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THE OLD SHIP OF ZION.

[Respectfully dedicated to the members of the Alabama Baptist State Convention.]

BY DUDLEY WILLIAMS.

On, on for a score of centuries
Our grand old ship has run;
Following the Stygian waves of time,
Till her journey's almost done.
Yes, nearing the port with her dauntless crew,
She will anchor soon in the Pilgrim's rest.
She was launched on a gulf of sin-cursed
souls,
Neath the starless clouds of night;
She was manned by a small, yet gallant
crew,
Fresh reared from the throne of light.
Her timbers and sails were of strange device
Fashioned and fitted in Paradise.
Her Captain came o'er the crystal seas;
That break on the golden strand,
Her pilot forth from the Jewish hills,
In the spirit's mystic wand.
Her rudder, eternal hands had given
From the choicest wood in the growth of
heaven.
A Log Book written by unseen hands;
A compass of faultless mold;
An anchor she had whose cable tow
Reached e'en to the gates of gold.
'Gainst her stoutest sails more white than
snow
The breezes were wont to blow.
She started forth mid the waves of wrath,
Reared high by infernal breath;
Hard by grim Galv'ry's shade she passed,
And her Captain went to death;
But glorious death not unwilling, too,
'Twas the essence of life to that faithful crew.
Thenceforth on the crest of the death-
proof brow,
In the vestment spirits wear
The Captain's sail while the vessel moves
Swift on to heaven THERE;
And whispers the lost ones no longer to
sorrow—
To board the brave craft that is journeying
home.
She ploughed her way through consuming
flames,
Through the wrecker's dismal strands,
And one by one of that sinless few
Fell dead at the pirate's hands.
But where one fell in that heaven-bound race,
A thousand leaped forth to take his place.
To the eternal shores of the new-found
world,
This life-saving vigilance bent,
Gathering in mercy the precious fruit
Of the mighty Occident.
Then back she hastens to that starless shore,
Where the storms run wild and the dark waves
roar.
She is sailing now where the Ganges swells
With unholo sacrilege;
Where the Hindu reekers with unsavory
blood,
As Jugernaut constant flies,
Sneak gathering in this hapless host,
And bearing them on to the shining coast.
E'en where, in her pride, the mother of
thrones,
Great Rome, the immaculate, shone,
Neath Vatican's shades she plumes her
sails,
And hastens triumphantly on,
With the basely forged keys of St. Peter, no
more.
Can Rome's Pope unlock the great UNIVERSE
DOOR!
On, on for a score of centuries
Our grand old ship has run,
Ploughing the Stygian waves of time,
Till her journey's almost done.
Yes, nearing the port with her dauntless crew,
She will anchor soon in eternal rest.
EL DORADO, July 6, 1878.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Beyond the Alps Lies an Italy.

MRS. PATTIE L. COLLINS.

An Essay read before the Alumnae Society of the Judson Female Institute and now published by the request of the Society.

Fifteen years ago I appeared before this community to receive my diploma from the hands of Noah K. Davis, the honored and beloved Principal of the Judson Institute. It was the one occasion of my life, on which, as an essayist, I dared claim the attention of an audience, confident in the innocent audacity of ignorance of both sympathy and applause. Certainly, there was extreme youth to plead for me, and the charity of many friends. Now, alas! accumulating years have robbed me of the former, and even the remembrance of my name has passed away from many of the latter.

I wonder at the tenacity which inclined me to welcome the voices that bade me come hither and the unpardonable vanity which induced me to believe that for a brief space I might interest as well as detain you. When I recall the noble and beautiful woman who graced this annual reunion upon the occasion of its last meeting—a woman, the hem of whose garment, from an intellectual standpoint, I am not worthy to touch,—whose siren tones even Calypso's nymphs might envy, my feeble breath would gladly spend itself in kindling into flame sacrificial fire for the apotheosis of one so deserving,—and I crave anew your indulgence.

THE PAST.

As I stand here, a thousand thronging associations—myriad voices call me back to the Past; back to the time honored walls and pleasant shades of Alma Mater; to the revered instructors who presided here; to the fair sisterhood within her gates. Calm and

peaceful were the days passed beneath her watchful guardianship, while the dogs of war let loose were howling, and laughter and desolation marked their ravening tread. Whilst our speckled land stood a pale Niobe among nations, voiceless in her woe, her daughters were learning those lessons which were to fit them to become the women of a new era. Into this quiet retreat came the representatives of many States; frail exponents of a civilization that has been called as false as it was luxurious. Yet those pale ladies, the delicate outgrowth of generations of hot-house culture, preserved occult many of the characteristics of the proud old races from which they sprung. When chilling fairs fell, when scourging storms beat upon them, when pitiless winds would have rent them, their flexible forms, stern in fibre, though delicate in appearance, bent, but broke not. Down through long years their voices yet ring in my ears, as when they were last gathered together here, and like

A SWEET VISION.

They dawn upon my sight once more. One of that frail band fearlessly bade adieu to her native land and sought a home across the sea amid the palm groves and the fervid tropics. Another became the wife of a man whose voice she heard in the representative halls of the nation—the very "Achilles" of Alabama Greeks. Of another whom you have always with you, the dear and precious friend bound to me by an affection that distance, absence and time are powerless to change, since I can neither gild refined gold, nor add perfume to the violet, I forbear to speak.

In youth we lay our lance in rest and spring dauntlessly to

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

How exhaustless are our courage and our energy! How impetuous our zeal! Our angelic spectres of Toil, Poverty, Disease and Death, arise to frighten us. So enchanting, apparently, is the path along which our journey lies, that aside beauties beguile each step of even a shadow of weariness. There are odorous woods that fill the air with balm, golden sunshine among the darkling leaves and the opulent fruits of grove and vineyard. Again, rich Tyrian hues paint all the landscape over which, "Hope," that gay-winged daughter of the sky, sheds her miraculous light. But the mirage of the Desert flitting against the unutterable blue of the tropical heavens, the feathery palm fronds and gleaming waters of the unattainable oasis, is not more delusive than

THE MIRAGE OF YOUTH.

The vision which reveals visions of Apocalyptic glory is seen through a merciful glamour. The sharp thorns that pierce the treacherous sands that sink beneath a firm step, the jagged rocks that bruise the tired feet, the deadly miasma, unscaleable heights, are dextrously concealed.

Grasps all, and leaves us, and when we would stop, we are gone. We have not left our tears flow, lest, in truth, they fall upon our work which must be done. And so we find our torn hearts from breaking.

Our eyes from weeping, and our brows from breaking. And follow the long pathway all alone. As various as the objects of the universal cosmos are the objects of our pursuit; but between the narrow strips of the Present upon which we stand and the attainment of our wishes, innumerable obstacles arise, and an ignoble ambition is often as faithfully strives for the fulfillment of a God-like duty. Avarice, envy, cunning, countless evil tendencies may warp a soul until it seems almost impossible to believe that Divine love gave it birth. But of all passions which most so debase God's handiwork,—of all which coarsen and smirch,—of all which dwarf the higher nature,—base the spiritual and elevate the brute, there is not one so vile as

SELFISHNESS.

It silences the noble impulse, hushes accusing conscience, deadens all sensibility. When Self is set upon a pedestal, when personal aggrandizement is a motive power,—then all good aims are parted from—all lofty aspirations, and the vital principles of success. There may be such an utter and reckless disregard of the rights, feelings and privileges of others as to amount to absolute criminality; even the ties of nature are abjured, or severed beneath the relentless juggernaut of self-interest. This is only one of the satyr voices that drag us down, but it is most insidious—the most sophistical, and our creeds grow more and more elastic to accommodate our desires. Thus all pervading worship of Self is the Upas taint of modern civilization, the inseparable accompaniment of the latter day Progress, in which every man's hand is raised against his brother in little less than fratricidal spirit; in which successes are reared upon such depths of moral turpitude that the flowers which crown them scarcely conceal the cor-

ruption from which they spring. But it is not from the charnel-house of Jealousy, Malice, Deceit and Fraud, that I would bring forth into the light of day the wicked spirits that beset the journey of life; rather would I relegate them to the blackness of eternal shadow, while I speak only of those inscrutable dispensations which endure the mind with sturdy force, give emphasis to character and courage to action.

There was a learned Greek who declared the whole earth to be but the sepulchre of illustrious men, and a writer who has studied deeply the mysterious mechanism of our sentient and intellectual natures says that "out of our mistakes God builds up his own completeness." There are those who have made themselves the land-marks of centuries; whose struggles were not for mere possessions or supremacy,—for the gaudeo of the world, but simply an obedience to the instinct which called them up higher.

Through years of wearing toil, did discern the glory which was to give enduring lustre to his name and works until time should be no more.

Could there have been vouchsafed to him a faint reflection of that pale rose heralding over the eastern sky which heralded the aurora of his future? When with dying hand he traced in immortal colors his Transfiguration—our Savior accompanied by Moses and Elias floating in marvellous light high in upper air—the three disciples who had ascended Mount Tabor with him, below, dazzled by divine glory,—and those whom they had left declaring that they could not heal the demoniac boy brought to them in their Master's absence,—did not portend swing back and reveal his priceless gem in the only worthy setting which the whole world could furnish,—the walls of the Vatican? As it was placed at the head of the couch upon which his dead body lay, and borne aloft in his funeral procession, did he not in spirit behold the fulfillment of his agonized yearnings? When the serene sky was no longer immeasurably distanced, surely those problems were solved which had been hitherto unanswerable. When roaring cataracts were bridged, Pyra peaks ascended, fierce tempests triumphantly breasted, his glad soul found all revealed that had baffled him here in the sunshine of another sphere.

When

BERNARDIN DE PALISSY

fed the flames of his furnace with the last vestiges of his household furniture, their light shone upon hardly more than the semblance of humanity, a travesty upon the glowing vitality of a real existence, but it fell also upon his life work accomplished. No more yawning chasms with depths of Cimmerian shadow—no more tortuous and rugged paths to climb—dangerous gorge and frowning cliff safely overpast.

It is but a little while since a national calamity befell us in the death of SAMUEL MORSE.

His character is almost without parallel for Homeric energy and simplicity. When fortune left him, when friends would have dissipated what they believed to be his chemical schemes, he clung to his darling project with a pertinacity only equalled by the greatness of his subsequent achievements. Days came in which he seemed to follow only a glittering ignis fatuus over the desolate wastes which environed him, while "Winter played his terrible marches and solemn fugues." But the end came, and the reward, as it always will to those who patiently strive, and patiently wait. When he turned away from the halls of Congress, a suppliant for the last time, despair was tugging at his heart, but sorrow passed with the watches of the night and joy came with the morning. Yet, behold, even in the hour of his triumph, the beautiful humility with which he delegates to his messenger authority to dictate the first words destined to be chronicled by the electric telegraph. He seeks and finds them in Holy Writ, while he is in a transport of grateful emotion fervently pronounces those sublime words: "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto God be all the glory." He had no paltry aims, no sordid views, no dream of personal exaltation, yet the radiance which was diffused over the evening of his days, revealed him upon the highest pinnacle of esteem to which his country's enthusiasm could elevate him. The "Alps on Alps piled," which had once towered gloomily above him, were now almost lost to sight from the empyrean to which he had soared.

From

THE STUDY OF MASTER MINDS.

such as these, gifted with surpassing genius, we may draw instructive lessons, while we cannot hope to approach the incomparable prototypes. Toil, with its painful exactions when neither man nor body were ready to respond when the sole cry of being was—
"My feeble hands and my hands are tired,
My heart oppressed, and I desire what I long
for—Rest."
Disease, which paralyzed the skillful hand; poverty, which chilled the most glowing ardor; in dread phalanx confronted them, yet they contended with all and conquered.
But these had men's strength with which to give and take the buffet of the world; it would lead you away from realms of mainly prowess to the contemplation of
THE STRENGTH OF WOMAN'S
ADVERTISING,
coming along most unexpectedly from lives which have weakened and narrowed by no fell corruption, but by an inertia almost as fatal. Woman is not always what she is termed by Mrs. Browning, "Vacuity trimmed with lace." I need not search the records of the Past to bring thence the honored names of the female world. Since Aspasia astonished and charmed the friends of Pericles, the sex has never lacked for representative women. I need not point you to our Rosa Bonheur, or Minnie Ream; neither to our Queen of Song, nor yet to those whose names like that of your own Augusta Evans Wilson, are above all praise. My voice comes to the people who live here, sweeter than the mocking-bird's song, or the soft breath of the south wind through the sighing pines. Mary Cowden Clark's eloquent tribute to Florence Nightingale might justly be applied to her: "She is an evidence of her Creator's vouchsafements to his creatures. It must needs be that she have her motives canvassed, her character scrutinized, her actions applauded. All the world glorifies a woman who embodies the principle of devotion, in the widest sense of the word; true devotion to God—worshipping him by best service in benefiting her fellow-mortals, and fervent consecration of herself to a high and immortal cause."

I leave these and ask you to dwell with me, for one moment, upon the practical qualities, or rather, should I call them, the

PRactical VIRTUES.

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coming along most unexpectedly from lives which have weakened and narrowed by no fell corruption, but by an inertia almost as fatal. Woman is not always what she is termed by Mrs. Browning, "Vacuity trimmed with lace." I need not search the records of the Past to bring thence the honored names of the female world. Since Aspasia astonished and charmed the friends of Pericles, the sex has never lacked for representative women. I need not point you to our Rosa Bonheur, or Minnie Ream; neither to our Queen of Song, nor yet to those whose names like that of your own Augusta Evans Wilson, are above all praise. My voice comes to the people who live here, sweeter than the mocking-bird's song, or the soft breath of the south wind through the sighing pines. Mary Cowden Clark's eloquent tribute to Florence Nightingale might justly be applied to her: "She is an evidence of her Creator's vouchsafements to his creatures. It must needs be that she have her motives canvassed, her character scrutinized, her actions applauded. All the world glorifies a woman who embodies the principle of devotion, in the widest sense of the word; true devotion to God—worshipping him by best service in benefiting her fellow-mortals, and fervent consecration of herself to a high and immortal cause."

I leave these and ask you to dwell with me, for one moment, upon the practical qualities, or rather, should I call them, the

PRactical VIRTUES.

of the average educated and refined woman. You need not seek far to find her; the wives and daughters of Alabama know her well. I cannot trace the analogies of Nature which ally "Vacuity trimmed with lace" to the true heroines of the period, but yet, I know that many have come off victorious from trials which would have daunted heroes of a hundred battles. Victories indeed not over poignant suffering, which endures and endures,—nor yet over Regret which thrusts its sombre shadow upon the grave of crucified hopes,—for that is goddess; but over self. I have seen such buoyant and beautiful as Aphrodite freshly risen from the sea, when assailed by bitterest affliction cry out against the keen knife, but a short season passed and the cruel steel was deep in quivering hearts, while they, with pallid lips and fearless eyes, exclaimed, "It is well." They lift their poor hands toward the far off heaven which they can but dimly discern, and which seems inexorably dumb. They turn from the emptiness of the present to seek otherworldly surcease of sorrow, even though "the way is long, and the night dark, while the Master seems to sleep." Truly, their religion, their faith were little worth, if, when in extremity, they could not lay fast hold of its rich promises. When the sun has set, the moon gone down, and the stars refuse their sweet light, then doth the Sea of Righteousness appear clad in shining raiment, and there is the breath of a new life and balm and healing in all the air. They have not, like the Galilean fishermen, toiled all the night in vain; they have come up rejoicing from the deep waters which threatened to engulf them. Rather have they, emulated the solitary traveller lost amid Alpine wilds,—trembling at the rumble of the avalanche—bewildered by the roar of cataracts,—his path obstructed by giant boulders, which seem to have been tossed there by Titan hands,—awed by the gloomy grandeur and great silence, yet presses onward, till he attains the summits of those lofty mountains whose peaks from afar mingled indefinitely with the sky. He chants psalms of thanksgiving for his past, and with strained and eager eye views the gorgeous panorama spread out below; the land of song and the vine; in story embalmed, in art immortal; the Italy of Dante, of Alfieri, of Petrarch; of Raphael, Veronese and di Vinci. The toilsome ascent is ended and—

PLEASANT DOWNWARD PATHS

lead straight into a region so luxuriant in foliage, graced by so reckless a profusion of flowers, so lavish in all

neither man nor body were ready to respond when the sole cry of being was—
"My feeble hands and my hands are tired,
My heart oppressed, and I desire what I long
for—Rest."
Disease, which paralyzed the skillful hand; poverty, which chilled the most glowing ardor; in dread phalanx confronted them, yet they contended with all and conquered.

But these had men's strength with which to give and take the buffet of the world; it would lead you away from realms of mainly prowess to the contemplation of
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Alabama Baptist.

SELMA, ALA.

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JOHN L. WEST, PUBLISHER.

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Communications intended for publication should be addressed to ALABAMA BAPTIST or to REV. E. T. WINKLER, Marion, Ala.

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Tell your neighbor that we

will send him this paper from now

until Jan. 1st. for only 1.00.

EXTENT OF GOD'S KNOWLEDGE.

God's knowledge embraces the past, the present and the future.

God knows the present. None of us will object to this declaration; yet have we, any of us, ever conceived how vast an admission it is? It confesses that all things are present to his mind as distinctly as when he looked upon the perfected work of creation and every particular object that he had made was presented to his inspection, and was pronounced to be very good.

How different is his knowledge from ours! While we see some objects partially and others not at all, he sees them and sees them altogether. While the astronomer, who makes the starry worlds the study of his life, and nightly ranges the heavens with his telescope, sees new orbs coming forth out of the darkness, and confesses that language and thought are lost in their multitudes, God, "bringeth out his hosts by number and calleth them all by their names." Is. 40:26. While the Naturalist, extending his observations among creatures, from man down to the little insect that flickers through the water, finds himself among new worlds as strange and as those that fill the skies, and cannot tell how the myriad lives of Nature are supported, or what becomes of its myriad dead, God by his intelligent Providence watches every little sparrow that falls to the ground, Matt. 10:29, "and satisfieth the desire of every living thing." While so many of our own acts appear to be indifferent, were habitual notions scarcely calling forth a reflection upon act of the will, God notices them; our very downsinning and uprising are not hid from him. Ps. 139:2. While thoughts sweep upon us as suddenly as the winds, and speed forth over the world as fast, and far, and unseen as they, God seeth the light trace of their coming and departure; he knoweth our thoughts afar off.

So amazing is the knowledge of God. There is no deep of night, there is no vast desert, there is no solitary sea, there is no thought flashing through the mind, there is no desire stirring at the heart, there is no cunning device continued in the secret place of human counsel, upon which his eyes do not rest perpetually. All are naked and opened to him with whom we have to do.

God knows also the past. Those things which have now ceased to be, he once observed, and has never forgotten. For he has no imperfections. There is nothing in him which corresponds to our causes of forgetfulness. Never upon him does age descend to dull the observant mind, and dim the brightness of the eye. Never for him does sorrow make it sweet to forget. And if those things in which we have had a living interest cling to us notwithstanding our frailty, if they come back to the decrepit man over the waste of years, warning his languid blood with beauty and filling his peaceful chamber with the stir of life, how much more surely will God remember all things that are past, seeing that he has had a living interest in all.

Those departed ages that are now scarce mentioned in history were full of his works, and known unto God are all his works from the beginning of the world. Acts 15:18. They are full of the acts of men and God the Judge of men has preserved them well. He has threatened to punish the wicked, and now although their bodies are dust and their abodes, palaces, cities, empires are ruins, and their tombs have crumbled and their names have been lost to the memory of men, he lays up all their acts in store and seals them among his treasures. Deut. 32:34. On the other hand

he has promised to reward the good, and a book of remembrance has been written for them for their Mal. 3:16. When, often withdrawing from the society of carnal professors and proud worldlings, they spake one to another the Lord hearkened and heard, and their very words are registered in the archives of eternity.

Thus the past with all its evil and all its good, with all its events and objects forever present before God. Glorious fathers over the years that are gone, open to our eyes. We grope in the darkness of antiquity. We vainly question the monumental piles, the splashed dust of sixty centuries; but all things are naked and opened unto him with whom we have to do.

God knows also the future, as well as the present and the past. This knowledge is more specially discerned than either of the two kinds to which we have referred. We also know the past to a limited extent, and we have some knowledge of the present; but the future we vainly strive to search out before it comes. We must then acknowledge an infinite distance to lie between ourselves and God, who foreknows the future; he has foretold it in many instances. Sometimes minute, accidental circumstances which it depended upon the free will of men either to do or not to do, have been announced in the "sure word of prophecy."

Thus the Egyptian bondage of the Israelites was foretold 400 years before it took place. Gen. 15:13. The exaltation of Joseph from a hut to a throne, was predicted while he yet dwelt a shepherd boy in Palestine, Gen. 37:2. When Ahab fell in battle it was a few drawn at a venture that launched the shaft and fulfilled the word of the Lord. He had foreseen that armed speeding jidly as it seemed through the dust of battle. Before the war had been resolved upon, he had foreseen its result—all Israel scattered upon the hills as sheep without a shepherd. 1 K. 22:17-34. When Hazael had not yet formed the purpose in his heart to win the Syrian sceptre by murdering the king, when the very thought filled him with horror, when he shrunk from the temptation as men shrink from a serpent in their path, the whole crime was foreknown by God. 2 K. 3:12. Hundreds and hundreds of years before Christ appeared, hundreds and hundreds of years before Judas was born, the very price for which that false apostle should betray his Master was foreknown by God. But it is impossible to enumerate all the examples that prove God's distinct, absolute knowledge of the future.

What a peculiarity of knowledge this! How different from ours! Ours is the slow result of study, of experience, of counsel. Much we derive from books and from men, much from a quiet brooding over our own hearts. But God makes no advances in knowledge, he learns nothing from observation, and nothing from experience. His knowledge is perfect—capable of no increase or diminution; it is as large as his existence—it fills immensity—it is from everlasting to everlasting. All things are naked and opened to him with whom we have to do.

FIELD NOTES.

Over \$1,000,000 has been subscribed in Massachusetts in the last few months to pay church debts.

Bro. M. Gresham, of Hurlville, sends his renewal, and says that he is very much pleased with the paper.

The Western Baptist, of Arkansas, has been sold to the Baptist, and will be moved to Memphis.

A brother writes from Calhoun Co.: "The paper still retains a peerless place in the hearts of Baptists throughout this section."

Bro. W. T. Thomas, of Eufrata, says of the Alabama Baptist: "I think it is a good paper, and I will do all in my power for it."

Rev. D. F. Gregory preached in Selma Sunday morning and evening. He was in attendance on the S. S. Convention.

Rev. G. S. Williams was installed as pastor of the Central Baptist church, Nashville, Tenn., on Saturday night, July 6th.

Dr. J. D. Murphy has resigned the pastorate of the Baptist church at Bryan, Texas, and will spend some time in Missouri.

An Albany woman woke her husband during a storm, the other night, and said: "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear the thunder."

Bro. B. S. Lunsford, of La Fayette, says: "I cannot think of stopping my subscription to your paper. I cannot live contented without its visits."

You have made a good paper, and in referring that you have not tolled in vain. W. H. Williams, Calhounville, Va.

From careful observation we are fully convinced that Baptists really gain nothing, but on the contrary, lose by holding union meetings. Central Baptist.

The pastor of the Second church, St. Louis, reported, on the occasion of his anniversary, the first Sunday in June, that there had been 137 additions to the Church during the year.

The Third Church, under the pastorate of Dr. Lofton, has received during the last year near 100 members, and has promptly paid out \$6,328. There are about 600 Sunday-school scholars in the schools of the Church.

The Fourth Church, under the pastorate of Rev. J. V. Schofield, has paid off a very troublesome debt of \$1,400 during the past year. It has a membership of near 200, and a flourishing Sunday-school.

The Park Avenue Church numbers about 130. It has an excellent Sunday-school of 300 scholars. It at present has no pastor; its faithful pastor, Rev. I. T. Green, having recently resigned.

The Garrison Avenue Church, under the able pastoral care of Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, has kept up a live Sunday-school, and has always been ready to lend a hand in all good works.

The First Church, Carondelet, has the efficient pastoral services of Rev. E. L. Scofield. It has near 100 members, and is in a very prosperous condition. Central Baptist.

Mr. J. B. Hosmore is erecting a new building for the Congregational Seminary at Hartford, Conn., defraying the entire cost himself, estimated at \$75,000.

Bro. J. L. West, the publisher of the Alabama Baptist, announces his purpose of retiring after the 18th of July. We hope his successor may make as good a paper as he has done. Texas Baptist Herald.

A convention of the educators of the Southern States will be held at Chattanooga, Tenn., Aug. 7, 8, 1878, for the purpose of organizing a Southern Educational Association. A variety of interesting themes will be discussed.

The Globe Democrat says many of the Delegates in the House of the St. Louis Municipal Legislature were born to ornament obscurity, and it is yawning to receive them. A great many men in the religious world are ditto, and the sooner they "go there" the better. Central Baptist.

Bro. Pugh says the people are more ready to give than pastors are to ask them to do so; and if pastors would teach the people to give to other things, more of them would get their salaries. The brother is correct. Baptist Record.

Eld. Jno. J. West announces his withdrawal from the publication of the Alabama Baptist. He has done a good work, and his promptness in business and energy in adversity have won for him the admiration of the Baptist brotherhood generally. Missouri Baptist Herald.

The New York editorial association met in Syracuse a few days ago. While there they visited the Idiot Asylum, and got mixed up with the lunatics. The keepers had an awfully hard time to separate them, being unable to tell "tother from which." It was decidedly rough—on the lunatics. Evening Post.

Bro. Cleveland and his wife left Selma last week for Springfield, St. Clair county, for the benefit of Mrs. C's health. We sincerely hope that the mountain air may fully restore her. We regret that the state of Mrs. C's health will probably not admit of Bro. C's attendance at the Convention.

There are but three churches of converted Jews in the world. The largest in London, consisting of six hundred members. One in Jerusalem, small. And one in Wilna, Russia, likewise small. There are between eight hundred and a thousand converted Jews in the United States. [Rev. S. P. Lewy.]

The following curious advertisement appears in an English provincial paper: "The Rev. — can recommend a young woman about 27 years of age, of excellent character and behavior, as parlor maid; also, can milk a cow or two." This is indeed an accomplished clergyman, who can with equal trustworthiness recommend a servant and milk a cow.

On account of the Sunday-school Convention which is now in session in this city, and the meeting of the Baptist State Convention Thursday, this paper is put to press this week a day earlier than usual. It is probable that next week's paper will be delayed a day or two, in order to give the full proceedings of the Convention at Talladega.

A young couple had been married by a Quaker, and after the ceremony he remarked to the husband: "Friend, thou art now at the end of thy tether." A few weeks after the young man came to the good minister, boiling over with rage, and told him that he was at the end of his tether. "So I did, my friend," but I did not say which end.

KIND WORDS. Our advertising columns show the terms of that excellent S. S. Paper of our Convention, the Baptist State Convention at Talladega next week, when his successor will be chosen. Mr. West has peculiar editorial aptitudes, and is a most accurate and systematic business man, and the church will be fortunate if it shall find one equally capable in all respects to take his place. Southern Argus.

People on a bluff overlooking Plymouth harbor, Mass., recently witnessed a rare sight. They first saw a heavy black cloud rise from the

northern horizon into what until then had been clear sky, and sweep with astonishing velocity across the sea. A streak of white haze and spray marked the course of the storm cloud. A sailboat lay in its path, about two miles from the shore. The little vessel was for an instant hidden, and when it came into view again it was a wreck—filled with water, mast gone, and three men swept away.

Eld. J. L. Coran, of East Tennessee, an able and successful minister, and for many years moderator of the Tennessee Association, delivering the Introductory Sermon on one occasion, administered the following severe rebuke: "Brethren, some of you are in the habit of praying the Lord to give us souls for our hire. I don't want any souls; I can't eat souls. And if I could, it would take a heap of such souls as some of you hope to make a mess for my family." Baptist Banner.

"No one can justly conclude that woman's capacity is inferior to man's, until he gives her an opportunity for improvement equal to his. If she shows her inferiority after this, then we will acknowledge it, but not till then."—Lasham Star.

A young gentleman suggests that men's heads average larger than ladies'; and, therefore, men must have more sense than women. To this, a lady friend replies: "A mule has a larger head than you, and, therefore, it must have more sense than you, according to your own logic." Baptist Record.

Bro. J. M. Johnson, of Wetumpka, has been working for us, and sends us some new names on our \$1.00 offer. He says: "I have adopted Bro. Jones' plan, and I hope that all pastors will do likewise. We have so too. Bro. Jones, it will be remembered, wrote a short time ago that it had been his custom to announce from the pulpit that if any one in the congregation wished to subscribe for the Ala. Baptist, he would take the name and money. But now he subscribed. He then took his pencil and paper, went down the aisle, and as the result, he sent us a good list with the money."

Bro. V. M. Nalls, of Elmore Station, has a pressing in store for Missionary Bazaar. As there is such a universal complaint now-a-days of the scarcity of blessings, we advise Bro. B. to call on Bro. N. at the earliest opportunity. In the meantime, we will just hint to Bro. B. that Bro. N. is the only man at Elmore Station, that takes the Alabama Baptist, and as he did not receive his copy until the afternoon of the day that the missionary was presented in the morning, it is not to be wondered at that there was no congregation out.

Some of the finest characters and most striking incidents in fiction are copied from real life. Many readers of Charlotte Bronte's "Shirley" will remember Parson Yorke. The character was derived, it seems from Hammond Robinson, Curate of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, who, when some eighty years ago he entered upon the cure, had a rough lot to encounter. The operations of spinning and weaving were carried on at the workmen's homes, and Sunday was the day commonly selected for scouring and mending the cloth. Such work was varied with drunkenness, dog fighting, cock fighting, and bull baiting. Robert had the courage to summon the leading participants before the Wakefield magistrates, but those who were sympathized with the sport, and hooted the parson home. He then indicted his opponents at the York Assizes, and got a verdict against them. The first Sunday-school in Yorkshire is said to have been founded by him in 1783.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

What is needed.—What the Denomination needs.—What a young man did in 1873.—Severe Conservatism.—The State Board.—Objections to Boards.—Father Mercer.—Cheapest way.—Churches in Apostolic times.—Where the money comes from.

My Dear Brother West:—I had hoped that the arrangement made at the last Convention, for the publication of our paper, would be permanent. Such a thing is greatly to be desired. It has all along seemed to me, that some earnest and enterprising man, called to journalism, might make a good thing out of the paper, and find a noble field of usefulness.

With all deference, love, and respect, for the editors in time past, it is not to be denied, that they have been indeed crowded with other and indispensable duties, so that lack of time for laying out their strength on the paper. A paper must be written and managed up into influence. The success of the past has been wondrous, under the circumstances; but I am fully persuaded, that a far higher success in the future, may be attained, if we can find means of engaging more undistracted labors upon our columns.

One thing, however, may be regarded as settled, that the denomination fully intend to see to it, that the paper shall not only live, but go into every church, and, if possible, into the hearts of our thoughtful people. Let us devise some means, at the Convention, of putting the paper upon a firm and satisfactory basis, so as to be adjusted to permanence.

An able and spirited young man, about 1832, established a paper at the Capital of this State, to advocate the doctrine of nullification, when there were only about a hundred nullifiers in the State, and wrote it up into a wide circulation. It was so spicy, that even the other party could not do without it; and the young editor was promoted to the Chair of Natural Science in the University,

as it was suspected, to get rid of him.

I have all along thought our paper needed a little more edge; it has been severely conservative. This has not been due to any want of decided views, on the part of the noble Editor-in-chief, but, I suppose, to his elevated and refined sensibility as a most cultured Christian gentleman. He will pardon me, I trust, for this outright expression of convictions. Some of the rest of us, are doubtless, lacking in caution. Perhaps there is a *via media* in the matter, that might be profitably observed.

The State Board will, doubtless, first or last, fully commend itself, to the wisdom of the denomination; I dare say, however, that I think, we shall find it necessary to supplement the present arrangement, by selecting some additional men, who shall be specially sent to the out-of-the-way places, the more pressing destitution. Perhaps such services, might be commanded, at little cost. The able men now in the field, are needed for just such work as they are doing, animating the churches to more enterprise in the matter of Sunday-schools, and every other good work; endorsing the views of enlightened pastors, and stimulating to higher zeal the earnest portion of the membership. We all feel cheered by their presence, advice, and preaching.

There lingers in some quarters, latent objection to Missionary Boards. It would be well for all brethren who imagine better plans might be devised, to come up to our Conventions, hear the discussions of repeated upon such subjects, and add anything they can to the light attempted to be thrown upon them. So harmony of views would be induced. Meanwhile let us all accept the best wisdom of those who annually and often incur the expense of attending Conventions, and do the very best they can. Old father Mercer used to say, when sometimes he could not agree with brethren, and found himself in the minority, "Well, brethren, if you won't go with me, I will go with you." It ought to be understood that our Missionaries, particularly in foreign fields, would be compelled to suffer, if we had no Boards. They often find themselves in absolute destitution, and have no other resource than to draw on the Foreign Board, through mercantile houses at hand. An association or district committee, have no credit abroad, as an incorporated Board, and cannot supply their missionaries regularly. Even when they send funds, it must be done through banks or mercantile houses; exchange must be paid, post office orders secured, or remittances made by registered letter, and these things cost them as much as they cost the Boards. If agencies be objected to, we have tried, again and again, to get along without them, and failed. The truth is, we are doing things in the cheapest way they can possibly be done. If any one will show us a better way, he shall be our Magnus Apollo. It has been said, that the churches in Apostolic times, had no Boards. Who told us so? How could funds be transmitted to distant points except through mercantile channels? Who managed the remittances? Sometimes, indeed, they were sent by messengers, ministers or brethren travelling for that or other reasons; but this was a most expensive method—far more so than any we now employ. How much would it cost to send messengers to Rome, or China, or the West Indies? How could the agents constantly spoken of in the New Testament travel without expense, or support their families while absent? They did no such thing; as work without compensation, it was impossible.

Brothers ought to bethink them that those who go up to Conventions or attend Board meetings, do it at their own expense often. It has cost the writer \$100, to go to a single Convention. A deacon once said to me, on the eve of leaving to go to Nashville, to meet the General Convention, "A hundred dollars is a good deal to spend for a little sight-seeing." I replied, "Well, Doctor, if you will go in my place, I will thank you very much." Besides, it is to be remembered, that the very churches and brethren who do all this, pay out nearly all the money received for their missions, and surely ought to be permitted to do what they please with their own, and to have it gathered up in any way esteemed best.

But enough. Your readers scarcely need any suggestions of mine; I have written them down to induce conversation that may reach anybody who may be unsatisfied.

E. B. T.

The Danish Government has published a small book of statistics. The total population of the kingdom exceeds 2,000,000, of whom 1,050,000 live in Denmark proper, 720,000 in Iceland, 9,800 in Greenland, and 37,500 in the West Indian colonies. The population of Copenhagen and its suburbs is about 250,000. The average duration of life in Denmark is 50 years, while in England it is 45; in France thirty-two, and in Italy only thirty; but the number of suicides is very large and increases every year, the majority being by hanging.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Noble Institution.

With a feeling deeper than that of mere gladness, and entirely above the pride always bestowed upon an Alma Mater, worthy or unworthy, we recall our attendance upon the commencement exercises of the Judson Female Institute. It is one of the oldest female schools in the South, and at the very head of the list. No surer evidence of this could be presented than that offered by a glance, at the superior, accomplished women, who have received their education there. They are not only distinguished in social circles, but in art, literature, and the musical world, and as such are only the true exponents of a thorough and judicious system of instruction. Circumstances have familiarized us with the inner workings of many schools, and we esteem the course of study and the discipline of the Judson far superior to any we have ever known. Graduates do not come out from her walls who cannot write a page of decent English, and whose spelling makes the dry bones of the dead and gone lexicographers, rattle in their coffins. When they leave school their pianos are not closed, their brushes and paints laid aside, their French, German and Latin books relegated to the garret. They are musicians, artists, linguists, as teachers, they occupy the best positions, their profession offers, and in society they receive the meed always awarded to women of fine and wide culture. And when, as at this last annual re-union, some come again to the dear and familiar old halls, how grandly are they welcomed back! They listen to the sweet, girlish voices, the noble music, the words of the President, and memory goes back to another June morning long past, when they were the actors, not the audience.

The Trustees are there,—many of them the same; the teachers are changed, in name, but unchanged in everything that makes those names forever a hallowed recollection to their pupils. To the Marion people at large, not less to its efficient trustees and admirable faculties, does the Judson owe its prosperity. A Judson girl becomes the protégée of all,—and a kindly interest is evinced for her that exerts a deep influence, and in after years a thousand tender reminiscences of Marion are embalmed in memory. Its beautiful homes, adorned by loveliest flowers and grand trees without,—while within are lavish and elegant hospitality; displayed in the tables laden with exquisite old china and silver and every imaginable dainty. Add to these the suave courtesy and charming conversation of patrician host and hostess and the picture is complete. After long wanderings and sojourns in the capital cities of other lands as well as that of our own, like one upon a holy pilgrimage, we turned our face once more to the Mecca of our desires—beloved Marion. We were the guest of Mr. S. H. Fowles and family, and we cannot say more than that our heart throbs joyfully, while our eyes fill with glad tears as in retrospect we linger over our visit.

The Music Hall, which is in process of erection under the auspices of the Alumnae Society, still lacks much of completion. It is the one thing needed to render the Judson complete in all its appointments. The Alumnae particularly wish to finish it before another commencement. Judson girls, wherever you are, will you not come to the aid of the work? The smallest contribution will swell the whole; one dollar from each would be a wonderful help. It is desired that each class should contribute a memorial window; a trivial sum from the various members would effect this and they are earnestly solicited to exert themselves. All communications in reference to the work should be addressed to Mrs. Richard Lee, President of the Alumnae Society. We know the financial condition of the country and the straitened means of many, yet almost every one can do something, and be it never so little, it will push the work forward.

The exercises of Howard College were also in process during our stay, alternative with those of the Judson, but we dare not trench upon this ground, and shall leave a discussion of them to a worthier pen than ours.

The fair city of flowers' was thronged with visitors from a distance, conspicuous among them the distinguished Dr. Hawthorne, of Montgomery.

With more than regret,—with unutterable sadness,—we say farewell to Marion. P. L. C. Memphis, Tenn., July 3.

Dr. M. T. Yates.

In the Records of the meeting of Missionaries held in Shanghai in May, 1877, is the following address of our beloved missionary:

"I wish to say a word in favor of schools as a means of eradicating idolatry. The Chinese are nearly all idolaters, and yet, I have never been able to find a man who could tell me, when or why, he became such. They all say they cannot remember the time when they did not worship idols. Many years ago I resolved to find out the secret by which so many millions were made of one mind. A Chinese friend, who would not give me the desired information, informed me that if I would go to a certain temple in the city, on the first and fifteenth of the month, I could find out for myself. I went and took a position in the temple, in the rear of the main hall, where I could see what was done before the idol. Soon a well dressed Chinese lady came in with three children, of about three, five, and seven years of age. The two elder boys ran forward and performed their prostrations, in the usual way, and then called their younger brother, to come forward and do as they had done; but this was evidently his first visit to the temple, for he was very much frightened at the sight of the idol which had been screened so as to show only the face, and thus rendered less hideous. The mother dragged her child into position, and then standing behind it and holding it fast by both arms, forced it to bow slightly three times; and then adroitly extracted from her commodious sleeve, a variety of toys, candies &c., which she gave the child, saying, the god had given him these nice things, because he was a good boy, and asking him to thank the god, which he did.

I remained at the temple most of the day, and witnessed the induction of many children into the mysteries of idolatry—and was oppressed with the thought—what a lesson for mothers in Christian lands.

On the fifteen of the month I was in my old position again. Soon the mother with the three children I had seen on the first occasion, entered. The youngest was not so frightened as on the former occasion. He went up of his own accord into position, and said to his mother, "I don't know how to do it." He was assisted and rewarded as before. The other boys wished to know why they were not rewarded, and were answered, "Because you are bad boys." From that time, that child was an idolater; the fright and the presents had welded the chain.

Think of a mother deceiving her child in this way. Now, schools for children provide for their religious education, until they are too old to be deceived in this way. And there is every reason to hope that the children who have spent a few years in a foreign school, when they become mothers will not deceive their offspring before an idol.

Impressions Made BY THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE HOWARD.

It was my privilege to attend, along with many others, upon the public exercises which closed the past session of the Howard. It seems to me a feeble expression of my sentiments when I say that I was delighted with everything that I saw and heard. I spoke freely, also, with others; and heard from all sides the highest encomiums passed upon the good taste and good sense exhibited in the selection of subjects, the mental power and felicity of expression, with which the highest thoughts that engage the attention of men, the noblest sentiments that animate the human heart, were handled by mere striplings, the propriety of intonation and gesticulation with which the ever-varying thoughts were presented, and, last not least, the strict order and decorum which reigned everywhere. I have been looking from week to week to see these facts presented in your columns by one more able than myself to do justice to the subject. But I have looked in vain; until, at last, I am provoked into writing something myself. If I had undertaken the task sooner, I should have referred to each of the exercises in order; for they were all worthy of honorable mention. I feel now constrained to limit myself to the exercises of the graduating class, which may be considered but little more than a fair sample of the whole.

I was particularly struck with the variety of the subjects and the uniformly high order of excellence in the theses presented. At the risk of appearing partial, I am tempted to give the impression made by some of the speeches, although I am not prepared to give the names of the speakers. But I shall content myself with saying that, whether it was Greece and Rome, or Turkey and Russia, metaphysics or politics that was discussed, whether the question was, How men become great? or, In what true greatness consists?—the subject was closely analyzed, vigorously treated, and forcibly delivered. The exercises were introduced by what seemed to me a decided improvement on the Latin salutatory of our forefathers,—a prologue in our own mother tongue, welcoming the audience in a strain of well-turned compliments, enlivened by a vein of that refined humor which seems so easy to one who has never attempted it, and yet lies within the reach of so few. The whole was

closed appropriately with a valedictory more happily conceived and more feelingly delivered than anything of the kind which it has been my lot to hear. It contained a touching tribute to a deceased classmate and a well-timed allusion to two professors, who had once been their instructors, but had now passed from earth.

The question might now be asked, To what is this unusual success to be attributed? One visitor, who claims to know something of the past history of the Howard, says that the class contained the best material ever graduated from the institution. There is no doubt some foundation for the assertion; but I am disposed to think that the uniformly high standard of excellence attained by so large a class can only be explained by the eminently practical system of instruction which, I am assured, prevails in every department, but especially, in that of English Composition and Belles Lettres, and which was clearly exhibited in the public examinations of the week preceding. But I must close. I feel that I have occupied enough of your space; yet I am conscious that I come far short of exhibiting the subject in all its merits. Yours fraternally, A BAPTIST.

Bricewood Academy.

Very few of the readers of the ALABAMA BAPTIST are aware of the fact that there is a fine preparatory school near Marion Junction of the above name. We had an invitation to attend the closing exercises, and of course did not decline.

On Thursday, the 4th inst., the exercises commenced. The excellent and efficient principal, Mr. Wm. M. Carothers, with his assistants had arranged a very convenient programme. The classes came forward one after the other to recite. There were quite a number of grown young men and maidens, some very small boys and little beauties, from a. b. c. to Algebra and Greek and Latin. They all acquitted themselves in quite an excellent manner, reflecting great credit upon the professor as a good disciplinarian and a competent educator. There were a goodly number of persons present.

Next came the dinner (that part so highly appreciated by this individual). There were numerous baskets laden with meats and breads, with frosted cakes and luscious fruits.

Then all went home to rest until Friday evening, when quite a crowd assembled again to witness the fun by the little ones which consisted in speeches, dialogues, tableaux, duets, charades and songs, a synopsis of which would be too lengthy for your columns. The speeches by the young men were upon sound and useful subjects and were delivered in a very manly and becoming style. The parts by the young ladies on the stage were excellently executed, and the little ones did their part in a manner which proves the care and ability of their teachers. The exercises closed with a song by the school: "We shall meet by and by," and all went home delighted.

The school will resume again on the first Monday in September next.

All the branches that are taught in the common colleges of the country are taught there. Mr. Carothers, the principal, is a college graduate, and there are now several young men in attendance that have been one term to college. The charges for tuition are very moderate, and board and lodging accommodations very good and cheap—from eight to ten dollars per month. The cost of schooling is only about half of that at the colleges.

Such schools in our country deserve our support.

SPECIAL REPORTER.

A Pseudo-baptist Concession.

In the Bampton Lectures for 1866, preached before the University of Oxford by H. P. Liddon, D. D., on the Divinity of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, one of the best books on this much discussed subject, is the following remarkable concession for an Episcopalian to make. Page 346. "The very form of the sacrament of regeneration as it was administered to the adult multitude who in the early days of the church pressed for admittance into her communion harmonizes with the spiritual results which it effects. As the neophyte is plunged beneath the waters, so the old nature is slain and buried with Christ. As Christ crucified and entombed rises with resistless might from the grave which can no longer hold him, so, to the eye of faith, the Christian is raised from the bath of regeneration radiant with a new and supernatural life. His gaze is to be henceforth on Christ, who, being raised from the dead dieth no more. The Christian indeed may fail to persevere; he may fall from this high grace in which he stands; But he need not do so; and meanwhile he is bound to do himself as 'dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.' Whatever errors this may teach, it is clear that Liddon fully believed that the early Christians were immersed, a fact which some would-be teachers deny.

T.

Alabama Baptist.

SELMA, ALA.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1878.

[For the Alabama Baptist.]

Minnie Carlisle.

HELEN R. D.

IT is in the glorious, beautiful autumn, when the maples seem to be lighting the heavens in the brilliancy of their hues, and the air is filled with a soft haze, that I would lead you, dear friend, to my favorite river, the picturesque Tennessee. There in that wild fairy retreat, on the east bank, we can see a figure graceful and suggestive of the wood-nymphs of old fairy tales, for her quiet presence in the midst of this wild beauty seems natural, and the place would lose its charm without her. Can we draw near in spirit and listen to her thoughts? Oh! that we possessed Zoroaster's wonderful gifts, that we might read her mind and heart as easily as an open page.

As a general thing, those who feel most at ease, but there are times when, all alone, we would give utterance to our innermost thoughts, and find relief in their expression. So it is with this beautiful girl. She feels all alone with sympathetic Nature, and would speak without fear of betrayal. Bend your heads, ye tall guardians of the river-bank, cease your rustling, ye leaves, and hear the words which fall from her young lips, one by one—softly, slowly, feelingly.

"Life has its hours of untold sadness and its hours of blissful joy. I, though young, have tasted the bitter cup of sorrow. 'Not as I will,' I cry, and find sweet comfort in this."

"If I may be the mark of His will stand beside the brink."

As she mused, a sweet expression of peace settled over her features rendering them almost ethereal in their beauty. Yes, she had sustained many sorrows, but her child-like faith in the All-wise Providence enabled her to bend with humility when she heard the voice, "I love thee, I love thee, Pass Under the Rod."

She had seen an idolized Christian mother laid in the grave, and at home there awaited her an imbecile brother, and a harsh irreligious father; and she had her own heart-struggles. Was it not almost too much for her young life to bear? But "The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," were the sweet words that comforted her in the dark days of unbelief and doubt which would come sometimes. Although the bitter waves of trouble lashed over her feet, she hoped that the time would come when the Father would divide the waters, and she could walk safely over to the other shore and join her angel mother.

II.

Only those who have been teachers of young children can possibly appreciate the peculiar trials that belong to the instructress of such, Minnie Carlisle toiled from half-past 8 to 3, in a private school, and only her inexhaustible patience kept her from succumbing to the difficulties. Is it not discouraging, after months of prayerful concentrated effort, to see no results either in the mental or moral field? Every afternoon, when Minnie reached home, her poor little brother Tommie would meet her at the door with his blank expressionless face, and if no smile greeted him, would cry, "so self-control" was one of the lessons which Minnie had to learn. It is always easy to call up smiles to lips that quiver and tremble with inward sorrow?

Mr. Carlisle kept a drinking saloon in the middle of the town, and the frequent debaucheries of the negroes there caused his daughter much anguish. Still she persevered in her efforts to make home pleasant, and hoped that through her influence and in answer to her prayers, her father would close his saloon forever—that he would change his course and become a devoted Christian man.

Minnie's tea-table was always tempting, and she felt more encouraged because her father came home regularly of late. They had one faithful negro-servant who did scarcely anything but care for Tommie. Old Aunt Martha had nursed the demented one from infancy.

Now, in all this darkness, what was Minnie's bright spot? Oh, there was something pleasant in her life! She must have had some oasis in her desert! Yes, Minnie had a Sunday-school class of ten little girls, and when her heart grew weary, it would rest on the thought that these ten loved her. How sweet it was to be greeted every Sunday morning with happy faces and loving kisses; and perhaps shy little Carrie would steal a bunch of rosebuds into Minnie's hand, and impulsive Katie would insist on fastening a spray of golden honey-suckle in her breastpin. Yes,

Minnie had a Sunday-school class to talk about Jesus and God, and such walks always strengthened the ties which bound her to the scholars.

In expressing a sentiment we unconsciously confirm it in our own minds, and sink it deeper into our own hearts, so the expression of good feelings always benefits, because it strengthens those feelings in our own nature. And then, too, we must remember to "practice what we preach," so that our example will be consistent with our precepts. In these two ways Minnie's Sunday-school class aided her in the path of Christian duty.

III.

What is it in life, that blights or blesses the heart, according as its progress is impeded or aided? What is it that can make all gloom within, or all sunshine? LOVE! Oh, that all-adoring passion, that, when finding its return, flows backward into the heart and lays waste there! But it can be made a purifying agent, and like the refining fire, purge the inner nature from its dross, and leave pure gold.

Minnie Carlisle loved with all the pure solemnity of her nature. That love was founded on the rock of respect for manly virtue, and could not be shaken. It had acted as the motive for self-improvement, and for efforts to be more like the object loved. But her love was not requited, and the unquestionable fact that his heart belonged to another, humbled Minnie's inner self to the very dust.

She felt no shame for having given her affection unasked, no unwomanliness, for with the sublime strength of a Christian she had put her devotion under the strongest control. "Deep in her heart there was a grave, sealed fast," in which her love was interred. No look, no weak betrayal of feeling ever showed that she was deeper than all the world beside; and with divine aid, she was enabled to talk cheerfully with him of his loved one, and even of his approaching marriage. Yes, Eugene Ravenswood would pass through his whole beautiful life of consecration to God's service, and never dream of the undying devotion of that one pure heart.

At even-tide, when the every-day school trials seemed to goad Minnie's spirit almost to desperation, she would be on her straw hat and, with a promise to Aunt Martha to be back soon, her light feet would bear her swiftly to the banks of the river, where Nature would "guide into her darker passages, with a mild and gentle sympathy, and steal away their sharpness as she was aware."

One evening, when Minnie reached the Cottage, and had taken off her bonnet and gloves, Aunt Martha came into the room where she was sitting in a low rocking-chair with Tommie on her knee, playing with the slender white fingers which he held. The faithful negro started back at the wail and cowered brow.

"Honey, what's the matter? You don't look like there was any life in you. Child, you had better go for a walk, you always look kind o' chirk when you get back. What? No? Don't shake your head in that mournful style. Miss Minnie, darling, tell Aunt Martha what's the matter."

Here little Tommie began to cry, and with one powerful effort his sister summoned up a smile, and said soothingly:

"Little brother, don't cry. Sister loves you. Aunt Martha, I will take a walk. There's nothing the matter. Please quiet Tommie!"

But the poor idiot was laughing now, and in a moment was on the hearth playing with Tabby. Minnie inwardly felt thankful that her brother was incapable of appreciating misery, and with a cheerful goodbye to Aunt Martha, passed out to begin her walk.

[CONTINUED.]

The Persian Boy and the Robbers.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him swear that he would not tell a lie, and she said, "Go, my son, I consign thee to God, and we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was assaulted by robbers.

One fellow asked the boy what he had got, and he said, "Forty dinars are sewed up in my garments."

He fidgeted, thinking he jested. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer. At last the chief called him, and he said:

"I have told two of your people already that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money.

"And how came you to tell me this?" said the chief.

"Because," said the child, "I would not be like my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful of thy duty to thy mother at thy years, and art thou insensible to my appeal? I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may swear repentance on it."

He did so, and his followers were all struck with the scene.

"You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief, "be

the same in the path of virtue," and they immediately made restitution of their spoils, and vowed repentance on the boy's hand.

Hold of Papa's Hand.

"The patter of little feet on my office floor, and a glad voice exclaiming: 'Papa, I've come to school to you!' made known to me the presence of my little six-year-old darling, who often came at that hour 'to take me home,' as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

Now, papa, let's play I was a poor little blind girl; and you must let me hold your hand tight, and you lead me along, and tell me where to stop and how to go."

So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began. "Now step up, now down," and so on, till we had safely arrived, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying, "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never pecked once!"

"But," said mamma, "didn't you feel afraid you'd fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma! I had a tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

Little Freddie.

Our dear little boy was watching with his grandma one Sabbath, the people returning from church. She pointed one and another out to him saying, "This is a Baptist lady, this a Methodist, etc., etc., when Freddie, seven years old, said, 'Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?'"

"No," was the answer. "No, the Baptist?"

"No." "To the Methodist?"

"No." "Well, Grandma," said he, in his quiet, earnest way, "if I was in your place, I'd get in somewhere."

Dear Freddie lived only a few months longer—a little month tells the story—but his words live after him—apples of gold in pictures of silver.—Mrs. Frisbie.

FARM AND HOME.

TO THE WREN.

Sweet, modest, little twittering wren, Your song must cease to charm the gleu, For as you twitter from your den,

Your neighbors say, Your simple notes have weary been To them all day.

And why sing twitter, ritter, rite, All the day long, with such a gleu? Those notes can add no charms to thee, Or to the ear;

Besides, the others that we see We'd rather hear. The mocking bird, with varied song, With sweet, melodious notes among,

Can scarce amuse the ear so long. As one short lay, Then why should you the ear so strong In such a way?

Now cease! suppress within your breast! Your song must be oblivion rest, The world, now weary, doth request.

You, too, be still; While the mock-bird, with music blest, The air doth fill.

The little wren, with speckled breast, With merry mirth upon its crest, Still twittered round his happy nest,

And ne'er replied; But sang his little notes to rest, So satisfied!

Now, when to you, young, simple bard, The world seems weary, cold and hard—When you no heart can move, regard—The simple wren,

He sings all day, without reward—How happy then! PLEASANT RIDGE, ALA.

Board for Less than Five Cents a Day.

To the Editor of the Tribune: Sir:—In compliance with the suggestion of Dr. Colby, and for the gratification of such as may be curious to know how a man can live—keep himself in good physical condition and good brain work for three months for \$3.84, with plenty of provisions left over—I give a list of my friend's stock of supplies, stating how the thing was done, as nearly as I can from memory—showing how a young man, who was very poor, and yet determined to have an education, attended a term of twelve weeks at an academy, boarding himself for about 4 1/2 cents a day. The following is the stock of provisions laid in, or purchased as needed:

3 pecks of wheat.....\$1.12
38 quarts of milk.....1.52
12 gallons of molasses.....60
12 loaves of bread.....60

Total.....\$3.84

The wheat, which was the principal article of food, was boiled in an iron dish on the stove in his room until it was entirely soft like rice, and was eaten with molasses. For a change, milk was substituted for the molasses, and sometimes bread for the wheat. This, of course, was what might be called a plain, simple, unsimulating diet; still the food was good, nutritious and abundant.—Mr. Kingston, May 11, 1878.

Peach Trees.

Peach trees should be examined in June or July and September for the troublesome borer. The egg is deposited at the base of the tree, where it hatches, and the grub, often an inch long and almost white, bores its way under the collar, making an ugly wound and sometimes completely girdling the tree. The process of destroying the grub is not tedious and should in no case be neglected. About the middle of June we hoe and trim our trees, and at the same time search for

the borer. We hoe about four inches deep, to expose the collar of the tree; then feel about the base of the trunk with the hand. If any grub is found, we know the borer is there at work. With a knife or stout wire we follow the grub, when he is immediately detected, judgment having been passed upon him before his capture. We did not find many trees infested at the last examination, owing probably to a quantity of chip manure mixed with lime having been placed about their base. A. J. Downing used to advise banking with earth, slightly during summer, and removing the same in the fall, that the bark might harden during the season of frost. We have destroyed many of these large borers in one tree only two years' old.—Rural Home.

Make Your Business.

The old adage says, "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." This every Christian should support the cause of missions, but how few of our church members feel this is incumbent on them to give liberally to this cause. "The heathen ought to have the gospel, and missionaries must be sent to them, but we are poor and can hardly pay our pastor, but others are rich and they will give."

Yes, money will give, but they may not be richer than you. Somebody will be blessed both spiritually and temporally, but it will not be you unless you bring your tithes into the storehouse of the Lord.—W. H. McNeal in Morning Star.

How to make Cows give Milk.

A writer in the Southern Farmer says that his cow gives all the milk that is wanted by a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all that is required for other purposes, 250 pounds of butter were made this year. "If you desire to get a large yield of milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and lightly salted in which has been stirred at the rate of a quart to a gallon of water. You will find you have not tried this daily practice for your cow will give 55 per cent. more milk immediately under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty. But this mess she will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pailful at a time, morning, noon and night."

Salt as a Fertilizer.

I have experimented for many years with salt, and tested it on the various cereals and roots, and on the different soils from the stiff clay to the light sandy soil, and the results have been quite as varied as the experiments themselves. On heavy clay land I have found little use in salt dressing, but with an addition of unleached ashes, in quantity about 50 bushels of ashes to ten of salt on each acre, I have taken a third more of a root crop, and the quality of such roots is always superior. On light soils, salt alone has, with me, always proved beneficial; but even here I have had the largest returns when ashes were used in connection with salt. On a field of clover, or any deep-rooted grass, salt alone is highly beneficial, especially when used in the fall as a dressing. In every experiment I made, I found that the results were obtainable when the salt was used as a top dressing in the fall. In my orchard and vegetable garden, I always use it mixed with ashes in the fall, and plough in the ground in spring.—Cor. C. G. Glemm.

How to Destroy Nut-Grass.

One of the best methods to destroy nut-grass, is to sow cow peas very thick upon the land in the month of May, and plow under after frost—say in November. In plowing under, plow deep—go below the roots of the grass. Repeat this for two or three years, and the nut-grass will be exterminated, and it is the only way I know of.—P. R. H.

HUMOR.

My first experience as a company; my second experience as a company; my third experience as a company; my whole experience as a company.—Comedian.

How can five persons divide five eggs so that each shall have one and leave one in the dish? One person can take the dish with an egg in it.

Scene in a railway carriage. Fond wife:—Let me see your paper a moment, dear old band!—Yes, my darling, as soon as we get to the tunnel.

"A Florida man mistook a mule for a ghost and asked it with a stick. The verdict returned in his case was death by being too short a stick in probing the unknowable for evidence of a future existence."

An Irishman employed with a gentleman was in the habit of licking the cream. So the gentleman rose one morning to watch him. He caught Pat in the act. "Don't like this at all," says the master, angrily. "Then be jabbers, says Pat: 'You don't know what's good for you.'"

"Dese is mighty hard times, Brer Bemus." "Fouer hoopin', now, hore, an' a deyer gittin' harder. De man dat gits a dollar dese days is got ter onimber hisself, sho's you bo'n. He's got ter gitt round like he waz at a camp-meeting, hater."

"Anything new or fresh this morning?" a reporter asked in a railroad office. "Yes," replied the lone occupant of the apartment. "What is it?" queried the reporter, whipping out his note book. "Said the railroad man, edging toward the door: 'That point you are leaning against! Such are the loads a newspaper man must bear.'—Keokuk Constitution.

Vegetine

FOR DROPSY.

NEVER SHALL FORGET THE FIRST DOSE.

PROVIDENCE.

Dear Sir,—I have been a great sufferer from dropsy. I was confined to my house more than a year. Six months of the time I was entirely helpless. I was obliged to have two canvases put over me in and out of bed. I was swollen to great size, and my natural size was around my waist. I suffered all a man could and live. I tried all remedies for Dropsy. I had three different doctors. My friends all expected I would die many nights I was expected to die before morning. At last Vegetine was sent me by a friend. I never shall forget the day I took it. I was getting better. After I had taken some 6 or 7 bottles I could sleep quite well nights. I began to gain weight quite fast. After taking some 10 bottles, I could walk from one part of my room to the other. My appetite was good. The dropsy had at this time disappeared. I kept taking the Vegetine until I gained my usual health. I heard of a great many cures by using Vegetine after I got out and was able to attend to my work. I am a carpenter and builder. I will also say that I have cured an aunt of my wife's of Dropsy, who had suffered for more than 20 years. She says she has had no ailment for eight months. I have given it to one of my children for Cough Dropsy. I have no doubt in my mind it will cure any humor; it is a great cleanser of the blood; it is safe to give a child. I will recommend it to the world. My father is 80 years old, and he says there is nothing like it for strength and health. I have used it myself. I cannot be too thankful for the use of it. I am, very gratefully yours,

JOHN S. NOTTAGE.

ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD.—If Vegetine will relieve pain; cleanse, purify, and cure such diseases, restoring the patient to perfect health after trying different physicians many remedies and suffering for years, is it not a conclusive proof, if you are a sufferer, you can be cured? Why is this medicine performing such great cures? It works in the blood, the circulating fluid. It can truly be called a blood purifier. The great source of disease originates in the blood; and no medicine that does not act directly upon it to purify and renovate, has any just claim upon public attention.

VEGETINE. I OWE MY HEALTH TO YOUR VALUABLE VEGETINE.

New York, N.Y., Apr. 25, 1877. Mr. H. R. Stevens,—I have suffered from a breaking out of *Cutaneous Sore* for more than five years, caused by an accident of a fractured bone, which fracture ran into a running sore; and having tried every thing I could think of, and nothing helped me, until I took six bottles of your valuable medicine, which Mr. Miller, the apothecary, recommended very highly. The sixth bottle cured me, and all I can say is, that I owe my health to your valuable Vegetine.

Your most obedient servant, ALBERT VON ROEDER.

It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the diseases for which the VEGETINE should be used. I know of no disease which will not admit of its use, with good results. All most formidable complaints are caused by poisonous secretions in the blood, which can be entirely expelled from the system by the use of the VEGETINE. When the blood is perfectly cleansed, the disease is promptly yielded; all pains cease; healthy action is promptly restored, and the patient is cured.

VEGETINE CURED ME WHEN THE DOCTORS FAILED.

CINCINNATI, O., April 10, 1877. Dr. H. R. Stevens,—I was seriously troubled with *Kidney Complaint*. I have consulted the best doctors in this city. I have used your VEGETINE for this disease, and it has cured me when the doctors failed to do so.

ERNEST DURIGAN, Residence 621 Rice St., Place of business, 573 Cedar Ave.

VEGETINE Prepared by H. R. STEVENS, Boston, Mass.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

Pulmona cures ASTHMA. Pulmona cures BRONCHITIS. Pulmona cures CONSUMPTION. Pulmona cures CHILLS & FEVER. Pulmona is sold by druggists. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

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PIANO Beautiful ORGAN. GRAND PIANOS, price \$6,000 only \$425. Superb Grand Square Pianos, price \$800 only \$255. New Style Upright Pianos \$115.00. Church Organs, 16 voices, price \$125.00. Church Organs, 10 voices, price \$85.00 only \$145. Elegant \$755 Mirror Top Organs \$105. BUREAU come and see me at home if I am not so represented. R. R. Fare paid both ways and Piano for Organ given free. Large Illustrated Newspaper with much information about cost of PIANOS and ORGANS sent free. Please address, DANIEL F. BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

For a Case of Catarrh THE SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE for Catarrh will not only relieve and cure, but cure. References, Henry Wells, Esq., Wells Fargo & Co., Aurora, N.Y.; Wm. Bowen, Esq., Hallowell, Me.; J. Bowen, St. Louis, Mo. Testimonials and treatise by mail. Price, with improved engravings, \$1. Sold everywhere. Wells & Potter, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

DR. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, UTERUS, AND VAGINA. LIVER, STOMACH, AND BOWELS. CLEANS THE BLOOD, AND CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE BLOOD. Price, with improved engravings, \$1. Sold everywhere. Wells & Potter, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

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