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The Alabama Baptist.

J. L. West, Publisher.

Vol. 6.]

SELMA, ALABAMA, THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1879.

[No. 5.]

"The Truth in Love."

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12 "	13.00	26.00	45.50
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Alabama Baptist.

SELMA, ALABAMA, MAY 15, 1879.

JOHN L. WEST, PUBLISHER.

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

Send us \$2 and receive the ALABAMA BAPTIST one year. If you cannot spare \$2, send us \$1 and receive it 6 months. For a club of 10 names, new or old, and \$20, we will send you the paper one year free. For 10 names, new or old, and \$10, we will send you the paper 6 months free.

"COMPASSING LAND AND SEA."

The energy of the Roman Catholics in pushing forward their work of propagation is worthy of a better cause. It should awaken a godly jealousy in ourselves. Having so much more light than they, should not our labors for religion, corresponding with our obligations, transcend theirs in our own country and in every land? We have a grander cause to commend, a richer blessing to communicate to needy and dying men. It is stated that in Mill Hill College, London, there are thirty-eight students preparing themselves for the priesthood, with the intention of being missionaries to the negroes of America and the pagans of India.

THE IMPRECATORY PSALMS.

The imprecatory Psalms of David have provoked much learned comment. Many have held that they express the genius of a departed dispensation which reflected the spirit of a semi-barbarous if not a savage age. But it is remarkable, that even in the earlier period of this dispensation the same kindly feeling which was exemplified by our Lord, finds expression. The concluding chapters of Deuteronomy emphasize the charities of religion. And the God of the Old Testament claims for himself only the right of vengeance. In accordance with this last principle must we explain the imprecations of the Psalms. A distinguished divine remarks of them: "They are the declaration of the Lord God Omnipotent and Holy against all who resist his will. These are not David's utterances against his private enemies; if they were, they should be thrown out of the Bible. They are the words of David, in his typical character, speaking as Messiah, as God Almighty. They are just such as God utters, when he will say, 'Depart ye cursed into everlasting fire.' Are the words cruel, revengeful, un-Christianlike? Not at all. They are the outpourings of the perfect holiness of our perfect God. But we have nothing to do with these denunciations; they are full of vengeance, and vengeance belongs to our God, and not to us."

While this explanation may not meet all the demands of the case, we accept it as indicating the final end of these stern utterances of the warrior bard. Historically, David was identified with God's cause, and as an inspired man he spoke in God's name.

BLACK AND WHITE.

The Watchman favors the establishment of societies at the North and the gathering of special collections from the churches to facilitate the removal of the blacks. It says: "We believe that all colored people who want to escape, from districts where the shot-gun policy has prevailed, should be helped to do so. Even if these countries were entirely deprived of their laboring population, it would be but a just recompense for the bloodshed of which the rougher whites have been guilty, and at which the gentler whites have winked."

We agree with our contemporary that those who maltreat their employees should lose them, and we insist with equal earnestness that the black-man shall be protected in life, liberty and property by the laws of the land. But those of us who are represented as winking at bloodshed, and who therefore cannot see it, do not even hear of the outrages complained of, except through the Northern press, and we do not believe that one in fifty has actually taken place. It is not terror which precipitates the negro exodus, but the desire to better their condition which they have been assured will be realized if they go to Kansas. And they suspect the motives of employers who advise them against the movement, supposing that these counsellors want to retain them as plantation hands. The magnitude of the cotton crop, last year, effectually disproves the idea that the South is celebrating a long carnival of blood. We believe that, in the main, there is as much good order here as in any other part of the country, and where the writer of this article lives he is satisfied that the community is as virtuous and law abiding as any that

Massachusetts can show. Our neighbors would act a wiser and more patriotic part if they would allow the South to manage its own affairs, and they would be less liable to mistake if they could conceive that we who live here know more about these matters than they do.

So far as we are concerned, we honestly believe that the diminution of the negro population, although involving loss at the first, will eventually prove a blessing to the Southern whites. For the finest regions we have, are depreciated in value, and are closed against the immigrant, by this very population. In every other part of the South property is higher and more remunerative than in those where the colored element is strongest. Into these regions the white colonist will not come while the negro remains. But what is to become of the latter when he removes from the warm climate, and the fertile soil and the simple styles of agriculture with which he is familiar? He cannot escape from the white man. And there is no spot between the two oceans where the African can compete with the Anglo-Saxon upon a basis of equality or with any hope of success. Those who are encouraging and helping his removal to a wintry clime, to an unwooded prairie, to alien communities and to unknown conditions of living and laboring, are urging him on to his doom.

SENTIMENT AND REALITY.

The sentimental utterances of Lawrence Sterne have no influence upon those readers who know how hard was the heart they came from. Have we not too many pretenders of the same sort among professedly Christian men? A distinguished Brooklyn preacher has made what is called "gush," the habit of many a declaimer in the sacred desk, who would fain rival the Plymouth pastor in his chosen sphere. And Mrs. Stowe with her preposterous hero in black has done much toward infecting the philanthropy of the age with an artificial and skin-deep sympathy with the wrongs and sorrows of our kind. We have never heard that either the eloquent brother or his not less gifted sister has done anything worth speaking of, or has lost anything, for the sake of a cause, although they may have spoken for it with the thrilling accents of conviction. But these eminent people are only the types of a class to be found everywhere—tongue philanthropists, tongue Christians—people whose only expression of sympathy is a pocket handkerchief any day.

A writer whose indignation has been stirred by this sort of thing among church members, has filed his indignant protest in the columns of the Christian Register. He goes so far even as to say that all manifestation of special fondness or regard for church members as such, for the family or flock of believers, is based on a false principle. This is, of course, an extravagance, for those who love him that heathen must also love those that are begotten of him. God's saving grace establishes a real and vital union among his people. And yet it can not be denied that in a great many churches the pretension of brotherly love is a mere affectation. A family which never interchanges courtesies, a family whose members do not know each other, a family divided by animated rivalries and conflicting interests can not be regarded as a Christian brotherhood. And in such a case the terms commonly used to indicate the relation are merely formal. It jars upon our ear when we hear members of the church addressing each other as if they were mere acquaintances. Yet how often, alas! this mode of speech expresses exactly the relationship they sustain to each other. There is no fraternity of sympathy, or forbearance, or mutual helpfulness. And they would be surprised to be assured that their church covenant implied any such family association.

As the case goes ordinarily there is a good deal of force in the suggestions of the writer to whom we are objecting. He says: "On the other hand, duty which is often reckoned an inferior motive, is in reality the only safe and manly one. It comes from 'duty,' and when I have paid my dues to my neighbor and my God, I shall have a much healthier satisfaction than if I try to live in an affluence of tenderness for everybody. The best love I can exercise for my tailor and washerwoman is to pay them what I owe. In the church the best love is to bear a just proportion of the burdens." If the church falls below the Gospel standard of brotherly love, let it at least strive to maintain the principles of truth and fairness. Some men have not the gift of expression. They have a chilling address. If not cold in temper they are shy and reserved. But honest and faithful to his church and his individual brethren every Christian man should be.

The National Colored Conference met in Nashville May 5, presided over by Jno. B. Lynch, of Mississippi.

EDUCATION OF THE COLORED MINISTRY.

NUMBER III.

IMMENSE WORK THEY HAVE TO DO.

Such as he is, this man is now a citizen of the Republic, and will take his part in the shaping of its destinies. His moral elevation is important (to speak of no higher considerations now) for the security, the power, the prosperity, the wealth of our common country. We have always regarded the prohibition of letters to the African, as a grave and fatal mistake. This opinion was asserted, twenty years ago in the Southern Baptist Biennial Convention at Savannah, and has doubtless left some traces upon the minutes of that body. The project then entertained was to memorialize all the Southern Legislatures upon the subject, and ultimately to introduce a copy of the New Testament into every cottage in the land. Although this measure was defeated by powerful influence at the subsequent Convention, and its failure was a keen disappointment, we have not the less admired the patient and self-sacrificing efforts made by so many associations of Christian planters and ministers to relieve the want of books by missions and methods of oral instruction. But certainly the catechism has fulfilled its part. Every thoughtful person will now admit that the colored man must have a higher education. And especially must the colored preacher be educated, by whom the whole race is known and swayed. The teacher to whom they willingly submit, must himself be taught, or his pupils will be surrendered to vice and crime; and the dusky populations, upon whose enlightenment the welfare of many of our States depends, will drag those States down to their own present level, and eventually consign this great country, the land of wondrous Providence and of heroic adventure, the gathering place of nations, to the doom of Mexico and Brazil. We can not rely on constitutions or laws, however wise, unless there be a cultivated conscience to keep them; and it was Christianity that raised our ancestors from the depths of barbarism, and without its salutary and elevating influence, the whole splendid fabric of modern society would settle back into the ancient night. The best instrument of reform, the noblest code of statesmanship, the mightiest bulwark of liberty, nay, the first condition of national life, is found in that law that comes from Heaven, and like its author, is spiritual.

But upon us as Christians, the education of colored ministers has a higher claim. The colored people need the Gospel, and they prefer to receive it from one of their own color and caste. This desire has been shown by an almost universal withdrawal from the white churches where they had seats assigned them, and often special services, and leaders and exhorters of their own color provided; and also by the formation of societies and the erection of pulpits, into which, save by courtesy, no white person intrudes. Nor is it unnatural that they should prefer the instruction of teachers with whom they mingle upon terms of such familiar and frequent association as can not be maintained among persons of alien races. Thus it is upon the colored preacher we must rely to encounter the various superstitions, and correct the false ideas of conversion prevalent among them—to teach them that professions and ordinances do not guarantee salvation—that striking dreams and visions are not signs from Heaven—no power to help nor to harm—that church members bearing the burden of each other's sins are not thus fulfilling the law of Christ—that the low morals heretofore sustained only by the law of the plantation or the law of the State, or hidden through an apprehension of common danger, or of the social ostracism of the informant, must now be denounced and punished from a sense of duty to each other and to the law of God. Now that the old personal authority has perished, the law of the Christian society must take its place; and, as we have said, the colored preacher is at the head of that society.

Many of these preachers are ignorant of the magnitude of the work they have undertaken. The colored churches are beset with applications from candidates who are anxious to have an opportunity to speak in public, and who are ambitious of the dignity of office, and this aspiration exists among all who have any gifts for public speaking. But others do feel the responsibility, and are endeavoring, and that with great self-sacrifice, to discharge its duties. In the intervals of daily toil—for most of them work during the week for a living—they study and devote themselves to pastoral ministrations. In a troubled state of society they are striving as far as they understand the matter, to maintain the order and discipline of the Gospel among their people. They seek the counsel of their white brethren in difficult cases. Their hearts are concerned to know what they

must do to save their race from the dominion of error, sensuality and crime, to adorn them with wisdom and virtue, and to prepare them for eternity. That these men should have fallen into mistakes at times, that they should have yielded somewhat to the sway of circumstances, was to be expected. We only wonder that they should have done so well. They are, let us hope, the pioneers of a new generation of preachers who will be prepared, under happier auspices, to carry on the evangelic work.

FIELD NOTES.

—The Methodists of Opelika intend to build a fine church edifice.

—There are 40 Baptist churches in the District of Columbia, the majority of them colored.

—The Baptists of Montgomery are contemplating reviving the interest at the Adams street church.

—Bro. K. Taylor deserves much credit for his efforts to keep alive the interest of the church at Opelika during its pastorless condition.

—We learn from the Texas Baptist, that Rev. T. C. M. Golland, late of Camden, Ala., expects to locate in Richmond, Va. soon.

—Among the candidates recently immersed by Rev. Jno. Quincy Adams were a patriarch of three-score and ten, and a girl twelve years of age.

—The Louisiana Baptist State Convention will hold its next annual session in Minden, La., commencing on Friday before the second Sabbath in July.

—A mysterious fire, May 5, ruined the interior of the Baptist church at North Adams. It started in the large organ. Loss, \$45,000; insurance, \$35,000.

—Bro. J. O. B. Lowry, of Mobile, and Bro. E. J. Forrester, of Shaw Hill, called up to see us while on their way to the Southern Baptist Convention.

—The Baptist Pastor's Conference, New York, has rescinded its former resolution, affecting Dr. Fulton's good standing, and restored him to full membership.

—Rev. Samuel Adlam, formerly pastor of the First Baptist church at Newport, R. I., was found wandering in the streets of that city on May 5th in an insane condition.

—According to the Catholic Directory the total Catholic population of the United States numbers 6,375,630. This number includes all the members of Catholic families.

—While preaching here Monday night a rabbit came into the church, and crouching down near the pulpit remained there until the conclusion of services.—B. F. Riley, Opelika.

—The American Baptist Home Mission Society shows for a year receipts of \$128,800. This is \$6,900 less than last year. The debt has been reduced from \$45,000 to \$31,000.

—A correspondent of the Reflector reports a precious work of grace at Columbus, Tenn. About 50 have professed conversion, and 16 have united with the church. Others will join.

—Five Baptists of New York, J. B. Hoyt, J. B. Trevor, Charles Pratt and the brothers Rockefeller, are about to give \$130,000 to Rochester Theological Seminary.—Baptist Weekly.

—The Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England has resolved to appoint to the chair of Anglo-Saxon Theology in the Presbyterian College at London.

—Mr. Moody is 43 years old; was born in Massachusetts, brought up in the Unitarian faith, professed faith in Christ when a young man in Boston and joined a Congregationalist church.—Ex.

—The first copy of the Baptist Messenger, published at Farmville, Louisiana, has been received. It is a well printed twenty-eight column folio. We welcome it to our office and wish it success.

—The colored Baptists are to organize, as soon as possible, a new university in Atlanta, to be known as "The Atlanta Baptist Seminary." An application for the charter is soon to be made.—Christian Index.

—Eld. B. R. Womack, of the First church, Memphis, has been invited to preach the annual sermon before the Society of Religious Inquiry of the Southwestern Baptist University, at Jackson, in June next.—Baptist.

—The Rev. Allen R. Beach, father of Secretary of State Beach, of New York, and one of the oldest Baptist clergymen in that State, died at Hamilton, Madison county, recently, in his 83rd year.—Christian Secretary.

—We learn that Rev. Z. D. Roby, of Tuskegee, will preach the Commencement Sermon for the Howard and Judson, on Sunday, June 15th. The Marlon people anticipate much pleasure and profit from the visit of this esteemed brother.

—Rev. W. Wilkes preached one of his ablest sermons in this place last Sunday. We were favorably impressed with the address of this gentleman, and shall never wilfully miss an opportunity to hear him.—Daviston Items, in Tallapoosa Democrat.

—The colored Baptists of La-Grange, Ga., held a meeting, and have resolved to build a school house, land, lumber, etc., in the most liberal manner, and a substantial house will soon be erected.—Index.

—Mrs. Daniel P. Stone, of Malden, Mass., is said to purpose giving \$1,000,000 to the cause of Christian education in this country, and begins by sending \$50,000 to Fisk University, in this city (Nashville)—an institution designed to promote the education of the colored people.—Baptist Reflector.

—Bishop Simpson, in his Yale Lectures, says, "The preachers must not, dare not rest." Christ says to his overworked preachers, (Mark 6:30): "Come ye apart into a desert place, and rest a while." How often, alas! the sayings of men and the sayings of Christ are the exact antipodes of each other.—T. M. Barbour, District Evangelist, Tuscaloosa.

—The Western Recorder says: "The day is coming—Heaven speed it—when people that have not religion enough to compel them to pay their honest debts will be compelled to seek some other 'livery' than that of heaven to serve the devil in." We say Heaven speed the day.—Tex. Baptist Herald. We join you in that prayer, Bro. Herald.

—In a notice of the new "Baptist Quarterly," by the Literary editor of the Standard, that gentleman deprecates only those writers who live South of Mason and Dixon's Line, and also an editor who conducts a rival denominational paper in the next State. From such a source disapproval is a compliment for which we try to be thankful.

—The Mississippi Baptist Record has been removed from Clinton to Jackson. It is thought by the managers that Jackson will afford better facilities for the publication of the paper than were to be had at Clinton. The editorial office will still be in Clinton. We wish the Record success. It is one of the best Baptist papers published in the South.

—Last Saturday, as the horses that ran away were going down the street on the sidewalk, a little girl of Rev. H. Crumpton's came near being killed by them. A Mr. Day seeing her danger, ran and rescued her just in time to save her life. The passing team brushed, his clothing, as he snatched the little child from almost under them.—Greenville Advocate.

—We learn that a series of meetings are now being held in both the Methodist and Baptist churches of our city. We sincerely hope they will be continued until a great deal of good is accomplished; for, to use the expression of one of the ministers, if any place ever did need a revival of religion, that place is Greenville, and that time is now.—Greenville Advocate.

—In compliance with an earnest request from us, Rev. B. F. Riley has kindly furnished us, for publication in our paper, the sermon delivered by him before the late meeting of the Georgia State Convention. We regret that we were called away before we had time to read the proof. This will be almost for a few typographical errors in the sermon, for which our "young man" acknowledges responsibility.

—Protestant missionaries in China, of all denominations, American and European, male and female, number about 450. Of these over 100 are from 13 different American societies. There is estimated to be but one female missionary to 800,000 Chinese women; yet women's boards are crowding forward their work with all the means at their command.—Christian Secretary.

—An old man in Kentucky says: "While visiting him not long since, I could but think what a sovereign remedy marriage is for our sick theological students. It is better than Ayer's Pills, Simmon's Liver Regulator, and all other patent medicines combined. Yet what a pity they can't find some other medicine that will answer till they get through their studies and make men of themselves."—Texas Baptist Herald.

—We regret very much to see that Col. Louis of Alabama, has proposed a duel to Gen. Logan, of Illinois. It is intolerable that a law-giver should be a breaker of the law. And it is the very height of absurdity to refer a question of veracity to the arbitration of the pistol. Our Southern people who have been charged with maintaining the barbarous code of the duelist are wronged by representatives who thus give currency and support to the reproaches of their enemies.

—Mr. T. H. Clark, our New England Correspondent, has kindly sent us another of his interesting letters, which appears on the 1st page. He complains, privately, of some fatality in our writing that has prevented him from doing justice to his present subject. We would be glad if he would continue his letters, and complete his Experiences of Northern life, and hope he may be persuaded to do so.

—It is Saturday night. The full moon in the clear sky is lighting up the earth with its borrowed light. Oh, that the church would thus reflect the light of the Son of Righteousness! Retrospect.—This morning an invalid preacher, after a night of fever and pain, met his congregation; preached upon Vain Religion. Text: James 1:26. Conference Report: Family worship. The day is forever gone, and its record made for eternity.

—Met with the Sabbath school, which has been recently organized, and which we hope will do well. At 11 o'clock, preached to an attentive congregation, upon Rev. 1:7. Lectured the young people at 12:17. May God raise up, of these young people, an army of Christians.—R. Baker's Hill, May 5th.

—The scholars of Professors Gwaltney, at Harspersville, and Fitch, at Propel, had a spelling match last Friday evening at the latter place. The contest was close, but the Harspersville school came off victor. It gives us pleasure to state that the Harspersville school, under its management, is in a flourishing condition, and gives general satisfaction to trustees and patrons. Prof. Gwaltney, though a young man, certainly understands his business, and will, we predict, soon take rank among the best educators of the State.—Sentinel.

—We are always glad to see these flattering notices of our young friend, Mr. Gwaltney, he merits them all, and we are not surprised that, when he was called upon for a

speech on education, he "entertained the audience with a most excellent address."—[L.]

—Another veteran has fallen. Deacon William B. Haralson died, at his residence in Selma, May 11th, 1879. He was born in Greene county, Ga., June 20th, 1799. He moved to Alabama in 1824. He was a member of the Baptist church for more than 50 years and a deacon nearly as long. For a number of years he was treasurer of the Alabama Association. In every capacity he was an active Christian. His faith in God's power and goodness was unwavering. The 12th chapter of Hebrews was his favorite passage of Scripture. His last intelligent utterance was, "And now I lay me down to sleep, spoken in a tone of quiet confidence and perfect trust that will never be forgotten by those who heard him. As a shock fully ripe he has been gathered to the garner in the skies."

State Mission Board.

Action of Selma Church—Resolution—Address.

Appreciating the importance of an early and generous response to the efforts of our State Mission Board to raise the salary of the Corresponding Secretary, before the meeting of our next State Convention, in July, and believing that upon their success in that behalf, depends the prosecution of this, the most important enterprise connected with our Convention, and being unwilling that a calamity so great as its failure should come to our denominational and religious interests in this State, without ourselves making an effort to prevent it; be it Resolved, That the pastor and two other members of this church, to be appointed by him, shall constitute a committee, who are directed, for and in behalf of the church, to prepare and publish an address to the Baptist churches of Alabama setting forth, in short, the necessities of the case, and invoking their early and liberal co-operation with us, in an effort to sustain our State Mission Board, and to raise the salary of the Corresponding Secretary, and that this church pledge one hundred dollars to this salary for the next year.

To the Baptist Churches in Alabama:

We would most respectfully and earnestly call your attention to the work of the State Mission Board. There is no interest now engaging the attention of the denomination so important. Upon its success depends, in good degree, the progress of every other denominational enterprise.

The success of the Board in its attempts at evangelization must depend in large measure upon the efforts of its Secretary. The demands of his position require unceasing labor. He has no opportunity, and is not allowed to collect his salary. He can not work if he is not supported.

After the experience of the past, the Board has determined to attempt to secure the salary of the Secretary before the meeting of the Convention in July. We most heartily approve the action of the Board, and will contribute one hundred dollars.

Noting the fact, that our Sabbath school interests, our educational institutions, our paper, the unification of the denomination, all depend upon the progress of the State Mission work; and that the progress of this work depends upon the Secretary in large measure, we feel assured that no matter so important can be brought to the attention of the churches just now. It is clear, that it is not safe or satisfactory to entrust a matter so vitally important to the uncertainties of a mass meeting held during the session of the Convention.

Feeling the profoundest concern for the progress of the work, and recognizing the wisdom of the Board in its attempt to secure the salary of the Secretary before the meeting of the Convention, we would do what we can to assist it.

We request that you will co-operate with us, and respectfully suggest that this matter be brought before the churches at their next conference meetings, and that the result be communicated to the President of the Board.

Brethren, it is a fact that this year, our Secretary has been obliged to pay his travelling expenses out of the small part of his salary received. It is a fact that he has not received enough for the support of his family. It is a fact, that for want of funds, he can not now make tours that the progress of the work demands. It is a fact, that he has been faithful, efficient, successful.

Can it be too much to ask the hundreds of churches in Alabama to support one man who is doing so important a work so well?

We wait anxiously, hopefully, for your response.

W. C. CLEVELAND,
JAMES LUTTELL, Secy.
J. P. WELCH, Com.

The Great Cox Trial.

For several days, beginning with the early part of May, the city of Atlanta was kept in a state of intense excitement by the celebrated trial of Edward Cox, the murderer of Col. Alston. As the trial progressed the tide wave of excitement surged on and rose higher. Tuesday, the 6th of May, was reached, and it was the

final day of the trial. Gen. Gartrell, who had closed the defence, is said to have rendered, his fame immortal by the eloquence with which he shook the walls of the Fulton county court room. It was also the occasion of a magnificent effort on the part of the younger Ben Hill, who is the State's Solicitor General. By Tuesday noon the last words on behalf of the prisoner had been uttered. Early in the afternoon vast crowds were seen rushing from all directions toward the court room, which was soon filled to overflowing. Notably in the jammed crowd were many of the refined daughters of Atlanta's elegant society.

To the right of the jury might have been seen a man, stout of build, and with handsome yet determined face, partly covered with thick whiskers, leaning leisurely back in his chair. This was Ed. Cox, the murderer of the lamented Alston. On his immediate right sat a lady clad in deep black taking evident interest in the proceedings and with a face very much resembling that of the prisoner. This was the sister of Cox.

On the left of the unfortunate man sat his wife, who occasionally leaned her head upon a velvet cushion which lay before her. Her face was deeply pale with sadness—the evident index of a crushed heart. Occasionally she would lift her languid eyes and glance at the speaker and again drop her head upon her cushion. Cox wore a bravado look, seemingly expectant of a coming acquittal. A button hole bouquet adorned the front of his coat.

At 2 o'clock on Tuesday Judge Hopkins began the concluding argument for the State. The comprehensiveness of his argument, involving the combination of facts, coupled with his inimitable exposition of legal questions, placed it beyond the reach of description. Cool, measured and withal fascinating, he advanced grandly to the work of arraying in living forms the scattered facts in the case, and concluded with an overwhelming refutation of every other idea than unmitigated guilt in the case.

It was interesting to watch the deportment of the prisoner during these solemn proceedings. He would sway here and there in his chair, lock his fingers above his head, and at one time he smiled and bowed to a recognized passer-by. His conduct struck all observers unfavorably. The last word of the prosecution had been pronounced. The night was far advanced. Late though it was Judge Hillyer delivered his charge to the waiting jury. They retired and remained until late in the afternoon of Wednesday, when a verdict of murder was returned with a recommendation of mercy.

Under the revised statutes of Georgia, when a jury recommends mercy the possibility of hanging is cut off. This legal measure was effected by the energy of Col. Alston himself during the last session of the Georgia Legislature. Strange enough his own slayer was the first man to realize the benefit of this provision. But for this, Cox would swing. As it is he is sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

When the jury reached the room and the verdict was announced Cox heard the awful words, "We the jury find the prisoner guilty, and recommend that he be punished by imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, with calm and composure. Mrs. Cox sat for a moment agitated, then rose hysterically and moved as if to rush to an open window from which was a clear fall to the ground below. Cox caught her and held her back and then she shrieked, "O, my God! O, my darling, my love, my husband!" Bitter lamentations filled the air, and moved the crowd.

There are mingled expressions of approval and disappointment. Of approval because the jury came so near discharging their duty; of disappointment that he was not condemned to be hanged.

May his sentence deter other evil doers from like crimes.

B. F. R.

Atlanta, Ga., May 8th.

LITERARY NOTICES.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE. May, 3.

Littell & Co., Boston.

There are two installments of serial stories. Mr. Frederic Harrison's observations on the Choice of Books are valuable. He proposes four departments for a good library,—Science, Poetry, History and Religion.

The account of the escape of Prince Louis Napoleon from the fortress of Ham is exciting. Perhaps the most interesting article to the reading public will be Huxley's Essay on Sensation. It is curious to hear this doughty materialist confess that the elements of positive unquestionable knowledge. One section of our sensations we call matter and motion, the rest we term mind and thinking. Beyond what is bounded by the hat we wear (if indeed it is a hat) we know nothing! The article recalls the well-known adage: "Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

THE BIBLE STUDENT is a monthly journal of religious and general information, especially devoted to the interests of Bible schools. S. Landrum, D.D., Memphis, and L. A. Duncan, Jackson, Tenn., Editors. Rogers & Co., Publishers, 315 Main St., Memphis, Tenn. Single subscription, 75 cts.; clubs of ten, 50 cts. each. Bible Lesson Papers \$4.50 for 100 copies per year.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW for May opens with a poem entitled "Jurgutha," from the pen of Mr. Longfellow, and contains six other articles: Sidney Dobell; Railway Poets; Army Reorganization; Our International Carrying Trade, and American Autocrats. The number closes with the usual careful reviews of recent books, and is a valuable and interesting one, two of the articles coming from the pens of Miss Mulock and Mr. Hamerton. A. S. Barnes & Co. Pubs., New York. \$5 a year; 50c. per number.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL BLACKBOARD is a new and novel help for Sunday Schools. It is published weekly, and is designed to illustrate the Lessons of the International Series. It is an exact fac-simile of an ordinary Blackboard, both in form and style. It has now been in the market about four months, and has, we learn, met with a most hearty welcome, and an encouraging circulation, finding its way into every State in the Union. Price—only Three Dollars a year, or One Dollar per Quarter. The publisher will send sample copies to any address for Ten Cents. W. F. Schneider, Cleveland, Ohio.

FORD'S REPOSITORY for May. St. Louis, Mo. \$2.05 a year.

The frontispiece gives a picture of Ancient Athens. Articles are contributed by the Editor, and by Drs. Sherwood, Brooks and Williams. There are six Bible Studies. The young folks department is enlarged. A very good number; but we are tempted to inquire: How did the notice of Mother Lucy B. Vardeman get in? The following extract is worth reproducing: "When Mother Vardeman was married, Eld. V. had nine children—and a large number of the colored folks. She afterwards mothered him five lovely children!"

AMERICAN MILLINER AND DRESS-MAKER. N. Y. Cor. Franklin and Hudson Sts. \$1.50 a year. The fashions are abundantly illustrated. We regret to see the low-necked evening dresses. Curiosities of Courtship is a readable article.

JOY BELLS for the Sunday school. A collection of sparkling gems, embracing many contributions by the best writers of song. Edited by W. A. Ogden. Published by W. W. Whitney, 111 Summit Street, Toledo, Ohio. Single copy, 35 cents; 100 copies, \$30. Of the new Sunday school song books recently published, Joy Bells ranks among the first.

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FORD'S REPOSITORY for May. St. Louis, Mo.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

"GOD'S FINANCIAL SYSTEM."

PROXY.

One tenth of ripened grain.
One tenth of tree and vine;
One tenth of all the yield
From ten tenths' rain and shine.

One tenth of loving heart;
That bow to hill and plain;
One tenth of shining flock,
From ten tenths' shine and rain.

One tenth of all increase
From counting-room and mart;
One tenth of science yield,
One tenth of every art.

One tenth of loom and press,
One tenth of mill and mine;
One tenth of every craft
Wrought out by gifts of thine.

One tenth of glowing words
That golden guinea has;
One tenth of written thoughts
That turn to shining gold.

One tenth and do thou, Lord,
But ask this meagre loan,
When all the earth is thine,
And all we have is thine own?

THE POPULAR PREACHER.

It was a worthy pastor,
Who saw, with grief and care,
His congregation go to sleep,
Or which was worse—where.

He pondered long and deep,
This was his pious man,
And as fast his on a sample
And most effective plan.

Next Sunday, of his sermon
The text was, "He said,"
He said to the pulpit saint,
And stood upon his head.

By thousands flocked the people
That preacher came to hear,
And the trustees raised his salary
To fifty thousand a year.

A Rift in the Cloud.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Andrew Lee came home at evening from where he had worked all day, tired, and out of spirits—came home to his wife, who was also tired and out of spirits.

"A smiling wife and a cheerful home—what a paradise it would be!" said Andrew to himself, as he turned his eyes from the clouded face of Mrs. Lee, and at down, with knitted brows and a moody aspect.

Not a word was spoken by either. Mrs. Lee was getting supper, and she moved about with a weary step.

"Come," she said at last, with a side glance at her husband.

There was invitation in the word only, none in the voice of Mrs. Lee.

Andrew arose and went to the table. He was tempted to speak an angry word, but controlled himself and kept silence. He could find no fault with the chop, nor the sweet home-made bread, nor the fragrant tea. They would have cheered the inward man, if there had been a gleam of sunshine on the face of his wife.

He noticed that she did not eat.

"Are you not well, Mary?" The words were on his lips, but he did not utter them, for the face of his wife looked so repellent that he feared an irritating reply. And so, in moody silence the twin sat together until Andrew had finished his supper. As he pushed his chair back, his wife arose and commenced clearing the table.

"This is unbearable!" said Lee to himself, as he commenced walking the floor of their little breakfast room, with his hands thrust, despectively away down into his trousers pockets, and his chin almost touching his breast.

After removing all the dishes and taking them into the kitchen, Mrs. Lee spread a green cover on the table, and placing a fresh trimmed lamp thereon, went out and shut the door after her, leaving her husband alone with his unpleasant feelings. He took a long deep breath as she did so, paused in his walk, stood still for some moments, and drawing a paper from his pocket, set down by the table, opened the sheet, and commenced reading. Singularly enough the words upon which his eyes rested were, "Praise your wife." They rather tended to increase the disturbance of mind from which he was suffering.

"It should like to find some occasion for praising mine." How quickly his thoughts expressed that ill-natured sentiment. But his eyes were on the page before him, and he read on—

"Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her."

Andrew Lee raised his eyes from the paper, and muttered, "Oh, yes. That's all very well. Praise is cheap enough. But praise her for what? For being sullen, and making your home the most disagreeable place in the world?" His eye fell again on the paper.

"She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable; for pity's sake tell her you thank her, for if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you too."

It seemed to Andrew as if this sentence was written just for him, and just for the occasion. It was the complete answer to his question, "Praise her for what?" and he felt it as a rebuke. He read no further, for thought came too busy, and in a new direction. Memory was convincing him of injustice toward his wife. She had always made his home as comfortable for him as he had could make, and had he offered to him full return of praise or commendation? Had he known of her satisfaction he had known of the comfort experienced? He was not able to recall the time or the occasion. As he thought thus, Mrs. Lee came in from the kitchen, and taking her work basket from a closet placed it on a table, and sitting down, without speaking, began to sew. Mr. Lee glanced almost stealthily at the work on her hands, and saw that it was the bosom of a shirt, which was being stitched neatly. He knew that it was for him that she was at work.

"Praise your wife," The words were before the eyes of his mind, and he could not look away from them. But he was not ready for this yet. He still felt moody and unloving.

The expression of ill-nature, remained with ill-nature he had patience. His eyes fell upon the newspaper that lay spread out before him and he read the sentence—

"A kind, cheerful word spoken in a gloomy home, is like the rain in a cloud that lets the sunshine through."

Lee struggled with himself a while longer. His own ill-nature had to be conquered. But he was coming right, and at last got right, as to will. Next came the question as to how he should begin. He thought of many things to say, yet feared to say them, lest his wife should meet his advances with a cold rebuff. At last, leaning toward her, taking hold of the linen bosom upon which she was at work, he said, in a voice carefully modulated with kindness—

"You are doing that work very beautifully, Mary."

Mrs. Lee made no reply. But her husband did not fail to observe that she lost, almost instantly, that rigid erectness with which she had been sitting, nor that the motion of her needle hand ceased.

"My shirts are better made, and whiter, than those of any man in our shop," said Lee, encouraged to go on.

"Are they?" Mrs. Lee's voice was low, and had in it a slight huskiness. She did not turn her face, but her husband saw that she leaned a little toward him. He had broken through the ice of reserve, and all was easy now. His hand was among the clouds and a few feeble rays were already struggling through the rift it had made.

"Yes, Mary," he answered softly; "and I've heard it said more than once that a good wife Andrew Lee must have."

Mrs. Lee turned her face toward her husband. There was light in it, and light in her eyes. But there was something in the expression of the countenance that a little puzzled him.

"Do you think so?" she asked quite soberly.

"What a question!" ejaculated Andrew Lee, starting up, and going round the side of the table where his wife was sitting. "What a question, Mary!" he repeated, as he stood before her.

"Do you?" It was all she said.

"Yes, darling," was his warmly spoken answer, and he stooped and kissed her. "What a question! you should ask me such a question!"

"If you would only tell me so now and then, Andrew, it would do me good." And Mrs. Lee arose and, leaning her face against the manly breast of her husband, stood and wept silently. What a strong light broke in on the mind of Andrew Lee! He had never given to his faithful wife even the small reward of a praise for all the loving interest she had manifested daily, until doubt of his love had entered her soul, and made the light around her thick darkness. No wonder that her face was clouded, nor that what he considered moodiness and ill-nature took possession of her spirits.

"You are good and true, Mary—my own dear wife. I am proud of you—I love you—and my first desire is for your happiness. Oh, if I could always see your face in sunshine, my home would be the dearest place on earth."

"How precious to me are your words of love and praise, Andrew," said Mrs. Lee, smiling up through her tears into his face. "With them in my ears, my heart can never lie in shadow."

How easy had been the work of Andrew Lee! He had swept his home across the cloudy horizon of his home and now the bright sunshine was streaming down, and flooding that home with joy and beauty.

The Peach Tree.

"Do you suppose, grandpa," said a little girl, "if I should plant this peach stone, a peach tree would really grow here in the garden?"

"It would be pretty likely to grow, I imagine," said the grandfather.

"The child made a moment, then said, 'Well, I think I won't trouble to do it, for I might be dead before the tree was big enough to bear peaches,' and she raised her little hand to throw the stone away."

"Stop!" said her grandfather; "was that a good peach?"

"Splendid one, grandpa."

"A good many years ago, little girl, my father was a boy, and standing right here on this very farm at a fine peach. 'I will plant this stone,' he said, 'instead of throwing it away.' So he planted it, and to-day the little girl he never saw eats of its fruit. Those tall elm trees by the gate which make such a pleasant shade for us, he planted and watched for us, he don't believe he ever said 'I won't water these little slender trees, any more, for I shall be dead before they are big enough to keep off the sun.'"

The sticky little hand opened, and two great blue eyes gazed curiously at the stone; then, suddenly, without a word, she darted away into the garden, and soon a hole was made in the black earth, and the stone dropped reverently in, and covered; but as she walked away, her faith must have wavered a bit, for a mischievous smile came to her lips, and she said, "I don't believe I shall ever have any great-grandchildren, if it does make a tree; but I suppose there will be somebody, always, to eat peaches."

Sarah Tucker, in *Christian Register*.

NEVER DRINK, NEVER DRUNK.—In the early efforts to promote total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, a little boy asked to have his name put on the pledge of temperance people.

"But you don't understand it," said the man who carried the pledge for signers.

"Yes, I do understand that if I never drink I shall never be a drunkard!"

"Nexer drink and nexer a drunkard!" This is the only safe way for the young. Let all boys and girls take and keep this pledge, and all temperance will cease.

With God caring for us, we are strong to live; with God supporting us, we are strong to die.—Thomas Jones.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Root Crops.

The season for sowing roots lasts from May to September, and during the four months intervening a variety of crops may be sown. The first in the season is mangels, of which there are several varieties. The smaller kinds of these, although they do not yield so heavy a crop as the larger kinds, are more desirable on account of their higher feeding value. Several yellow-fleshed varieties of mangels, which are very promising for our climate. Webb's Yellow-Kinney Globe, and the Yellow-fleshed Tinkard, are the most popular varieties of these.

The flesh of these is less watery and more solid than that of the Mammoth Red. Sugar beets furnish the second crop, and may be sown as late as June of these. Lane's Improved, and Vilmorin's Improved Sugar, are the leading varieties. Red or Blood beets may also be sown in June, and furnish an excellent food for milch cows, as they have the effect of contributing some of their high color to the cream and butter. Carrots and parsnips will be raised grown, on account of the expense of harvesting them, while beets, sugar beets, mangels, and other shallow-rooted balls, can be grown with less labor and greater profit. After beets, rutabagas may be sown in June, and early in July, and in August white turnips may follow. With so large a choice of roots, there is no reason why press of work should come in the way of growing this valuable crop. When roots have once been grown successfully, there is no need for advice to raise them, but only to mention the newer or improved varieties. Where as yet they have not been grown, a trial of an acre or less, with good care, will surely be well repaid, and will serve to establish the practice for the future.—*American Agriculturist*.

To KEEP MILK SWEET.—A teaspoonful of fine salt or horse radish in a pan of milk will keep it sweet for several days. Milk can be kept a year or more as sweet as when taken from the cow, by the following method: Procure bottles, which must be perfectly clean, sweet and dry; draw the milk from the cow into the bottles, and as they are filled immediately cork them well and fasten the cork with pack thread or wire. Then spread a little straw in the bottom of a boiler, on which place the bottles, with straw between them, until the boiler contains a sufficient quantity. Fill it up with cold water, and as soon as it begins to boil, draw the fire and let the whole cool gradually. When quite cool, take out the bottles and pack them in sawdust in hampers, and stow them away in the coolest part of the house.

LAYERING THE GRAPE.—If a cane of last year's growth is so situated that it can be brought to the ground and buried, layers can be easily made. Open a trench about six or eight inches deep, and peg such a cane along the bottom of it; when the buds start and make a few inches of growth, put a little earth in the trench, and as these shoots grow, pinch off their lower leaves, and gradually fill the trench. By next fall, each shoot will be well rooted, giving as many vines as there were shoots.

AN UNPRECEDENTED YIELD.

I herewith make a statement of the manner I prepared the land which produced 169 bushels, 5 quarts, and 2 3/4 gills of shelled corn on one and 6-100 acres.

Seven years ago I commenced fertilizing this piece of land, which had been thrown away as worn-out. The last week in February I hauled twenty or twenty-five loads of manure, which I had saved by putting pine straw in a low place on the upper side of my fence, which caught all the washing of my cow lot and stamp. By using this kind of manure my corn does not "fire." I scattered this with shovels in the middle of the old rows, mixing it thoroughly with soil, bedding on one-half the patch with an Avery plow, followed by a scoter plow in the same furrow, the other half was broken with a half shovel.

On the 6th of March I ran a harrow twice to the row ahead of the opener, covering corn with a harrow with board on it.

About the 10th of April I ran a shovel twice to the row in the middle, barred it off, scraped out, thinning to a stand, leaving it from ten to eighteen inches, rows being about three and one-half feet wide. I moldered it in a few days with a Jack Rower, after putting four hundred pounds of cotton seed meal and ten or twelve bushels of cotton seed around corn, covering it with moldering furrow. About the 10th of May I did it by, chopping out the dirt with hoes, plowing out the middles thoroughly. In June I had a good many the vines, etc., had come up, which caused me to flat weed it, at which hoeing I cut up all the faulty stalks.

I had about eight thousand stalks to the acre, many stalks making two good ears and a hubble. In gathering I could see no difference in the corn that stood ten inches and that that stood eighteen, and but very little difference if any, in that which was subsoiled and that broken by the half-shovel. After gathering my corn I had all the stalks, etc., drawn to the middle, bedded on it, planting oats at same time, on which my fatening hogs and calves feed with avidity.—J. H. Little, in *Liberty Herald*.

Hog Cholera Remedy.

The *Lewiston Gazette* positively asserts that burnt corn is a certain and speedy cure for hog cholera. It says the best way is to make a pile of corn on the cob, effectually scorch it, and then give the affected hogs free access to it. This remedy was discovered by E. E. Locke, the proprietor of a distillery, which was burnt, with a large lot of store corn, which was so much injured as to be unfit for use, and was hauled out and greedily eaten by the hogs, several of which were dying daily. After the second day not a single hog was lost, and the disease entirely disappeared. The remedy has been tried in a number of cases since, and never failed.

PERMISSION AND SASSAPARILLA SUCKERS.—To get rid of them cut off close to the ground in the spring, then again about the 1st of July. Follow up in the middle of August, at least time not leaving a green leaf, and there will be but little of it seen the year following. This treatment will kill any tree, no matter what it is. But there may be roots that are missed the one season and come up the next, which will need attention in turn. Destroy the foliage on a tree repeatedly in succession, and you destroy its breathing facilities, which is death to vegetable life.

IRRITATION FROM TETHING.—Young horses, when changing their teeth, are frequently troubled with inflammation of the eyes. This can not be prevented, but may be relieved by giving a dose of 8 ounces of Epsom salts to cool the system. It may be necessary to repeat this, and half an ounce of saltpetre given daily for three or four days may be helpful. It will do no good to knock out the animal's old teeth, as often advised, while it may possibly do harm.

Pea Vines as a Fertilizer.

Our great reliance for restoring and increasing the fertility of our soil must be in the growing of renovating crops with special reference to that object. For this purpose the common cow peas is the most convenient and best adapted to the purpose. Several correspondents testify to the most satisfactory results from turning under the luxuriant crops of pea vines.

Of the speckled peas and other early varieties, two crops may be grown in one season. It is claimed by high authority that it is not necessary to turn under the vines, but after the crop of ripe peas has been gathered, the vines may be allowed to die and decay on the surface, with equal advantage as if plowed under, thus avoiding the injury to the soil, which results from exposing it, by plowing, to the heat of the summer. Farmers are advised to make the experiment and report results.—*Commissioner of Agriculture for Georgia*.

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TOO NEAR HIS FIGURE.

On one occasion, when Gen. Butler was in command at New Orleans, a colonel up in the Red River region made application for a furlough, which was refused him. Soon after the colonel left his command without permission, and went to New Orleans, where he was arrested and put in irons as a deserter. Upon an intimation that he wished to make an explanation, General B. had him brought to his headquarters.

"Well, Sir," said the general, sternly, "what have you to say in explanation of your conduct?"

"Well, General, there are two Jews up yonder who have some cotton they want to get through my lines. First they offered me \$500, which I refused. Then they offered \$1,000, then \$2,000, then \$5,000, and at last they offered \$100,000, and I tell you, General, I thought 'I'd better leave' my figure in the drawer, in Harper's Magazine for May."

That honesty is the best policy was rather singularly illustrated the other day at Waterbury, Conn. A young Irish lad had bought himself a pair of shoes, the new pair was placed on his feet, and what was left of the old ones was done up in a nice bundle with a card of the shoe dealer printed on the wrapper. On going into the street, when no one was looking, he laid them carefully in the gutter. A countryman going by, seeing the boy picking them up, as he thought, said, "Here, boy, that is my bundle. I just dropped them." The lad gave them to him, and the countryman gave the boy fifty cents.

45 Years Before the Public.

THE GENUINE DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

FOR THE CURE OF Hepatitis, or Liver Complaint.

Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.

PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are constive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weakness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where few of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

AGUE AND FEVER.

Dr. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, in cases of AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them a TRIAL.

For all bilious derangements, and as a simple purgative, they are unequalled.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The genuine are never sugar coated. Every box has a gold seal on the lid, with the impression, DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS.

Be careful of the name, DR. C. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS, prepared by Fleming Ross, of Pittsburgh, Pa., the market being full of imitations of the name McLANE, spelled differently but same pronunciation.

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STEAM ENGINE GOVERNORS.

HOODLEY'S PATENT.

SIMMONS' POWER PRESS.

COTTON GINS.

FEEDERS, CONDENSERS.

COTTON SEED CARRIERS.

MILL STONES.

MILL IRONS, BOLTING CLOTH.

DUG ELEVATOR CUPS.

Etc.