

Alabama Baptist.

E. T. WINKLER, EDITOR.
E. B. TEAGUE, ASSOCIATE.
J. J. D. RENTFROE, MANAGER.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1874.

To Our Subscribers.

Last summer, in order to accommodate a number of subscribers who were then unable to pay the subscription price of the paper, we departed from our rule, of cash in advance, and on their pledge, or that of a friend, granted indulgence until the 1st of October, in no case going beyond the meeting of the Convention in November.

Many of these pledges are still unredeemed. Will the brethren act promptly by sending up their dues, and not suffer the paper to lose by having extended this accommodation? The present business managers desire to close up all outstanding business before making their report to the Convention which is to meet within two weeks.

W. W. WILKERSON,
Business Manager.

Assembly of the Blessed.

Rev. 7:14. These are they who have come out of much tribulation and have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

The passage from which this text is taken is an interlude in the regular course of the Apocalyptic revelations. It lies, according to the latest and we think the most reliable interpreters of this book, between two well defined periods of Ecclesiastical History. It is supposed to have a primary reference to the age of Constantine when Christianity had become the acknowledged religion of the Roman Empire. The various phases of that dominion typified by the vision of horses had appeared and ceased to be. The Cretan emperor with his national bow, the prefect with his pretorian sword, the provincial with his provincial baldrick, and the mighty rider on the Pale Horse who trod down the starry and contending nations, had all passed away like the shadowy procession of a dream. Christianity beheld the successive processes of the Roman decline symbolized by the different colors of the horses, and now in the reign of Constantine, the first Christian Caesar, seemed to have entered upon an unexampled prosperity. But the popular Christianity of that age already exhibited a marked divergence from the course indicated by apostolic teaching and precedents. It was the period when what we now know as Puseyism dates its existence. Puseyism was substituted for faith; ceremonies were believed to confer salvation. Baptism, rather than the satisfaction of Christ and the energy of the Holy Spirit, was generally supposed to be the means of pardon and regeneration. Although this apostasy from the true faith was not, as it never can be, universal, it was so general as to demand a special interposition of divine justice against an Anti-Christian nation and an Anti-Christian church. How fearfully this demand was answered appears in subsequent history. John in Patmos already heard the sound of those trumpets that were to call the instruments of the divine indignation to their work of slaughter.

Elliot, in his *Home Apocalypses*, has given a deeply interesting interpretation.

We cannot here dwell upon the wondrous fulfillment of John's successive prophecies. Alario heard the notes of the first trumpet and gathered his hosts and swept over the Roman provinces like a destructive tempest of hail mingled with blood; at the blast of the second, Genseric appeared, like a volcano burning in the sea and pouring destruction upon all the shores of the Mediterranean; the third sounded, and Attila was seen marching along the course of the great rivers and crimsoning the Rhine, the Po and the Danube with slaughter; the fourth summoned Odoacer to the ruin of Rome and the abolition of the office of the Emperor of the West and then there was a period of famine and plague, and daily corpses were numbered by thousands and the earth was full of war; the fifth collected the Saracen hordes from their land of locusts and their long black hair sweeping over the shoulder, and their bearded faces distinguished a new race of destroyers; the sixth was heard by the Turks beside the far Euphrates, and their armies descended upon Europe—hordes led by standards hung with horses' heads and ears and soon issuing with a new element of destruction and pouring the fire and brimstone of an

gunpowder upon the ranks of their enemies. All these events seem to take place before the Bible, the unerring word of God should be restored to its true authority by the Reformation of the 16th century.

This outline of history, which we here so slightly trace, you will find to be deeply drawn in that wonderful book that closes the New Testament canon. And when we incorporate into our sketch the picture of the apostasy, subsequently given, when we remember that the mystical harlot of the apocalypse was to win by her seductions the kings of the earth so that the civil power of nominally Christian nations should be under her control, and that in the cup of her abominations she was to mingle the sacred blood of the saints, we are prepared to estimate the trials which true Christians should endure through the long and cruel centuries.

But the book that prophesies of suffering also declares that God's presence and blessing will attend his people. They shall have the consolations of religion amid those sufferings which they share in common with the world. They shall be known and accepted and loved by God when the world rejects them. And when the conflicts of life are over, they shall be honored with an immortal triumph. Had not the Christian these privileges and hopes, he would faint under the burden of this painful life. But under their generous and ennobling influence he can welcome the visitations of sorrow, engage in the conflicts of probation, rejoicing that nothing is too great either to do or dare for an immortal crown, and continue faithful even unto death. Hence it is that before the long list of evils is drawn out, inspiration pauses to record the glorious destiny of Christians. The tribes of his spiritual Israel are represented by God as sealed or set apart to himself. He has an interest in them. He has a title to them. He claims them as his own.

Let the world deride as it will. Let sorrow come when and where it will. Let stakes be set for martyrs and armies go forth for the slaughter of nations. In the barred prison, upon the promiscuous battle-field, and in the deep and silent chamber where guilt and innocence repose together, and high on the frosty mountains and far in the lonely deserts where the faithful once met to worship God and where their hallowed dust was laid in hope of the resurrection—in every place where man has lived and suffered and died and found a grave—the Lord knoweth them that are his. And those sanctified spirits that have passed from their labors and appear among men no more, the Lord knoweth them. A faultless rejoicing company they stand around the eternal throne. And angels who share in their joys point to them with fond reverence as the fruit of the Redeemer's passion, exclaiming, "These are they who have come out of much tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

First Principles.

Infant baptism is a protest against Christianity. The Gospel teaches us that salvation is connected with faith. Infant baptism teaches that it may be conveyed by a mere form to an unbeliever. The disciples of Christ ought to denounce this heresy, not only by close communion, but by appeals to converted men of every denomination. Luther proclaimed that "justification by faith is the article of a standing or a falling church." And yet he tried to build up the church of Germany upon a mere empty form. The mission of Baptists is to vindicate that fundamental article of the Reformation. The church of Christ consists only of believers. "To as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to as many as believe in his name."

Article of Rev. J. A. Spence.

We publish on our first page an article by the Minister whose name heads this notice. He has been for nearly half a century a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, where he has sustained an unblemished character and has been distinguished for his preaching ability. Last June, as Mr. Spence informs us, he sought to obtain the redress of the grievances complained of through the organs of his own Church; sending a card upon the subject to the *Nashville Advocate*. This he refused to publish. He then sent his "Withdrawal" to the *New Orleans Christian Advocate*; they also refused to publish. This he shut out from communication with the religious public, through the organs of the denomination of which he has been a member. Having many friends in Alabama and the adjoining States, he feels it due himself and them that they should know

some of the reasons which have induced him to sever his connection with or to which he has devoted the active service of more than forty years. We have no knowledge of the course which this venerable minister will conclude to adopt. He avows himself "personally responsible for all the reasons stated" and brethren here, who know him well assure us that he is eminently worthy of the consideration which we now extend to him.

Field Notes.

We are glad to see that the *Central Baptist of St. Louis*, one of the most substantial and vigorous papers we have, has been relieved of its indebtedness. Rev. Dr. Deelin having purchased it. Hereafter it will be under his financial management. The valuable services of Dr. Luther will be retained in the editorial chair. We trust that this excellent journal has now entered upon a new career of usefulness and prosperity. During the last six years the membership of Dr. Fritchard's church in Raleigh has just doubled. We regret to learn that this estimable and efficient pastor is now suffering from a painful disease of the eyes.—Rev. A. B. Woodfin has been preaching able and impressive sermons to his old charge at Harrisonburg, Va. It is proposed that the State Mission Board add him to the "Valley Corps."—At Waynesboro where Dr. Charles Manly has been doing much volunteer work, the Methodist minister recently preached for six hours on baptism. This effort to prove infants the subjects and sprinkling the mode, resulted in the accession of three Methodists and one Lutheran—all men of family—to the Baptist church. We augur good to the cause of truth from all such "efforts."—At his church on Reedy Creek, Rev. T. P. Lide recently baptized thirty-three. This worthy young minister is a connection of our beloved Deacon, D. R. Lide, lately deceased, and the son of Hon. T. P. Lide, formerly State Senator from Darlington, and a Deacon of the Baptist church in the town of that name.—After a successful pastorate of three years in Louisville, Rev. M. B. Wharton finds himself constrained by ill health to resign the charge of the Walnut Street church. During his time of service, nearly two hundred members have been added to the church, its debts have all been paid off, and it is in a better financial condition than it has enjoyed for years previously. The resignation of Bro. Wharton awakens profound and general regret.—Hon. Marshall J. Wellborn, formerly a representative in Congress, and then Judge of the Superior Court of Muscogee district; but of late a Baptist minister of excellent repute, died on the 16th inst., at Columbus, Ga., of heart disease. He was a fine pulpit orator and one of the purest and noblest of men.—Dr. Helm, of Kentucky, has resolved to return to the pastorate. He would prefer a quiet village or country church, salary no object. Can't you come this way, Bro. Helm?—Bro. L. W. Duke, of Monroeville, informs us that "there have been some precious revivals of religion" in that portion of the State. He promises to send several new subscribers soon.—Bro. V. H. Dean, writing from Walnut Grove, Ala., Oct. 15th, says: "I have just returned from the sixteenth session of the Warrior River Baptist Association, held with the Mt. Tabor church, Blount county, Ala. Elder P. M. Masgrove was re-elected Moderator, and the writer Recording Clerk. The session, in the main, was very harmonious, and we left on Monday evening, with a fine state of feeling in the large congregation that attended upon the preached word. The preaching, from the introductory by Elder Jas. Fields to the close of the session, was good and searching. We are endeavoring to cultivate our own field, and for this have put two missionaries in the work."—A private letter from Rev. Dr. Barrows informs us that he has declined the call to Mobile.—President Lanneau, in a business letter, says of the Alabama Central Female College: "We have over sixty pupils—twenty-three of them boarders. Our graduating class this session is larger than any we have had since the war, and our music department is particularly full." We are much gratified to learn this, and also to know that other pupils are expected. The institution is worthy of a liberal patronage, which we hope the State will not withhold.

Rev. L. R. Fish and Rev. A. T. Spalding, D. D., of Georgia.

We are not certain that Dr. Spalding intended us to publish this letter following, but we conclude that this was his intention, for the reason that it is written as a "reply" to "some things" in a brief editorial of ours in the *Barrat*. Be it distinctly understood that we have not placed the ex-

cellencies or faults (if he have faults) of Bro. Fish under discussion. The whole of our design had reference to his position in relation to the Sabbath school cause of Georgia Baptists. It may be thought that this is none of our business, but to any who may feel that way, we will say that so long as the *Index* continues its "Alabama Department," we shall treat Georgia matters just about the same as if we had a "Georgia Department."

If we mistake not, we met Bro. Fish once, in a Sabbath School Convention before the war, in Rome, Ga. He was then working in the interests of the "Southern Baptist Sabbath School Union," then carried on in connection with the "South-Western Publishing House" in Nashville. At that time he and Bro. G. C. Conner conducted the first laughing, smiling, joking, anecdoting, singing Sunday school performance that we ever witnessed, and as it was our first sight of the sort, the impression made on our mind was not favorable, but we have seen so many of that kind since, that perhaps we should not object to him on that account now.

However, we want no personal discussion in connection with this affair. But will take this as an occasion to state our position in regard to Southern Agents of Northern Baptist enterprises, namely: While the Baptists of the South continue their distinctive agencies and organizations, we cannot encourage such agents among us. We believe we see the agencies at work, and have seen them for more than a half dozen years, which are to result in the subjugation of our Southern Baptist Convention and such like interests at the South, and this subjugation is to be accomplished by a sort of "covered-way," a sapping and mining process. As for instance our Sabbath School Board was throttled when it was denied the right to publish a Sabbath school literature, and the Home Mission Board at Marion is undermined in the fact that some of our papers say more than double as much about the Home Mission Society as they do about that Board, and the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary is decreed to be put on wheels and carried to the banks of the Ohio river, and an argument which has been used for this, among many others is, that this sooner or later will destroy its sectional character and make it more "national." And we are one of the number who believe that the process will be successful. This process of depletion, (seen in other ways than those mentioned, and seen where we prefer not to mention,) will take the life of our Southern Baptist organizations in a few years more, unless our people get to the point where they can give a united negation to all foreign agents. But we will not say more now on this line.

We may say to Bro. Spalding that we have been accustomed to regard the American Baptist Publication Society as a "national society," and the South as a part of the "nation," and we have frequently sent there for books and hope to do so many more times. And for our own part, if Northern and Southern Baptists wish "a more perfect union," let them have it. But while Southern Baptists strive to maintain their distinct organizations, we propose to "fight it out on this line."

We do most heartily reciprocate the affectionate tone of Bro. Spalding's letter. From our first acquaintance, he has been to us a brother beloved. One allusion in his letter required us to look through tears. We think we understand his feelings and views on the subject involved in his letter, and we can appreciate them. As explained by Bro. Spalding, we have nothing to urge against the particular work mentioned as carried on by Bro. Fish. We had supposed that there would be a sameness or rather a conflict between the work which he was commissioned to perform, and that to which the Rev. Thos. C. Boykin has been called. But here is Bro. Spalding's letter.

Dear Brother Renfro: In an article entitled "What's the Relation," I find some things to which I desire to reply; not that I am Bro. Fish's champion, for he is able to speak for himself, but I love him and I love you (how well, you need not now be told), and I wish you to be as brethren. You ask, "what relation does Bro. Fish sustain to the Sunday school cause of Georgia Baptists?" and add, "we observe that he is attending Associations in that State, and they all seem to be 'hall fellows well met.' Bro. Fish and family moved to Atlanta about one year ago. This city is now his permanent home, so far as human intent can make it so. He and his family are all members of the church of which I am pastor. They are all fully identified with in every good word and work. I think I speak the sentiment of the church when I say we would regard

their severance from us as a very great loss. Our church sent him as one of its delegates to our Association, and that Association sent him as a correspondent to a sister Association. These are the only Associations he has attended. If you knew Bro. Fish as well as I do, I think you would concur with me in wishing that he could attend every Association, not only in good old Georgia, but in noble Alabama also. Bro. Fish is indeed, as you say, "a good Sunday school man." It is also true that "he represents in Georgia a Northern Baptist Institution," provided the American Baptist Publication Society can strictly be so called. He is the financial agent of that Society. He is doing his utmost to scatter its publications throughout the State, and of this we are heartily glad. In the prosecution of this work, however, he labors to build up the *Index* rather than the *National Baptist*, and *Kind Words* rather than *The Young Reeper*. The retiring editor whom you gracefully enlodge in an adjacent column, had no kind words for Brother Fish, neither had he specially for the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Both are deserving, nevertheless, and will live on despite the unmerited neglect. Most of the Sunday school books for our Baptist schools are purchased, I presume, of the Society in Philadelphia. We find it a great convenience to buy these books in our central and capital city, instead of having to send to Philadelphia. If the Society should see proper to establish a permanent Depository here, I, for one, would be most heartily glad; and I know no man in all the world whom I had rather see at the head of it, than Rev. L. B. Fish. For this once, my dear brother, let me presume to say that I do not like the play you make upon his name. When you meet him in after days and when you sit beside him in the kingdom of God you will wish it had not been. "This once" I have said. Oh, how my heart goes out toward you this wintry night! How I long again to greet you as in other days, when each had lost a brother, and had accepted each the other in lieu of our departed dead. May heaven's best blessings be on you now and ever.

As ever affectionately,
A. T. SPALDING.
Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 17th, 1874.

The Oxford Church and its Pastor.

For what he thought to be good reasons several months ago, the Rev. E. T. Smyth tendered his resignation as pastor of our Church at Oxford, Alabama, to take effect about this time. At a recent conference meeting of that Church, by resolution, he was unanimously requested to withdraw the said resignation before going into the election of a pastor. The election held immediately after passing this resolution, with a full conference, resulted in a most gratifying unanimity in the election of Bro. Smyth. It was also resolved that "the rule of the Church requiring annual elections of pastor be temporarily suspended, so that no future election of pastor shall be necessary until, in his judgment or that of the Church, his final resignation of the pastorate of the Church shall be deemed advisable." Bro. Smyth accepted the call of the Church. This proceeding ended in a season of great joy and rejoicing, and we do gratefully partake of that joy. At the end of a pastorate of twelve years—faithfully and successfully devoted to that Church—our brother finds himself so firmly fixed in the hearts of his people, that the connection is like a threefold cord—not easily broken. May the Holy Ghost, who appoints the overseers of his people, grant them yet a long and happy career together at Oxford.

We have condensed as much as we could, the following communication from an esteemed brother, without materially modifying any sentiment. Our brother will excuse us for any slight trips, as we do the best we can. Without endorsing, by any means, everything in it, we are willing "to see ourselves as others see us."

E. B. T.

A Consecrated Ministry.

Is of vast importance to the world—there is no calculating its influence. Its importance should be solemnly considered by those holding this high office. They should so live and act as to make their influence salutary. The ministry is the highest calling on earth—there is no other fraught with such consequences. In the first place, those who exercise this high office, should be divinely called; and scripturally ordained and set apart. Of the mode and manner I do not now treat. They should use all the means in their power to fit and qualify themselves to the best of their ability by

prayerful study and meditation. I am not prepared to concede that they should engage in any worldly occupation, except so far as it is necessary to give tone and strength to the physical man; so that their entire time and attention might be given to their great work. They should be sober, grave, not long-faced, free from levity, not engaged in unnecessary traffic, in which some are adepts to the extent of impairing their influence; not fast in spending their opinions on every subject that is up even of a religious nature, lest their opinions be not sought long. They ought to be of undoubted good moral character in every particular; apt to teach, but in appropriate times and places; not "casting their pearls before swine."

I am of opinion every minister to succeed well ought to do two hours of manual labor, every morning and evening, when circumstances permit. I see no good reason why they should not, as they cannot study all the time; the benefit of the example would be incalculably better than sleeping, lounging about, or sitting about public corners for the purpose of engaging in idle chit-chat, which is often the case. I am decidedly of opinion their deliberations would be better, their deductions more logical, and better adapted to the wants of the people, their habits of material benefit to health, besides resulting in great benefit in training their children to industrious habits, much neglected by them. I regard as one great cause of their children's indolence, and worthlessness in many cases, a failure to inculcate industrious habits. I seriously question the obligation of a minister to use all his time for the welfare of the public to the neglect of his own family. 1 Tim. 5:8.

I see many of them act with their own children by putting them in any sort of business—clerkships and the like—that is easy rather than the farm. I am much inclined from the indications to conclude that they think farm labor a low calling. Now while I cheerfully admit they are obliged to conform more or less to the society in which they sojourn and preach; they should not by any means lead in extravagance and superfluity; but try and cultivate the opposite course on all proper occasions, and especially where the people are as poor as we are in the Southern States. Where we are in such great need of industrious habits, I feel their influence is in high demand.

The ministry ought to be self-sacrificing in everything that tends to promote good, temporally and spiritually, which too few are! They would say they are, and will agree to all this until they see the point. Well, I do not even remember one that would inconvenience himself enough to discontinue the filthy, and not only useless, but injurious, practice of using tobacco. We are commanded to "abstain from every appearance of evil," and certainly that which does not promote good does harm. "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." Is this to the glory of God? Nay, but certainly tends to demoralization. Do not debaucheries, and drunkards, and gamblers, usually begin with tobacco? Or the young man just commencing to break over the rules of good conduct taught him by his parents, does he not first take to this pernicious weed? And are not the obscene, low, and vulgar universally its votaries?

Well even aside from this its evil influence, think for one moment of the suffering caused by the useless expenditure—that which should be spent for family necessities spent for tobacco, just think how that goes that should be spent for education, to pay the minister, and all good purposes. Does not the minister help to starve himself, and clog God's cause, by his own indulgence? and countenance that which is not only unnecessary but radically wrong? Just think, I say again, of the useless expenditure! it would build all our churches, pay our ministers well, feed the poor, and send the Gospel all over the world, (which it is certainly our bounden duty to do by all legitimate means). And but for the ministers' own indulgence and heathenish and vain habit, they would be heard, all over the land, upon every hill-top and in every vale, in glowing terms denouncing its use; but this would not do, too self-denying; too great a sacrifice. While many of them are so ingenious in getting contributions, this involves too much self-denial. And greatly to their wrong, if others do so, they will brow-beat them. I refer for their satisfaction to such passages as Luke, 14:26-27, Rev. 11:2, Tim. 3:13. I know of no reform that would result in as much good as this. And my earnest and devout prayer to Almighty God is, that there may be made a great effort in this direction. Your humble servant,
L. B. P.
Selma, Ala., Oct. 1874.

An Afflicted Church.

The Church at Selma, during our pastoral connection with it, has been strangely afflicted in the loss of members by death. In less than six years, have fallen, brethren Smith, Hill, Booth, Lamar, two brothers McCraw, the Meltons father and son, Johnson, Brazer—10; sisters Burns, Lamar, McCraw relict of Rev. A. G. McCraw, long pastor of the Church, our little daughter, and lately sisters Mrs. R. C. Keeble, and Mrs. Charles Brown—8. Possibly a name or two may not be recalled at the moment.

There is relief in the fact that all passed away, we believe, in the exercise of a peaceful hope in Christ. A number were instances of a most triumphant trust of the Saviour in death; the two last mentioned remarkable cases, though dying in other communities, we have had the fullest accounts of from parties present. The pastor and his family were permitted to account those two sisters among their most endeared and intimate friends. Among the loved ones accustomed to gather at our humble house almost every evening, they were often numbered.

May the Lord grant us all teachableness amid these unusual providences! When missing our departed companions in the prayer meeting, the Sunday school, and the more formal worship of God, may our thoughts ascend to the sanctuary on high.
E. B. T.

Endwise or Sidewise or Otherwise.

Many young preachers suffer exceedingly because they are untrained, and necessarily do some things awkwardly. Others, with glimpses of what people mean by system, are very nervous lest their discourses should be illogical or confused.

Of course gracefulness is an accomplishment and a virtue. Clearness and logical sequence are valuable attainments. But what is said is more important far than method or manner. Indeed, whatever importance is, or ought to be, attached to method style and delivery, the preacher will never impress himself for good upon his hearer, until he rises in concern for the salvation and edification of the people, above all concern for other things.

Let these considerations at least relieve anxiety about minor things, until such time as they may receive appropriate attention. Let what is in the preacher come out, in whatever manner; that is the important thing. If he have nothing in him struggling for escape, he had better wait awhile, and pray for higher earnestness. He need not be ashamed to shout to a drowning man, *Seize that plank!* though in inelegant or ungrammatical phrase. Sinners are drowning round you.

E. B. T.

To the Editors Alabama Baptist.

The undersigned, a committee appointed by the Baptist Church at this place to correspond with the superintendents of the several Railroads in the State, in relation to reduced rates of fare for delegates attending the Baptist State Convention on the 13th November next, have received replies from the following Railroad Companies:

South and North Railroad Co.
Western
Montgomery and Enola R. R. Co.
Selma, Rome and Dalton " "
Alabama Central " "
Selma, Marion and Memphis " "
Selma and Gulf " "
Alabama and Chattanooga " "

They all, in a spirit of generous liberality, have proposed issuing Round trip tickets to the delegates. The delegates procuring tickets at the point of starting, paying full fare, will be returned free. Each road will sell a round trip ticket over its own line only.

PORTER KING,
S. H. FOWLER,
W. W. WILKERSON,
Committee.

ENGLISH SCRIPTURES.—Dr. Schaaf is of the opinion that there is every reasonable prospect that in less than ten years we shall have such a revision of the English Scriptures as will fairly represent the present state of biblical learning and may be regarded as the joint work of all the leading Protestant denominations of the Anglo-Saxon race. Since the appearance of the present version more than two hundred and fifty years have passed, and during the last fifty years far more progress has been made in biblical learning than from the first edition of Tyndale's New Testament to King James' version.

—An Irish monk once called on his congregation to thank God that he had placed death at the end of life, instead of in the middle.

—The first day a little boy went to school, the teacher asked him if he could spell. "Yes, sir," answered the boy. "Well, how do you spell boy?" "Oh, just as other folks do."

—A speculative Scotch gentleman, wanting to dispose of some bees, to attract purchasers printed the following placard: "Extensive sale of live stock, comprising not less than 140,000 head, with an unlimited right of pasturage." The ingenious trick succeeded in winning admiration, for his stock brought high prices.

Alabama Baptist.

S. S. Department.

D. W. GWIN, EDITOR.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1874.

Fourth Quarter, Lesson VI, November 8th, 1874.

THE TWO COMMANDMENTS.

Mark xii, 28-34.

Leading Text--LOVE IS THE FULFILLING OF THE LAW--Romans xiii, 10.

THE ANXIOUS INQUIRY.

It was Christ's habit to ask and answer questions. He was never taken by surprise, but ever filling the hearts of His hearers with wonder. Knowledge is patiently, pungently, practically, perpetually given by Him who uses for His glory alike the question and the questioner. So we are emboldened to "make our wants and wishes known" to Him who is also our Great Teacher. Let us lay to heart His every answer.

Consider--

I. The Anxious Inquiry.

(V. 28.)--The scribe, or "lawyer," according to Matthew, who came to Jesus, seems to have been under the unholy influence of a class characterized by pride, self-righteousness, fanaticism, and hypocrisy. Having listened with envious delight to the confusion of the Sadducees by Jesus, this scribe, more candid and docile than his associates, inquired, "Which is the first commandment of all?" or "what kind of commandment is first [in value] of all?" This was one of the perplexing problems among the Pharisees which Paul urged Titus to shun, Tit. 3:9. A petty, partisan spirit prompted it. How lost a view of God's will has he who is forever appraising His commandments, just as the Romanist speaks of "mortal" and "venial" sins, just as the latitudinarian babbles of "essentials" and "non-essentials." Very pitiful and pitiable is he whose mind is fastened on the law and not the Lawgiver, on his service and not his Saviour.

II. The Adequate Instruction.

(V. 29-32.)--How well it is that this inquiry was made of Christ who was the Truth incarnate. As was His wont He quotes the Scriptures, accepted by His hearers and given by His Father (Deut. xi. 4, 5). He points to the law of love in its twofold bearing. Love, supreme, perfect love of the Lord our God is the first of all commandments. God is love, and he that loveth is born of God. It is love that links us to God, that links faith and works, that surrenders the whole man to Him who is "altogether lovely," that "never faileth" being the same in all ages and dispensations. The second commandment is like this "in its authority, origin, simplicity, wisdom and comprehensiveness." We are told in this how to love our fellow-man, not as God is loved, but as ourselves. Christ defines our neighbor in Luke x. 29-37. Self-love not selfishness is enjoined, and graduates our love to others. Love others after the same manner as ourselves--this is the royal law. Love their souls while hating their sins, because made in the image of God. "This love assumes form according to the condition of our neighbor. To the bad it is pity without contempt. To the poor it is compassion without pride or vanity. To the great and noble it is admiration without envy. To an enemy it is forgiveness. To those who vex us it is patience. To those who serve us it is gratitude. To the suffering it is sympathy."

The saints of all ages have ever cherished this two-fold love. No sinews of the heart of faith fails to love; no power of the soul, no organ of manhood but must be transfused with love. Love "with all thy heart," affectionately; "with all thy soul," wisely; "with all thy strength," constantly. Let the zeal of thy heart set on fire thy love to God and man; let the wisdom of thy soul guide it; let the strength of thy might confirm it. Paul describes true love in Rom. xii. 9-18. True love should be sincere (without dissimulation); affectionate ("kindly affectioned"); unselfish (preferring others); liberal ("distributing"); sympathizing (whether in sorrow or in joy); enjoining ("of the same mind"); condescending ("to men of low estate"); "Love," says Jenkyn, "is the delectable contracted; and the delectable is love unfolded."

III. The Approving Impulse.

(V. 33.) This was shown both by the scribe and the Saviour. The

scribe had a deep conviction that Christ's answer was clear, correct, competent, and comprehensive. His conscience and judgment approved the truth. "Well, Master, Thou hast said the truth." It is noticeable that unbelievers usually gave Christ the title of Master and not Lord; even Judas never said "Lord, is it I?" but "Master, is it I?" But, shall it profit a man merely to acknowledge the claims and excellency of these all-embracing commandments, and not own the Christ who fulfilled them for us and who is in fact their Author also? To obey them with our natural power is impossible, to trust in Christ's "obedience unto death" is imperative.

Christ approves the scribe's understanding, and declares that he is not far from the kingdom of God. Near but not within the kingdom. The rational is not the spiritual apprehension of the truth. To deprecate the onward, to exalt the internal was a great step for a Pharisee. Now let thy head and heart fully yield. Christ bestows His smile of approval on all who in any way do honor to the truth--the young ruler and the lawyer,--and so he allays prejudice, conciliates opposition, silences enmity. His replies are final and conclusive; ignorance vanishes, sectarianism dies. The guns of hate are spiked by love. The artillery of envy surrender to love. Love incarnate conquers. Truth transforms tempters. Out of cavillers Christ creates confessors.

TEACHINGS.

1. Take thy perplexed mind to Christ. No matter how absurd, how ignorant, how hostile, lay every problem before Him.
2. Christ meets in the temple of mercy every anxious inquirer, and will surely satisfy him with "light and sweetness."
3. No religion has any worth that does not embrace God and man with hearty love.
4. Be not only near but within the kingdom. A soldier fell within a few yards of the summit of Missionary Ridge, exclaiming "Almost up." "A miss is as good as a mile."
5. "Believe with all thine heart!" Love with all thine heart! Obey with all thine heart!

Our Mosaic.

Will the time ever come when the membership of the church, old and young, will meet in one Bible school?--Dr. Henson, of *The Baptist Teacher*, very wisely says: "We do not believe that any institution, however religious in its aim, should be allowed to supersede or put contempt upon the preaching of the gospel by the ministers whom Jesus Christ hath set apart for this especial work." Scripturally taught Sunday school workers agree with him. It is they who know but little of Sunday schools that dread them.--Be patient in teaching those who belong to a different school in theology. All are not hardened. By loving skill and faithful instruction some will be shown to be not far off.--Learn to appreciate that which is good, even if found in a Pharisee.--*Punctuality is the thief of time*, says the man who invariably waits for others after the hour of meeting has gone.--Let every teacher be sure that he has the class for which his talents fit him. Out of place, out of power.--O for the baptism of the Holy Spirit--the great need of churches and schools.

Communications.

From the Mountains.

COLLINSVILLE, ALA., Oct. 23, 1874.

Bro. Winkler: It is perhaps time that mountain echoes should again be heard through the columns of our highly prized ALABAMA BAPTIST. Bro. Cloud has already given you a short account of the last meeting of the Cherokee Association, but was too modest to say that he prepared the hearts of the delegates for harmony and zeal in all their deliberations, by one of his masterly efforts on the pastorate, as an introductory. He also preached the Missionary sermon on Sabbath to a large, well ordered and appreciative audience. Long may Godsend enjoy his labors which have been so abundantly blessed in building up the Baptist cause in that rising town. Since my last communication the Lord has been pleased to manifest his saving power, to some extent, in the Church with which my labors have been dispensed the present year.

A series of meetings was held with the Church at Collinsville, commencing Saturday before the 1st Sabbath in August, and continued with increasing interest until the second Sabbath evening. Up to this writing about sixteen have been added to the Church, nine by experience and baptism, and the ripening of more fruit as the result of the meeting is clearly manifest. Next in order was

Union Church. The meeting commenced there Saturday before the second Sabbath in August, and continued till the next Friday. The result up to this time, about twenty-two accessions, fifteen by baptism. Among the baptized was the last child of deacon Levi Stephens, one of the veteran members of this time-honored Church. His self-sacrificing labors of love have been rewarded by the Master, and the expression of his gratitude in the reception of his ninth child as alive from the dead dissolved many hearts in thankfulness and melted as many eyes to tears. The next Saturday and Sabbath were spent with brethren Culbertson and Hodgins, our zealous missionaries, at Liberty Hill. Sabbath morning Bro. Hodgins baptized nine willing subjects, and four or five have since followed the Saviour in the ordinance.

The annual meeting at Shady Grove was postponed until the fifth Sabbath in August, appointed for a Sunday school mass meeting. Here disappointment met us at every step. The brethren announced in the programme failed to attend except Bro. Hood and the writer, and it was thought best to change it into a protracted meeting, which would have been a pleasant one but for political excitement and a grand rally of the Granges a short distance from the Church. The meeting closed the following Wednesday night with one profession, a young lady, who has since been baptized. Several have been added to the Church by letter during the year, and the brethren seemed to be alive to their work.

But the best wine seems to have been reserved for the feast at Black Creek. A meeting was commenced with this Church Saturday before the fourth Sabbath in September. The progress of the meeting was somewhat impeded, at first, by foul weather and other circumstances, but the Church had decided to have their annual meeting at this time, and they entered upon their work with a commendable zeal, and the Lord worked with and for them. The meeting was continued until the next Friday and resulted in ten accessions by experience and one by restoration. Here again the last of a family of nine children found peace in believing in Jesus, two lovely daughters of deacon Blackwell. Language cannot describe the emotions of this old soldier of the cross as he stood upon the banks of a beautiful mountain stream to witness the resurrection of his children to newness of life. May the God of grace and truth safely house them all in the kingdom of ineffable glory. The writer feels under obligations in all these meetings to the help of God and brethren Reeves, Borroughs, Hood, Pinkerton, Casey, Adams and Lackey, ministers, and a host of lay members who labored in prayer and singing, and who seemed to enjoy the blessings of the Gospel of Christ.

I conclude by saying that all are pleased with the weekly visits of the ALABAMA BAPTIST. We of the mountains want no change in editors, place of publication, nor anything else. Rock the infant enterprise in the same cradle with the Howard and Judson, and soon the three will stand before the Baptist family of Alabama, as a trio bound together by their prayers and contributions.

Yours in christian bonds,

J. B. APPLETON.

Infant Baptism--What is It?

Without the skill of the logician, or the learning of the theologian, we hope to be indulged, brother Editor, if we venture a few plain, common-sense thoughts upon the above inquiry. The ordinance of infant baptism, it strikes our homely way of thinking, must align itself in one or the other of two definite and distinct categorical propositions. It is of course outside of the Baptist's view of the baptismal rite, namely, a sign and profession of faith and repentance, and a determination to lead a new life, for no unconscious creature can give such a sign or profession either of itself or vicariously. What then is Infant Baptism? It is either a miraculous, or at least a mysterious agency in regenerating the natural and inherited sinful depraved heart; or it is a vain and insignificant ceremony, having neither divine sanction or human reason to sustain it, and must be a desecration and sin when invoked in its performance the sacred names of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Now where in God's Holy word is it taught directly or inferentially that the sprinkling of a few drops of water in an infant's face will have the miraculous, or mystical efficacy to regenerate it, and make it a new creature in Christ Jesus? But very many Protestants are candid enough to admit that the ordinance does not rest upon scriptural authority, but that the Church had a right to institute it as a part of Church polity. Accordingly the Romish

Church, it is admitted, was the first to sanction this innovation upon the ancient apostolic ordinance, or rather to divide this new invention, and Protestants get it from the Romish Church. The Reformation lopped off many of the errors of that pretentious Ecclesiastical power because they were unscriptural and were repugnant to enlightened reason and were condemned as palpable superstitions, resting upon no other foundation than an ignorant or a deluded human credulity. Let us compare infant baptism with one of these superstitions which were thus denounced and discarded. Take for instance the Romish dogma of the Transubstantiation or the real presence in the Eucharist. Christ in instituting the Holy Supper said to his disciples speaking of the bread and wine, "this is my body," and "this is my blood," and the Romish Priest says, that by the act of his consecration of them, the elements, bread and wine, become the real body and blood of our Saviour. How do Protestants regard this arrogant Romish assumption? They spurn with indignant protest the irreverent preposterous pretension as something which neither Scripture sanctions, nor our authoritative senses or enlightened reason can for a moment tolerate. They argue that it would imply a priestly miraculous gift to produce such a transformation. But let us look for a moment at the Protestant pretence. Christ says; "Suffer little children to come unto me," and the Pedobaptist reads this or some other equally irrelevant scripture, and lo, infant baptism is inferred, and the Priest can sprinkle a little water in the infant's face, when, behold, the old Adam is subdued and slain, and a new, a spiritually-minded creature is born unto God. But evidence as indubitable as that which addresses the natural eye in the case of the bread and wine, compels us to the conclusion that as there is no transubstantiation in the case of the latter, we are equally as sure there is no regeneration in the case of the former. Do all christened, regenerated infants, so-called, with all the efforts of baptismal sponsors to watch and restrain them, grow up into full Christian stature? Do they differ from any other infants that grow to physical maturity, unless a subsequent visitation and operation of God's Holy Spirit regenerates their hearts? We do not suppose it is even pretended by the most zealous Protestant that they do. Then what has been the real efficacy of the Priests' pretentious administration of the ordinance? Has it not been vain insignificant and illusory? If so, has not a sacred ordinance instituted by Christ been knowingly perverted and abused? And has it not been decried, when the sanction of Father Son and Holy Spirit has been invoked to ratify and bless a futile and empty ceremony? F. II.

A Word for the Master.

TO THE BAPTISTS OF ALABAMA--

My Dear Brethren: Heavy payments are, and must be made by us for our Missionaries to the nations. The average contributions of our States for this purpose have been, in the last six months, less than one-fourth their quotas for the year, recommended by the Southern Baptist Convention. If you can spare any more from your poverty or your prosperity to sustain these "messengers of the churches" for Christ's sake, will you not, for the love of Jesus and his cause, send us your free-will offering?

Of Alabama's quota (\$3,500) \$640.13

has been paid. H. A. TURK.

Cor. Sec. For. Mission Board,

Box 130, Richmond, Va.

October 21st, 1874.

Obituary.

In memory of J. B. MORRIS, (elder)

and only son of J. W. Morton, who exchanged this world of woe and sorrow for that

"land of pure delight,

Where saint's immortal reign;

Eternal day excludes the night,

And pleasures banish pain."--

On the 12th day of October, 1874--in the 17th year of his age.

He died at his earthly home, in the midst of all the attentions which the kindness of parents, physician, relatives and friends could bestow upon him. The "grim monster" laid his grip upon him; and it could not be broken!

Our tenderly beloved young brother was one of the happy converts of the Perryville Revival, of the fall of 1873--and well did he sustain the dignity and virtue of a Christian; and the stainless character of an exemplary church member.

His implicit obedience to parents; his high regard for parental authority, and his tenderly and constantly devoted affections for them, rendered him almost sacred in their own estimation; and gave him a high position in the esteem and affections of all who knew him. Indeed, so marked and developed were the ennobling traits of manhood, in this youthful Christian, that he was one of the favorites of the entire community. The "will of God," was the supreme law that governed him, even in the agony of suffering. And with a firm reliance upon Christ, he meekly and without a murmur

submitting word, threw himself upon the decisions of that divine will. In closing this brief sketch of this noble youth, the writer, as his pastor, kindly suggests to his bereaved parents the following thoughts:

1st. Your dear son Johnnie "is taken away from the evil to come--has entered into peace"--resting in his bed, walking in his uprightness." Isa. 57:1, 2.

2d. Death--the last enemy--shall be destroyed. And "them that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with him."

3d. I earnestly commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up and to give you an inheritance among all of them--(including your noble boy)--that are sanctified."

I. U. WILKES.

Perryville, Ala., Oct. 29, 1874.

Died in Hale county, Ala., on the 18th day of October, 1874, Eliza, daughter of John C. and Ollie J. Hodges, aged seven years one month and thirteen days.

Dear little Eliza has gone to heaven! Her sweet voice will no more be heard on earth. Her little form will be seen no more moving in its earthly gracefulness. The home circle is deprived of its loved one. The school-marks are saddened by her vacant seat and gentle presence no more with them to add to their childish joys. Her teacher will miss her too, because of her punctuality, gentility and goodness.

Her Saviour has called her home beyond the skies where she now rests a sweet winged angel warbling the anthems of her Saviour's praises. When death came and placed his icy touch upon her form she yielded to the summons and sang the beautiful lines, "Oh, you must be a lover of the Lord." Dear parents, sisters, brothers and relations weep not for her who is at rest.

Not that once loved form is cold and dead, And beauty smiles no more;

We weep--our earthly comforts fled,

She blooms in heaven to fade no more."

S. C. T.

Died at his residence, Walnut Grove, Ala., on the morning of September 5th, 1874, DEACON, H. CORNELIUS, born in Tennessee, November 30th, 1813, removed with his father, when quite young, to Blount county, Alabama. He was baptized in 1854; and ordained a Deacon the ensuing year and used the office of a Deacon well.

He leaves a weeping widow, ten children, a sorrowing church with many friends to mourn, but our loss is his gain. Five of his children are members of the Baptist church, and many were the prayers the writer has heard him offer in behalf of the rest of his children. God grant that these prayers may yet be answered, that they may be a family united in Heaven! * H. *

How an Indian Prince was

Converted.

Many years ago, in one of our mission schools, was a bright, young Hindu boy named Bhajan Lal. Active in play, he was also diligent in study, and, as a reward for his proficiency in learning, a Bible was given him. The boy did not value the gift because it was God's Word, for, child though he was, his young heart was joined to the idols to which his parents bowed down; but, because the book was a prize given him on account of his diligence as a student, he gave it a place among his treasures.

Ten years before this time the Maharajah of the Punjab, in Northern India, died. The heir to the throne was his little son, Duleep Singh, then but four years of age. As he was too young to wield the sceptre of government, regents governed in his place, and at the time when our story opens these regents were engaged in a war with the British. In this war they were defeated, and the sceptre of the Punjab passed into the hands of the English.

The British government placed the young prince, then fourteen years of age, on a pension, and removing him from the country where he had expected one day to reign as king, sent him to Fattahguru to be educated.

Those to whose care he was committed desired to make as pleasant as possible the life of the exiled prince, and to amuse him sought for him a young companion. The person to whom the choice of such a companion was intrusted visited one day the school in which young Bhajan Lal was a pupil. The bright, handsome face of the boy at once attracted his attention, and the intelligent answers he gave when questioned in his classes delighted and surprised him, and he resolved to secure this young student as a companion for the boy prince.

Bhajan Lal was pleased with the distinction conferred upon him, and was at once transferred from the school-room to the home of the young prince, a fine mansion in the midst of extensive grounds, on the banks of the sacred Ganges.

One day young Duleep Singh found lying among the possessions his companion had brought to his new home the Bible which he had received at school as a prize. It was a new book to him, and he curiously turned over its pages.

"What is this?" he asked. "It is the sacred book of the Christians," was answered, "and it was given me as a prize at school, so I keep it."

"I wish to know what it contains," said the prince. Turning over its leaves he pointed to a chapter. "Read that to me," he said.

Strangely enough, it was the chapter in Acts containing the account of the conversion of Saul. Again and again the story of the wonderful change of heart and life in this man was read to him. And then he desired to know more of that Gospel which had power to convert the fierce per-secutor into the faithful and self-denying minister and missionary of that faith which he had at once sought to destroy. And so day after day the wondrous story of redemption was read to him, until he began to feel a personal interest in the great theme. Did he not find in his own heart just

such passions as once burned in the heart of Saul; and did he not need just such a Saviour as Saul needed? Some of the faithful missionaries at that time living in Fattahguru were made acquainted with his case, and sought to instruct him more perfectly in the things of the living God.

Duleep Singh withdrew his residence from the Brahminical priests, and placed his trust in Christ as his great High Priest, and on the eighth of March, 1853, he received the ordinance of baptism in the presence of all the servants of his retinue, of the European residents of the station, of the missionaries, and of the native Christians. He was at that time eighteen years of age.

In the years that have come and gone since this eventful day, Duleep Singh has continued faithful to his vows. For many years he has resided in England, but he does not forget his own country and people. A large number of mission schools for boys are supported by him in India, and each year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he sends a princely gift to the mission, in one of whose schools his wife to whom he is devotedly attached, first heard the story of the Cross--Christianity at Work.

Government Bacon.

Not a pound of Government bacon, so far as we are advised, has been sent to this county for distribution among the sufferers from the overflow of the Warrior river. How is this? It is well known that the overflow in this county was a disastrous one, and that it produced much suffering among both whites and blacks. There must be many, especially of the latter, who are entitled to a distributive share of the bacon, if they could get it. Why don't they get it? Where is the portion due this county? Will not the white men, will not the colored men, repeat and press the questions, we have asked? Hays knows all about it. The colored men of the overflowed District ought to see to it, that he does justice to them, in this matter, before they vote for him. At Opelika, Ala., where there was no overflow, twenty thousand pounds have already been distributed. Colored men don't you see through the "trick."--*Tusculum Times*, Oct. 27.

Dr. Holmes' Last Joke.

Dr. O. W. Holmes can't speak a dozen words without a joke. He indulged in his accustomed humor when invited to the funeral of a tame bear, who had drowned himself near Boston.

Several hundred persons attended the funeral of a tame bear near Boston a few days ago. An invitation to be present was sent to the "Autocrat of the Breakfast table," who responded as follows:

Dear Sir: Many thanks for your polite invitation to attend the obsequies of the lamented plantigrade. I am sorry that it will not be in my power to be present upon the melancholy occasion. I have a great respect for bears since those two female ones taught the little children of Bethel and of Belial that they must not be rude to elderly persons. I think a loose one or two might be of service in our community, and I regret much the loss of an animal who might have done so much as a moral teacher for the young of this city and its suburbs.

"I am, dear sir, yours very truly,

O. W. HOLMES."

THE WAY TO ESCAPE.--I want to say, to those who are the victims of strong drink, that while there is a point beyond which a man cannot stop, and while man cannot stop in his own strength, the Lord God, by His grace, can help him to stop at any time.

Last summer I was in a room in New York, where there were many men who had been reclaimed from drunkenness. I heard their testimony, and for the first time in my life there flashed out a truth I never understood. They said: "We were victims of strong drink. We tried to give it up, but always failed; but somehow since we gave our hearts to Christ, He has taken care of us." I believe that the time will soon come when the grace of God will show its power here, not only to save man's soul, but his body, and reconstruct, purify, elevate, and redeem it.--*T. De Witt Talmage*.

KEN RETORT.--Some men are hard to put down. They turn defeat into victory, and humiliation into triumph. Horne Tooke, the famous English Radical, nearly a century ago, was one of this sort. He was often compelled by the Tories to make apologies for his words or actions, but his apologies were generally worse than the original offence. Here is one of them:

A good joke is told of Horne Tooke, whom the Tories in the House of Commons thought to crush, by imposing upon him the humiliating task of begging the House's pardon on his knees. Tooke went on his knees, begged pardon for the offensive expression he had used, but, on rising, he knocked the dust off his knees, and exclaimed, loud enough to be heard by the whole house, "It's a dirty house, after all!"

A letter writer in the South says you cannot go on a cotton plantation in Alabama now without hearing the command: "Senator, start right smart to your cotton picking; Judge, go and bring my horse around; or, Colonel, have a shoe put on that mule, right alive."

"Well, Bridget, if I engage you, I shall want you to stay at home whenever I shall wish to go out." "Well, ma'am, I have no objections, providing you do the same when I wish to go out."

Alabama News Items.

—The Entomological Association convened in this city on the 28th.

—Bret Harte lectured in Montgomery November 9th.

—Rev. H. R. Raymond, who has been attending Presbytery in Camden, Wilcox county, returned home last week.

—Mr. Pat Callahan's gin house, near Selma, and twelve bales of cotton were burned last week.

—For the week ending the 25th Montgomery received 9,453 bales of cotton, and shipped 2,361 bales.

—Prof. D. C. B. Connerly, Principal of the free white school at Birmingham has resigned.

—A new postoffice has been established in Shelby county, at Whiting, South and North Hill Road.

—The United States Circuit Court will be convened in Montgomery next Monday, Judge Woods presiding.

—Dr. Jas. Boardman Hawthorne, a graduate of Howard College, Marion, Ala., has been installed pastor of Tabernacle Baptist church, 2d Avenue and Tenth street, New York.

—A colored Baptist Association met in the new colored Baptist church here one day last week, and remained in session several days.

Died in Marion, Ala., on the 17th day of October, 1874, WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, aged 82 years, 1 month, and 19 days.

Mr. Huntington was born in Hillsboro, North Carolina, on the 8th day of September, 1792; and when about forty years of age, moved to Marion, Ala., where he resided until the day of his death--a period of about forty-two years. On the 16th day of February, 1834, he joined the Presbyterian church in Marion, and ever since that time had occupied the position of Ruling Elder in that church, and was ever prompt in the discharge of his duty, regarding it as a charge that could not be dispensed with without doing violence to his own feelings. He was ardently and devotedly attached to his church and the cause of the Master. He was a kind, clever, true, Christian gentleman, and none knew him but to love him. The entire community mourns the loss it has sustained in the death of Mr. Huntington. He was one of our oldest and best citizens.

Mr. Huntington was buried yesterday in our cemetery, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. His aged and bereaved companion for upwards of fifty years, and son, have the heartfelt sympathy of our entire community. May he rest in peace.

Much could be said of the life, character, and virtues of the deceased, but time and space will not allow it here.

R. C. KIMBLE & CO.

WHOLESALE

PROVISION MERCHANTS,

CORNER FRANKLIN & WATER STS.

Selma, Ala.

Low Prices,

PROMPT ATTENTION,

AND

Fair Dealing,

THEIR MOTTO.

Nov. 3, 84, ft.

BAPTIST BOOK OFFICE.

DENOMINATIONAL

AND

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

OF THE

BIBLE PUBLICATION SOCIETY,

American Bible Union,

and approved

SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS

of all the principal Book Publishers in the country.

BIBLES, TESTAMENTS, TRACTS,

MAPS, CARDS, PICTURES,

MOTTOES, WALLTEXTS,

ETC., ETC.

The Best Sunday School Sing-

ing Book.

PSALMIST, BAPTIST HYMN BOOKS,

AND BAPTIST HYMN AND TUNE

BOOKS, IN DIFFERENT

STYLES AND SIZES.

AIDS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPER-

INTENDENTS AND TEACHERS.

All as cheap as sold in New York,

Philadelphia, or Memphis.

Catalogues and Descriptive Circulars on application.

No. 10, James' Bank Block, White

Hall street, Atlanta, Ga.

I. B. FISH,

Business Agent, and S. S. Missionary.

Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1874.

From Egypt to Canaan.

My God, while journeying to Canaan's land,
For years I have been here;
My God, while journeying to Canaan's land,
For years I have been here;
My God, while journeying to Canaan's land,
For years I have been here;

When I was a young man, I was a young man,
When I was a young man, I was a young man,
When I was a young man, I was a young man,
When I was a young man, I was a young man;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king,
I do not ask of thee that I should be a king;

modern stocks, destructive of all comfort, and entirely demoralizing to the temper. The following simple device will rub the cold wet barn-yard of half its promise of discomfort for the next morning:

When the boots are taken off, fill them quite full with dry oats. This grain has a great fondness for damp, and will rapidly absorb the last vestige of it from the wet leather. As it takes up the moisture it swells and fills the boot with a tightly-fitting last, keeping its form good and drying the leather without hardening it. In the morning shake out the oats and hang them in a bag near the fire to dry, ready for the next wet night, draw on the boots, and go happily about the day's work.—*American Agriculturist.*

Agricultural Notes.

Parties from Southern Australia, weary of the droughts of that dusty land, have arrived in Oregon for the purpose of seeking locations whereon to engage in sheep farming.

The California wood-cutters require half a day's time for three men to fell a red-wood tree eight feet in diameter. A tree 15 feet in diameter is cut down by four men in two days.

An aged and observant dairyman said, "Look out for the poor cows; there is a great deal of money made by dairying in this country, but it is all made by the good cows."

An old English farmer mixes bean and pea meal into balls with linseed oil, and feeds a few each day along with cut straw and hay. He never has a case of wind-blown or colic in his stables.

And now the malignant crow has come to the rescue, and is busily engaged in killing off and devouring the potato beetles. It may be that this needful and handsome service may go far to restore him to lost favor.

Rust in cotton has been decided by Prof. Stables of the Alabama Agricultural College to be most prevalent upon lands that are exhausted of sulphuric acid. He suggests the use of gypsum or sulphate of iron as a remedy.

The Marshall county (Iowa) Grangers have formed a council which has been incorporated with a capital of \$25,000, \$5,000 of which is paid up, to buy and sell produce and to own or lease buildings and engage in manufacturing or any other business.

A Kansas farmer cured some cases of what is called Spanish or Texas fever in his cattle by administering an injection of soap suds and a mixture of 8 ounces of salt, 2 ounces of flour of mustard, half a pound of linseed oil, and 1 1/2 pint of water.

A Yankee farmer, 50 years of age, is able to figure up a clear profit of \$79,478 from his farming operation in less than 40 years. He has had some occasional failures, too; one crop of wheat failed which should have cleared at least \$3000. He concludes that he happened to hit the right business.

Those who would live happily to the good old age of a century are advised to drink buttermilk, whose virtues are said by a member of the French Academy, M. Robing, to be such as "to free the system from those causes which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and the one-hundredth year."

California letters speak of wonderful crops of fruit everywhere; of a field of 480 acres of cotton which promises the largest crop yet harvested in that State, and of a field of 1,000 acres of wheat in San Joaquin county, which will yield at least 70 bushels to the acre. Other fields in different localities are said to be equally promising.

Returns from 17 States which produced last year three-fourths of the whole crop of corn indicate an increased area of over six per cent in the planting of 2,000,000 acres. The condition of the crop is reported as very good and the outlook promising.

This, from *The National Crop Reporter*, however, is not supported by numerous other local reports.

A Loring ewe in California is said to have sheared this year's fleece of 33 pounds. Last year her fleece weighed 34 1/2 pounds; but the present season a Cashmere goat kept in an adjoining pen reached through and eat off what was estimated at five pounds of the fleece. This adds another to the list of wonderful qualities possessed by these frisky goats.

The growth of tobacco in California bids fair to deprive Cuba of a large portion of her American demand as well to compete seriously with Connecticut and other Eastern tobacco fields. Plantations of as much as 375 acres and of all sorts of smaller sizes down to five acres are common, and the yield is said to be 2,000 pounds per acre of cured tobacco. The Havana tobacco is the kind generally grown.

Brockport, N. Y., is famous for its beans. These are shipped to all parts of the world where people die of these nutritious vegetables. One of the latest shipments from this town was a barrel of beans to the Grand Duke of all the Russias, who, since his visit to the United States, is supposed to eat only pork and beans.

The barrel is now in the custody of the United States Legation, possibly awaiting the arrival of a necessary bit of Bacon from Porkopolis.

At one of the German "Experimental Stations" occupied four professors several months to discover that extra food does not go to increase the richness or quantity of the cow's milk. On the other hand Prof. Arnold relates the fact that Dr. Franklin M. Long Island, by extra care and feeding kept a two-year old heifer of an unusual capacity, producing a pound of better a day, all summer, fall and winter, and after

her next calf she made 290 pounds 10 ounces of butter in 316 days.

POTATO BEETLES.—(M. R. L.) The dark-colored beetle, or black, ash gray, ash gray with black wing covers margined with an ash gray stripe, and the black and yellow-striped species of *lytta* or cantharis are and have been for some years destructive to potatoes in the East. They are not the Colorado or ten-lined beetle, which is known by its ten stripes, five on each wing cover. Paris green or any of the other methods of killing the ten-lined beetle will kill these.

The Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture in his late report mentions an apple tree at York that was brought from England over 200 years ago in a tub, and was still bearing fruit in 1870; another, near Wicasset Bay, that was an old tree in 1805, but is still fruitful; another, in the town of Bristol, known to be over 200 years old, still bearing fruit, and other trees that yield occasionally from 25 to 45 bushels of fruit each. He however charges the pilfering boys who steal the choicest fruit with being the chief obstacle in the way of profitable and improved apple-growing.

Some Tennessee farmers have instituted "beef clubs." Sixteen members are required, each one of whom furnishes a beef about two years old which is fattened in the order provided for by a drawing of lots at the commencement of the season. At the appointed time the animal is slaughtered, the meat is divided into 16 portions and each member charged with his portion, the owner being credited with the whole proceeds. At the end of the season accounts are balanced and those who owe a balance pay it over to those to whom a balance is due. The clubs are convenient and successful.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—If you have any difficulty in making wall paper stick to walls that have been whitewashed, it can be easily remedied by making a sizing of common glue and water, and applying with a brush to the walls, and if your paste be good the paper will remain firm for years.

TO MEASURE CORN IN THE CUB.—Two cubic feet of good dry corn on the cob will make one bushel of shelled corn. If you want to get the number of bushels of shelled corn in a crib of corn upon the ear, multiply the length, breadth, and thickness of the inside of the crib and divide by two, and you have the number of bushels of shelled corn it contains.

THE SONG OF ABEL IN HEAVEN.

Ten thousand times ten thousand sang
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown;

A song unknown to angels ears,
A song that told of banished fears,
Of pardoned sins and dried-up tears.

Not one of all the heavenly host
Could these high notes attain,
But spirits from a distant coast
United in the strain;

Till he who first began the song,
Till he who first began the song,
Was singled with a countless throng.

And still, as hours are fleeting by,
The angels ever bear
Some newly named soul on high
To join the chorus there.

And so the song will longer grow,
Till all redeemed by Christ below
To that fair land of rapture go.

Oh, give me, Lord, my golden harp,
And tune my broken voice,
That I may sing of troubles sharp
Exchanged for endless joys;

The song that never was heard before,
A singer reached the heavenly shore,
But now shall sound forevermore.

Frank's Pass.

Frank was a bright little five-year-old fellow, full of fun, and anxious to make himself of consequence. Armed with a stick, he would feel as brave as a lion among the hens and chickens; and as they scudded away from this dreadful creature, to take shelter wherever they could find it, he would say to himself, "I guess they think I'm a giant!" only he pronounced the word "giant" as "zant."

He would even attack the old cock, and walk right up to the big turkey-gobbler.

But there was one animal which caused Master Frank to quail with terror, especially when alone, and after dark. Do you want to know what it was? I will tell you. It was a mouse! Yes, a little brown mouse, with his bright eyes, and pretty, tapering tail, would make our bold little boy tremble and scream; and if he chanced to light on several of these pretty creatures playing together, you would have supposed that he had run against a herd of buffaloes. Very silly, wasn't it?

Now, every night, on his way to bed, Frank had to pass through a lonely room, where mice and rats would sometimes peep out of their holes, and scamper over the floor, frightening him sadly, and causing him to clasp mamma's hand more tightly, and hurry along as fast as possible.

But one night, when it came bedtime, mamma was sick up stairs, and no one was with Frank in the sitting-room but papa. So the little boy was told to march up stairs to bed alone.

"O papa!" said he, "I'm afraid to."

"Afraid of what?" said papa.

"Afraid of the rats and mice, papa, in the big lumber-room."

"Oh, nonsense!" said papa; "if that's all, I'll soon fix you out."

So papa took out his writing materials, and wrote this:

COULD THE RATS AND MICE IN THIS HOUSE, BEHOLDING:

You are hereby ordered to let my little boy Frank pass through the lumber-room, and all other rooms, at all times. This order will stand good till countermanded. Any rat or mouse disobeying will be dealt with

according to law. Witness my hand and seal.

Then papa signed the paper, and sealed it with a big red seal, and gave it to Frank, who thanked papa, kissed him good-night, and trudged up stairs without another word; for he had often seen papa give passes to people who wanted to go somewhere, or to do something, and he had a high opinion of his father's "passes."

So, when he came to the door of the lumber-room, he flung it open wide, and called out, "Ho, Misses rats and mice, you can't touch me; here's my pass." And every night when he went up to bed, he held out his pass to the rats and mice; and none of them ever did him any harm.

Nursery.

The Farmer's Parrot.

One beautiful spring a farmer, after working busily for several weeks, succeeded in planting one of the largest fields in corn; but the neighboring crows committed sad havoc with it. The farmer, however, not being willing that the germs of a future crop should be destroyed, by either fair or foul means, determined to drive the bold marauders to their nests. Accordingly, he loaded his rusty gun, with the intention of giving them upon their next visit a warm reception.

Now the farmer had a parrot, as talkative and mischievous as those birds usually are; and being very tame, it was allowed its freedom to come and go as it pleased. "Pretty Poll" being a lover of company, without caring whether good or bad, hopped over all obstructions, and was soon engaged in the farmer-like occupation of raising corn.

The farmer with his gun sallied forth. Reaching his cornfield, he saw at a glance (though he overlooked the parrot) the state of affairs. Levelling his gun, he fired, and with the report was heard the death-scream of three crows, and an agonizing shriek from poor Poll.

On looking among the murdered crows, great was the farmer's surprise to see stretched upon the ground his mischievous parrot, with feathers sadly ruffled and a broken leg.

"You foolish bird," cried the farmer, "this comes of keeping bad company."

On carrying it to the house, the children, seeing its wounded leg, exclaimed:

"What did it, papa—what hurt our pretty Poll?"

"Bad company—bad company!" answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was," said the farmer. "Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children, and beware of bad company."

With these words the farmer turned around, and with the aid of his wife, bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever, but never forgot its adventure in the corn-field; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with its cry, "Bad company—bad company!"

Christian Weekly.

Don't You Like Anybody?

Silence is a very good thing, under certain circumstances and in certain places; but there is one sort that produces as much discomfort in a house as the spirit of angry contention. It is the silence of sullenness. Jenny Ross had this sort of silence in a wonderful degree. She was a young lady of fifteen, and might have been a great help and comfort to her mother, if she had only been more pleasant in her disposition. A person may be sad and depressed in spirits from illness or trouble, but sullenness and crossness have no apology. This state of mind had become so habitual with Jenny that all the household came to look for it. O how depressing it was to them all!

A little cousin, visiting in the house, caught the influence the first day he was there, though he was but three years old. Standing by her side as she sat sullenly sewing, he asked in innocent, "Don't you like anybody, Cousin Jenny?" No wonder the poor little fellow arrived at this conclusion. Her sister Lucy was a gentle, affectionate girl, and suffered most from Jenny's unpleasant ways. It was so depressing to her heart to receive only a "yes" or "no," in answer to her questions, and to have all her efforts to please her sister turned from with coldness, and very likely construed into offences. It always threw a chill over any little company to have Jenny enter the room in "one of her spells," as the young folks used to call them. The disposition grows with her years, and what will she be at thirty, if she is so disagreeable at half that age?—*Presbyterian.*

Doing it and Defending it.

Mr. Spurgeon, a little while since, of a Sunday evening, had been holding forth to his flock upon the way in which "habitual indulgence in small sins leads to the commission of great ones." There was an American clergyman present, name not given; but after the sermon he felt moved to say a short say, and denounced the smoking of tobacco as of the devil, coinciding in this opinion with the late majestic James the First, the well-known author of the Counterblast. Finally, the reverend American told the company how he had once been in the gall of smoke and the bond of nicotine; and how, after the most tremendous struggles, he had disenthralled himself and trodden the weed under foot. Then, with a genial smile upon his countenance, he posed the great Spurgeon. He had been touched upon a tender point, and felt that he must relieve his mind, which he did by saying that he could

not permit the meeting to separate without telling the brethren that he "did not consider smoking to be a sin." On the contrary, "by the grace of God, he hoped to enjoy a good cigar before going to bed that night." There are excellent souls, both male and female, to whom these words coming from such a mouth will bring astonishment or horror. It is idle to talk of compromise. The encounter is like that of two Alpine goats upon a narrow pass—one must go over, "Pro" puffs and "Anti" argues, and of both puffing and arguing there is no end. It is one of those battles of which each gets the best—it isn't exactly drawn, but the laurels are equally divided. "You are making a beast of yourself," says "Anti." "Then," responded "Pro," blowing at the same time a big cloud, "I am making a beast of myself in the excellent company of the judicious Hooker, the pious Baxter, the inspired Milton, the metaphysical Hobbes, the polyglot Parr, and the President of the United States, who is nothing if not a smoker." It is evident that the disputants may go on in this way forever, without coming to any conclusion; having in the least favor of agreement. The evil of the habit, if there be such an evil, is too remote and definite. It would all be plain sailing if nine men out of ten were thrown into lively and dangerous convulsions by smoking; but when a smoker reaches the age of ninety years, consuming all his life a dozen cigars per diem, the fact is a troublesome one for the "Antis." The difficulty of establishing a general rule lies in the wonderful adaptability of our physical constitution to circumstances, and in the infinite variety of human temperaments.

FAITH.—See the spider casting out her film to the gale; she feels persuaded that somewhere or other it will adhere and form the commencement of her web. She commits the slender filament to the breeze; believing that there is a place provided for it to fix itself. In this fashion should we believably cast forth our endeavor in this life confident that God will find a place for us. He who bids us pray and work will aid our efforts; and guide us in his Providence in a right way. Sit not still in despair O son of toil but again cast out the floating thread of hopeful endeavor, and the wind of love will bear it to its resting-place.—*Spurgeon.*

Humor.

The Cheated Mosquitoes.

Little Gold Locks has gone to bed, Kisses are given and prayers are said. Mamma says, as she turns out the light, "Mosquitoes won't bite my child to-night. They will try to come in, but won't know how."

For the nets are in the windows now."

First Mosquito.—That is the window where we go in!

Second Mosquito.—Is little girl Gold Locks fat or thin?

Third Mosquito.—Oh, plump as the plumpest dairy mouse!

Fourth Mosquito.—And the sweetest morsel in the house!

Fifth Mosquito.—Hurry, I pray, and load the way!

Six Mosquito.—I haven't had a bite to-day!

First Mosquito.—What have I flown against now, I wonder?

Second Mosquito.—There's something across here, let's crawl under!

Third Mosquito.—These bars are as large as my body is!

Fourth Mosquito.—I've broken the point of my bill on this!

Fifth Mosquito.—I'm all in, perhaps I can crawl through.

Six Mosquito.—What shall I do? Oh, what shall I do?

Chorus.—Oh, what shall we do? Oh, what shall we do!

Clara Doty Bates in St. Nicholas.

Queer Tom.

Tom Flosser was the queerest boy I ever knew. I don't think he ever cried; I never saw him. If Fieda found her tulips all rooted up by her pet puppy, and cried, as little girls will, Tom was sure to come round the corner whistling, and say:

"What makes you cry? Can you cry tulips? Do you think every sob makes a root or a blossom? Here, let's try to right them."

So he would pick up the poor flowers, put their roots into the ground again, whistling all the time, make the bed look smooth and fresh, and take Fieda off to hunt hen's nests in the barn. Neither did he do any differently in his own troubles. One day his great kite snapped the string and flew away far out of sight. Tom stood still for one moment, and then turned round to come home, whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tom," said I, "aren't you sorry to lose that kite?"

"Yes, but what's the use? I can't take more than a minute to feel bad. Sorry won't bring the kite back, and I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg. "Poor Tom," cried Fieda, "you can't play any more!"

"I'm not poor, either. You cry for me; I don't have to do it for myself, and I have a splendid time to whistle. Besides, when I get well, I shall beat every boy in school on the multiplication table; for I say it over and over till it makes me sleepy, every time my leg aches."

Tom Flosser was queer, certainly, but I wish a great many more people were queer that way.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

who has since become my wife. I made friends with her little brother Addie, and when he ran out of the room heard him ask his mother, confidentially, "Mamma, do you think angels' wings are strong enough to carry lawyers to heaven?" The good woman's answer was lost in the "Hush, dear!" but in the battle of life since then the question has come back more than once.

The attention of ice monopolies is called to the fact that two hundred thousand years ago all North America was thickly crusted with ice.

A young man who recently graduated from a theological seminary was lately transformed by the types into a "Lined preacher." "Lined" was what they ought to have called him.

A California man has discovered a spring, the water of which possesses the peculiar property of taking grease-spots out of the finest fabric without altering the color in the least, and also of removing freckles from the face. The owner's intention is to bottle water and sell it.

TO PUT AWAY FAULTS.—One day I was watching a great Newfoundland dog. He had been told by his master to bring him a basket of tools that the gardener had left in the shed. The great dog went to obey his young master. He took hold of the basket with his mouth, but he could not lift it. What did he do? Give it up? No, never! One by one he took the things out of the basket and carried them to his master.

One by one? That is what we must try to do with our faults. Try and get rid of them one by one. Jesus knows how hard it is for you to do this, and so he has given you a word that will help you to do it, and that word is "To-day."

I will show you how. Take one fault—we will call it bad temper—and in the morning when you get out of bed, ask God, for Christ's sake, to help you "to-day" to overcome that bad temper. Perhaps by-and-by something will begin to make you feel angry; then remember your prayers, and try and drive away the angry feeling, and say, "Not to-day."

A NOVEL REASON.—A New York