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FUTURE INHERITANCE OF SAINTS.

God promises to his people the gift of heaven, a transcendent blessing.

For here our life is a probation which does not receive, but only leads to, some higher good. Sin, too, is a perpetual interruption to the abundant outpouring of his gifts upon us. If then we bear our probation, if we resist sin unto death and are at last delivered from its power, who can compute the magnitude of those gifts which God will then bestow? God whose nature it is to impart and not to receive, God who when he gives, gives divinely.

But we are not left to the conclusions of reason alone to judge what the happiness of heaven must be. For his Word presents to us the most enchanting images of the future state of the righteous and displays the riches, the rest, the dignity, the joy, the sweet communion which God bestows upon his people in those regions of light and love.

Heaven is represented to us under the image of a prosperity that cannot come to an end. Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where moth and rust do not corrupt and where thieves do not break through and steal. What are celestial treasures? What is that inheritance which believers share in common with Jesus Christ? Who can compute its value? O, it would require a prophet's tongue, glowing with fire from the altars of God, to describe the nobler Jerusalem, the radiant scene of apocalyptic vision, the better country where no night broods over the landscape, where no storms sweep over the fields and there is no more sea, where no winter withers the flowers and imprisons the abundance of nature in its icy chains, the city of the saints, the temple of God's holiness, the virgin Paradise inaccessible to temptation and suffering and with everlasting light and peace and spring resting upon it.

Who can match its excellence with anything that the universe contains? We would not bid you scorn the magnificence of created things. We would not have you stand even in the prosaic streets of a city and look up without a thrilling sense at the majesty of the starry heavens. We would not have you when the night is over, watch without emotion the kindling dawn, the rising of its white banners out of the eastern ocean, the reflection of its white sails from the waters over the firmament while it speeds on from horizon to horizon. We would not have your imagination and reverence and delight unmoved, when the monarch of day comes forth from his throne; when the purple and crimson clouds of sunrise and sets forth on his sublime career. We would not have you condemn the steadfast mountains whose peaks shine with the beacon fires of morning, or the fertile dewy fields or the bright track of rivers that spread beneath the fresh, pure light. But O, reader, think that this world is only a shepherd's hut which God has constructed for a temporary use; it is only as a scaffold which must be taken down when the house of God is finished; it is an abode constructed not less for the people than for the enemies of Jehovah. What then shall be that home which is made for eternity and made only for the friends of God. If God says to us, "Here this is not your rest, what will be the mysterious glories of that abode where he shall say, Here ye shall cease forever; here ye cease to be pilgrims and strangers; here ye shall see what God can do for his chosen ones." This is true riches.

Heaven is presented under the image of rest. Here evil attends us even to the end of life. But when God shall say to us: Enter into your rest, all storms shall be allayed, all pains shall be soothed and the ministry of sorrow shall be needed no more. O, ye who are disturbed by the cares of business, know that there is one spot where no such anxieties intrude. O, ye who are sick of the tumults and the conflicts of life, know that there is one country where the beaten drums and the roaring cannon are never heard, but only the peaceful strains of harpers, playing on their harps. O, ye who are bereaved, who bring afflicted hearts into the sanctuary and the festal hall, there is one world where the habiliments of woe are changed into robes of white, the robes of the heavenly sanctuary, the marriage garments of the redeemed. O, ye who are distracted by temptations and earth's falsest scenes, there is one Eden where the serpent cannot enter. O, ye who are distracted in body or in mind, there are no disquiet to disturb you, but if you will only receive the title to heaven you shall have the peace of God, the peace that passeth understanding. Who does not desire this peace; is there any man who has need, who knows his own heart, who knows the world, is there any to whom heaven should not be the object of first desire?

Heaven is represented by the image of glory. When John saw the City of Saints it was baptized in purer splendors than ever were shed upon the cities of earth. "The glory of God did lighten it." Rev. 21:23. He beheld men like unto him, sitting upon celestial thrones, crowned with empires and bearing palms of triumph in their hands. In an earthly kingdom the crown belongs to one, but in God's kingdom all are crowned; in a royal inheritance there is one heir, but all believers are joint heirs with Christ to the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away. The light that poured from the face of Jesus, the light that burned on the summit of the Mt. of Transfiguration invests every member in the family of the redeemed.

Possessed of God's approval, dwelling in God's light, how high are they exalted above all the false glories of the world! Here some are raised to eminence by their crafty and wicked ways; here some wear reputations which they themselves do not deserve, but which have been bought with money or borrowed from ancestors, here some who are possessed by vices that affect every upright mind with a sense of shaming horror appear as candidates for the suffrages of their fellow-citizens and as the claimants of public trusts and honors. Ah! how slight is the reputation secured in such a world as this! How narrow is the sphere of its influence! How soon it must come to an end. How much loftier is the aim of the Christian!

Who would not rather have his present reputation—the reverence which nature inspires for a truly pious man—than that which is a mere mercenary tribute or a recollection of an ancestor whose honest virtues personage may have been buried in his grave. Who would not rather die as he lives as the sun sets to rise on a new hemisphere in the new light of glory, than die as a worldling, die as a fading meteor that goes out forever? Who would not have melting, loving hearts, rather than marble images of ages, bend over the spot where his ashes repose? And O, Eternity! Eternity! object of our desires and hopes, how shall we compare thy glories with the perishing trophies of monarchs and conquerors! Is there one in all the mighty multitudes who would resign his throne for the scepters and the riches of the whole world?

Heaven is the scene of joy, true and substantial. The Psalmist describes its delights as a river of pleasures flowing fresh, pure, inexhaustible from the throne of God himself. The apostle declares that the heart of man in all its varied experiences of nature, has never conceived what

God hath prepared for them that love him. For God is just, and his goodness is as his justice.

We seek for happiness on earth and our search is vain. The creature says, It is not in us. We exult in the balmy air of life's springtime, but we cannot escape the winter that succeeds; we contend for earth's prizes, and little more remain to us than the dust and the blood of earth's battlefields. And so, it seems as if hard that God adds to the painfulness of our state, that he requires of us so much self-renunciation, that so many acts hard to nature must be done, that so many trials and sufferings must be borne at his command. But God is not a hard Master. O, he is not sometimes even here, he is with his people by his gifts of grace to rejoice according to the apostle's words, with joy unspeakable and full of glory? You have not seen the martyrs as they cried, Glory to God! while the fires were burning around them, but have you not stood by some dying Christian and marked the rapture which the attenuated form could scarce contain, until it seemed that the angels must be drawing near, yes, that that dark chamber had become the vestibule of glory through which faintly and sweetly sounded the strains of our Lord and of the Lamb. O, if such joys are given in the land of our pilgrimage, what joys shall be imparted in our Father's house. Your joy, says Jesus, shall be full.

Address yourselves, therefore, to the service of God, for all its arduousness will soon be over; he deserves every sacrifice, and yet every sacrifice will soon come to an end; God will give you the eternal recompense; God will satisfy your largest, warmest, fondest desires. God will pour out upon you the abundance of his delights. Servants of the Master, bear hopefully the burden and the heat of life's labors, for the Master's eye regards you and he promises that your joy shall be full.

And now, reader, what crowns all these gifts is that they are eternal. The people of the Lord shall receive riches such as the covetous man in all his mean and oppressive life never hoarded. The people of the Lord shall dwell in a prosperous and peaceful state where there shall be no scandals, no injuries, no temptations, no sorrows. They shall possess glories the like of which no human eye has ever seen in all this magnificent theatre of creative power. They shall experience joys such as never crowned the feasts of earth, or dwelt in royal palaces, or consummated the plans of ambition and the desires of love. And these blessings shall never be withdrawn. They shall look out upon an endless future, upon the peerless region where God and his Father dwell, they shall look out and claim everything they desire, as their own.

O, what a contrast between their condition then and their condition now. Once they were poor in their own esteem and perchance also in the gifts of fortune, once they were disquieted and tempted, once they were reproached for the sake of Jesus, and many thought it scarcely respectable to belong to their society, once they were afflicted. But now in the bright region where they dwell, they only remember the sorrows of the past to remind them for all. One day in thy courts, they say, is better than a thousand, and they turn with more exulting praise to the throne of God.

What a contrast between their condition and that of the worldly man, of the most prosperous of worldly men! It was but little that he had. Now that little is gone and he is poor forever. The poorest beggar that ever gathered crumbs at his gate is not so poor as he; he is too poor to "purchase a scrub or to taste a drop of water." He could tear his heart out to think how foolish he has been; to think that being dead around him every day he lived only for the world, to think that men whom he despised have hated so much better than he, that they have gone up, following Jesus into heaven, while he after all his pomp and pleasures has fallen down to hell. Reader, if you follow such an example, ye tell you, you are mad. Do not follow it. Live for heaven. Press forward this glorious mark.

REVELATION SUFFICIENT.

The concluding part of the pictures and striking parable of Diogenes and Lazarus, exhibits the reflections made by a lost soul in eternity upon the religious privileges enjoyed in time. The deceits, with which the world deludes its votaries have power no longer to betray. And as carnal joys give place to the gnawing worm that gnaweth not and the anguish of the fire that is not quenched, religion is at length invested with unspeakable importance. It seems better that the pleasures of this world should be obscured, than our streets and our homes should be thronged with gloomy ghosts, that words of infernal woe and despair should banish peace forever from probation, rather than that laughter and feasts and songs, and silken robes and prosperous affairs should be preludes to a hopeless

eternity. Such was the thought of the rich man in his torment. If one went unto them from the dead, he exclaimed they would repent.

His lamentable cry is the echo of an earthly misgiving. It is appalling to think of the immense multitudes of men whom the Word of God already draws our pitiful reflections from this large field and concentrate them upon the smaller circle about us, what terrors enter into the conviction that so many with whom our lives are linked, have no piety, no God either in this world or in that to which we are hurrying. Must it continue to be so? May we not hope that some miracle, something higher than the revealed word and stronger than the spirit of all grace shall be exerted upon them and force them to be Christians, whether they will or no?

We become almost assured that present influences will not convert them so long and so vainly have they been tried, and we are almost ready to demand in sheer desperation, that God shall change his dealings, that the right hand of his peculiar power shall be stretched forth to pluck our loved ones as brands from eternal burnings. We are almost ready to assail the ordinances of heaven.

If such distrust agitate the souls of believers, how natural that unbelievers should give them an easier acceptance. The motives that operate upon them are esteemed insufficient to lead them to renounce the world and to embrace the service of Jesus Christ. If they say, God's anger was revealed whenever sin was committed, then we would be instructed by Providence. We would learn to avoid sin. But the delay of punishment encourages transgression. It gives us two worlds, the present and the future, quite different in their arrangements. The latter is uncertain. We do not see its punishments; we are not witnesses to its rewards. In a case so obscure the true wisdom is to live for the present and to act for the future when it comes.

And now the gospel declares that these views are erroneous. It teaches that God has given us the best and strongest motives to be religious, that the sanctions of God's word are so rational and so practical, that if men will not yield to their influence neither would they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. The mercy and the justice of God are so displayed in his dealings that they are inexorable who perish in their sins.

FIELD NOTES.

The State Mission Board met in Talladega Tuesday last.

Rev. Robt. McPheters, of Texas, has accepted the care of the Town Creek, Bethany, Ash Creek and Mt. Gilead churches.

Rev. W. F. McCain, son of Rev. W. McCain of saintly memory, is the pastor of the Refuge church, Talladega county.

If your subscription to the Alabama Baptist has expired, send on your renewal at once, or we shall be compelled to drop your name.

We have on hand several communications that we are obliged to hold over for want of space. Be patient, brethren.

We regret that Bro. R.'s concluding article on Baptist Succession reached us too late for this paper. It will appear next week.

Rev. Lealis Law has a fine school at Coosa Valley, and is also doing in Sunday-school work. Bro. Law has a high reputation as a teacher.

The Mount Zion church (Alexandria), of which Rev. Dr. Henderson is pastor, is a working body of Christians. They give liberally for the spread of the Gospel.

Dr. Winkler's church at Marion has enjoyed a very precious season of refreshing. Fifty-one had united with the church at last accounts, and there were others to follow soon.

Rev. Gordon Mynatt has resigned the pastorate of the Blue Eye church in Talladega county. Churches should be slow in allowing good and tried men to leave them.

Rev. M. Hendricks of St. Clair county has been actively engaged in Sunday-school work for the past two years. Bro. Hendricks is the Moderator of the Cahaba Valley Association.

We are sorry to hear that Rev. Jesse A. Collins, the veteran preacher of the Cahaba Valley Association, is now in ill health. Bro. Collins has done a good and great work in his field of labor.

We propose to send the paper to new subscribers from this date until Jan. 1st, 1879, for only \$1.50. Will not all our brethren inform their neighbors of this and get them to subscribe immediately?

The work at Spring Creek church under the pastorate of Rev. W. W. Kidd is progressing. This worthy pastor knows the worth of the Alabama Baptist and labors efficiently for its circulation.

In connection with the visit of Bro. W. Wilkes to the Ferryville church, one of the leading members remarked, with much emotion, that the visit of the Evangelist of the State Board had been a blessing to the church. "This work," he said, "is indispensable."

An interesting service was held on the fourth Lord's day in March in the Alpine church in memory of Mrs. I. T. Tichenor who had been for many years a member of that body, and who had endeared herself to the church and community at large by

her Christian devotion and liberality. Dr. Henderson performed the tender service.

The Jacksonville Baptist church is without a pastor. Interesting services were held there on the 5th Sabbath by Rev. W. Wilkes and Rev. I. M. Bailey. They made a generous contribution for State Missions.

We are glad to hear, through a friend, that Gen. I. W. Foster is still laboring in his own generous way for the evangelization of the State. He has recently forwarded \$25 to the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. T. M. Bailey.

Rev. T. M. Bailey was in our office Monday. He and Bro. Cleveland took the train Monday evening to attend a meeting of the State Mission Board, which convened at Talladega, Tuesday. Bro. Bailey expected to go from Talladega to Hurstville, Russell county, to attend the meeting of the Baptist Union of East Alabama.

The pastor of the Oak Bowery church, Calhoun Co., Rev. Wm. C. Mynatt, has been preaching for some 45 years, and is the youngest three-score-and-ten man in Alabama. He is full of energy and is still doing good work for the Master. For many years he was Missionary of the Domestic and Indian Mission Board, and did much in rescuing the portion of the country where he labored from the grasp of Antinomianism.

Rev. W. Wilkes is energetically pursuing his mission work. He has been recently making a tour through the Coosa River Association and was warmly received by the churches. For three weeks he was accompanied by the Corresponding Secretary of the State Mission Board. Quite a number of churches agreed to meet together every Lord's day for Bible study and the public worship of God.

Dr. Penfield, the well-known author of "An Old Landmark Recast," says: "The prominent position advocated is that Baptists cannot consistently recognize Pedobaptist preachers as gospel ministers, that exchange of pulpits is unjustifiable, etc. I thought then, as I think now, that baptism and Scriptural church membership which Pedobaptists have not sought to precede the recognition of any man as a preacher of the gospel."

TRIED IN THE FURNACE.

The following card has just been received, and we hasten to lay it before our readers. It tells its own story, and the mournful intelligence which it contains will fill many a heart with sorrow and many a bosom with the tenderest sympathy for the family upon whom these deep and heart-rending afflictions have fallen in such rapid succession. May the Father of mercies comfort our dear brother and his family in their sore bereavement.—J. L. W.

Bro. West—My son Graves got home from Texas last Friday night, and died this morning at 5 o'clock. We are smitten down. He alone who ministered the blow can lift us up. Our loved one had hope in his death. J. J. D. RENFROE.
Talladega, April 8th, 1878.

1,000 NEW SUBSCRIBERS WANTED.

In order to increase the circulation of the ALABAMA BAPTIST we will send it from this date until Jan. 1st, 1879, to any one who will send us \$1.50. We want 1,000 new names on this offer. Will not our brethren take hold of the work at once and secure them for us? We know it can be done. Try it.

Mrs. Eppie Reynolds Tichenor.

When divine grace gives to the church militant those higher and purer forms of piety which occasionally adorn its membership, it is a pleasing task to show a proper appreciation of them, not from a sense of obligation to them as benefactors, but it presents us with examples of moral excellence which are the most powerful examples to inculcate divine truth. To ignore such types of Christian character would be to prove ourselves recreant to such a sacred trust. One of the main purposes of church organization is that its members shall watch over one another for good, guarding the reputation of each, and giving to the influence of all, by every legitimate means, its full force and effect. Nay further, it is a solemn duty to preserve this influence, in every way we can, long after the person has been transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant. The word of God abounds in biographies, not only of holy men, but of holy women, whose piety is drawn out in charming colors by divine penmen.

No one acquainted with the subject of this sketch will doubt for a moment that she deserves to be enrolled among the higher and holier exhibitions of godliness that we ever see in this world. Among all her Christian associates, I suppose there is not one who did not feel that the church on earth was stronger and purer while she lived, and that the church triumphant is more attractive since she joined it. We all felt as we looked upon her quiet, unobtrusive, gentle piety, that it furnished the most masterly vindication of the divinity of our religion that could come from an infidel world. In the field of polemics, our books have been answered by books; but in the field of practical godliness, the Christian

stands the lone vanquisher of every foe—here at least he is "more than conqueror." Arguments may be answered, but facts are invulnerable.

Mrs. Eppie Reynolds Tichenor was born in Talladega county, Ala., on the 22nd of March, 1843; was educated at that time-honored school, the Judson Female Institute; professed religion and joined the Talladega (now Alpine) Baptist church in the summer of 1865; was married to Mr. S. N. McCraw, of Selma, Jan. 25th, 1866, with whom she lived in the sweetest domestic harmony until his death on the 4th day of May, 1870. She lived "a widow indeed," as the Apostle expresses it, in quiet seclusion with her parents for nearly six years, during which time, her father, the late Walker Reynolds died, when, on the 3rd of February, 1876, she married the Rev. I. T. Tichenor, D.D., President of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama; and on the 6th of March, 1878, she died at her home in Auburn, in the hope of a blissful immortality.

Alas! while we sorrow not as those who have no hope—while we have every assurance that a pious life and a triumphant death can give that though "absent from the body," she is present with the Lord—her very excellencies give poignancy to our grief. For thus it is in the mysteries of providence—the very sources of our highest comfort become in turn the sources of our deepest sadness. Her piety was modelled after that New Testament type of female benevolence, Dorcas, of whom it is said, that she "was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did." The whole key to her religious life is furnished in this single sentence:

A great and good man has said that "humility and charity" are the two virtues which woman's finer sensibilities, purified and ennobled by piety, are peculiarly adapted to exemplify. In this sphere she wields a power for good which God has delegated to no other agency. Here she works out the highest destiny of which she is capable. First in influence, though second in authority; first in constancy, though second in boldness—she brings to the surface those gentler and more modest virtues which constitute the very quintessence of godliness. And how impressively were these graces illustrated in the life of our deceased sister! Humility and charity! They were the very attributes that gave coloring to her whole life. Humility with her was not inactivity, as is often the case with those who aspire to cover up their indolence with the sham of this virtue. Charity with her was not a mere sentiment which served to adorn a conversation in a fashionable parlor, but a living principle that did in fact what too many say in word. She lived for others—she lived for Christ.

In the circles where she was least known, her very name would at once call up an array of kindly offices, of sweet charities, of thoughtful succors to the needy, communicated as it were by stealth, as if she would hide the very virtues others would ascribe to her. These "good works and almsdeeds" had become so intimately associated with her name that one could not think of the one without the other. It is something for one so to live in this short life as to redeem his or her name from that inanity which marks the destiny of such myriads of our fallen race, who pass away and are remembered no more. What gives such fragrance to the names of Mary, and Dorcas, and Phebe, and Priscilla, and Lois, and Eunice in the New Testament; and Sarah, and Rebecca, and Hannah, and Deborah, and Abigail in the Old? The virtues they embodied have crystallized around their names, making them the synonyms of all that is true, and beautiful, and good in their sex. And can we ever call up the name of Eppie without associating it with that concentration of Christian graces which constitute the chief adorning of a godly woman?

But let us not suppose that the gentle, quiet, winning array of female virtues which was displayed in the character of Mrs. Tichenor imported any lack of firmness, when occasion called for its exercise. The truth is, if I wanted to point out that form of piety that would march to the stake with steadfast step, it would be this. From the day that she set her face toward Zion, she set it as a flint. "Firm in the way" ever alarmed her; no temptation ever swayed her from "the strait and narrow way." Whatever religion may have been to others, to her it was a vital principle; nay, it was a part of herself. And this appeared in all her intercourse with the world. She formed no associations, either occasional or habitual, where the price of admission was the loss of her religion. No law in nature was more uniform in its operation, than that "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus," which regulated the whole current of her religious life. Whatever was proper for a modest Christian woman to do, she was at the post at the right time to perform. While others might be debating as to the how or the wherefore of a needed service, she solved the

problem by the doing. She allowed no pleas that selfishness could inspire, and no obstacles that unbelief could invent to paralyze her efforts.

In the Sunday-school she was at home. Though she lived as far as the farthest from our house of worship while one of us, no one was more regular or earlier at her post. Her heart was in the work, and this removed all obstacles from the path of duty. She made it a point to be thoroughly prepared upon every lesson; and this, combined with a heart all alive with the tenderest sympathies, made it a rare privilege to be long to her class. A sweet winning smile, and a soft affectionate manner, gave to her instructions and influence their fullest force. She aimed at the highest results in her intercourse with her class, their conversion to Jesus Christ. Her labors of love in this respect will long be cherished in our memories.

Nor was she less punctual and devoted to the worship of God. Ever thoughtful and serious, she always brought to her sanctuary privileges a quick ear to "hear what God the Lord should speak." Whoever else was thoughtful and indifferent, she always carried from such occasions her "portion of meat in due season."

To her pastor she was uniformly kind, charitable and sympathizing, not unfrequently dropping into his ear words of comfort when he would be cast down or discouraged. Her quick penetration into heart-troubles, and her singular aptitude to supply the adequate counsel, made her a friend on whom a pastor would naturally lean when he needed sympathy and advice. Her last pastor, the Rev. W. S. Lloyd, of Auburn, said to a friend with whom he was watching by her bedside the last night of her life, that he never had known any person, man or woman, who had won so rapidly upon the affections and confidence of her church and community as she had done. We who knew her so well are not surprised at this. And it was all achieved without an effort. It came because she did not seek it; the spontaneous homage that goodness inspires. Her whole Christian temperament and example showed that the ways of piety "were ways of pleasantness, and all her paths were peace."

Her old church (Alpine) felt that it was due her memory to have a memorial discourse delivered by the pastor on the 4th Lord's day in March. The occasion brought many of her old friends from the surrounding country to testify their high appreciation of one whom they had so long and so tenderly loved. It was a day of sadness to every heart, illumined, however, by an example replete with every virtue that can adorn the Christian's life.

S. H.
Alpine, Ala., March, 1878.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Lullaby, as Sung in Fritz. Composed and sung by J. K. Emmett. Arranged by Charlie Baker. Cincinnati: F. W. Helmick, 136 West Fifth Street.

NEW MUSIC.

Sounds of Normandy.—Popular airs from the new opera called the "Chimes of Normandy" arranged for the piano by Charlie Baker. Price 50 cts. F. W. Helmick, 136 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.—The music appears to us to be uncommonly spirited.

The April number of *The Metropolitan Pulpit and Homiletical Monthly* contains the following: What God has done for the Soul, S. D. Burdard, D.D.; Sinner's Resolve, O. H. Tiffany, D.D.; Without God in the World, R. S. Storrs, D.D.; Coronation of Christian Character, Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.; The Absent Christ, William M. Taylor, D.D.; Christ's Refusal, M. Eugene Bersier, French Protestant preacher; The Gracious Salutation, Charles Gerok, D.D., Germany. Beside, in this number is an able article by Dr. Armitage on An Accomplished Ministry, and other articles.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

The numbers of *Littell's Living Age* for March 23rd and 30th, have the following contents: Precious Stones, *British Quarterly*; The Telephone, *Westminster Review*; How the Turks Rule Armenia, by Dr. Humphrey Sandwith, of Kars, *Nineteenth Century*; Within the Precincts, by Mrs. Oliphant, from advance sheets; Quevedo, *Gentleman's Magazine*; Benedict de Spinoza, *Nineteenth Century*; A Ring of World's, *Cornhill*; Erica, translated from *The Living Age* from the German of Frau von Ingersleben; Lay Figures, *Examiner*; Macleod of Dare, by William Black, from advance sheets; The Mobility of Asiatics, *Spectator*; with choice poetry, &c.

A new volume begins with the first number of April. For fifty-two numbers, of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,000 pages a year), the subscription (\$8) is low; or for \$10.50 any one of the *Living Age* monthlies or weeklies is sent with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Gay, Boston, are the publishers.

Revelation and Science cannot really conflict, because "truth cannot be contrary to truth," but so persistent have been the attacks of men who, looking to pure science for the solution of every problem, incline to the nihilism of the present century, on time-honored orthodoxy, that the believer in Revelation has long demanded an authoritative work on the first chapter of Genesis. In response to this wide-spread feeling, the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., the learned pastor of the First Baptist church, Philadelphia, was recently requested to deliver a course of lectures covering this debatable ground. Beginning January 8th, the reverend doctor has lectured every Tuesday in Association Hall, in that city, to immense crowds, who testify by their constantly-increasing numbers and the many miles they travel to hear him, the interest they feel in the subject and its expositor. The lectures, 14 in number, embrace—1. Introduction; 2. Genesis of the Universe; 3. Of Order; 4. Of Light; 5. Of the Sky; 6. Of the Lands; 7. Of Plants; 8. Of the Luminaries; 9. Of Animals; 10. Of Man; 11. Of Eden; 12. Of Women; 13. Of the Sabbath; 14. Resumé and Conclusion. The series, under the general title of "Studies in the Creative Week," will be published immediately after the delivery of the last lecture, on April 9th, in one volume, 12 mo., by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

From the Texas Frontier.

Dear Baptist: As I promised many of my brethren in Alabama that they should hear from me through the *Baptist* when I got to Texas, I shall now, with your permission, redeem my promise.

I left Alabama for Williamson county, I found this to be a good farming country, but so many emigrants were ahead of me that I found no land to rent. It is a black land country and very disagreeable in wet weather. Both wood and water are scarce. Emigrants and their trunks meet with rough treatment on the cars.

At Round Rock I bought a wagon and team, and hiring another made my way northwest, going 140 miles before I found a place that I was willing to stop at. I have finally settled down in Brown county, 7 miles southwest of Brownwood, on the frontier of Texas, in a beautiful little valley. I find many here that have left Eastern Texas on account of sickness and have come here for health.

This is a pleasant country, well adapted to stock raising. Water is scarce, but I think that when proper efforts are made plenty can be found. This portion of Texas is subject to droughts. If we could have seasons we could make plenty. Any one coming to this part of Texas will find that it will take money to start him living with ease. I look forward to the time when this will be a great country with God's blessing on it.

I have not found a meeting house in this part of Texas. All denominations worship in schoolhouses, and under bush arbores. We want houses to worship in and we need faithful ministers to declare the whole counsel of God. The spirit of latitudinarianism prevails in this country. If we had missionaries here who could be sustained, and who could and would defend the principles of the Baptists, which are the principles of the Bible, it would prove a great blessing under God to this country. Will not the Board at Marion aid us in sustaining a missionary on the frontier of Texas? We have many here from Alabama.

I visited the church at Brownwood last Lord's day. They have an interesting Sabbath-school there. I addressed an attentive congregation from Phil. 3:8, from which I hope good will result. There are many ministers here; some seem to be ten-dee-footed; others seem willing, if they could be sustained, to defend their Master's cause. Brethren, pray for us, and for me, that I may faithfully perform the work assigned me on earth.

I am proud of the ALABAMA BAPTIST. May God bless it and its officers.

Wm. Lee.
Brownwood, Texas.

Delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention.

Delegates who design attending the Southern Baptist Convention which meets at Nashville, Tenn., May 9th, will please immediately report to Bro. W. D. Mayfield, Secretary of the General Committee, their names with post office address, that they may be assigned homes before their arrival.

M. B. PILCHER,
Chm. Com. on Hospitality.

Visitors to the Convention can obtain board during the meeting of the Convention, at the following reduced rates, two to each room:

Maxwell House, \$2; Commercial Hotel, \$1.50; Battle House, \$1.50; Nicholson House, \$1.50; St. Charles Hotel, \$1; Eves Hotel, \$1; Depot Hotel, \$1.

All Railroads have reduced rates to 3 cents per mile—some few 2 1/2.

Alabama Baptist.

SELMA, ALA.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

HOME AND FARM.

JOHN BARLEY-CORN, MY FOE.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
The song I have to sing
Is not in praise of you, John,
For though you are a king,
Your subjects, they are legion, John,
I find where'er I go;
They wear your yoke upon their necks,
John Barley-Corn, my foe!

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
By your despotic sway
The people of our country, John,
Are suffering to-day.
You lay the lash upon their backs;
Vex willfully they go
And pay allegiance to the polls,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
You've broken many a heart,
And caused the bitter tear, John,
From many an eye to start.
The widow and the fatherless
From pleasant homes to go,
And lead a life of sin and shame,
John Barley-Corn, my foe.

John Barley-Corn, my foe, John,
May heaven speed the hour
When temperance shall wear the crown
And run shall flow its power;
When from the East unto the West
The people all shall know
Their greatest curse has been removed,
John Barley-Corn, my foe!

A Real Rural Story with a Moral.

An agricultural friend sends us the following statement, which he assures us is based upon facts. We commend it to the careful consideration of all who own or have charge of swine:

A farmer bought of me some pigs of a choice breed, paid a high price, and, after keeping them a year or two and breeding them, he came to me exclaiming: "You remember that I bought some of the—breed of pigs of you?"

"Yes," I replied, "and how do you like 'em?"

"Like 'em! Can't 'em up to 300 pounds at 18 months, and you said they would scale 600," said I, and he accompanied me to my pen.

"Now," said he, excitedly, "do you pretend to say that the pigs you sold me are of this breed?"

"Why, you must take me to be an ignoramus. Come over and see them, and you'll find 'em as mean, rawboned, scrawny a lot of hogs as you ever laid your eyes on, and I shall expect you to refund my money."

I went with him and found his hogs, in December, in a pen where the mud was eighteen inches deep, into which their feed (corn in the ear) was thrown; and the only shelter they had, as a sleeping apartment, was a few poles laid across one end of the enclosure, over which a few boards were laid horizontally, so that the rain kept the swine drenched in wet weather.

Not a particle of straw was given them as a bed, and I turned away, wondering which had the most common sense, the hogs or their owner.

"Neighbor," said I, "you ought to be indicted for cruelty to animals. Can it be possible that you don't know any better than to treat your pigs in that way? In the first place, they are half starved, as one-half the corn fed to them is lost in the mud, and the other half is eaten with so much filth that it barely keeps life within them. You should lay a plank floor over the entire enclosure; then you should build a warm sleeping apartment, with a shingle roof, and then feed your hogs on cooked food, mostly, but never on corn in the ear. Corn meal may do, but it pays well to cook it. Get a furnace kettle that holds from forty to sixty gallons, set it in bricks and mortar in an out-house where there is a chimney, or build one if you have none, and then mix Indian meal with potatoes, carrots, parsnips or beets, and cook all together, giving the feed warm as often as you can conveniently—all they will eat to those you are fattening the others keep separate—and, after following my advice for a season, come to me and report the result."

I did not happen to see this man till the next fall, at the State Fair, where I found him with a group of farmers, admiring some fine hogs that they said had taken the first premium; and they were fine, weighing over 600 pounds each!

"Those are they!" I asked. "They are mine, from stock I bought of you," replied my neighbor, adding: "I did as you directed, and I am satisfied now that the pigs you sold me were the pure breed, just as you represented."

The moral of this result is, that it pays well to take care of all animals, to provide comfortable quarters for them, to give them plenty of straw for their beds, and to feed them in a rational way.—T. B. M., in *Utica Observer*.

Hints on Cleanliness.

Once a week is often enough for a decent white man to wash himself all over, and whether in summer or winter that ought to be done with soap, warm water and a hog's-hair brush, in a room showing at least seventy degrees Fahrenheit. Baths should be taken early in the morning, for it is then that the system possesses the power of reaction in the highest degree. Any kind of bath is dangerous soon after a meal or soon after fatiguing exercise. No man or woman should take a bath at the close of day, unless, by the advice of the family physician. The best mode of keeping the surface of the body clean, besides the once-a-week washing already mentioned, is as follows: As soon as you get out of the bed in the morning, wash your face, hands, neck

and breast, into the same basin of water, by both feet at once, for about a minute, rubbing them briskly all the time; then, with the towel, which has been dampened by wiping the face, feet, &c., wipe the whole body well, fast and hard, with mouth shut and breast projecting. Let the whole thing be done within five minutes. At night, when you go to bed, and whenever you get out of bed during the night or when you find yourself wakeful or restless, spend from two to five minutes in rubbing your whole body with your hands as far as you can reach in every direction. This has a tendency to preserve that softness and mobility of skin which is essential to health, and which, too frequent washings will always destroy.—*Half's Journal of Health*.

Cleaning Engravings.

It frequently happens that fine engravings, despite the care taken of them, will in some unaccountable manner become stained and dirty to such an extent as to seriously impair their beauty. To those of our readers who own engravings that have been injured in this way, a simple recipe for cleaning them will prove of value. Put the engraving on a smooth board and cover it with a thin layer of common salt finely pulverized; then squeeze lemon juice upon the salt until a considerable portion of it is dissolved. After every part of the picture has been subjected to this treatment, elevate one end of the board so that it will form an angle of about forty-five degrees with the horizon. From this angle or other suitable angle, pour on the engraving boiling water until the salt and lemon juice be all washed off. The engraving will then be perfectly clean and free from stain. It must be dried on the board, or on some smooth surface, gradually. If dried by the fire or sun, it will be tinged with a dingy yellowish color.—*Wilmington Del. Commercial*.

Grand Specific.

The Chicago Tribune's "Home Department," claims that a simple and immediate cure for colds in the head, sore throat, asthma, sore nostrils, &c., is rubbed berries, crushed and smoked in a pipe, the smoke emitted through the nose. If the nose is stopped up so that it is almost impossible to breathe, one pipeful will make the head as clear as a bell. For sore throat, asthma and bronchitis, swallowing the smoke effects immediate relief. It will make the most foul breath pure and sweet. Sufferers from that horrible disease, ulcerated catarrh, will find this remedy unequalled, and a month's use will cure the most obstinate case. Eating the uncrushed berries is also good for sore throats and all bronchial complaints. After smoking, do not expose yourself to cold air for at least fifteen minutes. The berries are perfectly harmless, and can be procured at any drug store.

Tramp fever, typhoid fever, drainage from sinks and barn-yards must be prevented from entering wells, low ground, or cess-pools near the house, or into water supplies for drinking or for cooking purposes. Ordure of all kinds must be removed from the vicinity of farm-houses; refuse from the kitchen should be deposited upon the manure heap and mixed with earth or ground plaster; the vaults and out-houses should be kept clean, and should be disinfected with early plaster, or solutions of sulphate of iron.

SELECTED RECIPES.

MOCK DUCK.—Take a round steak, make stuffing as for turkey; spread the stuffing on the steak, roll it up, and cook; roast from half to three-quarters of an hour. Having tried it once, it will not be the last time.

SPICE CAKE.—One and one-half cup butter, three cups sugar, one cup sour milk, five cups flour, five eggs, one teaspoon soda, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg, allspice, each one teaspoon; one pound raisins. This will make the cakes of usual size, and will keep for two months.

ANOTHER.—One cup sugar, one egg, one-half cup cream, one-half cup butter, one small teaspoon soda, one-half teaspoon ginger, the same of cinnamon and salt. Fenwick also wants to know the proper way to cook mish: The water must be kept boiling, and be kept boiling all the time you are stirring in the meat; sit it in slowly at first; a piece of butter put in improves it and makes it easier to clean the kettle; salt to your taste.—*Home Department Tribune*.

VEGETABLE SOUPS.—Here are two recipes from the French for vegetable soup:

No. 1.—Scrape clean and slice three carrots and three turnips, peel three onions; fry the whole with a little butter till it turns rather yellow; then add three heads of celery cut in pieces; three or four leeks, also cut in pieces; stir and fry the whole for about six minutes; when fried, add two cloves of garlic, salt, pepper, and three stalks of parsley; cover with three quarts of water; cook on rather a slow fire, skin off the skum carefully, and simmer for about three hours, then strain and use.

No. 2.—Seven ounces of carrot, ten ounces of parsnip, ten ounces of potatoes cut in small slices; one and one-quarter ounce of butter, five teaspoonfuls of flour, a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste; the yolk of two eggs; rather more than two quarts of water. Boil the vegetables in the water two and one-half hours; stir them often, and add more, as there should be two quarts of soup when done. Mix up in a bag the butter and flour, mustard, salt and pepper, with a teaspoonful of cold water; stir in the soup and boil ten minutes. Have ready the yolks of the eggs in the tureen; pour on, stir well, and serve. Time, three hours; sufficient for eight persons.—*Rural New Yorker*.

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

I DID IT—NOT "I DONE IT."

A little girl at Teacher's.
If I should ask who won, to-day,
The game which you were at (croquet)?
First Girl.
I should say that I won it;
That I did it—not "I done it!"

Teacher.
If I should ask who makes the kite
I saw begin at home last night?
Second Girl.
I should say I began it;
That I did it—not "I done it!"

Teacher.
If I should ask why kind is hung
Outside our door, the times among?
Third Girl.
I should say I wished to see it;
That I did it—not "I done it!"

Teacher.
If I should ask who has the rice
From yonder distant starling place?
Fourth Girl.
I should say you have I run it;
That I did it—not "I done it!"

Teacher.
I'm very glad you're so correct;
Such vigils turn our speech infertile!
My school-bell rings to-day to teach
To shun such vulgar sort of speech.
This work one—always thus it!
Say I did it—not I done it!

Tense of voice.
"Dust on Your Glasses."

I don't often put on glasses to examine Katy's works; but one morning, not long since, I did so upon entering a room she had been sweeping.

"Did you forget to open the windows when you swept, Katy?" I inquired. "This room is very dusty."

"I think there is dust on your eye-glasses, ma'am," she said, modestly. And sure enough, the eye-glasses were at fault, and not Katy. I rubbed them off, and everything looked bright and clean, the carpet like new, and Katy's face said, "I'm glad it was the glasses and not this fine."

"This has taught me a good lesson," I said to myself, upon leaving the room, and one I shall remember through life.

That evening Katy came to me with some kitchen trouble. The cook had done so, and she had said so and so. When her story was finished, I said, smiling, "There is dust on your eye-glasses, Katy; rub them off; you will see better." She understood me, and left the room.

I told the incident to the children, and it is quite common to hear them say to each other, "O, there's dust on your glasses." Sometimes I am referred by "Mama Harry has dust on his glasses; can't he rub them off?"

When I hear a person criticizing another, condemning, perhaps, a course of action he knows nothing about, drawing inferences prejudicial to the person or persons, I think right away, "Here's dust on your glasses; rub them off!" The truth is, everybody wears these very same glasses; only the dust is a little thicker on some than on others, and needs harder rubbing to get it off.

I said this to John, one day, some little matter coming up that called forth the remark, "There are some people I wish would begin to rub, then," said he, "There is Mr. So and So and Mrs. So and So; they are always ready to pick at some one, to slur, to hint, I don't know, I don't like them." "I think my son John has a wee bit on his glasses just now," he laughed, and asked, "What is a body to do?" "Keep your own well rubbed up, and you will not know whether others need it or not."

"I will be," he replied. "I think as a family, we are all rubbing by that little incident, and through life will never forget the meaning of 'There's dust on your glasses.'—*Observer*.

The Parrots at Work.

In Mitchamption, in Dorset, lives an excellent good woman, who has been a Bible collector for many years, and like many others in an humble station in life, resolved to do all she could spread abroad the word of God. She had a parrot brought over from Africa by Captain Littlehales, in 1847, which began to collect for the Bible Society about 1845. In the course of seven years the bird's cheery "Put something in the Bible-box," produced 230. At the end of that time Polly took advantage of the door's being left open, and flew away.

It was succeeded by a green parrot, which collected 27 in about six years and then died.

Another gray one was purchased when only ten months old. Poor Mary Everit had had it eighteen years. The bird was taught to say, on the entrance of a visitor, "Walk in, sir—Bible-box." Shouts "Hip, hip, hurrah!" We presume when the visitor gives a donation. This one has earned 233 1/2.

These three birds have collected between them, in thirty-one years, the sum of £350. 6s.

Captain Littlehales is on the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and when he narrated the above story, the Members of the Committee united with him in purchasing a new cage, and this has been presented with the following inscription: "To Mary Everit, from the Members of the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Nov. the 5th, 1877."—*Gleanings for the Young*.

A Small Boy on Tobacco.

Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw one cooked, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and thought that was given them by election days for nothing was given them cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden bins, who start at the door and fiddle little boys by giving them a bunch of cigars, which is glued into the bin's hands, and made of wood also. Hogs don't like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to

smoke a cigar once, and I felt like epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking, they thought he was a stumbler and were frightened. My sister Nancy is a girl, I don't know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy who comes to see her. I guess she likes Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his mouth and said he didn't know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But when my brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nancy said, "Get out of the house, you horrid creature; the smell of tobacco makes me sick." Snuff is in-jun meal made out of tobacco. I took a little snuff once and then I sneezed.

HUMOR.

The Seasons.

"Spring is here,"
The lover said;
Now doth appear
Violets, my dear,
With eyes of blue,
Like you—like you,
The lover said.

"Spring is here,"
The lady said;
Now doth appear
Green sprigs, my dear,
Quite green, it's true,
Like you—like you,
The lady said.

"Summer is here,"
The lover said;
And now is heard
Sweet voice of bird;
The lark above
Carols of love,
Like you, my dear.

"Summer is here,"
The lady said;
Who buzzes round—
Bormenting sound?
The mosquito's come!
Oh, hear him hum,
Like you, my dear.

"Autumn is here,"
The lover said;
And all the air
Is clear and fair;
The leaves are gay,
In bright array,
Like you, my dear.

"Autumn is here,"
The lady said;
It comes to pass
That once green grass
Is brown and sere,
Like you, my dear,
The lady said.

"Winter is here,"
The lover said;
And winter's cold;
I must be bold,
To say it's true—
That so are you,
Are you, my dear.

"Winter is here,"
The lady said;
The ice and snow
Will melt and go—
And oh! that you
Would likewise do,
So do, my dear.

—N. Y. Graphic.

Sydney Smith, on entering a drawing-room in a West-end mansion, found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, his sister promised the compliment of a new dress for the wife of every free man who had voted for her brother. At this she was lured with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce!" But she smilingly observed, "Thank you, gentlemen, but I really cannot agree with you. I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce forever."

A boy came along to one of our neighbors' houses holding a very dirty dog, and asked the gentleman of the house: "Don't you want to buy a dog, Mister?" "What kind of a dog is it?" asked the gentleman. "The boy looked puzzled. 'Well,' said he, 'it is part terrier.' 'And what is the rest?' asked the gentleman. 'The rest,' answered the boy, 'why, the rest is just dog.'"

At a party the other evening there was a lull in the conversation, which made the host, who was inexperienced, somewhat nervous. With a view to relief, he asked a mournful-looking man if he was married. "No, I am a bachelor," stilly replied the somber man. "Ah!" observed the host, warming up with the subject. "How long have you been a bachelor?" There was another lull in the conversation.

A Methodist circuit rider once discussed the subject of baptism with a German Baptist. In the course of the discussion the circuit rider said, "There is but one clear case of immersion in the Bible and that was when the devil got into the hogs and ran down into the sea and were choked." The German replied, "I wish you clear case of immersion, and wish more, der devil has been so void of water ever since, dat he only dake it a few drops at der time."

Old Mr. Blanchard who lives out on West Hill, took down his son's double-barrel gun, yesterday morning, and went out into the back yard. "I have not," he said, "fired off a gun for thirty-seven years," and then he pointed the gun at the barn and fired. It does not definitely appear from the evidence, which made the most noise, the hired man, who immediately emerged from the barn, carrying himself along with both hands, or old Mr. Blanchard, lying on his back, between the ash barrel and the fence, trying to hold his jaw to its place, or the stranger on the other side of the fence, with a brick in each hand, his hat caved in, and a black eye all over his cheek, calling out to know what "hoof-donned, blue-eyed, four-legged, turkey-trotting, shambling, cock-eyed, clod-horning idiot hit him with his gun?" Mr. Blanchard has since been heard to remark that he didn't want to fire a gun again for thirty-seven years more.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

Vegetine. MACHINERY.

FOR CHILLS, SHAKES, FEVER AND AGUE.

TACOMA, N. C., 1878.

Dear Sir:—I feel very grateful for what your valuable medicine, Vegetine, has done in my family. I wish to express my thanks for informing you of the wonderful cure of my son, who is now a healthy child.

My son, who is now a healthy child, was born on the 15th of May, 1877, and was afflicted with the most violent cholera, which he had from the 1st of May to the 15th of June, 1877. He was then in the most violent stage of the disease, and was unable to take any food or drink.

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SUGAR CANE AND SORGHUM

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A SPECIALTY.

EVAPORATORS,

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