

Alabama Baptist.

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The Christian's Distinguished Position.

He is a citizen, of the kingdom of God. Here he obtains distinction by the society into which he is admitted, and by the personal advantages he enjoys.

The Christian is a member of a distinguished society. We are wont to judge men by their company. One who has great connections and eminent friends, is honored on account of the dignity of that association and the influence connected with it. Now the Christian is a member of Christ's kingdom—that only monarchy where truth and virtue are supreme. And the King whose friendship he claims is the highest of sovereigns, to whom God hath given a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow on earth and heaven, and every tongue confess him Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Eminent society, where the kind and loving God is the Father, and Jesus is the elder brother, and the assembly of angels and the congregation of saints blend their service and their song forever. Selectest company, whence every sinner and every sin is banished. Chosen generation, royal priesthood, holy nation, peculiar people, showing forth forever and forever, the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light. Illustrious city, having no need of sun or moon to lighten it, because the glory of the Lord doth shine upon it and the Lamb is the light thereof. The Christian belongs to the grandest order and fellowship in the universe. The poverty, weakness, affliction you see are only his pilgrim garb. That poor Lazarus, yonder, will soon be lying in Abraham's bosom. And even now the invisible angels minister to him as a kinsman and a peer. No monarch has so noble a court as he.

Again the Christian has the most distinguished personal advantages—the most eminent fortune and highest happiness in time and eternity.

Here what privileges do we not enjoy as citizens of the Divine Kingdom! We have the highest knowledge in regard to the nature and way of God and the way of salvation. We have the pardon of sin through the blood of Christ, and are delivered from its dominion by the Holy Ghost. A pure and reasonable and elevated worship invites us to the altar. The trials and temptations of life are lightened by the assurance of a fatherly care and love controlling whatever concerns us, and making all things work together for our good. One single Christian privilege transcends all the prerogatives of princes. Union with Jesus, the comfort of forgiveness, peace with God, hope in the grave—these are treasures which palaces and thrones are too poor to buy, and fleets and armies are too weak to conquer.

As a friend's house has a thousand contrivances to please and entertain his youthful guests, so God's world is full of blessings for his children. For them sorrow brings prompt and sufficient grace; and at the eventide of age there is light, shining from a sweeter and purer Orient; and in the dark vault of death the lamp of immortality is kindled, and the grave is the shrine of a hope that cannot perish, the cradle of a life that cannot die.

Hereafter his glory endures. Death that disarms the conqueror and discards the monarch can take no Christian blessing or dignity away. The kingdom of truth and virtue is everlasting; and everlasting is the life that Jesus gives to every member of that kingdom. If you have a heartfelt faith in Christ—a faith approved by a pure and Christlike life, your condition is truly fortunate and great. Your kingdom is the grace of God, an empire vast and rich, sufficient for all secular necessities, and all the cravings of an immortal nature, and all the ambition of a prince of Heaven, and all the glory of a Son of God.

Your end is everlasting life. We know that the word means more than that there is no death there; but if it meant only that, what a Mosaic thought that we shall at last set foot upon the neck of the King of Terrors! Whose heart has he not ravaged? Who does not remember the visitation and the domestic tragedy! that pale face on the pillow, the tremulous faint voice, the eyes whence all the love light was blown out—the coffin coming in—the funeral train going out—the return home, where every closet and nook was haunted with togers and memories, and all day long, mayhap all night, there was a footfall coming that never came! O thank God, there will be nothing like this in the sweet bye and bye—nothing

but living love, unlighted by re-union and eternity and God. There through the death of the dear Son of God, all live and live forever.

In the far better land of glory and light The ransomed are singing in garments of white.

The harpers are harping, and all the bright train Sing the song of Redemption—"The Lamb that was slain!"

Let the sound of these songs their choirs of praise, Round the star-crowned crown of the Ancient of Days.

And thrones and dominions reecho the strain Of glory eternal to him that was slain.

Our theme presents a great motive to each one of us. The distinguished honor and fortune of a Christian is worth having. And, if possessed, the unique glory of a Christian is worth maintaining. Let us not seek distinction in objects which do not and cannot confer it, in mere accidents of birth or wealth, that might have befallen any other as well as we; in shows and pomps, that like the bright flowers may drop away in apoplexies that are mere breaths in the beauty of strength that the hungry grave will devour; but rather in virtue and moral excellence—in that magnanimity which, every nobler mind will honor, which every spirit in heaven will bless, and which will prove as indestructible as the immortality that enshines it.

We are not forgetting that we are far from that soul grandeur to which by the grace of God we hope to attain. But as these rude rambling letters which our children draw in their copy books, are the methods of culture and the signs of thought, rule prophecies of future years, when the hand now busy with pot-books will wield the pen of the ready writer, and the ink it sheds may work as potently for some great cause as martyr blood; so our rude draughts and hieroglyphs of Christian virtue are symbols and foreshadowings of everlasting and perfect realities.

Poor enough now God knows! And men are quick to mark it. They think that they would join the church, if Christians were better men. But they forget that Christians are pupils in the Lord's school, that they can attain excellence only by renewed conquests of nature and repeated trials, and that the copy is so perfect as to dwarf every present performance. You can see every stumble, and count every fall the Christian makes; because he is clambering up the heights. The mightier man, the mightier the thing that makes him honored, or begets him hate.

For greatest scandals wait on greatest state. The moon, being clouded, presently is missed; But little stars may hide them when they list. Theerow may clothe his coal-black wings in mine.

And unpheeried fly with the fifth away; But if the like snow-white swan desire, The stain upon his silver down will stay. Poor groans are slightest night-kings, glorious days.

Great are the gains, whereas they fly, But eagles gaze upon with every eye. There is a story in English history of Arthur hiding in a peasant's hut, scolded and jeered by the thrifty housewife because he forgot to mend the fire and turn the leg. The legend is a parable. Here and there among us are potentates in disguise. They are the children of the Great King, wearing the garb of impoverishment and exile. Perhaps, like their elder Brother, they are despised and rejected among men. But their coronation day draws nigh. The flaming robes are ready. The everlasting thrones are set. And soon they will be summoned to the royal palace, and be crowned with honor and glory and immortality.

O glorious hour, O blissful abode, I shall be near and like my God, And flesh and sense no more control The sacred pleasures of my soul.

We regret to announce the death at the Howard College of Mr. N. Smith, a student who had just arrived from the Indian Territory. The cause of his decease was pneumonia, contracted by exposure on his way from the Territory to this place, the journey having been performed during the bitter cold weather which has overspread the whole country. Mr. Smith, although so little known, was cordially welcomed to Marion, and received all the attentions that could be extended to him during his sickness. The funeral services were performed in the College Chapel in the presence of a large audience, on Sunday afternoon, January 14th. After a discourse by Dr. Winkler, and prayer by Dr. McIntosh, the body was conveyed to the grave where Dr. Gwaltney conducted the concluding services. This sad event has awakened a general sympathy in our community, and a deeper interest in the Indian students who are committed to our charge. We can assure our friends in the Indian Territory that they will be tenderly cared for.

Will not our brethren in the pulpit say a word in favor of the ALABAMA BAPTIST? The people will read some thing. Encourage them to read what will enlarge their acquaintance with what is going on in the religious world, and what will encourage them in every good word and work.

The Waldensian Baptists.

HISTORIC PERPLEXITIES—NO INFANT BAPTISM IN THE ANCIENT RECORDS—TESTIMONY OF OPPONENTS—PREVALENCE OF IMMERSION NORTH-ERN ITALY A BAPTIST CITADEL.

The evidence in regard to the denominational relations of the Waldenses is to some extent confused. The causes of this uncertainty are various. In the first place, most of the memorials of their early churches have perished. In the second place, their wild retreats afforded a refuge to sects who often differed from them in belief and practice; but who yet, as inhabitants of the valleys, have been confounded with the true Waldenses. In the third place, their history has been perverted by enemies who have sought to justify the malignant persecutions of centuries. And finally, the Waldenses of modern times have become Pedobaptists, and have themselves assisted in obscuring their ancient records.

And yet for all this, the evidence that the early Waldenses were Baptists, appears to us conclusive. That they rejected infant baptism appears both from their express statements, and from the evidence given by those who shed their blood.

Thus the celebrated *Treatise on Antichrist* which is of great antiquity, is a Baptist document. This treatise exhibits the Waldensian belief, and was reverently and long preserved by the mountaineers among the Alps. One of the reasons why its authors charged the pope with being Anti-christ was thus stated: "He teaches to baptize children into the faith; and attributes to this work of regeneration; thus confounding the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration with the external rite of baptism, and on this foundation bestows orders and indeed grounds all his Christianity." *Jones Church History* Volume 2, p. 51.

The authentic *Confession of the Waldenses*, A. D. 1120, declares that the ordinances belong to believers. It is a Baptist confession. Article XII reads thus: "We do believe that the sacraments are signs of the holy thing, or visible forms of the invisible grace, accounting it good that the faithful sometimes use the said signs or visible forms, if it may be done. However we believe and hold that the above said faithful may be saved without receiving the signs aforesaid, in case they have no place nor any means to use them." Here believer's baptism is asserted, and infant baptism is not asserted; a plain proof that the ancient Waldenses were not Pedobaptists. And the very ground on which infant baptism rests, is swept away.

Again, the *Waldensian Catechism*, written in the XIII century, thus declares the church of Christ—"The church, as it is considered according to the truth of the ministry, is the company of the ministers of Christ together with the people committed to their charge, using the ministry by faith, hope and charity." There is no place in a church of this sort for the "children of believers," while they remain unconverted, or are incapable of "using the ministry by faith, hope and charity." Here again believer's baptism is distinctly indicated and infant baptism is rejected.

A later document breathes the same evangelical spirit. The VII Article of the *Waldensian Confession of 1544*—a confession which was transmitted to the king of France to remove if possible the misrepresentations, which had been urged against them, was to this effect:—"We believe that, in the ordinance of baptism, the water, is the visible and external sign, which represents to that sign, by virtue of God's invisible operation, is within us, namely the renovation of our minds and the manifestation of our members through the faith of Jesus Christ. And by this ordinance we are received into the holy congregation of God's people, previously professing and declaring our change of life." Jones gives the entire confession. *Church History* 2, 47.

Similar testimony is quoted by Dr. Allix in his standard work on the churches of Piedmont. Although himself a Pedobaptist, his history exhibits the opposition to Pedobaptism as frequently appearing in the Waldensian annals. At the famous Synod held at Aras by Gerard, Bishop of Cambray and Arras, in the year of our Lord 1025, the disciples of Gundulphus, who himself flourished and taught in Italy, (Allix, p. 104) averred that "a strange man (i.e. one belonging to another person) a strange faith and a strange confession, do not seem to belong to, or be any advantage to a little child, who neither will nor runs, who knows nothing of faith, and is altogether ignorant of his own good and salvation; in whom there can be no desire of regeneration, and from whom no confession of faith can be expected." The Cathari are represented by Allix, who writes against the Albigenses, as "some of them believing that baptism is of no use to infants because they are not guilty of any sin; while others held that it was of no

use, but only to those that were of age," *Id.* p. 470. "The Albigenses and Waldenses had both of them the same belief." *Id.* p. 173.

Agidius, Reynier, formerly one of the heads of the Waldenses, but afterwards a shameless apostate and cruel inquisitor, says that the Waldenses positively rejected infant baptism. In his *Summa de Catharicis et Leodivitis*, he gives the following as one of the Waldensian axioms:—"that ablation given to children is of no advantage to them." *Bosquets Variations* B. XI. § 109. Here the mode of baptism is indicated as "ablation;" and the subjects are shown to be other than unbelieving children.

In the same connection we may give the testimony of a certain inquisitor, (quoted by Allix p. 244) who testified in regard to the Bohemian Waldenses: "Some of them are in error concerning baptism, holding that infants cannot be saved by it." He states the following to be the argument they used. Our Lord says in "Matthew: Whosoever shall believe and be baptized shall be saved; but an infant does not believe, therefore is not saved." This slur of the inquisitor, although intended to excite popular prejudice against the Bohemian Waldenses, by falsely charging them with holding the tenet of infant damnation, evidently shows that there was opposition to infant baptism among them.

One of the charges against the fiery reformer, Arnold of Brescia, was "that he was unsound in his judgment about infant baptism. Brescia which is associated with the memory of this great man is a city of Northern Italy, a Bishop's See, situated 85 miles to the west of Venice. Northern Italy seems to have been the citadel of Anti-pedobaptism. Limborch's account of the Waldenses, which Dr. Wall commands, says that if the opinions and customs of these people are examined without prejudice, it will appear that, among all the modern sects of Christians, they bear the greatest resemblance to that of the Menonites or modern Dutch Baptists. *History of Inquisition* 1.8. De Potter says that they rejected all the ceremonies of baptism except the ablation and took care that this should never be conferred on children of a tender age. *Illegua Address*, p. 77. An abundance of additional testimony might be added to the same effect.

There is equally good ground to believe that the Waldenses not only maintained believer's baptism; but that they performed the ordinance by immersion. For immersion was the practice of their country and their age. Even the Catholics had not given it up, although the method was most inconvenient in the case of the children to whom they administered the ordinance. Accordingly Reynier, in his list of Waldensian Heresies, records this as one: "that the washing (ablation) which is administered to infants profits nothing." *Robinson's Eccl. Resp.* 492. The Dominican *Isidore*, one of the persecutors of the Albigenses, complains that although the baptized child, when it came out of the water, was absolved by the sign of the cross, yet the perjured heretics would re-baptize. *Robinson's Eccl. Resp.* 492. In the *Literary of Bobbio*, of the X Century, there is no Office for the baptism of children, nor any hint of sprinkling or pouring! *Id.* p. 473. Bobbio is an Episcopal town of Italy; in the Milanese, 25 miles from Pavia. And now, as the Waldenses were not charged with schism in reference to the mode of baptism, the conclusion is quite clear that they immersed. Otherwise the Catholic Immersionists of Northern Italy would have urged this perversion of mode as an additional cause of persecution.

Life's Symbols.

We are told that it has been for a long time the custom in Scotland to carve upon the tombstone the symbol of the trade of the deceased. In the old burying ground of the abbey at Dunblane, there are monuments, one or two centuries old, many of which are thus marked with trade signs in low relief. A sugar cone indicates the grave of a grocer; an axe and a saw, with hammer and nails, occurs on the grave of a carpenter; an awl and hammer on that of a shoemaker.

These emblems of a secular activity, which has ceased, attract the curiosity of the way-farer. But how much deeper the interest which would be awakened by signs expressive of the real work of life—such as a sword and a palm for a Christian warrior; a cross and a crown for a martyr; a fallen mask for a hypocrite; an assassin's stiletto for a heretic; a eleven helmet for an apostate. And yet, after all, what symbol can express that part of life which follows the burial—that dreadful and glorious fact of influence, which perpetuates our activity after our bodies are hidden under the churchyard clouds! How important that each one of us shall live such a life as will serve our generation while we survive on earth, and will bless them after we have left it!

We ask the reader's indulgence for

the following lines upon the subject, suggested by the pious Sturm in his "Converse with God" (Unterhaltung mit Gott) Aug. 2, 1811. Let the justice of the sentiment excuse the simplicity of the verse—

Members of the Head above;
All for whom the Savior died,
Grace and glory to provide;
You, as brethren, will I love;
For you pray, among you live,
Bless you, aid you, and forgive.
Then, in Heaven, may God allow
Sainted souls with joy to glow,
No their rescue to claim;
'Tis thus plucked from ruin—Thou!
Ever wear a martyr's wreath
Gleamed with spirits saved from death."

Literary Notices.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. Conducted by Charles Force Deems, D. D. \$2.50 per annum, post-paid.

The February number maintains the credit of this new enterprise. The matter is good and entertaining. The illustrations abound. Among them is a picture of Spurgeon. The great Baptist preacher is not an Adonis by any means. He has what is better than comeliness. Like the King's daughter of Scripture, he "is beautiful within." The leading article on the Land of Pharaohs, by Thos. W. Knox, is particularly fine. We are also pleased with a sketch of the life and works of Raphael, the celebrated Italian Painter. We find it difficult to discriminate, however; the Magazine has an abundance of good things.

SCHOOLER'S HAND BOOK, on the International Lessons for 1877, from January to July. By Rev. Edwin W. Rice, Philadelphia. American Sunday School Union, 1122 Chestnut St. Price 10 cts.; 100 copies \$8.

One of the best manuals we have seen. It contains notes, questions, a map, historic tables and anecdote and pictorial illustrations. The studies of the half year relate to the kingdom of Israel. In our family we find book lessons more handy and less liable to be lost than the paper lessons. Yet the latter also have their distinguishing advantages. They give the lesson—and then you have a great deal more!

HELPS FOR BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOLS. Published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut St.

THE BAPTIST QUESTION BOOK, on International Bible Lessons, 1877, by Rev. J. S. Abbott, pp. 224. Price 15 cts.

THE PRIMARY QUESTION BOOK, on International Bible Lessons for 1877, by Mrs. M. G. Kennedy, pp. 160. Price 15 cts.

THE BAPTIST TEACHER, a Monthly Journal. Single copies 75 cts. To clubs of ten, 50 cts.

THE YOUNG REAPER, Semi-Monthly, 50 cents a copy. Monthly 10 copies \$1.50.

OUR LITTLE ONES, A weekly. 10 copies \$2. \$3.50, post-paid. The Publication Society has made provision for all classes in the Sunday school. The teacher has all the help for whatever class he may be in charge of, in the paper bearing his name. *The Reaper* and *The Little Ones*, beautifully illustrated, will suit the children well. The various grades in the schools will find their wants supplied by the two excellent question books.

Field Notes.

A young minister of high culture, fine education, and good Christian character, desires to serve as a supply to some church or churches for six or eight months. Any church desiring such labor can be put in correspondence with the brother by addressing us.—Do not begin your system of economy and retrenchment at the house of the Lord. We should be willing to make some sacrifice for the promotion of his cause.—Rev. A. A. Fluker, of Georgia, desires a field of labor in Alabama. He is an earnest and worthy man. His address is Woodville, Greene county, Ga.—"The paper is worth double the subscription to any Baptist."—Dr. Walton, *DeSotoville*.—Subscribers will find acknowledgement of receipt of money in the date opposite their names on the margin of the paper.—Rev. James M. Scott, residing near Harpersville, Shelby county, reached his one hundredth birthday on the 8th of January. His mental faculties are said to be as apparently strong and clear as in his more youthful days. He is doubtless the oldest Baptist minister in the State, and perhaps in the South.—Bro. Franklin Armstrong, of Lowndes, died on the 1st inst.—The *Biblical Recorder* makes the announcement of the death of Rev. W. T. Walters, D. D., Treasurer of Wake Forest College, and for years Professor in that institution. Prof. Walters had great practical judgment and energy.—The *Waldensian Baptist* quotes a saying of "a Baptist preacher in Alabama" (name not given) and adds: "If the above is Baptist doctrine in Alabama, we are not sorry that we are beyond the limits of that State." Surely our brother does not regard Alabama as responsible for each remark that happens to be made within her borders.

The Missionary Union reports 320 Baptist mission churches established in Europe with 31000 members.—Dr. Shaver is giving valuable lectures to the young ministers at Augusta.—A German Baptist Church is to be established at San Francisco.—The Baptists are not sensibly benefited by Mr. Moody's union meetings at Chicago.—The *Texas Baptist* describes the ALABAMA BAPTIST as "one of our very best exchanges." A compliment from such a quarter is gratefully appreciated.—The Northern Methodist leaders are lamenting the decay of the churches under their charge. "We are coming to a shipwreck," says Dr. Larned. "Many of our churches have been abandoned; the old people die out, and the young go elsewhere. We are in a terrible crisis, in death agony for the want of money. The terrible taxes lie on Methodism like a nightmare. Where I sleep in the upper part of the city, there are six churches of ours within ten minutes' reach; each has less than a hundred members and all are badly in debt. This is a very serious and alarming matter." "I see no hope," Dr. Kittell said: "There is no vital fervor; no influence on society by Methodism now, as there was twenty-five years ago."—There is an easy explanation of the Method at troubles. It has supported the radical political and secured almost the position of a national church. And the result is a loss of spirituality. Says the *World*: "Bishop Simpson as a Presidential private chaplain Bishop 'Gill' Haven publicly praying for the re-nomination of General Grant, and Dr. Newman itinerant-around the world on a sham mission, make up a very different Methodist Church from that which Wesley looked forward to."

The present debt of the Missionary Society of the Methodist church is \$262,000. Granting costs something.—In Bro. Baber's article in our issue of Jan. 4th, to the sentence, "If the principle is a sound one, a church should always keep its pastor one year," should be added, "because it had him the previous year," &c.—A subtle question of casuistry was started at a funeral in Georgia. A negro class-leader was found dead, having fallen and broken his neck while stealing chickens from a high roost. His pastor, in preaching the funeral sermon, was bothered by the question where the soul of the dead brother had gone. "His well-known piety," said the preacher, "indicates that he died a Christian; yet there are circumstances connected with his death that are perplexing. If, after he fell and before he struck the ground, he repented of his sins, there can be no question but that he is now in glory; but there was mighty little time for him to think about it."

One of the most devoted and liberal friends the South had during the recent war died last month in England.—Sir Henry de Hoghton, the largest holder of Confederate bonds. He is succeeded in his ancient baronetcy, the second in point of precedence, by his brother.—It was stated a little while ago that the University of Oxford had sent an expert to examine the collection of Hebrew manuscripts collected from Karaite synagogues in Egypt and Mesopotamia for the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg. He reports that the manuscripts are of the greatest value, and contain older texts of the Hebrew Bible than any heretofore known. The publication of the results of this investigation will be looked for with profound interest by Biblical scholars.—Mr. Vanderbilt left to his pastor, Rev. Dr. Deems, a legacy of \$20,000.—Mr. Beecher is losing ground in Brooklyn. At the last auction his pews rented for \$15,000 less than last year. And the Manhattan Congregational Association has been formed for the purpose of isolating the Congregational churches in and around New York from the Plymouth Pastor and the class of Congregationalists he represents. One by one the malignant enemies of the Southern people are experiencing "Time's revenges."—On giving to the cause of Christ, the Congregationalist makes a suggestive remark: Comparison between different individuals, can have little value, and may often be directly misleading. The income of the clerk, for example, may represent absolutely all his resources, out of which he is to maintain himself and his family; while the income of the farmer may mean what he has saved after meeting all his expenses—a very different matter. Farmers need to consider this subject in the fear of God: when the support of the family is secured, then comes the question: What does the Lord require as to the residue in my hands?—The operations of the child mind are a curious and sometimes an amusing study. A little five-year-old girl had been told that it was night on the other side of the world when it was daylight on this. As a proof that this astronomical fact had taken deep root, she exclaimed, upon rising the next morning, "Now are they just going to bed in China, and the sleepers are beginning to bite 'em."

Wants of Alabama Baptists.

NUMBER TWO.

EFFICIENT PASTORS NEEDED.

We enter on this subject with some fear. Ministers of the gospel are, many of them, very sensitive men; and are ready to defend themselves with courage and sometimes with severity. Let us assure our brethren that we disclaim any censorship in our relations to them. We honor the Baptist ministry for their work's sake, and for their earnest piety. They are, not a few of them, hard-working self-sacrificing men. Some eighteen months ago, we were able to say in an address, that we had watched the Baptist ministry, through the trials of the late war, and the depressing circumstances of misrule and reconstruction, and in all that time we had not known of the fall of a single one of them. At the close of the speech, one of our most distinguished brethren being present, he arose and fervently thanked God that he had been allowed to be counted among Baptist ministers. (Since that time we have heard of two or three most painful falls). The moral and spiritual standing of our brethren in Alabama is, doubtless, as good as that of any other denomination, and will bear comparison with the ministers of our own denomination in other States. However, it may be that we shall have somewhat to say against them in these things. But we call attention now more particularly to the manifest demand for a more efficient ministry to fill the pastoral relations of Alabama Baptists. Nor do we mean by this to suggest that our existing pastors should be displaced or supplanted; but these may improve and become more efficient; meanwhile in preparation for our successors we should earnestly labor to elevate the pastoral standard. Very many pastors of spotless character and earnest zeal, seem to take no other view of their pastoral obligation than to preach, and likely do not study that much. Nor is this preaching of that character which teaches the people. The churches are not instructed in church work. They are not led in the great enterprises of Christian effort. They are left to believe that as churches—as Christians, they have done their whole duty, when they have kept up public worship one Sunday and Sabbath in each month. The pastor does not insist on family religion, and in many cases does not set the example. He does not insist on Sabbath-schools and the importance of the whole membership coming together on the Lord's day to study God's word. He does not urge the necessity for a church prayer meeting. He does not enlighten his people on the subject of missions, nor insist on the duty and spirit and practice of giving to the Lord's cause. He does not urge the circulation of religious newspapers. His people do not read. They are not posted. They do not know what is being done by their denomination. They have, as it seems, from their non-action, no consciousness of personal and individual obligation in these matters. A good baptismal report at the association is evidence of a successful pastor and church; and that done, church and pastor are satisfied.

Many pastors have prejudices against missions and missionary agencies, against colleges and ministerial education, against pastoral salaries, and everything that calls for money. There is something wrong about the Theological Seminary, somebody there is not sound enough. Something wrong about Howard College, some agent did wrong years ago.—Something wrong about the Boards! They have committed some blunders! Something doubtful about educating preachers, some of them have proved failures. And thus time enough and talk enough are wasted in framing objections, to have led the churches into fight and activity in these things if that breath had been used in true pastoral work.

Two things for the improvement of existing pastors we will suggest:—1. These pastors should be better supported. They should insist on it themselves, and kindly instruct their people in this duty. Many of them in their small salaries or no salary at all, are reaping precisely what they have sown. They have spoken against salaries and they got no salary. No church should be willing to have a pastor on such terms, or be willing to have a pastor who considered his labors worth nothing. 2. The churches should see that their pastor has good books and papers. How easy for some sister or brother of will and determination to raise 25 or 50 or 100 dollars to buy books for the pastor. Everybody who give something to a movement of this sort. The young ladies and gentlemen could have a concert of music and raise money enough to buy a right handsome library for their pastor. And after the money is obtained, get the aid and counsel of some experienced and well read minister to select the books. Very many of our pastors have but few books, some of them none of the right sort except the Holy Bible.—

Give your pastor a library, it will last him through life. Give him time to read, and you will render yourselves and the cause of Christ a great service. You will be astonished at the improvement in a single year.

We will close this communication with a piece of personal experience. We entered the ministry as have many of our brethren without books, without money, and with limited education, and with many of the prejudices which hinder so many of our ministers. Pretty soon we received as a New Year's gift, from some friends, about thirty dollars worth of well selected new books. It was the most profitable contribution that we ever have received; and if we have been worth anything in the ministry, that contribution had much to do with it. Before these books were all read we felt that we must have others. Give your pastor books and time to read.

Further Notice—Centennial.

It may be that I have not made my present connection with the Centennial work, and my wishes, as plain as necessary.

I desire that all the Stud and Certificate Books shall be returned to me at Talladega, at as early a day as convenient to the parties having them in hand.

If there are unpaid pledges in your congregation it is not too late to try to collect them before you return your book. Also you might announce to your church at your first meeting, that you are about to return the book and make your report, and that if any will yet enroll their names and pay to this cause, they may have a last opportunity.

You will also still send funds to me, and all reports that you may have to make. Send the books to some central point, such as Tuscaloosa, to Rev. W. H. Williams; Birmingham, to Rev. A. J. Waldrop; Huntsville, to Rev. B. W. Bussey; Coffeyville, to Rev. J. B. Appleton; Gadsden, to Gen. J. R. Foster; Jacksonville, to Rev. John Glenn or Col. Crook; Lineville, to Rev. W. J. Davis; or Judge Williams, at Ashland; Alexander City, to Bro. Christian; Opelika, to Rev. Geo. E. Brewer; Wetumpka, to Rev. H. C. Tull; Montgomery, to Bro. B. B. Davis; Union Springs, to J. H. Hendon; Seale, to Rev. W. S. Rogers; Eufaula, to Rev. J. A. Walker; Clayton, to Rev. J. S. Pauling; Troy, to Rev. E. C. Van Hoose; Greenville, Bro. T. C. Watts; Mobile, to Rev. W. G. Curry; Monticello, to Bro. M. G. Hudson; McKinley, to Rev. L. L. Fox; Pine Apple, to Rev. B. F. Skinner; Selma, to Bro. W. C. Ward; Marion, to Bro. Asberry; Gadsden, to Bro. Woodruff; Carrollton, to Bro. Robertson or Elder Ashcraft; Bangor, to Rev. W. M. Masgrove; Ashville, to Bro. Montgomery or Judge Lizer, or from any part of the State directly to me at this place by mail or by express or by hand. The brethren above named and all the Associational Agents will do me a great kindness by having these books gathered up and sent to me, as they are my final vouchers as well as ours. Besides we desire to send every one of the books to the College at Marion for safe deposit and preservation. So it may be seen from the above that I expect to still represent this work as agent until I can make my final report. This I can not do until I get in all the study-books. J. J. D. RENFROE, General Agent.

A Venerable Lady.

Rev. James B. Taylor, of Wilmington, reports the death of a venerable member of the Baptist Church, under his charge. The notice, which we find in the *Biblical Recorder*, is of interest.

"Death has been at work in our church recently. Last week we buried sister Rhoda Halsey, better known as 'Aunt Halsey.' During her life no less than four monarchs have sat upon the throne of England. At the time of her birth George Washington had not been elected President of the United States. In the year that she was first married occurred the battles of Trafalgar and Alstertitz. Our sister had been a Baptist for many years, and has left a bright record. To the last she was devoted to the interests of the church of which she was a member. It is related that a good many years ago a report was prevailing among the superstitious and ignorant, that the church house was 'haunted' because voices and a light had proceeded from the building. So one night someone summoned up courage and peeped into the house, and lo! 'Aunt Halsey' was the 'haunt' for she was there painting the seats. Many interesting facts have been related respecting her long and eventful life. For a number of years she has looked forward to death with joyful anticipation. She had in her composition a softness of eccentricity tempered with extraordinary good sense. During the past year, when I spoke of her on one occasion, I spoke of her being 'old and gray-headed.' When the prayer was over she said, 'You made one mistake, I haven't a gray hair on my head. Some five years ago, having witnessed some extravagances in funeral expenses, she had a plain, fine coffin made and put away, ready for her reception. The clothes put on her after death were those which she had saved and designated for the purpose. She wore them first when married in 1803. The stockings had been knit by her mother.

Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.

Thursday Jan. 18th, 1877.

Game and Farm.

The Uses of Adversity.

The past few years have been years of adversity. Large houses of supposed stability have yielded to the pressure, depreciation in value and bad debts; railroads, one by one, have gone into the hands of receivers; stocks have fallen and dividends ceased; till the richest man may be deemed the most unfortunate, because he has most to lose. The assignee has become a public character, whose acquaintance we are obliged to make too often, while there is constantly presented the dilemma of the expediency of accepting compromises, or insisting on the expensive justice of bankruptcy. The successive sheets of Dun & Co., to which we turn in hopes of feeling the first rise of the sunny ocean—tell but a sad story of more numerous and more extensive failures. Protective associations have been formed, and broken with accusation and counter charge of bad faith. Real estate, clinging to the belief that better times were near, has been forced on the market at sacrifice by mortgages. All through, it has been a struggle to try the souls and test the fortunes of men. Complaint has been loud and unceasing, and the end apparently is not yet. But if we turn to the other side of the picture, we cannot fail to detect certain benefits in the midst of misfortune.

In the first place we have been taught economy as no amount of preaching, or number of philosophic text-books could teach it to us. What we considered necessary, we now acknowledge as superfluous, and we have learned to save, and that means laying the foundation of wealth. It has taught us the folly of a loose system of credit and sales on long time. We exact references, and study a record before filing his first order, and out him off subsequently on any indication of weakness. We reject risks where the profit is not sufficient to justify taking them, and we insist on close collections as our salvation. Before entering into cut throat competition with our neighbors, we satisfy the interrogatory, "Will it pay?"

We have learned that success in the long run is not by speculation, but by strict adherence to one legitimate business. Instead of seizing on the scheme with "millionaires in it," we are particularly careful to let some body else enjoy that exceptional privilege.

We have learned to manufacture so that our products are not only entering neutral territory in competition with those of Europe, but actually driving others out of what was thought to be their natural and unsailable province. Our print mills have sent cheap calicoes to Manchester; our fancy metallic wares are commended as the best in Birmingham; American saws have taken precedence at Sheffield, and now Germany and France are sending us their orders for boots and shoes. We have abundant supply, cheap labor, and the most improved machinery, so that it is no fortuitous occasion that gives us this prominence.

Hardly any one article exhibits our advance better than that of steel and its employment in the industries. A few years since no careful machinist would touch a bar of steel other than English, and the earlier American manufacturers were forced into small deceptions, such as omitting their brands, and mixing with English bars, to obtain an impartial trial. Now, so formidable has the rivalry become that Sanderson Brothers have transferred their works to New York—English files and cutlery are losing ground every day, and so far from American workmen meeting the reproach of "shoddy," as it did during the war, there is, if anything, more care bestowed upon it than on the average foreign brand. The tiny domestic steel crop has many factories as like this. The price on a line of tools or machinery would be reduced to stimulate sales. To a rival, such a course would explain itself only on the ground of the first using cheaper material, and he would substitute the American steel for foreign, and reduce his prices, leaving still a profit. The first manufacturer is, in turn, forced to resort to the same material, and the result as we have stated, is the almost universal adoption of American brands throughout the country.

When we have become so formidable that English manufacturers are asking protection against our supplying the colonies, we may feel assured that the once acknowledged ascendancy of the mother country is gone for ever, and that the star of mercantile empire is moving westward. We have learned our best lessons of care, economy and true enterprise in the years of adversity. May we not forget them in the years of prosperity now to follow?—Manufacturers and Merchants' Advertiser.

Does IMPROVED STOCK PAY? The time was when by persistent feeding for a long time a steer could be made to weigh four or five hundred pounds of inferior beef, or a hog two to three hundred pounds of meat, largely made up of head and legs, and fine woolled sheep averaged three and a half pounds of wool. Now it is not remarkable to find among improved herds heaves dressing eight hundred or a thousand pounds, pigs that dress at nine months three hundred pounds of good pork, and improved flocks of sheep average six to eight pounds of wool. It is estimated that a well bred grade Shorthorn steer at the same age and on the same keeping, will at two years dress two hundred pounds

more beef than a common native, and the best will generally sell for one and a half cents a pound more, thus making about \$20 more in favor of the Shorthorn grade; and this, too, with little if any additional cost in feeding. In some instances the difference between the Shorthorn and native steer has averaged fully one hundred per cent. If then it is paid to keep a comparative stock, it would seem to be no question of doubt as to whether improved stock would pay a handsome profit in dollars, on the investment. So much in response to "Tiptoe,"—So, Farmer.

How to Attain Success.

Who are successful farmers? They are the men who love farming for its own sake. This love of their pursuit induces them to concentrate their thoughts and labor upon their farms and the crops which grow upon them, and this leads inevitably to success, and ultimately to prosperity. It does even more in gratifying his inclinations, which are the foundation of individual enjoyment. The farmer finds contentment, and thereby makes his labor contribute to his personal happiness. Hence the successful farmer is not only paid well for his work, but he realizes joy in the doing of his work. He has health, enjoyment, prosperity and contentment, and it is seldom that any mortal obtains more from any other calling known among men.

The Southern Farmer, published at Memphis, Tennessee, is one of the few journals that is worth many times its subscription price. It is issued weekly on a large sheet, 30 by 44 inches, eight pages fold. In all the rural departments under their respective heads, are represented, a grange and family department, columns of current news and market reports, corrected weekly. It is conceded to be one of the best papers of its class in the Union. Subscription price, \$2 per annum.

Fire-side Reading.

"I Mourn Not Now the Waning Year."

BY ANSON D. P. RANDOLPH.

I mourn not now the waning year,
I'll not back the vanished past;
No vain regret shall vex me here,
Nor does the perigee loom to fast.

Enough that I myself I turn,
Still conscious of my sin and wrong;
That thoughts of Love within me burn,
And make my heart to long.

O Love supreme, Love mahifest
In the best world that round me lies;
That knowing each for each is best,
In wisdom's path, I mine to kiss.

O'er sun and stars, o'er land and sea,
Rules and is ruled with ceaseless care,
And with my weakness bears.

The hurricane years may come and go,
My heart will joy or sorrow fill;
Yet ever mine to mine to know,
That I am loved, and loved by thee.

That I am loved, and loved by thee,
Still gladdens though I wayward be;
For thou art mine, and I am thine,
And mine is mine to thee.

No king with armies close around
Sit on his throne as firm and sure;
No State with power and blessings crowned
Can hold its subjects so secure.

Overest passion, that to night
Assumes the name of love;
That I am loved, and loved by thee,
Can take my Lord from me.

Of love and faith—the gift of Love—
That I am loved, and loved by thee;
How bright the lower world appears,
How glad the lower world appears.

Though conscious of my sin and wrong,
That thoughts of love within me burn,
And make my heart to long.

Hard Times in the Parsonage.

The winter had been winter-killed in the street, and the summer very dry; hence the farmers were poor and the store-keepers embarrassed. Besides local troubles, gilded ladders, beams of light speculation exploded, and the whole land was filled with dismay and financial ruin.

"Basking there," had enjoyed great prosperity, called, but then now said ironically, "Pretty Basking this, on foreclosed mortgages and protest notes!"

Instantly the church felt the blow, as it always does its benevolent streams dried up, and the pastor's salary was unpaid, to the humiliation of his friends. Should he leave them? He had an invitation to do so from a more wealthy church, and at a meeting where the deficiency was considered, a motion was moved that the church property be mortgaged to meet it.

The pastor thanked the motion, and others finally to the set, but firmly said, "No, no, it shall never be for me."

On reaching home Rachel, the pastor's wife, said, "Andrew, I am real glad you took the stand you did to-night; but my heart is heavy. I do not see what we shall do?"

"The Lord says, Rachel. He has promised us bread and water."

"Father in heaven, thou art acquainted with me altogether, between thee and me there is a perfect understanding."

Rachel did not distrust the Lord, nor the hearts of the people, but she had come in the hour of their need, and she thought a minister should consider himself and his family first, and avail himself of every opportunity to advance their interest.

She had known pastors who had stood by their churches in "hard times"—had put health and money into stone walls, only to be abandoned when the "good times" came. It was her opinion that the call should be accepted promptly, as sent from God, whose servants they were. But God took these hearts into his keeping, and they stood as peacefully as tired children do in the cradle rocked by a mother's hand.

"Rachel," said Andy, the next morning, "I was full of trouble as soon as I re-opened the question of the call. Last night I flung the paper into the waste basket, and now I have a great peace."

"God bless you, Andrew," said his wife; "whether I am right or wrong in thought, in my heart I am Ruth, and am willing to glean."

As the minister entered his study that morning, he heard old Dick Branton whistling and clapping his hands for joy, and going out, found Dick rolling a barrel of flour from the front of the house around to the kitchen door. Dick was called "half-witted," but he felt the sorrows of the parsonage, which had been his "refuge" since Macdonald brought him sobbing from his "granny's" grave.

"Why, Dick, what are you doing?" said Andy.

"Ain't goin' to leave him a flour out adorns, no hows, such times as these, Elder."

"Where did you find it?"

"By the big gate—bill stuck onto the top—see?"

Andy read, "For the pastor."

"Can you guess who brought it, Dick?"

"Heard 'nuthin' in the night—feared robbers, peep'd out the window and seed old Flint and Stryker roll'n this barrel inside the big gate. Flint said, 'God bless 'n!'"

When Andy preached from the words, "Jehovah-Jireh," on the following Sunday morning, Flint's wife seemed almost as happy as a woman could be, and when he came down the aisle, she took his hand and said, "Elder, you may remember what was said when my husband wronged you, and for which he is daily sorry. You said, 'If I take care of the Lord's name, he will take care of us.'"

The pastor's study was on the ground floor, and a few nights after, quite late, he heard a gentle rap on the window. Surprised, he drew the curtain, opened the window, and saw standing there a tall, gray-haired man, one of the leading skeptics who had galled him so much trouble.

"Elder," said the old man, "can I have your confidence?"

"Certainly, if it is right," Andy replied.

"Take this gold eagle, sir. You saved my son. It should be more, but I am poor, through my crazy speculations. I don't believe in your church, I hardly in your God—but I believe in you. Glad we didn't succeed in driving you out of town. Good night, sir! This is confidential."

"Good night, sir, and many a good day to you, Mr. Warren. Allow me to say, what is good for your boy is also good for you."

Warren turned away, and as he was going down the path, Andy heard him say to himself, "It might be true—it might be true!"

In a beautiful suburb of the city of New York, dwelt at this time a wealthy Christian merchant and his family. He had known in boyhood, youth and early manhood the sorrows of poverty; and now in his prosperity he kept his heart warm towards those who suffer. One day, a little before Christmas, he came home from his business, weary but happy, for all the way home he had been devising plans to make many other people happy.

Superior over the family repaired to his sitting-room. Rich pictures hung on the walls, books, pamphlets and papers covered the table, and the children were in for a jolly romp. It was a delightful home and the evening passed pleasantly away. The Bible was then read, thanksgiving offered, and the darlings of home were taken to their beds. Still the merchant sat before the fire in happy but thoughtful mood.

"My wife," he said at length.

"What is it, Edward?"

"You have heard me speak of Andy Macdonald—a college friend."

"Yes, he has been at the store today, begging money for his church, in danger of being sold to the Catholics?" replied the lady, smiling.

"No, wife, not but he is having hard times, through the poverty of his people. A merchant from his town told me so today. Andy Macdonald was the grandest man in college."

They say when a Scotchman once gets his mind made up, there's no turning him; and when he once fairly takes hold, he never lets go. The following is a vivid example, not only of Scotch persistence, but of Christ-like faithfulness.

Some time ago, the New York Tribune told the strange story of a wretched youth who, from a mere "antidote of tobacco and whiskey," became an industrious, honorable man. His reform was slow and fearfully difficult, and he owed it entirely to the patient watchcare of two noble-hearted and unselfish strangers.

The poor young drunkard, already in the last fatal stage of a long debauch, was one morning creeping to a grog-shop for his early drink, when a man accosted him and asked him if he was not "Dick Rogers' son."

He replied that he was.

"Well," said the man kindly, "Dick Rogers was my early friend, and for his sake I would like to save his boy. Will you let me?"

"Let me try it," quoth the fellow, with a sneer.

"Come, then," and the good Scotchman took his ragged subject by the arm, and led him to his own house.

The Scotchman was not wealthy, and though well aware of the trial and struggle that must follow, he could not afford the young drunkard an attendant.

In a chamber specially set apart, the Scotchman and his son took turns in tending young Rogers and ministering to his wants.

Deprived of his liquor, the poor fellow was soon raving in the horrible delirium of *mania potu*. He cursed and raged at his guardians, and bit and fought them like a wild beast, to break away from their control.

Then reason came, and weak and trembling, he thanked them, and begged them not to forsake him, but have patience, and see him through. He knew it was his last chance.

His friends did not forsake him. Their care, and the aid of medical skill, summoned when needed, at last set him on his feet again, after weeks and even months of daily impending death.

As soon as his health and strength were restored, young Rogers was furnished with employment, and again opened correspondence with his mother, whom he had long neglected, and who did not even know where he was. But his noble rescuers did not consider their work yet done. At the desk next to Rogers', in the business office where he was employed, sat another clerk, who kept an eye upon him for his good, and in fact, accompanied him like a shadow to his bed at night. It was the Scotchman's son.

This arrangement was, of course, mutually understood, but at times when Rogers felt confident of his victory over appetite, it hurt his pride to be so watched, and he would indignantly ask if his friend could not trust his honor.

"Your honor has been very sick, my friend would remind him. 'Until we are sure it's well and sound again, we'll put no burdens on it.'"

Two years this remarkable watch-care continued, and the reformed drunkard was a free man indeed. He had never ceased to thank his friends for their unparalleled fidelity to him.

Rogers is married now, a prosperous man, with a happy home of his own, which he aged another share.

Is not this instance of rare and patient kindness a blessed imitation of the Friend that seeketh closer than a brother?—Youth's Companion.

Miss Rachel's Bonnet.

"I wonder if Miss Rachel means to wear that old bonnet again this winter?" said one youthful teacher to another, as a lady, plainly attired, walked in and took her seat before the Bible-class.

"She is really growing miserly!" said the friend.

"It means, to appear as she does is absurd; that old satin dress has been in use as long as I can remember, and as for the bonnet, it has been altered and trimmed half a dozen times. I really would like to know what she does with her money."

Just then a little hand pulled the teacher's shall, and a little face all afire with earnestness and reproval looked into those of the young ladies.

"Please don't speak so about Miss Rachel, teacher. She sent us a ton of coal this week, and she bought my sick brother a chair with wheels and she helps lots of folks besides us."

The bell rang, and the opening exercises began. Miss Rachel, in her plain bonnet, joined heartily in them all; the blessing was on her that comes to those who let not their left hand know what their right hand doeth. The teachers who had called her miserly felt some prick of conscience.—S. S. Times.

An important archaeological discovery has just been made in the Ostrian Catacombs, two miles along the Via Novatiana, near Rome. Signor Rossi had already established the fact that at where the Apostle Peter was wont to baptize, and where he first sat in the crypt of the subterranean chapel. Signor Amelini had succeeded in deciphering an inscription in which occurs the name of St. Peter, and which would seem to place beyond doubt the previous conclusions as to the Apostle's connection with the Ostrian Catacombs.

Some recently-published statistics of Baptists on the Continent show that at the close of last year there were in Northwestern Germany 2487 members; Prussia, 4485; Middle and South Germany, 2178; Holland, 136; Switzerland, 418; Denmark, 2906; Poland, 1057; Russia, 4560; Turkey, 121; Sweden, about 12,000.

How the Flowers Grow.

First a seed is sown.
Then two pretty leaves
Struggling toward the light;
Soon a bud appearing
Takes into a flower.
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower,
Growing sweeter, sweeter,
Every happy hour
Kissed by golden sunshine,
Washed by silver shower.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful.

GARNERED FOR THE NATIONAL BAPTIST.

There are three elements, in the right arrangement and balancing of which mostly depends the greatness and well-being of a State. These elements are destruction, inaction, construction. They correspond to three classes of mankind. . . . The Inactives, or rather, as it should be said, those who counsel inaction, who may be called the Inactives themselves, are very useful. It is a dreadful thing to live in a State, where any fine day you may get up and find that such an alteration has been made in your laws, that your social, political, or religious relations are, in some important respect, entirely changed without your having had a word to say about the matter. At the same time these inactive people are very dangerous; for, if they hold the preponderance for any long period, there is sure to come one of those sudden changes which they, of all men, most detest and deprecate. Then there are the Constructives. We could not do without them; they are to the body politic what oxygen is to the material world. And, in short, the civil and political world would utterly stagnate without them. It is to be observed, as a remarkable instance of the limitations of powers in individual men, that it is rarely found that the same man has a peculiar aptitude for destruction and construction. Whenever a man comes forward for both of these modes of exertion, he is infallibly a great statesman, and deserves the implicit faith of his people. . . . Lastly come the Constructives. They are the salt of the earth, politically and socially speaking. But there is a great difference to be discerned in their characters, and modes of procedure, leading to a very marked division into two sub-classes, which may be denominated as Constructives from the beginning and Improvers. The Constructives from the beginning must have a clear field for their operations. Everything must be bran-new for them to delight in their labors. Somehow they do not take to other people's labors. They must lay the foundations for themselves. They cannot build their cathedrals upon the ruins of Roman temples. They cannot adopt other people's sites, however well chosen. This is often a great hindrance to the success of their labors. Where the modest improver, who must not be supposed for a moment to incline to the inactive party is one who for the most part, understands the world he lives in, cares so much for the end he has in view, that he does not wish for the fame which naturally attaches to constructive work. He is the most possible use of all that has gone before him, and of everything that can be turned into the direction in which he seeks to produce judicious movement.—Sir Arthur Helps.

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