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BECAUSE.

MARGARET J. PRESTON.

With such a grovelling heart, how shall I dare
Ask thee, my Lord, to make thy dwelling
there?
—Because the Bethlehem stable thou didst share.

With restless passions surging like a sea,
How can I think to find repose for thee?
—Because thy voice hushed stormy Galilee.

With guilt's delirium stained without,
Within,
How may I hope thy cleansing grace to win?
—Because thou saidst, "I have forgiven thy sin."

When earth's poor, careless toilings tired,
Oppress,
What might have I to lean upon thy breast?
—Because thou saidst, "I have forgiven thy sin."

With soul affections strong and cold and dead,
What claim have I to plead for life instead?
—Because in Joseph's tomb was laid thy head.

THE CROSS.

Quaint though the construction be of the
following poem, yet never has the story of
the Cross been told with more truthful sim-
plicity!

Bless they who seek,
While in their youth
With spirit meek
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way;
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heav'n;
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them who bore
His Father's crown,
For them who wore
The thorny crown,
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain,
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e'er dare refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest He declare,
"I know you not."
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus who on Calvary died,
And trust in him who there was crucified.

WHAT I KNOW.

JOHN WILLIAMS.

I know I've passed from death to life
—John 5:24.

For I the brethren love;
—1 John 3:14.

I know that my Redeemer lives
—Job 19:25.

At God's right hand above,
—Acts 7:56.

I know that Jesus' blood can make
The foulest sinner clean;
—1 John 1:7; 1 Tim. 1:15.

I know that God has pardoned all my sin,
—John 10:23; Eph. 4:32.

I know my God is reconciled,
—2 Cor. 5:18-19.

I know "He owns me for His child,"
—1 John 3:1-2.

"I can no longer fear,"
—C. Wesley.

I know His Word's a lamp to guide
My wandering feet;
—Ps. 119:105; Prov. 6:23.

I know that I shall dwell with Christ
In everlasting life;
—John 14:3; 1 Tim. 6:16.

I know His Spirit sanctifies;
—2 Thess. 2:13.

And justifies the heart;
—1 Peter 1:22; Acts 15:9.

I know that neither life nor death
Can me and Jesus part.
—Rom. 8:38-39.

Dear Reader: Which of all these truths
You claim as your own?
Or are you groping still in sin?
Away from God!
—Job 5:14; Isa. 59:10; Deut. 28:20.

Oh, haste and seek the Saviour's grace,
—Isa. 55:6.

Delay may seal your fate—
—Matt. 25:10-11, 41.

For when before the Judge you stand,
'Twill then be late too late!
—Luke 13:25-27.

Church Union.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Reminiscences.

BY DAVID LEE.

NUMBER XIII.

[ALABAMA ASSOCIATION.]

ELDER NIX RETURNS TO THE MIS-
SIONARIES.

Within five or six years after the
Anti's seceded Elder Nix, their
leader, returned to the missionaries.
I never saw him after his return. He
remained finally to Florida, where he
died.

ELDER MOORE,
the moderator at the time of the di-
vision, within 15 or 20 years, gradu-
ally yielded to the seductive influ-
ence of alcohol, until he became a
confirmed inebriate, and died.

Both these men were, at one time,
as popular as any two ministers in the
Association.

THE GREAT CALM.
After a storm of four years' con-
tinuance there was a calm during the
next four years.

Of the 23 churches left of the Ala-
bama Association, only 2 or 3 could,
by propriety, be called missionary
churches. There were perhaps mis-
sionaries in all the other churches, but
they were the minority, and could
do nothing, either through the

church or the Association. Indi-
viduals could do as they pleased—
give or not give—but we could have
no concerted action. If any thing
was attempted the conservatives
would denigrate, and say, "O,
don't! Please don't! You may get
up another division!"

This continued until the ses-
sion of 1842.
In 1842, Dr. Hartwell was elected
moderator, but not without opposi-
tion. He was too strong a mis-
sionary to please the conservatives.

He was an excellent presiding of-
ficer, and it was fortunate for the
Association that he was chosen. He
was re-elected in 1840-41-42-43.
Had he remained in the Association
he would have been re-elected year
after year.

THE FIRST MISSIONARY APPOINTED
BY THE ALA. ASSO.

At the meeting of 1842, Dr. Hart-
well preached an elaborate missionary
sermon. It enlightened many who
were in the dark and removed pre-
judices from many an honest heart.
On the next day—

ELDER J. D. MOODIE, AN M. D.,
was chosen missionary to preach to
the destitute churches and neighbor-
hoods in the bounds of the Associa-
tion. Dr. Moodie was bold and dog-
matic. His labors did not prove a
success. At the time of his election
he was practicing medicine. He had
no parsonage. It is certainly bad
policy to appoint any man to a mis-
sion whom the churches are not willing
to have as pastor.

ELI T. D. ARMSTRONG
was elected missionary at the session
of 1843.

Elder Armstrong was a remarkable
man in some respects. Few preach-
ers, if any, had less originality than
he. Neither did he have books. In
some things he had a very retentive
memory. If he heard a sermon with
which he was pleased, he could repeat
it almost verbatim. And he was
not ashamed to do it; and then boast
of what he had done. But in repeat-
ing borrowed sermons, I never heard
of his attempting to imitate the au-
thor but of his own. He was a first-class
ranter; he often heard, on calm
evenings, two miles.

After his return to Alabama he lo-
cated in Tuscaloosa county. He was
tax collector of that county one year.
Tuscaloosa was at that time the cap-
ital of the State. Dr. Woods was
President of the University. The
Rev. Mr. Cox was pastor of the
Baptist church. At the time when
Mr. Armstrong went to settle with the
Auditor the Legislature was in ses-
sion.

ELDER ARMSTRONG'S LUDICROUS
FALLS.

At the close of the morning serv-
ices, on Sabbath, Mr. Cox announced
that the Rev. Mr. Armstrong from
the country could preach at night.

In the evening Dr. Woods came to
the hotel, and when the bell rung, they
locked arms and walked together to
the church. Armstrong said he felt
a good deal better from the respect
shown him. And then the thought
of having most of the members of
the General Assembly to hear him,
prompted him to do his best. When
a schoolboy in North Carolina, he
heard his teacher, a Presbyterian
minister, preach one sermon so often
that he got it all by heart. He said
it was a good sermon. And that he
might be sure to acquit himself well,
he resolved to repeat it. He knew
that ranting was popular in city
churches; so he was determined
to avoid it at night. And having
his sermon well committed to mem-
ory, he thought he would have nothing
to do but to imitate his voice, and
gestures like an orator. At the proper
time he announced his text,
and proceeded; but before he got to
thirty, he forgot the sermon. He
felt that he was in a dilemma. He
saw that he either had to sit down
ashamed, or preach in country fashion.
He resolved on the latter. He said,
"I brought a vision, and swung my arm
over the board, and knocked off
every candle, but I didn't stop until
I got through." And when I sat down
every dog in town was around the
church barking at me." Returning
to the hotel, he heard, just before him,
one man remark to others, "Well!
well! well! will you ever hear
the like of that before?"

Some one told the writer that one of
the deacons went up into the pulpit,
took Armstrong by the skirt of his
coat and told him to stop, saying,
"The people can't understand a word
you say."

Elder Armstrong, as a missionary,
did not succeed well. Instead of
preaching in destitute neighborhoods,
he spent most of his time in visiting
churches which had no pastors. Many
delegates became discouraged,
but resolved to try again.

ELI T. D. ARMSTRONG.
At the meeting of 1844, the Asso-

ciation appointed A. T. M. Handy
missionary. He was a young man; a
printer by occupation. He was but
little known out of the city of Mont-
gomery. He was recommended by
his pastor, Henry Talbird, and dea-
con A. B. McWhorter.

Elder Handy succeeded remark-
ably well. During the year he bap-
tized about 120, and constituted sev-
eral churches. He was reappointed
in 1845; and was equally as suc-
cessful.

Elder Handy was a humble, mod-
est, devoted servant of God. He
studied his Bible prayerfully. His
sermons were made up largely of Bi-
ble quotations. He was not eloquent.
His style was conversational; his
gestures very few. When in the
pulpit his eyes often appeared to be
almost closed. He was an intelligent
young man; in the social circle he
was always interesting. He had the
rare talent of turning almost every
subject into a religious conversation.
As a fire-side preacher he had few
equals.

The Association would have con-
tinued him in the field where his la-
bors had been so much blessed, but
he would not consent.

There are few ministers whose
talents fit them for missionary work;
such a rare gift has been found, it is to
be regretted that he cannot be kept at
work in that part of the field where
his labors are known to be a suc-
cess.

Last Words.

ARTICLE I.

The last words spoken are sad but
powerful things. No words uttered
during life impress us just like dying
words. We are anxious to catch the
last words whispered by departing
friends, before entering the spirit land.
They are treasured up as something
pure and sacred.

Words spoken from a dying bed, if
not regarded as infallible records of
inspiration, are almost regarded as
secrets whispered from the veiled
eternity, revelations from the spirit
land. The Bible, the only book that
opens up to our vision the prospect
and hope of heaven, acknowledges
the presence and force of this feeling.

We have in the Scriptures the death
bed scenes of Abraham and Jacob,
and the last words of David, Elijah,
Simeon, Stephen and Paul, and the
dying words of the Son of God. One
short sentence is the biography of
every man: "The days of the years
of Methuselah were 969 years, and
he died." There is the end of it.
"And he died." Such is the history
of man. "It is appointed unto all
men once to die."

The patriarchs, prophets, and apos-
tles, named above, and many other
saints, seemed to breathe the air of
heaven, to bask in celestial light
brighter than ever before, and were
doubtless but faint emblems of what
they should be within the veil. Their
dying testimonies are well calculated
to strengthen and encourage the Chris-
tian, and inspire him with the hope
of victory and an abundant entrance
into the everlasting kingdom of the
Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Stephen, the first martyr, when dy-
ing, saw the white portals open, and
said, "I see the heavens open and the
Son of Man standing at the right
hand of God."

Senator Foote in his last moments,
with his eyes full of heavenly radi-
ance, looked up exclaiming, "I see it,
I see it. The gates are wide open.
Beautiful, beautiful." And he died.
Robert Bruce, a Scotch minister,
died very suddenly, as many do. Just
before his death he asked his children
for the Bible. Here his sight failed
him. He then requested his daugh-
ter to place his finger on the sentence,
"I am persuaded that neither life nor
death shall be able to separate me
from the love of God which is in
Christ Jesus my Lord." He then said,
"God be with you, my children, I
have breakfasted with you this
morning; I shall sleep with my Lord
this night." And he left to sit down
to the "Marriage Supper" spread out
beneath the foliage of the "Tree of
Life."

John Wesley, the faithful minister
of Christ whose life was so perfectly
consecrated to the service of his Mas-
ter, uttered these words, "God is with
us. The best of all, God is with us."
He then whispered, "Farewell! fare-
well!" And calmly fell asleep, hav-
ing "served his generation by the will
of God."

When one of Martin Luther's chil-
dren lay on her death bed, the great
man approached and said, "My dear
little daughter, my beloved Margaret,
you would willingly remain with your
earthly parents, but if God calls you,
you will go with your Heavenly Fa-
ther?" "Yes, dear father, it is as God
pleases." "Dear little girl," he ex-
claimed, "Oh! how I love you!" He

then read from the Bible the consol-
ing doctrine of the resurrection, and
said, "My daughter, enter thou into
thy resting place." She turned her
eyes toward him, and said, with touch-
ing simplicity, "Yes, father." And
she departed to be with her Heavenly
Father.

Recently, a minister in his labors
of love, visited a western hut with
evidences of taste and luxury, and
found a father and his dying daugh-
ter. He asked the daughter if she
knew her condition. She replied with
a calm and sweet voice, "I know that
my Redeemer liveth." She then said,
"Father, I am cold; lie down beside
me." He lay down by his dying
child, twining her feeble arms
around his neck, she murmured with
a dreamy voice, "Dear father, dear
father." "My child," said the father,
"doth the flood seem deep to thee?"
"Nay, father, for my soul is strong."
"Dost thou see the other shore?" "I
see it, father, and thy banks are green
with immortal verdure." "Hearst
thou the voice of its inhabitants?" "I
hear them, father, as the voices of
angels falling from afar, in the still
and solemn night, and they call me."
"Her voice, too?" "Oh! father, I
heard it then." "Doth she speak to
thee?" "Yes, in heavenly tones."
"Doth she smile?" "An angel smile."
But I am cold, cold, cold. It is dark
in the room. Father, is it death?"
"It is death, Mary." "Thank God." So
she passed away.

The death of David Stoner affords
a sublime example of Christian virtue
and evidence that love for souls is
stronger than death. As the silver
cord was loosed, gathering up all his
strength to one last effort, he cried
aloud, "Lord, save sinners! Save them
by thousands! Lord, subdue them!
Lord, conquer them!" Then without a
struggle he passed to the Savior of
sinners, to see him as he is "and to
be like him."

A daughter of Gov. Wright passed
away in Tabors splendor. As she ap-
proached death she said, "I am go-
ing up; I am going up." To her pas-
tor who was reading of the valley of
death, she said, "There is no valley."
The night before her death she abode
in the third heaven of rapture. Being
informed that her feet were in the
Jordan, she said, "Oh! I am so glad."
Her last words were, "Jesus is peace."

John Lawson said, "I know I am
dying, but my death-bed is a bed of
roses. I have no thorns planted upon
my pillow. Heaven is already begun;
everlasting life is won, is won, is won!
I die a safe, easy, happy death. Thou,
my God, art present. I know, I feel
that thou art. Precious Jesus! be to
God!" May the death of all
our readers be thus glorious! *B*

Carthage, Ala., Jan. 1879.

John's Baptism.

What was John's Baptism? It was
not a rite borrowed from the Jews.
It was not, as some aver, a Jewish
proselyte baptism. No such baptism
is taught in the Bible. And none
such is named out of the Bible, till
more than 200 years after John's
time. There was but one law for
the Jew, and for the Gentile who
came to him, by ceremony; "Let all
his males be circumcised." Ex. 12:
48-49. To make a Jew was to cir-
cumcise him, and Gentiles were made
Jews in the same way. The Idume-
ans became Jews. How? Josephus,
Antiq. xiii. 9.7, answers, "All the
males were circumcised," not bap-
tized. If the priests baptized all
proselytes with John's baptism be-
fore John came, then, John could not
be called, "The Baptist;" for then,
every priest was as much baptist as
John. And in the case of the Idume-
ans, the priests, the Baptists, would
have had a lively time.

There was no need of a special
appointment from God to au-
thorize John to practice an old estab-
lished ceremony; to do that which
any Jewish priest could do, and had
been doing, for ages. If the Jews,
as some assume, had a proselyte bap-
tism, by whose magic power they cer-
emonially changed Gentiles into Jews;
what did John with this Gentile
baptism, propose to change Jews into?
He baptized them. Would Jews sub-
mit to this Gentile baptism? John's
baptism was a new rite never before
used among the Jews; supererogating
upon other old Jewish rites used long
before. Hence, the surprise and
question of the priests and Levites;
"Why baptizest thou?" Their sur-
prise arose from two things, the new-
ness of the rite, and the authority
assumed in performing it. It is, as
if they had said, "We do not feel
to grant you so much; first, to in-
vent a new rite; and secondly, to as-
sume authority to practice it; unless
indeed, you are Christ, or that
Prophet, or Elijah, the prince of
prophets.

Again, John's Baptism was not a

Christian, or the Christian baptism.
The divine writers carefully distin-
guish it from all other baptisms.
They called it, "A baptism in water,
baptism of repentance," but most
frequently, "John's Baptism." Show-
ing clearly that it was not identical
with any, but was distinct from all
baptisms. John's Baptism instituted
three years before, was not, and is
not, the commission-given, Christ-
commanded, Christian baptism, or-
dained after Christ's resurrection.
That they were similar, in some
points, is true. In origin, both were
from heaven; in mode, both were
by immersion; and both were a part
of the counsel of God. But similar
things are not equal, and are not the
same things. John's Baptism was
for one nation, a dead church mem-
ber; penitent Jews received it.
Christ's baptism was for all nations;
a world of dead sinners, and sinners
made alive, receive it. John could
not baptize into the name of the Son,
for Christ suppressed his name till
after his resurrection; and some of
John's disciples had not even heard
of the Holy Spirit. Christian bap-
tism is in the name of the Holy Tri-
nity. Christ's baptism is a baptism
into Christ's death; in John's time
there was no Christ's death to bap-
tize into. "Baptism is the answer of
a good conscience toward God, by the
resurrection of Jesus Christ. There
was no resurrection of Jesus in
John's day. These points of dif-
ference are deemed sufficient.

It remains only to notice the ele-
ments of preparation. There was
Confession; that is, there was indi-
vidual confession for personal sins;
in opposition to the general annual
confession to the priests, who made
atonement for the sins of the people.
There was Repentance; a turning
away. Some turned from Abraham
to Christ; ceased to look backward
at shadows, and looked forward to
substance. But when Pharisees,
Abraham's cousins, and all the prom-
ised Jewish church members, good
enough without repentance and con-
fession, demanded simply baptism;
wishing to wear this badge of prepa-
ration, John refused them. There
was Baptism; this was a washing of
repentance, but not a washing of re-
generation. It was an external pre-
paratory rite, not a Christian ordi-
nance. All these elements were neg-
ative, and needed the positive life-
giving power of the Spirit, which was
not yet given.

What then was the special end de-
signed, and object accomplished, by
John's Baptism? It did prepare a
few disciples for the reception of
Christ; made them fit material to be
placed in the Spiritual Temple soon
to be built.

A temperance badge distinguishes
those who are pledged to the temper-
ance cause. John's Baptism was a
disciple badge, showing that those
who wore it were pledged to Christ.
"All Israel were baptized unto Moses
in the cloud and in the sea." That
is, they now ceased to be the slaves
of Pharaoh, and became the servants
of Moses, and being baptized unto
Moses, were, by this baptism, com-
mitted to him, tied on to Moses, their
great Leader and Lawgiver. So did
John's Baptism tie the people on to
Christ.

A few of John's disciples, who had
not been properly instructed, were re-
baptized. Others, and all baptized
by the Apostles before Pentecost,
when they came up as prepared ma-
terial, having the right marks upon
them, were received, and were not
rebaptized. He came to his own
(the Jews), and his own (the Jews as
a body), received him not. But to as
many (prepared ones), as received
him, to them gave he power to be-
come the sons of God; gave pow-
er, right, privilege, to become mem-
bers of his church and kingdom.

J. C. W.

"We All Do Fade as a Leaf"

What is life? A dream; an eagle
hasting to the prey; a flower; grass;
handbreadth; a pilgrimage; a shadow;
a swift ship; a swift past; a tale
told; a thread cut by the weaver; a
vapor; a weaver's shuttle.
The teachings of the Bible all tend
to impress the student with the mu-
tability of life and of all human
events. The vapors of the morning
envelop the earth, but as the sun gets
high in the heavens, vanish impercep-
tibly. All nature speaks to us of the
transitory character of things. The
cloud that comes, we know not
whence, which in passing over chang-
es form and sinks back into the
deep blue of the heavens; the grass
which endures but a day; a dream
which leaves only a dim and vague
impression, soon to be obliterated en-
tirely; these are all the pictures of
the shortness of human life.
If we are wise we can learn valu-

able lessons from these silent teach-
ings of nature. She utters no noise;
but in the noiseless changes of the
seasons she speaks to us in language
unmistakable. Nature, in the seasons
and their products, speaks of the suf-
ficiency and bounty of God. Nature,
in the seasons and their changes,
speaks to us the mutability of all
things human.

In the fall, when the grass grows
scarcely, when the fields are robbed of
their treasures; when the trees are
despoiled of their verdure; nature
puts on all the glory of autumn. She
attires herself in all her magnificence,
before fading into the chill and mo-
notonous winter. What lesson does
this teach us? It is this:—

"WE ALL MUST FADE"

The great tree of human life must
in the natural course, shed its leaves.
A melancholy subject, but a most
important one. The truth that we
are passing away has its vindication
in every man's personal experience.
One dies several times before reach-
ing threescore years and ten. Child-
hood gives way to youth, and youth
gives way to manhood. The life of
man is essentially different from that
of the boy, and so when old age
creeps on, the mind is retrospective.
Memory is the faculty most used, and
we look forward to the other death
still to come. Indeed we die every
day. As the shades of night creep
on something fades away. With the
lapse of time friendships lessen, and
affections cool. The grave becomes
finally the grave of the love and in-
terest we have for the body which it
covers. Fallen leaves are under our
feet all the year round. From the
early spring the blighting influences
are at work, for even the buds of
leaves sometimes die. And the little
buds on our family tree—alas, how
often are they taken from us! A
crowded world seems, not to miss
them, but on the family branch their
loss is felt. Hardly without an ex-
ception families drop their leaves be-
fore maturity. This premature de-
cay, however, is not the design of na-
ture. The natural order was inter-
rupted by man's disobedience. What
man's condition would have been
now but for this disobedience we can
only conjecture. We know that
death must come to all, and whether
it be sooner or later, we know that
the powers which accomplish this
death are already at work.

How buoyant is youth! how vigor-
ous is manhood! but the influences
which shall silver the hair and pale
the step are silently pushing on.
There are infidelities and falsenesses
in life which weaken the faith of man
in man. We are moving steadily on
to the place appointed to all men.
But a little time, and all our plans
and aspirations, all our hopes and
ambitious projects will be laid with
our bodies in the heart of the earth.
The trees, in the fall, clad in their
garments of russet and scarlet and
yellow, seem to say to us—We are
already surrounded by death.

And just as silently as the leaves
fall does man drop out of this busy
world. How soon does the wave of
existence obliterate every mark of
individuality? We pause for an in-
stant to inquire after some friend,
and receive for reply, "Good friend,
he is dead."
The characters of men may be fitly
likened to various kinds of leaves—
some are streaked, others dead and
decaying, others dark and repulsive,
others again are full of perfect form,
of glorious color and great beauty.
Such men are the glory of life. Their
history is pressed in the book of our
memory and preserved in the bouquet
of our hearts' best affections.

How beautiful is the symmetrical
Christian character, beginning in
youth and running evenly through to
old age! At a festival party of old
and young, the question was asked:
"Which season of life was the most
happy?" After being freely discus-
sed by the guests, it was referred for
answer to the host, upon whom was
the burden of fourscore years. He
asked if they had poticed a grove of
trees before the dwelling, and said,
"When the spring comes, and in the
soft air the buds are basking on the
trees, and they are covered with bloss-
oms, I think, 'How beautiful is spring!'
And when the summer comes, and covers
the trees with its heavy foliage, and
singing birds are all among the branches,
I think, 'How beautiful is summer!' When
autumn loads them with golden fruit, and
their leaves bear the gorgeous tints of frost,
I think, 'How beautiful is autumn!'
And when it is near winter, and there
is neither foliage nor fruit, then I
look up, and through the leafless
branches, as I could never until now,
I see the stars shine through."

W. C. CLEVELAND.

A Lincoln, Neb., physician claims
that the excessive use of the potato is
provocative of diphtheria.

From Midway, Alabama.

Alabama Baptist.

SELMA, ALA., JANUARY 16, 1879.

JOHN L. WEST, PUBLISHER.

EDITORS:
E. T. WINKLER & JOHN L. WEST.

"KIND WORDS"

We have failed, of late, to notice this excellent little paper editorially, not for want of interest in it, but because we have thought that it did not need any special commendation at our hands. **KIND WORDS** is a paper that speaks for itself, wherever known, and truly needs no commendation. It has but to be seen to be admired. It is a useful paper. It has done much good in our denomination, both in the cause of personal religion and denominational information; and it should be liberally patronized by all of our schools, especially as it always gives more that value received to those who subscribe for it.

PURIFICATION OF CONSCIENCE

Perhaps one will say, who reads this heading: "It does not touch my case! It is in vain that you urge one to keep a conscience void of offense—for my conscience is already corrupt. I can look upon my whole past life, with no other emotion than unfeigned sorrow. My life has been consumed and disquieted in vain. I have done nothing for Jesus. I have been cold to his love and negligent to his cause, and now realize that I am nearer than ever to a hopeless and woe-filled eternity. Others may require to be guarded; but I need, first of all, to be healed."

Well friend, your case is sad but not hopeless; for now let us tell you, in brief, how that impure conscience may be cleansed. There is a remedy for you. Deep as your wound may be, there is a balm in Gilead and a physician there.

You need to confess your sins before God. Confession is necessary, an earnest, penitent, entire, repeated confession, in order that you may recover purity and peace of mind. According to the Scriptural representation, sin is a burden too heavy for you to bear—in confession, this burden is cast off. It is an inward poison which buries and consumes the vital organs; but when the heart is poured out before God in confession the bitterness of death passes away.

You remember that this was the experience of the royal Psalmist: "I said I will confess my transgression before the Lord, and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin." How quick the change for a penitent outburst of sorrow to a joyful sense of pardon! And how startling! It seems to us almost a contradiction to say that when we cruminate ourselves, then God discharges us from guilt; but indeed this is a great truth of religion. When the gloomy clouds gather, thickest, that is the season for Heaven's gracious rains! When we judge ourselves, then God judges not!

Go then, troubled spirit, before the Mercy seat! Tell that Great Being whom you have offended, what you have done. Like David, confess your transgression before the Lord, and he will forgive the iniquity of your sin. Nor must you cease after one confession. Alas! your hearts will renew their iniquities again and again; as in the cleansing of a house, the dust will gather still, and the work must be renewed from day to day, so new impurities of heart contracted, require frequent renewals of that godly exercise by which impurities are removed.

Do not shrink from humbling yourself before God. Doubt not that he will exalt you in due time. Charge yourselves with your sins and condemn yourselves before him, that he may not condemn you at the judgment day. Make bare those wounds that are so full of pain that God's balm of forgiveness may be laid upon them. Herein exercise yourself, that you may have a conscience void of offense.

You need also to exercise faith in the atonement of Jesus Christ, your Savior. You need that divine principle which takes to itself what Christ has done in order to save his people from their sins. The influence of the "great work must be exerted upon you, for he is the only Mediator between God and man. Through him the blessings of grace descend, and no man cometh unto the Father but by him. To him then you must repair, whenever a sense of sin weighs upon you, and you feel that you have been defiled. Give yourself up to be saved and ruled by him, in new acts of faith, and even that fleshly robe you wear, that has so often been defiled, will yet be changed into a white and shining righteousness, in which you shall stand among the angels before the throne of God.

Dear readers, it is time for us to take heed of these things. Let conscience be attended to. If we will not permit it to correct us, God will require it to condemn us. If we heed it not when it whispers like the wind

will all head it roaring like the tempest. The awful authority of God is impressed upon it; and he who neglects it will be fatally hardened and forever undone. Let conscience be kept void of offence, that life may be full of sweet satisfactions, and that when the last day of the last year of our life has come, we may be able with the Apostle to exclaim: "I have finished my course; I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."

JOHN'S BAPTISM.

Many who have discussed the character of John's Baptism have bewitched themselves with its ecclesiastical relations and have failed to observe how thoroughly it was charged with the spirit of the New Dispensation. Although the church was not constituted formally until after the death of John, the baptism administered by the Precursor was essentially Christian and had no value as dissatisfied from the coming of him who is the Author and Finisher of our faith. Upon the thoroughly spiritual character of this ordinance Dr. G. G. Phelps, in his *Life and Words of Christ*, remarks: "With the call to repent, John united a significant rite for which he was willing to own their sins and promise amendment of life. In his baptism, which John had been appointed to administer, he was not content to perform the rite of the Pharisees, but he added to it a new symbol, and striking requirement. A new symbol was needed, striking enough to express the vastness of the change he demanded, and to form its fitting emblem, and yet simple enough to be easily applied to the whole people, for all alike needed to break with the past and to enter into the life of spiritual effort he proclaimed. On baptism, in itself, he set no mysterious, sacramental value. It was only water, a simple emblem of the purification required in the heart and life, and needed an after baptism by the Holy Spirit. Nothing could receive it till he had proved his sincerity by a humble public confession of his sins. When they became a moral vow, to show by a better life that the change of heart was genuine."

How much there was of novelty in this, as administered by John, appears from the specifications adduced by the Pharisees in a subsequent paragraph, and which have force even if we doubt the custom of immersion in the Jordan as an act of worship, has prevailed prior to the time of John. Says Dr. Geikie: "Baptism in the Jordan had been a sacred symbol at least since the days of the Babylonian immersion by one like him, with strict and humbling confession of sins, sacred vows of amendment and hope of forgiveness, if the proved lasting, and all this in preparation for the Messiah, was something wholly new in Israel." For our part we are free to confess that we do not appreciate as we should the difficulties in characterizing John's Baptism; but it seems to us to be a solemnism to deny that that baptism was Christian to which Christ himself and all his apostles but one submitted.

METHODISTS AND EPISCOPALIANS.

Churchmen ask why the Methodists do not become members of the Episcopal church. And this expresses a hope entertained by not a few members of the latter denomination. Live and anon some virtual overture is made to the Methodist West, declaring the never would leave and whose membership he consented to his flying day. Dean Stanley has uttered a monument to be erected to Wesley in Westminster Abbey and recently uttered a warm eulogy upon the Father of Methodism, a recognition given him by the ministers of that communion in New York. At a missionary conference the Bishop of Western New York uttered a glowing tribute to Whitefield as was Wesley. There are some difficulties in the way, however, of a reunion. One is the question of "orders." The Episcopalians do not recognize the ordination of Methodists as valid. Another is the question of rites and ceremonies. By resigning themselves to the presence and holiness of the High Churchism (now the prevailing drift of Episcopacy) the Methodists might be shorn of their property. Another is the question of self-reliance. The Methodists were driven into their position of antagonism to the intolerance of the Church of England, and they have thriven as the result, by struggling with storm. Another is a question of property. A union is to be effected in the unity of the smaller body ought to become a satellite of the larger. The Methodists outnumber the Episcopalians ten to one.

In an opinion the best platform of ecclesiastical union is that laid down in the New Testament:—repentance, baptism upon a profession of faith, confession of sins, churches composed of a spiritual membership, and a ministry clothed with the suffrages of the church and ordained by a presbytery of ministers. A limited Diocese with a Bishop; a spiritual Empire with Christ as its King.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL.

The influence which this remarkable man wielded is a problem not to be explained by his learning which was superficial, nor by his logic which was shifty, nor by his logic which was shifty, nor by his logic which was shifty. His opposition to creeds was absurd; for if a church has a right to believe that any have been taught by Christ, it has a right to state in what those truths are, just as every minister does, when he preaches; and also to publish the main points of his belief in an orderly form. And further if the church has a right to state all, it has the right to withhold its fellowship from any who in its conscientious judgment do not accept its substantial verities of the Christian religion. For how can two walk together unless they are agreed? Mr. Campbell's confounding of the generation with baptism was absurd; for it put the outward sign in place of the thing signified, and made the work done by human hands more important than that wrought upon the soul by the Spirit of God. The currency which the Patriarch of Bethany gave to crude ideas of this sort is a striking proof of his vigor and dexterity as a controversialist, and as a leader of men.

We have been greatly interested in the writings which Dr. Jeter has devoted to the refutation of Mr. Campbell's heterodox system. They are models of criticism of theological exposition and of Christian polemics. In a recent number of the *Herald* appears an article containing reminiscences of Mr. Campbell. The concluding paragraph gives Dr. Jeter's estimate of the character of the great Debater. These inconsistencies are explained by the hypothesis of mental unsoundness. Dr. Jeter says:

"Mr. Campbell was a man of learning, of much miscellaneous information, and of great readiness and fecundity of thought. His learning was already vast, was various rather than profound, and his imagination far exceeded his rational power. There was much humbug judgment, a screw loose in his mental machinery, which became more obvious as he grew older, and terminated in downright monomania. No writer within my knowledge ever repeated his thoughts so frequently, wrote so glaringly and often contradicted himself, as he did. This is all applicable to the supposition that he labored under an idiosyncrasy which was gradually developed into mental derangement. This supposition, too, vindicates him in making statements which could hardly be kept made by a sound and well-balanced mind without guilt. With this ground of defence, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that he was a good man. His life was devoted to an earnest and fearless advocacy of principles which, in the main, were right. The supreme and exclusive authority of the Scriptures in religion, immersion the only baptism, and believers the only subjects of the ordinance, and church independence, are important doctrines which he held in common with Baptists and most zealously defended. He wrote, too, many valuable articles on matters of faith and practice; and he must think, with much that was wise and eratic. With the exception of statements easily traced to a disordered imagination, his life was pure, and in perfect harmony with the principles he espoused and spent his long life in defending."

The conduct of Mr. Campbell will be unwilling to accept Dr. Jeter's deliverance; for these conclusions carry weight with them, as coming from one who for the last half century, has been intimately acquainted with Mr. Campbell's opinions and vagaries; who has met him in well-contested fields of conflict and who has returned a victor from those fields.

"THE MANIFESTATION OF THE SPIRIT"

The story of the Dispensation under which we live is that it is spiritual. The Apostle Paul describes it as "the manifestation of the Spirit." 2 Cor. 3:18. It does not appeal to the secular power, and fears as the Old Dispensation did, and impose merely external constraints and prohibitions, but works by spiritual motives, reveals Christ as a Savior from sin and is attended by a Divine Spirit who changes the heart and makes men spiritual and holy, conformed to the pattern of their Savior. This spiritual element of Christianity seemed to be ignored by those who recently assembled in New York to herald the millennium advent and personal reign of our Lord Jesus Christ on earth.

A striking circumstance corroborates the force of our impression—the fact that in the resolutions passed by the Prophetic Conference, no reference or allusion was made to the person or work of the Holy Spirit. Nay, the omission is the more marked because the fifth and last resolution it is declared to be the duty of the church to watch and pray for the fulfillment of one promise of Christ, "Surely I will come quickly," while the many promises of Christ concerning the sending of the Holy Ghost are never referred to. A writer in the *Witness* complains of this omission, and says: "The omission of the name of God in the Constitution of the United States."

And the parallel which he merely

glances at might be emphasized. The powers that be are ordained of God. His will is the foundation of governments. And so the church is built for a habitation of God through the Spirit. And as a country which does not recognize God is in danger of anarchy, a church which does not recognize the Spirit of Prayer and the Spirit of Prophecy has no cohesive principle to uphold it. To ourselves, our families, our communities, our churches, our world, the Spirit of Christ is the sorest need.

"We plead the promise of thy Word; Give us thy Holy Spirit, Lord!"

BIBLE LESSON MONTHLY.

A trial of one month of the Bible Lesson Monthly in your Sunday-school will convince you that they are indispensable to the management of a good school. We advise all Sunday-school workers to try them. Send for sample copies. They are sent free by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

FIELD NOTES.

—Bro. J. B. Gay, of Montgomery, has recently moved to Auburn.

—The Southern Baptist (Meridian, Miss.) claims a circulation of 1920.

—According to the *Texas Baptist*, there are 1,200 Baptist churches in Texas.

—Rev. S. A. Goodwin has been heavily pounded by his church at Sherman, Texas.

—The work goes on at Montgomery Hill Baptist church. —A. J. L. Mt. Pleasant, Monroe Co.

—We regret to learn that our venerable brother David Lee, of Mount Willing, is in feeble health.

—The *Record* says that Mississippi is \$85 short of her pro rata for the Rome chapel.

—Rev. R. T. Hanks, of Dalton, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Albany, Ga.

—The *Baptist Reflector* laments that there are no young preachers coming out in Middle Tennessee.

—Rev. W. C. Bledsoe has resigned the pastorate of Antioch church in Chambers county.

—Elim Baptist church, Durhamville, Tenn., wants a pastor. Address G. W. Young, church clerk, Durhamville, Tenn.

—Rev. P. L. Jones, pastor of the South Broad street church, Philadelphia, proposes to resign and join the Telogoo mission.

—The Baptist church in Dallas, Texas, has paid for all purposes, during the year ending Dec. 19, \$1,500. —*Texas Baptist*.

—Mr. Charles E. Stowe, son of Prof. Calvin E. and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, was recently ordained as a Congregational minister at Hartford, Conn.

—The *Christian Index* is out in a brand new dress. It is now one of the nearest papers in the country, as well as one of the best edited. We wish it success.

—Eld. J. H. Cason, formerly pastor of the Carrollton and Picken county churches, in Picken county, Ala., has accepted the care of the church at Franklin, Tenn.

—Eight young Chinamen are attending school in Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass. In the same school there are twenty-two sons of ministers and four sons of missionaries. —*Ex*.

—The Baptists of this association will unite this year in an effort to raise their "Indigent Ministers' Fund" up to \$2,500. —*Talladega Mountain Home*.

—Do not fail to read the article in this paper, entitled, "Our State Mission Work." We entirely agree with Bro. Gwaltney. What say the friends of the work? Let the subject be thoroughly discussed.

—The rumor comes to us from St. Louis and other places that Dr. Graves and another gentleman expect to start a great Baptist paper in California. We give the rumor for what it is worth. —*Baptist Reflector*.

—It is a matter of astonishment to us, how modest young ladies can allow in round dances or to be engaged to do it, or how Christian parents can send their children to dancing schools. —*Christian Secretary*.

—Although the cotton crop is so short here, and we lost so many members of our little church by the fever, Salem church has over-paid her pastor's salary for last year. —*A. A. Bailey, in Baptist Record*. How many churches in Alabama can say as much?

—Owing to the protracted illness of Rev. J. H. Hendon, pastor of the Baptist church of this city, there has been no service for several weeks past. Services will be resumed next Sabbath. —*Birmingham Iron Age*.

—Rev. J. L. D. Renfro filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church on Sunday the 5th. A bitter cold day and a small congregation, but the preacher was fully himself. —*Harpersville local in Sentinel*.

—Prof. Fonville spent the holidays with friends in La Grange, Ga. He returned last week and resumed his school with increased numbers. He is a thorough scholar, a cultivated gentleman, and an excellent teacher. —*Tuscaloosa Times*.

—Rev. N. B. Williams, late of Springville, has accepted the care of the church at Gadsden, Ala. He preached his first sermon there as pastor on the first Sunday of this month.

—The Second Baptist church, St. Louis, has been burned. The house had just been completed, and was regarded as the finest one in the South. The building was insured for \$100,000. —*Baptist Reflector*. The building cost \$200,000.

—The Baptist of Alabama must be an enterprising people if the neat typography and vigorous editorials of their organ, the *Selma, Alabama Baptist*, furnish any evidence of their condition. —*Democratic Standard, (Hollidaysburg, Pa.)*.

—Dr. S. Landrum has been called to the Coliseum Place Baptist church, New Orleans. It would be a great calamity for Dr. Landrum to leave the State; and we hope that God, in His good Providence, may so direct events as that our dear friend will be left in the State. —*Baptist Reflector*.

—I have been one of the warmest friends of the paper from its birth and shall permit no decline of interest in it. You have done well and I bid you God speed. —*W. F. Williams, Charlottesville, Va.* Thanks, Bro. W. By the way, your Alabama friends would be glad to hear from you occasionally through the paper.

—I am so blind that I cannot see to read. Still I wish to take the paper for the benefit of others. I therefore send money order for \$2.50. Please send the paper on to me. —*J. O. Whitfield, Oxford, Miss.* May God bless you, Bro. W., and may he give you a clearer spiritual vision as the natural falls.

—Rev. J. B. Hawthorne, D.D., pastor of the First Baptist church at Montgomery, Ala., was born and bred in Southern Alabama. Hence this celebrated American pulpit orator, according to Rev. S. J. Anderson's remark about himself, does not "come from anywhere." The same might be said of Bro. Kerfoot, who spent all the earlier days of his life on a farm. —*Texas Baptist*.

—I regret to announce that Eld. B. W. Bussey has resigned the pastorate of Broad street church, and has accepted that of the church at Americus, Ga. Every member of our church is saddened at the loss of Bro. and Sister Bussey and warmly commend them to the brethren at Americus. We feel that the change is not only a loss to our church and city, but to the State also. They are a blessing to our community in which they dwell. —*M. G. Hudson, Mobile, Jan. 6*.

—To-day closes the old year, and as I look back I see many things for which to be thankful. My people have been kind to me, in many ways. My churches at Pineville, Allenton and Bellville have all presented me substantial tokens of their affection, and on Christmas day many young friends at Pineville gave me a "Christmas gift"—an elegant suit of clothes.

I will present the claims of the ALABAMA BAPTIST to all my churches in January. —*B. J. Stinner, Newtown Academy, Dec. 31, 1878*.

—A private note from Rev. Dr. Cutting, Corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, says: "We are now standing just about where we stood last year in reference to our receipts and our liabilities. Of course we have accomplished nothing in respect to the reduction of our debt. The burden of that is one most grievous to be borne, while at the same time in the west, and among the freedmen, and over the whole wide field of our labors, the calls upon us for help are as important as they are urgent. Our strained finances are compelling us to the most painful restrictions and retrenchments." —*Christian Secretary*.

—Owing to a misunderstanding as to who should be your informant, your readers have been deprived, until now, of the good news of the success of the Gospel at Pine Flat church, Perry county. On Saturday before the 5th Sabbath in November the church began a protracted meeting. Rev. A. J. Kynard, the pastor, was assisted on Saturday and Sunday by brethren Mr. M. Wood and P. F. Crawford, of Howard College. After this Bro. K. continued the meeting alone, until again reinforced on Friday night by Bro. Wood and the writer. The meeting closed Sunday with good feeling. Nineteen accessions were made to the church by experience, one by letter, and one restored. The following Sabbath a large, concourse of people assembled on the banks of the Cahaba river, and there witnessed the burial with Christ by baptism, of the nineteen converts. —*P. C. Drew, Marion, Ala.*

—Our Convention, recently in session at Sumter, did considerable work towards starting a mission among the Chinese on the Pacific coast. It is understood that the Baptists of North Carolina will raise one thousand dollars. South Carolina Baptists are called on to do the same. Georgia is expected to co-operate and raise her thousand, and Dr. J. B. Hartwell is to be appointed to the mission by our Home Mission Board at Marion, Ala. Now this is a most noble work. It will be a very appropriate and graceful thing for South Carolina Baptists to give liberally to ward sustaining our own noble Hartwell in California. He ardently desires it. He is doubtless adapted to the work, and the work certainly ought to be done, done soon, and done by our people in the South, if possible. This is another call added to the many that are now upon us. Will we heed it or not? We see three ways in which this projected work may end. —*W. H. Strickland, in Bapt. Courier*.

Our State Mission Work.

Dear Bro. West: The recent letter in the ALABAMA BAPTIST from Bro. Renfro, brought to mind some thoughts that troubled me at Gadsden and at Talladega with reference to our State Mission Work. Bro. Bailey's communication in your last issue strays me yet more, and decides me to "say a word" on this vital interest. I consider the "State Mission Board" as charged with the most important interest of our Denomination in Alabama. I haven't the time, nor do I deem it necessary to prove this. It is easily proved.

All desire and pray for the successful prosecution of this scheme of State evangelization. Few men will

refuse to give something to it, when fully informed of its purpose and promise; while Bro. Bailey and the Evangelists are succeeding well, if I understand the facts, in providing for the support of the Evangelists, I fear the embarrassment of the Secretary himself, will become more and more serious. His recent communication awakens grave apprehensions. He speaks out like a man who is neither afraid nor ashamed to tell the truth concerning himself in so delicate a matter. I honor him for his frankness and plainness of speech.

Is there not a remedy for this state of things? I believe there is. I think the delay in redeeming the church pledges is partly due to the fact that many churches and brethren do not after all, understand the machinery. A pledge for a church is given at the Convention for the salary of the Secretary. The Evangelist of the District to which that church belongs visits the church or its Association, and gets a pledge for State work. This latter pledge the church redeems, and thinks that it is redeeming the pledge given at the Convention. Or if the church does not think this, the impression is made that, "some how, or some how else," the work is strangely mixed. Of course it is all plain to those who understand it. I think quite a number belong to the latter class. Some one may say it is as "plain as a pike staff." So it is to him, but it needs to be made plainer still to many. A CLEAR apprehension of a great work—and a simple, direct method of accomplishing that work help wonderfully in getting the sympathy and the money needed for it.

I believe we can untangle this matter a little, if brethren can be persuaded to adopt the following suggestion: Abandon forthwith and forever all church pledges for the salary of the Secretary. Take for his support only individual pledges. Let these pledges be secured mainly at the Convention. The delegates to the Convention are intelligent, earnest, devoted, enterprising Christians. They understand the worth of this grand work. They know the Secretary; they appreciate in some measure (they can not fully know) the value to our people of this godly, this laborious, this self-sacrificing, this I would as soon say of it him as of any man I know, apostolic man. Let the delegates at the Convention pledge personally his salary. If they feel somewhat short, let the members of the Board by direct solicitation get personal contributions enough to make up the deficiency. This done, the churches and brethren of Associations will bear nothing about this part of the work—need to hear nothing about it. All they do will be for the Evangelists.

There will be no confusion. The financial plan will be clear, simple, and effective. Are there brethren enough in the State of liberal views and a spirit to pledge and promptly pay the Secretary's salary? I believe so. I should be glad to have brethren to think of and discuss this modification of our present plan. Some change must be made. Others may have better suggestions to make. Will you, Bro. Editor, keep the subject agitated until the remedy is found?

L. R. GWALTNEY,
Marion, Ala., Jan. 10, 1879.

Words.

Speech is the glory of man. It is the last seal of dignity stamped upon him by his Creator. More than any other faculty it marks his superiority over the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. Words are more than the habiliments of thought; they are the incarnation of thought. Analyze one of the great speeches of Webster, and you will find that its power lies not less in the nicety and skill with which the words are chosen, than in the granite-like strength of thought. It is impossible to substitute other words for those that are used, without destroying in a great measure the beauty and force of the orator's conceptions. Take, for example, the eloquent passage of his speech in reply to Hayne: "I thank God, that if I have too little of that spirit that would raise mortals, to the skies, I have none of that other spirit which would drag angels down." Change the structure of that sentence, substitute one word for another, put elegant for raise, or draw for drag, and half the effect is destroyed.

Webster was a diligent student of the English Dictionary. He studied carefully the origin, structure, history and signification of words. Hence his wealth of expression, and the readiness with which he found the exact vesture for his thoughts.

No man can attain to enduring fame as an orator, or as a writer, without making a constant companion of his Dictionary. He must be master of the language which he speaks. He must have a dominion over it as complete as the sculptor's over the marble and the bronze. How often are we sorely afflicted in listening to a speaker in the pulpit or on the rostrum bellowing like a beast to give emphasis to his thoughts, because he is unable to express them in appropriate words.

J. B. HAWTHORNE,
Montgomery, Alabama.

Mr. Talmage's New Departure.

The religious and secular press have been discussing the question, whether or not the "Exploration Sermons" of Talmage are exerting a moral and salutary influence over his congregation, whether or not the cause of Christ is advanced by such brilliant and highly colored pictures of sin and vice. By some he is ridiculed, as a mere sensationalist; by others he is strongly condemned for bringing to light the corruptions and profligacies of the Empire City; by all he is recognized as among the foremost of American pulpit-divines.

He is undoubtedly a powerful preacher. His style is clear, forcible, brilliant and peculiar. The manner in which he expresses his thoughts is different from that of all other sermon-makers. It is *sui generis*.

This peculiarity manifests itself in the following sentence taken from his sermon on Birds: "When God would set fast a beautiful thought, He plants it in a tree; when He would put it about, He fashions it into a fish; when He would have it glide through the air, He moulds it into a bird."

He advises a person to renounce his evil associates in a way that is Talmagian at a glance: "Go home to-day, open your desk, take out letter-paper, stamp an envelope, and then write a letter something like this: 'My Old Companions: I stand this day for Heaven. Until I am persuaded you will join me in this farewell! Then sign your name, and send the letter with the first post.'"

In regard to the moral influence of his present mode of preaching, we take no extreme view. We cannot extol his "Exploration Sermons," and agree with *The Christian Herald* and *Signs of the Times* that he preaches a plain Gospel sermon, calculated to do much good. Neither can we condemn them entirely, nor concur with some of the leading newspapers of the day in their scathing criticisms of them.

In visiting the halls and dens of New York, in painting in glowing and racy colors the scenes there enacted, in informing his hearers of the existence of and the occurrences in such places, unknown to many New Yorkers themselves, he is doing a great wrong and deserves censure. But his entreaties, his warnings, his advice, and his applications, bear the true stamp of sincerity and Christian piety.

The following figure, the concluding remarks in his sermon on Club-life is very expressive:—"Seated by a country fireside I saw the fire kindle, blaze and go out. I gathered up from the fire enough for profitable reflections. Our life is just like the fire on that hearth. We put on fresh fagots, and the fire bursts through and up and out, gay of flash, gay of crackle—emblem of boyhood. Then the fire reddens into coals, the heat is fiercer, and the more it is stirred the more it reddens; with sweep of flame it cleaves its way until all the hearth glows with intensity—emblem of full manhood. Then comes a whiteness of the coals. The heat lessens; the flickering shadows have died along the wall, the fagots drop apart; the household hover over the expiring embers; the last breath of smoke has been lost in the chimney. Fire is out! Shovel up the white remains—ashes!"

Whatever public opinion is, Mr. Talmage will widen this course of sermons into a national series, to show the moral condition and prospects of this country, by making explorations in Washington, the city of political power; Boston, the city of brain; Philadelphia, the city of beautiful order; Chicago, the city of miraculous growth; New York, the city of commercial supremacy; Brooklyn, the city of homes.

C. L. W.

North West Alabama.

Dear Baptist: Permit me to give the brethren and sisters, through the BAPTIST, some dots from N. W. Alabama.

Meadow branch on the second Sunday in November last, the first meeting after its constitution, baptized three, one young man and two young ladies.

THE DEBATE, as announced in your paper, commenced on Monday and was continued through four days. All passed off pleasantly. The Baptists left well satisfied with the results.

On Saturday before the fourth Sunday in November we received a young lady by experience at Harmony Grove church.

On the fourth Sunday in December the writer met with some brethren and sisters 4 miles east of Fayette C. H., Fayette county, and, after preaching a sermon, proceeded to organize them into a church. Hence there is one more Baptist church in this county. There were nine letters presented. There will be nine or ten others soon. Somewhere between eight and twelve Methodists are ready to apply for membership. Last Sabbath it was so cold that we had to make short work and did not give an opportunity for those wishing

membership to apply. Breth. Bailey and Barbour stirred up some of our people through the New River Association. I do so much regret that I was not able to be with them. I know I would have enjoyed their company. I hope they can come again soon. I hope to send you some subscribers at an early day.

J. B. HUCKABEE,
Pala, Ala., Dec. 26th.

LITERARY NOTICES.

—Music. — *Somebody's*. Coming When the Dewdrops Fall, is a song and chorus of much sweetness and freshness. Price 40 cents, with elegantly illustrated title. Published by S. Brainerd's Sons, Cleveland, O.

—FLORAL MAGAZINE. — *Yield, Ye*. A beautiful Monthly Magazine is a charming publication for all lovers of flowers. Every lady should subscribe for it. Published by James Vick, Rochester, New York, at \$1.25 a year.

—THE SANITARIAN is a monthly magazine devoted to the preservation of health, mental and physical culture. The number for January contains a lengthy article on the yellow fever epidemic of 1878. Price \$3.00 a year; 30 cents a number. Published by A. N. Bell, M. D., 47 Lafayette Place, New York City.

—THE FARM JOURNAL, Hon. W. H. Chambers, editor, is an excellent magazine for the field and fireside. It is an Alabama enterprise, and every farmer in the State should subscribe for it. Terms: single subscription \$1.50; five subscribers \$1.40 each; eight subscribers \$1.25 each. Address W. H. Chambers, Oswichee, Ala.

—THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for January has the following table of contents: The Fishery Award; Unpublished Fragments of the Little Period; Cities as Units in our Policy; The Preservation of Forests; The Solid South; The Pronunciation of the Latin Language; Substance and Shadow in Finance; The Cruise of the Florence; and an article on Recent Fiction by Richard Grant White. Terms: \$5 a year; single number 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

We have received the first number of the Bible Lesson Quarterly, issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, Phila., Penn., in the interest of the older scholars of our Sunday schools. It is the purpose of the Society to make the Bible Lesson Quarterly not only an acceptable, but indispensable help to all our young Bible students. Price: single copy 5 cents. In packages of ten and upwards 3 cents per copy, making \$2 per 100 for 3 months, \$6 per 100 for 6 months, \$9 per 100 for 9 months, \$12 per 100 for 12 months. Postage prepaid by the Society.

THE SCHOLARS' QUARTERLY.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Table Economy.

In no part of housekeeping will the effect of good management and skill be more perceptible than in providing a comfortable table. The French understand this to perfection, and can arrange the daintiest dishes from most inexpensive materials. A bit of meat, a few vegetables, a slice of onion, and a bay leaf, becomes something wonderful when simmered in their saucepan. We are learning many things from them. The roast beef that formerly disappeared to be seen no more, we now find equally good warmed in its gravy the next day. And the bones, once thrown away, are found to make the most nourishing of soups, even if almost bare of meat. They must be boiled slowly on the back of the range all day. The second day add any vegetables and any flavoring preferred.

The remnants of a knuckle of veal, mutton, or lamb, boil in the same way. Turn the shreds of meat and the liquor into a form. It will make a jelly when cold. Then slice a few hard boiled eggs in a dish, and turn the jelly over them. It makes an elegant dish for tea, when you have guests, and takes the place of tongue or ham. A little trouble and care will enable one to set an inviting table at small cost. To do it, however, we must always have the best of flour. This is true economy. It will really go much farther, as there is more wheat in it, and it swells in using, and everything made from it turns out well. With poor flour, the housekeeper is continually disappointed in her most careful arrangements, and her temper is put to severe test. There is a "New Process Flour," said to exceed in excellence and healthfulness all other kinds. "Haxall" always makes excellent bread, and other less expensive brands, the Michigan for instance, make equally good pastry. A barrel of each is really most economical.

For those who prefer to make their own yeast, the following is an excellent receipt. A coffee cup of grated potato, and before bottling add two tablespoons of salt. We have been surprised to find seldom the poor make raised bread. Almost always they use saleratus, which makes not nearly so healthful bread.

A large manufacturer who supplied his operatives with groceries, said the difference in the purchases of his various families was truly astonishing. One man who earned high wages and had a small family bought enormously, and was continually running in debt, whilst another, on the same amount, and with the same number to support, lived well and laid up money. On inquiry, he found that in one case the wastefulness and extravagance of the wife had entirely discouraged her husband. The other had used the fruits of her garden in the place of pastry and cake. A fresh basket of fruit on the breakfast and tea table had secured health to the children; and the sale of what they did not use brought many additional comforts. If you have a bit of land, plant grape vines, strawberries, and currants. Encourage the children to aid in the work. Fruit is the finest form of nourishment; and those who partake of it freely are developed in their highest faculties.—*Auntie Hamilton, in Congressionalist.*

A Model Poultry Yard.

Looking at the yard of a poultry fancier, a few days ago, I was pleased with his hen house, not because it was the finest I ever saw, but because of its perfect simplicity. As he was a man of abundant means, and his place is near a fashionable resort, there was a temptation for a nicer building than other people, but he preferred to set a good example for his poorer neighbors. This building was framed, of convenient size for two flocks of about twenty fowls each, boarded outside and inside of the frame with matched boards, and with a large window on the south side. It was very warm inside, even when the air outside was nearly at freezing point. On the inside of the sill a plank was spiked over to go down a foot into the ground, all around the building, which prevented the outside moisture from coming under the building, and as the building inside was raised some inches with earth and dry loam, it was at all times a dry place to wallow in.

As the house was for large fowls, the roosts were low, and a space was left where the hens could stand on the ground all night, instead of roosting, if they preferred, which some did. I noticed the fence between the poultry yards was boarded up some three feet high, with short pickets above that. This prevented the cocks from fighting through the fence. The whole arrangements of building and yards were neat enough for a gentleman's country place, and yet not too extravagant for any farmer to copy. The yards were set with plum and peach trees, and the owner said that he had no difficulty in getting abundant crops of the finest fruit every year, which was a handsome profit in itself upon the cost of keeping the fowl.—*Boston Journal.*

A writer who says that one good cow gives milk enough for a family of eight persons, gives the following as his treatment: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow every day water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give 25 per cent. more milk."

WORKS AT THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.—To exterminate worms at the roots of plants, sprinkle soil from out the range or flues of furnaces over the top of the ground, and it will cause the worms to crawl off.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE OLD HOUSE ON THE HILL.

[The following lines, which are a part of a lengthy poem, were written by a sympathetic child, and are those that fondly turn toward the "Good's House".]

I stand beside a strange land;
A solemn silence
Is stretching on its waiting waves
Between my home and me.
But with my eyes I see the heart,
Which eyes can't see,
My thoughts are true to dear old home,
The old house on the hill.

'Tis yours to say, oh my brother,
Angst and grief is all I feel;
But my heart is full of love
To the old house on the hill.
The dream of my childhood's grief,
The joy of my path to you,
In glory and in keeping it,
In the flower-land of God.

The light and the tenderest,
The sweet and the best,
So often I think in the arms
Of the old house on the hill.
You have a home, my dear soul,
Has thought the bitter light;
You have a home, my dear soul,
Has thought the bitter light;

I know that our home, to-day
The sunlight, the sunshine,
Your heart is full of love
To the old house on the hill.
The dream of my childhood's grief,
The joy of my path to you,
In glory and in keeping it,
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Singular Use of a Letter.

It was a time of spiritual awakening in a small manufacturing town. The foreman in a department of one of the factories became anxious about his salvation. He was directed to Christ, as the sinner's only refuge, by many, and by his own master among the rest; but it seemed to be without result. As his master thought of reaching his mind, and bringing him to see the sinfulness of his ways, he was told by a friend to ask him to come and see him at six o'clock, after he left the works.

He came promptly, with the letter in his hand. When ushered into the room, his master inquired: "Do you wish to see me, James?" James was confounded, and holding up the note requesting him to come, said:—

"The letter, the letter." "Oh," said his master, "I see you believed that I wanted to see you, and when I sent you the message you came at once."

"Surely, sir, surely, sir," replied James. "Well, see, there is another letter sent to you by one equally in earnest," said his master, holding up a slip of paper with some texts of Scripture written on it.

James took the paper and began to read slowly. "Come—unto—me—all ye that—labor, etc. His lips quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and, like to choke with emotion, he thrust his hand into his jacket pocket, grasping his red handkerchief, with which he covered his face, and then he stood for a few moments not knowing what to do. At length he inquired:—

"Am I to believe in the same way that I believed your letter?" "Just in the same way," rejoined the master. "If we received the witness of men, the witness of God is greater."

This expedient was owned of God in setting James at liberty. He was a happy believer that very night, and has continued so to go on his way rejoicing to God his savior, to point others to Christ, and to walk in the narrow way.

Reader, if anxious about your salvation, be persuaded to believe God when he speaks to you in his Word, in the same way you would credit the word of an honorable man, and you will obtain grace through the precious blood of Christ. "He cannot deny himself."—*Christian Herald.*

Power to Save.

In one of his addresses Mr. Gough relates the following incident as illustrative of the power of prayer in the hour of temptation. He said: "If you will reform exercise all the power that you have left, all the energy that you have, and trust in God and it is a sure thing. In Ohio I went into a street car, and there was only one vacant seat, and I asked a gentleman if he could occupy it. He replied:—

"Yes, Mr. Gough, I will be very glad to save you."

"Thank you, for your courtesy," said Mr. Gough.

The gentleman remarked, "I heard you speak last night and I went home to my wife and told her I would never drink any more liquor. I never made a promise like that before. I am a man of my word, and she knew I meant it, and I supposed she would be tickled about it. I was pleased, but instead of that she looked at me in a half wild sort of way, and burst out crying, and then went down on her knees. I am not one of that sort; don't believe I've been on my knees since I was eight years old. As for church, I don't know what the inside of it looks like. When I saw her down on her knees I didn't like it, and said, 'What are you on your knees for, cannot you hear?' I went to bed sulky, and when I got up in the morning I wanted to skip and nothing else. I tried to eat some breakfast.

The more I ate, the bigger it grew. I could not swallow it. Nothing could I do but whiskey. I must have some. I am a man of my word, and I am now going to see a piece of property which I bought when I was drunk. I am going among friends, and among temptations, and I would rather be carried home dead than carried home drunk. I am a man of my word, and I never broke my word to man or woman, and I am proud of the fact."

He went on a little while and his eyes began to fill with tears, and he said: "Mr. Gough, you may think it very strange of me, but I have been on my knees myself this morning for over an hour."

"Have you?" "Yes, I have. The first time in my life that I can remember since I was a little boy."

I said, "My friend, keep there and you will go home sober to-night."

I tell you they may make as much sport of prayer as they please, and say that it is an abominable nonsense to talk about gauges and such stuff, but do you believe that a man ever drank a glass of liquor while he was praying God to keep him from it? No. Then there is philosophy in prayer, if there is else. Let a man keep in the attitude of prayer and then he is in the attitude of resistance to drink."

"To Mark Mother's Grave."

One of the tenderest passages of love in poetry is thus told by the Detroit Free Press. A boy not over eleven years of age, whose pinched face betrayed hunger, and whose clothing could scarcely be called by the name, dropped into a carpenter shop on Grand River Avenue, the other day, and after some hesitation explained to the foreman:—

"We want to get a graveboard for my mother. She died last winter, and the graves are so thick that we can't hardly find her no more. We went up last Sunday, and we came away near not finding it. We thought we'd get a graveboard, so we wouldn't lose the grave. When we thought we'd lost it Jack cried, and Bud she cried, and my chin trembled so I could hardly talk."

"Where is your father?" asked the carpenter.

"Oh, he's in the, but he never goes up there with us, and we shan't tell him about it. I guess he hated me, so he wasn't home when she died, and he wouldn't buy no coffin nor nothing. Sometimes when we are sitting on the doorsteps talking about her, Jack and Bud are crying and I remember how she kissed us and how she died, he says we'd better get that, or we'll get what's bad. But we sleep up stairs, and we talk and cry all we want to. How much will the board be?"

The carpenter selected something fit for the purpose, and asked: "Who will it up at the grave?" "We'll take it up in our cart," replied the boy, and I guess the graveyard will help us to put it up."

"You want the name painted on it, don't you?" "Yes, sir, we want the board white, and then we want you to paint on that that was my mother, and that she was forty-one years old, and that she died on the 5th of November, and that she's gone to heaven, and that she was one of the best mothers ever was, and that we are going to be good all our lives, and go up where she is when we die. How much will it all cost, sir?"

"How much have you got?" "Well, ma, the boy, as he brought out a little bag and emptied its contents on the bench. "Bud drew the baby for the woman next door and earned twenty cents; Jack he weeded in the garden and earned forty cents; and he found some more in the road; I run of errands and made kites; fixed a boy's cart and helped carry some apples into a store, and I earned sixty-five cents. All that makes a hundred and thirty cents, sir, and pa don't know where to get it because we kept it hidden in the ground under a stone."

The carpenter meant to be liberal, but he said, "A graveboard will cost at least three dollars."

The lad looked on his little store of metals to the carpenter and back, realized how many weary weeks had passed since his first penny was earned and saved; suddenly he wailed out, "Then we can never, never buy one, and mother's grave will get lost."

But he left the shop with tears of gladness in his eyes, and when he returned yesterday, little Bud and Jack were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a headboard, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with all hearts, and done it well.

"Ain't it a nice—nicer than rich folks have?—I expect the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; 'None the grave look nice, though, and what a fine glad!"

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What Happened.

Minnie's mother was going down stairs to make tea, so she said: "Now, Minnie, keep quiet and watch baby while he sleeps, and I'll be back soon."

"But, mamma, I want to do too," and Minnie held her little dripping hands out of the basin where she was washing the dolly's clothes and began to get down from her chair.

"No, Minnie, said mamma, 'you stay here, I'll go and get the good girl care of brother.'

"Why, mamma?"

"Because mamma says so," and mamma turned to the door.

"But mamma, please mamma, tell me why."

"Don't ask again, dear."

"But mamma, I want to know tan't I do too?"

Mamma thought she would not repeat her order, so she went to the kitchen and was busy rolling out her pastry when Minnie, with wet apron and soapy hands, crept slowly and softly into the room. Mamma felt sorry because her little girl did not obey her, so she did not speak. Minnie came closer and closer, and at last leaned on the table and swung her feet, but still her mamma took no notice of her.

Oh, how Minnie longed to reach out her hand and try to make some tart, too! But she knew she was in disgrace, and she did not dare to do so. At last she grew tired of her mamma's silence; so she ventured to ask, "Mamma, why do you look so thorry for?"

"Because my little girl was naughty, and didn't watch her little brother."

"But, mamma, 'twasn't any uthe. I juth told Dod to hend down two bith very beth angeth to watch baby till I came down to help you make tarts, and then I let the water run loud in the bathin, tho when he openh his eyeth he wont cry and trouble the angeth—Mamma, why do you run away tho fath when I'm telling you?"

Very tearful was Minnie while her mamma was wiping the water from the floor and trying to comfort the baby; and she said over and over again, "Oh, mamma, I'm tho thorry; I'll never do tho any more!"

Then mamma said she would forgive her; so Minnie dried her eyes, and looking at the large wet spot, said:—

"I think tho the angeth might have turned the water off, anyhow, don't you, mamma?"—*Christian Union.*

HUMOR.

"Bredren," said a darkey in a prayer meeting, "I feel's if I could talk more good in five minutes dan I could do in a year!"

A white boy met a colored lad the other day, and asked him what he had such a short nose for. "I spec's so it won't poke itself into other people's business."

Two friends were passing a church one evening when a strong smell of burning leather pervaded the air. "I wonder if that is the odor of sanctity," said one. "I think it must be," was the quick reply, "for it smells of soles."

A lecturer, addressing a mechanics' institute, contended that "Art could not improve Nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming, "How would you look without a wig?"

"Sonny," remarked a mother to her young hopeful, "if boys were half as patient in their attention to their studies as they are in learning to skate on rollers, they would be perfect angels."

"That's so, mamma," said the boy, "but then they wouldn't have near so much fun."

Josh Billings in a zoological moment, writes: "The peculiarity of the fly is that it returns to the same spot; but it is the characteristic of the mosquito that he returns to another spot. This he differs from the leopard, which does not change its spots. This is an important fact in natural history."

An honest ignoramus, who had escaped a great peril by an act of heroism, was much complimented for his bravery. One lady said: "I wish I could have seen your feat," whereupon he blushed and stammered, and finally, pointing to his pedal extremities, said: "Well, there they be, mum."

"Papa, me has been baptized, ain't me?" asked a little three-year-old. "Yes, dear." "Then me won't have to be baptized again?" "No; but can you remember anything about being baptized?" "I dess I can." "Well, what did the minister do to you?" "He shoved up my sleeve, and stuck a knife in my arm."

A little Maine chap was taken to church for the first time where the minister officiated in a surplice. He was continually fidgeting and asking, "Ma, is he not done?" "When will he be done?" The minister stood up to make the closing prayer, raising his hands, when the little fellow turned to his mother, with a horror picture on his face, saying, "Ma, he is swelling up again!"

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?" The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered: "I were with him, and they had a cart. There was not only a headboard, but one for the foot of the grave as well, and painter and carpenter had done their work with all hearts, and done it well."

"Ain't it a nice—nicer than rich folks have?—I expect the children, as the boards were being placed on the cart; 'None the grave look nice, though, and what a fine glad!"

Ere this the mother's grave has been marked, and when night comes the three motherly ones will cuddle close together and whisper their gratitude that it cannot be lost to them, even in the storms and drifts of winter.

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