

COMMUNICATIONS.

Loose Communion.

I have received a pamphlet from a New York layman against what he styles "The Baptist Close Communion Principle." Theodore M. Bates is his name, and he is the cashier of a bank.

I have this to say about his pamphlet. He writes with ability, and in some parts of his essay makes a show of information. He writes with the most glaring sophistry, and like all most of his latitudinarian scribbles, breathes out "charity" and "Christianity" for all sects who oppose our restricted communion, and with the best breath blows bitterness and wrath against "the close communion" Baptists. He seems so complacent in this as to be utterly unconscious of the manner of man that he is.

He writes with inexcusable ignorance of Southern Baptists, and of Baptists generally, as for instance when he says that the only Baptist increase in the United States is at the South, and the only "increase at the South is among ignorant negroes." It is not necessary to say more about this pamphlet.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE.

This is another pamphlet, by Rev. R. E. Melvin, of Camden, Miss., and published by "The Baptist Book House, Memphis, Tenn." It is an instructive little book, written with ability and a good spirit, but with striking forward plainness, and with all the rigidity of logical reasoning. The striking difference between these two books lodges in the fact, that one recognizes the truth that Baptists are a peculiar people, with a peculiar faith, a peculiar history, and necessarily with consequent peculiar practices; and the other is unwilling to accept this fact, but wishes to strip Baptists of whatever distinguishes them from the rest of men. This is what is the matter with a large number of cashiers, politicians, and other worldly men and women, and this is the source whence comes the loose communion "principle" among us; they haven't got the right sort of backbone, and in fact know but very little about it.

For the Alabama Baptist.
Reminiscences of Missionary Life—By Land and by Sea.

BY MRS. T. P. CRAWFORD.

An anecdote is told of two soldiers standing near together in battle, one trembling with fear, the other apparently unconscious of danger. The latter said to his trembling friend, "Why do you believe you are afraid?" "Indeed I am," returned the other, "and if you were half as much so, you would run."

I wish to disclaim all pretensions to bravery, and any self-reliance of the charges of cowardice is in the nature of a confession. I never felt the first to propose flight.

We had been in China about eighteen months, living within the city walls of Shanghai. The Tai Ping rebels had ravaged vast regions, and were now threatening Nanking; and the people, filled with terror, were removing from the cities to the villages. Mr. Crawford, of a local rising in Shanghai of the Canton and Fokien residents.

One night, long after we had retired, our teacher came, and, arousing Mr. Crawford, urged us to seek safety in flight, saying the city was to be captured that night, the officials were sending their families away, and the people were all in great alarm. After holding a consultation, we decided to remain at home, and committed ourselves to the hands of our Father, and went to sleep.

About daylight, our servant called us, saying the city had been captured, the gate keepers and the District Magistrate killed, and the insurgents were now engaged in tearing down the mansion of the Taotai, the highest official of the place. Our neighborhood was unusually quiet, the excitement being in a distant part of the city. In ill-concealed consternation, we visible in every countenance, except of those desperadoes who were ready for plunder. While Mr. Crawford went out to see the condition of affairs, hearing a noise at the street door, I went to an upper window to see who it was. What was my surprise to find ten or twelve rebel soldiers in their red turbans and sashes, led by my cook in the same dress, decided to remain at home, I said in apology for not opening the door which was bolted inside. They bowed very politely and left, saying, "Ah, Mr. Crawford is not at home." The cook was back in time to get dinner; but we had many reasons, besides this visit, to believe that he was one of the rebels, though not often doing duty as a soldier.

Rebel leaders assuring Mr. Crawford of their peaceable intentions towards Europeans, we decided to remain at home for further developments. The governor of the province hastened to equip an army and fleet to dislodge the insurgents; and, of course, during the time it would be safe or pleasant to remain in the city.

The U. S. Consul promised to inform us of the arrival of the imperial army; and we went on with our work as quietly as we could under these conditions. Both of our schools had been broken up by the panic and the removal of most of the pupils. At the end of the week, an imperial fleet suddenly appeared in the river before the city and opened fire upon it. The gates were closed, and we were shut in during the whole of this battle, which lasted several days. As the walls of our church, the Sung Way Dong, were much thicker than those of our house, we, with Rev. Messrs. Pearcey and Carpenter, took refuge in it during the bombardment. One large ball came crashing through the walls, and many others screamed and whistled around us. After the firing ceased and the fleet retired up the river, we were permitted to leave the city, and sought refuge at the Episcopal mission, beyond the range of the balls, but on a bend of the river in full view of all the naval engagements. Here, for eight months, we witnessed the most terrible battles by land and by water; and the roar of cannon and rattle of musketry became familiar sounds.

The inhabitants who had not fled from the city before its capture were

shut within its walls, the rebels hoping to gain some advantage by keeping them thus imprisoned. Our house and furniture were left in charge of the cook who expressed his willingness to stay; and Wong Ping San, the teacher of our girls' school, remained at his home in the city. We gradually became accustomed to the state of things, and began to visit our house in the city, the rebels anxious to conciliate Europeans, always opening the gates to admit us. Our nearest and only feasible route lay along the eastern suburbs between the river and the city wall. An Imperial battery on the opposite side of the river commanded this route, and we always chose days to visit the city when this battery was silent. Sometimes it opened unexpectedly when too late for us to turn back; but we could manage to hurry across the more exposed part of the road between the river and the city wall. We took a lunch and remained all day. The people flooded out to see the Europeans, and we were always given a warm and friendly welcome. Many brought their jewelry and other valuables, begging us to take care of them, as they were in constant danger of being robbed by the rebels. Wong Ping San re-opened the school with such of the former girls as remained in the city, and many new ones who were anxious to have the protection their connection with us afforded. As a subject of divine grace, it became very probable that she would soon decide to connect herself with the people of God. Her parents being both Christians, felt of course a deep interest in their child's religious preferences, and greatly desired that she should be in the Baptist church with themselves; but they thought it best to make no effort to induce her decision. While thus waiting her choice, the daughter one day informed her mother that she intended to join the Baptist church. "Do you?" said her mother; "I thought you would prefer to join the Methodists." This was natural, as she often attended that church, of which some of her young associates were members. But at this moment came a revelation: "No, mother," said the girl, in gentle but earnest tones, "I am not at all inclined to join the Methodists. I have resolved to address my denominational prayer through our good paper, the ALABAMA BAPTIST, and trust that none will consider it presumption in me to write as I shall upon this grave subject. I love our cause, and desire from the depths of my heart, to see Baptists, and especially our ministers, acting in the spirit of the Savior, and working with such success, that we may move to the world that we have the true light of Jesus in our hearts."

Since I have been old enough to observe, with care, the proceedings of churches, and the character of ministers, I have witnessed many things which have caused me sorrow. Some churches and ministers encourage people in their membership, in order to keep pace with other denominations and to help defray expenses, and also to consider the numbers they are gathering in, that they may glory in the flesh a little. Let us consider! Accepting Jesus, as our foundation, would we not receive greater spiritual blessings without such characters? And these stumbling blocks were removed, would not others be truly converted to occupy their places?

Other churches and ministers appear to be exceedingly anxious to make a display of the talents of their young men; so they encourage and even urge them into the ministry, whether there is any evidence of a divine call or not. The consequence is that many pass through life accomplishing but little, while others prove a shame to the cause of our Master. Brethren, I speak boldly, trusting my heart is filled with the fear, reverence and love of God.

Other churches and preachers have made themselves a disgrace to the cause of Christ, and a stumbling block in the Baptist denomination. Churches and preachers may think they may be found in dark corners in the country. By some means they are organized, with but little spiritual material in them; they license as many preachers as they desire, regardless of character or education; then by some means get two of these ordained; then they are what they would call "all healed," as they can through these two get all the others of this kind ordained. We could try to overlook the many advances in the Master's cause here in the near future. In order to this, we must have help, not so much in money as in men to develop the power that is here among the country people. Our country is dotted all over with Baptist churches. They are poor and weak it is true, yet with the right kind of ministers to go among them, they would soon be strengthened with the best influence of the country, and would be developed into self-sustaining churches. To introduce such men here will require some money for a year or two. The question is, Do the situation and prospects justify the investment?

The argument that would concentrate the energies of Southern Baptists to occupy New Orleans as the key of the future, will apply equally to the Tennessee valley in its relation to the cause in Alabama. Its rich agricultural advantages and location are destined to make it one of the leading thoroughfares of the South—a connecting link between the cotton fields of the South and the granaries of the North. So while our enterprise would lead us to seize upon centers,

let North Alabama be not neglected. I would repeat the claims of this section for the consideration of the Board at their session when they meet to organize plans for future work. I fear, however, that the lack of interest manifested by the churches here will discourage the Board in prosecuting any work in this field. Brethren, let it not be said that the people here will take an interest in the work when it is brought before them. I know this from experience. My churches are in sympathy and active co-operation with the work.

So by all means let brother David be kept on his feet. Supply Alabama, which Dr. Sumner has reared. He has done a work there that is permanent if it can only be cultivated. Let not the advantage there gained be lost. Put an able evangelist among the churches of North Liberty and Tennessee River associations. This will inaugurate a work in North Alabama that will result in the permanent work of the future. Can it be done? Pardon the suggestions. T. J. McANDERSON, New Market, Ala.

More of that Visit.

UNION SPRINGS—PERSONALS.
Dear Baptist: From Troy I returned to Union Springs, as per arrangement, to preach on Thursday night to the fair workday audience of intelligent people, who, after my stating the case, gave me as much as I wanted them to give, to aid us in church-buildings. This was as I expected. I had visited Union Springs several times as agent, and never went away empty handed. Then, too, Union Springs laps over into Florida considerably now. Several of the Baptists there have investments in Florida lands and orange groves. But furthermore, I would have expected some assistance, had I gone to this town a stranger, after seeing their house of worship. Since our first visit to Union Springs, we have noticed with pleasure the fact that the Baptists there do not neglect the Lord's house, but keep it neat, comfortable and attractive. Such people will generally lend some assistance to weaker brethren in their efforts to build for the Lord.

You must allow me now to express the pleasure it gave me to meet and be with the Eufaula bishop a short time. Brother Chambliss is a stranger here, but he will not be long a stranger. I rejoiced at two things in Eufaula especially; the kind things I heard said of ex-pastor Wamboldt, and the attitude of the people toward the new pastor. What wonder of wonders! I really heard one precious sister express gratification at the fact that the new pastor had a large family of children.

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dispute her heritage to the possession of intellectual endowments, to which it was asserted she had no record no just title. The flat of reform is claimed aloud, and the verdict is rendered in her favor. The abuses of past ages have been—

It must be conceded that woman can be so educated and trained as to fill ably and honorably all the offices and professions that require mental culture, or administrative capacity. Under the reign of Isabella of Castile, the queen of Spain, Elizabeth was queen of England when the powerful Armada was defeated by the British fleet. Chinese, Indian and African wars have been successfully waged under the English flag since the coronation of Queen Victoria, and a Court Morality was first established in the palace of Windsor. Heretofore, too, the work of the world has been done by women. Can it be done? Pardon the suggestions. T. J. McANDERSON, New Market, Ala.

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The Progress Which Woman Has Made in Art and Literature in the Present Century.

An Essay Read by Miss Lina Palmer, of Union Springs, before the Alabama Society of the Jubilee Female Institute, at its Anniversary in June.

Victor Hugo sentimentally says that the nineteenth century belongs to woman. In this era she has fully vindicated her right to be recognized as the peer of that sterner sex, who have arrogated to themselves a monopoly of intellectual capital. Man is now compelled to admit the rights of the fair claimant, when he has less to boast of in his inferiority than of his superiority. The alleged weakness of woman's physical and mental constitution has long been a basis for her comparative seclusion. By a recent candid inquiry into the possibilities of woman, her modern champions have found that she has constitutional faculties and a divine calling fully capable of achieving most that man ever achieved in the domain of letters. Justin McCarthy said in reviewing her career, that "her prose stands out conspicuous for its wonderful expressiveness and force, its almost perfect beauty. She is French author who has looked directly at the sun, and learned the secret of the skies and waters, fields and lanes, can teach to the hearts that love them. Gifts such as these have won her the almost unrivalled place which she holds in living literature." Her own countryman Edmund About termed her "the noblest mind of our epoch." This noted woman died at the age of 72. Her writings she made between six and seven hundred a year, and this in America or England would not be considered in fair proportion to the writer's genius and industry.

In the "Woman's Pavilion" at the Centennial was seen some of the work of a distinguished artist, Norwegian by birth—Mme. Elizabeth Jirchman. We find that she belongs to a gifted German family, her mother having been a poet of mean rank, her sister Rosa, Baumann, a professor of sacred music. An artist to whom M'me Jirchman showed her first work advised her to devote herself to the needle instead of the paint brush, but she, not disheartened, persevered, studying patiently, diligently and laboriously, and she gained a well-merited victory in five years. Her work has gained in strength, in brilliancy, in ardor, and have concentrated into a flame of generous ambition that glows in the bosom of intellectual woman and inspires her with zeal for eminence in the wide domain of literature, science and the fine arts. She has achieved high triumphs by her own exertion and is still nobly striving to establish beyond cavil or

among you." Probably no work of any modern artist ever attracted so much attention as the one which represents a group of "Christian Martyrs in the Catacombs." It made a great sensation in Rome in 1872, and Pope Pius IX. manifested his interest in the work by sending for it that he might inspect it in the Vatican palace. The exhibition of it to his holiness took place in one of the stanzas of the Vatican. "I am surprised," said the Pope, "that one who is not a Catholic could represent such a scene so perfectly." "Though I am not a Catholic, your holiness," replied the artist, "yet I am a Christian."

The works of art from Sweden at the Centennial Exhibition surprised the most Americans, not only as showing the extent and high character of the art of that country, but also as showing the standing that woman has attained in it. From the catalogue we learned that forty-one of the highest tributes came from ladies. The work of art chosen was usually that known as genre, home or domestic scenes, and very finely were they executed. Further study of the catalogue showed that most of these lady artists had studied in Berlin, Dusseldorf and that mecca for the artists of to-day—Paris.

George Eliot in her peculiar province as a philosopher, novelist, and the most distinguished writer that England can boast as her own. Her novels are remarkable for fresh, original power and faithful delineation of English life. The greatest intellectual effort of the author, so considered by a select class of readers, is her fourth novel—"Romola,"—published in 1862, an historical novel of Italian life, which has been translated into English, and is now being read by George Eliot, we may add, is rich in reflective power and in the delineations of character. She also infuses into writing a deep personal teaching, which has laid hold of the most thoughtful, while hardly militating against the taste of careless or popular readers. This is distinctly seen in her *Mill on the Floss*, *Middlemarch*, and *Daniel Deronda*. We find that her portraits of the religious nature, conspicuously that most noble one of the Female Methodist preacher, are never mere artistic studies; there is no touch of unsympathetic intellectuality about them; no touch of coldness. And here surely is more than a triumph of art! One cannot but believe that a large religious influence has been wrought in the life of the writer herself. She has skillfully balanced depth of thought with ripe humor and invention. The grotesque in human character is reclaimed from the province of the humorous by her affections, when that is possible, and is shown to be a pathetic form of beauty.

In the real as distinguished from the ideal school of fiction, Charlotte Bronte stands out as a remarkable personality. Her Yorkshire scenes and characters were new to readers, and the whole had the stamp of truth and close observation. The life of Charlotte Bronte was one of deep and painful interest. Much of her own history is embodied in the story of Jane Eyre—even to her petite figure and plain face. "Shirley," published in 1849, was as well received as her first work, and also contained fresh and vigorous Yorkshire delineations. It was after the publication of this book that the authors of both was identified. The last of her triumphs was "Villette," which in mere literary merit and skill of construction is superior to "Shirley," but is lacking in the air of reality.

While Charlotte Bronte was working her way to the front in the ranks of novelists, another woman was claiming the highest place among modern poets. I speak of Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett Browning. It is said that she has only been excelled by Tennyson—whose best work she has evidently studied—in purity and loftiness of sentiment and feeling, and in intellectual power.

The first publication of this accomplished lady was an "Essay on Mind, and other Poems," said to have been written in the early years of her life. In a sorrow bell her heart, which saddened the bloom of her youth, and gave a deeper hue of thought and feeling, especially a devotional feeling, to her poetry. For many years she secluded herself in a darkened room, where she read most of what was well worth reading in almost every language, studying with ever fresh delight the great poets of the world, and soul to that poetic altar, of which she seemed born to be the priestess. Her constant companion during this time was her little dog "Flush," whom she has commemorated in some beautiful verses, graphic as the pencil of Landseer. In "A Vision of Poets," Mrs. Browning is recorded to vindicate the necessary relations of genius to suffering and self-sacrifices. It thus beautifully opens:

"A poet could not sleep a night,
For his soul kept up too much light
Under his eyelids for the night.
And thus he rose disquieted
With weird, weird, weird, weird,
And in the forest wandered."

Further on, she gives a brief and felicitous description of some of the great masters of song.

Here, Homer with the broad expanse
Of thunderous brows, and lips intense
Of garlanded gold—immortal
Climb Shakespeare on whose forehead
The crown of the world. Oh, eyes sublime,
With tears and laughter for all time.

The moderns from Milton down to poor proud Byron are no less happily portrayed in this poem. The most finished of Mrs. Browning's smaller poems—apart from her sonnets—are her verses on "Cooper's Grave," which contain not one jarring line of expression, and the "Cry of the Children"—a pathetic and impassioned pleading for oppressed childhood.

In 1856 was issued a novel in blank verse. This she characterizes as the "most mature" of her works, and one into which her highest convictions upon life and art are entered. In 1860, "Poems Before Congress" evinced Mrs. Browning's unabated interest in Italy and its people. She was her last publication. She died June 29, 1861, Casa Guide, Florence, and in front of the house a

marble tablet records that in it wrote and died Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who by her song created a link, not only between Italy and England, but a link of love and admiration between herself and mankind.

Of less gift but still well known English writers, there are a host whom we will not take time to mention. Of those who have become famous by brush and pencil instead of pen, who do not recall the fascinating Maria Cowley, the friend and correspondent of Thomas Jefferson. To speak only of our contemporaries, Mrs. Elizabeth Butler finds her inspiration on the field of battle, and contends with man in what might be supposed to be his chosen, and exclusive walk of arms. Her pictures of "Roll Call," and "Missing," placed her at once in the front rank of the world's artists. Mr. Ruskin, the fearless critic, after looking at the first of these—"Roll Call"—spoke words to this effect: "I have never seen a picture of a woman so noble as this. The woman cannot do whatever a man can do." The Misses Muttres are well known flower painters, whose works command ready sale. Mrs. E. M. Ward is noted for her historical subjects. Many other names of English ladies, who have already attracted favorable notice by their works of art, might be mentioned.

It is only in the early part of this century that we really begin to be able to think and talk of an American literature—one which concerned itself with belles lettres as well as politics, with poetry as well as theology, and with fiction as well as hard facts. The foreign neglect of American literary men and American literature, fifty or seventy-five years ago, which led Sydney Smith to make that most hackneyed query, "Who reads an American book?" has been succeeded by what some consider as overpraise on the part of English critics, which is quite as unjust and injurious as their quondam sneers and snarls. Heretofore our Literature and Art have had too much of the foreign air, but our artists are turning more and more to native subjects, and to their fatherland. This is what is needed. We should write and paint as we speak the language. Art or Literature, to be successful, must be the natural fruit of the soil from whence it springs. American Literature is advancing. Every year new names appear on the list of writers; and in this progress woman is taking a very large part. She has not only a more so fast in ambition, education and useful knowledge generally, that they are not excluded from pleading at the bar, exhorting from the pulpit, occupying the editor's or professor's chair, lecturing from the rostrum, or practicing as M. D.'s, the science of medicine.

Among women artists in America, who have secured a prominent place in public recognition, the name of Harriet Beecher is one of the most prominent. She is a native of New York, and received all her instruction in Rome. The first to recognize this lady's merits was the Prince of Wales, who bought one of her first works—a statue of Puck. The statue of "Omone" in Mr. Crow's residence in St. Louis, is the work of this artist. It met with such favor that another one, ordered for the public library of St. Louis, was purchased by the same prince. Many of our people, have seen the noble memorial bronze statue of Admiral Farragut, standing in the Farragut Square, Washington. This was executed by the gifted lady Mrs. Vinie Ream Hoxie. The success and talents of this lady have called forth numerous jealous criticisms from a little army of masculine competitors, who vainly sought to deprive her of her laurels. But none can deny her the essential qualities of a true artist, constitutional genius and indefatigable industry. The noble memorial of America's greatest naval hero is worthy of its place among the art creations which adorn our National Capitol.

Among our more recent artists in the further development of whose genius we are indebted to Miss Maria Oak, of Boston, a figure painter noted for her grace and beauty of color. Another, Mrs. Greatorex, of New York, a very industrious lady, excels in pen and ink sketches of scenery. She has illustrated large books with views on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Miss Annie M. Lea, a native Philadelphian, is a portrait painter of distinction, and has a studio in London, having painted the portraits of some of the highest ranks in life.

Among the popular novelists of the present, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is very prominent. She is very familiar to the readers of the Century Magazine. Mrs. Burnett's work, "That Lass o' Lowery," has been successfully dramatized seven or eight times, and Charles Reid says no dramatic writer has yet done it justice. It is not necessary to mention to young or old, the gifted author of "Little Women," our chaste and refreshing writer, Miss Alcott, the idol of a large circle of young readers.

As most successful editors we readily recall Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, of the Ladies' Book, Miss Mary Booth, who has written many years conducted Harper's Bazaar, and Mary Mayes Dodge, the editor of the delightful St. Nicholas.

From a recent paper I extract this paragraph: "The statement that a lady of good first in the final examination of the Howard Law School, should be supplemented by the fact that another lady attained the highest percentage of any of the pupils in any one branch, and ranked second in the general average."

Our Southern land has produced workers with the pen, of whom we are justly proud. In that chapter of pearls I will only mention the names of Miss M. F. McClanahan, Mrs. Eliza Wigham—better known as Miss Augusta Evans, Mrs. Bryan, of the Sunny South, and the author of "Marsden Hall," who is well known in Marion for social as well as intellectual gifts.

The more entire our dependence on free grace, the greater joy and peace in believing.

The smallest of children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorn the world.—Mme. de Basville.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the National Baptist.

The True Doctrine of Punishment.

W. J. M. HENDLETON, D. D.

Some persons suppose that the primary object of punishment is the reformation of criminals. This is a very defective view, for the statistics of prisons do not show any special tendency in punishment to promote reformation. Many, if not most, of those who are confined in prisons repeat their offenses when their term of imprisonment expires. They give no signs of reformation. There is another objection to this view: If the primary object of punishment is the reformation of criminals, it follows that when the object cannot be accomplished, the punishment should cease. That is to say, when criminals are incorrigible, they should be exempted from the penalties of the law, and allowed to go free. This is a very defective view, for the statistics of prisons do not show any special tendency in punishment to promote reformation. Many, if not most, of those who are confined in prisons repeat their offenses when their term of imprisonment expires. They give no signs of reformation. 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