

The Alabama Baptist.

Edited by an Association of Brethren.

"JESUS CHRIST HIMSELF BEING THE CHIEF CORNER-STONE."—Ephesians ii, 20.

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THE ALABAMA BAPTIST

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TERMS.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST will be published every Saturday morning, on an Imperial sheet, with fair type, and furnished to subscribers on the following terms:

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Letters on business connected with the office, must be free of postage, or they will not be attended to.

All Baptist Ministers are requested to act as Agents, and to send in the Names and Post Offices of subscribers at an early day.

"MAY YOU BE HAPPY!"

The reader will perhaps pause here for a moment, and imagine that these few words were intended to represent something more than the title of an article. They indeed breathe forth an odor, very fragrant towards the object of affection, into whose bosom they may be poured for consolation. For at what rate shall we value those toys, which the world calls her treasures, if sent to a relative or friend on the bed of sickness, when compared with soothing language, and an affectionate wish, such as "May you be happy!" Reader! not all the mines of the earth, nor gems of the East, could add to the real joy it creates in the breast of that individual. For if in bondage ourselves, we should find it comparatively sweet, and afflictions far less painful, while we listened to a friend's farewell, whose lips, though trembling, and whose eye, though laden with the intruding tear, strove to express the language of the heart. "May you be happy!"

Such were the words used by a mother, when she kissed her only son, and bade him take her blessing; to go forth and preach the glad tidings in Zion—to bind up the broken-hearted, and proclaim liberty to the captive—to put on the Christian armor, and become a soldier and follower of Christ. And although her tears fell on his bosom to mingle with his own, she knew that the eye of the Almighty, whose mission he went to perform was over him to direct him for good. Yet she had a mother's heart, and there dwelt a mother's fondness. She breathed a prayer that, when trials should assail him, he might be enabled to look to heaven, with patience and resignation; and then she added—"May you be happy!"

O how joyous are those tears that flow from the source of good, or the hope of futurity! And thus it was with the mother, her tears were but a little shower before the bursting forth of a bright and beautiful sun. For time had numbered but a few years, when the missionary had laid down his load—had overcome the hardships he had to undergo, and surmounted the greatest difficulties of his Christian labor. While around him were gathered a congregation, anxious to hail him as their pastor, and have the gospel preached to them by his mouth, he had sought out the back settlements of the New World—he had cried to them as the voice of one in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord!" and had pointed the people to seek that righteousness which is found only in Christ Jesus. The few sheep that had before wandered in the desert, without a guide, were now led forward amidst the green pastures and beside the pleasant streams that guided them on, until they should reach the heaven of everlasting bliss, and partake of the hope of their salvation. O! happy son! O! mother blessed indeed! For now are thy desires fulfilled, and heaven hath answered thy supplication. But alas! how uncertain is human nature! He that hath not extended his hope beyond the limit of time, hath nothing but briars in his pathway, and not one beam of gladness before him. Was it so with the mother, when tidings came that her son lay sick? No; a thorn indeed pierced her bosom, but it was not painful, so bright and pure is the happiness of religion, that no affliction can lessen its conquering power. She knew that in the regions above was laid up for them a crown of immortal glory; and she murmured not. O! how few there are who, under such circumstances, find no cause for complaint. But such was not the case with the mother of that son, who had now been the means of bringing a few souls to the Saviour; for although she shortly heard of his death, it rejoiced her greatly to find that he had borne his sufferings with fortitude—with quickened faith firmly united to his Lord and Master; and that his last words, when he left this frail world, responded to the prayer of his weeping mother; he had lived, and died happy.

I OWE THE SABBATH,

1. A serious and thoughtful anticipation of its approach. It is a dignified and most honorable servant of God. It comes on a most benevolent errand to me. If an high officer of the government was known to be on his way to my house on important business with me, I could not but thoughtfully anticipate his arrival.

2. I owe the Sabbath a careful preparation for its presence. There would be no small attention to the adjustment of matters about me in view of the approach of one of the dignitaries of the State. Can any of them be of a nobler character, or have more important business with me than that high dignitary of God, the holy Sabbath?—And inasmuch as the successful execution of

the errand on which the Sabbath comes to me, depends upon the state of heart in which it finds me, therefore I owe the Sabbath a careful preparation for its arrival.

3. I owe it a diligent and conscientious attendance upon all its duties. Its privileges are its means of doing good. It has no other end. It comes with no vain and empty pomp. The Sabbath was made for man. That divine announcement bids me hail it as a friend. Its duties, privileges, and hallowed associations contain the influences by which the blessings of its friendship are poured upon me. Then I must give conscience the reins, and let an holy diligence mark my attention to it.

4. I owe the Sabbath recompense for past injuries I have done it. I remember the sins of my youth, and am not unmindful of those of riper years. And I cannot give the past a serious review, without reflecting that the Sabbath has been an injured friend. There has been direct violation of its hallowed rest—neglect of sacred duties—misimprovement of its holy time and precious privileges—in-difference to its value—unthankfulness for the inestimable gift. Thus I have wronged my friend. And I owe a heavy debt of recompense. I cannot heal the wounds, and erase the scars of my ill treatment. But what reparation I can make, by future tenderness of regard and holy fidelity to its duties, I must make. My injured friend shall have ample testimony that I am not what I was.

5. I owe the Sabbath every energy I can employ to promote its honor and authority among men. Because in this institution is involved all that is precious in the glory of God, and all that benevolence can desire for the happiness of mankind. An honored Sabbath gives honor and power to every other institution of God. It secures an honored ministry—the successful appeals of Bible truth—the efficiency of the hallowed sacrament—the glory and beauty of Zion. The influence that blasts the Sabbath, blasts all these. And with them the public conscience is darkened and defiled—vice lifts up shamelessly its head—love and ardor lose ground in men's hearts. Every form of human happiness is injured by the blow. But a loved and honored Sabbath places man's earthly welfare and eternal hopes on the best possible basis.

These are debts I owe the Sabbath. I must pay them; and by divine grace I will. [Boston Recorder.]

A CHRISTIAN,

What was he? A rebel against the government of God, a base ingrate, a transgressor of the divine law, a rejector of the gospel, a despiser of Jesus Christ, a griever of the Holy Spirit, an awakened inquirer, a convicted penitent sinner.

What is he? A regenerated creature, a returned prodigal, a brother of Christ, an heir of heaven, a lover of his enemies, kind to his friends, a forgiver of injuries, content with his situation, poor in spirit, pure in heart, a peace-maker, faithful in all the relations of life, and discharging all its duties, yet panting after God.

What will he be? The inhabitant of that world, where perfect purity will be the encompassing atmosphere, an equal and associate of angels, a companion of Christ, an acknowledged Son of God.—Bap. Record.

THE DEVIL'S SACRIFICE.

When the Greeks despaired of taking the ancient city of Troy, by force, they resorted to the following artifice. Withdrawing their forces, they all of a sudden became very friendly, and wished to make an offering to the gods. For this purpose they constructed an enormous wooden horse, in which they concealed about seventy armed men. This horse was so large that it could not be got into the city without taking down a part of the wall. When this was done, and the inhabitants of the city were reveling in their supposed success, the armed men left their concealment by night, and set fire to the city; and the Grecian army returning completed its destruction.

So it is with the devil, when he finds he is unsuccessful in open assault, he all at once seems very pious, and would persuade us that he wishes to make atonement for his assaults, i. e. he wishes us to follow him to re-buke and destroy; but no sooner does he get his sacrifice within the wall, than the work of destruction is begun. And for my part, I have concluded that it is always best to resist the Devil's sacrifice.

A. D. W.

JOHN HOWARD.

This illustrious man, whose memory will be forever hallowed in the hearts of the good of all nations, was born in England, in the year 1727. His early education was exceedingly bad; and the result of it was, that in his youth he was given to many excesses, and his health was very delicate. But subsequent study and reflection induced him to reform his habits, to live temperately and soberly, and thus he regained his health.

On All Saints' day, 1755, the city of Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, was almost totally destroyed by a dreadful earthquake.—Howard no sooner heard of the disaster, than he embarked for Lisbon with the purpose of succoring its miserable inhabitants, who were without a roof to shelter them, without bread, and destitute of all resource. On his passage he was unfortunately taken prisoner by the French, conveyed to France, and thrust into prison; which, as most were then,

was low, damp, dark, and badly aired. He found himself amid criminals of various descriptions, for whom there was neither sympathy, consolation nor instruction. It was not to reform, but to punish them, that they were imprisoned.

Upon almost any other man, such company would have had a disastrous influence.—But upon Howard, no; he, on the contrary, spent all his time in contrivances to render the situation of his fellow prisoners more supportable, and, if possible, profitable to them. Being liberated, he devoted his entire life subsequently to the relief of the sufferings of the poor and needy, especially prisoners.

At different periods Howard traversed the principal countries of Europe, for the sole purpose of visiting and relieving the prisoners, and persuading the Governments of those countries to make such alterations in their prisons as that the well disposed might be separated from the corrupting influence of the vicious; receive the consolation of religion the benefit of instruction, and relieve the monotony and gloom of their confinement by useful occupation.

Thanks to his benevolent exertions! In the prisons of several of the countries of Europe, but more especially in those of the United States, criminals now, instead of passing their time in idleness, corrupting each other, a burden to themselves and to community, are usefully employed, are taught to read and write, and at the expiration of the term of imprisonment go forth, generally, with the knowledge of a good trade; reformed in habits, and often, too, in morals, and sometimes with money in their pockets, the fruit of their labors.

For the purpose of defraying the expenses of his many journeys, and to be able to give to the suffering and the poor, Howard limited his personal expenses to the procuring the bare necessities of life. He ate no meat, but bread, butter, and potatoes only, and drank no wine. His greatest indulgence was to regale himself upon ripe fruits when occasionally presented to him by a friend.

His charity extended even to beasts. The so common fate of horses, of being killed when too old for service, excited his compassion. He appropriated to these poor beasts a pasture in which they might feed and repose.

A prince once asked him why he was never found at parties of an evening. "Because," said he, "I have many duties, the discharging of which affords me more satisfaction than the pleasures of the world."

It was proposed to erect a statue to him; but he refused the honor, and requested that the money contributed for the object should be appropriated to the relief of prisoners and the poor.

He was ministering to those dying of the plague when his own death occurred in Turkey, on the 20th of January, 1790. He will ever have the glorious appellation of the "Friend of the Unfortunate."—Asylum Journal.

DANGERS OF THE CHURCH.

An interesting letter was received by the last steamer from the Rev. R. Turnbull, addressed to his church and congregation—the second received by them since his absence in Europe. It is dated at Heidelberg (Germany) August 5th. The following paragraphs, in that letter, are worthy to be read in all the churches. He says:

"A thousand thoughts pertaining to the interests of Zion have been suggested by my sojourn in these distant lands. The result of my observation thus far is briefly this:—that there are two great evils against which the church ought to guard. The first, undue and irregular excitement, the indulgence of mere feeling and passion, which insensibly glide into fanaticism and bigotry; or leave the body in a state of collapse and exhaustion; the other, formality, mere rationalism, as it may be called, the cold and mechanical performance of duty without the vital warmth and energy of divine love. America, in my judgment, has suffered, to some extent, from the former; Europe chiefly from the latter; which, by the way, is the worst of the two. Every where, in France, Italy, Switzerland and Germany, a dead formality seems to prevail. The heart of religion has been worn out by speculation, or benumbed by the constant iteration of mere forms and ceremonies; the consequence of which is, that in most places, it is nothing more than a hideous skeleton, hung up in a room, or exhibited to the people as a curiosity.

"What the church needs, is a calm, clear, thorough apprehension and belief of divine things, associated with profound humility, ardent gratitude and universal benevolence. She needs, in a special manner, stability of principle, associated with constant activity in the cause of practical goodness. Her ministers ought to be distinguished for simplicity and faith, and all her members for holiness and love. Were the great principles of Christianity only understood, and fully recognized in the formation and discipline of ecclesiastical bodies, our churches would consist, not of theorists or of zealots, but of good people,—holy men and women, who love God and keep his commandments. Pure and serene, they would then easily maintain the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and, at the same time, present a strong attraction to the world around them. Brethren, we want, as the Saviour was to be lifted up—to ascend, or rather, to be taken up, by the Spirit of God, into a purer, more blissful region; and there, like the Saviour, we would draw all men unto us."—Christian Reflector.

A MINISTER-FALLEN!

Rev. Benjamin M. Hill, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, says:—"It has become our painful duty to announce the decease of Rev. TOBIAS PINKHAM, our missionary at Tioga, Pa., who died on the 17th of August, of a pulmonary complaint, in the 43d year of his age. He had been nearly three years usefully employed at the station assigned. The circumstances under which he labored required much patience and perseverance, and he exercised those virtues to a commendable degree. The good effects of his ministry were seen in an increasing confidence of the people and strength of the church. Through his exertions a neat house of worship has been erected in the village of Tioga, in the approaching completion of which he hoped to see a fresh and encouraging impulse imparted to the cause.

"His death was unexpected. He had suffered with the influenza, but in his last communication to us of the 3d ult., spoke of an improved state of health. On the 17th he rested from his labors. His surviving family deserve the sympathies of the churches."

Mr. Pinkham was formerly pastor of the Congregational church in Dracut, Mass., but having adopted Baptist sentiments he was baptized, and became a member of the Worthen Street Church in Lowell, at the meeting of the Salem Association with that church in 1840. He immediately commenced his labors at Tioga, where he remained till his decease. He was an esteemed correspondent of the Watchman, and not unfrequently to its poetic department.

[Christian Watchman.]

CONVERSION OF A MORMON PREACHER.

From Rev. S. B. Page, Massillon, Ohio. "Since my last I have baptized a person who had been for five years a Mormon preacher, and who had been very successful in building up that sect. During one year he had collected a church in Tennessee of 86 members. On his return to Kirtland he was made private secretary to Smith, the Mormon prophet. This station afforded him numerous opportunities to become acquainted with Smith's private character and real principles. He lost confidence in the man and then began to question the purity of his system. After close investigation he became convinced that its foundation was sand, and in an assembly of about 1,000 persons he publicly repudiated the delusion, and expressed his entire want of confidence in the prophet. Others followed his example, and the brother is a man of considerable talent. He has delivered several lectures of late, in which he has shown the fallacy of the arguments by which Mormonism is supported, in a very interesting and satisfactory manner."

The New British Consul at the Sandwich Islands.—We mentioned last week that a new Consul for the Sandwich Islands, Gen. William Miller, had been appointed by the British Government, in place of Mr. Charlton. The character of the late Consul, and especially the perplexing course of opposition which he has pursued in reference to the American Missionaries, has naturally created considerable anxiety among us, as to the appointment of his successor. We are happy to hear good accounts of Gen. Miller. He is well known here and respected; as we understand; and some of the best friends of missions, who are acquainted with him, have entire confidence in his general character and fitness for the station.—Boston Recorder.

Missions to China.—The Philadelphia Presbyterian states, that a gentleman of the medical profession, who is also well versed in general science, has devoted himself to the China mission, under the care of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, and will probably sail from New York about the 1st of October. The name of this new missionary is not given.

The Charleston, S. C., Baptist Advocate intimates, that Dr. Boone, recently from China, and of the Episcopal mission, has been selected as the new Bishop whom the Episcopal Board of Missions has resolved to send to China; and that eight or ten additional missionaries will go out with him. A more judicious appointment could not be made.—Id.

Revivals.

GOOD NEWS.

The Domestic Missionaries of the Edgefield Baptist Association are now zealously engaged in the field of operations. Many of the Churches have enjoyed interesting revivals, and others are now progressing.—The Missionaries in this section, with other Ministers who came to their aid, began a meeting in the Baptist Church in this place on Friday evening the 4th inst., which continued with increasing interest until Monday evening last. We have rarely witnessed a season like that through which this community has just passed. Since 1831 we have not observed as large and as attentive congregations. Throughout the whole time, the people generally, laying aside their daily avocations, repaired to the house of God.—We are informed that some 12 or 15 persons have expressed a hope in Christ during the meeting, and we know that many others are deeply concerned.

We understand that our Methodist brethren are enjoying interesting meetings in different quarters of the district. The cause of Religion has claims upon us all, even the

man who does not profess it, should rejoice as a Patriot in its extension, for upon the virtue and intelligence of our people depend the liberties of the country. We know that in a political journal it is not usual to refer to this subject, but we are not satisfied with the propriety of the course. We believe that the Press is too powerful an engine not to lend, on all proper occasions, its notice and its aid to the promotion of that cause which is so deeply connected with the temporal and eternal interest of the people.—Edgefield Advertiser.

We hear of revivals in many places, but cannot gather the particulars with sufficient accuracy for publication. In this place two have been baptized, 14 received for baptism, and others are waiting to hear from friends at a distance.

In Eatonton a very gracious season of refreshing has been enjoyed.

We learn that the divine blessing is attending the labors of our predecessor, Rev. W. H. Stokes, in at least two of the churches at which he preaches. At Phillips's several have been baptized. At Crawfordville a friend informs us that 20 were to have been baptized on last Lord's day—some 50 or 60 were reported as inquirers.

Bro. Harris pastor of the church at White Plains, we are informed, has baptized fifteen and has the cheering prospect of baptizing many more.—Christian Index.

TALLADEGA CO., Ala. Aug. 3, 1843.

Brother Baker:—When I last wrote you I stated that the meeting at the Harmony church was going on, and from that date it went on with increased interest, until by the goodness of God the tenth day brought us to the river, in which I had the pleasure of baptizing 17. Among them several little boys and girls one quite small. They believe that Jesus is the Son of God. There are two lying over for baptism till next meeting. One great difficulty now is, in nursing and giving the sincere milk of the word to these young Christians. May the Lord help us to do it.—Your brother,

S. G. JENKINS.

Extract of a Letter from Rev. C. M. Irwin, POWELLTON, August, 1843.

Dear Bro. Baker:—We have had a most interesting meeting in this place. I do not know that I ever witnessed a meeting where there was such deep interest taken in the subject of religion by both saint and sinner. The number baptized was 32, and there are more in the congregation that profess to have found the Savior precious. A considerable number of the persons baptized were young men. The additions to the church are valuable.

In the letter from which the above is an extract we received the names of several new subscribers. The writer observes.

These new subscribers are among the converts of the revival. That is a most favorable time to get their names as subscribers for the Index. Suppose you urge upon the brethren the propriety of making such an effort. I think myself that new converts can be easily induced to take the paper.

We suggested on a former occasion that ministers who labor in revivals should not consider their work complete until the convert was furnished with a Bible and a religious paper. We are pleased that our brother has brought up the subject again.—Unless brethren exert themselves much more than heretofore, the Baptists of Georgia must, before long, be left without a paper of their own to vindicate those doctrines which are ever cheering to their souls.—Id.

SALEM, Russell Co. Ala., August 23, 1843.

Bro. Baker:—The County Line Church, near this village, in this county, under the pastoral care of Elder Reuben Thorton, has recently enjoyed a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. The church met under circumstances which were in some respects favorable, at an early hour on Saturday morning before the second Sabbath in this month—several of the brethren expressed their feelings and anxieties, and there seemed to be such a union of feeling and such a desire for a blessing, that a number of the brethren bowed in humble contrition of soul in prayer to the Father of mercies to meet with us and make One in our midst. The meeting continued nine days, during which time 25 members were added to the church; 20 on a profession of their faith in Christ, and 5 by letter. Three or four obtained a hope in Christ during the meeting. The Lord was truly with us, and to bless and sanctify our souls. May a feeling sense of the goodness of God ever keep us humble.—Id.

CLARK ALDRIDGE, Ch. Clk.

General Intelligence.

From the Marine Herald.

A most atrocious, and in this country, unheard of attempt to assassinate Mr. Thomas Lester, a respectable and irreproachable member of society, was committed last Friday evening at the plantation of Mr. Wm. N. Wyatt, whose overseer he was. It appears that Lester, after having attended to the duties of the day, was sitting in the house alone, reading, about 7 o'clock in the evening, when a man rode up to the door, and, after having dismounted, called him (Lester) to him by name, requesting him to walk to the door, stating that he had a letter for him. As Lester approached, he (the assassin) asked him three times if he knew him, to which Lester replied, he did not. "Well," said the assassin, "I am a brother overseer," and handed him

the letter; and, as Lester stooped to receive it, he discharged the contents of a pistol in his left breast. The pistol was loaded with two balls, both of which entered just above the breast and came out under the shoulder blade. Mr. Lester was standing some three or four feet above the villain, otherwise his death would have been instantaneous, as the balls would have ranged towards the region of the heart had they both been on level ground. His case is not considered entirely hopeless, as the balls may have passed through his body in the direction they took without injuring any vital organ.

We do not deem it advisable to mention any name at present; but strong circumstantial suspicion rests against an individual, who has not yet been arrested. It is a most fortunate circumstance, even should this sad affair prove fatal, at Mr. Lester has survived to exonerate the negroes, as suspicion might, and probably would, have fallen upon them in case of instant death; and such too, doubtless, was the calculation of the assassin. The whole affair was planned with much deliberation and villainous cunning, and constitutes one of the coolest and most daring cases of a malicious intent to murder which have ever fallen under our observation.

Mr. Lester is a peaceful, quiet, industrious man, a consistent member of the church, and the very last man in the world whom we should suppose to have been the object of malignity at which devils themselves might blush. He was poor, and known to be poor, so that robbery could not have been his object. Added to this, his habits were unobtrusive and harmless, so that it would seem, were it not for circumstances which we do not feel at liberty to explain, difficult to fix suspicion on any one, so complete is the absence of all those objects which most usually actuate the murderer.

MELANCHOLY OCCURRENCE.

Day is for mortal care. Five for glad meetings round the joyous hearth. Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer. But all are thine, O Lord, the earth!

It becomes our painful duty to record one of the most afflictive, unlooked for, and heart-rending dispensations of Providence, which has occurred within the circle of our friends—the sudden death of an estimable and lovely lady, a wife and mother, under circumstances such as to awaken our liveliest and warmest sympathies for the surviving relatives and friends.

Mrs. Walker, consort of Wm. G. Walker, Esq., a highly esteemed and wealthy citizen of Harris county, was, on Tuesday before last, precipitated in her carriage from the bridge over the Mulberry, and drowned, before it was possible to extricate her from the stream. The circumstances, as we have obtained them from the neighbors of Mr. Walker, are these: On the morning above stated, the carriage of Mr. Walker, containing his wife and child, with two other ladies and a servant girl, were crossing the bridge near his plantation, on their return from Harris Camp-meeting. When partly across the bridge the mules suddenly took fright, and ran the carriage back against the railing.—In this position, the driver, fearing the terrible result; and unable to force his mules forward, sprang from the box, opened the door, and succeeded in getting the two young ladies out, before the railing gave way—which it did in an instant after they were out—and the carriage and mules, with Mrs. W. and child and the servant girl, were all precipitated into the stream. Hearing the shriek of the driver, Mr. Walker and his brother, who were but a short distance behind, spurred up their horses to full speed; but before they reached the spot; Mrs. W. and the child were buried in the swollen creek. The brother of Mr. Walker sprang into the creek, at the spot where they fell; the child floated from the carriage and rose to the surface; he caught it in his arms and rushed to the bank with it, but it was all he could save. The mother and the servant rose no more, until they were, after much exertion, drawn from their watery graves, cold in death.—Columbus Enquirer.

We add that Mrs. W. was a most amiable lady, a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a pious, consistent, liberal member of the Baptist church. We truly sympathize with her bereaved companion, her motherless children, her afflicted relatives; and the church of which she constituted one of its brightest ornaments. How forcibly does this event remind us that,

"God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

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To Students of Medicine.—Mr. John Jones, a deacon of the New Market street Baptist Church of this city, whose advertisement will be found in another column, has made arrangements to receive into his family the coming winter a number of medical students as boarders. To pious young men, when at a distance from home, we can conceive of no greater privilege than to reside with a religious family. If any of our Baptist friends in the South or West have sons or wards, who expect to attend the medical lectures in our city, we would recommend them to call upon Brother Jones before leaving themselves. Brother J. is well known among us, has been an active member of the denomination a number of years, and we doubt not, but those who will make his house their home will find in his family every domestic comfort.—Philadelphia Bap. Adv.

Strikingly Appropriate.—The word Manhattan in the Indian language is said to signify "the place where we all go drunk together." The name was given to the island by the Indians after their first debauch with Heinrich Hudson in 1609.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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MARION, ALA.

Saturday Morning, September 30, 1883.

Remittances for the BAPTIST may always be made by Post-Masters at the risk of the Publishers. Remember, Post-Masters are authorized to forward names and money for BAPTIST.

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These Agents are requested to procure subscribers.

PROTRACTED MEETING—POST-PONEMENT.

The protracted meeting with the church in this place is postponed to Friday before the fourth Sabbath in October.

OURSELVES.

The "Senior Editor," (as the brethren associated with him in conducting the Baptist have pleased to designate him) having returned from his Northern visit, takes pleasure in recording the goodness of God which has vouchsafed to him a prosperous journey, and now permit him to be at home in the enjoyment of health, peace, and contentment.

In his late tour, he has traveled six thousand eight hundred and thirteen miles. Of this distance, about five hundred miles were traveled in stages; all the remainder was passed over by steamboats and railroads. The course pursued can easily be traced on a map of North America, proceeding from New Orleans to Lake Superior, thence east to Quebec, thence South through Vermont, Massachusetts, New York city, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Wilmington, Charleston, and from this last city, west to Marion. A kind Providence graciously watched over us during our entire progress, so that we ever had sunny skies and smooth seas. We met with no casualty, no detention. We suffered nothing from sickness or sorrow; but like Paul of old, we made a "prosperous journey by the help of God." Our report of men and things has already been spread before our readers to some extent, and will be continued under the head of Hasty Sketches.

With our kindred according to the flesh, we enjoyed sweet converse. The hours flew by on golden pinions, and our only regret was, that we could not longer protract our stay. It was our happiness, also, to cultivate a personal acquaintance with many members of our churches; some of them ministers whose fame is commensurate with the extent of the denominations they, who are known and loved in far distant heathen lands. With most of them we had maintained a correspondence, but we had never before felt the warm grasp of the hand, nor seen the cordial welcome beaming from the eye.

And, now, returning, we rejoice to find, that God has been with the readers of the Baptist. Powerful revivals of religion have been enjoyed among you, while many portions of the vineyard have not been visited with refreshing showers. Indeed, it was with great pain, as well as surprise, that we often remarked, how strange that we should fall in with no revivals of religion. Not one did we meet with in traveling six thousand miles! But the Lord had remembered us in his compassion, and many of our brethren have had cause to rejoice in that mercy which has brought them children and their neighbors to believe in Jesus.

In closing these reflections, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope, that while we resume the share of labor which may pertain to us in sustaining this paper—while we toil for the good of the churches, without hope of fee or reward, the brethren will remember their obligations to the great and common cause, and will do more than they have yet done to support a religious periodical among themselves.

HEALTH OF MARION.

Returning homeward, on our arrival at Montgomery we were informed, that Marion was very sickly. Reaching Selma, the same story was repeated. However, we did not feel any great degree of alarm, since, some how similar reports, entirely destitute of truth, have been current in the towns around Marion, in former years. And even this summer, while at the North, we ourselves had received letters informing us we were doing dreadfully in the Mississippi. We are greatly obliged to those kind souls who are so anxious to get our mortal body out of their sight—but let that pass. As to our beautiful village, it is perfectly healthy. Indeed, there have been but two deaths of white persons in town during the whole summer and fall; one of fever in July, the other of bilious diarrhea, in the present month. Reports, therefore, prejudicial to this place, originate either in unpardonable ignorance, or in envy and malice. Let no parents hesitate to send their children here, from any apprehension of danger to them. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they are always less exposed in Marion, than they would be at home.

OUR LITERARY INSTITUTIONS AT MARION.

Messrs Sherman and Jewett have both arrived from the North, enriched by their observations upon the best schools of the country, and by the fruits of their intercourse with the most distinguished professional teachers and other literary gentlemen. They will therefore enter with superior advantages, as well as with fresh ardor, upon the discharge of their appropriate duties. Besides brother Hartwell, another instructor of mature experience and high attainments is to be added to the Faculty of the Howard, so that this institution now offers to young men the highest advantages for obtaining a thorough English and Classical education.

In regard to the Jackson Institute, the number and character of its Teachers, its extensive Library and Apparatus, its pre-eminence in Music, its strictness of discipline and thoroughness of instruction, will doubtless continue to secure to it the preference and the patronage of intelligent parents and guardians, both in Alabama and in the neighboring States.

A NEW WORK ON BAPTISM.

Rev. Mr. Cater, Presbyterian minister of Church Hill, publishes in the South Western Christian Advocate, a letter originally intended for this paper, but which we thought showed a "little too much spirit" (G. L. Adv.) to be worthy of insertion in any respectable religious journal. Our brother of the Advocate, however, consented to print it, and we perceive, that the Rev. gentleman is outrageous in view of our notice of two sermons of his, preached at Talladega, in 1859, on Baptism. He evidently intends to ride over us "rough shod," and no doubt he is a far better rider than we, who never followed him, or found him in our life. He talks about "wind and hot tom," "stock and blood," "whip and spur," "brand" and "forfeits," receiving "upon the bare back forty lashes save one," as familiarly as if he had been a better at the race track, or an overseer on a plantation, all his days. We really believe the brother in his passion does himself great injustice; for if we are not mistaken, he is a plain, quiet, old school clergyman, "venerable, talented, and highly esteemed," as the editor of the S. W. C. Advocate has it. Now, it is scarcely decorous for so venerable a dignitary to ride himself into such a heat. Do keep cool, my dear sir. If you apply "whip and spur" at this furious rate, you may "bring up" at a deep ditch or a high wall, and the catastrophe would be awful.

But we beg pardon of our readers for indulging in this playful strain. We do indeed feel serious, when the "highly esteemed" Mr. Cater says, "our course is bolstered up with the most notoriously false assertions," and speaks of Baptists as a "horde of immersionists."

By way of avenging his wrongs, Mr. C. informs us, he is preparing a reply to the Review of his Sermons by Dr. Samuel, in the Christian Index. His intention is to publish the Sermons, the Review, and the Reply to them in volume form. We hope he will carry out this intention, and "when he shall have finished that concern," we humbly beg he will condescend to favor our poor self with a copy.

HASTY SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

In our last sketch, we intimated, that something more might be said respecting the vicinity of Niagara Falls. Connected with the grand attraction, the cataract itself, are several objects not destitute of interest and various incidents of a highly interesting character.

THE MUSEUM.

is a collection of specimens of natural history, mostly confined to the quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and insects which are found in the vicinity of the Falls. It is admirably fitted up, and more worthy of a visit than some larger collections in our great cities. The bears, catamounts, panthers, deer, foxes, squirrels, are all represented as alive in their native forests; and you start with terror, as they seem ready to spring upon you from the trees, behind whose trunks they stand, or in whose tops they crouch. Enormous rattlesnakes are crawling over logs, or lie coiled up in the leaves or moss. Numerous specimens of the American Eagle look forth in frowning majesty from the branches of the lofty trees, and the humming bird buzzes about among the flowers.

THE WHIRLPOOL.

is about five miles below the Falls. Here the waters of the river come raging down against a wall of rock 150 feet high, by which they are turned from their course nearly at right angles, and in the angle is formed a small bay, where the vast body of waters, in noiseless, gloomy grandeur, rolls round and round, and over and over, upheaved from a depth of 250 or 300 feet from the bottom. There is a solemn, awful sublimity in this place, awakening the profoundest emotions. It is the black, Stygian lake of antiquity.

Turbidus lacum, turbidus coragis gurgis.

In returning from this spot, we are reminded, that we forgot to speak of

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

sometimes called the battle of Bridgewater. One mile below the Falls, you find a British soldier who was in this bloody battle. He is very intelligent on all points connected with it, and is evidently desirous to give an impartial history of the affair. The battle was

fought July 25, 1814. The American Generals in command were Brown, Scott, and Ripley, of whom the first was commander in chief. The British were commanded by Generals Drummond and Riall. The action commenced at five o'clock P. M., and continued till day break. So sanguinary was the battle, so closely contested, that both parties claimed the victory. It is certain that the Americans remained on the field several hours without interruption. It is also to be conceded, that the British retook their artillery which they had lost, and after the American General had retired to Bridgewater, they re-occupied the battle field from which they had been driven. The British loss was 878; the Americans, 860. Generals Brown and Scott of our troops, and Generals Drummond and Riall were wounded. The latter was made prisoner. The whole British force engaged was 5,000; the American, 3,500.

It was in this battle, that the gallant Miller made his memorable reply, "I'll try, sir." A British battery of nine pieces of cannon was moving down Gen. Scott's brigade at a fearful rate, when Gen. Ripley said to Col. Miller, "Will you take yonder battery?" "I'll try, sir," was the prompt reply. Leading his men around upon the flank of the battery, he rushed upon it and cut down the gunners in an instant, seized the pieces, and decided the fortune of the day. The British made desperate efforts to take it, but were always repulsed.

In the grave yard at Lundy's Lane are seen the pits into which the bodies of the slain were thrown. Twenty-one American and British officers were tumbled together into one pit—there they lie, the conquerors and the conquered, alike unconscious of glory or of shame. The bodies of the common soldiers were piled in heaps and burned to ashes. Oh! the horrors of war.

THE OLD-CURIOSITY SHOP AND MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK.

Here you find a painting on a revolving canvas, representing Niagara Falls, and John York passing over the cataract with his cargo of whiskey. In the foreground are seen six vessels, ships, schooners, brigs, steamboats, &c., passing and repassing—two locomotives with a train of five cars each, passing in opposite directions—stage coaches proceeding in the road along the banks—villages under the mountain of rocks—a British and an American fort—a troop of cavalry on duty—a mammoth cast iron clock, the hands representing old time in pursuit of John Bull. All these things are kept in motion by hydraulic power, and when seen by candlelight, produce an agreeable effect. It is an ingenious piece of mechanism highly creditable to the artist who constructed it. The proprietor receives no pay for this exhibition, but derives his compensation from the sale of Indian curiosities with which he supplies his visitors. Strangers frequently pass the Old Curiosity Shop, in their rambles on the American side of the cataract, and scarcely ever fail to "drop in" a moment, and look at this miniature Niagara.

VALUE OF A RELIGIOUS PAPER.

"Well," said a distinguished minister to us in New-York city, "well, I see you have started a paper in Alabama. Some of you are so good as to send it me, and I am very much pleased with it; but who pays the paper?" We replied, we were sorry to confess, there probably would be a deficiency which a few brethren and sisters in Marion would be obliged to pay out of their own pockets. "Shame! shame!" exclaimed he, "but I thought it would be so. But keep up your paper—by all means, keep it up. If I had the money at my disposal, I would sooner give five hundred dollars to support a Baptist paper in Alabama, than appropriate it to any other object I can now think of." Brethren, think of this remark. It comes from one eminent for piety, of great experience in the various modes of doing good, and thoroughly acquainted with the wants of the churches.

A RESCUE.—Near the elbow of the canal yesterday, a small but beautiful little girl, apparently seven or eight years of age, was playing with a large brindle cur dog, much above the ordinary size, throwing sticks into the water, and watching the dog bring them to shore. Full of excitement with her amusement, she ventured too near the bank, with an object too great for her puny strength, and staggering with her exertions to throw it into the water, she lost her balance and fell in herself. The dog, true to his affection for the child, plunged in, grasped her by the clothes around the waist, and without any apparent difficulty brought her out and deposited her safely upon the bank of the canal, where her mother and sisters had arrived to rescue her; but the dog had anticipated them. We have often heard of such acts of the Newfoundland breed of dogs, but this is the first instance of the sagacity of the common cur that ever came to our knowledge. Such an incident ought to teach mankind to be less relentless toward this noble animal.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Too-MUCH CALONEL.—Dr. Humphrey, of Guernsey county, Ohio, has had a verdict of \$3,000 damages rendered against him for mal-practice, in giving a boy too much calomel. We know not the particular circumstances of this case, but the impression is general that both at the West and South, great disregard to ultimate effects upon the constitution is exhibited in administering immoderate doses of calomel, frequently upon occasions when milder medicines would be more appropriate.

For the Baptist.

KINGSBORO, Talladega co., Sept. 1813.

DO NOT DEFER BAPTISM.

An incident occurred of much interest in this county in 1839, in the case of Mr. James M. Kendal, a native of Orange county, Virginia. He was a young man of amiable disposition, virtuous habits, and of such gentlemanly deportment, as to win for himself a good name, and universal friendship. In August of the above date, he was taken sick; and after a few days confinement, sent for me, as I thought, for counsel and religious conversation. Upon my arrival, I found him in much danger, and the first suitable moment, said to him, that I supposed he had sent for me to have some religious conversation. No, said he, I have sent for you to baptize me! What! said I, have you a hope the Savior has pardoned your sins? Yes, said he bursting into tears, I have had a hope for three or four years. It was obtained at a protracted meeting, held by Bro. Mansfield and others, at Antioch Church, in his native county, Virginia. But, O! I have put off being baptized.—My heart was deeply affected. I saw and felt at once the difficulty; and gave him all the advice and comfort I could. I told him I sympathized with him, hoping he would soon recover, and then he could come to the church and be baptized. Well, said he, if I should recover it shall be the first act I will perform. But, if I should die!—I shall never forgive myself. I have put it off, and put it off; and now!—bursting again into tears. I endeavored to soothe him all that I possibly could. But, like Jacob, he would not be comforted; saying, the Lord had done so much for him, and he had knowingly neglected his duty. Oh! Mr. Welch, said he, baptize me. I prayed with him—and then rode to the residence of his physicians, both of whom were pious men, who accorded with my own opinion, that it would be imprudent at that time. This was upon the eve of our camping at Weoka. Upon our arrival at the camp ground, several young men went out to see him. Upon their return, we were informed he could not possibly live. The distress of his mind at this time was agonizing. Of that he could be at the camping! Of that he was baptized! His brother, who affectionately attended to him through his sickness, told me that he begged him to dig a large trough, and have it put by his head, and filled with water, so that he might be baptized. He died with this regret upon his soul, and told others not to do as he had done, but do their duty at once. His remains were deposited in the cold grave, with much sorrow and great respect, on Sunday afternoon. When the company, with his brother, returned to the campground, the first opportunity presented for mourners, to the joy of all of us, this brother hastened to the seat. After prayer, he arose, and briefly related the wish of his departed brother, saying he had himself enjoyed a hope in Jesus for some time, and from the circumstance of his brother, he determined he would embrace the first opportunity to do his duty, and if we thought him worthy, he wished to be baptized. He was received and baptized by Bro. Thomas Chilton, with great joy to us all. This incident, with many others, which occurred at that memorable meeting, will never be forgotten.

O. WELCH.

COMMENCEMENT AT BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The annual festival of Brown University and of the literary societies connected with this venerable seat of learning, was celebrated during the last week, and with more than usual interest. The meeting of the Alumni, on Tuesday, attracted some who have not visited their Alma Mater for many years, and the most gratifying interest was manifested in the University, and the Society of Alumni, of which this was the first anniversary. The oration before this society was delivered by Hon. John Pitman. He gave the early history of the University, together with some sketches of the distinguished graduates of the last century. The Providence Journal says:

"The subject was most appropriately selected for the first anniversary of the association, and was handled in an able and interesting manner, the narrative abounding in frequent passages of beauty and eloquence. After a necessarily rapid survey of the history of the University, and a tribute to the many eminent men whom she has sent forth to do honor to her culture in almost every walk of life, Judge Pitman spoke of the *Peculiar Duties of Educated Men*, and in a few eloquent and most beautiful remarks enforced the obligations which this class rest under to the State, and particularly their great obligation to maintain those conservative barriers which are the only protection to free institutions. Upon this point he spoke with the manly boldness which the subject demanded. He found in the audience a cordial and hearty response to the sentiments which he advanced. The oration was heard with great pleasure throughout, and was one of the most interesting occasional discourses to which we ever listened. Its peculiar adaptation to the audience would have secured attention even had it been handled with less ability."

The Alumni Dinner, at the Common Hall, followed soon, after, which is described as a most spirited and animated affair, enlivened by speeches remarkable for their wit and eloquence.

We were disappointed in our expectation of being present at these anniversaries, but the Journal supplies us with all the facts, the chief of which are the following:

"The celebration of the undergraduate societies—the United brothers and the Phil-

meanian—took place at 4 o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, in the Rev. Mr. Hall's Church.

The Oration was delivered by Benjamin F. Thomas, Esq., of Worcester, upon "The causes of the prevalent neglect of Spiritual Culture." His style of writing and delivery were spirited and eloquent, and his views in general, just.

The Poem was delivered by Thomas A. Jenckes, Esq., of Providence. The subject was "The absence of a high Standing of Excellence." It was a capital satire upon the prevalent follies of the day, politics, commerce, and literature. It was received with much applause by the audience, and was a graceful and beautiful termination to the exercises of the day.

On Wednesday morning, the Commencement of the University was held. The procession was formed at Manning Hall, at half past 9 o'clock, and marched to the First Baptist Meeting-house, where the exercises of the graduating class took place. They were generally highly creditable to the young gentlemen and to the University, and evinced a maturity of thought and a mental discipline which reflected honor upon both.

The following young gentlemen were admitted to the degree of Bachelor of Arts: Percival Whitmore Bartlett, Tracy Patch Cheever, Andrew Crosswell, Henry Day, Robinson Potter Dunn, Amory Gale, Benjamin Gardner, Charles Wesley Hewes, Charles Sexton James, Lyman Jewett, Isaac Francis Jones, William Knowles, Benjamin Newell Lapham, Harrison Van Lennelaer Lord, George Davis Miles, Ezediel Laub Miller, Daniel Follensbee Morrill, Austin Norcross, Harrison Carlton Page, William Rounselle Pierce, Albert Gallatin Remington, Robert Benjamin Smith, Wm. Makepeace Thayer, Abram Van Buren, Harvey Day Walker, William Walker, Fitz Henry Weld, William Warren Whitman, Edwin Theodore Winkler.

Eighteen previous graduates received the degree of Master of Arts.

The honorary degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Hon. John Pitman, Judge of the U. S. District Court for the District of Rhode Island, and on the Hon. Ezekiel Whitman, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Maine—both graduates of the University.

The premiums founded by the Rev. Henry Jackson and by Hon. Nicholas Brown, were then awarded by Dr. Ward.

PHI BETA KAPPA.—The celebration of the Rhode Island Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society was held in the First Baptist Meeting-house, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. The Oration was by Hon. J. M. Durfee, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State.

The subject of this oration was "The influence of scientific discovery upon social progress," and the object of the argument to show, that humanity is governed by a law of progress which reveals itself chiefly in scientific discovery. The subject was discussed in the light of its highest philosophy; each sentence had a meaning, and every illustration some force and connection with the subject.

At a meeting of the Corporation of the University, Mr. Charles Coffin Jewett, who for the last two years has held the office of librarian, was appointed to the professorship of modern languages.

Arrangements have also been made for adding the study of modern history to the course of instruction. The department has been placed for the present under the superintendence of the Professor of Rhetoric, William Gamwell.

Rev. Romeo Elton, who for many years has held the professorship of the Latin and Greek language and literature, at the same meeting resigned his office. The department will, for the present, we understand, be conducted by the assistant professor, Mr. Boies. Mr. Harrison Carlton Page, of the graduating class, was appointed tutor.

Reflector.

A BELL—the largest ever cast in England—which is intended for the catholic cathedral in Montreal, has been shipped at London for Montreal. It weighs 7 tons 11 cwt. 2 qrs. and 12 lbs; or 16,980 lbs.

PROGRESS OF TRUTH.—The Vermont Observer says, that three Methodist ministers within a short time in that State, have united with the Baptists, also a considerable number of private members.

GOOD EXAMPLE.—At the State Temperance Convention, at Manchester, N. H., on the 25th ult., the Granite Fusileers, a company recently formed in that town, and who acted as escort on the occasion, marched up to the desk of the Town Hall, where every member put his name to the total abstinence pledge.

RESIGNATION.—Rev. Romeo Elton, D. D., for the last eighteen years professor of languages in Brown University, has tendered his resignation, which has been accepted. Professor Elton is an accomplished scholar, a consistent Christian, and a most amiable and gentlemanly man. In whatever professional duty he may engage, he will carry with him the warmest esteem of his numerous pupils and friends.

DEGREE NOT CONFERRED.—Dr. Cox, at the request of Mr. Pennington, the colored minister on whom the degree of D. D. was reported to have been conferred, has written and published a letter stating that a motion to confer the degree was made, but that Mr. P. as soon as he had heard it, "very judiciously and promptly prevented it."

Specie in Boston.—The banks in Boston have a supply of near eight millions of specie—twice as much as they ever had at any one time before. Loans of money are made for as low rates of interest as 3 1-2 per cent. Business is said to be looking up and giving tokens of extension.

[From our Travelling Correspondent.] VISITS AND SIGHTS IN LONDON.

[For several weeks to come, we shall be able to present our readers with extracts from the correspondence of friends in Europe. The sketches will be rapidly drawn, but they cannot fail to gratify the youthful reader, and may be of interest to those who are more advanced in life.]

BUNHILL FIELDS.

Thursday, June 1.—After the meeting in Exeter Hall, we made our way to Bunhill Fields, and lingered for an hour or two, with a solemn and most thrilling interest, over the graves of Isaac Watts and John Bunyan. I went to different tombs, but every few minutes returned by an irresistible impulse of feeling, to those of Watts and Bunyan. I wrote down the epitaphs that were inscribed on those tombs. They are as follows.

ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

Pastor of a Christian Church in London, Successor of the Rev. M. Joseph Carlyle, Dr. John Owen, Mr. David Clarkson, and Dr. Isaac Chauncy.

After fifty years of feeble labors in the gospel, interrupted by four years of tireless sickness, was at last dismissed to rest, Nov. 25, A. D. 1747, Aged 75.

Absent from the body, to be present with the Lord.—2 Corinthians 5: 8.

MR. JOHN BUNYAN,

Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

Obt. 31st August, 1688, Aged 60.

The inscription on Dr. Watts's tomb was dictated by himself, all except the title affixed to his own name, and, of course, the date of his death. This accounts for the language employed in the inscription given of the character of his ministry, which no one but himself would have represented as feeble.

ST. JAMES PARK.

Friday, June 2.—To-day the Royal Christening took place. It was performed in the Queen's private chapel and none were admitted but the royal family. We went to St. James Park and had a view of the splendid equipages of the different distinguished characters as they entered the Palace. To-morrow the Queen is advertised to leave Buckingham Palace for Clermont at half past two P. M. Foolish as it may seem I have a strong curiosity to see her, and shall be on the ground if my life is spared at the time appointed. In the evening we had the pleasure of seeing and hearing two very distinguished men in the House of Commons; viz. Sir Robert Peel, who is now leader of the Government party, and Lord John Russell, who is leader of the opposition.

THE QUEEN—THE TOWER—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Saturday, June 3.—To-day we saw Her Majesty Victoria, the Queen of England.—She left the Palace a little before four o'clock in a coach and four, escorted by a company of life guards, on horses splendidly caparisoned. There were three or four carriages in the train. The Queen, Prince Albert, and the oldest daughter were in the first and the other two children with their nurse in the second. The masters of the horse, servants dressed in rich liveries, and other attendants followed. Not less than ten thousand people were assembled; influenced like myself by a curiosity to see the Queen, Her Majesty was dressed in black, on account of the recent death of her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, and appeared like any other woman in similar apparel. There were none of the haughty airs of royalty about her. Indeed she is different from most English people, in that she appears unaffectedly humble and modest. Of course, first impressions of a lady are not always correct, though my own judgment in this respect, you know, is good, and I certainly should infer, from her personal appearance, that she is uncommonly amiable and sweet tempered. She is about five feet two inches high, tall particular, and weighs, I understand, 120 pounds avoirdupois. The Prince of Wales the expected future sovereign of the British Empire, is a little fellow, about two years old. He looked mighty pleased to have a ride, and doubtless would prefer a hobby horse or even a stick of candy, or a sugar plum, to all the bright and brilliant prospects of station, honor and power, which the Constitution of the English government now holds out before him.

To-day, I made a visit to the tower of London, distinguished as the place where eminent individuals under different reigns have been imprisoned, and where many have suffered death. I felt a painful interest in looking upon the spot where the young and amiable Lady Jane Gray was beheaded. We were conducted through the armory. There are the heavy coats of mail, worn by ancient kings and warriors. Statues of kings and generals mounted upon horses and dressed in the very armor they wore when living. There is Queen Elizabeth arrayed in her royal robes, seated upon an elegant steed, as she appeared when riding to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks after the capture and destruction of the Spanish Armada. Instruments of torture and death were hanging in 'savage and ghastly appearance all around the apartment. We were next shown into a room containing the "Regalia," that is, a collection of crowns, gold plates, sceptres, &c., belonging to the sovereigns of England. Here is the crown worn by George the fourth, another which was made for the late king William, and another which was worn by Victoria at the Coronation. The cost of the whole collection is estimated at three million pounds sterling. Besides there is a diamond in the regalia about the size of my watch, which is valued at as much as all the rest put together; the whole amounting to six million pounds sterling. An immense amount of property, possessing no practical utility.

From the tower, we made our way to Westminster Abbey, where are the tombs of kings and queens and poets and men of eminently distinguished, "all of olden time." We had a view of the chapel in which the coronation of Victoria, and many of the illustrious predecessors took place, and

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Poetical Department.

LINES.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."—1 Pet. v. 7.

Child of sorrow, mourning one,
Thou whose light of life is gone;
Thou who wepest, sad and lonely,
In whose heart dwells sorrow only;
Deepest darkness hovering o'er thee,
Nought but agony before thee;
Thou whose brightest hope is death,
Thou who pin'st, to yield thy breath;
Thou from the cold worldlings torn,
Leaving thee alone to mourn;
There is One for thee who careth,
Even though thy soul departeth.
He is near while thou art sleeping,
He is high while thou art weeping.
He has marked thy every sigh,
Breathed when hope beside was nigh;
Great is He in majesty,
Yet He stoops to care for thee.
Cast upon Him all thy cares,
Breathe to Him perpetual prayers,
He will never turn away,
He will hear all thou canst say.
He can view thine inmost heart,
He can know thee as thou art.
Thoughts by mortals all unseen,
Hidden by a calm cold mien;
Suffering which thy spirit feels,
He can see and comprehend;
He can feel, how tenderly,
Child of misery, for thee.
Come, then, to thy Father, God,
He can stay the chastening rod;
Cast thy cares and fears before Him,
And for help and peace implore Him;
To his love for refuge flee,
Child of tears, He cares for thee.

HEAVENLY REST.

(Rev. iv. 9.)

"Man in the morning to his work goes forth,
And rests at even;
Christian, remember, labor is for earth,
Repose for heaven.

Who now sows precious seed, though it may be
Too oft with weeping,
Shall, if he patiently await it, see
A joyful reaping.

Fruit shall be gathered, whose abundant store
Shall never perish;
But those who sow in weeping shall be s'ers,
For ever cheerful.

Youth's Department.

NOAH'S CARPENTER.

A gentleman engaged in distributing the bound volumes of the American Tract Society, one day procured the assistance of a boy twelve years of age, connected with the family in which he was a guest. On their return home at night, the gentleman, after a short season of silence, turned to his young fellow-laborer and said:

"William, what do you suppose became of Noah's carpenter?" He thought a moment and replied,

"I suppose they were lost."

"Well, William, what would you have done, had you been there?" He immediately replied,

"I'd got upon the radder!"

The gentleman then told him that was just as the impatient world were doing,—seeking salvation in any, and every possible way, but the only, the appointed way,—by repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.—The only way to be saved by the ark was to believe the preaching of Noah, and enter with him, by the door, into the ark. But instead of seeking salvation from the flood by this only appointed way, his first thought—when asked what he should have done, had he been there—was, how he could have secured safety by his own contrivance, independent of aid from others. What folly and wickedness do we manifest, by rejecting the only means of life!

At length William inquired of the gentleman why he asked about Noah's carpenter. "Why William, you have been laboring with me to-day in building up the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I fear you have no personal interest in that kingdom, and in this respect you resemble those who aided in building an ark for the salvation of others, but neglected to enter it themselves, and were lost." With other practical remarks the time was passed, till they arrived at their home.

Some months after this occurrence, during a revival of religion, that boy was hopefully converted! In relating the circumstances of his awakening and conversion, he referred to the above inquiry respecting Noah's carpenter and the conversation he had with him at that time, as the means that were especially blessed.—S. S. Fisher.

THE NEW FROCK.

When a girl talks much of dress, and admires herself in the looking-glass, she seems to say to all around her, "How proud I am!" And let us remember that pride is not confined to the rich and great; a poor girl may be proud as well as a rich one.

Little Betsey was a lively little girl, always the first in her Sunday school, and the best at her lessons, but alas! a constant chatterbox, and mostly in mischief at home. She had such good abilities that she could learn anything, and generally behaved well as long as you kept your eye upon her; but she was never to be trusted behind your back. She had a heart full of vanity; and yet she was the most feeling, tender, and affectionate child I ever knew: so you see she had her good qualities as well as her bad ones.

Now Betsey had a grandmother who often made her pretty presents, and once she gave her a nice piece of colored print to make a frock, and some ribbon for a sash. The little girl was much delighted when she first saw it, and of course very impatient to make her appearance in it. Her mother was not much of a hand at her needle, and therefore a young woman, who lived at the end of a lane near, offered to make it for her, ready to wear by the next Sabbath. "O dear!" thought Betsey, "How smart I shall look!" all the children round will envy me; and there will not be one of them, so

nice dressed as I shall be." It was a joyful sight to the little girl when she went and peeped in at the window, to see them making her frock; and she went directly to several of her playmates to tell them all about her present; and she finished her story to every one by saying, "And I shall look so smart next Sunday! smarter than any of you!"

Well, Friday came, but it was not done; and Saturday, but no frock; something had happened to prevent its being finished.—Many were the tears poor Betsey shed when she found out her disappointment.

Her schoolfellows looked at her with an inquiring smile; but she was so mortified at being obliged to appear in her old clothes that she took no notice of any of them.—Some of them, who had been rather envious at her good fortune, did not scruple to jeer at her; so that her pride was sadly hurt. It happened that her lessons were very badly repeated; and this was such a rare occurrence, her teacher took her aside to inquire the cause; when little Betsey, with a praiseworthy openness, confessed it all. She told her teacher how much she thought of her new frock, and how she had forgotten to learn; how ashamed she felt at being forced to go to school in her old things, and how very sorry she was that she had been so silly. Her teacher, anxious to do her soul good, seriously talked to her on the folly of such conduct, and showed her how displeasing it was in the sight of a pure and holy God, whom we profess to worship on a Sabbath day more especially. She represented to Betsey how mean and contemptible a thing fine dress is at all times, and entreated her to seek, through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, forgiveness from that God whom she had so greatly offended. Little Betsey was really pricked in the heart, and if she had shed tears of mortified pride before, they were tears of real penitence then. She went home to reflect and pray; and as long as she lives, I hope she will never forget the new frock.—Children's Tracts by London Religious Tract Society.

Miscellaneous Department.

MY EARLY HOME.

BY MRS. HELEN C. C. KNIGHT.

[The following is the article from the Mother's Assistant which our correspondent, "A friend to Children," requested us to insert in our columns. A prize of TWENTY DOLLARS was received by the author for this production, it being deemed the best of thirteen original articles that were presented in competition.]

Behold a white two-story house, in something of antiquated style, with ornamental gables, and massive chimneys; over it hung the drape of two proud elms, twin sisters, who, in the great front yard, green moss had already begun to gather on their huge trunks, and here and there, a decayed or decaying branch refused to bear the foliage of its fellows.

Bright lights streamed from the half-drawn shutters of the parlor, and earnest voices broke the stillness of the street. Behold, what merry-making within! The chairs were carefully set against the panels; the lamps burned bright on the mantel; a fender closely encircled the blazing fire; and there, in the middle of the room, stood a group of rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving children. A boy, just blind-folded, stands by himself, crying, "Ready! ready?" "Not quite!" "Yes!" "Yes!" He listens; a soft foot-fall here, a suppressed twitter there, he darts forward—what a running here, and a running there! Away and around, he dashes on, pell-mell, hurly-burly, in close hot pursuit. A gentleman is one of this gamesome troop! Lo, the blinded boy catches first his leg. The children set up a shout, with great clapping of hands, and much skipping to and fro. "Father! his father!" exclaimed the boy.—"Yes, yes, father, you are caught! Now you must be blinded!" cried another gleefully.—"To this law of the game, the father smilingly consents, and the kerchief is tied round his eyes. Then what scrambling! what hiding! what tiptoeing! How the little fellows evade his grasp! sometimes crawling thro' his legs—sometimes creeping behind his back—sometimes manfully facing him, with the right-about air of "Catch me if you can!" Then there was one; he caught up in his arms. "Alas, sir! it's me!" softly whispered the struggling little maiden. "Ah, Fanny! well, I have caught Fanny!" said the gentleman, removing the kerchief, and his fine, thin face, lighted with the excitement of the scene. "She! told! Fanny's told! didn't I! Now, father, you must catch somebody else!" exclaimed two or three voices, all at once. "O, but I knew it was Fanny by her long curls," said the gentleman, putting her down; "and now Fanny must blind!" O, do let George, besought Fanny, escaping away and hiding herself among the group. "Well, George, you take it; Fanny will never catch us," declared the master of the ceremonies, a tall, dark, handsome boy, whom they called Eben; and George, nowise reluctant, was soon blind-folded. What havoc did George make! How rapidly he flew under tables and up in corners! In what hot haste did they scamper and skip before his quick pursuit! What a scrambling, and jumping, and laughing! Nobody minded when and how little Alice! Half playing, half looking on, with a big doll in one hand, and a box of wooden cups and saucers in the other, gifts of the day, little Alice only now and then mingled in the busy sport. "O, only Alice, never mind!" shouted Ralph, and round and round went the noisy troop. Alice rolled over—the doll went one way—cups and saucers another—fast and thick came children's steps—nobody heeded where—nobody heard the crackling of the cups or the breaking of saucers. Alice quirt into tears. The gentleman, absent an instant from the room, stepped suddenly in and took up the little unfortunate in his arms. "How is all this?" asked the gentleman. "Alice in tears on her birthday!" A quick pause among the children, as they crowd around. One sought the doll—behold a departed nose! Cups and saucers were gathered up. Behold in what disjointed fragments! Alice hid her face in her father's bosom and wept bitterly. "Sad work, this!" said the gentleman, as one and another began to account for the disaster—"it seems Alice, her doll and her tea-set have been run over and over, and nobody minded to pick them up," continued the gentleman; "these friends, who are celebrating Alice's birthday, were so eagerly thinking of themselves, they did not think of her. Somebody said, 'It's only Alice, never mind'—that was a selfish boy, so intent upon his own amusement, that he could not stop to sympathize with his little sister."

"Perhaps only a little careless, father," remarked Eben.

"To be careless of the rights and happiness of others, is true selfishness," replied the father. "Poor little girl," and he tenderly caressed this nursing of his flock.

"We could not help it," said Ralph, exculpatingly; "we should be caught."

"Not helping it, is the reason all people give for doing wrong, Ralph—have at heart the good and the comfort of others; possess this will, Ralph," and the father looked keenly and impressively upon the boy, "have this will, and you will always find the way."

"Father, need she have had all these things in her hand?"

"Does that excuse you for not aiding her after she had fallen, my son?"

Fanny drew close to Alice, and lovingly stroked her hair.

"I am really sorry, I think we might have stopped," exclaimed Robert.

"We ought to," said Eben decidedly.

"It's too bad! I will get Alice another doll," declared Ralph.

"No, this doll must do for the present; Alice must learn sometimes to bear uncomplained injuries; the injury is done, and you cannot repair this, as you cannot many other injuries you might do; a new doll would not be the doll Aunt Mary sent her. Let this teach you heedfulness. Strive to avoid doing an injury, and then you will have nothing to regret or repair." Thus spake my father. Thus listened Eben, Robert, and my own small self, Ralph, the youngest of the brothers. George Preston, with his sweet sister Fanny, and some half a dozen of the neighbors' children, were invited guests, to celebrate the fourth birthday of our little Alice.

We all looked upon our father's face as he spoke, and then beheld, in each other's faces, what yet remained unuttered on the lip, that, as for us, we would henceforth take heed in time to come. A side door opened, and the cheerful voice of our mother spake peace to our troubled spirits; in these words: "Come, my children, supper is ready."

The merry hours of my boyhood! How they fly, red and green, on the sunny side of the long past! Birth-days celebrated, thanksgiving frolics, new year's gifts, dear festival seasons, when our parents partook of our pastimes. Father and mother were the life of our games. Without them, every thing was tame, dull, joyless. Their judgment planned for us; their authority restrained us; their quiet love attempered the impetuous outbreaks of wild and buoyant youth. Warmly sympathizing in the frolics and the accidents of childhood, their dignity was never compromised; their authority never degraded; they could be, as it were, children, and yet parents. No state distance separated their hearts from our hearts, and yet there was a power; in the calm and just reproof, sharper than a two-edged sword, which seemed to follow us like a second conscience, with a majesty we dare not disobey. Throughout our household, there ever reigned a perfect yet cheerful obedience to the wishes and laws of our parents, and yet our father governed by reason; a mode of management much admired and much censured. Parents, too frequently, are signally unsuccessful in attempting to govern their children thus. My father, in reasoning with us, never descended to an equality with his children. He did not admit us to a knowledge of his reasons and then throw us upon our yet imperfect principles, whether to do or not to do. In the clear light of his whys and wherefores, there was an authority, and a decision of manner, which claimed not only respect and conviction, but obedience.

"Father! we all exclaimed one day, rushing into his counting room, 'just read this!'" It was the handbill of a band of strolling actors and jugglers, displaying, both by pictures and praise, the droll antics of a clown, the equestrian feats of a woman, and the imitative capacities of a dwarf, who could become all manner of beasts. He took the bill and carefully read it through, with Eben and Robert on either side, while I was not only balancing on the back of his chair, but more busily balancing in my mind the probabilities of our going or not going to see these wonderful sights. He finished. "Shan't you let us go, father?" I exclaimed.

"Now, I suppose you all want to go," he began, very pleasantly, looking round upon us; "it's natural you should." Eben's eyes sparkled at this favorable beginning. "This bill is certainly very promising—a tinge of irony that was not so favorable—but these men and women are bad men and women."

"They forsake honest industry and useful labor; consent to lead a lazy, vagabond life; consent to be laughed at and despised, for the sake of getting money in an easy manner. They study foolish sayings and indecent songs, and, it seems, too, the language and manner of wild beasts, to amuse an ignorant and vulgar rabble. They seek no good, they give no good. People are neither wiser, better, nor happier, for having visited them. Now I think such people ought not to be encouraged. I should blush to see your mother there; and should feel ashamed to find myself there."

"Mother there! you, father!" we involuntarily ejaculated, in amusement. The idea

was ridiculous. "So out of character!" said Eben.

"Well, my sons, that is a good criterion by which to form your judgment. Never visit any places, any where, where it would be out of character, or improper for your parents to go with you. I will not forbid your going to this show, but I expect you to decide like sensible, thinking boys, in this matter."

I shall not go, sir, said Eben, with his quick, decided manner. Robert said nothing. I walked off, with my hand instinctively attracted toward the silver ninnepiece which lay snug in my pocket, just the sum to admit me. I know now, with what intense solicitude our father watched the strong conflicts, between inclination and principle, which went on in the bosoms and on the countenances of his sons, and how anxiously he waited to behold the calm self-approval which we always felt when cheerfully obedient to his counsels.

When the shadows begin to lengthen, at the close of the long summer afternoon, we all bent our steps homeward from the school-room, the play-ground, or the counting-room. Tea-bell rang, as I turned up the paved walk to the door; just then, George Preston whistled, and beckoned me to the opposite side of the way.

"Are you going to-night Ralph?" he asked, in an under-tone, as soon as I was by his side.

"No, I don't want to go; for, by this time I had digested my father's opinion into my own."

"I'm going," and he gave me a stealthy peep at his money, "but father does not know it—he wouldn't let me go. Mother gave me this," and he winked, as much as to say, "don't tell him." Come, you go Ralph, do!"

"But are you doing right, George, I asked earnestly."

"Right? Why, I always do so! Father scolds so, but mother always lets me. Come do go." Poor George! this was not his first lesson in parental mismanagement.

"Father does not want me to go, and I shan't," said I, manfully, and back I ran to the second ringing of the supper bell.

"Well, my sons, said our father, looking round the table and beholding, with deep gratification, the cheerful happy faces of his children, 'a fine evening for a sail, Eben can take his flute. Cousin Kate is here, and she and your mother will not object, I know.'"

"Beautiful," exclaimed cousin Kate.

"Good!" declared Eben. With one accord and one heart it was pronounced a "delightful plan."

"Me go too, father?" said Alice, looking wistfully up.

"No, Alice is not old enough to go out in the evening yet. She will kiss us and bid us have a good time, whilst she goes pleasantly to sleep on her little pillow," and he touched down with the tenderest affection on the fair, sweet child. Alice did not pout, or cry, or object, as some children might have done, neither did we forbear talking about our anticipated pleasure in her presence; but a struggle went on in her little bosom, for she hastily rubbed the back of her little fat hand across her eyes. These trials, and they are trials to a child, we were early taught to bear, and thus, by degrees, to acquire that moral heroism so necessary to meet the fiery trials of her later life. About seven we sallied forth into the street, and bent our steps to Langley's landing—father and mother, with Robert by her side; Eben, bearing the shawl and gallantly stepping by his cousin Kate; a bright girl of seventeen, the first shrine at which Eben, three her junior, offered his boyish homage. I followed on, sometimes here, some sometimes there.

"Fanny! I wish you were going with us," said I, skipping up to Fanny's front door, as we passed by.

"It's most my bed time," replied Fanny, hugging closer the white kitten she held in her arms, but turning her black eyes up to me.

"Now, if you were only as old as I, Fanny, and I strutted a step or two, with an air of more than the four-years' difference in age; but I must go," and patting her pussy and roguishly kissing her beautiful cheek, away I ran as fast as I could go. Passing by groups of people, on their way to the show, "Just such folks as would go to such a place," thought I, not a whit regretting that I was on an opposite tack. We reached the landing and jumped into the boat. Robert pushed off from the shore, and with a few strokes of the oar we were in the middle of the broad river which washes our town and bore our ships to the great ocean.

"How glorious!" exclaimed cousin Kate. Glorious indeed was that evening. Church spires, stately trees, and tall masts, rose in clear outline against the golden west. Rich, purple clouds, hovered over the horizon.—Higher up hung the bright young moon. Beside it, a little star, as it were just palpitating with new-born light. All these reflected their glories in the waters beneath us, so that we seemed sailing on the very duplicate of heaven. Our skiff glided by the green slopes, rising here and there in the harbor, and schooners lazily lay at their moorings far from the shore. The busy hum of the town died away, and the pulsing of our oars alone broke upon the quiet. For a time we all felt too much the deep beauty of this grand picture, to speak our thoughts. Then Eben, dropping his oar and taking up his flute, it seemed as if he could only give expression to his own full feelings, by a free gush of melody. It was a beautiful hour. Mother named her favorite song, which, while Kate sung, and she sang divinely, Eben joined in sweet accord, and no concert have I since heard, which so charmed my delighted ear, as did that in my childhood, on those still waters. Then followed much easy and pleasant chat. Father showed Robert and I, and Kate too, the science of rowing, for Eben was already a skillful oarsman. How we laughed to see Kate clapping the oar in her white, delicate hand! Then he told us about the vessels,

about his own early sea-voyages—how his ship weathered a gale—how, when he was in the hollow of the sea, the huge waves came leaping down from mountain height, ready to engulf them forever.

"Did you not die of fear, father?" asked Robert, drawing in his breath.

"I had long before made the God of the waves my friend, Robert; what had I to fear?" replied our father, impressively. How light were our spirits! How joyful our hearts! How our happiness bubbled up in the playful smile and merry laugh. It was nearly nine when we returned to the landing.

"I could dwell here on these calm waters!" exclaimed Kate. "What a delicious ending of this hot, dusty, summer's day!" On our homeward walk, I nestled up to my mother's side, and taking her hand, said, "O, mother, have we not had a beautiful time?"

Nothing was said to contrast our evening's pure and innocent enjoyments, with the absurd and vulgar fooleries of the show; but thus did our father often counteract the pernicious influences, or secret regrets for forbidden pleasures, by substituting others of a rational and interesting nature, at the same time elevating our tastes and improving our hearts. We fell asleep on our pillows that night, with beautiful memories hovering about our minds, enshrining pure thoughts, and deep peace and holy affections within our bosoms.

"I had such a good time, last night, George, did you?" exclaimed I, with a bright and happy voice, as I eagerly raced the next morning to meet my playmate, George.

"No! father found it out, and I had to take it," answered George, with a flushed and angry countenance. "Bill Parsons told him, clenching his fist with a defying air; 'I could kill him, yes,' muttering between his teeth, 'yes, and father too!'"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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