

H. E. TALLAFERRO, } EDITORS.  
J. E. DAWSON, }

Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye.—Acts 17, 10

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For the South Western Baptist.  
Transacting—Article IV.

THE RESURRECTION.

(From the German of Jean Paul.)

[EXPLANATION.—A child, confined till his 10th year in a cave, and permitted to see none but his teachers, is at the end of the appointed time, led by one who is called Genus, from his sylvan-ranean abode into the upper world.—The word of his savior—life—he is taught to believe is death, his escape from the cave, the resurrection.]

Four priests stand in the vast Cathedral of Nature, and offer the sacrifice of prayer on God's altars, the mountains. First Hoary Winter with his snow-white surplice,—next gathering Autumn, with harvests under his arm,—then fiery Summer, and lastly, childlike Spring, in its Sunday trim of blossoms, laying its childlike offering of flowers and buds before the great Spirit.

It was this flower-priest, the Spring, that little Gustavus first saw at the altar. Before sunrise on the first of June (it was dark in the cave), the Genius knelt in silence, and prayed with his speaking eyes, and dumb trembling lips, a prayer for Gustavus,—a prayer which spread the wings of its hallowed influence over a entire life he was about to hazard. As he ceased praying a flute in the upper world commenced a tender, ringing call, and the Genius himself, empowered, said, "It calls us out of the cave up to the light of Heaven; go ye me my Gustavus." The child trembled with anxiety and joy. The flute still sounds, and the Genius thrusts out the gate that leads to the upper world, and lifts the child out of the cavern under the open sky. Now the lofty waves of the sea of life close over Gustavus, with hushed breath, down cast eyes and soul overwhelmed, he stands before the boundless face of Nature and trembling, clings closer to the Genius. But, the first stupor of astonishment over, he flings wide the portals of his spirit, and welcomes the rushing streams. He feels the thousand arms, with which the exalted Spirit of the Universe clasps him to itself. He observes the green, giddy, flower-life about him, and the nodding lilies seem to him more alive than himself, and he is afraid to move lest he should tread the trembling flowers to death. Again, he raises his eyes to the deep expanse of Heaven, that vestibule of infinite space, but soon suffers them to sink down in dread, lest the wandering, darkened cloud-mountains, and the cloud-landscapes glittering overhead, should fall. He sees the mountains, like other worlds, piled on ours, and the endlessly varying forms of life around him,—feathered life, with its home in the clouds, buzzing life humming at his feet, and the golden creeping life on all the leaves, while the giant trees seemed to beckon and nod to him with their living arms and heads. The wind of morning seemed to him the mighty breath of an approaching Genius, and the fluttering foliage seemed to prattle to him, while an apple-tree threw a cool leaf on his cheek. At last his wandering eye rested on the white wings of a summer bird, which all unheeded and alone, waved to and fro over variegated flowers, hanging in silver beauty to a broad green leaf. Just then the heavens began to glow. Night was already flown, but the hem of her trailing garments kindled into flame as she fled, and the sun lay on the horizon like a crown of God, fallen from the throne of divinity. "Yonder stands God," cried Gustavus, and fell with dazzled eyes on the flowers.

Open thy eyes again, dear one, thou art no longer looking into the glowing lava ball, thou art lying on the protecting breast of thy mother, and her loving heart within is thy sun. Look for the first time on a mother's smile, so infinitely sweet, listen for the first time to thy father's voice; for the first two blessed ones that shall meet thee in Heaven are thy parents.

Oh happy hour! The sun-beams on high, and the dew-drops sparkle beneath, true tears of joy are falling and four beings stand happy, though moved on our earth that lies so far from heaven.

Veiled Destiny! will our death be like that of Gustavus? Ah, when Death lays us low, when a greater Genius has fitted us from the cavern of earth to the upper air of heaven, when the sun and bliss of that life overpower us, wilt thou give us also there, some well-known human bosom on which we may open our weak eyes? Oh, Destiny! wilt thou give us again those whom, as long as we remain here, we can never forget. No eye will look on this page, but laments the loss of some one here, has some one to seek yonder. Ah! after we pass from this land of the living, say rather, land of the dead, will no well-known form meet us, to which we can say, welcome!

Destiny stands dumb behind her mask.

Human tears fall darkly on the grave; the sun sparkles not in the tears. But our affections shall not perish in eternity, nor even in the presence of God. POLYGLOT.

For the South Western Baptist.  
A Visit to the Churches.

NUMBER 2.

MESSESS. EDITORS: After leaving LaFayette, my next appointment was at the new Hope Church, in the town of Fredonia, Chambers Co., Ala. I preached there on Friday night the 1st of June. The congregation was much larger than in LaFayette, though the town is not near so large. The church at this place is in a healthy condition. Its number is large, and the membership are active, and the church is in a growing condition. The church at that place, seem to enjoy the preaching of the blessed gospel of Christ. I hope my labors there will not be lost. I was much strengthened in my feelings after visiting that church. It is ever refreshing to the Christian to meet with those who love and serve God; and such as love to hear and talk about the everlasting love of God to his people. Bro. D. H. McCoy is the Pastor, and is much loved by the Church.

On Saturday I went to Wehadka Church, Troup Co., Ga. There I expected to have met with Bro. D. H. McCoy, the Pastor; but I was disappointed. I afterwards learned he was unable to get there from sickness. The brethren at that place were all strangers to me, having never seen any of them; but I found it an easy matter to get acquainted with them; for a more free, social, open-hearted set of brethren and sisters it has never been my lot to get acquainted with. We had quite an interesting meeting on Saturday. I saw several bathed in tears whilst preaching to them of the wonderful love of Jesus. Their very countenances told that Jesus was precious to them. Several joined the church that day by letter, and one by experience. The spirit of religion was burning so strong in their breast that they said they must have meeting at night. So, many of us came back at night, and I trust, that some good was accomplished in the name of Christ. Bro. McCoy not being there, I was requested by the Church to administer the ordinance of baptism to the candidate the next morning, to which I freely consented. Early Sunday morning we met on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, where there was much water, and I led one willing convert down into the water and I baptized her. It was truly pleasant thus to obey and follow the example set by Christ. The house, though a large one, was not able to hold the congregation that came to hear the word of the Lord on Sunday. There was a deep interest in the meeting that day. From appearances, I think many Christians were edified that day. Wehadka church is in a high degree of prosperity. The membership is large, and I think, truly pious. Bro. McCoy, "whose praise is in all the churches," is the Pastor. The Church greatly loves him, and well they should. I would like to mention other circumstances, but my limits forbid. My visit to that church will long be remembered by me, and should I ever take another visit to the churches, Wehadka will be in the number.

Sunday night I went to Antioch Church, in the same county, where I met a large concourse of people, and a truly interesting set of brethren and sisters. Religion is alive in the hearts of many of the members of Antioch Church. We had a warm meeting. At the request of the brethren, I preached to them again on Tuesday night. I love the brethren at that place. They are Christians, active, diligent, laboring Christians. Bro. McKay is the Pastor. All his churches seem to be in a good condition. May the Lord yet spare him a long time.

Yours in Christ Jesus,  
E. W. HENDERSON.

For the South Western Baptist.  
Ministers' and Deacons' Meeting  
In July, Fifth Lord's day and Saturday  
and Friday before at Bethesda Church,  
Cossa County.

MESSESS. EDITORS: Owing to the great declension of activity and zeal, both in the Churches and Ministers of the Central Association, in the heavenly Master's work, quite a number of brethren are anxious that all, or as many as can, of the ministers and deacons, within our bounds, shall come together the last week of July in one body, in prayer and christian consultation, on the best course to be pursued to increase PIETY, LOVE AND UNION in building up the Redeemer's Kingdom in our own souls, our families and churches, preparatory for a united and faithful discharge of every obligation, his love and mission into our world may, in the future, bring us under. At this particular crisis in our religious state, it has been thought by us that more good would result to the cause by thus gathering than to hold a series of meetings separately, through the Association during the last week of July. The Friday before the

fifth Lord's day in July having been fixed upon as the time, and Bethesda Church as the place for the Union Meeting of the second district of the Central Association, upon invitation to that object we cordially invite not only all the ministers and deacons throughout the Association, but every brother whose soul is in his Master's work, or who desires its promotion, to come and join us in seeking earnestly, to be prepared for whatever work the Lord shall bid us engage in, especially to "forget the things that are behind and press forward for the mark, the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

The Lord will meet us.  
J. D. WILLIAMS, P. STOUT,  
C. GREGORY, B. H. TIMMERMAN,  
B. SKIPPY, J. W. JETER,  
J. A. PYLANT, Y. D. HARRINGTON.

For the South Western Baptist.  
Examination at Natasulga.

An examination of the students of the "Natasulga School," conducted by Mr. James B. McMurray, came off on Friday the 22d inst., in the presence of a large number of persons. The exercises were evidently fairly and impartially conducted, and the manner in which the students acquitted themselves reflects great credit upon Mr. McMurray, as a highly competent literary instructor. After the close of the examination, an appropriate address was delivered by JAMES ARMSTRONG, Esq., of Tuskegee. The exercises of the evening were concluded by a variety of amusing performances, by the young ladies of the school, denominated "A Tableau," which, notwithstanding the inclemency of the night, met with a high approval; as was evinced by the reiterated acclamation of the audience. We most sincerely wish friend "Mc" long continued success, and hope an intelligent public will sustain him by a continuance of the very liberal patronage here before extended. A. B. R. June, 1860.

A Suggestive Experience.

A lawyer, eminent in his profession, who was converted some two years ago in this city, from out of the ranks of a boasting infidelity, said in the Fulton street Prayer-meeting a few days ago:—"I cannot let this meeting close, without relating something of my own experience, because it may be a benefit to some others. Most of you know what I once was. Some of you know what I now hope I am—a believer and a follower of the Lord Jesus. When I was brought out of the darkness of my former condition, into the glorious light of the gospel, the change was as of one coming from night into day. I had embraced the Saviour with all my heart. I received him as my wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption; and my rejoicing in his forgiving grace and pardoning love was beyond the power of language to describe. I felt that I was a sinner—a great sinner—but true was his promise to me—'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' Shortly after this wonderful revelation of Christ to my heart, as a Saviour, I met an old and worthy disciple of Jesus, whom I well knew, and whose opinions on matters of Christian experience had great weight with me. He said to me, 'Col. S., how is it with you?' He did not know of the great change in me. I told him, in a few words, how the Lord had dealt with my soul, and of the exceeding happiness I had in Jesus. I was continually basking in the smiles of his countenance, and rejoicing in his everlasting love. My friend manifested his confidence and rejoicing at the change which had taken place in me, but added: 'I have a word of caution to give you. Do not suppose that this happiness will always last. Many clouds will come over your sky. Deep darkness will intervene, and you will walk in sorrow and doubt. This is the common experience of Christians, and of the best Christians too. Yours will probably be like that of others.' I was shocked and disappointed. I felt that it must not be so. I must never lose sight of Christ. For a little time I was thrown into an agony of feeling, in view of the possibility that I might be left in darkness and doubt, as were many others. And if so, what would become of me—me, who had just been saved from all doubts, as I supposed, to doubt no more. In this state of mind, I went to the Lord Jesus in prayer, as soon as I reached a place where I could fall upon my knees; and there with strong crying and tears, I poured out my heart before Him. I begged with all the earnestness of which I was capable, that whatever else I might suffer, I might never be permitted to suffer the hidings of his blessed face. And there, in the midst of my agonizing prayer, two or three words, as if written with living fire, stood out full before the eye of my mind. Never did I see anything more plain, though I do not say that these bodily eyes beheld them. They were these three words: 'Watch and Pray!' Often since that, have I seen these words, and have endeavored to obey them. Watch and pray are ever in my mind, given me, in answer to my

earnest, agonizing prayer, by the blessed Jesus; that so long as I would remember these words, to obey them, he would never hide his blessed, glorious face from me. And now, after more than two years since first he spoke peace to my soul, I must say it, to the glory of his grace, I have not walked in darkness—never has the Saviour hidden his face from me, but my joy in him has been continually increasing, like a river, flowing on with a deeper, broader current, the farther it rolls its swelling tide. I can always say,  
My faith looks up to Thee,  
Thou Lamb of Calvary,  
Saviour divine.—N. Y. Examiner.

No MIDDLE COURSE IN RELIGION.—Often do we hear remiss professors strive to choke all former holiness by commending the golden mean. A cunning discouragement: the devil's sophistry! The man of virtue is between two degrees. It is a mean grace that loves a mean degree of grace; yet this is the staff with which the world beats all that would be better than themselves. What! Will you be singular,—walk alone? But were not the apostles singular in their walking, a spectacle to the world? Did not Christ call for this singularity, what do ye more than others? You that are God's peculiar people, will ye do no peculiar thing? Yet that separate from the world, will you keep the world's road? Must the name of a Puritan dishearten us in the service of God? St. Paul said in his apology, "by that which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers;" and by that which profane ones call puritanism, which is indeed zealous devotion, so let my heart desire to serve Jesus Christ.—Old Puritan Writer.

Life, a Battle.

Whatever of imperfection or untruth there may be involved in certain branches, the old Persian doctrine of the perpetually conflicting power of light and darkness, spirit and matter, Ormuzd and Ahri-man, it is certain that life in this world is made up, in a great measure of a series of conflicts. If we extend our observation down to the panel of mere material existence, we find that the forces of attraction and repulsion, aggregation and dissipation, composition and decomposition, are ever arrayed and operative against each other. In the department of brute nature, we find that the different animal species are not only constantly striving to maintain a counterpoise against the adverse forces of the surrounding elements that would destroy them, but that they are perpetually in offensive and defensive relations to each other, and the weak are made to succumb to the strong.—Much the same phenomenon is observed among brutes wearing the human form, who fight with fists, clubs, and deadly weapons for the purpose of gaining some physical advantages over each other; and these all, in their turn, have to be kept in check by a superior power resident in the moral and intellectual planes above them, and which contends with and subjugates them to the laws of social order.

One turns his thoughts to his own personal affairs, or introspects the conditions and relations, of his own heart and conscience, he will find that his own integrity and highest interests, both material and spiritual, can be maintained only by a perpetual war with the forces that tend to dissipate and destroy. Thus the law of gravitation is constantly striving to prostrate him upon the earth, bruise his flesh and break his bones, and he is obliged to oppose this force with a steady muscle and a careful maintenance of physical equilibrium. Heat and cold, moisture and dryness, and the whole phalanx of chemical forces are perpetually laboring to derange his health and even to decompose his physical organization, and he is obliged to protect himself by suitable clothing, shelter, and all the safeguards with which physiological science has made him acquainted.

A scene of similar conflicts is that more sublimated world which lies within the sphere of man's own interior consciousness and volitions. Sloth demands "a little more sleep and a little more slumber," and is persistent in its efforts to suspend the motions both of mind and body for the luxury of indolent ease; and he who would fulfill the uses of life must vanquish this enemy by a firm and determined will. Lust demands the indulgence of inordinate appetites and passions, and against this foe an uncompromising war must be waged from the grounds of virtue. Avarice, ambition, and every form of selfishness are continually assaulting and seeking to undermine his fidelity to the principles of justice, magnanimity, and Christian love; and here man, in the name and strength of his God, is called upon to wage war with the most dire, subtle, and obstinate of all his foes, and that is himself; and only when this foe is completely and finally vanquished, is it possible for him to pass from the militant to the triumphant state, and bask in the glories of that angel-world where no conflicts can ever come, but all is perfect and eternal peace.

The Great Man.

Would he not be somewhat like this pattern: A man who was aware that he had vast power, and yet used that power, not for himself, but for others—not for ambition, but for doing good? Surely the man who used his power for other people would be the great-souled man, would he not? Let us go on, then, to find out more of his likeness. Would he be stern, or would he be tender?—Would he be patient, or would he be fretful? Would he be a man who stands fiercely on his own rights, or would he be very careful of other men's rights, and very ready to waive his own rights gracefully and generously? Would he be extreme to mark what was done amiss against him, or would he be very patient when he was wronged himself, though indignant enough if he saw others wronged?—Would he be one who easily lost his temper, and lost his head, and could be thrown off his balance by any one foolish man? Surely not. He would be a man whom no fool, nor all fools together, could throw off his balance; a man who could not lose his temper—could not lose his self-respect; a man who could bear with those who are peevish, makes allowances for those who are weak and ignorant, forgive those who are insolent, and conquer those who are ungrateful, not by punishment, but by fresh kindness, overcoming their evil by his good—a man, in short whom no ill-usage without, and no ill-temper within, could shake out of his even path of generosity and benevolence. Is not that the truly magnanimous man—the great and royal soul? Is not that the stamp of man whom we should admire, if we met him on earth? Should we not reverence that man, esteem it an honor and a pleasure to work under that man, to take him for our teacher, our leader, in hopes that, by copying his example, our souls might become great like his?—Charles Kingsley.

"Father, is your God Dead?"

Some years since, a wealthy farmer in the county of B., made a profession of religion. For a long time he felt that he was not his own, but that his time and talents belonged to God, and should be devoted to his service. There was no cross which he was unwilling to bear. Among other important duties he commenced family worship. The discharge of this duty was truly delightful to him. Satan, however, very soon suggested to him, that it was entirely unnecessary to hold family worship;—that he could pray in secret for himself and family just as well as around the family altar. He yielded to this temptation. For a while, time passed off without anything being said. One day, while in the field attending to his farm, his only son, an interesting youth of several summers—left his play, and ran with a quick step to his father and said, "Father, is your God dead?" "No, my son," replied the father; "why ask me such a question?" "Because, father, you used to pray to your God, and you have quit it now; I thought, perhaps, he was dead." The father commenced family worship that night, and, I am told, has been faithful ever since. O! how many heads of families so live and act at this day, as to justify their children in the belief that their God, to whom they once prayed, is dead! Such evidently do not feel that responsibility which Abraham, Joshua and David felt for their families.—Religious Herald.

Man and his Saviour.

A very old German author discourses thus tenderly of Christ: "My soul is like a hungry and thirsty child, and I need his love and consolations for my refreshment; I am a wandering and lost sheep, and I need him as a good and faithful Shepherd; my soul is like a frightened dove pursued by the hawk, and I need his wounds for a refuge; I am a feeble vine, and need his cross to lay hold of and wind myself about; I am a sinner and need his righteousness; I am naked and bare, and need his holiness and innocence for a covering; I am in trouble and alarm, and I need his solace; I am ignorant, and I need his teaching; simple and foolish, and I need the guidance of his Holy Spirit.

"In no situation, and at no time, can I do without him. Do I pray? he must prompt and intercede for me. Am I arraigned by Satan at the divine tribunal? he must be my advocate. Am I in affliction? he must be my helper. Am I persecuted by the world? he must defend me. When I am forsaken, he must be my support; when dying, my life; when mouldering in the grave, my resurrection. Well, then, I will rather part with all the world and all that contains, than with thee, my Saviour; and, God be thanked, I know that thou too art not willing to do without me. Thou art rich, and I am poor; thou hast righteousness and I sin; thou hast oil and wine, and I wounds; thou hast cordials and refreshments, and I hunger and thirst. Use me, then, my Saviour, for whatever purpose and in whatever way thou mayest require.—Here is my poor heart, an empty ves-

sel; fill it with thy grace. Here is my sinful and troubled soul; quicken and refresh it with love. Take my heart for thine abode; my mouth, to spread the glory of thy name; my love, and all my power, for the advancement of thine honor and the service of thy believing people. And never suffer the steadfastness and confidence of my faith to abate, that so at all times I may be enabled from the heart to say, 'Jesus needs me, and I him, and so we suit each other.'

Crumbs from God's Table.

THE OLD SLAVE.  
"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."  
Mat. 5: 5.

The nearer a man gets to heaven, the more exalted and noble become his views of property and interest. "Lay up no 'provisionary fund' for me," exclaims the devoted Stoddard; "I want my sweet trust in God endangered by no such temptation to my human weakness, nor do I wish the Christian world to be deprived of the privilege of an annual voluntary charity. Fabled charities will kill their benevolence. In the name of God and my missionary brethren, urge a moral claim upon them, for when I walk their streets and survey their temples, their fields and their goodly possessions, and think of the pledge of God to those who give up all for Him, I feel, in the spirit of Paul, 'All things are yours, \* \* \* the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours.'"

"Happy Dick" was an old blind negro, who walked with God. He was another man's chattel, but his master happened to be a kind one, and kept Dick in his old age for the good he had done, allowing him to live with his wife. Dick's cheerful piety and invariably contentment procured him, by universal consent, the name he bore. His little cabin stood under a great magnolia-tree, and there his song might be heard from morning till night, as he sat in the door, weaving osier-baskets or whittling tiny playthings for the picnicians of the plantation.

A Christian lady once asked him if he never felt uncomfortable, when he thought that he was a slave; and if he never longed for the independence of other men, so that he might know what it was to lay up his earnings and have something to call his own.

"O, missus, don't ask me dat," said the gray-headed negro. "Dem days is all gone by, and I've longed for freedom mightily, but I long for heaven too, and dat's a great deal better. I nebbber allows myself to 'flect on de bad tings dat happen to me, nor de good tings dat I nebbber had, and when I tink about somefin' to call my own, it seems as if I had a big treasure right here dat I don't owe any man for."

"How is that, Dick?"  
"When all de rest ob de world, missus, are saying, 'dis is my house,' 'dat is my sugar-mill,' 'dere is my cotton-patch'; I say, 'dere is my hope, and dere is my Saviour'; and when I own de Lord Jesus, it seems as if I owned all de rest, for de eart' is de Lord's and de fullness dereof; de air is mine, and I can breathe it; de sunshine is mine, and I can sit in it; de cart is mine, and I can lie down in it to sleep."

"But would n't it be nice to own a great farm, like Job, and have cattle, and horses, and things to give away?"

"Ah, Old Dick couldn't take care on't. Tell ye, missus, what a man has, beyond enough to take care on, and look out for his own soul too, de same time, is stealin' de Lord's. But I beliebe every ting is ordered for de best; and I spose de good Lord made some folks to hab de first pick and some to take de leabins, and some to get both, and massa Job was one of dat kind; and I spose de Lord made me to take de leabins; den why shouldn't I be tankful; I get de leabins ob de tables, I get de leabins ob de time, I got de leabins ob de money, de leabins of my strength, de leabins ob young massa's learnin', de leabins ob de camp-meetin' and de leabins ob heaben, and why shouldn't I, blind Dick be happy?" and the tears ran down his black face.

"But if the Saviour is yours, Happy Dick, and he owns everything, you ought to have first pick, if you want it."

"Dear missus, I do get de first pick in de way I mean, but not in de way de world understands. I lib like de good old Paul, 'as habin' noting and yet possessin' all tings'—de more world I want, de less Christ Jesus I get, and de more Christ Jesus I get den I come nearer habin' all tings, for all tings are His, and I hab de first pick because I hab Him."

"You mean, then, my good old friend, that your interest in the world's people and property is a moral one, not a money one."  
"I spose you'd call it so; you see, men hab a conscience, and dat gibs de humble, good man, a power ober dem in spite ob demselves. Massa Hammon, oberseer on de plantation, is berry proud and wicked, and laughs at my religion, but I know if de day of judgment should come now, he'd ask me to pray for him fust."

"Do you think that this Scripture will literally come true, 'The meek shall inherit the earth?'"

"I spose so, missus. Dere is a deep-down-in-de-heart respect, now, in de world, foe de good and meek man, and by-and-by, when de Lord shall bring forth dat man's righteousness as de light, and his judgment as de noonday, dey won't be ashamed ob dere respect, and so de meek men will get de big offices, and den pretty soon after, de millennium will come."

Such was the philosophy of Happy Dick, and was he not happy with reason? His substance was that dignity of righteousness which forces out of the universal conscience of men a slow but sure acknowledgment of its worth, and which finds its simple description in the proverb, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." He was humble but strong; he was ignorant but wise. Was Milton happier than he? The great poet held treasured in his cultivated memory the sciences of all schools, and the choicest literature of ancient and modern tongues. His mind was like an ancient temple where colored sunshine comes stealing down among a thousand sculptures, and plays on unwieldy weapons and rusty mail; where genii whisper, and old fountains drip solemnly over brims bestridden with quaintest jewels, and the wind goes moaning in and out over a great harp that hangs at the door.—In the midst of this, Milton could sit like an astrologer and conjure down the cherubim. Bright beings from the past, the present and the future, thronged around him when he meditated; but the greatest joy he had was when he humbled himself and prayed, and saw the "great white throne and Him that sat upon it," and the poor, old, blind negro had that joy as well as he.

"Happy Dick" has long since gone to rest. He sleeps

"Down on the old Pedee."

under the shadow of a pine that has numbered far more years than his. He inherits his spot of earth, and, better than all his hopes, he now reposes in a free country, where there is no more hard work, and friends never part, and flowers never fade around the cabin door.—Watchman & Reflector.

A Positive Religion.

"The religion that is to overmaster the skepticism of this age needs to have strong points—a well knit name—decided features—something that can be drawn and grasped and held fast by the understanding, as well as loved with the whole heart—such as we find stamped on the evangelical pages,—such as the Apostles practiced, and such only as martyrs have died for.—This is the sort of faith that has always gained converts, and swept of the world with gospel-net. Otherwise, the penetrating man is apt to say, 'If you undertake to abridge and reduce, and soften down your religion and its requirements, till it is emasculated, it answers neither one purpose nor another; it is as good as no religion at all for the pleasure of this life,—and it has on body or edge enough to hold out a very certain promise like to come. No; if I am to have a faith at all, let it have shape and solemnity, and vigor of demands upon me; that must be the only faith God would think it worth a revelation to reveal; and if I am to have only some diluted, pliant, complaisant, substitute, achieving nothing, then excuse me if I prefer to stand without the masquerade altogether. A curious chapter might readily be written, in the theological analysis of the times, showing how often those who are on ground farthest from faith choose at least a doctrine of some decisive and evangelical body, over the poor compends that try to be popular till their comprehensiveness takes such latitude as to comprehend Judas and Simon Magus, and possibly States himself."

RELIGION OF THE JAPANESE.—The orthodox religion of Japan is Sinto—all worship the sun. Their belief is that the world was regenerated through the instrumentality and appearance on earth of a female, and after having performed this great and good work for which by God she was ordained, she ascended to Heaven and became embodied in the sun. Their national flag is emblematical of their religion, displaying as it does the sun in all its purity upon the white field. There are other sects, and among them the most numerous would appear to be the followers of Buddha. The statement so often made that Christianity is not at present tolerated, is a mistake, for the Government is far from being intolerant in religious matters. The people of Japan attend very little to religious matters. Religion is a matter of business, which is attended to altogether by the Makado and his priests. Some of the Japanese attached to the Embassy worship Buddha, some Sinto, some Mohamed, and some nothing. The two Embassadors and one of the interpreters are Buddhists; the Cencor has no particular religion; the Vice Governor is partly Sinto and and partly Buddhist.



It is very clearly that she is utterly paralyzed, showing ample evidence of a disease of the brain, and to neglect to build God's temple of praise and worship, is moral depravity. - Presbyterian Herald.

The Old South Memphis Presbyterian decided, at its last session, that going to masquerades or dancing parties, to the circus or theatre, is a sin, and that it is the duty of the elders, in all such cases, to take all Scriptural methods to bring the offenders to see and confess their sin, and if they cannot, it is their duty to suspend or exclude all such members from the Church.

We wish to call attention to the price of books of the American Baptist Publication Society. A fact which may not be well understood is, that these books are lower priced than similar books by Publishers. They are manufactured at the lowest cash rates of the market.

The Report of the American Sunday School Union shows that the present year's income for benevolent purposes was \$22,758.34, that the average of the preceding years. This increase is significant, as the Union has been trying the experiment of doing their work without the help of collecting agencies.

We learn from the True Union that J. Q. A. Rohrer, was ordained to the ministry at Baltimore, on Sabbath the 16th ult. Mr. Rohrer intends going out as a missionary to the empire of Japan under the auspices of the Protestant Southern Baptist Board of Missions. Mr. Rohrer is a graduate of Lewisburg University, and his prospects of usefulness in this arduous and inviting field are quite flattering.

There are at Paris at the present time, thirteen Protestant churches in full operation, Protestant Clergymen, and 2500 children regularly attending Protestant S. Schools.

Our Missions. - The Missouri Baptist says: "We are firmly of the opinion that our missionary operations can be carried on only by such an organization as the Southern Convention and its Boards - that they must be carried on in this way, or not at all. The question to us assumes the aspect; not, shall the Convention and its Boards cease, but, shall missionary operations be abandoned."

Secular Intelligence. Items of News. Herschel V. Johnson, Ex-Governor of Georgia, is the candidate for the Vice Presidency on the Douglas' ticket, in the place of ex-Governor Fitzpatrick who declined the nomination.

Sarsaparilla. - This tropical root has a reputation wide as the world, for curing one class of the disorders that afflict mankind - a reputation to which it deserves as the best and most reliable of all the remedies of the kind. It is a powerful purgative, and its virtues must be concentrated and combined with other medicines that may increase its power. Some reliable confidence in this character is much needed in this community.

Obituaries. Died, on the 20 inst., ALONZO SMALL, son of John B. and Georgia Ann Campbell.

Died on the 27th of April, at the residence of her husband, McCree's Corley, Mrs. MARIANA CORLEY.

The deceased was born in Edgefield District, S. C. September 30th, 1836. She was a daughter of John and Sarah Bledsoe. She was the first wife of McCree's Corley, who made a public profession of religion.

Her thoughts were first directed to the subject under the ministry of Rev. B. Manly. She was baptized by Dr. Manly into the fellowship of Mountain Creek Church, Edgefield District, S. C., about the year 1823.

The writer has often heard her mention the text of the Sermon which was blessed to her conversion. It was Acts 3: 19. This is another instance of the fruitfulness of the labors of Dr. Manly. Sister Corley's faith was more than a mere profession. She lived a Christian, and died in full assurance of a blessed resurrection.

Let the members of the church, her beloved husband and children, be comforted by the reflection that, "She rests from her labor, and her reward is with her."

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FOR SALE. A FINE LOT OF ORGANIC ROBES, received this day, and for sale cheap. KESSE & SAWYERS.

My dear young friends: To develop your minds still more distinctly what is implied in the command of our divine Lord, which we are considering, I now present to us embracing the two following additional ideas:

1st. That our Lord Jesus offers the benefits of his instructions equally to all, without distinction, as the Apostle says, "God is no respecter of persons." (Acts 10:34.)

2d. That all are equally bound to receive his instructions and to be governed thereby. The young equally with the more aged, the great equally with the lowly, the uneducated as well as the learned; in short, all classes and distinctions of men, women and children, are alike bound to become pupils in the school of Christ.

On each of these two points I propose to offer a few remarks, in order that they may be more impressed upon the minds of my readers.

1. Our Lord Jesus offers the benefits of his instructions to all without the slightest distinction or preference. What a pleasing thought, how delightful to contemplate! Almost too delightful to be realized, and we are almost ready to question whether it can really be so. There is the child of some noble and highly honorable family, born to affluence, and surrounded with every thing that could possibly administer to its happiness; and there is also the unfortunate offspring of poverty, born amidst squalor, and whose whole existence has been associated with want and misery; and can we realize that the blessed Jesus, the adored of angels, the brightness of the Father's glory, looks with the same interest on that poor, homeless and friendless wanderer, as upon the heir of rank and wealth, and all the honors and distinctions of this world? Yes, it is even so; for it is written, "God is no respecter of persons."

Ah, it is not so in every school! Indeed, it is so only in a very, very few. I once knew a little boy who was sent to school to a very large academy; and he was very glad indeed of the opportunity to go, although he was a very little boy, for he had a great desire for learning. Well, for a time, a kind-hearted gentleman (a minister of the Gospel) paid for his tuition; but after a while his tuition was not paid, and the poor little boy was told that he could not go to that school any longer. What a pity! but he was not the only little boy that has been so unfortunate; for many thousands are growing up every year, all over our land who are entirely unable to go to school; and Jesus, the kind, precious friend to all the human family, offers the benefits of his instructions to all without distinction. Oh, my young friend, what a kind teacher is Jesus Christ; and how ardently we should love him for his excellent and noble qualities. When I think of our divine Lord, so condescending, and so kind; instinctively ask myself, whether it can be possible that there is one young person that can think of him without loving him with all his heart and all his soul?

But it was further remarked, that the declaration of our dear Redeemer, makes it the duty of every one without distinction, and without the slightest delay, to accept of his gracious offers, and immediately become his disciples, i. e. learners in his school; and here I would again emphasize the remark "Without distinction." The reason why our blessed Savior has made the gracious offer of his services to all, without distinction, is that all without distinction need them, and equally need them. None are too exalted, or learned, or wise to need the instructions of the blessed Jesus, the greatest philosophers will find in the discourses of the Redeemer, things explained that neither they nor any of the wisest men, who have ever lived, could have found out, had not Jesus unfolded them to the understandings of men; and the humblest and the most ignorant, need not have the slightest apprehension that they will fail to understand what they make them wise unto salvation.

It would appear at first thought, that it would hardly be necessary to urge the duty of accepting the kind offers of the Lord Jesus. It would appear almost like trying to persuade the hungry to come to a feast, or the sick to accept of the services of a kind-hearted and skillful physician, who was offering his assistance freely, without money and without price; things that we would suppose every one would have sense enough to feel the need of doing without the slightest persuading whatever. But alas! when we look at the conduct of mankind, we see that, for some cause or other, for some very frivolous reasons, or for no reasons at all, it is necessary to urge, and persuade, and I shall feel exceedingly happy if, with all the urging and persuading, that God may enable me to use, I shall find at last that I have succeeded in inducing any who may read these communications, to become the sincere followers of the Lord Jesus. It has always appeared to me a very surprising thing that so many thousands should remain unwilling to be the disciples of the Savior, and I have wondered whether it really is for the reason given in Pollock's Course of Time—

"Sire thou didst lose thy reason in the fall, And didst not understand the offer made." Indeed, something of the kind seems to be implied in the language used concerning the prodigal son, (Luke 15:17) "When he came to himself," as though he had been, to a degree at least, bereft of his reason. Yet we see these same persons who are so slow to perceive wherein their true interest lies, in regard to eternal things, show enough as regards the interests of the present life. If any little boy or girl who reads these numbers, should be sick, and a kind and skillful physician should offer his services, we know very well how a sensible child would feel and act; and if some kind-hearted and experienced teacher should offer to take any of our young readers into his school and

teach them Grammar or Geography, or any other of the sciences, we know very well how they would act, especially if it was all offered freely without the least expense to themselves. Yet what is Grammar, or Geography, or any of the sciences ever taught in the schools, compared with the blessed lessons of instruction, communicated by our Lord? Yet see how people act when Jesus offers his services, insists, urges, and even commands them to enter his school; yea, threatens them with his eternal displeasure if they do not; and all this whilst it is very plain, that the entire arrangement is for their own benefit in life and in death, in time and through eternity; for "This is life eternal that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." (John 17:3.) And again,—"how does our Redeemer reproach those who refuse?" (John 5:40) "Ye will not come unto me that ye might have life."

Oh, how wonderful, that even persons of the weakest intellect should see where their interest lies, in reference to the things of this life, and yet so slow to see the same in reference to the life that is to come; so keenly alive to the interests of time, and so dull in regard to those of eternity; so careful and anxious concerning the body, that is to become food for worms, and yet so careless and unconcerned in regard to the soul that is to live forever. It may be that one of that very description of young persons is now reading these remarks, if so, I would beg that young person to stop reading just long enough to go alone, (if but for a very short time), and pray Almighty God that, if Satan and his own heart have, up to this period, deceived them in regard to their true interest, he would restore them to their right mind on this important subject before it is forever too late. C. F. STURGIS.

[To be continued.]

Speak No Ill.

Nay, speak no ill—a kindly word will never leave a sting behind. And, oh! to breathe such words we've heard is far beneath a noble mind. Full of a better seed is sown. By choosing thus the kinder plan: For little good will be known. Still let us speak the best we can. Give me the heart that faint would hide—How can it please him when he says, "No! let us reach a higher mood. Be earnest in the search for good. And speak of all the best we can. Then speak no ill—but let me be true. To others' failings be not own; If you're the first to fault to see. Be not the first to make it known; For life is but a passing day. No lip may tell how brief its span: Then, oh! the little time we stay, Let's speak of all the best we can.

The First Lesson in Gambling. Wherever there are great collections of people, there are bad and foolish people among them. It was so at Bridgeport, where the State Fair was held recently. Outside the grounds, behind or within tents or booths, were many who gambled and led others to do so. Now it is a very simple thing to gamble; so simple, and often it appears so fair, that many a boy is led to take the first step before he knows it.

There was behind one of the bystanders a circle of men and boys; on the ground sat a poor, degraded, dissipated man, poorly clothed, and looking sick and weak. He held in his hand several iron rings, and before him was a board with large nails driven in it which upright. A clear-faced, bright-eyed, handsome little fellow, stepped up to him. He was just such a boy as is prompt at day-school, and always has his lesson at Sunday School. He showed this in his face as he stepped up to the man and said: "What's that for?" "Give me a cent and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents." That seemed fair enough; so the boy handed him a cent and took the ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed the ring, and it caught on one of the nails. "Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cent?" "Six cents was the answer; and two three cent pieces were put into his hand, and he stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about, and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder. "My lad, that is your first lesson in gambling." "Gambling, sir?" "You staked your penny and won six, did you not?" "Yes, I did." "You did not earn them, they were not given you; you won them, just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now I advise you to go and give him six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it," will not be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. He touched his cap and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.—Sketch Book.

Facts for Parents. A number of physicians, practicing in New-York and in Brooklyn, having "compared notes," have come to the conclusion that one leading cause of the mortality among children, arises from their being left too much to the care of servants. It has been observed that children who are taken care of by their parents, unaddressed and put to bed by them, and by them dressed in the morning, and kept under a loving mother's eye during the day—are as a general thing, far more healthy, good-tempered and intelligent, than such as are left almost exclusively to the care of servants. In addition to

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