and her brother, Orlando C. Staples. From her childhood days she was exercised in her soul about eternal things, and felt she was a lost sinner, needing salvation from God. During those years, in which her conscience was often in affliction under the burden of her felt sinfulness and apprehensions of the wrath to come, she longed to hear believers talk one to another of their experiences in divine things. She loved also to hear the preaching of the gospel. "Often when father and mother went to Oak Woods meeting I longed to go, and I mourned because there was no way for me to go, and I was left at home, for I was afraid to let them know how I longed to hear the gospel preached." The Lord led her along in his sacred teachings unto Christ and gave her at length a comfortable hope that her sins were all pardoned in Jesus' precious blood. She confessed her hope in the Savior and united with the church at Oak Woods, North Berwick, and was baptized by the writer August 12th, 1894. Our sister was a person of an amiable nature, unselfish, agreeable, cheerful; in her tongue was the law of kindness. Her life was a blessing, ever ministering to the welfare and happiness of others. Though her life was amiable, so Christlike, she was in her own eyes only a poor, vile transgressor. This was her constant confession, and that her hope was built on nothing less than Jesus' blood and righteousness. This can be said of her, which can be said of very few in this world: "She hath done what she could." One day she said to me: "I feel sometimes I am a great hypocrite, for when any one acts unkindly toward me, or speaks to me unbecomingly, I never retaliate, I never say an unkind word in reply, I appear to endure it all with meekness, and people think I am good, [and putting her hand upon her breast she said, with tears in her eyes,] but I feel it all within, though I do not say a word or show it; so I feel I am a hypocrite, appearing to be better than I am." I told her I thought it was a very great mercy if when we felt anger or bitterness within us we were enabled to keep it all secreted, imprisoned within us.

Our sister was sick but a few days, and died of pneumonia at the home of sister Luthera Chadbourn.

At her funeral the writer preached from the words: "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors: and their works do follow them."—Rev. xiv. 13. Her body was laid away in the Sanford Cemetery, and is there awaiting the resurrection of the bodies of the just to immortality and incorruption at the last day.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

**William E. Records**, my dear son, died at our home in Salisbury, Md., Dec. 10th, 1916, of typhoid fever, aged 35 years, 2 months and 5 days. Willie was never well after the death of his dear sister Nellie, who died last May. When she died he said he would never get over it. I think his worrying had a great deal to do with bringing on the fever. I hoped as time passed he might get better and not feel so lonely, but such was not the case. All was done that could be done, but nothing seemed to do any good. He lived but two weeks after being confined to his bed. He was not a member of any church, but went with me whenever he went to any meeting. He was very quiet, never happier than when at home with his loved ones. I have hope that he is at rest, which is a great comfort to me. A few hours before he passed away he called me and said: "Mother, you are worrying, but don't do it; I have a higher place." Those were his last words. I said, Thank the Lord, Willie, he will take care of you. Such a peaceful expression passed over his face I shall never forget; it never left his face in death; he looked as if he were smiling. My dear children are all gone, but I am not left without hope that they are all gathered home in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. O that I may be given strength to wait patiently, knowing it will not be long before I hope to go where sorrow shall be no more.

The funeral service was held at the Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Salisbury, conducted by Elder A. B. Francis, after which the remains were laid to rest by the side of his dear sister, whom he loved so well.

His sorrowing mother,

LUCINDA RECORDS.

This dear sister has been led through deep waters, and experienced trials which fall to the lot of but few. Within comparatively a short time her husband, three sons and daughter, all that she had, have passed away from earth, but with unwavering faith in the God of all grace she, like Job, is enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." May the Lord ever be her support and stay, a very present help in time of trouble. She has the heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends and all the brethren and sisters of the Salisbury Association.

A. B. FRANCIS.

**Mrs. Hester C. Williams**, our dear and faithful sister in Christ Jesus, departed this life Feb. 5th, 1917, in the 83rd year of her age, at the home of her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Allnutt, near Poolesville, Montgomery Co., Md. She was born June 1st, 1834, and was the daughter of Benjamin White and Rachel Chiswell, being one of ten children, six girls and four boys. Of these ten children only one is now living, Mrs. Rachel Allnutt, of Dawsonville, Md., the surviving sister of our sister Williams. Nov. 17th, 1863, she was married to Richard Walter Williams, and was his third wife. Of this union two children were born, a son and a daughter, who both survive their mother: Walter Williams, an Episcopal clergyman in New York city, and Mrs. Lucy Allnutt, at whose home our sister Williams passed away. Besides these children of her own, sister Williams is survived by four step-children: Mrs. Mary Florence Pyles, Charles Williams and William Williams, all of Poolesville, Md., and Mrs. Sallie Eagle, of Rockville, Md. Sister Williams was baptized Nov. 3rd, 1895, by the late Elder E. V. White, into membership with the New Valley Old School Baptist Church, in Loudoun Co., Va. A branch of this church is established near our sister's home, and is called Broad Run. Here our sister lived and faithfully attended all her meetings whenever not providentially hindered. No one seemed to enjoy the meetings more than she, and none looked forward with more eager anticipation to the meetings, which came the first Sunday in every month to the little meetinghouse near her home. She was a staunch believer in salvation by grace and absolute predestination. She showed her faith by her works; her walk and conversation were salted with grace. She lived what she believed. We shall all miss her sorely: the church, the family and the community. May God comfort the mourning ones.

The funeral services were conducted at her late home near Poolesville, and burial took place in the Monocacy Cemetery, at Beallsville, Md. L.

**Thomas Alexander Ardies**, my beloved husband, departed this life at Ekfrid, Ontario, Canada, Jan. 31st, 1917, aged 80 years, 4 months and 5 days. He was born in New York city, came to Canada in 1875 with his mother and aunt, Julia Brawley, to live with his aunt, Mrs. Sarah Gurney, close by the meetinghouse of the Covenanted Baptist Church. He cared for these three dear ones with untiring devotion during their last hours on earth, as one after another they were taken from him to the realms above. He never attended Baptist meetings until he came to Canada, and it never ceased to be a wonder to him that he was at once drawn to that people in love and affection. His home had been a home to them for years, and he never tired waiting upon them as long as he was able. He asked a home with

them in June, 1906, and was received and baptized July 1st, by Elder Silas H. Durand. He was married in November, 1911, to Bertha Wells. He had been in failing health the past two years, but kept about until two weeks before his death. He was a firm believer in the predestination of all things, and said when laid up if it was to be his last sickness it was all right, the God of the whole earth would do right; that if he was among that number who were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, nothing could separate him. The words, "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness," came sweetly to his mind at that time. He talked freely then of his hope, but toward the last could not talk, and became helpless as a little child. My dear companion loved to read the Bible and the dear old SIGNS aloud, or to sing a hymn of praise to God. Many pleasant hours we have spent this way in our quiet little home, and now I am left alone to mourn. O may I be submissive to the Lord's will and enabled to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

Funeral services were held in the meetinghouse, conducted by Elder J. B. Slanson, and interment made in the little graveyard close by.

BERTHA ARDIES.

I wish to add a few words to what sister Ardies has written concerning her dear husband. I have known him many years, nearly fifty I suppose, and held him in high and loving esteem, both before and since his baptism. He was very attentive to church duties and privileges, and his mind seemed to be much upon spiritual things. He is much missed by the brethren. I sympathize with our dear sister and with the church.

SILAS H. DURAND.

**Jefferson M. Moffitt** was born in Nodaway County, Mo., Jan. 8th, 1862, where he resided until 1887. In December of that year he was united in marriage with Miss Siatha Jane Vanbnskirk, making his home in Andrew County, where they have since resided, with the exception of about four years spent in Iowa. In 1893 he with his wife was baptized in the fellowship of the "Three Forks of Nodaway" Old School Baptist Church, by the late Elder Richard M. Thomas, of St. Joseph, Mo. Father had been afflicted with a lingering illness for several years, but was not seriously ill until Friday, Feb. 2nd, when he continued to grow worse until he passed away, Sunday, Feb. 4th, aged 55 years and 27 days. Father was a faithful member of the church, and held the office of clerk several years. He said just a short time before his death: "I am ready to go home, for I have no enjoyment any more." His one great source of consolation was in reading the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, which was nearly all the preaching he had the last few years,

being unable to attend meetings often on account of his health.

The funeral services were held at the residence Wednesday, Feb. 7th, at 11 o'clock a. m., conducted by Elder C. C. Moore, of Clarksdale, Mo., who used as a text Rev. xxii. 1, after which the body was laid to rest in Mt. Carmel Cemetery, near Savannah, Mo.

Besides his wife and one son, Levi B., who lives at home, he leaves five brothers and one sister to mourn their loss: R. T. and Winfield, of Ray Co., Mo., Wm. W. and Mrs. Alexander Wilson, of Oklahoma, Elder S. B. Moffitt, of Newberg, Oregon, and A. C. Moffitt. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.

LEVI B. MOFFITT.

**Rosa I. Bales**, daughter of Jeremiah and Mary Stephens, was born in Greene County, Ohio, June 25th, 1862, and died Feb. 8th, 1917, at her home near Jamestown, Ohio, after an illness of several weeks. She was joined in marriage to Mr. Clayton Bales, August 14th, 1898. To that union were born two children, Lee and John. Her husband preceded her to the great beyond several years. Besides her two sons there are two sisters and five brothers living. Rosa's parents were both members of the Old School Predestinarian Baptist Church, also one brother, L. E. Stephens, of Delaware, Ohio. While she never felt worthy or had courage to offer herself to the church, it was plainly evident to those who knew her (by her walk, conversation and love for the doctrine and fellowship for the people of God) that she had been given a good hope in Christ. Her home was always a stopping-place for the Baptists, and she was never too busy with her work to stop for the meetings. All through her last illness she was resigned and ready to go, making all the arrangements for her funeral, and told her friends not to weep for her, she was going home.

The writer tried to speak words of comfort to a large number of relatives and friends, after which she was laid to rest in the cemetery at Jamestown to await the summons of the blessed Savior in the resurrection.

GEO. L. WEAVER.

### ANNOUNCEMENT.

I have written and am preparing for the press a book of about 100 pages, treating upon the personal identity of the church of God, titled, "My God and my Salvation," and will be priced at 50 cents post-paid. I earnestly request that all who may want one of those books will notify me as soon as possible, that I may know how many to print. Write name and address plainly, and send to

ELDER C. M. WEAVER.

COMMERCE, Mo.

## MEETINGS.

### EBENEZER OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH, IN NEW YORK CITY.

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

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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1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

ALL WELCOME

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church, of southern California, meets every third Sunday at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk,

CLAREMONT, Cal.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk,

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SYLVESTER HASSELL.

WILLIAMSTON, N. C.

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[THIS book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]

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(Judges v. 11.)

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL 1, 1917.

NO. 7.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ABOUT PRAYING.

“AND in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.”—Mark i. 35.

What a solemn interest there is for me in this incident concerning the dear Savior, and in the form of words in which it is related. I would love to be able to tell some of the thoughts and emotions which have been in my mind from time to time for many years as I have read this most wonderful and touching portion of his history. But it has appeared to me so sacred and solemn that I have felt a kind of backwardness as I approached the subject, as though it were a kind of intrusion upon a most solemn scene. What a strong, overpowering desire he must have had to be alone. Could I rudely break in upon this holy solitude with my worldly, coarse mind? Many a time I have hesitated when my mind has been drawn out by words used by holy men of old, feeling that my mind was too coarse, and I was too unworthy to use them. How much more ought I to hesitate when contemplating the words and works of the Savior. Nevertheless I have found it most sweet and comforting to let the

spirit of my mind follow the dear Savior as “he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.” Why would he be alone when he prayed? Why would he go beyond the sound of human voices and the tumult of moving feet when he prayed to the Father? Crowds of people had gathered when the sun was set, and were now waiting to be healed when he should come out of this solitude and appear again; for in the crowd were those who had all manner of disease to cure, and devils to cast out, false doctrine to withstand, and the gospel to preach. The whole city was at the door. Can we wonder that he should need to be alone at times a little while, alone with the Father, alone with that mighty work, and that fearful responsibility resting upon him? If I ask questions concerning this most solemn work it is with trembling of soul. I would not send my poor thoughts rashly into this sacred solitude where the Savior is alone with the Father, beyond where he gives me the gracious right and privilege. But I may remember that he has caused his servants to write and speak of these blessed things to the poor and unlearned, and revealed them to babes. The precious promises

are all given to those who especially feel and humbly acknowledge that they are unworthy of them. They are all given in the dear name of Jesus, and in his name alone.

How many questions are asked in ourselves concerning prayer; how to pray, and what to pray for! What is true prayer before the Lord? As for me, this subject of prayer is one that has given me much trouble and perplexity of mind. Questions arise with reference to it which reach to the depths of my soul. Can any man, except Jesus, teach another man to pray? Can anything be done to any form of words which will cause them to become a prayer? By the mystery of faith Jesus teaches, and his work is perfect and without fault. But I am talking of our experiences here in time, and of our trials and troubles concerning the work of faith in our hearts. Sometimes poor souls try to come to the Lord in prayer, and they can only whisper. Then they fear they are all wrong. For me, when I am alone my prayers are much oftener in a whisper than spoken aloud. Did Jesus speak aloud when in that solitary place? When one can pray only in whispers he is sometimes tempted to question his hope. But there are times when that temptation is so sweetly and powerfully overcome that he finds his soul swallowed up in whispers of love and joy and peace. After having suffered many trials upon this subject as the poorest of the Lord's ministers, for more than fifty years, I find myself at the age of eighty-four years with no more ability to pray as I ought than the ability of a little babe to cry. (Romans viii. 26.)

My mind keeps going again and again to that sacred solitude of the dear Lord our Savior where he was in holy communion with the Father, with whom he

was so fully alone that he did not desire, just then, that one soul in all the world should be with him. In the work in which he was soon to engage, no one could render him any help. That was his work; but no one could minister unto him in that great, holy and mysterious work. All that great crowd of people sleeping a little way from the solitary place where he was praying went there for their own benefit, and he was doing everything for them.

We know that the attitude of the body, the tone of voice, or any circumstance of the kind has nothing to do with the prayer of any one. The prayer must be in the soul first, and it will bring the poor soul to the mercy-seat in the Lord's own time. But he does not yet know that this cry which comes up from the depths of the heart is prayer, nor can any uninspired man tell him so he can understand. But in the Holy Spirit's own way and time he will come to feel and understand the "groanings which cannot be uttered." How little we think that these inward groanings are prayer. But it is the desire of the pure heart which causes us to feel this trouble. As for prayer, we thought we understood clearly enough about that, and were sure that if we prayed in the right way, and did the best we could, the Lord would bless us. But he who searches the heart made us to know what is the mind of the Spirit, who showed us more fully the depths of our depravity, and who made intercession for us according to the will of God.

How often we have to be taught that we do not know what to pray for as we ought, (Rom. viii. 26,) but if we were left to ourselves to choose what to pray for, what bungling work we would make of it. How good it is for us that the

Lord has kept all this in his own hands, so that whatever he commands us to do no mistake is made by the Lord. There is none to stay his hand, nor to say unto him, What doest thou?

Has it sometimes appeared to us that the object in praying is to let the Lord know what to do, and that the success of our petitions will be according to some power and energy and attractiveness with which we may be able to address the Lord? And have we been surprised to find our words entirely without life or strength? And to remember that the Lord does not need any words of ours to tell him what to do, nor will he allow any one to persuade him. His power and purposes are beyond our reach. There is just as much power before the Lord in the prayer of a little babe, or of a feeble-minded man, as in that of the wisest man. Eloquence of speech has no place here. The true prayer must be felt in the depths of the soul before it can be understood in the mind of the one who spiritually prays. When we feel our helplessness in this respect, and are ready to give up, then we are surprised to feel a renewal of strength in our souls, and to feel some words of inspiration living in us, as of Paul, "Pray without ceasing," and to find that by prayer and supplications our requests are being made known unto God.

What sweet and astonishing surprises are sometimes given to us as we try to get near the dear Savior with our griefs and longings and poor petitions, and with our vain efforts to reach the hem of his garment. It seems to me that Elijah was as much surprised when he saw the effect of his earnest prayer that it might not rain for three years and six months, as was the poor widow when she found a handful of meal in the barrel after she

had taken the last handful out. Elijah thought he was alone. If he had known about the seven thousand it might have been different with his feelings. He thought there were no true worshippers of the Lord near him. It is wonderful that he should feel such an earnest desire for so terrible a drought. The Lord had purposed to bring that awful judgment upon that guilty nation. It was undoubtedly a wonderful experience. It is a work beyond the power of any man to say of himself honestly, "Thy will be done." Elijah could be afraid, but not when the Lord put a prayer into his heart. The apostle speaks of this prayer of his as an encouragement to the timid and fearful. The dear Savior also refers to Elijah and the poor widow as representing the elect of God. (Luke iv. 27; James v. 17.)

When Jesus comes into that solitary place, in the garden of Gethsemane, there he prays for them, but would still be alone. He would go a stone's throw beyond the chosen three, but his inexpressible suffering brings him down to the ground. Now in his death and resurrection and entrance into glory he is with them for evermore. Unworthy of the divine favor of the Lord they all feel themselves to be, but it is that favor they forever desire and long for. Only in the felt presence of Jesus can they feel that favor to be theirs. Loneliness because of the dear Savior's absence is distressing. They cannot but continue to seek his face sorrowing. When he rises up now a great while before day, and goes out, and departs into that solitary place, they at once try to follow him. His prayer now is their prayer. They try to get near to him. They are afraid they are going to lose him. His prayer is in their hearts. Any place is lonely without him. This is because the dear Savior has gone with

them and they with him. And he has prayed for them, and has said to the Father: The glory which thou gavest me I have given them, that they may be one, even as we are one; I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one, even as we are one. Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory, which thou hast given me; for thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world.

SILAS H. DURAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., March 5, 1917.

## 2 CORINTHIANS V. 1-4.

"FOR we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven: if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life."

The apostle calls attention to the glory of Moses in his house and the glory that excelleth in the gospel; also declares that we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us. Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day, while we look not at the things which are seen, but the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things that are not seen are eternal. Then the words, "For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved," and we might embrace the Mosaic tabernacle with all its rites and ceremonies, the outward man that perishes, the gospel ordinances; any one or all of these no doubt were in the apostle's mind when he wrote the words, For we know, that if our earthly house of this

tabernacle were dissolved, we have a house not made with hands. The Mosaic rites and ceremonies were things seen, made with hands, an outward man formed of the dust of the ground, made with hands, the gospel ordinances, baptism, laying on of hands, Lord's supper, things seen and temporal, made with hands. Now if all of these perish, we have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we groan. Abel offered unto God an acceptable sacrifice, and in his tabernacle he groaned, desiring to be clothed upon with that house which is from heaven. This house is eternal in the heavens (legal, prophetic and gospel), though Abel offered and Noah offered and Aaron offered, they desired to be clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life. The apostle could view this house not made with hands as from heaven, and eternal in the heavens. In this we groan, desiring to be clothed upon, if so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked. For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon. When we are unclothed our nakedness appears. How often we hear it said by the Lord's people, If they knew me as I know myself they could not have fellowship for me. We see some of the nakedness and depravity of our nature. This is what the apostle meant by being unclothed and naked; he wanted mortality to be swallowed up of life, to be clothed upon with that house which is from heaven. He desired the garments of salvation and the robe of righteousness. How good when we are clothed and in our right mind, sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed with humility, meekness, kindness, brotherly love, esteeming others better than ourselves. These are gar-

ments of salvation, and from our house which is from heaven. Our conversation is in heaven, from whence also we look for the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ, 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. Our house is from heaven, the Lord Jesus is from heaven and our conversation is in heaven, and we are made to sit in heavenly places in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world. Beloved, now are we the sons of God.

J. M. FENTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Dec. 21, 1916.

### BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN was the full brother of Joseph, the children of Jacob and Rachel. Benjamin was the younger, and therefore the least. It was in Benjamin's sack the divining cup of Joseph was found, and fear and dread seized Benjamin, as well as the other brethren. It was Benjamin that received five times as much as his brethren when they ate and drank in Joseph's house. It was Benjamin that received three hundred pieces of silver and five changes of raiment from Joseph; while each of the brethren received changes of raiment, Benjamin received five changes. Joseph is a type of Christ, and Benjamin those who feel themselves as less than the least of all saints. Those who feel themselves as less than the least have been given the cup of the spiritual Joseph, and made to drink of the bitterness and anguish of soul and brought into nearness with Jesus. What fearfulness and dread seizes them at times, what pains of hell and sorrows of death encompass them, predestinated to be conformed to the image of his Son; then what cup of rejoicing when the Spirit

takes of the things of Jesus and shows them unto us; our cup runneth over. Joseph's brethren with Benjamin ate in Joseph's house, but Benjamin's mess was five times greater than the brethren's. Benjamin here presents the Lord's people, who have five times seemingly the bread of affliction and sorrow. The more we are made partakers of the sorrows, the nearer we are to the Savior; he was a man of sorrows. The woman who went out to gather sticks to cook the handful of meal and oil for herself and son and then die, was eating of the Bread whereof if a man eat he shall never die. Benjamin's mess was five times greater than the rest, and yet he had not eaten the bitterness to the extent that Joseph, his elder brother, had eaten. Benjamin was given silver and five changes of raiment. Seems to me this presents the truth of what Paul says: This corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality; for it is the change of raiment that changes the man. It is from our spiritual Joseph, our Elder Brother; when he appears we are like him, and it is he that supplies all our needs and changes our vile body and fashions it like unto his glorious body—gives us change of raiment, but to Benjamin, less than the least, he has five changes of raiment. How the grace of God does manifest itself in those who feel themselves less than the least. The raiment of brotherly love clothes them, they show their love by their deeds, the raiment of charity clothes them, and the apostle tells us what charity is: Charity suffereth long, and is kind; envy and hatred and malice have no place when the raiment of charity is on one: the raiment of forbearance, meekness, kindness. Benjamin, the least, was given these raiments, and may the Lord manifest many Benjamins among us.

J. M. FENTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 9, 1917.

**THE GRACE OF GOD IN ONE'S HEART,  
AND ITS EFFECT.**

THIS is far reaching, and we cannot fathom the depths thereof, neither can we ascend unto its heights. None can lay out the measure of the length and breadth of this unspeakable gift from God to the children of men through Jesus Christ, the only begotten of the Father, our Lord and Savior. God's judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. Searching has never revealed God, but the revelation of him through Christ produces a searching in us for some good thing that would merit his esteem or give him delight; but with all our searching we do not find it, for it is not there, but we find that we are less than nothing, and vanity. We have the gracious gift from God of his grace, which teaches us our frailty and the total depravity of man. God is secret, and dwells in secret, and secret things belong unto the Lord our God, but things revealed belong unto us. Therefore there must needs be a revelation from God, and of God, before we are possessors of any knowledge whatever of him and of what we really are by nature. So then it is alone by and of his grace that we know and are anything. We believe and are sure that it is by the grace of God we are what we are. Wherever this grace is bestowed it produces a change. Let us consider that the grace of God is never bestowed for our asking, but we ask because we have received of his grace. If it were given for our asking, this would make it of works on the part of the creature, and not by grace on the part of the Creator. Remember that no soul ever breathed a prayer for mercy until the grace of God had been freely and abundantly bestowed in that heart; the grace of God is first, and produces prayer.

Yes, we are blessed, and abundantly so, when we see our helplessness and realize our need of help. We then worship God in spirit and in truth, acknowledging him supreme and above all; we do this when we truly pray. It is God-given knowledge when man knows his utter helpless and sinful condition in the sight of the just and holy God. The grace of God shows us that we are by nature children of wrath, even as others. The first effect of it is to make us praying men and women. It made Hannah pray for a son; it made Paul pray, saying, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" Changed him from Saul, a destroyer, to Paul, a believer. Saul was a dangerous man, although most zealous of the law, versed in all points of the law, being able to confound the rulers and those who judged him; and as touching the righteousness of the law he was blameless, and verily believed he was doing God service in persecuting the early christians. With all his learning, and knowledge of the law, he was ignorant and void of understanding, having not yet received the grace of God in his heart; and when he did receive it, a thing he had not asked for, he knew nothing of it; being on his way to Damascus with letters of authority, to bind and bring to Jerusalem, to be cast into prison, certain ones who were followers of Jesus Christ; those who had received the grace of God in their hearts. It is certain that one cannot ask for a thing of which he knows nothing, and the natural man knows nothing of the grace of God. There are many effects, or rather many forms of effect, produced by the grace of God in the heart, but really they may be summed up in two distinct effects: first, producing the greatest sorrow or anguish of soul that is possible for man to endure—a sorrow, an

anguish that cannot be told, and none can understand it except those of like suffering. Second, it gives to us an exceeding great weight of joy, equally as incomprehensible and inexpressible as the sorrow. There are no words with which to express this unspeakable joy, and the world knows nothing of this sorrow or joy, it cannot be told to them; none know it except the children of God, and they do know it; they can and do tell it to each other by certain signs, which are peculiar and unknown to any other. A parrot can be taught to say, I am an Old School Baptist, but what would this signify to the child of God? We are not known one to another simply by saying, I am an Old School Baptist, or, I am a member of the church, nor merely by the outward expression of the countenance. It is easy to tell how it is not, but hard to tell how it is that we are known one to another; but we do know these things by the grace of God given us, though we only know each other to the depths to which we ourselves have passed, or to the heights of joy to which we have ascended. The grace of God causes us to love the brotherhood, to esteem each other better than ourselves, placing us at our brother's feet, making us to forgive our brother if he trespass against us, and causing him to implore our forgiveness, and we forgive him not only seven times, but seventy times seven. This does not mean four hundred and ninety times, as in the order of multiplication. Seven is a perfect number, as used in the Scriptures, and seventy times seven, a multiple of seven, means perfect and complete forgiveness, blotted out; we do not remember it any more against him. It causes us to want to mingle with the saints, to be regular and attentive at our appointed meetings, careful of our pastor and of

each other, seeking after each other's welfare, not through idle curiosity, but for good, to be of help, if help is needed; causes us to enjoy spiritual conversation and intercourse above all things in this life; to prize a moment of conversation or meditation on the holiness of God and his mercy through Christ to us above hours of the chiefest earthly joy; it causes us to lose pleasure in the things of this worldly life. Worldly amusements fail to amuse, and one had rather be alone, in a solitary place, with his meditations on the glory of God and his goodness to his people, his loving-kindness and his mercy, which endureth forever, than to be in the house of mirth and worldly joy surrounded by thousands of gay and frivolous companions, for even though we be surrounded by such companions, we are yet alone, and the mirth and gaiety only add to our confusion and discomfort. This is because the grace of God has touched our hearts and shown us better things by far than this world has to offer. The spiritual hope of the future cannot be compared with the realities of the natural life with all its pleasures, and by the power of the love of God shed abroad in our hearts according to the riches of his grace in Christ Jesus, which constrains us to forsake the old way, we are unable to go farther in the delights of the ways of the world, and we count it not a sacrifice to give up worldly pleasures, but rather give thanks to God that we are counted worthy to suffer the loss of all worldly joys, that we may find our whole pleasure in Christ and in fellowship with the sufferings of his death. The grace of God never caused or prompted one to enter into this world's gaities to seek pleasure there, neither does it prompt idle conversation, jesting or joking; it is the flesh that does these things, for the

grace of God changes one from the things of this world and transplants them into another sphere or life. Our joys are different, our pleasures entirely different from what they once were: the pleasures of this world and of the old man, earthy. The grace of God changes one from head to foot, changes the thoughts of the head, also the walk in life; it is all so entirely different from the ways of this life that the natural man cannot in any sense understand it. Would or could a man of himself refuse to be called the son of the daughter of the richest king on earth, to associate himself and dwell with a band of people that were slaves, bondmen and bondwomen to that king? We cannot understand it by reason, for it is unreasonable; but Moses did this thing, and in a certain sense we did the same. We refuse to be called the son of a heathen king, refuse to be recognized with the rich and noble of this life with its idolatrous worship and ungodly practices, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, a despised few. Moses was a born Jew literally, and in no way related to the king of Egypt. We are born Jews spiritually, and in no way related to the idolatrous kings of the earth, refusing to be recognized with them; and this choosing or choice we have made is the effect produced by and because of the grace of God in our hearts. It caused men of old to prophesy contrary to and against kings and their ungodly acts; it has caused man to feel that he, according to his belief, is the only one on earth—absolutely alone. The prophet Elijah thought so, saying, Lord, they have digged down thine altars and slain all thy prophets, and, behold, they seek my life to take it from me. Absolutely alone in the wide world; but the Lord came with the comforting and assuring answer that

he had reserved seven thousand men who had not bowed the knee to the image of Baal, which number still stands intact, for it signifies the perfect and complete number, the elect according to the multitude of his mercies toward us. All this we each have to learn for ourself, it cannot be taught by another; none can impart this knowledge, for it is the grace of God. I was reared under the sound of the doctrine of the absolute sovereignty of God Almighty, his determinate counsel and foreknowledge, election and effectual calling, the total depravity of man and his inability to do anything whatever in his behalf, yet until I was nearly thirty years old I had very little if any knowledge of this glorious doctrine, and in many prominent features I felt I was absolutely alone in my belief; and if I ever have known anything of it, it is surely by the grace of God, and not by the teachings of man. If I know one word of truth, if I ever spoke or wrote one word of truth, if I ever prayed or if I ever thought seriously concerning God, it is by and because of his grace in my heart, and if I ever again think, pray, talk or write of the truth it will be alone by his grace freely and abundantly bestowed in my heart. The grace of God in our hearts has caused us to do things, say things, live a life we said in our nature we would never do. This I know of a truth. I am unworthy, and would have cursed God and died had it not been for the grace of God in my heart that would not let me do it. It causes us to be sad and humble, lays us low and keeps us there, for it shows us our sins and shortcomings and keeps them before our eyes. Then how can we laugh and joy in the idle and vain things of this life with such a terrible and revolting spectacle as our sin-polluted self standing before Him,



and in humility remembering that in due time Christ died for the ungodly? The grace of God does not always cause us to be of sad countenance, for it makes us rejoice and shout with joy and praise unspeakable and full of glory for the riches of his grace of never-ending mercy in the glorious redemption in Christ Jesus our Lord. The life we now live in the flesh we live by faith in the Son of God, who loved us and gave himself for us. When the grace of God in our hearts is showing us these things and causing us to rejoice by reason of the fact that we feel a strong hope through grace, feeling our salvation sure by reason of our acceptance in him, who is the chiefest among ten thousand, when this is the cause produced we have no time or place for the gaudy baubles of natural scenes. So the grace of God separates us from our fellow-man according to the flesh, separates us from all things in nature, but it does not cause one to love their husband or wife less if they be not of the same mind, but it causes us to love others who are of the same mind with us in a way we never loved before. Not love that is sensual and devilish, but love that is holy, thinking no evil, in which we look upon them not after the flesh, nor regard them as male or female, youth or old age. This grace does not lessen our love for those in ties of nature, for the love which is by the grace of God is as different from natural affection as day is from night, and as far apart as the east is from the west—no comparison.

This theme is as inexhaustible as any of the riches of God, for all that we receive is by grace and in mercy sent; it will never be fully told, it is eternal, it causes us to sing, it causes us to weep, it causes us to bemoan our condition, it causes us the greatest rejoicing. The grace of God is the beginning of a good

work in us, and where the Lord begins a good work he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. This grace is bestowed on each as we are able to bear it. It was sufficient for Paul, it is sufficient for us; it is the same grace to-day. God reigns. Amen.

Your unworthy brother,

F. SELBY FISHER.

SALISBURY, Md.

### THE VICTORY IS WON.

HERE I am again with pen in hand, with one mind to write and another mind not to write. The spiritual man seems to tell me to write, but the fleshly man tells me that every time I try to write it mortifies him to see me make such a foolish child of myself, trying to write about something I know nothing of; but against his will I am going to try, God being my helper, and put on paper some thoughts on the words named above: "The victory is won." Some days ago I awoke with these words ringing in my ears, and I trust they did ring also in the deep recesses of my heart and soul. I first thought, when the words came, that it was a token of my sudden death, but the next thought was, you must write about "The victory is won." Now, while I am wondering just how I am going to start to write, these words are before me: But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. They are a guarantee to every subject of God's free grace that the victory is won; yes, the victory is ours. Our dear Jesus won it for us. He is the Captain of our salvation. He went before us, led the way, and fought the battle for us, and has brought us into an everlasting kingdom which knows no end. He abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel, which is the

power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Yes, the victory is his. Jesus is our Captain and Leader; he goes before us, and we follow him. He says, My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. I am the good Shepherd. The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. It was our sins that put him to an open shame. Isaiah the prophet foretold the suffering of Jesus when he said: "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." O what wondrous love, that the pure, innocent Son of God should suffer, bleed and die for sinners of Adam's fallen race. No other could love like Jesus, for it is said, Greater love hath no man, than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. No natural man could love as Jesus loves, for his is an everlasting love, a love he had with his Father before the world began. It was our sins that caused him to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. It was our sins that caused him to suffer such great agony in the garden of Gethsemane, where he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, falling down to the ground. It was love in him that caused him to cry with a loud voice on the cross, "It is finished;" when he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost. The poet says,

"Alas! and did my Savior bleed,  
And did my Savior die?

Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?"

Dear child of God, now the debt is paid, the victory is won, and his people are freed from all condemnation, and made

holy and without blame before God in love. He was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification. Yes, the victory is won, and our Jesus is at the right hand of his Father, and ever lives to make intercession for his people. Paul said, "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, the victory is won. O how glad I would be if I could write about Jesus as I would like to, but I am such a poor, ignorant creature that I cannot command words to express my thoughts, so can only give outlines of them, and feel at times that I will cease to write and lay down my pen forever; but when I read so many sweet, comforting letters in our dear old family paper, the SIGNS, a feeling springs up in my poor heart, and I am made to ask the dear Lord just to enable me to cast in my little mite, to let my kindred in Christ know that I am still in the land of the living—a sojourner and a lonely pilgrim on the earth. I have many very dear friends all around me, and I meet with my dear brethren very often, and attend our regular meetings once a month, and hear our dear pastor, Elder Lefferts, preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, yet I feel the most of my time to be all alone, and the words of the poet describe my case:

"Like one alone I seem to be,  
O, is there any one like me?"

And again,

"I am so vile, so prone to sin,  
I fear that I'm not born again."

But I must bring this letter to a close, for I have written too much already; but before closing I want to say to the brethren and sisters who write for the SIGNS, Write on, for I do believe that you com-

fort many others as you comfort this poor, old sinner, who, if saved at all, it must be by grace, through the blood and righteousness of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, who won the victory.

Brother Ker, I do hope you will write often for the SIGNS, I like your editorials, as I do those of Elder Lefferts. If you can find anything in this worth publishing, do so; if not, cast it aside and I shall not be hurt. With good will and best wishes for you all, I now bid you all farewell.

Your poor, weak brother,

JOHN F. OLIVER.

HERNDON, Va., Jan. 2, 1917.

MACOMB, Illinois.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I am sending you a letter lately received from Elder Vail, for publication in the SIGNS, if you think proper. I have not his consent, but think he would 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. But as his time is so nearly all taken up in traveling and preaching he has little time to write, so I feel justified in sending his letter, believing that all will be comforted in reading it, for he so clearly portrays the trials and temptations of the saints in their pilgrimage journey. He wrote me some months ago, asking if he had not met me in Illinois years ago at our association. I answered that I remembered him well, though it was thirty years ago. He visited our association with Elder Bundy. I remember a special discourse he delivered, the text, &c., and how I was so comforted by it. Ever since I have loved his writings. In recounting his experience along the way he has often told my own, of doubts, darkness of mind, of unbelief, which seems to be my besetting

sin. Yes, dear brother Vail, I have been along this way, when my faith would be tried to the uttermost, when the temptings of Satan and unbelief would seem more than I could endure, and nothing but God's amazing grace kept me from falling by the way; but through his great mercy and grace I continue to this day, the chief of sinners, saved by grace if saved at all, desiring to give God all the glory, for without him I am nothing. When such able ministers of the gospel as Elder Vail and many others, who have spent a lifetime of service in the cause of their Master, complain of their unworthiness and insufficiency, and feel that they have come short, and wonder and question whether they have ever given a cup of cold water in his name, or ever ministered to the needs of his children—if such as they feel to be unprofitable, what am I? How should such an one as I feel? This brings out many heart-searching questions, which humble me and bring me down to the very dust, when and where I can feel my weakness and dependence and know that all my help must come from God. Yet it is a comfort to read and hear from those who feel humble, and we are encouraged and built up by these very experiences, feeling we are not alone, and believing that God has worked in his servants and enabled them to minister to the needs of his "little ones," the sick and the afflicted, the oppressed in body and mind, the hungry and thirsty, and to those in prison. No doubt Elder Vail and all God's called servants have often thus ministered to the sheep and lambs of the flock, and the blessed promise is to all such: As often as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the

foundation of the world. May they take courage, remembering that their Lord and Master himself traveled the way before them, marking out the path and leaving landmarks by which a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein; and this is the way, walk ye in it. Though the path ministers must travel is beset with tribulation, affliction, persecution, sore and bitter trials, they know there is no discharge in this war until death, yet their God has promised to be with them to the end. May we all ever remember our duty to these faithful undershepherds, ministering to them of our carnal things, even as they are faithful in ministering to us of spiritual things. How often while in the banqueting-house of our Lord, sitting under the sound of the gospel as proclaimed by the tried and called servants of our God, have we been made to rejoice. We have been fed with the sincere milk of the word, as well as strong meat, have eaten the honeycomb with the honey, the wine with the milk, yea, all good things from the great storehouse of our Lord.

Brother Ker, excuse me for writing so much; I had not thought of doing so.

With best wishes to you and Elder Lefferts, and to all of the household of faith, I am your poor, weak sister in the faith,

SARAH E. RUNKLE.

CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa., Nov. 8, 1916.

DEAR SISTER RUNKLE:—Your most excellent letter came in due time, and was very much enjoyed by my family and myself. Some of the things you mentioned I remember very well, others have gone from me. My life has been such a confused one that much which has taken place in my journey has gone from me, but some things remain with me. I

have almost a constant thought that I am the chief of sinners, and if saved, surely it will be by rich and sovereign grace, for I can do nothing of myself. What poor, weak and helpless creatures we are! How close the dear Savior comes to his children; in his own testimony he says, Of mine own self I can do nothing. He must be made like unto his brethren, and they are made like each other, and this is the secret of their love and fellowship for each other. They continually confess that they find a law in their members warring against the law of their mind, bringing them into captivity to the law of sin which is in their members, so that we cannot do the things that we would, crying out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" All at times feel to say, I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord, that I myself with the mind (mind of Christ) serve the law of God, but with the flesh (fleshly mind) the law of sin. This is the cause of all the warfare, and it seems that the mind or heart is the battleground. I often feel that much of my experience is summed up in these words: waste howling wilderness. Dear sister, were you ever tempted to doubt the existence of a supreme Ruler or the reality of religion? The dear Lord only knows how I have suffered from unbelief. I often wonder if it is right to mention it to any one, it seems so unlike a christian. I have been driven to believe that the natural mind is nothing more or less than infidelity, at least mine is. I would love to be in the mind of Christ continually, but alas, I am not; day after day my mind wanders, like the fool's eye, to the ends of the earth. It seems like a square contradiction for me to say that I hate vain thoughts, but thy law do I love, when my mind is full

of such thoughts continually. Were it not that I believe in a God that is full of mercy, pity and compassion I would have given up in despair many, many times, but somehow by some unseen power I still hope in God. I recall the testimony of Jesus in David: 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. Will I ever praise him? I hope so. The Syrophenician woman fell on her knees and worshiped him, saying, Lord, help me. Her name means, drawn to. The first expression, Lord, signifies faith; second, help signifies helplessness; third, "me," individuality. I am the needy one. If this is worship, I may have worshiped God. The publican said, God, be merciful to me, a sinner (not a christian). If I have ever prayed, the prayer of the publican has been the burden of my prayer nearly or quite sixty years; not one word could be added to or taken from it. I know that I am a sinner, and I know that mercy can come from God alone. Have I prayed? God knows. I do not know when I pray, I do not know when I worship, I do not know what I need, therefore do not know how to ask, or what for. I know I am happy sometimes for a few moments, and feel like singing, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," &c., but whether my feelings are natural or spiritual I cannot say. I am so peculiarly constituted I cannot understand myself. Truly I am fearfully and wonderfully made, and that my soul knoweth right well. Jesus said to some, When I was sick and in prison ye visited me; when I was naked ye clothed me; when I was an hungered ye fed me; when I was thirsty ye gave me drink. They answered, Lord, when did we do these things? I have no other answer to give;

God knows whether I have done these things, I do not. I have desired to, but what I desire I cannot attain. Pray tell me, is it thus with you?

I remember well the good visits Elder Bundy and I had when with the churches in the west, but I do not remember much about my speaking, only I remember I felt my efforts were very weak and lame all the way round, and they have always been the same. Forty years ago the second Sunday in last October was the first attempt I made by way of speaking in public. I have traveled several hundred thousand miles, talked by way of trying to preach thousands of times, talked much, but fear I have done but little if any real preaching; God knows, and perhaps the brethren know; I leave it there.

I will now close. This is the most I have written to one person for a long time. I fear it will do you no good, but it is all I can do. If I could write like you and many others I might mention, and my shoulder and arm would permit, I would write more for the SIGNS, but I cannot, absolutely cannot. I would like to send your letter to the SIGNS, it is too good to hide. Please write and tell me that I may.

Yours in the sweet love and fellowship of the gospel of God our Savior, I hope,  
D. M. VAIL.

HANFORD, Cal., Dec., 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—Since writing you the letter which you published in your issue of June 1st, 1916, I have been very ill much of the time, and several times have been close to the gates of death. For nearly three months now I have been confined almost constantly to my room, and am still unable to be out or to do anything.

I feel it in my heart to say a word of commendation in behalf of the precious brethren among whom I was permitted to be and to labor during a part of the time since I last wrote you. I shall never forget the great kindness I was shown at Greenville, Texas, and at Elder Sikes' home, during the three days meeting which it was my privilege to attend at his home church (Sabine) last May. The preaching was in absolute harmony, and the most perfect fellowship prevailed. I met also and had the great pleasure of being with dear brother Slaughter in one service in his home church. At Eustace we had precious times, and sweet and perfect fellowship prevailed. Later on I visited the brethren at Martindale, Falls City, Stockdale, San Marcos and Blanco. Here I discovered the footprints of several of the Lord's faithful ministers, among whom I may be permitted to mention Elder James Wagner, of blessed memory, Elder J. B. Bowden, Elder H. B. Jones and Elder Isaac Greathouse. Others whose names I cannot now recall have labored in this part of the Lord's vineyard. Here I met Elder S. N. Stephens, of Austin, who preaches regularly for these brethren. Nor must I forget to speak of the blessed times I had with Elder Bourland and Elder Pace, of Athens, the worthy moderator of the old Union Association. It was my privilege to attend the three days meeting at his home church and endeavor to preach the gospel with him. An immense congregation gathered on Sunday to hear the word.

The trip in the automobile stage from San Marcos to Blanco was rather hard, but interesting; the distance is forty miles. We arrived in Blanco about two o'clock in the afternoon. Here we had four services: two in the schoolhouse near

brother Solomon Wagner's, one Sunday afternoon at dear brother Frank Jones', and one on Monday night in the Methodist meetinghouse in Blanco. There had been no Old Baptist preaching there for eleven years, I was told.

From Blanco I was driven across the mountains fifty miles to Austin. The scenery along this route is grand and picturesque. We arrived safely in the capital city of the Lone Star State in good time for dinner. The trip was made in a new Ford.

When I left Texas for this coast I took the route via Denver, Salt Lake and Los Angeles. On reaching the high altitudes in Colorado I was taken very ill with severe and frequent inward hemorrhages and nervous prostration. I was compelled to lay over one day in Grand Junction, and two days in Los Angeles. In the latter place the man who waited upon me said afterward that he could not see how I could live; but the incomprehensible purpose of God was that I should not then die.

On arriving here I was compelled to take to my bed at once, and for a month I was exceedingly ill. I have suffered greatly, but I feel somehow that I shall yet recover and be able to return to the middle west in the spring. I have lost about twenty-five pounds since I left Texas, and am gaining strength very slowly indeed.

I beg of all the brethren to remember me when it goes well with them.

In love and hope,

**BEN HARDIN IRWIN.**

COLUMBUS, Ga., Feb. 12, 1917.

DEAR ELDER LEFFERTS:—I so much desire to write you that I must make an effort, although I hardly know how to address you. I would rather say "brother;" but suppose I have not the right or priv-

ilege, as I have never united with the church of God, of which you are one of the most blessed. I hope and believe I received that precious hope about twenty-one years ago, when I was about that same age. There is no church near here in which I could have faith and fellowship. It is a sad and lonely feeling to be thus situated. There are no absolute Predestinarian Baptists about here that I know of, outside of some members of my family. There are a great many so-called Primitive Baptists, but not absolute predestinarians. Although I do not want to judge any, somehow I cannot love them, and we know we must love the brethren, for that is our blessed assurance, is it not? My mother takes the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and has for years. We much enjoy reading the good things in its precious pages. The SIGNS is to our poor, hungry souls, as many of the dear writers say, our only preaching of the true gospel of the precious Savior. The Scriptures as taught and expounded by yourself, Elder Ker and others are manna to our hungry souls. I do not attend any of the meetings here, for they have nothing for me; not one single crumb do I receive when I hear them. I sometimes feel that my cross is a very heavy one to bear. My husband and children are not with me in the faith, but I try to be reconciled to the will of God, for I know he knows best in all things. My husband and two of my daughters belong to other denominations, in which you know we have no faith or confidence. Is not that a great cross to bear, knowing that our near and dear ones in the flesh are not with us in the Spirit? So we are near, and yet so far apart. But just so strong is my faith and love for the doctrine I believe to be the strait and narrow way, the true gospel way, that I am made willing to be separated from all I possess on earth. Thus I am made to

realize, as Paul said, that nothing, no, nothing, shall separate us from the love of God. For we would not be counted worthy of him if we were not willing to forsake father and mother, brother and sister and all else for his sake. My dear old father, who departed this life two years ago last July at the age of seventy-four, was a whole-souled Predestinarian Baptist. My mother, several brothers and sisters, and, I hope, myself, contend in our weak way for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and the gospel as Paul preached it. I often feel that we are away off in the wilderness, separated from all the rest of you, still I know there must be others situated as we are.

Elder Lefferts, I hardly know why I have written thus to you, but feel that you are able to bear with me in my weakness and forgive me if I have trespassed upon your patience and time. It seemed that I must write you and tell you that down here in this wilderness there are several poor, hungry souls that love you for the truth's sake and the doctrine you so faithfully and efficiently set forth. I love to read your editorials, also those of Elder Ker. Elder Lefferts, we read in the SIGNS of your "Trip to Georgia." My mother and I were talking of it, and would have been glad to have known of your coming beforehand, as perhaps we might have gone to hear you. I feel that it would be worth much to me to know you personally and hear from your lips the truth as it is in Jesus. Would it be asking too much of you and your indeed valuable time if you ever make another trip to Georgia to let me know the time and place? If it should be that we could at that time we would love to go and hear you and be with you. Perhaps I will try to write my little experience for the SIGNS some time. I am anxious to know whether you all would accept it or not. Although I am not acquainted in

the flesh with a single one whose names I have seen in the SIGNS, yet feel to know and love every one, and dare hope that you all are my dear kindred in Christ. Perhaps this is taking great liberty on my part, and would not do were it not for my sincere love for you all. What a blessed assurance is given us in the Scripture where it reads, Ye know ye are his by your love for the brethren.

May you long be spared and sustained by God, the giver of all good, to continue to feed his lambs. Remember me at the throne of grace.

(MRS.) C. M. THETFORD.

HAVANA, Kansas, Feb. 18, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I wish to submit for your consideration and opinion my views upon Romans vi. 17. They may be somewhat different from your editorial of February 15th, 1917.

Paul made use of the words, "But God be thanked," as a gracious conclusion to what he had written in the preceding verses of the chapter. It is giving as the central thought of yielding unto God all the glory "of obedience unto righteousness." The comma after "God be thanked," shows a change in expression, and is used parenthetically to remind those Romans of their condition under the service of sin. "That" has the same meaning as "though" or "as." The next clause presents an entirely opposite conclusion: "But ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." The transition from being servants of sin unto obedience from the heart that form of doctrine delivered you caused the apostle to exclaim, "God be thanked." God is praised by mortal man for blessings received, and not for service under the reign of sin. By one man's offence death reigned by one. The gift of righteousness shall reign in life

by one, Jesus Christ. "God be thanked." Paul wrote to the Ephesian brethren upon the same line of thought: Ye were by nature children of wrath, even as others. Then with great assurance declared, "But God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ." When one who was a servant of sin is made by the grace of God a servant of righteousness, in gladness he will declare, "God be thanked." "Being filled with the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ, unto the glory and praise of God."—Phil. i. 11. Paul was delighted with his Roman brethren that they in sincerity obeyed from the heart the doctrine he and other ministers delivered them. He felt in his heart that what he had taught them was absolutely the doctrine; he had received it by the revelation of Jesus Christ. He delivered his messages as the approved ambassador of his heavenly Lord and Master. How different was the language written to his Galatian brethren: "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth," &c.—Gal. iii. 1. "Are ye so foolish? having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?" The epistle to the Galatians from the third chapter is an earnest exposition of the gospel of Christ, with a fervent solicitude not to turn from the truth of the gospel, as he had taught them. "Brethren, I beseech you, be as I am." With a feeling of sorrow he asked those brethren, "Am I therefore become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?"—Gal. iv. 12, 16. That entire epistle is as binding upon God's children now as it was to the Galatian Church.

Submitted in love.

T. R. PITTMAN.



**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***JOHN XX. 23.**

"WHOSOEVER sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them; and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained."

The above words were spoken by Jesus to the apostles, Thomas being absent, after his resurrection from the dead and after he had given them the Holy Ghost, by which Spirit they were to discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that served God and him that served him not. By the Holy Ghost they were also to be led into all truth and understand the mysteries of the kingdom of God. By the Spirit they were also to write holy things, set things in order in the house of God. By the same Spirit they were to judge Israel, and their judgment was and is irrevocable, cannot be appealed from, because it is the judgment of the Holy Ghost.

We have made the above statements as leading up to our understanding of the text under consideration. It seems evident to us that this statement of Jesus referred then as well as now to the order of the church, rather than vesting in the apostles power to forgive, or remit, sins. There are some men in the world who claim power to forgive sins, and practice such deception upon the ignorant, who

are not allowed opportunity to learn for themselves better. If a man cannot forgive his own sins and make atonement to God for his own iniquity, be assured, every man, that he cannot forgive the sins of any other man, woman or child on earth. Jesus said to the man sick of palsy, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Then the scribes and the Pharisees said, "Who is this man that speaketh blasphemies? who can forgive sins but God only." Those men were of Jerusalem, serving the law, but knew it was blasphemy for man to say he could forgive sins, and they did not hesitate to say so. If such a claim of man (they not knowing Jesus) was blasphemy then, is it not blasphemy now? The Forgiver of sins has never given the power to forgive sins to any man. Jesus Christ, the Mediator between God and man, was God manifest in the flesh. All the work has been done, is being done and will be accomplished through God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. The text at the head of this article clinches this truth: the work of the apostles being under the influence of the Holy Ghost. The apostles composed the visible church, or body, at that time, and authority was given them pertaining to all things of the kingdom. Jesus had instructed them long before his resurrection from the dead how to deal with the high-minded, self-important, unruly, &c., and said, I give unto you the keys (authority) of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever ye bind on earth shall be bound in heaven; and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven. We think the import of this Scripture close kin to the text we are now considering. If a member of the church becomes disorderly, and hence an offence to the church, the rule is laid down by the Savior as to how to

deal with him, and we should all remember that if our dealing with an unruly member, or one who has given offence to the church, is not in perfect harmony, or, in other words, not exactly as laid down, we may rest assured it is not the work of the Holy Ghost, as the Holy Spirit does not say one thing and act in another direction. The Lord's ways are always equal.

Going back to the apostles' day, we will find that now and then it became necessary to exclude one from the privileges of the church because of some ungodly course. That was binding that one, restricting, prohibiting such an one from entering upon and into the ordinances of the house; could not partake of the Lord's supper, could not act in any matter of business by suggestion or voice, and as long as he continued in the offensive course he was to be to the church as a heathen man and a publican. But should he repent—give up, or turn from the course which caused his exclusion, and live soberly, righteously and godly, he should be restored, loosed from his bondage, to the full fellowship and privileges of the church. In his restoration his sins were remitted, forgiven by the church of his membership. But while he continued in the sinful course his sins were retained, not forgiven.

Our text therefore has reference to church order in forgiving the transgressions of the offending ones on the one hand, and of holding them fully accountable for their transgressions on the other hand, and has no reference whatever to the forgiveness of sins in the sense of making a sinful man holy in the sight of God.

Written at the request of sister Woodson Cummins, Touchet, Wash. K.

### JOHN XXI. 15.

"LOVEST thou me more than these?"

This question was asked by the Savior under peculiar and very trying circumstances, and we feel sure that never a question sank deeper into man's heart, conscience and soul. It searched the very depths of the man's being, and caused him to remember vows, promises and proud declarations. It caused him to know that his sin had found him out, that nothing was covered from the Lord. It also gave him to understand something at least of the mercy and longsuffering of the Lamb of God.

Peter, the apostle, was a man like other men, though he knew it not. His idea or opinion of himself seemed higher and better than of all other men. He thought his ability superior to that of either of the other apostles; yes, even superior to the ability of "all men." How little he knew himself, but how well Jesus knew him. No doubt he was perfectly sincere in all he said, but knew not his own weakness. We have sometimes thought of him as a mirror, as it were, in which we all see ourselves after having been converted as Peter was. By nature so proud, so exalted in our own estimation, but the fall always shows us that we cannot stand on that pinnacle. When we come to ourselves we find that we are with Jeremiah, whose face was in the dust and his teeth broken with gravel stones. Job, too, appears in the ditch with his clothes in such condition that he abhors himself, but we love him as a companion, and say to him, You abhor yourself, so do we abhor ourselves, but if you are sure your Redeemer lives, our Redeemer must live also.

Peter told Jesus that he would go to prison and to death with him, and though all men should forsake him he would not.

Did he do it? No, but instead, with cursing and swearing he said, "I know not the man." Jesus did not forget that denial, nor did Peter. Hence after the resurrection of Jesus, while the disciples were fishing, he appeared by the sea and asked if they had any meat. They replied, No. Then he said, Cast the net on the right side and ye shall find. They did so, and took a great number of fish. When that was done John the disciple said, "It is the Lord." Peter seemed more anxious to be with him than any of the others, and cast himself into the sea and came to where he was. When the other disciples came, bringing the net with the fish, they discovered that dinner was already prepared for them; the fire was seen, whereon were fish and bread. No doubt surprise met them, but no one asked a question, knowing it was the Lord. After they had dined of the meal Jesus had prepared by his power, he addressed Peter, saying, "Lovest thou me more than these?" Not more than he loved the fish, but more than the other disciples loved him. Not many days before he had said so, but had he proven it? By no means, but he must answer truthfully, so said, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. Jesus did not accuse him of being false to his vow, nor did he upbraid him for cursing, but said, "Feed my lambs." Peter no doubt asked within himself, How can a liar and a man of unclean lips feed the lambs of God? But before he decided how it could be Jesus asked him again the same question, to which Peter answered as before. Jesus then said, Feed my sheep. The same questioning in Peter's mind: How can it be? revived, and while wondering about it, pondering it over in his heart, Jesus asked him the third time, saying, "Lovest thou me?" Peter, being grieved, said,

"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Yes, thou knowest all things; even before the world was all was naked and open before thee. Yes, thou knowest I lied, proved false, cursed and swore and said, I know not the man; and down deep in my poor, sinful heart something tells me that thou knowest I love thee, notwithstanding all my faults, sins, shortcomings and backslidings. Just then a prayer of thanksgiving to God must have gone up from the heart of that poor man who had denied his Lord, perhaps something like this: God be praised for his mercy, long-suffering, pity, compassion, tenderness and love. Were not God able to justify the ungodly, what hope could Peter have had? What hope could any of us have were it not for his power and Godhead? Peter denied the Lord three times, and confessed three times that he loved him. Yes, if we deny him once or one hundred times we must confess that many times that we love him. How good that "his mercy endureth for ever"!

K.

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#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

ELDER S. N. STEPHENS has changed his address from 507 E. 15th St., Austin, Texas, to Stockdale, Texas.

## P O E T R Y .

NEW YORK, N. Y., March 5, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The writer of the following verses is a blind sister in Canada. I requested permission of the friend who sent them to me to have them published in the SIGNS. The spirit animating the composer is to be coveted.

Yours in brotherly love,

JOHN McCONNELL.

## F A I T H .

THOUGH my years are spent in darkness,  
With my earthly vision veiled;  
Though I have not seen at evening  
Rosy hues by shadows paled;

There is One who guides my footsteps  
In the darkest shades of night,  
While within my heart are shining  
Rays of never-fading light.

For I know God's way is perfect,  
And his hand in love I see,  
For in faithfulness my Father  
In this world afflicted me.

Though I cannot see the flowers,  
Nor the trees in beauty clad;  
Cannot see the pretty warblers,  
Even yet my heart is glad.

For I know that when my spirit  
From this temple soars away,  
I shall view eternal beauties  
In that never-ending day,

Where no more shall be remembered  
Pain or sorrow, grief or sin,  
But the light of God's own presence  
Peace and joy create therein.

What are then these light afflictions  
Which one moment here annoy?  
They shall soon all fade and vanish,  
And my soul be filled with joy.

As a pilgrim here I journey  
To that city clothed in light,  
God shall be my hope and comfort  
Till my faith is lost in sight.

LIZZIE McCALLUM.

WALLACETOWN, Ont.

## M A R R I A G E S .

By Elder John McConnell, March 4th, 1917, at the home of the bride's mother, 415 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Everett H. Winchell, of St. Charles, Mich., and Mrs. Florence C. Sawtelle, of Brooklyn, N. Y.

## O B I T U A R Y N O T I C E S .

**Deacon James S. Foreman**, of the Sideling Hill Church, Fulton County, Pa., died at his home near Laidig, Pa., Feb. 24th, 1917, aged 60 years, 9 months and 20 days. He had been sick for a long time, and would not consent to have a doctor attend him. He never believed in doctors for himself, though never objected to others having them if they wanted them. His wife was Sarah Laidig, who was baptized with him into membership with the Sideling Hill Church, by the late Elder Ahimaaz Mellott, several years ago. After the writer became pastor of that church, brother Foreman was ordained deacon of the church, which office he filled to the time of his death. One son, Paul B. Foreman, of Laidig, Pa., and two daughters, Mrs. Ruth Mellott, of Three Springs, Pa., and Mrs. Jenette Erb, of Laidig, Pa., together with their mother, our sister Sarah Foreman, survive their father. One son, Charles, died some years ago. Brother Foreman had the respect of all who knew him, and consistently maintained a godly walk and conversation to the time of his death. He was firm in the belief of salvation by grace, and in the confidence that God works all things after the counsel of his own will. May the Lord by his Spirit comfort our dear sister in her affliction and reconcile all the sorrowing ones to his divine will.

The funeral was preached in the Sideling Hill church-house by the writer, from Ephesians ii. 8-10. Burial in the Sideling Hill Cemetery.

ALSO,

**Mary Wyatt** died Feb. 20th, 1917, at the home of her daughter, near Herndon, Va. She was a member of the Frying Pan Church, having been baptized some years ago by the late Elder E. V. White. She was about 78 years old. I know very little about her early life or about her family. I write this notice not to give her family history, but to testify to the steadfastness in the faith of this excellent colored sister. Her walk as a member of the church was always characterized by humility and meekness. She was blessed with a wonderfully spiritual mind, and was well informed in the Scriptures. She was exercised much as to what the Scriptures meant, and upon more than one occasion gave her pastor a text from which to speak when his own mind was not occupied with anything from which to speak at the meetings of the church. All of us at Frying Pan shall miss her, for she was at our meetings whenever not hindered from being there. Firm in the faith that salvation is by grace, and not by works, she was not ashamed of her Savior, and was ever ready to give a reason of the hope that was hers, always in meekness and in fear.

The funeral was preached from the colored meetinghouse near Herndon, the writer officiating.

L.

**Mrs. Sarah Phillips** was born Dec. 3rd, 1853, and married to Able Wilmoth July 15th, 1869. To that union were born four children, one son and three daughters. Brother Wilmoth died August 21st, 1892. She was married to Albert G. Phillips Jan. 5th, 1893. She died Dec. 26th, 1916, aged 63 years and 23 days. She joined the Leading Creek Church Feb. 22nd, 1873, and was a faithful member of the church forty-three years. Sister Phillips was much devoted to the cause, faith and practice, order and doctrine of the Old School Baptists. She was faithful in her attendance of the church meetings, and delighted to hear the gospel preached. Her home was ever open for the entertainment of the ministers, brethren, sisters and friends who attended the meetings of the church. She hath done what she could. Sister Phillips was a daughter of Elder James Murphy, granddaughter of Elder David Murphy and sister of Elder Jona S. Murphy, so she had been under the pastoral care of her grandfather and father, and after their death her brother, who is yet pastor of the Leading Creek Church. She leaves to mourn their loss her aged husband, brother Phillips, who is very feeble, two children, a son and a daughter (the other two daughters having preceded her to the spirit world), three brothers and three sisters, besides many relatives and friends, and the church, where she will be missed in their assembling together to worship God.

The funeral services were held at the home, and by her request conducted by the writer, who was assisted by Elders J. B. Cross and J. W. Linn. She was buried in the family graveyard on the farm, there to await the great resurrection day, when this mortal must put on immortality. The day of sister Phillips' funeral was a sad day for the Leading Creek Church, for on the same day Deacon A. C. Kelley was buried. Thus two of her useful, faithful members were buried the same day. May the dear Lord bless and comfort our aged brother Phillips, and son and daughter of sister Phillips, also her brothers, sisters, relatives and the church. May we all bow in humble submission to the will of God.

ALSO,

**Edward Marshal Bartlett**, my eldest son, departed this life Jan. 24th, 1917, aged 46 years, lacking one day. Marshal was married to Octavie Phillips June 16th, 1901. Two daughters were born to them, Gertrude, aged 14, and Evelyn, aged 12. He died of pneumonia fever, after an illness of eight days. He had been a teacher in the public schools for many years, and was also engaged in farming. He was a respected citizen where he lived, a good husband, kind father and a dearly beloved son. It seems to me we would not know how well we love our children if death did not take from us one of our loved ones. When I looked on the face of my son after his death, realizing I would soon see his face no more on earth, words cannot describe how sad and disconso-

late I felt. It is awful to think about, and yet I cannot banish it from my memory. I have the comforting hope that Marshal is saved with an everlasting salvation, that his spirit is now in the presence of the dear Savior he loved. He was given an experience of God's grace in 1909. He had gladly received the word, loved Old School Baptist preaching and believed their doctrine, and had expressed a desire to go to the church and be baptized. I had hoped to baptize this dear son, but death took him from us, and I never had that privilege. I preached on the occasion of his funeral. I felt that I wanted to preach the gospel for the comfort of his widow and children and my remaining children and the relatives and friends. I hoped to comfort them and receive comfort for myself from the gospel I preached to them. I believe God was with me and enabled me to preach the gospel.

Marshal has left to mourn his death his devoted wife, two daughters, aged father and mother, three brothers and one sister, besides many relatives and friends. May the dear Lord comfort us all.

J. N. BARTLETT.

**Eliza A. Byrum Hutchens** was born October 20th, 1823, in the State of New York, and departed this life Feb. 14th, 1917, having reached the ripe age of 93 years, 3 months and 24 days. She was united in marriage to William Brower, in Ohio, in 1840, and moved to Illinois in 1842. To that union were born seven children, four sons and three daughters. One son and three daughters died in infancy; two sons, Almon and Byron, died at the age of 62 years, and George, the only survivor, now resides in Glenwood, Iowa. William Brower, the husband, died at Glenwood, Iowa, in April, 1856. In 1857, Mrs. Brower was united in marriage to John Hutchens, at Glenwood. Four children were born to that union, one son dying in infancy; the other three, Joel, of Arnold, Omar, of McMinnville, Oregon, and John J., of Banks, Oregon, survive her. John Hutchens, her second husband, died at Glenwood in 1887. In 1892 she moved to Nebraska, living there ten years, then went to Oregon, where she spent eleven years with her children, coming back to Arnold in May. The following September she went to Glenwood, Iowa, returning later to Arnold, where she resided until her death. She united with the "United Brethren" in 1860, and in 1876 she joined the Primitive Baptist Church, of which she remained a faithful member through all her declining years. Her Bible was her constant comfort. She was conscious until the last, and many times was heard to say that she was waiting for the end to come. Besides a host of friends, she leaves to mourn her departure four sons, thirty-one grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren, one sister in Illinois, 87 years old, one brother in

Iowa, 83 years old, and one sister in California, 81 years old.

Funeral services were held Friday morning at 11 o'clock, from the Baptist church-house in Arnold, Elder Craig, pastor of the Primitive Baptist Church at Kearney, officiating. The body was buried at Glenwood, Iowa, Friday afternoon.

JOEL HUTCHENS.

**Orville Slanson**, son of Amizah and Alpha Slanson, was born in Delaware County, N. Y., Oct. 8th, 1837, and died Feb. 26th, 1917, in Delaware County, Ohio. He came to Ohio with his parents when eleven years of age. He was married to Adelia Whipple Dec. 19th, 1863. To that union there were born six children; one son, one daughter and his wife preceded him in death. Besides his children there are several brothers and sisters. Elder J. B. Slanson, pastor of the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada, is a consin. Mr. Slanson, lived near the place where the Predestinarian Baptist Church meets, which doctrine he loved and rejoiced to hear, and was looked upon by the members as being one of them, but he always felt too unworthy and never offered himself to the church. His mind was firm to the last. Just before he died he requested the friends to sing, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," and "Amazing grace! how sweet the sound!" He told them he was not afraid to die, and felt it was well with him; that God never makes mistakes, all his ways are perfect, and he still rules all things. He said, "If it is possible, get Elder Weaver to preach my funeral, for he preaches the doctrine I believe, and the only doctrine that will stand the test."

According to request, I was called from Cleveland, and spoke with the ability that the Lord gave me, using as a text Deut. xxxii. 4: "He is the Rock, his work is perfect. The children told me afterward that was the doctrine their father had believed for the last twenty-five years. As we saw him lowered into the grave we felt to say, Brother, rest in peace until the Savior calls, then you will hear and see him as he is, be like him and be satisfied.

May the Lord comfort all the friends.

GEORGE L. WEAVER.

## APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, March 25th, all day meeting, commencing at 10:45 a. m.; Union Grove, Sunday, April 1st, 11 a. m.; Roxbury, Sunday, April 8th, at the Mead sisters' home, 10:45 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Ashokan, Sunday, April 15th, 10:45 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Vega, Sunday, April 29th, 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

## CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

A Sister, N. Y., \$1.00; Mrs. Jasper Seale, Ark., \$.50; A Friend, N. J., \$2.00.

## M E E T I N G S .

THE Baltimore Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Harford Church, Harford County, Md., May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train leaving North Ave. station, Md. & Pa. R. R., at 3:20 p. m. for Long Green or Forest Hill on Tuesday before. Those from the north take train that leaves York, Pa., at 1:50 p. m. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

M. F. WHITAKER, Clerk.

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1304 Jefferson Street

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

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IN

NEW YORK CITY.

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2:00 P. M.

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(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, P. A.

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Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church, of southern California, meets every third Sunday at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[THIS book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1917. NO. 8.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., March 6, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—The SIGNS OF THE TIMES is the dearest of all papers to me, for if I am not deceived in the Lord's teaching both the editors and writers are surely taught of the Lord, for they do send glad tidings of great joy to the way-faring ones who are so tempest-tossed, cast down and discouraged. I remember some time ago when my dear companion was at the hospital, and, it seemed, at death's door, and I not able to work, just able to do my chores and drive to see her each day, not able to provide food or clothing for our little ones. I became so discouraged and cast down that I was ready to give it all up, and the tempter kept saying to me, You are foolish to think there is a God who cares for you and loves you, for if he did he would not let you suffer so, and for a few days I gave ear to him and said, Surely there is no God, and I will not trust in him any more, and I can tell you those few days were the most miserable ones I ever passed. No God, no hope, no comfort anywhere. I tried the world, but found no comfort there, and when I would get

home from the hospital tired and discouraged, and my children would come to meet me, I almost wished for their sakes that they had never been born. I would not even read the Bible, which had since my earliest recollection been the one loved and sacred book to me, and the one in which I had found so much comfort in all my trials before, but now I felt it held nothing for me. I was led on in this state of mind for nearly two weeks, and was like a ship in a storm without sail or rudder. In due time the SIGNS came, and I cast it aside for a day or two; but one evening I picked it up carelessly without any intention of reading it, but just because it lay on the stand near me. I was like one in a dream, for I knew not what to do nor where to go to find relief, when without any desire or even intention of reading the dear old SIGNS I began reading a piece merely to pass the time away, but before I finished the piece the Lord had looked at me, and I, like Peter, wept bitterly. O how ashamed I was to think that I would deny him in the face of all the evidences I had had. I will speak of one, and I have had many such visitations of his precious, comforting presence, and always just in times of

the direst need. The first one was in April, 1895. We lived in Ellis County, Kansas, at the time, and any one who lived there from 1892 to 1898 will know how hard the times were. We had had no crop since 1892, and my wife was sick and I was working every way to keep the wolf from our door. Finally our provisions gave out and we had no money; the stores stopped giving credit. My wife insisted on my going to Hays City, eleven miles away, to see if I could not get a sack of flour and some sugar; so I went, though I told her it was useless. I went to all the stores and the mill, but could get nothing, and I was sorely tempted to steal a sack of flour, but had no opportunity. Finally I started home, and was driving along wondering what would become of us, our bread and flour all gone, and no meat or potatoes, only milk to sustain our lives, for we had two cows, but could not sell one, for no one had the money to buy. I got nearly to the outskirts of town, my head bowed down in deep sorrow, when a sound as of some large bird just above, and to my left, attracted my attention. I looked up, expecting to see an eagle close above me (for there were many of them there), but to my unutterable joy our precious Savior appeared to me. I became dead to all around me, and began talking to him and praising him for his goodness and mercy to me, and I was carried away from earth and all my sorrows. He seemed so near that I could almost reach out my hand and touch him, though I could not plainly see him, but, as it were, through a thick fog, though the sun was brightly shining. He journeyed with me for nearly a mile, and I forgot all about our distress, and was hurrying home to tell my wife of the beautiful vision I had seen; but while yet a mile from home a

neighbor who lived a mile off the road called me and wanted to know if I did not want a job husking a couple hundred shocks of corn; he said he would give me one dollar a day, and I could have the fodder and leave all the nubbins on, as he had more feed than he could use; and do you know I felt like getting out of my wagon and hugging him, I was so happy. I thanked him for his generous offer, and told him I would commence next morning, which I did, and as I had sold almost the last bit of feed I had the fodder was a blessing to me. While I was husking the corn the Lord appeared to me again, and such joy and happiness no pen can describe nor tongue express. Inexpressible and full of glory; yes, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. I felt then that I would bear anything that was laid upon me, and never falter or complain; but alas, how unstable are the ways of man. It is a wonder he has not banished me long ago, but still his mercy endureth, his promises are true. I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins will I remember no more. What a comforting thought, our sins are all covered, for Christ has borne them in his own body, and we are free and stand justified in his righteousness, through the atoning blood he shed for all those the Father gave him; no more, and not one less, else the body would not be complete. The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his, and he knows them that are not his as well, though they can and do deceive us and creep in; wolves they are in sheep's clothing, but God is not mocked nor deceived, and will separate the sheep from the goats, for they shall all be judged according to the deeds done in the body, and he is no respecter of per-

sons. They that confess that Christ is come in the flesh are born of God; he knows them.

Well, I see I have not written as I intended; but just followed the lead of my mind, yet I do want to speak to some of the dear writers and tell them how they comfort me. First I must speak of Elder Ker, who is surely bearing the hinder part of the cross of Christ—a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and my heart goes out to him in love and sympathy. It seems that he is like gold that is refined, the hotter the fire the more dross is removed, leaving a purer article, as his writings attest. God doeth all things well, and although we cannot see his face we can see his hinder parts, and even if we are never given light to see the kind hand of Providence in his dealings with us, let us be still and know that he is God, our God, who hath redeemed us from all iniquity by the death of his Son, the Just for the unjust. Then Elder Lefferts' able editorials are so strengthening and comforting to me. Elder J. R. Hardy with his strong doctrinal discourses, which cannot be contradicted, and Elder Frederick W. Keene, with his sincere milk of the word, so full of love and comfort to God's little weary ones. Also Elder Joseph Ford; if I could write as he can I would write often. Then Elder J. F. Beeman, with his comforting, soul-cheering messages, and sisters Bessie Durand, Florence Pultz, Mary E. Wright, and the letter from sister Mary Ellison alone was worth the price of the paper one year to me. I miss the able and comforting letters of Elder Durand; they seem to fit into my understanding like the cogs of a master wheel in a pinion. I cannot name them all, but I could not leave one out who writes for the SIGNS, as I feel I could not do without them,

but they can do without me, and not miss me, either; but poor, weak and sinful as I am, yet I love you all for the truth's sake, giving all honor, praise and glory to the Lamb that was slain, yet lives again to intercede for us; and my prayer is for God to draw us all closer together in one bundle of love, loving one another even as Christ loved us. O why can we not cast off that proud demeanor and show our love more by our works than by our lips? May the Lord help us to do so.

Now, thanking you for sending me the SIGNS, I am, I hope, your brother in a precious hope,

DAVIS BURCH.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Feb. 16, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—The inclosed letter from my Aunt Angie Thomas was written three days before she passed away. It was my privilege to be with her much of the time for three months during her illness. She suffered greatly, but would often say, "I long to be kept from murmuring, for I know the Lord has sent this affliction in mercy." She talked of death as a welcome release. We spent many pleasant moments talking of the things that were most precious to her. She found great enjoyment in reading the SIGNS. I know she will be greatly missed by many.

Your sister, I hope,

BONNIE A. CHICK.

RICHMOND, Maine, Feb. 9, 1917.

DEAR BONNIE:—When brother Clark's letter came I was in the darkest time of my life, in the deepest hell. I was so rebellious, so unreconciled to my lot. O, how I remembered dear sister Hubbard's words. She used to say she thought the desire of reconciliation to God's will was

the greatest prayer we could pray. Every time I have reread brother Clark's letter it has seemed more wonderful to me, so I send it to you to send to the SIGNS. I inclose one of Nerva's, too. You will see by my writing that I am failing rapidly, and I could not prepare them for the SIGNS. My heart is heavy. The death of your Aunt Etta has brought me sadness. She was a dear sister-in-law, and came to me in my illness always bringing some cheer. Poor brother Everett and the children will be lost without her.

ANGIE THOMAS.

FREEPORT, Maine, Jan. 11, 1917.

DEAR SISTER ANGIE:—Agnes received your very welcome letter and will answer it. Knowing your condition, I feel I would like to write something concerning the life to come that would cheer and comfort you, but I have not the ability, so in what little I write I know you will overlook all mistakes. I have just had a letter from Elder Beal. He called my attention to 1 Peter, first chapter, and it seems to me if we have this faith we will receive much comfort from the words as they are recorded in this chapter. In the third verse the apostle tells the church that God through Christ has begotten us again unto a lively hope. We notice that the work is according to his abundant mercy through the resurrection of Jesus Christ. This is not the work of the creature, but it is the work of God, therefore it is a holy work, and a just work, for God's works are all holy. If man had had anything to do with it the work would have been mixed with unholy work. Sometimes it seems almost impossible for us to realize how God can be just and save sinners, people who have not done one perfect thing, but the inspired word tells us it is so, and the word

also tells us how God has done the work through the resurrection of Christ from the dead. We are also told what the work is: that it is to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled. No one can interfere with this work, for it is perfect, no law against it. The child of God may even feel that his hope is worthless, yet he cannot lose sight of the hope which God has given him, for it fadeth not away. The child of God is begotten again. This work, although from the foundation of the world, the Lord makes known to his children here in this life, that they may have reason to praise him, and his children will praise him by ascribing all their salvation to him. They will not cease from it, for they are begotten unto a lively hope, a hope that lives, even though we may become, as it were, dead, twice dead and plucked up by the roots. Yet God's work through his Son is reserved in heaven, a safe place. Yes, sister Angie, I believe that God with his own hand completed your salvation, and his works praise him. We are told in the fifth verse of this chapter that this glorious work is dependent in no way upon helpless, mortal man, but there is a saving power, the power of God, that keeps his children through faith unto salvation. While here in this world we only know in part. The time will come when it shall be revealed to us in its fullness, and we shall be satisfied. We are not satisfied here, for we are waiting, looking forward, not backward to our dead works, but to that heaven where our incorruptible inheritance is reserved. How true these words of the apostle: "Wherein ye greatly rejoice, though now for a season, if need be, ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations: that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than gold that perisheth, though it be

tried with fire, might be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Every time when he appears unto us he appears in glory. Therefore when he does appear there is nothing to be seen but his glory, and by faith we praise and honor him.

I am afraid I have written a letter which is not worth reading. No matter how far I am out of the way the Scriptures are true. I hope that God will be very gracious to you, give you peace and much grace unto the end, but you know his ways are not our ways.

Now just a word about ourselves. We are well. I seem to be compassed about with many temptations, but God has not purposed that I lose sight of my hope in him. I judge from Elder Beal's letter that he and sister Beal are gradually growing more feeble. They are with their daughter in Topsham. Agnes sends love.

Yours in hope of eternal life through Christ,

J. C. CLARK.

PORTLAND, Maine, Dec. 2, 1916.

DEAR AUNT ANGIE:—Your card came this morning, and I was glad to hear from you. I am with Aunt Emma now, as she is alone. I shall not leave home again this winter if I can help it, so as to be ready to come to you if you need me. Aunt Angie, things seem so different here now than when I was here in the summer. Then I could not go enough to suit me; always ready to have fun with the others; now it seems as if I would rather stay at home alone than go to one of their good times. When I go I do not enjoy it, and it seems worse than useless to me. I realize that by myself this change would never have come, for last year and last summer I began to enjoy dressing and

going and having a good time more than I ever did before. It seemed as though I had more freedom in every kind of fun-making than I ever had before. Then all was taken from me, and I was made to see the vanity of it all in such a wonderful way. Surely it is a wonderful power that can so work in the heart, but we know he does work in us, for we have felt the power. How useless it is to talk of these things to those who know nothing about it; how wonderful to know there are those on earth who do understand, and who can comfort us and make us rejoice by speaking of the great things the Lord has done for them. O, how glad I am that I have been led to know the true religion, and have been made to know so satisfyingly it is the true one. We know that this is the true God, and all the world lieth in wickedness. We know that the Son of God hath come and hath given us an understanding, that we might know him that is true, even in his Son Jesus Christ. This is the true God and eternal life. This is my experience. Without the understanding had been given to me I never could have known the true God. He is immeasurably greater than my mortal mind could have imagined. How little we feel when he makes that power felt. All we can cry is, My God, my God. One night at home, when everything was as black as night can be, I saw, spiritually, I suppose, though it seemed by natural sight, a great light break out from a cloud in the eastern sky. It seemed a light like the sun, but more like fire, which shone directly upon me for what seemed half a minute, but I suppose it was only for a second or two. The power of it that filled my heart seemed too great to stand. I felt I could not live if it were not withdrawn. There was no special thought

came to my mind, but just wonder at the might and power of him who can show forth his wonders to those whom he hath chosen. I have been so interested since this all came to me to know the history of the church through the ages. I had a good letter from Elder Keene, which I will send for you to read.

With love, your niece,

MINERVA DUNLAP.

I KINGS XIX. 10.

"AND he said, [Elijah] I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts: for 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, to take it away."

The number of the people who fear the Lord seems to be very small in comparison with the multitudes of the world, although the children shall be as the sands of the sea, which cannot be measured or numbered. Not that we could not set down a number to represent them, if it were possible to count them, but scattered as they are in all the nations, man cannot find them, hence does not know them. Elijah was of the opinion that he was the only one left, yet in the providence of God there were seven thousand. I have often thought it has been my lot to be left in a large, wicked city of nearly a million souls, and out of this vast number less than a dozen come together once a month for worship. I tried to find out by visiting other people if there were not some meat or enjoyments among them. I watched the whirlwind that turned around everything before it, and people flocked to hear it, and made great things out of it, yet for the life of me I could not see God in it. Then came the earthquake, which opened up great fissures in the earth, causing the people to tremble and cry, but it was all

a natural delusion, the Lord was not in it. Then came the fire, which licked up all combustible material before it (the natural fire of excitement, which men try to exert upon weak and wavering humanity, and by frightening them into submission for fear of punishment), but the Lord was not in the fire. Then if God is not in the whirlwind, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, where is he? Did you, my readers, ever hear the "still small voice," and did you not when you heard it wrap your face in your mantle for shame and cry, Woe is me, for I am undone? Elijah was left alone, which is the experience of most of us; alone, without help, all turned away but me; not a soul to comfort me out in the wilderness of sin and darkness, then the still small voice speaks to us. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" While most of us are not satisfied with our experience, and wish to be shown, like Saul of Tarsus, and go through all our life hoping and praying for brighter evidence, we are obliged to still cling to the memory of the still small voice, that voice which speaks in the heart of God's kingdom, which is within you. As Saul must always go back to his trip to Damascus, the heavenly vision, as he calls it, so we poor, stumbling sinners must go back to our last trip in darkness, where the same God found us and delivered us from its power into the glorious liberty of the children of God, into his marvelous light. Not only has he raised us out of the mire, but he has placed our feet upon a rock, where we never more will sink. He hath established our goings, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise unto our God. It is useless for me or any one else to try to enumerate all the things that God has done for his people. John said the world could not contain the books if they were written, neither has

entered into the heart of man what God has prepared for them that love him. Just a few glimpses here as time goes on, a few more days on earth to spend, and to those who have the assurance of the still small voice something wonderful awaits them. When they awake with his likeness and see him as he is they shall be satisfied.

While Cleveland is my telephone address, all who wish to write to me should mail my letters to South Euclid, Ohio, R. R. 3.

Now just a word (if the editors feel like publishing this letter). We hold our meeting every third Sunday, and would gladly welcome those who have a desire for the truth, to meet with us. Any one can talk with me at my home on the Bell telephone most any time, more preferably evenings.

In hope,

GEO. L. WEAVER.

SOUTH EUCLID, Ohio.

DAYTON, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1917.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—The past winter months have been an unusually and intensely trying time to me. I have had many heart trials which no one knows but my dear Helper, my gracious Burden-bearer. How dark have seemed the clouds which seem to envelop me! O for more grace, more faith, a closer drawing to him whose tender tones come to his people in the "still small voice." I desire always to praise, adore and bless him on whom we are told to cast all our care, but O, with what halting, feeble steps do I go forth to serve him. How cold and insipid the utmost zeal I can make manifest! So far short do I fall in all my attempts to honor and serve him that I feel to cover myself with dust and cry, Unclean, unclean. I long for the dear companionship of God's children

who are scattered throughout the world. We who seem to be led in the same shadowed paths, whose spiritual sky is so often overcast, could we but converse face to face how supremely happy we would be. When, O when will these dreary earthly nights be past, and we behold the bright dawning of eternal day? When the dear Redeemer speaks peace to our troubled souls what a sublime and precious relief; it is the peace of God that passeth understanding, and the reason we cannot understand it is because it is of God, and his ways are above our ways and his thoughts above our thoughts. It is high, I cannot attain unto it, the psalmist said. O how true, dear friends, that we poor creatures cannot understand the ways of God, but we know he is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, and that he works all things after the counsel of his own will. I feel well assured that none of us will suffer one pain too much, and that although we cannot see the way, God knows what is for our good and for his own glory. I know that God has his own chosen people, and not one of them will be lost. How sweet to me are his promises, yet I long to know if those promises are for me. I know they are for his people, but I fear to claim them, for it seems to me, dear ones, that God's children could not go so far astray as I do, and I feel I have little, if any, clear understanding of the Scriptures; but while here we shall never be fully satisfied, for we live by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope, and we long for the time when hope shall be swallowed up in fruition, victory and glory, for we shall be satisfied, when we awake, with his likeness, and shall see him as he is and be like him. We all do fade as a leaf, and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away. For what is life?

It is even vapor that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away. How truly we prove this to be so as we go wearily along. We are taught it by others, or seeing others falling by the way. Some who are much older than we still remain as witnesses of the unchangeable purposes of Him with whom are the issues of life. O how grand it is to know that the weakest cannot go wrong if led by our heavenly Guide. We feel to say our dear adorable Leader hath done all things well. Though we have been so crossed, so chastened, tried and afflicted, we at last learn it is best for us that it should be so. We should be thankful, too, for this life, with all its sorrows and conflicts, and what can we say, dear friends, who trust that eternal life is ours? Can we not well endure our nighttime here a little longer, with the prospect before us of a never-ending existence, where there is no night? This passage of Scripture comes very forcibly to my mind now: Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. This Scripture shows the absolute certainty of the words of Jesus coming to pass. The difference between God's words and those of man is infinite, God foreknowing, predestinating all things, man not knowing one moment ahead of him is certain to come to pass. The children of God in all ages of the world have taken great comfort in the immutability of him who rules and reigns both in heaven and earth, without whom not a sparrow can fall to the ground. How gracious and good is our dear Master to translate us out of darkness into the marvelous light of God our Savior, and we become children of light. May we all show forth his praise, who hath called us unto glory and virtue. To believe his words, to trust his grace, is praise to his holy name.

I almost hesitate to send this very uninteresting letter; of myself I can do nothing. What a comfort the dear old SIGNS seems to me as a medium through which we are drawn nigh to the teachings of Jesus, our only Savior, the one able to save. He is the way, the only way, walk ye in it. My dear kindred, this is the great question with me: Am I his, or am I not? I can truly say with the poet, "Mixtures of joy and sorrow I daily do pass through."

I will say in closing, if you see nothing of interest in this, dear editors, cast it aside and I will appreciate the favor.

LIDA KELLER.

2 TIMOTHY III. 16, 17.

"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."

There is much contained in these verses that serves as rich food for the inquiring mind, yet we can only hope to glean a few thoughts which may come to us, and hope they may be of comfort to some of God's little ones.

In the first place, the Scriptures are precious to God's dear children not only for what they contain of precious promises and admonitions, but also because they are inspired, thus giving confidence and assurance not found in other books. In our public libraries are many good books, which treat of many subjects, but when God has put his seal upon any, that soul no longer finds its chief joy in reading subjects like their authors, fallible, but desire something more stable, something that the natural mind has never been able to understand, and this they find in the book of inspiration. Here God's children are able to make a distinction between what God does and



what man does. The one is perfect, the other is filled with imperfection.

The Scripture is profitable for doctrine. The natural man teaches for doctrine the commandments of men. The spiritual man is no longer satisfied with natural reasoning, he must have a "thus saith the Lord." What does it matter to him how beautiful the words and how grand the line of reasoning, so long as it lacks a "thus saith the Lord"?

For reproof. The Lord's people are reproved by the world for being peculiar, and in many other ways, but these things seem light indeed compared with that reproof which comes from holy writ to them. The Lord's people have only to look into their own lives and compare them with the Scriptures to feel reproof upon every hand. The very fact that we feel to have come short in many things places us in line with the apostle Paul: "The good that I would, I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do."

The Scriptures are profitable for correction. Many evil practices get in among the brethren, not only as individuals, but also into the churches. Sometimes it requires diligent search into the Scriptures to correct these evils. The apostle Paul in many of his epistles spoke in regard to the correction of evil practices.

For instruction in righteousness. How pleasant it is to sit down and read portions of God's word and meditate upon it, feasting upon the good things that have been recorded for our instruction. When we turn to the Psalms we are enabled to see something of the depths into which David came, as well as the mountain top of his rejoicing, how he gives forth the true conditions of his heart in sadness as well as in joy. God's people are enabled to have their own hope confirmed by reading of his dealings with his servants in other ages.

"That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The primary object of the Scriptures, as set forth in the Scriptures themselves, is that they were written to the man of God, or God's children. Now this is not strange, neither does it work a hardship upon any. Those who enjoy its truth and are comforted by the same would sadly miss the sacred volume if they knew it was not written to them, but now they are made to feel that many times it is their meat and drink to meditate upon these things. The ungodly are not so, but find it a dull, dry book, or, on the other hand, use it to defend their own selfish, worldly practices. One of the great evidences to the child of God that the Scriptures are inspired is that there is no condition or experience into which they come that there is not a confirmation of their hope or an example of suffering and privation equal to or greater than their own but has been borne by the saints in other ages, and by which we have fellowship for God's people in every age.

I have written a few scattered thoughts on the above Scripture. Much more could be written and more profitable things said by many others. Please do with the above as you see fit, and my esteem for the dear editors will in no wise be changed.

Your brother in hope,

CHARLES A. JONES.

CARTHAGE, Ill.

ASHBORO, N. C., March 7, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—It has been in my mind many times to write a few words for the SIGNS, but when I read the editorials and communications from the dear brethren and sisters scattered over our continent, all coming together

from north, south, east and west, filling its columns so richly, the inquiry arises, Can there be any place for a letter written in such weakness as mine? Although I am a stranger to most of the readers, yet many have been brought to me in sweet, and, I hope, sacred nearness. Mr. Lambert was a subscriber to the SIGNS when we were married, which is more than thirty years ago; thus we were readers for years while Elder Beebe was editor. Circumstances became such that we failed to take the paper for a while, but during that time it was held dear in our memory, and we spent many hours reading the old copies which were in our home. Before dear brother Chick died we were blessed to have it come to us again, and it still continues to come. Four editors have passed away, and many of the correspondents' names have disappeared from the columns of the paper since our first acquaintance with it, yet the theme of editors and correspondents now is the same as then. The same sweet song of blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. How wonderful is our God! While time is passing, men and scenes are changing, he remains the same unchangeable God; nothing transpires contrary to his eternal purpose. The faith of his saints in all ages is the same, the path of tribulation the same, and the perfect rest in Jesus the same. When trials and afflictions press sorely, how good to have such a medium of correspondence as the SIGNS, where we may read from the little ones with a witnessing spirit that their path is ours, and to realize that neither they, nor any of the ancient worthies back to the beginning of time, have been able to perform any condition to bring relief in distress of any kind, but each feels to be the

same continual sinner, the same hateful sinner in need of His mercy every moment of life. Dear brethren, is there not a path here in which we find the sweetest fellowship? We may talk about fellowship, but real fellowship only dwells for a fellow-traveler in the path each is traveling. It seems to me the more divine light is reflected, the more vivid is the reality of our corrupt nature, and as one is carried into the depths of the knowledge of the exceeding sinfulness of sin they realize the sovereign right and power of the eternal God to do all his pleasure. Each knows the corrupt nature of all the fellow-travelers, but that of each one is so vivid in the heart at home that each one has not time for gazing on the failings of his fellow-traveler. The failings are in all, but in the path of sweet fellowship the point is that each esteems their brother better than their vile self. Dear brethren, when pain and sorrow come to us we seek for freedom, but when we are freed from the trial we think of what we have passed through, and not a pang can we regret. In the earnest of the Spirit, we do abhor the unholy acts of the flesh. Sometimes we have to regret some circumstance that has existed in which some one has proved unfaithful, and we are tried, but if children of the most high God, all is for our good, and we rejoice in tribulation, for our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Much comfort comes to me at times that there is a rejoicing with me in what I hope is the tribulation of the saints, and that there is within my heart knowledge of my corrupt and depraved nature. I am glad that this knowledge is with me and would not be blind to it for the world. It seems to me that nothing promotes the nearness

of feeling one for another as the manifestation that each has been carried into the depths of the knowledge of sin, and been made to abhor it. I have often thought of an expression of a minister now gone to his reward. He said, "I have thought that a sinner under conviction is the most lovely object I ever saw, for it seems I know his sorrows so well." It has been more than thirty years since he uttered those words, yet his words and the solemn expression of his face I remember well. Much is said about love, and if we be partakers of Christ's sufferings love dwells in the heart, which cannot be conceived by natural powers. It is implanted by the Spirit of God, and can only be known as his Spirit reveals. When the dear Lord was nearing the time of the agony he suffered to save his people from deserved wrath, he said to his disciples, A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. Was ever love like this, deep, unfathomable? Think of the volume of the sins of one poor sinner, and yet the sins of an innumerable company were pressing him, who is holy, holy, holy. As a cart full of sheaves is pressed, he was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth. He was brought as a lamb to the slaughter; and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth; he was wounded for our transgressions and bruised for our iniquities. Dear brethren, when faith sees our sins buried at the foot of the cross at the pouring forth of the blood of the suffering Lord, what thoughts we have of wonder and praise; the inquiry often arises, Was it truly for me? Yea, and because I live ye shall live also. What precious words, and what precious thought, that his words never fail, his words and his

love are as lasting as he, from everlasting to everlasting. He had power to lay down his life and power to take it again, which he did, that vile rebels might live; and having loved them, he loves them to the end; not as the world loves, but as the Father loved his Son, he loves his bride, and in loving-kindness he draws them with sweet constraint. What a beautiful waymark of having passed from death unto life, if ye have love one for another; and now by the one Spirit, ye are no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of faith, and 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; in whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.

Dear brother Lefferts, please give your views in the SIGNS on the silence of half an hour, spoken of in Revelation viii. 1. We would be glad to send you many more subscribers, but know not where to obtain any. I write with pencil, for my hand trembles too much to write with pen and ink.

Your sister, I hope,

(MRS.) THOMAS LAMBERT.

BELINGTON, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—After reading many of your articles in the dear SIGNS I feel like writing a few lines just to tell you that words fail to express how much good I have received; praise be to Him. As those articles reach my heart I can say I believe they are truth, and go out to feed us poor, weak ones, who depend on the Lord. I see my littleness more and more as time goes by. I am so low down in the dark often I do not know what will

become of me, so poor and weak I have no strength at all, and desire my Lord's return to renew my spirit. I call in vain often, as he does not answer my request, and I have learned that he gives the blessings just when he pleases. He is not a God who is led around by people's prayers, but works all things according to the good pleasure of his will, so I learn to wait and be still. I cannot say, like some, that I can do something to bring satisfactory results. I find all must be done by him in us and for us before we can do anything that is worth while, and where is our praise? There is none coming to us, all is to him. What are we poor worms? We are very small, and if our warfare is not ended and our iniquity pardoned where are we? There is no ground for our feet, for our deeds will not justify; but thanks be to God, Jesus came and took out of the way the very thing that was between us and God, which no man can remove, and if the Son makes us free, then we are free indeed. I am glad I have learned to put my trust in him. People of to-day say, Pray to God, trust him, believe on him and he will save you. I will say right here, we must have the spirit of prayer given us before we can utter a prayer, and it takes nothing more than the work of God to make us believe on him. He teaches here a little and there a little until we see everything we trusted in is gone. It is then we are in the horrible pit, nothing to do, no act can help us out, and if ever I was helpless as a child it was when in this pit, and you know the word says that all who call on the name of God shall be saved. Dear ones who have been taught the lessons all know and understand, there is a path that no fowl knoweth, the lion has not trodden it, nor the vulture's eye seen it. This path cannot be

seen by natural eyes; no one knows it except those who are blessed of God. I have often wondered why I do not, and ask myself this question: What will become of me after death? One morning as I was thinking it over something within said, The Lord will take care of you. I answered, If the Lord will take care of me after I am dead I do not want any more. This has comforted me part of the time. I do not think one would get in those low, dark places if they had strength to do as they desire to do. We complain, but if we only knew that we were God's children then we could say these things are working for our good. I have heard people say they knew they were christians, and were going to heaven. I often wished I could be sure like they seem to be.

Well, as this is getting lengthy I will come to a close by saying, if you deem best you may publish this; if not, all will be satisfactory, as I feel it is imperfect, like myself. If you put it in print correct mistakes, and if this is worthless cast it aside and pardon me, as I can give only such as I have.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

(MRS.) W. D. PARSONS.

MONROE, Ga., Feb. 24, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—Please find inclosed check for \$10.25, for four new subscribers and myself, also one copy of the "Feast of Fat Things." I feel a great interest in the paper, and love to see it in the homes of my brethren, because it means something. The doctrine it contains is always in the singular, but it is sufficient to embrace a multitude which no man can number, and condemns all the doctrines of men. It is as a key to unlock the very soul of the children of God, and they have sweet communion with fellowship that the

world knows not of. This doctrine makes us often feel that we have an inheritance reserved in heaven that will not fade away, and that we are kept by the power of God; also often feel to be of good cheer, because Jesus said that he had overcome the world. In his resurrection he spoiled principalities and powers, making a show of them openly, triumphing over them. We love to sing the same song that the children of Israel sang when they crossed the Red Sea, with the spirit and understanding that the Lord had triumphed gloriously. His sovereignty gives us comfort that he even has the keys of hell, and we delight to declare that he has risen according to the Scriptures, and not according to what the Jews said about it for a large sum of money. Paul said, We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord, and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake; telling what he did, what he was and why he did. A good servant is pleasant to have in the household of faith, always ready to do the bidding of his Master, esteeming others better than himself, feeling as the prodigal son did when he came to himself, knowing that his father had plenty, nothing lacking, and he wanted to tell it and even be a servant. When we wait upon the Lord our strength is renewed, and we mount up and look down upon the things of the world, and they look so little that we are surprised at the size of man and all of his glory. We see him now trying to build a tower whose top will reach to heaven, trying to establish his own righteousness, as though he could direct his own steps, and things discretionary with him, forgetting that he is only clay in the Potter's hand. This doctrine meets with much opposition from those who feel that they are doing wonderful things for the Lord.

Some day they must fall as Saul did, or receive the sad word, Depart from me, for I never knew you. May we walk uprightly, work righteousness, speak the truth and abide in the holy hill.

I often feel to contribute a few lines to the SIGNS by way of showing my appreciation of it, but my writings look so much like myself, rough, seem to need smoothing over, do not look like apples of gold in pictures of silver; if they did I would know they were fitly written or spoken. Do as you think best with this. Much love to you and yours.

Your brother in hope,

J. M. ADAMS.

#### THE SAINTS ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH, AND THE LIGHT THEREOF.

THE Savior proclaimed this to his disciples in his sermon on the mount: "Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 13-16. This testimony is just as encouraging to the Lord's people of to-day as it was when it was delivered to his disciples. According to this testimony the Baptists should endeavor to walk worthy of their vocation as nearly as possible, and not be conformed to the alluring vanities of the world around them. There are some Baptist preachers now who say the Lord's commandments are not enjoined on the saints under the gospel dispensation.

The Savior said in his sermon on the mount, Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven. Baptists who enjoy the sacred rest which remaineth for the people of God desire to walk circumspectly and keep themselves unspotted from the world, for they do not have to attend its deluding amusements to find enjoyment. The ancient prophets were endowed with the most sublime faith and piety, and their reverence for the cause and kingdom of heaven enabled them to proclaim the mandates of God in the face of persecution and death. When the Savior commenced his ministry he condemned many of the Jews for their disorderly conduct, for he did not court the friendship of the apostate Jews, therefore they crucified the Lord of glory. The apostles were renowned for their piety and orderly conduct, and they were an example to their followers and proclaimed it in their preaching and writing. This great spiritual light which was so fully manifested by the Savior and his prophets and apostles was the light which led the people of God through their long and toilsome journey in the wilderness while they were clothed in sackcloth. When Elder Beebe began to publish the SIGNS OF THE TIMES in 1832, it illuminated the pathway of a great many of the Baptists in the United States and Canada, for he wielded the

sword of the Lord and of Gideon, fearless of the derision and scoff of his enemies. He could not be influenced to proclaim in his preaching or writing anything that he could not prove by the Scriptures, for he could not depart from the mandates of God for worldly gain or to make himself popular with the people of the world, and he continued to promulgate the doctrine of the great spiritual light of his Lord and Savior until the spring of 1881, when he passed away from the scenes of earth. Since his death the spiritual light of the SIGNS has been fully manifested, and it is a great consolation to the Baptists of to-day that they have such able editors and publishers, who are still proclaiming the same doctrine which has always been advocated by our much loved SIGNS OF THE TIMES. No matter how much war and commotion there is in the world, when the SIGNS comes to them they sit down and read it, for it is a great consolation to them under all circumstances. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit. As many as walk according to this rule, peace be on them, and mercy, and upon the Israel of God. For the saints are the salt of the earth, and the light thereof.

L. E. MCKAY.

WAYNESVILLE, Ohio, Feb. 6, 1917.

FT. CHADBOURNE, Texas, Nov. 5, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—As the time paid for my subscription has about expired, I will send you some money on subscription. As my lot is cast in a country where there are but few who care anything about the truth, I must take the SIGNS, as I believe.

it sets forth the truth as taught by God's holy word. Brother Lefferts' editorial in November 1st number is surely the truth, and will bear comparing with God's word. In fact I see but little in the SIGNS but what I heartily indorse. Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free. I mourn because I am not situated where I can hear the pure, sweet gospel of the grace of God preached, but the Lord knows best, and all I can do is to wait for better times, or wait for the salvation of the Lord. I note that a great many who have been called out of nature's darkness are situated like myself, where they cannot hear the preached word. It seems that in some places where there are churches there are strifes and divisions about words to no profit. O why should we bite and devour one another just because we cannot see everything alike? It seems that if we believe in salvation by grace, predestination and the resurrection, and are orderly in our walk, we ought to live together as becometh brethren. Designing men have crept in unawares among the flock, and in places have drawn away disciples after them. Dear brethren, let brotherly love continue, and let us stop making a brother an offender for a word when there is no sound doctrine to be sacrificed. The strong should be willing to bear the infirmities of the weak, as they are told to do in holy writ. It seems that a dark and cloudy day is upon the church, yet I know that God is able to lead his people out of Egyptian darkness, and will do so in his own good time.

As I cannot write anything edifying I will close. Let brotherly love continue. May we be granted grace for every time of need.

In hope,

J. W. CAUDLE.

### ISAIAH LI. 22.

"Thus saith thy Lord the Lord, and thy God that pleadeth the cause of his people, Behold, I have taken out of thine hand the cup of trembling, even the dregs of the cup of my fury; thou shalt no more drink it again."

These words seem to be spoken to me. How well I remember when the cup of gall and wormwood has been pressed to my lips, and I have drained it to the dregs. I often think of brother Ker's article, "Alone." For thirteen years I have been alone on the farm most of the time, sometimes with twenty cows to milk and everything to do alone. We are admonished, Be ye also ready, for ye know not what one day or one hour may bring forth. As we draw near threescore years and ten we know that the time cannot be long ere we shall be called to lay aside our armor and pass on to our rest. It will be forty-six years next June since I became a member of the church. They have been eventful years to me. I have often had to fight this strong man armed which keepeth his house. We are told that his goods are safe, but I have often found that I am not safe, for he has often made me do things which I would not have done if I had had my way; but when the stronger than he has come to set me free, then I have a little respite. But soon the strong man would return and the battle commence again. The words of Joseph to his brethren, God will surely visit you, have come true in my case. When I have been left alone I always found it a dreary time; but the Lord's arm is not shortened, he will surely save all who come unto God by him. The Lord has said unto Zion, No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise in judgment against thee thou shalt condemn. The Lord's portion is his people, Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. Unto this

man will I look: him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word. We are told that the Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Dear brother Lefferts, I wish to thank you for the many good things you have written for the SIGNS. I have always found them sound. When it is well with you remember me. May the God of truth sustain and keep you under every trial.

Your brother,  
HOWELLS, N. Y.

H. BEAKES.

### ROMANS XI. 7.

"WHAT then? Israel hath not obtained that which he seeketh for; but the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded."

The foregoing Scripture in this chapter is considering salvation, whether it be by works, or by grace, or by election, or the will of man. Elias in his intercession to God thought he was the only one left; they had killed all, and were trying to destroy him; but at that time God had reserved seven thousand that had not bowed to the image of Baal. We must not get this confused. God had reserved them, they had not kept themselves. Then Paul says, "Even so at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace." A great many people seem to hate the word "election." But without election no one could say there were seven thousand in Elias' day and a few at this present time. So we conclude salvation is either by grace or by works. If by grace, it is not by works, but if by works it is not by grace. By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God. Some think we must choose Christ in order to be saved. Jesus says, Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you. Brethren, he

talks just like an Old Baptist. God made choice of one, even our father Abraham, and blessed him and his seed after him. You that do not believe in election, just follow the Israelites from Egypt to Canaan. He divided the Red Sea, and the children crossed dry shod. The Egyptians tried to cross and were destroyed. This is election made manifest. Every heaven-born soul can rejoice when they cross the Red Sea (washed in the blood of Jesus) and have their enemy (load of sin) destroyed, and they can sing a new song, By grace are ye saved. Every one thinks he knows the way of salvation. The Israelites were not led the way they knew; Jacob was in a wilderness, Saul was in the way of persecution. Remember he is found by them that sought him not. There is no unregenerate sinner qualified to search for Jesus, for he is blind, deaf, dumb and dead, and when the Almighty gives him life, then, and not before, is he qualified to act. The way that seemed right to him he now finds to be the way of death. He finds the law to be a schoolmaster unto Christ, who is the end of the law for righteousness to the believer, so that now the election obtains what the law could not give. There never has been a law given that could give life; if there had been, righteousness would have been by the law; but the law, in that it was weak, God, sending his Son 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 election are freed from the law, but the rest are blinded and still serve the law.

Yours in hope,

T. E. ATTEBERY.

WEISER, Idaho.



ALBANY, Oregon, Feb. 26, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I have been thinking a long time that I would renew my subscription for the good old SIGNS OF THE TIMES, but have neglected to do so until now. I am an old subscriber, commenced taking it in 1880, and have been reading it for many years, and always found it to be sound in the doctrine of salvation by grace alone, without the help of man. I am now eighty-two years old. I professed a hope in Christ when I was sixteen years old, united with the Missionary Baptists and preached for them many years. Why did I do this? Because I did not understand the Scriptures. This is the reason there is so much false doctrine taught in the world. When our Savior arose from the dead and met his disciples by the way, the first thing he did was to open their understanding, that they might understand the Scriptures. A man who is not taught of the Lord is sure to teach a false system of religion. Paul was sent to preach to the Gentiles; not to be the means of their eternal salvation, but to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of sin and Satan to God. While I was laboring so long preaching the conditional system of religion I think I had spiritual life, but needed a preacher who was taught of the Lord to open my eyes and show me the true doctrine of grace as set forth in the holy Scriptures. This was accomplished when the SIGNS OF THE TIMES fell into my hands in the year 1880, and when I commenced reading it the glorious light of eternal truth was revealed to me, and I then had no love for the doctrine I had been preaching. My mind then turned to the Primitive Baptist Church called Bethel, who held their meetings about ten miles from my home, in Linn County,

Oregon. Old Elder Stipp was there, and I thought he preached a powerful sermon, which he was able to do. He opened the door of the church for the reception of members, and my impressions were so great that I arose and gave him my hand, and tried to relate to the church what I hoped the Lord had done for me, and they received me, and I was baptized by Elder Stipp the next day. Soon after I was ordained and chosen pastor of this church, and have been pastor until the present time. Since then many of those precious brethren and sisters have gone to their eternal home. Our church is located in Tallman, Oregon. We have built a good house and our membership is about forty. Peace, love and fellowship abound with us. If this is published in the SIGNS, and any of our Baptist friends see it who are thinking of coming to Oregon, we invite them to meet with us at the above mentioned place. We meet Saturday before the third Sunday, and Sunday also.

Now, brethren editors, I will close, hoping the Lord will be with you in the future as in the past, and enable you to wield the sword in defence of the truth.

SILAS WILLIAMS.

ELDON, Iowa, Jan. 13, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I see my subscription has expired, so inclosed find draft, as I feel that I cannot do without the paper, for it is like one of the family. My father took it from its first publication, mother took it after his death until her death, and I have taken it since her death, twenty-two years ago, so you may know it is a most welcome messenger in our home, and I hope I may have the blessed privilege of reading it as long as I live here in this sinful world. We have a little church one-half mile from our home,

and have meeting on Saturday and Sunday once a month. We are few in number, but have sweet fellowship one for another, which is worth all of this world, far ahead of a multitude in confusion. Our little church is called Des Moines, near Eldon, Iowa. If any of the eastern brethren can visit us we will give them a kind reception and be glad to have them.

I will close by hoping the dear old SIGNS may prosper in the future as in the past.

Your unworthy sister,  
SUSIE KNIGHT.

WARRENTON, Va., Sept. 18, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—My subscription being past due, inclosed find post-office money order for renewal of the SIGNS. I enjoy reading the paper very much, and feel that I never want to do without it. I do not hear preaching very often, as it is about twenty-five miles to Mt. Zion, where there is regular preaching. I believe the doctrine that is set forth in the SIGNS; not a head belief, but, I hope, a heart experience. This world has been cold and lifeless to me, but I have met the ups and downs as best I could, and pray for strength to endure this life until He calls me home. I can say from the depths of my heart that I love the Lord. I feel as the psalmist said: Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

Do as you think best with this.

Yours unworthily,  
WILLIAM UTTERBACK.

SKAGGS, Ky., Jan. 9, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN —As my subscription to the dear old SIGNS has expired, I will renew at once. I feel that I have been so much comforted by reading the many good letters from the brethren and sis-

ters that I never want to be without the paper as long as I live. It is to me as jewels of thought set in words of gold. It has caused me to rejoice in the hope that I have of eternal life and think as the poet says:

“Be still, sad heart, and cease repining,  
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;  
Thy fate is the common fate of all:  
Into each life some rain must fall.”

Some days must be dark and dreary. I thank God that I am made to believe that the love of my blessed Redeemer is shining in my heart, and that I am a member of the Old School Baptist Church.

Praying the Lord to bless you with every blessing necessary to the salvation of your souls, I remain your sister in the gospel of Jesus Christ,

MELISSA C. SPARKS.

BLAKE, Texas, Oct. 31, 1916.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I have had a strong desire ever since I received the first copy of the good old SIGNS to write you a few lines and try and express my feelings of gratitude toward you, but I find that I am unable to express my thankfulness for the kindness you have shown me in sending me the good old paper, which is of much comfort to a hungering soul like me, and it is nearly all the preaching I get. I cannot begin to thank you half enough, for it is the best paper I ever read; it is as bread to the hungry and drink to the thirsty, to all who are brought forth from the bonds of iniquity by the sure mercy of God, who works and none can hinder. Remember your unworthy sister at the throne of God's grace.

In hope of eternal life,

(MRS.) M. A. JONES.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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

**GENESIS XLII. 36; ROMANS VIII. 28.**

"ALL these things are against me."

"We know that all things work together for good to them that love God."

The above Scriptures are far apart in the Bible, one being in Genesis and the other in Romans, and seem in contradiction one with the other. We shall try to harmonize them, and show that the sayings of the two men are like all other sayings of holy men. Often we hear that the Scriptures contradict themselves, hence men cannot depend upon them as having been given by inspiration. False teachers say that the prophets wrote according to their own ideas of things. Moses had a hobby, and wrote things that pleased his fancy. The same is said of all others who wrote the Old Testament Scriptures. The same false teaching is promulgated regarding the apostles. Paul, they say, had a hobby they call election and predestination, and he wrote along those lines because it suited his notions and ideas. John's hobby was love, they say, hence he wrote upon that subject more than any other. We sometimes wonder what sort of a Bible we would have if the Lord had moved each prophet and each apostle to say exactly the same things. What Moses said did

not need to be repeated by David, and what David said did not need to be repeated by Solomon, and the things said by Solomon did not need to be repeated by Isaiah. The same is true of all the Old Testament writers, yet each one wrote as moved by the Holy Ghost, and in substance declared the same things. All the testimony is summed up by one who said, "They testified of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." There are no contradictions whatever in the Scriptures, and if any of us fail to understand them the difficulty is with us, not with the Scriptures. It is only as the Holy Ghost reveals them to man that he can know anything of their spiritual import. Peter tells us that no Scripture is of any private interpretation, for the reason that holy men of old wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost. If it was the work of the Holy Spirit to move men to write, is it not also the work of the same Spirit to open the true import of those things to men? It would really seem so, yea, more, it is an absolute truth. The historical records of the Scriptures are just as true as those of prophecy. Because men cannot reason out how the Hebrew children could remain in the fiery furnace and yet not be burned, is no reason why it was not true. Because science teaches that the whale's throat is not sufficiently large to swallow a man, is no reason why Jonah was not in the whale's belly three days and three nights. If never a whale before nor since could swallow a man, that one could, because "the Lord prepared the fish." The whole record is true, regardless of what men or angels think or say.

When Jacob said, "All these things are against me," he was in the very depths of affliction and sorrow. Joseph, his dearly beloved son, had been devoured by

wild beasts, as he thought, and at that time Benjamin was to be taken from him also and carried down into Egypt, else they could have no corn, and Jacob felt that he would never see him again. Those two boys were the sons of his favorite wife, and because of that were very dear to him. It was not a wonder that he said, It will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Who can imagine greater sorrow than was his? From this standpoint what he said was absolutely true. All those things were against him in that sense, yet on the other hand, unknown to him, every detail of the whole affair was working for his good and the glory of God. The Lord knew where Joseph was and why he had sent him down into Egypt. He knew his fame in that land, because he had given him favor in the king, who had made him ruler in Egypt. The Lord knew that corn was stored there for Jacob and all his house. He knew that the best land, Goshen, had been reserved for Jacob and his children. But Jacob was told nothing about it. "It is the Lord's glory to hide a matter." We now begin to see that the two Scriptures at the head of this article do not contradict each other farther than the finite understanding of man concerning God's ways, thoughts, plans and works is concerned. We think we would be safe in saying that never, since the world began, has anything taken place that did not work for the good of the Lord's people, though we seldom know how it can be. If we could see the end of the predestination of God as the beginning comes to us we would have no worry about anything, but would know that all things between the beginning and the end were working for our good. Had Paul been told beforehand of his sore afflictions, such as he enumerates,

shipwrecked, in the deep, stripes, stoned, imprisoned, perils among false brethren, &c., he surely would have said, "All these things are against me," not knowing how they could work for his good. But later in life, when he had, like Job, seen the end of the Lord, could say, "All things work together for good." The life he lived in the flesh, by the faith of the Son of God, was an example of the grace of God and of the power of faith. In all his sufferings and persecutions he was taught how helpless to deliver himself he was; also the power of God to save. Through his experience all the saints are taught that there is no escape; all must know the afflictions of Christ, being made conformable unto his death. Not only did Paul mean that experimentally all things work for good, but from the beginning of the world unto the end of the same. The entrance of sin into the world, and death by sin, worked together for good, in that Christ came to do away with both sin and death. God declared the end from the beginning, the end of sin, hence everything between the two extremes, as well as the extremes, was predestinated, settled, fixed in the purpose and plan of God. This makes a complete chain, without a weak or broken link. Every event in the world and of the world has been a link forming the predestinated chain of events for the good of God's people. As each link in an ordinary chain has its bearing upon another, and each link is dependent upon another, so the predestinated events of God all have their bearing one upon another, all working together for good. It was after the Lord passed by that Moses saw his glory; so with all the Lord's people, it is after the Lord accomplishes a thing that we understand how all things, which seem so against us in the begin-

ning, are working for our good and his glory. When Paul was made to understand this truth he could with boldness and all assurance ask the question, "What shall we then say to these things? if God be for us who can be against us?" Job must have known this doctrine to be true. He suffered the loss of all things, was sorely afflicted himself in body, yet he said, Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him. With the assurance that his Redeemer lived, things of time and sense meant very little to him. So it is with us all when brought to the same place. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. K.

#### SUBSCRIBERS TAKE NOTICE.

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#### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

#### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mary Enderlin**, widow of John Enderlin, died at her home, Roxbury, Delaware County, New York, Sunday, Feb. 11th, 1917, aged nearly 78 years. She had lived in Roxbury village a good part of her life. She was baptized by Elder Isaac Hewitt when about the age of sixteen years, and had been a member of the Roxbury Old School Baptist Church over sixty years, and had no use whatever for the popular religion of the day, by which she was surrounded. We shall miss her very much, but feel that what is loss to us is gain to her. She was a faithful christian, a lover of good, sound doctrine. I had known her personally for over forty years, and always found her ready to give a reason of the hope that was within her with meekness and fear. She was not ashamed to let her neighbors know that she was an Old School Baptist, and what the Old School Baptists believe, and while many did not believe as she did, they esteemed her as an excellent neighbor and friend and an honorable, upright christian woman, which she truly was. She was with her daughter, Mrs Booth, who, with her husband, did all that could be done for her comfort in her illness. Her maiden name was Leonard, being one of a family of twelve children, only one of whom remains, Dr. D. M. Leonard, of Florida, who is aged and feeble. She leaves one son, one daughter and one granddaughter, with many friends, to mourn her absence, while she is in eternity with her dear Savior, whom she loved so much and served so faithfully more than sixty years. She is eternally happy, not waiting to be, as there is no to-morrow in eternity.

Elder George Rnston, of New York city, and myself officiated at the funeral, which was held at her home Wednesday, Feb. 14th. Burial in the Moore Cemetery in the village.

May the dear Lord bless all the dear mourning family and friends with strength to bear the affliction, is the desire of the writer.

D. M. VAIL.

**Mary E. Smith** died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. T. Chilton, Campbellsburg, Ky., Feb. 14th, 1917, aged 81 years. She was the daughter of John Ladd, of Pleasureville, Ky. Was married to Jacob S. Smith August 11th, 1853. To that union were born five children, four sons and one daughter: L. K., E. H., C. V. and Jacob S. Smith and Mrs. Lillian Chilton, of Campbellsburg. L. K. and C. V. Smith preceded her to the grave. She was received a member of Sulphur Fork Church at Campbellsburg the fourth Sunday in February, 1886. Sister Smith fell on the icy pavement a few months before her death, and with her advanced age and weakened condition she was not able to regain her strength. She was a great blessing to her church, deeply exercised in

spiritual things, always calling for songs that pertained to the glory of God and his kingdom upon earth. We shall miss her in the church, but we rejoice. She has gone home to her heavenly Father to be with him in his eternal home.

The funeral was conducted by her pastor, Elder P. W. Sawin, and Rubelt Pearcey, of the "Christian Church," and the remains buried in New Castle Cemetery. Truly a great and good woman has gone. God grant comfort to the bereaved children, is the prayer of the writer.

ALSO,

**W. T. Humston** departed this life at the home of his nephew, Noble Humston, Campbellsburg, Ky., March 19th, 1917. He was born May 29th, 1840. He was first married to Miss Birtie Massie, who died in 1878. Three children were born to them, all dying in infancy. He was married to Miss Maggie E. Roherson Nov. 8th, 1888, who died Jan. 22nd, 1917, just preceding him to the grave a short time, therefore I will write both obituaries as one. Brother Humston first united with Cane Run Church of Regular Baptists at Turners Station, Ky., over forty years ago, then joined Sulphur Fork Church by letter in October, 1909. Sister Maggie united with Sulphur Fork Church in June, 1881. Both were faithful members until death, and their home was indeed a home for the Regular Baptists. She was born Dec. 20th, 1840, both dying in their 77th year.

The funeral was conducted at the residence by Elder P. W. Sawin and Rubelt Pearcey, and their remains laid to rest in the Sulphur Fork burying ground. May God comfort all the bereaved.

ERNEST F. RANDELL.

**R. P. Trimble** was born in Staunton, Va., March 1st, 1810, and moved in his early childhood with his parents to West Virginia, where he lived until the close of the Civil War, moving to Jackson County, Mo., in 1865. October 14th, 1868, he was married to Miss Eliza Jeffries, and moved to Holt County the following spring, settling in Kansas City in 1878, where he lived with his family until the day of his death, which occurred Feb. 9th, 1917, after what first appeared to be a slight indisposition, but in three weeks terminated in his death. He leaves to mourn his death his companion, our dear sister in Christ, two sons, C. A., of Los Angeles, Cal., and Dr. Trimble, of Kansas City, Mo., two daughters, Mrs. Dobler, of Wichita, Kansas, and Mrs. Watkins, of Kansas City. He was a man of an unassuming disposition, and never made a public profession of religion or united with any church.

A short service was held at the home Sunday morning, Feb. 12th, conducted by the writer, after which the remains were taken by automobile to Missouri City, Mo., about twenty-five miles from the late home, and laid at rest to await the pleasure of the Lord.

S. KETCHUM.

**Albert Houston Drew** departed this life Jan. 20th, 1917, in Warwick, Orange Co., N. Y., aged 67 years. He was a son of John Drew and Mary C. Edsall. Mr. Drew was one of the oldest business men of Warwick; he had been engaged in business many years, and was very successful. His business was his delight. Mr. Drew was quiet and unassuming in manner and won many friends. He had been in failing health for several years, and found it necessary to spend part of the winter months in Florida, and was preparing to leave for the warmer climate when stricken with pneumonia, which took him away in a few days. He was not a member of the church, but attended quite regularly and was very attentive, a believer no doubt. He was kind to the poor, and will be much missed in Warwick. He is survived by his widow, sister Drew, and two children: Fred, of Warwick, and Mrs. Sarah Stern, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; also one sister, Mrs. Garity, of Newburgh, N. Y.

The writer conducted the funeral services in the home of Mrs. Mary Furman, an aunt of sister Drew, where they had boarded several months. The funeral was largely attended, and the interment took place in the family plot in the Warwick Cemetery. May comfort abound toward our sister Drew, the children and the sister.

K.

**Mrs. Emeline Jenkins**, widow of Thomas Jenkins, departed this life Nov. 22nd, 1916, aged 92 years. She had been a faithful member of the Old School Baptist Church of Otego for nearly fifty years, having been baptized by Elder Durand in 1872. Although afflicted with poor eyesight for many years, which led almost to total blindness, she was cheerful, never murmuring, ever trusting Him who doeth all things well. She leaves a son, a daughter and two grandchildren to mourn their loss. She was laid to rest beside her husband in Sanitaria Springs Cemetery, many friends being present to pay their last respects. Services were conducted by Elder D. M. Vail.

## APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, March 25th, all day meeting, commencing at 10:45 a. m.; Union Grove, Sunday, April 1st, 11 a. m.; Roxbury, Sunday, April 8th, at the Mead sisters' home, 10:45 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Ashokan, Sunday, April 15th, 10:45 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Vega, Sunday, April 29th, 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

THE Lord willing, I will be at the home of Casper G. Fetter, Hamilton Ave., opposite Greenwood Cemetery, Trenton, N. J., Sunday, April 15th, meeting 10:30 a. m.; also at Stockton 3:30 p. m.

D. M. VAIL.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING  
THE "SIGNS" TO  
THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

Mrs. Allie Davis, Ky., \$3.00; R. Lester Dodson,  
N. Y., \$3.00; Decatur Monser, Ohio, \$3.00.

**M E E T I N G S .**

THE Baltimore Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Harford Church, Harford County, Md., May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train leaving North Ave. station, Md. & Pa. R. R., at 3:20 p. m. for Long Green or Forest Hill on Tuesday before. Those from the north take train that leaves York, Pa., at 1:50 p. m. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

M. F. WHITAKER, Clerk.

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Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church, of southern California, meets every third Sunday at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY 1, 1917.

NO. 9.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

HARDING, W. Va., April 5, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD:—It was thirty years the 22nd day of February since the Lord enabled me to believe that he had pardoned my sins and caused me to praise him as my Savior. In my early childhood I often thought I would like to be a christian, but did not see what a sinner I was until I was about seventeen years old. I then felt deeply troubled about my condition, and tried to pray to God for help, but my prayers seemed very weak and brought no ease to my troubled mind. I read the Bible to see if I could find any help there. Thus I went for several months, feeling condemned and hopeless. Once while at a Baptist meeting the minister preached on experience. I thought he meant it all for me, and wondered how he knew about my feelings. After that the feeling of condemnation and the burden that I had felt seemed to wear away and leave me. That was in the autumn; and I was again careless and unconcerned about myself until during the winter I was reading “Pilgrim’s Progress,” and when I came to where Pliable turned back because of

the Slough of Despond, I felt that I had done the same thing, and a terrible fear took possession of me, and from that I prayed that my feeling of guilt might not leave me again until I could feel that it was washed away by the blood of Jesus. How I longed and prayed for the pardon of my sins, and how great they loomed up before me, until I loathed myself and all that I had ever done. I would get mother’s paper, the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and peruse it to see if the experiences published there were in any way like I felt. They had all felt that they were sinners, had also felt relief, but no relief came to me. I read Christ’s sermon on the mount; he said, Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. That was a little comfort to me, for I had come to know that I did hunger and thirst for the righteousness of Christ, and that I had no righteousness of my own. Thus I wept and mourned day after day, and would go alone to pray where none but God could hear, and there was almost continually a cry in my heart for mercy. Who can describe the anguish of soul that a sinner feels when he realizes that he is without hope and without God in

the world? I labored and was heavy laden, and longed for rest, but was working for it, for God had not yet given me faith to stand still and see his salvation. One evening while praying for mercy a great light seemed to shine into my heart for a moment, then was gone. How I longed for such joy to remain. I feared the desire for the pardon of my sins might leave me again, for I now realized more clearly than before how terrible it was to go on in sin without hope of heaven, with eternity ever before me. I read where Jesus prayed, and there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him, and being in an agony he prayed more earnestly, and he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood falling down to the ground. Again I begged the Lord to be merciful and pardon me, and felt that I would be willing to do anything that he would show me was my duty. Once while meditating and begging for mercy I seemed to see (but not with my natural eyes) the Lord on a high seat in a beautiful grove, and the Savior standing at his right hand. Again joy filled my heart for a moment, then all was gone and I was left in darkness. As the days passed I did not cease to beg for mercy, feeling then that, Though he slay me, yet will I trust him. The next day the words of the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," kept passing through my mind with some sweetness, but did not bring the relief I was craving. The next morning while meditating on my condition I felt I was willing to give up everything in this life if I could but feel that the Lord had pardoned my sins and given me a hope of heaven. I had now come to the end of the law, and to know that all my efforts were in vain. I knew I had no strength of my own, no faith until he should give it. Here is where I hope

Christ became the end of the law for righteousness to me. During the morning these words of the hymn were passing through my mind again and again: "Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to thy bosom fly;" "Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee," and "Thou, O Christ, art all I want." O how well they expressed what I felt, and were the cry of my broken heart and contrite spirit, and with them came a sweetness and joy that I had not before experienced. In a moment my burden of sin was gone, and a great joy and peace took possession of me; a peace which passeth understanding, causing me from the depths of my heart and soul to praise God for the unspeakable gift of his love. For several weeks this great happiness was undisturbed, and such love to God as I cannot describe filled my heart most of the time. I then thought I understood why Jesus suffered such agony. He had to suffer for the sins of all who would ever know his salvation. No wonder he wanted to go alone to pray; he felt that none but the Father could help. Surely this is why his children want to be alone to pray: they know that their's is a case that none but God can help. I could now read the Bible with an understanding which made it meat and drink to me. Many good hymns were opened up to me, and expressed the very praises I wished to render to God. As time passed I felt it my duty to confess what I believed the Lord had done for me and be baptized. Father and mother were members of the Tygarts Valley Old School Baptist Church, and as they had to go a considerable distance over a rough road to get to their meetings they could not often take any of their children with them, therefore I had not heard a Baptist sermon since I received

a hope. I had heard ministers of other denominations preach, but their preaching was not in harmony with my experience, so I could not have fellowship for them. I felt troubled, and feared the Lord would in some way punish me if I neglected to do what I felt impressed was my duty. The Baptist Association was to be held in August with the Valley Church, and I felt very anxious to go and hear the preaching. My sister, Mrs. Taylor, came home to go, and wanted to join the church during the association. We went, and I have not words to express how much I enjoyed the preaching; it all seemed so plain now, and was in harmony with what I had been taught by experience, and felt I must go to that church when I went to any. Elder J. S. Corder was moderator of the association. As sister wanted him to baptize her she told him what she desired, and they assembled the church on Saturday and opened the door for the reception of members. As I looked upon the members of that church and Elder Corder seated with them I saw a beauty in the church which was not of earth, but seemed divine and heavenly; a beauty which I felt belonged to God's church, and was shown to me that I might know where to find a home with his people. My sister was received, and when I saw her baptized I could not refrain from weeping. Elder Lewis noticed me, and said, "You will be the next one." After I went home from the association I felt very much exercised about going to the church; my heart was troubled and heavy, and I prayed the Lord to show me what I must do. While I was feeling so cast down these words came to me: "Jesus, I my cross have taken, all to leave and follow thee." My mind was instantly at ease; I felt that I could gladly go. Shortly after that, while

reading some Baptist papers aloud for my parents, I came to a place that was so much like my own experience that I broke down and wept; my younger sister Alice left the room to hide her tears, and I followed her. Next day mother questioned me about myself, and I told her all. She was greatly rejoiced, and when father came in she told him. I then learned that sister Alice had received a hope before I had, and felt that she must go to the church and be baptized. We went to meeting with father and mother on Saturday before the second Sunday in September, 1887, related our experience to the church, were received, and baptized the next day by the pastor of the church, Elder E. P. Hart. We felt the answer of a good conscience in doing our duty as it had been shown to us. I have passed through many trials since then, of sickness, bereavements, losses and crosses, and through them all have had my own sinful nature, the world and Satan to contend with. Many times I have felt that the Lord was with me, and enabled me to bear with resignation the afflictions and bereavements that have come to me. Sometimes he has by his grace given me strength to say, "Thy will be done," but when it has pleased him to hide his presence from me I have come to know by experience that I cannot go one step aright without him, and I realize fully that my salvation in time and eternity is and must be by his grace alone; to him be all the honor and glory.

Before I close I want to say to the editors and writers of our paper that I much enjoy what they have written. I do not know that the paper has been any better than usual for awhile, but I have felt the need of the very things which have been published in the last few numbers. The most of the writers are strangers to me

in the flesh, but I hope we have all received of the same Spirit and are drawn to each other for the truth's sake as it is in Jesus. I enjoyed Elder Durand's article "About Praying" in the April 1st number, also "The grace of God in one's heart, and its effect," by F. Selby Fisher. I was glad when I read in Elder Ker's "New Year's Greeting:" "The doctrine of Christ cannot progress, because it is perfect; the religion of Jesus cannot progress, because it is perfect; the ordinances of the church cannot be improved upon, because they are perfect." How comforting it is to hear the servants of the living God proclaim such words in the face of the religious world, who are trying to teach the people that the churches must keep up with the progress of the times to save sinners and hold their membership. I have enjoyed Elder Lefferts' editorials; he has made many things plain that I needed to know. I noticed a short sketch from Elder Vaughn's pen; it brought to my mind again how much I enjoyed his preaching at our association last August. May the Lord comfort him with the comfort wherewith he comforted us. May He also bless the editors and publishers of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and make them to proclaim the same precious truth it has always contended for, is my prayer for Jesus' sake.

(MRS.) E. E. WORKMAN.

SILVERTON, Texas, Jan. 1, 1917.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD:—I have just read Elder Ker's "New Year's Greeting," and note that he begs all who love the cause to write for the SIGNS during the year. I feel to respond, yet I have nothing to bring to the "storehouse" except the same old sweet story of Jesus and his love. But what more do we want? Has he not brought us up

out of the miry clay, and placed our feet upon a rock, and put a new song in our mouth, even praise unto God? He has established our goings, has caused us to lie down in green pastures, by the side of still waters. He has caused us to sit down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to our taste. He brought us to the banqueting-house, and his banner over us is love. O loved ones, cannot you remember when it was thus with you? When we heard our Beloved speak and say, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land. Then all was joy, peace and love. Jesus all day long was our joy and our song. But ah, how very soon did he leave us; we sought him, but could not find him; called, but he gave no answer. Then we cried out from the depths of our hearts, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? Why art thou so far from helping me? How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord, forever? How long wilt thou hide thy face from me? We go mourning all the days until our strength is dried up like a potsherd, and our tongues cleave to our jaws, and we wonder why we must suffer so intensely, forgetting that it is through much suffering we enter the kingdom; and if we suffer not with him we reign not with him. We do not realize that the Lord is doing great things for our souls, whereof we should be glad. We are cast down, but not forsaken, for he will strengthen us and uphold us with his right hand of righteousness; he will cause us to walk in his statutes and keep his ordinances; he will make darkness light before us, and crooked things straight. These things will he do, and not forsake us. Then,

beloved, think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rest in the Lord and wait patiently for him. For some months past I have been in a peculiar frame of mind, it seems I am calmly waiting for "something" in the near future; what it is I am unable to tell. I have ceased to lament the cold, barren state of Zion, fully believing that the two witnesses (the church and the Bible) are lying dead in the streets of Sodom and Egypt, dead to the world. The Scripture that came with great force to me one day while I was lamenting the sad condition of Zion and caused me to cease my lamentations was this: "Be still and know that I am God;" and when I remember that he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand, I am made to be still, for well do I know that nothing can happen contrary to the fixed purpose of the great Jehovah. Why do I think the two witnesses are lying dead in the streets of Sodom (wickedness) and Egypt (darkness)? Because if there ever was a time when the testimony of the true church and the Bible was completely ignored it is now. Scorned, scoffed at, ridiculed and hated by the entire anti-christian world it certainly is at the present time and has been for some time. How long before the three and one-half days will expire none knoweth save the great I AM. It does seem that the woman which sat upon the scarlet colored beast is now reigning over the kings of the earth; for all nations have drunk of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. No nation is ex-

empt; many run to and fro, and knowledge is on the increase. What was said to Israel of old might be applied to the times now. The Lord through Hosea says to the children of Israel that he has a controversy with the inhabitants of the land, because there is no truth, nor mercy, nor knowledge of God in the land. By swearing and lying and killing and stealing and committing adultery they break out, and blood toucheth blood. How long before a great change will take place we know not, but we know it will be for the time appointed, and all we can do is to be still and know that he is God.

I began this January 1st, and here it is March, and it is still unfinished. I will send it thus, and if it meets your approbation, brethren editors, publish it; if not, all is well. Now may God in his goodness bless Zion, is my prayer for Christ's sake.

Yours in tribulation,

LYDIA C. RAY.

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### I JOHN I. 1-3.

"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 handled, of the Word of life; (for the light 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."

This morning as I sat and read the sweet letter of brother Durand on Prayer, and brother Fisher's letter, "The grace of God in one's heart, and its effect," I was made to rejoice, and to hope that I knew a little about these things. I do believe that the Lord has blessed me with the forgiveness of sins many times as I have passed along the pathway of life, and given me to see and know that I cannot live without him and his continual mer-

cies. I often try to pray when it appears to me that there is no prayer in it, and I often fear that there is none in me. Indeed, I feel sure there is not any in me unless the Lord gives it to me. I have felt prayer in my heart with the full assurance that that prayer was then and there answered, and then again I have felt prayer in my heart which I was given to feel that I should have to wait for the answer. I have been made to ask the Lord to deliver me from this tenement of clay, and have been given to feel that I must wait for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of the body, before I could see this corruptible part on incorruption and this mortal part on immortality, and I hope that the Lord has so far given me that patience which has made me willing and able to wait all my appointed time till my change comes. Now there is a working within which makes me understand that the Lord is here, and that he is performing a work that is marvelous in my eyes; a work of the resurrection in me as the earnest of the joys to come. Thus the little faith which he has so graciously given to me ever points to that blessed hope which is within the veil, and is as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast. There is there a sure foundation to every grace of the Spirit, and hope is there to enable us to override every storm that comes upon us. In these storms of sorrow and great tribulation we are given to fully try the strength of our moorings, and we learn that they are sure. In these we also learn that we are but passive creatures in the hand of the almighty God; that he is the Potter, and that we are the clay. While we live here we never see anything else in ourselves, therefore we do not see the incorruptible body. When we are given to see that then we will not need hope any more, for

that grace of the Spirit will have ended in the reality, and there will be no more hope nor fear. Prayer will all turn to praise, and our joy will be full in and with our Lord in his righteousness and glory. Until then we wait and hope on in the fear of God, who has promised and who is able to fulfill all his word. How good and how sweet that he has given to us while we are here in the flesh the throne of grace, and that he with his own hand brings us to that throne. It may be that we come there in very weakness and only in the smallest whispers; yes, in groanings which are to us unutterable, yet he brings us there. We have concluded that there is no use to pray, that we cannot pray, that our words are but a chattering noise, or thoughts of the worst foolishness, and all vanity, but then the prayer is there, and all of the Lord. Even the Spirit itself makes intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered. How heavy the heart is when there are not words enough in all our vocabulary to express the thoughts of our necessity, and yet it is then that the unutterable groanings of the Spirit are in our hearts. Then also we learn the fellowship of our Lord Jesus in his sufferings. Fellowship is learned only in experience. Many say, "Brother," and never feel the troubles of those things that give the right to that relationship, nor do they know the joys which the children feel in the presence of the Lord on the holy mountain. Simply being a church member does not give that fellowship. To be a true Old School Baptist there must be the experience that other Old School Baptists have and have had since the Lord came in his flesh. It is in experience that we learn that "In me (that is, in my flesh,) there dwelleth no good thing," and all the other experiences

which Paul expresses in the seventh chapter of Romans. In it we learn the fellowship of John the Baptist, as is expressed in the eleventh chapter of Matthew, and of any others of the holy writers of the Bible, and of the saints of even this present time. All must be brought together in experience, and without this there is confusion and division. We have no evidence of the things which we have not seen, heard and felt. We have the authority of the inspired writers in many things which we have not as yet felt or entered into. However, there are enough of those things which we have felt to give us to believe all of their teachings, regardless of the apparent impossibility for those things to be or to come to pass. We have experienced enough to tell us that God can do all things, whether we believe it or not. Things have come to us which we felt could never be, that they were too hard to be, and yet they have been. This proves to us the power of God to do all his pleasure. There are things we would love to pray for, but we cannot, and then there are things we do not care so much about, but the first we know we are praying in our hearts for the accomplishment of those things, and we are led into the experience of seeing the accomplishing of those things. I know a case of two women: one had no use for the other, did not want to be in the same company with her, and I expect that she never thought of praying for her. One night she was aroused from her sleep with the assurance that the Lord had given that woman a good hope. It was so plain to her that she called her mother-in-law and told her that it was true. Not many days passed before it became known to the brethren and sisters, and shortly it was my privilege to baptize that sister in the fellowship of our church. Before

that she had no use for us nor the doctrine we preached, but after that it was the theme of her soul as long as she lived, and she and the other sister were the warmest of friends. Even so in many cases the Lord so works that the first we know we are praising him for his wonderful works to the children of men. We are glad that our God is not confined to what we believe nor to what we know; that he does his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth, and that none can stay his hand nor say unto him, "What doest thou?" I want to pray to the Lord that he will give us all to be subject to his will, and to do his commandments while we live here on the earth; that he will deal gently with us in death and give us to live with him in glory.

Your brother in hope,

L. H. HARDY.

ATLANTIC, N. C., March 29, 1917.

DAWSON SPRINGS, Ky., March 23, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am inclosing a letter I received from brother C. M. Hood, of Nashville, Tenn. I have his consent for you to publish it in the SIGNS, with your approval. It was quite a consolation to me, and I wish to divide it with the saints.

Very truly yours, in hope of life eternal,  
BEN P. EARLE.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 8, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER:—I am thinking of you and some of the church that I have in remembrance, and have concluded to drop you a line, if the Lord be pleased to allow it, and let you know that I hold you in fond remembrance. I feel I shall always be glad that I had the special privilege of meeting you and knowing you personally. It is a grand thing to be held in high esteem by God's family,

when one feels within himself to be so unworthy. I just do not know how to express my thoughts in regard to it. There is something about it that is too high for me, I cannot comprehend it. We remember that the family of God is "a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation;" they are God's particular elect people, chosen in Christ before the world began, and it is according to this choice that they are manifested among the living family of God and made able to glorify him who has called them out of darkness into his marvelous light. They were chosen in Christ unto a certain end, and that will be that each and every one of this choice will be holy and without blame before him in love. This is the purpose of the choice. It was not for any foreseen good in them, for we read, The children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God, according to election, might stand; for Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. Then we must confess that this choice was not made because God foresaw that these people would of themselves hate evil and do good, and because of that he chose them as his people. Like all of the rest of the Adamic family, they were the children of wrath, even as others, but (now this is it): God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved them, even while dead in trespasses and in sins, hath quickened them (given them life) together with Christ, hence by grace are ye saved. These people were all in Christ as his children when there was none of them, that is, as they are now, actually, but they were in him just like the oak in the acorn, and brought by the thousands in due season, and are made manifest. In this sense God could lay the sins of all his people on his Son, and, as Job said,

Sewed up all mine iniquities in a bag. Jesus was this bag, so to speak, and all the iniquities of every one of this divine choice was sewed up in him, and by his death he forever put them away, nailing them to the cross, hence, "It is finished." All that had to be done to appease the wrath of God against sin and unholiness was done, and he bowed his head and gave up the ghost and was buried, and on the third morning he arose and went out and made himself known to his family, and then from Mt. Olivet ascended back to God, a living Jesus, there to intercede for his people according to the will of God, and God's will is that none shall perish. Then how safe they are, and how sure it is that the Holy Ghost will at the appointed time take these things and communicate them to them. Now we have it from Paul, that he died for our offences and was raised for our justification. Then the offences of all this family have been put away by his death, and their justification is sure, as he ever lives to make intercession for them. Hence, he says, As I live, ye shall also live. I am he that was dead, but am alive for evermore. We are looking for these highly favored people. How shall we know them? How shall we find them? God says, I leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people, and they shall trust in the Lord. That is a very evident mark that these people bear. He says again, With weeping and with supplication will I lead them. Here, then, is another mark: they are a people badly afflicted. Affliction brings poverty, poverty brings weeping, and weeping brings deep and profound supplication. Now these are marks. If we were to start out to find these people who among all this so-called christian world bear these marks? Unless you can find a



people that bear these marks I want to tell you that you have not found this chosen generation, this royal priesthood, holy nation.

Well, there is more to be said, more than I can ever tell, but my time is up, and I must close. Pray for us. Farewell in the Lord.

Yours in love,

C. M. HOOD.

GLEN ANDREW, Ontario, March 6, 1917.

EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES—DEAR FRIENDS:—  
In my letter of the 28th of last September I made reference to the illness of my eldest daughter, stating that hope still lingered with me, and I earnestly prayed that she would be restored to health again. It is now with sadness and sorrow of heart I write this morning, informing you that dear Eva fell asleep in Jesus Saturday evening about half-past nine, the 13th day of January, aged nineteen years, two months and eleven days. There are four of our family of seven with us now: Barbara Ann, Sarah Isabella, Archie Hugh and Irene. Dear Eva never made a public profession of religion, but there was a wonderful revelation of the grace of God and his everlasting love to one of his dear redeemed children made manifest before her spirit took its flight to God who gave it. On Friday morning about five o'clock for the first time she made known to me she was going to leave us, and requested that the ring on her finger (a gift from her mother) be given to her sister Barbara, and that her favorite hymn be sung at her funeral; the first verse is:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,  
Thy head upon my breast.

I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad;  
I found in him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad."

She spoke to us of her going home, and not to feel sorry, assuring us of a reunion in the happy home on high. She then took a weak turn, and as we were gently lowering the mattress said, "I am going now," and folding her arms on her bosom said, "Lay me in the coffin like this," and after a brief pause closed her eyes and said farewell. After a little while she awoke and seemed to have a vision of heaven, and after taking a look at each one of us gathered around her bedside said how lovely we appeared to her; our faces looked like angels, and that she thought it was her last, and said that she came back again and would be with us a little longer, but did not know how long. She asked her Uncle Archie to read a chapter and pray, and, as I believe, guided by the Holy Spirit he read the fourteenth chapter of John and then engaged in prayer. At times she would express a desire to go home, but was willing to patiently wait and suffer without complaining until the Lord would call her. The remainder of the day was spent in sweet conversation with her and the singing of hymns, and dear Eva joined in the singing, but was too weak to repeat many of the words. The night was passed without closing her eyes in slumber, talking with us at times, and continued to converse with us during the day, and about three hours before the end of her earthly pilgrimage she seemed to be given renewed strength and delivered an important message to her father and mother, sisters and brother, and said that her father would complete it by prayer (which was a terrible cross to me, being the first time I ever made the feeble attempt to pray in public), and that her

Uncle Archie would pray in the morning. Previous to delivering the message, having a desire to meet her friends for the last time on earth, fully realizing that the time was near at hand when they would hear the sound of her sweet voice no more, she made this statement that, "In a few days I will be laid beneath the cold sod." In compliance with dear Eva's dying request, and, as brother Archie felt, in obedience to the command of the Lord delivered to him by his dear niece, given her by inspiration, on Sunday morning, after reading a chapter and the singing of hymn No. 668 (Beebe's collection), the first verse being,

"Jesus, while our hearts our bleeding,  
O'er the spoils that death has won,  
We would at this solemn meeting,  
Calmly say, 'Thy will be done.'"

he made a few remarks, and then engaged in prayer, which I believe ascended heavenward to the throne of God. It was a memorable three days, the 12th, 13th and 14th of January, 1917. I desire to link these three days together as one continuous day, which will be held sacred in the memory of the writer and some others present with me until the appointed time comes to each of us to bid adieu to all things here below. Brother Archie arrived at our home the 23rd of December, and departed the 18th of January, and sister Barbara arrived the 9th of January and departed the 5th of February. Their presence with us at the time of our sore bereavement was, I believe, in accordance with the decree and wise purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, and I will continue to praise him for his loving-kindness all the days of my life, and though he slay me, yet will I trust in him, and desire to be submissive to his will in all things, looking and longing for the second coming of our dear Re-

deemer, when we all shall meet in paradise, the eternal home of the blessed, to part no more.

This letter is a memorial in loving remembrance of our dear departed loved one, and will be kept as such by the writer and his family, who are sorely afflicted.

In much tribulation, I remain yours affectionately,

JOHN C. McALPINE.

#### ISAIAH VI. 1.

"In the year that king Uzziah died, I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up."

We are told but very little of Isaiah's early life. He said of himself that he was "a man of unclean lips." We might infer from this that whatever serious thoughts he may have had in regard to religious subjects, he had spoken of such things in a light and jesting way, as has been the manner of many of us. But there comes a time when the realities of spiritual existence are brought to his mind in such a positive manner that he fixes the date by so important an event in history as the death of a king; that king's power to control the actions of his subjects is gone forever, and another ruling power takes his place. Whatever Isaiah's former ideas of religion may have been, the view given him of the Lord seated upon a throne places him under authority of the new and living King, whose dominion is from sea to sea and from the rivers to the ends of the earth. The view of the King, the subjects and the manner of government, make him feel utterly unfit to dwell in such a kingdom. Whatever have been the ambitions of his fleshly nature, they die, as did King Uzziah, and new aspirations take control of his whole mind. What is it then to see the Lord as the sovereign ruler and to regard him with reverence and

fear? The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. It is to see the heavenly kingdom with spiritual eyes, a kingdom that is above all earthly kingdoms, whose subjects are gathered from all lands; all are taught by the same Spirit to love the things pertaining to this higher and holier relationship. The government is love, and they that love the law have no desire to transgress it; for the subjects are also princes in the King's court, their clothing is of spotless purity and of wrought gold and fine needlework. There is no fear of death or separation. The King is seated upon a throne; he has eternal power; none can dispute, none can overthrow his power or dispossess any of his subjects. The glory of his presence is such that there is no need of the sun by day, and there is no night there. When Isaiah saw these things he said, Woe is me, for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts. The first impression on the mind is of fear in such presence. A ray of light from that brightness that is above the noonday sun has shined into the sinner's mind, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, to show them that they are born into the kingdom of light; and it has made the things that were darkness and mystery to be living realities, the King in his beauty and holiness, the spiritual kingdom and the saints that dwell therein. It is only by that light from the spirit world that these things have ever been seen, and once seen are never forgotten, although the contrast makes us see the evils of our fleshly nature. We may feel too little even to talk about it, but O what a relief to the mind when one can forget their flesh for a little season and talk of their real hopes and fears, and how we enjoy hearing others tell of when and how the

light first shined in their minds. We are always watching for waymarks that others have left who have passed this way, which shows that the one thing we desire above all others is to be found in the way to the kingdom of light and life. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace. Isaiah talked of the beauties and strength of this kingdom all his after life. Even if we sometimes get into "Doubting Castle" we can never go back to be just what we were before that Light quickened us into life, and we are now subjects of the kingdom of light. Who yet has ever been able to tell the fullness of the vision?

A. E. RITTENHOUSE.

STATE ROAD, Del.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., March 20, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I cannot get rid of the desire to write, which desire came to me when I read your editorial in the last SIGNS (March 15th), "Bible Reading." I was edified, reprov'd and made to rejoice when I read your views in that article. It did me good that some one of the household had a mind to write on that subject. At the same time I felt the reproof, for I must plead guilty to the charge of coldness; I feel it and know it, and feel to say as did Paul, The things that I would, I do not.

"Tis seldom I can ever see  
Myself as I would wish to be;  
What I desire I can't attain;  
From what I hate I can't refrain."

So it is no more I, but sin that dwelleth in me, causing me to mourn daily my infirmities. The Bible so often is a sealed book to me that I fear it is hypocrisy in me to open the sacred book and read, yet I desire to read of the dear Savior, his precious words and promises to his people, the meek and lowly example he set before his disciples as he walked in and out

before them. "Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." That testimony is sweet to the true believer, and he loves to dwell upon it and turn the leaves of holy writ and read of the wonderful works of him who spake as never man spake. Yet, as you say, there is coldness in the churches; it seems a lack of love among God's people, a love for each other; we look too much to I and pass you by; not in humility, but in self-exaltation. In our seeming zeal we lose the blessing, our churches seem to lack in love toward one another; we put on the garments of Babylon and fall into the ways of the world rather than the narrow way, which leads to life. There seems to be a lack of the Spirit, too much carnality, neither cold nor hot, but lukewarm. David said, I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord. I sometimes hope I have felt that gladness, for I have been made to rejoice when I could meet with the dear people of God, and sing praises to his great name, and hear his name exalted by our undershepherds, whom he had sent with glad tidings of great joy. I would that I could write as I sometimes hope I see. Even when we get low in the valley, with our harps on the willows, there are fountains, and waters break out in the wilderness and streams in the desert. Such beauty and sweetness. Who can fathom the works of the Lord? Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints.

May Israel's God be your God, and his Spirit be with you as it has been many times to direct your pen to the edification of his people, and to him be all the glory.

Your unworthy sister in hope,

LAVINA J. DAWSON.

### GOOD WORKS.

WHILE waiting on a busy street in this city as the throng of people hurried by in their wild rush after the wealth, the follies and vanities of this mortal life, the thought came to me, What do the inspired apostles and our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ term good works? "Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair: and the house was filled with the odor of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him, Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? This he said, not that he cared for the poor; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein. Then said Jesus, Let her alone: against the day of my burying hath she kept this. For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always."—John xii. 3-8. "For she hath wrought a good work upon me." "Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her."—Matt. xxvi. 10, 13. "Who is my neighbor? And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his

wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise."—Luke x. 29-37. "Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbors; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompence be made thee. But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind: and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompence thee: for thou shalt be recompenced at the resurrection of the just."—Luke xiv. 12-14. The church must take care of widows, that are widows indeed. "Well reported of for good works; if she have brought up children, if she have lodged strangers, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have relieved the afflicted, if she have diligently followed every good work."—1 Tim. v. 10. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."—James i. 27. It is imperative that we bridle the tongue, that unruly evil, full of deadly poison, and not wound our brethren with unkind words. "If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain."—James i. 26. Now nowhere in the Scriptures can I find it called good works to go out in the streets and persuade the unregenerate to come in and join; but the Scriptures plainly teach that those who do that kind of work are proselyting their party to increase, and are therefore in the class of the ancient Pharisees, who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."—Matt. xxiii. 14, 15. Cornelius, "a devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God always." The angel that came from God said unto him, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God."—Acts x. 2, 4. It is right and commendable to help the poor and needy. Day after day, week after week as the years go by the Lord bestows innumerable blessings upon the unworthy creatures of Adam's race that inhabit this earth, which is his footstool. For the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and sendeth rain on the just and the unjust; he giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not, and yet thousands go along with never a note of thanks for the many blessings bestowed upon them, but are full of cursing because they cannot get more of the perishing things of earth, and go along like the swine, eating acorns, that never look up to see where the acorn comes from. As to those who claim to be saving souls, verily they have their reward; they get their reward as they go in this life, en-

joying their fairs, their raffles and entertainments and fun, with all the show and style that they put on as they lavish gold out of the bag to their many idol gods. But those made wise unto salvation trust in the mercy of God, who knoweth the hearts of all the fallen race of Adam. O that men would praise God for his goodness to the children of men, for his mercy endureth forever. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain on the tender herb and the showers on the grass. As the snow cometh down, and the rain from heaven, watering the earth, causing it to bring forth and bud, giving grain to the sower and bread to the eater; so shall it be with the word that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, it shall prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it, it shall accomplish that which I please, saith the Lord. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye do good that are accustomed to do evil. Has puny man any power over the dew and the rain? Not the least in the world. Hence all the effort system since the dawn of creation has never given eternal life to one sinner of Adam's race. In thy light shall we see light. O continue thy loving-kindness unto them that know thee, and thy righteousness unto the upright in heart. Let not the foot of pride come against me; keep me as the apple of the eye; hide me under the shadow of thy wing from the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies that encompass me about; for thou art my rock, my fortress and my high tower. The enemies that the psalmist speaks of are undoubtedly the enemies of soul that vex us, causing the warfare between the flesh and Spirit. May the Lord guide us in the way of life, sustain us by his grace

and keep us from evil, is my prayer for Jesus' sake.

Dear brethren, dispose of this as you think best.

Yours in hope,

WM. F. SLOAN.

LEXINGTON, Ky.

#### JOHN XI. 44.

"AND he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with graveclothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go."

This demonstration of the Spirit and power of God took place while Jesus, Mary, Martha and many of the Jews stood before the cave where he that was dead lay. It was the sequel of the words of Jesus to his Father and to Lazarus, proving that there is but one Mediator between God and man. For of the people there was none to help. Not one move was made by any one to help Jesus restore Lazarus to life, and he that was dead was absolutely passive in the whole matter, never taking the first step or raising a hand; no expression of a desire to live again; just as one would expect in one dead, showing the complete ignorance of the whole matter of life on the part of those who claim that it rests with us to signify our desire to live. The response on the part of Lazarus proves that our "life is hid with Christ in God;" that the natural death of the subject of grace does not separate him from that life in Christ, for nothing can do that. Jesus was informed of the condition of Lazarus from the foundation of the world until time shall be no more, and throughout eternity. He received no message from man of his death, yet he informed his disciples "plainly, Lazarus is dead," proving plainly that natural death does not interrupt "the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for

me;" that it was begun in Christ before the world was, and is hid with Christ in God. It is a fact, then, that one may be dead to the world and alive to heaven, as Lazarus was dead to his friends and kindred of the flesh, but alive in the Spirit, and as much in communication and subject to the power of God as ever. But the whole operation is contrary to all natural conclusions, for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit." Taken literally, there is a glaring contradiction in it, for how could there be a coming forth so long as he was bound hand, foot and face? The loosing him gave him no life; he received life while bound, but it was necessary to a more complete manifestation of life to be loosed, and the words to loose him and let him go were as much of the Lord as the command to "come forth." The resumption of life here by the power of God is typical of the quickening of sinners dead in trespasses and sins, in which it is most ridiculous to claim that the dead are active in the most remote degree. We do not exercise faith either in death or life, but faith exercises us. "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." It is not our faith in him, but his faith in us, that is "the faith of the Son of God." That is why man has no control over the most minute detail of the whole matter, but is entirely dependent upon God for the one solitary breath in his nostrils and every step that he treads. The words of Jesus to Lazarus to "come forth" were not intended to bring him forth from the "cave," but from a state of natural death. Any who would expect Lazarus to "go" at this period of his experience must remember that he is still bound hand, foot and face—not much better off than in the state of death, if this condition is to be

permanent; but He that hath begun will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, so that he might truly say, "It is finished." Those who stood by had no part in the restoration to life; I wish to make that emphatic; but after he came forth from the state of death they did "loose him, and let him go," but this was done at the command of him who speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. Our graveclothes and napkin, which impede our spiritual walk and sight and nourishment and growth in grace and knowledge of the truth, our travel with and service to the brethren, are not obstacles to be removed by us; we are as powerless to rid ourselves of these undesirable hindrances as Lazarus himself; so we simply lie in our cave until he who gave life also gives freedom, then, like he which had been dead, we sit at the table with him, as seen in the following chapter.

Yours in faith, hope, charity,  
 EVERETT R. KINNEY.  
 SCHOHARIE, N. Y., March 11, 1917.

MIDDLETON, Tenn., March 21, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am sending a money order to pay for another year's subscription to the SIGNS. I hope you will excuse the delay, and I want to thank you for sending the paper. As I have had a desire for a long time to write something for the SIGNS, I will try to add my mite of testimony to the truth as I believe it is in Christ Jesus our Lord, praying the Lord to guide me in the way of all truth and righteousness, knowing this, that vain is every attempt to worship God by the deeds of the law or by the will of the flesh, or the natural mind, for God is a Spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as do worship him in spirit and in truth. This the natural man cannot do until God sends his Spirit into the

heart, crying, Abba, Father; and no man hath power over the Spirit to retain the Spirit, neither hath he power in the hour of death. There is no discharge in this war. God created all things for his own glory, and without him there was nothing made that was made. He is the God of all the earth; all things are upheld by the might of his great power, and by him all things consist. He does his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of earth, and none can stay his hand or say, What doest thou, Jehovah? He has declared 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.

Now I want to write something of what I hope has been the Lord's dealing with me. It seems there is something I want my brethren to know that I have always failed to tell with any satisfaction to myself; it seems that I have always failed to give a reason for the hope I have. Sometimes I am so cast down that I am made to doubt and fear. Now I believe this is God calling his people to worship him, for it is at such seasons I can call upon the name of the Lord, for I feel that I have nowhere else to go. Blessed be the name of the Lord. I feel that the years of my life have been few and full of trouble, but the Lord says, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. All things work together for good to them that love the Lord, to them who are the called according to his purpose and grace given us in Christ before the world began. I thought before I was baptized that if I could be baptized and commune with the saints my troubles would be over, but I find it different. This warfare must go on, I believe, until death. I want to be resigned to God's will in all things, for it is God that worketh in us both to will and to do of his good pleasure, and he chastiseth every son whom he receiveth. I believe that all things are according to

the eternal purpose of Almighty God, and we should not be moved by the things which fall to our lot, for thereunto are we appointed. Whatsoever things come to pass, from the least to the greatest, are all according to the eternal purpose of Almighty God. I have wanted to leave something on record to show what I believe in regard to the doctrine advocated by the Primitive Baptists. The doctrine of the absolute predestination of all things I believe will stand through time and eternity, for if it were by the deeds of the law none could stand before God justified. He that saith he is without sin is a liar, and the truth is not in him. If we keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, we are guilty of the whole. By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. Then it is not by works of righteousness which we have done, for the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned. All our righteousness is of God. It is Christ's righteousness in us that prompts us to do the good we do, for the natural mind is enmity against God; it is not subject to his law, neither indeed can be. Then let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and run with patience the race that is set before us, ever looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith.

Dear brethren, if you find this worthy of publication in the SIGNS you may publish it; if not, it will be all right, for I have felt my great weakness in writing. Let all glory, honor, majesty and might be ascribed to the Lord our God, now and forever.

Your unworthy brother in hope,  
J. S. STANLEY.



**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
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Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**  
*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.*

**PROVERBS XXV. 2.**

*"It is the glory of God to conceal a thing."*

This morning, at our appointment at New Valley, we tried to talk about the above passage of Scripture. It has since persisted in our mind, and as it again falls to our lot to try to write something for the SIGNS, we can do nothing but endeavor to put on paper some of our thoughts in connection with this subject. Faith is the gift of God, and it is to this faith given in the soul of the believer that God reveals his hidden wisdom. God is not to be known by the powers of the natural mind, he cannot be found out by searching. No man has seen him at any time. The only begotten Son alone declares him. Only as this declaration or revelation of Christ is made manifest in the sinner's heart can God be known in any of his ways. It is God's glory to so work in nature, providence and in grace that he is concealed from being discovered by the powers of one's natural being. Says Isaiah: "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Savior." Habakkuk says that God's glory covered the heavens, the earth was full of his praise, "there was the hiding of his power." It pleases God to have so arranged things that when he comes to

be truly known by his people it is always in such a way that no glory can be given to one's diligence, strength or ingenuity, but always, Not unto us, but unto Thee be all the glory. The Scriptures declare that no flesh shall glory in the presence of God. He will not share his glory with another. Therefore it is not strange that every one that is saved in the blood of the Lamb should be brought to know the things of God in such a way that they cannot boast of superiority in intellect, will or affections, but must acknowledge all they know of the truth to have come by divine revelation. God's glory, then, is in concealing a thing so that he is past finding out, and can only be known as he is pleased to reveal himself by his Spirit. Thus, Jesus thanked the Father that these things were hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes. Could the wise and prudent have known God of themselves, would they not have thanked their wisdom and prudence? Would God, then, have been glorified? Instead of that, he is revealed unto babes; to those who realize their lack of all true wisdom and prudence; to those who, when he is revealed in them, know it is not of themselves they have been brought to know him.

First, God conceals himself in nature. While all nature is God's created work, yet none can see God in nature but those in whom is the Spirit of God. Faith in the heart of a child of God sees God everywhere and in everything, but lacking this faith, one sees God nowhere. One of the old poets speaks of looking through nature up to nature's God, but the natural man has never been able to do this. Those who do see God in the things of nature see him because God is in them. Man might be willing to acknowledge from the facts of nature that

there is a power of some kind, supreme perhaps, dominating all nature, but this is a very vague perception, and falls infinitely short of a right comprehension of the true and living God of revelation. It is a remarkable fact that most scientists and men who have devoted their lives to unmasking the secrets of nature turn out to be, if not infidels, at least agnostics. One could name these brilliant men in a long list, and every one would be found to be exceedingly skeptical of the existence of a personal God. Now, if the study of nature could lead one to know the God of nature, why did not such study so convince men like Darwin, Huxley, Bergson and a host more like them? It is because it is God's glory to conceal a thing, that a persistent and diligent study of the field of nature fails to discover him in his true being.

Second, God is concealed in providence. God has provided all things needful for man's comfort and well-being here on this earth, no matter whether men are believers in him or not. He sends his rain alike upon the just and the unjust, and the warming beams of his sun shine on all. The very air we breathe, the fuel we burn, the food we eat, the clothes we wear, all are provided of God, yet none realizes this wonderful providence of God but those in whom is the divine gift of faith. How often one hears men talking of doing this or doing that, of having so and so; all as if the doing and the possessing were of themselves, never realizing for a moment that we have nothing but what we have received, nothing that we can really call our own, nothing to which we have an inalienable right. All men subsist by the bounty of a beneficent God, and are entirely ignorant of the hand that feeds them, of the power that supports them, unless this God

chooses to reveal himself to one's spiritual vision: the divine gift of faith. We sit down to a meal and eat it as though it were a matter of course, as though we would have a right to be highly insulted and very indignant if it were not there for us to eat; when, as a matter of truth, should God see fit at any moment and without notice to deprive us of anything, he would be taking but what was his before it was ours, and we should have no right or cause to find fault.

Third, God is concealed in all the matters of grace. This is the most wonderful and important concealment of all. A plan of salvation that has nothing to do with the acts of the creature, that is resolved upon by God alone and according to his own good pleasure, that saves one and not another simply because it is God's will so to do, and not because of any goodness, obedience or works of the one saved, is entirely foreign to the conception of the natural man. The only salvation that the natural man knows anything about is that fancied kind which is made to depend upon the good works and assent of the one saved, that comes about somehow by cooperation between God and man, that God is not successful in accomplishing without the consent and help of men. This kind of salvation is the invention of the natural mind, and God is not in it. But the true salvation, which is alone by grace in the Lord Jesus Christ, which comes to the sinner as a free and unmerited favor of God, is a mystery to the natural mind, and not capable of being understood or believed by men in a state of nature. This salvation is concealed from human understanding, and it is God's glory so to keep it hid. The true character of Jesus was hid from those who crucified him. Had they known the Lord of glory, they

would not have crucified him. Had they not crucified him, God's elect would still be in their sins. Thus, it might be said that their ignorance was the salvation of the world: the Gentiles. The eyes of their understanding were blinded so that they could not rightly perceive and believe him, to the end that they should crucify him, to the end that the Scriptures should be fulfilled, to the end that every child of God should be saved and washed from his sins in the blood of the Lamb. One thing leads up to another, and that to something else, and so on to infinity. Not one link from the chain of God's purpose can be dispensed with, for then must the chain of his whole purpose fail in its effectiveness. Both the law and the prophets were to the Jews. There were learned men among them that studied diligently and carefully the letter of the Old Testament Scriptures, yet, with all their study and with all their knowledge of the law and the prophets, they failed to recognize the Son of God when he came in the flesh. Knowing nothing of the power of the Word, being entirely ignorant of the spiritual import of law and of prophecy, they read the Scriptures literally and expected them to be fulfilled strictly according to the letter. When Jesus came and fulfilled all the law and the prophets, it was in such a way, in such a spiritual way, that Jewry could not see it nor understand it. Therefore they refused to believe him, saying: "We will not have this man to rule over us." This led up to the bringing in of the Gentiles, for "blindness in part is happened to Israel, until the fullness of the Gentiles be come in." Again, it was a custom of Jesus to always speak to the multitudes in parables. On one occasion, being asked by his disciples why he did this, he told them because

while it was given his people to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, to the multitude it was not given. Therefore he spoke to the multitude in parables purposely to conceal the truth from them and to fulfill what Isaiah had said: "Make the heart of this people fat, and make their ears heavy, and shut their eyes; lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and convert, and be healed." When Christ asked Peter who he believed him to be, Peter said, Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God. Then Jesus told Peter that he was blessed in that this had not been taught him by any man or human power, but that it had been revealed unto him by the heavenly Father. God holds the key of all true wisdom and knowledge; he alone can unlock the secrets of his hidden wisdom. Blessed is that one to whom these things are made known, even though only in measure. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." To the natural mind, the maze of human existence seems to be an inextricable mass of contradictions, but there is a divine consistency running through all the warp and woof of the fabric of history as it comes forth from the loom of the master Weaver. He hides from us the whys and wherefores of this or that. Blessed is it to have faith to know that he works all things after the counsel of his own will, and that all things work together for good to the elect of God, whether they realize it or not. The world, as we have known it, seems to be coming to an end in the warring of nations, the crumbling of earthly powers, the sucking of earthly concerns into the whirlpool of battle. What has been, we know; what is to be, God knows. It is his glory to hide it from us until the

appointed hour. What a comfort to know there is a God, and that he does his will in heaven, in earth and in all deep places. A strong consolation it is to be able to feelingly say: "Thy God reigneth." L.

### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

### NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in April (29th). All are welcome. L. B. FORD.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

ELDER George Ruston's address after May 1st will be Kelly Corners, Delaware Co., N. Y.

B. S. Pate has changed his address from Coburg, Oregon, to Dayton, Wash.

### MARRIAGES.

By Elder J. C. Smallbone, March 28th, 1917, at the home of the bride, Winnipeg, Man., James W. Black, of London, Ont., and Miss Annie Louise McColl.

By Elder J. M. Fenton, April 7th, 1917, at 5128 Master St., West Philadelphia, Pa., Wm. J. Weiss and Anna L. Fritts, both of Frenchtown, N. J.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Miss Emma Birdsall, N. Y., \$2.00; G. W. Horner, Oregon, \$2.00; A Friend, Warwick, N. Y., \$2.00; Lena Langford, Ariz., \$1.00; J. D. Hatchett, Okla., \$2.50.

### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Deacon Harden L. Sheff** was born in Clay County, Va., Nov. 5th, 1844, and departed this life March 19th, 1917, at St. Mary's Hospital, Walla Walla, Wash. He moved with his parents to Illinois, settling in Jacksonville when a small boy. After the death of his parents he made his home with his brother in Pike County, Ill., until the Civil War broke out. He enlisted in May, 1861, served three years and was honorably discharged, and afterward reenlisted in the same company and served to the end of the war. He returned home, and May 17th, 1870, was united in marriage to Miss Martha M. Baker. To that union were born two sons, who still live to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate father. Brother Sheff professed a good hope in Jesus and united with the Primitive Baptist Church in Coatsville, Ill., in the year 1873. He and his family moved to Texas in 1876, and three years later they moved to southern Kansas, where he and wife cast their lot with the Primitive Baptists at that place, and the church seeing the gift of a deacon manifested in him, set him apart to that office, and to our knowledge he honored his high calling by filling the office in the fear of God, who had so blessed him with the gift of serving the church, which he esteemed above all earthly pleasures or earthly fame or wealth. Brother and sister Sheff located in Walla Walla, Wash., about twelve years ago, and cast their lot with Mizpah Church, at Touchet, Wash., where he remained a faithful and loving brother, serving the church to the perfect satisfaction of all the members until the God who called him to serve him called him home to enter into the fullness of his blessed hope. Brother Sheff was the possessor of a quiet disposition, a great peacemaker in Israel, always ready to assist all he found in distress, and his chief joy was to meet with his brethren and join his voice with them in praise and thanksgiving. I was not at home at the time of his death, being in Missouri. Elder Mayfield was called to attend the funeral, and spoke words of comfort to the bereaved, and requested that I, as his pastor, write the obituary, which request I gladly comply with, and while my delight is to serve my brethren, yet pen fails to tell the deep sorrow that fills my soul as I have to record the departure of one of my dear companions in the afflictions of the cross of Christ. Truly my sympathy goes out to the family, and especially dear old sister Sheff, who has not only lost a companion in Christ, but one who had been a true and faithful companion in all the difficulties of life. May the dear Lord, who has kept and comforted her in all the trials of life, comfort her in this the greatest trial, and may the mercy of God, that led the father to trust in him, lead the dear boys to the same high calling, for Jesus' sake.

J. T. BARNES.

**Mrs. Florence Merryman Mellor** was born October 13th, 1852, and was baptized in the fellowship of the Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church of Baltimore, Md., August 7th, 1887, by the late Elder F. A. Chick, was married to Thomas H. Mellor, of Harford County, Md., Sept. 16th, 1896, and passed from this life March 17th, 1917. Sister Mellor was one of the noblest of women, true in every relation of life. The writer became the pastor of the church of her membership Jan. 1st, 1899, and in September of the same year her husband died, and she came back near Baltimore to live, and from that time was a regular attendant upon the meetings of her church, in which she took great delight. She was a true Old Baptist, knew what she believed and contended earnestly for it. Sister Mellor was very easy to preach to, being an intent listener, and showed her approval in her face so plainly that it was a sort of inspiration to her pastor, and when sore afflictions stopped her from her meetings her pastor, brethren and sisters missed her very much. She bore her afflictions with marked christian fortitude, always saying that whatever the Lord put on her was all right. She was a great sufferer the last few months of her life, but never complained, and when the end came she quietly fell asleep in Jesus to awake with his likeness, when he shall come again without sin unto salvation.

On March 19th the writer spoke on the occasion of her funeral, reading and talking of those portions of Scripture which so confirm us in our faith in the resurrection of the dead. While we mourn the absence of dear sister Mellor, we mourn not as those without hope, for we know that the mortal shall put on immortality and death shall be swallowed up in victory. May these precious thoughts comfort all who mourn for her.

Written at the request of her sister, also our dear sister in the church, Miss Ella Merryman. I rejoice that I had the confidence and fellowship of so faithful a christian woman. Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.

Her loving pastor,

JOSHUA T. ROWE.

**Mrs. Frances E. Bowles** was born in Tennessee Dec. 20th, 1842, and departed this life Sunday evening, March 11th, 1917, aged 74 years, 2 months and 21 days. She moved with her parents to Illinois when about nine years of age. October 12th, 1865, she was married to John Stanly Bowles, who preceded her to the better world Feb. 2nd, 1897. To that union were born eight children, three sons: Charles H., Benjamin F. and William E., and five daughters: Mrs. Mary O. Masters, Mrs. Barthenia J. Wright, Mrs. Cora A. Wiegreffo, Miss Lily M. Bowles and Mrs. Bertha P. Kemp, all of whom survive her and were present at her funeral. She leaves four sons-in-law, 3 daughters-in-law, eighteen grandchildren,

three great-grandchildren, two brothers: James P. and Bluford W. Bandy, one sister, Mrs. Margaret N. Gusden, and many relatives and friends. She united with Little Flock Primitive Baptist Church at Honey Bend, Ill., in August, 1893, and lived a faithful member until her death. Truly a faithful mother in Israel has gone. Sister Bowles was loved by all who knew her; her life was one of devotion to her family and church. She was never happier than when entertaining her brethren and friends at her home. Her family, church and community have sustained a great loss, but our loss is her eternal gain. Her voice is silent, her presence gone; we can but remember her and all her kindness. Her hope of heaven was in God's rich mercy, and God has now called her home beyond. We rejoice in the sweet hope of meeting her where there is no death, and where all tears are wiped from our eyes. She was sick only about three hours of paralysis.

Her funeral was preached to the comfort of the family by Elder W. A. Chastain, of Springfield, Ill., and her body placed in its narrow bed of clay beside her husband in Cedar Ridge Cemetery, at Honey Bend, Ill., near the church where their membership was, also four of their children and one grandson.

A DAUGHTER.

**J. B. Jones** was born June 29th, 1850, and died March 22nd, 1917. He was married Dec. 24th, 1877, to Alice A. Herndon. To that union were born five children, three boys and two girls, the girls having died in infancy and the youngest son in young manhood, thus leaving but two sons and his widow to mourn their loss. Brother Jones had been a member of the Primitive Baptist Church for years, and had had a hope for over forty years. He had been in feeble health for several years, during which time he and his wife had made their home with their son, R. B. Jones. During his last sickness, which lasted for months, all was done for him that the loving hands of wife and two sons could, besides a number of kind friends to render any assistance in their power, also medical attention; but his Savior was ready for him to come home. The writer is a niece of brother Jones, and was with him several days before his death. I have never heard more beautiful preaching than he did, leaving such bright and assuring evidence of his sweet communion with his dear Savior. Although he was not an ordained minister of the gospel, he had read and reread the Scriptures, and was well versed, and could quote Scripture equal to a minister. As the readers of the SIGNS will know, he had written several articles for publication. He also wrote some for the "Gospel News," of which our dear brother Perkins was editor. Just a few days before he fell asleep he quoted some of Paul's language, found in 2 Timothy iv. 6-8. After quoting this passage he said he did not wish to dwell

on this language too much in his case, but he wished to say that by the grace of God he had tried to do the best he could. We shall all miss our dear brother Jones, both as a brother in the church and as a friend and relative, but we do not wish him back here in this vain world, when we feel so sure all is well with his soul. I wish to say to his widow and two sons, Robert and Amos, Weep not, he is not dead, but sleepeth. I have never seen sweeter devotion shown to a parent than these dear boys have shown. They were right by his bedside day and night to render all the comfort human hands could give.

These few lines are written by one who loved brother Jones as a brother in Christ, also he had been a dear uncle to me.

NINA WOOD SHEARON.

**Osmond T. Johnson**, son of Edgar T. and Bertha Johnson and grandson of Elder D. M. and Sarah Vail, died at his home, Elmira, N. Y., March 11th, 1917, after an illness of two weeks and five days. He was born Nov. 15th, 1902. Father, mother, three brothers and four sisters are left to mourn. The mother writes me: "I miss him more and more, but I know it is as the Lord ordained it to be, although hard to bear." The writer officiated at the funeral March 15th. May the dear Lord strengthen all who mourn.

D. M. VAIL.

**J. P. Freeman** was born in Georgia June 19th, 1835, and departed this life on the 17th, 1917. He was a firm believer in the predestination of all things, and looked upon man as nothing, compared with the all-wise and adorable Savior. He was sick but a short time. He has left me alone to battle on a few more days, but I would not call him back if I could. He left four sons and one daughter, a host of grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren to mourn their loss, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for we believe he is at rest.

MALINDIA FREEMAN.

## APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Thursday, May 17th, home of Laura Cook, Anderson St., Trenton, N. J., 7:30 p. m.; Stockton, N. J., Friday, 18th, 2:30 p. m. D. M. VAIL.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Halcottville, N. Y., Sunday, March 25th, all day meeting, commencing at 10:45 a. m.; Union Grove, Sunday, April 1st, 11 a. m.; Roxbury, Sunday, April 8th, at the Mead sisters' home, 10:45 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Ashokan, Sunday, April 15th, 10:45 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Vega, Sunday, April 29th, 11 a. m. and 2 p. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

## MEETINGS.

The Baltimore Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Harford Church, Harford County, Md., May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train leaving North Ave. station, Md. & Pa. R. R., at 3:20 p. m. for Long Green or Forest Hill on Tuesday before. Those from the north take train that leaves York, Pa., at 1:50 p. m. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

M. F. WHITAKER, Clerk.

The Delaware Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster County, Pa., May 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train at Union Station, Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington R. R., at 2:10 p. m. Those by way of Philadelphia take train at Broad St. Station, on same railroad, at 1:50 p. m., changing cars at Perryville, Md., to the Columbia and Port Deposit branch for Conowingo, Md., on Tuesday before. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

C. J. ROWLAND, Clerk.

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OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY 15, 1917.

NO. 10.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### PSALMS XLII. 5.

“WHY art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.”

Read the eleventh verse in this Psalm; it is worded somewhat differently from this fifth verse, but they are intimately related, as I shall endeavor to show. The psalmist pours out his sorrows, tells his yearnings, and of his refuge in his God. He speaks of his hope of ultimate health and salvation, of triumph and praise. All this shall be his in intimacy with God, whom, saith he, is my Rock. “As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?” Ah, professors of Christ’s name may talk about God, and Christ, and his gospel. They may debate with Arminians, and prove by texts of Scripture that salvation is by grace, and not of works; that it is of the Lord, and not of men, and yet they themselves know nothing experimentally what the grace of God and his salvation is. Being born again, repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, a broken

and a contrite heart, receiving the atonement, the blood of Christ speaking to and cleansing the conscience from dead works to serve the living and true God, and the imputation of Christ’s righteousness, which is unto and upon all that believe, are matters experimentally unknown to carnal religionists. “But the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant.” Because of the oppression of the enemy, by whom in his adversities he has been pursued, the psalmist finds himself in the desert. Here he finds no flowing brook; he is in a thirsty land, where there is no water, and he cries out, “As with a sword in my bones mine enemies reproach me; while they say daily unto me, Where is thy God?” His soul is cast down, and he goes mourning because of the oppression of the enemy, and his aching heart with plaintive moans is saying unto God, Why hast thou forgotten me? Ah, he is in the deeps, the waves and billows overflow him. But even in the sea of his adversities he remembers the Lord’s former loving-kindness to him in his distresses, and in thus going back to these times he pours forth again his sorrows, saying, “O my God, my soul is cast down within me:

therefore I will remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar." The Holy Spirit often puts courage and hope in the soul by bringing to our remembrance the Lord's former mercies toward us. We see that he was gracious, pitiful, faithful, almighty to sustain and deliver us. Then, like David, our soul holds its soliloquy, as in this fifth verse: "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." There are many things encountered by those who fear God that cast them down; but our God is described by the apostle Paul as, "God, that comforteth those that are cast down, comforted us by the coming of Titus."—2 Cor. vii. 6. Therefore, though from many causes we are cast down, we cannot be destroyed. (2 Cor. iv. 9.) Has not our God said, "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be"?—Deut. xxxiii. 25. In the castings down of our souls we learn how frail we are, that we are not able of ourselves to bear up under the weight of our burdens. David exclaimed, "Mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me."—Psalms xxxviii. 4. O reader of these lines, do you know anything of this staggering burden? Are thy sins too heavy for thee? Perhaps they may cause some momentary unrest in your conscience, but on the whole you get on quite comfortably with your iniquities. But it is not so with sinners called by God's grace. There is a warfare within, and many sighs, and prayers unto God because of the corruptions felt within. "I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly; I go mourning all the day long." "Mine enemies are lively, and they are strong."

O how weak is a poor sinner under such a burden of sin. It is because the multitudes of professors know nothing of such things that they know nothing of the gracious, loving, almighty Savior. If sin is only a small, trifling affair, then a small, trifling thing that you may call a savior will suit you well enough. God our Savior is "mighty to save." But, poor, troubled soul, know that though in our temptations, afflictions, and conflicts with the powers of darkness, and the horrible depravities that are discovered to dwell in our flesh, we find ourselves insufficient to stand against such odds, and we become wearied, wounded, dismayed and cast down, and, like the poor bowed down woman, we can in nowise lift up ourselves. (Luke xiii. 11.) Yet God is full of compassion, he regards the cry of the humble, he knows our frailty, our nothingness, our sorrows, and will not give us up an utter prey to the powers that are against us. "They were too strong for me."—Psalms xviii. 17. Listen to the cry of the distressed one: "Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I."—Psalms cxlii. 6. We read how the saints of old by faith in their God out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in the fight and turned to flight the armies of the aliens. (Heb. xi. 34.) All such exploits were by the power of God working in them. Our faith in our merciful, almighty Friend is by the operation of God. (Col. ii. 12.) We believe according to the working of his mighty power. (Eph. i. 19.) Our precious Christ is the author and finisher of our faith, and so by the inspiration and teachings of our God we are moved to muse upon the kindness, the faithfulness, the all-sufficiency of his grace, and that all our trust

must be in God. O, God is truly gracious to poor, worthless, helpless sinners. Then, though in ourselves there is no help, and other helpers fail, "Hope thou in God;" faith is lifting up the head; I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. He sees the one thing that shall bring him up out of the deeps, give him the victory and fill his soul with praise. That one thing is the help of his countenance. Ah, that look God gave to the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and cloud was to their confusion and utter dismay, (Exodus xiv. 24,) and when Christ looked round about upon those Pharisees with anger it was to their condemnation, (Mark iii. 5,) and when the enemies of the Lord are crying to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?"—Rev. vi. 16, 17, how awful their terror, how dreadful the doom of the ungodly! But David says, "I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance." O when and how can I thus see God, and his countenance shall be the help of a perishing, vile transgressor? It is not at Mount Sinai, for there is no shining of his countenance there. The mountain burned with fire, and all was blackness and darkness and tempest; and as God speaks in this mountain we cannot endure his awful voice, we are afraid, we exceedingly fear and quake, and entreat that God speak not to us any more lest we die. (Exodus xx. 18-21; Heb. xii. 18-20.) It is in the face of Jesus Christ that we find the help of God's countenance. Jesus Christ is the Word made flesh, the only begotten Son of God, who is in the bosom of the Father and declares the Father unto us. "For God, who commanded

the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. iv. 6. The incarnate Son of God is the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. (Heb. i. 3.) It was in the house of the Lord that David longed to behold the beauty of the Lord, and in this forty-second Psalm he exclaims, "When shall I come and appear before God?" How full then of sacred significance it was unto the worshipers of God that he instructed Aaron and his sons, saying, "On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them, The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. And they shall put my name upon the children of Israel; and I will bless them." "And Aaron lifted up his hand toward the people, and blessed them, and came down from offering of the sin offering, and the burnt offering, and peace offerings."—Lev. ix. 22. Our God thus instructed Israel, and made himself known in types and shadows of Christ and his glorious gospel. Christ, our triumphant and ascended Savior, is the Sun of Righteousness, and in the light of his countenance is all our help. He looks down from the height of his sanctuary, from the holiest of all, whither he is entered for us with his own blood, there to appear in the presence of God for us, and sheds upon us poor, needy, sinful, perishing sinners the beams of his grace. The light of his countenance, the grace of Christ, the altogether lovely Savior, full

of grace and truth. That light, that grace, is shedding abroad in our sin-distressed hearts the pardon of all our sins, and this, we are taught in the good news of his gospel, is through his atoning sacrifice of himself in our behalf. His countenance (O there is none so fair, so altogether lovely,) sheds upon us abundantly all new covenant blessings, for he is the Surety and Mediator of the everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure. As Christ is revealed unto us by the Comforter, the Spirit of truth, Jesus' dear face shines upon us poor sinners with such love and mercy and grace that we are persuaded that God hath reconciled us unto himself by the blood and righteousness of the Lamb of God, and that he is our Friend. O the beauty of the Lord in our Emmanuel's face. Salvation, righteousness, justification and everlasting kindness are shed upon us as we look unto him with eyes of faith and love. O the help of Jesus' countenance! Though all other faces frown upon us, one kind look from Christ upon us will put strength and hope in our hearts, the frowning faces fade away, we fear no evil, and our hearts can say, "Let them curse, but bless thou."—Psalms cix. 28. His blessing is all that we need. Can you enter into and in some measure understand the following Scriptures? "How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?"—Psalms xlii. 1. "Hide not thy face far from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."—Psalms xxvii. 9. "Hear me speedily, O Lord: my spirit faileth: hide not thy face from me, lest I be like unto them that go down into the pit."—Psalms cxliii. 7. These mournful complaints and heart-aching cries are a miracle of God's

grace, for such persons, though they are frail and base and sinful, are moved by the Lord's divine power to believe in, to love, to yearn after himself, the holy, gracious, glorious, almighty One. It is written of Moses, "He endured as seeing him who is invisible."—Heb. xi. 27. If God is the invisible God, how can it then be said that he will lift up the light of his countenance upon us? and that he says, Seek ye my face, and our hearts respond, saying, Thy face, Lord, will I seek? "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."—John i. 18. The Son of God verily took upon him the seed of Abraham, the Word was made flesh and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth. Our Lord Jesus Christ is the image of the invisible God, the firstborn of every creature; but when it is declared by the apostle John, "We beheld his glory," this was not confined to beholding with the natural eyes the Son of God in fashion as a man, for multitudes thus beheld him as he lived in the land of Canaan in the days of his flesh, and yet never knew him, never beheld his glory, never knew him to be full of grace and truth, but they despised and hated him, persecuted and crucified him. Then this beholding Jesus in his glory, in his surpassing beauty, so infinitely full of grace and truth, was more than the sight of him with mortal eyes. Our Savior said, Blessed are your eyes, for they see, and your ears, for they hear. The apostle John writes: "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 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. The help of God's countenance is the face of God revealed in the face of Jesus Christ, and only in his light do we see the light of his face. God hath shined in the hearts of his children to give them the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of their beloved Redeemer. "The Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Psalms lxxxiv. 11. Christ, the incarnate Son of God, who is the image of God, is the Sun of Righteousness, the light of his own glorious gospel shining upon us. He turns the shadow of death into morning; he is the Dayspring from on high, the light of the morning, a morning without clouds. O the help of his countenance!

"Did Jesus once upon me shine?  
Then Jesus is forever mine.  
A single smile from Jesus given  
Will lift a drooping soul to heaven."

"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." This verse and the fifth that we have been considering are both very sacred exhibitions of the operations of God the Holy Ghost in the hearts of the saints. They show that the teachings, meditations granted them by the ministrations of the Spirit, have been refreshings in the midst of afflictions. "Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch

forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, thy right hand shall save me."—Psalms cxxxviii. 7. The distressed worshiper of God is lifting up his head above the waves; he is rising again to his feet from the field of conflict, where he has been lying in his wounds half dead. The wilderness begins to rejoice and to blossom as the rose; there is a highway there, and I will walk therein, and come unto Zion with everlasting gladness. The Lord has inwardly visited the psalmist as he is lying upon a bed of languishing; the Lord, the Comforter, makes all his bed in his sickness, he gives him "healing medicine," pouring in oil and wine, and the hand, the kind smile, the words of his lips; yes, being fed with little morsels of the everlasting covenant by the Lord, our physician and nurse, we feel the restoring and strengthening power of his ministrations, and we say, I shall yet praise him, I shall yet glorify him, I shall yet arise from this bed of affliction and go abroad again, and I will go with my Beloved early to the vineyards, and see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear and the pomegranate buds forth; and there he will give me his loves, for he is the health of my countenance and my God. The help of his countenance is the health of my countenance. No longer shall adversities, trials, afflictions and conflicts make my face wax pale with direful apprehensions. O my soul, hope thou in God; I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance. Sometimes in the midst of troubles, just a thought, a moment's meditation is given us in some doctrine of Christ's gospel, and in that opening up of the doctrine we, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, see therein the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ, and

we are in these moments thinking, I am poor and needy, but surely the Lord thinketh upon me. I see Jesus' face in this Scripture, in this verse of the hymn, and he looks with kindness, with everlasting help upon poor, wretched, sinful, unworthy me. O, these blessed moments put the ruddy glow of health and youth into our pale faces. Christ Jesus is the health of my countenance and my God.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

NORTH BERWICK, Maine.

DENTSVILLE, S. C., Feb. 23, 1917.

DEAR BROTHERS, SISTERS, WIFE AND CHILDREN:—I will tell you some of the Lord's dealings with me, but it is with fear and trembling that I make the attempt, knowing my weakness and inability.

I was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity in Jackson County, Alabama, in 1836, but knew nothing of my guilty distance from God until he revealed it to me in 1854. About the night of the 29th of May I was caused to dream that I was going to die, and that I was preparing my grave in the field, while there were two other persons preparing their graves by mine, and we threw up the dirt in a ridge. I went to the house to die, as I thought, and began to feel very badly, and thought I should die soon. About this time my father awoke me, for it was daylight. That dream caused me to have serious reflections about death and eternity, and I felt that if I should have to stand before the just and holy God in the condition I was that I should be forever cast off. I had serious reflections about these things, and thought I would try to offer up my prayer to the God of heaven in behalf of my poor soul. My mind was exercised in this way about six weeks, and on the 16th of July following, in the

evening of a beautiful Sunday, I was alone where I supposed that no mortal eye beheld me, and there, for the first time in my life, I fell before God. My whole frame shook like a leaf, and I had no power to stand, neither had I any will to stand. I was perfectly reconciled to his will, and words came into my mouth, my tongue was loosed, and I rejoiced in God my Savior. I did not know what I was going to say, but these words, O Lord God, forgive me my sins and iniquities, I pray thee, were uttered. Now, dear brothers and sisters, there was a shaking of the dry bones, and in a few minutes I was rejoicing; I looked toward the setting sun and all nature seemed to be praising God; my pen fails to express my feelings. But I could not claim this as a hope, I thought it was only a conviction. I commenced reading the Bible and trying to pray, and went on in this way about five years; sometimes I was made to rejoice, but I was so weak that I could not understand it as being a hope in Jesus. In 1859 I was caused to dream of seeing a great eagle sitting on a dead tree which stood by my field, and the next day while I was plowing I stopped my plow to try to pray, and then started again. I had not gone far before I felt as I did at first; I could not speak to the animal at the plow, but had to stop it by pulling the lines, for my tongue was engaged in the praise of such a glorious Savior that was revealed to me. I know not how long I lay on the ground, but I know one thing: when I did rise my heart rejoiced and my tongue was glad. It seemed to me that the trees of the field were clapping their hands for joy, and I think I was as happy a mortal as ever lived on earth; I felt that I could fly away and be at rest; mortal tongue fails to express the joy I received. Then I

was enabled to mount upon eagles' wings and soar away to that world of endless day, and as the poet says:

"On the wings of his love  
I was carried above  
All sin and temptation and pain;  
And I could not believe  
That I ever should grieve,  
That I ever should suffer again."

I then rode on the sky, feeling justified; everything looked beautiful, and I rejoiced in God my Savior. This world seemed a heaven below, and I felt I would never see any more trouble here on earth. I could hardly stay in my field, but desired to go to the house and tell my companion, but I remained until nearly night, and by that time it did not look so bright, and I could hardly tell it to my wife. Then I felt it my duty to go to the people, the Old Baptists, for they were my choice, and tell them what great things the Lord had done for me in bringing me from darkness into his marvelous light. So I went and told them, in my weak and imperfect manner, some of the things that I have here written, and was received, and baptized June 12th, 1859, by Elder S. McKay. My dear mother was standing on the bank of the creek among a group of people, and as the dear brother raised me up out of the water I heard mother crying out in praise and glory to God in the highest. She told me she did not know she shouted at all, but said she saw a dove descend from above and light on me. This was in Attala County, Miss. From the time that, I trust, the Lord had shown me that I was a sinner, to the time I joined the church, I went to hear all other denominations in the country, and attended their exciting meetings, but could not get any comfort, for they said that dead sinners had to do something to live, and that did not correspond with what I felt the good

Lord had taught me. I would go home cast down, for I knew if I had anything to do to get to that world of bliss I would fail to reach that happy shore. Then I would go to hear those old despised Nazarenes, and they would lift me up, for they told that the Lord was wonderful and mighty to save, and when he began a good work he would perform it; and they told the riches of his grace and the mighty power in the salvation of poor, lost sinners, and I would go home lifted up and glad of such a wonderful Savior as I had heard declared.

Now, my dear kindred in Christ, I have tried to write a few thoughts relative to my hope in Jesus, but I feel that I have come far short of telling it as I can see it with the eye of faith. I have felt too unworthy, and still feel so, and wish that I could express myself in a few words. I desire before I close this imperfect letter, to give you, my dear kindred, some of the evidences of my call to the ministry, if indeed I have a call to that high and wonderful work. I feel that I come so far short of my duty as a christian it makes me groan within myself and exclaim, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Not long after I joined the church I had impressions to go and tell sinners that salvation is of the Lord, and not of men, as it was being told by preachers of the world. But when those impressions would come that I must preach it seemed that I could not bear the idea of approaching the sanctuary of the most high God; more excuses would present themselves to my mind to hinder me from making the attempt to preach than I now have space and time to present. My dear brethren in the ministry doubtless know something of the conflict that I

had to pass through, since they have traveled the same road; it is a rugged one, but Jesus says, Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. This impression to preach was, at times, very forcible, but at other times I could scarcely realize it at all, and then I would conclude it was all a notion. I was tossed to and fro for many years in this way. Sometimes I would dream of preaching, and of a congregation in front of me, and I then felt that I could speak of the glory of his kingdom and talk of his power. Sometimes while riding along the road my mind would get to running and meditating upon the glorious plan of salvation by grace, and I would often utter words, and at times when I read the Scriptures, it seemed that the plan of salvation was opened to my mind so clearly and wonderfully that it put a feeling on me that I cannot describe. The prophet described it better when he said it was as fire shut up in his bones, and he could not withhold. My mind was much exercised in this way, doubting and halting between two opinions. I often thought that if I could preach as some ministers I would give the world, if it were mine. I thought I would rather have the gift of an able minister than to sit on a king's throne and have the world at my command. But, my dear kindred, all the excuses that ever came before a man, I reckon, would present themselves to me. This conflict went on until August, 1875, when I made the attempt to speak in public in Jesus' name, and have ever since, when opportunity offered, tried in my weak way to proclaim Jesus the way, the truth and the life. On March 3rd, 1877, C. M. Scrogins and I were ordained to the work of the ministry.

My dear kindred, sometimes I am on

eagles' wings and sometimes in the valley. I have given you but a small sketch of the reason of my hope as it is in Jesus, and also of my call to the ministry. Hoping and trusting that God may lead us in wisdom's narrow way and crown our travels through the dark valley and shadow of death with the bright, eternal glory of another and better world, I remain your unworthy brother, in hope of life eternal,

W. B. McADAMS.

DEAR EDITORS:—I desire, with your permission, to have a short article published below, of the doctrinal views I have tried to preach for many years, that is, the certainty of all things, whether things present or things to come, or great or small, even to the numbering of the hairs of our head and the falling of a sparrow to the ground. The prophet said that God measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with a span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. These things show something of the sovereignty of a wonderful and sovereign God, who is so pure and holy that he charges the angels with folly. The stars are not pure in his sight. Then what is man, whose breath is in his nostrils, that he should reply against God and try to limit the Holy One of Israel, and set bounds by saying he is unjust if he does not give every one a chance and reward us for our works? This idea of God is worse than folly, it seems to me. It originates in carnality and leads in the way of death. Solomon said, "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." This is very different to the King's highway of holiness. Job says, There is a



path which no fowl knoweth, and which the vulture's eye hath not seen; the lion's whelps have not trodden it, nor the fierce lion passed by it. But the redeemed shall walk there, and that by faith, for faith leads in the strait and narrow way. The children are so helpless and dependent that they cannot do anything without Jesus and his sustaining grace to lead them into every christian duty that they perform. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God, and all we can do does not influence him in the least; but the divine Spirit influences men and women to follow after Jesus, the Captain of their salvation. There is certainty in this leading, for the prophet said, He (God) will lead them by the right way to a city of habitation. But if the leading is of us, it will be to destruction. The ability of the leading is in the living Head, which is Christ, not in the body, but the head does the leading, and the body does the action as it is moved by the head. In doing our duty there is a reward, not for doing, as some have it; that would bring God under obligation to man, and man would be the independent party. This idea would make God a mere machine, it seems to me. Any Baptist that believes in grace can see at a glance that will not do, for the blessings hinge, or depend, on our actions, instead of on the grace of God. The Scriptures read wrong if that be true, for Paul said to the church (not to dead sinners), For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. It is grace, then, that saves in time, and grace that saves in eternity. Brethren, I am opposed to dividing the child. Give me the living child, a whole Savior in time and eternity. It is God that works in the saint to will

and to do of his good pleasure. Work what? Both the will and the do of God's good pleasure. Well might the apostle say, "By grace ye are saved." Saved from what? Saved from error and delusion of false teachers and precepts of men that set themselves up as teachers, and bewitch the people, as those false teachers did the Galatian church, and made that church believe they must do something to be saved. It is a wrong idea to teach that blessings come to people for doing, but in doing. Why do I put so much stress in doing, instead of doing? In doing is grace, because they are led into this duty by the promptings of the divine Spirit, which brings God under no obligation to his creatures for works of their own, for their works of righteousness are as filthy rags in the sight of God. Peter said, There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved, except Jesus; there is salvation in none other. Salvation means deliverance. Jonah cried out in the whale's belly, and said, like these grace Baptists say, "Salvation is of the Lord." He did not have any condition in it at all. It was a time salvation, or deliverance. But some will say Jonah prayed; so say I, but God gave him the spirit of prayer, for he is the giver of every good and perfect gift, and leads his people to feel the need of prayer and supplication and remembrance of his mercy. Paul said, "By the grace of God I am what I am," and, "The good that I would I do not; but the evil that I would not, that I do." It seems the way the apostle talks he did not have the ability to do good at all times, but was wholly dependent on the grace of a sovereign God to lead and direct him in the way of all truth. Solomon said, "The preparation of the heart in man, and the

answer of the tongue, is from the Lord." Therefore it is the Lord's work. Moses said, His (God's) works are perfect, and David said, "All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee." "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." It did not seem that David had any conditions in it at all, but like the apostle said, Our sufficiency is of the Lord. We believe this with our whole heart. This being true, everything great or small, high or low, is sure to come to pass in its time and place, according to God's foreknowledge and purpose. We poor worms of the dust ought to rejoice and be exceeding glad that God limits men and devils, for if otherwise war would never cease. He causes wars to cease to the ends of the earth, and has bound Satan a thousand years. If so, it is not incredible to say he limits men, as well as devils, and controls them as he did Pharaoh, to carry out his purpose and make his glory known throughout all the earth. God hardened Pharaoh's heart to carry out his purpose, and he was even raised up for that purpose. Then who can say he is not the God of purpose as well as of grace? I do not believe that Pharaoh could have done otherwise than he did; for God said, The wicked shall do wickedly, and for this same purpose have I raised thee up. If Pharaoh could have done otherwise God would have been thwarted in that same purpose. God told Moses to tell Pharaoh to let the children of Israel go, but he said he would not let them go; I will harden his heart.

My dear and precious brethren, this teaches us, and not only us, but the generations that have passed, and the generations to come, the sovereignty of an all-wise and wonderful God, who can and does make the wrath of man praise him,

and he is the same to-day, yesterday and forever, working all things after the counsel of his own will. He, being the first cause of all causes, nothing could exist without him. Everything is certain. Why so? Because his foreknowledge and purpose embrace everything, and it is sure to come to pass in its time and place, and he works in the saint both to will and to do of his good pleasure. "For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

W. B. McADAMS.

#### DEATH AND LIFE, OR WAGES VERSUS GRACE.

"FOR the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."  
—Rom. vi. 23.

I have thought much for several days on death through Adam and life through Christ. I am surrounded with people that are agitating the old lie of Satan in the beginning, that God does not mean what he says. Some are earning seats in heaven by close attention to their worship, according to their own statements. They have entirely eradicated sin from their souls, hence they have become "real saints" that do no sin whatever. Their outward bearing may indicate that they are law-abiding toward their fellow-creatures, but I cannot hear of one of these self-righteous, holy people admitting that he has "secret sins" that need to be atoned for and pardon extended to him from the King of saints. The text at the head of this article is very significant, in that it is a very concise statement, embracing the great doctrine of the gospel so fully that I am led to-day to speak of the awful destruction caused by transgression. There was no palliating circumstance connected with sin that would lessen the full sentence promised

for disobedience. All excuses were futile to ward off the awful sentence of death which was passed upon Adam and all his unborn race. However, he felt somewhat like his children when they get into trouble, to have an excuse for what they do, for Adam said: "The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat." Eve's reply to God was an excuse for disobedience when she said: "The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat." They both received their wages: death. It was not instantaneous, physically, but the seeds of decay were instantly incorporated into their lives, eating like a cancer the very foundation of their physical structure. There was a twofold meaning to the sentence; not that Adam died a spiritual death, because he had no spiritual life, speaking from the testimony of Jesus. Death means the absence of life, a separation. "The body is dead without the spirit," is a declaration of Scripture.

In a sense death means a separation. Adam was separated from the garden of Eden, where spontaneous production was a pleasure to the natural man, who was of the earth, earthy. Because of his transgression he died forever from the pleasure of God's beautiful and bountiful garden on earth. Neither did the ravages of death (sin) stop at this expulsion from the garden, but they continued through his life until he crumbled back to dust. All his children in all countries, in all ages, irrespective of any conditions of life, whether saints or sinners, shall all reap their wages: death. Paul says they all have sinned; then most surely their wages are coming. Because sin entered into the world by one man, and death by sin, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned. The great consequence of sin is mighty, so much so that

no mortal power of man, or the power of the earth or sea or sky, can redeem him from under its power. It strikes me like a blotting out of existence when thinking of all of our fleshly faculties turning to dust. Even admitting that the small "we" spirit in us ascends to God, the giver of it, where, O where is our personality? I am using reason now which cannot reach out and illustrate the hidden things of God. The Scriptures tell us many things that are and ever will be puzzles to us while we remain in the flesh. To man as we know him on earth his "wages" absolves him from participating in any way whatsoever with any of his fellow-creatures on this earth, and the places that have known him shall know him no more forever. I have been speaking upon the side of receiving a wage for doing, which is along the line of the exchange of a commodity for an active effort on the other hand, or a reward or pay for doing or undoing which has been previously promised on conditions. All of these features for a reward, or a curse, are conditional. In a beautiful and grand contrast to the sad and deplorable state to which sin has brought man, is the glad tidings of the way of grace expressed by the apostle in the words: "But the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." We notice that the opposite of death is pointed out here in the use of the disjunctive connective word "but," as well as the use of the word "gift." There is a great showing of the supremacy of grace over the law of sin and death in the above text. Upon this foundation-stone (grace) rests the whole building of God, the church of the Firstborn, whose names are written in heaven. The way of life is the way of grace, all, all hangs upon the side of mercy. Mercy by the grace of God goes

out to the condemned, dead in sin, who are without any means whatever to gain the favor of the great Judge and disposer of all things. To say that man in his natural state of life is devoid of means to make himself available to the notice of God, is putting it too mild, for he is not yet "passed from death unto life." The very meaning of the words: "grace and mercy," signifies that it does not have any reference to the law of works among the children of men, or any law, except as Paul says, "the law of faith." There ought not to be any misunderstanding among plain Bible readers on this subject, because Paul has delineated so distinctly between death and life. However, in speaking of death here—the wages of sin, it relates only to the natural man, the taking away of his natural life, and in speaking of the gift of God, it does not refer to the natural, carnal life, but to a different and higher life. O how destitute of wisdom is the popular theory that man dead in trespasses and in sins has something to offer to God to get into his favor, and then earn the blessing of eternal life!

Now, brethren editors, if you can use these wandering thoughts of mine as I have penned them down, they are all yours.

In hope of immortality,

J. F. BEEMAN.

TIWAH, Okla., March 27, 1917.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 4, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am sending a letter from sister Florence Pultz, which, if you think best, you can publish. I have not her consent to send it, but do not think she would object. It seems to me this letter belongs to all the household of faith. It has been of much com-

fort to me; it came at a time when I was much cast down, even desiring to be free from the things of this world. Often I find myself quoting these words: "Cast down, but not destroyed." This hymn is one of my favorites.

I would say to all to whom it is my duty, Be of good cheer, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. His people are safe, Satan's power is limited.

As ever, yours in hope,

A. T. BENSON.

WHEELING, W. Va., Dec. 4, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER BENSON:—"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform." You have been often in my mind during the past month. I reread your little book, "My Thoughts," which you kindly sent me, but I cannot recall how long ago. I had been meditating about the second coming of our Lord, and although my memory is almost gone I recalled your poem: "The earth shall be refulgent," and wanted to read it again. I knew that I had in my weakness tried to reply to your letter (I read it over also), and as my health is very, very poor, I thought I would not write and tell you how you had been revived in my mind; but when the SIGNS came to-day I glanced through it, as I had not then time to read it. Still as my eyes got sight of a word here and there I caught a few words of your letter. As soon as I had opportunity I gathered up the SIGNS, and as those words seemed focused on my mind I looked for them and found them. I feel that your letter is seasoned with the grace of God. I was in a condition spiritually that caused it to fall sweetly in my mind. Like you, I think the beloved disciple was addressing the church and its members. Your words brought certain hymns to my mind on which I have

many times feasted. This hymn has been a great feast to me:

"From sin's dark, thorny maze,  
To Canaan's fertile plains,  
A traveling fair one in distress  
On her Beloved leans."

Also this one:

"Behold the spouse, replete with fears,  
Seeking her absent Lord in tears;  
In great distress she seems to be,  
And pants his sacred face to see."

Dear brother, I started this letter over a week ago, but became so ill that I had to lay it aside. It has pleased the Lord to raise me up again; I am able to be up and about the house. Our daughter-in-law is with us, so that I have rest from the housework. It seems impossible from a natural standpoint that I could ever be any better in health, as I grow weaker with each attack. It was a year ago last July since I had congestion of the brain. I had but little hope of recovery from that, but one day the thought came that I would live to commune (in this way) with the saints. I thought it would be a miracle if I could write with such a lame head, but when I was able to be up and about I found that I could write with rather more ease than usual. After a time I began to suffer much from congestion of the stomach and liver, sometimes two attacks in a week. They leave me very low in strength, and often affect my lame head so that I can neither read nor write. My mind is much clouded, and at times greatly confused; still I feel willing to submit to any chastening that the Lord lays upon me. I feel to need his corrections, I would fear to be without them; I know full well that I cannot be trusted to have any ease in the flesh. This old mud-house would hold enough ease and comfort that I would feel satisfied to live in it, and you know, dear brother, that when we are at home in the body we are absent from the Lord. I do

not think that all saints have to be so severely dealt with. I feel that I am one that will have to be killed outright before I am fully subdued.

I wanted to speak further about your article, but now my mind is led away from it to my own poor murmurings. I am not fit to follow out any subject. I think to-day vaguely on what passed yesterday, and I cannot recall it clearly. One thing I know more clearly than anything else, and that is, all my efforts in any direction are vain. I have proved this true: Vain is the help of man, or any human merit. The things I once rejoiced in are now dead to me. There is but one prop left me to cling to, and that is Christ our righteousness. Sometimes he permits the poor, vile worm that I am to hope in his mercy, and to twine my poor, feeble arms of faith about his precious promises. This morning before I arose he suffered me to have some sweet and tender thoughts about his second coming, and as I thought on him coming down from above I was aware of a great love in my heart, as if he would draw me and I would rise up to meet him. How I would love to hold on to these little tastes of his love and mercy, but they are soon gone, at least the good savor of them.

Dec. 30th.—You will see, dear brother, that I have been delayed a long time. I became so ill that I could not write. My strength diminishes with each severe attack. I have had several this month. I have wondered if I am to be cut off from everything wherein I once took pleasure. Things that were in my mind to speak of have vanished away, so I fear this poor effort will appear as a failure to you. The blessed and holy One said, Without me ye can do nothing. I find this true at all times, yet at times we go along a little more comfortably and for-

get that it is the Lord. I am so weary with waiting for his uplifting. Time has been when I would have some gladness or lightness of spirit, such warm aspirations after the Holy Spirit, and I even hoped that I felt some drawing after him, as if a responsive spirit of love met my outgoings to him.

Dear brother, this is Sunday a. m., the last day of the old year. Many will be saying, "A happy new year to ye." What meaningless words they are in my ear, merely a repetition of stale words. "Merry Christmas" is the same to me. My soul revolts from it; it is the spirit of the world, and I hope I may honestly say it hath nothing in me. Still we worship in some of the high places, as they wear the cloak of religion. This Christmas altar was erected by the church of Rome, and it has such an aspect of holy zeal for the holy child Jesus that we Old School Baptists cater a little to it also, while we know that we have no "thus saith the Lord" for it. Surely if the birth of the holy Child was not celebrated in his time on earth by those whose hearts burned with love for him, we need not follow Rome in the attempt now. Ask for the old paths and walk ye in them. I have seen that instead of this attempt gendering peace and joy and gladness, it genders strife and contention, and many hearts are grieved and disturbed by feeling that they must return the bounty they receive. There is much money spent unwillingly for this custom's sake.

I will close by telling you that I had a sweet little season of earnest and heart-felt entreaty with my Master this morning. I feel better in spirit, the gloom is lifted.

I am your very unworthy sister,

FLORENCE PULTZ.

#### PSALMS LV. 22.

"CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee: he shall never suffer the righteous to be moved."

It does not occur to me that this language is intended as an invitation to any who may read this Psalm in the letter, nor is it an invitation at all. The Lord does not invite any of his creatures to come unto him; neither is this Psalm addressed broadcast to all of Adam's race. Since the human family began to multiply, God has made himself manifest as one who discriminates. He had respect unto Abel and his offering, but unto Cain and his offering he had not respect. He loved Jacob but hated Esau before either were even born, and yet it is declared that God is no respecter of persons; that is, he will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. He regardeth not the person of any man, but calleth whomsoever he will, rich or poor, bond or free, white or black, at his own time, and they fill the very place that he hath before designed. "For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them." God is of one mind, and time is only fulfilling and making manifest his purposes, and the completion of his workmanship is as certain as though it had already been.

In the Scripture referred to the Lord discriminates between those who are burdened and those who are not. The word "burden" implies that a heavy load is being carried, that one is laboring beneath an awful weight, and that it is only with great difficulty that he travels. That such was the case with David seems evident from the way in which he began this Psalm, saying, "Give ear to my prayer, O God; and hide not thyself from my

supplication. Attend unto me, and hear me: I mourn in my complaint, and make a noise; because of the voice of the enemy, because of the oppression of the wicked: for they cast iniquity upon me, and in wrath they hate me. My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me. \* \* \* Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and horror hath overwhelmed me." This is one who is burdened and knows not what to do or how to rid himself of that which is bearing down upon him. He feels that no sorrow is like unto his sorrow, that his trials are more than he can bear, and the one desire of his heart is that he might find a place of refuge from the storm, for he says, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest. Lo, then would I wander off, and remain in the wilderness. Selah." The Lord's people often feel as David did here; they sometimes think that if they could go to some new country and get away from their old surroundings and environments they would forget their troubles, and, like Jonah, some do run away, as it were; but the Lord's plans are not to be upset by poor, little, puny man, and he makes them to know that he is omnipresent (present in all places at the same time), and that there is no place where he is not. David realized this when he wrote in another Psalm, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

If the child of God could only realize that the burden which he bears was of the Lord's placing, and that all the things

which seem to shut him in, hedge him about, cut him off and try him were ordered of the Lord for the purpose of separating him from self and bringing him into a closer relationship experimentally with the only begotten Son of the Father, he would rejoice in tribulations, but his mind is so full of doubts and fears that he questions much of the time his right to the tree of life. Occasionally when reading the Scriptures or listening to the preached word he may find the things of his life so vividly set forth that he feels to say, Come see a man who told me all things whatsoever I did. Is not this the Christ, or is not this the gospel of the Son of God? He is satisfied for the moment that he has heard the joyful sound, and he verily eats and drinks of the bounties at the King's table; he is encouraged and strengthened, and feels that he will never again get down into the slough of despond, but it may not be long before he finds himself asking, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?" His life is one of ups and downs, and he finds himself continually crying unto the Lord out of distress to deliver him from the snares which the fowler has set to entrap him. One has no occasion to cry for help so long as he can fight his own battles, but when his strength has become exhausted and he is powerless, then it is that he must of necessity look to some other source. The Lord makes the burden so heavy that his people must cry out as the psalmist says, "Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud, and he shall hear my voice." Yes, he does hear their voice, and how beautiful are the words, "and he shall sustain thee." That is something the weary can rest upon. His grace is sufficient for every need, and his strength is made perfect in weakness.

"He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Many are ready to say, This does not apply to me, for I am anything but righteous; but your standing is in Jesus, and he presents you holy and without blame before the Father in love. His righteousness has been imputed to you, and your sins have been blotted out as a thick cloud through the shedding of his precious blood. I remember a few years ago being comforted by words spoken at our communion service by Elder Durand in his prayer. I was feeling so unworthy to partake of this most sacred ordinance, and it seemed something stood between me and this part of the service, but Elder Durand said that our worthiness was all in Jesus, and that brought great relief. I had been examining my sinful heart, and it appeared so unclean and so black that I felt I of all creatures had no right there; but when, as I hope, I was enabled to look unto Jesus, feeling that he had paid the debt for me, and that my standing was in him, that he was my all in all, my heart seemed melted into one of thanksgiving and praise for the wonderful things he had done for me. He is the only righteous one that ever lived upon earth, but he and his people are one. He is the Vine and they are the branches, and it is only in this sense that they can be said to be righteous.

Yours in christian love,

R. LESTER DODSON.

HOPEWELL, N. J., March 20, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—When in Maine last summer I was given the inclosed letter to read. I asked Aunt Angie if I might have it published, and she gave me permission to do so after her death. I leave it to your judgment.

Your sister, I hope,

BONNIE A. CHICK.

PORTLAND, Maine, Nov. 29, 1915.

MY DEAR, DEAR SISTER:—When the nurse brought me a letter from you, one from home and a card from Edna, I just thought, How good is God to bless me with such dear, good, loved ones. I have had many good letters and kind words and deeds from all. It was good of you and Abbie to go up home and help them there. That was doing unto me as you would be done by, and I know that you will have your reward. There is a little experience which I had almost three years ago, when there was such a feeling because of different views on the resurrection, that I desire to tell you of. It was a beautiful Sabbath morning. The sunshine fell upon the pine trees' needles and the earth seemed so beautiful. I always loved the beauty of nature, as you may know. Elder Beal was speaking, but I do not remember the subject. All at once I felt no bodily weariness, a sort of exaltation instead. The faces of all the brethren and sisters seemed to glow with love one for another, and I remember that I asked, as did Mary, the mother of Jesus, What manner of salutation this might be? when the angel announced that she was highly favored among women, &c. Except, I said, this is heaven, and what does this foreshadow to me? The answer seemed to come: Either trouble and dissension in the church, or you will not live many years. I looked over the faces around me glowing with fellowship and love for the truth and each other, and I said, O Lord, spare the church; keep our hearts right toward each other; let discord be put away from among us. I can bear no more trouble in our midst, let what may come upon me. For some time longer this condition was mine, then I came back to a realization that there was still and must be dis-



cord while the church is here in this time state. Time passed; our few members seemed to be drawn closer and closer together. Those who had spoken harshly one of another had only good and brotherly expressions one for the other; we were at peace. In the meantime my health slowly gave way; little by little I lost strength, then came suffering, as you know. I asked or rather implored that if it were God's will he would take me home. Over and over again I entreated, until one day, as if some one had spoken, came the words, Stand still; salvation is of the Lord. I have tried to leave it there. He knows what is best for me. I used to think I would tell you and sister Abbie what I have tried to write when you came to see me, but I could not seem to do so. This is for you and her. It seems as if God has spared me until this time for some purpose. My courage is good.

Now, dear, many thanks for all your kindness, not the least of which have been your cheery, helpful letters.

Your loving sister,

ANGIE THOMAS.

BERRY, Ala., April 20, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I will send two dollars for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES another year. I am so well pleased with it that I do not want to do without it. I hear from the brethren and sisters in different parts of the land whom I have never met nor ever will in this life, and it is strange indeed that they tell my belief and my feelings better than I can myself. Brother Durand's article on prayer was grand. He told my feelings and my belief about prayer. It does not take a multitude of words to constitute prayer, but the sincere desire of the heart, and that is the work of the Lord.

The preparation of the heart in man and the answer of the tongue is of the Lord, and unless the Lord prepares the heart our efforts are all vain. That is why I dread the attempt to offer prayer. I fear that my poor, sinful heart has never been prepared by Him, but if I could know of a truth that I have ever breathed one breath of prayer I would be satisfied, but I do not know that. It shall come to pass that they shall call on me and I will answer them, and they shall say that I am their God, and I will say they are my people. It shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved, and there is no question with me but what they shall all call and their call will be answered. The promise is to his people, and this is the promise of the Father, even eternal life, which life was given them in Christ before the world began, and in a day to come they will all be gathered together and be placed in that great building whose maker and builder is God. Not one particle of the material will be left out nor one piece added thereto, for that house was complete in his mind before the world began; so he maketh it not to grow.

Your brother, I hope, in sorrow,

S. J. NORRIS.

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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ELDER H. E. Purriss has changed his address from Bloomville, Ohio, to Attica, Seneca Co., Ohio, at which place his correspondents will please address him in the future.

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### LOST IN THE MAIL.

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WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., MAY 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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

**REFLECTIONS.**

DEAR Elder William Grafton used to say that to try to write or speak on spiritual things when one was not in the Spirit, was like plowing in the cold. Personally, we know nothing about plowing, but we do know that nothing is harder than to have to preach or write on some spiritual subject when the Spirit of God is being withheld. There is an infinite difference between preaching and trying to preach. Preaching is easy, but trying to preach is the hardest thing one ever tried to do. We say preaching is easy, because it is not at all the work of man, but is the work entirely of the Spirit of God. To be in the grasp of the Spirit, to have thoughts come to one involuntarily, to have a subject unfold itself as one goes along with it, is delightful and enjoyable. Preaching is, without a doubt, the most wonderful gift ever bestowed upon man, and the man has no more to do with his gift than he has with the rising of the sun. His gift controls him, and not he his gift. Because a man is called to preach, does not mean that he can preach all the time. There must be times when he is in the dark, when the Spirit is withheld from him, and when no unction accompanies his words to the

hearts of others. At such times he may be faithful in attending every appointment of the churches he serves, but the proceedings will savor of formality; there will not be that animation and interest in evidence as when the Spirit of God is present. We do not argue from this that one should never preach only when he feels like it. If we make our feelings a guide in matters pertaining to meetings of the church, and to our attendance upon them, soon chaos would reign among us. Better be guided by well-defined principles as laid down in God's written word, than to make a criterion of our frames and feelings, for our feelings are as uncertain and unreliable as the very fickleness of human nature itself. Further, it does not follow that because the preacher himself has no liberty to enter into a lively appreciation of his subject, that the hearers also are without liberty. Be it known that the word of God is never bound, even though God's servant may be so hedged about that he cannot come forth. Every word the preacher says may be God's very truth, and though he may feel cold and lifeless, the hearers may be receiving it and enjoying it. When it is out of season with the preacher it may be in season with the hearer. Again, it is sometimes in season with the preacher when it is out of season with the hearer. We are sure our brethren in the ministry have often noticed that sometimes when they have enjoyed speaking upon a certain subject they have met with slight evidence that any one outside of themselves enjoyed what was said. On the other hand, have you not tried to preach at times when you felt that each word would be your last, when you kept stumbling along in the dark, wondering what would come next, when you would have given worlds to be a thousand miles away

from your congregation because of your own sense of humiliation? And have you not, at such times, been surprised to have some one say he or she enjoyed what you said? It proves that because one feels he has no liberty is no evidence he is not preaching the truth; it shows the word of God is not limited by our feelings, but goes forth on its errand to the hearer regardless of how the preacher may be feeling himself. As we sat down to write to our readers at this time we tried in vain to think of something to write about. Never yet have we been able to get a subject for speaking or writing by trying to think about it beforehand. It absolutely refuses to come that way. It must come spontaneously and involuntarily, or not at all. We have never by taking thought ever succeeded in adding one cubit to our spiritual stature. If any brother has been able to do this, will he kindly let us into the secret? We have several requests on hand from readers of the SIGNS for our views on this subject or that. We got them out and looked over them, thinking that some one request or another would arrest our mind, but this, too, was vain. So we concluded just to make an honest confession to all of you, and acknowledge our barrenness and destitution of soul in these few rambling reflections. We know not what purpose God has in these seasons of destitution that befall us, unless to remind us continually that we cannot get along without him, that all our strength is in him, that he is the cause of every manifestation of life there is ever in us. Once, several years ago, while walking with a schoolmate of ours in the graveyard at the Southampton meetinghouse, we paused at the grave of Elder Thomas B. Montanye while our young friend read the inscription thereon. At the end of it

it reads: "The chief of sinners and the least of saints." It was at Elder Montanye's request before his death, so we have understood, that this inscription was put on his tombstone. As our friend read this we shall never forget the strange and wondering look he gave us as he remarked: What a strange thing for a preacher of the gospel to have written about himself. We reminded him that Paul said this about himself many hundreds of years before Elder Montanye used it. He seemed never to have remembered reading such language in the Bible, even though he was a Sunday-school product, and a very faithful attendant of that institution. It is a puzzle to the world how a servant of God can feel so little and so sinful. The natural mind supposes that if one is a child of God there should be a satisfactory consciousness of that fact present with one all the time. The world has no comprehension of what a life or walk of faith means, of what it means to be saved by hope. Most people scorn a religion of hope as a no-account thing, and protest that if they are saved they want to be sure of it, and not merely hope for it. All we can say is that the apostles were saved by hope, and we are no better than they. They walked by faith, not by sight, and can we presume to do more or to go beyond them? We know of no humbler men than those who have grown old in the service of their Master in the gospel ministry. Instead of getting puffed up with wisdom and knowledge as they grow older, they become more childlike and gracious the nearer they approach the end of their pilgrimage here. The world sings of its heroes and writes their names prominently on history's page, but the heroes of faith, the soldiers of the cross of Jesus, missed and mourned for

by the circle of brethren in the midst of which they have moved, pass out unwept, unhonored and unsung by the world at large. We know of no group of men that are more self-sacrificing than the preachers of the Old School Baptist Church; at least those that have come within the range of our acquaintance. They count not their own ease and comfort dear unto themselves, but often inconvenience themselves and their families in the faithful discharge of their duties. They go through heat and cold, through stormy weather as well as fair, to their appointments, often many miles apart, often to find very small congregations awaiting them. Most of our preachers serve several churches, which of necessity entails much traveling and much absence from homes and families. Circumstances such as these prevent the servant of God from engaging in gainful occupations. These, together with the moderate circumstances financially of the people he serves, compel him to be an expert in economy, and he could give most people points on how to make a nickle do what a dime did before. We wonder if all this self-sacrifice and service of unselfishness on the part of the gospel ministry is appreciated by the churches they serve. We are sure some are alive to their duties toward the pastors that serve them, and do all in their power to meet the situation, but we are equally sure many others are remiss in this matter and need stirring up. Most pastors hesitate to bring this matter to the attention of their flocks for fear of being accused of being lovers of filthy lucre, and of caring more for the fleece than for the sheep. This fear stops the mouths of those servants, who would rather suffer in silence than bring the matter up for discussion. We agree it is a very delicate matter to handle for the

pastor himself, therefore the SIGNS can probably do this in an impersonal way to some advantage, without being accused of self-interest in the matter. In these times of high prices, when the necessities of life are costing as they have never cost before, give a thought to him whom God has sent to minister to you in spiritual things, and anything you can do to relieve his carnal necessities, that do and thank God that you are able to do it. We write these words in behalf of the Old School Baptist preachers throughout these United States, of that noble body of faithful men who would rather be martyrs to their temporal necessities than breathe a hint of them to their churches. This should be enough of this. "A word to the wise is sufficient." It has been the custom of the SIGNS' editors for many years to take up a passage of Scripture in each number and give their views upon it. We suppose this has met with the approval of the readers of the paper for these many, many years, and we do not wish to depart from it. But, at this time, it has just simply been impossible for us to follow the established custom, and we hope our readers will forgive us. L.

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#### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

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#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Mrs. L. E. Neeley, Miss., \$1.00.

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**OBITUARY NOTICES.**


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**A. J. Richardson** was born in Winston County, Miss., August 10th, 1845, and departed this life Feb. 15th, 1917, aged 71 years, 6 months and 5 days. He was married to Miss Mary Susau McAdams Jan. 19th, 1865. To that union were born seven children, four boys and three girls, all of whom grew to manhood and womanhood and married. Two of them, a son and a daughter, preceded him but a few years to enter that eternal home from whence no traveler ever returns. Our dear brother was stricken with that dread disease, paralysis, several days before his death, and was unable to talk afterward. About all that could be understood was "Lord," which was an evidence that he was trusting in a supreme power beyond this vale of tears. Brother Richardson professed a hope in Christ Jesus and joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Macedonia, Winston Co., Miss., in 1867, and several years later moved his membership to Zion Hill Church, Leake Co., Miss., and his membership was with the last named church at the time of his death. I had known brother Richardson personally for a long time, and to know him was to love him. He was very prompt to attend his church meetings, and nearly always filled his seat unless providentially hindered. He was a great lover and always contended for the unlimited power of God in the salvation of his people, having no compromise with those who might differ on the subject of God's predestination and final preservation of the saints unto glory.

Our dear brother was consigned to the tomb in old Harmony Cemetery, in Neshoba County, and a short burial service was conducted at the grave by our beloved and highly esteemed brother, L. M. Fairchilds, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends.

I would say to the bereaved family, While your hearts are almost broken and your loss great, we believe your loss is his eternal gain. To the heartbroken widow and children, Weep not as those who have no hope, for your dear husband and father is now in the sweet presence of Jesus, and will remain there in spirit until the morning of the resurrection, when his body shall be changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of the Son of God. It is hard to give up our husband, father and brother, but we humbly bow in submission to the providential dealings of the covenant-keeping God, who doeth all things well. The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord. Sister Richardson, you will sadly miss your dear husband, and I feel to know that it is hard for you to give him up, but the Lord knows best, and his will, not ours, must be done. Children, you will miss your father, your loss is great, but live an upright, exemplary life, as your father lived, ever looking unto Jesus, who is the author and finisher of every true believer's

faith; and above all things, dear children, be attentive to your heartbroken mother; see that she lacks for nothing that natural hands can give. This I know will be done with pleasure by each of you.

J. T. SHIELDS.

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**Mrs. Emma S. Starr**, wife of Miles W. Starr, died at her home near Shepherdstown, W. Va., Sunday morning, March 4th, 1917. She was born March 14th, 1846, the daughter of Adrian Jones and Mary Lemmon. She is survived by one brother: Thomas F. Jones. She was married June 11th, 1874, at Hagerstown, Md., to Mr. Starr, who survives her. She was the mother of two daughters: Bessie May, who died in infancy, and Mrs. Ruth Pitzer, who also survives her mother. Mrs. Starr had not been in good health for some months prior to her death, but the end came suddenly. She united many years ago with the Presbyterians, but had not attended the meetings of that body for many years, for the reason that she had gotten out of sympathy with them, and did not believe what they preached. She was, with her husband, an attendant of the meetings of the Mill Creek Old School Baptist Church in West Virginia. She believed the doctrine advocated by the Old School Baptists, and had a hope of salvation in the blood of Jesus Christ. She was convinced of the all-power of God, and had no use for any scheme of salvation by works. She was a good and indulgent mother, a faithful wife, a kind friend. May the Lord in his mercy and compassion dwell with our dear friends, Mr. Miles Starr and Mrs. Pitzer, to comfort them in their bereavement and enable them to look by faith beyond the present moment of sorrow to the glory that is promised when this life of suffering shall be over.

Owing to my being detained at home by sickness in my family I was not able to conduct this funeral. Short services were held by a Presbyterian clergyman. Burial took place in the cemetery at Shepherdstown.

L.

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**Sarah Ann Culy**, wife of brother E. S. Culy, of Franklin, Ohio, departed this life in February last. Sister Culy was born in Ashford, England, in 1832, and came to this country with her father's family when about eight years old. She joined the West Baptist Church, of Lebanon, Ohio, in the year 1860, and remained a faithful, consistent and beloved member until death. She was married to brother E. S. Culy in 1860, the same year she united with the church, who survives her. She also leaves one daughter, Mrs. Earheart, to mourn her loss. Sister Culy was a lover of sound doctrine; nothing but grace, both for time and eternity, could satisfy her. She was a meek, lowly, gentle follower of Christ, and is doubtless gone to receive the reward of grace.

May those who are so sorely bereaved by her de-

parture realize through divine grace that it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting, and that better is the day of one's death than the day of one's birth.

H. M. CURRY.

**Samuel Horner** died Feb. 27th, 1917, aged 75 years, 11 months and 21 days. He was the son of James and Frances Horner. He is survived by his wife, Martha A., and four children, two sons and two daughters. The cause of his death was pneumonia, of which he was sick but a few days. The funeral service was held March 3rd at his late residence, Stockton, N. J. Elder J. M. Fenton preached to the comfort of the friends. May God comfort with his rich, sovereign grace all who mourn their loss.

ALSO,

**Asa Hockenberry**, son of John S. and Sarah Hockenberry, was born March 26th, 1833, and died April 7th, 1917. He had lived in or near Stockton nearly all his life. He is survived by his widow, Hester, and daughter, Mary. He fell on the railroad track several years ago and broke his hip, since which time he had been unable to walk. He was well cared for by his wife, daughter and grandson all those years. May the Lord comfort all the mourning ones.

Funeral was held April 11th, at the late residence in Stockton; the writer spoke to the friends. Burial was in Frenchtown Cemetery. D. M. VAIL.

**Mary Jane Wortham**, widow of Henry Clay Wortham, died at Montclair, N. J., April 15th, 1917, aged nearly 80 years. She was born June 16th, 1837, the daughter of Basil W. and Elvira Magee, of Nebraska, and niece of the late Elder James M. True. Three children survive: Charles, Walton and Nettie Wortham. Sister Wortham was a lovely character, shewing herself a pattern of good works, and adorning the doctrine of God our Savior in all things. Her life was a blessing to all who knew her, and she will be sadly missed. She was a consistent and faithful Old School Baptist for many years; her membership was with the church at Fort Worth, Texas. For several years past she resided with her son and daughter in Montclair, N. J. She was rather frail physically, but her sons and daughter were devoted in their care, exerting every effort toward guarding and protecting her against possible ills.

The funeral service was held at her late home April 16th; text used, 1 Corinthians xv. 26.

JOHN McCONNELL.

## APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:  
Thursday, May 17th, home of Laura Cook, Anderson St., Trenton, N. J., 7:30 p. m.; Stockton, N. J., Friday, 18th, 2:30 p. m. D. M. VAIL.

## MEETINGS.

THE Baltimore Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Harford Church, Harford County, Md., May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train leaving North Ave. station, Md. & Pa. R. R., at 3:20 p. m. for Long Green or Forest Hill on Tuesday before. Those from the north take train that leaves York., Pa., at 1:50 p. m. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

M. F. WHITAKER, Clerk.

THE Delaware Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster County, Pa., May 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1917. Those coming by way of Baltimore take train at Union Station, Philadelphia, Baltimore & Washington R. R., at 2:10 p. m. Those by way of Philadelphia take train at Broad St. Station, on same railroad, at 1:50 p. m., changing cars at Perryville, Md., to the Columbia and Port Deposit branch for Conowingo, Md., on Tuesday before. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited to be with us, especially ministering brethren.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

C. J. ROWLAND, Clerk.

THE Delaware River Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Kingwood Church, at Locktown, Hunterdon Co., N. J., May 30th and 31st and June 1st, 1917. Those coming to the meeting will be met and cared for at Stockton, on arrival of B. & R. train at 5 p. m., and at Frenchtown about twenty minutes later. A cordial invitation is given to all lovers of the truth to meet with us.

C. RISLER, Church Clerk.

THE Middleburg Old School Baptist Church, Schoharie Co., N. Y., has appointed her yearly meeting to be held as usual on the first Sunday and Saturday previous in June, (2nd and 3rd) 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers, brethren and friends who care to meet with us.

ADDIE LIVINGSTON, Church Clerk.

THE Lord willing, there will be a meeting held with the Benlah Old School Baptist Church in their meetinghouse near Aberfeldy, Ont., the third Saturday and Sunday in June (16th and 17th). Conference and business meeting 4 p. m. Saturday; preaching on Sunday 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. All are welcome who desire precious love and fellowship to abound in the church of Jesus Christ.

ARCHIE McALPINE, Church Clerk.

**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 .**

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

**11:00 A. M.**

**2:00 P. M.**

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

**W I L M I N G T O N O L D S C H O O L  
B A P T I S T C H U R C H**

**1304 Jefferson Street**

**W I L M I N G T O N , D E L A W A R E**

All day meeting second Sunday in each month 10:30 a. m. Evening meeting fourth Sunday in each month 7:30 p. m.

A cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

**J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.**

**S A L E M O L D S C H O O L B A P T I S T  
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 every Sunday 10:30 a. m.**

**ALL WELCOME**

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

**A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.**

**NOTICE.**

Complying with urgent requests, I have included a select number of "Predestinarian Baptist" Editorials in my book, "My God and my Salvation," increasing the size to 200 pages and the price to \$1.00. My copy is now in the hands of the printer, and the book will be ready for delivery on or before June 1st. Order now and pay when book is delivered. Address,

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**SEMMA E. CORDER,**

**PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.**

[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE 1, 1917.

NO. 11.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### “IN THE BEGINNING.”

(Genesis i. 1.)

THESE three words are the first three of the Bible, and apply directly to time and things of time. Time and things of time are all that have a beginning. Eternity has no beginning, therefore these words apply to time alone, and it is the beginning of the chronicle of time; yet this Scripture has a spiritual application, as does all Scripture. There is no Scripture that is merely history; if it is, it is to the unregenerate, but to the children of God it is more, and the historical part pales into insignificance as soon as one has an understanding of the spirituality of even that which to the natural man seems only a historical account; therefore there is much, very much, couched in even these three words, and it brings to our minds many deep and unsearchable thoughts; but now my aim especially is to make mention in a brief synopsis of this and the immediate succeeding events as recorded here in an experimental way, specially applicable to the subject of grace from the beginning to the seventh day. In order for one to have an intelligible idea of the true import of the Scrip-

tures they must needs have experienced the thing as recorded by holy men of old, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, otherwise we have no knowledge of the real meaning of the Scripture.

It was in this, the beginning of time, that God created the heaven and the earth. This earth was then created, or spoken into existence, by the word of God, which word always accomplishes the purpose designed. The natural mind cannot grasp creation; we are manufacturers, and not creators. God is not a, but the Creator, the only Creator. When the earth was created it was without form, and void. Let us take this first and apply it to our earliest experience, when we were first aware of an existence and a feeling sense; that is, when we first came to feel and know there was a something about us we had never known before, experimentally. We realize creation, for this all came from nothing, so far as we are concerned, but we are now in this state without form, that is, not in an intelligible shape. We at that early date did not know anything, only aware of an existence hitherto unknown and unthought of, and we were without form, and void, that is, empty, no understand-

ing, no intelligence, in a state of vacancy, and darkness upon the face of the deep; we were covered in darkness. The deep signifies troubles, in darkness and troubles; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters—moved upon this troubled condition of ours. He is in it all, always is, but we, being without form, and void of all understanding, are unconscious of him. He said, "Let there be light." He commands, and it is done; all things obey his voice. His voice is the voice of not a, but the Sovereign, the Ruler of the universe. He commanded the light to shine, and there was light. We become somewhat aware of our condition now since there is light, which reveals somewhat of our true condition. We are still without form, and void; the light reveals this to us; we are not yet in shape, and the light makes us aware of this condition. Light does not change the condition of a thing, simply reveals things as they are. This is all done "in the beginning;" and God divides the light from the darkness and calls the light day and the darkness night, and this evening and this morning were the first day in our soul's experience. It seems from the account here given that God did his work in darkness, for after this creation, and the earth had come into existence, that darkness was upon the face of the deep. The eyes are in the face, therefore all vision was obscured. All this was done before he said, "Let there be light." Is it not so in your soul's experience? and does not God do great wonders in the darkness of the nighttime of the soul?

Now a firmament is commanded in the midst of the waters to divide the waters from the waters. As waters seem to signify troubles, this firmament divides trouble from trouble. All mankind is

subject to trouble while in this life, and it is in this life and during time of which we are dealing. We as natural men and women have our troubles, and have had all through life, but this firmament divides our troubles from our troubles; that is, our natural troubles, which man and beast alike have, are divided, separated and different from our spiritual troubles; for now in the beginning of this creation we are beset with troubles of which the world, or the unregenerate, knows nothing. We know this is true, for we cannot tell our darkness of mind, our doubts and trials, to our neighbors, no, not to our bosom friend, if they have not experienced the same things. When we have physical or any other natural trouble our neighbors and friends are ready and willing and capable of extending sympathy, but they cannot understand nor sympathize with us in this darkness of mind, spiritual anxiety and trouble. This firmament divides the one from the other, and we learn and know there is something the matter with us which is not common to all flesh. This firmament God called heaven. We have a sorrow now above that of our natural brethren, and it takes a heaven or that which is above to divide these troubles and show us the difference. This evening and this morning are the second day. There is now somewhat accomplished, for God is at work, and it is his work absolutely, and he does nothing in vain, he accomplishes that which he pleases. "Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear." We see that God only had to command that these things be done "and it was so." As time progressed certain things developed. Now it seems that when God spoke this material ball into existence, then was the

water and the earth or land in existence, just as much of each as there is to-day, but not in form as now. He commanded the waters to one place and let the dry land appear. Earth now begins to take on some form; that is, in our experience there is beginning to be an order of things, and not all chaos, as has been. This dry land God called earth; that is what we are—earth, naturally so; and the water he called seas. He commanded the earth to bring forth, “and it was so.” This command, as all others, is obeyed, and the thing is done, and the earth brought forth, first grass and herb yielding seed, then the fruit tree, yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself. We see here a difference between the grass and the herb from the tree: the grass and herb yielded seed after its kind; so did the tree, but the tree’s seed is in itself. Now earth has begun to yield an increase; that is, vegetation or a growth is begun, but we ourselves in our experience have not yet discerned it. The grass is only yielding seed, while the tree yields fruit, whose seed is in itself, after his kind. So this evening and this morning are the third day.

God now makes two lights, and he also made stars, but it is the two lights I will speak of now. They were in the natural creation the sun and the moon, but in our souls’ experience the two lights are Christ and the church. Christ is risen in our soul, and we have hope. It is he or his Spirit who is the tree whose Seed is in itself, that is self-existing, self-sustaining, eternal life that never dies, yielding fruit. We see him the One altogether lovely, having power and might, shining in the deep and dark recesses of our nature, revealing all things, laying our life bare before him, yet we have hope, the warmth of his glorious rays penetrates

and warms into action our cold souls; also we are partakers of the fruit as food with him, and by the light of the knowledge of the glory of God revealed in his face we see the delicate feminine beauty of the moon, the church. He, the Sun, rules the day, that is, both evening and morning; it takes both to make the day. The moon, the church, rules only in the night. Christ rules over all, but the church rules here in earth; there is no higher tribunal here in earth than the church; from her decision there can be no appeal taken; she rules. In the night when all is dark we still can see the church; we see the brethren and we love them, even though great and terrible darkness reigns. We must remember this, that the beauty of the moon is only the reflected glory and beauty of the sun. This evening and this morning are the fourth day. Many things are being set in order now. Since seeing Christ and the church the tree yields us fruit, whose seed is in itself, and is planted in us, the earth yielding after its kind. We are now come into knowledge of the church, and there is an increase. Until the third day we were void, but now no longer, the tree yields fruit, the seed of Christ is in us and we are no longer void. In the process of time many changes have taken place. After this fourth day the waters are spoken to bring forth, and we are beset with serious troubles. The third day grass was called for, which is a product of nature; but now the waters also bring forth abundantly, which they do. God saw all of this, and said it was good. Troubles without and within, our grass-producing nature begins to bother us, and all the evils that Satan can afflict are now hurled unrelentlessly at the newborn child of God when he has come to the church. O how many terrible things

he must endure, but God sees it is good, and this evening and this morning are the fifth day. Now a further development takes place in the natural order of creation; the earth is commanded to bring forth living creatures of his kind, creeping things and beasts, "and it was so," for God commanded it. There is now a further development or manifestation of our nature; we find the creeping things, the beasts, even the fowls of the air. All these natural things are made and multiply, and accordingly our troubles increase.

We thought at one time when we were brought into the church our troubles had ended, yes, farther back than that, when light first came, that is, those little reliefs, and when the sun was set in the heavens, then we thought all trouble and darkness was gone forever, but not so; with the increase of light and wisdom so increase troubles, and it is a succession of evenings and mornings all through time, and instead of being freed from trouble, sorrow and fear, these seem to increase as time goes on; and all these things which God created and made he pronounced good. So are all his works, every one is good, fulfilling the particular purpose for which it is made. It is good to be afflicted, for when I was afflicted I went not astray. Now in the last day in the order of creation God creates man, or forms him of the dust of the ground. O man, did you know you were the very last of all of God's wonderful creation? How then will you help God, seeing he accomplished all these things without your help, seeing you were not yet made, not yet formed? All other things were finished and complete and set in order and motion and pronounced by the Creator as being good. Man is now created, or formed, and in him dwells all the full-

ness of nature, possessing every faculty of every other creature all summed up in man; for man is the crowning work of God's creation, being given dominion over every other creature, for every other creature is represented in man; there is not an evil under the sun that is not in man. Now in this last day of work, which is now, God is finishing the work of all creation, or bringing into manifestation as fast as time goes the fulfillment of all things. Creation has reached its height, man is formed, the earth has form, all things are being set in order this last day, and is not void, for all things are created, and there is sight and understanding; man by the light of the sun sees all creation, and we see it in ourselves, all these creeping things, every living creature, and it is all nature—nothing spiritual in our nature; it is all good, but not perfect. This evening and this morning are the sixth day, and the last day of labor. This now is the sixth day of the creation of God in us as we experience creation; this is the last day of nature. Man of himself is lost, but man is made in the image of God. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." "In the image of God created he him; male and female created he them." This man, the last of created things, was chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, but made manifest in time, created in the image of God. Creation now is done. "And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good." God's work was all accomplished in six days; everything of nature was made or created in six days, and the whole creation groaneth in travail, pained to be delivered. All our experience since "in the beginning" has been a succession of evenings and mornings; day and night shall not cease while

time lasts, neither does evening and morning cease in our soul's experience, nor will until time with us is no more. As God's work was accomplished in six days, so also is ours. As God rested on the seventh day from all his labors, so also shall we when we have accomplished our six days of labor, which will be when we bow our head in death and our change comes.

Your unworthy brother,  
F. SELBY FISHER.

SALISBURY, Md.

MACOMB, Ill., Aug. 22, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER VAIL:—Your card came a few days ago, and now in much weakness I will try to at least acknowledge it. I feel too unworthy and incapable to write anything of interest to one like yourself, a called and qualified minister of the Lord Jesus Christ, and myself a poor, weak worm of the dust. I was surprised to get your card, wondering why you should ever have taken any interest in my poor writings. I have always been greatly comforted and edified with your writings. At the present time I feel my incompetency so forcibly that were it not that you request a letter from me I could not make the attempt. You wish to know if I were among those you met in Illinois some twenty years ago. I will say I was, and have good cause to remember meeting you. It was, I think, in 1877, at our (the Spoon River) association, which was held about thirty miles from where I lived. I will relate a little circumstance that took place at that time, which will prove to you that I remember meeting you. I went with my father, mother and, I think, two sisters. I had been baptized a short time before, and while I was very happy at my baptism, I was at this time in much darkness and trouble, feeling that I was

deceived and had deceived the dear brethren and sisters, whom I loved above all others on earth. Most of the congregation went to Elder Humphrey's for dinner, and you were among them. While waiting for dinner, quite a number were talking, when you said, "Brethren, I am appointed to preach this afternoon, and I feel like an empty blank; my mind does not seem to take hold of a subject that would do for a text. Can you not suggest something?" As no one answered I said, "Why do you not preach what Philip preached to the eunuch? You answered, "Let me see now, what was that?" I think you were wishing to draw me out. I said, "He preached unto him Jesus." You said, "That would be a good text, but it is too big for me." I felt ashamed for presuming to mention such a thing, and during dinner and until time for service I felt badly over it; but how gladly surprised I was when the company repaired to the yard under the trees, and after singing and prayer you arose and took for your text, "He preached unto him Jesus." You spoke of how barren you felt, how empty and unfruitful, and unless the Lord helped you could do nothing; but you had such a big text that surely something should be presented that would be of comfort, and if you preached Jesus you would have to begin at Genesis and go through to Revelation, for Jesus was God manifest in the flesh, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last and all in all. Dear brother, I remember the brethren said you preached clear through the Bible. I will not attempt to tell more of your discourse, but it was soul-cheering to me. It was full of comfort and sweetness. I was hungering for a crumb from the Master's table, not thinking I should be led into

his banqueting-house and be made to sit at the King's table and feast on the rich provisions of the kingdom. You did indeed preach Jesus to me, and though twenty-nine years have passed since then, I have never forgotten that sermon or the peace I enjoyed at that time. My doubts were all gone for a little time at least, and I felt that what Jesus was to his people, he was to me, my Savior, my Redeemer, my all in all. I have never read an article from your pen since but what this all comes up in my mind. Perhaps you never even remembered the incident at all, but I never could forget you or your preaching. I often think, dear brother, that when one of God's ministers gets up to preach, feeling that he has nothing to deliver, barren, empty, in darkness, having no confidence in himself, and feels as nothing, it is then that God displays his power, he fills the mouth of his servant with a sweet message to his children, the loaves and fishes are multiplied, and they are fed and his name glorified, for he has done it all. His servant knows it was not of himself, and there is no room for boasting. I have at different times had a desire to write to you, but could never make up my mind to do so, and now it seems so strange that after all these years you have asked me to write to you, and I have felt like trying to comply with your request, and relate this little incident and let you know you have always occupied a warm place in my affections, and I treasure that sermon as one among many others that have been as an oasis in my pilgrimage journey. Since then my father and three sisters, all members of the Old School Baptist Church, have passed away. My father preached nearly sixty years. Our association has discontinued holding its sessions, our churches are small. I have

taken the SIGNS for thirty years, and my father since my childhood. I have never missed a number nor destroyed one, but have given some to others. I love the doctrine it sets forth, and in your own language, I cannot help it. Salvation by grace alone, the predestination of all things, both good and evil, election, special atonement, man's total depravity, perseverance of the saints and the resurrection of the body are grand and glorious truths which all God's children love. It is my meat and my drink, my hope, my all in all. If I only knew that I had a personal interest in all these things. "Am I his, or am I not?" is my greatest concern day by day. I am such a sinner, denying my Master every day, and were it not that Christ came into the world to save sinners I would have no hope. In him is all my trust, for all my righteousness is but filthy rags in his sight. This little hope that I have is an anchor of my soul, and enters into that within the veil.

Dear brother, see where I am going. Page after page I have covered, and it seems nothing of profit I have written, yet more could be written of these wonderful things of Jesus that I have just touched. I will ask you to forgive me for this long epistle, as I have written much more than I intended when I began. Hoping that you will read it in the spirit of charity, I will close. May the Lord ever bless and keep you, is my sincere desire.

With love to your family, I am, I trust, your sister, though least of all,

SARAH E. RUNKLE.

KELLY, Ky., Nov. 24, 1916.

DEAR BROTHER VAIL:—If one so unworthy as I feel myself to be may address you thus. I will try in my weak way to write something to let you know

I received your letter, and was comforted and encouraged to feel that one of the servants of the Most High could have fellowship for this poor worm of the dust. Brother Vail, I have been impressed for some time to write, but my mind is so barren, it seems at times I have no concentration of thought, and it is true that without him we can do nothing. I am alone to-day, and my home comfort, the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, has failed to come this week. I never want to miss a number. You spoke of sending my letter to the editors. I blush to see my poor efforts in print, though if you think it worth the space it is at your disposal. I would dearly love to feel worthy of a name with the people of God; there is a tie that draws me to them which I feel for none other. I wandered long and lonely outside the fold with that feeling of unworthiness. I have been a member of the Predestinarian Baptist Church about twenty years. I am now in my seventy-eighth year.

But my complaints remain,  
I feel the very same:  
As full of guilt and fear and shame  
As when at first I came.

But whither can I go?  
There is no other pool  
Where streams of sovereign virtue flow  
To make a sinner whole.

Brother Vail, I can sympathize with you in regard to your afflicted shoulder. I, too, have a shoulder which gives me trouble, and at times disables me; otherwise my health is reasonable for one of my age, for which I am thankful. Right here let me use these words of the poet:

"Poor and afflicted, Lord, are thine,  
Among the great unfit to shine;  
But though the world may think it strange,  
They would not with the world exchange.

Poor and afflicted, yes, they are;  
They're not exempt from grief and care,  
But he who saved them by his blood,  
Makes every sorrow yield them good."

Please pardon this poor letter, and in your prayers remember a lonely old sinner.

HARRIET UNDERWOOD.

RICHMOND, Va., March 4, 1917.

DEAR ELDER VAIL:—I received your most welcome letter of Jan. 10, 1917, and was much pleased to hear from you. I have thought many times of trying to answer it, but to tell the truth I felt and now feel that it would be impossible to write anything that would interest you in the least. However, I am afraid you will not write me again unless I at least acknowledge the receipt of your letter, and as I love to hear what you have to say, or rather write, I want to let you know it. I feel that you overestimate my writings to my loving mother, as they contain nothing worth while I am sure. I only wish I could see it as you express it in your letter, but impossible to be true of one so ignorant, vile and sinful as I to have anything good about them. Not impossible for the good and merciful God to have made me one of his chosen ones, but I feel that it must not be so, and it is all right, so it pleases him that doeth all things according to his own will and pleasure, and may he have all the praise. I am sure in my own mind that I can do nothing of myself to change the plans that he has made. I can only hope though I may die in despair. I find I cannot agree with the strife and extravagance of the various denominations that I have visited from time to time. I seem to have no ear to hear anything of satisfaction from them; they seem more like some sort of lecture and show of extravagance to me. I have never visited but one that I could agree with, and that is the one which you represent, and would love to go often if it were possible. There

is one in this city, and I have tried many times, but have failed to go there when they had meeting. I cannot find out whether they have them at any stated time. You are correct that I will find very few whom I could agree with, thus I must be very much alone, but I feel sure in my own mind nothing short of the power of God could change me, as it is certain that if I have any spiritual mind at all it is led by him alone. I hope the merciful God may see fit to enlighten me. How I would love to feel that I might have some hope of being one of the chosen ones, but I feel myself so sinful and alone I fear it cannot be so. If I know my own mind there is no question for me to decide, that all this has been fixed. There can be no such thing as there having been only a way provided that we may save ourselves if we will, and I hope I am right, as I would stand no show in that case I am very sure. When Christ was crucified he was asked why he did not save himself if he were the Son of God. He finished the work by his action. God alone knows my desires and my fate, and I thank him that it is not in my hands, and hope that he is leading me as he would have me go, and that I am really and truly correct in my convictions, which have been steadfast and unchanged for many years. I am waiting for some assurance that I am right or wrong. May I leave it all with him who knows best, and may I be submissive to his will at all times.

I must close, lest I tire you. I have written much more than I intended. Hope I do not discourage you in writing again, and shall be glad to hear from you when you have nothing else to do.

With kindest regards, and love to all who care for it, sincerely,

A. J. BRITTON.

NEWARK, Del., March 11, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER:—If I may thus address you in love, hoping to be of the same mind in Christ, our dear Redeemer. I may say I feel burdened in love to write you a few words on my mind which came into my heart after reading your last article, on "Bible Reading," in the SIGNS of March 15th. I repeat, in love, for it is in the hope that this love is the same love that is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, that I am meditating in the spirit of love, at the present time, and it must be so, or why should my heart go out to you in mourning for the very thing that has been burdensome to me for a long time: that is, the wintry season hovering over his church here?

"Savior, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;  
All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again."

It seems indifference and coldness feature in our hearts more than real bickerings or fightings, yet, as you say, why is this condition among us? It seems many of us are tempted of our own lusts to follow the pleasures of the sinful world. Some of us no doubt endeavor to trust in the flesh and rule according to the carnal mind, but notwithstanding all this we are helpless, dependable creatures even now, in our present condition. We are made to cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? 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." How we are comforted, brother Lefferts, by the whole of the next chapter, (Rom. viii.) defining the difference between a life of sin after the flesh and a life in Christ after the Spirit. This whole chapter seems precious and sweet to me this morning, and I wish I



were given to enlarge and comment on its every verse and line; it portrays the same condition of the church in Paul's time as now. It is full of the fruit of the Spirit to me to-day to meditate upon this whole Scripture, yet I am not given liberty to write of these beautiful things, but you have been given to preach and satisfy the hungry of the Lord upon this very Scripture, all the thirty-nine verses contained therein. To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace. Is not that a sweet, comforting Scripture to a child that has a hope, who has once tasted of those things? Grace in the heart vanishes as quickly as it comes sometimes, but how sweet it is for the time being, while it rests in the hungry, tempest-tossed soul. This coldness and indifference on the part of some of us cannot be helped, for it belongs to the infirmities of the flesh, and God has a purpose and design in allowing just such a condition of affairs in our visible churches at the present time. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God. For the creature was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of him who hath subjected the same in hope." We are being purged, no doubt, passing through the furnace of affliction, and while we may be burned or scorched, yet we will not be destroyed; for if God be for us, who can be against us? He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, if he made him to suffer agony, sweat and bleed on the cross to cleanse us of sin, why should we not suffer, insignificant creatures that we are? I have felt the effect in my soul of late of one member being

sensible to the feeling of another member when that member is sick or hurt; to me it acted like the passing of an electric current through the flesh. I cut my finger, and the whole body recoils with pain in the shock given the system. I endeavor to rule or dictate to the church in carnality, and how quickly every member of that body recoils, for when the whole (visible) church suffers for one carnal act of mine the mourning of that church or body is great. Sometimes it is for the want of a temporal shepherd, I believe, yet it is part of the purging process of the visible church to which it has to be subjected. Patience, then, is the fruit of the Spirit that we must pray for. Sometimes it is words, words and words over some point of doctrine, which after it is all over proves carnality of mind again. Then sometimes a deacon or lay member desires to rule subject to carnal reasoning, and then again patience must have her perfect work; so faith and patience must essentially work hand in hand, awaiting God's good pleasure and designs to be revealed in his time. "For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." This purging and suffering daily caused Paul to utter these things for our benefit, to show us the present time is about in like condition to his time in the church, and he was given grace to wait in patience to that end, the redemption of his body. Paul gloried in his infirmities, for he knew when grace was in his heart the flesh could not be felt; so then let us hope for grace from above, and pray that carnality be cast behind us. "If we hope

for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." In passing through this furnace of affliction are we not strengthened by these words: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?" I feel all these things which I have written you, and to me they are some comfort while viewing, not only retrospectively, but present conditions of the visible churches here; but is the present any worse than the past? There was something wrong with all the churches in John's time. Unto the angel of the church of Ephesus, saith he, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Unto the church of Smyrna he predicted tribulation: "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer: behold, the devil shall cast some of you into prison, that ye may be tried; and ye shall have tribulation ten days: be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." And to Pergamos: "I know thy works, and where thou dwellest, even where Satan's seat is," &c. "But I have a few things against thee, because thou hast there them that hold the doctrine of Balaam," &c. And to Thyatira also, "I have a few things against thee." To Sardis: "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments." To Philadelphia:

"Thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name." "Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth." This was most comforting to them, was it not? It would seem this church was blessed more than them all. It would seem the Laodiceans were rich in their own understanding, had need of nothing (grace), in their own estimation they were rich, teeming with Arminianism, I presume, but they were severely rebuked. "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent." So we to-day are no better than they, in all respects, probably worse, therefore we can expect nothing but rebukes and chastisement for following the lusts of the flesh to our own discomfort.

I had no intention of extending this beyond a few words which seemed to burden me, but I have passed far beyond my original limit.

Your little brother in hope,

J. B. MILLER.

DRAIN, Oregon, March 20, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am sending you two letters to publish, if you think they would be profitable reading. The one from our dear old brother Miller is short, as he is in his ninety-fourth year. He has been a great strength to the church; he never misses a month to report to the church of his choice. May God be with him even to the end, and walk with him through the valley and shadow of death. The other letter, written to our church, is from my dear granddaughter, daughter of G. O. and Dollie Walker. O how we rejoice when we hear our loved ones telling of the wonderful

mercies of an all-powerful Savior; it shows they are not led by the false religion of the Arminian world. I feel to thank Christ to-day that he has led so many of my own family in the true paths. It was not through any instrumentality of mine that they are brought into the fold, but through the Savior's own power and by the shedding of his own blood on Calvary. No one on earth can give religion to a mortal, it is all of the Lord. It is so sweet to think that we poor mortals have such a sure foundation. Christ is the solid Rock on which we stand. May the Lord bless each and every one of his children, is my prayer. We have nothing to fear with such a God.

Your poor sister, saved by grace, if saved at all,

S. MORNINGSTAR.

JULIAN, Cal., March 1, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN OF THE COAST FORK OLD SCHOOL PREDESTINARIAN BAPTIST CHURCH:—This is for my March report; it will be short, on account of my health and weakness of body and mind. We have been having a siege of colds. My son's wife is in bed, and will be for some time, and as for myself, I am just able to be up a part of the time. I will only write you a few lines to let you know how I am. It is with God to know how long I shall be here, not me. Dear brethren, you know my thoughts and belief by previous letters, so there is no use writing any more on different subjects, as I am still of the same faith. I hope your prayers are for me that I shall stand fast in the doctrine of Christ and the apostles, as recorded in the New Testament. I request that brother G. O. Walker deliver this to the church. Let me hear from you once more.

From your old worn-out brother,

S. S. MILLER.

ALGONA, Wash., March 6, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST:—I have thought many times that I would write to you, but knowing I could say nothing that would be of comfort or benefit I have never attempted it; but I feel that it is my duty to let you know that I have not forgotten the little Coast Fork Church, and that my thoughts are often with you at meeting time. I know that the time taken in reading this could be much more profitably spent otherwise, but, the Lord willing, I will write a few lines anyway. I know that without his help I can do nothing, for I fully realize the utter helplessness of the human flesh. It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. Sometimes I am made to believe I have felt that quickening Spirit, and a great feeling of joy fills me; but when I examine my wicked, sinful heart all brightness leaves, and I am filled with darkness and doubt. How expressive are the words:

“When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild;  
Filled with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?”

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mixed with all I do.  
You that love the Lord indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you?”

O, if I could only be relieved of the doubt that always possesses me. I sometimes find comfort in some of the precious promises given throughout the Bible. For we are saved by hope, but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for? For by grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast. For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them. It is not of him

that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy. There are many more which no doubt you are more familiar with than I. But can they apply to one so sinful as I? Can it be possible that I am one of those whom he hath loved with an everlasting love and drawn with his loving-kindness? Did Jesus shed his precious life-blood for such a vile woman as I? Can it be that I am among those for whom he is making intercession at his Father's right hand? Can his sweet messages and promises which are recorded by the saints be meant for me? I cannot think so; I can only cry with the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." That he is the only one to whom I can apply for compassion I fully realize, as did Simon Peter when he said, "Lord, to whom shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." It is only through his free, unmerited grace that I could be saved, for if it be otherwise I am surely lost. My chief consolation still is in those precious words which seemed to come as a special message to my sin-sick soul seven years ago: "Thy will be done." O how comforting to know that all things which come to pass are of his holy and righteous will, and that he is a God of power, whose ways and purposes are fixed. O that we were able to reconcile ourselves to all trials through which we may pass by these precious words. Also we should remember them in hours of peace and joy, and give praise to him who willed them.

Dear brethren, when I look over this I am tempted to destroy it, but I know that another effort would bring no better results, so will send it, hoping you will lay all errors to the weakness of my flesh. I rejoiced to hear that the Lord is bringing new members into the church to take the

places of the ones whom he has called home. Remember me, dear brethren, as a sinner saved by grace, if saved at all.

ICIE D. MCKEE.

STREET, Maryland.

MANY times I have thought I would pen down what I hope are the Lord's dealings with me. At the age of twelve years I became deeply concerned about my sinful condition. My constant cry was, Lord, have mercy on me. Every opportunity when no one was near I would kneel and try to pray. I did not know what caused this exercise. I thought I was going to live but a short time. The burden grew heavier; many times a day I would go in another room and kneel and try to pray. I would feel some relief, it seemed, each time I would in this way ask the Lord to have mercy on me. Sweet hour of prayer. I was constantly meditating on my condition, unconscious of what was the matter. In the public school at that time the teacher and pupils would read verses in the New Testament. I found among some old books a portion of the New Testament, and loved to read it at times when not in school. Thus time went on until I was grown. I went with other young people to places of amusement; dancing I thoroughly enjoyed. Those serious impressions left me when grown. I cannot recall that they came into my mind but once in ten years, and then as a flash. I used to have thoughts I have no more. This occurred about six months before my dear companion was taken from me. At the age of twenty-five I married my dear companion. I then felt that I had all I desired, for I dearly loved him. When we had been married fifteen days he was taken sick, but not seriously, was confined to his bed about three weeks. He

got better, and we would think him almost well, but he never entirely recovered; was better, then not so well for two years and two months, the whole of our married life. I have never been able to command language to express the anxiety I felt during that time. When he breathed his last breath a great calm took possession of me; hope sprang up within my heart that moment, if indeed I have a good hope through grace. Such sacred solemnity on the one hand, on the other sorrow too deep for utterance. For three years that sweet calm continued; no matter what confusion was going on around me I felt undisturbed; at the same time my great loss was almost more than I could bear. For seven years it was all I could do to live without him; just enough strength given, it seemed, to live, on the one hand, on the other hand a sweet calm beyond expression. Three weeks after my dear companion was taken I went to the Old School Baptist meeting where I had always attended, Harford Church, Harford Co., Md., and there heard the first sermon understandingly, preached by my uncle, Elder William Grafton, from the words, "Let brotherly love continue." This was in the spring of 1883. The preaching was so plain that I wondered why I had not understood it before. From that time on I attended Baptist meetings, and often enjoyed what was said. In the fall of 1890, while listening to Elder E. V. White preach from 1st Peter i. 1, 2, the church was shown to me, and a longing came to be one with them. He preached the sermon at Rock Springs, Lancaster Co., Pa., at a yearly meeting. The next month I went before the Harford Church, was received, and baptized by my uncle, Elder William Grafton. While memory lasts I shall not forget the peaceful feeling when the water flowed

over my face in baptism. They sang the hymn, "Buried beneath the yielding wave, the great Redeemer lies," &c.

HANNAH SCARBOROUGH.

(See obituary on page 261.)

HERNDON, Va., Feb. 26, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am taking the liberty of inclosing you a letter written to me by brother John J. Oliver, of Twin Lake, Michigan. I think the letter too good for me to lay away in my desk, so send it to you for publication in the SIGNS, if it meets with your approval. I received brother Oliver's letter at a time I was stricken down with la grippe, and could not answer it; and more than that, I feel now, and did then, when I received his letter, a blank, and nothing but a blank, in the feeling of letter writing. I am in such a lost and lonely condition that my case is past finding out, and none but God can know of a sad case like mine. I do hope brother Oliver will excuse me for sending his letter without his consent.

A poor old sinner,

JOHN F. OLIVER.

TWIN LAKE, Mich., Jan. 24, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER OLIVER:—It is with a realization of my many imperfections that I attempt to answer your most welcome letter. Although I am a stranger to you in the flesh, I have long believed you to be one among those who are a poor and an afflicted people, trusting in the name of the Lord. Your writings in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES have been such as to lead me to feel sweet fellowship for you. While I have often hoped that I could claim spiritual relationship with you, I have often wondered if we are not also related in the flesh. Be that as it may, two cannot be as closely related

in the flesh as they can be in the Spirit. I am of English descent. My father came to the United States nearly seventy years ago. My great-grandfather's name was Richard; he lived near London, and was born about 1765. I am stating this from memory, as it has been several years since I have seen a record. My parents and grandparents, so far as I am able to learn, were believers in salvation by grace alone. Father had one or two uncles who came to America about one hundred and twenty years ago. Undoubtedly they left many descendants. In addition to giving you a short sketch of our history, I want to speak of something that seems to be stamped upon our whole family. We are all afflicted with a most loathsome disease, which passes down from one generation to another in its most malignant form, the children being born blind and remaining so unless operated upon. Not only are they born blind, but they are born dead, and remain in this state of death unless they undergo a second birth. This second birth gives new sight and life to all operated upon. Our family is very much divided in regard to the nature of this second birth; many of them contend that it is a metamorphosis brought about by one's own activity, while a very few of us believe that where there is a second birth there must be a second child, and that a child always presupposes a father. We also contend that there must be a begetting and a manifestation. In fact, we believe that God is Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. Yes, my dear brother, we believe that all of the children acted upon in the second birth are begotten of God, and that he is their Father. What a complex being we now have; one who is born of the flesh and then born of God. Two births and two characters, the old

man and the new, the strong man and the stronger, two contending armies, the flesh against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh. These two characters seem to keep house together. At times they are quite harmonious, at other times the old man insists on ruling, and whenever he rules he is always manifested by his works, for they are always the same. They consist of adultery, together with a long catalogue of other evils. At other times the new man seems to be the ruling power; his works are always the same; they consist of love, joy, longsuffering, together with many more of like virtues. One of these is a living character, the other is a dying one. Great is the mystery of godliness, God manifest in the flesh. Jesus says he came not to send peace, but division. How true it is that when Jesus makes his abode with one of his little ones division takes place. If you let your light shine you are hated by the world; your relatives in the flesh have little use for you. It is then one longs for the companionship of those of like precious faith. It has been my lot through life to be separated from those I love in the Spirit. I am now nearly sixty years of age, have taken the SIGNS about thirty-five years, have been a member of the Baptist Church less than four years. I lost my partner in the flesh nearly four years ago. Since then I have been able to sympathize with them that are like afflicted. I have one boy yet dependent on me for a home. We have been talking much of moving to a warmer climate, as our long winters are hard on those growing old.

My dear brother, I have not written as I intended to, but as my mind has led me along. When you read this you will perhaps understand why I have not written for our dear family paper: I have not

felt qualified to do so. I hope I may hear from you again, as I have read and reread your letter with much interest and enjoyment. These letters to me are like a friend from a far country; I appreciate them much.

Your brother in hope of a life not clouded by sin,

JOHN J. OLIVER.

WEISER, Idaho, Dec. 5, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—Our time to renew is at hand; we cannot do without the SIGNS. We surely are thankful for the comfort of the church and the SIGNS. It seems that it brings God nearer to have good preaching or to get the SIGNS. We read the Scriptures and try to understand them, getting much comfort from them, but when we hear the word explained from the pulpit or read the good preaching in the SIGNS we seem to be nearer the Savior, or rather that he is nearer us. A very good article to me is in the November 1st SIGNS, entitled, "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" I had not been able to understand that Scripture; had had two different opinions on the passage, but neither right. Brother Leferts' views were so plain and so true to the Bible doctrine of divine choice that all my former views vanished. While the Lord has not seen fit to enable me to preach or write the deep mysteries of his doctrine of salvation by free grace, he has enabled me to partake of the gospel crumbs that fall from the Master's table. This gift is most comforting to me. I seldom hear a sermon but what I get new light on some subject, a crumb I had not had before. The same thing occurs when I read the SIGNS. Then I sometimes think that the guiding Spirit gives me sweet morsels direct from the fountain of life. O, those blessings are unmerited, but without them I must perish in the slough of despond. I thank the Lord for the privilege of sitting in the back seat

in the house of the Lord and having his mercies proclaimed and explained. My companion has been blessed with an understanding for twenty-eight years, but my eyes were not opened until recently, so the SIGNS comes in her name. We read of an eternal inheritance laid up for his own, safe and sure to the elect. We sometimes hear that God is persuading people to come and be his heirs; that he has a great estate, but does not know who will be his heirs. In this life children are born heirs, not persuaded to become heirs. Our only hope is that we have been born heirs to this eternal inheritance. Sometimes we seem to lose our deed to this inheritance, but we know that if we ever had a deed it is recorded in the Lamb's book of life, and is kept by the One who has all power. It may be out of our sight for a while, but it is under the all-seeing Eye, and only removed for a while for chastisement, or that it may seem more precious when we get it back. One of the sweetest crumbs dropped for me was last October, by Elder G. E. Mayfield, when he said that those who feel the need of a Savior are the ones that have the best assurance of having a Savior. For many years I had felt the need of a Savior, and when brother Mayfield said that, it seemed that my hope was stronger than ever before. Sow the seed in the morning, and withhold not your hand in the evening, for you know not which the Lord will prosper. There are some hungry children waiting for those crumbs of comfort to be dropped near them; they are life to them. Preach, write, talk and sing his praises, not to persuade them to become heirs, but to comfort those who have been born heirs. My hope is but a faint hope, but it is founded on the Baptist doctrine that his people are born heirs, and I am comforted by God's precious promises, and not by the good works of my own.

May the Lord's peace be with you.

M. N. WEBB.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***JUDGE NOT.**

"JUDGE not, that ye be not judged."—Matt. vii. 1.

"Judge not, and ye shall not be judged: condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned: forgive, and ye shall be forgiven."—Luke vi. 37.

"Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment."—John vii. 24.

"Let us not therefore judge one another any more."  
—Romans xiv. 13."Who art thou that judgest another?"—James iv.  
12.

If multitude of testimony from the Scriptures of sacred truth be worth anything at all, certainly the texts quoted above from five inspired writers of the New Testament prove it wrong for us to judge one another. However, one must be careful to draw a line in these matters and to rightly divide the word of truth. There are certain matters in which the people of God are to exercise their spiritual judgment, and we must be careful to discriminate between those matters in which the members of the church have jurisdiction and those other matters concerning which we are to judge not. For instance, the church has authority from the Scriptures to judge angels; that is, to judge of the gifts divinely placed in her midst for her comfort, edification and instruction. The sixth chapter of 1st Corinthians tells some things in which the judgment of the church is effective.

If a man is called to preach, the church is the judge of his gift, and not he himself. Also, one having capacity to act as a deacon of the church is authorized to that office by the church, and cannot give himself that authority. One does not have to tell the church that he is called to preach or that he is able to act as deacon. The church will see the gift and recognize the ability, so that the church will set the seal of its judgment upon the gift by ordination to whatever place it feels the brother is called and qualified by the Spirit. In matters of discipline the New Testament is very explicit, and the church has right to exercise its judgment in keeping its house clean, along the lines laid down by the apostles and by the Lord himself. If two members of the church are having a difference between them, they each or both have a right to seek the advice and counsel of the church in settling their trouble. Also, if these brethren refuse to become reconciled to each other and to settle their trouble amicably, the church has a right to call them to account and to judge them in the matter. If the contestants refuse to hear the church, the brethren have right to set them aside from the ordinances and privileges of the church. The church has right to judge that a drunkard or a fornicator or a murderer is unfit for the ordinances of the church, and has authority to set such aside from their fellowship. She has this right because it is given her in the New Testament; but she has no right to reverse the Scriptures and go contrary to them. She cannot set her judgment in any matter above what the Scriptures say. The Scriptures are already written, and cannot be rewritten. What they say, they say; it cannot be unsaid. We cannot write Scripture to-day. Brother cannot go to law with brother



before the unbelievers. The church is the place for him to bring his difficulty, and he must abide by the judgment of the church, whether he agrees with it or not. In matters of discipline, the New Testament explicitly directs us how to proceed. The judgment of the church is to be exercised in accordance with those directions, and not contrary to them. The church is the judge of when its meetings shall be held, of the times it shall observe the Lord's supper, and all other matters pertaining to its business, spiritual or temporal. No one member in the church, even though it be the pastor, can enforce his judgment on the church. It is the privilege of the pastor and of any other member of the church to give his opinion or advice on any matter coming before the body for discussion or settlement, but if the church judges to set aside the views or advice of this or that one, it becomes the duty of that one to gracefully submit to the judgment of the whole, and to coincide with the rest of his brethren. In short, love is the ruling principle in all church order and discipline, and where love is, the rest is easy. But if love be absent, there is no equivalent for it, and the church is in a lamentable condition indeed. However, it is very rarely that any church trouble arises but that love is manifested in some, at least, of the brethren. It is in these where love abounds that the correct judgment will be seen. Blessed will be the condition of the rest if they can heed the judgment of these spiritually-minded ones, even though these latter be in the minority. Majority rule is not an infallible guide in church matters. The minority is sometimes right, and all the rest wrong. If the minority are standing on Bible ground, and have the commendation of the Spirit, they are sure to be in

the right, even though opposed by the majority. We must remember that the Savior and his disciples were a very small minority in the days of his flesh, yet his word was unfailingly true, though the whole world believed otherwise. But our object in writing this article was not to discuss matters which the church has a right to judge, but to consider what is meant by the Savior and by the apostles when they command us to judge not. First of all, let it be known that our conduct toward one another does not influence God's attitude toward us. God is ever the same God of love, no matter what our life or conduct be. He is as unchangeable now as always, and knows not the shadow of turning. But our treatment or judgment of our brethren does have something to do with their attitude toward us, and this is what is meant by the Scriptures quoted at the beginning of this article. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," means not that God will judge us if we judge one another, but that if we maintain a critical or judicial attitude toward our brethren, they will reflect our attitude in their attitude toward us. "Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven," means not that God's forgiveness depends upon our forgiving one another, but that our forgiving our brethren will lead them to be lenient and forgiving with us. All of the texts quoted at the beginning have no reference to God's dealings with his children, but treat of the dealings of brethren with brethren. "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."—Matt. vii. 12. Surely no one of the Lord's people but desires the brethren to be charitable to one's weaknesses and failings. If this is the treatment we desire at the hands of those we love, we must be charitable to the weaknesses and

failings of our brethren. A critical or fault-finding attitude on our part is bound to alienate the brethren from us to a great extent. "A man that has friends must shew himself friendly."—Prov. xviii.

24. Solomon does not say we must be friendly in order to get friends, but that if we already have friends we must shew ourselves friendly. That is, if the Lord has given us friends, we owe it to him to show friendliness toward them. The only way Christ can be served by us is as we serve one another. Inasmuch as we do it unto one of his children, we do it unto him. If, then, the Lord has dealt graciously with us in forgiving our sins and bringing us home to the church, uniting us in sincere and real friendliness with them, it is as little as we can do to let the brethren see that we love them. Where this love is there will be a disposition to hide one another's faults, and not to expose them. It is an unnatural parent that would expose his child's naughtiness to all the country round. Most parents, while seeking to correct the child, would hide its misbehavior from publicity. Not one of us but falters and stumbles daily. Daily we need the mercy of God and the charity of our brethren. We do not mean that the church should be slack concerning breaches of discipline nor lax in keeping a decent and orderly house, but we do mean that brethren should not always be watching for faults in one another and condemning hastily because of appearances. Most of all, we should not countenance the gossip of the world about our brethren. The tales that travel from mouth to mouth in any community should not be the basis in our minds for judging and condemning a brother before we have heard his defense or account of his doings. We shall be very apt to be measured by

the same yard-stick which we use to measure others. As we judge our brethren they also shall judge us. They will mete to us the same measure we mete to them. A harsh and critical attitude toward our brethren always begets something of the same in others toward us. The standard of conduct we erect for others to go by we shall be expected to live up to ourselves. If a report comes to us of misconduct on the part of some brother or sister, we nine cases out of ten know from our knowledge of that brother's or sister's character whether to believe it or not. Should we feel there may be grounds for the report, go to the brother or sister and apprise him or her of it. Do not use your mouth to circulate further the report by telling it to the rest of the church or to the world, but go personally yourself to the one reported. Above all, be careful not to say of a brother or sister in their absence what you would not have the courage to say in their presence. Faithfulness is a great virtue; grace only can beget it between brethren. But where this faithfulness is, we shall always go to a brother with anything we may have against him, and not tell it to any one else, not even to the other brethren. But we do not mean to be running to our brethren with every little thing. Many things are better never mentioned; just forget them. Many a slight or hurt is never intended, and some sensitive souls suppose a brother or sister has meant to slur them when no such thing was ever dreamed of. Remember we must expect others to treat us as we treat them. Do not criticise others if you do not want them to criticise you. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." Jesus' use of these words as applying to his disciples was very apt indeed. Remember these disciples were all taken

from among the Jews, and it had been the habit of the Jews to judge the Gentiles unworthy of eternal life. However, John the Baptist had assured the Jews that God was able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham, and the time came when the Jewish nationality ceased, when the kingdom of heaven was taken from among them and given to the Gentiles, when the natural branches were cut off and the wild olive branches grafted in. As the Jews had judged, so they were judged. But now that God in his mercy has grafted us into the tame olive tree, let us not boast against the natural branches, but rather fear lest we fall from our own steadfastness, for God is able to graft them in again. The Lord knoweth his own, and it is not for us to judge who is a child of God and who is not. We are told that we shall know them by their fruits, but in the absence of the fruit of faith it is not our province to adjudge this or that one to hell. What we need and need abundantly is grace. Grace can keep our hearts and souls alive with holy fire and heavenly zeal, with charity for all the brotherhood pure and unfeigned. "Let brotherly love continue."

L.

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#### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

*The Baltimore Old School or Primitive Baptist Association, now in session with the Harford Church, in Harford County, Maryland.*

DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—Another year has passed since we last met in this same capacity, and as usual it has brought many changes. Some of our loved ones have been called home to be with Jesus, and we are left to mourn, but not as those who have no hope. We wish at this time to call your attention to Paul's epistle to the Corinthians, 1st Corinthians xii. 31; xiii. 1, which reads as follows: "But covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way. Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." If the Lord will direct us we hope to set forth some of the things the apostle was here teaching the church at Corinth, which are profitable to His people in all ages. In the twelfth chapter Paul had been setting forth the different gifts to the church and teaching them their inability to fill any place to the edification of each other unless the Lord had called and qualified them, and he had placed them in the church where they belonged and as it seemed good in his sight. They could preach or exhort or prophesy only as they were led by the Spirit of the living God, and that they were brethren, and that they had nothing of which to boast; and now he says, I will show you a more excellent way; I will show you by my example that I have been with Jesus and learned of him; I am meek in heart and lowly in spirit. Though I am an apostle, though I am educated and have all knowledge of the Scriptures, though I am an orator and

can instruct you in the way you should go and what you should teach, and have not charity, I become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. Yes, if I manifest a dislike for my brother in the kingdom, am ready to hold him up to scorn, I am not manifesting that love which our Savior commanded, so I will become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal to those who hear me. Jesus told his apostles to love one another with a pure love; he told them if they loved him they would keep his commandments. Now, dear brethren, show by your acts, both in word and in deed, that you have been with Jesus and have learned of him, that you love each other. The apostle asked, "Who maketh thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? Now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it?" He is teaching here the same blessed truth, that all we know and all the knowledge we have of a divine Savior or his love is all a gift from God to poor, weak, sinful man, who is blind and cannot see afar off, neither can he direct his steps. Then why are some of us puffed up and think we are better than our brethren? We only know what our heavenly Father has revealed unto us, and each one of God's children is a lively stone, and is fitted in the place that God has placed him; and he builds his house, and except he build it they labor in vain that build it. The children of God are a peculiar people, but they are fitly formed together, and when they are led by the Spirit of the living God they are one happy family. Now, dear brethren, let us covet earnestly the best gifts and show forth that spirit of meekness and love and humility, thereby showing that we do in truth esteem our brethren better than ourselves; for against such there is no

law. May we all be upheld by God's eternal, unchangeable love, for without mercy we will all be consumed.

Written in love to our brethren and in the fear of the living God.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Moderator.

EDWARD A. JOHNSON, Clerk.

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## MARRIAGES.

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By Elder H. H. Lefferts, at his home, Leesburg, Va., May 10th, 1917, John T. Cockrill and Miss Ida Jackson Utterback, both of the vicinity of Warrenton, Fauquier Co., Va.

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## OBITUARY NOTICES.

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**George W. McClellan** died at his home, 531 West Center St., Fostoria, Ohio, Monday morning, Feb. 26th, 1917. He was born in Friends Cove, Bedford Co., Pa., March 2nd, 1843, hence he was aged 73 years, 11 months and 24 days. He was a son of Abraham and Elizabeth Morgart McClellan, and was the last member of his family, his parents, five brothers and two sisters having preceded him to the grave. February 20th, 1873, he was united in marriage to Anna R. Greenland, who survives with the following children: Charles E., near Fostoria, Bertie A. and Chester G., of Fostoria, and Mrs. Edna M. Ake, of Akron, Ohio; also five grandchildren and a number of nephews and nieces to mourn the loss of one who was dear to them. He was a kind husband and loving father, and will be sadly missed in the home, yet we feel to bow in humble submission to His divine will, knowing our loss is his eternal gain. He was a faithful member of the Providence Church, in Bedford County, Pa., for thirty-five years, and served as deacon for a number of years. His seat in the church was never vacant unless he was providentially hindered. He was devoted to the doctrine and order of the Old School Baptists, firm in the belief of salvation by grace. His home was always open for the entertainment of the brethren and sisters of the church he loved. He was an invalid for several years, being afflicted with nerve and heart trouble, at times almost helpless, but bore his afflictions with christian fortitude and patience, fully resigned to the will of Him who doeth all things well. All that medical skill and loving hands could do was done, but all to no avail. No children could be more devoted than ours were, ministering to every want day and night during his last illness, a period of eleven days. Surrounded by his family he peacefully passed into the haven of rest, where pain and sorrow are unknown.

On March 1st a large assembly of friends and neighbors gathered to pay the last tribute of respect. Services were conducted at the home by Elder C. E. Stuckey, of Newark, and Elder A. F. Dove, of Van Buren, Ohio. The body was laid to rest in the Fountain Cemetery to await the resurrection morn. May the Lord reconcile us all to his will.

ANNA R. McCLELLAN.

**Rebecca Riner Thurston** was born May 16th, 1839, in Preble County, Ohio, and died April 13th, 1917, in Columbus Junction, Iowa, at the home of her son, J. L. Thurston, aged nearly 78 years. She was married April 15th, 1858, to Isaac Thurston. In early life she received an experimental knowledge of the Savior's love and power to save; and accordingly soon asked for a home in the Primitive Baptist Church, being received, and baptized by Elder Chenoweth, of Illinois. She ever lived a most worthy and consistent life, and at the time of her death was a member of Harmony Primitive Baptist Church, near Winfield, Iowa. In 1881 she and her husband moved to Nodaway County, Mo., and in 1892 to Page County, Iowa, then in 1902 to Missouri again, returning to Iowa and coming to Louisa County in 1905. Of the immediate family there were four sons: J. L., of Columbus Junction, Iowa, I. P., of Los Angeles, Cal., and F. E. and A. R. Thurston, of Knobnoster, Mo. The father was called away by death in October, 1911. One sister also survives: Mrs. Malinda Swafford, of Onarga, Ill. Besides these there are eleven grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. The church and community join with those who mourn to-day for the dear one gone, and share the grief such a loss involves. Her last illness was of but a few days' duration, being caused by a paralytic stroke, after which consciousness prevailed only a part of the time. Gradually she drifted out of earth and its mists into the summer land of the soul, the sweet haven of rest, where neither are light nor starlight are needed, for God and the Lamb are the light thereof.

The funeral service was held Sunday afternoon at the home of her son, conducted by Elder B. L. Nay, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Interment in Columbus City Cemetery.

J. L. THURSTON.

**Hannah Boyd** was born in Hardin County, Tenn., Jan. 22nd, 1850, and departed this life Jan. 29th, 1917. Her maiden name was McWhirter. Sister Boyd came to Kaufman County, Texas, in 1881, and was married to Henry Dridine July 12th, 1883, he living but ten months. She was married to J. A. Boyd Sept. 22nd, 1885. To that union were born two children: E. B. and E. L. Boyd, twin brothers. Brother and sister Boyd moved from Kaufman to Rains County in 1885, and joined the church of the Primitive faith in 1886, and were baptized by Elder

James Hernage. Brother Boyd died Feb. 6th, 1901. Sister Boyd suffered for some time before her death of tumor of the stomach, but bore her suffering with patience and meekness. She stood firm in the faith, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. She looked to Jesus as her Savior, as her all; not only as her past Savior, but her Savior every day and every hour. To know her was to love her. She was a good neighbor, a consistent member of the church and a devoted mother. She leaves two sons, four brothers and sisters and a host of friends, and last, but not least, the church to mourn for her, but we do not mourn as others who have no hope, for we believe that Jesus died and rose again and reigns as our King, and will reign until the last enemy is destroyed, which is death, then we shall hear his voice saying, Come, thou blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Dear kindred in Christ Jesus, let us not forget that our God rules among the inhabitants of the earth and in heaven. Sister Boyd said to me a short time before her death that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable, for life is one continual warfare. But we have the assurance that she fought a good fight and kept the faith, hence she sleeps that peaceful sleep, and will at the last day awake with the likeness of her Savior, see him as he is and be like him. We have the assurance that as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly; then we shall be satisfied.

The writer tried to speak words of comfort to the living at her funeral, after which we laid her body to rest in Prospect Cemetery, three miles west of Emory, Rains, Co., Texas.

R. E. WHITE.

**Hannah Scarborough** was born near Chestnut Hill, Harford Co., Md., Sept. 2nd, 1856, and passed from this world March 13th, 1917, after a lengthy period of physical suffering, languishing but patient through it all. She died firm and sound in the gospel doctrine of Christ her Redeemer in hope. She was baptized by her uncle, Elder William Grafton, in November, 1890. She was married in 1881, and her beloved husband was separated from her by death two years and two months later, from the shock of which she never fully recovered. It is said by those closely connected with her, and from her own words in her experience, that she felt the loss to the day of her death. Notwithstanding this bereavement, it would seem that the covenant of grace was consummated in her case in this very death, for as she stated, a peaceful calm (the peace and love of Christ) came down into her soul, and ever afterward dwelt therein. It was God's way through this very trial to bring her into the liquid grave. He thus designed and pur-

posed she should be brought into the church through this suffering, fitly joined as a member of his body to himself. Her earthly home was ever open to the strangers and pilgrims passing that way, and always the place of abode for those assembled at the different associations in that territory.

Services were conducted by her pastor March 16th, and her earthly remains were laid away in the cemetery near her home to await His second coming, for she firmly and consistently believed in the resurrection of the bodies of his saints at the last day, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

J. G. EUBANKS.

## MEETINGS.

THE Delaware River Old School Baptist Association will be held with the Kingwood Church, at Locktown, Hunterdon Co., N. J., May 30th and 31st and June 1st, 1917. Those coming to the meeting will be met and cared for at Stockton, on arrival of B. & R. train at 5 p. m., and at Frenchtown about twenty minutes later. A cordial invitation is given to all lovers of the truth to meet with us.

C. RISLER, Church Clerk.

THE Warwick Old School Baptist Association is appointed to be held with the Middletown and Wallkill Church, at Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1917. Those coming from and via New York will take train, Erie Railroad, leaving West 23rd St. ferry at 4:25 and Jersey City at 4:45 p. m. on Tuesday before the meeting. Get tickets for Middletown, N. Y. Those coming by the O. & W. R. R. from Kingston will take train at 1:55 p. m. Get tickets for Middletown. These trains will be met and friends cared for. Those coming Wednesday at any time of the day will come direct to the meetinghouse, corner of Roberts and Cottage Sts. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth to meet with us.

M. A. EMORY, Church Clerk.

THE Lord willing, there will be a meeting held with the Beulah Old School Baptist Church in their meetinghouse near Aberfeldy, Ont., the third Saturday and Sunday in June (16th and 17th). Conference and business meeting 4 p. m. Saturday; preaching on Sunday 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m. All are welcome who desire precious love and fellowship to abound in the church of Jesus Christ.

ARCHIE McALPINE, Church Clerk.

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ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Middleburg Old School Baptist Church, Schoharie Co., N. Y., has appointed her yearly meeting to be held as usual on the first Sunday and Saturday previous in June, (2nd and 3rd) 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to ministers, brethren and friends who care to meet with us.

ADDIE LIVINGSTON, Church Clerk.

THE Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

**NOTICE.**

Complying with urgent requests, I have included a select number of "Predestinarian Baptist" Editorials in my book, "My God and my Salvation," increasing the size to 200 pages and the price to \$1.00. My copy is now in the hands of the printer, and the book will be ready for delivery on or before June 1st. Order now and pay when book is delivered. Address,

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(Judges v. 11.)

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[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]

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DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1917. NO. 12.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### “IT IS FINISHED.”

(John xix. 30.)

THESE three words are the words of Jesus, and the very last words he uttered before his awful death for sin. There is so much in these three words it is impossible for man to see and comprehend it all. It seems peculiar that three words are used to express “the beginning,” and three words used when that which was to have been done was accomplished. “In the beginning” God created, &c., then Jesus’ dying words about four thousand years afterward, as we count time: “It is finished.” It seems strange that each should be expressed by the use of three words, which fully and completely express that which was about to be done and that which was done. These words have been impressed on my mind many times in the last several years, and again of late with seemingly renewed force in connection with that which I have written on “In the beginning.” Jesus Christ was born in this life of the virgin Mary, she being overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, and conceived the holy child Jesus by the Holy Ghost, which made him God

and also man, being the Son of God, also “the Son of man” with power, inheriting from the Father all power, from the mother the principles of the flesh, he being touched by our infirmities and tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin. He was born in this life for a definite and fixed purpose; there was a work for him to do that none other could do; it must needs be that he be born just as he was and live the life that he lived and die the death he died. It is absolutely impossible that he should have escaped one thing through which he passed, as it is impossible for you or me to escape that which God designed from all eternity we should pass through. Notwithstanding the fact that all power in heaven and earth is his, but in that, that God cannot lie made it impossible that he could escape one thing, for a work was designed from all eternity that he should do in time, and none other could do it, neither could there be any failure on his part to perform to the uttermost all that which the Father gave him to do, and that of breathing his last breath in agony of death on the cross, thereby forever satisfying the demands of strict justice, fulfilled the law and paid the debt of his bride, the church. This

was the crowning act of that which he came to do in time, in the flesh; he finished the work the Father gave him to do, he came for this very work, for "by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God" they with wicked hands slew him. His crucifixion was as much according to the will and purpose of God as was his birth or resurrection, or as anything else that ever transpired. No miscarriage in the eternal plan of God, but a perfect and complete fulfillment; and there is not the shadow of a doubt that when he uttered those last three words, bowing his head and giving up the ghost, he had forever finished all that the Father gave him to do, and every one for whom he died, and he died for all that were chosen in him, and all that were chosen in him are partakers with him of that eternal life which brought him forth from the grave, and no one except the members of his body is interested in these things. It is the members of his body who feel the sting of sin and pangs of hell, for they are living members of a living body, therefore they feel and suffer with him. But he had not finished this work until this particular moment, for it was given to him of the Father to die for sin, the just for the unjust, the righteous Lamb of God for the sinner. He came to do a work, and he did it. There is no difference between him and his people, except that he is the Head and we the members of his body; that is, the church is his body. When the Head was dead then was the body dead, and there is no account of any spiritual emotion or activity during the time he lay dead. The first account of any movement among his people after his burial is of Mary coming to the tomb on the third morning to anoint the body, but the body of Jesus was risen when she arrived. Life had

entered in that body and brought it forth, because death hath no power over this life. There was a general activity on this particular morning among his disciples. All did not come to the sepulcher, but when life went out of him it went out of every member of the body. When that life of which death hath no power entered the Head, bringing it forth from the confines of the grave, it also entered and stirred into action each member of the body, which is controlled by the Head; therefore there is no difference between Christ and his people. Because the Head lives the whole body lives; yes, we live because he lives. As Christ had a life to live in the flesh and a work to perform in the flesh, so does each and every member of the body, and it is just as essential that we have this natural existence and perform all that is given us to do as it was of him. If the most minute detail could be left out the chain of the purposes of God would be incomplete; so there is a work for each and every member of his body. Not that they can atone for sin or bring themselves into favor by meritorious work; not at all, this is not our work; but there is a work performed in us: the life we now live, that is, spiritual life, is by the faith of the Son of God, and is the same life he lived, it is eternal, for the life of the body is the same as the life of the head; there is not one life in my head and another in my feet, it is the same; and we know there is a labor and a travail of soul going on within us, there is a warfare, as it were, a company of two armies.

The labor began in us when God by his power spoke into existence a thing in us that was not in us before, as I tried to show in the preceding writing, that the literal creation is but typical of our spirit-

ual life. While it is necessary that the material earth exist, in order that we might exist upon it, and further, all creation was created for the manifestation of God's people in the flesh and a demonstration of his power, for the good of his people and for his glory, there was nothing made that was made except for the good of his people and his glory. The acts of wicked men and devils all accomplish these two things; for this same purpose has he raised them up. The account of the creation and the six days labor on the part of the Creator is applicable to us in an experimental way, and that is what the account given is designed to represent or typify; and as Christ performed all that work given him by the Father, so do we in anguish and travail of soul perform that work which is designed that we should do, and we accomplish all our work in the six days of creation, for it is written, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work." Not that there are six days given in which we may do our work if we choose, but it is a command: Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work. Now I do not mean to imply any other than that Christ fulfilled the whole law, paid the penalty of the law broken with his life. We are not dealing with literal things and events, only as they apply spiritually, and spiritually the law applies to the whole body; and, too, in the crucifixion the wounds were all in the body; the nails and the spear pierced the body, and not the head, yet through the mighty suffering and grief the head bowed in death; but the wounds were all in the body and all in the flesh, not a bone broken. We, the body, suffer in the flesh, there is where the wounds are; therefore all this work is accomplished in six days, and when all our work shall have been

done the words uttered by Christ, "It is finished," are applicable to every member of his body. The six days are spoken of differently from the seventh. Each of the six days is spoken of as "the evening and the morning" being the first day, second, third, and so on, no mention being made of any evening or morning in connection with the seventh day. The seventh day has no evening, no morning, it is one eternal day. God rested from all his labors on the seventh day, so also shall we when we have attained unto that perfect day. The seventh, or perfect day, does not come to us in time, neither do we know anything about it except by faith that we shall by his mercy, according to his promise, attain unto perfect rest from all our labor and be satisfied; but all our labor must be accomplished first, and that labor is death, or the end of our mortal life; but as the Head could not be holden of death, neither can the body, for there is one life of the Head and the body. In this world, this life, in the flesh, ye shall have tribulation, one succession of evenings and mornings, cold and heat, seedtime and harvest. There are certain periods of rest granted us while here, so also is every servant given some rest, yet they know when they lie down to rest the work is not finished, and that they must soon go on again and continue to work, serving their master. We are given certain periods of rest and comfort, yet we know our work is not done while life lasts. This labor is not voluntary on our part, but is designed and must be accomplished. Many of our labors and trials seem unnecessarily hard to us, but there is a purpose in all our trials and afflictions. At times our doubts and fears seem as though they would crush us, but God, who designed the cross, also designed the strength of

each of us; it is all for our good and his glory. "For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." It is all in mercy sent; for who can measure the mercy and love that caused him to choose us to be worthy to suffer all things, even death with Christ, thereby being conformed to his image? And unto him who in wisdom and mercy designed and decreed all things, be all honor, might, dominion and glory, now and forever. Amen.

F. SELBY FISHER.

LA GRANDE, ORE., April 15, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—If you think it will be of interest to the readers of the SIGNS to publish the following account of my recent visit to Kentucky, you may do so. The hand of a wise Providence was so visibly manifest in so much of it that I feel an impression to write of it, as it may be for the glory of God.

I left Kentucky nine years ago the 12th of March last with the intention of returning again in two or three years, for the purpose at least of visiting my kindred, brethren and friends, but the years fled by so fast and furnished such limited returns for my labor that until last summer I had thought little of returning, or had little opportunity of doing so. At that time my father requested me to visit him, rather urging me to do so, stating it would be better for me to come and visit all the kindred and brethren and to be with him than for him to come to visit me. I wrote him I would come, and began arranging my affairs for the visit as soon as possible. Many things stood in the way and continued to hinder me until the 9th of January, when the several things interfering were removed the same

day and the way was open for me to start, which I did on the evening of the 13th of January, accompanied by my five year old boy, who had never seen his Kentucky kindred. Our first stop was with brother A. B. Bickers and family, at Amy, Kansas. He had united with the Goshen Church, in Anderson County, Ky., during the pastorate of Elder D. G. Johnson and myself, and was the church clerk when he left, about 1905. It was like home to me to enter into this western home of our brother and to renew old recollections and recall our trials in the past and many we each had passed through since we last met. The family of J. W. Herndon, a kinsman and dear friend of early life, was visited and much enjoyed, also other former Kentuckians I had never met before. Brother Bickers took me to see a Baptist family in Dighton, Kans., named Wristen, in which the mother and two daughters were members and were readers of the SIGNS. One daughter, Caroline, is an invalid, and confined to her bed all the time, but she is cheerful and patient and resigned to the affliction she must endure. I felt to be in divine presence to see such bright evidences of the work of grace as was manifest in this young believer, who is as a lamb borne in the bosom of the Shepherd of her soul and resting in the everlasting arms, which are ever underneath his saints. At the request of this young sister I took her Bible and read a portion of Scripture and made such remarks as I felt to be for gospel comfort. When I saw the consolation which it afforded her I almost felt to take her by the hand and say, The Lord Jesus maketh thee whole. O that we could have that faith which overcomes all difficulties and infirmities, that the praise and glory of our God might be magnified among his saints

in this day as in the times past. We know that his power is no less now than in former times, but we do not receive the blessing, because of unbelief. The two days thus spent in Kansas were too short, and when it was proposed to have preaching I preferred that in so short a time the sacredness of former memories be not interrupted by a public appointment for preaching. Our journey was continued on to Louisville, where we stopped two days with friends, and arrived at McBrayer, Ky., on the evening of January 21st. The next morning we rode in a buggy with a friend to near my father's home, and walked the remainder of the distance. The hills and hollows looked natural, except that they were not so large as I thought to see them, and the trees have grown so much. No one knew of my coming until I was on the old home place, but my father had an assurance so strong of my coming that he had arranged a hearty welcome for me, and had ordered special things cooked, and had told his friends he was sure I was coming, and when we met at the door it was as the meeting of Jacob and Joseph, when each wept on the other's neck and neither could say a word. I never knew what that meant before, nor how that weeping could be an evidence of joy; but it is so, and those tears which are shed at the joy of meeting loved ones long separated cannot be withheld, because of the complete surrender of all individual thoughts to the kindred affection which then flows from breast to breast. The saints of God experience a similar joy when they are first assured of their acceptance in the Beloved. Their wanderings in this strange and unfriendly world of sin and sorrow are ended for the time when they are greeted at the door of eternal life by Him who has loved

them from the beginning, and is now bringing them to his banqueting-house, where they may partake freely of the bounties of his grace and rest under the banner of his love. Such love and greeting from the Lord of life cause the tears to flow freely from the sinner's eyes, which are only outward evidences of the cup of joy of the heart overflowing. After seeing the members of my immediate family I began to visit the old brethren, who were so dear in ties of faith, and to attend the meetings of the churches I tried for more than twelve years to serve as minister. It was a joy to again see those old soldiers of the cross, but a sort of sadness possessed me that so many I had loved and had been accustomed to see so regularly in their places of worship when I last met with them were gone. Their places were vacant, their voices were still, yet in the liberty of the gospel which I was given to feel at times it was as though they were with us, those departed ones, and we all as the one great family of the living God; some still in the flesh, and some gone to their home above, but all present where Jesus is. It is in Jesus we sit together in heavenly places. At such times there is perfect joy and peace. No lonesome ones, no sorrowing ones, no sadness, no doubts, no temptations and no fears. If we can have such evidences of heavenly bliss while here in the flesh, what must the joy of the saints in glory be, who have passed beyond this mortal state?

I will mention a few of the older brethren known to many of the readers of the SIGNS. Elder Smith Hawkins, ninety-one years old, lives with his youngest daughter near Salt River Church. He is blind and very deaf, but his mind is clear on the principles of faith and doctrine, and he still delights to tell his

friends who call to see him at his home the reason of the hope which is in him. He has been an Elder for some sixty years or more, and attended his meetings regularly until he lost his sight and hearing, in the last three or four years. He was glad for me to visit him, and assured me that the same doctrine he had tried to preach for so long was still his only hope and comfort. Brother James Paxton, of the Goshen Church, is eighty-one, and not able to be out of his house. He and his good wife, sister Paxton, will be remembered by all visitors at that church, for their house has always been a home for the Baptists, and at the request of this faithful couple we had preaching at their home, where a good congregation of neighbors and friends met to worship the living God. Elder P. W. Sawin, of Shelbyville, Ky., was found to be in feeble health, but able to be about the house and to talk of the wonderful mysteries of the gospel. This faithful brother is no stranger to the household of faith, and it is a real pleasure to be entertained in his home by him and to hear him recount the mercies of God in the many and wonderful ways they have been made known to him during a long life filled with trials, tribulations and deliverances. One is impressed with the strength of the psalmist's words where he says: "I have been young, but now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." Such is the faith of Elder Sawin, and doubting ones are made strong by his testimony, and are made to see the glitter of the pure gold in his christian life, as he recounts the strength of the refiner's fire felt in the agonies of his soul. Blessed assurance to God's children, that when they are tried they shall come forth as gold. But so many of us, like the ore of

low grade when mined out of the earth, have so little value that when put to the refiner's test have so little left which is pure gold that we can hardly be distinguished from worthless earth, yet this little is necessary to complete the crown of righteousness which shall adorn our dear Redeemer throughout eternity, and he must search it out also, as well as the rich and glittering ore, which yields so much to his praise. Little children, it is not in yourselves to thus shine, but it is in his hand that you become a gem, and your brightness is but the reflection of his glory as manifested in your life in overcoming the world and the trials thereof. At Farmdale I was again welcomed to the home of brother J. T. McCoun, who has always been as a father to me in the church. For nearly twenty-five years that home has stood open to me, as it has to all members and visitors of Little Flock Church, and especially to visiting ministers. At that time it was brother Benedict Farmer's home, after him sister Farmer, and brother and sister McCoun, daughter and son-in-law of brother and sister Farmer, maintaining the same generous hospitality toward their brethren as in brother Farmer's lifetime. Another aged and respected member of the same church is brother A. G. Herndon, at whose home a hearty welcome to all Old School Baptists has always been extended. This brother has been blind for seventeen years, yet he rarely misses a meeting of his church, and readily recognizes his brethren and friends by the sound of their voices. He is always glad to entertain them in conversation, and to search out the deep and hidden truths of the Scriptures. Both brother McCoun and brother Herndon are seventy-five years old or past, and lost their wives two or three years ago, which makes their

lives somewhat lonely, but they each reside with one of their children and bear the trials of life with christian patience, looking forward to the full fruition of their hope, when this mortal shall put on immortality and death shall be swallowed up in victory. Many other loved and respected brethren, sisters and friends were visited, and pleasant hours were spent at their homes, but space forbids an extended mention of them all. My allotted time of five weeks passed so quickly that I could hardly realize it, but I began preparing to return to my home, when the hand of Providence seemed to be revealed to me that the time for my departure was not yet. As I was preparing to start home my little boy was taken with a sore mouth, which, though nothing serious, was enough to make it impossible to travel with him. I gave him the best medical attention in order to be delayed as little as possible, and in one week he began to improve so that we again set a day for starting. On the morning of that day while at breakfast my father, T. H. Bond, was taken with a chill, which was so severe that we were fearful of results, and again were prevented from leaving. This soon developed into pneumonia, and the seventh day he died. As I saw my father pass from a state of almost perfect health into death in so short a time it impressed me with the small value of all earthly things as compared with the value of eternal things. The day before his sickness began my father took me with him to his place of business, and while there showed me his books and explained all the details of his business. This with us was a matter of friendship and courtesy, for neither of us could have had a thought of what was in store for us, and so near, but the hand of the Lord was in this, as

it was in all the details of my visit, and my detention to this time was manifested so unmistakably in so many ways. We employed the best medical skill we could, but to no avail. His suffering was intense during the last two days, but never a word of complaint was uttered. After his departure we could look back through several months and see how his every act had been shaped to this end; even while his unusual good health prevailed he had rounded up his business and finished it to be handed over to other hands. In matters of faith he was thoroughly established in the Old School Baptist doctrine, and went with me to the meetings I held, and rejoiced in them as one of the elect children. After we saw that medical skill could do nothing but prolong his sufferings, we told the doctor and nurse to do no more, and the sorrowing family and friends gathered around his bed to await the end. As I saw this great suffering, and that man could do nothing, most solemn thoughts filled my mind. How glad I was that salvation is finished and that God's everlasting arms are underneath. What good would a conditional plan do at such a time? If it is necessary to look to Jesus to be saved in such suffering one might forget to look. Should we tell such an one just to merely accept the offered terms of salvation and all will be well, how can the one whose strength is so near gone that he does not even know his own children, and is not able to understand the most familiar sentence, obey these admonitions? God be praised that he in wisdom did not leave any such conditions for his children to perform in order to be heirs of eternal glory. All such conditional plans are based on the wisdom of men, and shall die with them; but God's plan of the sure redemption made

once for all the elect by the sufferings and death of Christ, the knowledge of which is implanted in each and every heir by the operation of the Spirit in the new birth, and they are kept secure because their life is hid with Christ in God, shall remain secure through every age and condition of mankind, and all the heirs shall come into their full inheritance, which is eternal life, and that is the gift of God, not purchased in any sense, or in any way dependent upon creature effort. As I thus thought on the perfect work of God in comparison to man's best efforts, and saw the sad and burdened family quietly waiting for the end, I began consoling them with gospel consolation as to what death is, and the glory which is to follow, and began quoting the hymn, "How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord," quoting the first two verses and the first line of the third, when the remainder was lost to me, and the next to the last verse came in mind and I quoted it:

"E'en down to old age all my people shall prove  
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;  
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,  
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne."

Just as the last line was finished father ceased to breathe, his sufferings were over, and I felt he was borne to the bosom of his Master, and I said, Amen; even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. As I considered all this, and the many things shaping to this, I was filled with thanksgiving and praise in the midst of my sorrow to think the Lord counted me worthy to be so led that I should witness such wonders of his dispensation and receive such a knowledge of my father's faith. I remained a few days to help transfer father's business to his heirs, and again started for home, on Sunday evening, March 25th, and reached home the 29th, finding my family all well

and glad to welcome us back. We had been absent ten weeks, during most of the winter weather, and had traveled six thousand miles without harm to us or inconvenience to my family. I am now busy with the season's work, and picture myself as the man in Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, who was too busy with the muckrake to see the bright crown just above his head. O that we could never lose sight of this precious crown which is to adorn us after this world has faded away and the joys thereof are forgotten for evermore. But how to perform that which I would I find not. Brethren, is it with you as it is with the unworthy writer?

C. W. BOND.

*(See obituary in this number.)*

PLYMOUTH, Ill., Feb. 12, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am sending you a good letter from C. M. Weaver. He did not tell me not to send it for publication, so I am thinking that it will be meat and drink to the faithful in Christ Jesus our Lord. I have been fed many times by his comforting and edifying letters to me, seeing that he is steadfast, diligent and patient in waiting upon the God of all grace. I have other good letters that I could send, and see no reason why I should not send them, only the writers tell me not to, and I cannot feel free to send them when they tell me not to. They are so good, so full of the Spirit and understanding, that they would be food to all of like precious faith.

I am trembling so I can hardly write. Pray for me, dear brethren, is my prayer.

Yours in hope,

BELLE FRAZEE.

COMMERCE, Mo., Dec. 31, 1916.

DEAR SISTER FRAZEE:—On this, the last day of the year 1916, I once more attempt to communicate some of my



thoughts, and give expression to some of my feelings in answer to your last comforting and edifying letter. As my thoughts turn to the past, I am filled with reminiscences that are both painful and pleasing. There was a time in my life when I lived much of the time in the past, either feasting my mind upon the sweet experienced of God's gracious ministrations, or else brooding over the regrettable mistakes of my life. I have now come to a time when the present concerns me more. In the present are so many things to distress us, so many things to make the sensitive heart ache, so many dark forebodings, that I am often made to cry out in the depth of my sorrow, Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I. Surely a day of the trial of our faith is upon us; a time when all the subtle forces of evil and ungodly men seem to be sweeping the pyramid of world civilization from its base; a time when men mock the Deity and reproach those who would trust God in this dark and evil day. Human depravity in all its hideousness is stalking forth to leave its malediction upon generations yet unborn. The beasts of prophecy have come free of the chains that bound them in God's decree, and must accomplish the work for which their nature and purpose fit them. The world is on fire, and who but the eternal God is equal to the task of controlling the conflagration? I am made to sing in the silent, meditative hours:

"Other refuge have I none—  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone;  
Still support and comfort me."

How strengthening is his support, how sweet his comfort! When I can feel his everlasting arms underneath and experience the comfort he gives I can then say with David, Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God.

My dear sister, in some of my musing upon the past I often find myself in your godly home, living over again those enjoyable and profitable seasons I spent with you and your noble christian husband. It saddens me to think now I shall never meet him in this life again; but we are all traveling the same way in which he has gone: in the road that leads to the grave. While many of those who were dear to us by nature's ties have already passed the gates that open into the grave, others, and possibly ourselves, are standing just without. Some day we, too, will enter the silent city. What a blessing to be supported by the power and promises of our God, who said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. My hope in his mercies becomes sweeter each time he is pleased to revive it within me. The nearer I come to the end of my earthly pilgrimage the more I feel to need the christian's hope to comfort and support. The more I see of my own imperfections, the more I crave to be perfect in Christ, my risen Lord. When that which is in part shall be done away, and we are raised up on the other side of death in the image of the glorified Son of God, then we shall be satisfied. Then let the nations of earth in their madness proceed; let the adversary of righteousness mock and revile, God has prepared for his saints a city, a blessed and peaceful habitation, where neither moth nor rust can corrupt nor thieves break through and steal the heavenly inheritance of that everlasting kingdom.

My family and I are blessed with usual health. I hope you are being so favored of the Lord. When you can, let me hear from you.

Yours in hope and faith of the gospel of Christ Jesus our Lord,

C. M. WEAVER.

SHOCK, Ky., Feb. 5, 1917.

DEAR ELDER LEFFERTS:—I am writing you in order to let you know how highly I appreciate your editorials in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and how much I enjoy them, especially the one written upon the prophecy of Daniel xii. 2, in the February 1st number. Words utterly fail me to speak of this wonderful article as I much desire, therefore I must ask your forbearance, for of a truth I am both ashamed and afraid to write you, lest I should burden your mind through my weakness and bungling way of expressing my views on any subject; but as I cannot be content without writing you, I have decided to write, risking the consequences, considering the old adage that "all dangers are not death." The view that you have so clearly set forth of this Scripture is in harmony with the view which I have had of it for several years, but you have made it so much clearer than I could even comprehend and grasp that I rejoice in reading it, or even thinking of it. As you have so scripturally said, this prophecy of Daniel has reference to the beginning of the gospel era, and not to its ending. I have referred to the following Scripture time and again in vindicating this point: "But tidings out of the east and out of the north shall trouble him [Herod]: therefore he shall go forth with great fury to destroy, and utterly to make away many."—Daniel xi. 44. It has seemed clear to my mind for several years that this prophecy of Daniel had reference to King Herod at the time when Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea, as follows: "Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea, in the days of Herod the king, behold, there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem, saying, Where is he that is born King of the Jews? for we have seen his star in the east, and are

come to worship him. When Herod the king had heard these things, he was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." "Then Herod, when he saw that he was mocked of the wise men, was exceeding wroth, and sent forth, and slew all the children that were in Bethlehem, and in all the coasts thereof, from two years old and under," &c.—Matt. ii. 1-3, 16. This was the time of the great fury and destruction that occupied and inspired the mind of the prophet Daniel, as recorded in the eleventh chapter, forty-fourth and forty-fifth verses of the book of his prophecy, going on to the twelfth chapter, saying, And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble (Matt. ii. 3,) such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, &c. Brother Lefferts, you have well said that this prophecy had reference to the ushering in of the gospel era, when many of God's children were sleeping in the dust of the earth; not corporeally dead, but as in the case of the ten virgins, as recorded in the twenty-fifth chapter of Matthew and otherwise, as you have so clearly shown with reference to the day of Pentecost. "While the bridegroom [Christ] tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom [Christ] cometh; go ye out to meet him," &c. Here was the rising of many that were sleeping in the dust of the earth, some of them (the wise virgins) to everlasting life, and some of them (the foolish virgins) to shame and everlasting contempt. I do not think that we are to understand that those wise

and foolish virgins are equal in individual numbers, but are equal in class numbers, as is so plainly exemplified in both Old and New Testaments. For instance, Isaiah lii. 1, 2: "Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; \* \* \* shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem." The Lord's people are often in a sleeping, dusty state, and must be awakened to righteousness by the power of God; and it has seemed to me for several years that the Lord's people in this part of the country are to some degree at least asleep to their reasonable services and blessed privileges respecting God's blessed cause among us; but I am glad in this heart of mine, if I am not deceived, that the Lord has raised up such wonderful gifts in this dark day of delusion, whose explanations and applications of the blessed truths of God contained in the Scriptures cannot be gainsaid nor successfully resisted.

Yours in tribulation,

W. J. MAY.

FOREST HILL, Md., May 27, 1917.

DEAR BROTHERS EDITORS:—Please find inclosed four dollars for the SIGNS. I am also sending another of my dear father's letters, which you may publish if you think best.

In love,

JENNIE GRAFTON.

FOREST HILL, Md., Jan. 16, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER DURAND:—Your letter of January 4th reached us to-day. It has been some time since we have heard directly from you, but it has probably been as much my fault as yours, as I have not written anything for a long time. Well, I am glad you are both able to write, and we appreciate the interest which you express in our welfare, because

we believe it to be sincere. I have never been able to see a reason for such feelings or expressions of love and fellowship in the gospel, neither do I feel in any way worthy to occupy the place and relation to the churches which I professionally do. There is an inward pressing forward in a calling and work which I have never felt competent to perform.

I have just received word through brother Coulter of the death of brother John Hill, of Newark, Del. I do not know that I have ever had anything to shock me more. True, he was a man advanced in years, but when I saw him at our last meeting at Welsh Tract he was perfectly well, and comfortable in mind and body. After the night meeting in Newark we walked in company to his home, where I lodged for the night. He talked all the time of the goodness of the Lord in his case, and especially in his declining years was that goodness manifest. The path seemed brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. There appeared to be not the least ripple upon the waters. Dying was but going home, and he longed for the hour of full discharge that sets the prisoner free. He went back over much of his life, and was able to put the chain together and to see the Lord's hand in all the way in which he had been led. I have thought much about his talk since, and now feel that he was ripening for the gathering, as a shock of corn in its season. Both of the Tract churches are decreasing in membership, but a good feeling prevails, and good attendance and attention. I feel a growing desire like this: O that the Lord would build up Zion and appear in his glory. I am troubled when I see our members dropping off and no bright prospects of others to take their places; but, say you, The Lord is able to raise up others, and he

will not leave himself without witnesses. True, but will he do it? Will our eyes see it and our ears hear it? I know the arm of the Lord is not shortened, and that he will save his people, but when I try to trust I often find it as hard as to frame a piece of machinery which I never saw or heard of. There are some things which I believe I know, and the first is that I am a poor, erring, sinful, unprofitable creature. Another thing I know is, that I do feel an interest in the upbuilding and prosperity of the churches, and desire to serve them with such ability as I have, if it is of any benefit to the Lord's people; but whether or not the Lord called me to this work is another matter, and often a serious question with me.

Perhaps I have said enough along this line, as you may not be troubled about these things as I am. I have no doubt sister Clarice wants to hear something about the friends in this county where she spent her early life. Last Saturday we attended the funeral of sister Hurst, the oldest of our Harford members. There are now but three remaining who were members of the Harford Church when I united with it. I heard on Sunday that sister Sue Dance has been quite ill with the grippe. My family is in good health. I do desire to feel thankful for the blessings by which I am surrounded. My wife will accompany me on my trip to Philadelphia, and we greatly desire to meet you in connection with the trip, either in the city or at your home. It occurs to me now that you are both younger than we; perhaps you have not thought of this, and if you should conclude to meet us in the city it would be an agreeable surprise.

Now I have written over a sheet of foolscap, and have said but little of what I wanted to say. You know me, there-

fore I need make no apology. My family joins me in love to you all. Write again. Our writing days will soon be over.

In love and fellowship,

WM. GRAFTON.

SHERIDAN, W. Va., Jan. 10, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am inclosing you a good letter from dear old brother McClanahan. I have his consent, if you think it proper, to give it a place in the SIGNS. I had the pleasure of seeing this dear old brother and hearing him preach three sermons in November last. The first was from Ruth ii. 22, 23; second, Isaiah xxii. 23, 24; the third and last was on the subject of Christ being the head of his church. He very beautifully illustrated this discourse by the figure of the natural man being the head of the woman. I am so thankful to our dear Lord that he feels that his preaching found a response in many hearts, and that he can adopt your precious words, brother Lefferts, in your last editorial, where you said, How good and comfortable it is to find homes over the country with one's own kindred in spirit, where one really feels at home, where cordiality and welcome without stint await one, &c. I have been blessed with the precious privilege once more of entertaining not only brother J. W. McClanahan at my humble and lonely home, but also a young brother, W. C. Pennington, whose conversation was godly and cheering to my poor soul; also a cousin, Jacob Adkins, whose home is in Kentucky. After an absence of five years he visited his relatives here and spent three weeks, going from house to house of all relations, rich and poor, young and old, afflicted and well, over many miles of rough roads, through cold and storm. As I sat one lonely day thinking of the un-

tiring pains he was taking, my mind was led to the words in Hebrews i. 14: "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Dear brethren and sisters who read the SIGNS, I did not think I could write a line that would be worthy a place in our dear old family paper, but I trust I was guided by grace divine to write what I have, and if it finds a place in the SIGNS and any one is comforted, my prayer is that you will give our God all the praise.

Hoping that good will attend the labors of all concerned in publishing the SIGNS, and all the poor, afflicted in Zion, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

POCA, W. Va., Jan. 1, 1917.

MY HIGHLY ESTEEMED SISTER:—This, the first day of the new year, 1917, finds me yet alive. My feelings have been for a number of years that I would not live to see the coming in of another year, but for some purpose known unto God only I am still spared to near the end of my sixty-eighth year in this world of sin and sorrow. If I could tell you of the many sorrows that have pierced my poor heart, as daggers to my trembling soul, on account of my evil disposition, I would try to do so. Sorrows have encompassed me round, and many distresses I see. Astonished I cry, Can a mortal be found surrounded with troubles like me? The cold shoulder of a professed religious world has been turned against me, with all its scoffs and scorn, because of the doctrine I advocate, which is the doctrine of predestination unlimited, election and the effectual calling of all the chosen in Christ, by the rich reign of God's free

grace alone, without any merit of the poor, helpless creature. This is not a popular doctrine by any means, but it is God-honoring, while the nations take to themselves the honor of saving souls. In this deceitful garb of christianity they compass sea and land to make one proselyte, which is to capture one of God's little, weak ones, and lead them into some of the man-made institutions or so-called churches. Then it is that they begin to realize their mistake, and their trouble is doubled, twofold. This is the sense in which I think they are twofold more the children of hell than the one who proselyted them, seeing they have been led by a false teacher who has no troubles at all. Many are the afflictions of God's humble poor, but the blessed thought is, he is able, and will deliver them out of every snare, and restore unto them the joy of his salvation. He leads them so lovingly beside the still waters of his peace, and causes them to lie down in the ever green pastures of his everlasting love. It is then that our poor, drooping spirits are revived, and we feel to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, looking away from the perishing things of this poor world for a little season. But ere we are aware, he withdraws himself from us, and we are left again to grope in darkness and mourn his absence, and with David we can say, Thou makest darkness and it is night, wherein all the beasts (the evil propensities of our nature) of the forest do creep forth.

Hoping that the blessings of God may be with you all, to the glory and praise of his holy name, I remain your unworthy servant,

J. W. McCLANAHAN.

GODLEY, Texas, Jan. 22, 1917.

LOVED ONES IN CHRIST JESUS:—I hardly know how to begin a letter to the Lord's chosen few, but somehow I want to write; why it is so I cannot tell, for I feel to be so in the dark lately. I have been stumbling and running against things, as it were, until I can hardly tell which way I am going. I know the way I want to go, but whether I am in that way or not it is hard to know. Sometimes when the dear Lord shows himself to me I am made to say, Surely this is the way. O if I could feel his presence with me all the way, but I am so vile, so prone to sin, I sometimes fear I am not born again. I surely cannot believe that there is any one who has the doubts and fears I do. It seems that when I try to do good, then is when I do the worst. I used to think in my younger days (when I belonged to the Methodists) that I could do great things for God; I could sing and talk and pray and work among the lost and dying sinners; but when God showed me what a dead sinner I was I soon found out how powerless I was. Yes, I very quickly saw that I could not save any one, I could not even help save them; no, I could not save myself. O my dear friends, how down I did feel when I was made to see my littleness, my nothingness in the sight of God; and now, even since I hope the Lord for Christ's sake has pardoned my sins, how I do blush with shame when I recall the way I used to live, in trying to do God's work. Dear saints, I have long since found out that it is more than I can do to keep myself; I must be led by the light of His love. If I am saved it is through his love and tender mercy, not through any good that

I can do. The spirit seems indeed willing, but the flesh is weak, and unless Jesus is with me to strengthen me my little work will amount to nothing.

"So by experience do I know  
There is nothing good that I can do;  
I cannot satisfy the law,  
Nor hope nor comfort from it draw."

Somehow that good old hymn has been on my mind all the time for the last week; it seems that it was composed on purpose for me. Will some one with understanding please write their views upon this Scripture? "Thus saith the Lord: As the shepherd taketh out of the mouth of the lion two legs, or a piece of an ear; so shall the children of Israel be taken out that dwell in Samaria in the corner of a bed, and in Damascus in a couch."—Amos iii. 12. Again the words of the hymn:

"When I experience call to mind,  
My understanding is so blind,  
All feeling sense seems to be gone,  
Which makes me fear that I am wrong."

But I know there are others not so blind, and I would be pleased to have some one write on it, or rather explain to me some of the hidden manna that I know must be in the beautiful text.

Well, I have written as I have thought, and after all I cannot see any good in it, but I want some gifted person to write on the above Scripture, or I probably would not send it. If there is any good in it pass it on and give God the praise. Please throw the mantle of charity over this poorly written letter. I ask the prayers of the saints when it is well with them. May God bless all the household of faith.

I am, very unworthily, your sister in hope of a better world,

(MRS.) J. E. BERRY.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
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dressed, and money orders made payable, to*  
**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**  
*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***WAR.**

THIS subject is uppermost in most minds just now, and it may not be amiss to present some thoughts upon it from the viewpoint of ourselves. War is pre-eminently an affair that belongs to the legal dispensation, rather than to the gospel. The word "war" occurs some two hundred times in the Old Testament, but occurs only fifteen times in the New Testament. "The Lord is a man of war: the Lord is his name," sang Moses and the Israelites when the Lord saved them out of the hands of the Egyptians. When God appears in Christ for the work of salvation, he reveals himself as a man of war, fighting against the powers of darkness and overcoming, through his death, him that has the power of death, that is, the devil, and delivering them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage. The Lord fights in the work of redemption, not with carnal weapons, but with the sword of the Spirit. The children of Reuben and of Gad, though their inheritance lay on the wilderness side of Jordan, yet were they required to fight with the other Israelites in the land of Canaan in all the wars that fell to the lot of Israel. So it was that the people of God who lived be-

fore the coming of Jesus in the flesh, fought the same spiritual warfare that all God's people wage to-day in the gospel dispensation against the world, the flesh and the devil. Though our brethren, the prophets, were not given to enjoy the privileges and blessings that we do now under the gospel, yet they were not exempt from the warfare between the Spirit and the flesh. In the day that God delivered David out of the hands of all his enemies, and out of the hands of Saul, David sang a song unto the Lord in which he said: "He teacheth my hands to war; so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms." Here David speaks as a prophet, and testifies of Jesus Christ. David is a figure of Christ, and in his war against the Philistines represents Christ in his war against antichrist. In his war against Saul, David rather presents Christ in his opposition to his own people, the Jews, who were against Christ. As Saul sought to slay David, so the Jews sought the life of Jesus, but God delivered him out of their hands through death, so they could no longer get at him. His death was a victory, not a defeat. He accomplished more in his death than he ever did in his life. We read that the sons of Reuben and the Gadites and half the tribe of Manasseh, of valiant men, men able to bear buckler and sword, and to shoot with bow and skillful in war, were four and forty thousand, seven hundred and threescore, that went out to war against the Hagarites, and God delivered the Hagarites into their hand so that "there fell down many slain, because the war was of God." The terrible slaughter which befell the Hagarites at the hands of these Israelites seems to have been because the war was of God, or because God appointed it. Solomon, the wise man, said: "With good advice

make war;" also, "By wise counsel thou shalt make war." This would indicate that war is sometimes dictated by wisdom as a wise course. Surely the wisdom of God dictated in the heart of his beloved Son, Jesus, all the course of his warfare against the enemies of righteousness. And, too, in the soul of Paul, the wisdom of God counseled him in his contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and enabled him to finish his course, having fought a good fight. There is, then, such a thing as a good fight. The good fight is to be called to fight on the Lord's side. The grace of God calls the soldiers of the cross to battle against sin, error and all the doctrines of men and devils, on the side of righteousness against the legions of darkness. If one is enlisted by effectual calling in this fight, it is good. War is not to be condemned simply because it is war. The test as to whether it is right or wrong to fight depends upon the spirit prompting one. It is right to fight against all unrighteousness. We should contend against all evil, whether we see that evil in ourselves or in the world around us. All error, false doctrine and principles of evil are to be warred against by the people of God. This was what made the prophets of old so unpopular: they were continually crying out against the sins of Israel and of Judah. This was what made Christ so disliked: because he fought against all sin with the strong sword of his living word. This was what made the apostles so obnoxious in their day and generation: because they would not compromise with the Judaism of their fellows nor with the pagan rites of the Gentiles. And, this, brethren, is what makes Old School Baptists unpopular to-day: because we are continually fighting against the doctrines and institutions of Armin-

ianism which have overspread the whole world. Whatever comes to pass is ordained of God. In nature, in providence and in grace, God works all things after the counsel of his own will. Therefore, if war be the present world condition, it cannot be going on without the will and purpose of God being in it. It is not the work of the devil only so far as the devil is in the hands of God and controlled by him. Satan can go so far, and no farther. God has limited the devil, but God himself is unlimited in all his power and wisdom. The horrors of war are terrible to contemplate, but we must remember that the nearer we are to war the more terrible it seems to us. To read in history of the terrible wars of the past seems not nearly so horrifying as to have war come right to our own doors where we are eyewitnesses of its terrible realities. Those who lived through and witnessed themselves the horrors of the Civil War never forgot them, but children who study about those things in the schools of to-day soon forget them. So it may be with those living fifty years from now who shall then read and study about this war now going on. It will not seem nearly so dreadful to them as to us who are living through it. Do not lose your faith in these troublous times. Nothing is occurring now but what has occurred many times before in the history of mankind. Just because we are living in the midst of it all does not necessarily mean these are the worst times that ever were. To be sure, battle lines are longer and cover vaster area than ever before; engines of war are more cunningly devised and more destructive than ever before; the list of the wounded and slain piles up by hundreds where it used to accumulate by tens. All this is true, and the vastness of it all stuns one into dumb amazement.



But when we pause to calmly estimate the causes that produced this war, and the aims for which the opponents are striving, we find there is nothing new under the sun; the same motives actuate men now that have moved them in similar combats, many, many times before. This is not a religious war at all. Let us not lose our heads and call it Armageddon, nor frantically conclude that our own beloved country is fighting the battle of the Lord. The Lord does not need anybody to fight his battles, and the advantage in being on the Lord's side is not that we can be such a great help to him, but that we are then able to witness his help of us. Those that came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty were not condemned because the Lord needed their help and did not get it, but because they were not there to see how greatly the Lord helped his people against their foes. The United States, together with France and England, are simply fighting to resist the arrogance of Prussian autocracy, and to resist being in the future dominated and controlled by the German Empire. Our forefathers fought for freedom from England and secured it. We Americans love our liberty, and do not want to lose it in exchange for German rule, therefore we fight; that is all. No religion about it, nor is there any religious principle involved in it. A hundred years ago England threatened our freedom, and we fought. To-day Germany threatens us, and we fight. This time England helps us. A hundred years from now some other nation may try to dominate us, and we shall fight again. Then, who knows, Germany may be our helper. So goes the world from age to age. Nothing new under the sun, but only a repetition of what has already been. New elements may enter into the

mixture, but the principle remains the same. It is natural for us to believe that our own country is in the right and that our enemy is wholly in the wrong; but God is the only impartial Judge, and the matter will end in the right way, whether it ends in our favor or not. England prays that she may win, we pray that we may win, Germany prays that she may win, and so on; but none of these prayers amount to anything only so far as we are enabled to say: Thy will, not ours, be done. The trouble with man, though, is that he does not want God's will to be done unless it happens to be the man's will, too. However, all unswayed by our fitful impulses, the consummation of the divine purpose goes grandly on. As sure as God is in heaven, righteousness and truth will triumph. Everything is all right now, and always will be all right as long as God is on the throne, and that is for evermore. The world seems to us to be dreadfully confused and upset, but there is no more chaos to-day than ever. Through all the seeming jar and discord, through all the noise and tumult, the harmony of God's will steadily runs its course. The history of Israel of old shows repeatedly how the Lord used war and the sword of her enemies to bring her down from her high-mindedness and to lay her in the dust of humiliation and repentance. It would seem that God is reproving the world for the way in which they have defied him in years gone by. Man has devised many inventions by which to save souls and bring them to God, thus setting at nought the blood of the Lamb of God, which alone can take away the sin of the world. Now their tower of Babel is tumbling about their ears, and the nations stagger to and fro like a drunken man in the ruin. The civilization about which the nations

boasted is crumbling into dust. In the place of the boasted ideal of universal brotherhood, which three years ago so dominated most thinking minds, now comes the roar and thunder of battle as men shed the blood of their fellow-men. The heathen have raged and the people have imagined a vain thing, and now God leaves them to the natural consequences of the seeds they have sown. The sum total of all the Sunday-schools, of all the missionaries, of all the theological seminaries, of all the grand cathedrals, of all the religious structure which man has reared, is war. The world thought it was out of the dark ages and done with them forever, when, lo, it finds itself back in their midst again. The world thought it had progressed a long way on the road to the millennium and the end of all strife, when, lo, its progress reveals itself as only so many more devilish ways to slay one another than had hitherto been thought of or devised. It is enough to make the saints laugh to see how deluded these mortals be; and yet is a laugh tinged with pity and compassion for these, our fellow-men, whose eyes God seems not to have opened to behold their folly and their shame. Some agnostics and infidels have been saying ever since this war commenced that there is no God and that this war proves it. They are mistaken. If there is no God, then there is no certainty as to where it will all end. If it is running rampant without omnipotence, then there is no security for any soul in all the universe. No, it only proves that false religion has not God. It only proves that the religion which man has reared will not bear the strain it was guaranteed to stand, and that therefore it is counterfeit, not genuine. Pure religion and undefiled need fear no stress or strain. It is unconquer-

able, and shines the brightest in adversity. The acid test of time reveals the falsity of man's boasted pride, but the religion of Jesus stands out and endures all and every test time or eternity shall apply to it. Have you that real religion? have I? Ah, that is the question of greatest import. All we can say is, we have a hope; nothing more. L.

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### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

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(Written by Elder C. W. Vaughn.)

*The Delaware River Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Kingwood Church, at Locktown, Hunterdon Co., N. J., May 30th, 31st and June 1st, 1917, to the several churches of which it is composed, greeting.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—It has been a long and standing custom to salute our association of churches and her correspondents by a Circular Letter, which we will endeavor to do by calling your attention to Paul's admonition to Timothy, which is recorded in the second epistle of Paul to Timothy, second chapter and fifteenth verse: "Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." The first of the quotation Paul says, "Study to shew thyself approved unto God." This admonition to Timothy was given in the Spirit, as all Scripture was given by the inspiration of God. So this is applicable to all those who are born of the Spirit, and for all brethren and sisters to be approved unto God is to be Christlike in their deliberations, in conversation, preaching and practice. There has never been but one that was approved unto God in every act and thought, which is Jesus Christ, because he was perfect, soul, body and spirit; but we are sinners in the flesh, and can-

not be perfect in this world, but we hope we are made perfect in Jesus Christ, who is able to make an ungodly sinner perfect before the Father. When one is thus born of the Spirit his meditation is in the law of the Lord day and night. (Psalms i. 2.) This to our mind is the exercise of the spirit that meditates upon those things which are of the Spirit, and by that Spirit the deep things of God are searched. For the church or individual brethren to be approved unto God is to be Christlike, desiring that all they do and say would be embraced by the spiritual application of the Old and New Testament and the exercise of a spiritual mind to be edified and built up on the most pure and holy faith. In this studying to be approved unto God we are continually meditating as to edification of the brethren in the body of Christ (the church). Study those things which work for peace and harmony among the brethren. Paul was addressing Timothy upon this all-important point that in the ministry which God had called him to fill should manifest the truth in spirit as it is in Christ Jesus. In the latter part of Paul's quotation, that Timothy should be a workman that needeth not be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, is much to be considered by all ministers of the Old School Baptist Church everywhere. In preaching declare the whole counsel of God in its season, in doctrine, reproof, correction and instruction in righteousness; not in lust, that we should gain notoriety and have a great name with individuals, but stand as Christ stood, for nothing but the will of his Father; so should we stand to know nothing among the people but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Paul says to the Philippians, first chapter, fourteenth and fifteenth verses: "Many of the brethren

in the Lord, waxing confident by my bonds, are much more bold to speak the word without fear. Some indeed preach Christ even of envy and strife, and some also of good will." From the above quotation we feel that peace and good will should be our stand, with human boldness for the truth; not that we should tolerate ungodliness among brethren, but be approved unto God, and by these things we are known among the brethren. We cannot fathom all that is in the text, as it reaches into those things which are far above all earthly things. So in conclusion we wish to implore God in behalf of all the brethren we have addressed that we may be kept in godly fear that after we have preached to others we ourselves would not be a castaway, and be blessed to strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

J. M. FENTON, Moderator.

D. M. VOORHEES, Clerk.

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### CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

*The Baltimore Old School Baptist Association convened with the Harford Church, Harford County, Maryland, May 16th, 17th and 18th, 1917.*

IN THE LORD GREETING ONCE AGAIN:—We are beholding one of the many milestones of God's kind providence. Your messengers and messages have come to us sweetened and mellowed as with the lilies of the valley and the dews of heaven, so we can say it is good to be here. Our next association is appointed to be held with the Ebenezer Church, at Baltimore, Md., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before the third Sunday in May, 1918, when and where we hope to receive your messages and messengers again.

JOSHUA T. ROWE, Moderator.

EDWARD A. JOHNSON, Clerk.

*The Delaware River Old School Baptist Association, convened with the Kingwood Church, at Locktown, N. J., May 30th, 31st and June 1st, 1917, to the associations and meetings with which we correspond sendeth greeting and love in the Lord.*

DEARLY BELOVED:—We are glad to write you that our gathering together has been blessed of the Lord. Preaching by the ministering brethren has been good, and attended with power and much assurance in the Holy Ghost. Our comfort and blessing cause us to desire to again meet you and be mutually comforted together.

Our next association is appointed to be held with the Southampton Church, Southampton, Bucks Co., Pa., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday before the first Sunday in June, 1918, when we hope to again meet and receive your ministers and messengers.

J. M. FENTON, Moderator.

D. M. VOORHEES, Clerk.

#### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

## MARRIAGES.

By Elder J. M. Fenton, at his residence, 5128 Master St., West Philadelphia, Pa., June 4th, 1917, Everett R. Kinney, of Schoharie, N. Y., and Aseneth C. Bishop, of Ashokan, N. Y.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Turner Hanks Bond** was born March 18th, 1848, and died March 7th, 1917. His whole life was spent in Anderson County, Ky., not far from his birthplace, with the exception of five years, during which time he lived in Missouri. December 25th, 1868, he was married to Miss Elizabeth F. Duncan. To that union were born four children: C. W. Bond, of La Grande, Oregon, Malinda F. Boggess, Mary J. Hanks and Vergie A. Routt, of Lawrenceburg, Ky. This wife died April 28th, 1876, during the residence in Missouri. After her death he moved with his children to his old home in Kentucky, where he was married the second time, in May, 1877, to Miss Alvia R. Hawkins. Three children were born to this second union: Bettie R. Houchin, Florella H. Chilton and Mattie L. Bond, all of Lawrenceburg, Ky., who resided near their father, the youngest, being unmarried, lived with him. The second wife died in June, 1913. October 11th, 1916, he was married to Miss Jennie A. Gibson, who survives him. He was taken with a severe chill on the morning of March 1st, and the third day pneumonia developed. From the beginning but little hope was entertained of his recovery, but the best of medical attention was given him. During the first hours of his sickness he gave directions for completing some unfinished business should his illness prove fatal. Before his sickness he was as well prepared for meeting death as man can be while in good health. No business which could have been arranged was found incomplete, and it can truthfully be said that his house was in order when he was called away. He suffered intensely during most of his illness, but bore it in patience and without complaint. Almost every breath was a groan or a prayer until death relieved him. Around his bed at the end were all his children and several friends, who had done what they could. Even the unworthy writer had been led three thousand miles to add to the joys of the last days of his worthy father and to minister to him in death, to share his sorrow with the bereaved family and also to speak words of consolation to them, pointing to better things in the heavenly home. As a man, father was upright, honest and honorable in all his dealings, having the confidence and esteem of all his neighbors and friends. He was a good husband and kind father. During his residence in Missouri he and his first wife united with the "Christian Church," and for a long time he believed they were correct in their doctrine, but as

he grew older he began to see the Old School Baptists were the people holding to the doctrine of the Bible, and he became a regular attendant at their services and rejoiced in the proclamation of the gospel in its purity.

Elder L. B. Ragan, of Indianapolis, Ind., his favorite minister, was called to preach the funeral discourse, which he did to the comfort of the family and friends, using the text, "I am the resurrection and the life." The remains were laid to rest in the Lawrenceville Cemetery, beside his second wife.

C. W. BOND.

**B. F. Culpepper** was born May 22nd, 1835, and married to J. F. Waltherman July 6th, 1865, in Dale County, Ala. To that union were born eight children, six girls and two boys, two boys and two girls preceding him in death, leaving four daughters to survive him: Mrs. Florence Sanders, Mrs. D. Reece, Mrs. S. E. Smith and Mrs. M. C. Barber. Some time during the year 1874 brother and sister Culpepper received a hope in Christ, and about a year later joined the church of the Predestinarian faith and order at Mt. Pelia, in Henry Co., Ala., and were baptized by Elder Hubbard, of Georgia. He lived a consistent member, always filling his seat when not providentially hindered, and went far and near to associations and meetings. In 1879 he and his family moved to Upshur County, Texas, and joined the church at Bluff Spring, where his membership was at the time of his death, which occurred March 25th, 1917. The church at Bluff Spring has sustained a great loss, but we hope her loss is his eternal gain. Brother Culpepper was a staunch believer in the sovereignty of God in controlling all things whatsoever come to pass. Surely a good man in Israel has fallen.

His remains were laid to rest in the Walnut Creek Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

Written by request.

W. W. SLAUGHTER.

**Deacon Elisha H. Drake** was born near Lambertville, N. J., June 9th, 1843. He was married to Lucretia Phillips Feb. 22nd, 1865. She bore him five children, viz.: Dr. Hervey S. Drake and Mrs. Mary L. Carter, of Leesburg, Va., Wm. O. Drake, of Linvale, N. J., Margaret E. Christopher, of Treuton, N. J., and Joseph G. Drake, of Hopewell, N. J. She died in 1886. There are twelve grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. After passing six years of life as a widower he was married to Miss Martha Elizabeth Blackwell, April 23rd, 1891. She and five children survive him, together with their children and grandchildren to mourn their loss. He was received in the fellowship of the Old School Baptist Church at Second Hopewell, and baptized at the August meeting in 1869 by Elder Philander Hartwell,

His life in his home was a continued course of affection to his companion and children, which is a type of true manhood. His life in the church was one of true devotion to the doctrine of salvation by grace, and expressed that power of hope in the resurrection of the dead, not of the soul only, but soul, body and spirit to a glorious inheritance through Jesus Christ, which he was called from hence unto March 17th, 1917. He served the church as clerk and deacon, and his work was complete to the satisfaction of the church. We miss him both in church and state, but should not weep as though he had no hope, but say, Rest on, dear one.

The funeral was conducted by his pastor, Elder C. W. Vaughn, from his late residence at Woodsville, and his body laid to rest in the cemetery adjoining the Second Hopewell Church to await the time when the grave shall give up its dead.

He was the last male member of his church, and there is a little band of five sisters left to contend for the true salvation of sinners. Little sister, lift up your eyes unto the hills, and rejoice in Him who is able of these stones to raise them up to speak to the honor and glory of his grace. Words are too shallow to express our feelings regarding the deceased and the commendation we feel to the living. To the children I wish to say, Forget not to express your love to the one who took the responsibilities of mother to you, and may you feel she is left entirely alone without you.

Written by his pastor,

CHARLES W. VAUGHN.

**Marietta Dickerson**, of Wheelerville, Pa., widow of Harvey D. Dickerson and daughter of Everett and Amy Shaddock, died April 17th, 1917, aged 84 years, 5 months and 15 days. She leaves behind to mourn, not for her, but themselves, two brothers, two sisters, seven children, nine grandchildren and five great-grandchildren. I think she was baptized by Elder Beeman, joining the Canton and Columbia Old School Baptist Church more than sixty years ago. Sister Dickerson had lived with her children since the death of her husband, and had all of the kind and tender care of loving hands of her children until God took her to himself in glory. She was a loving, faithful mother, neighbor, friend and christian, sound and clear in every principle of eternal truth. God bless the dear ones left behind with living grace and faith to lay hold upon his precious promise; I will not leave you comfortless. I was in Canada at the time of her death, so could not be with them, but I spoke to the friends May 24th, at Wheelerville, where she died.

D. M. VAIL.

**Mrs. Hephzibah Keene** died May 24th, 1917, at the home of her son, Elder Frederick W. Keene, North Berwick, Maine.

**Mrs. I. A. I. C. Woodford** departed this life at the home of her son, Arlie D. Woodford, near the old homestead, aged nearly 61 years, having been born Sept. 27th, 1856. She was married Sept. 27th, 1877, on her 21st birthday, to L. D. Woodford, who died Sept. 9th, 1886, leaving her with three small children and one unborn, the oldest not quite seven. Shortly after his death her parents requested her to come back home, which she did, as she felt the need of help in rearing her children. In 1895 death took her sainted mother, whom she loved so well, and in 1900 her dear old father, James W. Corder, was stricken with paralysis, and was helpless for six weeks, when he, too, passed away. She was afflicted with rheumatism for fifteen or eighteen years, but bore her suffering without murmuring. She spent practically her whole life in caring for her parents and children, and in entertaining her church, which was a great pleasure to her. She underwent a severe operation, but expressed herself as perfectly reconciled to her fate; that her God would direct the knife. She was strong in the belief of the absolute predestination of all things, and the Scriptures were her guide. Sister Woodford leaves four children, two brothers and one sister to mourn their loss. May the good Lord sustain them.

Written by her pastor,

S. A. CLEAVENGER.

**Mrs. Sallie M. Bartley**, wife of the late Elder David Bartley, was born in Clark County, Va., and died in Montgomery, Ala., May 19th, 1917, aged 78 years. She was the daughter of Archibald and Margaret Bowen. In early life she united with the Old School Baptist Church near Bloomington, Ill., and was baptized by Elder J. H. Ring. After the death of her husband she made her home with me, often spending the winter in the south, where she was when taken sick, having gone from here in February. On receipt of the first telegram my daughter went immediately, and cared for her until the end, taking her body to Bloomington, Ill., the family home, for burial. She was a firm believer in the predestination of all things, was well versed in the Scriptures, and with her last breath gave God all the glory of her salvation.

In much sorrow, her sister,

NELIA M. STARTZMAN.

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ARCHIE McALPINE, Church Clerk.

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GEORGE RUSTON.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85.

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NO. 13.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

“BUT covet earnestly the best gifts: and yet shew I unto you a more excellent way.” These gifts which the apostle has been dwelling upon at length are excellent, having been received by the Savior when he ascended up on high, having led captivity captive, and they were all given to the church for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ, till we all come in the unity of the faith and the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

The apostle has by divine authority given him as an apostle set these gifts in order in the church; they must therefore be excellent; as the gifts of God no fault can be found with them. The church in which they are manifested is called “the perfection of beauty.” What, then, can be the “more excellent way”? The Savior and his apostles have given all necessary instruction concerning the church, order, place and work. In gifts there is one glorious and divine principle which gives to each one of them all of its

true value, power and beauty, and that is charity, and charity may well be defined as the love of God dwelling in the life and conversation; as a firm, unchangeable principle in the soul and a divine emotion in the life, rising up through all the mystery of our being with an overcoming power, breaking through the coarse elements of our sinful nature and going forth in the holy actings of our spiritual desires. This is the true love of God, making itself felt in our own souls, and making its constant drawings felt and known by others in whom the same love exists; this is charity. I can no more describe it than I can describe the fragrant atmosphere which I breathe with comfort and delight, or the glorious sunshine which fills my being with joy. Aside from this sweetest and most divine principle there is nothing truly desirable in all this world of sin and sorrow. When the dear Savior, and the holy men of old inspired by the Holy Spirit, speak concerning this subject, their language seems most wonderfully to answer the needs of my soul.

When the apostle tells us to “covet earnestly the best gifts,” I do not understand him to be appealing to our am-

bition, or any other selfish principle of our natural hearts, which are deceitful and desperately wicked, but to that principle which says, Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and which also says; "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Those who are moved by this principle will be found truly humble, but no true minister will ever, or seldom, have to say to a church, I am the gift you need. Every church will be able to answer the questions as to gifts sent to them, when they are looking to the Lord for instruction. How good and how pleasant it is to see brethren of a church dwelling together in unity with all their members, and all their gifts in exercise and in gospel peace and order. "But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us." There is also danger here in the exercise of our minds in regard to gifts and gospel work; we may have and give a taste of the earthen vessel. How thoroughly and lovingly the apostle has gone over this ground in the preceding chapters, endeavoring to show how needful it is that brethren endeavor so to walk as to "keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," and to keep in remembrance that in this gospel walk the apostle has sweetly assured the saints that the peace of God, which passeth understanding, shall keep their hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

I do not understand from the Scriptures that superior learning or eloquence, or natural attractiveness of any kind, is necessary to a spiritual gift; nor does it appear to me that such gifts as the apostle tells us in chapter fourteen to desire are to be obtained by any human power. Spiritual mindedness characterizes all such gifts; and the best gifts we find with some degree of our old nature about

them in their manifestation, so that in giving instruction concerning them exhortations and admonitions and reproofs are needed by the apostle. Their usefulness is in proportion to the power of the Holy Spirit working in them. The one who is exercised by these gifts finds himself more or less hampered by the hindrances of his old nature, whose evil propensities are making themselves felt even in his best and most divine work. This is manifest by the apostle, as we read in the two preceding chapters, eleven and twelve. Now if the love of God can be felt in the heart and manifest in the heart and in the life in its fullness, these hindrances of the flesh would disappear. The apostle indicates the possibility of this in many places, and especially in Ephesians iii. 17-19. Here he prays most wonderfully that the saints might so know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that they might be filled with all the fullness of God. This appears to me to be the "more excellent way."

The apostle begins to consider this more excellent way, and gives a description of it by showing the destitution of it. A sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal are brought to us, and we are asked to listen to the music they produce. Whatever kind of sounds they might produce, we are sure the apostle intended to represent by them sounds most harsh and disagreeable, from which the true musician would turn away. There may be some to whom the sounds produced upon the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal are agreeable, but upon our ears they grate harshly; and though to some the tongues which address us appear as the tongues of angels singing, and are declared by some to be most exquisitely beautiful, to us there is no melody at all in them. Wealth and worldly glory may

be in them, but what we want is not there. What we want, charity, is not in the most musical of those sounds. The heart from which the sounds come forth is not moved to make them by the love of God, charity is not in them. What we want is Christ dwelling in the heart by faith, and there is no sound of the kind in any of these brass instruments. What we want are tongues that sing such songs as the angels sang in the heavens above to the shepherds keeping their flocks by night: "Glory to God in the highest," and there are no such sweet sounds of salvation by grace in all the hired music we hear of a worldly kind. "They invent to themselves instruments of music like David," but there is no sound or word of salvation in them to the praise of the glorious name of Jesus. The sounding brass and tinkling cymbals cannot mix their gross sounds with the notes of true music. There can be no coming together of the false and the true in any degree. The Leader of the heavenly choir will at once point out the false sound, and the least of the true company will at once see that the Savior's voice is not there. My sheep, he says, hear my voice. "Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

The next thing in showing the more excellent way is to suppose one possessed of the gift of prophecy, and having all knowledge and all mysteries and all faith, so one could remove mountains, and yet has not charity, that one is nothing. It is understood that there is no true charity here, although there appears to be best of knowledge and understanding and such appearance of faith. Pride and ambition and every selfish propensity

are built upon learning and extensive mental acquirements, and great things of the highest intellectual character and worldly fame are sought for by us as most desirable, but if charity be not present as the incentive moving us in every step of the way, we are nothing. What close discriminating work there must be for us to do in searching our hearts, and what a wonder it is that in each case those who have charity are the very ones who fear they have not.

The work of showing the "more excellent way" goes on, and Christ in the saint by faith is still shown to us as the only way, the only true knowledge, the only excellence. Christ, who ascended far above all heavens, that he might fill all things, is forever the Way, the Truth and the Life. What close work is given us here, and yet how sweet it is.

Now the natural sympathies are appealed to, the feelings are touched. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor." Can this be done and the act not be moved by the charity which is alone for the honor and glory of God? Can it be that a man could do such helpful things, such kind things, and not be moved to do them by charity, by the love of God? Yes, the apostle puts it stronger: "Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing." If one should be induced to believe that by any religious authority, or with the idea that thereby he would obtain fame, he should obtain fame, it would profit him nothing. Much good may be done to those around us, much help rendered to the poor, much instruction of a natural kind given to those who need and desire it, in all of which the love of God does not appear. Whenever charity is present to its full

extent, then the power and presence of the fullness of God are experienced, and the work of his grace appears, and man is lost sight of; then the church is seen standing in the truth, and walking in gospel order, and self is lost sight of; then every one is thinking, not only on his own things, but each one also on the things of others. Here charity is fully felt and seen. This is the "more excellent way." (Phil. ii. 4.)

"Charity suffereth long, and is kind." Here are a few words which are most sweet and comforting merely to read. They begin the most wonderful description of charity, of its appearance and character and its effect, that can be found anywhere. We think of one forsaken by all, and perhaps despised justly. While all his acquaintances avoid him, there is one who still suffers long and shows wonderful kindness. His true and faithful charity constrains him to show the kindness he feels. In his own case charity never faileth. The apostle undoubtedly has the dear Savior in his mind as he refers to the abiding nature of charity, as he was pressed down under the terrible weight of his people's sins and was despised and rejected of men. He suffered long with them, and expressed his kindness and tender care of them to the very last; and the holy charity, and tender care toward them, is the same as that manifested toward his people to-day. It never faileth, and therefore they are not consumed. And that same tender and abiding love in the hearts of his people to-day constrains them to acts of obedience and kindness toward others.

If the Lord will, I will express some thoughts concerning the after part of this chapter.

SILAS H. DURAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., May 27, 1917.

LUKE VI. 26.

"WOE unto you when all men shall speak well of you! for so did their fathers to the false prophets."

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—The reading of your miscellaneous editorial in the SIGNS for May 15th was so blessed to me that the Holy Spirit brought to my memory things of years ago, an experience which was given to me in connection with the Scripture quoted above. This morning brother Fisher came along in the SIGNS for June 1st and told me that it was the sun which made manifest that which I then saw, and that very dark evening was one part of the day over which the sun ruled. I feel just like telling you and him and any others who have traveled in this varied pathway a little of that experience, provided it is fit for the SIGNS.

In the early days of my ministry I had not much experience in the doctrine of the Scriptures. I spoke on experience, exhortations, admonitions and such like. I fully believed, and yet believe, what I then taught. The people of all denominations seemed to like me, and spoke well of me. I received many invitations from them to go and preach in their meetinghouses, schoolhouses and sometimes in their homes. I had not had any convictions of what all this led to. In the year 1882 I was elected to represent the county in the State Legislature. I was poor and needy, and felt that the salary from that office would help me much, and it did financially. I served the term and came home in March, 1883. A few days later I was reading, and read the Scripture I have quoted. I had read it many times before, for I had read every word in the New Testament six times as I would read any other book, but that was a new word which I had never noticed. It went like a dagger to my poor

heart. I stopped and read it again. It was true that the Lord had passed a woe on me. I was the very man he had spoken of, and I knew it. I saw that I could not hide my emotions from my wife and children (for we had only one room to our house and we were all in that), therefore I laid the book down, and without a word to any one went across a little branch to our garden. There I wept and begged the Lord for mercy. The woe was in me, and I could not get away from it. The more I thought of it the more I knew the truth of that text. I could not think of a time that any Arminian had spoken a word against my doctrine, and I knew that that was the point. What I suffered for nearly six months I shall never tell any one. As the days went by the woe grew heavier and the darkness thicker. To add to it it appeared to me that I received more invitations to preach among them than ever before, and they spoke more approvingly of my ministry. All this was a continual death to me, for that word, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you," had filled my heart, and it now was packed in and running over, and at times it felt like bursting. I did not see any way out of this trouble and darkness. I was preaching what I believed; I wanted to be courteous and kind to every one; I could not purposely speak insultingly to make myself hateful; I could not tell them abruptly that I would not go and preach, nor tell them that their words were such a thorn in me, and there was no other field of thought opened up to me. There I was, and there I had to stay. That experience has been one thing which taught me the falsity of "conditional time salvation." During those months of absolute darkness the churches were prosperous, and I think I

baptized more in the fellowship of the churches than in any other six months of my ministry. But all this was no comfort to me; I was a body full of death. I fully concluded in my mind that I would ask the church to exclude me; not because I did not love the church, nor because I wanted to be away from her, but because I felt that my very presence with the brethren was defiling to them. They looked the more beautiful and lovely to me as I saw so much death and corruption in myself. I told my dear companion, mother and sister of my determination. Wife was not then a member, but she said, "Now, Lemmie, you know what you have suffered about preaching, and I have seen and felt some of it. I do not ever want to hear you say again that you are going to leave the church nor quit preaching. Just go on and do your duty and behave yourself." Mother tried to comfort me, and sister cried. They were both members, but none of them knew of the woe that was in my heart. The day of our meeting came. I walked twelve miles that morning to the meeting. It was in the month of August. As I came in sight of the meetinghouse I saw the people all gathered together in front of the house, a lovely band of people. I felt that I would be a black speck among them. Something appeared to say, What have they gathered here for? Then the question was answered: To hear the word of the Lord at your mouth. Something appeared to say again, And you are going to leave them to-day; where are you going? Quicker than I can say it my mind took in all the religious sects I knew, and not one of them could I live with, because I did not believe them to be the church of God, and I could not believe their way. I could not go back to the world, I could not

stay there when I was there. These crossings were so great in my mind, if it had not been playing the part of the coward I would have taken to the woods, and no one would have known that I had been near there that day. But I went on and tried to preach, and they appeared to enjoy a pleasant meeting. I did not have the courage to carry out my determination, and spoke again Sunday and went home with my burden yet weighing me down. Twenty miles below me a brother lived with no Primitive Baptists except himself and his wife anywhere near. He had made an appointment for me near his home for Wednesday night before the fourth Sunday in August. On Monday morning as I awoke the words came, "This is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day." Those words came just as I have given them, but there was no light in them to me. As the day passed on they became a burden to me. They revolved in my mind constantly, but there was no meaning to them. This continued on Tuesday and Wednesday. Wednesday night I got to the appointment in a new Methodist meeting-house. When I got up to speak I read John vi. 39, but there was no light except just a little space, and then a wall was there. I began to talk in that little space, and the wall began to go before me, and that little space of light to fill up. This continued during the sermon of forty-five minutes. As a point in the text would open up in me so beautifully and my tongue would be so sweetly loosed to speak of things spiritual, some clear illustration of things in nature would be given to me to clear the matter in plain language. I will say that never before nor since have I spoken with

sweeter liberty than on that occasion. When I had finished the woe was gone, and from that time I have never had the occasion to feel that woe for the same cause, for that sermon turned the tide of praise to hatred and bitterness because of the doctrine which so clearly opened up to me at that time. There I learned and have continued to learn that doctrine comes up to us out of very deep places, wherein all our natural powers of wisdom and knowledge are swallowed up, and we are shown our inability to attain to any place where we may obtain them. With this experience I am yet dependent, and have to go down under the mighty hand of the Lord and be tried before I am raised up to an understanding of the deep places. We do not have to do wrong to get into those places, but the Lord puts us there to purge us from our old sins and make us meet for the Master's use.

This letter is long, and I will stop. The Lord bless you.

Your brother, I hope,

L. H. HARDY.

ATLANTIC, N. C., May 31, 1917.

WINNIPEG, Man., May 18, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LIEFFERTS:—I feel a desire to write to you; whether it is a spiritual desire or not is known to the Lord. I am often deceived. When I talk of spiritual things, or write, I am conscious of the necessity of divine guidance. At times thoughts come to me unbidden, but often also my mind is stirred up and caused to meditate by the conversation or writings of others who are spiritually minded. I find our dear pastor very profitable to me in bringing to my remembrance and opening up to me many sweet gospel truths. He never deals with a subject as if he would finish it conclusively, but opens up the word in

such a way as to cause us to consider. Last week he spoke from the one hundred and third Psalm. In the first verse: "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name," he brought out the thought, "Christ in you" so beautifully, showing the source of praise, of righteousness and everlasting mercy. I wish you could know each other; he enjoys your writings so much.

The subject I have in mind to write you about is how Satan appears as a master counterfeiter, displaying such cunning as to deceive, if it were possible, the very elect. (Matthew xxiv. 24.) Even the glorious attributes of the Godhead, in which we rejoice, have been so artfully perverted as to become a snare and stumbling-block to many. Antinomianism is the devil's counterfeit of predestination; let us beware of it. Predestination is neither an excuse for sin nor a shelter for our sins. If one is ordained to destruction what shelter has he in God's predestination? Here lies the fallacy of antinomianism. We must be partakers of our Lord Jesus Christ, embraced in the covenant of God's grace. Here is the refuge of the saints. The steadfastness of this covenant is assured us in the glorious attributes of the Godhead. His omnipotence, foreknowledge, immutability and absolute predestination are sureties of his covenant. Without these attributes the covenant would be in danger of nonfulfillment. (Hebrews vi. 16-18.) Satan is apt at quoting Scripture. With what effrontery he addressed the Lord: "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down: for it is written, He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Was not this Scripture truly quoted? But what said

the Lord? "Get thee hence, Satan." Let us take heed, and never receive a suggestion, even couched in words of truth, from the adversary. Peter was rebuked for his zeal when Satan used him as a mouthpiece. How the archenemy misapplies Scripture. Even on the cross he taunted, "If thou be Christ, save thyself and us." The poor disciples, overcome by things they could not understand for lack of faith, lamented: "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel." Satan was at work as usual. How often in these awful times we hear comparisons of the death of men on the battlefield with the death of Christ. They truly make a great personal sacrifice, take great risks of death in the interests of victory, but their death is a loss, not a gain. If they die their usefulness in the field is finished; they gain by killing, not by dying. But with our Lord, the victory was in his death. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things?" Satan prompts, "We have heard out of the law that Christ abideth for ever." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." "For this cause came I unto this hour." How little we hear of the virtue of his atoning blood, the necessity of his death that we might live, but that is the keynote to the understanding of the gospel. Again, let us consider prayer, the vital breathing of the heaven-born soul. Satan tells us to make merchandise of it, and quotes, "Ye have not because ye ask not." How many a poor heaven-born soul has grieved at this misapplied suggestion. Will we who have health and comforts boast over that poor soul who in affliction and dire want cries out to the Lord? Is it in vain? God

forbid. Let us read the full epistle of James and meditate, and not entertain Satan as an interpreter of Scripture. "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." "Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat?" &c. "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness." Read the epistle of James and see if it does not say the same thing. What of the prayer of the Pharisee and the publican? True prayer is an evidence of spiritual life. The newborn soul cries out to God, and there is no limitation on that cry. But Satan comes along with his counterfeit, which any man may use, formal prayer. Will God respect it? It is an offence to him, a stench in his nostrils. Can we have everything we want for the asking? Is that the office of prayer? "Be content with such things as you have." "The little that a righteous man hath." How beautifully our dear pastor was led to emphasize that little until it seemed to comprehend eternity. "Christ in you." What more can we want? Although the fig tree shall not blossom, &c., yet will I rejoice in the Lord. Why did Elijah pray that it should not rain? Was he to derive personal benefit? No; it was because the Spirit of the Lord moved him to do so, that the Lord might fulfill his purpose against Israel. Let the children of God pray naturally, not formally—pray as they breathe, knowing that the only prayer that avails is that indited by the Spirit of God in the heart. "When thou prayest, enter into thy closet." Prayer is a secret, sacred thing not to be advertised or made much ado of before men. Some good men I believe have erred in this. Boast not of your power

in prayer. Paul had to pray in weakness, in humiliation, and had to suffer the buffets of Satan still. Think not that any of us are better able to pray than Paul. Be not puffed up. This, dear brother, has not any personal significance, as I know you, even as myself, have learned these truths, but I speak to God's children who may be led away by false teaching. Our Lord himself would not give the people the sign or demonstration they wanted. If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe though one rise from the dead. To his own chosen witnesses he appeared, and they believed, being filled with the Spirit, but the world remained in unbelief. Do not think that I despise prayer; it is my very life itself. Would that we were more given to prayer. I believe a knowledge of the perversion of this precious gift has caused many to neglect it. Do not let Satan rob you of such a wonderful provision of God's grace. Pray always. Meet together for prayer; but pray in the spirit, not formally, pray for the things of the kingdom, not for the satisfying of your lusts; pray as God gives you utterance.

Dear brother, I hope you will not be weary of this long letter. God bless you with his richest mercies in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Affectionately your brother,  
GILBERT McCOLL.

DUTTON, Ontario, Dec. 20, 1916.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—Many times I feel so beneath the dear children of God that I wonder if I belong to them or not; but the dear Lord knows them that are his, and not one will be left. His work is a perfect work. What a comforting thought! O what worthless worms we are! Well might David say, What is man? Surely none was ever so vile as I



am—the very end of the world, a particle of corruption, and still I know I am walking in the path ordered before time began. Now this is not what I intended to write when I started. You wanted me to write what I felt the dear Lord has done for me; the many things he has set before me to comfort and cheer my poor, weary soul when down in the deep. The first I began to wonder was when father was sick. I was thirteen years old. I had never heard him say much, and began to wonder how he felt. At last I asked him if he was afraid to die. He said, No, and that was a comfort to me, but I began to think about myself; I felt I would be afraid. When somewhere between fourteen and fifteen I was sitting on grandmother's doorstep, and a bird flew in one of the highest trees and sang with these words: Are you weary, are you heavy laden? Tell it to Jesus alone. I asked grandmother if she heard that bird. She heard it sing, but no words. Well, I can never tell just how I felt; it was sweet to me. Grandmother never said much to me about those things. Many a night I laid beside her, listening to her singing and praising the dear Lord, when she thought I was asleep. I loved to hear her, and was afraid to say anything to her for fear it might stop her. To-day it is the same with myself. At night when everything is still I feel so near the blessed One I hate to go to sleep; I do not want to leave Him. My very heart leaps within when I think of the name Jesus. Some time after I heard the bird I had a dream. I was going through a very crooked path, full of picks and briars and thistles. All at once a bright light shone in front of me, and a voice said, Follow me, I will take you through. When I heard the voice I thought it was Elder Vail. At that time

I had never seen Elder Vail, and it was about two years later when he preached in Dunwich Church, and I thought all he said was for me. That was the first sermon I enjoyed, and have always had love for Elder Vail, although I have not met him very often. About thirteen years ago, coming from Ekfrid in June, I was thinking about the good preaching and myself, when these words were spoken as if some one was by my side:

I am the first, and I the last;  
Time centers all in me;  
The almighty Lord, who was, and is,  
And evermore shall be.

From then until a year ago last May I was here and there, sometimes happy and sometimes sad; and from a year ago last May until last May words cannot tell how condemned I felt, not fit for anything or anybody. I felt if the dear Lord would only show me that my sins were not as many as I could see them I could be happy like others. Our next meeting was in June, 1915. Brother Maddock was baptized, and it was a glorious sight while our dear pastor and he were in the water; the angels of heaven appeared to be hovering over their heads, and the words that came to my mind were: I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes. This was Saturday afternoon. Sunday afternoon our dear pastor preached. He took for his text: And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new, &c. Dear Elder Fenton, I do not know of anything that affected me so; it was a wonderful sermon to me. Last May at our last meeting I came before the church to ask a place among them, and was received, and four weeks later was baptized. The Sunday of my baptism I could hardly wait; I felt the time so long. It was a

lovely bright day, and the water was lovely. That was one happy day for me; I was like a bird let loose, and after all this I sometimes am left to wonder if it is all imagination. Of course Satan will try to make me think so; he has many ways to try us to accomplish his work. I believe all the dear children of God know what it is to go to war daily, else they would not want a captain, and Jesus is the Captain of their salvation.

Now I must close, as I feel I will weary you reading so much, although I feel I have not written half. Words cannot express, language is too weak to tell the true story of Jesus and his love to poor sinners. I cannot forget the last October meeting; I did enjoy that meeting; I always loved your preaching. Often since reading "The Macedonian Cry," which Elder Lefferts wrote on in the SIGNS, I think of that October meeting. He said Paul did not invite the maiden or coax her to follow him or join the church. Truly, I thought, you are men of the most high God, who shew unto us the way of salvation.

MARGARET HALES.

HERNDON, Va., June 13, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I will try this morning to write you some of the things Miss Sarah Jane Cockrill said to me soon after I went to see her in February. She asked what we Baptists believe, and before I could reply she began to tell me her belief in predestination, election, and in the unity of Christ and his church. It sounded good to me, for it was the first I knew of any spiritual exercise of her mind, and I told her that I felt she and I were drawn together by stronger ties than natural relationship. At that there was such an expression on her face, past my power of telling you. At another time, as she had strength, she

said it had been many years, yes, twenty years, since the world had had no charms for her. She had been deprived of going to hear the preaching she loved, and could not feed on any other, so would stay at home, where she hoped she had sweet meditations, if she could dare claim them as such. She was a lovely character, very gentle and unassuming, a sly Bible reader, and loved to read the SIGNS. There were many things in that paper good to her. She often said she did not want to shrink from pain, that Job did not murmur, that the Savior's flesh was tortured worse than hers, and that she deserved it all. As her strength would return after severe spells of coughing, I would hear her beg the Lord to be kept from being rebellious at her affliction. One day she said, How much longer will this last? I replied that I hoped it would not be much longer, if it were the Lord's will. She said, I have prayed many times for the end, and then would feel I had done wrong and beg for pardon. The morning she died her sister came into the room and said that if she, the sick one, were strong enough to go where it was quiet, it might do her good. The sick replied, I want to go to a home of a never-ending day, to where a merciful and unchangeable God assigns me; he never errs. Then she turned to me and said so many hymns were passing through her mind. One was: "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." About three hours before she died she asked me to read your editorial of June 1st. She failed in strength before I had finished reading it to her. She fell asleep at 3 p. m. Sunday.

I have written the above in a blundering way, but hope you can get something out of it.

Your little sister, I hope,

NANCY HUTCHISON.

(See obituary notice on page 308.)

## SALVATION BY GRACE.

"THEN said Jesus unto him, Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe."—John iv. 48.

Is this the truth with all men? Jesus said this to "a certain nobleman, whose son was sick." Is it a fact that no sinner can believe on Jesus "except ye see signs and wonders"? Would we believe this Scripture to-day, this word that Jesus spoke to this man, had we not seen "signs and wonders"? I am tempted to say we would not, yet can I claim to have seen signs and wonders? Did we ever get the joy of the truth of one passage of Scripture until we had seen signs and wonders? and is that salvation by grace? We see natural things by the effect of the rays of light from the sun being reflected from the object we see into the eye, and acts upon the nerve which goes to the brain, or mind. The cause then is the external light entering into our organ of sight and making the impression upon our natural mind, involuntary on our part, so far as the effect is concerned. So we cannot believe except we see those things as pictured in the natural eye. Jesus is speaking of the belief in Christ. This "certain nobleman" had a son he loved, and who was very sick, for he said to Jesus, "Sir, come down ere my child die." This carries the thought that the only hope was in Jesus; meaning, If you do not come, there is no salvation, and if you wait too long my son will die. The father was not looking to other help, no man's power. But he was not sure that Christ would save. Christ knew the man's mind and desire, his doubts and fears. "Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth." "And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way." The man seemed to hope if Christ would come to the child he would heal him, but when

he saw and heard Jesus say, "Go thy way; thy son liveth," that was wonderful. He spoke with authority and assurance. He saw it was not needful that the Savior should make the journey, but just speak peace, and he believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him. The word was life: "Thy son liveth." He believed that far. But he met his servants, and they told him the same; then he asked what hour he began to amend. When they said, "Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him," the father believed more still, for he knew that it was the same hour in which Jesus had said unto him, "Thy son liveth." Had he not seen "signs and wonders"? Then he not only believed that his son lived, but that it was by Christ's own words as spoken to him, for it was at the same hour that the fever left him, and Christ had told him so. The testimony of all the witnesses proved beyond a single doubt that the Lord spoke the very words of salvation by grace, a free gift, and his whole house believed. Why was that? They had seen "signs and wonders." All the faithful believers we read of in the Bible, from Abel down to the last writing of Revelation, have believed through "signs and wonders." Spiritual believers believe by the light in the eye of faith; they believe on invisible things, seeing by faith as though they were. Did not Paul see "signs and wonders" which his fellow-travelers could not see? and Peter on the housetop? Cornelius in a vision? By this Peter learned that God was no respecter of persons. Did Jonah see signs and wonders before he believed? What made him believe "salvation is of the Lord"? Just what it takes to make us believe on Christ Jesus. O, belief is easy with "signs and wonders," but try just once without. But

is this salvation by grace? I will leave the reader to say. I learned long ago that the SIGNS OF THE TIMES is among the strongest advocates of salvation by grace, and I have no desire to write anything which will deny that theme. I would love to see that doctrine more popular, even with the Baptists. The blind man could see that when his eyes were opened, he could see the sign and the wonder; even so can we when our eyes are opened. But all men have not faith, for some are yet blind to the way of salvation. Signs and wonders are so necessary to a belief in Christ that no child of God desiring fellowship in his church can come in by the door into the sheepfold "except ye see signs and wonders." Each one must bring those signs and wonders with them; they must tell something of how God has worked with and upon them, and so changed their mind, and give a reason of their hope in Christ. Those signs and wonders must necessarily be outside of man's power; they must be peculiarly of God, for this is the meaning of Christ's words to the man whose son was sick. This man must see something in Christ and his works that he had not seen in any other man, or he could never believe in his power of salvation; it must be miraculous and supernatural. If it were only man's power it would not be wonderful and could not reach the case. So the church of God must have this kind of testimony, the evidence of "signs and wonders," in every approaching sinner unto her table; they must live of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table. No one ever saw the "signs and wonders" of God's salvation but what loved the free grace plan. Would you think of the poor, sorrowing father, after he had fully enjoyed the healing of his son, as wishing for a better way of salva-

tion? No, vanish the thought. "Go thy way; thy son liveth," was good enough for him. Is it not good enough for you?

My only hope.

E. G. WEBB.

CULLISON, KANSAS.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 6, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—As I am renewing my subscription, which is over due, will try to cast in my mite, if the dear Lord will direct me. The words found in Matthew vii. 1-3, have been on my mind for some time, which read as follows: "Judge not, that ye be not judged. For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged; and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye?" Our Savior in this sermon was teaching his disciples the way in which they should go, and it was put on record for the instruction of the Lord's people in all ages to come. In the preceding chapter he tells them, Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all needful things shall be added unto you. Jesus says, God is the Judge, and his is righteous judgment. He says, Love ye one another, and we are told that love hideth a multitude of sins. Now he tells us, "Judge not, that ye be not judged." If we love one another with a true love we should not be too ready to judge each other, for no one of us is perfect, no, not one. Jesus is teaching the disciples that they see the failings, which are trifling, and do not see the imperfections in themselves, though they are many. Brethren, when we are led by the flesh we are like unto the Pharisee, but when we are led by the Spirit we esteem our brethren better than ourselves; then we are worshipping God

in spirit and in truth; then we can say with the publican, Lord, have mercy on me, a sinner. Brethren, this judgment here spoken of has caused more strife among the Baptists than anything else; some have put up bars of fellowship, and no doubt are sorry, and would like to resume correspondence with those same people. Now comes the time that they will have the same judgment meted out to them again, but it is as Jesus has told them it should be; they were imperfect themselves, but did not see their errors or the beam in their own eye, but tried to pick the mote out of their brother's eye; they disobeyed the express command of the Savior, which was worse than differing on some point of doctrine. Jesus says, If ye love me, keep my commandments. The apostle Paul tells the difference between the works of the flesh and the works of the Spirit. All things in the church pertaining toward strife in the church are the fruit of the flesh. "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance: against such there is no law." "If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit. Let us not be desirous of vainglory, provoking one another, envying one another. Dear brethren, the teaching of the apostle here is practically the same as the teaching of our Savior, and he tells us that when we are led by the flesh or our carnal mind it works strife, sedition and murder. Brethren, if we esteem others better than ourselves, and feel to be at the feet of our brethren, we are not apt to judge another. Paul says, As ye have received Christ, so walk ye in him. Jesus says, Except ye receive the kingdom of God as

a little child, ye can in no wise enter therein. Now if we receive Jesus as a little child, and walk as a little child, we will not be ready to judge our brethren hastily.

I enjoyed Elder L. H. Hardy's letter in the SIGNS, and felt it was timely, for it appears to be the unexplainable that causes the most contention, and contention genders strife, and strife causes coldness and a falling away. Jesus says, If a house is divided against itself it shall fall. Dear brethren, let us strive to shew forth love one for another, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

Brother Ker, you or brother Lefferts or some of the writers perhaps may be led to write on this same Scripture. If it were properly set forth I feel it would be profitable to the household of faith.

Do with this as you think best.

Your brother in tribulation,

L. C. GODWIN.

HOTEVILLA, Ariz., April 11, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have for some time intended to send money to renew my subscription, but have not. The paper is very welcome, as it and the Bible are my only preaching. When I see such good letters in the paper I often wish I could tell the writers how much comfort they are, but do not feel that I can rightly do so, I am too unworthy the place among them. Were it not for the fact that the love of the brethren is given as proof of a change, I could have no hope it seems, but small as it is, it is priceless. Pray for me, that I may some time be where I can attend the meetings of the church.

Your sister, I hope,

LENA LANGFORD.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JULY 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***SPIRITUAL TOUCH.**

WE have heard that in the new birth the believer is manifested as possessing spiritual gifts or senses, which enable him to understand and enjoy the things of the spiritual world. The senses with which one is endowed in the natural birth will not enable him to reach out unto spiritual things, for that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. The carnal mind is enmity against God, even in one who is the subject of spiritual regeneration. The natural man knows not the things of God, and cannot know them, for they are spiritually discerned. This applies as well to the natural man of the believer as to one who is wholly an unbeliever, for the believer witnesses in himself the warfare of the new man against the old man. If the new birth makes any change in the nature of the sinner, then there could be no warfare of the flesh against the Spirit, or *vice versa*; but the new birth, while it brings the sinner into the manifestation of a new or spiritual life, makes no change in his old Adam nature, hence the warfare arises between these two contrary principles. Now, as a natural child is endowed with the senses of sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch, so the sinner

born again, or born from above, of an incorruptible Seed, comes into the possession of spiritual sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch. In this article we desire to treat only of the spiritual touch. The apostles testified to the churches of those things which they had seen with their eyes, heard with their ears, and handled with their hands, of the Word of life. The apostles' doctrine was not mere untried theory or imaginary concept, it was received by them by divine revelation, and every principle of that doctrine was lived out in their lives, so that it was a vital matter with them; something they had seen, heard and handled for themselves. Now, if there is such a thing as handling the Word of life, such a thing as touching the Christ of God, how is it? This is the matter we now propose to answer. As the Bible is a vast theme, and our field of exploration a large one, and as the space allowed us is limited, we will confine ourselves to one of the most striking examples of spiritual touch which the Scriptures afford. This is to be found in Matthew ix. 20-22; Mark v. 25-34; Luke viii. 43-48. In these three records we have the instance narrated of a woman who had had an issue of blood for twelve years, and who, in her extremity, came to touch the hem of Jesus' garment. This woman had spent all her living on physicians, neither could be healed of any. Not until she exhausted all other remedies prescribed for her case did she come to Jesus. She came to him because she could go nowhere else. It was not as though she had two or three other ways of escape open and chose this way, but every other way was closed to her but this way: the way of Jesus. Just so, no sinner ever comes to Jesus until he finds he can go nowhere else. These physicians to whom this poor soul

had gone had been willing to take her money, even though they could do her no good. Jesus heals, but charges nothing. His salvation is free, without money and without price. Joseph's brethren went down to Egypt to buy corn, but Joseph sent them back with both corn and money. He wanted not their payment. So the Lord wants not our works to pay him for saving us. He saves freely and without end. How many a poor soul has gone to the Revs. and D. D.'s of the world hunting a cure for the sin-sick soul. These learned religious (?) physicians have been willing and glad to take all the pay they could get, whether they understood the case of the sinner or not. They cared more for the fleece than for the sheep itself. Jesus, however, loves not what the sinner has, but the sinner himself. He came into the world to minister unto sinners, not that they might minister unto him. The sinner's extremity drives him to the feet of Jesus. As long as he can go anywhere else he will not go to the great Physician. We do not wait upon the Lord until we get done waiting on ourselves. How perverse and crooked we are. Also, this woman came up behind Jesus, not facing him. Why was this, if not because she felt unworthy that he should look upon her? This coming up behind him showed the humble spirit that was in her. She realized her unfitness to receive anything at the hands of the blessed Jesus, yet her dreadful condition drove her to him. She desired healing through the touch of his garment, but also desired to remain hidden and to slink away out of sight as soon as the benefit should be received. Now, a large crowd was pressing Jesus on every side, yet through the press came this weak, diseased woman to be healed. Faith drove her onward; not the faith

which is natural and inherent in every carnal mind, for there is a natural or historical faith, and there is the spiritual or God-given faith; but that faith which was the gift of God in her soul, which was the fruit of God's Spirit; this faith kept urging her on to the Savior, notwithstanding the throng that pressed him on every side. A living vine, though appearing to be weak and frail, has been known to split rocks; so living faith will remove mountains; the omnipotence of God is in this faith which God gives his people. In this woman, this wonderful heaven-born faith pushed the crowd apart that she might come to where her Savior was. Nothing is too hard for those who have such faith. As she came, she said: "If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole." This is the way faith always expresses itself: certain of Christ's power to heal her, but doubtful as to whether she should touch him. Now, if she had said instead: I shall touch his garment and I may be made whole, how different that would have been. Such an expression would have signified her determination to touch him, but doubtful as to whether he could do her any good. This latter is the way carnal religion talks: always saying it will do its part whether God does his or not; certain of creature ability, but skeptical of the divine power. This woman talked not so, but expressed all confidence in the ability of Christ to heal her: "I shall be whole." The doubt with her was, not concerning God, but as to whether she ought to touch his garment. She doubted herself, but never doubted Jesus. This is the way real religion talks: skeptical of all man-made excellence, confident of the power of Almighty God. Immediately she touched him, Jesus said: "Who touched me?" This question surprised his disci-

ples, for, in such a press, it was impossible to tell who touched him. Many thronged about him in the crowd, and jostled him here and there, but it was not physical or bodily touch that Jesus meant. He said: "Somebody hath touched me: for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." Some one in all that crowd had touched him as no one else did. Many came in contact with his body, but this woman touched him in his divinity. It was not so much that her hands touched his garment as that her faith saw through the outer man to his Godhead. This touch of faith brought virtue, healing and uprightness, out of him to her. But, though virtue went out of him to her, did that leave any the less virtue in him? No, for his virtue is inexhaustible. God spends himself upon his people, but does not lose nor lessen himself in the spending. As the sun does not have to lessen itself because of the millions of people it has warmed in ages gone, but waxes warm as ever, even though centuries have rolled by, so God in Christ never becomes exhausted because of the countless thousands who have received mercy and salvation at his hands. Because the sun shines on this one makes it no less able to shine on all else. So Jesus, in imparting virtue to this poor woman, was not deprived of virtue himself, nor did he have to rob some one else of salvation in order to heal her. It had been the desire of this woman to touch his garment from behind and so remain hidden, but when Jesus kept on insisting that some one had touched him, the poor soul found she could stay no longer hidden, so came in front of him and fell trembling down before him, confessing his great work before all the multitude. Faith can make a timid sinner bold. This woman was

not the first, and will not be the last to desire to remain hidden while receiving healing at Jesus' hands. Many a trembling soul has been hunted down by the voice of Jesus and made to confess him, even though with fear and trembling. Some have tried to keep the knowledge of the truth shut up within themselves for many years, and have struggled not to let others know of the truth that was in them, but have been brought at last to confess that Jesus is the way, the truth and the life. Some are brought into the church late in life who have been following in the footsteps of the flock for many years. They refrain from telling of the hope that is in them through fear of self, not because they are ashamed of Jesus. We suppose that after this woman found she could remain no longer hidden, she cared not if all the world had heard her testimony. Many a soul has shrunk from a crowd of people and dreaded baptism because it was so public and so many beholders out of idle curiosity, but when the way to baptism is opened to the believer, and the believer can no longer stay unbaptized, this shrinking one goes forward confessing the Lord, caring not if all the world were there to witness the confession. Jesus' dismissing words to this woman were: "Daughter, be of good comfort: thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace." She received, therefore, the answer of her faith, that faith which was hers by God's gift within her, and which was the fruit of his Spirit. God had begun in her this good work of faith, and he carried it on to the day of Jesus Christ, when she received the end of her faith, even the salvation of her soul. This woman knew her infirmity and her need of Christ. She knew this by faith, and also that Christ had all power to heal her. So with this faith by which she



knew her infirmity and knew his sovereign power, she touched the Christ. In this way, she touched him as no other in all that crowd touched him. This is spiritual touch. "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—Hebrews iv. 15. Every sinner who knows and feels his guilt before God, who is made to mourn over his sins, who hungers and thirsts after righteousness, every such soul is in contact with the great High Priest of the church of God. While Jesus does not appear to our mortal senses, he is seen by faith and touched by faith. In no other way can sinners touch him but as they themselves are made conscious of their infirmities and of their need of him. This consciousness of infirmity within one's self is by faith; this leads one to beg for mercy, and this is touching Christ. This is not seeing him merely as a man, or as the son of Mary and Joseph, but seeing him as the anointed One of the Highest, and as verily the only begotten Son of God. Such sinners, made sensible of their utter sinfulness and helplessness, commune with him who was tempted in all points like as themselves. Do you ever feel you cannot pray or even think a good thought? Such feeling sense of weakness is a cry to Jesus for help. This helplessness touches him, and he always heeds the cry of the destitute. Whether as nations or as individuals, all must be brought in contrition before him to acknowledge their transgressions before there can be any communion with God, any sense of the perfectness of that peace that passes all understanding. As long as we as individuals or as a nation seek to justify ourselves and to excuse our sins, the way of peace and righteousness is hid from

our eyes. May God give us more and more that faith with which to touch his dear Son, that faith to know our constant need of him, that faith to view that spotless garment of heavenly righteousness which completely robes the great High Priest of our profession. L.

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### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

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(Written by Elder B. E. Cubbage.)

*The churches comprising the Delaware Association of Old School Baptists, convened with the Rock Springs Church, Lancaster Co., Pa., May 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1917, greeting.*

BELOVED BRETHERN IN THE LORD:—

When believers in the Lord Jesus Christ meet together with the desire to praise his holy name, whether it be in associate capacity of several churches, or in the meeting of the members of one single church organization, the chief theme and subject should be, Christ and the church. Every text of Scripture in the Bible bears either directly or figuratively upon these two objects of the love of Almighty God. When the beauty of holiness, with which Salem's bright King is clothed, is presented and set forth, the church in all her relations to Christ, the bride, the Lamb's wife, rejoices and responds to the praise of his holiness. Also, when the church in her loveliness, purity and white apparel is honored, loved, cherished and praised, in honoring her we honor her Lord and Master, and thereby name him a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance unto men. All her loveliness or honor is that with which he clothes her. Christ loves the church, and every subject of God's love and mercy loves what Christ loves. God's people therefore love the church of the true and living God, the church our dear Redeemer bought

with his own precious blood. We love the church, and we praise the Head of the church, Christ. Of him we say, Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive all honor, power, dominion and glory for ever and for evermore. Amen. What do we say of the church? Do we praise her, Jerusalem, the mother of us all? Ah, how sad it is, dear, dear mother! The children do grow up so fast. Your young men dream dreams, and some do prophesy. To Jerusalem of old the Lord cried, "O, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Some one will say, There seems to be something the matter in the church; there is such a coldness, such a lack of interest, and indeed there is so much fault found with our dear mother, so much imperfection found in the church, that often some in doubt and distress ask the question, Am I all wrong? Is the church wrong? Brethren can very easily be wrong. Our best efforts are but poor, but we should always take careful thought before criticizing an act of the church or of one therein, for the church, that Jerusalem that is our mother, is the Jerusalem that cometh down from above, prepared to meet our dear Lord, adorned as pleaseth him. Therefore, children, hearken unto your mother, love her, praise her, honor her, for there is a new order of things. Perfection you will not find in our brethren in the church. God grant that we cease to complain about it. But just so sure as Christ was a perfect man in the flesh, just so sure is every one, though vile, perfect in him, through the washing of regeneration, for we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good

works. In view of all that Christ in his death and resurrection would do for the church, Solomon sang continuously of her beauty and honor. What can so cheer and comfort and gladden the hearts of God's people as the testimony of his servants that the sweetest and closest relationship exists between Christ and his bride? They are still lovers, dear brethren, there is no estrangement between them, but instead there is perfect love that casteth out all fear. Where there is coldness, be assured that it is coldness between brethren, man and man, and not between the church and Christ. The Lord careth for them that love him. May we all of one mind and one heart pray God, saying, Lord, lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the honor, power and glory, forever. Amen.

J. G. EUBANKS, Moderator.

P. M. SHERWOOD, Clerk.

(Written by Elder H. C. Ker.)

*The Warwick Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Middletown and Wallkill Church, Middletown, N. Y., June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1917, to the churches composing the same sends love in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—As has been our custom in the past, we will address you again with what we call a Circular Letter. This kind of letter usually conveys to our correspondents some point of doctrine or order of our denomination, and we do not wish to depart from our custom at this time. The doctrine of our association is well known by all who know and correspond with us. There is no special point at this time needful to dwell upon, therefore we write in a general way and call attention to some things by way of remembrance. The doctrine

of the prophets was that of faith, and gave glory to God in the salvation of his chosen people. That doctrine was precious to those who felt their need of the almighty Lord. Their faith was demonstrated by their walk in life, enduring hardship for their testimony of God. The Lord was good to them in giving them hope in his mercy and faith in his promises. They looked for the redemption of Israel through the promised Seed, yet could not understand how it could be. The mystery was too great for them, and it is no less deep now. The old prophet could say, "A virgin shall conceive and bring forth a son," but how such a thing could be was more than he could understand. Mary herself asked how it could be. She was told more than was ever told mortal before, yet she had not the slightest conception how she could be overshadowed by the Holy Ghost, but accepted the word of God and believed it. Abraham did not understand how Sarah could bring forth a son when she was ninety years old, but staggered not at the promise; believed God and it was counted to him for righteousness. When rightly considered there is very little indeed we know of God and his mighty works. His ways are high, we cannot attain unto them; they are deep, we cannot fathom them. All this causes us to walk by faith, and it brings us into sweet fellowship with the saints of old. Job said, "The thunder of his power who can understand?" When we think of Him we are lost in wonder, admiration and praise, especially when given to think of his purpose and plan to save, and that we poor, vile sinners were loved by him when dead in sin and enemies to him. Such love is beyond the conception of man, but though we cannot comprehend it, we feel it at times in our poor hearts, causing us to rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.

The ordinances established also by the Savior and apostles are perfect, and we as an association are satisfied to continue in them. The ordinance of baptism, setting forth the death, burial and resurrection of Christ, is really wonderful, and those who thus put on Christ should be dead to sin, that they live unto God. That ordinance belongs to the church only, and believers only are proper subjects for it. On the other hand, those called of God to preach the gospel are the only ones qualified to administer the ordinance. The ordinance of the Lord's supper, instituted by the Savior, is full of meaning, too deep for finite minds to comprehend. The new testament is his blood, that covenant which speaketh better things than the one that never could make the comers thereunto perfect. The blood of the Lamb of God took away sin and brought in everlasting righteousness through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus our Lord. The laying on of hands in setting the servants of the church apart, where the gifts are made manifest, is also of divine origin, and we gladly recognize it as the only way to appoint men to their several offices whereunto the Lord calls them.

We as an association are glad to report to our correspondents that we abide in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and are satisfied with the goodness of the Lord's house.

May the feet of all the redeemed stand within the gates of Jerusalem.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

R. L. DODSON, Clerk.

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### NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in July (29th). All are welcome.

L. B. FORD.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mrs. Emily Carey Springstead** died Jan. 28th, 1917, at her home in Middletown, N. Y., in the 74th year of her age. The deceased was born May 9th, 1842, a daughter of John B. Carey and Snsan Kirby. She was married to George M. Springstead in 1867. The deceased was a great sufferer for over a year with heart trouble, but bore up bravely to the end. She never made a public profession of religion, but always attended the Old School Baptist meeting when she went anywhere. She is survived by her husband, one son, an adopted daughter, Mrs. James Dryea, a sister, Mrs. Clara E. Hunt, and several nephews and nieces.

The funeral was held Feb. 1st, Elder Ker speaking to a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends, who had come to pay their last respects to the departed one.

ALSO,

**George Hunt** died Jan. 10th, 1917, at his home in Middletown, N. Y., after five years' illness of paralysis, aged 64 years. The deceased was born in England in 1852, and came to this country in 1870. He was married to Clara E. Carey in 1873, who, with two daughters and one son, survives.

The funeral was held at the late home, 67 Monhagen Ave., our pastor, Elder Ker, officiating, speaking with much comfort to the bereaved ones left to mourn their loss.

His daughter,

SUSIE OSBURN.

**M. W. Davis** was born in March, 1851, was married to Miss Louise Quigg in 1878, and baptized in the fellowship of the Harris Spring Primitive Baptist Church, near Covington, Ga., in the summer of 1916, his family having the gracious pleasure of seeing also his sisters, Mrs. W. C. Stevens, of Stevens Pottery, Ga., and Mrs. S. A. Irby, of Covington, Ga., baptized on the same glorious occasion. He had for years been longing for the courts of Zion, and in the one year allotted to him I never saw more enjoyment exhibited. How he loved to gather with the redeemed for worship! He is gone from a large circle of sympathizing friends, from the three children he loved so well; Harry Q. and Carlton C. Davis and Marie Davis Caldwell; gone from the brother, A. H. S. Davis, of Jackson, Ga., from his three sisters: Mrs. W. C. Stevens, Mrs. S. A. Irby and Mrs. M. A. D. Roberts, all of whom deeply mourn his departure. Rousing from sleep two weeks before his death he caught the writer's hand and said he had a glorious vision of heaven and its brightness, that he had seen the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. The bright evidence and hope he left of entering into the glorious home above are all that light the deep gloom of his departure. To the writer the loss is irreparable.

His sister,

(MRS.) M. A. D. ROBERTS.

**Miss Sarah Jane Cockrill**, daughter of Henry W. and the late Lucinda Cockrill, departed this life at the home of her father, near Hunter Station, Fairfax Co., Va., June 3rd, 1917, in the 49th year of her age. Miss Cockrill is survived by her aged father, who is in the eighty-ninth year of his age, and who deeply feels the loss of this dear one, upon whom he so much depended for the earthly ministrations so necessary to his comfort. Also this dear woman is survived by four brothers, two sisters and one stepsister. She was a lover of the truth of God as it is revealed in Jesus Christ. It was twenty years ago or more that the world lost its charms for her through her having been brought to see herself a sinner before God and to realize the vanity and emptiness of all earthly things. All these years she kept the secret of her hope shut up in her own breast, not acknowledging to any, not even to her own family, her exercises of mind. She was a great reader of the Bible and of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, but no one knew of her great interest in these things until just a short time before her death, when she was brought to acknowledge what the Lord had done for her. She was a great sufferer for a long time before the end came, but no one ever heard a word of murmuring or of complaint escape her lips. She prayed to be submissive to the Father's will, and said more than once that God is merciful, since her punishment could not compare with the sufferings of Christ for the sins of his people. The family of our dear Miss Cockrill, while they keenly realize the loss death has brought to their family circle, are much comforted by the sweet evidences which the dear one was enabled to leave behind of a good hope through grace. The dear aged father wonders why he is left, while his dear daughter has been taken from him, but the ways of God are inscrutable to our finite minds. His ways are just, his counsels wise. May God comfort the dear bereaved father and every member of the family circle of the dear departed one.

L.

**Mrs. Martha Sophrona Gadd**, nee Lowry, was born in Campbell County, Ga., and died May 17th, 1917, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Mary Gilbreath, Dublin, Texas. Her age was a little over 61 years. Her people moved to Arkansas when she was a child, and later moved to Texas. She was married in 1882 to William T. Gadd, who died in 1885. Mrs. Gadd lived with her father, George W. Lowry, until his death in 1912, and then until her death with her sister, Mrs. Mary Gilbreath. There were no children born to that union. Mrs. Gadd was a firm believer in the doctrine advocated by the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, which paper she enjoyed reading very much. She cast her lot with the Primitive Baptists in 1891, and remained a faithful member to the end of her sojourn here upon earth. She read a great deal, and could quote many portions of Scripture in defense of the

doctrine of salvation by grace, and grace alone. She did not claim any glory for herself, but gave it all to God. Ill health prevented her from attending meeting during her last years. She had been confined to her bed since Dec. 10th, 1916, and death did not come unexpectedly. She was patient in her severe suffering, and was thoroughly reconciled to go to meet her Savior. She is survived by one sister, Mrs. Mary Gilbreath, and four brothers: J. H., Sam. A., M. H. and George W. Lowry, Jr., also fifteen nieces and nephews, who have sustained a great loss, which we hope is her eternal gain. Not only have her relatives sustained a loss, but the church has lost one of its most faithful members, who was ever firm in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ; but we believe it is all for the best, for God has given the breath of life to every mortal, and has power to take it from them at his own will. Even the wrath of man shall praise the Lord, how much more so the Lord's own works.

Elder W. R. Hardin conducted the funeral services, and she was laid to rest in the Shiloh Cemetery, eight miles south of Dublin.

PRENTISS GILBREATH.

**Bertha Ferguson Lee**, wife of Benjamin Walden Lee, was born Nov. 12th, 1892, and died May 11th, 1917, at the home of her mother, Mrs. Martha Ferguson. At the age of fourteen she became deeply convicted of her unsaved condition, and after a bright hope of immortal life had been revealed to her she united with the Free Methodists, and lived an admirable christian life. She never heard a Primitive Baptist preach, but often spoke of how she enjoyed hearing Ben's grandma talk on Bible subjects and explain the Scriptures; also she said Elder Mayfield and family were the dearest christian people she ever met, and she hoped to hear him preach. March 9th, 1914, she was married to Benjamin Walden Lee. To that union one child, Hazel, was born. She suffered from an enlarged spleen, and had been ill for the past two years. Although often given no encouragement by physicians, she was cheerful and patient, always looking forward to the time when she would be well. Last October her husband took her to the Mayo Hospital at Rochester, Minn., where her spleen was removed. For a time she recuperated, and when they returned home in March she was anxious to move to their own home, which they did, and for a few weeks she seemed to enjoy normal health. About May 1st she suffered a relapse, and was removed to her mother's home. Three physicians attended her, but the time had come when the great Physician summoned her, and she crossed the silent river, surrounded by near and dear ones. When the last illness came on she told them her time had come to go home, and long after she became oblivious to all earthly surroundings she continued in earnest prayer to the Savior, asking for his will to be done, while striving

for life that she might care for her dear babe and keep up her home ties. She leaves to mourn their loss a heartbroken husband, little daughter, mother, seven brothers, two sisters and a host of friends.

Her sorrowing mother-in-law,

(MRS.) E. W. P. ALLEN.

**Mary Corwin Howell**, wife of brother Joseph B. Howell, was born Sept. 9th, 1845, and died at her home in Middletown, N. Y., May 11th, 1917. She was the daughter of George W. Corwin and Lonisa Horton, and was married to brother Howell Nov. 9th, 1865. Of her immediate family her husband, one son, one daughter and six grandchildren survive her, with other relatives and friends. She united with the New Vernon Old School Baptist Church about the year 1888, the writer of this notice baptizing her, the church having no pastor at that time. Sister Howell gave good evidence of having been born of God; she loved her brethren, loved to have them at her home and to care for them; none could do more. This I know, for I have shared her hospitality with many others many times. But she has gone to her home above, heaven, eternity, Christ. Brother Howell is a lonely, God-sorrowing man. May the presence of the dear Savior be his stay, comfort and strength, is my prayer. The dear children and grandchildren will also greatly miss her; Lord bless them.

Elder H. C. Ker conducted the funeral and preached to the comfort of the friends, after which her body was laid away.

Written by request of brother Howell.

D. M. VAIL.

**Isaac T. Rountree** was born in Pike County, Ala., Jan. 15th, 1866, and died in Wood County, Texas, Feb. 23rd, 1917. He came to Texas in 1884, and was married to Miss Havala Stevens Feb. 4th, 1892. To that union were born six children, four boys and two girls, who, with their mother and other relatives, are left to mourn. "Ike," as he was familiarly called, never made a public profession of religion, but left satisfactory evidence that he had passed from death unto life. He was a firm believer in salvation by grace and the absolute predestination of all things, as advocated by the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. He had been in failing health several years, and all was done for him that could be done. I would say to the dear mother and children, Look to Jesus for reconciliation, for he alone is able.

After funeral services Feb. 24th, conducted by Elder H. B. Jones in a very appropriate and comforting manner, his body was buried in Hopewell Cemetery, amidst a large concourse of relatives and friends.

His uncle,

M. B. DYKES,

**James Middleton Stephens** was born March 29th, 1834, in Bedford County, Tenn., where he spent all his life, and lived on this earth 83 years, 1 month and 8 days. He was married in early life to Emeline Keller, and they lived together sixty-three years, she having died two years ago. Since that time brother Stephens did not seem to care to live, having grieved continually for his companion, who was also a member of the Primitive Baptist Church. Brother Stephens joined the Primitive Baptist Church at Bethlehem, Bedford Co., Tenn., in 1886, and was baptized by Elder J. E. Frost. He leaves to mourn their loss the following children: Mrs. J. C. Justice, of Wartrace, Tenn., and Mrs. Eliza Overall, of Murfreesboro, Tenn.; also the following brothers and sisters: Reuben Stephens, of West, Tenn., Rufus Stephens, of Murfreesboro, Tenn., Cooper Stevens, Mrs. Caroline Shelton, Mrs. Bettie Thrombery and Mrs. Jones, of Wartrace, Tenn., besides a number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Written by his nephew,

W. B. CHILTON.

### POETRY.

#### HAD I THE WINGS OF AN EAGLE.

O, HAD I the wings of an eagle,  
I'd fly to the mansions so bright,  
Where no one ever is weary,  
Where blind eyes are given their sight;  
Where sun has no need for its shining—  
In His presence it always is light;  
I would fly, O fly away homeward,  
Nor look backward to earth in my flight.

O, had I the wings of an eagle,  
I'd fly from this world of care,  
Where I'd be at rest forever,  
And free from each sinful snare.  
I'd lay down the heartache and worry,  
And fly to my home over there;  
I would fly, O fly away homeward,  
To the land that is always fair.

O, had I the wings of an eagle,  
The faith that overcomes all,  
I'd fly from this sinful world away,  
That's holding me here in its thrall.  
For how can I do things that I would,  
Since this earth is cursed by the fall?  
I would fly, O fly away homeward,  
When my heavenly Father shall call.

NELLIE H. ARNOLD.

PETALUMA, Cal.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Arthur F. Jones, Ga., \$1.00.

### APPOINTMENTS.

THE Lord willing, there will be a meeting at the home of Mrs. Laura Cook, Anderson St., Trenton, N. J., Friday, July 13th, 8 p. m.; Saturday, 14th, at the home of sister Horner, Stockton, N. J., 2:30 p. m.; Sunday, 15th, Locktown, 11 a. m.; Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m. same day; Monday, 16th, brother Demott's, Grandon, N. J., 8 p. m.; Tuesday, 17th, Clinton, N. J., at the home of Oscar Rittenhouse, 8 p. m.  
D. M. VAIL.

### MEETINGS.

#### 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 .

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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

#### WILMINGTON OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH

1304 Jefferson Street

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

All day meeting second Sunday in each month 10:30 a. m. Evening meeting fourth Sunday in each month 7:30 p. m.  
A cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church, of southern California, meets every third Sunday at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

**SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,**

1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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DRAWING WATER."**

(Judges v. II.)

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[THIS book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

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NO. 14.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE MORE EXCELLENT WAY.

(1 Corinthians xiii. No. 2.)

In his peculiar and very striking manner the apostle gives especial prominence to charity, as though it could act and suffer things; but it is always the man, the child of God, in whom the principle exists which prompts the actings of this grace in the life, and this truth gives to this portion of Scripture a sweet and solemn interest. The power of faith, by which holy and divine things are said and done in sinful man, is always manifested by charity felt in the heart. The apostle tells the brethren to make melody in their hearts unto the Lord. If charity be not in the heart there can be no true melody in the voice.

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind.” What a tender, soothing effect this expression of the inspired apostle has upon the troubled heart! It seems like an open gate into a rich field of grace and mercy and love. Many volumes could not tell the restfulness and peace that these words suggest to the one needing them. Then follow words that tell of some evil and base things which are com-

mon among men, but which charity has not: “Charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly.” How much soever these uncomfortable propensities may be present in any trouble or controversy, if charity be present in any degree, to the same degree there will be just prospects of peace among all living souls, for charity is the “more excellent way,” and brings about a settlement when all other gifts have failed.

I will pause here to say that I have long desired to say something with my pen about this sweet and lovely chapter, and have often taken up my pen for that purpose, but have as often laid it down again. It is a subject beyond the power of my pen to reach, so I will just go on repeating the apostle’s language and talking a little about it.

Charity “seeketh not her own.” It certainly appears right that one should seek his own, and according to worldly wisdom it is right. But here we are judging according to the mind of Christ, we are seeking what Jesus did. He sought not his own, but the comfort and salvation of his people; and that love which caused him to deny himself of all

comfort and suffer all things for his people is now their true guiding star, and we shall find it ever true that charity "seeketh not her own."

"Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." How precious and refreshing and full of pleasant confidence this is, when all seem to be seeking, at times, more ground to think evil of each other, and take the first opportunity to get provoked and to be angry, or jealous of each other, and to appear gratified when they seem to be succeeding in hunting out some evil thing against some one. Now how pleasant it is to find one who refuses to the last hint, or suspicious mite, to think evil against any one. How astonished we are, but how glad; how good it sounds. Here is one who makes it a point to steadily refuse to get provoked. "Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

"Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth." The thought of charity rejoicing is a most wonderful thought. Jesus is the truth, as he said, "I am the way, the truth and the life." He never rejoiced while in the days of his flesh; he is never said to have rejoiced but once, and that was in spirit, not in flesh, and that was because these things were hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes. The glorious truth of salvation by grace is ever rejoiced in by the Lord Jesus Christ and in the hearts of all his people throughout all the world. Iniquity and the truth stand over against each other.

"Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." What a wonder is this! Who can explain this wonder? Can these four things be said of any man? Not of any man in nature. Yet may we not hope that many have this charity in their hearts, though not claiming a hope of

being children of God? There are so many kindly acts done, so many unselfish words spoken, of which no public record is ever made, not even in the memory of the ungrateful son, whose mourning mother never forgets the least thing she can possibly place to his favor. How glad we are to see goodness and kindness, forbearance and forgiveness, and all care and tenderness among relatives and neighbors in the world, but in our own hearts and consciences we shall have to learn that there is a limit to such care in nature; that not until the limit of mortality to what is expressed in these four wonderful things, that charity, the life in the soul, is required before one can bear all things, believe all things, hope all things, endure all things. The child of God, who has eternal life, would do all things for a loved relative in nature, before he was born again, but would act with terrible cruelty toward any who called on the name of Jesus, but after he receives eternal life he will fear and believe and hope and endure all things for his brethren according to the flesh, as well as in the Spirit, if he can do them good.

We are looking for the "more excellent way," and what is there in these four things that presents as more excellent in doing all necessary work in the gospel church than all the gifts the apostle has named as "the best gifts"? Of course in this question, as in all of the like questions, the charity involved answers them all. This is the one absolutely perfect in all the world throughout all time and in eternity. No effort is made to remove the burdens, but where they are first placed by the eternal God there they remain until the time appointed for them to be removed by the Holy Spirit. Until then they are quietly borne. "Beareth

all things, believeth all things." This belief is also a most wonderful thing. No one in the world can effect his own belief, only so far as he can effect the evidence on which that belief is founded. Paul had a strong and abiding desire and prayer that his brethren might know that exceeding greatness of the mighty power by which they believed was the same mighty power of God which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead. (Eph. ii. 9.) Now it can be truthfully said of each believing soul that he "believeth all things;" his belief does not depend upon himself. There must be evidence before there can be belief. Jesus is the true witness. He that believeth hath the witness in himself; he that believeth in Jesus hath eternal life. He may be led away into erroneous things, but when Jesus is preached that preaching comes to him with life and light and power. The witness is in his heart, in his own experience. He is brought face to face with self; he sees his own life in a measure in the life of Jesus. And what he has felt and seen in the Bible and in the preaching he hopes for. He looks for Jesus to come again without sin unto salvation. We are saved by hope, but what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? But if we hope for that which we see not, then do we with patience wait for it. So charity "hopeth all things." This hope we have as an "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." However dark the way, however great the trials, however unworthy we feel, yet we hope, we cannot but hope. It is something we cannot give up, cannot throw away, and it cannot be lost; it is safe in the care of the dear Savior, who hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace. But the great trials are yet to come. We often fear

them, and look apprehensively for them. We try to trust that all will be well, but we do not know how to trust, it must be given every time. When trust comes into our hearts we count it as a special treasure, something of infinite value. All we can do is to "endure." How sweet it is to endure. Our faith must be tried, as gold is tried in the fire. How many and how various are the trials; but would we be without them? We cannot see ourselves any better in our flesh, we cannot ever see any good thing in us, that is, in our flesh, but we see Jesus; he is all our desire and all of our salvation. We would endure all things, and trust in the Lord, and stay upon our God.

All the time we are trying to keep in mind that we are considering "a more excellent way" than the apostolic and all other gifts in the church. When we think of the wonder of redeeming love and grace we question how there could be any difference among any of the gifts, and there could not be only as we are seeing in part. This I hope to refer to hereafter. But all the time we must keep in mind that where charity is there is not, and cannot be, any unpleasant disagreement or ill feeling. All the time we want to be getting nearer and nearer to the meaning of that precious word, "charity." And so we come to the most remarkable characteristics of the gift of eternal life: "Charity never faileth." This includes all the wonderful excellencies of this far-reaching gift of eternal life, but does not separate itself from any of them; so we are upon sure and safe ground.

"Charity never faileth." What can be said more delightfully perfect by any mortal in recommendation of charity? The first thought that comes to the mind is to compare this glorious principle and gift with some things which are liable to

fail. "Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." The object of these gifts is the instruction and comfort of the church; but when prophecy is fulfilled it fails; when the tongue has done its work, either in the work of using a language in the cause of truth or in proclaiming the gospel, it ceases, and the voice that was heard with comfort and delight, is silent, and likewise all the learning shall vanish away. "For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

This apostle dwells much upon this truth that in all the gifts of the gospel, and in all gospel work and worship, we are doing only in part. He divides between the things that are seen and the things not seen. The things that are seen (by natural sight) are temporal. He counts them light and but for a moment, but when seen by faith they work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Every literal thing we do in the church has a spiritual meaning, and we are looking for and waiting for that which we see by faith; looking for the second coming of Jesus, when he shall come the second time without sin unto salvation.

The apostle speaks here in this wonderfully clear and sweet way of the present gospel state of the church as a childhood state of the church. How many questions the little child is constantly asking; it is continually growing in the knowledge of things, growing in the meaning of the words used. So the child of God is growing in grace, growing in

the deeper and greater meaning of these spiritual things of the gospel. All the knowledge is only in part, the same as in literal things; for we know in part.

How wonderful to think of one who has grown old in the service of the church coming daily to the Fountain of all spiritual knowledge like a little child, to question concerning spiritual things, feeling so helpless, and yet feeling it a delightful privilege to keep calling for these spiritual things. How seldom do we get all we want, so we can rest in the Lord.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became a man, I put away childish things." This figure I do not understand to be presenting to christians a standard excellence in gospel things to which those who are diligent may attain, while others fail because of less mental power. Success to which any attain will not be in the nature of competition. The meekest and the one most filled with charity will be, to appearances, most advanced, but this is, in the apostle's figure, that no one while in the days of his flesh can speak other than as a child. No one can ever, while in this natural state, get so that he can see and experience the absolute spiritual reality of the doctrine and order and ordinances of the gospel. These spiritual things cannot be fully seen and felt and understood by natural powers of the mind. We break the bread, we pour the wine, but O, my soul wants more than sign. In regard to these things we shall always be in the childhood state of the church; we shall always be looking and waiting and longing to see more perfectly; but there is a limit, beyond which we cannot go. When

we become men it will not be that manhood will bring us any nearer to the possession of spiritual powers, but will give us a clearer knowledge of our limits. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." We cannot know yet what it is to see the face of the Spirit. We do not know what it is to see the face of Jesus. The apostle does not say some can get to know, but it is still true of all, "We know not what we shall be." But when that perfect state is come, then that which is in part shall be done away, and then we shall see face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know as also I am known. I want to see the Savior now, but I am become a man in the knowledge that I cannot know yet. Once I thought I had seen the dear Savior's face, but I was a child then; now I know that I cannot yet see his face. We know not what we shall be, but when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is. Thankful? Most truly I am thankful for the knowledge of him by faith, and for the sweet presence of the dear Savior felt by faith. Since the first time it was given me to feel that he died for me, and afterward to feel the peace of God which passeth all understanding, I have learned that I must wait patiently for the Lord, and that my waiting must be in the furnace of affliction and in great tribulation. Yes, I am thankful, if I know my own heart, for the trouble and for the gift to wait patiently; thankful for the knowledge that when the perfect is come, then I shall know even as also I am known; no longer "in part," but even according to the Lord's knowledge of me. So vile, so unworthy, yet so wonderfully, so sacredly and eternally loved.

SILAS H. DURAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., June, 1917.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., June 15, 1917.

DEAR BRETHERN:—I am inclosing two letters which are so good that I want to share them with the readers of the SIGNS, feeling that they will be a comfort to many of our spiritual family.

Your most unworthy sister,

MILDRED DURAND.

NEW YORK, N. Y., April 8, 1917.

DEAR SISTER MILDRED DURAND:—Your letter came to hand in due time, and was read by both of us with much interest. My wife will answer her part of it, and that part of it which referred to me I will now acknowledge. I know you are sincere in expressing a wish to hear me, and it has been a comfort many times to feel assured of your fellowship and understanding of my travel of mind. A man whose life is as hard to understand as mine, who labors in word only, and not in deed, is not apt to be of lasting profit to his hearers. A tree too full of leaves seldom bears much fruit, and a cloud, though to all appearance heavy with water, if it is accompanied with much wind, seldom affords much rain. Perhaps Prov. xxv. 14, has reference to a great profession without accompanying fruits in the life: "Whoso boasteth himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain." The Pharisees affected show, to court observation, and I am far from confident that I am not one of that sect. Yet your letter made me glad and content to be sensibly less than the least of all God's people, if in so being I might continue in the love and fellowship of such characters as you confess to being one with. While I was reading there came to my mind some comforting thoughts of how we are "always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might

be made manifest in our body." "As dying, and, behold, we live;" of how Christ preached unto the spirits in prison, and why the gospel was preached also to them that are dead. In trying to tell you how it appears to me, perhaps I may wrest the Scriptures from their true meaning; but to me it appears to be the way the Lord answers the prayer of those whose "soul thirsteth for God, for the living God," in the cry, O that thou wouldest rend the heavens, that thou wouldest come down. The Scriptures describe the state of fallen man under a variety of figures: imprisonment, bondage, impotence, servitude, death. Deliverance from it is "liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." When we understand the exercise of mind experienced by men of old as they were moved to write as they did, by the Holy Ghost, we will be in the selfsame Spirit, witnesses to the same things. For unto us now is ministered the grace which they prophesied should come unto us; so the things they wrote of are not to be understood as merely applicable to past generations. What is recorded of God's dealings with his people of old has the same significance for us as for them. Worldly wisdom has invented various explanations of the effect of Adam's transgression, and of how the penalty inflicted is manifested in the world. They generally agree upon the penalty being bodily dissolution; a physical fact in which not only man, but all creation, participates. Upon this foundation of materialism is built all doctrines of men. They add to and take away from the word of life. When God said, "Of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou

shalt surely die," there was no reprieve from the infliction of that penalty, and in the day that Adam ate he died, his became a state of death—separation from a life of peace with God. It seems to me that the spirits in prison were not so in the sense of being outwardly locked up in a future hell, in the heart of the earth, or in any such material confinement, for there is no record that Christ ever preached in any such prison. Their imprisonment is in some way connected with the filth of the flesh, from which they are liberated by Christ's resurrection power, as represented in a baptism, or spiritual purification. Death in Adam is represented as an imprisonment in the flesh and the world, a captivity, freedom from which can never be enjoyed until the Son makes them free. Preaching to the spirits in prison, is the same as preaching "to them that are dead, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh, but live according to God in the spirit." Their fleshly state is arraigned, condemned and executed, as it were, by gospel truth brought home to their conscience; but out of their death comes forth a new creature in Christ, whose life is "according to God in the spirit." The imprisonment the apostle is writing about represents that of men to-day, as it did then: fleshly lust, the worst of imprisonments and deaths. In the days of Noah they ate, they drank, they married and were given in marriage. "The sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." Children were born, monstrous births, giants, strong of appetite, greedy dogs. Every imagination of the thoughts of their heart was only evil continually—all flesh was corrupted. Violence also went hand in hand with lust, of which the deluge was a fitting end.

Death to desire for freedom constitutes the worst feature of imprisonment. The liberty of the sons of God cannot be conceived of by the natural man, any more than a dog or worm can know and feel the degradation of their life while the nature of a dog or worm survives in them. A changed nature, a new creature, must be in evidence. A man must be born again before he can know the exceeding sinfulness of sin. He cannot conceive the wretchedness and misery of carnal mindedness and the excellency of a spiritual and holy life until he knows what he is, and what he must become in order to be saved. For this cause is the gospel preached to the spirits in prison, and to them that are dead, that the quickening power of the Spirit attending the word may bring them to a sense of their lost condition, and of the only way of salvation. The word of God is quick and powerful, a ministration of the Spirit for the imprisoned and the dead, a light shining in a dark place, the voice of the Son of God calling the dead to life, judging and condemning them as men yet in the flesh, that they may live according to God in the spirit. The gospel is a killing power as well as a power to make alive. Dying to live was that which Paul determined only to know in preaching nothing but Christ and him crucified. The way in which the Son of God wrought out redemption was in dying for our sins, and being raised for our justification; delivered by the eternal counsel and foreknowledge of God to be crucified and slain; whom God raised up, having loosed the pains of death. In all the Scriptures there is no mention of atonement for sin which is not a dying to live. The Holy Spirit effectually works in them that believe, by taking of the things of Christ and showing them unto us, and does not

speak of himself. That means more than suggesting his words. Laying down his life and taking it again is shown us; so that in a living way we might "know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death."

Your letter did me good. It stirred my mind to think upon the name of your God and my God. A man after God's own heart, in a sense of desolation, prayed, "Let the sighing of the prisoner come before thee; according to the greatness of thy power preserve thou those that are appointed to die." He was heard, in that he feared. "He that is our God is the God of salvation; and unto God the Lord belong the issues from death."

Remember me in love to your father and your aunt, sister Bessie. Forgive my lengthiness in writing, and believe me in unabating love and fellowship, your brother in faith and hope,

JOHN McCONNELL.

WINNIPEG, Man., April 15, 1917.

DEAR SISTER MILDRED:—I was glad to have your letter, and want to write a little to-day in reply, if I can order my thoughts so as to be intelligible. The times we live in cause us all to do some deep thinking, at least every one who feels the effect for himself or whose sympathies reach out to his fellow. It is a time of trial of faith for God's people. I read Elder Lefferts' editorial on Bible reading and felt like writing him about it, but so far have not been able. While the majority of those who bear the name "Old School Baptist" are dear to me, and I look upon them as children of God, his witnesses before the world, walking in the doctrine and order of the apostles of Jesus Christ, yet the relationship I feel and love is not in the name Old School

Baptist, but in the name Jesus Christ. Some who bear the former name do not walk worthy of the Lord they profess, but have turned aside to false doctrines after the manner of men, who by nature prefer to worship the creature rather than the Creator, who is blessed forever. The very nature of the churches of our faith, where each is independent and subject to no governing body, forbids that a denominational name should have any significance. It is at best a secular thing, used in reference to our worldly surroundings. There is only one name in our spiritual community: the church of God, the bride of the Lamb. Wherever God has brought his children out from under the bondage of the great worldly religious institutions and made them search the Scriptures of truth for their doctrine and order, they are led to the same conclusions. Sometimes tradition is deeply rooted and dies hard. An example of this is recorded in the Scriptures, where the law of the Hebrews had such a deep hold on the people that even after they had been brought out of it into the liberty of the gospel, they returned to its ordinances. Similarly in later times, men whom we honor as elect children of God, clung to the observance of days and other rites not in accordance with the teaching of the apostles of our Lord. The ordinance of baptism was so perverted and misrepresented through false agencies that godly men erred in its significance, who otherwise were shining lights to the church. We ourselves individually and collectively have errors woven into our belief. Idolatry and creature worship are natural to man. We have not escaped entirely from their pollution. Tradition is a powerful enemy of the truth. Even valued members of the church are often deeply bound by its fetters. Peter

himself suffered a rebuke on this account. Personally, I find many things in my nature which I suffer, or even cherish, which are not according to the word of God. I may question them at times, make feeble attempts to get free, yet secretly yearn after them. We sometimes sing:

“Do not I love thee, O my Lord?  
Behold my heart and see;  
And turn each cursed idol out  
That dares to rival thee.”

We may sing with zeal, or half-heartedly, but our affections remain the same. Paul prayed earnestly for deliverance, and received the answer, “My grace is sufficient for thee.” We are not made perfect in the flesh, though the law of God written in our hearts causes us to long for perfection, for holiness in the sight of God, for oneness with him in Christ. To one who is not born again, who has not been subject to the regeneration of the Holy Ghost, who has not tasted the excellency of the fullness of God’s grace, such doctrine as I am feebly trying to expound is foolishness; indeed, it must be so. They have no desire for God, for they do not know him. The frailties of our bodies, the sicknesses and infirmities which blemish our present life, have no effect whatever on our standing in the Lord. I say this with assurance that it is according to the word and testimony of our Lord Jesus Christ. The change is through death and resurrection. This is a mystery. There is an earnest of faith, a foretaste of heavenly things given here. This creates in us new desires after holiness, after God. Our sinfulness is laid bare, and the pleasant things of the flesh become bitter. Thus we are saved by hope while in the flesh. Hope of salvation causes a fear lest we fall short, lest our profession is vain. So we walk tenderly, fearing to sin, hating



our very nature because of sin. These are deep things, and are not for those who are still in the unregeneracy of the flesh. But I am persuaded that nothing can separate us from the love of God, neither past, present nor to come. However, we should pray for a path which is free from bitterness in this life. Prayer is a wonderful mystery, whereby God makes known his purposes of grace to his children.

"Did Jesus once upon thee shine?  
Then Jesus is forever thine."

Although we change, he changes not. In him we live. When wrath seems imminent, let your cry be, Look upon the face of thine Anointed. He is our shield.

With christian love to you all, your brother in hope,

GILBERT McCOLL.

ACTS XV. 18.

"KNOWN unto God are all his works, from the beginning of the world."

The above Scripture is the language of the apostle James at the meeting in Jerusalem on the day of the visit of Paul and Barnabas to the church to see about the preaching of "certain men which came down from Judæa taught the brethren and said, Except ye be circumcised after the manner of Moses, ye cannot be saved." What a difference between the idea taught by the apostle James and these certain men. If God did know all his works from the beginning of the world, did he not know who would be saved and who would not be saved? These men who were preaching salvation by works, were preaching the works of men instead of the works of God. The idea is, that salvation is not the work of God, but the work of men. That is what men are teaching the religious world to-day, and they did not learn this of God, but in the schools of men. It certainly must be a

fact that God has hid these things from the wise and prudent of earth, for they could certainly see from the reading of the Bible that salvation is not by our works, but by grace, and that through faith, which is the gift of God. Now, that is just as plain as our language can make it, and if the same words were used concerning anything else they could see the meaning, but used here concerning the salvation of sinners, they cannot see the idea at all, and if they use it as a text, which is frequently the case, they do more in their argument to prove that it is not by grace, but by works, than anything else; so it is wonderful to me how much power is shown by the eternal God in blinding the minds of them that believe not. O how true it is that God shuts and none can open. It is one of the ways of God, who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform. It is that great darkness that Jesus speaks about. If the light (they think it is light) that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness. The light that is light to them is absolute darkness, and they do not know it. There is no power but of God that can move the darkness and show the true Light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. We read, In thy light we have light, and we have no light only God's light to manifest our ignorance of all God's work, which he knew before all time and declared should be done. Jesus told one, It is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. Well, if it is God's work to believe on his only begotten Son, and he knew that from the beginning, there certainly cannot be anything that will ever occur that will hinder the belief of every one that he knew would believe and every one who would not believe. This being the case, there

is no truth in preaching anything that will convey the idea that any one may do things differently from the way the Lord from the beginning declared it. God never sent any such a man out to preach, neither did the church at Jerusalem send those certain men down from Judæa to teach the commandments of men. Their going is done through the spirit that has transformed himself into an angel of light, to deceive and lie in wait to overthrow the Lord Jesus Christ and rob him of his glory. But, while this is so, God the Father sits at the front of all things, and these evil things are declared in his eternal counsel and are brought forth according to his counsel, and there will never be a single thing, little or big, that will be done that has not been conquered by the suffering and death of the holy Son of God. All that wicked men and devils can do is but to further their own destruction and work together to bring about the end the eternal God had in view from the beginning. The final consummation of all things will be to the glory of God and the good of the people in all ages of the world and in all nations of earth. None can stay his hand nor say, Jehovah, why or what doest thou? God had sent Paul out to declare his name among the Gentiles, hence when these certain men came down and preached the works of men for salvation they found the apostle there able and ready to deny it, and to let the brethren know that it was no part of the truth of God. So to settle the question they went to Jerusalem unto the apostles and elders about the matter, and they at Jerusalem said, We gave them no such commandment. So every man or woman, as the case may be, that is out preaching salvation by works, did not get the authority from God nor from the church of God, the pil-

lar and ground of the truth. While at Jerusalem there rose up certain of the sect of the Pharisees which believed, saying that it was needful to be circumcised and keep the law of Moses. There are plenty of them to-day, and they have been among the Old Baptists in many places teaching these things, but God did not send them, neither did the church, and it is plain proof, for all the main leaders among them have gone out from among us and are now among the Missionary Baptists, where they belong.

This is not all, but I will close.

Yours in love,

C. M. HOOD.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

#### THE CHURCH.

EVERYTHING has its opposite, as light and darkness, right and wrong, truth and falsehood. We conclude therefore that there is a true and a false church. The true is called the bride, the Lamb's wife. It is the true we have in mind to write about at this time, of which there are recorded in the Scriptures types from Abel's day until Christ. Noah, soon after departing from the ark, built an altar and made an offering or sacrifice of the clean beast and fowl. Abraham in his early life also built an altar, and sacrificed thereon. It required in that day, as well as in all others to the present, to make an offering acceptable to God one must have been blessed with faith, that faith which works by love and purifies the heart. The church of the living God is composed of living material. God is a Spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as worship him in spirit and in truth. Figurative language is often used in the Scriptures; God is called our Rock in many places, Christ a stone, the church living stones; divine revelation is also

called a rock, as, On this rock I will build my church. Flesh and blood, or the wisdom of men, have never revealed God or godliness to any one. There are three things essential to a gospel baptism: first, a proper subject (one who has been born of the Spirit); second, a proper mode, (that is, immersion); third, a proper administrator, a minister of the Old School Baptist Church, who is in good standing in his church. A number of this kind, when organized into a body to keep house for God, constitute the church. This is the body of Christ, and members in particular. Ye have not come to Mount Sinai, or the law, but ye are come to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven. Christ tells us to know God is eternal life, and nothing short of that knowledge, which is by divine revelation, will constitute a subject fit for the Master's use. Paul says while wielding the pen of inspiration, Great is the mystery of godliness. So great that no one ever attained to it except by revelation. 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. Why God suffered sin to enter the world, when he foreknew what would be the consequences thereof, no one ever has or ever will know; that he purposed it in the ancients of eternity there is not a doubt. In proof thereof the plan for the salvation of his people was fixed before man was made or the world created. Paul says the elect of God were chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world. He said to Timothy, Be not ashamed of the testimony of the Lord, nor of me his prisoner, but be thou partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God,

who saved us and called us, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. The christian warfare has been the same in all ages. Isaiah the prophet said, Israel shall be saved with an everlasting salvation, world without end. Jonah said, Salvation is of the Lord. National Israel was a true type of the church in the christian dispensation. Isaiah said, When king Uzziah died I saw the Lord high and lifted up, and his train filled the temple; not one lacking, not one too many. Solomon saw by faith the church when he asked the question, Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun and as terrible as an army with banners? David greatly desired to build a house for God, but was denied that privilege on account of his sin in the case of Uriah, who was one of his subjects. Solomon his son built the house, which was called after his name: Solomon's temple, a striking type of the church of Christ. This temple was in some respects the grandest edifice ever erected by human hands, notwithstanding it was destroyed by the king of Babylon for or on account of the sins of Israel. This is another one of the great mysteries. It was rebuilt by the decree of the King of kings, and again destroyed by wicked hands, according to the prophecy of the Savior. We are told in holy writ that the hearts of regenerated sinners are the temple of the living God. In a universal sense every child of God from Abel to the last day constitutes a component part of the church. Thousands and tens of thousands of them never enter the organized church. We are told by the great apostle of the Gentiles that all things work together for good to them that

love the Lord. Many of those things no human being ever comprehended. Secret things belong to God, revealed things to us and our children forever. We only know in part and see in part; but when that which is in part is done away, then shall we see as we are seen and know as we are known. When the evangelist said to the Ethiopian eunuch, Understandest thou what thou readest? the eunuch said, How can I except some man guide me? The eunuch invited Philip to take a seat with him in his chariot. Philip accepted and preached to him the ordinances of the gospel and the plan of salvation. How do you know this? know by the eunuch asking, when they came to a certain water, Here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized? The eunuch had never before heard of baptism. We are often asked if sinners are not saved by preaching. What is preaching for? Preaching saves the believer, and not the unbeliever, or alien sinner. The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us that are saved it is the power of God. The eunuch went on his way rejoicing in a felt sense of having done his duty; felt that he was obeying the command of the dear Savior, who said, Follow me. These three bear record in heaven: Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The Father chose, the Son redeemed, the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, takes of the things of Jesus and shows them to his chosen people. In this they are blessed with joy unspeakable and full of glory. The world by wisdom has never nor will ever know God, but the apostles tell us of a hidden wisdom that the world knew not of, for had they known it they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. That wisdom is hidden from them that know not God. Paul says, The grace of God that bring-

eth salvation hath appeared unto all men (that is, all nationalities), teaching us (that is, God's people) that, denying ungodliness and worldly lust, we should live soberly and righteously in this present world, looking for 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.

May the good Lord bless his dear people with his presence often, is my sincere prayer.

JAMES W. SIMMONS.

RULEVILLE, Miss.

TOUCHET, Wash., March 26, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—By request of the dear brethren with whom it was my privilege to visit this winter, I will give a short sketch of our visit. I will make it as condensed as possible, for it would take up too much space to give all the names of those we visited. Wife and I left our home in Touchet December 20th for Missouri, and arrived at our son's on Christmas day. After visiting with them three weeks and holding meeting four times with the brethren and friends of Bethel Church, in Bates County, we left our son's to visit the churches of my early ministry, and on the fourth Sunday and Saturday before in January we met the brethren and friends of Walnut Branch Church at Elder J. A. Teague's house, and there brother C. D. Grove met us and took us to our old home church, Bethlehem, Saturday before the first Sunday in February, the meeting being held at brother Eubanks' house, as he was not able to meet at the church-house. From there we went to the church at Leeton Sardis, Bethlehem, Thursday and Friday, and Friday evening we took the train to Little Flock, where we met the brethren and friends the second Saturday and

Sunday in February. This was our second time to meet with this church, as we met with them in January. From there we went to Blue Springs, to the home of sister Startzman, where the brethren and friends gathered, and Tuesday night we had service in her house, and Wednesday night at the home of Elder Hall we were blessed with another good meeting. From there we met with Zion Church the third Saturday and Sunday, this being the church which set me apart to the work of the ministry in June, 1889. From there we visited with my wife's brother until Friday, when we left for Goshen Church. From there we visited my oldest brother, in Boone County, where we were blessed with two good meetings with the brethren and friends of our childhood days. From there we met with Oak Grove Church, in Jackson County, the first Saturday and Sunday in March. Here brother Harvey Johnson met us and took us in his car to his home in Grain Valley, where we met with Little Blue Church Monday and Tuesday, where we were blessed with another good meeting. From there, in company with brother and sister Davy Owens, we went to Mt. Washington, where we spent the night with Elder Ogle and wife; he was my father in the gospel, and we had not met for twenty years. From there we went to Kansas City, and spent the rest of the week with my youngest brother and his wife, whom we had not seen for thirteen years. Sunday we met with the church in the city, which ended our visit with the ten churches we met while in Missouri. I would like to mention the names of all the dear brethren with whom we visited, but space will not allow. I want to say to one and all that it was one of the greatest pleasures of our lives; it was to our soul and mind

what that delightful spot was to Jacob on that memorable night when the God of all grace visited him with the sweet association of the angels of heaven. In all our visit with you the blessing was so far beyond our expectations that we can only stand in wonder and amazement at the wonderful mercy and grace treasured up in Christ Jesus for such poor, unworthy creatures as we are. After finishing our visit with the churches we left Kansas City Monday morning for our son's, to prepare for our return home, and spent the week with him and his little family. The brethren and friends of Bethel Church, with whom we first met, could not give us up without one more meeting. They had another appointment Saturday night, and Sunday they brought their dinners, and we spent the day in the worship of God. It certainly seemed that the best wine was saved until the last. On Tuesday morning our son, after a solemn and long remembered farewell with our daughter-in-law and the sweet little babes, and brother and sister and Grandma Jackson, took us to Butler, where we had to say farewell to him. How gracious it is to say farewell in the Lord. We took the train for home, and Saturday morning at 11 o'clock we landed at our station. It being our meeting day at our home church, we went to the meetinghouse to meet our dear brethren, whom we had not met for three months, and as our greatest joy is always mixed with sorrow, so was this sweet joy mixed with sorrow. We learned at once that our beloved deacon had been called to his reward. While we deeply realized his great gain, we could not help feeling our great loss, for truly a great man in Israel has been called to a higher state. May God reconcile us to every dispensation of his divine providence.

Now, in conclusion, let me say to all with whom we met, May God bless you. I saw nothing in your actions toward me and my companion but what called out a deep thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. In all the difficulties of life look to him, trust him, love him and follow him.

Dear brethren, we would love to hear from you at any time you have a mind to write.

Yours in gospel bonds,

J. T. BARNES.

HOPEWELL, New Jersey.

DEAR ELDER KER:—Inclosed you will find a letter from sister Sharp. She is a member of the Hopewell Church. It was written to sister Sarah Blackwell, also of the Hopewell Church. I wish to say I enjoyed the letter very much, and feel sorry for her to not be able to meet with us often, but so it is; changes come to us, and while they are saddening, they seem to draw us closer and give us greater desires to be with Jesus. We see and feel that every hour we need him; that in and of ourselves we can do nothing, that our trust is nowhere else, for all else must perish with the using; but he is the Rock, everlasting, and all the household of faith are secure in him. In sister Sharp's letter she brought the scene of Elder Leferts' ordination before me, and I am sure it will be interesting to many, if you see fit to publish it. That surely was a day the Lord had made. Who else could have done it? How often I think of that dear boy, as it were, among those dear old ministers; so submissive, so childlike, so humble, all at peace, all seeing eye to eye, and standing shoulder to shoulder, yes, as one man, and they all were one in Christ, and that singing seemed beyond earth. Never, never can I forget it as long as

reason lasts. She speaks of Elder Chick and his letters, so rich and sacred to me, too; but he is at rest; he surely was a saint. I have never known of one like him, so gentle, so mild, ever ready to talk of divine things; a dear, good brother to us all. I am hoping sister Sharp will be enabled to come among us again and become acquainted with Elder Vaughn; I know they would enjoy talking together. I wish she could have heard the sermon to-day; all seemed to be partakers of it, by their words and countenances. The text was Romans viii. 5-9. How I have wished it seems more earnestly to live a spiritual life, but I am so vile, so prone to sin, that I often fear I am not born again. If so, why am I thus? Why do the things of the day come to my notice so quickly? Why so ready to listen to the nothings of the world? Yet I know if I am one of the redeemed I am not of the world, if in it, and my desire is that I may bring no reproach upon the church.

Love to you.

MARY HILL TERRY.

EASTON, Pa., Dec. 27, 1916.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—You must excuse me for not answering your good letter before this. It was not because I did not think of you; I had it in my heart to write many times, but, like I always am, did not know what to write. I often think of the loved ones, and wish I could write something that would be of comfort to them, but I am so weak and sinful, and cannot do the things I would. How often I think of all there in that dear old meetinghouse, and wish I could be there as of old, but years have brought changes to me, and my health has failed so that I do not get there or anywhere any more. When one feels sick home is the best place. I have many sad hours and lonely

ones to be deprived of meeting with the Lord's people. Years ago I had the blessed privilege of going to our associations and meetings and was at Hopewell so much at my dear sisters' homes: sister Yard and sister Hellings, and was in the company of dear sister Mary Fisher, which were seasons of joy and comfort; but now she is gone from our midst, and so is our dear pastor, Elder Chick. How I miss him and his good letters. I have not been able yet to get there to see Elder Vaughn, but when the weather gets better I may be able to go, if the Lord will. Dear sister, what a comfort the SIGNS is to us all. How we love to hear from those we know and have seen face to face. How we love them, all for the truth's sake. The article Elder Ker wrote: Rest, was so good. Did you notice it? What great trials he has been called to pass through, but the Lord has given him strength to bear all, and through these great trials he will be like the gold that is tried, will come out brighter and sing praises to the mighty King for his loving-kindness to the children of men. How wonderful it all is, the old, old story; it never gets old, we never get tired of hearing it; we love to hear it preached and to sing it with the loved ones. Our hymns are so full of meaning, and the words so true, so different from others. The one they sang over at Southampton at Elder Lefferts' ordination I will never forget, and I well remember there was not a dry eye there; it all seemed so wonderful; it was, "Father, we rest in thy love." When the meeting closed we all felt sad to leave the place. Sometimes we are so drawn toward our dear Master we forget all about the things outside; it seems all heavenly. But O, when we have to go to our homes and take up the cares of this world again we feel sad, but

it is our duty to do our work and care for our families; that is right, too, and we must have the storms, as well as the sunshine, in order to make us grow in spiritual things; some dark days as well as bright ones.

Now I must close. When you feel like writing do so, I am always glad to read your letters, and when it is well with you remember me, yes, me. Love to you.

(MRS.) L. E. SHARP.

TROUTVILLE, Va., Jan. 9, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have been waiting for some time in hope of having a mind to write some of my travels, so that I could send it with my renewal of subscription, but as my subscription is past due, and my mind continues to be on carnal or frivolous things, I fear I am in no condition to give an intelligent reason of the hope that dwells within me. I began to think of and read about God and his wonderful power and wisdom, and about the devil and the lake of fire and brimstone, when quite young. I naturally believed I could get religion any time I should take a notion to do so, as most people seemed to talk, and most of the preachers I heard seemed to understand and preach it that way, except Primitive Baptist preachers, and for the life of me I could not tell what they believed or preached. Their preaching sounded to me like a lot of foolishness; I could not understand them at all. I finally decided that when I got to be a man and got a little start in the world, so that I could spare the time to attend Saturday meetings, I would accept Christ as my Savior, join some church and be a good christian, so that I might go to heaven when I died, or rather would not go to hell, which was what I feared most. My mother was a Primitive Baptist. I often

wondered what she saw in the meetings to affect her so. I have often seen her sit and shed tears while some preacher was preaching, when I could see nothing in the preaching at all, neither pro nor con. But on the fourth Sunday in August, 1900, I was at an Old Baptist meeting, and heard the preacher say that the Scriptures were written and the gospel was preached to and for God's people only, and no other could hear or understand them. I felt sure that was the reason I could never see any sense in Baptist preaching; it was not for me, I was one of the nonelect. I was shedding tears, bitter tears. However, I resolved to turn over a new leaf and live a better life. I have never doubted the Primitive Baptist Church being the church of God since that day. I will further say I never thought of joining any other church since that time. I thought maybe I could practice doing good until I got about perfect, then I would join them; but instead of getting better I got worse. I think I can truthfully say I broke every vow I ever made. My confidence in myself dwindled away to nothing. My love for the Baptist Church and people grew stronger and stronger. In spite of all I could do, sin was ever present with me. It seemed that my whole life was one mass of sin; not one good thing had I ever done or could do. When I would try to pray it would seem but a mockery; it seemed to me that God was too far away to hear me. My burden became more than I could bear. I got so I could not work, while apparently in perfect health. Finally one night just after retiring I saw myself in a pit, sinking down. I was past all human aid, and had given up all for lost, when I saw my Lord and Master standing just in front of me with a pleasant and assuring smile on his face, saying, I am the way, the truth and the

life. I was then awake; I do not know if I had been asleep or not. I lay and thought over this for a long time, but knew not what to make of it. My troubles continued to get worse. About three months after I saw myself in the pit while in bed, I was in the field plowing corn, or rather trying to, but my troubles were so great because of sin I cared not for the corn, for all seemed lost to me, all was dark. It was about ten o'clock in the morning, and I reckon the sun shone as brightly as usual, but to me it was the darkest day I ever saw. I felt myself in some way made to judge my own case. I saw I was guilty and in justice I must go down to hell. I saw I would go down praising God. Just then I saw myself in that same pit exactly as I had seen before while in bed, but this time just as I saw Christ the pit was gone, also my burden of troubles was gone, and I looked about me and never saw as bright a day in my life; everything seemed to be praising God. I was somehow given to see or feel that Christ would do or had done for me what I had so utterly failed to do. I could now go to the church and tell my friends what great things the Lord had done for me. I went on the following Sunday and told some of the things I have here written, and was received for baptism. I was baptized by our pastor, Elder J. C. Hurst, on the second Sunday in June, 1913. I want to say here that the happiest day I have ever seen was the day I united with the church. I had been desiring and longing to be one of them so long, and when I saw they received me and rejoiced, my cup was full.

Brethren, for fear of wearying you I will close. Do as you think best with this. If you should think best to publish it correct all mistakes.

Yours in hope of eternal life,

F. S. SHELTON.



“AND IT WAS SO.”

(Genesis i. 7, 9, 11, 15, 24, 30.)

DEAR ELDER KER:—Would it not seem that if there was ever a time that the words of the Lord should have failed that it would have occurred in the creation of the world? Adam was not formed of the dust of the ground until all else was complete, and it would seem so very imperative for him to have assisted at that time, else what claim can we make of being “workers together with God”? If Adam had no being until all the work was done, what credit can he claim for any of its performance? And since there can be no question now as to Adam’s having had any part or lot in the creation of the world or the smallest insect that inhabits it, we may be absolutely positive that he had no choosing of the people of God in Christ before the world was. All that pertains to both heaven and earth was complete in Christ and in creation before Adam lived, and were, are and will be manifest, with the unfailing, unchanging rolling on of the undisturbed purpose of an infinite God, all for one purpose: to manifest his power, might, majesty and dominion, in the demonstration that “none can stay his hand or say unto him, What doest thou?” The words, “and it was so,” appear to be in the original text, and it is very significant that they occur six times, once for each day’s work, seeming to verify the fulfillment of every word of the Lord as creation progressed to its very last detail, including Adam himself, proving that there was no hitch or objection in anything, or that one word had returned unto him void. So that as we contemplate even in our small degree his almighty power and never-failing word in the creation of “the heaven and the earth,” that as “it was so” it will be so, and that none who grant that “it was so” in every word that he spoke in the six days of creation

may claim that the manifestation of that power will not reflect God, his will and purpose in everything, for

“His providence unfolds the book,  
And makes his councils shine;  
Each opening leaf and every stroke  
Fulfills some deep design.”

Yours as ever,

E. R. KINNEY.

SCHOHARIE, N. Y.

NOCONA, Texas, Feb. 14, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—We are a little slow in sending our subscription for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. We love to read the paper, for it is all the preaching we get. It has been over three years since we heard any preaching, and only those who are absent from the church and brethren can know how hungry one gets when so isolated. We moved from Ohio to Oklahoma in 1906, and united with the little Ebenezer Church; Elder J. F. Beeman was the pastor. We had good meetings every month. We lived there two years, and moved to New Mexico; have not met with the church since. The church at Helena, Oklahoma, has gone down; some have moved away and others died. The pastor, Elder Beeman, moved away, so that little church has gone. While we lived in New Mexico we had preaching in the schoolhouse by brother Isaac R. Greathouse, and always had a feast at every meeting. There was no organized church, only a few members lived there. We were glad to see brother Greathouse’s article in the SIGNS; hope he is taking the SIGNS and will write often for the paper. While we cannot choose the writers, yet we love to read from those we know, and we have been made to rejoice reading from those we never knew in the flesh; for the Lord prepares them to write for the comfort of his elect, and also prepares the heart to receive what is written; the disposing is of the Lord.

Your brother in hope,

C. G. MILLER.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., JULY 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***SIGNS OF THE TIMES.**

DEAR EDITORS:—There are signs of the times which seem to indicate that the day of the Lord is near, when earthly kingdoms shall fade away and a different order of things be established. If the editors or any one else have enlightenment on those prophecies I would be glad to read it in the SIGNS.

W. E. BLUE.

NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y., May 31, 1917.

It would be a pleasure to grant the request of brother Blue if we could, but we fear that our view of the present condition of things is not in harmony with that of many of our brethren. However, we are willing to give such as we have for the consideration of our readers.

There have always been signs and wonders in the earth since the beginning, and such will doubtless continue until the end. In olden times the Lord made himself known by such things as displayed his power and glory. Sometimes he told his servants why he would do things, and what the end of such things should be, but even in those days many of his wonders were hid from man. It is as much the glory of the Lord to hide a thing as it is to reveal it, and except when it is necessary, in his wisdom, that his dealings with men be known to establish his glory and to accomplish his purpose, he never tells them why he does

this or that. No one knew why the famine came upon the land of Canaan and the seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt until it had all come to pass. The brethren of Joseph had not the slightest idea why they hated and sold him except the envy and jealousy they found in their hearts. The Lord had arranged it all for their good and for his glory. After the "four hundred years" were finished they could look back over all the way and see the Lord's purpose in it all. Many of that people died without fully understanding the purpose the Lord had in it. So also many who live to-day will die without seeing, or understanding, God's purpose in the present condition of the nations. It is a conceded fact that there seems no just or real cause why such conditions should exist. What is to be gained? And should everything be gained for which nations are fighting, what would it all amount to when compared with the bloodshed, misery, woe and billions of dollars spent? We answer, Nothing, absolutely nothing; yet there is a cause. We want to emphasize the fact that this is not a religious war, though it is more than likely that some religious revolution will be wrought by it.

With reference to the prophecies, whether of the Old or New Testament, we do not think the present war and rumors of wars have anything whatever to do with them. The prophecy of the Old Testament referred to the coming of Christ, his sufferings, death and the glory which followed. The glory that followed was the setting up of his spiritual kingdom in the earth, composed of all nations, thus revealing the secret hid from the beginning of the world: that the Lord had a chosen people among all nations. The prophecies of the New Testament referred to the destruction of Jerusalem, together

with the end of all rites, forms and ceremonies, the bringing in of heresies and the setting up of antichrist. When Jesus said to the disciples that they should hear of wars and rumors of wars, he also said, but the end is not yet. Kingdom should rise against kingdom and nation against nation, pestilences, earthquakes and so on should come to pass; the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel should also be seen by that generation, for that generation should not pass until all those things be fulfilled. If, therefore, those things should be fulfilled in the days of that generation, why do any of us apply that Scripture to the present age and condition of things now? The end of the world spoken of in that place meant the end of that age, dispensation, legal covenant. The throwing down of the stones of the temple, that not one stone should be left upon another, signified that not one thing of the law should remain in force, but that all should be fulfilled in Christ and a complete new covenant established upon better works and better promises. The Scriptures are not literal, but are the work of God's Spirit, hence teach heavenly and divine things. If they were literal all men could understand alike, and no mystery would be involved. It is true that some portions speak of temporal and literal things, but under it all there is a spiritual significance known and seen by spiritual beings, the children of the great Spirit. One other thing the Savior said in this special connection was, And this gospel of the kingdom must be preached in all the world for a witness, then shall the end come. This is understood by many to refer to the end of this material world, and by sending, as they say, the gospel to all nations, are hastening the end of the same, when in reality no man wants

this world to end. He gave that commission to his apostles, saying, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature, teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. They in obedience to that command went and preached the gospel to both Jews and Gentiles, which they were not permitted to do before the resurrection of Christ; but then, the debt having been paid, and the middle wall which separated them removed, the glad tidings must be sent to all nations. By reading Paul's letter to the Colossians it will be seen that the gospel was preached in all the world to every creature during his day. Again, if that commandment was obeyed by those to whom it was given, why try to apply that Scripture to men now as making it their duty to leave homes, wives and children and go into some uncivilized country to be murdered by the heathen? To rightly divide the word of truth is the commandment of God, put things where they belong, and that commandment is given only to those whom he has called to preach his Word. The test as to whether he has called them or not is that they preach him, the truth, the life and the way, teaching men to observe all things whatsoever he commands them, nothing more, nothing less. When a man teaches anything not commanded of God it is evident the Lord has not sent him to preach the gospel.

We have reason to believe, as brother Blue says, that some earthly kingdoms will fall from their present standing and order, but their falling and the raising of others will never affect the kingdom of God, which is now and has been for centuries established in the hearts of men in all the world. This kingdom, as Daniel

said, has broken down every other kingdom, and fills the whole earth. This glorious kingdom is in the hearts of all nations, and abides when other kingdoms fall. This kingdom is joy, righteousness and peace in the Holy Ghost, while other kingdoms are sorrow, ungodliness and war, but in it all his purpose will be accomplished and good for the nations wrought.

K.

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MATTHEW XXVI. II.

"For ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always."

His enemies accused Jesus of accompanying with publicans and sinners, and in this case we find him sitting in the house of Simon the leper. He went to such because they needed him, while the self-righteous had no use for him. "They that are whole need not a physician; but they that are sick." Into this house, also, came a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment. This ointment she poured on Jesus' head. To the disciples standing by this seemed a woe-ful waste, and they said so. "To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor." But Jesus replied to them: "She hath wrought a good work upon me." Thus Jesus' estimate of what a really good work is was widely at variance with his own disciples' opinion of what constituted a good work. To them it would have seemed a better work for this woman to have sold this ointment, and with the proceeds to have alleviated the conditions of the poor. But Jesus said she did a good work in using the ointment on his body. This woman had suffered much, and had been forgiven all at the hands of the Savior. It was no wonder she desired to adore and reverence him because of the great things he

had done for her in forgiving all her sins. The anointing he received at her hands was but the outward expression of the worship in her soul. Wherever the gospel is being preached to-day, this woman is being memorialized; she is still anointing the body of the Lord with the precious ointment. For this woman represents the church, which is compared to a woman in many places throughout the Scriptures. The church of God loves to be engaged in his service, in worshiping him and in declaring his goodness and mercy through Christ to poor, lost sinners redeemed by grace. This is the true and blessed business of the true church of God: to preach Jesus and to testify of him. She is the lighthouse, whose clear, crystal light shines out over the tossings of a sin-cursed world, and those are attracted to its shining ray whose eyes have been opened by God and the work of his Holy Spirit. "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." This is her light, then, clear as crystal, like a jasper stone. This, then, is the object of the church: to be a living monument to testify to the power of God in the salvation of sinners through the blood of Jesus Christ alone. But in this day and time the churches of the world think it the business of the church to organize, conduct and supervise all kinds of so-called charitable institutions for the less fortunate of mankind. While such organizations may be all right in their place, their place is not in the true church. They are of the world, and belong in the world. Poverty and misery are no new things in the earth. These were prevalent in Christ's day and in the days of the apostles, as now. Yet we find neither in the teachings of Jesus nor in the teachings of the apostles any authority for his church to father organizations and so-

cieties having for their sole object the distribution of charitable aid to those who are judged as needing such aid. There is abundant testimony in the Scriptures which authorizes the true brotherhood, the church, to help one another substantially when in need of such help. The brethren should help one another, and not let any of their number suffer for the necessities of life, nor allow any of their numbers to be pensioners on the bounty of unbelievers. Herein is the love of God made manifest: in that we love one another. But we find no order to the church anywhere for them to organize societies or institute wholesale campaigns for the material betterment of mankind. These things may be, and doubtless are, all right for the world and worldly men and women to look after and to engage in, but they form no part of church order and government as commanded by Christ and his apostles. To the church of God there is assigned another, a far higher and more distinctive business than that mentioned above: it is to minister unto the body of Christ, his people. This is done in the preaching of the gospel, in observing the order and ordinances of his house, in comforting and in helping one another, in maintaining a godly walk and conversation. The poor ye have always with you. These words of the Savior show that poverty is no new thing, and that it is always insisently present, no matter where or when one may live. And, as the poor always are with us, so there is not wanting plenty of people to look after the poor, plenty of schemes for solving and alleviating poverty and its attendant misery, plenty of willing hands and willing hearts among men to take up this work. "But me ye have not always." Christ is not everywhere to be found. To find him in his purity is to find a real

gem. Plenty of people for everything else, but not plenty of people to serve him. No, precious few there are who have this blessed ministry assigned to them, and who are called unto it. Therefore, if God has called us to the ministry of his truth, let us wait on our ministry, and not turn aside to dabble in matters with which we have no business. There are any number of men with far better natural qualifications than ourselves to take up and carry on political or sociological or moral causes and problems; but there are only a few men scattered far and wide over the country who can preach the gospel in all its wholeness. Therefore, let the dead bury their dead, but let us follow Jesus only. When Saul of Tarsus, who had been educated to be a great lawyer, was brought low in the dust and called to preach the Christ he once despised, when he went down into the water to be baptized and thus became identified with the despised christians, his former friends must have thought that he had thrown all his talents and golden opportunities to the four winds. What a waste, they must have exclaimed. No matter, he is now serving the body of his Lord, a far better work than feeding the poor. So Jesus said, and so it must be true. It looks like the waste of good material when men of talent are called to serve Jesus' little flock; but how little are we able to truly value such service.

L.

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### NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse in Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in July (29th). All are welcome.

L. B. FORD.

**CORRESPONDING LETTERS.**

*The Warwick Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Middletown and Wallkill Church, Middletown, N. Y., June 6th, 7th and 8th, 1917, to the associations and meetings with which we correspond sends love in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—We appreciate your continuing fellowship and correspondence, assured us in the Minutes of your last association. There has been no communication from a few of our correspondents, but we presume this is due to oversight. Our association has been good and pleasant, for in unity of the Spirit our churches dwell together in peace, and in the assurance of love abounding the God of all grace manifestly reigns in our midst. In demonstration of the Spirit and of power the preaching confirmed our faith, making us to hear with joy and gladness in renewed assurance that in a loving way we are saved by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ.

Our next session, the Lord willing, is to be held with the Ebenezer Church, in New York city, beginning on Wednesday before the second Sunday in June, 1918, where and when a cordial welcome awaits your messengers. Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

H. C. KER, Moderator.

R. L. DODSON, Clerk.

**MARRIAGES.**

By Elder B. F. Coulter, June 21st, 1917, at the residence of Mr. S. D. Jarman, 12 S. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa., William D. Bassett and Myrtle E. Carey, both of Berlin, Md.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

Mrs. J. E. Chadwick, Texas, \$1.00; H. G. Garrett, Ky., \$3.00; Mrs. Sarah Gandy, N. J., \$1.00; Miss C. A. Davis, Ill., \$1.00; Elder J. M. Fenton, Pa., \$2.00.

**APPOINTMENTS.**

THE Lord willing, there will be a meeting at the home of Mrs. Laura Cook, Anderson St., Trenton, N. J., Friday, July 13th, 8 p. m.; Saturday, 14th, at the home of sister Horner, Stockton, N. J., 2:30 p. m.; Sunday, 15th, Locktown, 11 a. m.; Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m. same day; Monday, 16th, brother Demott's, Grandon, N. J., 8 p. m.; Tuesday, 17th, Clinton, N. J., at the home of Oscar Rittenhouse, 8 p. m.

D. M. VAIL.

**MEETINGS.**

THE covenant meeting of the Regular Predestinarian Baptists of Washington, Oregon and Idaho will be held with Mizpah Church, Touchet, Wash., commencing on Friday before the fourth Sunday in July, at 11 o'clock. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth.

J. T. BARNES, Moderator.

WOODSON CUMMINS, Clerk.

THE New Hope Association of Old School Predestinarian Baptists will be held with Mt. Zion Church, nine miles south of Greenville, Texas, near Cash, on the Midland R. R., beginning on Friday before the third Sunday in August. Those coming by rail will be met at Cash Thursday and Friday. All lovers of truth are invited, especially ministering brethren of our faith and order.

S. M. DICKENS.

THE Hazel Creek Association of Primitive Baptists will meet with Providence Church, in Appanoose County, Iowa, August 29th, 30th and 31st. This is the original Hazel Creek Association, the one that holds the records. Trains will be met at Plano or any convenient place. Visitors cordially invited.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator, Novinger, Mo.

H. C. CATE, Clerk, Moravia, Iowa.

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OLD SCHOOL  
BAPTIST CHURCH.**

IN

**NEW YORK CITY.**

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

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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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

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J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

**SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST  
CHURCH,**

1315 Columbia Avenue  
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PHILADELPHIA, P A.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.  
ALL WELCOME

The Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.  
OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.  
CLAREMONT, Cal.

**NOTICE.**

Complying with urgent requests, I have included a select number of "Predestinarian Baptist" Editorials in my book, "My God and my Salvation," increasing the size to 200 pages and the price to \$1.00. My copy is now in the hands of the printer, and the book will be ready for delivery on or before June 1st. Order now and pay when book is delivered. Address,  
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[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST 1, 1917. NO. 15.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### HEBREWS XIII. 13.

“LET us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.”

Among the types in the Old Testament Scriptures was the disease of leprosy, which was a type of sin. The priests in the land of Israel were qualified to diagnose the disease as separate from all other skin affections, and when a man or woman within the camp of Israel was found having the disease, he or she was placed without the camp, excluded from all others except those having the disease, and if one approached their dwelling-place they were required to cry, “Unclean, unclean,” not allowing them to approach near them. They were examined from time to time, and when it was found that the disease had spread over all the body, then the patient was pronounced clean. The antitype presents the beautiful and wonderful work of God’s grace in the heart of the sinner. The woman whom God had given to Adam for an helpmeet was tempted of Satan, and was drawn away of her own lust, and enticed, and in her temptation she partook of the fruit of the tree, which God commanded Adam not to eat, saying, “In the day

that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.” Through the violation of God’s commandment by the woman sin entered into the world, and death by sin. This one act in the beginning of time brought condemnation and death upon all the posterity of the race of Adam. The sweet singer of Israel prayed, and said, “Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness; according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions. Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgressions; and my sin is ever before me. Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight; that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest. Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.” The psalmist confessed (as does every one who knoweth the plague of his own heart) his own sin, not attributing it to the first offense. When the work of the Spirit is begun in the sinner he is quickened into life; the sentence of death has been passed upon him, and he is dead; but now he is made to see and taste and feel, and to know things which he knew not before;

that he was a sinner without hope and without God in the world. The leprous affliction of sin now begins to show itself in his body (in other words, the knowledge of sin and depravity gets hold upon him in its horrible loathsomeness and dread reality). He does not yet know what is this powerful medicine that is bringing his vile disease to the surface. He is driven without the camp of God's holy law, and he cries, "Unclean, unclean." He realizes his unfitness to be under the same roof even with his own family. As said one of old: Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord. And said another: The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me; I found trouble and sorrow. Another said: I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes. The cleansing and purifying work of the Spirit goes on. The horrid leprous spots present themselves in loathsome, condemning form. Sin abounds, but grace doth much more abound, leading the sin-sick soul even through the valley of the shadow of death, and always without the camp fearing and trembling, yet hoping against hope. But we have this promise: "But it shall come to pass, that at evening time it shall be light." We come to the evening of the sixth day under the law, and at midnight the Bridegroom cometh, he whom our soul loveth, saying, "It is finished." He came in the likeness of sinful flesh, bearing our sins in his own body without the camp, as the author and finisher of our faith, "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Now that we have been brought out of the darkness of death into the light and liberty of the glorious gospel of Christ, the knowledge of our leprous,

sinful condition is manifest in all our body. We behold a body that is corrupt from our head even unto our feet. Therefore we have the evidence that the great Physician has healed us completely, that we are redeemed, justified and sanctified. Now we are exhorted to be not carried about with divers and strange doctrines, but it is a good thing that the heart be established with grace. Now we have an altar whereof they have no right to eat which serve the tabernacle, for the bodies of those beasts whose blood is brought into the sanctuary by the high priest for sin are burned without the camp. Wherefore Jesus also, that he might sanctify the people with his own blood, suffered without the gate. We desire to be true followers of him who suffered for us. Let us not be ashamed of the gospel of Christ; then let us go forth therefore unto him without the camp, bearing his reproach.

B. F. COULTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Pennsylvania.

#### REVELATION VII. 14.

"THESE are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

EDITORS SIGNS OF THE TIMES:—I am this Sunday morning writing you, submitting to your better judgment my views of the above text of Scripture, which you will dispose of as you deem best. These are a peculiar people, a great number or multitude which no man can number, of all nations, and kindreds, and peoples, and tongues; they stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands. This peculiar people are innumerable, so far as man is concerned, yet I deem them but a remnant of the election of grace. I will here give some negative reasons why I do not believe that all the election

of grace are under consideration in this text, or that washing their robes here in the blood of the Lamb had any reference to that perfect righteousness of Christ which prepared them for heaven and immortal glory (save by virtue of) by no means whatever, nor that the throne here mentioned means their dwelling in the eternal world, or after their corporeal death. First, all the election of grace while here in their time state, I cannot view according to the Scriptures with palms in their hands, which is a symbol of victory, and I cannot believe that all of God's elect family have or will ever get the victory over the beast and his image, his mark and the number of his name, while here in this life. Second, that washing their robes and making them white in the blood of the Lamb is metaphorical language. Third, the word "therefore," the beginning of the fifteenth verse, implies that it was what they had done that gave them a place around the throne of God to serve him day and night in his temple, or in his church, for "there is no night there." Day and night are here in the time state of the Lord's chosen and redeemed family. Last, but not least, after the Lord's dear children are happily housed in heaven and immortal glory, there will be no leading them unto living fountains of waters, but then and there they will be at the fountainhead to live and rejoice for ever and ever. It is here in our experience and time state that the Lamb of God is leading us to these blessed fountains of living waters, which John speaks of as coming down or proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. Heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool. I am fully persuaded in my mind that the gospel kingdom or church is spoken of in the Scriptures in different

places as a throne, or being a throne. "A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary;" therefore I am writing with the thought in mind that this wonderful apostle, John, had the gospel church under consideration when he said, Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple (church). These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth; these are they who are walking the strait and narrow way unto life in this blessed kingdom which is not meat and drink, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. These are they who through the Spirit are mortifying the deeds of the body and are living with the living in Jerusalem, the gospel church, for they are written among the living in Jerusalem, the holy city. These are they who are not defiled with women (religious systems), for they are virgins. These are they who have and are coming out of great tribulation. As blood is the symbol of life, it here means that God for an all-wise purpose of his own blessed this portion of his elect people to so live here as to not strain or spot their professional robes or garments. These are the robes or garments meant here, I think, their professional garments, therefore they are before the throne in the gospel church and serve him day and night, and the Lamb is leading them both day and night, and they are following him, for they hear and know his voice and follow him. As is said of one of the seven churches in Asia: "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments [their professional garments]; and they shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy." So in like manner those who came out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the

Lamb, and those who by virtue of the life of Christ are enabled to take up their cross daily and follow Christ through evil as well as good report, through much tribulation enter the kingdom.

Humbly submitted.

W. J. MAY.

Shock, Ky., April 1, 1917.

### THE TRUE WISDOM.

"BUT where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding? \* \* \* The depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. \* \* \* Whence then cometh wisdom? and where is the place of understanding? Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air. Destruction and death say, We have heard the fame thereof with our ears. God understandeth the way thereof, and knoweth the place thereof. For he looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heaven; to make the weight for the winds; and he weigheth the waters by measure. When he made a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder; then did he see it, and declare it; he prepared it, yea, and searched it out. And unto man he saith, Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom: and to depart from evil is understanding."—Job xxviii. 12, 14, 15, 20-28. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."—Psalms xix. 1, 2. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever."—Psalms cxl. 10. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of knowl-

edge; but fools despise wisdom and instruction. My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: for they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck."—Prov. i. 7-9. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and the knowledge of the holy is understanding. For by me thy days shall be multiplied, and the years of thy life shall be increased."—Prov. ix. 10, 11. "I wisdom dwell with prudence, and find out knowledge of witty inventions. The fear of the Lord is to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate." "Now therefore hearken unto me, O ye children: for blessed are they that keep my ways. Hear instruction, and be wise, and refuse it not. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates, waiting at the posts of my doors. For whoso findeth me findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord. But he that sinneth against me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate me love death."—Prov. viii. 12, 13, 32-36. And forsake not the law of thy mother (the church). They shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. All they that hate me love death. All they that hate Jesus love death. "The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life, to depart from the snares of death."—Prov. xiv. 27. "Then I saw that wisdom excelleth folly, as far as light excelleth darkness."—Eecl. ii. 13. "For the preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. For it is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nothing the understanding of the prudent. Where is the wise? where is the scribe? where is the disputer of this world? hath not God made foolish the

wisdom of this world? For after that in the wisdom of God the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks [worldly wise] foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God. Because the foolishness of God [this preaching of the cross] is wiser than men; and the weakness of God is stronger than men. For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh should glory in his presence. But of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption; that, according as it is written, He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."—1 Cor. i. 18-31.

"And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world that come to nought: but we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God

ordained before the world unto our glory; which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." "But 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. But he that is spiritual judgeth all things, yet he himself is judged of no man. For who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ."—1 Cor. ii. 4-8, 14-16. Here is the true wisdom, the mind of Christ; for it is written, I will dwell in them, and walk in them, and they shall be unto me a people, and I will be unto them a God. He has every treasure of wisdom and knowledge, and of his fullness we receive, and grace for grace. "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."—James i. 17. "But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy. And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace."—James iii. 14-18. The Scriptures are their own best interpreters when the Lord gives us an understanding. The inspired apostle James is very plain concerning our daily walk, or the practical side of the religion that we profess. "There

was a little city, and few men within it; and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."—Ecc. ix. 14, 15. Jesus had not where to lay his head, yet by his wisdom delivered the city, Zion, well beloved. All forsook him and fled, yet he triumphed over all the powers of darkness and cohorts of Satan. "And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me."—Isaiah lxiii. 5. "Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation."—Psalms xxiii. 3-5. This is our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; he receives the blessing, and his people receive blessing through the merits of the Elder Brother, and through his merits alone the mercy and blessing are bestowed upon unworthy sinners of Adam's race.

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. iv. 8.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.

Yours in hope,

WM. F. SLOAN.

LEXINGTON, Ky.

#### THE LORD'S WAYS ARE RIGHT.

I HAD come to the conclusion that I was justified in letting my pen rest, because I could not see in my writings anything to commend them to anybody. I said to myself, There is no gift, I cannot see any; and when I considered my confused life I said, There is nothing better for me to do than to work and make money, and be of some importance in the world. Surely it is right, for I have the Scripture to back me: He that looketh not for the welfare of his own, and especially they of his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. So you see I had something to base my conclusion upon. I have been working steadily for several weeks past, and the work is pretty hard, and when Sunday would come it was quite a trial to get ready for the meetings, and about half the time I have stayed at home and rested so I could go back to my work Monday mornings. I could not feel that I ought to absent myself from the meetings, but in order to hold my position I must work, and I must have rest in order to work, and I will say right here that this natural body has to be given some consideration. Sometimes I think we are guilty of tempting the Lord (or perhaps I should have said I am guilty). The Lord has ordained a natural law, and we should consider this law. When a man overtaxes his strength he pays the penalty with a feeling of weakness or exhaustion; and when we talk about a natural law, do we not also talk about God's law? Again, I ask, Can anything exist without God? Some say the war that is going on in Europe, and which is about to spread to our country, is caused by the devil; that the Lord has nothing to do with it, but let us be careful about these speculative minds we have. Of course the

natural mind will say this, but let us cling to the Scriptures. Did not the lying spirit have to get permission from the Lord before he could entice Ahab? The record is, the Lord said to the lying spirit, Thou shalt entice him. If the Lord is not directing all events I must confess I do not know anything; but there is a mind within me which seems to make me understand God Almighty, and this is just what he is, almighty; he is the Governor of the nations; and if he is the Governor of the nations, he is the Governor of the people, for it is the people who compose the nations. It is in this belief that I rest. This doctrine is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I see I am drifting. I do honestly believe that the Lord accomplishes his great designs by man's disobedience. I cannot go into detail in this article, as it would make it too lengthy, but here is one instance: because of David's wickedness Solomon came into the world, and Solomon must build the temple, not David. I do not like to talk about myself or my exercise of mind, but I cannot refrain at this time from mentioning what actually is causing me to write now. I told at the beginning of this article about coming to the conclusion that I was justified in letting my pen rest, and the reason for this conclusion. Still I had an inward feeling that I was doing wrong, and I have felt all was not well with me. To-day I have met with what is called an accident. I had one finger on my left hand cut and another mashed. I had to go to a doctor for attention. On my way home the thought came into my mind, I wonder why my right hand did not get hurt. Immediately the thought came, You write with that hand, you can take time to write again now. I felt just as I have

felt when my natural father whipped me and I had to suffer the shame of others knowing I had to be whipped. In the car as I went home it seemed the passengers were all staring at me; it seemed to me they knew I was being punished. So now I have time to write, and yet I do not know who is to be comforted by this article, whether any one or not, but something is saying, What is that to thee? Though I cannot understand the Lord's ways, I must say what I did at the beginning of this article: The Lord's ways are right.

April 18th.—I have kept this article for nearly a month. I have been thinking I would destroy it, but have not done so. I have decided to send it to you, so you can do whatever you think is best with it. I wrote as soon as I got my hand done up and got home. I had a pencil convenient, so did not wait to get pen and ink.

A. T. BENSON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., March 26, 1917.

MACOMB, Ill., June 7, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed find one dollar, for which please extend my subscription to the SIGNS six months. I will say as I always have done, that I am well pleased with the SIGNS, and could not think of doing without it. Dear Elder Ker, your editorial on the Resurrection some time back was worth the price of the paper a year to me. Too much cannot be written on this glorious theme when written in the right spirit, with a "Thus saith the Lord." Your writings are a comfort to me, who am one of the weak ones of the flock and need "strong meat," such as you hand out, to strengthen me. I love Elder Lefferts' writings also, and indeed all who write for our dear paper. My mother, Mrs. I.

N. Van Meter, to whom you send the SIGNS free, is still living at the age of ninety-six, but is pretty feeble, cannot walk without assistance. She appreciates your kindness to her, and greatly loves the SIGNS.

I will inclose a letter from sister Bonnie Chick, received some months ago, to do with as you deem best. It was not written for publication, but she writes such lovely letters I am sure all will be comforted by reading it, and hope she will forgive me for sending it.

With best wishes for all connected with the SIGNS, your sister,

SARAH E. RUNKLE.

RICHMOND, Maine, Nov. 4, 1916.

MY VERY DEAR SISTER:—Surely no words can tell how little and unworthy I felt as I read your precious letter. I will have to say again, I am not worthy to receive such messages. As I read I marveled that one whom I know to be so far above me in spiritual things could feel to write of such wonderful things to me. There are so many things I desire to speak of that I know not where to begin. You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from me from Maine. All summer I felt a desire to attend the association in Bowdoinham. All of my mother's people live in this section. Aunt Angie Thomas, whose writings you have no doubt read in the SIGNS, is in a critical condition. When I came the first of September I expected to return in October, but it seemed I could be of some service to her, so have planned, if it is the Lord's will, to stay until the middle of December. I long to do the Lord's will, but so often I fear lest I am just following my own inclinations, and that I am seeking ease for the flesh. I am prone to think the pleasantest things are

the best for me, but we are told that it is through much tribulation we enter the kingdom, and one poet wrote:

"Yes, 'tis a rough and thorny road  
That leads us to the saints' abode,  
But when our Father's house we gain,  
'Twill make amends for all our pain."

You said you could not help your heart going out to those who are called to pass through dark, troublesome places more than it does to those who are always rejoicing. This has been a source of trouble to me, too. It has seemed there are some I can get so much nearer to than others. When reading your letters I have ever felt that you could understand me in many things that would seem strange to others. I can no longer enjoy the things of the world, and I feel so little interest in the things around me. How often I am begging for strength to go on quietly before the others, that they may not be distressed, and I feel the need of his care to be so great, but am so fearful lest I weary him with my cries for help. It seems many times all I can say is, Lord, help me; thou knowest my need. I know not what to pray for, and am filled with fear when I find a longing to pray springing up in my heart, for O how often something comes that will almost drive us to despair. Since I have been in Maine it seems I have been called to pass through one of the darkest times I have ever known, when my hope seemed well nigh gone. For a time the burden was so great that I could neither sleep nor eat, but no words can describe the joy of the deliverance, and at the meeting that Sunday I was granted a taste of the peace and joy I felt in my early experience. It was so sweet to feel again that the everlasting arms were underneath, realizing that he could lead me and guide me safely through all the dangers, toils and snares that I may be called to pass while



I dwell upon this earth. How wondrously precious his promises come to us at such times. Surely we can then sing:

"O save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair."

Several nights ago these words seemed so good to me: Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me. Then I wonder how one so prone to sin can ever dare attempt to praise a just and holy God, and yet I do love to have others write or talk to me of his goodness, and I cannot restrain the response that springs up in my heart.

Monday afternoon. O how wonderful are the ways of the Lord! How glad I would be for words to express what I feel. When I stopped writing Saturday afternoon it was as if my thoughts had come to a standstill, and I could not seem to send what I had written. When the carrier came he brought the SIGNS you sent me; they had remailed it to me. Aunt Angie and I were alone, so I began reading your experience aloud to her at once, and it was just as if I were reading my own. Tears would come to my eyes when you told of Scriptures that came to you in your dark hours, for several of these very Scriptures had come to me in hours of distress. I recalled one day when I was first plunged into the depths how the words, "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," came, and all day I felt a peace I could not describe. I thought surely my suffering had ended, but O, for how many months and days after that I wakened with a shudder at the sight of daylight, dreading the thought of the suffering that seemed to be my portion. I walked with a heartache and burden that I felt would crush

me to the ground. Many thought it was my mind, but I almost wished I might lose my mind, or that unconsciousness would seize me, so that I could not feel the pain. Then when you spoke of opening the Bible to the words, 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 help of my countenance, and my God, I thought of one night when searching for comfort I opened to these words, and they were so wonderful to me I went to bed repeating them over and over. The next morning I tried to recall them and could not, and neither could I find them in the Bible. I could not even bring to mind one word. It went on for several months until one day Elder Francis came, and he read the forty-second Psalm. When he came to those words I knew them, and I was made to rejoice that they had been given back to me. I, too, was granted the sweet privilege of taking communion with the saints the day I was baptized. I felt a calm, settled peace at the time, but before night a friend belonging to the New School Baptists began to talk to me and question me. We argued for a time, and O the terror I felt when I realized I was no longer feeling the peace that had been with me in the morning. That night I lay awake with troubled thoughts, when suddenly it was as if I were surrounded by a wonderful love, and my joy was unspeakable.

I must not weary you, but so many, many things came to my mind as I read your precious letter. Then I know so many of the other writers—and there are so many things connected with the coming of the paper this afternoon that I long to praise Him who does such wonderful things for the children of men. My cup seems filled with joy. Had I

sent what I wrote Saturday I would have had to write again, for it just seems there is no rest for me at times until I unburden my mind. I long to hear you tell more of your travels, but know what it is not to feel strong or well. When you told me in your letter that you feared your trials would weary me, I felt they would be a comfort to me. I am glad that your son is so much better. May the Lord bless you and make you to feel that his strength is sufficient.

Your sister, I hope,

BONNIE A. CHICK.

DAYTON, Ohio, May 1, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—Since reading your precious editorial in the 1st of May SIGNS, I feel the subject you wrote upon was ably explained to me: "It is the glory of God to conceal a thing." How clear to my mind you have made it! I pray the dear Master, if consistent with his will, that your life may be spared many years hence to so ably wield the pen as an editor of the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES, that brings to me so much comfort, living as I do in a large city having many fine and expensive edifices called the houses of God, and fashionable congregations filling them, but to me no home as a church home; so, therefore, when my SIGNS comes to me filled with precious gospel food, you may well be assured that the magazine contains food much appreciated by my poor, hungry soul. How precious to me is the thought in connection with your subject that faith is the gift of God, and that it is to this faith given in the soul of the believer that God reveals his hidden wisdom, so that surely God is not to be known by the powers of the natural mind nor found out by searching. How sublime to feel that our God is such an all-wise and

blessed Master, that he knows the end of time from the beginning, regardless of what men declare. These lines to me seem sweet and comforting:

"Hail sovereign love, that first began  
The scheme to rescue fallen man!  
Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,  
That gives my soul a hiding-place."

Within the past twelve years I have indeed experienced great and sad tribulation. O that I may be numbered with that happy company who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. How strong the tie that binds the Lord's chosen ones together! Though I many times fear I am not one, yet I know I love them above all others, and I would gladly live and die among them. I am glad to say that even living in a wicked city with all its allurements and vice, I have at times had many precious seasons with some of the choice ones of the Lord's dear family, and how blessed are such interviews, especially when I am afflicted, and how truly I can understand and appreciate the many varied trials of the living in Jerusalem, but their joys seem to be denied me. I have, however, felt enough to melt me to tears momentarily, and to make me hunger and thirst for more of those blessed influences. O how I feel my utter helplessness, that I cannot of myself move one step in the life divine. I know and feel that in thought, word and deed I am daily sinning against the Most High, and that I cannot control my thoughts, which often place themselves upon things of time. How I long, as heretofore, for an assurance that I shall inherit eternal glory. How could I endure to be shut out forever from that dear company that I devotedly love in this life because I see in them the image of the Beloved? In the New Testament we see fulfilled all the prophecy of the Old. The promised

Messiah came, and when upon the cross he said, "It is finished," then there was the fulfillment of the law, the work of redemption was complete. There comes to my mind now the beautiful figure of the rainbow as a covenant between God and his people. As no storm-cloud is too dark for the rainbow to show itself upon, so no storms that sweep over the sin-sick soul can be so dark but that the promise of the gospel shall be seen. Amid all our darkness of mind we own that we love God's people, and the apostle says it is one of the evidences that we have passed from death unto life. May we rest under the shadow of the Lord's sheltering wing. With what tender, regretful emotions do I now call to mind other and happier days in the parental home, where I was a happy young girl reared by good christian parents, when "Jesus all the day long was my joy and my song," and when after the fall of the curtain of night I would listen to my father's dear voice while supplicating the throne of grace. I often felt as did Jacob: "This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." How lonely and sad seems my mind to-night because Jesus, that dearest of friends, the blessed heavenly guest, has not come in at the closed door of my heart and warmed the cold and weary soul by his dear presence and the sweet manifestations of his love. But amid the storms and dark waves that seem to toss with fierce tempest the frail bark of my life, is not Jesus near? Though I cannot see him as I stretch forth my helpless hands with arms too weak and too short to save, will he not walk with me in the water and will he not hold me in his dear, restful embrace?

As ever, your sister, I hope, saved by pardoning grace, if saved at all,

LIDA KELLER.

MARIETTA, Ga., April 25, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—I feel very unworthy to thus address you. I just want to let you know that I am yet alive, but am no better; I can get around on crutch and stick, but am suffering untold pain night and day. The SIGNS OF THE TIMES still comes to me regularly, for which I feel thankful to the good Lord, and you, brethren editors, for sending it to me. The good letters in it are much comfort to me in my lonely and suffering condition, but I trust I have a little hope that when I am done with suffering, trial and trouble in this world I shall be eternally at rest. I feel at times perfectly willing to die, but O, I dread the suffering of death. This earth has lost its charms for me. I have many doubts and fears, and do not live as I desire to, which makes me fear that I am not born again; but there is one thing I hope I do know: if I am a child of God it is by grace, and grace alone, for my prayers and best works of righteousness did not avail anything in point of my eternal salvation. My only hope is that my name was written in the Lamb's book of life before the world was. I believe that Christ died and redeemed his people, and that God will make it known to them in due time. There is one thing I do know: that I love the children of God and the doctrine they preach, but the question with me is, Is it the love of God? I hope it is. We know it is different from natural love. John says that we may know we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren, and I know I love them, which makes me hope that I am a child of God. Would it be thus with me if I had not been born again? Another evidence is when we read the sweet letters from dear brethren and sisters from

all parts of this wide world our love goes out to them. I often think if I am a child of God I would not have to suffer so much here in this world; then the thought will come that many are the afflictions of the children of God, and it is through great tribulation that they enter the kingdom of God; so there is a sweet for every bitter and a bitter for every sweet. The blessed Savior told his little children to be of good cheer, for he had overcome the world. They of the wicked one will persecute the children of God and speak all manner of evil against them falsely. Dear ones, let it be falsely for Christ's sake; let it be without a cause. Let us try and keep ourselves unspotted from the world as much as possible. I know we cannot live without sin, for even the thought of foolishness is sin. I believe a child of God wants to and would live without sin if he could, yet I am sorry to say there are many who have a name with the Primitive Baptists who have become very careless in attending their meetings. Some hardly know when their meeting day comes, I have heard them say so, and they are backbiting and devouring one another. Brethren, James says these things ought not so to be; we ought to act so as to let brotherly love continue. How much better to live in peace and love than in confusion. Brethren, I cannot help having doubts and fears as to being a child of God. I do not doubt the Primitive Baptists being the true church of Christ, but if we are what we profess to be we ought to let our light so shine that others: other little children of God, may see our good works, and it would encourage them to come home to the church, and glorify God in spirit and in truth, in soul and body, which are his.

Dear brother Ker, if one so unworthy

as I feel myself to be should thus address you, I desire an interest in your prayers, and all of the brethren, that I may be kept humble and submissive to the dealings of the good Lord with me, and that I may live and conduct myself so as not to sin myself out of fellowship of the brethren and sisters. If I am a child of God I am a poor, helpless sinner saved by grace, and grace alone. Please pardon bad spelling and writing, as I am lying on the bed. I have been down with rheumatism for eleven years, and never have been easy since taken. I am on crutch and stick a part of the time. If this is published please correct mistakes; if thrown into the waste-basket all will be right with me.

Your brother, I hope, in affliction,  
G. W. ALMAND.

ELGIN, Oregon, March 31, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—I have been slow in telling you that I heartily indorse your views given on Revelation xxii. 14, by my request. You certainly did show that good works manifested in God's people are the fruits of the Spirit of God in them, and not the cause; only the working out what God by his Spirit has worked in them. This is certainly in harmony with the word of God and the christian's experience. How true are the words of the Lord Jesus: "Without me ye can do nothing." Then, if blessed with the ability to do, certainly the blessing has gone before the do, and we should not think of claiming the blessing because of the doing. All acceptable service God's people are able to render is the direct fruits of faith, for we are told, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." God's people are not able to exercise faith, but rather faith exercises them, and their faith always embraces

Christ as the Lord their righteousness, and they are blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, according as they were chosen in him before the foundation of the world; and their blessings come to them in time, not for what they do, but for Christ's sake, and can there be a failure of their receiving a single blessing that was treasured up for them? These spiritual blessings are not given to them on the basis of law; it is not now under this new covenant, If you will I will, but rather, I will and you shall. But there are many now even among our people who are contending that all spiritual blessings here in time are conditioned on our works; it is to him that worketh is the reward reckoned, and make no difference between the law covenant and the covenant of grace. In fact, you will notice to sustain this position the Scriptures given to national Israel are freely quoted. It is still, I set before you cursing and blessing. It does not seem to me to be rightly dividing the word of truth to make no distinction between the covenant of grace and the covenant of works, between those whose law was written on tables of stone and those whose law is written on the fleshly tables of their heart, and those dead in sin and those who are born again and raised up from the dead. Under the first law covenant God said they broke his law, they continued not in his covenant, and he regarded them not, so he said the day would come when he would make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and it should not be like that first covenant. Now let us notice that difference. Under the first he remembered their sins and punished them for them, but under the new covenant he says, Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. I will be merciful to their unrighteous-

ness. They shall all know me, from the least unto the greatest. Then this new covenant is the one under which God's people are now; then why take the things of the law covenant and apply them to God's people under the new covenant? Is not this like putting new wine into old bottles, or binding the yoke on God's people, which Peter says "neither our fathers nor we were able to bear"? It is my humble opinion that this conditional time salvation, based on the principle of law, is a perversion of the truths of the gospel, and well represented by the gourds put into the pot by the young prophets, and we do hope God may grant always there to be old prophets to put in plenty of meal to overcome the bad effects of the gourds. Can we not see the need now among us of these old prophets? Contend earnestly for salvation by grace. The dear Redeemer, who bore the sins of all God's people, is worthy of all the praise, and if he bore them and put them away by the sacrifice of himself, let us not say we put any of them away by our works; and if all our spiritual blessings were treasured up for us in Christ Jesus, let us not claim we merit any of them by our works. It is my humble belief that there is not a blessing so treasured up in Christ Jesus for his people that they will not receive. The chastening rod is among the blessings. The evil received, as well as the good, is just as necessary in our heavenly Father's account. All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. I am not one who believes that one who believes all things work together for good to them that love God will make it a cloak for their sins or try to excuse their sins because of this belief. No, I am one who believes that all who are born again are indeed dead

to sin and cannot live any longer therein, and if there were no hell they would not wilfully sin. How can they that are dead to sin live any longer therein? They cannot.

Dear brother Lefferts, I did not think to write so much, I only wanted to tell you I indorse your views. I leave what I have here written to your judgment about publishing. Do not publish if I have said anything not in harmony with the truth. The Lord be with you.

Your unworthy brother in gospel bonds,  
G. E. MAYFIELD.

—•••••  
HAMMOND, W. Va., Feb. 28, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I will try to write to you again, if it meets the approval of the editors. I hope that we all may have the spirit to understand truth and to shun error. Let me kindly say to you all that we cannot have the mind and spirit to write as we should except we are in possession of the Spirit of the Lord; so I will try and write and leave it with you to be your own judges. You will find my subject in Isaiah xxvi. 13: "O Lord our God, other lords beside thee have had dominion over us: but by thee only will we make mention of thy name." The Scriptures teach that there are lords many and gods many, but unto us, the people of the true and living God, there is but one God; and after we are born of the Spirit we only want to make mention of his name, because we feel that other gods are dead gods, although they claim much power. But where is their power when God appears? Where was the soldiers' power when guarding the tomb of our dear Savior? were they not as dead men on the ground when our God appeared? When we were under Satan's control he had dominion over us and our enemies ruled us. Did they not have

dominion over us? But when Christ Jesus appeared and set us free from all those lords and powers, then they could not have dominion over us, because we were freed from their power and dominion. Now we are under grace, being made free from the law of sin, and if the Son makes you free you are free indeed, so we will only make mention of his great name, the Lord God of heaven and earth, who works all things after the counsel of his own will. Now we are his servants, and we serve him because he has wrought all our works in us. Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also hast wrought all our works in us. We are out of bondage now, are under grace and service of the only true and wise God. Paul said, If God be for us, who can be against us? It was Christ that suffered and died; it was Christ that rose for our justification. "Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise. Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead."—Isaiah xxvi. 19. We were chosen in Christ, and he is our life, for ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God; and when Christ, who is our life, appears, then we shall also appear with him in glory. We being in Christ Jesus when he arose, we arose with him, and he has dominion over us, and will have forever. He arose for our justification, and will have the glory, and his praise he will not give to another. No wonder the prophet said, We only will make mention of thy name. All the people Christ Jesus healed did not make mention of any other lord in all their praises but Jesus their Lord, and gave him all the praise. For thou art worthy, for thou hast done all things well. Yes, thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God

by thy blood, and made us kings and priests unto God. Thou givest unto us eternal life, and we are kept by thy power, and we receive all our blessings from thee, and thou hast them already in store for us, and thou wilt bestow them upon us, not according to our works, but according to thy purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began; and hast made us to sit together in heavenly places, and provided all things for us. Be it known unto you that I do it not for your sakes, but I do it for my sake, even for my mercy's sake. Where is boasting? Where are conditions? Where is time salvation? Where is works on our part? I have thought good for you, and as I have thought I will also do it; and as I have purposed it I will perform it. He purposed it in his Son, and will he not with his Son freely give us all things? Now who is it that will not give all the praise and honor to God except those who are still under other lords? Will we not make mention of our Lord, and him only, in our salvation? Do we need to make mention of any other salvation for time or for eternity? O no; salvation is of the Lord; his mercy endureth forever; he will perform all our works in us, and when he works in us to will and to do, then we give him the praise, we make mention of his name, and his only. We do not take part of the praise, we do not mention other names. There is none like him, there is none beside him; they are all dead, and shall not live. So you see they cannot do anything. But our God is the Lord, he is alive for evermore to make intercession for us. I hope I have made mention of his name, and his name only, in the work of our salvation in time or in eternity. There is no good thing, says the apostle Paul, that dwells in the flesh. When we would do good, evil is

present with us, so that we cannot do the good that we would. We will make mention of his name, and his only. Salvation is of the Lord.

JAMES W. LINN.

MONROE, Ga., June 18, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—The fresh memory of the Warwick Association is being enjoyed by me, and the time for the promise I made you to write a few lines when I returned home seems to be at hand. As I look back and see myself determining to go to Middletown June 6th, 7th and 8th, not knowing what was in store for me, but hoping to meet those whom I love of the same faith and enjoy that fellowship which I hope is from above, and now realize what I did hear, see and feel, it makes me feel that it was good to be there, feeling that my strength has been renewed, that I may walk and faint not, and run and not be weary. It was not the excellency of speech, but the demonstration of the power and wisdom of God that did me good, and to be received as a citizen of the household of faith, with the privilege to speak of the kingdom set up in the world that shall break in pieces all other kingdoms. The King is Jesus, the Son of God, who said, I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. We sometimes feel discouraged by the way, then we love to read what he said: Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world, I have finished the work. We need to lose confidence in the flesh. When the apostle said, We preach not ourselves, he knew what he was by nature; notwithstanding all the advantages he had he saw that in his best estate he was altogether vanity. It is good for us to know our weaknesses, it is an evidence of life. There are five distinct senses of our nat-

ural life: seeing, hearing, smelling, tasting and feeling, so I have thought that there are five immutable evidences of a sinner who has eternal life: poor, lost, guilty, perishing and helpless. Blessed are the poor, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Jesus came into the world to save the lost. The poor publican was so guilty he could not so much as lift his eyes to heaven, but asked for mercy. Perishing the prodigal son felt when he came to himself. Peter felt to say, Lord, save, I perish. David felt helpless in the horrible pit when he said that the Lord brought him up, also placed his feet upon a rock and put a new song in his mouth, even praise to God. When a sinner has all of these symptoms he is sinsick, and is going for the Physician that can be touched by the feeling of his infirmities. This Physician has never lost a case; he has only to speak, as he did to Darius, and life is imparted. Hence when we come together we want to praise his great and holy name, because he has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. We have no abiding city here, but seek one to come. I felt that the association was a good little station on the way, all signs were pointing in the right direction. I was made to feel how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. Not a word of discord about the way, the truth and the life.

We came back by way of Leesburg, Va., and stopped with Elder H. H. Leferts and family. We were with him at Frying Pan Church, it being communion, and we were received in fellowship. I also had the privilege of speaking, and had the assurance that they received me gladly. At home we found all well, and I surely felt to thank God that even my life had been spared to enjoy such a good and pleasant trip. May the Lord keep

us all in the good and right way, is my desire.

Your brother in hope of life,

J. M. ADAMS.

TIFFIN, Ohio, April, 29, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST OF THE SIDELING HILL AND FAIRVIEW CHURCHES:—If you will allow such an unworthy one as I to address you thus. Saturday and Sunday will be your meeting days again, and I wish I could see you face to face. As I cannot, I will endeavor to write you a few words just to let you know I still remember you and hope I am being kept by the power of God in love for the assemblage of the saints. I long for the time when it will be my privilege to be in your midst to hear that blessed theme of salvation by grace, the song of God's love and power to save sinners, of whom I feel to be chief. Dear brethren, if there ever was one in the wilderness surely I am that one, hungering for a crumb from the Master's table. However, if it be the good and merciful will of God, he will provide for all my needs. Wherever he begins a work in one's heart he will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. His promises stand fast, his ways are just, his counsels wise. His people are fenced about with Jehovah's wills and shalls, firmer than the everlasting hills. When I count up my many blessings I feel I have been blessed with far more than I deserve. I have been having great comfort from some dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I hope I have been led by the Spirit of the Lord to have an eye to see and a heart to understand a portion, at least, of the writings, as the SIGNS contains all the preaching I have had since leaving Fulton County, Pa. I live in hope that it may be my privilege to meet with you at the Juniata Association



next fall. There have been some dear, highly esteemed brethren who have been taken away from earth to a blessed and peaceful rest since I left you, whose faces I will never have the privilege of seeing in your midst again. I sincerely hope that our loss is their eternal gain. The Lord's hand is in it all, and he doeth all things well, after the counsel of his own will and according to his good pleasure, that it may glorify him from whom all blessings flow. I ask you to remember me at the throne of grace as one of the least of the flock, if one at all. When you assemble yourselves together, remember there is one who is with you in the Spirit, if not in the flesh.

In hope of glory to him who saves sinners, I remain, yours in bonds of love to all the church. Whenever any of you have a mind to write me, I shall be glad to hear from you, and will answer you to the best of my ability.

ROLLA E. MELLOTT.

FARMINGTON, Ky., May 4, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER LEFFERTS:—You may not appreciate a letter from one so ignorant, vile and wretched as I am, but I want you to know that I highly appreciate and indorse your editorial in the SIGNS of February 15th on Romans vi. 17, which you wrote at my request. The text reads: "But God be thanked, that ye were the servants of sin, but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." That we should be servants of sin is one of the links in the chain of God's eternal purpose, and that we should be made free from the service of sin is another link in the chain of his purpose. If we omit one link in this chain then the chain is too short; but, as you said, we cannot omit one link in the chain. The chain is even

long enough to reach all things, not one link lacking, not one too many. If God should be thanked for one link in this chain of eternal purpose, then he should be thanked for all the links. If the link, "ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine," be thankworthy, then the link, "ye were the servants of sin," is thankworthy, and Paul said it was. Those who do not believe in the purpose of God in all things, but believe we were servants of sin contrary to God's will and purpose, cannot see how God should be thanked that we were once the servants of sin. Those who do not believe the doctrine of election do not believe Jesus meant to thank the Father for hiding eternal life from the wise and prudent and revealing it unto babes, but Jesus thanked the Father for both the hiding and the revealing, and Paul thanked God for both: that we were servants of sin and for our obedience to righteousness. "Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favor."—Prov. xiv. 9.

Bear with me for bothering you. I have learned some things from your writings that I needed to know.

Your unworthy brother in hope,

J. B. ADAMS.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 12, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—A member of our church here in North Nashville is now living in Akron, Ohio. Her address is: Mrs. Ella Read, 563 Carrol St., Akron, Ohio. If there are any Old Baptists there, I, as the pastor of the little church here, would be glad if they would visit her. They will find her an excellent lady and a good Old Baptist of the right faith.

Yours in love,

C. M. HOOD.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to  
J. E. BEEBE & CO.,  
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***SPIRITS IN PRISON.**

(1 Peter iii. 18-20.)

THIS record reads that Christ has suffered once for the sins of his people, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring his people to God; that Christ was put to death in the flesh, but justified by the Spirit, by which Spirit also he went and preached to the spirits in prison. There is a very large religious organization in the world that teaches an intermediate state where the dead go after leaving this life. This state is called by them purgatory; by others paradise. It is believed by some that Jesus, when he died, did not go into the presence of the Father, but that, the three days his body lay in the tomb, Jesus went in the Spirit into this intermediate state and preached there to the unrepentant, disobedient, disembodied spirits of those who had departed this life without having been saved. This text in 1 Peter iii. is referred to by the above teachers to substantiate their doctrine of an intermediate state of the dead, and to further teach that Jesus went into this state and preached there in the Spirit, while his body was in the tomb, to the disembodied spirits of those who had died in disobedience, as, for instance, those who were destroyed in the

flood in the days of Noah. We want to say that we do not believe any such doctrine as is referred to above. If there is an intermediate state for the dead we do not know it, and therefore cannot teach it. In the absence of any positive knowledge, we have no hesitancy in unequivocally denying it. Further, Peter is not teaching that Jesus went and preached to the spirits in prison while his body lay three days in the tomb. Jesus did most certainly preach to the spirits in prison; he did this preaching not in his flesh, but in the Spirit, but not during the three days that elapsed between his death and resurrection. Neither did he preach to disembodied spirits, but to his own people in prison. The "spirits in prison" are synonymous with the people of God in the prison-house of the law of sin and death. The children of God are released from captivity to the law of sin and death by the resurrection of Christ from the dead. Before his resurrection from the dead, the people of God were in prison, even though they had been given faith to look beyond their prison walls, beyond the legal dispensation, to the liberty wherewith Christ should make his people free when he should come forth from the dead triumphing over all his foes. Christ preached in his Spirit to all his elect that lived from the time that man was made until the time that he came himself in the flesh. Christ's ministry in the flesh comprised but about three and a half years, but his ministry in the Spirit extends through all time and to all peoples. This is what Peter declares in our text: that Jesus preached to the spirits in prison by the same Spirit which raised him from the dead, or which quickened him. Not that he did this preaching while his body lay dead, but that the same Spirit which quickened or resurrected him was the

very same Spirit by which he had preached his truth to Noah in the days when his people were disobedient. All of God's people have been at some time in their lives disobedient. The truth is made known to them in their disobedience by the Spirit of Jesus, else they never would be brought unto obedience. If we had to become obedient before Jesus would or could preach to us, then we should all, every one, perish without ever hearing the truth. Noah had been some time disobedient, as Peter goes on to say, but the truth was preached to him while in that condition by Jesus in the Spirit, the same Spirit which wrought the mystery of the resurrection of Jesus. This work of Jesus by his Spirit in Noah wrought faith in that man, so that he became obedient by that faith and wrought the ark according as God commanded. Thus Noah himself was made a preacher of righteousness because the Preacher of preachers was making known the truth in him by the Spirit. Noah was dead in sin when the Spirit quickened him, so he was in prison, that is, under bondage to the law of sin and in captivity unto death. Jesus is the one whom God anointed to preach liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. His people are dead in sin and held captive by the law of sin until Christ by his Spirit quickens them into spiritual life and preaches his gospel unto them, then they are loosed and let go. This truth was also preached to Abraham, another spirit in prison; also to Jacob, to Isaac, to Joseph, to Moses, to David, to Daniel, to Jeremiah, all of them spirits in prison, and all of them in disobedience when the preaching came to them. The Spirit of God bears witness with their spirits that they are the children of God;

the preaching is not done to the flesh, nor to the natural minds of the people of God, but to the spirit of eternal life in them which they receive by the quickening Spirit of God. This is the reason Peter says "spirits in prison," instead of saying men in prison or some other word which might signify a physical entity, emphasizing the truth that the work of Jesus does not appeal to the carnal nature of the people of God, but that it is his Spirit bearing witness with or preaching unto their spirits, which are the Spirit of divine faith in them. Peter's text mentions the time of imprisonment being back in the days of Noah, but we do not feel we are violating the text to say that the elect of God manifested during the time from Moses to Christ were also in prison, though not, possibly, so intensely as in the days of Noah. Also, though the people of God to-day are not living under the law, but under grace, nevertheless we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened. Paul exclaimed: "Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He, though a gospel subject of the Lord, was nevertheless in prison. This tenement of clay, the natural or earthly body, is the prison-house of every believer in Christ. We are hedged about with the sins and infirmities of the flesh. If it were not that Christ comes to us by his Spirit and preaches to us in this prison, we should be without hope of salvation indeed. And it is a further and more blessed thought that this same Spirit by which he makes known his truth in his people now is the same Spirit which brought him victoriously from the dead.

We have written this article at the request of brother J. E. Buckner, of Pine Hill, Texas.

L.

## CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

*The Delaware Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Rock Springs Old School Baptist Church, at Rock Springs, Lancaster Co., Pa., May 23rd, 24th and 25th, 1917, to the associations and churches with which we correspond sendeth greeting in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—Once more in the dispensation of time, by the mercy of a kind and loving God, we have met as an association and received your messengers, who came preaching the gospel of peace as it is in Jesus, to our comfort and consolation. We feel we have had a season of refreshing in the Lord.

Our next association is appointed to meet with the Wilmington Church, at Wilmington, Del., beginning on Wednesday before the fourth Sunday in May, 1918, where and when we hope to again meet and receive your ministers and messengers.

J. G. EUBANKS, Moderator.

P. M. SHERWOOD, Clerk.

## NOTICE.

ANY reader of the SIGNS who has a copy of the "Autobiography of Elder Wilson Thompson," which they are willing to dispose of, please address, giving price,

J. C. NELSON,

SHARPSBURG, Ky.

## EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

## P O E T R Y .

CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa., July 9, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—The inclosed pieces of poetry were found in my daughter's (Mrs. Pearl Messick) Bible after her death. We can judge something of her mind and feelings from the sentiment of them.

D. M. VAIL.

## I KNOW NOT.

I KNOW not when on the heaven-blue sea  
The boat of death shall be launched for me,  
When the heart shall falter, the brain shall reel,  
And the active fingers cease to feel;  
But I know some time, on the other shore,  
The bark shall be anchored for evermore.

I know not how the change shall be,  
Through what black waves of misery,  
What clouds shall gather, or storm waves beat,  
Ere the outward voyage shall be complete;  
But I know when the pain of the voyage is o'er,  
I shall pass through the tempest never more.

I know not why I am waiting here,  
And what I shall be "doth not yet appear;"  
But I know some time the Lord shall call,  
Without whose notice no birdlings fall,  
And in pain or pleasure, toil or rest,  
I shall be as his wisdom seeth best.

## SOMEWHERE.

SOMEWHERE the wind is blowing,  
I thought as I toiled along  
In the burning heat of the noontide,  
And the fancy made me strong.  
Yes, somewhere the wind is blowing,  
Though here where I gasp and sigh  
Not a breath of air is stirring,  
Not a cloud in the burning sky.

Somewhere the thing we long for  
Exists on earth's wide bound;  
Somewhere the sun is shining  
When winter nips the ground;  
Somewhere the flowers are springing,  
Somewhere the corn is brown,  
And ready unto the harvest  
To feed the hungry town.

Somewhere the twilight gathers,  
And weary men lay by  
The burden of the daytime,  
And wrapped in slumber lie.  
Somewhere the day is breaking,  
And gloom and darkness flee;  
Though storms our bark our tossing,  
There's somewhere a placid sea.

And thus, I thought, 'tis always,  
In this mysterious life;  
There's always gladness somewhere,  
In spite of its pains and strife;

And somewhere the sin and sorrow  
 Of earth are known no more;  
 Somewhere our weary spirits  
 Shall find a peaceful shore.

Somewhere the things that try us  
 Shall all have passed away,  
 And doubt and fear no longer  
 Impede the perfect day.

O brother, though the darkness  
 Around thy soul be cast,  
 The earth is rolling sunward,  
 And light shall come at last.

THE clouds hang heavy round my way,  
 I cannot see;  
 But through the darkness I believe  
 God leadeth me.

'Tis sweet to keep my hand in his,  
 While all is dim;  
 To close my weary, aching eyes,  
 And follow him.

Through many a thorny path he leads  
 My tired feet;  
 Through many a path of tears I go,  
 But it is sweet

To know that he is close to me,  
 My God, my Guide.

He leadeth me, and so I walk  
 Quite satisfied.

To my blind eyes he may reveal  
 No light at all;  
 But while I lean on his strong arm  
 I cannot fall.

WATCHING FOR THE MORNING.

WHEN the shadows gather,  
 And the night grows deep,  
 And the weary eyelids  
 Cannot close in sleep,  
 'Mid these hours of sadness,  
 With their solemn warning,  
 Comes that song of gladness—  
 Watching for the morning.

Though the shadows gather,  
 And the night grows deep,  
 And the weary eyelids  
 Close in death's long sleep,  
 Through that night of sadness,  
 With its solemn warning,  
 Comes the song of gladness—  
 Watching for the morning.

Watching, watching, watching,  
 Lord, how long, how long?  
 When shall break the shadows?  
 When burst forth the song?  
 Haste, O blessed daybreak,  
 With thy bright adorning;  
 Let the joyous lay wake—  
 Morning, lo, the morning!

MARRIAGES.

By Elder John McConnell, July 17th, 1917, at the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Oscar Rittenhouse, in Clinton, N. J., Lewis Arthur Heath, of New Brunswick, N. J., and Alwilda Rittenhouse Bellis, of Flemington, N. J.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Joseph H. Bloomfield** was born in Ohio, Nov. 30th, 1834, and moved to Indiana with his parents at the age of six years. In 1844 his parents moved to Knox County, Ill., and settled between Rio and Henderson. He was united in marriage to Lucinda Jackson April 24th, 1859. To that union were born eight children, four of whom preceded him in death. He was the eldest and last of a family of ten children. The living children are Mrs. Alice E. Peterson, of Ponylake, Nebr., Mrs. Retta McBride, of Columbus, Nebr., Mrs. Daisy Carter, of Monmouth, Ill., and Mrs. Lelia Eley, of Bardolph, Ill., who, with fifteen grandchildren and five great-grandchildren, are left to mourn. He died suddenly at his home, 1019 West North St., Galesburg, Ill., Saturday, June 30th, 1917, aged 82 years and 7 months. He lived alone, and was found dead about one hour after he expired. He had lived alone since his wife's death, Jan. 27th, 1916. Last October his daughter Alice came and took him home with her for the winter. He returned home last May, and was satisfied to get home again. He was in better health than for two years, and seemed to enjoy life better. Brother Bloomfield united with the Henderson Church of Regular Baptists over forty years ago, and continued his membership in that church until his demise. He was a great reader; our religious papers and his Bible were his main reading.

The writer was requested to take charge of the services, which were held from his late residence at 10:30 a. m. on Tuesday following, after which the body was conveyed to Henderson church-house and laid beside that of his wife to await the trump of God to come forth to life again. May we be reconciled to God's decree.

S. H. HUMPHREY.

**Hannah Jackson Haines** has passed away. She was born Feb. 11th, 1837, married by Elder Barton to Albert Haines October 19th, 1856, baptized October 28th, 1866, died October 25th, 1916, and was buried on the 28th, just fifty years from the day she was baptized. I nursed her through her last sickness. She died at her home in Kennett Square, Pa. She was my husband's sister, and a dear one, both in the Spirit and in the flesh. The mark was in her forehead. She told me Jesus was calling; all desire to live was gone. She suffered much, but bore her suffering with patience.

The above was handed me by sister Addie P. Jackson, and I feel like adding my testimony as her unworthy pastor to the virtuous and well-ordered walk and conversation of sister Haines. One would not be in her company long before they would discover that her mind was so taken up with the things of the Spirit that there was little room for anything else. The last time I visited her she was too weak to say one word, but held my hand while her lips moved in an effort to speak. It was easy to see that she was resigned. She was the oldest member of Rock Springs Church, and greatly loved by all. We miss her, but our loss is her eternal gain.

J. G. EUBANKS.

**Deacon Allen King** was born in Mississippi July 1st, 1847, and died June 7th, 1917. He united with the church about the year 1884, and was ordained deacon in the year 1900. He was married to Annie Harmon. Three sons were born to them, one of whom, J. A. King, survives him, together with his widow, sister King, two grandchildren and one great-grandchild. He served the church faithfully to the end. He believed the doctrine advocated by the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, which he took for a long time. His mother-in-law, whose name was Janey Harmon, used to write for it a long time ago.

Written by his pastor, ROBERT KEITH.

### APPOINTMENTS.

THE Lord willing, Elder D. M. Vail will fill the following appointments:

Adelbert Meads, August 29th, 7:30 p. m.; Jefferson, N. Y., August 30th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Loren Meads, August 30th, 7:30 p. m.; Albany, August 31st, 1:30 p. m.; Schoharie village, August 31st, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie meetinghouse, Sept. 1st, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

E. R. KINNEY.

### MEETINGS.

THE New Hope Association of Old School Predestinarian Baptists will be held with Mt. Zion Church, nine miles south of Greenville, Texas, near Cash, on the Midland R. R., beginning on Friday before the third Sunday in August. Those coming by rail will be met at Cash Thursday and Friday. All lovers of truth are invited, especially ministering brethren of our faith and order.

S. M. DICKENS.

THE Olive and Hurley Church will hold its annual two days meeting August 18th and 19th. All lovers of the truth are invited to be with us. South bound trains will be met at Ashokan Friday at 4:48 and 6:49 p. m., and northbound at 7:31 a. m. Saturday.

JOHN J. SECOR, Church Clerk.

THE Hazel Creek Association of Primitive Baptists will meet with Providence Church, in Appanoose County, Iowa, August 29th, 30th and 31st. This is the original Hazel Creek Association, the one that holds the records. Trains will be met at Plano or any convenient place. Visitors cordially invited.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator, Novinger, Mo.  
H. C. CATE, Clerk, Moravia, Iowa.

## 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 in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

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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WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

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J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

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1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

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Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.  
 OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.  
 CLAREMONT, Cal.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

"THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON."

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1917. NO. 16.

## POETRY.

### WHERE MY SOUL LONGS TO BE.

THERE'S a land far away, where my soul longs to be,  
A peaceful and perfect abode;  
I long there the King in his beauty to see,  
My risen and glorified Lord.

When here upon earth he did suffer and die,  
My guilt to remove far away;  
An alien from God, but his blood made me nigh;  
My life, my Redeemer, my stay.

I want to be where I can sing of his love  
Without the besetting of sin;  
I want to be free with our mother above,  
And drink immortality in.

A stranger, a pilgrim am I on the earth;  
I sigh for that heavenly land,  
To reign with Christ Jesus forever thenceforth,  
And be at the Father's right hand.

My Lord and my God, O to thee I aspire,  
None have I in heaven but thee,  
And none upon earth beside thee I desire;  
Thy mercy extendeth to me.

A victim of sorrow, acquainted with grief,  
I love not the world and its own;  
I'd bid me away to that laud of relief,  
Exchanging the cross for the crown.

Believing in joy, when these tear-bedimmed eyes  
On scenes of mortality close,  
They'll open rejoicing on scenes in the skies,  
That region of hallowed repose.

SEMMA E. CORDER.  
PHILIPPI, W. Va.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

JAMES I. 5. LUKE XII. 21.  
"Rich in Faith." "Rich Toward God."

How transitory, vain, unsatisfying, are all terrestrial things! Those whose portion is only in this life think otherwise. Give them their fill of this vain world and they have all they desire. They pant after the dust of the earth. (Amos ii. 7.) They say: "This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater: and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him, Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided? So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God." O child of God, if earthly riches increase with thee, set not your heart upon them. "Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not highminded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; that they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing

to communicate; laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life."—1 Tim. vi. 17-19. It is very manifest in regard to all earthly possessions that we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. (1 Tim. vi. 7.) It was in contemplation of this that Job amidst most trying providences "arose, and rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground, and worshiped, and said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."—Job. i. 20, 21. Earthly riches are not forever; moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away, or man dies and takes his departure and is forever separated from all. Riches profit not in the day of God's wrath, and though men trust in their wealth and boast themselves in the multitude of their riches, none of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him that he should still live forever and not see corruption. (Psalms xlix. 6, 7, 9.) Though "all is vanity" is written upon earthly riches, yet how envious is the foolish, sinful heart of man of the prosperity of the wicked. At times we are made to observe it is shamefully true that the poor is hated even of his own neighbor, but the rich hath many friends. (Prov. xiv. 20.) But, child of God, listen to this gracious counsel of our God: "Godliness with contentment is great gain."—1 Tim. vi. 6. He that is rich toward God has imperishable riches; we have in heaven a better and an enduring substance far, far better than all this world affords, and it all is ours in association with our pre-

vious Lord Jesus Christ. In his unsearchable riches his people are made eternally rich toward God. Indeed, we are infinitely rich in him, for we are predestinated unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto the Father; 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 together. The apostle Paul wrote, All men seek their own, not the things that are Jesus Christ's. To vast multitudes of professors Christ is a mere fiction, an idle tale; they have no part, no treasures in him. It is a rare thing to find one who seeks the things of Jesus Christ. Many profess to do so, but it is but a shallow pretence, just a little lip religion. Beloved of God, let us hearken and examine ourselves by the following Scriptures: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."—1 John ii. 15-17. "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth. For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory."—Col. iii. 1-4. But in order to an appreciation and entrance into these things by faith there must be divine teaching, in which we are shown how wretchedly poor we are, so utterly destitute of all that can make us rich toward God. "The Lord maketh poor, and

maketh rich: he bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory."—1 Sam. ii. 7, 8. It is the covenant work of the Holy Ghost to show unto the predestinated heirs of promise that by nature they are poor toward God; that they are destitute of those things which are altogether essential to acceptance and eternal happiness with God, with whom they have to do. Before the Lord begins his good work in a sinner he feels unconcerned, and feels no lack of anything; he knows not what wretchedness and poverty he is in; but in his own appointed time the Holy Ghost quickens the soul of this and that chosen vessel of mercy into divine life, and in the power, grace and light of this life we are moved and awakened to see and feel our lost condition as wretched, hell-deserving sinners. The prodigal son in the far off country began to be in want, (Luke xv. 14,) and the convicted sinner is in dire want, ready to perish. (Isaiah xxvii. 13.) The sinner is under law to God his Creator. The law demands obedience, that we should love him and serve him; demands righteousness and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord. The Holy Ghost in his gracious operations upon the soul causes the poor sinner to hunger and thirst after righteousness, and that sinner finds himself destitute of such food, and he feels to be famishing under the curse of the law, which in his spirit he acknowledges to be holy, just and good. He also learns that he is deeply in debt to God, for all his days he has failed to render that obedience which is due to God. Instead of this, he has come short of the glory of God and has wandered far away in the lusts of his flesh, in alienation from

God. "Pay me that thou owest," demands the law of God, and this wretched sinner's heart meditates terror, (Isaiah xxxiii. 18,) for he has nothing, and cannot pay the first farthing of his dreadful debt. He has no food, no raiment, no shelter; he is a perishing sinner, a wretched, homeless outcast, a vile transgressor, justly exposed to the wrath to come. (1 Thess. i. 10.) How shall such a sinner escape the damnation of hell? What will this poor sinner do? He cannot alleviate his woes, he cannot furnish himself with what he needs. He is brought low, and with his mouth in the dust he is moved by the Spirit of God to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Such a sinner is now a beggar.

"A beggar poor, at mercy's door,  
Lies such a wretch as I;  
Thou knowest my need is great indeed,  
Lord, hear me when I cry.  
With guilt beset, and deep in debt,  
For pardon, Lord, I pray;  
O let thy love sufficient prove  
To take my sins away."

"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."—Psalms xxxiv. 6. O what a mercy it is to be just such a poor man. It is declared of Christ our King: "He shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helper."—Psalms lxxii. 12. Christ has all that they need, and they are enriched out of his fullness. It is in him that the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ hath blessed the church with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places, according as the Father hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love. (Eph. i. 3, 4.) Quite a large portion of these spiritual blessings flow unto his people through Christ's sacrificial work. This is very blessedly de-

clared in the following few words of the apostle Paul: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich."—2 Cor. viii. 9. The Word, the eternal Son of God, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God, but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. (Phil. ii. 6-8.) All this was the carrying out of the eternal covenant purpose of God; it was declaring the covenant suretyship of Christ in behalf of the church, and was for her redemption, justification and glorification. "He made himself of no reputation; he emptied himself, he became poor." The Lord of glory, the Prince of life, was in the world as one in disguise. None of the princes of this world knew him, for had they known him they would not have crucified him. Christ was in the bosom of the Father, and in his doctrine declared the Father unto his own. To them was given an understanding that they might know him, and the works that he did also bore witness unto his chosen ones that he was the Lord from heaven, God manifest in the flesh, verily Emmanuel. But he was despised and rejected of men, the world hated him because he testified thereof that their works were evil. Only by divine revelation was he known by those whom the Father gave unto him. To them Christ manifested the Father's name and gave them his word. Once, unto three of the disciples, in a gloriously transcendent manner he manifested forth his eternal Godhead, and they were eye-witnesses of his majesty when they were

with him in the holy mount. (Matt. xvii. 1-5; 2 Peter i. 16-18.) He was in the world, and the world knew him not; and though he was the Lord from heaven, yet being made of a woman, made under the law, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself and could say, The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head. Jesus was sometimes hungry, weary, thirsty, but all this outward or physical poverty was but an infinitesimal portion of the poverty that is signified when it is said, Though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor. It is when we see the God-man, Christ Jesus, made a curse for us that we can enter a little into the matter that he for our sakes became poor. It was for us he entered into and took upon him all the wretchedness, the shame, the reproaches, the sorrows, the curse. He endured the cross, despising the shame. He was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. "He was made sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah liii. 6. O what a sight to see Christ bearing our sins in Gethsemane and on Calvary. For our sakes he became poor, he sacrificed himself; he was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities, smitten of God and afflicted; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. O the travail of his soul; he poured out his soul unto death.

"Behold the darling Son of God  
 Bowed down with horror to the ground;  
 Wrung at the heart, and sweating blood,  
 His eyes in tears of sorrow drowned.  
 What pangs are these that tear his heart?  
 What burden's this that's on him laid?  
 What means this agony of smart?  
 What makes our Savior hang his head?"

But O, behold that cursed tree,  
 Beneath his Father's wrath he lies;  
 Come, brethren, come to Calvary,  
 And see, was ever grief like his?  
 Nailed naked to the accursed wood,  
 Exposed to earth and heaven above,  
 A spectacle of wounds and blood,  
 A prodigy of injured love."

Messiah shall be cut off, but not for himself. (Daniel ix. 26.) "He was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken."—Isaiah liii. 8. In his love for his people he subjected himself to all deprivations. "He made himself of no reputation, he emptied himself," poured out all he could give; he lay down his life for the flock of God. For us he surrendered himself unto unspeakable wretchedness, unto the sorrows of death, the pangs of hell, he endured the curse of the law. Being exceeding sorrowful even unto death he poured out his soul an offering for sin. How sacred, how dreadful is the language of Christ: "Messiah shall be cut off, he shall have nothing."

"To make his sorrows quite complete,  
 By God deserted too."

No heart can conceive, no tongue can tell what was in that cup that Jesus drank up. O the unfathomed deeps of woe contained in that cry of the God-man, Christ Jesus, upon the cross of Calvary, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"Much we talk of Jesus' blood,  
 But how little's understood!  
 Of his sufferings, so intense,  
 Angels have no perfect sense.  
 Who can rightly comprehend  
 Their beginning or their end?  
 'Tis to God, and God alone,  
 That their weight is fully known."

But how does all Christ's ignominy, his agonies, the pouring out his soul unto death, the shedding of his precious blood, his death upon the cross, make rich those for whom he sacrificed himself? I will tell you the wondrous story, the good

news, the glad tidings of great joy. Do the things of Christ ever yield any joy to your soul? Our conditions as transgressors of the law of God are that we are under the curse, and we are held the very slaves of sin. Christ gave himself for our ransom. He gave not money, although all the gold and silver are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He did not give as a ransom for us tens of millions of holy angels, but "he gave himself for the church an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet smelling savor." (Eph. v. 2, 25.) We know that we are not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. (1 Peter i. 18.) He died to redeem us, what could he do more? He paid all the debt we owed, he satisfied all the claims of eternal justice in the law. "Ye are bought with a price," saith the apostle. O, no one can tell the price he paid in agonies, in blood. He gave all he could give, yes, our Emmanuel, the Word made flesh, gave himself a ransom for us.

"He bore all incarnate God could bear,  
 With strength enough, and none to spare."

Thus he purchased the church unto himself with his own blood. (Acts xx. 28; Exodus xv. 16.)

"Complete atonement thou hast made,  
 And to the utmost farthing paid,  
 Whate'er thy people owed;  
 How then can wrath on me take place,  
 If sheltered in thy righteousness,  
 And sprinkled with thy blood?  
 If thou hast my discharge procured,  
 And freely in my room endured  
 The whole of wrath divine;  
 Payment God cannot twice demand,  
 First at my bleeding Surety's hand,  
 And then again at mine."

Christ hath purchased the freedom of his people, and if the Son make us free we are free indeed; and much more, for not only hath Christ canceled with his precious blood all the charges, all the debts his

people owed, having redeemed them from the curse of the law, ransoming them from the power of the grave, redeeming them from death, but he has unsearchable riches, incorruptible, immortal glories to bestow upon them, to make them an eternal excellency. Christ in his ascension into glory received gifts for men, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. (Eph. iv. 8.) In these gifts we are made rich toward God, and he dwells with us and we with him. The everlasting covenant declares, "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring." Thus we become partakers of Christ's grace. The Spirit of Christ enriches the soul toward God, for we are exercised thereby to believe in, to worship and love our God; and the sacred fruits of his Spirit in us are that we have the power, the comforting blessedness to say, "Our Father which art in heaven; hallowed be thy name."

"I'm rich to all the intents of grace,  
If thou, O Christ, art mine."

In our beloved Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and we are made wise unto salvation in him. Yes, Christ is the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory. There is such an opening up to us in Christ's gospel of the eternal mind of God, of the riches of his grace, of his everlasting love and mercy, yes, and of all the divine attributes. The world with its earthy wisdom knows not God, and because of this ignorance that is in them in the blindness of their hearts, they are alienated from God. All the wisdom of earth in comparison with this wisdom that is ours in Christ Jesus, which God ordained for our glory, is vanity, and will perish. The Lord says in Jeremiah ix. 23, 24: "Let not the wise man glory in

his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches: but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Christ is engraven, by the Spirit of the living God, upon the fleshly tables of the hearts of the chosen of God. (2 Cor. iii. 3.) Christ liveth in me, (Gal. ii. 20,) and the church is graven upon the palms of his hands, (Isaiah xlix. 16,) and he bears them ever for a memorial upon his heart before the Majesty in the heavens. (Exodus xxviii. 29.) The saints of God are endowed by the Holy Ghost with imperishable excellencies, immortal graces. The fear of the Lord is his treasure, and this he puts in our hearts; and by humility and the fear of the Lord are riches and honor and life. (Prov. xxii. 4.) "I will cause them that love me to inherit substance, and I will fill their treasures." The apostle Paul esteemed the knowledge of Christ above all things. Such was the excellency of this knowledge that he willingly suffered the loss of all things, and counted all things in comparison to be but dung, that he might win Christ and be found in him. (Phil. iii. 8, 9.) Vast multitudes despise this knowledge of Christ, whom to know is life eternal. Christ crucified is to the Jew a stumbling-block, and to the Greek foolishness, but to the called of God he is the power and wisdom of God. Christ our wisdom is better than rubies; yea, all things that may be desired are not to be compared with our precious Savior. (Prov. viii. 11.) O to win Christ! Dwell in my heart, O chiefest among ten thousand, then I can sing,

"I've found the pearl of greatest price!  
My heart doth sing for joy,  
And sing I must—a Christ I have!  
O, what a Christ have I.

My Christ, he is the heaven of heavens,  
My Christ what shall I call?  
My Christ is first, my Christ is last,  
My Christ is all in all."

O we are rich in faith in our precious Christ, and heirs of the kingdom which God hath promised to them that love him. (James i. 5.) No moth or rust shall corrupt the "true riches" of the heirs of promise, but there is an immortal blessedness and glory awaiting us in glory, reserved in heaven for us who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time. We have now only a taste, an earnest of our inheritance, until the redemption of the purchased possession. (Eph. i. 14.) Christ is in us the hope of glory; and we shall be crowned, not with a corruptible crown, but with an incorruptible. (1 Cor. ix. 25.) We shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away, (1 Peter v. 4,) and also a crown of righteousness which God will bestow upon all that love his appearing. We shall appear with him in glory. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."—Rev. ii. 10; James i. 12. Our portion in and with Christ is a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. (2 Cor. iv. 17.)

"Then, while I make my secret moan,  
Upwards I cast my eyes and see,  
Though I have nothing of my own,  
My treasure is immense in thee."

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

NORTH BERWICK, Maine.

WEISER, Idaho, April 2, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—If I knew I were worthy, by the mercy of God, to call you brother, I think I would be the happiest one on earth. I feel the wretchedness of sin very forcibly this morning; God seems

far off, and the Savior, there must be one, but can it be possible that such a bundle of weakness, sin and wretchedness as I am has an interest in the goodness and mercy of the Son of God? It seems I can surely fellowship the expression of the apostle, "O wretched man that I am!" All has gone wrong, all is confusion, all disquietude. O my soul, why art thou cast down? Why this unrest? I find myself asking the question, What is the matter? Sin. O that I might live more up to the example set by our Elder Brother, that the blessed Sun of Righteousness would arise, and that the heavenly rays of the glorified Son of God would drive these dark clouds away. Yes, this I know is what I want; the comforting presence of Jesus is gone. Have you seen him whom my soul loveth? Can you tell me where he is? If I look this way, or that, I cannot behold him; there is a thick darkness that I cannot see through; my weakness, sin, rises up before me, and I quake with fear. What shall I do? All seems confusion and contradiction, and I a poor, helpless sinner. Even in this unpleasant, wretched condition one must learn that there is no help in an arm of flesh, and that there is no use of going to Egypt for help. Then where must we go? Paul in 2 Thess. i. 7, says, "And to you who are troubled, rest with us." He, as well as all the inspired writers, affirms that there is no permanent satisfactory place of abode in this life; that we are pilgrims in a strange land; that we have no continuing city here, but we seek a home not made with hands, where we will be free from all the disquieting effects of sin, yes, and sin itself. And to you who are worried, have I any company? or do the children of God have no trouble? Is the blessed Savior ever present to assure them they are his? I

hardly think they are all so blessed. O no, all must at times desire to return to their first love, all must feel that they are strangers, all must become thirsty and hungry, all must be troubled, or they could not "rest with us." What does it mean to "rest with us"? Under the law there was no rest, but continual obedience, for if they failed in one instance to keep all the law they were transgressors, and the law condemned; but under grace, he who made the perfect offering is faithful to forgive us our sins. This is where the apostle is resting. O let me rest there, too. He is resting in a perfected salvation; he is resting in the assurance, though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; he is resting in the assurance that Jesus came to save sinners, and that he finished the work. O let me rest with him. I need just such a Savior. I need a Savior that can save the chief of sinners; I need one who can take my feet out of an horrible pit, and put them on a rock, and put a song of praise in my mouth. This is a glorious place of rest for them that are troubled. All our worries, all our troubles, our unbelief and our sin must disappear when he who is our life appears. He takes us into his banqueting-house, and his banner over us is love; then all our sin, weakness, worries and troubles of every kind are gone, and we can say as did one of old, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." As he lives, we shall live also. Then, O tempest-tossed and tried child, come "rest with us," for all his promises are yea and amen. If you have trouble, if you hunger or thirst, if you find that the things you would not, you do, if you desire to be delivered from this awful condition, "rest with us," for Jesus has promised never to leave nor forsake, and will bring us off more than conquerors. Then,

trembling child, "rest with us," in these sweet promises, for we know that what he has promised he is able to perform.

Yours in hope,

T. E. ATTEBERY.

KELLER, Texas, May 19, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I wish to give a brief account of a precious meeting I have just attended, held with Union Church of Old School Baptists, near Fairfield, Freestone Co., Texas, on the second Sunday in May, 1917, it being the regular time of their communion service. In the order of arrangement the writer was put into the stand to introduce the service, and preached the first discourse to a vast concourse of people, using as a text, "Behold, God is my salvation." At once that deep, sublime subject took possession of my mind, carrying me through the wonderful works of God—his eternal purpose in the salvation of poor, helpless sinners. The sovereignty, greatness and unlimited power of our eternal King shone within and around me with such resplendent glory and brilliancy that my soul was absorbed in the efficiency, suffering and glorified state of the church, and the victory of the Lamb over all the powers of darkness when he satisfied divine justice and delivered his bride, the church, whom he purchased with his own blood, from the curse of the law, embracing all the elect, given him in the covenant of redemption, and brought life and immortality to the heirs of promise, and to none others; a full and complete atonement all vested in the crucified and risen Lord, making manifest his eternal, unchangeable love to his poor, afflicted children scattered abroad over this wide world, who confess they are strangers and pilgrims on the earth,



because this world is not their home, but they seek one to come, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. This fact of the pure, pristine faith of the Lord Jesus ever directed and pointed them, as the chosen of God and precious, to the great Fountain of everlasting life, preached and proclaimed in types and shadows by prophets or holy men of old, who prophesied of the grace of God that should come unto them, announcing the glad news of the birth of the Messiah (Christ), his mission and ministerial work in the world, to save his people from all their sins, who by one offering hath forever perfected them that are sanctified by the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus and called. In the midst of this most profound, inexhaustible Bible subject I felt to realize the angel presence of our loving Savior, as I proceeded to portray the glory of God and a complete, finished salvation through Christ, the great Shepherd of the sheep, the living water, in the house of King David, going to the inhabitants thereof for sin and uncleanness. Here the writer closed with an admonition to the church to earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints. I was followed by our highly esteemed brother in the gospel, Elder I. W. Bowers, pastor of the church, who arose solemnly before the people singing these words of the poet: "There is a place where christians meet," &c. As he sang, a glow of heavenly intelligence covered his features, and for about forty minutes he expounded the Scriptures of eternal truth to the congregation of more than three hundred people, having on the helmet of salvation, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of the Lord, preaching peace by Jesus Christ, who is Lord of all, taking up the same line of thought: that salvation first, last and all

the time is of God, through our crucified and risen Redeemer, the positive certainty of the predestination of God. All that fell from his lips was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, like apples of gold in pictures of silver, sweeter than honey and the honeycomb, showing from the testimony of the Bible that in the death, resurrection and ascension of the Lord the whole crop was secured. Then in the most kind and affectionate way he exhorted the church to a faithful discharge of their duty, to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, to abound in the work of the Lord and be at peace among themselves, thanking all the people for their attention.

An intermission of five minutes was given, whereupon the church was called to order, and, preparation having been made, the writer and Elder Bowers waited on the church in distributing the emblems, the bread and wine. Supper being ended, began to wash each other's feet.

The whole service was fraught with great solemnity. The meeting closed in the sweet hope of eternal life, promised before the world began.

Dear editors, I have written this sketch by request of the brethren, who love the good old SIGNS and the sacred truths of the gospel published therein. We pray the Lord to bless and prosper for years to come the editors and publishers of the paper. I trust you may have space to insert the above report of this glorious meeting. Elder Bowers is a gifted preacher, an able expounder of Bible doctrine and a friend and supporter of the SIGNS.

I am sorry I have no new subscribers, but the pressure of the times is a cause.

Your brother in gospel bonds, I hope,  
ASA HOWARD.

**"THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."**

THESE words were spoken by the Savior to his disciples as regards the communion, or the Lord's supper. They, as well as all baptized believers, were to observe all things whatsoever he had commanded them, and it was to be in remembrance of him. I have thought there was much that we must do, if we are the professed followers of Jesus, not to make us followers, and yet if we do not the things commanded by the Savior are we followers? or might it not be that we are merely professors, and not followers? The life that we now live in the flesh we live by the faith of the Son of God, is true, but is it not just as necessary to show our faith by our works? for surely faith without works is dead, being alone. The Savior said, If ye love me keep my commandments. The ordinance of baptism, to follow him in the baptismal waters, is to be a professed follower of Jesus. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, is to submit your case to the judgment of the church and abide by their judgment. If received by the church and baptized you are then taking the yoke upon you; you learn of Him. You are now a member, and as a follower of Jesus you are to do whatever your hands find to do; you as a follower of Jesus are to do all things and perform all things by the grace of God that is in you. The apostle Paul was an able preacher and an able apostle, and he was what he was by the grace of God, and the churches in all ages from his day are wonderfully blessed by what Paul did while in the ministry, and so every man must prove his ministry who has been given a dispensation of the gospel. We are not apostles, but we believe that every man has his gift to profit thereby, and as Paul has laid the foundation, others are to build upon that foundation. Paul,

writing to the church at Corinth, says: "According to the grace of God which is given unto me, as a wise masterbuilder, I have laid the foundation, and another buildeth thereon. But let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ. Now if any man build upon this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble; every man's work shall be made manifest," and tried as by fire. The gold, silver and precious stones will remain, and he has his reward, but all the hay, wood and stubble will be consumed, and he suffers loss. Is it not possible that one might continually be gathering together and building hay, wood and stubble, and have nothing to show for his labors? So it proves that we are to do all things as unto Jesus, and it will abide, and we will find some evidences of gold, silver and precious stones in our journey. The communion, or Lord's supper, was to be observed by his apostles and all who have been received into church fellowship by baptism; they are to do it in remembrance of Jesus, discerning the body or church in her gospel order. Some of the Corinthian members were ignorant of what the communion of the body of Christ meant, and Paul wrote them: "When ye come together therefore into one place, this is not to eat the Lord's supper. For in eating, every one taketh before other his own supper: and one is hungry, and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and to drink in? or despise ye the church of God," and said also, "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth

and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body." The condemnation was in one eating and drinking, not discerning the Lord's body, or in remembrance of the Savior, for he said, "This do in remembrance of me." Our feeling to be unworthy to partake is evidence that we are clothed with the wedding garment, clothed with humility, meekness, kindness, brotherly love, charity, forbearance, forgiveness. The wedding garment is made up of clothing from heaven, and we realize that we are unworthy to sit with our kindred in Christ. What a solemn time it was with the Savior and his apostles. Judas had received the sop, and Satan had taken possession of him, and he had gone out, and the Savior and the eleven partook of the bread and the cup, and so we pray that we may also realize in some degree the solemnity of the occasion, and in partaking do it in remembrance of the Savior.

J. M. FENTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., June 29, 1917.

SCHOHARIE, N. Y., April 30, 1917.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—O how dear all of like precious faith are to me. This morning as I sit in my home all alone, (still not alone, for I feel that my Elder Brother is present with me) I feel to pen a few lines, as to-morrow I shall see my eightieth birthday. In looking back over all the way I have come, how plainly I am made to see my Father's hand which has led me. Yes, when but a child he gave me to desire to know him whom to know is life eternal. O how plain it comes to me this morning, the way I was led until I was twenty-two years old, when the words were spoken to me, Thy name is written in the book of life. It seemed I heard them with my

natural ear; but not so, for it is that still small voice that speaks. O how sweet it sounds, and it is never forgotten by those who hear it, although many are the dark seasons the children are called to pass through while traveling in this world of sin and sorrow. If we could always feel as in our first love, when all was joy; but it has been told us that if we would reign with him we must suffer with him; but what is our suffering compared with his when they gave him vinegar to drink mingled with gall? What are our light afflictions? They are but for a moment, as it were; and when I think of the many blessings that have been given me all the way until the present, I feel that I have the greatest reason to praise him who has bestowed them all; not for any good in me. The thought comes, Why have I been left so long? What use have I been in the world? All I can say is, For so it has seemed good to my Father. In looking back over the years I have had a name and place in the church, I feel to rejoice that he has kept me from bringing reproach upon the cause that is dearer than all else to me. How few are left who were in the churches when I first found a home with those I love; but others have been raised up to fill their places, and the work goes on. Yes, our dear old SIGNS is as good to-day as when I first loved to read it, over sixty years ago. In reading Elder Durand's writing in April 1st number, on prayer, I was made to rejoice, and a dear sister wrote me she felt while reading it to take off her shoes, for she was on holy ground. Also Elder Lefferts' editorial on "Bible Reading," which gave me much comfort, for it told my feelings better than I could; as he says, in my early days I did verily eat the word of God, but have also known what it was to lay it down with a sigh of

keen regret; but sometimes we are given some portion of the glorious things that we enjoyed when it was sweet to us, and how often it is when we least expect it the fountain is opened and we drink of the springs flowing from that fountain which makes glad the city of our God; and how sweet to know that nothing can harm the fountain or the city, for he who rules all never slumbers nor sleeps.

Please do with what I have written as you see fit, for I feel that you, dear editors, are the ones to judge what is written.

Your sister, I hope,

HELEN W. KINNEY.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., June 1, 1917.

DEAR SISTER CORDER:—I write to thank you for sending me the sketch of the life of your dear father, a book which I have wanted so much, and now since reading it I treasure it as the dearest book I have, except the Bible, which has been so much comfort through all my sorrows and afflictions. How my heart goes out to you in love and sympathy in your sorrow and loneliness, but God alone can comfort you, for he alone knows our sorrows and can all our sorrows heal. I do pray that he will be always near you, for I attest to the joy it is to have him near when in sorrow and affliction, for some of the sweetest seasons of rejoicing I have ever had were while I was suffering excruciating pain, both physically and mentally. At such times the precious Savior was ever near me, and I was singing and praising him all the day long; but when I am well and prospering I so often forget him and wander into by and forbidden paths. Well, sister, did you ever start to write a letter, and especially desire to write something cheering to one of God's little ones, and find yourself so

cold and barren of any spiritual life that you were completely shut up? That is my condition now, and the tempter suggests that it is foolishness to write about God's love and mercy. O why am I thus tossed to and fro? Sometimes I am in the valley groveling in the dark, and know not what to do or where to go that I may find him whom my soul loveth, and then at other times I am up above earth and earthly things, feeling to know that he is mine and I am his. Then again I seem to drift along at ease, neither high nor low, feeling indifferent; then I mourn because I can neither mourn nor rejoice.

"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?

If I love, why am I thus?

Why this dull and lifeless frame?

Hardly, sure, can they be worse

Who have never heard his name."

This describes me, but I must tell you of the seasons of joy I have had since I wrote to the SIGNS in April, although I am so unworthy of all. I could see nothing but my complaining in my letter, and was ashamed to send it, for it seemed like imposing my trials and sorrows upon the dearest people on earth, and I was loath to send it, but feared if I wrote another it would be no better, and to my great surprise when the SIGNS came it was the first piece in the paper, and about ten days later I received three letters in the same mail, one from Elder Barnes, of Touchet, Wash., one from Bessie Durand and one from Florence Pultz, each one telling of the comfort they had received from my letter, and since then I have received two others, one from sister Young, of Alberta, B. C., and one from a dear old brother in Indiana, and then came your most valued present. It makes me feel so humble, for surely the Lord went

with my little mite and blessed it to the comfort of others and then returned the comfort unto me, causing my cup to overflow with love and joy; and yet there is a feeling of sadness, for surely they do not know me as I am, poor both spiritually and financially and weak and disobedient, although I do try to do right, but the thorn is in my flesh, and if I am ever saved it is because His grace and mercy are extended to me; not for anything I have done or can do, but grace, free grace, and that through mercy. We have much to be thankful for, and our trust is in Israel's God, who never slumbers nor sleeps, who is the same unchangeable God that Abraham trusted in; therefore we have hope that when this life is over and our King comes in his glory to make up his jewels we shall be raised incorruptible to meet the Lord in the air with you and all the redeemed, there to praise Father, Son and ever-blessed Spirit, world without end. Amen.

Again I thank you for the book, it is so full of comfort to me.

Your little, unworthy brother in hope,  
DAVIS BURCH.

JACKSON, Ga., June 15, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—It has been nearly three years since I addressed you, and what changes for the country, and what personal tribulations for you and for me have come in that time! I have been sick much, and like one of the sisters in her recent letter to you, I have begged that I might depart and be with Jesus. I also agree with sister Thomas, that the greatest prayer is the one saying, "Thy will be done." I am satisfied that amid sufferings it is only Christ in us that prays that prayer. I enjoyed Elder Ker's editorial; he chose the words of Jacob: "All these things are against me," and

those of Paul, "For all things work together for good to them that love the Lord." I agree fully with him that there are no contradictions in the word of God. Everything given by divine inspiration is perfect. I know we are finite creatures, and we cannot see always that perfect agreement of every part, and are still less able to explain the glorious harmony. I am satisfied that in the hearts of God's people there is a felt understanding of the harmony of grace and works that they cannot tell fully to others. Paul, the great expounder of predestination and election, and of the faith that was the gift of God, "Not of works, lest any man should boast." James told his brethren that faith without works was dead, and said, "Shew me your faith without your works, and I will shew you my faith by my works." Paul the apostle besought so much the church to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith we are called, and besought us to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and to run with patience the race set before us. We are told to resist Satan and he will flee from us. We are told of the fearful penalties of walking in disobedience, and we have loving promises to be found only in obedience. Of ourselves we can do nothing; but Paul said he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him. There is the solution of the problem. We know that he is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end of our faith, and we know also that he has pointed out the path for our feet, and said, "This is the way, walk ye in it." We also know that he has promised the rod in disobedience, and that he has promised peace and comfort in obedience. The New Testament Scriptures are just teeming with the doctrine of faith and good works, and to me the har-

mony is so glorious and perfect that I could hardly exist spiritually without this union of the two. Many are confused and much sorrow to the little lambs results because of misunderstandings on this line. Let us accept the whole Scriptures, for we are told that they are 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. We have no unnecessary Scriptures; you need them all, little flock, to withstand the onslaughts of Satan, who dared even to tempt the Son of God. We hear the Savior telling his disciples to go not in the way of temptation, and we hear him teaching them, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." I agree with the brother who said the Scriptures and the church are not progressive, as men claim progression. The Scriptures have been perfect from the beginning, they cannot be improved upon. Christ laid the foundations and built his church upon himself, and said the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. Men only add alloy to the gold when they try to improve the Scriptures. Christ gave his last will and testament to his church, and he who adds to it or takes from it shall have the plagues written in this book. I feel to seek my Savior and ask him who suffered alone in Gethsemane, (for his disciples could not watch with him one hour) to remember me. I pray him who suffered the unspeakable anguish of the cross alone to be touched with a feeling of my infirmities. I pray him who arose and sitteth on the right hand of the Father to intercede for me.

Elder Lefferts, I met you once at Holly Spring Church, near Covington, and heard you deliver one of the greatest sermons on Jacob wrestling with the angel that I

ever listened to. It was full of spiritual glory, and was so instructive, and it lingers with me yet.

Elder Ker, I can appreciate what you suffered in your recent bereavement. Ah, dear brother, all these tribulations are ripening and mellowing the saints, so that they shed the reflected image of Christ in them, and thus glorify our Father which is in heaven the more effectively. No affliction for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous (I realize that sorely), but by and by it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby.

God be with editors and correspondents everywhere, and may we all at last be received up into glory to dwell with him evermore.

Your sister in hope,

MITTIE DAVIS ROBERTS.

HOPEWELL, N. J., July 29, 1917.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH:—For so long I have felt to write you, but it did not seem I had anything to say, so it was easy to put it off. Many times, the last few days, it has come to me to write you. I now have that desire, but I desire also the guiding of my pen by that mighty One so there may be something of interest to you all. I do not feel I can add anything to the reading matter of the SIGNS, for it is all so good that I feel it could not be bettered by any one. I have been permitted to enjoy it so much. I do not have the desire to read and search the Scriptures as I would like, and I cannot make myself understand them. Often I feel I will just read the Bible a few minutes, when it seems a story or light reading of some kind would be more my choice, but my conscience will not allow it, so I read in the book of all books; and while I do not always under-

stand all I read, there at times comes a sweetness, and I am glad that I read the word. What a very depressing time to one and all we are now living in. It hangs heavy over us all, and for a time I could but cry unto the Father to give us peace, not asking if it were his will. But I was made to see how wrong I was, and could only ask his forgiveness and for submission to whatever his will might be, for I know all must be in accordance with his will and that it must have been predestinated by him. He knew all things from the beginning, and nothing could come but it is right in his sight; not one dare hinder or can hinder him or say, What doest thou? We are the work of his hand, and he has all right to do with us as is his pleasure. I did truly enjoy Elder Ker's writing in the last SIGNS. It was very strengthening to me. I was also given strength because of a dear boy whose name appeared among the ones drafted for war, and whose mother was so broken down and wept so. He wanted to know of her why she wept, and she told him she feared he would have to go to France. He asked her if she did not believe that whatever is to be will be, and did she not believe that God had predestinated all things, that if it were appointed him to die in France, must he not go there, and did she not feel the same God ruled there as here and would as well protect him there as here? Then he asked her, Where is your faith, where is your faith, mother? It was a great comfort to her, and it did certainly give me strength to know of such faith in him. How little we know how the young mind is traveling if we hear no expression. We have a number of such boys coming to meeting, and we all feel interested in them and count them as our dear ones. Yes, the Lord Jehovah reigns, and who are we to

dictate how it should be? I do feel that I can see good in it all at the present time, for people are being kept in fear and can see they have little strength. Yes, I feel men are fearing before him and know that of themselves they are weak. The terrible robbing by means of high prices seems like taking bread from the poor. It makes one shudder and wonder where the scene will end. However, he is the same God in the storm as in the sunshine, and he knows what he doeth, so may we be submissive, earnestly desiring to love him more and serve him better. May we keep near each other, help to cheer, comfort and strengthen one another. I know I need all that can come to me, and desire to be able to cheer others. We are to comfort others with the same comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God, and I do desire ability to do this. Just now this world is a beautiful world, and if left at our ease it would be good enough for us so long as everything transpired to please us. We do need to be shaken and awakened to the truth that we are commanded to set our affections on things above, which do not perish with the using; to seek the Father's face, to serve him, and him alone; to know nothing among us save Jesus Christ and him crucified. How many of us have heeded these things continually? Instead, perhaps you have done as I, have been taken up with the things of the day. If not brought back to see where we stand, where would we go? I am afraid not where Jesus leads us, but would get more and more with the world. What pride, pleasure-seeking, rapidity of motion, great possessions, egotism, leadership and deceit seem to be uppermost in the world. May this poor, peculiar people have no part in it nor any desire for such, but may they be kept in faith, ever trusting

in the Father of all mercies, looking to him alone for their comfort and strength. May they see and feel his promise to be true, that as their day so shall their strength be. May they desire the will of the Father to be done, not theirs, and be wholly submissive to his most holy will, knowing he is too wise to err and too good to be unkind. May they be kept from ever falling. It is so very saddening to see the numbers of true followers diminishing, as shown by the membership of our churches, but how little we know where trust and love are. I do desire that it please the Father to give strength to the many dear ones to come to the visible church. What a great rejoicing it would be. However, the Lord knows them that are his, and will perform his pleasure in them.

I have written too lengthily. Love to all.

MARY HILL TERRY.

COLFAX, Pa., June 10, 1917.

ELDER J. M. FENTON:—There have been many things passing through my mind I would like to say to you, but wonder now if I should take your time with what must seem so little. I have wished that I might express to the church at Springfield, and to you their pastor, and surely you are a pastor to me, too, how much it is to me, that you do not seem to mind that I come among you so often, but I feel so welcome and at home. I have enjoyed again and again the last meeting, which was so much to me. It is marred only by the weakness of the flesh. I fear as you all come to know me you cannot welcome me. Why should we complain of any of our conditions in life? Does not our heavenly Father know what is best for us? I truly have many blessings, and trust I am

really thankful. This morning I can only see the wonderful goodness of God. Last Sunday morning my mind was sweetly and comfortingly filled with thoughts of the resurrection; not with the wondrous beauty that I saw: The building of God, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, but trust I was given to know for myself that Jesus is the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. We live because Jesus lives. He is our resurrection and our life. Do we not know in our experience that Jesus died; that to us he was in the grave? and if Jesus was in the grave, so was each subject of grace; but now surely he is a risen Jesus; he appears to us in the same flesh as before the resurrection. That he appeared with the same body, it seems to me proves that we experience the resurrection power here in our own natural bodies. As we have borne the image of the earthy, may we also bear the image of the heavenly. In what a sweetly comforting way he appeared at different times to his followers after the resurrection. What wonders must be in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians.

LAURA GREENLAND.

RANDOLPH, La.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—It is my desire to commune with the poor, cast down, afflicted people of the living God. You are the only people I have ever found that are dear to my soul, and that can talk and write to my comfort and understand my speech. I realize my insufficiency of myself to do any good thing. My desire is that the Lord will cleanse me from all sin and iniquity, keep me and constrain me by love divine to speak and meditate acceptably in his sight, but I often find that his blessed



face is hid from me, and I then fear he is gone forever. How terrible it is to be in this desert of despair, to fear and daily hunger and thirst, mourn and weep, cry and beg for deliverance, for all we have is spent and a mighty famine has arisen. We long to be free from sin; we want to be covered or robed with his righteousness, justified freely by his grace, behold his face in blessed peace and worship him in the beauty of holiness. We want to hear his loving voice speaking to our troubled souls, saying, Peace be unto you. As I live, ye shall live also. Fear not, it is I. O how sweet to feel his dear and blessed presence here in this wilderness of woe, and just think, we only know in part, but there we shall see him as he is, for we shall be like him. May the Lord grant us this glorious gift, to be made alive in the glorious image of his dear Son, who was dead, but is alive for evermore. He said, I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go away I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also. The question is ringing in my mind, Is this blessed promise mine? The only answer I can give is, I hope through the mercy of God it is. Puny man is under the delusion of Satan, saying or speaking many lies in the name of Christ, and this is only a fulfillment of the Scripture, For many shall come in my name, and shall deceive many; and even the man of sin is sitting in his temple shewing himself to be God, and they are doing many miracles in the sight of them that have the mark of the beast; at least it seems to me that the fig tree is almost in the stage of summer, but that is known only to the Lord. O dear people, I do feel that your

redemption draweth nigh, because the abomination of desolation (which I believe is pride in the church) spoken of by Daniel the prophet, seems to me to have made its sad appearance. O, may the Lord not deal with us according to our ways; may he remember we are but dust, and renew us to repentance, and not remove the candlestick, but guide us by his blessed Spirit into all truth, that we may speak forth the truth in love, not having the person of man in view, nor for filthy lucre's sake, but for the glory of God and the good of his little ones, which includes us all, if I am one. I have never been able to get beyond a little hope; sometimes it is in lively exercise, and again, as it were, asleep. I love to hear and read the Lord's dealings with his people.

I have written more than I thought to when I began. May the Lord bless his truth.

Your little unworthy brother in hope,  
R. W. RHODES.

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### INFORMATION WANTED.

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ANY one knowing the present address of Elder E. W. J. Adams will confer a favor by forwarding the same to M. L. Liles, Route 3, Henderson, Texas.

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### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,  
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***JEREMIAH V. 21; EZEKIEL XII. 2.**

DEAR BROTHER KER:—I would like for you at your earliest convenience to explain through the columns of the SIGNS what you understand by the Scripture recorded in Jeremiah v. 21, also Ezekiel xii. 2, whether the characters mentioned are the unenlightened children of God or unregenerated people.

Yours in hope,

V. W. FOSTER.

BRIDGEPORT, Texas, July 22, 1917

Jeremiah v. 21, reads as follows: "Hear now this, O foolish people, and without understanding; which have eyes, and see not; which have ears, and hear not." Ezekiel xii. 2, reads as follows: "Son of man, thou dwellest in the midst of a rebellious house, which have eyes to see, and see not; they have ears to hear, and hear not: for they are a rebellious house."

When the world is given to pleasure and money-making it is pleasant to know there are a few scattered over this broad land who think on the name of the Lord and want to know what his word teaches. How vain is all else, yet how taken up with perishable things many of us are! How different we feel and act from what we did in our "first love"! Then we had but little time for anything except the things of the kingdom of God; now with many of us those things are the last to be considered. Then our hearts were soft and our manner gentle, but now our

hearts are like flint and our manner cool and indifferent. We often wonder if it will always be so. O for a refreshing shower from the Lord to cause the plants of his garden to revive and show forth his praise. He has from time to time called upon the north and south winds to blow upon his garden, and except he does so again "all will come to desolation."

We hope that such thoughts as we have on the Scriptures named at the head of this article may be satisfactory to brother Foster. In the days of old the Lord spake unto the fathers by the prophets, and often messages of good will and commendation were sent them, and they rejoiced in the faithfulness and longsuffering of God. Now and then they were reminded of the promise of deliverance from sin through the "blessing in the cluster," and for that reason the sinful and rebellious nation could not be destroyed. Among the people of God in that age of the world there were sinners stiffnecked and rebellious, who needed rebuke and judgment visited upon them from time to time. These are the kind spoken of in the texts called to our attention by brother Foster. We should remember that all the seed of Abraham were the Lord's typical people, and the rebellious sinners filled their place equally with the faithful and upright. Such had of necessity to be, since that people were the true type of the gospel church. Had all been men of faith and steadfastness they could not have been the type. Had all been stiffnecked and rebellious they could not have been the type. Many lessons have been taught which were altogether wrong from Old Testament Scriptures. Some men of prominence among our people have applied declarations belonging entirely to the Israelites to the nations of the world. Whatever

was said by the true prophets was of God, and spoken directly to Israel, therefore it matters not what was said, it was not said to any other people or nation. Many things said seem very strange to be addressed to the Lord's people, yet the ungodly needed all that was said to them, and strange to say very few ever were benefited by either judgment or rebuke. They loved the ways of death, hence satisfied their lusts living in unrighteousness. They had eyes to see, because they were the Lord's people and had the law and oracles of God, yet they understood not. They had ears to hear what the prophets said, yet hearkened not. Following their own ways and inclinations they wandered far from the law and precepts of the Lord.

Coming now over into the gospel dispensation, not one word of gospel instruction, reproof, rebuke, exhortation, belongs to any man, woman or child except those embraced in the spiritual Israel of God. These blessings are to the end "that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." But just as was the case of old, so it is now: some are true, faithful and steadfast, abounding in the work of the Lord, satisfied with the goodness of the Lord's house. On the other hand, there are those who live as they list, gratifying the pride of the eye and the desires of the heart. Apparently these are not related to the steadfast at all, yet they are the children of God. There have ever been those who have earnestly contended for the faith once delivered unto the saints, rejoice in Jesus Christ and have no confidence in the flesh; while on the other hand, there are those who have followed their own inclinations, have denied the faith and preach salvation by works and teach for doctrine the com-

mandments of men. Judgment, rebuke and exhortation are sent them, but as that class among the Israelites did not see (understand) or hear (heed), so these turn away from the true servants of God and wander farther and farther away from the right way. Paul tells us that in every great house there are not only vessels of honor, but some of dishonor. Be sure to remember that both dwell in the same house and fill their respective places. Let us remember also that Ezekiel, called the son of man, was told that he dwelt in just such a house. Isaiah said he dwelt among a people of unclean lips, and confessed that he was no better than they, which is characteristic of the Lord's children. Paul said he was the chief of sinners, and that it was not meet that he should be an apostle, but by the grace of God he was.

Careful reading of the epistles will show that each of them is addressed either to some church or special individual who was a subject of grace, so all that was said by the Savior in the way of rebuke and condemnation was said to the Jews and of them, hence let us not look outside of the church for any character to whom we may apply any part of God's word.

We hope that our readers, as well as brother Foster, may consider what we say, and the Lord give us all understanding. K.

#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

### THE FATAL STONE.

(1 Samuel xvii. 49.)

BROTHER George Conner, of Hopewell, N. J., has asked us to write on the meaning of the five stones which David chose from the brook, one of which proved fatal to the giant Goliath. That David is a type of Jesus, is generally believed by Old School Baptists, therefore that point needs not to be dwelt upon. Jesus, through death, destroyed death and also him that had the power of death, that is, the devil. We would say, therefore, that Goliath represents the devil, or the adversary of the people of God. Before the appearance of David at the battle front, the presence of Goliath there made the Israelites dismayed and greatly afraid, so greatly afraid that they fled from him. So does unrighteousness in any or all of its forms terrorize the hearts of God's people until Jesus appears for their deliverance. The weapons which the Lord chooses to destroy his enemies are mean and insignificant in and of themselves, but they show thereby how God can mightily endow weakness with strength and littleness with divine nobility in order to overthrow that which evilly boasts itself of greatness and wisdom, exalting itself above all that is called God. Shamgar, the third judge over Israel, slew six hundred men with an ox-goad and delivered Israel in his day. Gideon's little army of three hundred men equipped with trumpets, pitchers and lamps, accomplished the destruction of the Midianites. Samson slew a thousand men with the new jawbone of an ass. Many instances might be noted from Scripture to show the employment of little things to accomplish the infinite purposes of Jehovah. In other words, weapons in themselves utterly ineffective and useless are made to effect ends which could not be achieved by weapons de-

vised by men especially for those ends. As Paul says in writing to the Corinthians: "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world, to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are; that no flesh should glory in his presence." David's success lay not in his unerring aim, nor in any especial virtue in the little stones from the brook, but in the fact that God was with him. Jesus' triumph rested in the sublime truth that he was Immanuel, that is, God in the flesh. Had he been any less than this he could not have overcome death, hell and the grave, no matter what weapons he might have used. As David's success owed itself to the presence of God with him, so Jesus' work knew no defeat because he was God incarnate. These five stones chosen by David from the brook were "smooth;" they had been subjected a long time to the action of the water, which had worn them smooth. This water was in a brook, a stream of running water. The brook was water in action, in other words, living water. Therefore, we think this brook represents the water of life. We think the five stones represent the five gifts of the ministry mentioned by Paul in Ephesians: apostles, prophets, pastors, teachers and evangelists. Any one of these gifts in the hands of the spiritual David, Jesus, can deliver the people of God from conditions full of distress. As those five stones were nothing of themselves, so the men whom the Spirit calls and qualifies to the ministry are nothing of themselves. Saul's armor, made especially by men for the uses of war, could not help David in his purpose; so the

learned men of Jewish Jerusalem who had given their time and minds to the study of the law and the prophets were passed by when Jesus chose men to feed his sheep, and he chose instead men with no natural qualifications whatever; ignorant and unlearned men some of them, and these were subjected to the action of the Holy Spirit, the brook of running water, to shape and polish them fit for the Master's use. The words of Isaiah here suggest themselves: "In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me, and made me a polished shaft: in his quiver hath he hid me." While we have no doubt these words primarily refer to Jesus himself, yet they apply even to Isaiah in a secondary sense, and to every servant whom God chooses and sends to labor in his vineyard. The Spirit of Jesus shoots them at a mark, and they always hit that mark. The work of the Lord never miscarries. The preaching of the gospel saves them that believe. The believer hears the certain sound of the trump of God and is saved from error and delusion, from the doctrines of men, and is established in the doctrine of God, built up on his holy faith, comforted and edified in the truth. Jesus commanded his disciples at the grave of Lazarus to loose Lazarus and let him go; so they unbound the grave-clothes from about him and set him free. Thus does the gospel ministry embodied in the called disciples preach liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison doors to them that are bound. This ministry is enforced by mighty grace, and is shot by the hand of the spiritual David straight at its mark, which it never misses. Never was preaching breath spent in vain, the gospel is not wasted. The bulwarks of error and of legalism are shattered before the spiritual demonstration of the truth in the power of the gospel. But O what re-

fining is undergone by these stones in the brook before they are prepared for David's sling. Look what Peter and what Paul and what the others have had to experience to make them fit for the Master's use. Peter had to be put in Satan's sieve and thoroughly purged from all self-righteousness before he could strengthen his brethren. Paul, the upright Pharisee, had to become a beggar for mercy in the Damascus road before he could preach the gospel of which he was never ashamed. This erosion by God's Holy Spirit is a very painful experience that God's servants must necessarily have to enable them to preach his truth, before they are stones smooth enough to go in the Shepherd's bag and be used in his sling. That servant of God who manifests most perfect courage in the presence of the enemy is that one who is most humble within himself, whose whole confidence is in his God, and who has suffered the loss of all things for Jesus' sake. L.

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## APPOINTMENTS.

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THE Lord willing, Elder D. M. Vail will fill the following appointments:

Adelbert Meads, August 29th, 7:30 p. m.; Jefferson, N. Y., August 30th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Loren Meads, August 30th, 7:30 p. m.; Albany, August 31st, 1:30 p. m.; Schoharie village, August 31st, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie meetinghouse, Sept. 1st, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m. E. R. KINNEY.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Saturday 2 p. m. and Sunday 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., Sept. 22nd and 23rd, Benlah Church, Brooke, Canada; Wednesday, 26th, 7:45 p. m., London, Canada; Thursday, 27th, 7:45 p. m., Brantford, Canada. Between these appointments I hope to be with the friends at Dunwich, Duart and St. Thomas.

D. M. VAIL.

ELDER D. M. Vail will preach, Providence permitting, at brother Morris Faulkner's, Margaretville, Monday, August 20th, 7:45 p. m., and at sister P. O'Connor's, Halcottville, August 22nd, 7 p. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mary E. Beeman**, nee Howsare, was born near Old-town, Md., April 25th, 1853, and died in Tiawah, Okla., July 11th, 1917, aged 64 years, 2 months and 16 days. Her mother died when she was two weeks old, leaving the infant in the care of her father's mother, Mrs. David Howsare. Her early life was spent in the southern part of Bedford County, Pa. At about the age of fifteen years she joined the old order of Christians (not Campbellites), her grandfather being a preacher of that denomination. In 1875 she joined her father near Lexington, Mo., where she resided for three years. Returning to Pennsylvania, she made her home part of the time in Rainsburg, near the Providence Old School Baptist Church, where for the first time she heard the joyful sound of the gospel, which to her mind was greater riches than anything she had ever known in the Arminian world. Though yet young, and all the church members old and old-fashioned, she, like Paul, when it pleased God to reveal his Son in her, conferred not with flesh and blood, but immediately united with the church, and was baptized by Elder Thomas Rose on the first Sunday in December, 1879. During all her after life the strong doctrine of grace and the firm decrees of Jehovah were her meat and her drink. She could never yield to looseness in order or doctrine. The SIGNS was her special friend. She often led the singing in the churches and at associations. She served the Juniata Association as clerk one term. On Nov. 23rd, 1884, she was married to Elder J. F. Beeman, and with her husband and family resided in Fayette County, Pa., until March, 1891, when we moved to Missouri. In 1897 we moved to Oklahoma, which was her home until the Lord called her. In 1901, when the Ebenezer Church was organized, she was one of the constituent members. For four and one-half years our home in Helena, Okla., was the monthly meeting-place of the church, and it was her delight and privilege to entertain the "remnants" of God's elect, who came long distances to worship God in spirit and in truth. After coming to eastern Oklahoma, in 1910, she again was a constituent member of a little band called "Remnant," organized Nov. 9th, 1912. In early life she had few opportunities for an education and literary improvement, but all the spare moments of her after life were given to the accumulation of the knowledge of current events and in reading the Scriptures and Old School Baptist papers. She became afflicted eighteen months ago with dropsy, but a year ago the disease seemed to be under complete control, and a general weakness seemed to be the only burden until the last few months, when the insidious malady appeared again. She was not confined to her room until the last fifty-eight hours of her life. Sunday, the 8th inst., at 11 p. m. she became paralyzed in her right side and in

her tongue, so that she was never able to speak again, although conscious at times. I asked her, Is Jesus still your Rock? She nodded, Yes. Is the Lord your only trust? She nodded, Yes. Is the Lord still your Shepherd? She nodded, Yes. She had faith in God, and died in faith. Her last moments, sitting up in the chair, were calm and peaceful; so she fell asleep. Her children were all present: Mrs. Nelle Waller, Oscar Beeman and Etta Beeman, of Tiawah, Okla., and Mrs. Leona Gibson, of Cherokee, Okla., also six grandchildren. Besides these she leaves five stepsons, one stepdaughter-in-law with their families of fourteen stepgrandchildren and two stepgreat-grandchildren, with the sorrowful writer, a sister, Mrs. Alice P. Erb, of Johnstown, Pa., and many friends to mourn.

We had the services of Elder Thomas R. Pittman, of Havana, Kansas, at the funeral on the 12th inst., who declared the unsearchable riches of Christ to those assembled at our home on the occasion.

Brethren who have passed through like afflictions and sorrows know something of my loss and of my loneliness. I know that I must submit to the mighty hand of God, but O Lord, how my heart bleeds.

J. F. BEEMAN.

**Jesse Columbus Jenkins**, son of G. C. and L. E. Jenkins, was born Jan. 13th, 1890, and departed this life May 28th, 1917, making his stay on earth 27 years, four months and 15 days. He was taken sick April 22nd with hemorrhage of the brain, and suffered untold agony for five weeks. He was born and reared in Hickman County, Tenn., never leaving his father's home. He was a good, obedient son, loved by all who knew him, and was a great favorite with little children. He was married Nov. 19th, 1916, to Miss Nora Warren. After his marriage they lived near his father's house. He never made a profession of faith until after he was taken sick, but felt he was a condemned sinner before God. They moved him back to his father's house, and while carrying him on the cot they all thought he was dying, but he revived, and when asked if he knew where he was, said, "I am at father's." Then he looked up and smiled and told his people about what he had seen and heard; tried to tell them that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to redeem all who believed. He told that the Lord had done for him, and told his mother that he had an Old Baptist experience; said he had met his Lord in peace. He said to his eldest sister (Berbin), "I have suffered more than the rest of the family, but when I get through with this I will be done with suffering, for my debts are all paid." O, he left such sweet evidence. I visited him just one week before he died, and will never forget his smiles mixed with tears as he began to tell me of his hope. He said, "Esther, I have got to be a regular Old Baptist

since I have been sick." Then he told me some things which he had seen and heard. He ate his breakfast a few minutes before he passed away, and without a struggle quietly fell asleep never more to awake in this world, but we feel assured when Christ shall come to gather his people home his name will be found written in the book of life, and he will be fully prepared to ascribe glory and honor to his Lord and King. He leaves wife, father and mother, four brothers, three sisters and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his absence, but they feel their loss is his gain, as he told them so often of his bright home and was so willing to go.

Written by his cousin,

ESTHER JINKINS.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING  
THE "SIGNS" TO  
THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

Franklin Terry, N. J., \$1.00; J. C. Nelson, Ky., \$1.00; Mrs. Frank Robey, Va., \$1.00; Mrs. Kenneth Findlayson, Canada, \$3.00; Mrs. Mary E. Lake, W. Va., \$1.00.

**M E E T I N G S .**

THE New Hope Association of Old School Predestinarian Baptists will be held with Mt. Zion Church, nine miles south of Greenville, Texas, near Cash, on the Midland R. R., beginning on Friday before the third Sunday in August. Those coming by rail will be met at Cash Thursday and Friday. All lovers of truth are invited, especially ministering brethren of S. M. DICKENS.

THE Olive and Hurley Church will hold its annual two days meeting August 18th and 19th. All lovers of the truth are invited to be with us. South bound trains will be met at Ashokan Friday at 4:48 and 6:49 p. m., and northbound at 7:31 a. m. Saturday.

JOHN J. SECOR, Church Clerk.

THE Hazel Creek Association of Primitive Baptists will meet with Providence Church, in Appanoose County, Iowa, August 29th, 30th and 31st. This is the original Hazel Creek Association, the one that holds the records. Trains will be met at Plano or any convenient place. Visitors cordially invited.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator, Novinger, Mo.  
H. C. CATE, Clerk, Moravia, Iowa.

THE Olive and Hurley Old School Baptist Church, Providence permitting, will hold their annual or yearly meeting the second Saturday and Sunday following in September (8th and 9th). Brethren and friends are cordially invited.

Done by order of the church.

JAMES H. BEVIER, Clerk.

THE Roxbury Old School or Primitive Baptist Association will convene with the Old School Baptist Church of Andes and Middletown, at Union Grove, Andes, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 12th and 13th, 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth. Those coming by way of Kingston or Oneonta will change at Arkville for the Delaware & Northern R. R. Trains will be met Wednesday morning and brethren conveyed to the place of worship.

J. H. DICKSON, Church Clerk.

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GLEN ROSE, Texas.

A. H. RODEN,



# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 1, 1917. NO. 17.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

BANKS, Ala., July 2, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—For some time I have been impressed to write my views on some of the first commands given to Israel after they were delivered from Egyptian bondage (which is typical of the law of sin and death), but because of my ignorance and weakness have refrained from making the attempt until now, and I now see very clearly that I can do nothing of myself in this work. This law is of vast importance to the household of faith, and it is my desire that they should know the import of it. We will first notice the preparation of the Lord, and the charge he gave Moses on Sinai before the reception of the law. “In the third month, when the children of Israel were gone forth out of the land of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai, \* \* \* and were come to the desert of Sinai, and had pitched in the wilderness; and there Israel camped before the mount. And Moses went up unto God, and the Lord called unto him out of the mountain, saying, Thus shalt thou say to the house of Jacob, and tell the children of Israel: Ye have seen what

I did unto the Egyptians, and how I bare you on eagles' wings, and brought you unto myself. Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine. And ye shall be unto me a kingdom of priests, and an holy nation.” —Exodus xix. 1-6. I take Moses and the children of Israel to be a type of Christ and his people in the gospel day. This is admitted by all Baptists, I think. Then let us notice the type in detail, and overlook nothing, or we cannot be correct in our views of the antitype. We notice the same day Israel went out of Egypt, the same day came they into the wilderness of Sinai, and this seems to be the condition of all heaven-born souls, they immediately find themselves in the wilderness of Sinai, or sin, and our spiritual Moses is our counselor, and he hath taken away the first law that he might establish the second. The first was written on tables of stone, the second in the heart, hence we have the letter of the law and the spirit of it. So it is the spirit of it that applies to us to-day, for the letter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive. Then if we live in Christ we should not

look to the letter of the law, for this is what the heathen do. We as the children of light should have nothing to do with this law of Sinai. The Lord said to be ready against the third day, and he charged Moses to set bounds unto the people, "saying, Take heed to yourselves, that ye go not up into the mount, or touch the border of it: whosoever toucheth the mount shall be surely put to death: there shall not an hand touch it, but he shall surely be stoned, or shot through; whether it be beast or man, it shall not live." "And Moses went down from the mount unto the people, and sanctified the people; and they washed their clothes." This shows us that the preparation of the heart, together with the answer of the tongue, is of the Lord. One might say the children had something to do with it: they had to wash their clothes, had to do their part, and they did have to do their part, and Moses pointing to Christ was the cause of it; it was not a voluntary act of theirs, Moses required it. So it is with every sinner when God begins a work in his heart, and tells him to wash his robe and make it white in the blood of the Lamb and be ready to hear his words when he comes down on this Sinai to speak his law to his benighted soul. "And he said unto the people, Be ready against the third day." "And it came to pass on the third day, in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled." This points to that mighty trumpet of the gospel which is the power of God unto salvation to every believer. All Israel heard this trumpet; so does spiritual Israel hear it to-day throughout earth's remotest bounds, regardless of the mission workers. Moses

brought the people out of the camp to meet with God. They did not volunteer, they were brought; and Mount Sinai altogether smoked, because the Lord descended upon it in fire. This third day is a memorial day with the child of God. When God comes down on the mount to talk to his people in the morning there is a thick cloud in our experience, so the natural eye cannot see him. The thunders and lightnings of his mighty power are wonderful, and we feel that destruction has justly come to us, and we beg for mercy. How we are abased, and how we exalt the Lord. Yes, dear people, this was a wonderful sight for Israel to behold, and so it is with you in your experience. You see the Lord descend upon Sinai, which represents your nature in the law system of salvation; you see it on fire by the presence of our God. It will not endure; the foundation of it is shaken, showing its inferiority, fallacy and weakness. This is the way the Lord gets this law religion out of his people: he shakes it out and burns it out. Man cannot get it out. We can wound, but cannot bind up, but our God can do all of these things; great and holy is he. Well might Israel praise him, for he is the only God. The Lord called Moses up to the top of the mount and said unto him: "Go down, charge the people, lest they break through unto the Lord to gaze, and many of them perish. And let the priests also, which come near to the Lord, sanctify themselves, lest the Lord break forth upon them." Moses was just like most of the Baptists of to-day, he did not think the people could break through, as he had given them the charge and set bounds. So the Baptist people do not think God's people can break through to gaze, because Christ has set bounds and given the charge. Now this

all means something; to break through, to gaze, is to disregard God's word and to follow the carnal mind, which claims man can gaze on God and his wonderful works. The leaders of the law religion break through, they say, and tell you you can by your works walk right on into heaven. Now if God's people here in time while he is leading them break through to gaze in their ignorance they shall perish. There is one other expression of the Lord to this people I wish to notice before taking up the law, the fifth verse of the same chapter: "Now therefore, if ye will obey my voice indeed, and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me above all people: for all the earth is mine." Now for us to be a peculiar treasure unto him is based on a condition. Here I ask the questions, Did all national Israel keep his covenant? Did not some of them break it? Did not three and thirty thousand fall in one day for disobedience? Are they not falling in the same manner in the antitype?

Now come the commandments, twentieth chapter. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." There is no command of more importance to those born of the Spirit than this one, and if you keep this one you are absolutely qualified to keep all of them. If ye love me keep my commandments. In Mark xii. Jesus says, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, mind and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. If ye do this ye keep all of the law, for on this hang all the law and the prophets. Your neighbor is your brother in the faith. The first command which I quoted means this: Thou shalt worship nothing but the true and living God, who delivered thee. He is a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth gen-

eration of them that hate him, and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love him and keep his commandments.

"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain." This is to take his name in idle worship, not prompted by faith, and advocating things that would reproach his high and lofty cause. "For the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy." Many of the people of God have thought this was the Jewish sabbath or the Catholic Sunday, but this sabbath under consideration was not ordained or set apart by any man or set of men, but by the God of heaven. This sabbath is Jesus. It is written of the creation that the evening and the morning were the first day, second day, third day, and so on. This is Jesus, and he is the resting-place for the weary sinner; and when we find this sabbath of rest we should keep it holy; it is a holy day to the child of God. He is every day to the poor, weary sinner; then should we not keep him holy? He is the first day and every day; he is hallowed.

"Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." In the divine family there is neither male nor female; so God is our Father and the church our mother, and if we honor them our days shall be long in the given land.

"Thou shalt not kill." We cannot believe that some of these commands have a spiritual meaning and some a natural, but we take the position that they all have a spiritual meaning and must be spiritually discerned, for God's words are spirit and they are life, and they must be spiritually discerned. To kill naturally is to murder and destroy, and such are called murderers. In a spiritual view

one that is against God and his people and would destroy them is a murderer. Jesus said to his disciples, The time will come when they that kill you will think they are doing God service. Men cannot kill a spirit. If it had been in their power they would have killed the God of heaven when they killed the body of his Son; so to kill in a spiritual point of view is to hate our brother. It is written, A murderer cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. It is impossible for an unclean spirit to enter the kingdom of heaven. Moses and David both were murderers literally. Shall we say that they were disinherited? God forbid.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery." None but God's people can commit adultery as set forth in this command. Of course we all know what adultery is with men: it is to mix or mingle, a violation of the marriage vow. We are married to Christ, and if we begin to mix with any other and violate the marriage vow or contract we are guilty of adultery. It is written that such shall not inherit the kingdom. This means in this time world, and does not apply any further. Those of God's people who commit adultery have denied the faith; they have turned against the commandment delivered unto them, and such have no place in the kingdom of heaven, because they did not keep the faith; they are not true to their Husband.

"Thou shalt not steal." To steal literally is to take that which is not yours secretly; if it is done openly it is called taking by force or robbing. We need not say that man cannot steal from God, when God said men robbed him. How did they rob him? In their offerings taking that which belonged to God greedily and wilfully. So they steal from him in their tithe offerings, stealing honor,

glory and power from him. Some born of him claim the power, honor and glory of their salvation here in time. This is just a claim; our God did not give it to them, they stole it, and God will inflict the penalty, for it is written, Behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. Every man is every man born of God.

Dear brethren, if in your judgment you think this meet for the lovers of truth you may publish it; it is more lengthy than I expected.

Your brother in hope,

J. E. FINCHER.

CASEY, Iowa, June 21, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—With this I send you Scripture views from parts of the Old Testament concerning Christ and the church. I believe that God only can interpret the same. Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion, I will declare the decree. The Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee (alluding to Christ's birth). For thou hast possessed my reins; thou hast covered me in my mother's womb (Mary). I will praise thee; for I (Christ) am fearfully and wonderfully made: marvelous are thy works, and that my soul (his body) knoweth right well. My substance was not hid from thee, when I was made in secret, and curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth. Thine eyes did see my substance, yet being unperfect; and in thy book all my members (of his body, the church,) were written, which in continuance were fashioned, when as yet there was none of them. (That was the book Christ told the seventy their names were written in.) Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen (us Gentiles) for

thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. (This country is one of the uttermost parts alluded to.) His name shall endure for ever, his name shall be continued as long as the sun, and men shall in him of all nations call him blessed. I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth; my mercy will I keep for him for evermore, my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven. Let Mount Zion rejoice, let the daughters of Juda be glad because of thy judgments. Walk about Zion, and go round about her, tell the towers thereof, mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces, that ye may tell it to the generation following. For this God is our God for ever, he will be our guide even unto death. Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion. The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels; the Lord is among them as in Sinai, in the holy place. Thou (Christ) hast ascended on high, thou hast received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them. In Juda is God known, his name is great in Israel. In Salem (the church) also is his tabernacle, and his dwelling place in Zion. Let thy hand be upon the Son of man, man of thy right hand, whom thou hast made strong for thyself. Also I will make him my firstborn, higher than the kings of the earth; my mercy will I keep for him for evermore, and my covenant shall stand fast with him. His seed (the saints) also will I make to endure for ever, and his throne as the days of heaven. The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne. A fire goeth before him and burneth up his enemies round about. His lightnings enlightened the world. The earth saw and trembled; the hills melted like wax at the presence of the Lord, at the presence of the Lord of the whole earth. Zion heard and was glad, and the daughters of Juda rejoiced because of thy judgments. O Lord, thou shalt arise and have mercy upon Zion, for the time to favor her, yea, the set time, is come, when the Lord shall build up Zion; he shall appear in his glory. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces. For my brethren and companions' sake I will now say, Peace be within thee. He that goeth forth (Christ) and weepeth, bearing precious seed (the children of his kingdom), shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him (to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens). For the Lord hath chosen Zion; he hath desired it for his habitation. This is my rest for ever: here will I dwell: for I have desired it. I will abundantly bless her provision: I will satisfy her poor with bread. I will also clothe her priests with salvation, and her saints shall shout aloud for joy. 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; as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord, praise the Lord, O Jerusalem; praise thy God, O Zion. For he hath

strengthened thy bars of thy gates; he hath blessed thy children within thee. He maketh peace in thy borders, and filleth thee with the finest of the wheat. I will sift the house of Israel among all nations, like as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet shall not the least grain fall upon the earth. As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love. A garden inclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed (to all not born of the Spirit). I sleep, but my heart waketh: it is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled: for my head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night. There are threescore queens, and fourscore concubines, and virgins without number (false churches). My dove, my undefiled, (not defiled by false doctrine) is but one: she is the only one of her mother, (Jerusalem above) she is the choice one of her that bare her. Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners? What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it. And the key of the house of David will he lay upon his shoulder (Christ), so he shall open, and none shall shut, and he shall shut, and none shall open. And I will fasten him as a nail in a sure place. And they shall hang upon him all the glory of his Father's house (the house not made with hands). In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall the nail that is fastened in the sure place be removed, and be cut down, and fall;

and the burden (the sins of his people) that was upon it shall be cut off: for the Lord hath spoken it. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots. And the Spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and the fear of the Lord. What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it. O Lord our God, other lords besides thee have had dominion over us, but by thee only will we make mention of thy name. Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us, for thou also hast wrought all our works in us (good works). For thus hath the Lord spoken unto me, Like as the lion, and the young lion roaring on his prey, when a multitude of shepherds is called forth against him, he will not be afraid of their voice, nor abase himself for the noise of them: so shall the Lord of hosts come down to fight for Mount Zion, and for the hill thereof. As birds flying, so will the Lord of hosts defend Jerusalem; defending also he will deliver it, and passing over he will preserve it. The sinners in Zion (such will creep into the church) are afraid, fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings? He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from

seeing evil. He shall dwell on high; his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him, his waters shall be sure. Thine eyes shall see the King (Christ) in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is very far off. Look upon Zion, the city of our solemnities; thine eyes shall see Jerusalem a quiet habitation, a tabernacle that shall not be taken down, not one of the stakes thereof shall ever be removed, neither shall any of the cords thereof be broken. But there the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams, wherein shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby. For the Lord is our Judge, the Lord is our Lawgiver, the Lord is our King, he will save us. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, (to the eyes of the world) shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there: but the redeemed shall walk there. And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned; for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and

all the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the word of our God shall stand for ever. O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get up into the high mountain; O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid; say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him; behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd, he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young. Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales and the hills in a balance. Behold my servant (Christ), whom I uphold, mine elect, in whom my soul delighteth: I have put my Spirit upon him, he shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not; for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For the Lord shall comfort Zion, he will comfort all her waste places, and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord. Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O

Jerusalem, the holy city: for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean. Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion. For thus saith the Lord, Ye have sold yourselves for nought: and ye shall be redeemed without money (Christ's blood was the price). All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, (a very good teacher) and great shall be the peace of thy children. Behold, I (God) have given him (Christ) for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee. And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising. The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; (Christ) because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek: he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound (in chains of sin). To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn; to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that he might be glorified. And their seed shall be known among the Gentiles, and their offspring among the people: all that see them shall acknowledge them, that they are the seed which the Lord hath blessed. For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace, and for Jerusalem's sake I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth

as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth. Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, (red with his blood) traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat? I have trodden the wine-press alone; and of the people there was none with me; for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in my heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked, and there was none to help; therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury it upheld me. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them: and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old. And I will bring forth a seed out of Jacob, (his elect) and out of Judah an inheritor (Christ) of my mountains: (the branches or hills) and mine elect shall inherit it, and my servants shall dwell there. For as the new heavens and the new earth which I will make shall remain before me, saith the Lord, so shall your seed and your name remain. Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you; and I will take you one of a city, and two of a family, and I will bring you to Zion. And I will give you pastors according to my heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding. In his days Judah shall be saved, and Israel shall dwell safely, and this is the name whereby he shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness.

God's words need no apology, they speak for themselves.

R. S. BANKS.



## EXHORTATIONS BY PAUL.

(Hebrews xiii.)

THE faith of God's elect, what is it? The same in all ages. "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." This chapter embraces more than fifteen direct exhortations woven in with great and strong declarations of doctrine. "Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken unto you the word of God: whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." These rulers were, no doubt, elders or ministers, who had been speaking to the saints of the immutability of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. These ministers who had spoken unto them "the word of God" spake according to the unchangeable covenant "ordered in all things and sure." The doctrine of the holy Scriptures can never be understood only on the ground of God's unchangeableness. This was the vital, essential belief in the apostolic day, the faith of God's elect. This faith, on the ground of God's immutability, will stand the test against all opposition in all ages, in all worlds and through eternity. Is not this the reason why their faith shall conquer and overcome the world? Some may claim that they believe that God is unchangeable, but how do they believe this, through a carnal notion, or by the hearing of faith? None, only those born from above, born again of incorruptible seed by the Word of God, can believe that God is too wise to change his mind concerning any event that shall ever take place in time or in eternity. These having received the promise of eternal inheritance through the hearing of faith may consistently be exhorted: "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and established in the faith, as ye have been taught,

abounding therein with thanksgiving."—Col. ii. 6, 7. He that was merciful to us before the world began, (2 Tim. i. 9; Rom. xvi. 25; Eph. i. 4; 1 Peter i. 2; Rom. viii. 29,) and merciful to us when his only Son was on the cross, (Titus iii. 5,) and merciful to us when his Son arose from the dead, (1 Peter iii. 21; 1 Cor. xv. 20,) and merciful to us when we were dead in sins, (Rom. v. 6-8; Eph. ii. 5,) and merciful to us along our pilgrimage on earth, as we all bear testimony of his grace and mercy, will still be merciful through the balance of time until eternity is ours. He is of one mind, and none can turn him, and his mercy endureth forever. We shall all be changed when that which is perfect is come, but we still will remain we. For the great work of redemption was to redeem from under the curse of sin; so sinners shall be redeemed, and none others. After all, it may be a happy providence for us that we have been sinners, for none but mortals shall put on immortality. I must confess that years ago I became a little confused, reading after and hearing brethren preach as if the child of God had no interest in or connection with the Adamic man, the sinner. Paul the apostle was encouraged to say: "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." It is a faithful saying, and also a worthy saying, that the object of Christ's coming into the world was to save sinners, and for no other cause did he come, and he hath accomplished all the work that the Father assigned unto him, until he sounds the last trump, the final call to glory.

In hope of immortality,

J. F. BEEMAN.

TIAWAH, Okla.

HOPEWELL, N. J., July 28, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS:—I feel like expressing a few thoughts through the dear old SIGNS, that has so many messages of good cheer and gospel truth laid down by holy men of old that will stand when all things else decay and pass away. Christ said, Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every tongue, kindred, tribe and nation. He did not say send, but he said go; and I often think of our ministering brethren who go through storms, snowdrifts and all kinds of roads to preach the gospel; it is not an easy task by any means. I have taken many trips with our former pastor, dear Elder Chick, and I will never forget those good times. I was always glad to go with him, he was good company. I often wish I could be just a little like he was, but I have to be just as I am, a poor, trembling sinner saved by God's goodness, grace and power, if saved at all. Salvation is of the Lord, and without him there is no salvation. I feel to be the least among the brethren, and as prone to evil as the sparks are to fly upward. When I would do good, evil is present with me, and the good I would, I do not. I can hardly realize that I am eighty-five years old. When I look back over my past life, what has it been? Not as it should have been. Sometimes I think if I could live it over I would do differently, but how do I know what difference there would be from my former life? We are in the hands of an all-wise God, and he doeth all things well, and I hope I may be reconciled to his will. He is a just God, and I am not afraid to trust him, and to say all his ways are just and perfect. I love to praise him for all things. If we abide in him he abides in us. The psalmist said, What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the Lord. Blessed are they that keep his testimony, and that seek him with their whole heart. They also do no iniquity, they walk in his way. Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently. O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes. Then shall I not be ashamed when I have respect unto all thy commandments. I will praise thee with uprightness of heart when I shall have learned thy righteous judgment; I will keep thy statutes. O forsake me not utterly. The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my loving-kindness I will not take from thee. I am the good Shepherd. The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. I am the good Shepherd and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father, and I lay down my life for the sheep; and other sheep I have which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Feed my sheep. Feed my lambs. He will carry the lambs in his bosom, and not forget nor forsake one of his sheep. He is a hiding-place from the wind and a refuge from the storm. The thunders may roar, the lightnings flash, but not a shaft shall hit until the God of love sees fit. We love to praise him for his wonderful works to the children of men. He can turn the hearts of men as the rivers of water are turned. All power is given him, power to lay down his life and power to take it again. Job said, I know that my Redeemer liveth. Do I know the Lord or no? Oft it causes anxious thought. Am I his, or am I not? I have so many vain, idle thoughts. I often think if I could be as my brethren seem to me I might feel differently.

They are the salt of the earth. Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord, and the people that are of his inheritance. O I long to feel sure of that inheritance—the inheritance that Jacob possessed, that fadeth not away, but is reserved for you and me at the last day. That inheritance is not like earthly inheritances, which take wings and fly away, but that inheritance is from everlasting to everlasting. This world is not our home. We have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where there will be no strife or vainglory, or sorrow, or pain, which will be ours when we are done with this tabernacle here below. Who knoweth the mind of the Lord, or who hath been his counsellor? Salvation is by and through the Lord. When we meet together to worship in spirit and truth, we come together as little children taught of the Lord. All thy children shalt be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. Worldly men say, Work out your own salvation through fear and trembling; that is as far as they get, but we go farther, and we have Scripture for it: Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure. Alas, vain world, how mistaken you are. No salvation is in that way. It does not come in that way. The still small voice speaks, and is heard by those who love to praise his name above all other names. To the name of Jesus every knee must bow and every tongue confess. He is the only perfect one, the only one that can save his people from their sins. He that searcheth the heart knows the mind of the Spirit. We do not know how to pray as we ought, but he makes intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. True prayer is not of man, nor does it come

from the lips of men; it comes from the heart. I hope I pray many times for his guidance and his mercy and goodness, without uttering a word. False prayer is very much like false doctrine proclaimed throughout the world at this day. Not many mighty, not many noble, but the poor of this world are called. The poor ye have always with you, but me ye have not. Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive honor, wisdom, glory, majesty and dominion; the only one that could open the book with seven seals.

It will be forty-eight years the twenty-eighth of this month that I have been indorsing this true gospel doctrine, and it is just as sweet and true as it was when I was first taught of the Lord to believe it. I love it because it has a sure foundation and cannot be disturbed or removed by men. Whatever they may say or do, it will remain the same gospel truth as long as the world stands.

I will close by wishing you all well, and may you be the lot of his inheritance, is my prayer.

Your brother in hope,

D. L. BLACKWELL.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 22, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have lately been reading some old numbers, and have been much edified and refreshed by the letters from various children of the household of faith. To my shame I must confess I have to be punished and afflicted before my mind is moved away from earthly matters and turned to things above. I am now convalescing from a month's illness, and have had some good seasons during that time, and have felt truly to pray that we may be strengthened with might in the inner man to all the fullness

of God, that we may stand with our loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, the helmet of salvation and the shield of faith. I have never before felt so to pray for all saints. It is a curious fact to me that as I read the Scriptures each time some line or sentence seems to stand out separate. I may have read the page a dozen times before, but it had never arrested my attention. I notice occasionally in letters the use of the phrase, Conditional time salvation. Let me say I used to believe in that for some years after I had an experience. I did not doubt that eternal salvation was all of grace, for I had seen myself a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, and had realized that it was only by grace I was made to rejoice in Christ's love. That was twenty-five years ago, and while I felt I wanted to do right, I believed that if I wished to enjoy temporal blessings I must try and do right to merit them. How often since I have felt the plague of my own heart, the weakness of the flesh, and to realize were the blessings I have in time dependent on my merits how long ago they would have ended. Ah no, dear reader, whatever we enjoy, either in time or eternity, is not because of any merit or works. If we do good works, it is by the grace of God we do them, and in the last analysis we realize it is all of grace, salvation, both in time and eternity. David would not have prayed, "Uphold me with thy free Spirit," if he could have held himself up. All the glory of our well-being, both in time and eternity, belongs to God, and let us no longer talk of any merit in ourselves. Enter thou not into judgment with me, for if thou should mark iniquities who shall stand? The Scriptures do certainly teach we will be chastened for wrongdoing here in time. There is no

doubt of that, but if we are going to escape those punishments it is only by the grace of God I am what I am. Here in this great city we have no visible organization. I have often wondered at it, and have often talked about it, and why it should be I do not know, but I am firmly convinced God wishes it so. I am a very strong believer in the doctrine of predestination, and I read in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES letters from brethren and sisters far from any church of God's people, yet I do not doubt it is God's will it should be so. All things work together for good to them that love God, that are the called according to his purpose. I have felt sometimes that if I could be situated as some others seem to be in the midst of a "Hardshell" community, with regular services, &c., I would be much happier. Now I may be mistaken; as it is I am content. Like Paul, I wish to know how to abound and to be scanty. I shall be pleased to hear from any who feel like writing.

Yours in the faith,

W. C. COX.

HOPE, La., July 3, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—I write you this morning with a sad heart, on account of the death of my dear companion, with whom I had lived fifty-one years, five months and sixteen days through many troubles and trials, having lost seven children. Through all this she was there to comfort and console me, but when God, who is rich in mercy, saw fit to take her home there was no earthly comforter left me. My consolation is the hope of meeting her. She had no confidence in the flesh; her hope rested in the finished work of Christ. We talked many times during her afflictions. Two days before she died she told me that for two even-

ings she had seen the most beautiful sight: The trees in front of the door were covered with white flowers and the base of yellow, and just at that moment she said, "I have lost my Scripture." I am sure she by the eye of faith saw that heavenly Jerusalem. She expressed her willingness to go, and told the children not to worry about her, and gave our daughter some instructions as to how she wished some things done, and also told me not to go about alone, but to get some of the children to go with me. She lived a consistent member of the Primitive Baptist Church since the spring of 1866. She died at the home of our daughter June 7th, 1917, surrounded by her descendants, consisting of three children: O. W. Collinworth, aged fifty, D. L. Collinworth, aged forty-eight, and Mrs. M. J. Brunson, aged thirty-five, ten granddaughters, nine grandsons, one great-granddaughter, one great-grandson, and her only brother, C. F. Thomas. She was the daughter of D. K. Thomas, and a niece of Elder Z. Thomas. She was born in Georgia, June 29th, 1843. I am seventy-five years old, and left to tread life's rugged path alone. Spread the mantle of charity over my weakness and imperfection.

Your brother in hope,

J. F. COLLINSWORTH.

CASTLE ROCK, Wash., July 21, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Once more I am reminded that my subscription is a little over due, so will hasten to make amends by inclosing money order, for which please give me credit. The persecution being done by those who hate the Bible doctrine of the sovereignty of our God, as advocated and contended for in the dear old SIGNS, only makes the name Old School Baptist more precious to its

readers. We understand those of the Old School Baptist faith are the ones who are taught in the school of Christ, and we are told by the prophet Isaiah, All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children. I have just read with much pleasure and comfort the article written by brother C. M. Hood, of Nashville, Tenn., in the July 15th number of the SIGNS; also brother Simmons' writing on "The Church;" both are comforting and edifying. I have long loved the dear old SIGNS for the blessed truth it contains, while so ably contending for the glorious doctrine of salvation by free and sovereign grace. It is the only doctrine that can do and does a sinner any good, for all else is as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

Before I close I want to say that the editorials are being written in a manner that builds up on the most holy faith of God's elect people, especially those who are so far away from their home church that they cannot often meet together for worship. I do hope that I am thankful that the children are blessed with such a beautiful and able medium of christian correspondence, where they see eye to eye and say the selfsame thing: Salvation is of the Lord.

From an old sinner,

J. K. BOYD.

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**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
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Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***THE Surer WORD.**

"We have also a more sure word of prophecy; wherunto ye do well that ye take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn, and the day star arise in your hearts."—2 Peter i. 19.

In the Scriptures is foreseen every contingency that shall ever arise in the experience of true believers and in the travel of the church as a whole. What more proof does one need that they are divinely inspired? But the modern thinkers of the world charge the Bible to have been written by men who cunningly devised fabulous tales and skillfully wove them together and called them Scripture, claiming for them divine inspiration. This charge of the intellectuals against the truth is nothing new. Peter was familiar with the same in his day, and gives two proofs to the brethren to prove that the apostles did not follow cunningly devised fables when they made known unto the faithful the power and coming of Jesus. These two proofs are, first, the apostles "were eyewitnesses of his majesty;" second, the apostles had a "more sure word of prophecy." It is with the second of these items that we desire to deal in this brief sketch. Neither of these reasons given by Peter for authority of the Scriptures will suffice to stop the

gainsayings of ungodly men, but so long as the apostles were enabled to produce proof that would establish the church in the infallibility of God's written word, the heathen might rage. It is not to be expected that unbelievers will be impressed by that which will satisfy faith. So long as the church refuses to logically establish its doctrine and to give reasons for its position that will satisfy the carnal mind, just so long must God's people live under the charge of being inconsistent and illogical, childish and irresponsible dreamers. But what need the believer care how foolish and simple his faith appears to the world, so long as in his own heart there dwells the abiding word of Jesus' testimony like a lamp shining in a dark place until the break of day? Instead of following, then, cunningly devised fables, as they had been accused of doing, Peter asserts that he with others had been eyewitnesses of the majesty of Jesus. They had not been guided by rumors or hearsay reports of Jesus, but had seen him for themselves; had seen him not simply as a man among men, but had been shown his real majesty. Peter goes on to say that this revelation of Jesus' majesty was vouchsafed them in the holy mount, that is, in the mount of transfiguration. Peter is referring here to what Matthew records in the seventeenth chapter of his narrative, and to Mark ix. 1-13. Peter, James and John witnessed for themselves the transfiguration of Jesus; they saw his raiment shine white as snow, saw his countenance shine as the sun. To them had been given the glorious vision of the God within the man; others saw merely the man Jesus, but these saw his real majesty. Is it any wonder, then, that Peter said they had not followed fables in preaching Christ, but had declared that which they had seen with their

own eyes: knowledge of which they could not be defrauded, however much they might be derided? But after and above all this that they saw in the mount when they heard God's voice from above say of Jesus: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased, hear ye him," they had a more sure word of prophecy. At first reading, this seems to us rather startling that Peter should say anything could be more sure than what they saw in the mount. However, this is just what Peter does mean. That while the vision given them in the mount was wonderful and real, still they had afterward a more sure word of the testimony of Jesus than that. By a more sure word, Peter means they had a more abiding word, that is, something that stayed with them more than what they had witnessed in the mount. What they had seen in the mount had been glorious, but it did not stay with them, they could not have it every day. But this more sure word was a prophecy or testimony that stayed with them day by day, therefore was more abiding than the former vision. Peter, therefore, preached not by remembering continually what had transpired in the past when he was in the mount with Jesus, but preached right out of his own daily life, out of the inward teaching of this testimony of Jesus or prophecy that abided with him all the time. This more abiding word, then, is the Holy Ghost or Comforter which Jesus assured his disciples before his death would be sent them by the Father after his resurrection. This abiding word, when it should come, would lead them into all truth, would take of the things of Jesus and expound them unto them, would break the bonds of legalism and establish them in gospel liberty, would anoint them to go forth into all the world and preach the gospel to every man that is in Christ a new creature. This surer or more abiding

word than what occurred in the mount of transfiguration, took up its abode in the apostles when the day of Pentecost fully came and Peter preached so wonderfully. That day Peter saw for the first time what the Old Testament meant; saw how both the law and the prophets pointed to Christ. He had seen in the mount Moses and Elias talk with Jesus, for they passed away and Jesus alone remained, but he understood what it all meant. But when the Holy Ghost came upon him, when he received the more abiding word of Jesus' testimony on the day of Pentecost, he understood then that Moses and Elias talking with Jesus in the mount had signified that the law and the prophets looked to Jesus and foreshadowed him. He understood when the Holy Ghost came that Moses and Elias passed away, the law and the prophets ceased to be, and Jesus with his glorious gospel alone remained as the embodiment of the truth of God in all its purity. He further understood that the gospel church is to obey Jesus, to hear him only, and not to take the law or the prophets as their guide and authority. This more abiding word, then, of Jesus' testimony is a rounding out of all that has gone before, it opens up and explains all that went before, it expounds Moses and the prophets. The basis of all the apostles wrote and preached was, therefore, not simply the memory of what they had seen Jesus do and say while here in the world, but the daily instruction of this more sure and more abiding word of God's Holy Spirit, which continually dwelt with them, and which was the inspiration of the Scriptures they penned and of the sermons they preached. Miserable preachers would they have been indeed had they had to depend wholly upon the memory of what they had seen Jesus do and say. Their ministry was vitalized and made effective to the spiritually-minded because it came daily fresh

and clear out of this testimony of the living word abiding in them, which was more sure than having to depend upon the memory of what had gone before, even though that had been wonderful indeed. God's people must be fed with that which comes fresh and clear from the Fountain-head of truth; they cannot subsist on memorized preaching, even though all that might be memorized should be sound and true. One must have been an eyewitness of Jesus and must also have this more abiding word of God's Holy Spirit continually with him in order to be an apostle of Jesus and to preach his truth. We think it takes this much even now to enable a man to preach the truth, even though he be not an apostle. One cannot hope to expound the Scriptures without this soul-instruction of the more abiding word being within him; and without the exposition of the Scriptures the people cannot be established in the truth. To see and not to understand is to soon forget, but both to see and to understand what one sees is to have the truth so firmly clinched that it becomes a veritable strong tower in the day of trouble. Peter saw all that took place in the mount of transfiguration, but he did not understand all it signified until the more sure word took up its abode within him; then and not until then was he established in the truth of what he had previously seen. What a comfort to God's people when the gospel preacher is able to explain the meaning of what they have seen and experienced. They then become established in the truth of which they have been eyewitnesses. This opening up of what the Scriptures, and of what the christian experience means, is to the believer a lamp shining in a dark place until the day dawns and the sun rises.

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## EDITORIALS OF THE LATE ELDER GILBERT BEEBE.

### I PETER III. 18, 19.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit: by which also he went and preached unto the spirits in prison."

The context, and almost the whole of the epistle, is devoted to the encouragement of the persecuted and scattered saints, with instruction and solemn admonition and exhortation. As the saints were then suffering severely for the truth's sake, the apostle gives them, and us, to understand that it is the will of God that his people shall suffer for well doing. He says, "For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing than for evil doing." It is undoubtedly good for us to suffer chastisements for our faults, and in such a manner as the Lord in wisdom may direct, whether by his ministration of the rod, or by allowing the enemies of truth to persecute us. But good as his fatherly chastisements may be for our faults, it is far better when by his will we are enabled to bear the frowns, reproaches and cruel persecutions of our adversaries for a strict and conscientious adherence to the truth and order of the gospel. If all manner of evil be said of us falsely for Christ's sake, or because we honor and obey him in all things, then may we rejoice and be exceeding glad. The apostle says, "If ye be reproached for the name of Christ, happy are ye; for the spirit of glory and of God resteth upon you: on their part he is evil spoken of, but on your part he is glorified. But let none of you suffer as a murderer, or as a thief, or as an evil doer, or as a busybody in other men's matters. Yet if any man suffer as a christian, let him not be



ashamed; but let him glorify God on this behalf." As an encouragement to the saints thus suffering for righteousness' sake, the text proposed for our consideration was written. "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit." While in this text the great doctrine of redemption, reconciliation to God and salvation through the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ is clearly stated, a bright and glorious example is presented for the encouragement of the saints, unto whom it is given not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake. Are we to be falsely accused, our names cast out as evil, our rights trampled upon, our liberties taken from us, and our very existence disputed by wicked and malicious men, and must we, when guilty of no crime, tamely submit to all this? Look at this example. Behold the beloved of the Father, the adored of all holy beings in earth and heaven, the just, the holy, the immaculate Lamb of God, suffering for sins. Ah, yes, for sins; for himself bare our sins in his own body on the cross. He suffered for sins, the just for the unjust. As the holy and the just One, his Father from heaven bears record of him, the Holy Ghost as such descends from heaven upon him, the law and the prophets testify of him. The saints inspired of God bear witness, saying, "Just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints." And the very court which delivered him to be crucified was constrained to acquit him of all the false and malicious charges against him. "I find no fault at all in this just man," said Pilate. No guile was in his mouth, yet as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth, not even to

assert or plead his innocence. Yet to bring his people to God he must suffer and die. He manifested his character as the just by his exact obedience to the just and righteous law of God, and in all the complete satisfaction rendered to all its jots and tittles, and his perfect right to that character is vindicated by his resurrection from the dead. He was put to death in the flesh, but quickened and justified by the Spirit. If then it were the will of God that his only begotten Son, in whom he is well pleased, so holy, so just, so separate from sinners, and above all, one so much higher than the heavens, should suffer, shall we be surprised, discouraged or disheartened that it is the will of God that his people, his members, shall participate in his sufferings? Shall we desire to know him and the power of his resurrection, and object to the fellowship of his sufferings and conformity to his death? Though holy, just and pure, it was just that he should suffer, bleed and die to bring us to God; for all the iniquities of all his people were laid upon him, and he by relationship to them possessed the right to redeem them, to bear their griefs, carry their sorrows, assume the chastisement of their peace and heal them with his stripes. As their surety, God in justice laid on him the iniquities of them all, and he in equal justice bore them in his own body on the tree, and put away their sins by the sacrifice of himself. Those for whom he died were enemies to God by wicked works, unrighteous, ungodly and unjust, and by nature children of wrath, even as others. But God, who is rich in mercy, for the great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in sins, hath quickened us together with Christ. "He was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification," and

we are freely justified through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Here the great object of his suffering is made known: it was to bring us to God. This end could not be attained in any other way. It was not possible that the blood of bulls, goats or other victims, which had been offered continually under the law, should cleanse us from guilt and purge our conscience from dead works, or bring us to God. But he by his own blood has entered into the holiest of all, even into heaven itself, having obtained eternal redemption for us. Thus has he by one offering perfected forever them that are sanctified. In the accomplishment of this our text reminds us that he was put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit. His Spirit being the life and immortality of the eternal God, he could not in that Spirit die, nor be recognized as under the law which we had transgressed. But we see Jesus, who was made a little lower than the angels for the suffering of death. Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. He was made of a woman, made under the law, that he might redeem them that were under the law. He took not on him the nature of angels, but he took on him the seed of Abraham. "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." But he was quickened by the Spirit. That is, by the Spirit of life and immortality, which now dwells in the hearts of his saints, of which they are born, when born of the Spirit, and by which they are sealed to the day of redemption. "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raised

up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you."—Romans viii. 11. This Spirit which raised up the crucified body of Jesus from the dead is the same that we now have an earnest of, and shall quicken and animate our resurrected body in the world to come. It is the Spirit of life, of immortality, and is expressly called the Spirit of Christ. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his." But as many as have this Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; for it is only by being born of this Spirit that our relation to God as sons is or can be made manifest. The apostle informs us moreover that this resurrection Spirit is the same by which he went and preached to the spirits in prison. To Abel, Enoch, Noah, and to all the old testament saints, patriarchs and prophets who were born of this resurrection Spirit, and through it were savingly acquainted with him, held communion with him, and by him found access to the throne of grace. This is the Spirit of which he testified by Isaiah, saying, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek, he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." Those prisoners to whom he preached deliverance, he did not go to them in his fleshly body, for he had not in their day become incarnate; but he went to them in this Spirit, and by this Spirit dwelt in them. We are told that they searched diligently what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ which was in them did signify, when it (the Spirit of Christ in them) testified beforehand of his sufferings and of the glory that should follow. Christ

by his Spirit was in the prophets and in the old testament saints, and in them preached, as instanced by Peter in the connection of our subject, in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing. Noah by this Spirit was a preacher of righteousness to the antediluvians. And certainly it was by this Spirit of Christ that God at sundry times and in divers manner spake to the fathers by the prophets, the same by which he has in these last times spoken to us by his Son. It is the same Spirit which raised up Christ from the dead, the same that was shed upon the apostles on the day of Pentecost, and the same which (in measure) dwells in all who are born of the Spirit in all ages. It is called, as we have seen, "The Spirit of the Lord God," by which the head of the church is anointed, and identified as the Christ, which name or title signifies the Anointed. Christ publicly declared this Scripture fulfilled in him, manifestly, or in the eyes of those whom he was addressing, when he read to them in the book of Isaiah the prophet: "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—Isaiah lxi. 1. The spirits in prison to whom Peter says he by the Spirit of his resurrection went and preached, are by Isaiah called captives, to whom he went and proclaimed liberty. Prisoners, to whom he by that Spirit went and preached the opening of the prison doors; to whom Zechariah ix. 9-12, says: "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass. \* \* \* And he shall speak

peace [or preach good tidings] unto the heathen: and his dominion shall be from sea even to sea, and from the river even to the ends of the earth. As for thee also, by the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water. Turn you to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope: even to-day do I declare that I will render double unto thee." These must be the prisoners to whom Christ by his resurrection Spirit went and preached deliverance. They were prisoners in a perishing condition, in a pit where there is no water, yet prisoners of hope, for God had promised them deliverance.

Every saint may find an illustration of this subject in his or her personal experience. Only look back to the rock whence ye were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye were digged. Once were ye under arrest, proven guilty, condemned, sentenced and thrown into prison; the walls were strong, the bars were massive and your escape by human power or agency impossible. The apostle Paul most clearly attributes the quickening, enlightening and salvation of the saints to the Spirit and power of the resurrection of our Lord, as also the faith by which the saints believe on him. (See Eph. i. 18-23.) The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what 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 sat 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 his church, which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all.

Carnal professors may believe according to their powers of human agencies—schools, tracts and moral suasion, &c., but God's people believe according to the working of that mighty power of God which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead and exalted him far above all heavens. Thus we see that the Spirit and power of the resurrection of Christ is the Spirit and power by which the risen and glorified Savior went and preached to Abel, Enoch, Noah and Abraham, who rejoiced to see his day, saw it and were glad. And the same resurrection life, power and Spirit is that by which Gentile sinners, embracing the saints at Ephesus and all the faithful in Christ Jesus everywhere, are quickened and delivered from bondage and from prison houses, and brought into the liberty of the gospel, raised up together with him and made to sit together with him in those heavenly places, which are far above all principality, power, dominion or government in this world or that which is to come. This resurrection Spirit and power is in all the saints; by it they all were quickened and born; by it they are sealed to the day of the resurrection. Well might Peter say, and every saint respond: "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."—1 Peter i. 3-5.

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., March 1, 1867.

## CORRESPONDENCE MEETING.

WEISER, Idaho, August 3, 1917.

Correspondence Meeting of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, July 20th, 21st and 22nd, 1917, held at Touchet, Wash., with Mizpah Church.

Churches represented by messenger or correspondence are as follows:

Mizpah, Touchet, Wash., Elder J. T. Barnes, pastor.  
Pleasant Grove, North Yakima, Wash., Elders Eaton, Hess and Huett.

Big Springs, Elgin, Oregon, Elder G. E. Mayfield.  
Salem, Weiser, Idaho; Elders T. E. Attebery and J. C. Turnidge.

Others present, Elders Langford and Pate.  
Friday, introductory by Elder J. T. Barnes.  
Saturday morning, Elders Huett and Mayfield.  
Evening, Elders Pate and Turnidge.  
Sunday morning, Elders Mayfield and Huett.  
Evening, Elders Langford and Turnidge.

The next Correspondence Meeting will be held with Big Springs Church, Elgin, Oregon, commencing Friday before the first Sunday in September, and continuing on Saturday and Sunday following.

This year's meeting was as good as it has been my privilege to attend. Surely not because of the great number present, although the churches were well represented, but to me because of the sincere spirit of devotion that seemed to be felt by all present. All were in peace, and the preaching demonstrated the power of the Spirit to reveal the truth. In giving my own feelings I would not overestimate the feelings of the brethren and sisters present. I surely felt that the Lord was with us, that God was our Father, Jesus was our Savior and the Holy Ghost was our Comforter. Perhaps my feelings were best expressed by the apostle, when Christ's glory and kingdom were so fully magnified before him on the mount of transfiguration: Lord, it is good to be here. Surely his goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our lives, and may it be ours to dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

In behalf of the churches composing the union, and by their request, we send a cordial invitation to our brethren and sisters everywhere to visit us and partake of the feast of good things, and that peace that passeth all understanding, and that union and fellowship by which we are bound to Jesus our Savior, as the great Head of the church, and our brethren as members of his body and one another.

I would not close this article without mentioning the kindness of the brethren's children in leaving nothing undone that they could do to add to our comfort and make us feel our presence was appreciated.

May the Lord abundantly bless them and us all together, and may the memory of such sweet and divine associations linger with us all and be truly as bread cast upon the waters, gathered many days hence, is our humble desire and prayer, I hope.

J. C. TURNIDGE.

## MARRIAGES.

In San Francisco, Cal., August 8th, 1917, Mr. James P. Townsend, of Snow Hill, Md., and Miss Marion E. Baker, granddaughter of Elder B. F. Coulter.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mrs. Flora Nickles**, wife of Mr. Nelson Nickles and daughter of John and Eliza Chapman, was born at Ingleside, N. Y., in 1867, and died July 31st, 1917, at her home near Ingleside. She leaves to mourn their loss her husband, four daughters, one son, seven sisters and two brothers, with many other relatives and friends. She was married to Mr. Nickles Feb. 27th, 1890. She was a good, faithful wife, a kind and affectionate mother, and friendly to all. She was not a member of the church, but was a firm believer in the doctrine preached by Old School Baptist preachers, and had no use for any other. She with her husband and four daughters were regular attendants at the Old School Baptist meetings at Ingleside, N. Y., and had been for several years. We shall miss her at her home and at our meetings, but most of all she will be missed by her dear, sad, lonely husband and dear children. It was a very sad funeral. May the good Lord give sustaining grace to each of the sorrowing ones. Dear Flora is glorified with the saints in glory, eternally happy. You do not mourn for her, but the loss you have sustained by her departure. God bless you all with his restful presence.

The writer officiated at the funeral Friday, August 3rd, which was held in the Christian church building at Ingleside, the congregation being too large for our own house, after which the body was buried in the cemetery at North Cohocton, N. Y.

ALSO,

**Mrs. Tessie A. Ellis**, daughter of the late Deacon A. B. and Chloe Russell, of Jnustus, Pa., died June 29th, 1917, aged 61 years and 5 days. She leaves a daughter, Mrs. Chloe Jones, one granddaughter, one half-brother, Mr. Jerome Britton, one half-sister, Mrs. Elizabeth Fike, and many friends. She was badly afflicted for several years with some blood disease, I believe, which finally resulted in her release from this natural life to dwell, as we hope, in glory. She was not a member of the church, but a believer in the doctrine of grace alone. May God bless all who mourn with reconciled minds to his will.

The writer spoke at the funeral, which was held in the Old School Baptist meetinghouse at Jnustus June 25th. Burial in Akerly Cemetery, Mount Bethel, Pa.

ALSO,

**Wayne Robert Bratzman**, son of Elmer and Hazel Bratzman, aged 7 months. Funeral May 18th, at the home of his parents, Jnustus, Pa.; burial in Akerly Cemetery. The dear little boy is gone from the evil

to come to his home beyond. May the dear Lord in his rich mercy bless the mourning parents and friends with reconciled minds to his will.

ALSO,

**Andrew J. Dalrymple** died May 19th, 1917. Funeral 22nd, at Christian meetinghouse, Sergeantsville, N. J. His age was 74 years. He leaves a wife and two sisters: Mrs. Hester Hockenbury and Mrs. Emily Naylor, of Stockton, N. J. May God give grace to all who mourn.

D. M. VAIL.

**Elder J. B. Adams** was born near Lexington, Mo., Nov. 13th, 1847, and died at Barton, N. M., Jan. 12th, 1917, aged 70 years, 1 month and 29 days. His boyhood and young manhood were spent in Missouri. At the early age of sixteen he received a hope in Christ, and was baptized in the fellowship of Oak Grove Church, by Elder Peter Branstetter. About the year 1879 he was ordained to preach the gospel, and for thirty-eight years was "instant in season, out of season," in its declaration. Up to the very last his faith seemed stronger in the doctrine he loved. He resided and preached for several years in Oklahoma, going from there to Loveland, Colo. To that place an arm of Bethel Church at Lamar was extended, and Elder Adams and his wife became members, in the fellowship of which church he lived until death. Before leaving his native state he was married to Miss Jennie Mulinx, who with two sons survive and mourn their loss.

Brief services were held, after which he was laid to rest in the cemetery at Barton. He is gone, but not forgotten.

D. B. NOWELS.

**Mrs. Sarah McDonald** died at her home in Ridgetown, Ont., July 26th, 1917, in her 71st year. Sister McDonald united with the Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada June 26th, 1882, and was baptized by Elder William Beebe. She formerly resided at Dnart, Ont., but after the death of her husband she moved to Ridgetown, where she lived until her death. The end came very suddenly, she being ill but a few hours. The sad news of her death was a shock to all her friends and relatives. She was composed, and felt reconciled to the Lord's will, and said that she felt it was her last sickness. Though short, it was very painful. Sister McDonald was well known among the church people, as she seldom missed any of the quarterly meetings, and was a faithful and devoted member. She leaves to mourn their loss three brothers and two sisters, besides other relatives and friends.

The funeral service was held in the Duart meetinghouse, conducted by the writer, using the words of our Savior, "Follow me," for a text. The large concourse of people who came to show their last deed of kindness to our dear departed sister showed the high esteem in which she was held by all who knew her. Interment was in the Duart Cemetery.

J. B. SLAUSON.

**Mrs. Angie Williams Thomas** passed away at her home in Bowdoinham, Maine, Feb. 12th, 1917. She was born Nov. 11th, 1858, was received in the fellowship of the Bowdoinham Church and baptized by Elder Hiram Campbell in July, 1885. She leaves a husband, two sons and one daughter, three sisters and one brother, and many nieces, nephews and cousins to mourn their loss. She was a great sufferer during her last illness, but was made patient to bear it all without a murmur. Our sister was firmly established in the truth, loved the people of God, and was always ready to speak of his goodness, love, mercy and power. We miss her in our meetings, but feel that our loss is her gain.

Elder F. W. Keene attended the funeral, and spoke words of comfort to the sorrowing relatives and friends.

ATTIE A. CURTIS.

### APPOINTMENTS.

THE Lord willing, Elder D. M. Vail will fill the following appointments:

Adelbert Meads, August 29th, 7:30 p. m.; Jefferson, N. Y., August 30th, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.; Loren Meads, August 30th, 7:30 p. m.; Albany, August 31st, 1:30 p. m.; Schoharie village, August 31st, 7:30 p. m.; Schoharie meetinghouse, Sept. 1st, 10:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m.

E. R. KINNEY.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Casper G. Fetter's, Hamilton Ave., Friday, Sept. 14th, 7:45 p. m.; Mrs. S. Horner's, Stockton, N. J., Saturday, 15th, 2:30 p. m.; Locktown, N. J., Sunday, 16th, 10:30 a. m.; Frenchtown, 4 p. m.; brother A. J. Demott's, Grandon, N. J., Monday, 17th, 7:45 p. m.

Saturday 2 p. m. and Sunday 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., Sept. 22nd and 23rd, Beulah Church, Brooke, Canada; Wednesday, 26th, 7:45 p. m., London, Canada; Thursday, 27th, 7:45 p. m., Brantford, Canada. Between these appointments I hope to be with the friends at Dunwich, Duart and St. Thomas.

D. M. VAIL.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Wm. F. Sloan, Kentucky, \$1.00.

### INFORMATION WANTED.

WILL sister Lida Keller, of Dayton, Ohio, kindly give us her address? as letters mailed to her are returned.

P. W. SAWIN.

SHELBYVILLE, Ky.

### MEETINGS.

THE Hazel Creek Association of Primitive Baptists will meet with Providence Church, in Appanoose County, Iowa, August 29th, 30th and 31st. This is the original Hazel Creek Association, the one that holds the records. Trains will be met at Plano or any convenient place. Visitors cordially invited.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator, Novinger, Mo.

H. C. CATE, Clerk, Moravia, Iowa.

THE Maine Old School Baptist Association, the Lord willing, will hold its annual three days meeting commencing on Friday before the second Monday in September (7th, 8th and 9th). All lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus are invited.

GEO. R. TEDFORD.

THE Olive and Hurley Old School Baptist Church, Providence permitting, will hold their annual or yearly meeting the second Saturday and Sunday following in September (8th and 9th). Brethren and friends are cordially invited.

Done by order of the church.

JAMES H. BEVIER, Clerk.

THE Roxbury Old School or Primitive Baptist Association will convene with the Old School Baptist Church of Andes and Middletown, at Union Grove, Andes, N. Y., on Wednesday and Thursday, September 12th and 13th, 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth. Those coming by way of Kingston or Oneonta will change at Arkville for the Delaware & Northern R. R. Trains will be met Wednesday morning and brethren conveyed to the place of worship.

J. H. DICKSON, Church Clerk.

THE Old School Baptist Church of Jefferson, N. Y., will hold its yearly meeting the third Sunday and Saturday before in September (15th and 16th), 1917. Those coming by train to Stamford will be met on Friday before on the 11 o'clock a. m. train. We extend an invitation to all lovers of the truth to meet with us, especially brethren in the ministry.

G. E. MEAD, Church Clerk.

THE Lexington Old School Baptist Church has appointed a yearly meeting to be held the last Saturday and Sunday in September (29th and 30th), 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth to meet with us, especially brethren in the ministry of our faith and order.

R. W. SANFORD, Pastor.

THERE will be a two days meeting held at Cammal, Pa., Saturday and Sunday, September 29th and 30th. All members and friends are cordially invited to meet with us.

Done by order of the church.

J. T. BADGLEY, Clerk.

THE Lexington Old School Baptist Association will be held at Halcottville, N. Y., on the Ulster & Delaware R. R., at the regular time, first Wednesday and Thursday in October (3rd and 4th), 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth.

Done by order of the church.

JAMES AVERY, Church Clerk.

**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  
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J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

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C H U R C H,**

1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, P A .

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

CLAREMONT, Cal.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1917. NO. 18.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Aug. 7, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am sending two letters for publication in the SIGNS. They speak for themselves, and need no comment from me, except a hearty “Amen.”

B. F. COULTER.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Aug. 3, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER COULTER:—It will please me very much to attend the meeting of the Snow Hill Church on the second Sunday in October, and if not providentially hindered I will be at your home on Friday evening before and go on with you the following morning. I have never visited the Snow Hill Church, but have met some of the members at various associations. They impressed me as a lovable people, and I can understand why you find it a joy and comfort to serve them. How good and how pleasant it is to dwell where love is without dissimulation, where truth is spoken in love! What is more beautiful in character than truth and sincerity? Truth is of God. He that came from God brought grace and truth. Every departure from truth

is denying the only Lord God and our Lord Jesus Christ. “Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist, whereof ye have heard that it should come; and even now already is it in the world.” Speaking, witnessing, testifying, confessing, is a communication or impression for somebody to receive, hence it is not of a secret or solitary nature. Whatever else the apostle had in mind when he commanded, “To do good, and to communicate, forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased,” he certainly had in view the excellency of the grace of “speaking the truth in love,” as God working in us that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ. The wrath of God is pronounced against bearing false witness against a brother. The devil is a liar, and the father of it, the mystery that doth already work in them that perish; “because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved.” Bearing false witness against a brother is slander, murder. Detraction in its mildest form, telling what is true of another, with intent to injure him, keeping back the truth, to avoid doing him a service,

disparaging inuendoes, hints to excite suspicion, retailing some one else's talk under the disclaimer of not believing it, introducing in conversation that which will draw from others words of disapproval, and thus virtually say, Report, and we will report it, (Jer. xx. 10,) are some of the practices which God condemns. Better be deaf, "as a man that heareth not, and in whose mouth are no reproofs."—Psalms xxxviii. 14. Teaching false doctrine is lying, corrupting, and calculated to overthrow the faith of some. Speaking the truth in love establishes confidence between brethren, assures peace and quietness. "Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth; and righteousness shall look down from heaven. Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase. Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps."—Psalms lxxxv. 9-13. It is in a state of endeavor that God manifests himself in us as the resurrection power. All discovery, revelation, attainment, comes to us in seeking, looking for, striving to attain, seeking the Lord. "If haply they feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us." The doctrine of the cross is full of inspiration to a higher and still higher spiritual life. All that will live godly in Christ Jesus realize in themselves the effects of atoning blood, and he who trusts his hope of heaven on the death and resurrection of Christ's body, without being conformed either to his death or resurrection, is building upon sand. Whatever covering for sin he trusts in, it is certainly not that of being influenced by the mercies

of God in giving his Son to die for us, which shows itself in presenting our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service. Whenever there is a real death of the body of sin, and a real resurrection to newness of life, the grace of God which bringeth salvation appears; the fruit of the Spirit, against which there is no law. Jesus prayed for his disciples: "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." To Satan's suggestion he replied: "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." And to the Jews he said: "I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever." Jesus, who is the truth, is the food of his people, that on which they must live, and which their inward necessity hungers for. It raises, sanctifies, purifies, and belief of the truth is the reception of it into the living heart, not the cold consent of the understanding. The famishing, the sick, the dying, know that truth in the inward parts is refreshment, healing and life. Christ revealed to them, is Christ revealed in them, and in this inward revelation lies the highest source of spiritual knowledge. In no scriptural sense does a man abide in the truth while his life, his spirit, is wrong. He may be letter perfect in external observances, but lacking that which makes it God's truth, God's revelation in him, it is carnal mindedness. A believer is one who is in living fellowship with Christ. The salvation confessed to is the life of God in his soul, a conscious life, a reaching forth of its warm, loving affection after God, a life manifested by joyful obedience to his commands, by the Spirit of holiness and love pervading his character and conduct. That "some have not the

knowledge of God," is as true to-day as when the apostle declared it, (1 Cor. xv. 34,) and he was not addressing the non-elect, but those "called to be saints." The will of God done in earth is the sanctifying, purifying of his people. Were every man to give diligence to make his calling and election sure, proving what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, there would be less disputing, contention and strife among brethren and churches. Taking heed unto ourselves, examining ourselves, whether we be in the faith, proving our own selves, is the way of life in which God has called us to walk before him unto all wellpleasing. Fear lest we come short of the glory of God is always associated with trying the spirits whether they be of God, and watchfulness lest we be led away by the error of the wicked; and this is being wise unto salvation.

I have written you a long letter. In years gone by we spent much time in writing to each other. Those were happy days, trying to tell one another how "Wonderful" our God is. I often long for a renewing of the singleness of mind I then rejoiced in, for "woe is me that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar!" Everything but memory seems to be slipping away from me, and yet I feel that:

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,  
There God my Savior reigns."

You will be glad to hear that it was my privilege to baptize sister Sarah A. Smith last Sunday. You will remember having met her at meeting in Philadelphia. She is a lovely sister, and will be, I am sure, a blessing to us all. The Lord has been very good to us here in preserving us in keeping the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. I was glad to see

your name in the last SIGNS, and enjoyed your writing. If you knew how much the readers of the SIGNS appreciate your articles I believe you would write more often. I will be more than glad to hear from you personally, whenever you feel impressed to write. It may be presumption in me to imagine you might have some thought of sending this letter to the SIGNS. If you have, please forget it; the less publicity I have among the Old School Baptists the more comfortable my mind is, and I need all the comfort I can find.

Anticipating much pleasure in meeting you and the members at the Snow Hill Church, I am, I hope, your brother in gospel bonds,

JOHN McCONNELL.

#### PREDESTINATION.

THE subject at the heading of this article has often been in my mind, and I feel like presenting some thoughts which have come to me from time to time upon it. Some believe in this doctrine absolutely, some believe in a limited way, and some do not believe it at all, and if I were only writing to people of natural minds I feel sure that no one who read would believe, for the natural mind understandeth not the things of the Lord; but I am persuaded that I am writing to some who have eyes to see, ears to hear and hearts to understand. Before proceeding further, let us consider the meaning of the word. The standard dictionaries give the following definition: "The act of foreordaining; the doctrine that God has from all eternity decreed whatever comes to pass, especially by an unchangeable purpose; the eternal life or death of man." I do not feel that I can object to this definition, because I understand the Lord to be just such a being. It is a great pleas-

ure to write about such a being when one is in the right mind, but one cannot get himself into a right mind. Now I seem to be carried away in mind to consider the majesty of God, to consider him as he really is, unchangeable, arranging events in his own mind and bringing these events to pass just as he predestinated. Surely our Lord is a predestinator. I now understand that the Lord had no beginning of days, therefore will have no end of days. Of course we feel as though there had to be a beginning, and there was a beginning of natural things, and there will be an end of the same, for this mortal must put on immortality. Why? Because it is predestinated; and I believe, whether traditional or otherwise, that the day is coming when sin is to be destroyed forever. I do not believe that the Lord will allow Satan to always have power in the earth as he is now having. I believe he (the Lord) has predestinated that Satan should have the power he now has to deceive the nations, that the Lord may accomplish some great purpose of his, but he will not tell us now what that great purpose is; it is his glory to conceal a thing. I sometimes think it is his glory to allow his people not to believe that he will do certain things, and yet he will do them to show unto us that he is all in all and changes not. I am glad the Lord is not swayed by our human notions. How often we find ourselves trying to find out something by natural reasoning. How often we want the Lord to show us certain signs. If he would do this it would frighten these natural bodies to death. The Lord has determined what he will do for us before we know anything, and he does it, and we do not like it, either. His ways are not ours, and we mourn because of it; that is, we want an easy time in the world, and the Lord has

predestinated that we shall not have it so; but yet it is all for our good, and we know it not. The case of Joseph has often been referred to by predestinarians to show that the Lord predestinates, and this incident will stand any test that man may desire to put upon it. The Lord predestinated there should be a certain Joseph, and it was so. He also predestinated that he should have certain dreams, and that those dreams would so interest him that he would tell them to his brethren, and that that would so offend his brethren that they would attempt to destroy him; but the Lord had ordained beforehand that Joseph should not be destroyed, therefore he was not; nevertheless he had severe trials to pass through, as do all God's chosen. I must only call attention to the most interesting events in the life of Joseph, that this article be not too long; but no spiritually-minded person will ever tire reading the history of Joseph. It was ordained by the Lord that Joseph was to be sold by his brethren, and that after awhile he should go into the land of Egypt. There were certain trials through which he must pass before he could be appointed to the high position of providing food for the seven years of famine which was to come upon the land. He must go into prison awhile, and in prison he demonstrated the wisdom which the Lord had given him, in telling the butler and baker the meaning of their dreams. Now the interpretation of those dreams was correct. Time went on, and the king had a dream, and it troubled him, and he wanted to know what the dream meant, and he, like all other earthly creatures, consulted man-wisdom to find out what the dream meant; so he summoned the astrologers and soothsayers to him to tell him what he dreamed and its meaning; but here

human wisdom failed, as it always does. The king did not want any guesswork in the matter. We see that Joseph's prison days are nearly ended. The time has now come for the one who was restored to his place in the king's house to remember that Joseph had told him the meaning of his dream. This of course gave him the reputation of interpreting dreams. The king commanded that Joseph be brought before him, and Joseph interpreted the dream, and received the benefit for what the Lord had done for him. Can you not see that it is the Lord's glory to conceal a thing? Notice the glory that was in store for Joseph, and he could not know it until the Lord's appointed time. Do not forget that your suffering is to be followed by great glory.

I cannot refrain at this time from calling attention to the experience of Jacob, the father of Joseph. You who are familiar with this history will remember that Jacob thought Joseph was dead; he had been told that a beast had torn him to pieces. Now a famine had come upon the land of Israel, or Jacob, and his family was facing starvation. There was corn in the land of Egypt, but the only way which Jacob could get that corn was to let Benjamin go along with his elder brethren. That was a trying ordeal for Jacob, for he loved Benjamin dearly. Jacob said, Joseph is dead, and now Benjamin must go away, and I fear I will never see him again; surely all these things are against me, but Benjamin must go, or we starve. Who can imagine the anguish of Jacob as Benjamin departs? Sleepless nights were in store for Jacob, but they were not to last long.

I must now turn to the time when Joseph makes himself known to his brethren. Benjamin goes into the land of Egypt with his brethren. How little

they knew what awaited them. They came unto Joseph, and they knew him not, but he knew them. For a little while Joseph seemed somewhat harsh, and yet he loved them all the time. Joseph could refrain no longer, he called them aside. Let us look upon this scene for a moment. Joseph and his brethren all in one room. The brethren are amazed; I think they are saying to each other, What does all this mean? Joseph tells them plainly, I am Joseph; you sold me and thought I was dead, but God for your sake sent me here. The very language of Joseph proves that the Lord had a purpose in sending him there. Joseph comforts his brethren by telling them that God meant it for good, to save much people alive. Now in our minds we will follow Benjamin and his older brothers as they journey back to their father with the good news, Joseph is yet alive and sendeth for thee. Benjamin has not been devoured, and the heart of Jacob leaps for joy. Joseph is great in the land of Egypt, and there is plenty to eat in that land. I think we have seen that the hand of the Lord was in all these things, and if the Lord's hand was in this, is it not in everything that takes place under the sun?

I feel like continuing this article, even though it is already long. I hear some talk as though the Lord's hand is not in the events which are taking place to-day, but I cannot believe but that the Lord's hand is in everything great and small. We have abundant evidence in the Scriptures that Satan cannot do anything unless permitted by the Lord. It was true in the case of Ahab, in the case of Job, and in many other cases which I cannot mention for want of space. I want to talk a little to those who may be disturbed because of the wars into

which many nations are getting. I know it is a very easy matter for us to be disturbed, but Jesus said, Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away. The Lord has promised good to his people, and his promises do not fail. Now suppose something new is about to take place, what have we to fear? The Lord will not suffer his faithfulness to fail. I would not have any one think that we are worthy of the Lord's protecting care, but I would call attention to the fact that the Lord protects, even though we be not worthy, therefore we are singing this praise to his name:

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall.  
Bring forth the royal diadem,  
And crown him Lord of all."

I now come to the last of the subject, and will be as brief as I can. In defence of this doctrine I will say that those who believe in this doctrine are not narrow-minded creatures, as they are said to be. Many educated men of national affairs have advocated this doctrine. The late president McKinley once said this doctrine has behind it an honorable history. Again I call attention to his last words to his wife: "It is the Lord's way; his will, not ours, be done." Reader, study these words, and you will get much out of them. I have often thought of Morse when he sent his first telegram. He sent the following words: "What hath God wrought?" It seems to me that Morse realized the Lord had given him the ability to accomplish this wonderful achievement. Notice the language he used; it does seem to me it denotes a broad mind when one believes this doctrine. The positive fact is that none but those whom the Lord has taught can believe these things. I do believe the Lord has a people who do not believe this doc-

trine. The Lord does not wait for a man to believe on him to save him, but he saves and calls before the man can have time to answer. There is no power in man to believe, or to cause anybody else to believe. I have had experience along this line. If one is not a believer it is useless to talk to him about the saving power of Jesus, for they generally say, I think I am all right; I do better than John Smith, and he belongs to the church. So it takes the Lord to teach these things, and I cannot quarrel with one who does not believe them. I will admit that it is a hard doctrine to believe. The thought comes to my mind that the Lord for reasons best known to himself has been pleased to allow some of his chosen not to believe some points of doctrine, and when all are brought to understand who can tell the wonderful rejoicing that will take place? We all shall know as we are known and see as we are seen. Another thought I wish to present as being illustrative of the Lord's dealing with his people. A father may have a present for his son when his birthday shall arrive, and yet the son not know anything about it; and if any one should apprise the son of this fact he might not believe, because he has not seen for himself. But though he does not believe, this does not alter the fact that there is a pleasant surprise in store for him. If a natural father knows how to give good gifts unto his children, how much more does the heavenly Father know. What glorious things the Lord has prepared for his people, but he will keep these hid until his predestinated time to reveal them, then shall we be satisfied.

I leave the subject for the consideration of others.

A. T. BENSON.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., June 15, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have received permission of brother McColl to send this letter to you for publication in the SIGNS, if you think best. To me it seems to be one which will be read by your readers with comfort and profit.

Your brother in hope,

SILAS H. DURAND.

WINNIPEG, Man., May 6, 1917.

MY DEAR FATHER:—I would like to write you a letter that would be of some comfort to you. My thoughts sometimes travel along the way of spiritual things, but whether they are truly profitable depends on the direction of the Holy Spirit. Without him we can do nothing. In spiritual things our reason fails; it can only deal with things that are seen, and search as we may into the mystery of life we end at death. We cannot lay aside our reason and enter the realm of faith, the revelation of Jesus Christ in the soul. The natural man worships things that are seen—things he can handle or reach with his reason. The sun gives him light and warmth, and he bows down to the sun. He makes gods of the dead and living things of creation. His superstition causes him to worship life, which he cannot understand. But the heaven-born soul sees God in all creation; his works manifest his glory, and his children worship him, the source of life, the Creator of the universe. "O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens. \* \* \* When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." See how the psalmist sees God in all his works. Likewise when God's children are blessed with comfort they praise the Lord. When they are afflicted they say, It is the Lord, and seek his mercy. They

have the same troubles and joys which are common to mankind, they see the same sun, moon and stars, they eat the same bread and live in like surroundings, but to them God is manifest in all things, while to the worldling he is not. They see a new kingdom, not of this world; they seek a city built by God. The Lord's words in the sixth chapter of Matthew do not justify careless living. On the reverse, the "take no thought" is limited to earthly things. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," follows the admonition against earthly riches, and is the main thought of the chapter. In John iv. the Lord says, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." The admonitions of the apostles to the churches to maintain good works are in perfect harmony with the admonitions of the Lord. We are not instructed to live at ease. The pathway of the christian lies through great tribulation. Tribulation cannot be measured by the nature of external occurrences; it is what we suffer within. We have to live fearfully, trembling in humility, not puffed up with pride and self-sufficiency. The works of God are manifested in his children. Jesus said, "I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me." Can we infer from this that his will was not in conformity with the will of God? Was there violence done to his will? No. "I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." His will was the will of the Father, but coming as a servant, being made after the fashion of the creature, he ascribed the glory to the Father, who wrought in him and by him. Much more ought we to ascribe all glory to God, and not seek to take from his

glory that we might boast of our will. The predestination of God may be misunderstood. I do not believe it is right to say that we can shelter behind it. There are certain attributes of God which are essential to his Godhead. We know he is omnipotent, but we do not find our salvation in that. All his glorious attributes are a source of comfort and assurance to his children. There is no more shelter for sin in God's predestination than in his omnipotence. The only refuge for the sinner lies in the covenant of grace, sealed with the blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. There is his protection from the wrath of God. There is no salvation outside of Christ. His death is essential to our life. There is no uncertainty in the matter. His electing love knows no change, his covenant is sure. All the glorious attributes of God shine forth in this covenant, but predestination alone has no meaning to the sinner. You cannot separate God from his attributes or separate his attributes from himself. Let us remember that it is God who predestinates our salvation, not man. There is no lack of harmony where God is the author, for all his works agree in perfect unity. Likewise it is God's free will that works, not man's. Free will and predestination can rightly be applied to God alone. Our life, our being, is circumscribed. To believe in blind fate is the reverse of believing in predestination. Predestination involves a perfect harmony of purpose, without which there could be nothing but chaos. I know I am writing of something you understand much better than I, and I fear I may not order my thoughts so as to be understood; but I do feel there is a great deal of misunderstanding concerning certain fundamental truths due to misconception of the meaning of terms. Predestination

is certainly no excuse for sin. Predestination cannot involve God in sin. Sin has its source in the mystery of iniquity, which works as a leaven in the human heart. It opposes itself against God, and thinks to change times and laws, but it does not prevail. The sin of man crucified our Lord Jesus. The predestination of God triumphed in his death. It was the fulfillment of the covenant, the sealing of the testament, the death of death and hell's destruction. This is high ground, I should tread carefully, lest I fall into presumption. May the Lord forgive what I have said amiss, and grant some little portion to your comfort.

Affectionately your son and brother in Christ,

GILBERT B. McCOLL.

WAYNESVILLE, Ohio, March 3, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—After the Savior had healed the man who had been afflicted for thirty-eight years the Jews sought to kill him, because he had done those things on the sabbath day. But Jesus answered them: My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. Therefore the Jews sought the more to kill him, because he not only had broken the sabbath, but said also that God was his Father, making himself equal with God. "Then answered Jesus and said unto them, Verily, verily, I say unto you, The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son likewise. For the Father loveth the Son, and sheweth him all things that himself doeth: and he will shew him greater works than these, that ye may marvel. For as the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth them; even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed



all judgment unto the Son: that all men should honor the Son, even as they honor the Father. He that honoreth not the Son honoreth not the Father which hath sent him. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God: and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself; so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself; and hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man."—John v. 19–27. There are no conditions in regard to these things, for the chosen people of God are saved with an everlasting salvation, ordered in all things and sure. The Savior said in the following chapter: "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me. And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day. And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. The Jews then murmured at him, because he said, I am the bread which came down from heaven. And they said, Is not this Jesus, the son of Joseph, whose father and mother we know? how is it then that he saith, I came down from heaven? Jesus therefore answered and said unto them, Murmur not among yourselves. No man can come to me, except the Father which

hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day. It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me. Not that any man hath seen the Father, save he which is of God, he hath seen the Father. Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." All these promises are just as sure to come to pass as the resurrection of Lazarus, which glorified the Son of God. There is no uncertainty about the complete redemption of all the spiritual heirs of Christ. He is a sovereign, he needs no help. People do not have any more control over their spiritual destiny than they do over the ordinances of heaven and earth. From the most ancient days the people of the world have looked upon the starry heavens with reverential awe. The science of astronomy dates backward into the morning of time. Some of the principal constellations as they are now named are mentioned in the book of Job. There is nothing that would naturally make people believe in predestination more than astronomy, for the glittering wonders and mysteries of the starry heavens are no more awe-inspiring to them than the daily and yearly motion of the earth rolling through the heavens, surrounded on every side by the planets and the countless myriads of stars, all performing their stated motions under the guidance of their great Creator; and when we gaze upon their dazzling splendor we have to exclaim with the poet:

"Praise the Lord, ye heavens adore him;  
Praise him, angels, in the height;  
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;  
Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;  
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;  
Laws which never can be broken,  
For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious,  
 Never shall his promise fail;  
 God hath made his saints victorious—  
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation;  
 Hosts on high, his power proclaim;  
 Heaven and earth and all creation,  
 Praise and magnify his name."

And when we meditate upon the changes of the moon every month, and the eclipse of the sun and moon in their appointed season, we are lost in wonder and amazement, and desire to be thankful to the God of heaven and earth that he controls our spiritual destiny instead of we poor, dying mortals, who know not what a day or an hour will bring forth. No matter how much war and commotion there is in the world, when the appointed time arrives spring will come with its roseate hues, and the trees, shrubs and plants will bud and bloom with all their beauty and fragrance. The turmoil and convulsion of earth has left no stain on the face of nature, for no earthly power can change the Lord's appointed seasons, no more than they can change any of his universal decrees. The Primitive Baptists should be the happiest people in the world, and we are constrained to believe that they are, especially those of former days, before there was so much division and strife among them. We were well acquainted with some Baptists of this class, who had their singing days of spiritual sunshine, when they were permitted to enjoy its radiant splendor, which carried them away to the mountain top, where there was scarcely a veil between them and the pearly gates of eternity; and just as sure as the Savior said unto Martha, "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die," it shall come to pass. When

his appointed time comes he will reveal himself unto his saints, and they will rejoice in his salvation and exclaim, Happy art thou, O people saved by the Lord! And when the glorious resurrection dawns they will awake with the likeness of their Lord and Savior.

L. E. MCKAY.

TOUCHET, Wash.

DEAR EDITORS:—The brethren in Missouri, with whom I visited last winter, made a strong request that I write more often for the SIGNS, and my mind is now to make the attempt once more and leave it entirely to your judgment as to its publication. There is no grander subject that interests my mind now than the promise of God that he will provide. This glorious promise is far-reaching; it reaches the depths and ascends the heights and spreads its protecting wings to all eternity. It, as all the sweet promises of God, embraces the poor and lowly, the ones who are not able to help themselves. The Lord will provide. What do we understand by this? I understand that it means everything necessary to bring the poor, afflicted child of God into full possession of all that faith sees and hope embraces, and to see Jesus as he is and be like him. This being so, well might inspiration say, All things work together for good to them that are called of God, for he will provide. In his provision he has stored every needful blessing in Jesus to perfect this glorious work; and the beauty or glory of this promise is that there is no condition in it on the part of the one embraced in it. It is not yea and nay, but yea and amen in the Lord. If it were conditional we could find no sweetness in it; but when we were without strength, in due time Christ died for us. In this we see the great

provision of the atonement. But this is not all he provided; if so, we would be of all men most miserable. He arose again the third day for our justification, so we have justification provided for us in Jesus; and we yet would be without hope if there were not other provision. He ascended to the Father and sent the Comforter (Holy Ghost) as he promised, and it takes of the things of Jesus, the things which God provided, and shows them to us, and in this gift the one provided for is fully prepared unto every good work. The good work is not in self, but in Jesus, for there is no good thing in the flesh. The provision is in Jesus, so we are provided with the Spirit, that we can and do glory in God through our Lord Jesus Christ and have no confidence in the flesh. Dear brethren, how often in these rich provisions do your hearts well up in blessedness, as the old apostles and prophets, and break out with thankfulness that cannot be uttered by mortal tongue. Yes, David can come as near the feeling of the soul thus blessed as any: Praise him, O my soul; praise him, all that is within me, praise his holy name, for he has shown me his salvation. Under such provisions the soul can enter in with old Simeon and feel the willingness to depart and be with God, and we daily experience these rich provisions as we journey through this sinful world. Yes, we with those who have gone before can say we know what it is to abound and we know what it is to want. We know what it is to be cast down, but while we are cast down God has so provided that we are not destroyed; he has in all our temptations provided a way for our escape. We know what the presence of the dear Lord is in our devotion. When the little lambs come home with such tenderness that our hearts are melted within us, it seems that

the springtime has come, the singing of birds and the voice of the dove is heard in the land. These sweet provisions came forcibly to mind in all my visit with you, while it seemed you were bowed down because those beauties you so loved and cherished were gone forever. Dear ones, the same God that provided the sight of Moses and Elias and Jesus in their glorified state to your vision is the one that provided the cloud that overshadowed you, and out of that cloud he provided the sweet voice that speaks to you with love and power and teaches you that this is his beloved Son, hear ye him in all things. Look to the Author of your faith, for he has provided everything necessary to finish your faith. Paul in the eighth chapter of Romans comes to us with such provisions that we surely can see the wonders of God's provision, when he calls our mind to the great wonders of God's love for us, which is the principle or foundation upon which all provisions rest. He who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him freely give us all things? This is full and complete. Rest in hope, trust in God, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. David says there is a set time to remember Zion, and I am truly glad our God has so provided his heavenly and divine blessings that man cannot change them. You or I cannot hurry, neither can we prevent the purpose of God. I sometimes think it is good for the cloud to be let down, for we are made at such times to look beyond the watchman; there is where the bride found him, and it is where we all find him. God has provided that the church cannot live without the pastor, neither can the pastor live without the church. While this is true, the blessing of adding to the church is of the Lord,

and the prosperity of the church is in the Lord. Except the Lord build the house, they that build labor in vain; except the Lord keep the city the watchman waketh but in vain.

In conclusion, I want to be understood upon this text, The Lord will provide. Upon these provisions rest all acceptable service to the Lord. I believe that the provisions of God in Christ Jesus are the cause of obedience, and obedience is the fruit of the Spirit. May the blessings of God rest upon Zion, is my prayer.

Yours in hope,

J. T. BARNES.

ISAIAH XLVI. 9, 10.

"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."

Paul told the church at Ephesus that they were predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will. God's purpose and predestination are the same. If anything that has ever transpired has been contrary to his purpose, his purpose was not carried out, and he was thereby disappointed, which would be a reflection on his majesty. I make good, I create evil; I form the light, I create darkness; I the Lord do all these things. (Isaiah xlv. 7.) The thought of foolishness is sin. (Prov. xxiv. 9.) Will some one tell us the difference between evil and foolishness (as regards sin)? John tells us that God made all things that were made, but does not express or imply that God caused man to sin or offered any inducement thereto. Paul tells us that by the disobedience of one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin. This one man was Adam, the father of all living naturally. He was innocent when created, and until he violated the law. The pen-

alty annexed to the violation of that law was death; death in a twofold sense: death to the environments of the happy home that God prepared for him, and death in sin. Of one blood God made all nations of men to inhabit the earth. (Acts xvii. 26.) Like always produces its like. After Adam and Eve fell under the condemnation of the law, God said Eve should bear children, and her desire should be to her husband. God tells us by the pen of the prophet Isaiah that he made the world to be inhabited. This being the purpose of God in the creation, and the judgment on Eve to bear children, it necessarily follows that God purposed that sin should enter the world in the ancients of eternity. Again, the covenant of redemption was made before man was created. We read that God's elect were given an inheritance in Christ before the world began. Paul told Timothy to be a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God, who hath saved us and called us, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ before the world began. God said to Pharaoh, the Egyptian king: For this same purpose have I raised thee up, that I might shew forth my power in thee. God called Abraham out of his native land and showed him the land of Canaan, told him he would give it to him and his posterity for an everlasting possession, revealed to him in a vision that his posterity would be in bondage four hundred years, and would come out with great substance, when as yet he had no child. Abraham believed God. Joseph told his brethren concerning selling him into bondage that they meant it for evil, but God meant it for good. Jacob and Esau were Abraham's grandchildren; they were twins. God said to their mother, Rebecca, before

they were born, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. The whys and wherefores of this have never been solved by human wisdom; Paul says it was that the purpose of God according to election might stand. Paul said this by inspiration. No man has ever known God except by divine revelation. The Savior said, 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. If God could not have controlled sin he would not have suffered it to have entered the world, and again, there would have been no use of a Savior. His name shall be called Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins, so said the angel sent from God. If there had been no sin there would have been nothing to save. God told Abraham that the land of Canaan would be a land flowing with milk and honey. This is figurative language, meaning that it would be in a high state of cultivation, contain vineyards and olive yards, cities, cattle and sheep and many other things necessary to the comfort of his people. The people who built and inhabited that country should be driven out and put to the sword. While they were agriculturists and horticulturists, they were also skilled in mechanism and masonry, but they were heathens in a gospel sense, and as those of the antediluvian world were destroyed for their sins, so were they. God promised Abraham this land occupied by seven different nations hundreds of years before his posterity came in possession of it. This was purposed or predetermined by God before the world was. God told Joshua, Saul and others by the mouth of his prophets to utterly destroy those peoples, together with their cattle and other substance. This can be explained in no other way than that it was the purpose of God,

whose ways are past finding out. He rules in the army of heaven as well as among the inhabitants of the earth. Jude tells us certain characters were foreordained to condemnation. Who had the power, save God alone, to set any apart to condemnation? God is not limited, neither is the word of God bound. God is infinite, man is finite, and in nature pronounced nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. "For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts."—Isaiah iv. 9. The Savior of sinners said on a certain occasion, It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom they come. Christ was delivered into the hands of sinners to be crucified by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. This plan was fixed in the ancients of eternity, therefore predetermined or predestinated. Judas Iscariot was one of the characters that Jude wrote about who was foreordained to condemnation. Paul in his charge to the elders at Ephesus, said, I am pure from the blood of all men, for I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. While he would refrain from eating meat rather than be offensive to his brethren, he could not afford to sacrifice principle to please any. The foundation of the Lord standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. Israel's God is the sovereign over all works, in the most absolute sense of that term; in his presence is fullness of joy, at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

May his dear people know his will and be satisfied, is the sincere prayer of the writer.

JAMES M. SIMMONS.

RULEVILLE, Miss.

CLARKS SUMMIT, Pa.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Inclosed find two short letters which you are at liberty to publish or not. I would like to read the views of some brother upon Job xiv. 10. Does it mean a corporeal death or an experimental death, or, in other words, an experience of grace?

Yours as ever,

D. M. VAIL.

WEISER, Idaho, April 10, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER VAIL:—I received your word of comfort. The strange article you saw from my pen was not written for publication. My brother asked me to send my experience to him at Haviland, Kansas. He said nothing to me about having it published in the SIGNS. I might have trimmed it up a little had I known it was to be inspected by the fathers in Israel; but the strange thoughts are public property now, so let it go, but I am not able to instruct the household of faith, when my own faith is so weak that I must continually wonder if I am really one myself. We had a good meeting to-day. Brother T. E. Attebery preached from: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief." This was good news to us here, because we are such sinners that nothing but such a Savior could reach our condition. He told us that those who hunger and thirst after righteousness shall be filled. When the flesh hungers for righteousness it will be filled with self-righteousness. Now I remember of having seen some very full of self-righteousness, so full that they claimed to live for years without sin. They had hungered for that kind and were filled. If the spirit hungers and thirsts after righteousness it will be filled,

if not in this world it shall be in the next world, with the righteousness of Jesus our Savior. This righteousness will not forsake us, will not fade away; it is a precious gift, and while we may not lead pure lives, his righteousness is imputed, and the Father accepts us because of Jesus' righteousness, which is now ours. Elder Attebery explained how it would be if Christ had done all that he could and yet we are not saved, if salvation is left to us poor, dead sinners. Sad thought. My hope is not built on such certain failure. Then he directed our hope to the Savior, who comes to the dead sinner and quickens him to life by his divine power and bids him come and take of the water of life freely. That divine life then hungers for righteousness, and it is given by the one who finished the work of saving his people. Then I had portrayed to me the scene of Christ here in the flesh before our natural eyes. What would I do? Would I stand back and simply look on as many did in his day? My answer was that I would approach him and acknowledge his divinity, offer my petitions for mercy and salvation, when the question suddenly came, Are you worthy to approach so pure a Being? And the answer was as sudden as the question: No, you are no more worthy than they. Then I saw why none but those commanded went to him. Jesus, bid me come.

Brother Vail, I write to get you to write me a long letter some day when you feel that you can spare the time without taking the bread from his children and throwing it to those not worthy to eat. I cannot write for public reading, but I do like to read from our fathers in Israel. Our little church has seventeen members. I get a crumb from nearly every discourse I hear. I am going to

wait patiently for my little crumb from you. The Savior said it was not meet to take the bread from the children and give it to dogs; but as the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from the master's table, I am going to wait until my crumb falls.

Your unworthy brother in hope of salvation finished before I was born, but not manifest to me until his divine Spirit revealed it to me.

M. N. WEBB.

WAVERLY, Pa., April 4, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER VAIL:—I received both of your cards addressed to me, and tried to write an acknowledgment to the first one, but did not send it to you. No doubt you have long decided that I am a very ungrateful man, altogether unfit to be called a brother in the faith of the Son of God. My dear brother, though you never entertained such thoughts toward me or any other brother, allow me to say that the above exactly fits my own feelings in regard to myself. While your card was very comforting to me, I am unable to see how you could get any comfort out of what I wrote to the SIGNS. Your cards carried me back to the time that I made my first effort to speak in the dread name of God in public. The subject that I tried to use was, Ye cannot serve two masters, else ye cleave to one and hate the other, &c. I took the stand trembling like a leaf in the wind. I stood twenty or thirty minutes and sat down in shame. There was something pulling at my heart, saying in thunder tones, If you had listened to me you would have saved yourself from this shame. I could not look up, I was as a dead man; I was certain I would never try to preach again. In my sorrow and shame I could see my mistake after it was too late. I was sure that every one present was beholding me

in scorn for undertaking to do something that I knew I could not. My grief was overcome by the sound of voices praising God. On raising my head I beheld the brethren and sisters with tear-dimmed eyes shaking hands, giving God honor and praise for his love and mercy toward the children of men. I rallied enough to meditate on the possibilities of God and to behold the nothingness of man. My dear brother, I believe that God there and then opened a poor sinner's eyes to see and know that Israel's God is a great omnipotent, omniscient God, and that his servants are poor, dependent creatures. Twenty years (or nearly so) have come and gone since my sad experience referred to above, and like Jacob of old, after wrestling all night with an angel and getting his thigh put out of joint, so that he went the remainder of his life a poor cripple, I am fully persuaded that each and every one of God's called and chosen servants must have their carnal minds, their carnal affections, put out of joint before they are qualified to preach the truth as it is in the Son of God. Then, and not before then, they can and do say with Paul, God forbid that I should know anything among you save Jesus and him crucified. A man that can see success in his own efforts does not see and preach the righteousness of the Lord's Christ.

My dear brother, allow me to say that I have no hope of ever meeting you on earth, though if I am one of God's little ones, I feel sure that we will join in praising God on the shores of eternal rest, where God and his holy angels abide. May God comfort, keep and use you as an humble servant until he calls you home. Pray for me, a poor, tempest-tossed sinner, saved by grace, I hope. Pardon this long, imperfect letter.

I am yours in hope and gospel bonds,  
L. E. SKINNER.

WEISER, Idaho, Feb. 17, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—I have received several requests to write, and have tried to do so, but my writing has been like my preaching, very weak, which makes me feel that I ought not to try, if any one else will.

“Lazarus, come forth.” Lazarus had been dead four days, and I hardly think the doctors of that day or even now would have undertaken to raise him or doctor him. Lazarus had died and was laid away. Of course he had ears, but could not hear, eyes, but could not see, a heart, and could not understand; he was dead. Now, if you believe, you shall see the glory of God. Lazarus represents a dead sinner, and as it took the power of God to bring him forth, just so it takes the same power to quicken the dead sinner. Do you not remember the young man who asked what good work he could do to do the work of God? The only answer Jesus gave him was, This is the work of God, that ye believe on me; but he did not tell the young man he could do it. The dead sinner has no life to act with, consequently his eyes, ears and heart can receive no impressions. One in this condition is perfectly helpless, and in just the right condition to receive the kingdom as a little child. There has never been a law given that could give life, neither have there ever been any conditions left him to comply with in order to get life. There is only one way to help such an one: Jesus, the way. There are no ways, for Jesus says, “I am the way.” So when a poor sinner first sees the need of a Savior, the grave (eternal doom) so close to him, and his helpless condition (bound hand and foot), do you not think he needs some one to loose him and let him go? I think God has called and qualified servants for this

purpose, for the gospel saves the believer. The power and glory of God were manifest in raising Lazarus, so it is when the blessed Lord reveals to one the fact that he is their Savior. How our poor heart leaps for joy when he who is our life appears; there are peace, joy and contentment. When we are blessed with the comforting presence of Jesus we can say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Thus he brings us out of darkness, and when we are in the desert, O so thirsty, almost ready to give up, and would if it were possible, this same blessed Jesus that raised Lazarus, by the same power quenches our thirst out of the spiritual Rock (Christ Jesus) and blesses us to rest in the shadow of a great Rock. O how good our God is; he knows our weakness, he remembers our frame, that it is but dust; we are not consumed because God is always merciful, never, never changes, the same yesterday, today and forever.

Dear brother, I am much of the time down, it seems lower than any one else, and I can no more come out and take hold of the promises and rejoice in them than I can make a world; but I can still say God has wonderfully blessed me, for if I am not deceived he sometimes takes me into his banqueting-house; then I rejoice in his love, and am encouraged to go on.

Yours in hope,

T. E. ATTEBERY.

FORSYTH, Ga., July 12, 1917.

DEAR BRETHERN:—I have been a subscriber to the SIGNS for a long time, thirty years or more. During all the time I have been a reader of it I have not had occasion to differ with either its editorial department or any of its contributors. Even if I did no harm would



be done, for we all have the privilege to think and speak our sentiments. But what gives me the most comfort is, that I can witness with such able expounders of the Scriptures. The doctrine set forth has not and cannot be refuted, every declaration is in harmony. Revelation can build a structure without any defects. I know of no other doctrine but has some combustible that will not stand the fire. They believe and preach good works as a means to salvation, not understanding that spiritual life must precede spiritual action. We would not discount good works, but believe that blessings produce good works, and not good blessings. The rich man who went to Christ inquiring what he could do to inherit eternal life, believed in good works, for he had kept the Mosaic law and expected blessing for so doing; but when told that he lacked one thing, which was to sell all he had and give to the poor, he could not do that, for he was very rich. This is a plain and simple figure, and utterly refutes the do and live system of salvation, and yet we have preached to us continually, Do good and God will bless us for it. Do good, and we will inherit eternal life. It seems the simple letter would teach our D. D.'s that no creature can do anything of himself to inherit anything, but there must be relationship before we inherit a thing; so it does not come by act of the one benefited. The condition the man was in who wanted to know what good thing he could do to obtain eternal life, is a true figure of every one in the state of nature. It does not necessarily have to be one with much of this world's goods to be a rich man in the full meaning here set forth; all have to become poor in

spirit, give up all self-righteousness and say, Lord, save, I perish, let him have much or little of this world's goods. This is what I feel is the lesson here taught. I am not saying these things to instruct any one, because I am sure that every child of grace knows these sayings if they are true, but I only want to bear testimony to what I believe is the truth. I will mention another reason for our faith, and that is, we have never claimed that the world was growing better, and that money would christianize the world, as others have claimed, putting christianity on the same basis as any other commercial commodity; but we have been made to mourn the sad state of drifting from the plain gospel teaching. The popular religionists of the day, only a short time back, said that we would never have any more war. All difference would be settled by The Hague (arbitration). Behold, we are now in one of the worst wars the world has ever known, and their teachers all praying for their will to be done, &c., each for his own country. How long before we will see Zion travailing? May it not be long, is the sincere wish and prayer of the unworthy writer.

Do with this as you wish and all will be well.

Yours in christian bonds,

J. W. NEWTON.

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## NOTICE.

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

L. B. FORD.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
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Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

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**PATRIOTISM HONORABLE, BUT NOT  
GODLINESS.**

ON every side, these days, one hears the glorification of patriotism. It is continually being exalted into a spiritual virtue, is pronounced to be a grace of the Spirit of God. It is being considered equal to the love of and the service of God. Patriotism means the love of and devotion to one's own country. Like morality, it is a most excellent trait of a man's character. We would not belittle it in the least, neither would we exaggerate it and glorify it into something it is not. How important it is to be able to distinguish between those things which belong to the kingdom of God and those things which belong merely to the kingdoms of this world. To try to point out this difference as it relates to patriotism is our purpose in writing this article at this time. It is so necessary that we put things in their proper places where they belong, and not get them confused in our minds. In the providence of God everything has its time and place, a place for everything and everything in its place. The revelation which the Spirit of God brings about in the lives of God's people enables them to perceive, by faith, this divine arrangement, that the universe is

not run on any hit-or-miss plan, but that God works all things after the counsel of his own will, ever bringing about his purpose among the inhabitants of the earth as well as in the army of heaven. Without the spirit of patriotism manifested in the inhabitants of a country, a nation would lack cohesiveness, or the quality of sticking together. The citizens of a country to which they are linked by ties of flesh and blood, in which they have lived for generations, and in which they have their homes, and to whose traditions they are devoted, and with which they are in sympathy, naturally rise up in indignation when the aims of their country are defied, or when the peace and safety of their country are threatened. A people that would be lacking in this spirit of patriotism, lacking in this power to resent encroachments upon their country or its rights, would deservedly forfeit the world's respect, and would end in being the servants, not the equals or the masters, of their fellow-men. One cannot but admire that man or that woman who conducts himself or herself with propriety, dignity and self-respect. Without self-respect one cannot hope to have the respect of others for one's self. What self-respect is to an individual, patriotism is to a nation. On the other hand, patriotism is inclined to be narrow, and not able to transcend the rights of one's own flesh and blood; it is not international, but national. A world patriot would be one who is zealous for the interests and rights of the whole world, rather than for any one nation in it. This sort of person is just now very rare, though time may develop more of him later on. We like to see a true patriot, just as we like to see a man whose morality and uprightness of character are above reproach, just as we like to see a man who is honest and

who shows his manliness in all the relationships and duties of life. But patriotism and good morals, honesty and manliness, are traits of human character, and are not to be confused with the fruit of God's Spirit nor lauded as being necessarily spiritual graces. We have no quarrel with patriotism whatever when it is considered in the realm to which it properly belongs, but we do protest strenuously against the deification of patriotism, and against its being hailed as one of the good works by which the kingdom of God is advanced. Peter drew his sword zealously in behalf of his Savior and cut off the ear of the servant of the high priest, but Jesus told him to put up his sword, for all they that take the sword shall perish by it; meaning that any disciple of Jesus who thinks to advance his interest or that of the truth by an appeal to carnal means and weapons shall realize spiritual death in the attempt. This saying of Jesus in regard to those that take the sword means not that nations of the world have no warrant at times in resorting to arms to establish their prerogatives, but it does mean that the salvation of sinners or the establishment of the church or the defence of the truth or any of the many affairs of the kingdom of heaven are not furthered by any such means. Christ's kingdom is not of this world, therefore there can be no carnal fighting to further its progress. Jesus himself said, My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight that I be not delivered to the Jews. Since his kingdom was not of this world, no fighting for its protection with the weapons of the world could be permitted. Let us, therefore, render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's. Patriotism belongs to Cæsar and is his moral due.

Every loyal citizen of whatsoever country will leap to obey his country's call when the interests of his country demand it, but there is no necessity to make a god out of patriotism and bow the knee to it as did the Israelites to the golden calf. Right here is where we emphatically differ with many and much of the religious practice of our time. It is love of country that is being widely preached, not the love of God; patriotism and not Christ. Patriotism is not a Bible word, nor is love of country so much as mentioned anywhere in the Scriptures. The Jews, while conspicuously a religious people, were not especially patriotic. During the seventy years that they were captives in Babylon it was not so much their native land they longed for as it was the worship of the temple at Jerusalem, from which they were exiled. As a nation they were generally sticklers for the sacraments, rites and ceremonies of the law, painstaking regarding the literal observance of the feasts, fasts and holy days; but we read in the prophets very little evidence that the Jews were essentially patriotic or that they were particularly in love with their own land as a country merely. Generally when a nation goes to war against an outside foe it has a tendency to unite the factions within the nation; and the people of all parties and opinions combine to present a united front to the foe. A universal danger from without obliterates party differences and bickerings from within. This, however, was rarely true of the Jews. When the Roman army under Titus laid siege to the city of Jerusalem before its final destruction in 70 A. D., Jerusalem was rent asunder with internal quarrels, political and religious parties and factions, so that the inhabitants were not able to lose sight of their petty jealousies and pre-

sent a united front as their common protection against the Roman menace from without; one of the factors in the providence of God which led to the downfall of the city. The children of God in this world are not lacking in devotion to their native land, but their spiritual faith and hope and love are centered in a better country, an heavenly, so that the things of this world are not able to fill their time and thought to the exclusion of all else, as is the case with those who have not been born from above and so translated from nature's darkness into the liberty and light of the kingdom of God. The child of God is a pilgrim and a stranger in this present world. He cannot, to save his life, become wholly wrapped up in the things of this world; to do so would be to lose his life. The child of God, while conscientiously anxious and careful to do his duty to his country and to his fellow-men, could not be as outwardly ardent about it as are mere people of the world. He would, in the time of crisis and of danger, be found at his post, but he would not be especially proud of his promptness, nor would he be able to inwardly nurse his patriotism with as much comfort and satisfaction as would one who is strenuous for the things of this world, not knowing aught of the world to come. The Japanese believe that death on the battlefield is a sure passport into the paradise of the gods; that to die for one's country is a sufficient propitiation for any and all sins one may have been guilty of. How well it is indeed for us to be able to put things in their proper places, and not to confuse temporal things with spiritual, or *vice versa*. Jesus was not a patriot in any worldly definition of the term. While he was a Jew of the Jews, he was not zealous for Jewish customs and tra-

ditions, nor was he an advocate of Jewish rights against those of other nations. He most certainly did command there be rendered unto Cæsar the things that belonged to Cæsar; that men be obedient to the governments that held sway over them, in so far as those governments dictated merely in temporal affairs. It was the Spirit of this same Jesus that afterward moved the apostle Paul to write thus: "Put them [the church] in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work." Obedience to the civil authorities that have the rule over us is, therefore, the bounden duty of every one who hopes and professes he is a child of God. Paul, while in Corinth, was moved by the Spirit to write a letter to the church in Rome. Did he suggest to the Roman brethren that they insurrect against the Roman government? Most certainly he did not. He commanded obedience to that pagan government in civil matters, notwithstanding the fact that Rome, pagan as well as Catholic, has been the most inveterate persecutor the people of God have ever had. Listen to his words: "Let every soul be subject unto the higher powers. For there is no power but of God: the powers that be are ordained of God." Again, "Render therefore to all their dues: tribute to whom tribute is due; custom to whom custom; fear to whom fear; honor to whom honor." Patriotism is rendering to one's country that honor and respect and devotion which is our country's just, moral and civil due. But patriotism is not a fruit of the Spirit, and is not to be confounded with nor substituted for the believer's devotion to God and to the cause of truth. Let us not make a religious ideal of our patriotism. One need boast no more of his pa-

triotism than of his ability to pay his debts. Paying our debts is no more than our duty to do, as is dying for one's country. In either case there is nothing to brag about. Dying on the battlefield will not give one a passport into heaven, since nothing but the blood of Jesus can remove sins and justify before God.

L.

## MARRIAGES.

By Elder J. M. Fenton, at the home of the bride's parents, Rising Sun, Md., Wednesday, August 15th, 1917, Slater B. Pyle and Helen C. Sterrett, both of Rising Sun, Md.

By the same, at the home of the bride's parents, Everett, Pa., Thursday, August 23rd, 1917, Scott Wible, of Three Springs, Pa., and Inez F. Starr, of Everett, Pa.

By Elder George Ruston, June 6th, 1917, at the bride's home, 2310 Cambrelling Ave., New York city, John James Secor, of Ashokan, N. Y., and Maud Brown, of New York.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Edson C. Reeves**, eldest son of David L. and Mary A. Reeves, was born in Bowersville, Ohio, Feb. 20th, 1863, and passed from this earthly life in Phoenix, Arizona, August 6th, 1917, making his age 54 years, 5 months and 17 days. He was married to Alice Glass in February, 1883, to which union were born three sons, one dying in infancy, another at the age of twelve, leaving, together with the heartbroken widow, one son, Harry T., of Phoenix, Ariz., one sister, Mrs. Ella Shields, of Paris, Ill., two brothers, M. C. and J. P., of Chicago, Ill., two half-sisters, besides numerous other relatives and friends to mourn their loss. The deceased, together with his wife, united with the New School Baptists about twenty-five years ago, being baptized at Momence, Ill. He had a love for the Old School Baptists, and often attended their services and loved to mingle with them. He was at heart an Old Baptist. A few weeks before he passed away his wife asked him if he would like to attend meeting that day. He replied, "Yes, if it were an Old Baptist meeting." The writer visited him last May, and promised to send him some SIGNS to read. He later wrote that he had received them and enjoyed reading them very much. I was closely associated with him most of our lives, with the exception of a few years which I spent on the Pacific coast, and perhaps knew him better than any other aside from the wife and son. During all that time I

seldom knew him to find fault with or speak illy of any one. He possessed that happy faculty, if differing with any one, or hearing one speak illy of another, of changing the conversation. He was very fond of his family, and of the families of his brothers and sister, and was held in high esteem by every one in his employ, as well as by all who knew him. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "The tree is not made good because of the fruit that it bears, but the fruit is good, indicating that the tree has previously been made good." "Ye must be born again." "Can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil." This I am sure was our brother's faith; to God only be all the glory. He entered the railroad service when but a boy, first as telegraph operator and agent, later served as train dispatcher, assistant superintendent and general storekeeper. In 1900, together with the writer, he entered the mercantile business, which was conducted until 1912, when on account of failing health he was obliged to retire. About a year later he with his family sought the climate of southern Arizona, hoping to be benefited, and seemed better for about three years. During the past winter he was taken with a severe case of grippe, from which he never fully recovered, but was not thought to be in a dangerous condition until about ten days before he passed away. Brother J. P. started from Chicago the morning of August 4th, due to arrive at Phoenix Monday night the 6th, hoping to be in time to see him alive, but he passed away about 6:30 a. m. Monday. The next day my brother, together with the stricken widow and son, started with the remains for Bowersville, Ohio, arriving Friday evening the 10th. The funeral services were conducted at 2 p. m. Saturday, J. W. Roberts, a New School Baptist minister, of Toledo, Ohio, the former pastor of the family, officiating. A large assemblage of sorrowing relatives and sympathizing friends was present. The body was laid with tender hands in its last resting-place in the Bowersville Cemetery, near where he was born, there to await the resurrection morn; for we believe that the spirit has returned to God who gave it, and is now dwelling with the saints gone before; and when he shall come again with all his saints, he shall raise this same body which was sown in corruption to incorruption; sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power, and fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Lord Jesus, and together with the redeemed shall dwell forever with the One who was slain but is risen again to reign throughout all eternity.

It is our prayer that the widow and son, together with others who mourn, may receive comfort from the God of all comfort. Then, sorrowing ones, let us not mourn as those who have no hope. He will never leave nor forsake you.

Written by a loving brother,

M. C. REEVES.

**John S. Ferguson** died suddenly at his home near Aldie, Loudoun Co., Va., August 1st, 1917. He was born Sept. 1st, 1852, the son of Romulus and Katherine Ferguson. He leaves two brothers: James W., who lives on an adjoining farm, and George O., of Leesburg. He is also survived by one sister, Mrs. R. D. Leith, of Vienna, Fairfax Co., Va. He was married April 6th, 1880, to Miss Lelia A. Megeath, who survives her husband, together with four children, two sons and two daughters. Mr. Ferguson, while he never united with the Old School Baptists, was a firm believer in the truth advocated by them, and was a regular attendant for many years at the meetings of the Mt. Zion Church, near Aldie, Va. He was a great Bible reader, and was able to quote Scripture aptly to defend the truth whenever necessary. He firmly believed that salvation is by grace, and not by works of the law. He also firmly believed and advocated the absolute predestination of all things. We had been looking for him to unite with the church, but a keen sense of his own unreadiness for the ordinance of baptism kept him from casting in his lot with the people he loved. It is always true that the righteousness of Jesus is never revealed but that it is accompanied with a sharp sense of self-depreciation. This was markedly true of Mr. Ferguson, who, while he was blessed to understand the preaching and the interpretation of many Scriptures, was all the time aware of the depravity of human nature and of the vanity of all things earthly. He had felt for a long time that the world had no charms for him, and that life for him was not worth living. He longed for the time to come that he might die. We hope he has at last found rest and peace for his weary soul. May God in his mercy comfort all the mourning ones.

A large company of relatives, friends and neighbors gathered at the funeral, when the writer tried to speak from the words in Romans viii. 38, 39. The body was interred in the cemetery at Middleburg, Va. L.

### APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments:

Casper G. Fetter's, Hamilton Ave., Friday, Sept. 14th, 7:45 p. m.; Mrs. S. Horner's, Stockton, N. J., Saturday, 15th, 2:30 p. m.; Locktown, N. J., Sunday, 16th, 10:30 a. m.; Frenchtown, 4 p. m.; brother A. J. Demott's, Grandon, N. J., Monday, 17th, 7:45 p. m.

Saturday 2 p. m. and Sunday 11 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., Sept. 22nd and 23rd, Beulah Church, Brooke, Canada; Wednesday, 26th, 7:45 p. m., London, Canada; Thursday, 27th, 7:45 p. m., Brantford, Canada. Between these appointments I hope to be with the friends at Dunwich, Duart and St. Thomas.

D. M. VAIL.

### ORDINATIONS.

ACCORDING to agreement with the brethren assembled at the session of the First Oklahoma Association, held with the Little Zion Church, Pottawatomie Co., Okla., August 24th, 25th and 26th, 1917, it was decided to ordain brother Felix B. Morris, of Little Hope Church, Bryan Co., Okla., to the full work of the ministry.

On Saturday, August 25th, a presbytery was formed composed of the following brethren: Elder J. A. Campbell, Little Flock Church, Knox County, Texas, Elder J. F. Beeman, Remnant Church, Rogers Co., Okla., Elder A. Springer, Little Zion Church, Pottawatomie Co., Okla., and five deacons of Little Hope and Little Zion churches.

Organized by choosing Elder J. A. Campbell moderator and brother John Woods clerk.

Proceeded in the following order: Elder J. F. Beeman spoke in prayer, with the laying on of the hands of the Elders and deacons, after which the right hand of fellowship was given to the candidate by the Elders and all the brethren and sisters present.

J. A. CAMPBELL, Moderator.

JOHN WOODS, Clerk.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Mrs. P. W. Koebig, N. J., \$1.00; Mrs. N. A. Simmons, Ala., \$3.00.

### SPECIAL NOTICE.

I would be pleased to correspond with any one who may possess any or all files of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES covering the four decades from 1860 to 1900, and containing complete articles or letters by any of the following named writers, to wit: Richard M. Newport, William J. Purington, James Wagner, Thomas P. Dudley, Joseph H. Flint, Isaiah Guymon, George W. Stipp, W. M. Mitchell, William Lively.

B. H. IRWIN.

HANFORD, Cal., General Delivery.

### MEETINGS.

THE Old School Baptist Church of Jefferson, N. Y., will hold its yearly meeting the third Sunday and Saturday before in September (15th and 16th), 1917. Those coming by train to Stamford will be met on Friday before on the 11 o'clock a. m. train. We extend an invitation to all lovers of the truth to meet with us, especially brethren in the ministry.

G. E. MEAD, Church Clerk.

THE Lexington Old School Baptist Church has appointed a yearly meeting to be held the last Saturday and Sunday in September (29th and 30th), 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth to meet with us, especially brethren in the ministry of our faith and order.

R. W. SANFORD, Pastor.

THE Cow Marsh Old School Baptist Church, Providence permitting, will hold their annual or yearly meeting the fourth Sunday and Saturday afternoon preceding in September (22nd and 23rd). Brethren and friends are invited to meet with us. Trains will be met at Viola Saturday morning.

B. E. CUBBAGE, Pastor.

THERE will be a two days meeting held at Cammal, Pa., Saturday and Sunday, September 29th and 30th. All members and friends are cordially invited to meet with us.

Done by order of the church.

J. T. BADGLEY, Clerk.

THE Lexington Old School Baptist Association will be held at Halcottville, N. Y., on the Ulster & Delaware R. R., at the regular time, first Wednesday and Thursday in October (3rd and 4th), 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth.

Done by order of the church.

JAMES AVERY, Church Clerk.

THE Juniata Association will be held with the Springfield Church, Huntingdon Co., Pa., commencing on Friday before the second Sunday in October, 1917. Ministers, brethren and sisters who desire to attend the meeting will be met at the train at Three Springs and conveyed to and from the church.

M. F. STARR, Church Clerk.

AN all day meeting will be held with the Snow Hill Church, at Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md., on the second Sunday in October (14th), 1917. All lovers of gospel truth are cordially invited to meet with us.

JOHN H. TRUITT, Church Clerk.

THE Virginia Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, with the New Valley Church, Loudoun Co., Va., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1917. Trains will be met Tuesday afternoon and evening before the meeting at Leesburg, Va., on the Washington & Old Dominion Electric Railway. Trains leave 36th and M Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C., at 2:10, 4:15, 5:10, 5:30 and 6:05 p. m. Trains Wednesday morning arrive too late to be met for the meeting. All lovers of the truth, and especially ministers of our faith and order, are earnestly requested to meet with us.

T. S. TITUS, Church Clerk.

THE Old School Baptist Church in the city of Wilmington, Del., will hold their yearly meeting in the meetinghouse, 1304 Jefferson St., on the third Saturday and Sunday in October, commencing 2 o'clock p. m. Saturday and continuing all day Sunday. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited. Trolley cars from all railroad stations and boat wharves pass near the meetinghouse.

WM. B. TAWRESEY, Church Clerk.

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J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

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CHURCH,**

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ALL WELCOME

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 "SIGNS OF THE TIMES,"  
 (ESTABLISHED 1832.)

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE,  
 PUBLISHED THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EACH MONTH.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER 1, 1917. NO. 19.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBUS, Ga., July 29, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you the experience or travels of our beloved brother Fisher, which he has written for me, and I believe that all those of like precious faith will be deeply interested in reading it. It is to me as all else from his pen, both edifying to the saints and glorifying to God our Savior. He gave me permission to do as I liked with the letter, so I leave it with you.

Your little sister, I hope,

(MRS.) C. M. THETFORD.

SALISBURY, Md., July 8, 1917.

DEAR SISTER THETFORD:—You have asked of me to write for you my experience. Many have been the experiences of the forty years of my life. One thing I know, and that is, I have an experience, but the question often arises, Is it a christian experience, the travel of the Lord's people? I have hope through Christ in the mercy of God that he has been pleased to deal with me after the manner of his dealing with his children. To attempt to go into detail of the many incidents of my past would be both te-

dious and tiresome, and probably unprofitable, and my intent now is, if the Lord wills, to relate a brief synopsis of past experiences, leaving it to your judgment as to whether you accept that which I may be given to say. First, my parents were both members of the Old School Baptist Church before my natural birth, from whom I received much good instruction as to moral and upright living, and however far I may have departed or will yet depart from an honest, moral, upright life, it cannot be rightly charged to their account, though at no time did either of them attempt to teach me the way of salvation, but the principal part of their teaching lay in their daily walk of life before me and all men. They never missed their meeting days either Saturday or Sunday unless by some unavoidable occurrence wholly beyond their control, riding in the farm wagon eight miles to meeting over hilly, rocky roads. So I was raised to go to meeting, which was instilled into my heart by example. When between the age of four and six years I began to have serious thoughts about many things, often experiencing great loneliness, and often would be stopped in my play to behold the works

of God in nature with awe and astonishment. What made the trees, the clouds, the sun, the wind, the moon, the stars? What was I, where would I go, and what was my end? These and many other mysterious questions would startle my childish mind and throw me in a state of serious thought in contemplating the mysteries by which I was surrounded, including myself. I generally consoled myself with the one thought that when I became a man like my father I would be a member of the church (Old School Baptist) and be a good man. Such were some of my childhood thoughts, and in my childish way I prayed with all sincerity fervently, to, as it were, the unknown God, for I was then given to know there was a supreme power—a place of being and control somewhere, and to him I addressed my childish petitions for protection. Although I played ball and other games the same as other boys, yet in the midst of our games I was often seized with fear and trembling; knowing the power of God, I quaked with fear before his majesty, for I felt he knew all things, and from him nothing could be hid. As I grew older, for a time I was relieved somewhat of these serious thoughts. At no time in my life have I ever believed salvation to be by works of man, though I knew not by what terms to express myself, nor could I have put it into words. I know now I have always from my earliest recollection believed in salvation by grace alone, election, foreknowledge, predestination, the omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence of the unlimited, sovereign God of heaven and earth, with whom is neither variableness nor shadow of turning; that men, devils, principalities and kings are all alike in his hand; that absolutely nothing could change his decree. When I was about seventeen to

twenty-one there was never any who led a more dual life; though I had much serious thought I was enabled to completely cover it up and drown any sorrowful appearance in frivolity and laughter. I prided myself on hardheartedness, determining within me to be a man who had never been known to shed a tear. I loved dancing parties, gay company and fun at that time. I mocked religion and religious services, preached mock sermons and made fun out of such things; was quite a story-teller (not a liar) and thought seriously of becoming a writer of fiction or an actor. I was very proud, loved good appearances and nice clothes. One evening when about eighteen I attended a dance, and had just stepped out of the set with a lady; we were laughing and talking (she was a lively girl and full of fun), when instantly the whole scene of mirth and fun before me was swept away, obliterated from my view, and instead I saw myself standing on the very brink (half of each foot over the edge) of the bottomless abyss of hell, filled with devils, whose eagerness for me paralyzed me with fear, and with this there came, as it were, a brick hurled with tremendous force, striking me at my heart. My heart ached from the blow. I swallowed the choked feeling as best I could and composed myself some so that my anguish was undetected. This scene followed me. I dived deeper and deeper in fun and frivolity, attempting to bury my troubles in the glare of a gay life; relief was only temporary. Finally I began playing cards, which I loved better than eating or sleeping. I was never given to swearing, drinking or keeping of immoral company, though in this I dare not boast, except I glory in the power of God, who by his grace through Christ kept me from some things which others have been left

to indulge in. I refuse absolutely to let man have credit or honor for one thing. This refusal in me is also by the grace and mercy of God. Time went on until I was of age, when I stopped attending religious services of every kind, except on very rare occasions. The Arminian faith I knew conclusively beyond all shadow of doubt to be wrong. There was not, nor ever was, any question in my mind as to their teachings, and that faith which I knew was right was a hard, uncompromising, unjust religion, which gave man no opportunity or chance to save himself. I knew it was true, and it was the truth that hurt. I never read the Scriptures until the summer after I was of age. I took a Testament and carried it to my boarding-house and read it in secret, seeking relief, but in what form I did not know or care, but each word condemned me, and I could find no salvation for a sinner, and a sinner I knew myself to be. One day of that year of which I am now speaking, I was hauling staves on a cart alone in the road, but in sight of a little town, with no one to speak to, when my anguish became so great I asked, If it had to be that I must exist in this world, why could I not have been a dog, a pine bush, or even the gnat on my hand, whose existence I crushed out with my finger and there was an end to his existence? Why, O why was I born? Such was my anguish at that time and many others. Time passed on and I became more and more rebellious, charging God Almighty with unjustness and unfairness, going on in this way for two or three years, until in the evilness of my wicked heart I defied him to thwart me in my purpose to do a certain thing. Time went on. One night there came a most terrific thunder storm, which I thought was sent on purpose to kill me,

for I knew my wickedness and felt he could not be just and save me; salvation was not to be hoped for by me. After an hour or so the storm passed over whereupon I lay down in my rebellion and sin, and in a few moments was asleep, and as ready the next morning to fight against God as I ever was. The following year was the final consummation, the climax. My last straw was gone; I had long since known for sure I was lost beyond redemption, and now in this last fight the Lord had beaten me; the last ounce of strength and ambition for this life or the next was gone. I was a wretched creature who deserved no pity. I had lost financially every dollar I had, and more, too, could not pay my debts. I had a good wife and little girl, and with both I was so cross at times as to be almost unbearable. It is useless to attempt to describe this place, this hell I found my helpless self in. I decided to go to Snow Hill, Md., with my father to an association, simply to see the country and enjoy, the best I could, the hospitality I knew abounded in such places. I knew they would feed and shelter me on account of my father. I went purely for the loaves and fishes, the natural enjoyment of the trip. The last day came; I had paid little or no attention to the preaching. Elder Chick was preaching; his words were as red hot irons thrust through my soul, worse than the dissecting knives in the hands of inexperienced students dissecting a live body, for under this condition one would soon die, but I could not die. I knew he was preaching the truth of God, and I knew I was a sinner, vile and undeserving of the least favor, but deserving the full wrath of God. Elder Chick sat down after what to me seemed an age. Elder Eubanks got up. I tried not to listen, for I sup-

posed he would kill me, but directly I heard him say: "It is the living child that cries and begs and suffers; the dead know nothing, therefore if one cries, that is infallible proof of life." I saw the whole thing through in one extended view of the great plan of salvation, that it was the living subject only of God's grace that felt the need of the Savior. I saw Jesus Christ my Savior, in whom my hope was. I was happy and bursting with joy. I supposed at that time that every man, woman and child heard those glorious words and rejoiced at the sound of them, supposing them to have never been uttered before, and that they were divine and direct revelation in which all present could rejoice, but very likely I am the only one who remembers those words, and possibly they were sent directly to and for me. As you say, I feel this was the way the Lord had of revealing himself to me as my Savior. I have indulged in calling this my hope and dating my hope in the eternal mercy of God through Jesus Christ from that hour, or, that is, hope was revealed to me at that time. May God have all the glory. Amen. I had ups and downs then for about three years, both naturally and spiritually, and went to live in Brooklyn, N. Y. Many times doubts beclouded my mind, and I never told any one at any time my hope and fears. I never talked of these things, and under no consideration before my father and mother. The spring of 1907 I became seriously impressed to speak of these things before the church. There is only one church organization in the whole of greater New York; over four million people, and only one Old School Baptist Church, but they are the salt of the city. I was practically a stranger to all the members. My father and mother were members there at that time, but I did not attend. On the

third Sunday, or the nineteenth of May that year, I went because necessity was laid upon me; I had to go, bearing a burden that bowed me down so that I could not look up. On account of a serious injury sustained by my mother the Sunday before she and my father were not there. Miserable beyond description, I had some talk with Elder McConnell, who is pastor there, that morning. I felt I had nothing to say, but the great burden was to talk to the church. I was given opportunity by the church and liberty of God to speak of the way by which I had come. I was received without questioning or a dissenting voice, baptized the following Sunday morning by Elder John McConnell at the foot of 155th St., New York city, N. Y., in the Hudson River, where there is much water.

I have written more than I intended, and will not write much more now. I will say since then I have been carried to heights of joy, seeing things, as Paul says, that are not lawful to utter. I have gone down into depths of doubt, darkness, unbelief and infidelity, disbelieving there was any God, heaven, Christ, sinner, devil or hell, or even any controlling power. Many questions have arisen, but this I know: God has been good to me. My hope for the present and future is in the righteous obedience of the risen and exalted Savior, who ever liveth to make intercession for the saints with groanings which cannot be uttered. The life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. 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. It is by the grace of God I am what I am. Can you accept this?

F. SELBY FISHER.

FORDYCE, Ark., Aug. 28, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am sending you two letters that I feel would be of interest to the household of faith, and ask that if in your judgment you think that they have the right sound to let them come out in the good old SIGNS. This young man has been most wonderfully wrought upon. He was raised in Little Rock under the very strictest sect of the doctrines of the law, and was tutored and governed in that way, but our God had a work for him to perform to his own name's honor and glory, and called him right out of the hotbeds of the self-righteous work-mongers, and revealed his grace in the young man, and he now, like Paul, has discovered that God's grace is sufficient for him, and his good letters do show forth the praises of him who hath called us all out of darkness into his marvelous light. It does make us feel to rejoice that our God is not slack concerning his promise, as some count slackness, but is long-suffering to usward (the household of faith), not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, and in this case it is demonstratively manifested that these are facts. This young man was not allowed to perish by reason of being carried away with the doctrines of men and devils to the loss of his spiritual enjoyments. God had a place for him to come forth and declare his riches and to know and serve him, and he revealed himself to him and made him to know that he was the Lord God, and the only name under heaven whereby we must be saved. God be praised for his wonderful goodness and mercy and the verification of his promises.

I am yours in bonds,

V. R. HARRIS.

PARSONS, Kans., May 15, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER:—After a week's meditation on our last meeting, which I attended at Iola, Kansas, I will undertake once more to write you a few lines to thank you for writing those inspiring and comforting letters. I want to tell you of our grand May meeting, held at Iola, Kansas, May 4th, 5th and 6th. I went up on Friday afternoon and stayed until three p. m. Sunday. There were four Elders present: Elder Ford, Elder T. B. Fisher, Elder Sutton and Elder J. M. Preston, who is our pastor; and above all I want to state that if my heart deceives me not, the Lord Jesus Christ was in the midst of us, so you can judge what the meeting was like under those conditions. On Friday night brother Ford and brother Fisher (from Oak Grove, Mo.) preached Christ, and him crucified, and that to lost sinners. On Saturday we had preaching at eleven o'clock, and dinner and supper at the meetinghouse. Brethren Fisher, Ford and Sutton all explained my condition, and I wondered how they knew my inmost thoughts so well. Sunday all were present at the church, and brother Fisher commenced preaching without a text, trusting the Lord to give him one, and when he got his text, which was, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?"—Solomon's Song viii. 5, it was not long until we were deep in the Scriptures searching them. I found myself in such a way that I could not tell whether I was in the body or not. It surely is comforting to know that this meeting was held for the sole purpose of worshiping the Lord our God, and not to try to raise money nor to pray for some one to be converted, for to convert any one is impossible. I have just been reading my SIGNS, which comes promptly, and I am always

glad to see it arrive, for it is always full of comfort and edification to the child of God whose soul is cast down.

I want to tell you more about myself. The first is, that (perhaps as you know) I had felt a desire to do better, and did make an attempt to try and live right, but this was not of the Lord. A friend told me about the Primitive Baptists, and she had some of the dear old SIGNS, which I read, also I started to read the Bible. When Mr. Reed, my mother's pastor, heard that I read the Bible he came with an invitation for me to join them (the Presbyterians), saying that it was the duty of all young married people to join the church and to accept Christ as their Savior. But thanks be to God the Father, I was kept from being a hypocrite; that is, from professing something that I had no faith in. Then he got me down to pray one night when my wife was sick, and I really meant my prayers and was sorrowful, because she was sick and not because I was full of sin. So you see I was not yet led by the Lord. This man tried to make me believe that I had been born again, and to get me to join with his people, but by that time I had read a great deal in the Bible and could see a little of the Old School Baptist doctrine, so I did not go to the Arminian meetings very often, and it was not long before I began to see myself a sinner, and I knew that christians ought to be happy. I could not see that there was any christianity in me, and that if there ever would be the Lord was my only hope to place it there. Then I moved to Chicago, Ill., and it was not long before the Lord (I trust) started my conviction. Then I hated sin and wickedness worse than ever, and I surely was in the midst of it in Chicago. I grew restless under those conditions, and thought it was the con-

finement that was troubling me, so I moved to Garrett, Ill., but there I found no rest or contentment, so I went back to Chicago and was there for two months. I could not rest, and was in a wretched condition, so I came here to Parsons, Kans., and after I had been here two weeks the Lord sent conviction with force, and I saw my doom and my sinful condition. I was in the wilderness, and felt in my soul that there was not another like me, that I was entirely different from other people. I prayed without ceasing, my soul was downcast, my only hope was Jesus, and I felt too unworthy to approach him. I thought that I had to kneel at his feet, but now I trust that all of my groans, all of my unnoticed cries, were prayers. Then is when I thought I had a call to the ministry, but thought I would have nothing to say unless the Lord put it in my mouth and impressed me to speak. I lost all interest in my work (and have until this day), in fact, all of my thoughts were of heaven. My soul was downcast, and the enemies were seeking my life, I was in the wilderness and could see destruction on every hand. Then when I tried to seek relief I found none, as perhaps you remember my first letter. Then it was at a revival meeting of the Methodists I thought that I might find what I was looking for, and that was some one who could tell me about themselves as I saw myself, but there I found none; they were all talking of what they had done, and that did not fit my case at all, for my case was what the Lord had done, and not what I had done. Then the preacher said that any one who would not accept the invitation to join the church that night was spurning Christ, and that hurt me worse than ever, for I was weeping then because I had spurned him all my life. When I could find no

one who could tell me the same things I felt myself, I concluded there was no other person like me. Then I wrote you, thinking it might be possible that you could tell me what was my case and what I wanted (for I hungered and thirsted after righteousness), and many thanks to God our Father, he has built his church upon a rock, and you assisted me in finding just what was within me. This church that I was speaking of that I wanted was one like the one Jesus speaks of: Consider the lilies of the field how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. This passage of Scripture resembles the kind of church I wanted, one that was dependent upon the Lord, for if it were any other way it could not fit my case. I now live with one of the brethren of the church; we read your last letter together and in truth enjoyed its contents, also we enjoy the dear old SIGNS together.

Your unworthy brother,

C. J. PEACOCK.

PARSONS, Kans., August 19, 1917.

DEAR KINSMAN IN CHRIST:—I hesitate to address you in this manner, but it seems I so much desire to be numbered with the household of faith that I feel to address my brethren in this way. I hope that I am numbered with Zion and shall be gathered together with the jewels when the holy Son of God comes again without sin unto salvation. My mind seems to be running on the great subject of salvation, Christ the chief corner-stone. It seems to me that the world has accepted the doctrine of salvation by both grace and works; partly of works, and then after one has done some certain

things the Lord will reward him with grace. At least that is the way I understand that kind of doctrine, after hearing it preached and being almost persuaded into it several times. To my mind this kind of doctrine, which pleases the world, is without root or base. This kind of doctrine will not fit into what the Savior told the disciples when they asked him, Who then can be saved? And Jesus said unto them, With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible. So then this ends the thought that man figures in the saving of sinners, and it does not agree with Paul's writing to the church at Rome: "And if by grace, then it is no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work."—Romans xi. 6. Now, dear child of God, does this not disagree with the doctrine of to-day (the progressive doctrine)? are not these writings of Paul the apostle the doctrine which was everywhere spoken against? and if you preach salvation by grace to-day is not this the kind of doctrine which is everywhere spoken against? Yet when we consider these things, just think of Jesus and how they accused him falsely. He told them the truth, yet they had ears and heard not, they had eyes and saw not the glory of God, even Jesus. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. (Romans x. 4.) Then, dear brother, if he is the end is he not the beginning also? for he says, I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He is the author and finisher of our faith, and to them that are saved he is Christ Jesus the power of God. He truly came in the likeness of sinful flesh, and because of sin condemned sin, that

as many as the Father had given him might have eternal life, and might have it more abundantly. "For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Romans x. 13. This I believe, because by divine inspiration the God of heaven and earth (of the living, and not the dead) by his Spirit has spoken these things, not unto the world, but unto the church. I perceive that every word in the blessed book of truth is right, and there are no contradictions when it is understood in its spiritual meaning. Jesus did not send his disciples unto the world, but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then he says, not unto the world, but to those of his children, Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Now, dear child, was not this your experience when you bore a heavy burden and was full of labor? You walked in dry places, seeking rest, but found none until you had exhausted all earthly resources, then when you saw no way out of your sinful condition you called upon the name of your God, and Jesus came to rescue and to save. Now, my Father's little children, I do not understand this thirteenth verse of the tenth chapter of Romans to mean that the world will call upon the name of the Lord and be saved. In the following verses you will find a better explanation than I can give: "How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

If you find faults in my writings please have charity enough to overlook them, for they are much like the writer. May the Lord be with you and keep you.

Your unworthy brother,

C. J. PEACOCK.

MACON, Ga., August 28, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—For years I took the SIGNS, but for three years my health was poor, and being only a poor school-teacher, depending on a small salary, I simply did not have money to continue. My health is better now, for which I feel to thank the dear Lord, and I desire to renew my subscription to the much appreciated paper. I often read over my old copies, and think surely the writers are taught of the Lord, for all speak the self-same things; all feel the depths of their own sins and the heights of the glories of God. Truly deplorable is the sin and corruption of sinful man, but how wonderful the power and wisdom and love and mercy of God. In times past I received some good letters from Elder Chick, and however unworthy I felt of such a blessing, I rejoiced that God granted one who seemed to walk so close with Jesus to write and comfort me, the most vile sinner, I know, and one not worthy the least of God's mercies. How wonderful that God does not leave himself, his truth, without a witness, and how truly has he raised up others to follow Elder Beebe in the work I feel God's hand had ordained him for, the defence of the gospel of our Lord, the truth of our God, the foundation of the church, the bride of Jesus; for truly do I feel that the truth of God's unlimited or absolute predestination and unconditional salvation for time or eternity is the basis of all truth. For myself, however, the words predestination and salvation need no modifiers. Salvation by grace extends through and embraces all eternity, which is without beginning or end, and predestination embraces all things included in that eternity; all is in God. How comforting it is to feel that we can look back to the writings and works of



the past and seem to see how surely God's hand was in the preparation of the present dear editors to take the place of those gone to their reward. How fitting it seemed for Elder Ker to come in to assist in dear Elder Chick's last work, and then how equally fitting for Elder Lef-ferts to come in. It just seemed to be all the work of an all-wise and loving God.

Dear editors, may I write you just a little of the way I feel that I have been led, and ask you if I am deceived and deceiving others? When I read of others deprived of the privilege of hearing the gospel preached I seem to feel a fellowship for them, but still I feel that there is no one quite like me, so full of sin and so unworthy of anything but cold and dark and hunger. I do not remember ever being in a church until I was about nine or ten years of age. So far as being taught of the Lord by men, I was as much a heathen as those in darkest heathendom. The first real conviction of a personal nature that I remember was after reading of some lovely, lovable girl, I wondered if I were such a girl, and looking at myself in the mirror it seemed to me I looked vile and black. I burst into tears, and from that day those first natural impressions have remained with me. However, later I was to feel it in another sense than on that day. From my earliest recollections my mother was an invalid, and for years I was troubled about her dying and leaving me. I knew nothing of prayer, but my mind was continually burdened with the desire that I might die before she died, for I felt if I were left without her I should be lost; I just could not live without her care. I was then about nine or ten years of age. About that time I went for the first time, as I remember, to a Primitive Baptist Church in Crawford County, Ga. I

shall never forget that day. It seemed to me the people were different from any I had ever seen; their faces looked contented, happy, really beautiful to me. I know the desire came into my heart to be like them when I was grown. I even remember the text and sermon preached by an old minister, who has since been much loved by me: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." I know now that I did not understand the full meaning of the text and discourse, for a child cannot know much of the burden of sin and the law, but I did feel to enjoy it in some way. In a year or two my mother's health grew worse; I felt sure she would die, and I grieved continually. One night she was much worse. I was sitting in her room alone with her. I felt if only I could die first. I heard her speak and went to her side and asked if there was anything she wanted. She said, "No, daughter, but mamma cannot be with you all much longer." I turned without a word, and went into my room, where it was dark, and for the first time in my life fell on my knees beside my bed and cried aloud, I think, O God, let me die first. In an instant, I know not from where, a voice said as plainly as I have ever heard words, Fear not, I am with thee always. For an instant I knew not what it was; it seemed a gentle arm was around me. I raised up, thinking perhaps it was mamma, when the room seemed light and a great peace came over my mind and heart. I got up and went back to mamma. I did not understand it, but I felt at peace. She spoke a few words more of dying, and we both were calm. I said nothing to her of what had occurred. I was only about eleven years old, and of a rather timid disposition, and, too, it had all seemed just

for me. My mother died. For several years I went to school preparing myself to be a teacher. I felt that the young people with whom I associated had not received such an assurance as had I, or they could not be so careless and indifferent. I became a pharisee; I read the Bible some, and truly felt that I must be better than most girls I knew. When I was about twenty years old I had been reading the Bible through, and I wrote in my diary at that time that perhaps it was not the inspired word of God. I seemed to feel the truth of the things said, but perhaps men were deceived as to it being absolutely the work inspired of God. About that time I became very much troubled about my sins. For the first time I realized how vile and black indeed I was. I had been going to meeting some, but there were four divisions of so-called Primitive Baptists here, and I had many arguments with them as to their doctrine and practice. The different ones had separated from the others, not on doctrinal truth, but on order. One element was very much disturbed at that time over some of the churches desiring to use organs in their services. All of them, however, were contending very earnestly against the doctrine of absolute predestination, and holding to what they called "conditional time salvation." I became so confused at the sins in my own heart and the confusion without that I almost lost my mind. I could hardly do my work. I was teaching, or trying to teach. I decided at last that perhaps I was all wrong; that the truth I held to was perhaps wrong. I forgot almost for a time the sweet promise that had been given me: Fear not, I am with thee always. I felt that God had forsaken me, if indeed he had ever been with me. One night I was more cast down than usual;

I felt surely I was lost and God was just. Had he not promised to be with me? and I had acted in such a way that the people all hated me, and now even God had forsaken me. I had been trying to read the Bible, but all was dark, it all condemned me. I got up, threw myself across my bed in agony, and said, O God, show me my sins and I will try to make them right. When in an instant the same sweet voice that had brought peace to my childish heart in the assurance, Fear not, I will be with thee always, said, Jesus is the atonement. For some time I lay as dead; I thought I was dead; every particle of natural pain left my body. My head had been aching; all became peaceful and still. It was late at night. I thought, Am I dead? I remember taking hold of one hand with the other to see if I had life. I got up and opened the Bible to read. I wanted to sing, but knew it would not do to sing then, so I opened the Bible at the chapter beginning thus: "Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;" and on further down I read, "We also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." No human tongue can tell, no pen can write the great joy I felt. Even that night everything seemed glorious and rejoicing with me. I longed to sing praises to my dear Savior. The words, "Ye believe in God, believe also in me," came to me. How glorious it was to feel that now I could claim him as my Savior. Now God would look no more upon my sins, but my dear Jesus would ever stand between me and a just God. I rejoiced for many days, and desired to tell some one of my great peace. I talked of the beauties of the kingdom of Jesus, but in expressing my feelings

often those former truths as I felt them to be would come in, and immediately my hearers would seem to feel uneasy. I felt impressed to read and meditate upon those wonderful truths which I felt my life and that of the writers in the Bible taught, but no one seemed inclined to speak of them with me. About that time Mrs. R. Anna Phillips, who lived near me, gave me a copy of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, and my heart was made to rejoice. Here were people who believed as I did. She herself did not indorse the doctrine contended for by the SIGNS, and I had loved her very much I felt, but I was glad to know there was a people who believed and contended for the things I loved. I felt a desire to unite with the church, but some way there always seemed something between that prevented. I decided to give up thinking and talking of truth as it appeared to me, and perhaps God would suffer me to be with them, for I longed to be at rest, at peace. About that time Elder H. B. Jones, of Winnsboro, Texas, visited Georgia, and I went to hear him. Some way it seemed the Lord had just sent him to tell me the wonderful things of his kingdom. My heart was full of joy; a great peace came into my soul. When they gave opportunity for membership I went trembling before them and told them something, I know not what, and they received me. All day my heart was rejoicing. When I reached home I opened my Bible and these words were before my eyes: "What I tell you in darkness, that speak ye in light." Some way in an instant I felt peculiarly sad. That night two members of the church came to see me. Somehow I felt very much depressed. One of them

told me that the church preferred Elder Jones not baptizing me, because of his being associated with the "Absoluters," as they called them. I did not sleep all night. Can you imagine my feelings? I was baptized by the pastor of the church, and in a measure my heart praised God for the truth I heard that day from Elder Jones, but some way I was not as happy as I had been. For some time, however, I felt peace in a measure. Then it seemed that the ministers with whom I was associated became more eager in condemning "absolute predestination," and establishing the doctrine of what they called "conditional time salvation." I went bowed down with grief continually. I could not speak of things I loved as truth, feeling that they looked upon me with fear and suspicion; I was miserable. There was a church not far from my home, whose pastor and members were not identified with the Baptists with whom I was associated. I had always heard them spoken of with contempt. In some way I was impressed to go and hear him. I found him contending for the doctrine I loved, and the few with him loved the same truth I felt to love. About that time the churches I was associated with divided, because of some desiring organs in their worship. There was much confusion and strife among them, and the other few seemed more satisfying, so I wrote the church where my membership was that I felt we were not in fellowship on the truth as I felt it, especially of God's absolute power, and more especially of the unconditional salvation by grace for time and eternity, therefore I desired to withdraw. In a year or two I felt that it was

not right for me to be with this few and persecuted people and still not be willing to bear the shame with which their name was cast out, as being "Absoluters," &c. I did not feel to be worthy in myself to be with them, but God could give me faith to endure the reproach heaped upon them. I united with them. For years I felt a peace that I had never known could come to mortal man. There were but few, but we loved to talk of the power and mercy of God and to joy in the beauties of the kingdom of his dear Son. Last year our beloved pastor died, so for several months we have had no preaching. We meet together at the home of a dear, afflicted sister, and talk of the things of Jesus, but we greatly miss our dear pastor, but God's will be done. I hope, if it be his will, that we shall again be blessed to hear the word; if not, may we be reconciled to his will concerning us. At times I am in darkness, and feel that perhaps I am all wrong, and then when I read how the saints of old were often cast down, and read the SIGNS and see that others are away from hearing the gospel preached, I am hopeful.

Tell me, dear editors, if you deem this worthy of your reading, and if you deem me worthy of a word, have I been all wrong? Can two walk together in peace and fellowship who are not agreed? Is it not better "to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house"? Jesus said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

Please forgive this long letter, I shall not bother you often. One little word from either of you as to my condition will be much appreciated, though unworthy I be.

ELLA BARFIELD.

WOODSTOCK, Ont., Sept. 17, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—Inclosed please find one dollar for renewal of my subscription to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES for six months. I am this day seventy-two years old, and have been a reader of the SIGNS for over sixty years and a subscriber nearly forty-five years, and feel like continuing it as long as I can read it, not because I take much comfort from it of late, but because it does not seem as if I can throw aside the paper for the comfort I have received from it in days that are past and gone, when I had a good hope in the mercy of God and hoped I had an evidence that Jesus loved me and gave himself for me, and I could praise him for his great love and kindness to me; when I felt that he had given me an evidence that my sins were all forgiven and blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, and when I also felt his presence in times of trouble and distress, and when I hoped he told my heart, When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee, &c., and when I hoped he had broken me down completely with the words, Where sin abounded grace did much more abound. But now all is dark as midnight, not a single star of hope, and I am cold, barren and unfruitful, with no evidence that I am a child of God, unless it is that I am a vile sinner. I dwell in a wilderness alone, no springs of water, no green pastures, all desolation and death. Gladly would I lie down and die if I had a hope in the mercy of God, but O, how can I die in such a state, without hope and without God in the world? It is terrible, and yet I am helpless and destitute, and in looking over my long life I cannot see one single act that was dictated by an eye single to the glory of God, everything selfish, none

with pure, unselfish love. O what a sinner I am; and these are not the worst things I experience, for I so often doubt the truth or reality of religion, and fear it is all a delusion and that there is no God. I cannot throw off these horrible doubts and fears. How is it I never was thus tempted in the days of my youth, before I felt that God had been merciful to me and forgiven me my sins? Surely the poet expresses my feelings when he says: "Like one alone I seem to be; O is there any one like me?" and yet I do not want to convey the idea that hope is entirely gone, for who can tell but what God will come to me and lift me out of this horrible pit and miry clay and set my feet once more on the everlasting Rock, Christ Jesus? Once I truly felt that he was as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land, and that I was on the King's highway and the road to glory, and thought as did Job that I would die in my nest and be safe from fear, and that my latter end would be my best, but alas, I now often fear I am on my way to despair and eternal gloom. I cannot recall any of my former joys or bring back any of the hopes that I once thought God had given me. I wonder if there is any one who is a professed follower of Jesus that is troubled, oppressed and sunk in gloom such as mine. Sometimes I fear it is all natural or worldly trouble, and a natural dread of death, or because I am an old man nearing the end of my journey. I know none but God can give me relief and peace. O, if Jesus would only say to my heart, Peace I give unto thee; not as the world giveth give I unto thee. O, I must have Jesus or I die.

Do not publish this unless it will or is liable to comfort some poor, disconsolate soul.

Yours, a poor, unworthy sinner,

R. SCATES.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, Ind., August 21, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I have been sick and feeble ever since I last wrote; my eyes have been so sore and dim that I could not write. I remember that I am indebted for the SIGNS since December 15th. I thought I might have to do without my comforting paper, which I have had ever since it was first published in 1832. My father and mother were among the first subscribers. Words will not express how much enjoyment I have had all these years since the Lord opened my eyes, in 1850, to understand what I read. This year I have had a daughter read it for me evenings after she came from her library work, and it seemed long to wait; yet I know I ought to be very thankful for my many blessings. Besides this choice paper I have willing daughters to care for me and take me to my dear old church to hear the gospel preached. I cannot bear to miss one meeting. I ride there in an automobile, and feel it is good to meet with the saints, clasp their hands and hear them speak of their joys and sorrows. This cruel war is a sad state for us all. Many of our church have sons who have gone to France. One of my friends has two boys (all her children) gone. We are told our tax will increase, but I hope we can still keep our home. The Lord has helped me hitherto, may he help me all my journey through. Praise him for his great faithfulness. I lie idle on my bed much of the time, wondering when the end will come, and singing, "O when shall I see Jesus, and reign with him above?" If I were sure of my inheritance in heaven I might stop feeling so sad, but now my little hope is almost out of sight. I was conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity in 1832, but did not feel the depth of my guilt until I was

eight or ten years of age. It came upon me suddenly, like a flash of lightning, and enshrouded me in agony. I promised the Lord that night to mend my ways and walk uprightly. The next morning I took a shingle from father's carpenter shop and a black coal to mark my evil and good thoughts. I found I had no good ones, but soon had my shingle covered with black marks, and I threw it away in despair and lay on the ground and cried. A woman told me to read one chapter in the Bible every day, and that would cure my heartache. I tried that, but I was not a good reader, and did not understand what I read, so I commenced reading Pilgrim's Progress, and followed Christian through the awful Slough of Despond, and finally came to Doubting Castle, where was Giant Despair, and I was then locked up with the two pilgrims, and seemed to understand their case as mine. I read that book through four times, and every time I came to the hill Difficulty and fought with Apolyon I trembled and cried and tried to pray to God for help. There was a revival in our village, and many of my schoolmates were converted. One girl asked me to go with her and pray and give my heart to the Lord and join the church. I asked mother, and she said, Yes, go once. The old, grey-haired pastor asked me if I were a christian. I said, No, sir, and am sorry. He said, There is provision made for everybody; just pray and give your heart to the Lord and you will be happy. He told me where to find the Lord's prayer, and I read it, but it was for the disciples, not for a hard case like mine. Three people told me to give my heart to the Lord, but I could not do it. The Lord made me, and could do as he pleased with his own. I tried to give up my trouble. I always went to Old

Baptist meetings, where my parents belonged. Once a stranger was preaching for us, and he pounded on the pulpit, saying, O sinner, sinner, turn to God. I was startled, for I knew I was that sinner, but wondered how he knew. I had a dream that time was ending, and many people came fast toward my home, where stood an ox with horns reaching to heaven, and they ascended by the horns. I thought I would try that way, but found I was helpless, could not take one step. A man looked at me and said, I will help you. I knew it was the Savior, and awoke with joy. In 1850 I went to New Jersey to visit my grandfather and other relatives and attend school for one year. I took my burden of sin with me, and one morning (after a restless night of gloom) on my way to school it was revealed to me that Jesus died for sinners. I knew I was a sinner, and claimed him as my Savior, and my burden left me. I wanted to sing aloud, but was walking on the public highway and dared not, but sang in my heart all day. Many old hymns flowed into memory, and I was happy.

I have written my childhood experience, for I think this is my last message to you. May God add his choicest blessing.

LINA W. BECK.

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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ELDER Geo. L. Weaver has changed his address from South Euclid, Ohio, to 1727 Bryn-Mawr, Suite 2, Cleveland, Ohio.

Elder J. T. Barnes has changed his address from Touchet, Wash., to Walla Walla, Wash.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**  
*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***LUKE XVIII. 1.***"MEN ought always to pray, and not to faint."*

In the parables spoken by the Savior there was always some special lesson or deep doctrine taught, and we do well to read them carefully. We all need instruction, and every lesson is important to the children of God. While it is true that all spiritual import of the Lord's word must come by divine revelation, it is also true that the Scriptures were given to be read by the saints, that the man of God might be thoroughly furnished with knowledge relative to the Lord's dealings with man, both in condemnation and justification. It is sad, however to see how we all neglect the Book of books as we grow older; the very time it should be our daily companion we find ourselves reading everything else, thinking of everything else. Surely the Lord is good not to forsake us when we all are so forgetful of him.

In presenting the truth that men ought always to pray and faint not, the Savior spoke the parable of "the unjust judge," who feared not God nor regarded man. Rather a strange individual, but the world is full of them to-day. To that judge came a widow, who cried unto him to avenge her of her adversary. At first he

did not hear her cry, in other words paid no attention to her petition. Likely he had no feeling sense of pity or sympathy, and since more than likely the poor widow had nothing to give for his services, he turned a deaf ear to her sad cry. But all that did not discourage the poor woman, she continued to go and to cry unto him for help. At last the hard-hearted judge said, "Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me." Her persistency caused the judge to hear her cry, and we have reason to believe that whatever her petition was it was granted by the judge. Jesus then said, "Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them?" If an unjust judge could be moved by the continual cry of a poor widow, shall not God, who fears neither men nor devils, nor regards the person of any man, hear the sad cry of his bride? Verily, verily he will. The people of the Lord have been a praying people since the world began. There was prayer in the act of Adam and Eve in making the fig leaf garment; desire to be clothed was made manifest, and the Lord heard and clothed them. There was desire in the heart even of Cain, after he had killed Abel, that his life should be preserved, and the Lord put a mark upon him that he should not die. We are not told that Cain had faith, nor are we told that the thief on the cross had faith, but he must have had or the Lord would not have heard him. Think of the elect of the Lord crying unto him for salvation, deliverance from sin, during all the generations of the world until the coming of Christ, and after his coming until the work was verily wrought. God

was in all those generations the just Judge of the whole earth, yet he could not speedily, to them, avenge them, because the time had not come to make war with and destroy him who had the power of death, that is, the devil. Notwithstanding the long delay, as it seemed to them who cried day and night unto him, the Lord heard every groan and pitied every sigh, yet held in store the very blessings they so much needed and desired. It often seemed to his waiting people that his mercy was clean gone forever, that their cries were shut out from the throne of heaven, and that God had forgotten to be gracious, but how mistaken they were. The Lord was faithful to his promise and was merciful and gracious in all ages of the world, giving his people to eat and drink, to inhabit the goodly land, giving them kings and priests, fighting their battles for them, giving them the temple worship and renewing in different ways his promise. But how little they understood those things, and how little appreciated were his mercies. In ancient days the Lord did not exhort his people to pray, but surrounded them in such a way with conditions and circumstances that, as Paul said, they were bound to pray and give thanks. Daniel, contrary to the commandment of the king, prayed daily with his face toward Jerusalem, and the Lord heard his cry, and when the time came to manifest his power and glory he delivered him from death, the lions. Well did Paul say, "We know not how to pray as we ought, nor what to pray for." When the Lord's people of old prayed, saying, In terrible things in righteousness wilt thou hear us, O God of truth, little did they know that the "terrible things" were the sufferings and death of Christ; little did they know they were asking for

such a horrible murder, such excruciating pain, such dire humiliation; yet such was their cry during all those centuries, and at last the Lord answered them according to their petition, it being according to his determinate counsel and foreknowledge. The same Lord who was faithful to his promise then is faithful now to every word that proceedeth out of his mouth, and by this we all live.

We are told that the parable of the unjust judge was spoken to the end that men ought always to pray and faint not. Careless reading of this parable has given some people to understand that the Lord wants men to pray always, but many of his people fail to do it, when in reality it is a positive declaration that the Lord's people do cry unto him day and night, and that he will hear them. There is no such thing as a spiritually born child of God fainting or giving up in this sense. When in distress, sorrow, temptation and death how well he knows "vain is the help of man;" how well he knows that the sentence of death is in himself; how well he knows it is vain to go down into Egypt for help, and often the words of Peter are in his heart and in his mouth: "To whom, Lord, shall we go? thou hast the words of eternal life." Yes, to him only do we all look, to him only can we go, for he only can bind up the broken-hearted, open the prison to them that are bound: he only can comfort all that mourn, making manifest the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, (in the land of sorrow) that he might be glorified in their humble and contrite acknowledgment of him as the God of all grace and the God of all comfort. How wonderfully strong are "the everlasting arms," and how securely fixed they are under the household of faith, both individually and collectively.



How can we sink with such a prop  
As our eternal God,  
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,  
And spreads the heavens abroad?

The wounds are often deep and sore, the billows high and the winds contrary, the foundations seem to tremble, the earth quakes, the sun fails to shine and the moon refuses to give her light, yet God the same abiding, his praise shall tune our voice. Pray always and faint not. Yes, and how thankful we all are that there is a throne of grace to which we, through the merits of Christ, may come and find our heavenly Father a present help in times of need. He may "bear long" with us, but will surely bear, and his longsuffering, or waiting, means salvation to us. How precious the words: He hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ. Then deliverance from all our trials, losses and crosses is just as sure as is rest at last. Give us a thankful heart, from every murmur free; the blessing of thy grace impart, and make us live in thee.

K.

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Extra copies of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES will be mailed, postage paid by us, at the following rates: 1 copy, 10 cents; 3 copies, 25 cents; 6 copies, 50 cents; 12 copies, \$1.00. This does not include our subscribers' papers lost in the mail, as we supply these free of charge.

#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

#### WISDOM.

THE thought of wisdom flashed into our mind just now as we sat down to write. The thought was no doubt prompted by the sense of utter unreadiness to write anything at this time, for this is one of the many times when we feel we have nothing to write. Thus, if we just had wisdom to know what to say and when to say it, what a blessed thing it would be! Without wisdom, that is, godly wisdom, one cannot do God's people any good. The sheep of the pasture of God cannot be fed spiritually on the things that man's wisdom teaches. They must be enabled to partake of the things of divine wisdom if there is to be any soul growth among them. The subject of wisdom occupied the attention of Solomon more than any other writer of the Scriptures. He could not help his mind being employed with thoughts and reflections upon divine wisdom, for it was divine wisdom that directed his mind that way. When Solomon came to the throne of Israel upon the death of his father, David, he asked of God not fame, nor honor, nor riches, nor power, but wisdom. To Solomon wisdom seemed the principal thing, therefore he earnestly and prayerfully desired it, and God answered his petition in granting him that wisdom he so much desired. Solomon faintly prefigures Jesus in this. Jesus was the embodiment of the wisdom of God. He, the spiritual Solomon, was filled with wisdom, and to the mind of Jesus there was no treasure or quality of earth that could bear the slightest comparison with this divine wisdom which filled the Son of God completely. This wisdom which God gave Solomon enabled him to rule Israel; so Jesus governs his house, the church, by that wisdom which is embodied in him. It is a singular and noteworthy

fact that almost each and every writer of the Scriptures had his own especial gift to enable him to write, and no two wrote alike; that is, while wisdom seemed to impress one with its importance and beauty more than any other subject, as it did Solomon, it was the subject of the law that was Moses' special province, while the promises to the Gentiles particularly permeate the writings of Isaiah. Also, we find John dwelling particularly upon the love of God and upon the manifestation of that love between brethren. When we turn to James, we find him emphasizing works as the outgrowth or fruit of faith. Going back to Paul, we find a writer who was especially gifted to set forth in order, and clearly, the different points of the doctrine of God, together with the delineation of the order of the church and its disciplinary procedure. Jesus was the only preacher who confined not himself to this or that line of thought, but covered the whole ground of eternal truth, the doctrine and experience, as well as church order and commands to love and obedience. No preacher short of Jesus will ever be able to tell it all, nor even to cover but a small portion of the gospel field. Just as it was with the writers and preachers of the Bible, so with those whom God raises up to preach to his people to-day. No two of them preach alike, though they all declare the one truth: salvation by grace; but each man has his own special gift given him by divine wisdom, and has his own special line of ministering meted out to him, so that we find one preacher dwelling upon this or that point of doctrine, another dwelling more upon the phases of the christian experience, another setting forth the order of the church, while another is being impressed with the exhortations to love and obedience. So, while no two

preach exactly alike, all agree in one faith, one hope and one heart of love. We have thought that God signally displays his wisdom in the manner in which he calls and prepares his preachers for the ministry and in the matter with which he fills their hearts. There is an infinite variety of experience among the people of God until no two have exactly the same experience, while all agree in the fundamental points of the doctrine they believe. It seems to us that God exercises each ministering gift to meet the requirements of the individual experiences among those to be fed, so that we find a person enjoying one gift more than another because one gift more than another is exercised along the line to fit into the needs of this or that experience. It is rarely we find one preacher who preaches to all hearers; some prefer this and others prefer that one. We do not believe this is wrong, so long as the hearers are considering the gifts, and not the persons of men. It is true that enjoying this or that man's gift may degenerate into an admiration of men's persons, but if it does, the weakness of the flesh is to blame, and not the wisdom of God. Now, wisdom and knowledge are by no means the same, though they are very generally confused. One might be wise yet not know many things; also one might have great knowledge or learning yet not be wise. It is not the mere knowing of things, but the ability to put that learning to use, to make that knowledge serve one, that constitutes wisdom. We have seen people who appeared as though they knew a great deal, who passed as being educated persons, yet who made shipwreck of life through their failure to apply what they knew or through the unwise management of their affairs. Again, we have seen persons of limited education who were

longsighted enough to manage their affairs with such foresight and common sense as to be ready for almost any contingency that might arise. These were wise. We know of no being other than God whose wisdom is commensurate with his knowledge. Divine wisdom knows no limit, neither does the knowledge of God. Of no other being can it be said that these principles are coextensive. Solomon calls attention to the ant as being wise, in that she prepares for the winter while it is yet summer. A wise young man is one who lays up something against old age while he yet has youth and vigor. Absolute foreknowledge is not a human trait, therefore it is not possible for men to entirely safeguard themselves against the future; yet a certain amount of wisdom tells us that the sun does not always shine, prosperity does not always last, so wisdom dictates that one lay up against adversity. We only speak of these human things to show in some way that wisdom requires a certain amount of foresight to be effectual. Nowhere is this so wonderfully displayed as in the divine character of God himself. He is the God of foreknowledge, foreknowing accurately and minutely all things that shall ever come to pass. Thus his wisdom, combined with his omniscience and foreknowledge, makes an eternal bulwark to safeguard each and every one of his elect. Having chosen his people in Christ before the foundation of the world, he predestinated them to be conformed to the image of his Son. The wisdom of God foresaw every need, every strait, every perplexity and trouble that each and every heir of glory would ever have to endure, so that, by that same wisdom, he made ample provision in Christ Jesus to supply every need in time of each and every one of his elect eternally foreknown. Such wisdom is too high for mortals to attain unto, but faith

enables us in our low estate to contemplate it at times. "Wisdom hath builded her house." The house of God is thoroughly furnished with everything conducive to the welfare spiritually of all the children of God. The wisdom of God provides this furnishing. This wisdom which combines foreknowledge and power has so arranged that the material which goes into this house of God, which is sinners quickened and made alive by the Spirit of God, is called effectually by grace, and not invited by conditions depending upon the fickle human will, is justified by the resurrection of Christ from the dead, and finally glorified with the heavenly likeness of Christ himself. Wisdom provides that though a man die, yet shall he live; so arranges that even the weakness and helplessness of every child of grace is a convenient place for God to make manifest his strength and power. The conies, a species of small hare or rabbit, though feeble, yet dwell in the rocks. This is a wise arrangement for such feeble folk. So God has wisely arranged that his feeble children who mourn the plague of their own heart and who keenly realize their inability to do anything of themselves, shall dwell in the Rock, Christ Jesus. The house of God is built on this eternal Rock, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, though the inhabitants of the Rock be ever so feeble. Is it any wonder the inhabitants of the Rock sing? How can they help singing when divine wisdom has so wonderfully provided for their safety? The locusts, even though they go forth in bands, yet they have no king. Again, we see a display of wisdom. Thus God's wisdom has provided that there be no kings or rulers or leaders or dictators among his people. Jesus alone is King in Zion, and no man has been delegated to rule for him. God's people are all one and are all equal. No one is greater

than another. Even the apostles disclaimed any right to lord it over God's heritage, saying they had no dominion over the faith of the church. The apostles were servants of the church. The ministers among you to-day are your servants, not your kings or lords. There are no bosses in the church. Just as the locusts go forth in bands, yet have no king among them, so the people of God are scattered over the earth in flocks here and there, but there are no lords among them. This is another display of divine wisdom on the behalf of his people. The world is ranged in parties and classes, in nationalities and sects and sections. What a line more and more is coming to divide between the rich and poor! How distressing would it be if God allowed such things to prevail in the church! Such discriminations are carnal and belong to the world. They have no place among God's people. In the church, rich and poor, high and low, all nations and tongues and peoples, meet on an equal footing: that of sinners saved by grace. No flesh can glory there and all boasting is excluded. This subject of wisdom is too broad for us to get at, but we just want to notice one thing more: that is, that God in his wisdom determined that man by man's wisdom should not find out God. All true knowledge of God and the way of salvation must come by revelation. This is very wise, because it excludes no person from knowing God by reason of any deficiency of his own. Even the idiot is capable of knowing God from the standpoint of revelation. It does not take brains to comprehend God, nor does the lack of intelligence shut out one from ever knowing God. This surely is an example of divine wisdom. Inasmuch as God can be known only by revelation, one man has no advantage over another by reason of any natural advantages when it comes to being saved.

L.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**William Stewart Ker**, the only son of the writer, was born in Delmar, Md., July 27th, 1889, and died suddenly in Meriden, Conn., August 17th, 1917, aged 28 years and 20 days. He was an undertaker, and had practiced that profession since he was twenty-one years of age. He made no profession of religion, but when in training in New York city he often attended the Old School Baptist meetings and heard Elder John McConnell preach. On one of those occasions Elder McConnell used as a text the first few verses of the fourteenth chapter of John. His discourse so impressed Stewart that he wrote me, asking that I write my views of the same Scripture and send them to him, which I did. He also requested that I send him a Bible; that also was done. Ever afterward in speaking of his death he said, I want no preaching, but a prayer and the fourteenth chapter of John read. When the end came we tried to reach Elder McConnell by telephone, but found he was in Virginia in exchange with Elder H. H. Lefferts, and was not likely to be home in time for the funeral, and we engaged Elder Lefferts for the service. He came, and the wishes of my dear boy were carried out. After the services were concluded Elder McConnell arrived, having heard of the funeral on his arrival in New York. We all fully appreciated his presence. The services were held from the home, 273 North St., Middletown, N. Y., Monday, August 20th. Interment was in the family plot in the New Vernon Cemetery.

Again I utterly fail to understand the Lord's dealings with me. I know he doeth all things well; but such sore afflictions are dreadful to endure. May grace be sufficient to the end.

K.

**Sarah Olive Perry**, the subject of this notice, was born Dec. 12th, 1855, near Turners Station, Henry Co., Ky., and departed this life June 18th, 1917, making her sojourn on earth 61 years, 6 months and 6 days. She was a daughter of the late Joseph B. and Caroline Turner. Sister Ollie, as she was called, (being a sister in the flesh of the writer, and I hope in the Spirit also) was in a more or less degree a sufferer most all her life, having in infancy contracted a severe cold, which left her with a cough that remained with her until her last hours. The immediate cause of her death was of a dropsical nature. Although for several years past a great sufferer, she bore all without murmur or complaint. Early in life she became much interested in spiritual matters (or things of the Spirit), and in June, 1889, being weary of wandering, she went to the Sulphur Fork Primitive Baptist Church and told in her simple, childlike way what she hoped the Lord had done for her and asked a home with them, and was gladly received into the fold and fellowship of the church,

where she remained and lived a dutiful christian life until the time of her departure into, as we hope and believe, a better life, to be forever with him who is the Savior of sinners, of whom she felt to be chief. Dear sister has been taken from us, but her life is a living epistle, known and read of all who knew her. At the age of nineteen years she was married to Elisha K. Perry, who survives her. To them were born six children, all of whom died in infancy. Besides her husband she leaves three sisters, three brothers and three half-brothers to mourn their loss, yet we mourn not as those who have no hope, feeling that our loss is her eternal gain.

Her funeral was held at Turners Station (Cane Run Church), conducted by her pastor, Elder P. W. Sawin, in the presence of a large concourse of friends, after which her remains were laid to rest in the family graveyard at the old home.

May the Lord bless, support and sustain us, and at his appointed time give us all an abundant entrance into the joy of his love, is the sincere prayer of the  
G. R. TURNER.

**Elder William J. Hess**, my dear husband, departed this life August 17th, 1917, aged 62 years, 7 months and 19 days. He was a son of Jacob and E. E. Hess, and was born in Bremer County, Iowa, and moved with his parents to Oregon in 1867, locating in Clackamas County, later moving to Clatsop Plains, near Astoria, where he lived until the spring of 1878. March 10th, 1878, he was married to the writer near Forest Grove. In the fall of that year we moved to Klickitat County, Wash., where we lived twenty-one years. In January, 1879, we buried our first born son. We moved to Yakima County in the fall of 1900. Besides myself, he left four sons, three daughters, four grandchildren and one sister to mourn their loss. Those who have been in our home know what he was to it, devoted and tender. He received a hope in Christ in 1877, and was baptized by Elder James A. Bullack the same year. He assisted in the constitution of Pleasant Grove Church and united by relation in December, 1878. In October, 1892 he was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry, and in November of the same year was chosen pastor, serving more than twenty years. He was moderator of the Siloam Association when taken ill. In the spring of 1915 he had severe inflammation of the eyes, which left the vision so impaired that he was never able to read or write much afterward, and on May 6th he had a very severe attack of heart trouble, after which he never had a well day. March 19th, 1916, he had a stroke of paralysis, which affected the entire left side. By the end of summer he could walk about some, but his hand remained helpless. His mind was not impaired by the illness, and for more than two years I had the blessed privilege of ministering to one of the most patient, uncomplaining

invalids I ever saw, and I have wished many times I had written down while fresh on my mind some of the expressions of his loving trust and hope and confidence in the dear Savior. He felt that the everlasting arms upheld him, and made him, although longing for rest, run with patience the race set before him, many times weeping for joy with the comfort he got from the felt presence of his Redeemer. The hot weather in July seemed to weaken him gradually, and his daily walks became shorter as his breathing became more labored and his strength failed. July 29th he had another heart attack, and the doctor thought the end was near. He rallied sufficiently the next week to walk a little, but we had but little to encourage us.

He requested that Elder W. T. Eaton preach his funeral from 2 Timothy i. 10, which he did on Monday, August 20th, to a large and attentive congregation. It is hard to say, "Thy will be done," when we miss him everywhere, yet knowing his desires and the hopelessness of his ever being free from suffering here, we ought to feel reconciled to our great loss in his greater gain.

ALSO,

**Mrs. Louisa Pitman**, daughter of Dr. John M. and Cynthia Savage, was born near Boonville, Mo., March 4th, 1831, and departed this life at the home of her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Hewitt, near Amity, Oregon, July 30th, 1917, in her 87th year. She was married August 3rd, 1848, to A. J. Pitman, and came to Oregon with her husband and young son in 1850, locating in the Waldo Hills, Marion County. Ten children were born to them; the husband and five daughters passed on before her. John M. Pitman, Loomis, Wash., Mrs. Cynthia J. Hewitt, Amity, Oregon, Mrs. Mary L. Newland, Palo Alto, Cal., Mrs. Arena F. Courtney, Newberg, Oregon, and Mrs. Effie P. Brown, Ashland, Oregon, survive her. Mrs. M. C. Byrd, of Salem, Oregon, is the only surviving sister. She had thirty grandchildren, twenty-eight grandchildren and two great-great-grandchildren. She united with the Siloam Church in 1853, being baptized by Elder Wm. Simpson, and lived a devoted and consistent christian life. She was a member of Pleasant Grove Church almost thirty-seven years. My parents, T. G. and E. J. Flanary, and uncle, J. L. Chamberlain, and wife were near neighbors to brother and sister Pitman, and were pioneers in Marion County, Ore., where they all united with the Siloam Church in the early fifties. They were also members of New Hope Church together, in Washington County, Oregon, and of Pleasant Grove Church, in Washington State, and were always in touch during their lives, sister Chamberlain being the only one left. Since the death of my parents, in 1899, I have corresponded with our dear sister Pitman. It was a source of regret with her that she was unable to meet often with her church. In one letter she wrote me; "My time

is short now, and things will change for me. I shall not have to mourn and feel so disappointed about not getting to attend our church or the house of God, for I hope and trust in God that giveth his people rest, that when I have finished all that he intended for me here to do, his overlasting arms will hear me safely home to that great assemblage of his children who have gone on before, and I shall see my blessed Lord and he like him." Her children were all with her during her last illness. Her daughter, Mrs. Newland, wrote me: "Dear mother passed away peacefully, trusting in the dear Lord and Savior to the end."

The funeral services were conducted by Mr. Mummy, of the Evangelical denomination, and a letter written to her recently by Elder A. Choyne, who was also a member of Pleasant Grove Church, was read at the services. She requested that I prepare her obituary notice for the SIGNS, which she had enjoyed many years as the only preaching she had, but I feel that my weak effort cannot do justice to the memory of one who was so devoted and faithful a follower of the Prince of Peace.

SONORA A. HESS.

**Mrs. Alma R. Sholler**, wife of Mr. Frank Sholler and daughter of Wm. B. and Emma B. MacDowell, was born in Warminster, Bucks Co., Pa., Dec. 1st, 1868, and died June 27th, 1917, at her home in Doylestown. She leaves to mourn their loss, her husband, three daughters, mother, one brother and many other relatives and a host of friends. She was a good, faithful wife, kind, affectionate mother and loving daughter, of a sweet disposition and with a cheery smile for every one. It is hard to say, "Thy will be done." She united with the Southampton Old School Baptist Church, and was baptized by Elder Silas H. Durand June 13th, 1915, but I firmly believe she was given a heart to hear and understand the joyful sound long before that time.

Funeral services were held July 1st at her late residence. Elder Durand preached to the comfort of the friends, followed by prayer by Mr. C. H. Haines, pastor of the New School Baptist Church of Doylestown, and the singing of her favorite hymn: "Nearer, my God, to thee," by a friend. Burial in Doylestown Cemetery.

She cannot come to us, but may we go to her, is the earnest hope of her sorrowing mother.

EMMA B. FETTER.

**B. F. Culpepper** was born May 22nd, 1835, and died March 25th, 1917. He was married to Miss J. F. Wallerman July 6th, 1865, in Dale County, Ala. To that union were born eight children, six girls and two boys. Two boys and two girls preceded him in death, leaving four daughters to survive him: Mrs. Florence Sanders, Mrs. D. Rees, Mrs. S. E. Smith

and Mrs. M. C. Barber. Some time during the year 1874 brother and sister Culpepper received a good hope in Christ, and about a year later joined the church of the Predestinarian faith and order at Mt. Pelia, in Henry County, Ala., and were baptized by Elder Hubbard, of Georgia. He lived a consistent member, always filling his seat when not providentially hindered, and went far and near to associations and meetings. In 1879 he moved to Upshur County, Texas, and joined the church at Bluff Springs, where his membership was at the time of his death. The church at Bluff Springs has sustained a great loss, but we hope her loss is his eternal gain. Surely a great man in Israel is fallen. Brother Culpepper was a staunch believer in the doctrine of God's sovereignty in controlling all things whatsoever come to pass.

His remains were laid to rest in Walnut Hill Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

Written by request.

W. W. SLAUGHTER.

**W. M. Day** died August 12th, 1917, at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Effie Talley, in Beetman, La., in the 84th year of his age. Brother Day was the last member that was in the constitution of old Concord Church, which was constituted in 1874. He lived a consistent member of that church, and was clerk of the New Hope Predestinarian Primitive Baptist Association for twenty-four years, also clerk of Concord Church until a few years ago, when his health failed and he could not serve, then the writer was chosen to take his place. Brother Day was well known, and liked by everybody, and went by the name of "Uncle Bill" in this county. He was a member of the board of supervisors of this parish for years. He had a large circle of relatives and friends in Union Parish, where he lived in his early days. He was the last boy of the family. One sister, one son and one daughter survive him. The church feels that it has sustained a great loss. Brother Day and I have ridden many miles on horseback together going to our association. It seems now that our old church is about gone, and I feel sad.

D. B. CAIN.

## NOTICE.

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

L. B. FORD.

**M E E T I N G S .**

THE Lexington Old School Baptist Association will be held at Halcottville, N. Y., on the Ulster & Delaware R. R., at the regular time, first Wednesday and Thursday in October (3rd and 4th), 1917. A cordial invitation is extended to all lovers of the truth.

Done by order of the church.

JAMES AVERY, Church Clerk.

THE Juniata Association will be held with the Springfield Church, Huntingdon Co., Pa., commencing on Friday before the second Sunday in October, 1917. Ministers, brethren and sisters who desire to attend the meeting will be met at the train at Three Springs and conveyed to and from the church.

M. F. STARR, Church Clerk.

THE Second Roxbury Old School Baptist Church, Roxbury, N. Y., will, Providence permitting, hold their yearly meeting on the second Sunday and Saturday before in October (13th and 14th). Trains will be met on Friday night and Saturday morning. We extend a cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

GEORGE RUSTON, Pastor.

THE Old School Baptist Church of Gilboa, the Lord willing, will hold their yearly meeting the second Sunday and Saturday previous in October (13th and 14th), at their meetinghouse. Ministering brethren and all lovers of the truth are most cordially invited to meet with us. Trains will be met at Grand Gorge, on the U. & D. Railroad, on Friday.

H. J. LEONARD, Church Clerk.

THE Old School Baptist Church of Gilboa will hold their yearly meeting the second Saturday and Sunday in October (13th and 14th), 1917. All who desire to come will be welcome.

JOHN CLARK, Pastor.

AN all day meeting will be held with the Snow Hill Church, at Snow Hill, Worcester Co., Md., on the second Sunday in October (14th), 1917. All lovers of gospel truth are cordially invited to meet with us.

JOHN H. TRUITT, Church Clerk.

THE Virginia Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, with the New Valley Church, Loudon Co., Va., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1917. Trains will be met Tuesday afternoon and evening before the meeting at Leesburg, Va., on the Washington & Old Dominion Electric Railway. Trains leave 36th and M Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C., at 2:10, 4:15, 5:10, 5:30 and 6:05 p. m. Trains Wednesday morning arrive too late to be met for the meet-

ing. All lovers of the truth, and especially ministers of our faith and order, are earnestly requested to meet with us.

T. S. TITUS, Church Clerk.

THE Old School Baptist Church in the city of Wilmington, Del., will hold their yearly meeting in the meetinghouse, 1304 Jefferson St., on the third Saturday and Sunday in October, commencing 2 o'clock p. m. Saturday and continuing all day Sunday. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited. Trolley cars from all railroad stations and boat wharves pass near the meetinghouse.

WM. B. TAWRESEY, Church Clerk.

THE Salisbury Association of Old School Baptists is appointed to convene with the church at Indiantown, near Powellville, Wicomico Co., Md., on Wednesday, October 24th, 1917, and continue three days. All lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, as proclaimed by the heralds of the cross, are cordially invited to meet with us. Those coming from the north will take the Old Point Express, leaving Broad St., Philadelphia, at 9:58 o'clock a. m. Those from the south will take train leaving Cape Charles, Va., 10:55 a. m. on Tuesday, 23rd. Get tickets for Salisbury, Md. Those trains are both due at Salisbury about 1:45 p. m. We will arrange with the Transit Co. to provide conveyance for all who come on those trains to convey them to Pittsville, ten miles east of Salisbury, where they will be met and taken to our homes and on to the meeting.

GEORGE F. ADKINS, Church Clerk.

THE Ebenezer Church in Baltimore will hold an all day meeting on the second Sunday in November. All who love to meet with us are invited to do so.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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(ESTABLISHED 1832.)

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1917. NO. 20.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### I SAMUEL XX. 39.

“ONLY Jonathan and David knew the matter.”

The friendship of Jonathan and David, as portrayed in the Scriptures, is wonderful; it is so touchingly beautiful. David slew the Philistine champion, Goliath, the giant king of Gath, and Abner took David and brought him before Saul with the head of the Philistine in his hand. And Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man? And David answered, I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Beth-lehemite. And it came to pass when he had made an end of speaking unto Saul, that the soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David, and Jonathan loved him as his own soul. And Saul took him that day, and would let him go no more home to his father's house. Then Jonathan and David made a covenant, because he loved him as his own soul. And Jonathan stripped himself of the robe that was upon him, and gave it to David, and his garments, even to his sword, and to his bow, and to his girdle. (1 Samuel xviii. 1-4.) Years after this, when Saul and Jonathan were slain in battle, at the close of his lamentation

over them David pours forth his heart and exclaims: “How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!”—2 Samuel i. 25-27. So in this twentieth chapter of 1st Samuel we have portrayed, in scenes most dramatic, the loves of Jonathan and David. Saul, king of Israel, in his envious hatred sought to slay David, and David in consequence fled from the face of Saul. But he and Jonathan meet and discourse with one another over the trying providences that have come upon the slayer of Goliath the Philistine. I need not repeat the whole story, read it for yourselves. Jonathan promises, if he assuredly finds that King Saul his father is set upon David's destruction, he will let David know, and this was the agreement between them concerning this matter. “Then Jonathan said to David, To-morrow is the new moon: and thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty. And when thou hast stayed three days, then thou shalt

go down quickly, and come to the place where thou didst hide thyself when the business was in hand, and thou shalt remain by the stone Ezel. And I will shoot three arrows on the side thereof, as though I shot at a mark. And, behold, I will send a lad, saying, Go, find out the arrows. If I expressly say unto the lad, Behold, the arrows are on this side of thee, take them; then come thou: for there is peace to thee, and no hurt; as the Lord liveth. But if I say thus unto the young man, Behold, the arrows are beyond thee; go thy way: for the Lord hath sent thee away. And as touching the matter which thou and I have spoken of, behold, the Lord be between thee and me for ever." Jonathan soon found out that his father was determined to slay David. Jonathan fasted and grieved for David because his father had done him shame. "And it came to pass in the morning, that Jonathan went out into the field at the time appointed with David, and a little lad with him. And he said unto his lad, Run, find out now the arrows which I shoot. And as the lad ran, he shot an arrow beyond him. And when the lad was come to the place of the arrow which Jonathan had shot, Jonathan cried after the lad, and said, Is not the arrow beyond thee? And Jonathan cried after the lad, Make speed, haste, stay not. And Jonathan's lad gathered up the arrows, and came to his master. But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter. And Jonathan gave his artillery unto his lad, and said unto him, Go, carry them to the city. And as soon as the lad was gone, David arose out of a place toward the south, and fell on his face to the ground, and bowed himself three times: and they kissed one another, and wept one with another, until David exceeded. And

Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn both of us in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed for ever. And he arose and departed: and Jonathan went into the city." All this covenant and its tokens and transactions were between Jonathan and David; there was no eavesdropper, no telltale spy, no intruder, no one had knowledge of the covenant between them. The lad with his nimble feet sought out and gathered the arrows, and came to his master. "But the lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter."

"You only have I known of all the families of the earth."—Amos iii. 2. All others are strangers and foreigners, with whom the Lord has no friendship. They are his enemies, alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their hearts. The sworn covenant of ceaseless friendship with all its tokens only Jonathan and David knew, the lad knew not anything. Now in the highest aspect let us view the matter; that is, the matter between Christ and the church. As only Jonathan and David knew the matter, so the matter between Christ and his church is only known by them; all others are utterly outside, (Mark iv. 11,) and like the lad, they know not anything of the matter. The matter between Christ and the church is of eternal importance, and happy are they that know the matter. There are multitudes who imagine they know the matter, but if Christ is not dwelling in our hearts by faith we know not anything. God hath called us unto the fellowship of his Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, and all carnal professors and hypocrites with their feigned faith and dissembled love and lip service are out-

side the matter. Christ says, I will sup with him and he with me. (Rev. iii. 20.) This is union and communion, blessed intimacy. "When they were alone, he expounded all things to his disciples."—Mark iv. 34. To them it was given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, but to them that were without it was not given. Very frequently the children of God find their communion with Jesus interrupted, for so much intrudes itself between them and their beloved Savior. Jesus knows this, and ah, we amidst our conflicts and burdens know it, too. But Christ can put an end to our apartness from himself. How kindly he speaks in Mark vi. 31, 32. "He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while: for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat. And they departed into a desert place by ship privately." There they are alone; they rest and eat and hold communion with Jesus. All around them is the desert; the one green spot, the oasis in this desert, is Jesus and his own resting, eating and in intimate discourse together. The world knows not anything of this; only Christ and his loved ones know the matter. Truly there is something of a divine secrecy between Christ and poor, perishing sinners who are called unto fellowship with him. He manifests himself unto them as he does not unto the world. "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you." "The love of Jesus, what it is none but his loved ones know." "For the Lord's portion is his people; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, flutter-

eth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings: so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."—Deut. xxxii. 9–12. From all our idols our God will cleanse us. Those who are called by his grace are so led about and taught of him that they are made to cast away all false gods, all vain confidences, all lying doctrines. We find in the wilderness they fail to yield us sustenance, they can do us no good, they are miserable comforters. God in our experience of his teachings famishes all the gods of the earth, we cast them to the moles and to the bats, and the Lord alone is exalted in that day. We look alone to Christ our salvation, everything else is renounced, and there is no strange god with us. Jesus alone can lead us, and so in our faith in him we are coming up from the wilderness leaning on him alone. "Only Jonathan and David knew the matter." There are many instances given us in the Scriptures setting forth the personal relations of Christ and his people. Let us look at a few of these; perhaps in them we may see our experimental oneness with Jesus displayed. Look at the dreadful yet sacred scene presented in John viii. 3–11. There comes a company of men, scribes and Pharisees. I suppose they profess themselves to be gentlemen. There is a woman in their midst, they are bringing her with them, a wretched prisoner, whom they have taken in adultery, in the very act. Poor, wretched woman. They bring this sinful one before the Son of God. There she stands, an adulteress. They said unto Jesus, "Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to

accuse him." Why did they not drag the equally guilty man also before Jesus? Moses commanded that "the adulterer and the adulteress shall surely be put to death."—Lev. xx. 10. O the contemptible, cowardly hypocrites. She has no advocate to plead her cause, no one to pity her in that crowd; they are all her accusers, and she answers them not. She does not attempt to palliate her offence by putting the blame upon the adulterer; she has no word to speak in her own defence, she is a sinner, and dumb. She knows what Moses' law saith concerning her, but what will be the sentence from the lips of Jesus? King Lemuel in the prophecy that his mother taught him said, "Open thy mouth for the dumb in the cause of all such as are appointed to destruction."—Prov. xxxi. 8. But there is no mouth opened in behalf of this sinner. "Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not." Was it her death sentence he wrote with his finger? O no. I am sure that none of her accusers knew what he wrote, I do not know. Jesus knew what he wrote, and perhaps this sinful woman with her downcast eyes also knew the matter. "So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground." What Jesus wrote was surely for some one to read. Shall I say that the woman read what his finger wrote on the ground? May I say that only the woman and Jesus knew the matter? Christ did not come to destroy Moses' law. If Moses can stone her let her be stoned. The accusers, these professed witnesses of her guilt, who apprehended her in the very act of her adultery, let them stone her.

Jesus saith, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." What silence there is in this court! No voice is heard. Their accusations are ended, they can say no more on that head. Not a dog shall move his tongue against this woman; they cease their barking. (Exodus xi. 7.) No one takes hold of the guilty one to lead her forth to be stoned to death; not one of them has any power to cast a stone at her. She is a vessel of God's mercy, even though the law would show her none. But her accusers know not anything of this, and the woman as yet does not know the matter, but Jesus does, and soon it will be her unspeakable consolation, and then only the woman and Jesus will know the matter. "And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground." And was not Jesus doing some writing in this sinful woman's heart? While Jesus is writing on the ground, the prisoner, the woman in her shame and condemnation, stands in the midst, but the witnesses, her accusers, are leaving the court. They are all guilty, Jesus knew them, they cannot stand before him. His uplifted countenance is upon them while he speaks to them. Ah, wretched men, they cannot look Jesus in the face. As the Egyptians, when the Lord looked unto them through the pillar of fire and of cloud, were troubled and fled, (Exodus xiv. 24,) so these scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, when they heard what Christ said, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest even unto the last, and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. "When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord." The

accusers are gone, the last one has left. Will Jesus accuse her? Will the holy child Jesus, the incarnate Son of God, condemn her, cast the first stone at her? O what will he say to her, what will he do? It is now altogether a matter between Jesus and this sinful woman. All her accusers have had to give her case up to Jesus. "Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst." When Jesus lifted up himself and saw none but the woman, did he look upon her with loathing? Was that face severe? Did she read her just doom in his looks? He said, "Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord." All the hateful, hypocritical faces of her accusers are gone, not one of them is to be seen. Jesus sees none but the woman, and her eyes see none but Jesus; and while he looks upon her and she looks in his face the lips of Jesus say, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more." What court, what judge is this that sets the prisoner free? This is not the court of the law of Moses, of the old covenant. For he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses. (Heb. x. 28.) But Moses and Moses' law are not present now, they have withdrawn. Under the law this sinful woman found only condemnation, it was the ministration of death; but she now stands in another court, and before another Judge. That Judge is Jesus, the Son of God, the Mediator of the new covenant. This is the tribunal of our blessed Emmanuel, this is the throne of God and the Lamb. Here justice and judgment inhabit the throne, and mercy and truth go before his face. Righteousness and peace have kissed each other. This woman stands before the throne of grace, and Jesus, the glorious Head of grace, sits upon the throne. He is our

Lawgiver, he is our Judge, he is our King, and he will save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by him. He will show mercy unto the foulest transgressors that are brought before his seat; for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth in him. O the blessedness! The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus maketh us free from the law of sin and death. This poor sinner before Jesus is now to experience that she is not under the law, not under its curse, but under the reign of the grace of Christ; and though her sins have abounded, grace doth much more abound; and that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so shall grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord. This woman has felt the terrors of the law, its curse was announced and the sentence passed upon her. Even Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." Christ has no quarrel with Moses; but there is no one to cast the first stone at this sinner. Christ is her Savior, he came into the world to save sinners, to die for the ungodly, and from his lips comes unto this poor sinner the judgment (not of the law of Moses, but of God in the everlasting covenant of redemption), and this is what the woman heard from Jesus' lips: "Go, and sin no more." His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet smelling myrrh, his mouth is most sweet. His words dropped into her aching heart. They were words of heavenly balm, words of pardoning love, words that set the prisoner free in justification of life. O Christ, thou hast the words of eternal life, and the woman lives upon the words of Jesus' lips. The outsiders know not anything, only the woman and Jesus know the matter. "Go, and sin no more." A pardoned sinner

goes forth. The Son of God hath set this prisoner free, and she is free indeed. Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth, who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us. Not one of Moses' witnesses accosts her, not an accusation is hurled at her, not a finger of scorn is pointed at her, no look of loathing is cast upon her, for she is justified freely by Jehovah's grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. "Go, and sin no more." O how those words were cherished in her heart. All her days Jesus' dear face, his eyes of pardoning grace were before her, and with Jesus ever before her, his mouth so kind, so sweet, was ever saying to her, Sin no more. Only she and the Savior knew this matter.

A very blessed exhibition of God's sovereign grace is given us in that crucified thief who hung, in his agonies, beside the Savior on Calvary. They crucified Christ and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left. Both of them reviled the Savior. (Mark xv. 32; Matt. xxvii. 44.) Thus far neither of them knew anything, and that howling, mocking mob knows nothing of Christ. Had they known him they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.

"Soldiers with thorns his temples crowned,  
And lashed him when his hands were bound;  
But thorns and knotted whips and bands  
By us were furnished to their hands.

They nailed him to the accursed tree;  
They did, my brethren, so did we;  
The soldier pierced his side, 'tis true,  
But we have pierced him through and through."

The crucified thieves were both of them by nature children of wrath. While they were reviling Christ all the indications were that they both were vessels of

wrath fitted to destruction. Who would have thought that either of those dying men was a vessel of God's mercy, whom God would, in so short a time, prepare unto everlasting glory? One of the thieves ceases to revile the dear Redeemer, and begins to rebuke his fellow-malefactor, saying, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? and we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." What an amazing transformation! That wicked mob can see the crucified ones, behold their sufferings, hear their groans and cries, but the transactions of God's sovereign grace in the heart of this dying thief they cannot see, they know not anything thereof. Only the Lord and this thief know the matter. During the time that Jesus hung upon the cross even the true believers in him, who witnessed his sufferings and heard his dying groans, were so tossed with conflicting hopes and fears, so filled with sorrow over him whom they loved, and were so confounded, that all their expectations in him as the Lord's Christ appeared to be wrecked. But though all others are enshrouded in obscurity, and the eyes of their faith are dimmed, yet the Lord in matchless sovereign mercy so wrought in the soul of this suffering, dying thief, gave him such eyes to see, such an heart to perceive, and poured upon his vision such revelations of what was now being transacted on Calvary, that he was moved to cry unto Jesus with all entreaty, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." "The lad knew not any thing: only Jonathan and David knew the matter." Now upon Calvary there is a matter which no one has knowledge of in all that multitude that looks upon Christ crucified between the two crucified thieves. This mat-

ter that other thief does not know. Only Jesus and the suppliant thief know the matter; yes, he then knew more than all the believers in Christ upon the earth knew. Pilate wrote a title, and put it on the cross, and the writing was, Jesus of Nazareth, the king of the Jews. (John xix. 19.) But this was not the source from which this dying thief obtained his knowledge of Christ, but unto him it was given by the Holy Spirit to know this mystery of the kingdom. Christ crucified then hanging upon his cross was the King of glory, and he not only beheld him to be the King, but in the revelations given unto him he beholds him spoiling principalities and powers, triumphing over them in his sufferings and blood on the cross. He is given to see Jesus, the Mighty One, mighty to save, vanquishing all the foes of his people, making an end of their sins, finishing transgression, reconciling iniquity, and bringing in everlasting righteousness for his redeemed. (Daniel ix. 24.) He believes that though now he gives himself a sacrifice, and is dying for them, he will triumph over death, arise from the grave and enter into his glory. "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things; and to enter into his glory?"—Luke xxiv. 26. O how moved is the heart of this poor sinner toward Christ. The other crucified thief is not so moved. God has graciously wrought in the heart of the suppliant one, and so he now yearns for mercy, for salvation, for an entrance into and a place in Christ's kingdom; and out of his sin-distressed, aching heart he cries, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Think upon me, have a thought for me, have pity, show mercy; do not shut me out of thy kingdom; Lord, remember me. He does not ask, as he did awhile ago, to be saved from dying upon the cross. There

is a hereafter in his thoughts, and glimpses of the glory of the everlasting kingdom of Christ, the Lord of glory, are given him. O that I might enter there; that I might a sharer be in its holy blessedness, though I am nothing but a vile, worthless malefactor. There on the cross hangs the incarnate Son of God in unspeakable anguish, a sacrifice for the sins of his people. Amidst the travail of his soul can he have a thought for, can he, will he hear the cry of this vile transgressor, who only a little while ago reviled him? O the exceeding riches of the grace of Christ! He will. I can think that the dear Lamb of God turned his head unto this crucified, dying thief while he said, "Verily, I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Take notice of this "verily." It is no fiction Jesus speaks. He does not comfort this dying man with delusive expectations. The words that Christ speaks are spirit and life. He has the words of eternal life, and speaks them to the heart of this perishing sinner. How comforted is this dying man. It is bliss now to die, for to die will be eternal gain, to be with Christ in paradise. O the love of Christ for this thief! O the love of this crucified thief for Jesus! Only Christ and the thief know this matter. They both suffer the tortures of crucifixion. But O the unfathomed anguish of Christ's soul, which he poured out unto death to redeem his church from sin and death and hell. Christ Jesus in the midst of all his travail of soul pours into the soul of this dying thief the blessedness of the hope of everlasting glory. Never can we poor mortals know all the deeps of anguish Jesus endured when he cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" At length Jesus said, "It is finished,"—John xix. 30, and with a loud voice said,

"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said this, he gave up the ghost."—Luke xxiii. 46. And there came soldiers, and brake the legs of the first, and of the other which was crucified with him. But when they came to Jesus, and saw that he was dead already, they brake not his legs, ("a bone of him shall not be broken"), but one of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side, and forthwith came there out blood and water. There in his bodily sufferings, for a little while, hangs the dying thief, but in his soul the voice of Christ is saying, Verily, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.

I thought to have presented other illustrations of the subject, but let this that I have penned suffice for the present. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will shew them his covenant." O may it be our heritage to know the matter.

FREDERICK W. KEENE.

NORTH BERWICK, Maine.

SULLIGENT, Ala., Jan. 19, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER MORDECAI:—According to your request, I will try to write my experience and call to the ministry, if indeed I have any. When I was sixteen years old, in the year 1885, in May, I first felt that I was without hope and without God. I was plowing cotton one day and felt that I was going to die, and that where God was I could not go. This meant despair to me, and I commenced trying to pray, but it seemed to me all I could say was wasted breath; but I kept on trying to pray, and would ask every one I knew to pray for me, but nothing did me any good; still I went on, trying everything every one told me to do, but nothing helped me. I surely was in deep trouble, and the very breathing of my heart was, Lord, have mercy upon me, a

sinner. So it went on until September, 1886. On the third Sunday I bade everything farewell, as I thought I was surely going to die, and I went to pray for the last time, and fell to the ground, saying, Lord, have mercy upon me. In a short time he gave me relief and peace. It was the most precious season I ever experienced, and this is the reason of my hope, if indeed I have a hope. At times it seems very small; sometimes it seems that it is all in all to me, and again it seems that I am deceived and have deceived my brethren. So I grope along. The first time that I ever thought of preaching was after I dreamed that I was trying to preach to a large gathering, and my subject was, "For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." As I awoke it appeared to me that I must try to do this again, but I cried to God that I could not do it. It was not long before I wanted to join the church, but felt that there was something I must do or some dreadful thing would come upon me. This gave me great trouble, and I tried every way I could to get rid of it, but it seemed to grow worse and worse, and although I tried in every way to drown it nothing helped me. So it went on until I was thirty-five years old, when I joined the "Free Will Baptists," and they wanted me to try to preach for them, and I did so, but this did not give me ease. Then I left them and joined the Missionary Baptists; there I did the same thing, and tried to be satisfied, but could get no better. I thought I had been so wicked that there was no hope for me, and I was so miserable I did not know what to do, and was ready to give up. I asked the good Lord if he would show me the right thing to do and I would try and do it. I dreamed one night that I went to an old log house, and there was a



crowd of old people, and when I went in they asked me if the Lord had been with me, and I told them I did not know. They asked me to stay and talk with them, which I did. When I awoke I was very happy; my trouble was gone and all was peace. By and by I went to the Old School Baptist Church and heard them preach, and they told me just how I felt. I went on, but did not ask to join them, but kept dreaming of trying to preach, but thought I never could do that with these dear old people. My troubles grew worse again, and I thought that I had so persecuted the good Lord that he would never forgive me. I promised if God would forgive me I would do better, but I seemed to grow worse and worse, and went groping on my way until I was a misery to myself and my family. Finally I went to the Old Baptists and told them how I felt, and to my surprise they took me in. After a time they wanted me to talk for them, and I commenced trying, and felt some better, and to my surprise they licensed me to preach.

These are just a few hints of my troubles. If this is worth anything to you, keep it; if not, put it in the fire. I am so imperfect and so sinful it looks to me that I am too full of sin to be a servant of God; may he help and guide me. Pray for me when all is well with you. This is a very small portion of what I have experienced, but I hope the Lord has led me so far and will strengthen and help me to go in the right way. I feel there is no one like me.

Your brother in hope of eternal life,  
W. M. HANEY.

APRIL 12, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I am sending you two letters, one from my sister by birth, and Spirit, I hope; the other is from my cousin by marriage. I have not their consent, but I know it will be all right with them. Use your judgment about publishing them and it will be all right with me.

TRYPHENA THORNE.

GILBOA, N. Y., Nov. 19, 1916.

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—I was both surprised and pleased to receive a letter from you, as I often think of you and of writing you, but have kept delaying until a more convenient season, therefore I miss a great deal. I often long to converse with some one who believes as I do: that God is a sovereign, and controls all things in heaven and earth, and accomplishes his purposes, and all things will work in line for the accomplishment of his purposes, and poor, feeble man cannot hinder. Men boast of great things they can do in the name of the Lord, but what is man? his breath is in his nostrils, given him of God. I live in the past, and think of the time when we met in the house of God with the dear saints and held sweet communion in love and fellowship; it was to me a heavenly place. Now there are only a few left, the rest have gone to their reward, and we shall soon follow and be at rest. I often long for the time to come, to be free from this body of sin, where all is joy and peace, no more sorrow, but to be forever with the Lord. I often wonder why I am spared; he has a purpose, and I desire to be reconciled to his will, and say, Not my will, but thine, be done.

Elder Clark was here last Sunday; there were about twelve present. I feel his age will not permit him to come very

much longer, but the Lord will provide all needful things for us. It was my sweet privilege to be at the yearly meeting here last year, also the association this fall. Elder McConnell was here last year, and brother Ruston this year. I had heard neither before, and enjoyed all the meetings very much, and thank the Giver of all good gifts for the privilege given me, for I do love to hear the gospel preached that gives God all the glory for our salvation.

I am not very strong, and each year tells me that the old house is tumbling down, but I am thankful that it is as well with me as it is. I still wait on myself, and keep my room, and work at something most of the time. I have pieced ten quilts since I have been here, also other sewing. I have the best of children and grandchildren, who remember me, so you see I have blessings without number to thank my heavenly Father for; his watchful care has been over me from youth to old age. I was eighty-one years old last October. There are very few, as you say, of our youthful companions who are living, yet we are still spared for some purpose only known to the Lord.

I take the SIGNS, which is a great comfort to me in my lonely hours. What a turmoil there is at the present time. I feel prophecy is rapidly being fulfilled: wars and rumors of wars in the land. People seem to have gone mad with pleasure and greed, no fear of God before their eyes, and what will be the end? But God reigns.

Well, I must close. My mind has run on and on in a wandering way.

I hope you may pass a pleasant winter, and that the Lord will guard and guide us as in the past. If we never meet on earth, I trust we may in the blessed be-

yond. Please excuse this long, rambling letter, and write me when convenient.

With best wishes, from one of the least,  
AMILIA A. BILLINGS.

SCHOHARIE, N. Y., Dec. 9, 1916.

DEAR SISTER:—I was glad to get your letter, as it had been some time since I heard from you. O how often when sitting here alone I think if we could only be together. Why must we be so far from each other? All I can say is, the Lord has so willed it, and what he does is right, for he never makes a mistake. Two weeks ago to-morrow was our meeting. Elder Vail was with us. O what a preacher he is; I have heard him for more than thirty-six years, and his preaching is just as good as when I first heard him. He spoke twice Sunday at the meeting-house, and here in the evening. How much I have to be thankful for. Yesterday three of the sisters came to see me. I often wonder why I have been so highly favored, I know there is nothing I have done to merit the blessing. O that I might praise my dear Father as I ought, for I have so much to be thankful for. I do not mind being lame, I am not alone long at a time, and have my sewing, which keeps me busy. I can get around to do my work, and have a boy come in nights and mornings to attend to the fires, and I have near neighbors, and they are all very good to me. It will be eleven years to-morrow since my husband left me for a better home. He is at rest, no pain or sorrow there. Well might the poet say, "It is not death to die;" it is only going home.

I have a letter from Amilia Billings, which I will send you.

I will close. The bells are calling, and why do I not feel to go? Because I have not so learned Christ. Remember me to all.

With best wishes, your sister,

HELEN.

HAMILTON, Texas, Feb. 3, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I send you a letter I received comfort from for your judgment, as to whether you think it good matter for publication. I have brother Curlee's consent if you wish to give it space. He is a very precious brother to me.

Unworthily yours in affliction, yet in a blessed hope of another and better world,  
W. D. WOOD.

ATHENS, Texas, Jan. 5, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER WOOD:—Brother in our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, upon whom all our hope of life and salvation depends, and around whom all our love and affections cling under any and all circumstances. I have all along had in mind to write to you, but I feel my own weakness and inability to do so; however I will try to tell you some of the thoughts that are and have been on my mind for some time, from which I have received comfort, and I feel that I want to present them to you, if the Lord will enable me to do so, hoping that you may draw some comfort from the same line of thought. "Not a hoof shall be left behind." These are the words of Moses to Pharaoh just before the departure of God's chosen people out of Egypt, out of the house of bondage, in accordance with God's promise to Abraham four hundred years before; and as he was now about to redeem his chosen people, Israel, it was not possible that even one hoof should be left behind. All of God's chosen people then in Egypt must pass through the Red Sea, the way provided by God's almighty power, led by the pillar of cloud (Jesus). No invitation was given to any one to follow, nor were they permitted to do so, but in hatred and revenge against Israel they attempted to follow and were

destroyed. "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." To my mind national Israel represents in a measure spiritual Israel, but not wholly so. I do understand however that God did with a high hand and outstretched arm bring out his chosen people without any voluntary act on their part, but alone by his own power, according to the previous covenant or promise made. When Israel had passed through the Red Sea and beheld her enemies dead, and they could never more trouble her, they sang the song of redemption: redeeming grace. Brother Wood, here is where I feel that all of God's little ones are made to rejoice when they see and are made to feel that all their sins are forever put away, and that they are fully justified in Christ Jesus their Lord. But as Israel journeyed on through the wilderness she found other trials. There was nothing to eat and no water to drink, men could not furnish either. The pillar of cloud (Jesus) still led them, but the people murmured, as they so often do, and Moses cried unto the Lord, and the Lord gave them water to sustain natural life, pointing to the true water of life which Jesus alone can give, and God gave them bread from heaven to eat. No man was offered or could obtain this water or bread except an Israelite. It was not offered under the law to any one willing to obey or accept. As national Israel had her conflicts in the wilderness after she was freed from the house of bondage, so to my view spiritual Israel has her conflicts before entering the visible church as well as after entering.

Dear brother, I feel that this letter is growing longer than interesting. I see the subject is too great for me; I have

hardly started in the great field, but before closing I want to say that the crossing of Jordan and entering the land of promise typifies God's children entering the visible church through baptism. These are only my own thoughts; I am open for correction. I know you are acquainted with my weakness, and will in love correct me if you see that I am wrong. May the Lord bless you, is the prayer of your unworthy brother in hope of life beyond this vale of tears,

J. E. CURLEE.

COTTAGE GROVE, Ore., Aug. 18, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I ask you to please send to the above address my copy of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. We purposed going to our former church home, at North Yakima, but circumstances beyond our control defeated our predestination, therefore we yield to the inevitable, and feel to be assured that good, not evil, will be the result, because if we (wife and I) are indeed joint-heirs with the Heir of all things, it is true. While our estimate of self is small, yet his assurance, "Ye are of more value than many sparrows," bids us take courage, since by the mouth of his chosen vessel, Paul, he affirms that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. I also planned visiting Bellingham, as well as the Siloam Association, but feel to trust that his way, not mine, is for the best. In these small things his hand is evident, and I feel so glad to be led, as I humbly hope, to rejoice that his purposes apply in all of our wanderings. Some of the wise ones profess to know what is or is not good, but I confess to be thoroughly dependent upon the One who hideth himself from the wise and prudent and revealeth secretly to those who seek him not. (Psalms lxxv. 1.) He saw them from afar, even

before Adam was called into being; ere sin entered he had provision made for his redemption, and that of his chosen people, and the advance of time has not added to his foreknowledge and his predestination. His foreknowledge predestinated that Adam should eat of the tree of good and evil. "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Yes, the day was appointed in which it was to be done. Herein is declared the foreknowledge, also his predestination, deny the fact whoever will. "He sits on no precarious throne," nor does he need puny man to defend his acts. This is a thrice blessed phase of the scheme of redemption, and is so ably presented in the SIGNS that my poor addendum is unnecessary.

One thought more and I am done. In what way could the advent of the Savior have been so absolutely predestinated and the entrance of sin as an undeniable fact left out of the predestination of Jehovah? Our Lord is one of purpose (not of chance) and the predestination of a Savior of necessity admits the existence of sin.

In closing, I make free to remind the objectors that Revelation v. 6, corresponds with what took place in fact when on the cross of Calvary at the appointed time, and, too, with all contingent circumstances, He who had no sin made full atonement for all, even those whom he mentions in his prayer (John xvii. 2), nor shall one of them perish; no, never. Glory be to God. I meet here several who are akin to the flock of slaughter, a blessed company, and some are passing over, and incidently I am advised of the home-going of precious sister L. S. Pittman, whose kindly interest, by loaning me copies of the old SIGNS, proved to me an incalculable aid doctrinally.

Your brother and sister,  
ALEXANDER & MARY CHEYNE.

DRAIN, Oregon, May 23, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—The time has come for me to renew my subscription to the dear old SIGNS. I want to take it as long as I live. It seems that we are living in a dark age, a world war is on, and we fear there will be great suffering before it is over. There is another thing that causes me great anxiety, and that is, it seems to me that our once faithful ministers have waxed cold, and we are all so indifferent about the assembling of ourselves together, not as in days gone by; we let trivial matters that come up keep us away from the meetings. I often wonder if the whole world has gone off after the war gods, yet when we stop to think we know God is in it all. He knows our every need, and suffers all these things to be so. I feel as Moses did when he came to the Red Sea: he commanded the children of Israel to stand still and see the salvation of the Lord. O if we could only trust God and feel assured that he is watching over his chosen vessels of mercy for their good we could be at rest; but I am like doubting Thomas, I feel deep down in the dark valley at times, yet through it all want to be submissive, and at times can say, I know that my Redeemer liveth; then there is a calm or peace comes into my soul. If I could only write like some of the correspondents of the SIGNS I surely would be glad, but I think we all understand each other, even if we little ones have not the gift that the abler ones have, and what a blessing it is that we know the joyful sound when we hear it. We hope we are all taught to speak and understand this language, Christ being our schoolmaster. The world has no use for our doctrine, for it gives the Lord all power. I have neighbors who tell me that we have to do something ourselves, and I ask them who

gave us power and knowledge to do for ourselves. The Lord is able to dethrone our reason in the twinkling of an eye, he alone holds the key of life and death in his hand. It is the same with our spiritual life; at times when we feel his presence we are made to rejoice, and I often wonder why we cannot always be kept in that spirit; but Satan soon comes in and tells us our hope is all delusion, then we are left to feel our own sinful nature; but, dear ones, the Savior is in the darkness as well as in the light; it is necessary that we be led as we are, for it teaches us the weakness of our flesh and our dependence upon the Lord. I often think of the words,

“Keep silence, all created things,  
And wait your Maker's nod;  
My soul stands trembling while she sings  
The honors of her God.”

Well, here I am writing in a rambling way again; I do wish I could keep silent, and not try to fill the place of more able writers. Please do not let this crowd out better matter, for I do love all the writers with a spiritual love that the world knows nothing about, and we cannot tell them, for none but Jesus can give spiritual understanding.

I will close, with christian love to all the household of God, praying that he will hear and revive us, and that we may be able to ascribe all honor, power and praise to him to whom it belongs.

Your little sister, saved by grace if saved at all,

S. MORNINGSTAR.

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### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

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OLIVER P. SPEIRS has changed his address from Claremont, Cal., to 229 North Market St., Riverside, Cal.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to  
J. E. BEEBE & CO.,  
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***REVELATION III. 20.**

"BEHOLD, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

Few Scriptures have been more misapplied than the above. It has been a favorite theme with those who believe that the sinner's salvation depends upon his own efforts to so apply this Scripture as to mean that God is knocking at the door of every sinner's heart, and that if the sinner will open his heart and allow God to come in he will be saved. Such an interpretation does not at all take into account the connection in which this text occurs. Let us notice this scriptural setting of our text in order to come at a more correct understanding of the intention of the Spirit in using such words as our text contains. First of all, these words are not addressed to unbelieving sinners, but to the church, an association of baptized believers. To the church of Laodicea, which was in a lukewarm state, the Spirit comes voicing reproof. God's children either as individuals or as a church, often get into that state where they need reproof. One of the purposes of the Scriptures is to furnish reproof and correction to the people of God. It is evident that the Laodicean brethren at

the time in which the Spirit addressed them in Rev. iii. 20, needed to be corrected. God is the judge of when to reprove and whom to reprove. Brethren cannot tell, even though they be ministers of the gospel, when to correct or to reprove. Criticism or fault-finding between brethren accomplishes little that is good; more often it serves to alienate brethren than to heal a breach. When the Spirit moves a pastor to call his brethren's attention to faults or matters that need remedying, it will invariably be in the spirit of kindness and brotherly love, never harshly or bitterly. The Laodicean brethren were in such shape that they felt themselves to be rich, when, in reality, they were poor, wretched, miserable and blind; thinking themselves clothed when indeed they were naked. In other words, while this church was possibly observing the order and the ordinances of the house of God, it must have been only in a sort of formal, lifeless manner, without due regard for the solemnity and substance of what they were doing. We believe it is possible for God's people to degenerate into formal christians without having much feeling or sense of spirituality of what they are doing. We think the Laodicean Church was in somewhat such a state as that: lukewarm, neither cold nor hot. It goes without saying that God alone, the Husbandman of the vineyard, is the only one who knows when and how to dig about his plants and to give them the stirring up that they need. Sometimes this stirring up comes in the way we do not want it; often it seems that our very vitals are being torn out of us, that we are being torn up by the roots. This works spiritual good to the church of God, even though it may entail great temporal sacrifice or loss. Therefore there is not the slightest warrant for say-

ing that God knocks at every sinner's heart, that he knocks at the hearts of dead, unrepentant, unbelieving sinners. Such a construction of the text does violence to the whole tenor of God's written word from Genesis to Revelation. It is only at the door of his own church that God knocks. This knocking is done by his Holy Spirit, and it appeals not to any part of the believer's nature carnally, but to his faith given him of God, that is, to the Christ-life within him. In other words, the knocking is at the door, and Jesus is the door of his people, the church. The knocking is not done at the door of a man's heart at all, no matter whether he be saint or sinner, and we cannot see where any one has gotten that idea of its being the heart that is here spoken of as being knocked at. No mention is made of any part of a man's body, his heart or any other part. The ones addressed are the church, and it is said that the knocking is at the door. Then it must mean the door of the church. Therefore, Jesus is the door of the church, and the nature of Jesus is in every believer, for they receive the divine nature in being born from above of the incorruptible Seed of God, according to his word. Thus we must conclude that this reproof of God to his people is administered to the door of the church, that is, to the spiritual nature of the believer, to that which is Christ in them. This must be so, for the natural man knows not nor receives the things of God. The carnal mind, whether in believer or in unbeliever, is enmity against God in the one as well as in the other. The Lord never appeals to the natural man to better himself, for the natural man is without any ability whatever to proceed obediently along the spiritual path. The word "if" in the text does not imply a condition which it is in the

power of believers to perform themselves, but it does mean that the Spirit speaking to the faith of the hearers will make manifest those who have the ability to hear the knocking and those who have not that ability. Those that have ears to hear will hear what the Spirit says to the church; those who do not hear, hear not because they have no ears. In the days of the apostles there were those who crept into the churches unawares, those who intruded themselves into things which they had not seen, vainly puffed up in their fleshly minds. These, because they had no spiritual hearing, were not able to receive the admonitions of the Spirit, nor to heed them. These caused divisions and contentions among the brethren. Thus the "if" does not imply that those in the church may or may not of themselves respond to the reproof of the Spirit, but it means that if there are any in the church possessed of a spiritual mind, the reproof of the Spirit will meet with a response from such, and there will be an opening unto the message which the Spirit of Jesus brings. The condition of the Baptist Church from 1800 to 1832 illustrates what we mean. During that period there were certain restless spirits in the church who sought to bring in strange doctrines and to add new institutions, thereby setting at naught the old landmarks and departing from the faith of the fathers. But there were raised up such men as Gilbert Beebe, Thos. P. Dudley, Samuel Trott, Thomas Barton and others who fearlessly preached Christ and him crucified. In these men as angels the Spirit of God was speaking to the churches and reproving the false things among them. If there were any among the churches, and there were many, who heeded this knocking of sound doctrine, they could not help but open unto

it, and unto such Jesus entered and entertained them, or supped with them, breaking unto them the bread of life, comforting them in the midst of the divisions which were rending the churches, establishing them firmly in the doctrine of God our Savior. We firmly believe, therefore, that the words of our text apply only unto the church of God here in the world, that wherever the Spirit sees fit to stir up our pure minds, there is always a response on the part of the brethren, some of them at least, to this stirring up, thus bringing about a discrimination between him that serves God and him that serves him not. Wherever the true faith is, there are bound to be certain works manifesting that faith. These works are being tested by the Spirit to make evident whether they are the works of the flesh or of the Spirit.

This is written at the request of sister Mary E. Lake of Hurricane, W. Va.

L.

#### ACTS VIII. 17.

"THEN laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost."

We must insist, first of all, that the apostles of themselves could not bestow the Holy Ghost on any one. It was only as they abode in Jesus, and he in them, that they could perform anything of a spiritual nature at all. Jesus had told them that without him they could do nothing, that he was the Vine and they were the branches. The life in the vine is the life that flows through the branches and that produces the fruit in the branches. Thus the apostles were all what they were by the grace of God, and not of themselves. To them certain gifts of the Spirit were given, and these gifts exercised them, and they had no control over their own gifts. The Holy Ghost dwelt in these called servants of God and

wrought certain things by them. No credit whatever is due to the apostles for the things the Spirit caused them to do. All glory and honor and power is unto God. Now, it appears from the reading of the eighth chapter of the Acts that Philip had been preaching and baptizing in Samaria. Those baptized by Philip did not receive the Holy Ghost. Referring back to the second chapter of the Acts, we find that those baptized at Jerusalem by the apostles during Pentecost received in their baptism the gift of the Holy Ghost. This gift of the Holy Ghost was lacking in those by Philip baptized in Samaria. Why there should have been this lack we do not know. This gift of the Holy Ghost is understanding and enlightenment. Jesus, before his death, told the disciples that when the Comforter or Holy Ghost should come, he would guide them in the way of all truth, and would reveal the things of Jesus unto them; that is, the sayings which Jesus had told them would be opened up or explained unto them so that they would understand their meaning. This promise we find verified when the Holy Ghost did come at Pentecost, for Peter was then able to expound the Old Testament, a thing which neither he nor any other man, except Jesus, had ever been able before to do. This understanding or being enlightened seems to be the gift of the Holy Ghost, and is the privilege only of baptized believers. This understanding seems to have been deficient in those baptized by Philip. They had been baptized, but had not received the Holy Ghost in the sense that they were not clear in their minds as to what the Scriptures meant. This gift they received through the laying on of hands by the apostles. Now, please bear in mind, we are not saying the apostles did this of themselves. They



nor any other set of men could ever, then or since, endow any one with spiritual understanding. But if the Holy Ghost saw fit to impart this gift through their laying on of hands, this makes it no less the work of God and of his Spirit, and is not at all the work of men. God does to-day greatly comfort his people through the ministry. Is it any wonder then that he saw fit to grant the Holy Ghost through the apostles' laying on of hands?

At the request of brother S. J. Norris, of Berry, Ala. L.

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### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

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Written by Elder J. R. Dennison.

*The Tygarts Valley River Association of Old School Primitive Predestinarian Baptists, now in session with the Valley Church, Randolph County, West Virginia, to the several churches of which she is composed, and to all of like precious, God-given faith, sendeth christian salutation.*

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD:—  
Once more a few of us, through the kind providence of the ever merciful God, have been permitted to meet as an association of churches and brethren, and, we humbly hope, for the alone purpose of worshipping, praising and glorifying his great and exalted name, and comforting and edifying one another. Dear brethren, many and varied have been the changes that have taken place since our last assembling together in an associate capacity; some of our dear loved ones have been called away to the realities of an eternal world, where we believe they are now basking in the sweet sunshine of God's holy, peaceful presence, praising, glorifying and adoring Father, Son and Holy Spirit for electing love, redeeming grace and justifying faith, and while they are greatly missed by us here, we can but

hope that by the grace of God it may be our happy estate to join them on the sunny side of sweet deliverance in the fair, bright world of glory, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary be at rest. O may it be his holy will to keep us one and all in the highway of holiness that leads to joys at his right hand, for in his presence is fullness of joy, and at his right hand there are pleasures for evermore. The past year has been one of great trials and tribulations, of sorrows and griefs, and of anxieties and fears, the whole world in a commotion; not only is it true from a political point of view, nation rising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, but it is gone into idolatry, the whole world gone after the beast, crying, Lo here and lo there. Dear brethren, let us believe them not, nor run after them, for they are false teachers, deceitful workers; they are greedy dogs, which can never have enough, they look every one for his gain from his quarter, so that the continual cry is, Give, give. But, dear brethren, we were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot. He gave his life a ransom for the church (not the world), that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot, wrinkle or any such thing, but that it should be holy and without blemish. Then he says, In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me peace; be of good cheer, I have overcome the world. Yea, the battle is fought, the victory won. We have many conflicts in the world, but he has gained the victory over them all in his death, and triumphed over death, hell and the grave in his resurrection.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Then, dear brethren, how sweet to reflect on the joys that await us in yon blissful region, the haven of rest. Yes, this mortal shall put on immortality, and this corruptible incorruption, so that our vile bodies will be fashioned like unto his glorious body, and then shall we be satisfied, for we shall see him as he is and be like him. O glorious thought, blessed anticipation. How sweet to be blessed with a precious hope of meeting the dear Savior in glory. Dear brethren, let us strive to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace, bear one another's burdens, and not make a brother an offender for a word, but by long-suffering forgive one another as God for Christ's sake has forgiven us. Now, to the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and forever. Amen.

Dear brethren, farewell.

J. B. CROSS, Moderator.

J. N. BARTLETT, Clerk.

(Written by J. M. Cate.)

*To the Elders and messengers of the Hazel Creek Association of Regular Predestinarian Baptists, and the churches they represent, when in session with Providence Church, Appanoose County, Iowa, and all who love the Lord.*

VERY DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS IN THE LORD:—We realize it is through the loving-kindness and tender mercy of the all-wise God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will, that we are once more permitted to meet together in council and worship his most holy name. This reminds us that time is swiftly passing, and that another year is gone with its joys and sorrows, which seem to be the lot of pilgrim strangers

sojourning in a strange land. How thankful we should be that we have such a great Leader to guide us in the ways of peace, who is too wise to err and too good to do wrong.

Dear brethren and sisters, it seems that by your action in the last session of the association, and according to previous custom, you will expect a Circular Letter to attach to your Minutes. I do not see why the lot to write one should have fallen to a poor, weak lay member of the church. You did not expect me to take a text and preach to you Jesus, the way, the truth and the life, therefore, and seeing we call ourselves Predestinarian Baptists, will try to search for some few of the reasons why.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth, and all the hosts thereof. In the beginning of what? In the beginning of time. And God saw all that he had made, that it was very good. Good for what? Good for the purpose for which it was made. We begin to imagine that God must have had a purpose in all his creation. We also read that God made man last, and before he made him said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness; and let him have dominion over all the earth. You see God decided to make man before he made him, decided to make him in his own image and likeness, and decided to give him dominion over all the earth. Decided, determined, predestinated if you please. We begin to think that God must be a predestinarian, but perhaps we had better look a little further. Maybe he has changed, but we read somewhere in the Scripture that he said, I am God, and change not. James said, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever. We would like to bring a few other proofs which mildly imply that

God must have continued to be a predestinarian. God predetermined to destroy man off the face of the earth. Yes, he determined beforehand, for he told Noah he was going to do it long before he did. He also told Noah to build an ark, how to build it, and what kind of material to use. Thou shalt build it so and so, not, You may build it so and so if you will. Searching a little more diligently, we find when God made this man he planted a garden eastward in Eden and put him therein, and gave him a few little laws to govern his actions. Well, it seems that Adam may have been like his posterity nowadays, concluded he was a free moral agent and would try his hand, but the very first move God drove him out of the garden and placed a flaming sword that turned every way to guard the way of the tree of life. Hardly free. The Scripture says, Know ye not that ye are not your own? Ye are bought with a price. Well, Adam, trying to be a free moral agent, fell under sin, and the sentence was death. Looking a little further we find that God had prepared a Ransom, prepared it before he made man. He must have known that man would transgress, and must also be a predestinarian, for we see that he determined to redeem man from this death before he made him, for we read that Christ stood as a Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. Searching farther down in time, we find that God began to tell the people when that Lamb should come, and of all the surroundings, that is, of the things that should come to pass. We read, "And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus: for he shall save his people from their sins." This sounds like God is all-wise, a sovereign ruler and a predestinarian, for before these things came to pass God said they

should be. Now we all agree that the first two "shalls" have been fulfilled, and Christ himself says that he fulfilled the other. Let us see if this predestination extends any farther. Christ says, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring." God hath said, I will dwell in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people. Paul says in Ephesians, "We have obtained an inheritance, being predestinated according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will." In Romans viii. 29, we read: "For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son." Christ says, "I go to prepare a place for you." He told his disciples he was going before he went. Well, we will have to conclude that Christ continued a predestinarian to the end. I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am there ye may be also. In heaven of ultimate glory with Christ, to see him as he is and be like him, and as the poet says:

"When we've been there ten thousand years,  
Bright shining as the sun,  
We've no less days to sing God's praise  
Than when we first begun."

And all according to the eternal purpose of God, which he purposed in Christ Jesus our Lord. So God must have had a purpose in all his creation, for the Scripture says he created it not in vain. So we see that predestination was not only in the beginning, but reaches on down through the annals of time and on into eternity. Now, dear brethren, if we have any part or lot in this why should we not be called predestinarians?

Now may grace, mercy and truth be with you all, and in you all, and may his Spirit be with you in all your deliberations. Amen.

W. T. WALTERS, Moderator.

H. C. CATE, Clerk.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

My father, **Hardin Irwin**, the eldest child in a family of six sons, was born about a mile west of what was then the village of Boston, in Nelson County, Ky., on the 17th day of January, 1809. He lived with his parents on his native heath until he was fourteen years old. In the year 1823 his parents left Kentucky and removed with the family to Perry County, Ind., where they lived for five years. In 1828 his father, Joseph Irwin, removed from Perry County to Putnam County, Ind., and located near the town of Morton. My father lived in Putnam County, Ind., for twenty-four years. Like the parents of Wilson Thompson, the great Old School Baptist preacher, my father and mother were first cousins, my grandfathers, Joseph and Isaac Irwin, being brothers. In the year 1835 my father married Miss Hetty Irwin, daughter of Isaac Irwin. By this marriage he had ten children, seven sons and three daughters, two of whom died in infancy. The writer of this notice was the ninth child of this union. In 1852 my father moved with his family to Mercer County, Mo., where he resided for eleven years. On the 23rd day of June, 1863, having been warned by a friend that it had been decreed by the Union men of the community to kill my father that night, he bade farewell to mother and us children, and in the dusk of that memorable evening he, in company with Elder Willoughby, an Old School Predestinarian Baptist preacher, left the old homestead where the writer was born, in order to prevent his Republican neighbors from murdering him, and walked all the way back to Putnam County, Ind. During August and September of that mid-year of the war between the States, he attended several Old School Baptist associations in western Indiana, and heard some of the ablest and soundest Old School Predestinarian Baptist preachers that ever lived in America. Among these were Gilbert Beebe, Thomas P. Dudley, Joel Humes, Grigg M. Thompson and John Shields. On the 6th of October, 1863, my father joined his family in Johnson County, Nebr., to which place mother and we children had gone in the meantime. Here he resided, with the exception of one year, until the spring of 1883. In April of that year he returned, sick and alone, to the old homestead in Missouri, which had been purchased back and was then occupied by my brother, John W. Irwin. There, in the old log house, on the 23rd day of June, 1883, just twenty years after he had left there in order to keep from being killed, he passed away.

My father was a thorough Old School Predestinarian Baptist, and had a deep and abiding experience of grace in his heart, although he never united with the church. When reminded of his duty he always declared, with feelings of deep emotion and with tears: "I have never felt worthy to belong to

the Old Baptist Church." He wrote to two of his children, in a letter dated eleven months and ten days before his death, and which has but lately come into my possession: "If I am not deceived, I had at least a glimmering hope that I was one of that number that passed through great tribulation, trials and distresses. I say a glimmering hope, but if I am not deceived it grows brighter and brighter every day, which comfort, my children, I have had for fifty-one years. Some few words that I may try to say may make you think that I am losing faith in the Old Baptists, but for your comfort I will say that I feel, if possible, stronger and more confirmed than ever." This letter was written to my sister and the writer July 13th, 1882. My father was a loving, faithful husband, a noble father, a neighbor of unimpeachable integrity, honest, industrious, economical, and yet generous and magnanimous to a degree. He had a strong, logical, legal mind, but the subject that interested him most was the Bible and the doctrine of God our Savior. Our house was always a Baptist home, and often there was preaching at our house. Isaac Blakely, Joseph H. Flint, Isaiah Guymon, Richard M. Thomas, Isaiah Waggoner, William Jones and many others whom I could name have preached in my father's house the unsearchable riches of Christ.

BENJAMIN HARDIN IRWIN.

**Mrs. Mary J. Butler**, our sister in Christ, died at her home, 621 23rd St., N. W., Washington, D. C., Sept. 26th, 1917, aged 58 years. She was the daughter of Daniel and Jane Ferris, born in Washington, D. C. In 1875 she was married to Lafayette J. Butler. To them were born four children, three daughters and one son. Sister Butler is survived by her husband and two daughters: Mrs. Katz and Mrs. Milstead, and by one son, Ulysses Butler, also a half-sister, Mrs. Martha Shearer, and one brother, John R. Ferris, and two grandchildren. In 1913 sister Butler was baptized by Elder Joshua T. Rowe into membership with the Shiloh Church, Washington, D. C. The death of her daughter about a year ago was a great trial to sister Butler, and she seemed to decline in health from that time. She was a great sufferer, but very patient. She did not murmur or complain, though her pain was terrible at times. She had been a follower of the Old School Baptists for a long time before she united with them. To meet with her brethren was her chief joy in life; no pleasure of the world could compare with the enjoyment she found in her meetings. After she became ill so that she could not attend the meetings, her meeting day never came that she did not think of it and wish that she might be present with her brethren.

Owing to the absence of her pastor, Elder J. T. Rowe, the family called on the writer to attend her funeral. Services were held at her late home, the

interment being in Congressional Cemetery. We read the twenty-third Psalm and the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, making some brief comments on the truths contained therein. Also her favorite hymn, 746 (Beebe's collection), was read.

May the Spirit of God abide with the bereaved family to reconcile them to the loss of their loved one.

ALSO,

**Mrs. Elgulva DeCoss**, our sister in Christ, departed this life at her home, Clifton, Fairfax Co., Va., Oct. 1st, 1917. She was the daughter of the late Hezekiah and Harriet Crouch, and was born in Fairfax County, Va., Feb. 2nd, 1847. She was married to Jesse DeCoss Oct. 17th, 1877, and to them were born two sons and two daughters, who, with their father, survive their mother and deeply mourn their loss. One of the sons, Wilkie H. DeCoss, is married and lives in Alexandria, Va., while the other married son, Wm. E. DeCoss, lives in Warrenton, Va. The married daughter, Mrs. Katie Fairfax, together with her sister, Miss Hattie DeCoss, lives at the home place with their father, and both were there to faithfully and lovingly attend their mother in all the days and nights of her last illness. Besides these four children sister DeCoss is survived by eight grandchildren. Up to within the past year sister DeCoss had been a woman of remarkable health, never having been sick all her life, nor ever having had the care of a physician until this last illness, which lasted just fifteen weeks. In all her illness, while a great sufferer, she was a very patient one, and no word of murmur or complaint ever escaped her lips. She was ready and anxious to depart from this world and to be with Christ. She was baptized by the late Elder J. N. Badger into the membership of the Bethlehem Church, Prince William Co., Va., in November, 1897. She lived a faithful and consistent member of the church to the day of her death, telling her family if an Old School Baptist preacher could not be gotten to preach her funeral not to have any services at all. We tried to speak to the comfort of the bereaved family from the words in Rev. xx. 6. May the Spirit of God, which alone can bring consolation to mourning hearts, comfort all that mourn, especially those who mourn their sins and hunger for the word of God.

L.

**Mrs. Laura Myers**, wife of D. L. Myers, of Minoa, N. Y., died March 12th, 1917, of cancer of the bowels. She was the eldest daughter of Matthew and Jennie Stradley, of Cammal. Her father died seven years ago of the same disease. She leaves a kind and loving husband, one daughter, Mrs. Louisa Lamb, Syracuse, N. Y., a mother, Mrs. Jennie Hart, of Cammal, Pa., and the following brothers and sisters: Mrs. Rosa Harris, Shedrick Stradley and Otis Stradley, of Cammal, Pa., Reuben Stradley, of Springville, Pa.,

and Elmyron Stradley, of Syracuse, N. Y. She died in great faith, praying for the Lord to remove her. She suffered terribly for two long years, and was confined to her bed for ten months; four months of this time I was there to care for her.

Mr. Brown, the Methodist minister, preached the funeral sermon. She was buried at Minoa, N. Y., by the side of her niece, whom she raised from a small child to womanhood.

JENNIE HART.

**Mrs. Rachel M. Hulburt**, daughter of Stephen and Maria Fuggles, of Delphi Falls, N. Y., died Sept. 24th, 1917, of chronic bronchitis, aged 75 years and 6 months. She was born in England, and married to William Hulburt in 1866, who died about sixteen months ago. She leaves to mourn her absence, one son, one daughter, three brothers, five sisters and many others. She was not a member of the church, but was a lover of the doctrine of sovereign grace and a good christian woman. The writer of this notice had been personally acquainted with her for many years, and if allowed to judge can say she could tell as good a christian experience as any one could desire to hear. She is now at rest in her heavenly home, to live forever with the Lord her Savior. God bless all the mourning ones with reconciled minds and hearts to his sovereign will. The writer spoke on the occasion of her funeral to the friends assembled at the home of the deceased. She was buried Sept. 28th in the cemetery near her home.

D. M. VAIL.

**M. V. Anderson**, son of G. and Sarah and husband of E. E. Anderson, was born in Noxubee County, Miss., November 26th, 1836, and departed this life July 6th, 1917. He received a hope in Christ some thirty-five years before his demise, but never united with the church, but was a firm believer in the sovereignty of God and salvation by grace. Mr. Anderson was an honorable, upright citizen; he served four years in the war between the States. His home was always a home for the Primitive Baptists. Dear children, weep not, for God's will must be done. May he reconcile you to his will.

ALSO,

**Emily Adellne Anderson**, daughter of James and Sarah Blalock, was born March 6th, 1845, in Attala County, Miss., and died August 28th, 1917. In the year 1867 she was married to M. V. Anderson. To that union were born nine children, three boys and six girls, all of whom survive her except the first who died in infancy. At about the age of seventeen she received a hope in Christ and united with the New School Baptists, but soon became dissatisfied and joined the Baptists of the Primitive faith and order, being baptized by Elder J. C. Denton. She lived a consistent member until death, always filling her seat when not providentially hindered. The

church at Cool Springs has sustained a great loss, but we hope her loss is sister Anderson's eternal gain. She was a firm believer in the sovereignty of God in all things and salvation by grace.

The writer tried to speak words of comfort on the subject of the resurrection. I would say to the children, Weep not as those who have no hope, but try to live the exemplary life she lived. May the God of all grace comfort you all and give you a good hope in Christ.

Written by her pastor,

W. W. SLAUGHTER.

## MEETINGS.

THE Virginia Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, with the New Valley Church, Loudoun Co., Va., on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1917. Trains will be met Tuesday afternoon and evening before the meeting at Leesburg, Va., on the Washington & Old Dominion Electric Railway. Trains leave 36th and M Sts., N. W., Washington, D. C., at 2:10, 4:15, 5:10, 5:30 and 6:05 p. m. Trains Wednesday morning arrive too late to be met for the meeting. All lovers of the truth, and especially ministers of our faith and order, are earnestly requested to meet with us.

T. S. TITUS, Church Clerk.

THE Old School Baptist Church in the city of Wilmington, Del., will hold their yearly meeting in the meetinghouse, 1304 Jefferson St., on the third Saturday and Sunday in October, commencing 2 o'clock p. m. Saturday and continuing all day Sunday. All lovers of the truth are cordially invited. Trolley cars from all railroad stations and boat wharves pass near the meetinghouse.

WM. B. TAWRESEY, Church Clerk.

THE Salisbury Association of Old School Baptists is appointed to convene with the church at Indian-town, near Powellville, Wicomico Co., Md., on Wednesday, October 24th, 1917, and continue three days. All lovers of the truth as it is in Jesus, as proclaimed by the heralds of the cross, are cordially invited to meet with us. Those coming from the north will take the Old Point Express, leaving Broad St., Philadelphia, at 9:58 o'clock a. m. Those from the south will take train leaving Cape Charles, Va., 10:55 a. m. on Tuesday, 23rd. Get tickets for Salisbury, Md. Those trains are both due at Salisbury about 1:45 p. m. We will arrange with the Transit Co. to provide conveyance for all who come on those trains to convey them to Pittsville, ten miles east of Salisbury, where they will be met and taken to our homes and on to the meeting.

GEORGE F. ADKINS, Church Clerk.

THE Ebenezer Church in Baltimore will hold an all day meeting on the second Sunday in November. All who love to meet with us are invited to do so.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

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1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

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ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

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SEMMA E. CORDER,

PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 1, 1917. NO. 21.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### LIVING WORDS.

THE first words of Scripture which I remember having come to my mind with divine power, changing the whole current and tenor of my life, were these: “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.” The remembrance of these words, with all the circumstances connected with my experience of them, is as clear and distinct to-day, after more than fifty years have passed away, as then, and I feel as clearly and definitely their settlement in my soul as a part of my very being.

I was thinking of my sorrowful condition as a sinner, which had occupied my mind more or less for about twenty years. I had been a member of the Presbyterian denomination for a year, but was not satisfied. I had never been satisfied that I had a good hope of salvation. On this wonderful Monday morning in March, fifty-three years ago, as I was walking toward my office, thinking what could I do, and whether there could be salvation for me, and whether I could ever know anything, in an instant those words were going back and forth in my mind;

“Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness,” and I was saying, Perhaps I am one of those for whom Jesus died. I had never before been able to say that. I could think, Perhaps I may be one, but never, Perhaps I am one. In an instant I was rejoicing with joy I had never known before. I was so glad I could not be still. My very soul was stirred with divine power. The word “perhaps” expressed to me no doubt or question. I was assured, but did not then understand how or why. “Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.” The assurance was upon the same ground that it is to-day: Perhaps I am one for whom Jesus died. The word “perhaps” seems to me now, as it did then, filled with a sweet and holy assurance, as that of a little child. It was so unexpected, so like the gentle opening of a door into a field full of everything we love and desire.

After a long time of winter weather I am feeling this morning a little return of an appearance of spring. I realize that I cannot control the weather in my mind any more than I can control the condition

of the seasons naturally. When there does come into my soul a season of refreshing I feel that I have assurance that it is from the Lord, for I seem never able to bring about any such desirable change in my own heart. If I can only get into the house of the Lord I can feel assured of the true gladness in my soul, for the dear Saviour has left it there in such words as these: "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." How much I have tried to get peace for trouble, gladness for sorrow, but my nature is so prone to sin, my heart is so vile, and I am altogether so unworthy, that I can see why the word "perhaps" was in that sweet, glorious and loving message sent to me so many years ago from the Father of mercies, to tell me that Jesus died for me.

As portions of the word that have been made life and light to me during the past years are now coming to my mind, I feel a leading of mind to write some of them here for the readers of the SIGNS, as I would tell them to the brethren in our "covenant meetings."

I was riding along with my mother from one of our meetings when, as we were talking, my mind was away among the stars, wondering at their distances and terribly great immensities, and trying, as I have from boyhood, to get my thoughts out into their infinite greatness, and was trying to think of the greatness of the great God who created them, and who controls and directs them by his power, when all at once I seemed to shrink into nothingness, and said to myself, Where is the evidence that I know anything about so infinitely great and glorious a Being? when these words came to me with power and comfort: He that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. I felt that it was enough. It seemed to

me at the time that I was sure I had his love in my heart, and therefore had the joyful assurance that I knew him. This is life eternal, that they may know him. How wonderful "that worms of earth should ever be one with incarnate Deity." This word is life, a living word; it lives in us, and is our life. When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory. They always come so timely and so unexpectedly, and so exactly suit some present need of our soul. The words were of a hymn not familiar to me: "Bold shall I stand in that great day." They seemed to have been spoken aloud, and to have awakened me. There had been a tendency in my mind, as there is often, to question the ground of my hope, and to ask myself what the end will be. This line of the hymn appeared clear and strong and forceful, and yet at the same time soft and sweet and restful to my soul. I am enabled to repeat it with a power which I feel to be divine.

I was in the meetinghouse yard, having arrived early to see if I could find something to preach about. It was early in my ministry, and I was in a strange part of the country, and was so destitute and desolate that I hardly felt able to say, "Good morning" to a brother. I went into a cornfield to be alone and to try to think of something to talk about. I was distressed, and feared I should fail utterly if I tried to preach. I thought I would try to pray, but said to myself, If I try to pray the Lord will despise the prayer of such a sinful man as I. Instantly the words came into my mind with glorious power: He will hear the prayer of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer. They seemed as though written for me, and I could hardly go fast enough into the house to tell the

brethren about it, and declare the good news that the dear Savior has risen indeed, and that he who raised Jesus will also raise up all of his people in all their straits by his glorious power, and will never fail or forget one of them in his time of need. (2 Cor. iv. 14.) There is a coming of the Lord Jesus Christ for their help in the individual time of need of each one of them, and there is to be a coming or appearance the second time, without sin unto salvation, to all them that look for him. All of the Lord's people are looking for that coming, but no one of them knows how he shall come. Concerning that coming no one knows anything. We know what we shall be; we know that we shall be with him, that we shall be like him and appear with him in glory. That is enough for us to know while we are in time.

It was in Kentucky in 1866. I was riding along on a pleasant afternoon. I had been speaking about two weeks, most of the time twice a day, and was going sixteen miles to attend my last appointment at a private house, a very large house on a large farm. I was tired, and my mind was, or appeared to me to be, without spiritual life or light or feeling. I knew there was to be a very large gathering of people. I felt that I could not preach, and how terribly ashamed I should feel if I must fail, which seemed sure. There was just one sentence on my mind: "The Lord is my shepherd." I had used that subject a year before and had not felt at liberty in speaking upon it, so I had no encouragement to try to preach from that. As we drove into the great yard filled with people I decided to tell the people my condition of physical weariness, and ask them to excuse me from doing anything more than reading that Psalm. I read the Psalm, but after

the first verse I do not seem to remember much more. I was caught away from earth and earthly things. I remember of no effort in speaking. I saw the Lord's sheep being fed; I felt that one, the least of all, was feeding them in the name of Jesus, and that there was abundance of food. I saw one of these sheep was telling the story. Great emotion was felt, and all the company was moved and stirred. A sister had been given some reason, she hoped, of receiving a word of comfort at those meetings, but up to that Sunday morning she had been sadly disappointed. She had a fatal disease. She was very spiritually minded. At this meeting the dear Lord gave her a season of refreshing from his presence, and she rejoiced greatly. Soon after returning home she passed away from this earthly home to her home above. I had never been given such liberty in speaking before. How humble I felt! Since that meeting of more than fifty years ago what a variety of exercises and incidents there have been in my life and experience; sometimes elated with pride, and then shrinking away with shame from people; sometimes bewildered by the sight of contradictions in my nature, and then humbled under a keen sense of my nothingness in the sight of the Lord and in my own sight. How I do wonder, at times, that I have been kept from out-breaking sins.

I had such a long and tedious spell of coldness and darkness and of suffering in my soul that it seemed sometimes as though I could hardly live. Some of the complainings of Jonah and Hezekiah and Jeremiah seemed very expressive. I tried to get something out of the inspired Scriptures of truth that might come to me with living power, but while the words described my case they had no power to

remove my trouble. To add to my sore affliction of mind I was taken with a painful fever, which kept me in bed some time, my mind still worried and still in a state of supplication for grace and mercy. One day these words came with power into my mind: I will remember thy sins against thee no more forever. There was a degree of assurance in them, but not the close work I wanted, they were not made mine. In my sickness I thought the words came over the side of the bed, while the Lord was hidden above me out of my sight. My constant desire was that the Lord would send the Holy Spirit to assure me those words were mine. I gradually recovered from the sickness. It was slow work, and supplication still went on in my soul. While still very weak in body I took a journey of nearly two hundred miles to visit one of the churches I served. I was pressed in mind to go, though against the judgment of my physician and friends. In the morning, while sitting alone, reading, I thought, but really only musing, I realized the presence of the dear Savior, but in a way that could not be told or described. I could talk with him, but O how softly and solemnly. I felt his holy presence. Infinite love and peace and purity were about me, and in some undefinable way they were within my soul. It seems now that that was an experience of Christ in me the hope of glory; Christ who filleth all things. But at that wonderful time I was not thinking so much of the deep meaning of this wonderful experience, but was feeling it and rejoicing in it, and wondering that the dear Savior should come to me, to such a sinner as I, to one so unworthy, and wondering above all that I should be feeling freedom from sin and rejoicing in righteousness and in mercy. I went into the pulpit that morn-

ing and opened the hymn-book and began reading where my eye rested:

"Sprinkled with reconciling blood,  
I dare approach thy throne, O God."

Only a very few times since then have I been given so near an approach unto the Lord; never have I experienced his sweet and glorious presence so fully as then, nor for so long a time; and the holy power of his love felt in my poor heart, how inexpressible it was. O to be always rooted and grounded in love, that I might be able to comprehend, with all saints, what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that I might be filled with all the fullness of God.

SILAS H. DURAND.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., September, 1917.

COMO, Texas.

DEAR EDITORS:—It has been quite a long time since I have written anything for your consideration, and that of the readers. First, I will say that I fear greatly to make the attempt, for I am so much of the time in the flesh, doing things I ought not. I have for a long time had thoughts on the duty of both pastors to the church and the church to pastors, and to speak relative to whom the church should worship. First, a minister whom the church calls to go in and out before them should go as admonished by Peter: "Feed the flock of God which is among you, taking the oversight thereof, not by constraint, but willingly; not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind; neither as being lords over God's heritage, but being ensamples to the flock."—1 Peter v. 2, 3. A very good reason why Peter could write in such strong terms is that Jesus asked him in person three times just before his ascension, Simon Peter, lovest thou

me? Jesus then said, Feed my sheep; feed my lambs. We do not find that Jesus told Peter to furnish the food, but we do find where Jesus said, Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, teach them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you, and, lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. This, to my mind, is clear proof where the ministers of God to-day are to get the food to hand out to the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made them overseers. To preach Jesus, and him crucified, is preaching the gospel. Paul said he determined not to know anything among the brethren save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Feeding the sheep and lambs is a gracious calling; the preachers that feed must preach to them what Jesus has done for them, how that Jesus accomplished the work the Father gave him to do, that he redeemed them from under the curse of the law. As Paul said, He (Jesus) was delivered for our (the sheep) offences and was raised again for our justification. Tell them that Jesus justified them, and therefore there is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who (the justified ones) walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. In none of the charges given by Jesus or his apostles do we find where any of the apostles or the succession of ministers were commanded to make sheep, but to feed them that are sheep through the blood of the everlasting covenant.

In these few words you see what I understand to be the duty of the pastor, and now I will say a few words as to whom I understand the church should worship. Moses told the children of Israel to worship the Lord with all their soul, mind and strength, and in Revelation xxii. 8, 9, we find this: "And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship

before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not: for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God." Again, "Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." These are plain Scriptures, and beside these the experience of the child of grace is strong evidence of whom we should worship. I have noticed in some localities that there are those who seem to lose sight of these things, or at least it seems so from the way many act. It has become too common among many to-day to be too much for running after what is termed "big preachers," so much so that many will not take pains to go to meeting unless Elder So-and-so will be there. It reminds me sometimes of a little child that is very hard to please, and when one of the family attempts to give it food or drink it frets and draws back, and says, I want so-and-so to feed me. O, my dear brethren, you may take from one thus petted for a long time, but I assure you that the poor little fellow will take food and drink from any of the flock, let him be a little preacher or a big one. If such as the above is not serving the creature more than the Creator, I do not know the reason. It is right to look after the pastor, or pastors, as the case may be. If a church has two, or even more, ordained Elders, it is their duty to see that they are cared for. One is no better to be cared for than the other; if so, if one is the real choice of the church, and their love and fellowship centers in that one, let that one be called, and leave the others out, for it is wrong to call to the care of the church two or more to walk in and out before you if you really do not want to hear but the one, and cannot care for equally or share in your care for all alike.

These things were not so plain in days past. The pastor of a church has many things beside the care of the church to look after; most of them are poor in this world's goods, and there are none of them but are willing to go at our call. Beside all this, a preacher cannot have the liberty to speak as in other work, his mind is so burdened that he cannot put in as much time reading, as Paul told Timothy, to shew himself a workman rightly dividing the word of truth, that he needeth not be ashamed. This day many who are in good financial condition are more or less negligent about the church affairs, and seem to take pleasure in running after the things of the world; very few ever have time to visit their pastor, not knowing that frequent visits by the members of his church are encouraging to him. The poor preacher has a family to care for, and much of the time he has no means of support, and has to depend upon his day's work, yet he loves his church, and loves to mix and mingle with them. I well remember when I was a boy how childlike the Old Baptists were; they used to gather early on Saturdays, as well as on Sundays, and talk, and sing the old songs of Zion, and tell of the wonderful things that Jesus had done for them, and when the pastor came they met him with joy, and in conference there would be an inquiry into the affairs of all, the afflicted were looked after, and at once it became a matter of interest to all. Preacher worship and worldly gossip, such as are common now, are fruits of the flesh. The abounding of iniquity never was so great as it seems to be now, the love of many has waxed cold.

Well, I have written more than I intended, and not as I expected to when I began. Pray for me and mine.

J. B. BOWDEN.

TILBURY, Ont., Jan. 28, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—I am sending you two letters I received from my cousin, Dan Campbell, of Lobo, which to me are good. He is not as yet a member, but is one who is greatly exercised on spiritual things, and I hope he will soon come to the church. He had no thought of the letters being published when writing, but was just telling me his thoughts on those things that are dear to him. We have talked a great deal together, and I find it profitable. I asked his consent to send them to you for publication, so do as you think best about publishing them.

Dear brother, I hope this will find you and family all in good health. My daughter-in-law was at the Duart meeting. Elder Weaver was there with Elder Slauson, and a Mrs. Willie came to the church. She is a daughter of old sister McTaggart, of Ekfrid. It is nice to have even one come to the church. There have been very many called home during the past year, and while we miss their companionship, we believe that for them to die is gain, and we sometimes long to enter that rest, rest from sin and sorrow, of which this world is so full; but I desire to run with patience the race that is set before me, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. I would be glad to have you write oftener for the SIGNS, still I am well pleased with the things published.

I hope you will not think me too ready to have the letters published that are sent to me privately, for I do not wish to see anything in the SIGNS but that which is right and for the benefit of the readers thereof. If you publish these letters, please correct, for I know he would not want anything to appear but what is right. His wife also is much exercised and a lover of the church.

I hope you will find the way clear to come and visit us here in Canada before long, and I would be pleased to receive a letter from you at any time. I know your feeling of loneliness, as I have passed through it, and can sympathize with you and others who have had the same trials to pass through. I have passed through many trials, but can say the Lord is my helper, and has fulfilled his promise so far, that he will never leave nor forsake me, and I hope to be able to trust him for the rest; I know that without him I can do nothing. May the dear Lord be our help and support in every hour of need.

Your weak sister, I hope,  
SARAH A. McCOLL.

ILDERTON, Ont., Dec. 31, 1916.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I am going to try and write you a letter, for it is good to get your letters, but it is very hard to answer them. They seem to bring pleasant meditations to my mind, so I am going to tell you some thoughts I had of the Master and the state the fishermen were in when he appeared at the sea of Gennesaret. He found the disciples, or fishermen, the nets, the ships, the sea, with those fish in it, and the shore. I will have to condense my thoughts very much, so I cannot do this subject justice in a letter, but would like to be talking with you to-day. They had toiled all night and caught nothing. Have you never been there? That is my condition most of the time. Now they have gone to wash their nets. Have you tried to put away those evil thoughts that trouble you and tried to read the Bible, thinking it might bring you into a season of pleasant meditation? This is washing the net. What would the "Free Willer" say to this? These men toiled hard all night, but it was a failure. Vain is the help of man. From this state of things I am going to turn to another scene. The Master appeared, and entered into the ship, and commanded Peter to launch out into the deep. These fishermen and the ship are the treasure in earthen vessels. Paul says there is a natural and a spiritual body. Christ was both divine and human; so is every subject of grace, in a sense, when he receives that birth of the Spirit. I in them and thou in me. This deep is the plans and purposes of God from creation, based on the shalls and wills of Jehovah. What great depth the prophet was out in when he was given this knowledge, when he said, "This is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people: and they shall not teach every man his neighbor, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for all shall know me, from the least to the greatest." Now the command is to launch out and let down the net. Peter was downcast and discouraged, and complained, "We have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing;" but he will make a willing people in the day of his power. "Nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net." That is the power and ability the Lord has given us to receive instruction in spiritual things. Fish is food; the net was full; so it is with us when the Lord favors us in meditation on a beautiful portion of Scripture like this. I feel that my mind is not able to contain it all, so I would ask you to come and help me to meditate on it, that we may get our ships filled so that we feel them beginning to sink. That is the weakness of the flesh and the wonderful power of God.

"Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day." Peter felt this weakness when he said, "Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord." Another said, I am not worthy that thou come under my roof.

Dear cousin, may you continue to write to us and feed us of the good things you catch out in the deep, while we toil so much of our time through dark seasons and seem to catch nothing.

Your cousin,

DAN CAMPBELL.

ILDERTON, Ont., Jan. 7, 1917.

MY DEAR COUSIN:—I received your letter, and was surprised at its request. I did not know what to say, so I asked Neil and Christy, and they said that if you wanted to have it published I should allow you to do so. I would like you to think it over carefully, and be sure it is right. There are thoughts there that are new to me, but I think they are in harmony with the experience of a subject of grace, but, my knowledge and understanding being limited, I might apply them wrongly. I would like to have said more about this ship, and the fishermen. The wind and the waves out on the deep had a tendency to drift the ship. These winds and waves are the desires and lusts of the flesh, drifting us away from spiritual things. Now this is what I found to be the warfare, the fishermen, or spiritual mind, wishing to go in a spiritual direction. Paul says, When I would do good, evil is present with me. When the Master appears, and speaks peace to the troubled soul, then there is a great calm; it is then that we are favored to enter into that rest that you spoke about. For myself, I can say, after years of trouble and doubts this peace and rest have been made sweet to me.

This is when the lion and the lamb are made to lie down together, and a little child leadeth them; this is when we are made to lie down in green pastures by the still waters. What more can I say, dear old pilgrim? You have cared for me as a mother would care for a child.

I had a thought on the last part of that scene, where they forsook all and followed Christ. Am I right in thinking that this is death? It was the fishermen, or that spiritual character, that left everything behind. The spirit goeth back to him who gave it.

With this I will close.

DAN CAMPBELL.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah, Sept. 20, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—Brother in the faith of God's elect, in hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before the world began, in whom we live, move and have our being, who is the Creator of every perfect gift, who declared, Upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom the building is joined together. Jesus Christ is the rock, and it shall stand forever, built without the sound of a hammer, a stone hewn out of the mountain, hidden from the world. All the stones (members) of the body are placed in the building in their proper places by the Builder. The building represents the church of Jesus Christ, his elect, chosen before the foundation of the world. Not one of the members of his body will be left out, all is complete, a people called out of every kindred and nation, washed by the blood of the Lamb. The Builder made no mistakes, he is a master builder, and the author and finisher of the faith of his elect. The building is completed, finished; his last dying



words were, It is finished. The work his Father sent him to do. Dear children of God, fear not, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. A complete salvation of all his elect, his church, shall (not may) stand forever. The world with all its worldly wisdom knows not God and cannot find out God, he is hidden from them with all their machinery and artillery, and the religious institutions cannot move the church from her foundation nor move one of her stakes; winds and storms may rush against her walls, but cannot affect her. It is complete, a building not made with hands; Jesus Christ is the chief cornerstone.

Dear brethren, you will see by the date line that I am in the great Mormon metropolis. I left my home in Hampton, Iowa, the ninth of August, for a visit with my relatives, and am now visiting my son and his wife. I stopped off at Denver, Colo., on my way here, and visited my son-in-law and other relatives there, also visited at Byers, Colo., forty-five miles east of Denver, where I was met by sister Roberts' son, who conveyed me to their home. She is a member of the church, and had arranged an appointment for me at a meeting in the school-house, twelve miles away, for Sunday, August 26th, where I met my old Iowa friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fellows, who are what we call "Dryland Baptists." Mr. Roberts, her husband, is also a "Drylander." I also met a brother and sister Bowlers, who live near Fort Morgan, and who came forty miles to be at the meeting, and who are members of a church in Illinois. A good congregation was present, and I had good liberty and received good attention. Most of those present had never heard of the Old Baptists nor heard an Old Baptist sermon. Sister

Roberts, brother and sister Bowlers and a brother by the name of Longfellow, who lives in Denver, are all the Baptists in that part of the country. This brother in Denver did not get to the meeting. Sister Roberts wrote him, but for some cause he did not come. I expect to stop off on my way home and visit him, also at Byers, and hold meeting in the school-house near sister Roberts'.

If I live until October 8th next I will complete my seventy-seventh milestone, and have been an unworthy member of the Old School Baptists sixty-one years last August, and have been trying to proclaim publicly the unsearchable riches of Christ for over forty-five years, and have been a subscriber of the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES for over fifty years.

Brother Ker, I have written more than I intended, so will close by quoting David's Psalm: "I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

Yours to serve in great tribulation in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,  
E. A. NORTON.

LA GRANDE, Ore., May 29, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I herewith inclose a letter written by my aged mother, Mrs. S. J. Cummins, which you will please be so kind as to publish in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. Mother, as you see, is now about ninety years of age, and yet blessed to read and write of the glorious hope which revives our hearts along the way. Would that such wonderful manifestation of mercy be with all God's dear ones everywhere. Mother is very frail and very lonely for the comforts of the gospel.

Your unworthy sister in hope,  
MARTHA J. ALLEN.

CHESTER, Montana, May 12, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—By faith do I hope for that which I see not, yea, the hope I see not, yet long to realize when this mortal shall have put on immortality. I do not feel able or competent to write a letter to be published in our precious paper, the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, yet will venture to try, as I cannot write to each one who still wishes to hear from me, and know that I still live, although I am now in my eighty-ninth year, as I was born September 16th, 1828. O to think that one so weak, so feeble in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, should attempt so great a task. I surely realize that many are the blessings with which I have been blessed all the way along. There was a time when I was yet very young that a still small whisper came to me, "Ye must be born again." O what could this whisper mean? Ye must be born again still sounded in my ears. I began anew to read my Testament, and for five years I read and studied it diligently to learn the meaning of that great impression that so troubled my mind. I read "Baxter's Call to Mourners," but could get no comfort there. I attended "Sabbath-school" regularly, and memorized the lessons assigned, but that did not relieve my burdened mind. On April 16th, 1845, I was married to Benjamin Walden, and with my father's family we crossed the plains to Oregon, leaving St. Joseph, Mo., May 3rd, 1845, and arriving at The Dalles, Ore., Sept. 14th, 1845. O I cannot think of all the miraculous paths through which the Lord has caused me to pass, yet spared my life. I think and think as I sit here alone of all the past, and feel so lonely. Although I have enough for food and am comfortable, yet I long for the comfort of the gospel. War is all the

talk everywhere, many think the end of time is near. I read that all these things shall come to pass, and yet the end is not. What is man to talk about it? When we die that will be the end of time to us. I am surely willing for the Lord's will to be done; we cannot make one hair black or white by taking thought. O, dear brethren and sisters, we can pray for one another. What did Jesus say to those following him to his crucifixion? We can pray for all God's dear children, and for our own selves, and may the Lord be with us to the end, is my prayer.

As ever, your sister,

(MRS.) S. J. CUMMINS.

#### MATTHEW XIII. 44.

"AGAIN, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field."

In the above parable the word "again" signifies that it is one of a series of parables which our incarnate Lord was uttering at that time to illustrate the plan of salvation, which was complete before man was created. The kingdom of heaven here spoken of has special reference to the redeemed of the Lord, who from the beginning have lived, suffered and died in this sin-cursed world. This treasure is the church the blessed Redeemer bought with his own precious blood. The field is the world and the fullness thereof. The man is our risen Lord and Master. It is a curious fact that when the Lord found this treasure he hid it, and it is still hidden; the great mass of mankind is in complete ignorance of the church, and its hiding-place is known only to the inhabitants of Zion. Just as a man or a company buys land for mining or timber purposes, so the Lord bought the earth and its fullness for this treasure. The great world war is a part of his purpose,

to sift out his jewels and to prepare them for his kingdom. Thus we see it is through great tribulation that we enter the kingdom, but it is consoling that our stay will not be transient in that goodly, heavenly land. It is well that we study the Lord's parables and acquaint ourselves with his wonderful works, so much the more since the time of the end seems very near.

J. M. AMSBERRY.

PALMER JUNCTION, Ore., Sept. 6, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—The correspondence meeting of Washington, Oregon and Idaho, notice of which was given in the current issue of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, was held at Elgin last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and was one of the very best meetings it was ever my privilege to attend. Dinner was served at the church-house both Saturday and Sunday. Elder W. T. Eaton, of Sunnyside, Washington, did practically all the preaching up to Sunday forenoon, when Elder C. W. Bond, of La Grande, arrived for the forenoon service, but somewhat late, on account of tire trouble with his car. My cup of joy is still running over. I hope to be able to attend the three days meeting at Weiser, Idaho, on the fourth Sunday in next month, and will report same for publication.

J. M. AMSBERRY.

MOUNT VERNON, Ohio, May 30, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I am changing my address, so please send my SIGNS to Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, instead of Port Clinton, Ohio. I dearly love to read the paper, and am very anxious not to miss one number. I take great comfort in reading the blessings sent out of dear Jesus and his love. I feel very much cast down a great deal of the time, and

that I am nothing in the eyes of my dear Lord and Master. I know that this vile body is full of sin, and I try to pray to my dear Savior to guide me, that I may do the things pleasing to his eye, but it seems the more I try the more I am unfit to speak his name; all I can do is to say, Lord, be merciful. I wish to tell you the happiest times in my life are when I seem to drop this worldly mind and my thoughts are carried to that beautiful place where all is love and joy. When I was but a boy I would try to ask God to forgive my sins, but it always seemed he would not hear me, and now I go along in life forgetting him, only to come back in time of trouble. Three years ago I was working in Delaware, Ohio, and was in an awful state of mind, feeling to be such a sinner. For a long time I thought I could not live, but felt if I should die doom was staring me in the face. One night as I lay weeping everything seemed to be changed. O such a happy time it was for me, it seemed that I could see my dear Savior in all his glory, purity and truth. The next day I was riding on the car and every one and everything looked so good I felt I wanted to tell what a dear Savior I had found. I felt that I never would worry again; all I wanted to do was to pray. I was in this state of mind quite a while. I was given a home by the dear members of the St. Louisville Church, but alas, I feel quite different at times; I am so low, and wonder am I his or am I not? I would give ten thousand worlds like this, if they were mine to give, to know that I am one for whom Christ suffered and died, but I know that if I am saved at all, it is by grace, and by nothing I can do.

Yours in hope,

C. LOU WRIGHT.

AVOCA, Nebr., Sept. 12, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I have been thinking for some time that I would subscribe for the dear old SIGNS, which I love dearly to read, as it fills my hungry, aching soul with peace and comfort, and is also a great comfort to my husband as well as myself. I have not seen or heard an Old Baptist since I have been here. My home was in Arkansas before I was married, but my husband has always lived in the north. I am well pleased here and am content, for if it were not God's will for me to be here I surely would be in some other place, and I hope I can say I am truly thankful to God that it is as well with us as it is, and I feel he has wonderfully blessed me with blessings which the world cannot give. I hope he will guide my footsteps, that he may lead me in a way that I will always be humble and perfectly submissive to all his will, for I feel he has all power, both in heaven and earth, and that we are all in his hands, and that he will do with us as he sees fit, for he is a merciful and just God and does all things well, and leaves nothing undone that should be done, for he does all things exactly at the time appointed. O he is God, and is worthy of all praise and glory, and is the God whom I hope I worship, for he is the only true and living God, and if he sends my very soul to hell it will be just and right. At times I have these very ideas, and wonder if there is really another like me, and often the question comes to me, Am I a child of God, or am I not? This is a serious and solemn question, and one I long to know, and must say all I have to refer to is the precious little hope which I feel that God gave me. But I get down in the depths at times, and feel it is all a mistake, that I have never been changed from the darkness of nature to a new-born creature

in Christ. But we all have our trials and tribulations here on earth, and we all have our doubts and fears, ups and downs. The Arminian world of to-day think they know they are on the Lord's side, and know that they are sure of heaven. I will just say I hope the Lord has been with me and opened my eyes and given me an understanding heart, and my sincere hope is that my eternal home is in heaven.

Dear editors, I am sending you two dollars and ten cents, two dollars for the dear SIGNS for one year, and the ten cents for the number which has W. O. White's experience in. I think he wrote it in 1912, but do not know the exact number. He was my mother's father, and a minister of the dear Old School or Primitive Baptist Church, and died contending for the doctrine which the dear SIGNS advocates. He took the SIGNS, and he and grandmother enjoyed it very much. I have a few of his old numbers which my mother sent me since I have been out in this State. Grandfather's address was W. O. White, Langley, Arkansas.

I will close by saying that my prayer is that God will be with you all, and that you will continue to publish what the dear old SIGNS OF THE TIMES advocates, feeling you all will be wonderfully rewarded in this life in well-doing. May God be with us all.

Your unworthy sister, in hope of a better world,

(MRS.) J. E. BECKMAN.

CALION, Ark., Oct. 18, 1916.

DEAR EDITORS:—You will find inclosed two dollars, which is to pay for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I assure you, if I know my own heart, I more than appreciate your kindness in sending me the good

paper, which I do love to read. As poor, unworthy and sinful as I feel myself to be I do love it, and say, It is good news from a far country, when I read the letters of those who write for it. I do not belong to the church, but I believe and indorse the teaching of the SIGNS and the doctrine it advocates. I do hope, if it is the Lord's will, I will be able to pay for it when due, if not, you can stop sending it, although I do not want to do without it. I hope that you and the dear ones who write for the SIGNS will pray for one who is poor and needy.

Will either of the dear editors, or any one else who feels he has light, give their views on Genesis, fourth chapter, fourth, fifth, sixth and thirteenth verses? It might be you would give some light to a poor, sinful creature, which I feel myself to be. May the SIGNS continue to come filled with sweetness to my poor soul.

With love to all the dear writers, respectfully,

J. C. DAVIS.

ONEONTA, N. Y., June 17, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I am again sending my remittance for the dear old SIGNS for the next six months. I have been feeling very weak and miserable, and thought I should not read it any more, but I feel I cannot do without it, and need it more than ever. I have passed my ninetieth landmark, and am a wonder to others, and more to myself, but wish I could say that I had grown better, as I had vainly hoped that I should, for

“When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild;  
Filled with unbelief and sin,  
Can I deem myself a child?”

You who love the Lord indeed, tell me, is it thus with you? Sometimes I hope I feel a desire, but how to obtain that which

is good I find not. Other refuge have I none, hangs my helpless soul on thee. O leave me not alone, all my help must come from thee. Thus far the Lord has led me on, thus far his power has prolonged my days.

“Through many dangers, toils and snares,  
I have already come;  
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
And grace will lead me home.”

If I am not deceived, these are my heart-felt desires.

I will close by bidding all the dear ones farewell.

I hope I am your sister in tribulation and affliction,

LUCINDA B. BREWSTER.

SHERIDAN, W. Va., July 1, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—It is through the kind providence of God that I am still here and permitted to read and renew my subscription to the SIGNS. I am sorry that brother Ker has been so long silent, and have hunted up and read his editorial of April 15th. How often in the very bitterest anguish has poor unworthy me cried, and used the very words at the head of his editorial: “All these things are against me,” forgetting that the Lord omnipotent rules and reigns. He has sustained me through many and very sore trials and great tribulations which at the time I could not see how any good could come out of, yet I have been made to have consolation in the thirty-seventh Psalm, especially the thirty-fifth and the thirty-sixth verses. I have been brought to see the Scripture fulfilled, “Be sure your sin will find you out.” I would be glad to have brother Lefferts know how much I enjoy his editorials, especially the one in the June 15th number. I try to be resigned to God's will, but I am greatly afflicted. I would mention many of the good letters in the SIGNS, but can-

not, for want of eyesight, but want to say to all the writers, Write on, for the Lord directs and guides you, and will continue to do so.

Farewell, my dear kindred in Christ. I think each year when I renew my subscription it will be the last, and I want to praise God that he gives me strength each day I live to work some and do for myself. Please excuse all mistakes.

Your sister, I hope,  
ELIZABETH JOHNSON.

LAMBERT, Okla., March 28, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—I have received the SIGNS for April 1st, and, after reading the many good things contained in it, I see that it is the last number I have paid for, and I wish not to miss a number of the dear old paper, for it is a great satisfaction to me to read the good editorials and the many good letters written by the brethren and sisters from all parts of the country. I know but few of them in the flesh, but hope I have some knowledge of them spiritually through their writings in the SIGNS. May God bless editors, publishers and contributors of the dear old paper, for it contains about all the preaching I get in this part of the country. I did hear three sermons by Elder Beeman, by going something over thirty miles, and it was a great pleasure to me to be there and to meet brother and sister Beeman. Sister Kimmel and daughter met us at the station and took us to their home, where there were quite a number gathered. Elder Beeman preached that night, and the next day and night he preached at a school-house not far from sister Kimmel's, and we had good meetings. The dear Lord said, Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst, and I have a hope that he was with us.

I must now close, for I am trespassing upon your time. I am growing old, and my greatest pleasure in this world is to read the word of God and the good old SIGNS.

In hope of life beyond,  
JAMES J. CLARK.

NESIKA, Washington.

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—Find inclosed money order to pay for the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. I love the doctrine it advocates; there is no uncertain sound, as if things happened by chance, as the popular religion of the day proclaims. I do believe in the doctrine of the predestination of all things, and do not believe that anything happens by chance. Well might the apostle say, All things work together for good to them who love the Lord, to them who are called according to his purpose. I believe that everything that occurs is for the good of God's children in some way, but I cannot always see it in that light, and am often found murmuring or complaining. I can say with Paul, The things that I would I do not, but the things that I would not I do. I am often made to cry, O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But I know that if it is my happy lot to enter heaven it will be wholly through the grace of God.

Your little brother in hope,  
F. L. RIFFE.

#### EXTRA COPIES OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

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**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,  
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***ISAIAH XLII. II.***"LET the inhabitants of the rock sing."*

Of course these words are not all of the eleventh verse of the forty-second chapter of Isaiah, but they seem to be the words that have particularly impressed those who have asked us to write on them. It is the word of God speaking through the prophet Isaiah, and not the prophet speaking of his own volition. This is the testimony of Jesus Christ. God Almighty, the Maker of heaven and of earth, who gives breath to all the people upon the earth, called his Son Jesus Christ the righteous man, and held his hand during all his lifetime here in the world, kept him and gave him for a covenant of the people, a light to lighten the Gentiles. God sent his Son Jesus to open the blind eyes, to bring prisoners from the prison and to deliver those who sit in darkness. This is not Isaiah who was sent to open the eyes of the blind and to deliver prisoners, but it is the Savior Jesus; the Lord is his name. It is his glory to do this work, and he does not surrender this glorious work to another, nor his praise to graven images. The former things, that is, the commandments and ordinances of the law of Moses, are all fulfilled in the coming of Jesus

Christ, and he declares new things, that is, gospel truth and beauty. Before these new gospel things sprang forth they were told of by prophets of old, and also by Jesus himself before his death and resurrection. Now, as to singing, there are various manners of singing. There is that singing which is the product of art, which comes forth by education and training, wherein great attention is had to tone, pitch, time and to the correct control of the vocal organs. This training produces what is called artistic singing, which pleases the ear much as paintings delight the eye. On the other hand, and contrary to this kind of singing, is spiritual singing. Spiritual singing is with the heart, whether with the lips or not, and is that singing which is making melody unto the Lord. Please do not understand us to mean that a musical artist never sings with the heart. No doubt many of them do. Doubtless the sentiment expressed with their lips really comes from their heart; but spiritual singing is first and foremost a fruit of the work of God's Spirit in the heart of the believer in Jesus Christ, though the outward expression of that inner melody be ever so crude and discordant to the natural ear. Singing unto the Lord with one's heart is an expression of rejoicing and adoration, perhaps of thanksgiving. When one has realized salvation from sin at the hands of Christ, it produces a new song in the heart, even praise unto the Lord. Singing is also an expression of good health. Sickness or pain usually makes one feel like anything else than singing. The Italians, many of them, are naturally singers, and it is said of the Italian soldiers that they most always go into battle singing to keep up their own courage and that of their comrades. One day an Italian officer was inspecting

his soldiers returning from the trenches after a hard engagement, and nearly all of them were singing. One soldier, however, was silent, and upon being asked why he was silent, he replied that he was not feeling well. Another, who was silent, had received bad news from home. Thus it may generally be said that singing is an expression of the degree of health one has. The better one feels, with the more ardor he sings. This is true of the children of God. Jesus is their great Physician. He is the health of their countenance, their life and their salvation. He rescues them from death, cures them of the malady of sin-sickness, dries up the sore boils which their inner corruption has brought out on the surface so as to be discoverable, drives out their leprosy. Their health springs forth speedily when Jesus applies the heavenly balm of his free grace, and because they are healed of sin and all its diseases they sing and cannot help singing. Singing and making melody in the heart unto the Lord is a sign that one's spiritual health is good. The inhabitants of the rock are the ones especially commanded to sing, for the word "let" is not an invitation to sing, but a command to sing. Just as when God said: "Let there be light," it was not an invitation, but a mighty command which immediately brought light into manifestation, so in the words of our text, the same God who commanded light in the beginning, commands the singing in the inhabitants of the rock. The word "let" is spoken by the same omnipotence in Isaiah xlii., as in Genesis i. 3, and accomplishes its purpose just as well in the former as in the latter case. When God speaks, it comes to pass, and none can hinder him. So when he says, Let them sing, there surely will be singing done in and by those whom he commands. He

gives the spirit to do the singing in the hearts of those who live in the Rock, and the spirit fills the heart with matter to be sung. God is the Rock, and his work is perfect. This Moses declares in Deut. xxxii. God is the Rock of all ages, has ever been the refuge and strong tower of his people, no matter when or where they may have lived, nor what condition they may have been in. God chose his people in his Son Jesus Christ before the world began and predestinated them unto the adoption of children by Christ unto himself. Thus the people of God live in the covenant of God's election, sheltered in his predestinating purpose. Hence every believer lives in God and believes because his life is hid with Christ in God. His believing does not put him in the Rock, but belief is an evidence that one is inhabiting the Rock. God's people all dwell in him. God in the flesh is called Jesus. Jesus died to save his people from their sins. They are each and all members of his flesh and of his bones, all are partakers of his divine nature; therefore they dwell in the Rock. Christ is the Rock on which the church of God is builded, the chief corner-stone. They are in him, and he in them, just as God is in Christ and Christ in God, so that, as God and Christ are one, so are all believers one in Christ. Thus the church inhabits the Rock, and how can they help singing when such is the case? The appearing of Jesus unto the sinner as his salvation causes singing to awaken in the spiritual heart, just as the first faint rays of dawn awaken the song-birds. As the first direct rays of the sun in the early morning cause the dewdrops on the grass to glisten like diamonds, so the rising of the Sun of Righteousness upon the weary sinner makes drops of sacred sorrow rise to rivers of delight. Old School Baptist



churches do not have trained choirs nor paid soloists, and the singing usually heard in our churches would sound crude to most worldly ears, but O, when one has been made to love God's people for the sake of the truth, how sweet and pure sounds that singing which we are made to feel comes from the sincere heart. The best of all singing is that which comes from the heart and is the fruit of being exercised by living, divine faith. In the midst of the church Jesus sings praises unto his Father, who is God. Whenever a group of believers are engaged in singing spiritual songs, though that group comprise but two or three, there Jesus is in the midst, that is, in their hearts, praising God. Jesus is the Master-singer, and he is the only power able to rightly train and attune one to sing God's praise. To praise God, then, in one's heart and inmost soul, is to confess that one is dwelling in the Rock, for none others sing rightly God's praise but those who inhabit the Rock. God's people often say they cannot sing, or that they are poor singers. They mean, perhaps, that they cannot sing with their lips, or that they do not know how to sing by note; but there is not a single child of God, no matter how ignorant of the art of singing he may be, that has not or does not sing in his heart unto the Lord when the Spirit of God restores his spiritual health and puts that new song in his heart. It would be as impossible then not to sing and make melody unto the Lord as it would be to blot the sun from the sky.

We have written these few thoughts at the request of three friends of the SIGNS living in Mulberry, Arkansas, and now leave the subject to their consideration and that of our other readers.

L.

## CIRCULAR LETTERS.

(Written by Elder George Ruston.)

*The Roxbury Association of Old School Baptists, now in session with the Middletown and Andes Church, Union Grove, N. Y., September 12th and 13th, 1917, to the churches composing the same.*

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD:—  
Through the tender mercy of our covenant-keeping God we have been preserved through another year, and are favored to meet again as an association. Surely the continuation of our interest in the assembly of the saints is an evidence that the Lord is still with us, causing us to feel the goodness and pleasantness of dwelling together in unity. The presence of the Lord is our life, and therefore it is necessary for that life which is the light of men to ever keep us conscious of our proneness to evil, and of our fallen state by nature, thus causing us to loathe ourselves and desire him to be ever with us. From day to day we are taught that in us, that is, in our flesh, dwelleth no good thing, and that self is our worst enemy, so that we are in constant need of a salvation that will save us from ourselves. The dear Redeemer is our all, and in all; without him and his Spirit manifested in our lives we are dead, and our faith is vain. We believe that Jesus Christ is the resurrection and the life, therefore he is the life of all that live. As an association, we rejoice to see that the Lord's hand is still working in our midst, and at times we are constrained to say, "What hath God wrought?" Knowing that man is unable to help his Creator in the cause of truth, we want him who is the truth to build and establish us in himself. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it;" therefore the Lord must work in us ac-

ording to his wisdom, for are we not made to see in a living way that without him we can do nothing? As an association, we believe in the absolute sovereignty of God, and are glad that to him all the power and glory belong, and though often we cannot his goings see, nor all his footsteps trace, yet we believe he is too wise to be mistaken and too good to be unkind. He only can teach to profit, and we believe that his doctrine is felt and understood by his children only, and is effectual in an humble walk and an upright conversation. Often we fear that after all we have nothing but a judgmental knowledge of the truth; we desire something more than a mere understanding of the letter of the truth, knowing that without feeling it in the heart it is vain. Our Lord Jesus ever taught doctrine coupled with experience, and while we believe that the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his, yet the same Scripture declares, Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. We believe all who know the doctrine of God our Savior will be found praying for the peace and prosperity of Zion, and in doing so will be kept from strife and vainglory, for with meekness they will testify that they have been with Jesus and learned of him.

"O may his meekness be my guide,  
The pattern I pursue;  
How can I bear revenge or pride  
With Jesus in my view?"

The very presence of Jesus upon earth was an evidence of God's love to man, and his life was a life of service, for the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and give his life a ransom for many. If he be born in us the hope of glory, then we shall have the love of God in our hearts, which will cause us to love one another and desire

each other's welfare. "Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unscornfully, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things."

GEORGE RUSTON, Moderator.

A. J. SLAUSON, Clerk.

(Written by Elder W. H. Osburn.)

*To the Elders, messengers and churches comprising the Little Zion Association of Old School or Primitive Baptists, in session with Little Hope Church, Bellefonte, Boone County, Arkansas, September 15th, 16th and 17th, 1917.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—The subject of this article will be found in the twenty-third chapter of Joshua: "I am old and stricken in age." How forcible this expression, stricken with age or stricken with years. As age comes it surely will weaken, stiffen and destroy one's body. It matters not how useful or great one has been, he must go the way of all the earth. It is a trait of old people to indulge in retrospection. Memory comes up and serves a pleasant duty if one has been faithful, but not so if one has been unfaithful and wicked. Joshua, after counting his day and realizing his departure from his loved ones and this world close at hand, very earnestly reminds Israel of how the Lord had led them and the many things he had done for them, and that not one of

all his promises had failed, and not a single one been broken. It no doubt was a very pleasing thing to Joshua at the close of his sojourn here to realize the hand of the God of Israel so active in all of the events of his life, and now he is very earnestly but tenderly admonishing his brethren, Joshua xxiii. 6, 7: "Be ye therefore very courageous to keep and to do all that is written in the book of the law of Moses, that ye turn not aside therefrom to the right hand or to the left; that ye come not among these nations, these that remain among you; neither make mention of the name of their gods, nor cause to swear by them, neither serve them, nor bow yourselves unto them." Joshua knew that these strange gods were in the land, and during all his life he had never seen one of them delivered from the hand of the enemy, and so at the close of his life he felt the need of charging Israel to swear by no god but the God that was able to protect and care for them under any and all conditions. I know I have witnessed a scene similar to this more than once, but under a different age. Now let us call to our memory some father or mother in Israel who has lived a life of usefulness, and their only hope and comfort is in the cross of dear Calvary, and then, as Joshua, old and stricken with years, turns to those who are left behind and with their angel voices softened with the affections and sorrows of this world say, Be faithful and loyal to the church, the Zion of our God, and neglect not the assembling of yourselves together for holy, solemn worship. Many of our good brethren and sisters in Little Zion Association are now at the brink of their eternal home, and I think I can almost hear them say, The God that led Joshua, that delivered Joseph, that gave faith to Abraham and led all the prophets of old, is my God, and in him only can I put my

trust. No doubt if you were asked to review your life you would give a like experience of Joshua, and admonish those who are younger and more tender, and whose tendency is to follow after strange and fashionable things, to "watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Similar conditions are around spiritual Israel as were around national Israel. Now let us for a few moments look and see the conflicts of their lives, and then draw the picture from the type and let it shine forth in the gospel substance. We see by a careful reading that the Canaanites were not all expelled from the land of Canaan, but were left there seemingly to scourge them. There was a class known as the Gibeonites that Israel was not allowed to slay, yet they made them hewers of wood and drawers of water for the temple, thus keeping them always in their sight or under their eye where they could watch them and also keep them at or near the temple, so that they would be kept doing all the time that which was contrary to their nature. Now to draw the comparison with our own experience. Soon after we received testimony and were extolling the praises of our personal Redeemer for our deliverance from under the yoke of bondage and sin, our natural members of our body all seemed to be praising and rejoicing in the same like experience, and seemed to be a friend to our spiritual hope, but alas, we discovered a messenger of Satan, a thorn in our flesh, which buffets and scourges us, and must be kept in subjection, for they are contrary one to the other. Our natural members must be kept, as it were, hewing wood and drawing water, for as Paul painfully discovered, I with the mind serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin.

WILLIAM J. CASEY, Moderator.  
JAMES LANCASTER, Clerk.

(Written by Elder R. W. Sanford.)

*To the Elders and messengers of the Lexington Association, now in session with the Second Church of Roxbury, at Halcottville, Delaware County, N. Y., October 3rd and 4th, 1917, to one and all, greeting.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—God has been pleased to convene us, as in former years, in an associated capacity, to honor and glorify his great name, so let us endeavor to do with full purpose of heart. He has given us a kingdom that is not of this world, over which, in the person of his Son Jesus Christ, are laws that are not of an earthly character, demanding earthly sacrifices after the flesh, such as was enjoined upon the church under the old dispensation, who by faith looked forward to the coming of a new heaven and new earth, wherein righteousness should dwell. All the old worthies died in faith, not receiving the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect. Let us therefore be watchful over ourselves, and over each other, striving to walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith we have been called. We are born of incorruptible seed in the kingdom by the word of God, and quickened together with Christ (by grace are ye saved), and are raised up together with Christ and made to sit together in heavenly places in Christ. This is the inheritance of God's people. Surely we should walk as we profess, striving to adorn the doctrine by well ordered lives and godly conversation, bearing each other's burdens in a forgiving spirit, greeting one another in love, and in so doing we shall cover a multitude of sins. You know full well that when you live after the flesh you die to the comfort of the assurance and rest in his kingdom, where all is love, joy and assurance forever of that heavenly rest

when done with the conflicts of this life. You have learned by experience obedience is better than sacrifice. You cannot sit down with a restful feeling as you remember you have omitted to discharge some well-known duty, suffered some fleshly desire to come in your way and your seat is vacant at church appointments, not at the table of the Lord, giving occasion for some brother or sister to say in their thoughts, Am I in the way? The Scriptures plainly teach, If my children forsake my law, and keep not my statutes, I will visit them with chastisements. Like Ephraim, when joined to his idols, God sent leanness in his soul. As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him, laying aside every weight and all fleshly hindrances, go in the spirit of his kingdom with full purpose of heart and assurance of faith, for God has prepared in his kingdom all needed grace, that his people may walk with singleness of heart to his honor, esteeming the righteousness of Christ greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Our conversation should be yea and nay. Whatsoever more cometh of evil, the time has come when judgment must begin at the house of God. Our laws are imperative, his love is boundless; then, brethren, let us live as we have professed, with full purpose of heart going forth in his strength, not having on our own righteousness, which is of the law, but that righteousness which is of faith, for the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made us free from the law of sin and death; for Paul said, "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me."

JOHN CLARK, Moderator.

JAMES AVERY, Clerk.

O. F. BALLARD, Assistant Clerk.

**CORRESPONDING LETTERS.**

*The Little Zion Association, now in session with Little Hope Church, to the First Oklahoma Association of Primitive Baptists.*

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN IN THE LORD:—Through the mercy of a covenant-keeping God we have been blessed with the privilege of meeting together in an association, and have received your messenger, to wit, Elder Jeff Beeman, who, with Elder A. M. Morris, as visiting ministers, came laden with the sweet messages of the gospel of peace, and they with our own ministers have preached much to the comfort of God's little ones, all preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, the way, the truth and the life. We desire to continue correspondence with you, and hope to receive your messengers and messages of love. We refer you to our Minutes for the time and place of our next session.

WM. J. CASEY, Moderator.

JAMES LANCASTER, Clerk.

*The Lexington Old School Baptist Association, now in session with the Second Church of Roxbury, at Halcottville, Delaware County, New York, to those of our faith with whom we correspond sends christian salutation.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—We desire that this salutation be of a christian character, in spirit and in truth, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which he purposed in himself before time began; that the same desire which our Master expressed continue to abound with each one of us, that we may look unto him, the author of our profession, and surround the table to partake of the food which he prepares, that it

may do us good, as it doth the upright in heart, and rejoice in it as the work of our God, who works all things after the counsel of his own will, builds us up on the most holy faith, makes us sit around this table, and as he breaks the bread he makes known to us that this is his body and his blood, shed for us for the remission of sin, guided by his unerring counsel and led by him to pray always, that we may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.

Our next session will be held with the Olive and Hurley Church, Ulster County, N. Y., the first Wednesday and Thursday in October, 1918, where we hope to meet your messengers again laden with the good news of the gospel, that it may redound to the glory of God, and his great name have all the praise, honor, might and dominion now and evermore. May those of us who come to receive this good news hear the Master say, In this world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace. Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.

JOHN CLARK, Moderator.

JAMES AVERY, Clerk.

O. F. BALLARD, Assistant Clerk.

**APPOINTMENTS.**

PLEASE publish the following appointments and oblige:

Trenton, N. J., Friday, Nov. 16th, 7:45 p. m.; Stockton, N. J., Saturday, 17th, Mrs. Horner's, 2:30 p. m.; Locktown, N. J., Sunday, 18th, 10:30 a. m.; Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m.; Tuesday, 20th, Grandon, N. J., A. J. Demott's, 7:30 p. m.

D. M. VAIL,

**MARRIAGES.**

By Elder A. B. Francis, October 20th, 1917, at the residence of Mr. S. E. Benson, Delmar, Md., Amos D. Benson and Ida M. Woodward, of Modena, Pa.

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mrs. Cevilla C. Cross** (nee Ferguson) was born March 4th, 1877, and died Sept. 1st, 1917, aged 40 years, 5 months and 27 days. She was married to H. H. Cross Sept. 19th, 1896, and to that union were born nine children, three of whom preceded her to the grave, six surviving. She became a member of the Leading Creek Old School Baptist Church at Montrose, W. Va., May 22nd, 1910, and was a faithful and beloved sister. She was a patient sufferer, and her life was a model one. The gentle drawing of the Spirit of grace enabled our sister to look beyond "chariots and horses" and trust in the true and living God, who made her feet to stand, by a new and living way, within the gates of Jerusalem. May he bless this dispensation of his providence to the weeping family and all who mourn for her, and grant them submission to the fast ripening of his purposes, which unfold every hour.

Services were held at the home by Elder J. S. Murphy, and a sermon was preached on the occasion by Elder J. B. Cross at the Leading Creek meeting-house, with some remarks by Elder Murphy. The body was laid to rest in the Leading Creek burying-ground until the great resurrection day.

Written by request.

SEMMA E. CORDER.

**Elder James H. Ring** was born in Lancaster, Ohio, July 27th, 1840, where he grew to manhood; moved to Illinois in 1864, where he lived until 1888, when the family moved to Lancaster County, Nebr., where he lived in different parts of the State until the day of his death, which occurred Sept. 5th, 1917, at the age of 77 years, 1 month and 6 days. Death came to him as the result of an accident, in which he was knocked down and run over by an automobile. After the close of the first day's session of the Missouri Valley Association, in the village of Cheney, Nebr., as he was going to his home, a short distance from the place of meeting, arm in arm with Elder W. T. Brown, an automobile came suddenly around a corner from behind them and ran him down, two wheels of the car passing over him. He was taken to a hospital in Lincoln, where he passed away five days after the accident. Soon after the injury consciousness returned to him, and remained until a short time before the end. He was able to give specific directions as to every detail of his funeral, selecting the hymns to be sung and the text to be used: "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." The funeral occurred Sept. 7th. Services were held in the chapel where he had been pastor since the church was first constituted, after which the body was buried beside the companion of his youth, the mother of his children.

It was my good fortune to become acquainted with him soon after we entered the ministry, and as time passed our attachment ripened into a friendship that death alone could interrupt. He was blessed with an unselfish, peace-loving and self-sacrificing disposition. He was an able defender of the doctrine held by the Old School Primitive Baptist Church, and his death is a great loss to the churches in the west, where his services were greatly appreciated. He leaves to mourn, a companion, five sons and three daughters, one brother, one sister, several grandchildren, beside a multitude of brethren and sisters scattered over several States. It can be truthfully said that he fought a good fight and kept the faith, and we believe there is laid up for him a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give him. The writer was called to attend the funeral, and as I looked upon the calm, peaceful face of the dead for the last time an unuttered prayer, I hope, went up to the Source of all spiritual blessings that his sleep might be sweet and his awakening glorious.

SMITH KETCHUM.

**Deacon John S. Benson** entered into his eternal rest at his home near Laurel, Del., Sept. 14th, 1917, at the age of 53 years, 6 months and 29 days. Brother Benson was baptized by the writer in the fellowship of the church at Little Creek, Del., about twenty-four years ago. A few years later he moved into the bounds of the Broad Creek Church and soon united with that church by letter. Several years ago he was chosen deacon, which office he filled to the entire satisfaction of the church. He was a very faithful member and deacon, and in truth in all the walks of life, as son, husband, father, neighbor and friend. He was twice married, first when a very young man, to a Miss Lokey, by whom he had seven children, three sons and four daughters, who lived to grow to manhood and womanhood. Two died in early womanhood; two daughters, Mrs. Mary Jones and Mrs. Eva Brittinghouse, and three sons, William, George and Oliver, survive, together with his second wife, to whom he was married in January, 1916, also several grandchildren. His first wife died about seven years ago. We surely miss our dear brother, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope, for we are sure that our loss is his infinite and eternal gain. Our sympathy goes out to our dear bereaved sister and all the family, and we commend them to the care of him who is the Father of the fatherless and the God of the widow in his holy habitation. Beside his widow and children he also leaves three brothers: brother Samuel E. Benson, brother A. T. Benson and Jos. W. Benson, and one sister, Mrs. Nancy German, by all of whom he was greatly beloved. May the Lord comfort them.

The funeral service was held in the Broad Creek meetinghouse on Sunday, the 16th, conducted by the

writer in the presence of a large congregation, who thus attested the esteem in which he was held, after which the mortal body was laid in the cemetery near by to await the sound of the last trump. 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. We yet look for the second coming of the Lord, and by him hope for the resurrection of our bodies.

In hope of that blessed event, your unworthy brother and fellow-servant,

A. B. FRANCIS.

## MEETINGS.

THE Particular Covenanted Baptist Church of Canada have changed the date for holding their quarterly meeting at Duart, which now will be held commencing on Saturday before the first Sunday in November, 1917.

J. T. KERR, Clerk.

THE Ebenezer Church in Baltimore will hold an all day meeting on the second Sunday in November. All who love to meet with us are invited to do so.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

## EBENEZER OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

IN

NEW YORK CITY.

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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

## WILMINGTON OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH

1304 Jefferson Street

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

All day meeting second Sunday in each month 10:30 a. m. Evening meeting fourth Sunday in each month 7:30 p. m.

A cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

## SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

1315 Columbia Avenue  
(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.  
ALL WELCOME

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JOSHUA T. ROWE, Pastor.

THE Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

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# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1917. NO. 22.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ISAIAH XIV. 24.

“As I have thought, so shall it come to pass.”

DEAR BRETHREN:—Will you permit one so poor and unworthy as I feel this morning just a little space in your precious, comforting paper? I have often had a desire to write some of my thoughts and send to the SIGNS for the consideration of the dear readers of the same, but when I would have a mind to write, my weakness and imperfections were so great I could not make the attempt, but this morning finds me with sufficient faith, I trust, to make the attempt.

Dear saints, while we are strangers in the flesh, and many, many miles apart, I hope we are close together in the faith of the Son of God, and, as I trust and pray, it is by the direction of the Spirit of God that I have stolen away to this solitary place to try and write. I believe at the appointed time of that same Spirit my pen will cease to pen these lines, so if I should write at length I hope the same Spirit will direct your minds to be patient and bear with one so weak.

First, I will say that what few brethren I have been blessed to meet tell me that

I am a Predestinarian Baptist. I will frankly admit that I am such a peculiar being that I do not know myself, but I believe that there is One who does know all about me. There is but one true and living God, the Creator of heaven and earth, and all things that dwell therein, and he changes not, the same yesterday, to-day and forever, who looks upon things that are not the same as if they were. He is not deceived in any of his works, a God that purposed and decreed all things whatsoever come to pass, before the world began. O what a God the God of the whole earth is, one who speaks and it is done, commands and it stands fast. We hear him say through one of the old prophets, “As I have thought, so shall it come to pass.” “I have spoken it, I will also bring it to pass; I have purposed it, I will also do it.” Dear little children, can you ascribe this to your Father which is in heaven? O how pleasant and strengthening it is to think upon a God like our God, who controls all things in heaven and on earth. Our God, the God of the whole earth, is not deceived in anything that ever has or that ever will come to pass; he purposed it, he will also do it, and he is none [the wiser when it

comes to pass. If there is anything that comes to pass that God had not thought of, then he is not an all-wise God, but knows more after it comes to pass than he did before. My dear kindred in Christ, are you not glad that the God we hope we honor and serve is a God of wisdom, power, purpose and love, and not one who tries and cannot, one who was thwarted and deceived in his creation? He is not a God that possesses all power in heaven and earth yet cannot do his will, but depends upon the man he created, who, according to the teachings of God's word, has no power at all of his own, but is as the grass of the field, which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, who is nothing, yea, less than nothing, and altogether vanity, whose bounds and habitations are fixed. Now, dear saints, would not that be a conglomerated mass of affairs if it were the case? Do you not think everything would have been blocked when God, with all power, created man and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a living soul? If God has all power, that certainly leaves the man without any, only as God gives him power. How could man have kept or transgressed the law, either one, without power from the One who possessed all power? I guess God did not know of the power of the serpent, so he failed to give man power to keep the law, so along came the serpent with his manufactured power and caught the man an empty blank, God failing to give him power to keep the law, so, in spite of the purpose God had in making man, he left a gap, and Satan took advantage of God's mistake and snatched man from his grasp. No matter how badly God was disappointed or thwarted in his purpose in making man, it was then too late. O how grieved and sorry God must have been that he

forgot to give the man power to keep the law; but it is too late now; he can only offer him a chance to be redeemed from under the curse that the manufactured power has dragged him into, but this plan of redemption must meet with the man's approval, and he must be sorry that he followed Satan and broke God's law, and want to leave Satan and go back to God. This must be a voluntary act on the man's part before God can redeem him. Surely this sets up a god that cannot, a god that does not, hold all power in his grasp, one that is dependent upon the choice of the creature; a dependent god. Dear child of God, let us set forth another God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God that created all things, both visible and invisible, by the power of his word. O think of the one true God, whom to know is eternal life. Can we know our earthly parents before we are born of them? Neither can we know our heavenly Father before we are born again, and to be born again means a spiritual birth, means life eternal; then we are ready to be taught of our heavenly Father, and O, dear child, how great is that teaching. How wonderful it is to be taught of him, to view him as he is, the great Creator of all things, the only true and living God, the one who can say, I am God, and beside me there is no Savior; the one who had neither beginning of days nor end of life. He is a God who never tried to do anything, one who never made a mistake, one who cannot be deceived. Dear reader, view him in eternity as all wisdom and knowledge and power before time began, viewing, purposing and decreeing a creation before time began, so wise that all creation, from the very first to the very last, was before him. He did not only view it, but purposed it, yet there were

no time and timely things yet in existence, wisdom or foreknowledge looking upon a creation that was not as though it were, and declaring the end from the beginning, saying, My counsel shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure. I have purposed it, I will also do it. There is no new, no old thing with God, but all is one eternal now; he is the very embodiment of wisdom and power. Dear reader, I sometimes think I can view God in eternity, before time began, with his pattern, or decree, or purpose, all before him, a complete creation, with all of its details, begun and ended in purpose, not one thing left out, not even the transgression; it was all finished, yet there was nothing created, because God had not yet said, Let there be light, only in purpose, and it was in his decree or purpose for light to make manifest: As I have thought, so shall it come to pass. When all of these things were before him, dear child of God, do you think he thought of them? I believe he did. Again, we read, "Whatever God doeth, it shall be for ever," there can nothing be added to nor taken from it, and God doeth it that man should fear before him. Dear brethren, let me say to you here that the purposes of God are just as sure to come to pass as if they had already taken place, and if I have any knowledge of the teaching of God's word, he surely did purpose and decree the whole creation, nothing was left out. This was all before time began, and he has all power in heaven and earth, is now and ever has been, is the same unchangeable God, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Then I am persuaded that he is just powerful enough to bring to pass here in time the very things he purposed before time began, and as he foresaw it all he is not deceived in any part of it, and that from the least to the greatest things,

as we term them. There is no great, no small with God, everything the same to him, all fulfilling his wise and foreseen purpose to a jot and tittle. He speaks, and it is done; commands, and it stands fast. O what a God Israel's God is. If this is the true God I have represented, dear reader, what can you hinder or bring to pass? God does his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth; he works and none can hinder, he hinders and none can work; he shuts the door and none can open, he opens the door and none can shut it. O, vain man, who art thou that repliest against God? What right has the thing formed to say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Has not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor and another unto dishonor? God is the potter and we are the clay. Dear child of God, stand firm in the faith once delivered unto the saints.

There is no end to the subject: "As I have thought, so shall it come to pass." I hope I believe in the absolute predestination of God in all things whatsoever come to pass.

I must desist for this time, and if this escapes the wastebasket, perhaps I may write again. May the Lord bless all of his chosen, is the prayer of the unworthy writer,

W. N. GREEN.

DODSONVILLE, Texas, May 23, 1917.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Aug. 11, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER KER:—Inclosed is a letter which you are at liberty to insert in the SIGNS if you think best. I always hesitate to send personal letters for publication, and perhaps I have felt too much that way, for I have many that would probably be of general interest to those

who love those dear columns. Yesterday I was reading this letter of brother Burch's to a dear sister in this blessed hope, and she said, "You ought to send that to the SIGNS; it is such a good letter, and would be a comfort to many." So I am acting on her suggestion, and hope that he will not mind, and that it will not be long before the SIGNS will contain another communication from his pen, with another sketch of his life, which he has promised, wherein he has been led over dark and rugged places into safety and joy unspeakable. Certainly this dear messenger of truth is a most wonderful blessing to many, both far and near, reaching numerous hidden ones who are not able to meet in the assembly of the saints; but these very ones often feel, while reading in the silence of their rooms, that they are in this great company, listening to psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, and making melody in the heart to the Lord.

Your unworthy sister in a blessed hope  
beyond this fading scene,

BESSIE DURAND.

BELLINGHAM, Wash., June 2, 1917.

DEAR SISTER DURAND:—It has been some time since I received your most kind and comforting card, which I have read and reread many times with seeming added comfort. Your message of christian love came as a great surprise to me. I have always loved your writings in the SIGNS, and wished I might write to you and tell you how they sank into my heart as a rich draught from the fountain of God's wonderful storehouse, from which we are permitted to draw according to his own will and pleasure the unsearchable riches of Christ, which he has laid up in store for all those who love him and wait for his appearing. In the same mail there

came two others, one from sister Florence Pultz and one from Elder J. T. Barnes, and since then one from sister Young, of Alberta, Canada, and one from a dear old brother in Indiana, none of whom I have ever met except Elder J. T. Barnes, whom I had the pleasure of entertaining at our house and hearing him preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, giving him all the glory, which was very comforting to me. Just a few days ago I received as a present through the mail the sketch of the life of Elder Joshua S. Corder, sent me by sister Semma, his daughter. The book is surely a revelation of God's everlasting power and guardian care over those whom he has chosen to preach his gospel, and I took much comfort in reading it. Now, dear sister, maybe I do not feel right about these sweet messages of love, which build me up and cause tears of love to flow, but they also cause sadness to come over me, with a deep searching of the heart, for I fear they are all deceived in me; I am just a poor old sinner, and have no power to do good or be good, for I have tried with all the might I have, and have to acknowledge that in me, that is, in my flesh, dwells no good thing; so if there was a crumb of comfort in my letter to the dear old SIGNS for any of God's little ones, it was because he indited it, and also blessed others to receive it. I was loath to send it, for it seemed so much like me, full of complainings; you must give God all the glory. Now, dear sister, if you will but write me a letter I will write you another sketch of my life, wherein God has led me safely over some very dark and rugged places, but his everlasting arm has always been my prop and stay, and when I am given faith to lay hold of these I find a great love and trust welling up in my heart, causing me to rejoice with joy

unspeakable and full of glory. At such times I do so long to go to him, where I can see him as he is. Here my pen refuses to go further, for can it be possible that I, who am so vile, so base, so full of guilt and shame, shall ever be like him? Yes, dear sister, he says it is so, and in and through him I believe it will be so. O such joy, to be free from this old body of death. Well can we say that ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things the Father hath laid up in store for his little ones. Still, when writing to others of my life, the old man gets before me, and I am so ashamed of his doings that I hesitate to write about myself, but I do believe our every step and action in life, yes, the little every day acts, are all predestinated, and not ours only, but every one and everything, both great and small, was predestinated, and he causes us to do and go whenever and wherever we go; so in the sketch which I spoke of writing it is not my part in the matter, but God's mercy and kind guardian care over a poor, wayward sinner, that I wish to speak of, but I do not want to impose my writing upon any one. You perhaps wonder at my long delay in answering your card, but I believe if you knew the reason you would excuse me, though part of it has been such a feeling of inability to write a suitable letter, for my mind has been so barren that I felt I could not write anything worth reading.

Well, the SIGNS came, and I had to stop and look through it, of course. I read brother F. S. Fisher's article, which was good, on "In the beginning," which was something new to me, as I had never thought on that portion of Scripture before, but it was all in harmony. Then sister Runkle's letter to Elder Vail was so good, as all her letters are, and where she said salvation by grace alone, and the

predestination of all things, both good and evil, election, special atonement, the final perseverance of the saints and the resurrection of the dead, are grand and glorious truths, and are my meat and drink. I have always since my first acquaintance with your and Elder Durand's writings wished I might meet you and talk with you about the precious Savior, our Savior. May he ever be near you to comfort you both while life lasts, and be especially near you while passing through the valley of death, is my prayer.

Your little brother in hope,

DAVIS BURCH.

WHEELING, W. Va., July 3, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am inclosing brother A. T. Benson's good letter for publication, if you see fit. I wanted to send it long ago, but was hindered until now. When I saw my letter written to him in the SIGNS, and saw that I had dwelt largely on my afflictions of the flesh, I felt somewhat ashamed of what I had written, but found some comfort in the thought that his judgment was superior to mine, and if he deemed it fit for the whole family it was all right. I am glad to have to tell that I am rather better in health at present, and am sometimes hoping that I may be so far restored as to be able to go to some of the meetings this summer; but if the Lord wills to bring me low again, so that I may not live, I have a hope given me to look forward to a full realization of all that I most desire. Here we have two or three days of preaching, and sometimes the flesh and pride so predominate that we cannot feel the sweetness in the pure word; but when we have clean escaped from this old body of sinful flesh, and stand in the assembly of the glorified saints above, and see the object of our

adoration, see him as he is, and be like him, I feel that there will be no end to our meeting, no going back to our own sad place in this body of sin.

I inclose one dollar to pay for the SIGNS the balance of the year. When I renewed for six months I felt that I might not live that long. I should have sent it last month, and truly I wanted to, but I am so that I cannot do the things I would. My strength is so frail that I cannot forge ahead, but have to wait until energy is given me. My heart goes out in tender love as I write. Many of the dear readers of the SIGNS seem to come forward and find a warm entrance into my heart. I feel to say, God bless you all. He alone knows how dear you are to me. I could mention many names; I believe they are written in the Lamb's book of life.

With the trembling hope that we are one in him, I subscribe myself, your unworthy sister,

FLORENCE PULTZ.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 4, 1917.

DEAR SISTER PULTZ:—Your letter sent to Cannon, Del., was duly received, but owing to barrenness of mind I have put off answering until now. Will say your letter came at a time when I was much cast down, and I believe the Lord, knowing my condition, put the thought in your mind to write to me. Your letters have always been of much comfort to me. You certainly know something of the things of the everlasting kingdom, or you could not write so beautifully concerning them. It is good for our minds to be upon the things above, and because our minds are upon these things we are made to hope that we have indeed found favor in the Lord. I have been thinking much of late about the writings of the

apostle. You will remember that he wrote much about a change. Among other things, he said, This mortal must put on immortality. I want to ask, Can anything be more comforting to us than to contemplate the changing of this body? Some day there will be no more sinful thoughts to torment us; no more sighing, for the former things shall pass away; that is, the things through which we are now passing will be done away. But we ask, How are these things to be accomplished? This thought brings us to the Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no sweetness in singing a hymn unless he is in the song; there is no beauty in preaching the word unless he is in it; he is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. He said also of himself, "I am the resurrection, and the life." Then he is all we need in time and eternity, and if we have found favor in his sight what a blessed people we are. I am somewhat disturbed about myself as to whether I have found favor in his sight or not. I find there is much pride in my heart yet, and many other things that should not be there, and I have no power at all to remove them. I want to inform you that I am not an Elder, as you thought. When I saw that you addressed me as such I felt very small. I only talk a little occasionally, and am trying to stop even that. My own idea is that I should be silent, because I know that I know but very little. There is one thing, however, that comforts me, and that is, the Lord's plans are laid, and no man or any being can change them. Man is inventing, and the Lord is looking on. One small breath from him can frustrate the whole plan of man. It is interesting in these days to watch man's scheming, and see the hand of the Lord upsetting his schemes (man's schemes I mean).

There is more I might say, but perhaps it is best not to say too much. Now, my sister, I want to say to you just what I would if I were in your presence: Be of good cheer. May the Lord sustain you in your affliction. A better world is in your view, I have no doubt. Again I must mention that precious name, Jesus Christ the righteous. I do not know how to speak comfortingly to you without mentioning this name. Just the meaning of the name is all we need to know: God with us. What a glorious thought!

I have sent your letter to the SIGNS. I felt as though some one else would enjoy reading it, so I sent it along.

I remain, as ever, your brother in hope,  
A. T. BENSON.

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## 2 CORINTHIANS X. 10.

"For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak, and his speech contemptible."

DEAR EDITORS AND READERS OF THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES:—For some days the above Scripture has been on my mind, but I have postponed attempting to write anything on the subject, as the text and its connection cover such a large scope I fear my effort to handle the subject intelligently. If the Lord is pleased to guide my pen, and to favor me with wisdom, light and understanding, I will present a few thoughts and submit them for the consideration of the editors of the dear old SIGNS.

All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable and edifying, and is truth. From the days of Abel down through all ages the called servants and witnesses of our Lord must endure a great fight of affliction to withstand all the fiery darts of Satan, and the true ministering servants of God have ever been opposed and persecuted by the

world. Worldly religionists and false teachers must acknowledge that the epistles and letters of Paul are weighty and powerful. They, the people, could see on the surface that much, although ignorant of their spiritual significance, pronouncing his bodily presence weak, and his speech contemptible. The doctrine of our Lord Jesus Christ was what they despised, which Paul preached, not after the flesh, but after the Spirit, armed with dignity and authority from high heaven. They could not resist nor overthrow, could only accuse him before rulers, assail his character and speak all manner of evil against him, to misrepresent and hire false witness against him. The religious world hates the truth and those who advocate the unlimited sovereignty of Almighty God, who contend earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints, and the false modern divines, so-called, try to repudiate the principles of the true christian faith. Such are the combinations of men and devils, with all their stratagem, to do away with and banish truth from the world. No wonder these false teachers could say, His speech is contemptible, away with such a man; and because of the vagabond Jews and their traditions the apostle Paul was in great heaviness and continual sorrow of heart. He said: "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."—Romans ix. 3. The beasts at Ephesus were ever ready to confront Paul with their falsehoods and unlawful deeds, to catch some word whereof they might accuse him. The same Judaizing spirit that made the people there so hostile and bitter against Christ and the apostles yet dominates the enemies of all truth, like the Arminian world, that teaches for doctrine the commandments of men, the

same as referred to by the Savior in Luke xi. 49, 50: "Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will send them prophets and apostles, and some of them they shall slay and persecute: that the blood of all the prophets, which was shed from the foundation of the world, may be required of this generation." Paul, speaking in the same chapter of our text, said: "For though we walk in the flesh, we do not war after the flesh: for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds; casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor. x. 3-5. Man is not justified by his own works, but alone through the unmerited grace of God in Christ Jesus, whose ways are above our ways, as the heavens are above the earth; exalted to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sin. I do feel to say that the Old School Baptist Church, according to the authorized version of King James' translation of the Bible, is the true church or kingdom of God, and bears all the marks of christian character so declared in the Scriptures; and although numerous miracles performed by Christ and the apostles were often acknowledged by the people as notable and weighty, they could not look to the end of that which was abolished, therefore pronounced it (the doctrine) contemptible; because the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit, as they do to this day reject the truth and cleave to the whims and inventions of men, to follow after the idols and superstitions of their own hearts, by reason of their traditions and religious training in the schools of the world, the grace plan of salvation being a stench in their nostrils,

to minimize the doctrine of God our Savior and to praise the works of men, to sacrifice to the image of the golden calf and rejoice in their own works, dependent upon conditions to be performed by the creature. So there is no peace to the wicked, saith the God of Israel. The wisdom of God is foolishness to them; they seek after the things which please the flesh and carnal fancy, and are blinded by the gods of this world. The letters and epistles of Paul carry in them the weight of supremacy and sovereignty of Almighty God, which unbelievers or the ungodly can never realize or accept, it being hid from the wise and prudent of this world and revealed to babes in Christ. All the law workers and religious schemers are incessantly on the alert to deceive and dupe the children of men by their craft and pernicious operations. Self-righteousness, greed and vain hallucinations of the carnal mind, which is enmity to God, allure and walk after the lust of the flesh and the popular clergy of the world of old, mystery, Babylon and abomination of the earth, marshaling all their cohorts against the truth and the faithful servants of our Lord; hence no wonder they call the Old Baptists "old fogies" and other vile epithets to gratify their personal hatred, because they have not the love of God abiding in them. Professionally they resort to the letter of the law, being ignorant of the fact that the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life, so said Paul. They deny the efficiency of the atonement and all the cardinal principles of election and predestination by substituting works, to mold the mind of the youth to their false theories. But the church is admonished to beware of false teachers that come in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravaging wolves. However, inspiration



describes the signs and coming of anti-christ, and all must be fulfilled.

I see I have already written too much, and have said but little. If the Lord will permit, I may at some future time pursue the subject further. I submit the above to our worthy editors and readers of the dear, old, reliable SIGNS, praying for the peace of Zion, the prosperity of the paper, and all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, unto the glory of the eternal God.

In gospel bonds, affectionately,  
ASA HOWARD.

KELLER, Texas, Oct. 2, 1917.

#### WHAT IS MAN?

"WHAT is man, that thou art mindful of him?"—Psalms viii. 4. "Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands: thou hast put all things under his feet."—Psalms viii. 5, 6. This is man in his first estate. But what is he since our fore-parents plunged the entire race into the abyss of sin? The inspired prophets and the inspired apostles of Jesus Christ all testify that the entire race of Adam is totally depraved. "There is none that doeth good." "They are all gone aside, they are altogether become filthy; there is none that doeth good, no, not one."—Psalms xiv. 3. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."—Isaiah liii. 6. "As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God. They are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their throat is an open sepul-

chre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips: whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness: their feet are swift to shed blood: destruction and misery are in their ways: and the way of peace have they not known: there is no fear of God before their eyes."—Rom. iii. 10-18. Surely no words in the English language could set forth the total depravity of the race of Adam more plainly than the apostle Paul has here set it forth. Nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. (Isaiah xl. 17.) What in all the world can be smaller than puny man? Jesus "needed not that any should testify of man: for he knew what was in man."—John ii. 25. The Lord knew that man would utterly fail to keep the law, so he established the new covenant, fenced with Jehovah's wills and shalls, and from every condition free. I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people. (Heb. viii. 10-12.) That there could be no possibility of a failure, he chose all the members of his body, which is his church, before the foundation of the world. (Eph. i. 4.) The Lord not only chose them before time began, he wrote the names of all his people in the book of life, and only those whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life enter the new Jerusalem, the holy city of pure gold. "And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Rev. xxi. 27. The Lord left nothing to chance in the building of his church, but established a glorious highway, and the redeemed shall walk there. (Isaiah xxxv. 9, 10.) That his house shall be full, and not one left out, from the least to the greatest, he compels the poor ones to come in, who have nowhere else to go,

only to Jesus, who is their only hope for life and immortality. (Luke xiv. 23.) The Lord in his wisdom has provided one street, and only one, for the redeemed to enter the new Jerusalem, and that of pure gold, as it were transparent glass. (Rev. xxi. 21.) This is the one street, and the compelling power that compels his people to come in: "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee."—Jer. xxxi. 3. "No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him."—John vi. 44. "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it; except the Lord keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain."—Psalms cxxvii. 1. Thus we see that the Lord of hosts has not left the work of building his church in the hands of puny man, who is nothing. Vain man has concluded that the Lord's way of saving sinners is entirely too slow, so he has taken the bit in his teeth, and wants to rush along on a large and fast scale, and what do we see on every hand the world over? Confusion everywhere among the Babel builders, yet the glorious church of our God will be completed without the sound of a hammer or any iron tool. (1 Kings vi. 7.) So perfect is the work of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ that no hammer or axe is needed in erecting this glorious building, for the Lord prepares all the lively stones, and they fit in the place he designed. They shall all be taught of the Lord, and they ascribe all praise unto his blessed name forever. "We love him, because he first loved us."—1 John iv. 19. The kingdom of Jesus Christ ruleth over all. He plucks up nations, and he plants others, and he shall dash them to pieces as a potter's vessel, with a rod of iron. (Psalms ciii. 19; Dan. iv. 17; Psalms ii. 9.) The Lord will

bring down high looks in individuals or nations, for the Lord of hosts sits on no precarious throne, nor borrows leave to be; his kingdom stands forever. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God."

—Psalms xc. 2.

Yours in hope,

WM. F. SLOAN.

LEXINGTON, Kentucky.

TIAWAIL, Okla., Oct. 28, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS AND READERS OF THE SIGNS:—My silence has been caused by my inability to write anything that would seem to me to be of interest to you. As many readers of the SIGNS have requested me to write more along the lines which have appeared above my name in the past few years, I shall to-day make an effort to write something that may, by the providence of God, help some of the scattered saints to bear their afflictions with patience, while they are looking to him who is the author and finisher of their faith. While these "afflicted and poor people" are made, by the ruling of the grace of God in their hearts, to trust in the Lord, yet words that coincide with their experience, coming from their fellow-creatures, are words of consolation, which give strength to the very soul that hungers for the perfect righteousness of the Lord Jesus. Such words I know help them, and their hope "maketh not ashamed," but sweetly rests within the veil. While searching the columns of the SIGNS for good and wholesome doctrine and tender, heartfelt experience I sometimes find letters that tell of the good meetings of the saints in different and distant parts of the land, which I read with as much avidity as any of the other letters. I may be an exception to the average reader of the SIGNS. However, I am presuming that hints along

the line of the prosperity or the adversity of the small churches of the saints in this "desert land" will be read with interest. Much more, this is momentous, in this dark day of murderous warfare among the nations of the earth, to all lovers of the truth, that they may know that the Lord has still a few names that are hid in the crevice of the Rock, who live, move and have a being.

I want to note as briefly as I can some of my recent visits among the churches, meetings and associations of Oklahoma, Arkansas and Texas. In August I visited a small band of brethren and sisters in Garfield County, Okla. These brethren indorse the doctrine of the SIGNS, and some are subscribers. It is needless to say that they, religiously, accept the admonition, "Be ye separate" from the world, and they are particular, too, about receiving any in their fellowship unless they bring a "thus saith the Lord." This little band is strong in the Lord, because united in the love of God. In the same month I visited the First Oklahoma Association, held in Pottawatomie County, Okla. This body of three small churches has a small membership, but they are united in the doctrine of the predestination of all things, election, salvation altogether by grace and the resurrection of the dead. They also indorse the SIGNS. This was formerly a much larger body, until a division eleven years ago and a subdivision since. These divisions were principally caused by unsoundness in doctrine. Strange to human reason that a remnant even should be left to the Lord, but God's testimony comforts us: My people are the fewest of all people. In September I spent nearly two weeks in Boone County, Ark. This was in the vicinity of the meeting-place of the Little Zion Association. On several occasions

before the association convened I spoke in the way of preaching. Having a day of leisure, by the request of a friend I was taken to hear a man preach who claimed to be a Primitive Baptist, but who was a real nonresurrectionist. His discourse was the most mixed of anything that I ever heard. I shall not attempt to detail his discourse, but merely state that the most of his interpretations of the Scriptures were spiritual, thus destroying the legitimate application of the testimony of Jesus and the apostles. In riding home with one of the leading members, as he was trying to explain his position in regard to the resurrection, I asked for the privilege of putting his belief in my own language, and just as I had inferred from his argument. After he consented to give me this privilege I said: "You believe that when the body of a child of God dies his spirit, new man, inner man, soul or life immediately enters into a new spiritual body there at the death-bed, and soars up on high to glory?" He said, "That is it, that is it." I said, "So you believe that the resurrection is going on daily?" He said, "I do." This idea has a small holding in the west. I am glad to know that the Little Zion Association, of Arkansas, and some six or seven larger associations of that State, and many churches of north Texas, are unanimous against accepting such an idea. I visited the Sulphur Fork Association, in northeast Texas, which was held on Friday before the first Sunday in October. Most of these brethren indorse the doctrine of the SIGNS, and some of them are subscribers. While there, some brethren and sisters requested me to send them old copies of the SIGNS, they prepaying the postage. Since coming home I have mailed two hundred and forty-five copies to the different

addresses in Texas and Louisiana. Elder V. R. Harris, of Fordyce, Ark., is also distributing old copies of the SIGNS among brethren. In the last two months I have met twenty Old School Baptist preachers, and have heard most of them preach. They all, as far as I know, are "can't help its," and strong advocates of the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead.

Though to me is indicated the signs of his coming, as I hope was shown me in October, 1860, while my friends were weeping around my bed, when the world was dead to me and I dead to my earthly surroundings, yet I am rejoiced to know that the Lord has, and that he always will have while the gospel day remains, a chosen few, a remnant, almost unknown to the great religious elements of this day, securely preserved to himself, that shall "be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air."

All yours, in hope of immortality,

J. F. BEEMAN.

HOPEWELL, N. J., Oct. 8, 1917.

MY DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—As my work is done for the day, I thought, Well, what shall I do this evening? and the thought came to me to write on this, my sixty-first birthday, to the dear ones who read our family paper. As I write the words, "family paper," I see so plainly it is so, for all enjoy it, and it is just as much to one as to another, and so all of its readers are as one family. As I think, What shall I write? these words come to my mind: Tell them to "be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." These words are recorded in John xvi. 33. Christ tells his disciples in him they shall have peace, but in the world tribulation. He also tells them he has overcome the world. What comfort it must have been

to them to have Christ speak such words to them. I know they did not understand all his words, neither do we, only as they come to us with the sweet promise that we can but feel is direct from him; then how we feel strengthened, knowing once more it is the Spirit of God made manifest to us by himself. So many times have I been thus blessed, having such sweet things come to me seemingly direct from the Lord, and when these things have been I have felt I would never doubt again, but I have, and have wondered if this was the real Christ. How faithless and unbelieving I am. I do not see how I have been permitted to have so many rich and precious seasons. In Acts it is recorded where the Lord stood by Paul in the castle and told him to be of good cheer, for as Paul had testified of him in Jerusalem, so also must he bear witness at Rome. So in his trouble the Lord bade him be of good cheer, but in the spirit, not in the world. Again, in Acts, where they are in shipwreck, Paul exhorts them to be of good cheer, and tells them of the promise of the Lord to him, which he had given all them that sailed with him, without loss of life. Then again he said, Be of good cheer, that he believed God that it would be even as it was told him. Then we are told afterward where they were of good cheer, and took meat. I have never been in a shipwreck, but have seen some severe troubles, when it seemed sad and gloomy, yet I have been cheered by the word of the Lord and have been comforted in the midst of it, and so I can but say to you all to-night, notwithstanding these sad times, which are of so serious a nature, with a continual fear that they will grow worse, Be of good cheer in Christ, and trust him in it all, knowing that he came to do the will of his Father and save all

the Father gave him, and not one shall perish, he will not leave nor forsake them. He also says, Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul; but rather fear him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell. Yes, I say, trust him, for he is mighty to save. How can we keep too near the fold? and in these perilous times how we need the continual comfort of each other. How we need the word preached to us in all its strength. We want the whole truth, nothing left out, nothing but the real truth to give us comfort and cheer. A few days ago I was made to think of these words: How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation? which are found in the first part of the second chapter of Hebrews. I was made to think and see what great salvation it is, and if I could only pen it to you I am sure you would enjoy it, but that I cannot do, and I feel none of us can tell of these things at all times, for they have seemed to be to us when we had need of them, and yet we are commanded to comfort others with the comfort wherewith we ourselves have been comforted of God. It does seem to me there is neglect of so great salvation in different ways. The word tells us to present our bodies a living sacrifice. Read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, which is so good to read, so instructing. We are told in Hebrews to forsake not the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is. We are to exhort one another, but it must be in all love and tenderness; not to provoke, but in all confidence and love, with fear of not being understood. I do feel we should give all heed to so great salvation, and there are all ways to do it. It seems to me there were some in those days who neglected their duties. Do we keep all the commands given us? I do

not, far from it, I am sorry to say. I do try to present my body, and to assemble with the dear ones. I know from past experience that the more we neglect our duties the easier it is to do so. Times have grown so that Sunday is the only day many have as their day from business, and so it is often used for pleasure instead of meeting and mingling with the brethren. To me it is sad, and I hear the same expression from different churches. I am sure all would feel our pastors had done a wrong thing should they go and leave the congregation in such a way. These things ought not so to be. If we are away from our home church and visiting with another church we are still assembling ourselves together, as it is all one church. I hear some say, I do not hear when I go, or, I go to sleep, or, I can think just as much about these things at home. Even if all this be true, the command is neglected and it is wrong. To keep in an interested and brotherly interest is to meet and to mingle and to speak often one to another of these better things, to place our affections on things above, for where our treasure is, there will our heart be also. O that I could serve the Father of all mercies better, but I wander so far from the path I love to see dear ones walking in.

Dear brethren, one and all, be of good cheer and trust the Father of all mercies, for he will be with you and give you strength for every trial you are to pass through. My love to you all.

MARY HILL TERRY.

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#### LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,  
Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***OBEDIENCE IS BETTER THAN SACRI-  
FICE.**

(1 Samuel xv. 22.)

IN days of old the Lord gave his people leaders and judges, yet they were not satisfied and wanted to have a king, in order that they might be like other nations. This has been a peculiarity of the people of God in all ages—never satisfied, always wanting what they have not, and most always want that which is not good for them. Hence when they wanted a king the Lord told them what it would mean to them: that their young men and maidens would be taken and the king would rule over them all as a nation. That given knowledge, however, did not change their minds, and they continued to ask for a king. The Lord granted their request, but did not allow them to choose the man, but made the choice himself of Saul, the noble giant of Israel, nor did he allow them as a nation to anoint him king, but sent Samuel, his faithful prophet, to do the anointing. When the time came Saul could not at first be found; realizing his littleness and insufficiency to reign over such a people "he hid himself among the stuff," but was found and anointed king. It seems, from the record, that for a long time he

did well, but later was not faithful. The Lord knew all about him and his doings, hence sent the same prophet to the house of Jesse to anoint David to be king and reign instead of Saul. When these two men are compared there indeed seems but little comparison. Saul was a man of note, and in stature from the shoulders and upward higher than any man in Israel, the giant of giants, while David was a mere stripling of a boy, the keeper of his father's sheep, and scarcely known out of his own neighborhood, yet each was the Lord's choice, and in many ways in all ages the Lord has taught his people that it is not by might, nor by strength, but by his Spirit things are accomplished. In our view it required Saul, David and Solomon to complete the type of Christ, the anointed of God. Jesus is head over all things to the church, which is his body. "Head over" means above, or Lord over the church. Saul, being from the shoulders and upward higher (head over) than any man in Israel, was that part of the type. David was a man of war, and fought the battle of Israel against Goliath and slew him, thereby delivering his brethren from slavery and death. In that work David was a figure of Jesus, who fought the archenemy, death, removed its sting and delivered his brethren of its power. Solomon builded the house unto the Lord and reigned in wisdom. In that he was a type of Jesus, the builder of the spiritual house unto the Lord. There was a special difference between Saul and David, in that Saul never seemed to realize the hand or presence of God in his reign, and all he did seemed to have been from a selfish standpoint, while David from the first saw the Lord in all things, even in the slaying of the lion and the bear. A different feeling, a different work for each.

In the special connection in which is our text we find the Lord dealing out vengeance upon the Amalekites because of their persecution of his people. In thus dealing with them he sent Samuel, the same man who anointed Saul, to him with commandment to go against Amalek and utterly destroy them and all their substance, leaving nothing alive. Saul gathered his army of two hundred and ten thousand men and smote the Amalekites, but took Agag their king alive and spared the best of the sheep and oxen and the fatlings and lambs and all that was good, and would not utterly destroy them. Then the Lord said to Samuel: It repenteth me that I have set Saul up to be king, for he is turned back from following me, and hath not performed my commandments. Just here we will call attention to the words, "It repenteth me," with reference to what the Lord meant. This does not infer that the Lord was disappointed in Saul, but even then, and for some time before, he was turning away from Saul. This is conclusive, since he had already chosen David to be king of Israel, and this act of disobedience in Saul was the climax when he should soon be dethroned and David's reign begin. When the Lord told Samuel that Saul had not obeyed his commandment to utterly destroy the Amalekites and all their substance he went in search of Saul, and when he found him Saul said, "Blessed be thou of the Lord: I have performed the commandment of the Lord," and Samuel said, "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the lowing of the oxen which I hear?" Saul said, The people took of the spoil, sheep and oxen and the chief things to sacrifice unto thy God. No doubt Saul thought this would please the prophet, and perhaps had not the Lord told him all about Saul's wickedness he

might not have felt just as he did. Man can be deceived, but the Lord knows all things, yea, even the secrets and intents of the heart. Saul also sought to place the responsibility upon the people for taking the best of the flocks and the chief things, but the Lord knew better. Saul received the commandment, not the people. Saul was responsible to the Lord, and the people to Saul. It seems innate from the beginning to shift responsibility upon the other fellow. When the Lord asked Adam why he had partaken of the forbidden fruit he said, The woman thou gavest to be with me gave me of the fruit and I did eat. Then he asked the woman why she did it, and she replied, The devil tempted me. It has ever been so since. At the end of Saul's statements Samuel asked him if the Lord had more pleasure in sacrifices than in obeying the word of the Lord. In the question the answer seems encouched. Surely obedience is first of all things. Had Adam not disobeyed there would have been no necessity for sacrifice. Hence "to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams." The sacrifices under the old covenant were because of sin, yet not one of those sacrifices could make the guilty clean except ceremonially. The blood of goats and calves could never take away sin; therefore in burnt offerings and sacrifices the Lord had no pleasure, but in the volume of the book it is written of Jesus that he should come to do what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, and it was his delight to make the comers unto God perfect through his obedience unto death, even the death of the cross. How much better therefore the obedience of Christ, the Son of God, than all the sheep, oxen, fatlings and spoils of all nations. By the disobedience of one man, Adam, many were made

sinner, so by the obedience of one, even Christ, shall many be made righteous. The Lord has therefore more pleasure in the obedience of his Son than in all the sacrifices from the beginning of the world to the end of the same. Really obedience is the greatest sacrifice the Lord's children can make. To live according to the law of the Lord is to live unto God, sacrificing all things, crucifying the flesh day and night, never yielding to temptation. With such obedience the Lord is well pleased. To hearken to his word is better than the fat of rams. This word is his truth, and his truth is the testimony of Jesus. Not only are the subjects of his kingdom commanded to hearken or hear his word, but to be doers of the word. "If ye know these things happy are ye if ye do them." To be kind and tender-hearted one toward another, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake forgave us, is to do the word. To save a brother rather than kill him is to do the word. To be steadfast, rooted and grounded in the truth, is to do the word; these works are not vain in the Lord. The Lord would have had respect unto the obedience of Saul, but would have had none unto all the sacrifices that all the sheep and oxen and fatlings would have made. If we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, nothing can we do to atone for our disobedience, but there remaineth a certain fearful looking for and fiery indignation, which each one must experience for himself or herself. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God, yet David preferred it to falling into the hands of his enemies, because the Lord is gracious and merciful. How good that his mercy endureth forever.

K.

## JOHN XV. 13.

"GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A friend of the truth is one who does the truth. Not one who merely professes the truth, but possesses it, and who shows in his works that he does possess it. Works justify faith, because they are the fruit of faith and produced by faith. The works of the flesh are sinful, but the works of the Spirit are righteous, because that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." The evidence that one is a friend of Jesus is that he does what Jesus says. And what did Jesus say? He commanded his disciples to love one another as he had loved them. The followers of Jesus are not to love one another with fleshly, sensual love, but with the same love wherewith they have been loved of Jesus. One who thus finds himself or herself loving the people of God is a friend of Jesus or of truth, for Jesus is truth. Abraham was called the friend of God, because he did the commandment of God. His obedience did not make him a friend of God, but his friendship toward God was evidenced by his obedience, and he was obedient because he was the friend of God, not to make himself the friend of God. Jesus says that no man has a greater love than to lay down his life for his friends, yet the love of God in Christ is as far above the height of man's love as the heavens are above the earth, so that, while a man would do no more than lay down his life for his friends, the love of God surpasses this in that Christ laid down his life for his enemies, for those that despitefully used him, for those who denied and slew him. The love of God for his people is proved in that while they were sinners and enemies



to him, Christ died for them. It is all very well for us to say the Jews crucified the Savior, but there is no escaping the fact that the Gentiles were participants in that crime, and we Gentiles at that, for, while we were not actually there in person, it was our sins and our iniquities nevertheless that drove the nails through his hands and feet and that thrust the spear into his side. The time is come when we are made by faith to look upon him whom we have pierced and to mourn because of him. The love of God is after a wonderful manner, infinitely different from the manner of men. While men might be ready through love to die for those who had or would befriend them, God in Christ suffered death for the salvation and welfare of those who were by nature enemies to godliness. No wonder, then, that John elsewhere says: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." It must follow, then, that if the love of God dwell in us, we shall be found loving not only our friends, but loving our enemies. We are not sure that we have ever loved our enemies, but whether we ourselves have ever done it or not, it must be and is right that the people of God should do so. If we do it not, then the evidence is against our being the people of God. It is a solemn thing to examine one's self to see whether we be in the faith, and then have to conclude that the evidence we wish to find is not in us. It is certain that one will search his flesh in vain for any godly principle. It is only as Christ by his Spirit dwells in us and accomplishes in us that which is right that we can have any encouragement to believe ourselves in the company of the saints of God. However others, whether in the church or out of it, may have trespassed against us

or done us hurt, we shall not feel, if Christ be in us, to retaliate or seek revenge, but we shall be given to feel they are ignorant of the harm they have done and will have the principle in us to feel: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Or to feel as did Stephen: "Lay not this sin to their charge." The good works of Jesus were foreordained that the people of God should walk in and enjoy them. This does not mean that it is our duty to walk in them, but that the people of God shall walk in them. Grace will accomplish these good works in them. If we have not these good things abounding in us, it gives cause for serious heart-searchings and prayerful questionings at the throne of grace.

L.

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### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

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(Written by Elder H. H. Lefferts.)

*The Juniata Association, in session with the Springfield Church, Huntingdon Co., Pa., Friday, Saturday and Sunday, October 12th, 13th and 14th, 1917, to the churches composing the same, and to the associations and meetings with which we correspond, sendeth greeting in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—It is right, in seeking a further continuance of your correspondence with us, which we so much appreciate, that you should receive some token from us as to our position in regard to the doctrine of the Scriptures. We are living in an era of great changes. On every hand we witness an impatience with the old order of things and a restlessness to hurry into untried, new and strange things. New ideas, new manners, new religions crop up any and everywhere. Unless one is steadied and held in check by some solid principle, the strong current of new things threatens to

sweep us along with it. In this letter none of these strange things need occupy us, except the new ideas in religion. There is but one real religion: the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ revealed by the Holy Spirit. Man has tried to improve the old-fashioned doctrine of the apostles and prophets by adding his own ideas and placing his own constructions upon what the doctrine means. Man has also sought to build up many societies and institutions in the name of truth, which belie the Spirit of God's truth as it is in Christ. As for the churches of this association, we have no disposition to remove the ancient landmark which the fathers have set. This ancient landmark is Christ Jesus himself. He was known unto Abel and all down through the prophetic and apostolic line to ourselves. Jesus Christ and him crucified is what true believers need, and all that they need, and a full and complete and finished salvation in Christ for time and eternity is what we believe and is what we preach. Jesus Christ embodies the whole doctrine of God, and the fundamental principles of this doctrine as advocated among us are: foreknowledge, predestination of all things, election, effectual calling, adoption, final preservation of the saints to glory and the resurrection of the dead. These things are commonly believed among us, and we are a fearful people, not fearing men, but God, fearfully anxious to know whether our hope is a good hope through grace, whether our exercises of mind are such as God's people generally have. "Am I his, or am I not?" is a question that often gives us anxious thought. We go to our meetings not to criticise the preacher, but to size up our own individual cases in the light of the preaching, to see whether the gospel gives us sinners a clear title to the mansions in

the Father's house. The mercy of God is always enduring, else we could not endure what is going on now in the world and in our own fleshly nature. "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," else we could not have successfully gotten thus far on our journey through this wilderness world. May the grace of God stablish your and our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus.

J. M. FENTON, Moderator.

J. C. MELLOTT, Clerk.

(Written by brother King C. Spindle.)

*The Virginia Corresponding Meeting, in session with the New Valley Old School Baptist Church, Loudoun Co., Va., Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, October 17th, 18th and 19th, 1917, to the churches composing this meeting, and to the associations and meetings with which we correspond, sends love in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—It has been a custom of long standing to address you at these annual meetings in a Corresponding Circular Letter, setting forth some Scripture or point of doctrine for the edification of the saints. We feel to say we are unequal to the task, yet with the help of divine guidance we will give such thoughts as we have on the following Scripture: "He is the Rock, his work is perfect; for all his ways are judgment: a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he."—Dent. xxxii. 4. The first clause of our text, "He is the Rock," presents a solid foundation. God is the Rock of our salvation. Upon this Rock God builds his church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. All our fathers "did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x. 4. We wish to confine our writing to the second clause: "His work is perfect." What is God's

work? All things, both visible and invisible, both natural and spiritual; that is, there is nothing past, present or to come but is the work of God. The definition of perfect is complete. Since his work is perfect, it is in the true sense complete. God chose his people in Jesus Christ before the foundation of the world. Since his work is perfect, there can be no more choosing. God created in Adam all the human family, a perfect creation, yet it will take until the end of time to bring the last of that human family into existence. Just so with the spiritual family. While they were all chosen in Christ before the world was, it will take until the end of this time state to make the last one manifest. Again, we look with the natural eye and see the perfection of God's work in the creation of the ocean, with the rivers and brooks all joined together in one body. Each river and brook has some office to fill. In the larger streams we find the larger fish, that cannot come into the smaller streams and destroy the smaller fish. Hence the smaller streams are just as necessary as the larger ones. Here we see God made the protection for the fish before he made the fish, otherwise it would not have been a perfect work. We feel to say that as God predestinated the safety of the fish, beasts and birds before there were any of them, so Christ was predestinated for the salvation of his people before there were any of them. When God created Adam and put him in the garden of Eden, he forbade him to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, saying: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." The penalty, therefore, for eating was death, and the moment the man ate the forbidden fruit, that moment he died, and not himself only, but all his posterity died in him. The wages of sin

is death, hence man became dead and can do nothing to bring about or restore life, for by nature the dead remain dead. Paul says, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" We believe the answer to Paul's question is to be found in 1 Peter i. 18-21: "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers; but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot: who verily was foreordained before the foundation of the world, but was manifest in these last times for you, who by him do believe in God, that raised him up from the dead, and gave him glory; that your faith and hope might be in God." Dear brethren, what a perfect hope is this, for God is from everlasting to everlasting, so what could be more perfect? "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." In this was manifested the love of God toward us, in that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, to the end that we should live through him. Herein is love; not that we loved God, but that he loved us and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time, but if we love one another, God dwells in us and his love is perfected in us. "And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect."—1 John iv. 16, 17.

The next session of this Corresponding Meeting is appointed to be held, the Lord willing, with the Frying Pan Church, Fairfax Co., Virginia, beginning on

Wednesday before the third Sunday in October, 1918, and continuing three days, at which time we hope to be privileged to again receive your messengers and letters, and to hear from your ministers.

H. H. LEFFERTS, Moderator.

S. B. PAXSON, Clerk.

### CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

*The Roxbury Association of Old School Baptists, in session with the Middletown and Andes Church, Union Grove, N. Y., Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 12th and 13th, 1917, to the associations and meetings with which we correspond sends christian greeting.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—The Lord has truly been good to us as an association in gathering us together by his Spirit in brotherly love and fellowship. Your ministers have preached to us the unsearchable riches of Christ, and we have been comforted together in our mutual faith. We hope we have been made to sit in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The preaching has been to many a feast of fat things, and they have been filled with joy and gladness, so that they could feelingly say, "My cup runneth over." We desire a continuance of your correspondence in the future as in the past.

Our next session is appointed to be held with the Olive and Hurley Church, Ashokan, N. Y., on the Wednesday and Thursday between the second and third Sunday in September, 1918, commencing at 10:30 a. m.

GEORGE RUSTON, Moderator.

A. J. SLAUSON, Clerk.

### MARRIAGES.

By Elder John G. Eubanks, October 31st, 1917, at the home of the Misses Sarah and Emma Campbell, Thomas Y. Nichols and Miss Lina Grafton, daughter of the late Elder Wm. Grafton. They will reside at Mr. Nichols' residence, 528 North 34th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Susie L. Kenedy Bloomfield** was born near Plymouth, Ill., March 5th, 1863, was married to A. W. Bloomfield July 22nd, 1879, and died in a hospital in St. Joseph, Mo., October 12th, 1917, leaving husband, father and one brother to mourn her departure. She was the daughter of Simeon M. and Malinda Harrison Kenedy. In March, 1880, they moved to Vesta, Nebr., where they found a small pioneer church of Primitive Baptists. In May, 1884, she related the dealings of the Lord with her, and was baptized by the late Elder Isaac Irwin. She moved with her husband to St. Joseph, Mo., in 1887, where they have resided for the past thirty years. When the controversy among the Baptists in northwest Missouri in the early nineties occurred she took a decided stand against the new digressions. She was blessed with a keen insight into spiritual matters; was a constant reader of the Bible and enjoyed the study of its precepts. She preferred the association with God's people to the exclusion of all worldly allurements. She gave much aid to her husband in his professional work as a teacher in the city schools, where he has been employed for twenty-five years, and has written a number of articles for Baptist publications. Her life was a life service as well as sacrifice; not service so often rendered to secure applause of others, but service rendered by a loving and sympathetic heart. Much of her time throughout her whole life was given to the sufferings of the needy. It was remarkable to note the unaffected resignation that possessed her whole being as she approached the river of the valley and shadow of death. I copy a portion of her last letter to her father and only brother, living in Florida: "I know you will be surprised when I tell you I am all ready to go this afternoon at 4 o'clock to the hospital to be operated on. I have known for years that I have a tumor, but was not going to be operated on only as a last resort. Well, that time has come. The operation will take place at 8 o'clock in the morning; I have one more night of this awful suffering. What the end will be we cannot tell, but I do not worry one bit about it. I feel so trustful and wait upon God. You know I never clung to life very strongly; I long to go, yet I am willing to live if God so wills it. I never felt more trustful and willing to wait." Often during the last few hours of her life she remarked to friends who called at the hospital that she was ready to go, for she was at peace with God and all of the world. After passing a restless day, the second after the operation, as the shades of evening came on she complained of the gathering darkness, and as the light faded from her eyes she said, "It is dark here, but it is light beyond," and closed her eyes in death, after bidding a final farewell to husband, father, brother and other relatives. A multitude of friends

mourn her departure to a better world than this. Four years ago she and her husband visited a number of churches in the east, including Baltimore and Black Rock, in Maryland, Hopewell, N. J., and at New York city, meeting and forming acquaintances with Elders Chick, Rowe and McConnell and many precious brethren and sisters.

The funeral occurred on Sunday p. m. at the home. Services were conducted by Elder G. E. Higden, of Richmond, and the writer, after which the mortal remains were placed in a vault, to be transferred to the family plot.

SMITH KETCHUM.

**Elder S. J. English** died at his home near Andersonville, Macon Co., Ga., July 4th, 1916. He was born at the same place of his death August 5th, 1854, making his stay upon earth nearly sixty-two years. His grandfather, Elder Sampson English, came to America from England and settled first in Monroe County, Ga., later moving to Macon County, where the family has lived for three generations. He was ordained to the ministry in the Old School Baptist Church and was a very able and faithful defender of truth. He was among the early subscribers to the SIGNS OF THE TIMES. He died the last year of the Civil War, leaving several children, one of which was the father of Elder S. J. English. Elder S. J. English was early called to be about his Father's business. He was given a hope in Christ when a boy, baptized in the fellowship of Bluff Springs Old School Baptist Church, near Andersonville, in his sixteenth year, and was ordained to the ministry a few years later, by Elders John Respass, John Rowe and Sikes. He served the churches of his care nearly forty years, making the work of his grandfather and himself in the same churches an almost continual service of nearly one hundred years. Elder English was a man of an uncompromising nature; he esteemed truth above all things else. He was ordained to the ministry about the time that a great revival among Baptists in this section took place, during which the churches went off into the contentions of limited predestination and conditional time salvation. He was a firm believer in the doctrine of God's absolute sovereignty and salvation by grace for time and eternity. His whole life was one continual warfare against false doctrine. He was never willing to receive into the church or bid God speed to one bringing in contentions. Truly was he often "in perils among false brethren." He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. He could say with Paul: "No man stood with me, but all men forsook me; I pray God that it may not be laid to their charge. Notwithstanding the Lord stood with me; that by me the preaching might be fully known." Sad indeed were the hearts of those who loved him because of his declining health, but God spared him to be at his appointment just one month before his death. He sat in a chair,

being too weak to stand, and most feelingly set forth the glories of the holy Jerusalem, the bride, the Lamb's wife, descending out of heaven from God. The little band who loved him miss him from their midst, but God's will be done. Truly do we feel that with Paul he could have said: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand: I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course. Henceforth there is laid up 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."

ELLA BARFIELD.

**William R. Wilson** died October 4th, 1917, aged 58 years. He was the son of Alexander Wilson, of near Welsh Tract, Del. Mr. Wilson lived the greater part of his stay on earth in Delaware, and faithfully attended the meetings at Welsh Tract. His first wife was Miss Margaret Staton, eldest daughter of Elder Joseph L. Staton, by whom he had two children, Margaret and Ernest. She died March 4th, 1907. On February 4th, 1915, he was married to Miss Helen R. Badger, daughter of Elder Joseph N. Badger. He is survived by his wife and both children. Mr. Wilson was a lover of the truth as it is in Jesus, a kind and devoted husband and father. He never united with the church. The last twenty years of his life were spent in Wilmington, Del. He attended all the meetings of the church of his preference (the Old School Baptist), and largely and gladly entertained the brethren and friends. The writer has conversed with him on the subject of his hope, and all our social relations resulted in the cementing of a sweet, spiritual fellowship.

He was laid away in the Welsh Tract Cemetery, New Castle Co., Del., on Sunday, October 7th, 1917. The services were conducted by the writer in the presence of a large company of friends and neighbors. May the Lord comfort the bereaved wife and children.

B. F. COULTER.

**James Albert Cox**, our brother in Christ, departed this life at his home near Roanoke, Va., on Sunday, October 21st, 1917. He was the son of Samuel and Sarah Chamblin Cox, and was born June 21st, 1833, near Middleburg, Va., and lived most of his life in that vicinity. He had four brothers and five sisters, but outlived all of them. He was married to Catherine E. Dodd, the daughter of John W. and Rachel Dodd, Dec. 11th, 1856, and she died Jan. 15th, 1875, leaving two children, both of whom are still living: sister Rosa Garrett, of Leesburg, Va., and William S. Cox, of Fayette, Mo. In 1877 brother Cox married a sister of his first wife, Miss Abbie Dodd, who, with her son, H. R. Cox, of Roanoke, Va., survives our brother Cox. He is also survived by four grandchildren. Brother Cox was baptized about forty-five

years ago by the late Elder Joseph L. Purington, into membership with the Mt. Zion Church, Loudoun County, Va. The Loudoun Mirror, of Leesburg, Va., says: "Mr. Cox lived for sixty years in this county, where he was well and favorably known, and where he had a host of friends. He was for many years a consistent member of the Old School Baptist Church."

His remains were brought from Roanoke to his native county and buried in the cemetery at Middleburg, Va. Our heart goes out in sincere desire for the comfort and consolation of the sorrowing widow and children. May they realize the presence of Jesus in their affliction.

**Cora Elnora Pennington**, daughter of Solomon and Sue Pennington, was born in Neelyville, Mo., Nov. 14th, 1895, and departed this life Sept. 14th, 1917, aged 21 years and 10 months. She leaves father and mother, two brothers and five sisters, beside a host of relatives and friends to mourn her departure. She never made an open profession of religion, but left evidence of having a hope beyond this veil of tears. I was called upon to preach her funeral, held in the Missionary Baptist meetinghouse at New Hope, Ripley Co., Mo., to a large concourse of people, using as a text Isaiah lxx. 20, trying to set forth the power of God, who gave this natural life and prepared in his Son to give his children eternal life beyond this veil of tears. May he bless this dispensation of his providence to the weeping family and all who mourn for her, and grant them submission to the fast ripening of his purposes, which unfold every hour.

B. H. YATES.

### APPOINTMENTS.

PLEASE publish the following appointments and oblige:

Trenton, N. J., Friday, Nov. 16th, 7:45 p. m.; Stockton, N. J., Saturday, 17th, Mrs. Horner's, 2:30 p. m.; Locktown, N. J., Sunday, 18th, 10:30 a. m.; Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m.; Tuesday, 20th, Grandon, N. J., A. J. Demott's, 7:30 p. m.

D. M. VAIL.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Mrs. Wm. Brayton, Iowa, \$1.00; Reuben C. Clark, Maine, \$1.00; Mrs. Margaret Hale, Out., \$2.00; John Rockafellow, N. Y., \$3.00.

### CHANGE OF ADDRESS.

GEORGE D. CONKLIN has changed his address from Warwick, N. Y., to Box 412, Benton, Ill.

### NOTICE.

PLEASE say to the readers of the SIGNS that my address is 416 No. 59th St., Philadelphia, Pa. I am receiving letters with no street address, and it makes extra work for the post-office clerks to refer to the city directory to find my street address.

A. T. BENSON.

### A CORRECTION.

IN the SIGNS for November 1st, current volume, page 483, first column, seventeenth line, the word "not" is omitted. The sentence should read: "We know not what we shall be."

### MEETINGS.

## E B E N E Z E R OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

IN

NEW YORK CITY.

Meetings every Sunday in the meetinghouse, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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

## SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.,

ALL WELCOME

**WILMINGTON OLD SCHOOL  
BAPTIST CHURCH**

1304 Jefferson Street

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE

All day meeting second Sunday in each month 10:30 a. m. Evening meeting fourth Sunday in each month 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on 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 at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.

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 (ESTABLISHED 1832.)

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SEMMA E. CORDER,  
 PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—Ed.]



# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER 1, 1917. NO. 23.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### I PETER I. 1, 2.

“PETER, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to the strangers scattered throughout Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia, elect according to the foreknowledge of God.”

We notice Peter is addressing strangers. God's chosen people, after they are called with a holy calling, not according to their works, but according to his purpose, are now, and always will be, a peculiar people to the carnally-minded. God made choice of a portion of the human race to salvation and eternal glory before the world began. Paul said to the church at Ephesus: “Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ: according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love.” If there is an elect, it necessarily follows there is a nonelect. The disciples of the Savior asked him why he spake in parables. He told them, Because unto you it is given to understand the things of the kingdom of heaven, but to those without it is not given. Again he said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and

earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent and revealed them unto babes, because it seemed good in thy sight. The potter has perfect sovereignty over the clay, to make one vessel to honor and another to dishonor. The Creator has the same right concerning his creatures. I am God, and beside me there is none else; for this reason ye sons of Jacob are not consumed. (Mal. iii. 6.) Jesus appeared to John on the isle of Patmos and said to him, “I am he that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.”—Rev. i. 18. Keys are used to lock and unlock doors. Certainly no one ever dies or enters hell without the door of death and that of hell being unlocked. Jesus said, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me.”—John xiv. 6. The unregenerate, even so-called D. D.'s, assail with vehemence the doctrine of election. “Whatsoever the Lord pleased, that did he in heaven, and in earth, in the seas, and all deep places.”—Psalms cxxxv. 6. Many have asserted that if God does not give all men a chance to be saved he is unjust. Since every imagination of the heart in man is evil,

and that continually, a chance of salvation without salvation itself would be worthless. The heart in man is said by the word of inspiration to be deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—the elect before regeneration, as well as the nonelect. The Savior said, Except a man be born again he can neither see nor enter the kingdom of heaven. The new birth is Christ in the soul the hope of glory, without which no one has ever or ever will see God. The natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit of God, they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned. God is a spirit, and seeketh such to worship him as worship in spirit and in truth. Formal worship is idolatry. I asked a preacher not long since if he could harmonize the doctrine of election and a general atonement. He said it depended on how one understood the doctrine of election. He said one by obedience could elect himself, and that God would save all sinners if they would let him. He also said that God was disappointed in the way men acted before the flood, and for that reason repented he had made man, and in consequence brought on the flood for his destruction. Such talk is a reflection on the majesty of the King of saints. Some men are more to be pitied than blamed for such views as the above. To please people in preaching is to preach something they desire to hear; the truth only pleases a few. When Christ told the multitude that there were many lepers in Israel in the days of Elijah, but to none of them was Elijah sent save Naaman, who was a leper, and that there were many widows in Israel in the days of Elias the prophet, but to none of them was Elias sent but unto Sarepta, a city of Sidon, to a woman that was a widow, they undertook to cast him headlong

down the hill on which their city was built, but he passed out of their way. Leprosy is a type of sin. The doctrine the Savior was preaching to them was that of election. That is the effect to this day that the truth has on unbelievers. Paul said to the saints, The more I love you the less I am beloved (by the world he meant). Peter told those strangers that they were elected to an incorruptible inheritance, and were kept by the power of God. Surely they were perfectly safe. Jesus said, If they hate you, marvel not; they hated me before they hated you. Peter admonished those strangers to love each other with a pure heart fervently, that they were born again, not of corruptible seed, but by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. The Arminian will ask, What will you do with the Scripture that says, Make your calling and election sure? Paul said to Timothy, Take heed to thyself and the doctrine; in so doing you will both save thyself and them that hear thee. One of the writers of the Old Testament said, Obedience is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. Some of God's elect lead a wild or ungodly life, and are saved, yet as by fire. Our God is a consuming fire, so says the word of truth. Those who walk as Zechariah and Elizabeth of old did, in the ordinances of God blameless, have less doubts and fears than those who fail to take heed to their ways. If the alien or unregenerate sinner has any share in his salvation then salvation is a joint matter, and the creature is entitled to part of the glory. "I am the Lord; that is my name: and my glory will I not give to another, neither my praise to graven images."—Isaiah xlii. 8. When Joshua said to the Hebrews, Choose you this day whom you will serve, whether the gods of the fathers before the flood

or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye now dwell, the only option the Hebrews had was the two heathen gods. Joshua said, As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord. It was Israel's God he meant to worship, and his house was that portion of the people who had been born of the Spirit of God. The same way with Gideon; those who lapped water like dogs were the portion that bore witness of a heavenly birth. Gideon was chosen of God to lead that little band of only three hundred to put to flight thousands. It is possible when led by the Spirit of God for one to chase a thousand, and two to put ten thousand to flight. The apostle Paul tells us that when Rebecca had conceived by one, even our father Isaac, the children being not yet born, neither having done good or evil, but that the purpose of God according to election might stand, it was said unto her (by Almighty God), The elder shall serve the younger. Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated. Paul said, They are not all Israel who are of Israel, but in Isaac shall thy seed be called. Again he said, Though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved according to the election of grace. I feel sometimes that I can adopt the language of the apostle of the Gentiles when he said to the church at Galatia, I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. David said, Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin. The sins of all of God's elect are imputed to Christ, and his righteousness is imputed to them. God made Jesus Christ to his elect, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption.

Paul said, Christ was made to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. The "us" here spoken of takes in all the elect of God of all ages and climes. The Savior said to his disciples, Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that you should go and bring forth fruit. The Savior said, By their fruits ye shall know them. The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law. God has and will call all of his elect people, from Abel to the last day. Paul told Timothy to be a partaker of the afflictions of the gospel according to the power of God, who hath saved us and called us, not according to our works, but according to his purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. He also calls and qualifies his ministers to preach his everlasting gospel. Paul said he was not taught it by man, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ, and that no man taketh this honor to himself, but those who are called of God, as was Aaron. He also preserves his elect. The Savior said, My sheep hear my voice, and I know them; I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. In the seventeenth chapter of John is recorded the prayer of the Savior. He says of all the Father gave him he had lost none, only the son of perdition. He also says, I pray not for the world, but for those thou hast given me. Thine they were, and thou gavest them me. The prophet Nahum said, The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knows them that trust in him. Doubtless many of God's chosen people do not believe the doctrine of election, but that by no means changes the truthfulness thereof. Some

disbelieve it from a standpoint of the goodness of God, others from a standpoint of justice. They think it could not be just to elect or choose some and leave others out. That is a matter entirely with God, which man has nothing to do with. Known unto God are all his works, from the foundation of the world. No man has the right to say, Jehovah, what doest thou? No man in an unregenerated state believes in the sovereignty of God, not even the most learned doctors of divinity (so-called by men); neither do they believe in revealed religion. A very large majority of professed christians believe that morality is religion. Morality is commendable in all, but it requires more than that to constitute the religion of Christ. Some of the very vilest sinners are called of God, after which they confer not with flesh and blood. In the new birth divine light shines in the heart, and gives knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. That light is life, and comes direct from God, and is the only way any one ever has or ever will know God, whom to know is life eternal.

May God give his dear people everywhere to say, Not my will, but thine be done, O God.

JAMES M. SIMMONS.

RULEVILLE, Mississippi.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., August 30, 1917.

DEAR BROTHER FENTON:—A few lines replying to your letter received shortly after you returned home from Canada. I am glad that you were blessed to enjoy the quarterly meeting at Ekfrid. To me it was a very precious season in the felt presence of the Lord. The sweet fragrance of humility filled the house, which has left a lasting savor, for which we feel thankful to the Lord. How needful and

how sweet is the spirit of humility, yet how painful to the flesh. No greater evidence can a child of grace have of his acceptance in the Beloved than to be humbled at the feet of his blessed Lord and at the feet of his brethren. To occupy the place of a servant is a safe place to be in, and when actuated by the Spirit of our blessed Master it is the place desired by the Lord's little ones. There can be no kings in Zion, for the Lord alone is King of kings and Lord of lords. He alone keeps Zion, and he alone rules in her, from whence cometh the sweet fragrance of humility. The first and one of the essential spices that composed the anointing oil was camphor; not the gum which is derived from the camphor tree, but the spice of that low flowering shrub which is a type of the spirit of humility. This low flowering shrub produces one of the chief spices of the anointing oil. The flowers are pure white and very fragrant, and the fruit of this lowly shrub is the first and among the chief spices of the anointing oil. Humility is the first and among the chief fruits of the Spirit. How brilliant the spirit of humility shone forth in the Man of sorrows, and the one that was acquainted with grief. Nothing can more beautifully set forth the manifestation of that pure spirit than humility; nothing has a sweeter fragrance than humility. How needful then the anointing of that sweet spice growing on that lowly shrub. What a beautiful type of our blessed Lord! The flowers being of pure white, show the purity of the life of the shrub, and as the life, so the fruit; every seed must bring forth after its kind. This law cannot be violated, for it is the law of God. Hence Paul was inspired to write: For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death.

What a wonderful victory through our blessed Lord. How wonderfully it is manifested in his saints by the felt presence of his blessed Spirit. O how sweet the seasons of that felt freedom from sin and death; even though they may be short, yet they leave a lasting fragrance that is very sweet in the dark hours of the experience of the saints. My earnest desire and prayer for Zion is that she may feel the evidence of the anointing of the blessed Spirit, and that more of the fruits of the choice spices may be found on her branches.

I regret that I shall not be able to attend the fall associations, but such seems to be my lot, so I hope to be content and say, Not my will, but thine, be done.

With love to you and all the friends, I am your brother in gospel bonds,

J. B. SLAUSON.

DAYTON, Ohio, June 18, 1917.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH:—This most beautiful summer afternoon I feel deeply impressed to converse with you for awhile through the silent whisperings of the pen, but fear I shall not be able to write anything of interest unless the dear Lord directs my thoughts. It is indeed with solemnity that I now attempt to write, and surely when we enter the abode of the blest, where Jehovah dwells and reigns in all his majesty and power, that solemnity will fill our souls. How wonderful to think that just across that silent stream dwells Jesus, the dear Savior, and about him are the apostles and prophets, of whom we have so often heard. Dear ones, is it not soul-cheering to know that at some time we shall be released from this life of sin and death and clothed with immortality and light, to awake with the likeness of the dear Redeemer and dwell evermore with him? How precious it

will be. O the matchless goodness of God's wondrous, encircling love. We pray, we hunger and thirst after righteousness, wilt thou answer our prayers? Many times we are surprised that he so kindly answers our petitions, are we not? and we exclaim as did Jacob, "All these things are against me," forgetting the while that he will try us as gold is tried and that in the furnace of affliction he has chosen us. Looking away beyond these things to the suffering, the agony, the groans of the dear Savior, who in all our afflictions was afflicted, and who by his death brought salvation unto us, can we not find grace and comfort and help in every time of need? O what a blessed Savior he is to us, and how blessed we are through him. Have we not need to praise and adore one who has done such wonders for poor, sinful worms of the dust as we are? We know that Jesus will save his people, but O, what is there in poor, unworthy me to merit esteem or give the Creator delight? Many times I am filled with fear and trembling at the thought of leaving this prison of clay, yet I must remember that our glorified and risen Savior once suffered the same in his human nature, though in far deeper degree of pain and anguish and woe. Let us look at him in the garden of Gethsemane, where he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood, and when he cried in anguish of soul, "Father, if it be possible let this cup pass;" and even when groaning in all the agony of his ignominious death upon the cross he cried in anguish, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" I believe that some of us may have to mourn an absent Lord even when we come down to the very gates of death. Our sun may be beneath a cloud, but he is there just the same, and when his light bursts through the darkness will

it not be the light of immortal glory? Dear friends, but for the fact of revelation we must be ignorant of what is to be revealed in us in the glorious resurrection day, that day to be made glorious at the second coming of our Lord Jesus. No amount of human study, no imagination of the philosopher, can ever penetrate the future and bring to us the glory of the future life. God hath revealed it to us by his Spirit. Paul was not taught it, but by revelation. Do we not know, dear friends, that all our thoughts after the flesh are folly? Jesus is made wisdom and power to poor sinners, that their thoughts after all worldly things are folly. Do poor sinners not know that in themselves they are all unrighteousness? Therefore the blessed Jesus is made their righteousness. Do not poor sinners feel the utter pollution of their own nature? yet Jesus is made their sanctification. Do we not all feel the slavery to flesh? Jesus is made unto us all an eternal redemption. Blessed are those who are made conscious that they have an interest in that everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure. Do we not many times find ourselves looking for the warfare to cease and the journey of life to end? Our strength may begin to fail and disease fasten upon us, and we see no way whereby we can press on. The frail house of the earthly tabernacle seems ready to be dissolved, and we feel and desire to be ready to go when the summons comes. With an eye of faith we must look to our great Leader, who goes before us and overcomes every enemy for us.

Now if what I have written does not meet with your approval, dear editors, cast the mantle of charity over all mistakes, and believe me your unworthy sister,  
LIDA KELLER.

#### JONAH IV. II.

"WHEREIN are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand, and their left hand."

Adam was not informed of the nature of his existence until after he was created, nor was Jonah informed that he was to show in an especial manner to a gainsaying and idolatrous world that almighty power existed that held the destinies of all men in his control. Jonah, like nearly all who have been called by grace, that mysterious still small voice that speaks to the thoughts, that turns men and nations at the Lord's bidding, doubted his call. Could it be the Lord of heaven that spoke thus to him? Could he have been sure that the stirring up of his mind was the result of a spiritual birth, and that he was being taught the lessons of a new life, which was capable of heavenly enjoyment in the favor of God, or terrible distress when punished for disobedience, he of course would have obeyed at once the voice that bade him go to Nineveh; but he was one chosen among all the doubting ones to be shown and to show before the world that the Creator had the same power over death that he had to give life in the beginning. Jesus said that the only sign that should be given to the world was the sign of the prophet Jonas: "For as Jonas was three days and three nights in the whale's belly; so shall the Son of man be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth."—Matt. xii. 40. Jonah was conscious enough of the voice that spoke to him in his own country to do a great amount of arguing. That is the way with most of us before we try to follow the Lord and do his commands; for we are in our own country, and usually contented there until the voice speaks to us of a better country. We are never to rest in that state any more, but argu-

ments and restlessness are our portion by day and by night. When Jonah was discouraged, with the feeling that the Lord had not supported his preaching, he went back to his old arguments, that the word that was put in his mouth would not be fulfilled. How many are asking that question in all our congregations: Will the Lord fulfill his promises in the book? How strong they could go forward if they could have the evidence beforehand. Look over the records and see if any had a sure evidence before they obeyed the Lord's commands. Abraham believed God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. Esther received her evidence when she went before the king, but she had asked all her people to pray for her, and she went with prayer on her lips for herself and her people. Ruth received her first evidence of a welcome in small handfuls, but in fullness in due time. The same Power that created man called his people one and all, and they come doubting and praying for light and guidance. Some must go down into the depths of despair, that others may find comfort from their words. The world sees nothing of the work going on in the thoughts. Those who are led by the Spirit look at the sixscore thousand persons about them that do not know these things at all, and ask, How is it all these arguments are with me all the days? But Jonah was made a sign to the people of Nineveh, for the people repented at the preaching of Jonas. I sometimes wonder if a life according to the faith that is given us in Jesus is not noticed more by those around us than we are aware of. One thing Jonah did know: he knew what it was to hear the word of the Lord, and until he preached it the people of Nineveh had not heard it. It should have been some comfort to him to

have a message entrusted to him, and to be faithful in delivering it, but it was not a popular doctrine he was sent to preach; he could not prepare a pleasing discourse beforehand, but was charged to preach unto the city just what the Lord bade him, and Jonah had tried disobedience once. Even if the Ninevites appeared to him to be entirely worldly minded, Jonah knew his right hand from his left, if his audience did not, and he must preach the truth as he had received it from the Spirit and learned it in his recent experience. When a man gets up to preach he does not always know what is in the minds of his hearers. Some of them may know the Spirit's teachings, even though there be sixscore thousand that have never heard the still small voice. There is not much change yet in the work of the Spirit; the world at large is still asking for a sign of the faith of the saints. But Jonah, who knew his right hand from his left, even if he did not feel competent to do the Spirit's bidding, fled from his own country. His condition and associations there were intolerable (an illustration of the way one feels when awakened by the Holy Spirit) and after that he found no place of rest until he had done the Lord's will. He still found discouragement in the way, but it was impossible for him to go back to his own country. He said under conditions that he could not forget that salvation is of the Lord, and if in times of spiritual darkness he thought of getting back to his former condition he had only to remember the condition he was in when he made his vow. His distress was for the comfort of many. They must go forward with doubts and trembling. But consider the way you have come thus far, and the darkness around you when you made your vows, and that now you do know your right hand from

your left, even in times when you complain of spiritual darkness. There is no other darkness equal to the darkness of ignorance, nor light equal to that of the divine message that enlightens the mind to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

A. E. RITTENHOUSE.

STATE ROAD, Delaware.

“DRINK YE ALL OF IT.”

(Matt. xxvi. 27.)

DEAR BRETHREN EDITORS:—If the patience and charity of your readers will allow, I will offer something on the life of Judas Iscariot, and what I believe to have been his part in the true ministry and at the last supper. We cannot enter into this matter as it is in Jesus unless it is done in the Spirit. If we are to measure the life of Judas it must be by what he was by grace, and not by works. The attitude of Jesus toward him must not be made to tally with our experience of natural parents toward their children, for any such conclusion is of the earth earthy, and not in accord with the loving-kindness and tender mercy of our heavenly Father. Where is the man who has been taught that his “heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” and yet feels to hope in the grace and mercy of God, that cannot find comfort in the thought that Jesus included this wicked murderer in the command to “drink ye all of it”? How many would partake of communion in the church if they waited until their heart was any the less wicked or deceitful than the heart of Judas Iscariot? I have never felt to be any more worthy by my works of the grace of God than I consider Judas to have been, and I feel that the same grace and power which I hope saves me and gives me a place at the table of the Lord is able to

save to the uttermost, and it is among this class that we find Judas. Judas was not the last called and chosen minister of Jesus to become a castaway, for the way to the grave is strewn with shipwrecked lives, yet the “foundation of God standeth sure,” and not one of the ransomed shall ever be (forever or eternally) lost. What a mockery to offer prayer in the death-house of the prison if no murderer reaches heaven. What a farce to sing of the great and loving-kindness of the Lord if he does not save to the uttermost, and if his patience, love and charity do not far exceed that of our parents of flesh. The four gospels show Judas as present at the last supper. Jesus recognized him as “one of you” on that occasion. Peter said of him, “He was numbered with us, and had obtained part of this ministry,”—Acts i. 17, but his course was such that Peter also said, “His bishoprick let another take;” just as the church has been called upon to say many times since. Nevertheless, “the Lord knoweth them that are his,” and no man has a right to frustrate the grace of God by attempting to pass judgment on the eternal welfare of Judas or any one else. I am not so strenuous over this matter, only for the reason that if only those to “drink ye all of it” are to be free from a wicked, deceitful and murderous heart, then there is no more walking with the church for me. My comfort, hope and confidence in the God of heaven are that there is nothing too hard for him; that not one of his children is too vile for him to own. Jesus never even exposed Judas at the supper, so the others never knew while the supper was serving that he should betray Jesus. Each of them was so busy with the question, “Is it I?” that they never even understood the plain accusation of Jesus to Judas. Was it not indeed a



complete communion, each one looking on his own faults? It was not necessary for them to accuse poor Judas, for he surely felt his sin and shame, to the extent that he took his own life. According to popular ideas of finance, Jesus was very shortsighted to allow this thief to carry "the bag," and it is no wonder that those who have never tasted of the grace and mercy of God cannot credit him with having all power and wisdom; but we who have felt how patient and merciful he is can understand in some degree why Judas was never cast out. It is a lying vanity for us to hold out the idea that the wicked life of the covetous, thieving, murderous Judas separated him from the love and mercy of our Lord, and we "for-sake our own mercy" if we attempt to separate them. May the Lord give us grace to compare "spiritual things with spiritual," rather than be left to conclude that heavenly and divine things are to correspond with our experience, with the mean and beggarly things of this vile earth.

Yours sincerely, I hope, but unworthily  
I know, E. R. KINNEY.

ASHOKAN, N. Y., August, 1917.

FAYETTEVILLE, Ga., Sept. 27, 1917.

DEAR KINDRED IN CHRIST:—As I was reading the SIGNS to-night I remembered some of the letters I received from brethren who said they were comforted by my writing, and I feel a desire to write, if it is the Lord's will. Elder D. M. Vail wrote me a card saying my letter was a joy to him. It was comforting to me to know that those old fathers in Israel who know so much more than I, can get comfort from such poor attempts as mine, and it is also humiliating, for if he knew how wicked I am I do not think he could have any confidence in my writing. I

also received a letter recently from one who had just read some of last year's SIGNS, and it is encouraging to this poor sinner. I have written only once this year, and it was not published, for which I feel thankful. I do not know what to write. Our pastor has been sick nearly all the year; has preached for us only once, and I have grown cold (have been that way all the time, am afraid) and careless, having so many worldly cares, so much work, and not able to hire hands. I want to go to my association (The Primitive Western), but it seems almost hopeless. It is raining now, and part of my crop is being ruined, but that is God's work and is for good, so I am trying to be submissive, for I believe, I hope, that he will care for us if he destroys all we have. It is all his, and we have no right to even ask him why, much less complain.

I want to tell some of my thoughts during the past months. I fear to do so, lest some will think I want to appear good. I want to be good, but cannot. I am a good (or bad) deceiver. If I am a child of God I am an unworthy one. Even the murderers of Christ were not worse than I feel to be at times. I have been exercised about family prayer for several months. It was not burdensome, as some tell of their trials, but it was on my mind a great deal. When I could first remember there was more family prayer than now, and I know we need it as much as they did. I do not know but one preacher nor a deacon of our order, (I mean know how they live at home) who holds daily prayer at home, and I felt that if it were any one's duty to pray it was their's, for the family looks to them for example, and as we read in the Bible, they should be above reproach. All members should live above reproach, and it seems to me that it is their duty to read

and pray, thereby setting an example for their children and others about them. If the leaders in the church do not set good examples who will? If they neglect these things the weaker ones are sure to do so, then what kind of a church condition will exist with such carelessness? I believe the neglect of duty is what ails the church to-day. The thought of prayer was with me, but I was so vile, and people knew it, I could not kneel in their presence, for they would not have any confidence in me. If I ever prayed, I did so the first time I tried it in public, and only those who have had the experience know how I felt. A brother was talking and asked me to pray for him. I protested, but the pastor said, "Let us bow with brother George." Having been taught to obey, by my parents, I feared to disobey my heavenly Father, so I tried to pray for all who needed help, in one petition. When they spoke of me being a deacon the thought of prayer was stronger, also other duties. I was not fit for a church member, much less for a deacon, but I must submit, so was ordained by our pastor, Elder B. C. Caldwell, Elders R. L. Cook, J. A. Jordan, brother Rees and Deacon A. M. Keith. I felt when I joined the church that I was a worse sinner than before, so I feel to be still worse, and it seems that I get worse as I grow older. Do you wonder that I should feel like I ought to pray? I have been trying in my poor, weak, sinful way to pray every night for ten months. I do not feel that it makes me any better, but if I am one for whom the blessed Redeemer died, I owe him all the service I can give, and if I could live as good as I wish as long as time lasts, I owe my life to him, without one particle of honor for myself. Just think what an awful sacrifice he made for us, and then we forget and trample his

mercies under our feet. Yes, I need all the prayers I can utter and all the dear people of God can send up for me. They do not send them up, but it is the Spirit that carries them to the Father. It seems we ought not to forget God's goodness after he has done so much for us, but I am so sinful I do forget to read and pray sometimes, but my dear companion, who, it seems, was intended for a deacon's wife, reminds me of it.

This is imperfect, and is at the disposal of the editors, who, I believe, are competent, by the direction of the Spirit, to judge. May God bless you all and spare the SIGNS many years. Some papers have already been thrown out of the mail, which makes me quake within, for persecution is near, but Daniel's God is our God, and I hope to fear him more than all else. Pray for me.

A sinner,

GEORGE W. JACKSON.

DIVIDE, W. Va., Nov. 18, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you a letter written by my brother-in-law, W. C. Pennington, who was also a precious brother in Christ, I hope. He died Nov. 13th, 1917, at the age of thirty-five years, having been born in November, 1882, I do not remember the exact date. Many readers of the SIGNS will be filled with grief, as we are, to know of his death, because he was a well beloved brother, whose membership was with the Hope-well Old School Baptist Church, of the Pocatalico Association. It is so hard to say, Thy will be done, because he was, we believe and hope, a christian, and often enlightened us on parts of the Scriptures, and was also our friend and brother in time of sickness and need. He often said, "If there is any good done by me, give God the praise, for there is no good

in me." The following letter is a type of his character and life. He leaves one sister and four brothers. We have to bow in submission to God's holy will.

His unworthy sister in hope,

OTHA PENNINGTON.

YAWKEY, W. Va., Nov. 26, 1915.

W. L. PENNINGTON—DEAR BROTHER:—I received your letter this evening, and was truly glad to hear from you. I am staying at home a great deal of my time now. Father is not very well; he has been in bed most of the time for about three weeks, and has been suffering severely the last three days. No, I am not expecting you to help father; we can get along some way. Sampson still helps, though he does not want to stay here. You have my sympathy in your affliction. I am sorry for any one who is afflicted, and I hope the Lord will give you strength sufficient to sustain you and family. All power belongs to the Lord. The Lord gives, and the Lord takes away; blessed be the name of the Lord. He afflicts, and he binds up; he kills, and he makes alive; he works all things after the counsel of his own will, and none can hinder him, and I feel glad to know he is a God that none can hinder, for men would rule us out of eternal glory if they could, but they cannot. Yes, to have Jesus is all, for our life here is but vapor, but there is a life beyond the grave that is not vapor, and though after the skin, worms destroy my body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. O how I (Adam) hated to die this first death from sin, yet it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, to reveal his Son in me, and call me out of darkness into his marvelous light of truth, and in this truth I was made to rejoice, but before the light came I hated this truth. Just so it

is with us again, we hate to die the second death and leave this world. O foolish man! But to our surprise, beyond the grave it will be a much greater life to live than to live here. Yes, we dread to die now, but some time we will be made to rejoice that we have died, and it is just as sure to be this way as it was with us when we were called out of darkness and made to rejoice. Paul could view this when he said that the suffering of this present time is not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us. Yes, I have suffered affliction for the afflicted, and I have suffered in my own body, and also have dreaded death, but all this is nothing compared with being in Christ Jesus; for blessed is he that has part in the first resurrection, for on such the second death hath no power. Christ is the first resurrection, and all who believe in him are in the first resurrection, and the "us" were chosen in him before the foundation of the world. The choice of God, the elect, the bride, the Lamb's wife, the church of the living God, my dove, my undefiled, is but one, and the choice one of her that bare her, and man cannot defile her, for she is all pure within, and she only loves one man, the man Christ Jesus, and I am glad to know that this bride cannot be defiled. Christ loved her with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness draws her, and all her members are with her, not one of them lost. Yes, some time I hope to rejoice that I am gone from this troublesome world. The world is all right, but man born of woman is of but few days, and full of trouble; and so it is with me, my time is filled with trouble. I hope for pleasure, but trouble comes; but we have got to have tribulation here if we are in Christ Jesus, for these are they which came up out of great tribulation,

having their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. Tribulation works experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed, for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts.

Well, I must bring this letter to a close, as it is too lengthy now. Write soon if you can.

Your brother in tribulation,  
W. C. PENNINGTON.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 18, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—How shall we draw the line between that which is good and that which is evil, between truth and error, between the works of God and the deceitfulness of the carnal mind? We try to draw the line by natural reasoning, but in that we fail, because reason cannot enter into the mysteries of the kingdom of God. It (carnal reason) endeavors to work out the problem of life by the process of a human will-power, not having a knowledge of the power and wisdom of God. It discourses upon the judgments of God, knowing nothing of God or his judgments. There were certain men who told Jesus of the Galilæans, whose blood Pilate had mingled with their sacrifices. Jesus, knowing their thoughts, said unto them, "Suppose ye that these Galilæans were sinners above all the Galilæans, because they suffered such things? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish. Or those eighteen, upon whom the tower of Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Carnal reason judged that it was not a hard matter for one to repent, and that it required one to be a wicked man that he should need to repent. Reason says:

Simply believe and salvation will come your way. So the scientific mind cannot draw any line that is truthful, because it cannot go beyond its own narrow environment. The testimony of God (divine Scripture) tells the believer that, "Whosoever is not of faith is sin," and that faith is the gift of God, and man has no power to attain to it, neither can he reject it, neither has man the power to repent. Peter (by inspiration) said, "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye [unbelievers] slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Savior, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." Our faith is Jesus, for he is that faith for which we are to contend earnestly, "which was once delivered unto the saints." Then "the grace of God which bringeth salvation" must come to us, we cannot go to it. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God." The grace of God through faith raiseth the dead sinner to life eternal; it opens the blind eyes, unstops the deaf ears, and with life cometh wisdom, knowledge and understanding of the things of God, which things are hid from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes (in Christ). Now wisdom draws the line between the things which come up out of the earth and the things which come down from heaven. Faith exercises us unto good works. The light of faith reveals the exceeding sinfulness of sin in the charnel-house of our earthly tabernacle. We hunger and thirst after righteousness, and we have the precious promise that we shall be filled. We now know that carnal reasoning cannot enter into the mysteries of God's kingdom, but the man of sin is clearly revealed to those to whom salvation is sent; our walk is by faith,

and not by sight. The beauties of holiness shed a glory over our affections, which are upon the things from above, and not upon the things of earth. We do not always know whether our walk is by faith or sight, because our minds are finite and sin is mixed with all we do, but by the operation of the Spirit of Christ our faith worketh repentance, and hope appears as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, entering into the secrets of God's holy love, and we cry, with one of old: "I am poor and needy; yet the Lord thinketh upon me." We seek a country not hitherto known, but by faith we behold with joy and gladness, not very far off. May our hearts be attuned to the glory of God's grace continually.

B. F. COULTER.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Nov. 19, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—I am sending you a letter for publication in the SIGNS, if you think best. I received it last June from brother Jabez Butler, who is a soldier "at the front" in France. He was baptized in Winnipeg, Canada, about two years ago, and was among those who constituted the church in that city.

Your brother in hope,

SILAS H. DURAND.

LONDON, Ontario, June 19, 1917.

DEAR ELDER DURAND:—I thought I must write you one more letter ere I leave my native land. I am on draft for the front, and expect to leave on Thursday, the 21st. I do not know what is in store for me in the near future. The poet wrote:

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

In thy fair book of life and grace  
O may I find my name  
Recorded in some humble place,  
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb."

This suits me at the present time. I want to realize more of the satisfaction that my name is written in heaven, and that all will be well with me, come life or come death. I am firmly of the opinion that He who has helped me hitherto can help me all my journey through. May the God of all grace give me all the faith which I so much stand in need of, so that I can trust him where I cannot trace him. He has promised to be with me in all places whithersoever I go, and at times I believe he will fulfill that promise, but if he is pleased to withhold the light divine we lose our signs, and Satan tempts us to give up, and tells us it is no use for us to pray. What a mercy it is when we can resist him and tell him he ever was a liar.

Yes, this terrible war does try our faith, and we wonder where the scene will end. May it please God to speedily fulfill his purpose and bring the war to an end. The bud is indeed bitter, but God has promised that sweet shall be the flower. Your letter gave me encouragement to hope on against hope, feeling that you are in the same pathway as myself, viz., a feeling sense of unworthiness, sin and sinfulness, and a questioning if after all am I in the good old beaten track which saints in all ages have trodden. We read it is through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom, but at times our pathway seems so peculiar that we cannot trace the leadings and dealings of our God. Is it not strange that we receive encouragement through hearing of others having the same feelings in tribulations, sorrows and afflictions, and their deliverances out of them? Yes, we need new evidences all the time. I feel to need the prayers of the saints of God more than ever; the older I get the worse I seem to grow. My own bad heart creates me smart, which none but God can

know. May he enable me to confess and forsake my sins and implore his forgiveness.

Horace Reed expects to leave with me on Thursday. I hope we shall be able to be at the same base and often be in each other's company. May God hear the many prayers which are being put up by his godly parents, and restore him to them again. I trust he may go back to them a sensible sinner, with no hope but in the Savior of sinners. If this is the case, there will be hope in his end when that time may come.

Now I would endeavor to once more commit you and your dear daughter, and all those near and dear to you, into the hands of the God of all grace. May he abundantly bless you, is the desire of your brother in love and fellowship in the sweet things of God,

JABEZ BUTLER.

*Greetings from far away California, to the beloved brethren at New Valley.*

My thoughts are of you to-day, and my greatest earthly desire is to be with you, but your feast will also be my fatness, for my heart beats faster and love grows stronger as I think of the joyful sound to which you have the great privilege of listening. Though a great distance from you, we are bound together with an invisible cord, and it will bring to me an unwritten message of continued love and fellowship. My sincere prayer is that every hour of the association may prove for your good and His glory. "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

Unworthily your sister,

MARY E WRIGHT.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., Oct. 11, 1917.

### MOTHER.

WHAT fragrance is wrought in that word to me, and as I meditate upon it the days of my childhood come before me, when I remember the kind and tender care that was mine to receive from a dear and blessed mother. She was the one who could soothe my troubles, and the one who put me to bed and saw that I was snugly covered up for the night. As I grew to manhood I could see along the way her ever tender care for my welfare. When quite young she said to me, "Whatever you do, be able to do it, if only driving cows." This advice has ever remained with me. My visits to her home in her last days were precious. When I would leave there was always a kiss and a pat upon the back; but that has all ceased, for the Lord has taken her to himself, and I have the remembrance of those days as a lasting and blessed treasure. I believe my mother is in the paradise of God, and I am thinking of the blessedness of God in so wisely providing not only earthly, but heavenly relationship. Jerusalem, which is above, is the mother of us all (the household of faith), and what a blessed gift of God, through the Lord and Savior, that the church is established in the earth for the comfort of the children. How good to look up to her and seek to know her mind. It is with her to judge and decide matters relating to her welfare. We often drift into the habit of a few prominent members deciding the important matters, whereas it is the church, the mother, as a whole, that is to be considered. Let us honor our Father (God) and our mother (the church), that our days may be long upon the land which the Lord our God giveth us.

J. M. FENTON.

ROGERS, Ky., Nov. 6, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—Inclosed please find post-office money order for four dollars, for which you will credit the subscription of the late Wm. C. Cornett, of Rogers, Ky. Wm. C. Cornett, my father, has been dead almost two years, and trouble, grief and neglect is the cause for my not notifying you. Please excuse me for my neglect in this matter. My father loved to read the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, for it sets forth the doctrine and principles of truth as he experienced and believed the glorious doctrine of salvation by grace, through faith, the gift of God, and I, his daughter, believe as he did, for it was by mercy that I was saved; not by works nor merit on my part, but by the meritorious blood of Jesus. Elder P. R. Hobbs, of Whisman, Ky., constituted a Primitive Baptist Church in our little town (Rogers) over two years ago, and my father, one sister and myself were in the constitution, although my father was a member, of Primitive faith, over forty-five years. We are prospering by the love of God, and adhere closely to the order of the house. We have no communication with the "ites" of the land as far as church relationship is concerned. We feel that we are of the chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, as spoken of by the apostle Peter. It is food to our hungry souls when we read the precious letters written in the SIGNS. It is lovely and joyful to us when our pastor, Elder P. R. Hobbs, comes, the first Saturday and Sunday in each month, and preaches glad tidings to us, unfolding the great mysteries of the wisdom of God, that mighty men in nature know nothing about. He comes to us endued with power from on high, for no man can unfold the glorious gospel unless it is by the Spirit of inspiration.

He brings to our understanding that the Lord's people are the lost, dead, blind, poor and naked, and that our blessed Jesus came to seek and to save the lost, and declared the dead shall hear and live, for Jesus gives them eternal life. He consoles us with the blessed promise that we shall never perish (a nail in a sure place against apostasy). That sight is given to the blind, that by the remission of sins the poor are made rich, in having the gospel preached to them, in declaring that they are blessed, and that theirs is the kingdom of heaven, and to the naked, he clothes them with the best robe, the imputed righteousness of Jesus Christ, and that Jesus is our present help in time of need, and that everything that his humble poor needs was given in Jesus before the world was, but is made manifest by Jesus in his time according to the purpose given in him, and that he saves his people with an everlasting salvation. Being saved with such a salvation, and it being everlasting, we are not afraid of falling from grace, for such are not their own keepers, but are kept by the power of God, ready to be revealed at the last day, when Jesus will say, Father, here are they thou gavest me, and I have kept them in thy name (not one missing).

May God bless you all, and enable you to continue the dear old paper with its rich treasures of truth.

If this is worth space, publish; if not, let it go to the wastebasket.

Your unworthy sister,  
 NAOMI CORNETT SPENCER.

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LOST IN THE MAIL.

WE have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER 1, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**

Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.

Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.

*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to***J. E. BEEBE & CO.,***Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***SAMSON'S RIDDLE.**

"OUT of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness."—Judges xiv. 14.

The greatest thing in the world is love, and of all the various manners of love the love of God is the greatest. The Bible abounds in love narratives, most all of them looking forward to or having their source springing out of the greatest love story of all: that of Christ and the church. It is a singular thing that man is so fashioned that he likes to dwell on the subject of love. Books of fiction, we suppose, are more widely read and bring in their authors more remuneration than any other class of literature, and there are very few works of fiction but have a thread of love-narrative running through them. The fact that there is in human nature a principle which this sort of thing appeals to, makes such books profitable to those who put them on the market. But of all the love-themes that ever occupied the minds of men, none are worthy of comparison with that love which the almighty God bore and still bears toward his people in his Son, Jesus Christ. This is a theme of love which only the pure mind, the spiritual mind, of the true believer can rightly contemplate, for the natural or carnal mind cannot know the

things of God, since divine things are discerned only in the light of the Spirit. The most remarkable thing about Samson was his great strength, and had it not been for his strength he would never have had any riddle to propose to his enemies. That which called forth the exhibition of Samson's strength on this occasion was his love for a woman. Samson's life prior to his love experience is summed up in two short Bible verses telling of his birth, growth and of the Spirit's moving him. The Bible can be wonderfully brief and condensed when there is nothing of spiritual import to be recorded; again, it can be wonderfully elaborate and extensive when every minute detail has its spiritual import. Much space is given to the love affair of Samson with the woman of Timnath, while his childhood and youth are passed over in almost silence. This must be, because the love of Samson contains a spiritual lesson for the people of God. It is this spiritual truth we desire to arrive at. Now, Samson was an Israelite, but he loved a woman of Timnath, and the people of Timnath were Philistines, that is, they were Gentiles. Being Gentiles, they were aliens to all things Jewish. They were strangers to the covenant under which Israel lived. However, there is no telling what love will do. It is more likely, much more likely, to leap over the barriers of caste and nationality than it is to confine itself to one's own class or race or creed. Samson's father and mother were at a loss to understand his affection for this strange woman, and questioned him: "Is there never a woman among the daughters of thy brethren, or among all my people, that thou goest to take a wife of the uncircumcised Philistines?" But parents rarely have much influence in the love affairs of their children nowadays, and it was so hundreds of



years ago in the judgeship of Samson. Samson asked not his parents to choose a wife for him, but followed the bent of his own heart, much as the young of this age now do. Now Samson, with all his imperfections, was a type of Jesus. He had to have imperfections, else he would have been too near like the Savior, and there could be nor can be but one Jesus. He must have the preeminence in all things, hence each and every type throughout the Old Testament possesses singular blemishes which compel them to fall short of the substance they portray. Thus Samson had his faults to prove him mortal; yet, notwithstanding this, he foreshadowed the immortal. Jesus said: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold, them also I must bring." Jesus had sheep which were outside the Jewish nation; he had a people among the Gentiles; these are the "other sheep." Just as Samson's parents could not understand Samson's love for the foreign woman, so the Jews could not see how the Gentiles could possibly be included in the covenant which God made with their father Abraham. It seemed to Jews that Jews only should share in Messiah's kingdom. Just as Samson's parents thought their son should confine his affections to a woman of his own people, so the Jews believed Messiah, when he should come, would exalt Israel alone and alone marry her unto himself. But God is able of stones to raise up children unto Abraham; this the Jews knew not. We would say, then, that the Timnath woman represents the church of Jesus among the Gentiles, the "other sheep" not of "this fold." These are by nature strangers to the commonwealth of Israel and to the covenants of promise, "without hope and without God in the world." Now, between Samson and this woman of Timnath there roared a young lion against him. It is plain that this obstacle must be gotten rid of before he can come to her whom he loves. This young lion represents the barrier between Christ and his Gentile people. This lion is the "handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us." This, Jesus took out of the way, nailing them to his cross and making a show of them openly. This handwriting of ordinances was the Mosaic covenant, and embraced all the rituals and ceremonials which God prescribed for the Jews, but which the Gentiles never had anything to do with. Samson rent the young lion as easily as he would have rent a kid, because the Spirit of the Lord came mightily upon him, so that he had supernatural strength, for we are expressly told he had no weapon of any kind in his hand. Just so, Jesus, because the Spirit was poured out upon him without measure, and without the use of carnal weapons at all, destroyed the Mosaic covenant and put it out of the way. As Samson rent the lion, so the veil of the temple was rent in twain from top to bottom when Jesus cried with a loud voice and gave up the ghost. The law written upon tables of stone was fulfilled by Jesus only in its spiritual significance, literally it held no meaning for him. So far as the redeemed people of God are concerned, the handwriting of Jewish ordinances came to an end when Jesus died. This was the obstacle between Jesus and his Gentile sheep, and by the presence of the Holy Ghost mightily with him he put it out of the way. Some time after Samson had slain the lion he returned to take this woman he loved, and turned aside to see the carcass of the lion. "Behold, there was a swarm of bees and honey in the carcase of the lion." He ate of this sweetness out of that which had formerly

stood between him and his love. Jesus had to go away into death and the grave in order to rise from the dead for the justification of his people. Now, being risen, he returns in the Spirit to gather his people unto himself from the east and from the west. Many are brought from the east and from the west to sit with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God. The north gives up, the south keeps not back, God's sons are brought from afar and his daughters from the ends of the earth. All this has reference to the bringing of God's people among the Gentiles in this present gospel age to the knowledge of the truth. As Samson returned after the slaughter of the lion to take the woman he loved, so Jesus comes back in the Spirit to gather his people from among all nations unto himself after having taken out of the way the handwriting of ordinances which was against us Gentiles, being contrary to us. This dead carcass of the lion yields sweetness and food on the return of Samson. So the dead carcass of the "handwriting of ordinances" is made to yield spiritual food to the people of God among all nations when Jesus comes in his Spirit now and takes of these old testament feasts and fasts, offerings and sacrifices, rites and ceremonies, and opens them up to our understanding as containing deep, spiritual truth. While all those Mosaic ordinances are a dead letter now, and no longer have power to terrorize the children of God, yet out of that dead carcass the spiritual Samson brings forth gospel truth and beauty for the delectation of the saints of God. We see now that the altars of burnt offering and of incense, the table of shew-bread, the seven-branched candlestick, the meat offerings, sin offerings and peace offerings, the Aaronic priesthood, the feasts of

trumpets, of tabernacles, of the passover and of Pentecost, the sabbaths, etc, are all things which are dead to the Gentile church now, but when the Spirit of Jesus takes these dead things and breathes gospel meaning into them, we eat meat out of the eater and sweetness out of the strong. This is something which the Gentile people of God are now realizing in this present age of the world. Some of our ministers have been wonderfully gifted to preach from these old testament themes and to expound from them gospel doctrine. When this is done, though the handwriting of ordinances has been taken out of the way, the carcass yields honey to the comfort and edification of inquiring, hungry souls. We said in the beginning, had it not been for Samson's strength there would have never been any riddle to propound. So, had it not been for the omnipotence of God manifested in Jesus to the overcoming of his enemies, there never would have been any end to the old heavens and old earth, therefore no triumph for the new. Hence there would have been no carcass for the bees to swarm in, no honey of gospel sweetness for the people of God. The love in Samson's heart for the strange woman wrought the occasion for the slaying of the lion; so the love of God for us sinners furnished the eternal cause for the sufferings and triumph of Jesus on the behalf of his people. All we enjoy here or ever shall enjoy hereafter centers in the love of God. There would have been no election, no predestination, no effectual calling, no justification of the sinful, no glorification of saints, had God been otherwise than the God of love. While God is equal in all his attributes, just now, as we write, the attribute of infinite and eternal love seems to be the propelling

power that actuates the Godhead in all dealings with creatures here below.

"O for such love let rocks and hills  
Their lasting silence break,  
And all harmonious human tongues  
The Savior's praises speak."

Written by request.

L.

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### CIRCULAR LETTERS.

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(Written by Elder J. C. Mellott.)

*The Salisbury Old School Baptist Association, in session with the Indiantown Church, Oct. 24th, 25th and 26th, 1917, to the several churches of which this Association is composed, sendeth greeting.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—According to a long established custom, we again address you in this our annual Circular Letter. It is our desire to write in a way calculated to diffuse light and truth, give comfort and instruction, expose error and falsehood, and maintain the honor and praise of God. If we succeed, we have no reason to boast, for we have nothing except what we have been given. We intend to express some sentiments which we believe to be scriptural, and earnestly contended for by us. Paul said, "He that cometh to God must believe that he is." The existence of God, then, is the first that comes under consideration. That God exists needs no comment. Of God it is said, "To whom will ye liken me?" "I am God, and there is none else." To us there is but one God. If he be for us, who can be against us? God and the things of God are known only by revelation. The revelation which God has given of himself is the next item under consideration. We believe that God works in the heart, and that his people believe according to the working of his mighty power. They were all dead in trespasses and sins until quickened by the Spirit. As God breathed into his nostrils the breath

of life, and man became a living soul, so the Spirit raises us from a death in sin to a life in Christ. We must bear in mind these three: Father, Son and Holy Ghost, and that these three are one. Paul tells us that God shines in our hearts. This manifests, or shows us, what is in the heart. When we begin to see the hidden evil of the heart we are somewhat disturbed by it, but think that by a little effort and a little more watchfulness we can atone for all that we see amiss, and thus preserve a good name and maintain our former undisturbed standing. When once disturbed by the Light, there is no end to the conflict begun between flesh and Spirit, nature and grace, until we are brought to the end of the law, to Jesus, who has triumphed over death, and here we behold the glory of God. It is impossible to fully express the travel of mind from darkness to light, from death in sin to life in Christ, but we do firmly believe that the only real knowledge that we have comes from a vital, experimental, heartfelt acquaintance with the truth, and that in the experience of every subject of grace there is a giving-up-place, a place where our strength fails, all our righteousness is as filthy rags, and where we are acknowledging God's justice in our condemnation. The same power that manifests, condemns and causes a hatred of sin also manifests, approves and gives a love for righteousness, a hungering and a thirsting after it. Those who are brought to realize their need of salvation are also made to experience that salvation in themselves. It is in this way that the Scriptures are opened up to our understanding. We are planted in the likeness of his death and raised in the likeness of his resurrection. We cannot explain it to another, nor can we acquire a knowledge of it by study. Paul wrote, "I am cruci-

fied with Christ," so when we experience that crucifixion in ourselves, then, and not until then, do we understand it. Those who truly know what prayer is realize that they do not know how to pray, and cannot therefore teach another. The power that shows the necessity for prayer is the Spirit which maketh intercession for us according to the will of God. We are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, and by the Holy Ghost are these blessings communicated to us. Paul said, "Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given us of God." As these things are revealed to us so also are our hearts or minds new formed. God said, "I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts." So we are made to love God, delight in his law, hate sin, love righteousness and that justice which condemns unrighteousness, and to renounce our own righteousness, and believe and embrace the glorious doctrine of salvation by grace through the blood and righteousness of Christ. When this revelation is once made in the heart it lives and reigns there, and is that which enables one to rightly discern and divide the word of truth, and to hear and understand it.

A. B. FRANCIS, Moderator.  
J. H. TRUITT, Clerk.

#### SUBSCRIPTION BLANKS.

As the majority of our subscribers' time expires with the end of the year, we inclose in each paper of this issue a subscription blank, as a convenience to them in sending new subscribers, as well as in paying their own subscriptions. Will you please make a special effort to send one or more new subscribers when you renew your subscription for next year?

#### CORRESPONDING LETTERS.

*The Juniata Old School Baptist Association, now in session with the Springfield Church, Huntingdon Co., Pa., October 12th, 13th and 14th, 1917, to the associations and meetings with which we correspond, sendeth greetings and love in the Lord.*

DEAR BRETHREN:—We have been permitted to meet together in an association, in which your messengers have come to us bearing testimony to the gospel of peace and love to the poor sinner. Our hearts have been made glad by the manifestation of love from you, and we long for the time to come when we hope to meet you again.

Our next session is appointed to meet with the Sideling Hill Baptist Church, Fulton County, Pennsylvania, at the usual time in October.

J. M. FENTON, Moderator.  
J. C. MELLOTT, Clerk.

#### PRICE OF BIBLES ADVANCED.

OWING to the increased cost of Bibles to us, we are compelled to advance our sale price from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Those who wish to secure a Bible as a premium, will now have to send us five new subscribers, instead of four, as formerly. We are sorry to have to increase our price, but as the cost has been advanced to us, we cannot afford to sell them at the old figure.

#### MARRIAGES.

By Elder George Ruston, Nov. 8th, 1917, at the bride's home, Vega, N. Y., Floyd V. Sherwood and Orra A. Ballard, both of Vega, N. Y.

By Elder W. S. Alexander, Nov. 14th, 1917, at Elsmere, Del., Warren Barnaby McCoy, of Wilmington, and Edna L. Frazier, of Felton, Del. The couple will reside at 100 E. Seventh St., Wilmington

## OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Mrs. Bettie Robinson**, of near Ridgeway, Texas, was born Jan. 13th, 1868, and died Nov. 12th, 1917, aged 49 years and 10 months. She received a hope in Jesus in 1897, and joined the Primitive Baptist Church in Rains County, Texas, in July of that year, and lived a consistent member until her death. The doctrine of God our Savior was of great comfort to her. She was a kind and devoted companion, willing at all times to take her share of the burdens of life, and was faithful in every way, looking to Jesus for comfort and consolation.

The writer was called to speak a few words of comfort to the grief-stricken husband and friends, and used as a text 1 Cor. xv. 21-44. Owing to delay enroute, I failed to have time to relieve my mind on the above subject.

Dear brother Robinson, weep not for your dear wife as for one having no hope, but rather rejoice that her sufferings are over and she is now resting in Jesus, sweetly resting where the weary are at rest, with nothing to disturb.

Written by request of brother Robinson.

J. B. BOWDEN.

**Albert A. Caldwell** was born July 5th, 1865, at Rising Sun, Ind., and died Nov. 3rd, 1917, aged 52 years, 3 months and 29 days. In 1887 he was married to Mary F. Hyatt, of Galveston, Ind., and they made their home at Kokomo, Ind., until 1903, when they moved to western Kansas, where he professed a hope in Jesus and was baptized by Elder D. B. Nowels, and lived a faithful member of the Old School Baptist Church, contending for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints. His health had been bad for several years, and his beloved wife and children faithfully ministered unto his needs. He moved to Parsons, Kansas, in the spring of 1916, but was unable to attend any of the meetings he loved so well, but became a reader of the SIGNS OF THE TIMES, from which he derived much spiritual benefit and comfort. At times he felt very lonely, and looked forward to the day of his deliverance. He often spoke of his death to come, and seemed to rejoice in the thoughts of a better home, where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest; but he was willing to submit all things unto the Lord his God, and could say, Thy will be done. He leaves the faithful companion of his youth (who also has a hope of a better home and is a faithful member of the same denomination) and seven dear children, whom he cherished in his mind until the end. Another father in Israel has entered into rest forever and is asleep in Jesus.

He was buried in Oakwood Cemetery, Parsons, Kansas. Elder J. M. Preston conducted the funeral and preached to the comfort of those who survive.

C. J. PEACOCK.

**Fannie H. Doggett**, my dear wife, was born Dec. 17th, 1871, and was taken from us by death April 17th, 1917, making her age 46 years and 4 months. We were married in the year 1894, and to our union were born three children, two sons and one daughter: Slater, Ben and Lottie, aged twenty-three, twenty-one and nineteen respectively. Two weeks after his mother's death Slater volunteered and joined the C. A. Brigade and has been sent to France. Ben has not been called, but expects to be any day. She was not a member of the Primitive Baptist Church. She joined the Methodists when she was sixteen years old. She always kindly entertained the Old Baptists whenever they were in her home, and we feel to rejoice that she left a bright hope of life beyond this vale of tears. Her lot was cast among the sick and afflicted of this world, and she was always ready and willing to do everything that her kind hands found to do. She leaves to mourn their loss, her mother, Mrs. L. Smith, one sister, Mrs. W. M. Doggett, one brother, J. W. Clements, two half-brothers, Derr and Alva Smith, two half sisters, Mrs. G. H. Williamson and Miss Eva Smith, and many relatives and friends. A Methodist preacher conducted the funeral services, after which she was laid to rest in the Porogau Cemetery to await the resurrection.

Written in much weakness by her sorrowing husband,

A. J. DOGGETT.

**William S. Byrd**, my brother, eldest son of Jacob K. Byrd and Susan his wife, was born in Accomac County, Va., Jan. 19th, 1848, and died Sept. 24th, 1917, aged 69 years, 8 months and 5 days. God showed him his lost and helpless condition as a sinner when he was quite a young man, and made him to rejoice in his Savior and led him about and instructed him in the paths of righteousness and led him to the church of his Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. He was baptized August 4th, 1872, by Elder Thomas M. Poulson, at Messongoes, Accomac Co., Va., and lived a consistent life until the Lord called him home to be with his Savior Jesus Christ. He was a deacon of the church for several years. The church has sustained a great loss in one whom was given good counsel. He was unmovable in the faith of our Lord and Savior, believing in the finished work of Jesus Christ. To know him was to love him for the truth as it is in Jesus. He was gentle and kind toward his fellow-men and had many friends. He was a good neighbor, and highly respected by all who knew him. He leaves his widow, one daughter, one brother and two sisters and several other relatives and friends and the church to mourn their loss, but while we feel the loss is great, we feel that his eternal gain is more to him than our loss is to us, so we would in humble submission say, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

J. F. BYRD.

**David S. Elliott** was born in South Westerlo, Albany Co., N. Y., March 24th, 1832, and died of heart failure at his home in Conesville, Schoharie Co., N. Y., August 29th, 1916, aged 83 years, 5 months and 5 days. He united with the Old School Baptist Church of Gilboa Sept. 12th, 1863, and was elected church clerk Sept. 11th, 1880. He was a good and faithful church member, always delighting to see each member in their place at meeting time. He was a good and industrious citizen, and will be greatly missed by the church, as well as the community at large.

EZRA J. MORSE.

**Hattie Brehm** died at the home of her mother, Mariam J. Brehm, 527 East Main St., Logan, Ohio, Friday night, October 19th, 1917, at about 11 o'clock, aged 27 years. She leaves her mother and two married sisters to mourn her departure. The funeral was held from the home at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon, Oct. 22nd, Mr. Riebel officiating. Interment at Oak Grove.

### APPOINTMENTS.

ELDER George Ruston will, the Lord willing, fill the following appointments:

Stockton, N. J., Saturday, Dec. 15th, 10:30 a. m., Mrs. Sam. Horner's; Saturday afternoon, Trenton, N. J., 2 p. m., at the residence of Casper Fetter, Hamilton Ave.; Sunday, 16th, Locktown, N. J., 11 a. m.; afternoon, Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m.; Monday, 17th, Grandon, N. J., at the home of brother A. J. Demott, 7:45 p. m.

Also, nothing preventing, I expect to be with the friends in Brantford, Canada, Sunday, Dec. 23rd, and Hamilton Wednesday, 26th. Brother Fred Simmons will locate the meeting in Brantford. Meeting in Hamilton will be at Mr. Calhoun's residence, 29 Stratheome St., 7:45 p. m. D. M. VAIL.

### CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING THE "SIGNS" TO THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.

Margaret B. Tiebout, N. Y., \$24.00; Bonnie Chick, N. J., \$2.00; Wm. Darby, Md., \$1.00.

### MEETINGS.

THE Middletown and Andos Church has decided to hold its meetings during the winter months at Dickson Hall, Arena, N. Y., instead of at Union Grove.

The Second Roxbury Church will hold its meetings during the winter months at the Mead sisters home, Roxbury, N. Y.

There will be meeting at Halcottville, N. Y., on

Tuesday, Dec. 11th, at 7:15 p. m., at the home of sister Mary Slauson.

To the above meetings all who love the truth are cordially invited.

GEORGE RUSTON.

## 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 .

Meetings every Sunday in the meeting-house, corner Intervale Ave. and Home St., Bronx.

11:00 A. M.

2:00 P. M.

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

## SALEM OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CHURCH,

1315 Columbia Avenue

(Park Avenue Hall)

P H I L A D E L P H I A , P A .

Meeting every Sunday 10:30 a. m.

ALL WELCOME

THE Shiloh Old School Baptist Church, of Washington, D. C., holds her meetings on the fourth 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 Ebenezer Primitive Baptist Church, of Baltimore, Md., meets every second, third and fourth Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m. in the meetinghouse on Madison St., near Calvert St. An invitation is extended to all who desire to meet with us.

**WILMINGTON OLD SCHOOL  
BAPTIST CHURCH**

**1304 Jefferson Street  
WILMINGTON, DELAWARE**

All day meeting second Sunday in each month 10:30 a. m. Evening meeting fourth Sunday in each month 7:30 p. m. A cordial invitation to all who love the truth.

**J. G. EUBANKS, Pastor.**  
A. S. ROWE, Church Clerk.

Little Flock Predestinarian Baptist Church, of southern California, meets every third Sunday at 11 a. m., corner of Park Ave. and Fifth St., Riverside, Cal. A cordial greeting awaits all lovers of the truth who feel they can afford to associate with us.

**OLIVER P. SPEIRS, Church Clerk.**  
CLAREMONT, Cal.

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 (ESTABLISHED 1832.)

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SEMMA E. CORDER,  
 PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[THIS book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]



# SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

DEVOTED TO THE OLD SCHOOL BAPTIST CAUSE.

“THE SWORD OF THE LORD AND OF GIDEON.”

VOL. 85. MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1917. NO. 24.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Oct. 14, 1917.

DEAR EDITORS:—I am sending you three letters which were of so much joy and comfort to me that I feel they will be some comfort to others. It seems that they are too good and rich in spirit to be hidden away. The one written by brother Fisher on the text, “Jesus wept,” was written at my request, following a little experience I had one morning last spring. I so longed for spiritual food, being literally alone concerning these things, being with none to whom I could make known a single thought or receive a single crumb of food for thought. I sought a secluded spot, and in my heart I think there was a prayer to the Father for spiritual food, something upon which to meditate and feast my hungry soul. Immediately as I sat down the text came to me, “Jesus wept.” I thought a few moments upon this, then I wept; I could not help it. The very thought of the Lord of glory weeping as we weep seemed more than I could bear. I wept, and felt that I cared not to cease. The lines of the hymn came directly to me:

“Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow.”

This text had never come to me with power before, and I felt there was much food and comfort in these two words for a poor, unworthy sinner, and felt to have only a partial understanding of them and longed for a more full knowledge of why our blessed Lord should weep as we weep, hence my request to brother Fisher for his views, upon which it is needless for me to comment, except I would love to say that the spiritual view presented to my mind and heart through his dear letter, though sad and full of suffering, is most glorious and wonderful, and I feel will be with me always. The one from sister Barfield also has a special and peculiar interest for me, of which I cannot now take space to speak. I have not their consent to have them published, but feel they will not object. I also inclose a letter from sister Bonnie A. Chick, whose consent I have, though reluctantly given. I leave all to your better judgment.

Yours in love for the truth,  
(MRS.) C. M. THETFORD.

SALISBURY, Md., May 20, 1917.

DEAR SISTER:—You have asked me for an expression of my views on the

words found in John xi. 35: "Jesus wept." I must say I do not feel equal to the task of writing anything interesting to you on this or any other Scripture. Man's views do not amount to anything unless attended with spiritual revelation of their true import or meaning as applied to the children of God. The record found in the Scriptures is for the church of God, no others have any right to or understanding of it. The whole record, while it took place literally as recorded, yet is spiritual and is spiritually discerned, having no private interpretation; therefore in order for one to speak or write to the comfort of others, each, both the writer and the reader, must be given spiritual understanding of the Scripture. This is often done, for God's ways are equal. He prepares both, nothing done in vain, nothing wasted, for it is written that his word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases and prosper whereunto he sends it. Historians of note gather that Jesus was an intimate and frequent visitor in the home of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, who were evidently poor people, or at most in only moderate circumstances, all of which has its meaning to us. Think over these two things, that Jesus was a frequent visitor in this humble home. It is also supposed that upon the occasions of his visits to Jerusalem after the duties of the day were past he would retire to this home, a distance of about two miles, and spend the nights in more secluded quietness than the city afforded. This feature also seems prominent in his people of to-day, for oftentimes we prefer solitude and quietness to the confusion of the crowds. In the strictest sense he was absolutely alone here in the flesh, having no thorough and complete companions, for none on earth could understand him;

even his own people after the flesh began before his death to judge him as crazy, or having an unbalanced mind, persuading him to return home and rest for a time from his duties. So there is a sense wherein he was alone while here, and doubtless for this reason preferred to spend much of his time in literal solitude and quietness, spending many whole nights alone in the top of the numerous hills in solemn communication with the Father. The seclusion of this little home in the hills, together with the pure and unfeigned love and devotion of its three occupants for him, endeared the place to him. The picture presented to our minds of this home is that of the brother and two sisters, who seem to have been left alone as regards relatives and friends, but clinging together and maintaining the old home, loving each other tenderly. When Lazarus was taken seriously ill the sisters were very much disturbed, sending at once for their nearest and dearest friend, Jesus, and from a natural point of view one would charge him with negligence in not going at once when informed of the serious condition of Lazarus. But instead of hastening, he abode two days in the place where he was. No doubt these two sisters could not understand why he did not come at once; but that his glory and power might more fully be shown them and other witnesses he tarried until Lazarus had been dead four days. It would be no more than human for them to feel this way about him not coming, for we wonder why he tarries so long when we have in all sincerity begged his presence in our hours of darkness, and he tarries for the same reason as then, that the glory of God may be more perfectly revealed to us and in us. Now, while he was a frequent visitor among them, conversing with him in private conversation

at the evening meal and other times, yet they had not comprehended his power, believing only in part, as had been revealed to them; they had seen him heal the sick, and believed he could heal their brother Lazarus if he arrived before he died, but as death preceded Jesus to that humble home and bore away their brother, the support and head of the family, their hope concerning him for this life went out with his life. They seemed to still believe that at the last day Lazarus would be called forth, but that did not fully assuage the intensity of their grief, for they wanted him to live in this life. It seems that Jesus wept from, as we might say, two points of view, if I may so express myself. First, will say as a reason of weeping on this occasion, that he wept for a dear friend gone, and the intense anguish and grief expressed by Mary and Martha; that is, it seems to me, he was touched by the weakness of humanity, the feelings and sympathy of the flesh, knowing and entering into our every suffering. While he was the Son of God, having all power, yet he was verily man, knowing the weakness and infirmity of the flesh. There is no suffering, pain or fear that one in the flesh can or does have that he did not experience while in the flesh, therefore he is the faithful and efficient High Priest, and an ever-present help in time of need; having felt these things in the flesh, he knows the weakness of our flesh. He was not too proud nor too high to weep with those who wept. We love to look on him as a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, entering in our present suffering and affliction with us, one with us and we one with him in all things. One might go on more elaborately with this view of why he wept, but I shall not now, as doubtless his weeping was also caused by a deeper

and more intense suffering than that occasioned by the death of a dear friend and the grief expressed by the two lonely sisters, and the unbelief expressed by all those around, including Mary and Martha. Mary, in her burst of grief, when she had come to where Jesus was, fell at his feet. What a wonderful picture to see her in her anguish fall at Jesus' feet in unbelief, yet expressing belief in part, saying, Lord, if thou hadst been here my brother had not died. While she expressed certain belief, yet great unbelief, for she limited the high and Holy One at whose feet she had fallen, by her expression saying in a sense that Jesus had come too late to be of any service. Now, he saw all the weeping, which all expressed unbelief, for had they known that the power of God should so soon be made manifest and Lazarus be restored whole and sound to the desolate sisters, there would have been no place for weeping. I do not feel that our weeping would be manifest if we knew the glory and power of God would be manifest in the restoring to life of a dear one who lay dead. While Mary expressed belief that Jesus could and would have prevented the death of Lazarus, yet she could not believe that he would in a few moments be restored to them; therefore Jesus groaned in Spirit, being troubled, but presently lifted up his eyes and spoke to the Father, not in doubt or unbelief: "But because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou hast sent me." The unbelief of those around him caused him to weep. Then should we be ashamed of our tears? Are we too proud to weep with the Lord of lords and King of kings? Does it not make you feel nearer to him or him nearer to you by the fact that it is recorded that he wept? We weep and cannot help it,

we groan in spirit, being troubled, and the same thing that troubled him troubles us now: unbelief, the weakness of the flesh, doubts, and that "if," which implies contingency, that troubles us, causes grief in us, for we have the Spirit of Christ, and we weep entering into these things with him, being one with him in all things, even in terrible anguish, often alone surrounded by the solitude of the mountains in the nighttime, when all is dark and lonely, in solemn and terrible supplications to the Father, holy communications with God, when all earthly friends are asleep to our terrible anguish, with none near but God, and he seems afar off, yet with Paul, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." There is but one true and real glory, and that is the glory of God.

Dear sister, I feel I have but faintly touched this all-important matter, if indeed it be that I have touched it at all, and if you were aware of my ignorance in these high and sacred things you would not expect anything from me; but I have willingly tried in my weakness to comply with your request, and if it is the Lord's will may he bless what is written to your comfort, giving you to realize our ever and incessant dependence on him. The grace of God and his mercy through Christ Jesus our Lord be present with you, giving you to depend upon him for all things, who will hear the prayer of the destitute and not despise their cry. Amen. I shall look for you to comply with my request to write for me your experience; also I shall be glad to have a letter from you any time when you feel to write me, but do not expect much of a reply. God reigns.

Your unworthy brother,

F. SELBY FISHER.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 7, 1917.

DEAR SISTER:—I greet you in love. Have you ever felt as a tired little child, who longs to lay its head in the lap of one who knows, who understands, and to feel a gentle hand caressing, as it pours out the love and gratitude of a full heart? If so, then you can know how I feel this beautiful Sunday morning, as I take a lifeless pen in my hand to write thoughts which come faster and with so much more feeling than I can express. A few weeks ago I felt such a great desire for communion with those who love Jesus, for fellowship in suffering, that I wrote the editors of the SIGNS a very lengthy letter. Immediately after mailing it I became humiliated at doing so, and longed to have it back; it was so lifeless, as was the writer. I prayed that it might get lost in the mail and the dear editors never be bothered with it. One afternoon as I came in from school I saw my October 1st SIGNS had come. I picked it up, and as I opened the first page my eyes fell on the words, "Columbus, Ga." The thought flashed into my heart and mind in an instant, Thank God there is one lover of truth in Georgia. I looked to see who wrote it. I said, I must write her. I read your little letter, in which you sent the very interesting and comforting letter from brother Fisher. I read the letters as I came to them, and was surprised when I saw that my letter had been published; but in reading it I felt humiliated again, it was such a weak letter. I seemed only to state facts. O, I could not write them of the utter lost condition I feel at times to be in. Words fail to express the depths of the vileness of my own evil heart and the exceeding glory of God. Why had I attempted to do it? I was so cast down for a few days I did not feel to write you as I intended.

but thought, I shall wait until Sunday; then perhaps I shall feel better. Saturday afternoon as I came in from Macon your letter was on the mantel. When I saw your name on the outside of the envelope I sat down on a footstool, threw my arms across the chair, buried my face in my hands and burst into tears of pure joy; this before reading it. Then can you not imagine in a small degree the great love and appreciation I felt overflowing my poor, tired, hungry heart as I read your wonderful letter, a beautiful letter of faith and hope and love and encouragement to even me, a vile worm of the dust, not worthy the least of God's mercies? When I had read it again and again I rejoiced, but still the tears would flow. If I could only have been with you just then, I could not have spoken what was in my heart, but I could have put my arms around your neck and wept and praised God for the wonderful gift of his love. Does not such precious seasons of love and joy make us to feel a foretaste of the resurrection, when all shall be with Jesus, shall be like him and be satisfied? I do feel that if I am in it at all, truly I shall be satisfied. How unworthy do I feel to be of such love, such blessings as the dear Master has so graciously bestowed upon me, I feel to hope at times. Perhaps there was something in my letter that I did not realize was there, or else you could not have felt to have said the sweet, comforting things you did say. Perhaps I did reveal my utter unworthiness and weakness to a degree, and you were given a desire to express your sympathy; may peace be with you. With Paul I can say, For I long to see you, that I may be comforted together with you by the mutual faith both of you and me. But, my dear, dear sister, I do feel that there are more believers in Georgia

than we know of. I know a few in different sections, that is, I know them by correspondence, not having met them. There are a few living within a few miles of me, with whom I am associated. God has never and will never leave himself without a witness of his truth. His true followers are the light of the world, even though the world does not know it; for it is because of the love of Jesus for his bride that all things exist, and however much we may be discouraged, I feel that his hand rules. He told Elijah, when Jezebel had resolved to take his life because he had slain the false prophets of Baal and Elijah had fled into the wilderness, "Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal." This he declared unto Elijah after he had said, "I have been very jealous for the Lord God of hosts; because the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword [truth]: and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life, to take it away." Was not that a very comforting assurance to the sorrowful prophet? Then, too when the word of the Lord came to Elijah in the cave, where he had hidden, and asked him, What doest thou here? Elijah told him, and he said, "Go forth, and stand upon the mount before the Lord. And, behold, the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind: and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake: and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire: and after the fire a still small voice." The Lord was in the still small voice. Truly all those things, the wind, the earthquake, the fire, are the works of God, and his

omnipotent hand directs them, but when he speaks to his people it is in a still small voice. Sometimes when I am given to read and meditate on the word of God, and am given to behold the glories of his kingdom, I feel to declare as did the Savior: "I thank thee, O Father, God of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." How wonderful to feel that through him, our High Priest, our King, we shall endure to the end, we shall be saved.

Dear sister, your letter was so comforting to me I have felt it would be comforting to others. Would you object to my sending it to the SIGNS? I am sure when you read this long letter you will feel there was no need for you to ask me to pardon the length of yours. I would be so glad to meet you, and I feel to hope that some day we may meet. We few are so poor that we are kept very closely at home. I do not live in Macon; I am teaching at the school, "Rutland Consolidated High School," of this district, about six miles from Macon. I have a sister and brother living in Macon. Sister Carolyn would be glad to have you visit her at any time. If you ever come to Macon I will meet you and we will visit her. I feel a desire to beg you to remember poor, unworthy me when asking God's mercy upon sinners, of whom I feel to be chief.

In love and fellowship, I am, I hope,  
your sister,

ELLA BARFIELD.

HOPEWELL, N. J., July 13, 1917.

DEAR SISTER:—As I sat here reading your letter this evening I felt that I must tell you of how barren I feel of grace in

the heart. It just seems to me I cannot tell people how terribly sinful I am; try as hard as I may I cannot see any of those graces that you speak of in your letter. If only you could see how hard and rebellious my heart is at times, when the way seems hard. Whenever I do anything for any one I see a selfish motive prompting the act. I hate it, but I have it; and then again I am revolving all sorts of plans in my mind to escape the trying places. Dear sister, I long to be gentle and humble, but have that cursed pride which you speak of. There are moments of peace and joy when all is well and I can rest in his love, knowing that whatever he does is best. This is rest beyond all the rest this world affords. My heart is just overflowing with desires to tell you how wonderful it seems that the Lord put it in your heart to write to me. This has ever been a mystery to me, when I think of how those who are so gifted and so far above me in spiritual things are made to write to me. You complain of self in your letters, but I could only see the God of all grace being glorified in the things you wrote. I am the one who cannot get away from self. This has been the source of much trouble to me, and I have been made to feel that my letters must indeed be wearisome to others, but all bear so patiently with me. I do feel I know something of how your heart ached when you heard this God whom you adore, spoken of in a way to belittle his power. The spirit groaned within you. My heart ached for you as I read what you wrote. I felt if we could only sit down and have a heart to heart talk how sweet and comforting it would be, but God has willed it otherwise. I told brother Fisher that it just seemed as if another had been brought into our little family circle. The Lord setteth the

solitary in families, and I do feel there are those whose experiences draw them closer together than others. Each one has their place to fill in the church, but there seems to be some who are called to pass through deeper waters than others in their experiences, and how wonderful it is to meet with those who can understand our trials. One evening about two years ago I was lighting the fire. While I was bending over to do this the burden was so heavy that I just felt I could not raise my body again. I cried, Lord, help me. In a moment the bell rang, and as I was the only one there to go I had to rise. It was brother Fisher, and I wondered had the Lord sent help. I had only met him once or twice when he came to see my father, but we had not talked many moments before I felt the burden dropping off, and only God knows what a relief it was to talk to one who could understand.

Dear sister, you ask me to tell some of my early travels. From a child I believed the Old Baptists were those who knew the truth, but I knew I was ignorant of the things they talked about. I always loved to hear them tell their experiences, but would often think it strange that they would be so sad and not be able to be lively and throw off those feelings. I would keep looking forward to two years, thinking that perhaps in that time I would be shown some of the things they knew. There was always a feeling of gladness when the members were coming. I went on in this way for a number of years until I was twenty-four. I was at my oldest sister's home in Maryland, taking care of her house and children, as she was not well at the time. One day during the fall I was troubled about a dear friend leaving the town to teach somewhere else. I knew I would be very lonely without her. There came a desire to pray that

she would not go, but I realized I had never prayed before, and now how dare I ask the Lord for this thing that I so much desired? I walked miles to get away from the desire, but I could not, and she did not leave, but I did not take this as an answer to prayer. At Christmas time she went with me to my home in New Jersey, and the last Sunday morning I was there, while my father was preaching I again felt a desire to pray, and could not help crying unto God that I might have some evidence that my friendship meant as much to her as hers did to me. That night she began talking to me, and told me the very things I so longed to hear. The next morning everything was praising God, and O how my heart rejoiced in the thought that God had answered my prayer. No words can describe the joy and the peace that were mine, but you, my dear sister, already know it. For weeks it seemed as if I could never be unhappy again. I could not feel disturbed about anything. I thought that my troubles had all ended, and wondered how I had ever lived without this wonderful God. I recall when the first hateful thought came, O how terrible it seemed. It was as if all were over for me, and that I had lost the greatest joy that I had ever known. I had many young friends in the town, as I lived there until I was fourteen. One of them came one day and wanted me to go to a play at the Woman's College in Baltimore. I tried to tell her how I felt, but she said she did not feel that the Lord intended us to give up all these pleasures, that he had put them here for us to enjoy. She prevailed, and I went. It had ever been my nature to throw my whole heart and soul into anything I entered into, so I did this that night, and I can never tell you my anguish when I got into bed and found I

could not receive any joy and comfort in thinking upon better things. For three days and nights I never closed my eyes. Relief did come, but I found the early joy was taken. The association was at Black Rock that spring. I could drive from my sister's. I knew that my father expected to be there. I had had to write to him during the time, but O how I dreaded to have him say anything to me. I trembled as I went to where he stood. He asked me how it was with me, and I felt as if all power of speech was gone, but tried to tell him a little. He was ever a kind, gentle father, but I felt he knew me so well that surely he could have no confidence in me. I had always been one of the most fun-loving girls, and was ever ready for a good time, as these times seemed then. I was spending the night at a place where I had ever had jolly times, and the girls not knowing I wanted to go to meeting begged me to wait until noon and go with them. I dreaded to tell them how I longed to go, but felt I must, so I went into where their aunt was sitting and tried to tell her how I felt. She told me to go by all means, that the girls would feel all right about it. O how beautiful the people looked to me. I wondered how I could ever leave them and go back to my sister's. They were not members there. In the summer I went home again, reaching there Wednesday before the regular Saturday church meeting. My father asked me how I felt regarding going before the church. I was not troubled about that. When the invitation was given and they were singing a hymn something seemed to tell me I would not be satisfied if I did not go. I started forward and many of the mem-

bers broke down and could not sing. I wondered why they should feel it so. This was on my twenty-fifth birthday, and now in the past ten years I look back and see a pathway dotted with trials and deliverances. Little did I think that such sorrows and trials would ever befall me, but I do know that if I have been brought into the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ it has been in these terrible places.

My dear sister, pardon me for going on at such length, but I could not rest until I had told you some of the things that were on my mind. I was teaching four years before I went to stay with my sister, then I taught four years after I was a member, but the work and life connected with it became such a burden to me that my health broke down and I had to stop. The other teachers would insist on me entering into their good times, but I would often have to refuse, knowing that I could not go to places and do the things that seemed innocent amusement to them without having to suffer. During my father's illness I stayed home and had no desire to mingle with the world. I walked in darkness and pain; I could not enjoy anything. How rich to hear you tell of your father standing firm. I cannot answer your precious letter; it contains so many comforting things. Dear sister, I have just been reading what I have written, and wonder whether I should send it or not. I fear you will find no comfort in it, but I do so long to hear from you again. May the Lord bless and keep you.

Please think of me as your most unworthy little sister,

BONNIE A. CHICK.



NASHVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1917.

DEAR BRETHREN:—To-night I am beginning what I hope to be able at the conclusion to feel is fit to be read by the readers of the SIGNS. I do not know how much I shall write, as I do not know now what I shall be able to say. First of all, I want to tell them that I certainly do love the Old Baptists, together with all who are their friends. Just how much I love them I cannot tell, but it is a fact that they are constantly in my mind. I feel that I could meet with them somewhere isolated from all the world, and stay together and never part, but just continue to talk, sing and pray and praise the Lord for his goodness, mercy and love so long as he would leave us here on the earth. That would be my chief delight, if I know my own feelings. But it is not to be that way; it is my lot here in this world to have to spend the most of my time among the business men of this business world. It is most wonderful to me as I observe more and more from day to day how little they know about God and his Son, and, as I humbly hope, our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ. Though I am out among professors of every class and name, none are like the Old Baptists in any sense of the word. I have seen among the tall professors some of them stoop to very little, low and mean things which they could cover up, to carry out things that would redound to their own personal interest, detrimental to their fellow-men. I mean by this, some who stand the highest among the men of earth, and I get tired of being in their company; but it has pleased the Lord that my lot here in the world be cast among them, and I am glad when Sunday comes that I can escape them and hunt up some of the few Old Baptists who live in and around this idola-

trous city. Such association makes me tired of the world, and I long for a departure out, but when I think of that sometimes I shudder and tremble at the thought that comes: Who are you, and what are you anyway, that you should be so presumptuous as to think you are fit for heaven and immortal glory? This causes a halt, I must stop right there and dare not move a step, and as I begin to meditate I hear God say, Without holiness no man can see the Lord, and I am everything else but holy. Then I say, I am altogether unholy, and if without holiness no man can see the Lord, then to die I would go down to hell with all those who forget God; how then do I dare to die? I tremble and almost faint in my sighing, and like Baruch I say, Woe is me now, for the Lord has added grief to my sorrow. Yes, being mixed up with the world and beholding their utter ignorance of the truth as it is in Jesus, I am made to pity them, but when I turn my eyes within and behold my own sinful self as I feel that I am, then comes grief, and it is added to my sorrow and I faint in my sighing. Does God work these things in the experience of his people? Tell me, you who know something about his wonderful works. He says, I will do my work, my strange work. Again he says, I will work a work in your day that ye will not believe, though one tell it unto you. Then he tells us about his wonderful work in the land of Ham and terrible things at the Red Sea. Now this is what God says about his work; then it must be as he says, and the things of my experience that I am now trying to tell you about are very strange to me. I sometimes try to tell them among my business friends, but they do not understand what I am talking about, but when I get among the

Old Baptists they seem to know what I mean, and they talk the same way about their own feelings in regard to the matter, and that produces a love for them that is not fleshly. It is not the same love that I have for my kindred in the flesh, even my own children. I am sometimes able to feel that it is the love that proceeds from God through Jesus Christ. God is love, and from him springs all the love that is pure and holy, and such love no man ever yet possessed except such as are born of God. This love is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is freely given unto us through Jesus Christ our Savior. Many times do I conclude that I do not know anything aright, but I want to tell you plainly that I cannot help it. I want to do better and desire to live a pure and holy life, but the imperfection of my human nature is just too much for me, and of all men that ever lived in the world I seem to be the weakest and less able to cope with sin. I certainly do need Jesus to deliver me from this present evil world, and I find myself wondering, Will he do it? O, I do not know about that, but he says that he came to seek and to save that which was lost. Well, there is one thing about it that I do know, and that is, without him I am lost. Reader, are you a beggar? I am, I am a beggar daily, and at night when awake I am a beggar. I read where God said by the mouth of Hannah, God will raise the poor man from the dust and lift the beggar from the dung-hill. Will that reach me? I do not know, but I know this, that God is able to do all that he promised to do, but the thought is in that respect, Did he promise to do this for you? I do not know, but I have an humble hope in it, and I tell you it is a sweet comfort to know that much. My hope is alone in the ten-

der mercy of God through Jesus Christ. He, and he only, is the Savior of sinners, and with all the power of faith that God will give me I am looking to him for salvation. O, it is so suitable to my need. Now, my dear friends, I want to tell you the truth; I am not at all worthy of these things, nor of your confidence and fellowship, but I do want to stay with you and love you all, although many I have never seen. Pray for me that God will richly bestow upon me his free grace, and may the Lord bless you all and save you for Jesus' sake. Amen.

Dear editors, read this over and correct all mistakes. I am going to send it to you just as it is for your consideration. If worthy of a place in the SIGNS publish it, if not burn it. Farewell.

Yours in hope,

C. M. HOOD.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 30, 1917.

DEAR ELDER KER:—I would like the inclosed letter from sister Durand to my mother (written at the time of my father's death) published in the SIGNS, if you think proper. Now both are departed, and we cherish their memory; though dead they yet speak.

Inclosed is five dollars to help the poor of the flock.

Wishing the SIGNS and editors a prosperous year, both spiritually and temporally, yours in best of bonds,

J. M. FENTON.

SOUTHAMPTON, Pa., Dec. 29, 1907.

MRS. JULIA A. FENTON—MY DEAR SISTER:—It always seems impossible to find words that are fitting to use to one suffering the pain of a fresh bereavement. It seems a time to be silent, a time when one cannot hear much except what the Lord may be pleased to communicate.

Friends offer their sympathy, and we would think it strange if they did not, yet their words fall lifeless upon the ear when the heart is torn and bleeding. My heart goes out to you in sympathy that I cannot express. It did the first time I ever met you, when I thought I recognized in you one the Lord had chosen for peculiar trials. I have never lost that impression, although, as you know, we have never had any intimate acquaintance. But the Lord is not unacquainted with you; not a sigh or groan or tear or apprehension of which he has not been mindful, and his mercies have exceeded them all, I am sure you will say and do feel. If you at times have said, Has the Lord forgotten to be gracious? or, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? you are comforted by the thought that these are the Savior's very words, and that you are but experiencing the fellowship of his sufferings.

Monroe spoke for us this morning. How good the Lord has been to enable you and the dear one who is gone to see this joyful sight. How true that the day of rejoicing and the days of adversity are set one over against the other, even as the Scriptures say; and with streaming eyes and breaking hearts we are yet forced to say that our cup runneth over, and to feel the assurance that goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life. I pray this may be your experience at this time.

Affectionately your sister,  
CLARICE E. DURAND.

EVERETT, Pennsylvania.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS AT FRYING PAN CHURCH:—I know the coming Saturday and Sunday are our meeting days, and many of you are looking forward to hearing the gospel preached, and

to seeing each other again in this life, but I can only think of you and remember the past, when I, too, was so highly favored. I used to prate very glibly how all of the salt of the earth must not be piled in one place, but be scattered as a preservative of this old earth, but if I am one least grain of that wonderful salt, why then I find I am very weak when scattered abroad, and cannot see any of that wonderful preserving quality in me. I think you will understand I have reference to the text, "Ye are the salt of the earth," &c. I do not feel those wonderful exercises of mind that used to be my blessed privilege so often, but the Lord is good to me, and I hope I am thankful. I have never been in an Arminian meeting, or heard but one sermon, and that the occasion of the death of a near neighbor, and then I could see the wonderful contrast between truth and error.

May your coming together be a blessing to you all. Think of and pray for a poor, weak one. We have very good health, for which we feel thankful, and hope yet it may be our lot to get nearer a church.

Your most unworthy sister, I hope,  
MATILDA STARR.

### NOTICE.

PROVIDENCE permitting, we expect preaching by our pastor, Elder H. C. Ker, in the Woburn Old School Baptist meetinghouse, in Woburn, Mass., the fifth Sunday in December (30th). All are welcome.  
L. B. FORD.

### LOST IN THE MAIL.

We have received a number of complaints of late from subscribers who have failed to get their paper, and we wish all to know that it is not through any lack of care on our part, as all papers leave this office securely wrapped and plainly addressed.

**EDITORIAL.**

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1917.

Entered in the Middletown, N. Y., Post Office as  
Second-Class Mail Matter.**EDITORS:**Elder H. C. Ker, Middletown, N. Y.  
Elder H. H. Lefferts, Leesburg, Va.*All letters for this paper should be ad-  
dressed, and money orders made payable, to*  
**J. E. BEEBE & CO.,**  
*Middletown, Orange Co., N. Y.***REVELATION III. 12.**

"HIM that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God."

A pillar in a temple is a support to the temple, and must be well grounded and well founded. It must be stable and immovable, unwavering and settled. That which is slender and frail, flimsy and shaky, will not adequately sustain the superstructure built upon it. We well remember our childhood days and those of our youth, when we went to the meetings at the Southampton Church, in Bucks County, Pa. Solomon says: "The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness." So it seemed to us that those old men and women, the members of the Southampton Church, were indeed saints of the most high God, that they had attained unto a spiritual excellence that we ourselves could never hope to enjoy as our portion. We looked up to those aged brethren as pillars in the church. When they one by one began to pass away from the world, we felt as though a loss was suffered that could never be remedied. This was not only true of the Southampton Church, but we are sure readers of this paper know of similar brethren that, to them, in their youth, seemed as pillars in the church.

The walk and conversation of these aged pilgrims seemed to evidence the glory of God in their hearts; they seemed so sound in the faith, so unwavering in doctrine, so uncompromising in their defense of the truth, they were like very pillars indeed. It seemed to us there could be nothing calculated to make one more happy than to be in possession of real truth, that is, to have one's treasure laid up above, where moth and rust could not corrupt, where thieves could not break in and steal; and we never doubted but that those hoary heads in the way of righteousness were in possession of that priceless inheritance which is undefiled and fadeth not away. For ourselves, we were filled with fear and trembling whenever we tried to compare our state with theirs, for the comparison invariably resulted in our own discomfiture, giving rise to serious and doleful questionings concerning our own spiritual integrity and our own right to such a glorious inheritance as seemed to us to be theirs. Now, if one is a pillar in the temple of God, there is a reason or cause for it, and it becomes us to consider what is the underlying and permeating cause that gives rise to these supports in the church. Noticing this text in Revelation, we see that the being a pillar is the result of having overcome something. In other words, a pillar is in some sense a conqueror. If we engage a person to do a piece of work for us, we say, "If you will do so and so I will pay you a sum of money for the performance of the work." Now, many people who read the Bible say they find there many conditions to be performed by man in order to obtain spiritual good. So, some would say, that this text in Revelation means that if one will do all he can to overcome, God will make him a pillar in the temple or church; that one can be a pillar if only

he will overcome. In other words, it seems to some that the being a pillar is the reward or payment from God to the sinner for overcoming. Now, let it be understood that God never pays any one for doing good, for none can do good except the goodness first be in them. The doing good, then, is an outgrowth of indwelling good, so that goodness is its own reward. The doer of good finds reward not for doing good, but in doing good, because all true goodness is the effect of grace, and what more can the spiritual mind desire than to be the channel, through grace, of infinite goodness? The text does not mean that, if one will or does overcome, God will make that one a pillar in return for the overcoming; but it means that one is a pillar because one does or has overcome, that the very overcoming is the grounding and settling and strengthening which makes the pillar. Nor is the overcoming something to be done of one's self, but it is the performance of grace through the activity of faith in the sinner being brought unto salvation. There is One, and only One, that has the preeminence in the work of overcoming, and that One is Jesus. It is not becoming in us to talk of this or that one's being a pillar in the temple without first considering Jesus, who is the Pillar of pillars. The saints being pillars is all because Jesus is their one foundation or support or pillar. No one is or ever can be a pillar in the temple only as Jesus dwells in them by his truth, making them stable and unwavering. It is not too much to say that Jesus is the foundation of the church; he is its corner-stone, head-stone and overshadowing heavens. In short, Jesus is all and in all to his people. So, whenever we talk or write of the saints being this or that in the church or in their spiritual life, we have first to consider

Jesus in that capacity in which we wish to consider them, because all capacity in any and every christian to perform or become any spiritual benefit to the people of God arises from the fact that Jesus must first be in them and abound. Would we be brethren one of another, then Jesus must first manifest himself to us as the Brother of brothers, our Elder Brother. Would we be christians in deed and in truth, then Jesus must first show himself to us and in us as the very Christ of God we are to follow, and give us grace to follow. Would we be preachers, then the great Preacher of all preachers must first do his preaching in us ere we can preach to others. Would we pray, then the intercession of that holy Jesus must be made within us, though it be with groans we cannot utter. In short, every spiritual ideal we crave to attain unto must first find its realization in Jesus before it can be fulfilled in us. That is why we say the above text in Revelation primarily refers to Jesus. He has overcome the world, the flesh, the devil, sin and death and hell. He has arisen triumphant over all his foes. Through this wonderful work of overcoming he is developed as the Pillar in the temple of God. He cannot be moved out of his place, for omnipotence supports him in it. The whole structure of God's building rests on this Pillar, who has overcome. All this overcoming Jesus performed for the good of his people; it was that they should triumph too through him. "So surely as he overcame, so shall you triumph too," the hymn says. Jesus, by his Spirit, brings to pass in his people, the subjects of his grace, those characteristics that make them like a pillar. The experimental operation of the Spirit of God. makes his people firm, unwavering, settled and grounded in the truth. They

are not tossed about by every wind of doctrine, nor are they deceived by the lo heres and lo theres of men. While others said of Jesus that he was this or might be that, that he was John the Baptist or one of the prophets, Peter had no such uncertainty regarding him, but firmly and unwaveringly believed him to be the Christ, the Son of the living God. This he knew, not through flesh and blood, but by the revelation from the Father. This work of revelation, then, in the subject of grace is what acts as the rudder of the soul, enabling one to steer a true course by the compass of God-given faith. One not having this revelation is like a rudderless ship at the mercy of the waves, all the steering-gear gone. The revelation of truth may not be, and we think seldom is, a sudden, vivid thing, but is more often a gradual process extending over many years of one's christian experience. One never gets through learning. It is only here a little, there a little, line upon line, that we know anything at all. Grace has to overcome many things in one's soul before one can be a pillar in the house of God, that is, before one can be rooted and grounded and settled in the truth. Being sound in the faith is a great virtue much cherished among Old Baptists, but it is seldom one is really sound who thinks he is. Others are better judges of one's soundness than one's self. Just as soon as we think we know anything, Paul says we know nothing as we ought to know it. This makes us pause and wonder whether we have gotten anywhere or not. Just the moment when we think we have arrived, we awake to find the journey just begun. He who is a pillar has overcome self, sin and error. We fear, then, there are few pillars. Indeed, there are none, only those in whom Jesus does the overcoming. "Tis his love his people raises over self

to reign as kings," another hymn says. Solomon says, Greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city. This means that self-subjugation is greater than the subjugation of others. Jesus subdued the fleshly self in himself. He was supremely in control of himself at all times. No one ever saw him angry, not even when he drove the money-changers out of the temple. He could chastise without being angry. Envy, jealousy, hatred, malice, never found place to build their foul nests in his spotless being. Now, true self-control is the fruit of the divine Spirit. It is not voluntary on the part of the believer, but is imposed effectually by the inner working of a higher power than one's self. True self-denial lies in not living one's own life, in not living to the gratification of self. How many of God's people are there who live the lives they want to live? Not one, we venture to say. This is because their lives are not their own. They are bought with a price, and that not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of God's own Son. Therefore you belong not to yourselves, but unto God. You owe the flesh nothing, and are no more debtors to the flesh to live after the flesh. You owe God everything, are and will be eternally in debt to him for all his goodness and mercy toward you. Therefore be not surprised when you find yourselves not able to direct your own lives, not able to shape them as you would; for, remember, our lives are not ours, but God's. He shapes them as he will. Herein is true self-control brought about by sovereign grace, herein is the denial of one's self. One has to learn to deny self, to hate sin, to abhor all false doctrine, to abjure the world, before one is a pillar in the temple. This overcoming is a life-

time process, but it makes one stable, dependable, reliable. We have no doubt this experimental overcoming was accomplished in those dear hoary-headed saints we used to know at Southampton in the days of our youth. As Jesus is to his people wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption, so is he their stability and every other good thing as well. It is fitting that in the adoration of our hearts we should bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all.

L.

#### CLOSE OF VOLUME EIGHTY-FIVE.

WITH this issue of the SIGNS is closed the eighty-fifth volume. A long time for a religious paper to live, and especially so when it has had so much opposition waged against it. It is also remarkable that during the eighty-five years it has been conducted by the one family: Beebe. Perhaps no paper of its kind has had so wide a circulation, covering every State in the Union, together with Canada and England. We feel sure that the SIGNS has visited, and we hope gladdened, more destitute and lonely homes than any periodical of its kind ever published in the United States. We hear from every quarter of the joy and comfort derived from reading the messages of love and fellowship its pages contain. This alone is encouragement sufficient, if we had no other, to continue in the arduous labors. During the eighty-five years the SIGNS has had seven editors: Elders Gilbert Beebe and William L. Beebe, brother Benton L. Beebe, Elders Benton Jenkins and F. A. Chick, together with the present staff: Ker and Lefferts. Of those departed all save one, Elder William L. Beebe, who resigned after about nine years service, continued to serve until death called them hence to their great re-

ward. Elder Lefferts and ourself are left to continue the work until such time as it pleases the Lord to sever our connection by death or otherwise. According to the SIGNS, and our oldest subscribers, all seven editors have contended earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. It is true that there have always been misunderstandings, in other words, the editors' views have not always been understood, and when understood have not always been agreed with. This is perfectly natural; no preacher or writer need think that he is pleasing all the people all the while. But while there have been disagreements, taking it as a whole there has been wonderful unity between the SIGNS OF THE TIMES and its many readers these eighty-five years. At the beginning of the year 1917 we all wondered how we could go on with the duties of the twelve months ahead of us, but the year has passed, and we must confess that as our day our strength has been, and we now feel glad that we did not despair. The writers have been very kind in supplying us with matter for publication, and we have heard very little criticism of articles published, or of the conduct of the SIGNS, for which we feel thankful. Our subscription list is larger than at the close of volume eighty-four, notwithstanding the depressed state of affairs, owing to the deplorable war of the nations. Many sad hearts will ache this Christmas, and God only knows where the scene will end. O that he may deliver us and restore peace to our beloved land.

During the year many private letters have gone unanswered, many requests for views have been neglected, and we thank our friends for their kind and loving forbearance. We assure you that we have not forgotten you, nor have we meant to treat your requests silently, but

sometimes, for want of light or understanding, and sometimes for want of time, we have been compelled to omit many things we would gladly have done.

The contributions for "the poor of the flock" have been highly appreciated, not only by the SIGNS, but by the poor, and in their behalf, as well as our own, we thank each one who has so kindly donated.

Now, with all good wishes and prayers for your peace and comfort, we say farewell for 1917. K.

#### SALE OF CONCORDANCE DISCONTINUED.

OWING to the increase in cost to us of Cruden's Complete Concordance we have decided to discontinue selling them, as we know our readers would not feel like paying the price we would be compelled to charge. We are sorry to have to make this announcement, but as there is a fairly good concordance contained in our Premium Bibles we feel our brethren will not be inconvenienced to any great extent.

#### PRICE OF BIBLES ADVANCED.

OWING to the increased cost of Bibles to us, we are compelled to advance our sale price from \$2.50 to \$3.00. Those who wish to secure a Bible as a premium, will now have to send us five new subscribers, instead of four, as formerly. We are sorry to have to increase our price, but as the cost has been advanced to us, we cannot afford to sell them at the old figure.

### MARRIAGES.

By Elder B. F. Coulter, at his home, 1910 N. 22nd St., Philadelphia, Pa., Thursday, Nov. 29th, 1917, Ensign Charles E. F. Gifford and Elizabeth A. E. Smith, both of Woodshole, Mass.

### OBITUARY NOTICES.

**Benjamin F. Higgs** departed this life May 11th, 1917, at his home not many miles from the Frying Pan Church, Fairfax Co., Va. He lived to be 86 years old, and died in the same room in which he was born. Mr. Higgs is not survived by any relatives nearer than nieces and nephews, of whom there are several. The widow of Mr. Higgs, Lucy Orrison Higgs, survived him a little more than five months, and passed away at the home of her sister, Mrs. J. W. Whaley, Sterling, Va., Nov. 24th, 1917. She would have been 75 years old had she lived until Dec. 16th. We write this brief notice of these two dear friends of truth not so much to record the details of their family history, as to testify in our family paper to the unwavering constancy all these years in their friendship for the Old School Baptists. While neither of them ever united with the church, their friendship was not the result of mere natural civility, but was the fruit of God's grace in them, for we have hope for them that they are the children of God. Mr. and Mrs. Higgs were real old-time southern people, bearing that stamp of refinement and gentility which so characterized southerners of a former generation. They were the very embodiment of hospitality, and their home was always open to the entertainment of God's people. Mr. Higgs had a wonderful mind and a most excellent memory. He was familiar with all the little details in the history of Frying Pan Church, and we frequently referred to him when we wanted the verification of certain data. Both Mr. and Mrs. Higgs became more and more deaf as they grew older, so that neither of them could hear enough of the preaching to appreciate it as they would have liked, but this infirmity never kept them from the meetings. They seemed to love to come to meeting to be with the people they loved, even if they could not enter into the preaching. We shall miss them in our meetings more than we can express. Mrs. Higgs is survived by two brothers: Oscar Orrison, of near Herndon, Va., and W. W. Orrison, of Washington, D. C.; also by two sisters, both living in Sterling: Miss Floreuce Orrison and Mrs. W. J. Whaley. L.

**Fred Miller**, son of William and Eleanor Miller, was born near Burtonville, Ohio, April 29th, 1859, and died October 23rd, 1917. He was united in marriage to Miss Ella Lewis Sept. 25th, 1885. To that union were born seven children, all of whom survive him except one child, who died three years ago. About twenty-five years ago brother Miller experienced a hope in the Savior, and upon relating his experience was received in the fellowship of the Old School Predestinarian Baptist Church called Mercers Run, being baptized by Elder Levi Bavis, their pastor. Brother Miller was of an exceptional quiet dis-



position, slow to speak, but enjoyed himself among the Baptist people and was always ready to help entertain his brethren, and ever ready to give an answer to them that asked for the reason of his hope. He had been a sufferer of stomach trouble for some time, and finally consented to be taken to the hospital at Columbus, Ohio, for an operation, from which he never recovered.

I was called from Cleveland for the funeral, which was held in the M. E. meetinghouse at Pt. William, Ohio, before a large congregation of brethren and friends. I tried to comfort the living with the ability the Lord gave me, after which all that was mortal was laid to rest to await the resurrection.

May the Lord comfort the family and friends.

GEO. L. WEAVER.

**Mrs. Rachel Heyd** died May 9th, 1917, aged 64 years. She was the daughter of William and Anne Frazier, and spent her early life in the bounds of the Cow Marsh Church, in Kent County, Del. She was married to David Heyd in the year 1874. A few years later they moved to New Castle County, in the bounds of the Welsh Tract Church, and she was baptized in the fellowship of that church by Elder J. L. Staton in the year 1885, her husband joining some time later. Their home was always open to Old School Baptists, and meetings were frequently held in their house. The writer has attended many pleasant meetings there, particularly in the last years of her life. She leaves her husband and three married daughters to mourn: Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Rambo, of State Road, and Mrs. Cooper, of Wilmington, Del.

Elder John Eubanks, who was her pastor at the time of her death, conducted her funeral, using as a text Eccl. vii. 2: "It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting." She was buried in the cemetery near the Cow Marsh Church.

Written by request.

A. E. RITTENHOUSE.

**Mrs. Henrietta Carter**, nee Fuller, was born Jan. 11th, 1850, and was raised by a widowed mother of the Primitive faith and order, who was in the split and stayed with the old order of Baptists. She was married to Bennett S. Carter July 20th, 1873, in Alabama. To that union were born eight children: James Edgar, Bennett Joseph, Gustavus Fuller, Ernest Green, Uriah Dorling, Richard Samuel, Valto and Cane Horace. They moved to Smith County, Texas, in 1874, and settled near Garden Valley. She and her husband joined the Predestinarian Baptists at Big Springs in the year 1886, and were baptized by Elder Fodam. She lived a consistent member, always filling her seat when not providentially hindered; a firm believer in the sovereignty of God in all things and salvation by grace. To know her was

to love her. She was a kind, loving and patient mother and good neighbor until the end. She died at the home of her son, Bennett, in the town of Edgewood, Texas, about 4 o'clock in the morning of Nov. 17th. Surely the church has sustained a great loss, but we feel sure it is her eternal gain. Six children survive her, her husband and two children having preceded her in death. Dear children, weep not, for your mother is not dead, but asleep in Jesus, from which none wake to mourn.

Written by her former pastor,

W. W. SLAUGHTER.

**William Thomas Cabbage** was born July 18th, 1860, in Kent County, Del., and died suddenly after working all day October 19th, 1917, at his home, Seaford, Del., of heart failure due to neuritis, from which he had suffered the past six years. He was a man of sterling qualities and pleasing personality, and though he never united with the church, he was a lover of the truth and an able defender of the doctrine of salvation by grace. Having an experimental knowledge of the Scriptures, and being a good conversationalist, his talk was with convincing power. He was a regular attendant at Baptist meetings as long as he was able and had opportunity, deriving much pleasure and comfort therefrom. He leaves a widow, two daughters, one granddaughter, two brothers and a host of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, but we believe our loss is his eternal gain, that he has entered into the full fruition of that for which he hoped.

Funeral services were held from his late residence in Seaford, Del., Monday, October 22nd, 7:30 p. m., conducted by Elder B. E. Cabbage, who spoke to the comfort of the sorrowing ones. The remains were taken by train Tuesday morning to Wyoming, Del., thence by automobile to Odd Fellows' Cemetery, Camden, Del., for interment, after a short but appropriate service by Elders Coulter and Mellott, of Philadelphia. May God comfort the bereaved ones.

His brother,

WILLARD S. CUBBAGE.

**Albinus Nightwine** was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, Dec. 10th, 1843, and emigrated with his parents to Saline County, Mo., in 1860, where he lived until the day of his death, which occurred October 28th, 1917, at the age of 73 years, 10 months and 18 days. He served in the Union army during the Civil War. He was married to Miss Kanzada Harmon May 3rd, 1866, by which union he became the father of eleven children. She preceded him to her eternal home July 24th, 1912. He leaves to mourn, eleven children, of whom our dear sister Collins, a member of the Mount Vernon Church in Kansas City, is the eldest, four brothers, sixteen grandchildren, beside other relatives and a host of friends and neighbors. He never united with any church, but had for many

years entertained a good hope in God's mercy, and dearly loved the Old School Baptist doctrine of salvation by grace. He lived a strictly moral and upright life.

Funeral services were conducted at the home, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends, by the writer, after which the remains were buried in the beautiful cemetery at Sweet Springs, Saline Co., Mo. SMITH KETCHUM.

**CONTRIBUTIONS TO AID IN SENDING  
THE "SIGNS" TO  
THE POOR OF THE FLOCK.**

Elder J. M. Fenton, Pa., \$5.00; J. D. Welborn, Ind., \$5.00; H. J. O'Bannon, Va., \$1.00; Dr. Ben P. Earle, Ky., \$1.00; Mrs. M. M. Rounsavell, N. Y., \$5.00; Mrs. E. W. Sproul, N. Y., \$2.00.

**APPOINTMENTS.**

ELDER George Ruston will, the Lord willing, fill the following appointments:

Stockton, N. J., Saturday, Dec. 15th, 10:30 a. m., Mrs. Sam. Horner's; Saturday afternoon, Trenton, N. J., 2 p. m., at the residence of Casper Fetter, Hamilton Ave.; Sunday, 16th, Locktown, N. J., 11 a. m.; afternoon, Frenchtown, N. J., 4 p. m.; Monday, 17th, Grandon, N. J., at the home of brother A. J. Demott, 7:45 p. m.

Also, nothing preventing, I expect to be with the friends in Brantford, Canada, Sunday, Dec. 23rd, and Hamilton Wednesday, 26th. Brother Fred Simmons will locate the meeting in Brantford. Meeting in Hamilton will be at Mr. Calhonn's residence, 29 Strathcome St., 7:45 p. m. D. M. VAIL.

ELDER D. M. Vail will, the Lord willing, fill the following appointments:

Kingston, N. Y., Saturday, Dec. 15th, 7:45 p. m.; Sunday, 16th, Ashokan, 10:30 a. m. and 2 p. m.; Monday, 17th, Margaretville, brother Morris Faulkner's, 7:45 p. m.; Tuesday, 18th, Arena, sister Dickson's, 10:45 a. m.; Wednesday, 19th, Halcottville, sister Polly Ann O'Connor's, 7:45 p. m.

GEORGE RUSTON.

**M E E T I N G S .**

The Middletown and Andes Church has decided to hold its meetings during the winter months at Dickson Hall, Arena, N. Y., instead of at Union Grove.

The Second Roxbury Church will hold its meetings during the winter months at the Mead sisters home, Roxbury, N. Y.

To the above meetings all who love the truth are cordially invited.

GEORGE RUSTON.

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2:00 P. M.

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 PHILIPPI, W. Va. R. 1.

[This book was printed in the SIGNS OF THE TIMES office, and we think will prove of interest to any of our people who may read it.—ED.]

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