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# The Alabama Baptist.

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## Alabama Baptist Directory.

Baptist State Convention.

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Missionaries and Colporteurs of the Alabama Baptist State Convention.

F. C. David, J. L. Stamps, J. H. Jones, J. M. Callaway, J. G. McKee, J. E. Cox, J. C. Skipp, J. L. Jones, J. H. Jones, J. C. Gresham, G. S. Anderson, J. H. Jones, Wm. Pittcher, Colporteur, J. H. Jones, Colporteur, G. B. Jenkins, J. H. Jones, Colporteur, C. J. Miles, Missionary, Direct funds for Foreign Mission Board, for Home Mission Board, for Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, for State Mission, for Evangelization of Colored People, for Colportage work to T. M. Bailey, Marion, Ala.

## Mission Notes.

"The Jewish Messenger" of New York, says that a hundred Jewish heads of Jewish families in America have petitioned the "All-American League" to purchase land in Palestine, where they intend to settle and contribute 400 francs each, and to pay the balance in annual installments.

Is there not light seemingly shown by such facts upon the interpretation of prophecy relating to the return of Israel to his native land? and could they not be read in connection with the 12th chap. of Romans, in which the Christian consciousness is urged to evangelize the people who are called "brethren according to the flesh" the Lord Jesus Christ?

Mr. McCarthy, of the Chinese Mission, in company with a catechist and two Coolies, has just returned from a journey across China to Burma, costing only \$200.

With its thousands of boats, and sedan chairs, its cheap rates of travel, and its numerous rivers, canals and roads, China presents wonderful facilities to the missionary for the conduct of his work.

A Constantinople dispatch received by way of Syria, Greece, says: "A policy of reaction must be expected here. Fanaticism is rapidly increasing. Last week September 1880 the Imam of the Mosque, in the presence of the Sultan, denounced him as an unworthy successor of the Khalifa, upbraided him for listening to those who wish to make Christians and Muslims equal, and told him that the Christians must be protected and cherished as children are by their parents, but must be kept in subjection and not treated as equals."

A Christian literature, embodied in the language of the Chinese, reaches over 400,000,000 of the human race. In addition to the Chinese in the Islands of Formosa, Hainan and Australia, and in Siam and North and South America, Japan and some of the nationalities west of China have been, and for the most part, are now dependent upon the latter for a literature. What a vast amount of good could be done by wealthy laymen if they would appropriate a little of their ample means to the book mission and colportage work of China.

"The first missionaries landed in New Zealand about half a century ago. Now, says Sir George Grey, ex-Governor of the Province, our native population of 100,000 persons there are not over 1,000 who do not make a profession of Christianity. There is a readiness to contribute one-tenth of the produce of their labor for the support of their Christian teachers, and to make liberal grants of lands for the endowments of schools. Most of the work has been done by the Church Missionary Society—Christian Herald and Standard of Times.

Dr. Wenger, the eminent Baptist missionary who died in Calcutta, Aug. 10, 1880, has left a volume containing the pages of the history of Missions. His work as a translator, perhaps, is his chief glory. During 40 years of almost uninterrupted missionary labor he translated the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament and the Gospels and Acts into Sanscrit. The poetical part of the Old Testament he rendered in Sanscrit verse. In Bengali he revised the existing translation of the Bible twice, and some portions of it he translated afresh. His version is used by all denominations in Bengal.

According to the two treaties with China, negotiated last November, recently published, the United States, at its discretion, can "regulate, limit or suspend" the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States. "Whenever, in the opinion of the Government, the coming of Chinese laborers to the United States, or their residence therein, affects, or threatens to affect the interests of that country," then the Government may forbid such immigration. It is also accorded to the United States to regulate at its pleasure the occupancy of different localities by Chinese immigrants. These treaties will doubtless have a serious bearing upon mission work among the Chinese, especially in America, to some extent also in China.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### The Sovereignty of God.

The Free Agency and Moral Agency of Man Considered.

No man who receives the Bible as the word of God will deny that Jehovah is an absolute Sovereign. "The Lord he is God in heaven above, and upon the earth beneath; there is none else." Deut. 4:39. "Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else."—Is. 45:22. "Declaring the end from the beginning, and from ancient times the things that are not yet done, saying, My counsel shall stand and I will do all my pleasure."—Is. 46:10. "And he doeth according to his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth; and none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Dan. 4:35. Men too often take on revealed truths ideas that do not legitimately belong to them. I once heard a preacher affirm that "God was the author of sin, and that God willed every abomination that ever was, or ever will be committed on earth." God says, *I will do all my pleasure*; and it is God's pleasure always to do right. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" It will not do to conclude that because God is an absolute Sovereign therefore whatever he will do pleases him. "God is angry with the wicked every day."—Ps. 7:11. Again, there is a radical difference between that which God wills men to do, and that which he wills men to do. He has permitted men to sin ever since he commanded them not to sin. But in committing those sins, they were neither governed by his word nor led by his Spirit. He never acted under the influence of God's will, and yet he would never directly or indirectly charge God with the wickedness of men. It seems to me that a charge would be blasphemy to lay a charge upon God of permitting men to do that which he would never directly or indirectly charge God with the wickedness of men. It seems to me that a charge would be blasphemy to lay a charge upon God of permitting men to do that which he would never directly or indirectly charge God with the wickedness of men.

DAVID LEE.

### District Meeting in the Tuskegee Association.

I have time to give only a very brief account of the district meeting held with the Baptist church in Selma, Lee county.

The meeting began on Friday, before the 5th Sabbath in January, and closed on the following Sabbath night. The ministers in attendance were: brethren Lloyd, Koby, Riley, Duffey, Taylor and the writer. Although the attendance was quite small, on the first two days, the speakers on the various subjects in the mind seemed to be fully at themselves and discussed the subjects with deep interest and with power. Nothing less could have been expected from some who were present on this occasion. I shall not take the trouble to mention the speakers on each particular subject with their conclusions, but will present that which is of most importance, drawn from the arguments of the body as a whole.

First, we think we have taken upon a plan which if put into practice, will be of considerable interest in stirring up many of our churches, which are now very indifferent to some of the causes advocated by our denomination. This plan will be at the proper time and in the proper way introduced by a committee appointed for the purpose. So, in due time, I guess you will hear from the committee appointed to attend to this matter.

On the subject of colportage, good interest was expressed. The question was discussed at length. We have already the man picked out who is willing to undertake the work. It is thought that the money requisite to fitting him up can be easily obtained. There is no doubt, I think, that Tuskegee association will hand her part at over at almost a week's warning.

The brethren express themselves as believing our outlook from a missionary standpoint most encouraging. They seem to think the sun of righteousness is rising, with healing in his beams, over many nations, and the time hastens on when the "knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea."

They believe, if I mistake them not, we are on the verge of a great spiritual revolution and at the threshold of a universal upheaval which will effect important changes all over the world.

In nearly every thing the brethren seem to be "perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment."

During the meeting we had some good preaching, and also some good, social, brotherly fireside talks. We were well entertained by the excellent brethren and sisters at Salem.

G. D. BENTON.

### Scale, Ala.

Conversation heard on the front platform of a street car. "Does you tell me there never was such a man as Money that writ the Chinese letter?" "Sure the man's own mother, mark ye, swears as how he never was in existence!"

## Bible View of Baptism Refuted.

Section 3. Christian Baptism and Its Mode.

I have concluded that Mr. B. ought to make a Greek and English Lexicon, so that he could have at least one book to refer to, in order to sustain his peculiar definitions of Greek words. "The true, the learned and intelligent might reject it, but what of that? Many of the ignorant, unlearned and prejudiced would receive it, and glory in it, coming from a presiding Elder of the M. E. Church South."

But to the point. In the preceding section, Mr. B. gave a multiplicity of *words and sprinklings*, fairly demonstrating that sprinkling by using a hyssop-branch was the right mode of baptism. Ah! yes, and he thinks that Christ was sprinkled into his priestly office also. But he says, "The design and formula of baptism has been changed time and again, yet the mode has never been changed." But in this section he says, that "the Lord and Peter intended that there should be no mistake about the mode of baptism." He says, "If they the Lord and Peter had written a dictionary of the New Testament and defined *baptizo* by writing four six times after it, the meaning would not have been clearer." Sprinkle and pour are not the same, still there is no change in the mode. According to Mr. B., John sprinkled the people in Jordan, he sprinkled them in Exon, he sprinkled them in Bethsaida, and he sprinkled them in the wilderness, and as sprinkling means to scatter, John scattered the people in all these places. He scattered them with a hyssop-branch. Now, let us try pouring under the Lord and Peter's administration. When the Lord and Peter had heard that Jesus made and poured more or less than John, he left Jordan and departed again into Galilee. No word is left after him of such pouring of the people, and we read that on the day of Pentecost about three thousand were added to the church by pouring. If they were all poured in the same place they must have made a right smart pile. And there was Philip who went down to Samaria, preached awhile, and then went on to the pouring business. Both men and women were poured. I think it was lucky that no babies were poured in that pile, as they might have been crippled or killed in the pouring places. And there was Saul who was commanded to rise and be poured, and wash away his sins. He must have been poured in some running water, for it had been poured on dry land. I don't see how his sins could have been washed away. But he was to call on the name of the Lord, and he certainly had great need to, if he had to be poured out on some hard place. As Mr. B. had John to sprinkle or scatter the people in several places, now he is the Lord and Peter gathering them up and pouring them, I suppose, in piles. Mr. B. says the clouds poured out water, Ps. 77:37, and tries to make us believe that pouring took place at the Red Sea when the Israelites crossed it. Mr. B. can get no water out of that cloud, but he might get fire; and as he sometimes prays that the people may be baptized with fire, it might have suited better if it had been the cloud pouring out fire. The Psalmist said clouds, but this was a cloud.

Again he says, "We believe that Methodist ministers are fully and divinely authorized to baptize with water rather than with fire." That Methodist ministers are fully authorized, by their bishops, to sprinkle or pour water on people, even babies, and call it baptism, I freely admit, but emphatically deny that they are divinely authorized to do so. All such sprinkling and pouring comes from Roman Catholicism, and not from the Word of God. In giving what Peter said about baptism's being the answer of a good conscience, he says, "It is not the conscience of the church, or of the officiating minister, that is to be consulted, but the conscience of the man who is to be baptized." But it so happened that Peter said nothing about consulting conscience about baptism. He said baptism is the answer of a good conscience. The conscience is made good by the blood of Christ. Then baptism is the answer or manifestation of that good conscience. How plain is God's Word! But Mr. B.'s interpretation leaves every person with all his prejudices, to consult his conscience to learn what baptism is, and how he is to perform it, and that whatever his conscience tells him is baptism, is baptism to him. Now, I venture to think that Peter never thought that such a far-fetched interpretation would ever be given to his language.

Mr. B. closes this section by thanking God that there is one church where the liberty of conscience is held

## Preachers—Who are They, or What are They?

Mr. West, to the unreflecting it may seem needless trouble to answer the above question. But the reflecting observer is often perplexed with the various responses that are given. In the minds of the people it is far from being a settled question. For a number of years I have been interested in this class of beings, and have taken pains to find out what people think of their relative position among men he settled. Who are they, or what are they?

Many think they are gentlemen of leisure, with nothing of special importance to engage them. Interruptions do not disturb them; calls to weddings and funerals out of their congregations do not interfere at all with—I was about to say, with their work—but they have no work. I know one pastor who, last year, attended four funerals at a cost to him of six days and fifteen dollars. Not one of these persons, buried, not one of their families or friends, belonged to his church. But, then, he had nothing special to do, and was getting a good salary. Time and money amount to very little with a gentleman of leisure. Besides, the preacher is regarded as public property, subject to the call of anybody, and offends if he is at all reluctant in obeying any call however unreasonable. He has nothing special to do, no binding, important obligations. And, then, the compliment of being called is quite reward enough.

A good many regard them as necessary nuisances, made necessary by long established custom, and the conventionalities of society. They must be supported, because it is not just the thing to be without a minister, but that any real good is expected from his employment. Their support is a burden that society must bear without recompense or return.

Others regard them as objects of charity, that the churches must take care of. They are hardly human beings, with the feelings and sensibilities of men. Whatever is contributed is by way of charity a gift. Sometimes so little is given that the preacher and his family are pinched almost to starvation for weeks and months. The community begins to talk about it. It becomes unpleasant to the church to have it known that its object of charity is not being provided for. Whereupon some pious soul in a fit of benevolence suggests "a Pounding." I get sick when I think of it. A Pounding—some flour, eggs, soap, syrup, potatoes, beeswax, cloth, sugar, coffee, butter, nails, &c., &c., are collected and carried in. Confused, almost overwhelmed at this delicate manifestation of affection and appreciation, the poor preacher stammers out his expressions of gratitude, and wonders if any other people ever did love a pastor as his people love him. Fortunate that he has none of the finer sensibilities of a gentleman, for then his shame and confusion would overwhelm him beyond expression. Starved for six months, and sufficed for two weeks on the odds and ends, mostly odds. But this is not the last of it, the poor ob-

## Breakfast on the Sea Shore.

In the sweet month of May, in the gray twilight of a balmy morning, a slender stranger stood on the peaceful shore, looking far out on the waters of the deep blue sea. He had risen, and made his toilette. No servant was there to arrange his comb or smooth his pillow. His bed was the ground, his pillow a stone.

He had not thought it beneath him to gather wood from the beach, kindle a fire, and prepare breakfast. Now he stood looking for those who were to share with him that humble, frugal meal. Not long did he thus stand in expectancy. The first shafts of yellow sunlight had reached Britisha, and at like agitated coronet on its lofty brow. In the dim distance, a white sail reflected the morning light, and soon to his loving eyes appeared the cleaving prow of the boat, and next the forms of the seven devoted fishers. "They had toiled all night, and caught nothing." Ah! how self-confident was Peter, when he sprang into the little ship, the evening before, and proposed to the others to go fishing! Now, he was tired, hungry and perhaps irritable. When they came within speaking distance, a hundred

## On Marriage.

The following novel instruction is from Rev. J. J. Lattens to young men in a brief contemplative marriage. "Choose of a healthy woman, and pick a woman of sound body." This is a scandalously unscientific, but it is sense.

Let us learn to get a stout sinner that is not a sinner in a bad way. The first step is to be converted. The hypocrite may convert his husband into a sinner or a sour drone.

Do this diligence to find out whether or not she is a sinner. If you find her an innocent and virtuous woman, pray heaven with strong cries to deliver you from an innocent housewife. Do this by your minister. Consider not, tell you not her discourse on love and yeast powders. Happiness is not in the art of manipulating herbs and Irish potatoes in such mixtures as putts do into sweet high milk. Does she love poetry? Let her be well versed in poetry. Knowing Latin by heart is a stone for lethargy. Let her be a sinner, whether she is quick and witty, or whether she is a slow-witted, but she can play and pathos, and she can enter. And thus endeth the sermon.

And so, my dear friends, it is a waste of words to tell you that he is bound to marry a sinner, for he never saw a sinner who had not been a handkerchief. She is a sinner! She has an arch way of teasing him. Cupid, like the Greek archers, twists the locks of men into bow strings.

Then, of God doing on a stump.

Truly, if a man has been found to marry a sinner, his is a noble and noble deed.

For a man is fortunate who has his will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he was married.

An old sportsman has carefully preserved in his house a spider's web, which serves as a novel and very delicate barometer. When the insect finds it necessary to shorten the threads which suspend the web, rain and wind may be expected; if reefs be let out, fine weather is certain; if the spider remains inert, rain will probably follow within a short time.

## The Liquor Question in the West.

Having just received three copies back numbers of the *Avonlea* Bulletin, I see you are agitating the liquor question, with hope of more favorable legislation. And with pleasure we assure you of our fullest sympathy. We are immediately on the border of the Indian land, but would like to strengthen the hands of our brethren who are building in this good cause in our native State.

Last week, one of the deacons of my church here canvassed a circular district six miles in diameter, having Buckner College in the center, and readily obtained five-sixths of the voters to a petition, praying the Legislature "to pass a law prohibiting the sale, or giving away of any ardent, vinous, malt, or intoxicating liquors within three miles of Buckner College." Also, a very large majority of the ladies signed the same petition—for in this State all "adult residents" are lawful petitioners on all liquor questions. Though so large a proportion of the people signed this paper, the leading citizens several of them at least, did their best to defeat the object by circulating a remonstrance; and anticipating our intention, they presented their remonstrance just a few days before deacon Lovelace presented his. This shows something of the animus of Western people on this subject.

Again, the county-site, Greenwood, is

## Talk One what You Obey.

Some thousands of years ago, when a man said, "whatsoever you said, I will do," that man took half his way away. He was talking, I take it, of slavery in the land of being subject to another man, so that a man could not do as he wished. Another kind of slavery is that in which a man is free to do as he wishes, but cannot do so without his good for him. No; even though his reason tells him it is not in his interest, he cannot desire it. Such a slavery must be infinitely more degrading than slavery to another person, for in that case the mind, at least, is free.

It is a queer thing, this habit of obedience. It was Charles Lamb, I think, who said he could never grow his feeling of submission to his old schoolmaster. Even after he had grown up and become a famous writer, he says that if his former master had offered to come him, or had ordered him to do anything however humiliating, his old feeling of instinctive obedience would have made him submit. Then, too, we have all heard of the instruction of the Helots, wherein those slaves, having revolted from their Spartan masters, were drawn up in battle array to fight for their liberty. But the Spartan avails disdained to use their weapons of battle, and taking their whips, with which they were accustomed to punish rebellious slaves, spurred on to the attack. Instantly he too strong, and the Helots cringed or fled, as they had been in the habit of doing at sight of their master's upbraidings.

Therefore, I say to the boys, be careful what you obey. If it is anything that you will not wish to obey always, anything that you will be ashamed of obeying, do not let it get dominion over you. Of course, you know I am referring to your feelings, your passions, or your habits. If you allow an improper feeling or vicious habit to get the upper hand of you, though it may not retain the mastery, you will never feel so independent to ward it again. Do you think that a man who has been controlled by a taste of liquor or tobacco ever feels free again? I am afraid not. He looks at the enemy as the Helot did, with outward defiance, but with a secret impulse to submit. He may maintain his freedom, but in too many cases, when he meets his former master, the reaction of feeling is too strong, and he cringes into slavery.—*Chas. and Home.*



years, and we are not fond of being abused to our face. — Bro. J. I. Fendley, of Grove Hill, is doing good service for the paper. He sends us list of names, and says: "I will do all I can to get all the members to whom I preach to take the paper. I can't do without it. It is new every time comes." — To N. H. O.: We admit that if all our country pastors would do half as much to increase the circulation of the ALABAMA BAPTIST as they could do, the circulation of the paper would be doubled in two







## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## Put Jamie's Cradle Away.

BY LOUISE E. UPHAM.

Put my Jamie's cradle away,  
The cradle where, but yesterday,  
Lo, my precious darling lay!  
His head of curly golden hair,  
Clustering round a forehead fair,  
Nighly lit his impress there.

And there his snowy, dimpled hands  
Waved to me the sweet commands  
That only a mother understands—  
And gray feet whose untired powers,  
Waked to life by moon's bright hours,  
Restored there, as rest the flowers!

Now the sunshine glids the room,  
Blessed leaf, and bird, and bloom,  
But alas! falls on his tomb!  
Not uncared for, or unknown,  
Lies my Jamie there alone,  
Guarded but by rugged stones.

Love, that circles all, is round  
Baby's small, grief-shadowed mound,  
And love makes all hallowed ground.  
And, when children pass that way,  
Laden with the flowers of May,  
Bids them crown his grave and say—  
"Little feet, that never trod  
Grassy mead or daisied sod,  
Found the path that leads to God."

## How the Mission Box Grew.

"Never walk again, never walk again!" Oh, the cruel words, they echoed and re-echoed and saucily rattled through the elm-boughs around a roomy, bright New England home. Lydia Ferguson sat in the great cushioned chair with lowering brow; teardrops chased each other quickly down her pale cheeks, and her lips quivered with a great sorrow.

Oh, how dark the world looked, dark and dreary and lonely and yet the velvet mosses and dainty lichens were still in sight clinging to the great door-yard, bearing their delicate treasures of scarlet caps and wax cups and hanging beauties; the ground pine still crept and vined and grew in winsome loveliness near by. As Lydia's breath grew short and her bosom heaved at the haunting words, the spruce and arbor-vitæ located their balsamic odors upon her, the cedar and juniper fanned her with their fragrance, but they failed to cheer her; they might smile and dance and send forth sweet perfume, but they could not put her upon her strong young feet again, her graceful, tripping, busy feet. Her nerves entwined at the blue-bird's song; she had liked to hear him but that time had passed; she sang a doleful song now—"never walk again"—even the treedods and the whippoorwills copied after him chanting the refrain, "never walk again."

Lydia Ferguson was only thirteen years old. She had lived entirely in the sunshine until that dreadful fall from the great elm tree had injured her beautiful form for life. She had been like a "pet lamb" frisking in a sunny meadow under a shepherd's tender care, but for several weeks, yes months afterward, she had felt like a poor forsaken sheep in the cold bleak mountains alone.

The Heavenly Shepherd was watching over her with tender pitying eyes. His hand was outstretched, but Lydia was unconscious of it; she did not want to be led over such a rough road. The summer passed, the long, cold New England winter lagged by, and Lydia was still unrequited. But the sweet spring was surely coming; the brooks began gurgling; the sweet violets starred the meadows; the pretty hepaticas awakened and the trailing arbutus put forth its fair pink buds. Surely nature was awakening after her long sleep, covered with white blankets. Would Lydia awake too?

Lydia spent most of her time now in a softly cushioned rolling chair, she could push herself over the pretty, even lawn in front of the house, but when she wanted to go further it was brother Tom's strong arms or Doris's firm, slender ones which pushed the easy-chair for Lydia.

Through the broad, wooded paths they rolled her along so that she could catch the first sweet breath of early spring time. Great bunches of pretty flowers they gathered for her, and laid upon her lap or wreathed about her fair way hair. Starry anemones peeped forth from her head, while Tom gathered red columbine bells from the rocks to mix with Doris's sunny trilliums—all to be given to "poor Lydia."

There was one place very near Lydia's home to which she had never been since her affliction, and that was the beautiful church where she had once loved to go. She had a certain pride which kept her from being wheeled to the church where she had formerly gone with quick and graceful steps; however, one Sunday of the great astonishment and delight of the family, she announced her intention of attending service. They did not comment much upon her decision; her father merely bent his head and tenderly kissed the white forehead, gently stroking the golden hair. Her mother only smiled a sweet impressive smile as she tied the daisied leghorn under her darling's chin.

Their own minister did not preach that eventful Sunday, but a missionary occupied the pulpit; one who was thoroughly alive and perfectly conscious of the responsibility of his position.

His discourse was not lengthy, but he talked rapidly and to the point; he seemed to take in the full meaning of the words, "Go ye into all the world," etc., and he impressed his hearers powerfully. Many who had thought heathen lands inaccessible, far away like the planets, felt that many golden opportunities had slipped away from them unheeded; and that while dreaming, brothers and sisters had closed their eyes in that long dreamless sleep which knows no awakening until all shall be called to stand together before the Great White Throne.

A lofty influence overshadowed Lydia as she listened, under whose mighty power her deformity dwindled into insignificance. The missionary's glowing words opened her heart as the warm summer shower opens leaf and bud and blossom.

"Never walk again," receded into the back ground of her brain. "Souls to save," came to the front.

"What is my lameness to compare

with countless souls going down into eternal darkness?" she questioned herself.

"Mother," she asked, "can I have all I can earn by my thin, pale hands?" holding them before her as she spoke.

"Why, my dear, you do not need to earn money; if there is anything you desire, speak the word; father is able and willing to gratify you."

"But I want to earn the money, mother; I want it for missions."

"We contribute a certain sum yearly, my dear; a very generous amount."

"But I must do something. I would be happier, mother; I have been lagging long enough."

"But what could you do, dear: your eyes are not very strong?"

"Leave that to me, mother, please. I will promise not to tax my eyes."

So Lydia obtained permission, and when Tom and Doris were through with their day's work, she had them wheel her down into the garden, and there she unfolded her plan.

Next morning as she sat near the outer gate, Winnie Morris, a widow's only child came and leaned over the fence. She was a lovely little one, with bright blue eyes and luxuriant hair and dimpled cheeks; but as her mother was very poor, her dress was faded and too short for her.

"Come in, dear," called Lydia; and as the child quickly obeyed the request, she asked her if she would bring wild flowers from the woods and brook near by. Winnie was delighted to gather the flowers and afterwards to watch the graceful fingers arrange them into lovely shaped bouquets.

"Winnie, would your mamma be willing you should carry these flowers up to the Mansion House?"

"I'll run and ask her."

Winnie came back with the desired permission, also with happy a face because she had on her very best dress—not a very intricate affair, being only a simple steel colored print with rose-buds sprinkled all over it. The child looked very pretty, however, if her feet were bare and brown, for they were plump and clean and pretty. She carried the dozen nosegays up to the hotel, and returning in half an hour with empty basket and eyes bright as stars.

"Here's the money, Lydia. I sold them for five cents a piece, as you said; but I didn't have enough, and I promised I would come again. May I, Lydia?"

"Yes, Winnie, you are a good little girl; here is ten cents for you; that will leave fifty cents for the missionary box."

This was the starting point. Every day Winnie's little feet tripped up to the Mansion House, the little hands carrying dewy bouquets to return with empty basket and pocket of money. Every day she carried some change given her by Lydia home "to mamma," until the sweet spring flowers had all performed their pure mission and were gone. But summer also laid her perfumed beauties all about them and little Winnie's feet tired not; neither did Lydia's fingers. "It is so sweet, mother, to work for Jesus; but I have not long, not very long." And Mrs. Ferguson's heart throbbled with agony at the thought, "not very long."

So the short, sweet, New England summer passed, and with it the brave young life which had taken up the burden so sweetly and patiently, and had done "what she could." The treasurer of the board of foreign missions never knew why a certain living bread had so wonderfully increased; but the great head of the Church knew, and could the sweet, pale lips with the heavenly smile upon them have opened, they could have told you a sweet story of a noble soul which had thrust its own sorrow backward so that feeble hands could hold up the "light" in the foreground.

Christian Intelligencer.

Do the Saints Go to Heaven?

I am sorry that any person answers this question negatively, but it is so answered by some. They are of opinion that when the saints die, their spirits go into Paradise, but not to heaven. They make a distinction between Paradise and Heaven. Whether the Scriptures justify this distinction may well be questioned. Heaven, as the term is generally used, means the dwelling-place of God—the place where he specially displays his glory. As thus used it means what Paul means in 2 Cor. 12, 2, by "the third heaven." To explain this I need only say that, according to the Jewish conception, there are three heavens. The air in which birds fly is the first, and we therefore read of "the fowls of heaven." The second is the apparent abode of the sun, moon and stars. The third is still higher and is probably what Solomon means by the "heaven of heavens." Ordinarily, however, heaven means the same as "the third heaven," as when Jesus says, "I came down from heaven," "The Son of Man who is in heaven," etc. When Paul speaks of being "caught up to the third heaven," he evidently means the same thing. He virtually repeats and emphasizes his being caught up to the third heaven by saying that he was caught up into Paradise. If this view be correct, then if the disembodied spirits of the saints go to Paradise they go to heaven. But some will say the saints go to Paradise and not to heaven. Let us see: they go where Christ is. When Paul says, "Absent from the body and present with the Lord," the irresistible conclusion is that when the spirit leaves the body it is ushered into the presence of the Lord. Paul said of himself, "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Certainly the great apostle expected, on leaving this earthly state, to be at once with Christ. So Stephen in praying, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," must have meant, receive my spirit into thy glorious presence.

Now, I go a step farther and affirm that Christ is in heaven. Let no one say he is in heaven because he is everywhere. I mean that in his glorified body he is in heaven, and his body being material implies place, locality. It is not omnipresent, but it is in heaven. Christ, we are told, "ascended up far above all heavens"—all

three heavens, so as to have jurisdiction over all. We learn also from Acts 9: 24 that Christ has entered "into heaven itself," and from 1 Peter 3: 22 that he has "gone into heaven." We need no more testimony. Christ is in heaven, and disembodied saints being with him, are likewise there. The theory that keeps the saints out of heaven is a very cheerless one, and I am sure that if Paul had held it he would never have written the precious words, "For the hope which is laid up for you in heaven," Col. 1: 5. Here hope is by a figure of speech put for its great object, which is salvation in heaven. True, there are subordinate objects of hope, but it reaches its climax in its aspiration after, and its expectation of eternal life in heaven. Now, if the hope of the Christian is laid up in heaven, if its supreme object is there, how is that object to be gained unless the Christian goes to heaven? The hope is there, that is, its object is there, and how the hope can become fruition in the realization of its object anywhere but in heaven I am happily unable to see.

There seems to be almost a strange cruelty in the doctrine that the spirits of disembodied saints do not go to heaven, and therefore do not go where Christ is. It is a blessed thing that the Scriptures do not require us to believe such a doctrine.—P. H. P., in Western Recorder.

It is asserted that if a person exposes himself to the electric light for some time in a close inspection of the same, his hands and cheeks will show "if he be of fair complexion" all the symptoms of "sunburn," even in mid-winter, and he will develop freckles on his countenance as quickly as when he goes about unprotected by a sun umbrella in midsummer.

A prize of \$200 in gold has been offered by Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y., for the discovery of any comet during 1881. The comet must be unexpected with the exception of the comet of 1812 and telescopic, and Prof. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, must be immediately notified of its discovery.

It has been found by Gustav Hansen that the antennae of insects serve as organs of smell. On their removal or when coated with paraffine, the insects become quite indifferent to the most odorous substances—flies, for instance, taking no further notice of tainted meat.

The digestive process of a mosquito's stomach is so slowly performed that when the insect has dined on a human being it continues for forty-eight hours to exhibit blood corpuscles.

## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

## Cross-Word Enigma.

My first is in bee, but not in fly;  
My second is in you, but not in my;  
My third is in see, but not in feed;  
My fourth is in trout, but not in eel;  
My fifth is in old, but not in new;  
My sixth is in green, but not in blue;  
If these letters you bear in mind,  
A New England city you'll find.

JERRY.

## Curtainments.

1. Curtail an animal and leave a large body of water.
2. Curtail a liquid and leave within.
3. Curtail to dislike and leave a covering for the head.
4. Curtail a mythological goddess and leave near by.

O. H. S.

## Letter Changes.

Whole, I am to leap; change my initial, I am a swelling; change again, I am to nibble; again, I am the end of the spine; again I am a little black; again, I am an engine for raising water; again, I am a mass.

L. H. P.

## Charade.

My first and second you might find  
If you could clip the mist and wind:  
He that has eyes and wit to see  
Will in these fragments meet with me.

## Double Decapitations.

1. Twice behead contest and leave current.
2. Twice behead stalks of grain and leave uncooked.
3. Twice behead to roast and leave a heavy liquid.
4. Twice behead a trace and leave to be ill.
5. Twice behead to look fixedly and leave a plural form of an irregular verb.
6. Twice behead to remain and leave an affirmation.
7. Twice behead to proceed and form an artificial attainment.
8. Twice behead an other garment and leave a pointed instrument.

UNCL. CHADE.

## Numerical Enigma.

I am composed of twenty-four letters.  
My 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100, 102, 104, 106, 108, 110, 112, 114, 116, 118, 120, 122, 124, 126, 128, 130, 132, 134, 136, 138, 140, 142, 144, 146, 148, 150, 152, 154, 156, 158, 160, 162, 164, 166, 168, 170, 172, 174, 176, 178, 180, 182, 184, 186, 188, 190, 192, 194, 196, 198, 200, 202, 204, 206, 208, 210, 212, 214, 216, 218, 220, 222, 224, 226, 228, 230, 232, 234, 236, 238, 240, 242, 244, 246, 248, 250, 252, 254, 256, 258, 260, 262, 264, 266, 268, 270, 272, 274, 276, 278, 280, 282, 284, 286, 288, 290, 292, 294, 296, 298, 300, 302, 304, 306, 308, 310, 312, 314, 316, 318, 320, 322, 324, 326, 328, 330, 332, 334, 336, 338, 340, 342, 344, 346, 348, 350, 352, 354, 356, 358, 360, 362, 364, 366, 368, 370, 372, 374, 376, 378, 380, 382, 384, 386, 388, 390, 392, 394, 396, 398, 400, 402, 404, 406, 408, 410, 412, 414, 416, 418, 420, 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1184, 1186, 1188, 1190, 1192, 1194, 1196, 1198, 1200, 1202, 1204, 1206, 1208, 1210, 1212, 1214, 1216, 1218, 1220, 1222, 1224, 1226, 1228, 1230, 1232, 1234, 1236, 1238, 1240, 1242, 1244, 1246, 1248, 1250, 1252, 1254, 1256, 1258, 1260, 1262, 1264, 1266, 1268, 1270, 1272, 1274, 1276, 1278, 1280, 1282, 1284, 1286, 1288, 1290, 1292, 1294, 1296, 1298, 1300, 1302, 1304, 1306, 1308, 1310, 1312, 1314, 1316, 1318, 1320, 1322, 1324, 1326, 1328, 1330, 1332, 1334, 1336, 1338, 1340, 1342, 1344, 1346, 1348, 1350, 1352, 1354, 1356, 1358, 1360, 1362, 1364, 1366, 1368, 1370, 1372, 1374, 1376, 1378, 1380, 1382, 1384, 1386, 1388, 1390, 1392, 1394, 1396, 1398, 1400, 1402, 1404, 1406, 1408, 1410, 1412, 1414, 1416, 1418, 1420, 1422, 1424, 1426, 1428, 1430, 1432, 1434, 1436, 1438, 1440, 1442, 1444, 1446, 1448, 1450, 1452, 1454, 1456, 1458, 1460, 1462, 1464, 1466, 1468, 1470, 1472, 1474, 1476, 1478, 1480, 1482, 1484, 1486, 1488, 1490, 1492, 1494, 1496, 1498, 1500, 1502, 1504, 1506, 1508, 1510, 1512, 1514, 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2180, 2182, 2184, 2186, 2188, 2190, 2192, 2194, 2196, 2198, 2200, 2202, 2204, 2206, 2208, 2210, 2212, 2214, 2216, 2218, 2220, 2222, 2224, 2226, 2228, 2230, 2232, 2234, 2236, 2238, 2240, 2242, 2244, 2246, 2248, 2250, 2252, 2254, 2256, 2258, 2260, 2262, 2264, 2266, 2268, 2270, 2272, 2274, 2276, 2278, 2280, 2282, 2284, 2286, 2288, 2290, 2292, 2294, 2296, 2298, 2300, 2302, 2304, 2306, 2308, 2310, 2312, 2314, 2316, 2318, 2320, 2322, 2324, 2326, 2328, 2330, 2332, 2334, 2336, 2338, 2340, 2342, 2344, 2346, 2348, 2350, 2352, 2354, 2356, 2358, 2360, 2362, 2364, 2366, 2368, 2370, 2372, 2374, 2376, 2378, 2380, 2382, 2384, 2386, 2388, 2390, 2392, 2394, 2396, 2398, 2400, 2402, 2404, 2406, 2408, 2410, 2412, 2414, 2416, 2418, 2420, 2422, 2424, 2426, 2428, 2430, 2432, 2434, 2436, 2438, 2440, 2442, 2444, 2446, 2448, 2450, 2452, 2454, 2456, 2458, 2460, 2462, 2464, 2466, 2468, 2470, 2472, 2474, 2476, 2478, 2480, 2482, 2484, 2486, 2488, 2490, 2492, 2494, 2496, 2498, 2