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The Genial of Death.

BY GEORGE CHOLY.

What is death? 'Tis to be free,
 No more to love or hate or fear,
 To join the great equality,
 All alike are huddled there.
 The mighty grave
 Wraps lord and slave;
 Nor pride nor poverty here come
 Within that room—the tomb.
 Spirit with the drooping wing,
 And the ever-weeping eye,
 Thou of all earth's kings art king;
 Empires at thy footstool lie;
 Beneath thee strewed,
 Their multitude
 Sink like waves upon the shore,
 Storms shall never raise them more.
 What's the grandeur of the earth
 To the grand round thy throne?
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,
 To thy kingdom all have gone.
 Before the stand
 The wondrous band—
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,
 Who darkened nations when they died.
 Earth has hosts, but thou canst show
 Many a million for her foe;
 Through thy gates the mortal flow
 Hath for countless years rolled on.
 Back from the tomb
 No step has come,
 There fixed till the last thunder's sound
 Shall bid thy prisoners be unbound.

Communications.

Circular Letter.

TO THE CHURCHES OF ALABAMA AND TENNESSEE.

It is the practice of our Boards to employ special agents to collect funds for mission purposes. The system is open to criticism, and has been criticised a little. But many of the critics of mission agencies have done injustice, by censuring the wrong parties; and have acted unwisely, by attempting to abrogate the system without showing a better way. To a thinking mind it is evident that the chief error of such agencies is not in the system itself. It is useless to say that agencies are, in themselves, a mistake, when we see mercantile houses, insurance companies, and the like, employing, successfully, salaried men to go among the people and work up an interest in the departments of business represented; and the past of our Denominational work shows an increase of funds in the treasuries of the Boards, whenever agents have been employed. The *primal error* is back of the agency system. It rests in the want of a proper conception, by the churches, of their mission on earth. It is founded in the practical anti-missionism, and do-nothingism, everywhere prevalent. It is incased in the idea of "charity begins at home," stays at home, and lies abed and sleeps. It is formulated in the prayer—which ascends from so many hearts and lips, "Lord, bless me and my wife, and my son John and his wife—us four—no more, for Christ's sake. Amen." It is exhibited in the carelessness and lack of systematic effort in the management of the things of Zion. The churches have themselves to blame for all the expense and inconvenience connected with agency work for missions. And they have it in their power to do away with these agencies whenever they see fit. If the matter is properly understood by the writer, the two Boards of our Convention are channels for disbursing funds rather than agencies for collecting, rather. But the churches have forced upon them a severe burden—not originally contemplated in their organization. Instead of faithfully and inexpensively collecting their own mission funds and sending them year by year to their proper disbursing mediums, it has been the exception when churches have not waited for the disbursing agency to come to them, and to urge them to do their known duty. And these agencies have been thumbed, screwed, and quartered, and dayed alive, and tortured in one way or another, for their pains. Oh! "consistency, thou art a jewel," especially if jewels are precious for their rarity. Instead of brethren putting their heads together and devising some way by which their churches could judiciously, intelligently and conscientiously do the business of their lives—the world's evangelization—they have grumbled and growled at Bro. A. and Bro. Z., and the "Foreign Mission Board," and the "Home Mission Board," or have kept cool and indifferent—and the result has been, that a few devoted men of God have been left to "bear the heat and burden of the day"—a few men, without whom we would have to stop the crusade against evil, and turn the nations over to the powers of darkness. If a little forethought, a little system, a little sustained interest and a little work had been substituted for this peevishness and indifference, great things would have been accomplished for Christ. And what is more wonderful, great things would have been accomplished without appreciable effort, or felt pressure. No amount of hard times will excuse the smallness of the contribution made by any one of the Southern States, last year, to Foreign Missions

no matter what was done in other directions. Take Virginia, with her 200,000 Baptists, and her contribution of \$117,000, the largest amount given by any State. This is "per capita," only a little over three and one-half cents. Look at Alabama, with a Baptist citizenship claimed by some to be 100,000, sending to the F. M. Board \$13,554—an average of about one and one-third cents per Member. And poor Tennessee! How can she look at duty neglected—at opportunity wasted, without stinging remorse, when the meagre sum of \$77,273, is all she gave to the soul saving, soul developing cause of Foreign Missions!

But it is not too late to mend our ways. There is no reason why we should always go to mill with a stone in one end of the bag to balance the corn in the other end. We have a year's work ahead of us, and the years stretch out into unknown futurity, full of great possibilities. What shall we do with the year now rapidly passing away—and with the years which crowd the future?

This letter is written to suggest a plan of systematic benevolence in the churches of Alabama and Tennessee. The writer is acting as agent for Foreign Missions. He is anxious as agents not to get a few dollars under pressure from unwilling churches, but while receiving the free will offerings of God's people, to inaugurate a systematized benevolence whereby a lasting good may be obtained. The lack of system is one of the crying evils of our Denomination. Our people are not as stingy and mean as they appear to be. If there should be a well worked plan in each church, by means of which every member's interest could be excited, and his gifts elicited, we would see a great improvement in the support of all our great denominational enterprises. The question is when are we going to have this system—so necessary to efficiency? In no spirit except that of the earnest desire to have the cause of Christ prospered, the writer begs the pastors and deacons and others to join heartily with him in the following plan of systematic benevolence, and make it a success. Come brethren, confessing our short comings, let us set season together and pray for the success of this matter. It is for each church, in conference assembled, to pledge itself to give at least an amount to Foreign Missions; yearly, equal to ten cents for each member—of ten dollars for every hundred members. Our emphasis is laid upon "in conference assembled," because a pastor or individual member has no right to pledge his church for any amount to anything. It is very important that there be no "hit" in a pledge when made. It is desirable that a promise made be the *bona fide* promise of a church. As to this promise there should be no more hesitation in making it than in pledging the support of a pastor. In entering the church each member pledged himself to use his best endeavors to advance the Redeemer's Kingdom. In the act the whole life is given to Christ; and all talk about being opposed to pledges when ten cents is asked to be given yearly to evangelize the heathen world is mere talk—is not the semblance of anything else. The amount is put down at a minimum, in order that no one might have an excuse to offer. To meet such a pledge as this requires only a little conscientious thoughtfulness and ten cents. These every child of God ought to be willing to give to God's cause. If not given, no amount of excuses will be worth anything. The old plea of "poverty," and of charity begins at home are worn out. They are "broken cisterns which hold no water." Then, again, on other grounds this is not a matter to be lightly shoved aside. The Boards of our Convention are the creations of the churches, and the churches when creating them pledged them their vigorous support. How far this pledge has not been kept is known to all who have copies of the minutes of the Southern Baptist Convention in their possession. The pledge suggested in this letter is a feeble reminder of the churches of promises unfulfilled, duty undone. Cannot pastors of churches be relied on to press this matter upon their people, to get their cooperation in the work, and to keep it continually before them?

In conclusion it may be remarked: 1. That the method of getting the money is left to the churches. Mite boxes and envelopes are used in some churches with good effect. 2. The plan is not intended to discourage the larger *per capita* donations of our better disciplined churches, or to render unnecessary the larger gifts of generous well to do brethren. Its design is to reach the great mass of church members who give nothing, or when they give, do so irregularly. Pastors will please see that their churches observe the spirit of the

plan. 3. A system like the above, in general, would simplify the work of our Boards. A good deal of agency work would be dispensed with; and, having a settled income yearly, they could take their mission appropriations with intelligence and accuracy. 4. The names of the churches falling into line and working upon the plan suggested, will be published as they are reported. This report (giving names of location of the church and its pastor and the number of its membership) may be made to the writer, either at Leadroit, Tennessee, or at Montgomery, Alabama, and to the "Baptist Reflector," Nashville, Tennessee, and the "Alabama Baptistist," Marion, Alabama. These reports will be made into a tabular statement and placed in the hands of Dr. Tupper, the corresponding Secretary.

N. B. WILLIAMS,
 Agt. F. M. Board.
 Leadroit, Tenn., July 9th, 1877.

North Alabama.

Again we write a few promiscuous items in behalf of this part of our State. You, Bro. Editor, and your readers, will remember what we have written in regard to the destitution among the churches of North Alabama. There are many churches, we are reliably informed, without pastors, and almost without any preaching, on each side of the Tennessee River. This you know must be about as wealthy a section as we can find in Alabama. But still they are not able to procure pastors!

Why is it that they are destitute? It cannot be because they are too poor to support a man to preach for them, at least once a month; for they are able to have preaching every Sabbath, if they would. It is not because they don't want preaching, for they seem to be anxious that the ministers "come over and help us."

OUR TRIP.
 We left Blount Springs Saturday, 11-30, on the North bound train, and two and a half hours travel landed us at McDonalds, five miles South of Athens, where we met Bro. Jas. M. Shields, whose wife was ready with his horse and buggy and carried us to his father's residence, where we were met and kindly treated by as nice a family as is ever seen. We were pleased to learn, very soon, that they were aiding our State organ and spoke highly in its behalf.

As our appointment for Athens had not been fixed Saturday night, accompanied by Bro. Shields, his son and two daughters, we proceeded to the Methodist Church near McDonalds, where Rev. Mr. Sharp was carrying on a protracted meeting. By his importunity we preached to his well behaved audience, with a few Baptists and probably a few Presbyterians and Roman Catholics. But still, I tried to preach Christ and let the truth fill our ears.

SUNDAY MORNING.
 Piloted by young Bro. Thomas Shields, we went on horse-back about four miles to Round Island Church, where we met several estimable and intelligent brethren and sisters. We preached for them at 11 o'clock. The audience was very attentive and the brethren apparently interested. After preaching the Church went into conference. There being no reference, new business came up. The Church withdrew fellowship from a sister for participating in that "nice far" called "dancing."

They agreed to have a protracted meeting beginning Saturday before 5th Sabbath inst., to which ministers will be gladly received. The Church proposes to pay Bro. Stinson's Rail Road fare in order that he might be with them. Bro. Hopper and myself are specially invited, and all other Baptist ministers will be more than welcome. After meeting, we went to Bro. Stewart's, where we met another nice family, had plenty to eat, and were kindly treated. Our hearts were made glad as we sat in Bro. Stewart's house and watched the falling rain, which was so much needed. After the rain, young Bro. Stewart, an excellent little gentleman, took us to McDonalds to meet the cars, and return home. Now, the Brethren all up and down this destitute region, if they will pardon us for calling it thus, seem to be doing well in this world. Ministers will be kindly treated here. It is the place for self-denying, sacrificing ministers to do good, and we hope they will think of the matter, and go over and help them. They want preaching, they need regular pastors. Now their answers to why they are pastorless is their ministers are all gone. Some to eternity, others to different parts. But there are men who for a very small sum would go and serve them. Will our very editor please give them a bit of advice in our paper? Round Island Church is protracted meeting. I have promised to serve them, if they can do no better—more anon.

A Book of Passing Thoughts.

CHAPTER III.—(continued.)

LETTER 3.

To my Dear Sister Huldy Holmes:
 How surprised I am! I never would have thought of you. Yet I must believe it, for your own dear husband is my author. I have frequently said to my wife that in my judgment you were the nearest to a model wife, except herself, that I ever saw. When I am at your house you call your husband "my dear," and he calls you "darling," and you call your children all kinds of sweet endearing names. You speak well of all your neighbors and express great sympathy for the servants. And you talk a great deal about what a dear, affectionate husband you have, how he kisses you every time he comes and goes, how he waits on the children at night and does all in his power to make you happy. Indeed, your bland temperament and loving, winning ways, have made nearly all the husbands in our town and community envy your husband the possession of such a jewel, and their wives say they are getting real jealous of you. It is surprising, then, that I was astonished when brother Holmes took me off the other day and told me he had come to me for advice. Before he could say another word he burst into a flood of tears and sobbed, "I am the most miserable man on earth. I have loved my wife to devotion. She has been the idol of my heart. I thought her an angel. The first year of our marriage I really feared that God would take her from me, because she was too good for me and too pure for this world. About the close of the first year of our happy married life, a neighbor lady, a grass widow, began visiting our house. We sympathized with her in her desolate condition. She proved to be a perfect man-hater. She insinuated her vile spirit into my dear wife. How she did it I can't tell; I only know that she began to grow cross, fault-finding and quarrelsome. She now makes our once happy home a place of torment to me. She is kind to everybody else, even to the servants, but does everything she can to provoke me. We have kept up appearances very well, but I have decided not to wait any longer. I am so horrible to think of, yet it cannot be worse for me. But for my children, I could take this step at once. But what shall I do? Do tell me."

I told him he was doing you great injustice in his feelings, for you were a mono-maniac, and advised him to send you to the asylum for treatment. He was surprised that I should think as I did; but I told him that no sane person would do as you were doing. The idea of a lady's turning against her husband, and tormenting him to death, and doing all she can to make others happy, is too absurd. No sane lady would do such a thing. The truth is, my dear sister Huldy, you are insane, and I advise you to quietly accept this as a fact, and go on to the asylum and stay there till your insanity of heart is perfectly cured. And be sure when you get there to explain that yours is not a mental aberration, but a derangement of the heart. And if they undertake your treatment, write to me at once, for I know quite a number of ladies, and Baptist ladies, at that, who are suffering from the same cause, and who ought to be in the asylum. They are mono-maniacs, made such by a derangement of the heart instead of the brain. You may not be able to comprehend what I mean by a person's becoming a mono-maniac, owing to a derangement of the heart, but the doctors at the asylum will make it all clear to you, when you have been taught how to love your husband, and to treat him as kindly as you do those who have but little claim upon your affections. Yours will be an experimental case; but I don't want you to wait to see if they can effect a cure before you write to me. Write to me just so soon as they admit you to treatment, because I want to get the husbands of other wives, who treat their neighbors with a great deal more politeness and kindness than they do their own husbands, to send them there; for I feel perfectly sure they are fit subjects. I do feel so much for these poor creatures, for they are censured by everybody but me, and a few others who have the sagacity to see that they are maniacs and not responsible for the trouble they cause their husbands.

Nor is this aberration of the heart confined to wives. I have seen a great number of husbands suffering very much from the same complaint, and I expect to inform their wives what is the matter, provided you are cured; but not before, for they do make a living for their poor wives and children, and I don't want their families thrown on the cold charities of the world, unless they can be cured.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein. One immediately obeyed, and came out of the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap until the water became slightly muddy, and when he bathed, he came up copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages of bark, and bade them choose and, out of pity for his misfortune of color, he gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt them, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second unwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper—the engines of the mind—the moral, mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

The Baptist Ministers' Conference, of New York, discussed for two weeks the question, "Can the heathen be saved without the gospel?" At the end of that time Dr. J. B. Simmons arose and proposed that the question be changed to read, "Can the church be saved if she refuses to send the gospel to the heathen?" Perhaps it would be best for us to settle the last question first.—*Record of Evangelist.*

In a short time. Hoping you will have your trunk ready in time, I am yours in the sincerest sympathy,
 N. B. WILLIAMS.

Baptist State Convention.

The Baptist State Convention which met at Gadsden on Thursday last, the 12th, adjourned on Saturday night. The attendance of delegates was larger than it has been at any meeting since the war, and more solid work was done. The delegates generally appeared to have gone there with one definite object in view: the inauguration of State mission work upon a substantial basis. It is believed that this was accomplished, for while other enterprises were not neglected, yet State missions was the chief work of the Convention. Elder T. M. Bailey, who has labored so effectively in the past three years as State Evangelist, was appointed Corresponding Secretary of the State mission Board, and a sufficient sum was secured to insure his services in the field for another year. Other measures were also taken, to organize a system of State evangelistic labor.

The spirit that prevailed in the Convention was good, as might have been expected from the character and standing of the delegates. Everybody appeared to be satisfied with himself and everybody else, and, therefore, there was no unpleasantness during the session of the body, and no dissatisfaction as to results after its adjournment. (Perhaps I ought to enter an exception, somewhere, in the case of a poorly lawyer debate from one of our important river towns, who, unfortunately, complained on his way home, that he was too unwell, all the time, to have a "fair chance" at the good things set before the visitors by the hospitable people of Gadsden.)

Judge John Harrison, of Selma, was re-elected to preside over the body, with Dr. Winkler, of Marion, and Judge Inzer, of Asheville, as Vice Presidents.—*E. E. B., in Mont. Advertiser.*

Vesuvius Firing Up.

Vesuvius has every appearance of firing up for another eruption. Smoke is constantly issuing from the crater, and occasionally in immense volumes, that overspread the atmosphere like a sable pall. The other days a dense black cloud that had gathered about the crater was suddenly driven over Pompeii. Ashes and cinders fell in a thick shower, and for a time it looked as if the midday darkness that attended the eruption which overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum was being renewed, and the martyrs of the city were being smothered to death in the wine cellar, where they had sought refuge. When the cloud drifted over, the pavements of Pompeii were covered with a thin layer of hot volcanic ashes and minute scoria. I asked the director of the excavations if Pompeii might not be covered up again. "That depends on the duration of the eruption of Vesuvius," he said, "and its character. Should it break forth on the eastern side of the mountains, eject masses of scoria, volcanic ashes, and showers of boiling water, the effect would be as disastrous as in the 78th year of the Christian era, when Herculaneum was covered up by a strata of volcanic matter sixty feet deep, and Pompeii and other cities were entombed beneath heaps of mud and volcanic deposits." Vesuvius is the most uncertain of volcanoes. Prior to A. D. 79, it had slumbered for centuries. Since then it has been more or less active, with spasmodic intervals of tremendous fury and destruction. Pompeii is more than one-half excavated, but much remains to be done before this old Greek city will be entirely laid open to view within its walled circuit.—*Philadelphia Press.*

An Indian Tradition.

Among the Seminole Indians there is a singular tradition regarding the white man's origin and superiority. They say that when the Great Spirit made the earth, he also made three men, all of whom were of fair complexion; and that after making them he led them to the margin of a small lake and bade them leap therein. One immediately obeyed, and came out of the water purer than before he bathed; the second did not leap until the water became slightly muddy, and when he bathed, he came up copper colored; the third did not leap until the water became black with mud, and came out with his own color. Then the Great Spirit laid down three packages of bark, and bade them choose and, out of pity for his misfortune of color, he gave the black man his first choice. He took hold of each of the packages, and having felt them, chose the heaviest; the copper-colored one then chose the second heaviest, leaving the white man the lightest. When the packages were opened, the first was found to contain spades, hoes, and all the implements of labor; the second unwrapped hunting, fishing and warlike apparatus; the third gave the white man pens, ink and paper—the engines of the mind—the moral, mental improvement—the social link of humanity—the foundation of the white man's superiority.

A Little Talk to Boys.

When I meet you everywhere, boys on the street, in the cars, on the boat, at your own homes or at school—I see a great many things in you to admire. You are earnest, you are merry, you are full of happy life, you are quick at your lessons, you are patriotic, you are brave, and you are ready to study out all the great and curious things in this wonderful world of ours. But very often I find one great thing lacking in you. You are not quite gentlemanly enough. There are so many little actions which help to make a true gentleman, and which I do not see in you. Sometimes when mother or sister comes into the room where you are sitting in the most comfortable chair, you do not jump up and say, "Take this seat, mother," or "Sit here, Annie," but you sit still and enjoy it yourself. Sometimes you push past your mother or sister, in the doorway from one room to another, instead of stepping aside, and saying, "Excuse me, please." Sometimes you say, "the governor," or "the boss," in speaking of your father; and when he comes in at night you forget to say, "Good evening, sir." Sometimes when mother has been shopping, and passes you on the corner, carrying a parcel you do not step up and say, "Let me carry that for you, mother," but keep on playing with the other boys. Sometimes when mother or sister is doing something for you, you call out, "Come, hurry up!" just as if you were speaking to one of your boy companions. Sometimes when you are rushing out to play, and meet a lady friend of mother's just coming in at the door, you do not lift your cap from your head, nor wait a moment till she has passed in.

Such "little" things, do you say? Yes, to be sure; but it is these very little acts—these gentle acts—which make gentlemen. I think the word gentleman is a beautiful word. First man—and that means everything brave and strong and noble; and then gentle—and that man full of all these little kind, thoughtful acts of which I have been speaking. A gentleman! Every boy may be one if he will. Whenever I see a gentlemanly boy I feel so glad and proud! I met one the other day, and I have been happier ever since.—*Front Up State, by Jennie Harrison.*

Like the Swift Ships.

How swiftly the mariner flies from a threatening storm or seeks the port where he will find his home. You have sometimes seen the ship cut through the billows, leaving a white furrow behind her, and causing the sea to boil around her. So is life like the swift ships, when the vessel dashes on amidst a passing through the crowded water. Swift are the ships, but swifter far is life. The wind of time bears me along. I cannot stop its motion. I may direct it with the rudder of God's Holy Spirit. Like a swift ship, my life speeds on its way till it reaches its haven. Where is the haven to be? Shall it be found in the land of bitterness and dreariness, the region of the lost? Or shall it be the sweet heaven of eternal peace, where not a troubling wave can rattle the glorious glory of my spirit?—*Spurgeon.*

About Giants.

John Middleton was commonly called the "Child of Hale," and his hand from the carpus to the end of his middle finger, was seventeen inches; his palm eight inches and a half, and his bright nine feet three inches, wanting but six inches of the size of Goliath. He was born at Hale, in Lancashire, in 1578, and was as remarkable for his strength as his height. He was introduced to James the First. The Emperor Maximilian, A. D. 235, was eight feet and a half in height; he was in addition, of most extraordinary bulk; the bracelets of his wife served him for a thumb ring, and his shoe was longer by a foot than that of any ordinary man.

Patrick Cotter, the celebrated Irish giant, born in 1761, was eight feet seven inches, and his shoes were seventeen inches long.

The giant Gahra, who lived during the reign of the Roman Emperor Claudius Caesar, is said to have been nearly ten feet in height. What a stuck-up man he must have been! But that is a necessary fault of the whole tribe of giants. Pliny thus refers to him: "The tallest man that hath been seen in our age, in the days of Claudius, the late emperor, was brought out of Arabia. He was nine feet nine inches high."—*Ed.*

GENEROSITY OF NAPOLEON.—During the campaign of the great Napoleon Bonaparte in Italy, in 1796, an incident occurred which showed that he could be generous as well as stern and brave.

It was during the night after the repulse of the Austrians at Arcola, a small borough in Lombardy, that the general was walking through his camp and taking his survey. As he was on his way he noticed a sentinel asleep. Instead of waking him, he took the soldier's musket lightly from him, and going on guard, waited till some one should relieve him. After a time the soldier woke up. Great was his horror and surprise on seeing the general under whom he was serving pacing up and down the beat! He exclaimed, with terror, "Bonaparte! I am lost!"

The good natured general replied, smiling, "Be easy, my friend; you are a brave man, and deserve some sleep, but next time wait for a better chance."

There cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like oilment hid in the land; it betrayeth itself. If you truly feel the sweetness of the cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess Christ before men.—*McChesney.*

Excuse for not Going to Church.

Overlaid myself; could not dress in time; too hot; too cold; too windy; too dusty; too wet; too damp; too sunny; too cloudy; don't feel disposed; no other time to myself; look over my drawers; put my papers, to rights; letters to write to friends; mean to take a walk, going to take a ride tired at business six days in a week; no fresh air, but on Sunday; can't breathe in church; always so chilly; feel a little feverish; expect company to dinner; got a headache; intend nursing myself to-day; new bonnet not come home; tore my muslin dress down stairs; got a new novel; wasn't shaved in time; don't like the liturgy; always praying for the same thing; don't like extemporary prayer; don't like an organ, too noisy; don't like singing without music; makes me nervous; the spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak; dislike an extemporary sermon, it is too frothy; nobody to-day but our own minister, can't always listen to the same preacher; don't like strangers; can't keep awake when at the church; fell asleep the last time, when I was there; shant risk it again; mean to inquire of sensible persons about the propriety of going to such a place as church, and publish the result.—*Ed.*

ERRORS IN MARRIAGE.—Many people think they have made a mistake in marriage when their mistake is only in their own behaviour since they were married. Good husbands make good wives, and good wives make good husbands; and the sordid and impenetrable, or slatternly partner of ten has himself or herself to blame for the misery that clouds the life and desolates the home. Multitudes who feel that their marriage was a mistake and who make their existence a life-long misery, might, by a little self-denial and patience, and forbearance, and gentleness, and old-time courtesy, make their home brighter like the gates of Eden, and bring back the old love that blessed the happy golden days gone by. Suppose the wife does not know quite as much as you do; well, you showed your very great judgment when you thought her chief amongst ten thousand! Or, if your husband is not the most wonderful man in the world, it simply illustrates the wit and wisdom of the young woman who once thought he was, and could not be convinced to the contrary! So, perhaps, you are not so unevenly matched after all; and if one has had better opportunities since marriage, then of course that one should teach and cultivate and encourage the other, and so both of them will be benefited.

The London correspondent of the New York Times, satirizing the affected pronouncement of some of the leaders of English society, says: "Vewy" for very is considered to be as distinguished as "weally," for really, and the young person at the "swell" church in neighborhood thinks it impressive to call his congregation "dearly beloved brethren," and to tell them that the *Scriptura* moveth them in sundry places to acknowledge edge and confere; and, not that he is afflicted with an impediment in his speech, nor with an incapacity to pronounce his *r's*, but he changes them into *v's* from a belief that he is giving evidence of his familiarity with society.

NUMBER OF WORDS IN USE.—The vocabulary of the ancient sages of Egypt, at least as far as it is known to us from the hieroglyphic inscriptions, was about 685 words. A well-educated person seldom uses more than 3,000 or 4,000 words in actual conversation. Accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who wait until they find a word that exactly fits their meaning, employ a larger stock, and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of 10,000. Shakespeare produced all his plays with about 15,000. Milton's works are built up with 8,000 and the Old Testament says all it has to say with 5,642 words.—*Exchange.*

The Boards of the Reformed (Dutch) church in charge of its missionary and other charitable work, have closed the fiscal year ending in May, satisfactorily. The Domestic Mission Board has received \$55,000 for the general purposes, and \$8,000 for church building fund. For foreign missions \$58,000 has been obtained from all sources. The total of contributions to missions is \$101,000. From forty to fifty young men have been in attendance upon the theological seminary, a considerable increase upon former years.

A letter has lately been found in Paris which was written by Henry IV, to Mme. de Montglat, the governess of his young son afterward Louis XIII. It is dated at Fontainebleau, November 14, 1607, and reads, "Madame! I regret that you did not inform me of your having to whip my son, as I should have requested you to whip him every time he became headstrong or did anything wrong. I know from my own experience that nothing in the world is so salutary as, at his age, I was very frequently whipped myself. For this reason, I wish you to make him have. Adieu, Henri."

POLITENESS.—Many a man, raised from poverty and obscurity to wealth and honor, can trace his rise to civility; it is sure to reproduce itself in others, and he who is always polite will be sure to get, at least, as much as he gives. We believe it was Maseley who defined politeness as benevolence in small things. The French, who are nothing unless satisfied, declare politeness to be the zero of friendship's thermometer.

Running in Debt.

I dwell on this point, for I would deter others from entering that place of torment. Half the young men in this country, with many old enough to know better, would go into business—that is, in debt—to-morrow if they could. Most poor men are so ignorant as to envy the merchant or manufacturer, whose life is an incessant struggle with pecuniary difficulties, who is driven to constant "shining," and who, from month to month barely evades the insolvency which sooner or later overtakes most men in business; so that it has been computed that but one in twenty of them achieves a pecuniary success. For my own part, I would rather be a convict in St. Peter's prison, a slave in a rice swamp, than to pass through life under the harrow of debt. Let no man misjudging himself unfortunate, and truly poor so long as he has the full use of his limbs and faculties, and is substantially free from debt.

Hunger, cold, rags, hard work, contempt, suspicion, unjust reproach, are disagreeable, but debt is infinitely worse than them all. And if it had pleased God to spare either or all my sons to be the support of my declining years, the lesson which I should most earnestly seek to impress upon them is, "never run in debt." Avoid pecuniary obligation as you would pestilence or famine. If you have but fifty cents, and can get no more for a week, buy a peck of corn parch it, and live on it, rather than owe a dollar. Of course, I know that some men must do business that involves a risk, and must give notes or other obligations; and I do not consider him a debt who can lay his hands directly on the means of paying at some little sacrifice, all he owes. I speak of rent debt—that which involves risk or sacrifice on one side obligation and dependence on the other—and I say from all such, let every youth humbly pray God to preserve him evermore.—*Horace Greeley.*

Be Frank.

Never deceive for the sake of a foolish jest, or to excite the laughter of a few companions at the expense of a friend. Be anxious when you relate anything to tell it just as it occurred. Never vary in the least degree. The reason why our ears are so often saluted by false reports is because people in telling real things add a little to them, and as they pass through a dozen mouths the original stories are turned into something entirely different. So when you attempt to tell anything that you have seen with your own eyes relate it correctly in every particular, and so you will be a true friend.

INDULGENCE AND SIN.—Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle. Idle Christians are not tempted of the devil so much as they do prompt the devil to tempt them. Idleness sets the door of the heart ajar, and asks Satan to come in, but if we are occupied from morning till night, should Satan get in, he must break through the door. Under sovereign grace, and next to faith, there is no better shield against temptation than obedience to the precept that ye be "Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

THE DIFFERENCE.—Some suppose that every learned man is an educated man. No such thing. That man is educated who knows himself, who takes accurate, common-sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring the use of which, properly managed, enlightens the mind.

The mother is the last to give up her child; through evil report and good report, in times of sickness and sorrow and trial, and even in crime, she will shield, she will love him, and pray for him, and keep him always in her heart.

And does not the blessed Savior show the same patience and love to us all, his children, for whom he died? Does he not wait "yet this year," that they may bring forth fruit? He intercedes for us, sends blessings and mercies and all to bring us back to him. He will not let us go until we prove wholly reformed.

Every being that can live can do something; that let him do.

To manage men one ought to have a sharp mind in a velvet sheath.

It is a miserable state of mind to have a few things to desire, and many things to fear.

We see how much a man has, and therefore we envy him; did we see how little he enjoys, we should rather pity him.

Adroit observers will find that some who affect to dislike flattery yet may be flattered indirectly, by a well reasoned abuse of their rivals.—*Cotton.*

The idea of a heaven and an existence hereafter is no more extraordinary than the fact of an earth and an existence here.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition.

We have nothing to enjoy until we have something to impart. He only lives who is not only a reservoir, but a fountain.

Half the fools in the United

Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.

Thursday, July 19th, 1877.

At the Convention in Gadsden, the following brethren were appointed to the Editorial staff of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, and their names will appear as such so soon as notification of their acceptance shall be received at this office:

Editors.—E. T. Winkler, J. J. D. Renfro, J. L. West.

Corresponding Editors.—S. Henderson, W. C. Cleveland, J. O. B. Lowry, W. H. Williams, E. B. Tenge, J. B. Hawthorne, O. F. Gregory, T. M. Bailey.

A Splendid Offer.

We will send the ALABAMA BAPTIST to our subscribers from now until January, 1878, for ONE DOLLAR. We make this offer for the purpose of putting the paper within reach of all, and with a view to the extension of its circulation. We trust our pastors, and others, will take advantage of this and lose no time in pressing the claims of the paper on all who are not now subscribers. Remember, it is only one dollar from now until January 1st, 1878.

African Exodus.

A San correspondent gives an interesting account of the colonization movement which has been inaugurated in Charleston and which will produce an impression on the negroes throughout the South. He states that they are alive at present with anticipations of a return to their ancestral jungles. Ever since the last election the popular sentiment among them has been in favor of an exodus to Africa. Lately, the sentiment has taken definite shape, and organized efforts are being made to obtain assistance from the Liberian and American Governments to assist in furnishing vessels to transport the emigrants. An agency has been established in the city purporting to be a branch of the Colonization Society of Philadelphia, at which the emigrants are to be prepared for the voyage. The colored churches have taken up the matter, and in one of them every member has signed his or her intention to accompany their pastor. Every little negro is loud in his assertion, "I am gwine on de fast ship which starts."

On the 4th of July the negroes held a mass meeting on the Battery green for the propagation of their emigration policy. There were from ten to fifteen thousand colored persons in attendance. Every speaker who addressed them spoke favorably of the exodus, except a white missionary from Vermont who was scarcely allowed to proceed after he was found to dissent from the popular idea. The meeting determined to adopt the old Jewish precedent, and send two men to spy out the land. Accordingly an assessment of a nickel was levied upon each poll for that purpose, and collected on the spot.

The Battery is a beautiful spot, covered with grass and regularly shaded by oak trees. Over the heads of the nation's wards floated the flag of the Union. On the green square they were gathered in groups of one or two hundred, enjoying their peculiar dance of "Tula, Tula Lu." They were so intent on this enjoyment that they paid little attention to the speakers except to throw in the nickel, and thus confirm their readiness for the expedition.

The propagandists tell the negroes that Africa has a golden shore, upon whose beach old ocean daily throws the golden sands she digs from the deep sea. Diamonds are said to pave the rivulets. Bread grows on the trees. Meat runs wild in the woods, and one elephant will suffice a whole family for a year. Monkeys nurse the babies while the mother rides in a golden chariot drawn by white oxen.

The less credulous and more industrious people are told that cotton and rice grow without replanting, so that two crops are gathered each year; that coffee is perennial, and only requires picking and sacking, and that in a few years they will all be as rich as their old masters were before the war.

The most intelligent are appealed to upon social principles. They are told they may stay among the white people a thousand years and they never will be anything more than "niggers," and if they go to Africa among their own people their superiority and position in their fatherland; they will be kings and queens, lords and ladies, among a people whom they will enslave by their association.

Major Delany, the first black field officer of the war, who has explored a considerable portion of the promised land, takes a philosophical view of the matter. He says he begins to realize that slavery was a great civilizing process to the Africans, and that they were brought to America, Christianized in bondage, and are now able to return and Christianize the old folks at home. He sees trouble in the fact that those who are most willing to go now are those who are unable to communicate either moral or religious culture to the Africans, and he thinks those who are able so to do will likely desire to remain in this State. He favors a partial emigration of superior intelligence so that the pioneers may become practical missionaries. Afterward he thinks a general exodus may be effected.

The most intelligent are those who are most in earnest about going. The missionaries particularly seem anxious to return to the land of their forefathers. They are cut off from all social relations in America, and now that political persecution, with its compulsory social recognition, is closed against them, by the surrender of the negro party in the late elections, they learn for other fields in which to pasture. Some of them who are properly bled by the selling of their property and joining the expedition.

The whites look on, with different ideas as to the effect of an exodus. Most of them quietly say, "Better let them go, and then the country will fill up with white people, and the old State will commence a new lease of life." Some, however, cannot see how they are going to get along without negro labor, and many of them, who yet look on their old slaves as foster children, cannot bear the idea of parting with them to return to barbarism.

Field Notes.

In his Hampton Lectures on the Psalmist, Bishop Alexander thus dashes off the picture of the coarse genius of Deans Swift. Swift was a consummate master of style. He could when he pleased, ensnare revolting objects in crystal, or carve out tumors in alabaster. We find in an exchange the following instances of misquoted texts: The Governor of Tennessee had no right to introduce into his message the line, "Now is the winter of our discontent," as the utterance of "the prophet." It is not in the Bible that you will meet the "The Lord tempereth our wind to the storm."

The remark of the *Examiner* is well worthy the serious consideration of all our churches. "The great need of the churches to-day, then, is to utilize the force at their disposal; above all, to utilize their young men. The churches certainly are the divinely appointed means for evangelizing the world; and if they were faithful to their responsibilities fewer outside organizations would be needed. We also believe that young men will work through the church if they are encouraged and helped to do so. Give them work to do in our churches and they will not look outside for it. But the standstill and do-nothing policy will continue to alienate their affections from the churches and drive them to other fields of labor." The Pope has denounced the Emperor of Germany as "the modern Attila," the Catholic Kingdom of Bavaria prohibits its processions in honor of "his Holiness." The Pope is the champion sultan of the century. A Congressional preacher has fallen upon the following good idea. He has had a box placed in the vestibule of the church, with the following notice conspicuously posted over it: "Please communicate through this box any items of interest to the parish, requests for sermons, topics for prayer-meeting talks, or any friendly suggestions of improvement in the matter or manner of religious services. Anything which looks toward a larger development of spiritual activity."

Rev. J. T. Smythe has been pastor of the church at Oxford nearly fifty years. The Baptist church in Manchester, Va., has solemnly resolved to exclude from its fellowship every member that is able and refuses to help pay the expenses of the church. Prof. Seelye, of Amherst College, says to his Pedobaptist brethren: "Let us give up our disputes with the Baptists; for we must acknowledge that baptism in the early church was performed by immersion."—*Religious Herald.*

The sensationalism of some of the Northern churches may necessitate such an application of the Old Landmark doctrine as even its authors never dreamed of. We learn from a Northern exchange that a Jewish rabbi, Dr. J. Weeber, has been preaching in the Congregational Church in Newhallville, Conn. Pedobaptism is Judaism revived. A box filled with records and other intrinsically useless things was placed, with religious ceremony, under a church corner stone in Waterloo, Ill., and on the following morning it was found near by, emptied. Thieves had mistakenly supposed it

contained money raised by a collection at the house of the stone. We find the following bunch of items in an exchange: The Rev. Robert Laird, Collier, has gone to Europe. Jubal Early has been trying to cure his rheumatism at Hot Springs, Ark. Ex-Gov. Cassida will spend the summer at West Brookfield, Mass. Col. E. V. White, known as "Lass," a Confederate guerrilla commander, has become a Baptist preacher. Oppheus C. Kerr is still failing in health. Gen. Butler has gone on a voyage for pleasure. Gen. Hooker is at Harlan's Vineyard. Edward L. Woodford was founded on the Fourth at Senator Lamar's home in Mississippi. John E. Owens is very ill at his residence at Fowtown, Maryland. Jefferson Davis has been engaged to lecture in Atlanta next fall. Ex-Senator Eastwell is at Hampton Beach, N. H. Lester Wallace is abroad in his yacht. Gen. Abner Doubleday is in his native place, Ballston Spa, for the first time since infancy. Father Tom Burke has entirely recovered his health. Of trust you may have great success in your new home. F. A. Bowers, Nicholasville, Ky., has been elected to the honor of Grand in London. It appears to be a public disgrace to England and America. We mourn that such a personage should be taken as a type of American intelligence and character.

The English Church Union will support such priests as will oppose the Rites of the Mass, which forbids them to turn their backs to the congregation when they administer the Lord's Supper. On the other hand, the Church Association is supporting legal proceedings against ritualistic clergymen. Yet both parties would be likely to protest against Baptist close communion. When the peace of a national church depends on the question whether the priest's "back," or some more respectful part of his body, shall be turned to the congregation, it is the great ordinance of Christian fraternity, we are sure its days are numbered. If the Episcopal Church were regular in other respects, "sitting for the fool's back" would save a world of trouble.

We have received a letter inviting the Baptists of the whole country to go to Martha's Vineyard. We see by the last *Tribune* that Mr. Moody has been invited there to conduct the camp meeting next month. Mr. Moody is a Congregationalist and a Jayman, who has no relationship beyond his Baptisting ministers, and to a Pedobaptist conducting the public exercises of a Baptist camp meeting. Bishop Haven is in very bad health. May God give him penitence unto salvation before he dies. The Queen of England approves the sentence which forbids Mr. Ridesdale to turn his back on the congregation at communion. But the Ritualists are determined to "back" Mr. Ridesdale. A church which can be disturbed by such nonsense is a thistle field "high unto heaven" and is to be burned. Dr. Pusey is at Mr. Ridesdale's back. Allow any man of ordinary intelligence and self-respect can now be a church of England man, a high churchman, we cannot understand. The leaders of that party regard a white shirt, a dozen yards of water and a safe, as the whole system of Christianity and plan of salvation. We are indebted to Bro. J. Henry Henson, of Union Springs, for the Proceedings of the Alabama Baptist State Convention published in our paper.

"Brethren are slow to realize the importance of prompt replies. Let us have a privilege to write for an increase in your circulation. It seems strange that every true Baptist does not regard it a pleasant duty to give to this laudable enterprise his cordial support."—*T. J. Davis.* Brethren are writing to us from Dr. Winkler's address on the Italian Missions, delivered before the Southern Baptist Convention in New Orleans. We desire to say, once for all, that we have nothing to do with it. Those who desire copies of the address can obtain them from Dr. J. S. Ligon, Atlanta, Ga. The price is 25 cents a copy, or fifteen dollars a hundred. We are in receipt of an official invitation to attend the 20th Annual Meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which will take place at Nashville, Tenn., commencing August 28th. Extensive preparations have been made by the citizens of Nashville for the entertainment of members and their friends. An excursion over the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern R. R. into its noted mineral regions of Alabama has been offered by the President of that Road, and one to Chattanooga and South Pittsburg by the President of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis R. R.

"Brother R. T. Winkler has retired from the editorial charge of the ALABAMA BAPTIST—Brother John L. West being his successor. We extend our congratulations to Brother Winkler and our confidence to Bro. West. If the latter brother is not in possession of a large store of Job's

virtue, we advise him to begin to practice it now, for he will surely have need of an abundance of it."—*With a few hours' riding and some talking, I have, as a reward for my efforts, two new names for your list of subscribers.*—*T. J. B., Cherokee, Ala.* We are always glad to receive such letters as this, Bro. B.

Communications.

Rambles in Alabama, and Thoughts by the Way.

I shall use the first person in my fugitive pieces. I have never seen the propriety of saying, when a man means himself. I cannot conceive that rightfully demand the common usage, whatever reasons may be assigned for it.

The morning of my first day's ride was spent in quiet, silent thought. The pressure of work preceding and following Commencement week leaves but few moments for reflection. I experienced a sensation of inexpressible delight as I enjoyed the privilege of uninterrupted reverie for several hours. My thoughts dwelt chiefly upon the rapid changes of life, the goodness of an ever-watchful Providence, the kindness of friends, the pleasure which attends useful toil, and the sweet, precious emotions that centre in "the loved ones at home."

Calm reflection is a cure for many ugly feelings. He who thinks of mercies past, of joys in possession, of blessings of future good which hope brings him, of clouds which have been scattered, of the sweet sunshine which bathes the rejoicing earth, surely he must be a better and a happier man.

I fear the sin of ingratitude and repining may be justly laid at many a door. On this Thursday morning, my heart was tender, subdued and sad, for its depths had been stirred by the gleaming tears which had hidden a silent good-bye, but I also felt a sweet thrill of grateful joy. "The Lord is good."

About noon I stopped in a beautiful grove of Water Oaks, in front of the residence of a Mr. Wallace. He was very clever and very kind. I enjoyed my rest at noon-tide, and the cheerful talk of the old gentleman. At this distance of time and space, I again thank him for his kindness. Some of the many incidents of the trip are too numerous to relate. It is a long and ever-ready to oblige. I never saw the home of but one lightning-rod man. I looked eagerly at the chimneys of his house. To my great surprise, there was no rod to be seen. A few weeks before he had persuaded me to have my house protected by his beautiful rods, "with perfect insulators, and newly patented tips, sir." He was standing in his door, the picture of happy content and security. I felt inclined to ask him how he could consent to brave the storm without the protection of his "perfect insulators and newly patented tips, sir," but I thought it was a pity to disturb his happy composure, and so I passed on. But I had learned something.

My lightning-rod man of Thursday was from Augusta, Ga. He had crossed our State and traversed another, to find unprotected houses, and yet the smile of sweet content, and pleasant expectation was upon his face. My thought was, "Surely I ought to travel over one State with glowing face and buoyant heart, that I may find girls for the dear old Judson." My notion is that the mood of a man depends very much upon the moods of his fellow-men. *Son* can create for themselves an atmosphere buoyant and invigorating, but these are few, and especially favored.

About 3 p. m. I felt very thirsty, and called to a man sitting in his door. "Where is the well, sir?" "Got spring?" "Dried up." "Where do you get water?" "Down yonder in the swamp." Precious words to a thirsty traveler. With a touch of the whip, and a "get up," I hastened my departure, not for the swamp, but for the next house where I found both welcome and good water. How can a mortal consent to live where his dependence for water is "down yonder in the swamp?"

I reached Harrisburg about 5 p. m. and had a pleasant half-hour's chat with Mrs. H., a most estimable lady, well known in Marion. About dusk I crossed the Cahaba on a ferry boat, and in a few minutes I found myself in Centreville—the very heart (geographical) of Alabama. I wish I could get as near the centre of the hearts of all the good people of the State. Well, I do not, I will try and live so as not to be unworthy of so happy a fate.

Mr. William Kennedy, a kindly and cordial old gentleman, received me with open-hearted welcome. After a supper enjoyed with keen appetite, I sought "rest in sleep." A quiet room, a nice bed, a weary body, a grateful heart, what better conditions for refreshing sleep. I did not "woo" the "sweet restorer." In vain, she quickly placed her enchanting touch upon my drooping lids, and I—no child of this mother's bosom, I was utterly lost to all sense of fatigue or care.

How many of us wish that we might ever be a "little child." L. R. GWATNEY.

Notings and Settings—Here and There.

Just returned from Convention. Had a good time, going, coming, there. Glad I went. Going again, by permission of the Lord. Those are best—Christians, and happiest, who mingle together and work. Those who stay apart and do nothing, are rusty Christians. Iron sharpeneth iron; so doth the countenance of a man his friend.

A good spirit pervaded the proceedings. A little cloud seemed to hang in threatening aspect about the ALABAMA BAPTIST. This was soon turned to bright mists, decked with shining stars. So stands firm, in the hearts of its friends, the God-sent organ of Christian and Baptist intercourse. (Oh! how I was impressed with the reign of Divine grace accompanied by a cultivated piety.) "Behold how good, and how pleasant it is, for brethren to dwell together in unity."

Many good speeches, several too lengthy. Many a dollar has been lost by the length of speeches. Bro. Jesse A. Collins advised me, when agent, 1866, for Howard College, never to approach a hungry man for money. Just after meal was the best time. Force in this. So, a tired audience never gives much, nothing sacred, indeed, unless the bad effects of the agents' long speeches are counteracted by short, spicy, peppery speeches.

SAVING MISSION WORK. This is "a gwine to go." See if it don't. Some mistakes have been made, I think. But the work is greater than its friends' mistakes. OTHER MISSIONS, THEOLOGICAL AND LITERARY INTERESTS. All share suitable attention. My humble prayers and congratulations in behalf of these. May Heaven's bright smiles condone us them all, and each.

TEMPERANCE.

Why did you leave this out? I noticed several Baptist preachers considerably fattened up since I saw them last, but I don't suppose it was for their sake. This matter was ignored; they fished up in this way, and in the second place, if they did the lean brethren were greatly in the majority, and could, if they would, have attended to this matter.

Well, seriously, brethren, this dram question is a big one—not because Baptist churches are more troubled with it than others, and can never be settled; only by the gospel, and the churches of Jesus Christ.

LESSONS IN THE CONVENTION, AND PURPOSES FOR THE FUTURE.

Among the lessons received was one from the Koran. I quote third hand, by memory: "He that hath a horn to blow, and won't blow it, it shall be blown." (Who will send me the Koran?)

My purpose for the future is to blow. Still, I propose with fear, lest, like others I have seen, it might be in my case the young Methodist preacher prayed it might be with his church: full of zeal (?) and afraid the Lord had not understood, by a succession of other words used, the extent of his wants, he wound up his sentence with great emphasis, thus:—"Oh Lord, explode this church!" But at a risk, I intend to write, speak, and work more than hitherto. And may the Lord give wisdom to us all.

The Lambs.

Dear Bro. West: I see in your last paper a letter from a pastor to a young sister, for which I greatly commend him. I am very glad indeed, to know that the pastor takes so much interest in the welfare of his younger members; especially so, when I consider that those young members feel willing in the day of their responsibilities to gratify the flesh, with its affections and lusts, for the Master's sake, but have been sorely tempted by Satan and his emissaries to depart from the right ways of the Lord. For all such I feel the deepest sympathy. It would be to me a source of profoundest joy were there more to counsel and encourage them in the paths of righteousness, instead of being so many to tempt and disabuse them. What a solemn responsibility rests upon those who are older. O that they would keep their lamps trimmed and burning, that the young, instead of being forced to grope their way mid shadows and darkness, might walk in the light! If the fathers and mothers of Israel would let their lights shine as they journey on, the young would not be so slow to follow. If they would feed the little ones on bread, instead of giving them stones to eat, their development and

growth would be more marked, and they would sooner attain to the stature of manhood and womanhood in Christ. But alas! They are fed on stones and scorpions. What wonder, then, that they should be often tempted to return to the potsherds of Egypt—to the weak and beggarly elements of the world? In order to exercise a salutary influence over the minds of young Christians, those who are older should talk more about Jesus and less about the world. What a baneful influence must be exerted upon the hearts of the young when even at church, on God's holy Sabbath day, the theme of conversation is anything and everything except the one theme that should be first in every Christian's thoughts! If the people, as well as the pastors, were more faithful and more exemplary, the young would not be so often drawn aside into forbidden paths.

Pardon me for the length of this. I submit it to your consideration, feeling confident that your Christian judgment will dictate to you whether the Master will be honored by its publication.

A sympathizer with the lambs of Jesus, LYMA POWELL, Hayneville, Ala., July, 1877.

[We need scarcely say that it gives us pleasure to publish the letter of our Hayneville correspondent. We have long been convinced that there is a sad deficiency somewhere in our treatment of Christ's little ones.—J. L. W.]

Several Things.

Bro. Winkler: I thank you for the article headed, "Fifty dollars, or fifty cents," recently published in your paper. It was the means of getting a Methodist pastor \$10 and myself \$5. It was this way: a good brother, whom I am a tender of our paper, saw the article alluded to, and was influenced by the "coal carter's" principle to pay for the gospel in proportion to our valuation of it, and, as a natural result, added \$5 to the already liberal sum subscribed for the support of his pastor. A good Methodist brother, who had out down his subscription \$10, borrowed the paper, read the article, and went immediately and added \$10 to his subscription. I could give the names of several brethren who never paid their pastors till they began to read the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

The churches generally throughout this section of country are in a lukewarm state. Arrangements are being made for protracted meetings. Last Sabbath Miss Annie Arnold, a young lady in her teens, joined the Antioch church by experience. Within the last few months, we have received at this church near a dozen members, most of whom were by letter.

Corn crops are very promising, cotton is very small for the time of year, and bad stands. The cat crop made a good yield; wheat was also very good, though the acreage small. We are greatly needing rain, though the clouds are thickening and the prospects are flattering. To-morrow (the 4th) will be gala day with the young people of our community, they expect to have a general picnic at the Bath Springs. A. T. SIMS, July 3, 1877.

Strange Doctrine.

Bro. Editor:—I am in receipt of some circulars from a Mr. H. G. Sammons, of Brownsville, Tennessee, in which Mr. Sammons expresses some very strange sentiments, claiming as he does to be a Baptist. In one of his papers, headed, "Content Yourself," he says, "As it seems to be the desire of some to know the origin of the Baptist Church, and myself claiming to be a member of that church, I propose to show its origin, and defy contradiction." At our setting in a very strange way the point of church origin with the Baptists be proceeds to the subject of baptism, and finds himself, I think, on the Canaball side of the branch. The following will show what his sentiments are: "There is no saving baptism," says that taught in the New Testament, and to this we agree. "Brethren and Sisters, in the presence of you all, I affirm this to be the way, and the only way. We enter him (Christ) by faith and baptism. Christ is the door. We enter him by faith and baptism. Christ is the gate. We enter him by faith and baptism. He is the Word of the Spirit, and will of the Father, and we enter him by faith and baptism. We are bled with him by baptism. We are planted in the likeness of his death by baptism, that we may be like him in his resurrection." It is evident from the above that Mr. Sammons places the same stress upon baptism that he does on faith—he places baptism alone side of faith.

"That I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." A. T. SIMS, Forest Home.

Letter from Bashil.

There are some indications of a revival spirit among these to whom I preach, Sabbath schools increasing, and a deep religious feeling among the young. Some conversions. There is also much interest at Deep Creek, a new church, to which Eld. C. J. Miles ministers. He baptized six on last Sabbath. Others, I think, will soon follow. They have two interesting Sunday schools in connection with that church.

I am much pleased with the reports to the S. B. C. at New Orleans, especially the one on our mission to the colored people, by Dr. Tichenor. I must have your address on the "Home Mission." I am much pleased with the articles of Bro. Lyon and others in the last two numbers. I think I see the rays of a brighter future for the church of Christ. The revival of the spirit of missions among the churches and a more devoted ministry are what we need. "So also shall Christ be magnified in my body, whether it be by life or by death—For me to live is Christ—God forbid that I should glory in anything, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." "The standard." O that my soul were fully pervaded by this glorious, self-sacrificing principle! O that our ministry could move upward toward this high standard! Then indeed might we expect to see our Zion arise and shine, her light having come and the glory of the Lord having risen upon her; then indeed might we expect the fulfillment of the prophecy: "The earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

P. E. K. Bro. Winkler gave a brief history of the paper, in which it appeared that the enterprise was inaugurated mainly by Dr. W. W. Wilkerson and himself. Dr. Wilkerson assuming its name, and his editorial responsibility, until should be firmly established. Brethren Taggart, Kenfroe and Gair came and held his aid at the out of all of whom deserve our gratitude and praise for their generous, unrequited labors for the Banner. Bro. Wilkes: So far as I can see, we are all agreed. Where is the necessity, then, for further discussion? The report of the Committee was unanimously adopted.

APPROPRIATE SESSIONS.

REPORT ON SABBATH SCHOOLS. THIS CASE in our State is in a prosperous and promising condition. Our schools are being organized on a proper basis. But still there is much to be done. Many schools are languishing. Many churches have no schools at all. These deficiencies should be remedied. This work appeals to the hearts of our brethren and the attention of our churches. The Committee recommend that mass meetings be held in the interest of Sabbath schools.

Proceedings of the Southern Baptist Convention.

THIRD DAY.

MORNING SESSION.

A half hour was spent in devotional exercises, conducted by Bro. Winkler. The session was opened with the reading of the Report on State Missions. This discussion was generally participated in, showing what had been done through the agency of this Board, and the necessity for the more earnest prosecution of its labors. It was clearly demonstrated that the hearts of the brethren are in this work.

At the conclusion of this discussion, the Report, of which the following resolutions form a part, was unanimously adopted: "Whereas it is the deep conviction of the Board that the time has come for the enlargement of the work, your Board recommends: 1st. That a Corresponding Secretary be appointed, whose duty it shall be to raise funds, and put laborers in the field as quickly as the financial condition of the Board will justify. 2nd. That the Secretary may be untrammelled in his work, the means of his support will be raised in this Convention. 3rd. That Associations be grouped together, four or more forming a district, and a laborer be placed in each district, whose support, we believe, under the efforts of the Secretary, may be raised from the field of labor. 4th. That the Board require its missionaries to represent, as far as possible, all the interests fostered by this Convention. 5th. That the pastors of our churches be earnestly requested to keep our State Mission work prominently before their churches, and that they engage in evangelizing as far as far as they possibly can consistently with their duties to their several churches; and, in order to that the ministers in our several Associations be further requested, when ever practicable, to form themselves into parties of two and two, and thus perform all the evangelistic work in their power in their respective Associations; and that they are urged to express their satisfaction to the Convention, and secure assistance for it." Bro. T. M. Bailey was unanimously elected by a rising vote, Corresponding Secretary, and will enter at once upon his work.

REPORT ON THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

The special Committee, appointed to consider the action of the Board of Directors with reference to the ALABAMA BAPTIST, reported that some dissatisfaction had been expressed on the part of some brethren, arising partly from misapprehension, and partly from the fact that Bro. West is not well known to the Denomination all over the State. But they were gratified to announce that Bro. West had exhibited such a conservative spirit throughout, that no dissatisfaction was found in making arrangements which, it was thought, would prove entirely satisfactory to the Convention. The Committee recommended that the names of brethren Winkler and Renfro be added to the editorial staff, which would then consist of E. T. Winkler, J. J. D. Renfro and J. L. West, that Bro. Winkler have the editorial supervision of the paper, and that Bro. West be appointed Publisher and Business Manager; and, further, that eight Corresponding Editors be appointed in different parts of the State.

St. Louis, Mo., July 1st, 1877.

WELL OFF.—You are well off when you are in a healthy neighborhood, with enough to eat, a drink, a comfortable well ventilated room to sleep in, and you are paying all your expenses, and laying up something—then slowly—for a rainy day, and in addition to this, acquiring useful knowledge to strengthen your character. Young men whose advantages should be very careful about exchanging such a certainty. Happiness does not depend upon great wealth, or much as it does upon love, endurance and intellectual and moral culture.—*Mont. Herald.*

Bro. Henderson: I confess that the action of the Board of Directors did not meet my approval. It requires age and brains to run a newspaper successfully. I am not acquainted with Bro. West, and know nothing of his capacity; but he is young, and it is not reasonable to suppose that his powers are yet fully developed. Bro. Cleveland said that he had never seen any man exhibit a more magnanimous Christian spirit than had been exhibited by Bro. West. He requested Bro. West to state to the Convention what he had stated to the Committee.

Bro. West: The position which I occupy in connection with the paper has not been one of my own seeking, but was rather forced upon me against my wishes. In my acceptance of the position tendered by your Board of Directors, personal consideration was left out of view. I accepted it very reluctantly, and only when assured that the interest of the paper and the Denomination demanded it. If, in the judgment of this Convention, the enterprise will not be promoted by my connection with it, then, I am cheerfully willing to sever the connection at once. If, on the contrary, the report of your committee shall be different, I shall do all in my power to sustain it.

Bro. Dill: Youth is no ground for objection. The best working period of life is between the ages of 25 and 35. Bro. Winkler gave a brief history of the paper, in which it appeared that the enterprise was inaugurated mainly by Dr. W. W. Wilkerson and himself. Dr. Wilkerson assuming its name, and his editorial responsibility, until should be firmly established. Brethren Taggart, Kenfroe and Gair came and held his aid at the out of all of whom deserve our gratitude and praise for their generous, unrequited labors for the Banner. Bro. Wilkes: So far as I can see, we are all agreed. Where is the necessity, then, for further discussion? The report of the Committee was unanimously adopted.

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Alabama Baptist.

MARION, ALA.:
Thursday, July 19th, 1877.

Home and Farm.

Don't Leave the Farm.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you; Come near, I would whisper it low— You are thinking of leaving the home—stead.

Don't be in a hurry to go. The city has many attractions! But think of the vines and vines— When once in the vortex of fashion, How soon the course downward begins.

You talk of the mines of Australia, They're wealthy in gold, without doubt; But, ah! there is gold on the farm, boys, And you will not shovel it out.

The mercantile life is a hazard. The goods are first high and then low, Better risk the old farm a while longer, Don't be in a hurry to go.

The great stirring world has inducements, There is many a gay, busy mart, But wealth is not made in a day, boys, Don't be in a hurry to start!

The farmers and farmers are wealthy, They take in their thousands of dollars; Ah, think of the frauds and deceptions, Don't be in a hurry to go.

The farm is the safest and surest, The orchards are budding to-day; You're free as the air of the mountains, And much more at your service.

Better stay on the farm a while longer, Though profits should seem rather low; Remember you're nothing to risk, boys— Don't be in a hurry to go!

Half Breed Buffaloes in the Dairy.

The long mooted question whether the buffalo can be successfully utilized for dairy purposes, says the *Turf, Field and Farm*, is now in a fair way of being satisfactorily settled. The apprehension hitherto entertained regarding the untamable nature of the buffalo, and that the characteristics of this branch of the bovine family would be certain to crop out through indefinite crossings, appears to be totally groundless. The buffalo, or more properly the American bison, is being used extensively in portions of the State of Nebraska, bordering on the wild plains of the far West, for stock purposes. Half and quarter bred females of the bison yield an abundant supply of rich milk. A remarkable feature connected with this cross of the bison with domestic cattle is the fact that the color of the bison and the majority of its distinguished characteristics disappear after successive crossings. Its outward confirmation is also, in process of time, in a great degree lost sight of. The hunch or lump of flesh covering the long spinous process of the dorsal vertebra, becomes small, and with each successive cross, diminishes, until it is entirely lost in the domestic animal.

Preparing Butter for the Market.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of having all the dairy product in an attractive and presentable condition when ready to be offered for sale. The article in and of itself may be unexceptionable as to flavor, color, etc., and yet be slighted by purchasers, because of not presenting an attractive appearance to the eye. Assuming that your butter is all that it should be in quality, it is essential it should be moulded into full-edged, clean-cut rolls, and that just the right quality of muslin should be used. In wrapping, the cloth should always fully cover the side of the roll, leaving no part of the side of the roll bare, cut not too short nor too long, and folded just enough over the top to give the roll a "dressy" appearance. About three-eighths of an inch is the proper length to be folded, and that in regular plaits, equidistant, and neatly done. The bottom of the roll should be covered also, so as to allow no soil to get to the butter from the bottom of the box. These minor details may look like small matters, but they are much more important than dairymen are generally aware of.—*Ex.*

Use of Cockroaches.

The "utility" theory has seemed to limp a trifle when applied to the case of cockroaches, mosquitoes, and such like "vermin." But the Russians have at last found out what the cockroach is good for. It has become a favorite remedy for dropsy, and Dr. Bogomolow, of St. Petersburg, has lately examined its effects in nine cases of Bright's disease, heart disease, and other affections accompanied with severe dropsy, and in all the result was the same. There was an increase in the secretion of the urine and perspiration, with rapid disappearance of edema, and also almost complete disappearance from the urine of albumen and renal derivatives. The dose was five to ten grains of the powdered cockroaches in the twenty-four hours, but they were also administered as a tincture and as an infusion. Unlike cantharides, these insects do not, says the *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, produce any irritant action on the kidneys. Dr. Bogomolow has succeeded in extracting from them a crystalline body which he calls *anthidropin*, and which is their active principle. And now will somebody please discover what mosquitoes are good for? Dr. Bushnell has suggested a moral use; but something more tangible is needed to reconcile the dwellers in Mosquitodome to their existence.

A lady who is very successful in raising poultry, says that when the wings of her little turkeys begin to drop down, and they look sick and weak, she pulls out the longest feathers on each wing, and they are all right in a few hours. She very seldom loses any, and she has tried it for years. If it is so, it is worth knowing and practicing.

Keeping Poultry.

Our domestic animals, derived as they are from wild ancestors, require a certain amount of exercise to keep their blood and vigorous health. Poultry cannot be kept in large numbers in confined areas without detriment to their constitution. Col. Taggart, of Pennsylvania, provides food and exercise for his fowls at the same time. In his poultry yard there are several beds about thirty feet square each, in which Col. Taggart burrows oats, several bushels to the bed. The grains, begin, of course, at once to swell and germinate, and the fowls have free access, scratching and tearing the tender sprouts to their hearts' content. While the fowls are thus busy on one bed, a new one is prepared, which is in readiness for them in the time it is required. This idea is a good one.

Lemons for Consumption.

An exchange gives the following recipe for consumption: Put a dozen of whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, sweeten the lemon juice to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until a little better, then begin and use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen, you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course, as you get better, you need not use as many. Follow these directions, and we know you will never regret it if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two cases where both of the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by simply using lemons according to the directions we have stated. One lady in particular was bedridden and very low; had tried everything that money would procure, but all in vain, when to please a friend, she was finally persuaded to use the lemons. She began to use them in February, and in April she weighed 130 pounds. She is a well woman today, and likely to live as long as any of us.

Recipes.

REMEDY FOR CHOLERA.—I send you a recipe for cholera: Take one teaspoonful of pulverized alum, one of sulphur and the whites of two eggs; mix all well together and put it in a small piece of muslin and hold it up and let the water drip from it; and give to a child, say, ten years old, a teaspoonful, and to a little child, say, half a teaspoonful, and to an adult, say, one or two spoonfuls for five years old, and less for younger; all in tea.—*Cor. Home Journal.*

PRESERVED DAMSONS.—Take the small, long damsons, pick off the stems and bring them with a pin; then put them into a deep pan of sugar; set them in a moderate oven till they are soft; then take off the syrup and boil, and pour it upon them. Do so three or four times, then take them carefully out, put them into your jars, pour on the syrup, seal and set away in a very cool place.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—Let the peaches be large and perfectly ripe. Pare and cut them in convenient sized slices; lay on pound of powdered white sugar; let it stand over night. Next morning boil for half an hour or an hour, according to the variety used. Take out the fruit, give the syrup another boil; let both cool; and then, having put the peaches into your jars, pour the syrup over all.

PRESERVED PEACHES.—See that the peaches are not too ripe, rub off the line with a cloth, run down the seam with a pin, enough to cut the skin. Cover them with French brandy, the stand for a week, and let them stand for a week, then take them out and make a strong syrup for them; boil and skim well, and put in your peaches. Boil them till they look clear, then take them out and put them into pots or glasses; mix the brandy with the syrup, and when it is cold pour it over the fruit. Seal them securely or they may discolor.

BUTTERMILK BEER.—Heat one pint of buttermilk until it is almost boiling hot; stir it slowly, while the milk is hot, in flour enough to make a quite a thick batter; then add half a gill of yeast, and let it stand five or six hours to rise; if made over night, do not use the yeast, substitute one tablespoonful of white sugar. In the morning stir into the sponge, a tablespoonful of soda dissolved in hot water, and add a little salt, two tablespoonfuls of butter, work in just four enough to handle conveniently; knead well, make into loaves, and let it rise until light.

EXTRA NICE JELLY.—Always use the best white sugar, either granulated or powdered; great care should be taken in measuring or weighing; also observe the time closely. To make peach jelly, use one third of the kernels with the peaches, which should be pared, stoned and sliced; place the peaches and the kernels in a jar; place this pot in a pot of boiling water, stir from time to time until the fruit is all broken, then strain through a coarse bag, and to every pint of peach-juice add one lemon, then measure again, allowing one pound of sugar to every pint of juice; heat the sugar very hot by placing it on pans in the oven, stirring occasionally, so that it may not burn; when the jelly has boiled 20 minutes add the sugar; let it come to a boil, and take it off from the fire; have your jelly glasses rolled in hot water, then fill them with the sealing liquid; when cold and firm put brandied tissue paper on the top of the jelly, pass a dry paper over the glass; keep in a dry place.

Meat boiled for table use should be plunged at once into boiling water, as the heat contracts the outer surface and coagulates the albumen, thus preventing the escape of the juices. Prepared for soup or broth, it should be placed in cold water, as then the recombined juices are free to pass into the liquor surrounding it.

SAUCE.—One tablespoonful of sugar and half teaspoon of vinegar and mix a two tablespoonfuls of green mint, chopped very fine. Serve with roast lamb.

This is much nicer than pouring hot water and vinegar over the meat; but we think a little cold water added to the vinegar is an improvement, as it softens the taste of the vinegar. Sour orange juice or lemon instead of vinegar is much preferred by some.

Clarks, and marks where people have rested their heads, can be taken out of wall paper by mixing pipe clay with water, to the consistency of cream, laying it on the spot, and letting remain till the following day, when it may be easily removed with a pen-knife or brush.

A former Alabamian, now living in Mississippi, recently gave Mr. A. O. Sullivan the following infallible preventive of hog cholera. He has been using it four or five years, and never had the cholera among his hogs, while others around him lose heavily. The following is the receipt: One quarter pound sulphur, 1-4 lb. copperas, 1-4 lb. saltpeter, 1-4 lb. black antimony. This will be four doses in slop for twenty hogs. It must be given about once a week. He claims that the cholera is a worm in the hog and the black antimony kills the worm.—*Jacksville Republican.*

CATNIP PORRIDGE.—Be particular to buy the best meal. Irish, Scotch or Canadian is preferred. Stir in meal by degrees, and after stirring up a few times to prevent its settling down in a mass at the bottom, leave it to cook three hours without stirring. Cook in a custard kettle, adding water in an outer kettle. While stirring in the meal, put the milk directly on the stove. To cook for breakfast it may be boiled an hour or two the previous evening, though it is best when freshly boiled. Serve with cream and sugar. This is unsurpassed as food for children who need bone and muscle-producing food. To be excellent it must be well cooked.—*Duckeye Cook-Book.*

How to Make Boys Good Farmers.

Induce them to take an interest in the farm, in the implements, in the stock; tell them all your plans, your successes, and failures; give them a history of your own life, and what you did, and how you lived when a boy; do not harp too much on the degeneracy of the young men of the present age; praise them when you can, and encourage them to do still better. Let them dress up in a dinky rig. Provide plenty of light; induce them to be as brilliant, and as honest, as you can. Encourage the boys to do good agricultural books. Papers and a well thought out, but an intelligent boy wants something more and better. Get him some good agricultural books to read. Read it with him and give him the benefit of your experience and criticism. When he has mastered this buy him another. In our own case, we owe our love of farming principally to the fact that our father talked to us of everything that was going on in the farm, answering all our questions, and encouraging rather than refusing our childish desire of helping him.—*American Agriculturist.*

SHARPS IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man adrift with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a blind man under the arms of one who cannot see; ten chances to one he will lose his money and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will never need the bladders. Give your child a sound education, and you have done enough for him. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to laws which govern man, children have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies.

The Practical Farmer. says: "A Philadelphia gentleman has invented a machine with which he intends to do away with the necessity for horses in drawing loads over our common roads. The machine is built in the form of a horse; a Brayton machine, consuming only heated air, being substituted for the intestines, and an ingenious arrangement of levers for the muscles. The feet are lifted and moved forward as in the real horse, and the wheels are carried two hundred and fifty pounds over an ordinary road, one hundred miles in a day of fifteen hours, although it could travel faster, if it were safe to do so, on a traveled road.

The Kettle-Trap for Rats.—Knowing, by depredations on apples, potatoes, etc., that a drove of rats had taken possession of my cellar, I filled a wooden pail with water, and placed a board from the cellar bottom to the top of the kettle, baited it with one of the second, which finished them, and I have not since been troubled with rats.—*Bl. Leaf, Conn.*

A correspondent of the *New England Farmer* gives the following as a cure for poisoning by ivy: Boil wood ashes enough to make a strong ley; wash the poisoned parts in this; let it remain a few minutes and wash off in soft lukewarm water; when dry anoint with fresh grease. Repeat the process as the poison develops itself, and the two or three applications will cure the most obstinate cases. It acts like magic.

Children's Department.

Four Years Old.

On four years old to-day, Papa! I guess you didn't know How very old and big and strong In one night I could grow! For last night when I went to sleep Your boy was only three!

Just see how tall I am to-day— Papa, do you know me?

I'm four years old!

And now I am almost a man, And want a candy store— To sell ice-cream and nuts and figs, And lots of good things more!

And O! I want a big black dog, To keep bad boys away; A pony just as white as snow, To ride on every day!

I'm four years old!

I'm sorry for poor little Ned— Just think, he's only two! But if he lives, he'll grow a man, And all these nice things do! I'll give him all my toys and balls, My dresses and my toys, For things like these are very nice To please such little boys!

I'm four years old!

—*Christian Union.*

A True Story.

UNDEEN; OR, THE CONSEQUENCE OF DISOBEDIENCE.

BY M. ALICE DAVIS.

"Oh, mother, do say I may go," cried Undeen, Landers eagerly, his pretty face aglow with expectation.

"You know nothing about horse-back riding, and I will not give my consent for you to risk your life on a horse from the stable, that I know nothing about," replied the sad-eyed mother, turning wearily away from the rosy face of her eldest born and best beloved child.

"Then I will go without it," and Undeen's sweet face flushed with anger.

"Very well, then, you must bear the consequences," again replied Mrs. Landers.

"Oh, sister, do not go against mother's wishes," said little Martha, catching her sister's hand as she endeavored to pass.

"Let go, Nanny! What danger there possibly be in a short ride to the country with an accomplished horseman, I do not know! Mother is foolish to dream of danger!"

"Undeen, you will be sorry for your disobedience," cried Martha, holding her back as if from some impending danger, foreseen by her shadowy brow.

"Poor mother! she loves you so much she cannot deny you any pleasure, even though she knows it is for your good!"

"Nonsense! Mother is selfish. I never have pleasures like other girls of my age, and I am determined to take this ride to Mr. Peters', even if I get my neck broken in the attempt. Go, Mattie, bring me my new dress. It is now half past eight, and Mr. Peters will be here at nine."

"Mother was not right when she worked day and night to make this beautiful dress for you, Undeen, said Martha as she softly caressed the seal brown marino with its silken trimmings, the work of many weary nights, for Mrs. Landers was poor and could not afford a seamstress.

"How can you willfully disobey her, sister? See! she is crying over your cruel words!"

"Do hush your preaching, Mattie; mother will be glad I did not listen to her croaking when I return all right this evening. Bring my riding habit, I hear the tramp of horse feet, and—yes, there comes Mr. Clayton."

Smiling as brightly as if no anger ever clouded her sunny face, Undeen went forward and greeted her escort. After chatting a few moments, they mounted their horses, noddled a gay good-by, and went prancing down the road.

With tears dimming her mournful eyes, the fond mother watched her darling tilt a bend of the road hid her from view, then with a deep drawn sigh that was almost a sob, she entered the house.

Merrily the riding party—several gentlemen and ladies joined them at the outskirts of the town—entered down the shady road to the farm of Mr. Peters, some three miles distant. Undeen's blue eyes sparkled with delight, and the soft spring winds, redolent with the fragrance of early flowers, brought the roses to her cheek.

Her heart fluttered with joy at the words of love whispered in her ear by handsome Henry Clayton, and she found a glad response to his passionate love in her own bosom. Ere they drew rein at the old farm house, she had promised to wear his ring and at no distant day become his cherished wife.

He had painted their future with young love's brush, and it glowed before her a charming reality. Ah! yes, we all look to the mystic future through the rosy glasses of hope, and how seldom are the dreams of girlhood realized! The bow of promise spans our sky, but is vanished and gone at a breath! The castles we build are frail as the brilliant meteors that dazzle us for a second then sink into darkness forever!

Slowly the sun descended the western sky, and the winking hour of twilight the horses were brought round to the stile in the lane.

Undeen was the first to mount, and sat quietly awaiting the others, when a large dog came bounding toward her, barking loudly.

With a wild bound her spirited horse leaped forward and ran with fearful speed down the lane toward the forest beyond the house.

In vain the weak girlish hands endeavored to check his mad career. On he flew. Wild with fright, Undeen threw the reins from her and fell to the ground, apparently injured. Henry Clayton hurried to her and friends gathered around anxiously inquiring if she was hurt.

Pale but smiling, she assured them all that, save a slight soreness from the jar, she felt uninjured. A buggy was brought from the farm stable and in Undeen was tenderly placed. Slowly they drove home, and she begged that her mother be kept in ignorance of her narrow escape.

Months sped fleetly by and Undeen

felt the little inconvenience from her fall till the winter of '69, when she was confined to her bed in excruciating pain.

Many weeks the mother bent over the sufferer, unconscious of the cause of her illness. Physicians were sent for and pronounced her malady rheumatism. Long days and nights she lay there unable to move or help herself, dependent as a new-born babe.

At last she was enabled to be up again, but the once graceful form was bent and unshapely, the sprightliness of strength was gone and the roses faded from the sunken cheeks, and upon her back she bore the marks of her disobedience ever down to the last days of her life.

A year went by, and at the halcyon hour of solemn twilight the spirit of Undeen took its flight to the untrodden realms beyond the tomb. Over the waxen face of her darling, Henry Clayton bent, pressed his lips to the mute lips, and drawing the stricken mother away, told her of her mad race and awful fall that had snatched the golden threads of her existence.

Little Martha crept to the side of her dead sister and whispered: "Oh! sister, if you had only listened to mother this would have been." Bolton, June 28, 1877.

THE STREAM OF THE MILL.—"I notice," said the stream to the mill, "that you grind beans as well as and as cheerfully as fine wheat."

"Certainly," clacked the mill; "what am I for but to grind? and so long as I work, what does it signify to me what the work is? My business is to serve my master, and I am not a whit more useful when I turn out the flour than when I make the coarsest meal. My honor is not in doing the work, but in performing any that comes as well as I can."

"That is just what boys and girls ought to do whatever comes in their way as well as possible; and those who act as you are to get along nicely."—*Children's Friend.*

Humor.

Mrs. Partington says that few persons suffer from suggestions of the brain how a day.

The unhappiness of this life seems principally to consist in getting everything we want and wanting everything we have got.

The papers relate an anecdote, of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having received her sight after marriage. It is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened after matrimony.

You can always detect a bachelor by the way he holds a baby; but to be safe from loss it is well to use a borrowed baby in making the experiment.—*Rome Sentinel.*

"Have you any boned turkey?" asked a hungry customer in a Nevada restaurant. The proprietor laid his hand on his revolver and cried: "No boned turkey here, and don't bone nothing!"

A boy five years of age having stolen a can of milk, his mother took him to task with moral suasion, and wound up her discourse by exclaiming: "What in the world were you going to do with the milk?" "I was going to steal a dog to drink it," was the crushing reply.

Scene in a Iowa court.—Judge: "That point has been decided against you by every Court in Christendom, sir, and there is no use of further argument." Lawyer: "Very true, but Your Honor frequently decides against every Court in Christendom."

"Is he a good doctor?" asked one gentleman of another, speaking of an acquaintance. "Well, people call him so," replied the other, if I was a patriotic man and there was going to be a long war, I should like to have him in charge of the enemy's wounded."—*Norwich Bulletin.*

At the close of the discourse the professor, addressing with a triumphant air his audience, exclaimed: "It seems to me that a demonstration like that is worth something." "Let's get out," said an economical backwoodsman to his son, "they air a gwine to take up a collection!"

A negro preacher had elaborated a new theory of the Exodus, to-wit: that the Red sea got frozen over, and so afforded the Israelites a safe passage; but, when Pharaoh, with his heavy iron chariots, attempted it, they broke through and were drowned. A brother rose and asked for an explanation of that point. "I've been studyin' geography, and de geography say dat de tropics warm country—where dey have de tropics. And de tropics too hot for frozen!" De pint to be explained is, 'bout breaking through de ice, see? The preacher straightened up and said, "Brother, I give me 'casion to explain it. You see that was a great while 'go-in the ole times 'fo dey had any geography-'fo dey was any tropics."

JOHN AT THE AUCTION.—This morning, at an auction sale on C. street, a lot of work out household furniture was under the hammer, when a Chinaman, who had carefully been watching operations for some time, put in a bid of "two bitces" for an old dilapidated washstand.

"Two bitces—do I hear the three?" shouted the auctioneer.

There was a long pause, broken at last by the Chinaman bidding again. "Three bitces."

The crowd laughed at the Celestial for raising his own bid, and the auctioneer, taking in the situation and sang out:

"Three bitces—do I hear the four?" and looked over at John.

There was another long pause, but at last "Fo' bitces" came from the Chinaman and a roar of laughter went up. Still the auctioneer held on the washstand and the Chinaman, determined to secure it, bid five, six, seven, eight "bitces" successively, and it was finally passed over to him for one dollar. He received it with a smile of awful dimensions, remarking, "Me ketchee washstand, you bettee—heep cheep."—*Virginia (Nec.) Chronicle.*

HOLLINS INSTITUTE.

Bolton Springs, Virginia.

The thirty-fifth annual session will open on the 10th of September. Pupils are received for a single session, or a term of years including vacations.

This is the most extensively equipped school for girls and young ladies in Virginia; it is also, of longest standing; having witnessed the rise of all officers.

The Faculty, composed of ladies and gentlemen of high social position and of different religious persuasions, is numerous and able—they have no other calling or profession—they reside at the Institute, and with the pupils, compose one family, the school being almost exclusively boarding.

The buildings are of brick, recently constructed, with extensive porches and verandas. The improved grounds are delightful, embracing many acres, with walks, shrubbery and shrubbery. The mineral waters of Bolton Springs are fine and in the development of health; hence, with rare exceptions, pupils remain to their homes improved and invigorated in physical constitution.

The courses of study embrace the whole range of female culture, and the Institute has borne the reputation for many years of the most accurate and elevated instruction. Music, in all its branches, is thoroughly taught. For board and tuition a single charge of \$240 is made, payable in three equal instalments, at intervals of ninety days, the first being due on day of entrance. "Board" includes room, rent, lodging, fuel, washing, servants' attendance, table-fare and medical attendance. "Tuition" covers instruction in all literary branches, including Languages, Ancient and Modern, Music, Painting and Drawing only are extra charges made.

For further particulars, apply to the Superintendent, CHAS. C. COCKE, Bolton Springs, Va.

The Catalogue gives references in most of the Southern States. Reference may be made to the following parties:

Prof. H. Tutwiler,	Havana, Ala.
Thos. St. John, Esq.,	Mobile,
Col. Noah Hoxton,	Union Springs,
Col. J. H. Fidler,	Union Springs,
Col. R. R. Kyle,	Gadsden,
Cyrus Phillips, Esq.,	Montgomery,
Rev. Dr. L. R. Gwathney,	Marion,
P. L. Lightfoot, M. D.,	Uniontown,
Col. Joseph Seddon,	Uniontown,
T. R. Long, Esq.,	Uniontown,

Rates of Clubbing.

We will send any of the following periodicals and the ALABAMA BAPTIST, at any rate on receipt of the amount named in the column headed "Price of both." By this means you will secure a great reduction.

Periodical	Price of Both
Southern Plantation	\$1.00
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Harper's Monthly Magazine	\$1.00
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SIGN PAINTERS.

Wanted in every section of the State to paint signs for the United States and Foreign. Address: J. M. STANTON, Gen. Sup't., April 77.

Montgomery and Eufaula.

Leave Montgomery 10:30 A.M. Arrive Eufaula 1:30 P.M. Leave Eufaula 7:30 A.M. Arrive Montgomery 10:30 A.M. Leave Montgomery 10:30 A.M. Arrive Eufaula 1:30 P.M. Leave Eufaula 7:30 A.M. Arrive Montgomery 10:30 A.M.

Mobile and Girard Railroad.

COLUMBUS, GA., November 26, 1876. Double Daily Passenger Train. Making close connection at Union Springs with Montgomery & Eufaula Railroad trains to and from Montgomery and points beyond. This is the only line making connection at Union Springs with the Montgomery & Eufaula Railroad, with sleeping accommodations between Columbus and Montgomery.

Southern Hotel.

THE undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that he has leased and refitted this conveniently located hotel, and is now ready to accommodate the traveling public. Terms, \$2.00 per day, including breakfast.

J. M. TILLMAN.

BUCKLEY BELL FOUNDRY.

Brother Bell of Chicago and Dr. Buckley of Philadelphia, have associated in the establishment of a foundry, for the purpose of manufacturing all kinds of castings, and repairing machinery. Address: C. Buckley, 102 and 104 East Second St., Philadelphia.

THE NEW AMERICAN SEWING MACHINE.

Simplest & Best. AGENTS WANTED. OFFICE No. 177 W. 4th St. CINCINNATI, O.

June 1, 1876, 1 yr.

\$15 Watch.

Wanted in every section of the State to sell watches. Address: J. M. STANTON, Gen. Sup't., April 77.

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DEALERS IN Groceries and Provisions.

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Give us a call before buying elsewhere. R. C. KEEBLE & CO. Feb. 16/87.

D. McDonald. T. W. McDonald. Wm. March.



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Any one desiring of obtaining a fine, life-sized crayon portrait, can do so by sending an order for the same, together with a good photograph, to this office. Price of one dollar. We have seen several specimens of the portraits, and can recommend it as being excellent.

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