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Some Mother's Darling.

It was late in gray November,
And night was falling down,
As our tired birds went up the hill,
Windy and bare, and brown:
Bare and brown, for the winter
Had hold of friend and foe,
And where the camp and the light have been
No grass nor shrub may grow.
And lo! as we gained the summit,
With only the guard and shade,
Branches of rock and maple
Torn from the wood had made,
And only the wind to whisper
Peace through the withered bough—
There lay a fair young soldier,
With the death-dew on his brow!
Wounded, and faint, and dying,
Marches were done for him,
And sadly his comrades left him
Just as the day grew dim;
For word had come that the army
Morn in the far young soldier,
And where the camp and the light have been
No grass nor shrub may grow.
Mournful the long line passed him
As if in review of death:
We mistook his life, but he could not
Speak.
And softly came his breath,
In his hand a small, worn Bible
His wasted fingers prest,
And his low eyes gazed wistfully
As he turned away to the west.
He was some mother's darling—
Her Harry, or Will, or Joe—
And how after the day marched away
Only the Lord could know.
Fond soul! as he breathed his name that
night,
When the prairie winds were sighing,
Her heart would break to know he lay
Alone, by the roadside dying.
Over the slope to the west we went,
While night fell dark and chill,
And surely pitying angels scooped
To the lad on the lonely hill.
At dawn, across the vale, the ford,
New victories we won;
But he had passed the yearly gates
Of the city that needs no walls.

Communications.

Rambles in Alabama, and Thoughts by the Way.

I spent the Sabbath in Montevallo. Bro. Reynolds kindly entertained me, and extended many courtesies, for which I return him my hearty thanks. He is the Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday-school, and discharges his duties with a zeal and fidelity worthy of all commendation. He and his faithful teachers seem to have, in a large degree, the love and confidence of the pupils.
After all the attention which the Sunday school has awakened, its vast power for good is but faintly realized. Its workers are the best and most faithful men and women of the world. These earnest spirits work with God's truth upon immortal souls. The work must have, and does have a mighty influence in moulding the character and shaping the destiny of individuals and nations.
No church or community can afford to dispense with it; no earnest Christian, young or old, should be willing to take no part in such blessed toil. Let the title of Dr. Maury's valuable treatise, "A Sunday school in every Baptist Church, and Every Baptist in the Sunday school," be a motto for our people, whose realization shall be the constant prayer and aim of all who love Jesus and their race.
Our Methodist brethren were engaged in a protracted meeting in Montevallo. It was my privilege to preach for them Sabbath morning and evening. My heart was in it. The day was a happy one to me. Kind friends, cordial greetings, fraternal intercourse, and "work for Jesus"—these conditions are enough to make any occasion happy. I left Montevallo with earnest affection for a people who had given me warm expressions of esteem and Christian love.
My route on Monday led me by Oxmore Furnace. This iron interest is large and valuable. I am under obligation for the courtesy shown in giving me an opportunity to examine the works of this vast establishment. The process of making coke and pig iron was altogether new to me. I have frequently been in hot places (I hope never to be in hotter) and in the midst of ponderous machinery, but I never was so impressed with man's control over the materials, the elements, and the forces of nature as I was while looking upon the vast buildings, the huge engines, the powerful machinery, the large furnaces, the billowy flames, and the seething masses of melted ore, stone, and coke, at Oxmore. A new furnace was just being completed, increasing the capacity of the works to ninety tons of iron per day. I was richly paid for the time spent at this interesting point.
Birmingham was reached late in the afternoon. Here I met brethren Waldron, Miles, Parker and others. A good congregation listened attentively to preaching that night. I am sorry that I have forgotten the name of the Presbyterian pastor in Birmingham. My short acquaintance with him gave me sincere pleasure. Bro. Waldron, the Baptist pastor, is widely known—a good man, an earnest worker, one whose praise is in all the churches. How pleasant to be

thus esteemed and beloved. I enjoyed the genial hospitality of two dear old friends, Mrs. K. and Mrs. W., formerly of Rome, Ga. God bless and reward them for their kindness.
There are those who predict for Birmingham a brilliant future. Its growth in the past has certainly been wonderful. If Dr. Tichenor's glowing predictions are verified, (and his persuasive words make you believe they will be), this infant city will share largely in that marvelous prospect to which Alabama is destined.
My route to Gadsden was through a beautiful valley or succession of valleys. Trueville, Springville, and Asheville are the prominent points in this section. Such gushing springs, pure waters, gurgling brooklets and lovely meadows can scarcely be expected. In the hospitable homes of Bro. Wood, at Springville, and Judge Jones, at Asheville, I found the rest and refreshment so sweet and grateful to a weary traveler. I shall never forget the kindness shown me at these places.
At Asheville I met, for the first time, brother Jesse Collins, a remarkable man. His cordial greeting was most grateful. He has been preaching in this section forty years. He insisted on taking me to his room at Judge Jones, and said pleasantly, "brother Redford call this my den." A capital den. I should be perfectly content to occupy such a den with such pleasant surroundings. Brother C. has passed his prime and now suffers many infirmities. The Master will soon say to him, "Well done." "Enter into the joys of thy Lord." I seldom look upon a feeble, aged Christian, soon to be gathered as a shock of corn fast ripe, without repeating to myself these sweet lines:
"O, where are all my sufferings,
O, Lord, you count me meet
With this corrupted heart to appear,
And stand with all my feet."
I was assigned to Gen. Foster as my host, during the Session of the Convention at Gadsden. I found at his home a large delegation from Marion. I had seen no familiar face since I left Ma. To say that I was glad to see them, poorly expresses my feelings. They were all happy to see me, and their names, for one does not often meet such goodly company. Sumner, McIntosh, and Winkler, Surfer, Dill and Thornton; Fletcher, Jackson, and Lile—I believe these were all. Marion has no cause to blush at such representative gentlemen, learned, polished, upright, pious, whose hearts were true. But alas, they too were earthly. Each day our provident hostess loaded her table with all manner of good things, and each day these good things disappeared almost marvelously—Who bore the largest part in numbering them among "the things that were." I dare not say. I cannot find it in my heart to blame them; for I own a fellow feeling, and such feasts are not met with every day.
What happy occasions—these annual gatherings of our Baptist hosts! They cheer, stimulate, strengthen and bless. He who fails to attend them denies himself a great privilege, and a great blessing.
L. R. GWALTNEY

The Fitness of Things.

Those who are fond of the writings of the "Father of the English Novel" may recognize our title as the point of departure, as well as the goal of the moral system of philosopher "Square." Whatever was "fit" was deemed by Square to be right, and whatever was "unfit" was wrong.
Now we do not profess to be a disciple of Philosopher Square, nor indeed of any other philosopher in particular, but we do believe that there is, after all, some importance to be attached to fitness, and that it is unwise and unwise to ignore it.
We do not propose to write an essay, however, but simply to present and renege some curious examples of fitness which have come under our notice.
Some time ago we were in a church during the session of the Sunday school. It was a strange place to us, and as our wont was to look quietly around us, if perchance we might find something worth noticing. On the unpainted pine table at the foot of the unpainted pine pulpit, we saw two paper boxes. One of these boxes was conspicuously labelled "1 doz. Paragoric," the other, "1 doz. Syrup of Squills."
We looked around at the Sunday school children, and found them apparently quite healthy. It was very warm weather in mid-summer, and nobody seemed to be troubled with a cough, or a cold; and we could not conceive the use of the mixture of medicines upon the table. The contents of the boxes were unknown to us. Presently one of the teachers came up to the table, removed the top from one of the boxes and took out, what? a vial? No, Well, you would never guess, so we will relieve your curiosity. He took out some

Sunday school tickets. In a conspicuous place in another part of the church sat another box, also made of paper, and broomed with a close fitting top. This box was labelled "pomade philosophique." We wish we could tell the reader what "pomade philosophique" is; but we can't. It is, perhaps, a technical term belonging to some branch of science which we have never studied; so much the worse for us. We were afraid to ask anybody in the church what "pomade philosophique" was, for we did not know that such a question would be well received. We waited till everybody else had left the church and then we examined the box at our leisure. The top had a hole in it, evidently cut with a knife on purpose. The box was similar in size and shape to those which we commonly see in collection boxes. We opened the box, and took the top off, and in it we found exactly what we expected to find, nothing. We did not need to find all this examination go for nothing. We determined that these boxes should furnish us with a subject for an article on "the fitness of things."
A Northern paper (whose genial conduct indicates the sound Christian views of its editor) in discussing the subject which constitutes the title of this article, says:
"In our judgment, a reputable colored man is neither better nor worse than a reputable man of any other race."
Now, it is exceedingly difficult to determine what is a "reputable" man. The dictionary will not help us here; for the question whether a man is reputable or not, is often affected by a vast variety of considerations altogether independent of his moral character. From certain sentences uttered by Dr. Hughes, in his sermon in Dr. Fuller's church, on a Sunday morning during the session of the Southern Baptist Convention in Baltimore, we have reason to believe that the Dr. regarded Mr. Abraham Lincoln as an exceedingly reputable man; a man of unusually pure and lovely character, indeed as rather saintly than otherwise. Dr. Hughes's audience on that occasion did not generally agree in this view; and many of them regarded Dr. H. as a gross violator of Philosopher Square's principle of "fitness of things," when he praised Mr. Lincoln from that pulpit.
It is well known that many Northern preachers and people regard Mr. Lincoln as a saint. Rev. A. B. Earle (without being mentioned on the subject), told the present writer, that he (Earle) thought Mr. Lincoln was "a very good man." On the other hand, we read that his former law partner insisted that Mr. Lincoln was an infidel; and a very distinguished man who sat at the same bar, thinks that he was a very vulgar, obscene, unscrupulous trickster. Was Mr. Lincoln a "reputable" man? Well, it depends on where you stand.
Was Andrew Jackson a "reputable" man? James Parson after a year's study of the evidences on both sides of this question, discovered that Gen. Jackson was a patriotic traitor, a great general, ignorant, of war, an erudite ignoramus, an unstatesmanlike statesman, a candid dissembler, a law abiding rebel, a disobedient disciplinarian, a democratic despot, an urbane savior, an atrocious saint.
Now be it understood that we are not taking sides on the question of the real character of these Presidents. We do not express any opinion. We are not called upon here to say what we think of either of them. We merely cite the cases to show how difficult it is to define the word "reputable." Again, the Southern people would generally take the ground, that in *fitness of things* the great mass of the negroes would be "reputable" enough so that the whole question turns upon the other question, "what is *fitness of things*?" We think that a turkey buzzard is reputable enough as a scavenger; and this bird is protected by the law of South Carolina. Members of them may be seen walking fearlessly about the butchers' stalls in the market in Charleston. But we don't want to put these birds into cages, and hang them up in our parlors, nor in our piazzas, nor do the mocking bird and the catbird; and we don't want to associate with people who insist upon our putting the buzzards as we do the catbirds, nor with those who cage the buzzards and keep them in their parlors.
We do not intend any disrespect to the negro, for we are not comparing him to a buzzard; but we are merely illustrating the position that there is something in the fitness of things. We may be blamed for the opinion; but someone we can't help thinking that the buzzard as a scavenger would be a valuable bird. But we do protest that we are not opposed to buzzards, and that in their sphere we like them.

We don't oppose sugar as such but we don't like it on our oysters, nor our eggs. The only reason we can give for this, is that sugar on oysters, or on eggs, violates one's sense of "the fitness of things."
J. C. HINES.
Greenville, S. C.

District Meeting at LaFayette.

We attended this meeting, and do not regret the visit. It was a meeting of more than usual interest. It was a peculiar district meeting. Bro. Bledsoe, pastor of the church, was absent, attending a revival meeting out of the city. All other preachers in the Liberty Association were absent except Rev. C. P. Sisson, resident of LaFayette. Various other people too tedious to mention were absent.
We hardly know how we did feel when we first arrived. One thought we had made a mistake, and we were very dull meeting; but we made quite a mistake. After a while sisters that we did not know came in and we seated, and brethren too, and Bro. Sisson said, "Sir, we are going to have a district meeting." It sounded funny, but we did have one, and one that I shall not soon forget. The following subjects were discussed:
1. "The Power of Christian Influence." Bro. Denson opened the discussion and argued it in quite an able and refined style. May God bless the young man and lead him to reduce to practice the fine theory he presented us. Bro. Meadow followed in a warm and practical lecture that made us all feel that our influence for the master was far short of what it ought to be, and might be.
2. "How can we most effectively develop a spirit of Christian benevolence?" Bro. Taylor was principal speaker; and the Dr. told us many things about the question; but finally ended it all by concluding that the preachers were to blame for all the failures of the church, and that we must have an active and consecrated ministry in order to any permanent cure of our many faults, of which the Dr. said we were forever complaining. Dr. Ely ought have been there to help Dr. Taylor.
Some of the brethren said the Dr. was not right in his conclusion; but I am not sure what he has to say in correct idea of the whole matter.
3. "Gospel Discipline," was next discussed. Bro. Meadow opened the discussion. He told us many good things during his speech. Bro. M. was the warm-hearted man of the occasion.
Bro. Sisson delivered us quite a comprehensive and able explanation of what Gospel Discipline is. This letter would be made too long if we were to attempt even a synopsis of his speech. I hope Bro. S. will favor the readers of the ALABAMA BAPTIST with that speech. We insist that he should do so at once. Well, the meeting was over, and we had to commence our return over a hot road for home.
I told you at the outset that certain sisters made up our first hope that we should have a meeting—they were so kind to us that we did not know which way to go for our meals. Sisters, you can never know how much you may add to the interest and success of our public meetings by your presence and refined attention to the many little wants of the occasion that brethren either do not see, or do not know how to supply. Allow me to say to the sisters of LaFayette church, that their presence had much to do with the interest of the District Meeting.
The town of LaFayette has an immediate future of prosperity. The trade north of it that has been enjoyed by West Point is fast turning to LaFayette. Her commercial importance will be doubled within the next two years. Our brethren should foresee this coming fact and govern themselves accordingly.
J. P. SHAFER.

P. S. Something happened to our head while at LaFayette, but we did not say what.
J. P. S.

Still they Come.

By our request and that of Coosa River A. S. B. Bro. S. G. Jenkins, with his accustomed zeal and revival spirit, came to our assistance and, after preaching for us a week or more, constituted a church called Pilgrims Rest. He received and baptized seven Methodists, two of them Stewards of the Methodist church. Others are expected to join at the next meeting. A good impression is left in favor of the cause of truth and the Baptists. One young lady said, I was immersed by the Methodists, but since I have now been immersed I feel that all is right; I have the answer of a good conscience and am satisfied.
E. H.
Aug. 10th, 1877.

Letter from the Virginia Mountains.

Dear Dr. Winkler: I am writing in full view of the grand old mountains of Virginia. I never tire of watching their varying hues of light and shade, and there is something wonderful in the sight of their silent grandeur. Nature has been profuse in her gifts to this spot, but art has not improved them. The scenery and climate are very fine, but the accommodations rough. Here are three mineral springs—Alum, Chalybeate and Healing—the water of the latter has not been analyzed. The place is fifteen miles from Staunton, on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, consequently is enlivened by the daily passing of trains. It is not a fashionable resort, but is frequented by persons in search of health or quiet. We have been here two weeks, and I feel better for the change.
We have made some pleasant acquaintances and have found ourselves surrounded by Baptists in great part. One Sunday we attended a little church three miles distant from the Springs. I enjoyed the wagon-ride; our road lay through a beautiful section of country, and the air was cool and invigorating. The services were very plain, but in listening to those good old hymns, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," and "Rock of Ages," which are sung from the mountains to the seaboard, I felt that they constitute one of the bonds which unite our humanity in sympathy every where. Ordinarily there are no Sabbath services within access.
I must tell you of our excursion to Elliot's Knob, the highest peak in Virginia. The distance from the Springs to the summit is said to be five miles, but they must be among the longest miles ever travelled. Our party, eight in number, started in a wagon expecting to ride to the base of the Knob, which rises from the mountain top to a height of half a mile, and which we would climb; but in consequence of the condition of the road we were compelled to walk the greater part of the distance. You may imagine us for four hours toiling up a rugged mountain ascent, each provided with a long staff, which I found indispensable to my progress, stopping frequently to recruit our exhausted strength. When at length we reached the summit, a grand panorama lay before us, as far as the eye could reach until vision was lost in the dim clouds beyond—mountains and valleys dotted with dwelling houses and fields, on one side extending fifty-five miles in a direct line; on the other, the mountains gradually melting into each other giving a distinct view of a mountain chain. There are five separate ranges visible. No mountain scenery could, I think, surpass this in beauty. I felt myself amply repaid for the toil. Our descent was more easily accomplished than the ascent. None of the party sustained any injury beyond excessive fatigue, except that to clothes and shoes, though all agreed that had we known the difficulty of the way we would not have had courage sufficient for the undertaking.
VIATOR.

The Deaconship.

Bro. Jellison:—Pardon me for asking space in your paper for the following thoughts with reference to the duty of deacons: Of the INSTITUTION OF THIS OFFICE we have an account in the 11th chapter of Acts. When the number of the disciples was multiplied there arose a murmuring of the Grecians against the Hebrews, because their widows were neglected in the daily ministrations. A complaint was made to the Apostles, who, in order to remedy the evil, commanded the disciples to look out among themselves seven men, duly qualified, whom they might appoint over this business. This is the origin of deacons, of whom mention is made in other parts of the New Testament, and their qualifications are described. They were chosen to manage the affairs of the poor, to receive the contributions made for their benefit, to distribute them to the proper persons, and, no doubt, to accompany their acts of charity with exhortations and prayers.
THEIR DUTY is expressed by the Apostles when they say, "It is not meet that we should leave the word of God and serve tables." Here it is evident that only the tables of the poor are meant, notwithstanding some conceive it as including other things, of which space forbids mention in this place. It is true that all church members are included, but more particularly attention to the poor. It is a Christian duty for the strong to assist the weak, and I am persuaded that if the deacons of our churches were aroused to a full sense of their duty towards the

poor, far more good would be accomplished, our churches would prosper more abundantly and in many cases the weak would be made strong.
Hoping that an able pen will discuss this matter through the columns of your paper, I leave the subject for the prayerful consideration of deacons and church members, and would urge every one to begin now to look out such as need attention, and go to work for them in earnest. Let the poor see that you love them. Tell them that they are the persons to whom the Gospel is preached, for whom Christ died and is risen, and for whom he is now pleading.
R. HEMMING,
Louisville, Ala., Aug. 16th, 1877.

Baptist Looking-Glass, No. 2.

THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY.
Acts 1:2. "It is not reason that we should leave the word of God and serve tables."
Notwithstanding this, some expect the minister to be largely engaged in secular business. They seem to think that the minister's work is not very laborious. The writer having taught school in a certain neighborhood some years since, mentioned to a lady that he did not expect to engage in teaching during the next year. She replied that she did not know how he would be able to employ his time. Her error was the error of a great many who think the work is easy. Not so to the one who wishes to be faithful.
"Is not a cause of small import the pastor's care demands. But what might fill an angel's heart. And filled a Saviour's hands."
They wait for souls for whom the Lord Did heavenly his forehead sweat,
For souls that must forever live In raptures or in woe."
Just suppose that an intelligent farmer was expected to deliver as many lectures on farming and a merchant as many lectures on the mercantile business as many ministers are on the subject of religion, how many lectures would he deliver, before he would either have to stop, or repeat his lectures? But you say, the Bible is a comprehensive book; and that is the reason why the minister can preach so many sermons in a short time. Exactly so; and if the Bible is a comprehensive book, it requires time for the minister to read it and study it, in order to meet the wants of the people.
The general law in the Bible is that ministers should not be engaged in any work outside of the ministry. They are more or less crippled when they are thus engaged. Those ministers therefore who, to assist the cause of Christ at a particular place, are engaged in human callings, do certainly deserve the sympathies and prayers of their brethren; especially those ministers who voluntarily engage in such callings to help pecuniarily weak churches, and give up the thought of other churches pecuniarily strong, because they love the people of their charge. Yet it is sometimes the case that churches who do not support their ministers, when these ministers are almost broken down in trying to support themselves, complain to others that their ministers do not preach with the same zeal or strength with which they once preached. If ministers thus circumstanced can't receive sympathy, yet at least they ought not to receive blame. Eternity alone will reveal the sacrifices many ministers have made in order to preach the gospel at what are regarded as important points. Eternity alone will reveal the vast amount of good which, some of these have accomplished through these sacrifices. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, will doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."
CORRESPONDENT ALA. BAPTIST.

Union Meeting.

A union meeting of the second and third District was held with Flat Rock church, DeKalb county, Ala., on Friday and Saturday before the 5th Sabbath in July, 1877.
The introductory sermon was preached by Eld. Eliza Burroughs, Text, Luke 12:17. Adjourned till Saturday morning, 9 o'clock.
Saturday morning, 9 o'clock. Body organized by electing Eld. E. Burroughs Moderator and G. R. Glazner Clerk. Intermission of half an hour. Reassembled to hear Eld. R. A. Pinkerton preach. Text, 2 Peter 3:11. Proceeded to business. R. A. Pinkerton, G. R. Glazner and Bro. Chandler appointed as Committee on queries. Query presented, "Can a church retain a member in fellowship who is guilty of drunkenness?" Answer deferred till the next meeting of the body.
Sabbath, 11 o'clock. Stand occupied by Elders E. Burroughs and R. A. Pinkerton. Large and attentive congregation. Perceptive preaching, the fruits of which we hope will be realized in eternity.
Appointed the next meeting to be held with the Mt. Vernon church, De Kalb Co., Ala. Eld. R. A. Pinkerton to preach the introductory sermon, Eld. J. B. Appleton alternate.
E. BURROUGHS, Mod.
G. R. GLAZNER, Clerk.

Work Among the Indians.

Recently in the Creek Nation, 17 have been baptized at Tuskegee, 10 at Talmuchussee, besides by Dr. Buckner, a Methodist minister and teacher (white), and also a Presbyterian minister (Rev. Jos. M. Perryman, a half breed), the Superintendent of the Muskogee Female Institute, a man of piety, culture and influence. He was, soon after his baptism, ordained to the ministry by Dr. Buckner and several native preachers. He owns the school property, and brings it, with all necessary furniture and appliances for a school of forty girls.
Rev. Jno. McIntosh, (a native Creek), has been cordially received by the wild tribes at the Wichita Agency, and has baptized 14—among them the Chief of the Delawares and the Chief of the Wichitas. With these a church was organized.
Thus God is putting the seal of His approval upon our efforts, and opening to us "a great door and effectual" to the hearts of these people. Shall we not gratefully recognize these indications of Providence, and like Peter when summoned by Cornelius, obey the divine call? We need to carry on through the year, the work begun in the Indian nation, not less than from seven to eight thousand souls.

IN THE DOMESTIC DEPARTMENT we are receiving the most earnest appeals for help at important centres of population and influence. From Louisiana, Arkansas and Florida, to say nothing of more favored States, the Macedonian cry is ringing in our ears.
Let it be remembered that the Board can respond to these calls, only as the means are furnished by the men and women who love Jesus in the South. To promise, without the assurance of ability to pay promptly, the salaries of Missionaries, would be fatal, alike to the Board and the interests we would promote. Urgent applications are now before the Board, waiting their action, and must wait while we hear from the churches.

WM. H. MCINTOSH,
Cor. Sec. H. M. B.
Marion, Ala., Aug. 23, 1877.

The Early-rising Heresy.

It is well to "take time by the forelock"; but what if, in the effort to do so, one exhausts himself too much to hold on? George Eliot, in one of her novels, portrays a thrifty farmer's wife who rose so early in the morning to do her work, that by ten o'clock it was all over, and she was at her wits' end to know what to do with her day. No doubt it is "the early bird that catches the worms," but as the pillow-loving boy said to his father, "it is the early worm that gets caught." Intemperance in early rising, like every other excess, issues to bring its penalty down upon the head, and if they are not paid in season, she will exact them, with compound interest, out of season. It is well-known that the early river often compromises himself for his greeting to the dawn by frequent naps in the afternoon or evening. Josiah Quincy tells us in the Life of his father that the latter rose every morning in winter and summer at four o'clock.
The effect of this outrage upon nature was that he was sure to drop to sleep, wherever he was, when his mind was not actively occupied, sometimes even in company, when the conversation flagged, and always as soon as he took his seat in his gig or sulky in which he drove to town. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early-rising, with similar consequences, once accompanied him to the Harvard Law School, to hear Judge Story lecture. "Now, Judge Story," continues the biographer, "did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake out of it—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received them in a seat of state, and placed them in a side-fronting the class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class was, in fact, pausing for a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered some words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising. The shout of laughter, with which this judicial obiter dictum was received, effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse.'—Mather's Hours with Men and Mothers.

It is said of a very respectable old historic parish in Connecticut that they started their minister, and are now about to erect a splendid monument to his memory. He "asked for bread, and they gave him a stone."

Bad Weather.

During a few months since, (one month was found at the door of the following: Dr. Edward Taylor, from the pen of Dr. Henry Foster, of the proprietor, Dr. Henry Foster, who is responsible for it. The Weather Maker, of course, is not upon work must be. In view of over to the workman, giving complaint, the following are given: Whereas—In the opinion of the Weather Maker, the Lord is in the habit of making a very poor quality of weather for this latitude and longitude; and Whereas—Some of these chronic fault-finders of our Lord God's weather profess to be His friends, and thus their criticisms are specially noticeable; and Whereas—Contrary to the Holy Scriptures even euphuize the Lord's skill in weather-making; Therefore, Resolved, I.—That hail, snow, cloud, vapor and "stormy wind" fiddling his word, praise the Lord, because they are of a lower order of creation than we, and do not know any better; besides, it is natural that they should speak a good word for themselves, and Resolved, II.—That if a workman does not wish to get a blowing up, he must do a better job.
Resolved, III.—That since the Lord has made for us the best weather He knows how, we will forgive Him His past poor jobs at weather making; and we also freely forgive Him all the complimentary remarks we have made about them.
Resolved, IV.—That, to save His reputation, we recommend the Lord to select some of the weather-experts in the Sanitarium as His Advisory Committee, under whose suggestions He will be able to improve upon the quality of weather made for these parts. His Committee should bring the balm of the tropics out of the North, and raise rain from the ocean without chills; that shall purify the air without blowings; and He can make all days clear and sunny without interfering with the growth of vegetation, or raising dust, or drying up springs, or spoiling navigation, or making rain and frockless; or He can create rains which will not be wet and make mud, and dampen the clothes line on washing-day. And such.
The Bible and Science may need some changes, but what are they compared with helping the Weather-Maker, and having things sensible and lovely?
The London Freeman, speaking of the death of Dr. Goldschmidt, says: "The untimely end of Dr. Paul Goldschmidt, who died of a fever at Calcutta on May 7th, is a heavy loss to Indian Philology. Although Dr. Goldschmidt had only spent two years and a half in Ceylon at the time of his death, he had succeeded in making several important discoveries. Among his discoveries are eighty-three inscriptions, nearly all in Sinhalese, which he found in caves or on huge rocks in the vicinity of ancient villages or convents. These writings cover a space of 2,000 years from the beginning of the Buddhist epoch down to modern times. He proved that Sinhalese is an Aryan speech. Dr. Goldschmidt was born at Daizitz in 1830."
Anne Brewster says, in a letter from Rome to The Boston Advertiser: "The pilgrimages have ended and it is just as well they are over, for they have nearly killed the Pope; if they had continued much longer he could not have survived. The sudden and unusual heat of the season, added to the fatigue of receiving such crowds of people, has made the Pope unwell. At least this is what his physicians had a long fit of fainting. When he revived, his attendants and doctors, seeing that he was deeply affected by his situation, said encouraging words. The Pope shook his head and replied, 'Do not flatter. I know well that I am near my end.'"
One day, in a country church, a young man in the front of the gallery had stood up several times, and seemed as if were to be fond of exhibiting his person to the congregation. At length this habit, by no means uncommon in such places, seemed to annoy the reverend gentleman. After looking at him several times, he stopped the thread of his discourse, and thus addressed him: "Jock, my man, sit do' noo, for I ha' sure there's no lass in 'a' kirk that ha'na seen twa-three times your new plash waistcoat."—The Laird of Logan.

A pretty little girl in Shreveport, La., told her mother there was a pretty little bird in her pretty little room, singing a pretty little song. The affectionate parent took her to go back to bed, as it was probably only a katy-did; but when he went to bed himself his wife told him to listen to the strange music of a mocking-bird which filled the room. The devoted husband struck a match, and discovered the musician on the lower shelf of a washstand. It was a singing mouse.

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