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From the Canadian Baptist.
Christian Baptism.

CONCLUSION OF A SERMON BY J. DENOVAN.

From what we learn in the New Testament about this ordinance I think we are fully justified in setting down the following five propositions, viz:

1. *To the Church of Christ as to every organized society there belongs some kind of formal initiatory rite, a ceremony of entrance.* The Society called Free Masons, has its peculiar rite for initiation of members, the Odd Fellows and Good Templars have theirs; the medical profession, the legal and the clerical class has its fixed form of initiation; when any commoner of England is raised to the peerage, and when any civilian is made a soldier he enters the new sphere by a ceremony. Into the Jewish church the initiatory rite was circumcision; into the visible Christian church it is baptism into the holy name of the Trinity. The Jewish church was composed of the children of Abraham according to the flesh; the Christian church of those who are the children of God, "born not of blood, nor of the will of men, but of God," children of God by faith in Christ Jesus. Into his national (*i. e. native*) church the natural Jew entered by circumcision; into his national (*i. e. native*) church the spiritual Jew enters by baptism.

2. *Genuine Christian baptism is precisely what Jesus Christ's own baptism was.* "Thus," said the Lord before His own baptism—"THUS." It is for each one of us who pretend to follow Him in the path of discipleship to find out how He was baptized. There can be no question at all that whatever Christ's baptism in mode and matter consisted of ours should consist of. If it was by pouring or sprinkling He was baptized, immersion is decidedly and forever wrong; if he was immersed not a syllable of argument for any other mode can be tolerated.

On this subject it may aid our enquiry to know that Paul states baptism symbolizes burial and resurrection. "Therefore we are buried with Him by baptism into death, as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." Thus he writes to the intelligent and refined Romans; and in similar language he repeats the sentiment in his letter to the Colossians. Therefore it is obvious that any ceremony which fails to symbolize Christ's burial and resurrection cannot be accepted as true Christian Baptism.

If, in our view of climate, health or circumstances, our Savior has committed any mistake in making the ceremony of immersion of universal obligation, He, I presume, is able to bear all the responsibility of such a mistake—such oversight of climatic, social and sanitary conditions. Albeit sometimes it has been necessary to suffer inconvenience and even "take up the cross" to follow Him. Jesus Christ has emphatically told us to confess Him, and to commence our life long confession of Him in this humiliating manner—being buried beneath water in the likeness of his burial in the sacred name of the Triune God. Is it rationalism or shame or fear which prevents our compliance?

While this ordinance surveying, Emblem of my Savior's grave, Shall I shrink—shrink back, betraying Feelings worthy of a slave? No, I'll do it! Jesus entered Jordan's wave. Sweet the sign that thus reminds me Of my Savior's love to me! Sweeter still that love which binds me In its deathless bond to Thee! O what honor— Buried like my Lord to be!

3. *Christian baptism is the voluntary act of an intelligent person professing faith in Christ.* "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Every candidate for baptism must make oral confession, for it is only on the profession of his faith we dare baptize him. In this solemn act there can be no parental substitution or vicarage, no sponsorship responsibility. Depraved natural heredity and relationship have no affinity with divine grace and its relations; the flesh and the spirit "are contrary the one to the other." A child of God can neither be made nor publicly consecrated by proxy. Personal regeneration and faith, the consent of the will and consecration of the heart must precede real baptism. We are baptized only because we are "of the family of the Firstborn whose names are written in heaven."

4. *Baptism implies and pledges resurrection life on the part of the subject of it.* Resurrection life, "newness of life," is the life of a new creature, ("If any man be in Christ he is a new creature") a life springing from new principles and new motives, having new aims, objects, and purposes. Having out of baptism risen to "newness of life," the believer henceforth is bound to "live by the faith of the Son of God," his motto, "For me to live is Christ," NOT ME—"I live, yet not I."

5. *Baptism by immersion as an initiatory and declaratory rite is the most expressive and appropriate conceivable.* Human ingenuity has failed to invent its equal either in element, or mode, or formula. This right is applied, not to any mere portion or member of the man; it is not the shaking of the hand, it is not the binding of a limb with a garter, nor investing the shoulder with any ornamental insignia outside the clothing, it is not the anointing or sprinkling of any limited spot. These are partial. But holy baptism is

the covering over and swallowing up of the entire man in the symbol of consecration; like death and burial it asserts its right to all he is and has; the water (fit emblem of God's pure truth and plenteous Spirit) covers, embraces, clings to every part of the man; it claims and lays hold upon the entire personality, body, soul and spirit, the heart and its affections, the brain and physical senses, the animal members great and small, from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet. Nothing is excepted; the desires and the purposes, the knowledge and the faculties, the character and legal rights, the possessions and hopes are all surrounded and held in this one sacred act of total consecration. To his old self and legal standing the baptized believer is symbolically declared dead, and from his old world-life severed; for our sight his old self vanishes and disappears, then he rises and reappears with a new nature and a new name, in a new world to newness of life every particle of him solemnly declared to be the Lord's—devoted unconditionally and unreservedly to the Lord. "Ye are not your own."

The one grand doctrine of true Christian Baptism is Dead and Alive—dead to self, and alive to God; out of the dead Adam into the dead and risen Christ, now alive forevermore—out of the world into the church, "which is his body."

From Bro. Benton.

Bro. Editors: It is known to some of the readers of your paper that I am serving our State Convention as missionary pastor at Girard and as colporteur in the Tuskegee Association, while a portion of my time is devoted to pastoral work independent of the State Board. I have concluded to give your readers a little of my experience, etc., in my labors as colporteur. Like human life, it has not all been made up of sunshine, though frequent flashes cheer and encourage me in my circuitous journeyings. As a rule, I have had a most hearty reception into the homes and families of our people, and the brethren, the sisters and friends generally have responded liberally to the cause I represent. Especially has this been so when we consider the season of the year and the pressing demands for money to run their farming and other interests.

My work gives splendid opportunities for forming new acquaintances and for finding the houses where has been opened the "alabaster boxes" of precious devotion to Christ and his cause. Jacob once, while on a long journey, lighted on a place of which he had occasion to say, "Surely the Lord is in this place," and he called the name of that place Bethel; so it seems to me, in my travels, I have fallen in at a little Bethel or two myself—"even me." But every place has not been quite a Bethel—not to me—for on one occasion I was taken for quite another man—a man who had won for himself, with some, not a very desirable reputation. (This was, perhaps, especially so with some of the ladies.) On account of this I was not received with much of a welcome into the house of one of our sisters. But I am glad to say that a welcome finally came to me in listening to a most earnest and Christian like apology.

Who can tell how many bruised hearts and justly offended spirits would be filled with reconciling affection, if those who had wronged them would only confess their sin? Who knows how many pastors, deacons and devoted church members would be made to rejoice if those who have transgressed against Christ and his cause, would only make an honest confession of their sins before the church?

But to return to my subject. I have just taken a tour into the north-eastern portion of our association. I consider my visit into that section a success. The brethren and others were fast breaking into my stock of valuable literature when I was taken sick and left for my home at Crawford.

Good and noble Bro. Bailey seems to be doing his best to keep me well supplied with first class books.

G. D. BENTON.

Get to the Front, Boys!

Get to the front boys! We are living in wonderful times, so keep your eyes open. Get early to school, and when you are there, make good use of your time. Don't be satisfied with knowing a little; be determined to master whatever you take in hand. Clever boys get to the front. The world's greatest men were clever boys, remarkable for their industry, courage, and perseverance. Be determined that you will learn. Don't be led away by foolish, idle companions. Idleness brings poverty and disgrace. Without a strong will and great perseverance, you are sure to fail. Be thoroughly in earnest, and try what honest endeavor will do. Never despise small beginnings; don't think lightly of little things; little streams lead to great rivers; drops of water make oceans; and earth's mighty changes are effected by quiet, continuous effort. Don't be discouraged because you cannot accomplish great things all at once; keep trying; you are sure to succeed. You may fail at first; but keep a good heart, push on perseveringly, and you will live to see the greatest gift we can bestow on others is a good example. Spring is the sunrise of the year—death the sunrise of the soul.

For the Alabama Baptist.
Doing San Antonio.

Bro. Cleveland: As circumstances over which I had no control prevented my going on to Mexico with the excursion, and as I had to stop here where I have been for three days, I can think of nothing better that I can do for your readers than to "do San Antonio" for them. As I am stopping at a hotel, I wish I could say something nice for the institutions of that name. I am told that this is as good as any in the city. They do tolerably well; very polite and attentive, good rooms, plenty of ice water, and obliging servants—nearly all white or of the Mexican cast; but it does seem to me that there is too much of the Mexican tangle in all that comes on the table. After all, I will say that the hotels are very good.

San Antonio is to me the most fascinating city I have ever visited. I am willing that the brethren shall perform eloquence for New Orleans, and that Dr. Wharton shall "whip out the house" for Jacksonville, Fla.—as he did at Waco, and I wish them all the greatest success—but if I ever get a chance, my speech will be made for San Antonio.

But at present I only speak of its physical aspects. Here is a city of 25,000 people, and until recently it was absolutely standing out in the woods, with no navigable river, no gulf or ocean outlet, and until February, 1877, it had no railroad; and yet for long ages it has stood here a great city, with vast business, grand buildings, matchless water supply, beautiful construction, and by far the most thrilling war history of any city on the continent, and a historic chain of Spanish ruins that constantly invite the curiosity of men and women from all lands; and it matters not where they come from, they here find their own language in use among the people. It is said that the young negro man who assists the clerks in this hotel can converse with ease in a half dozen tongues. I notice that he gives every babbling as good as he sends—pays him back in his own lingo.

THE PLAZAS.

There are three plazas. These are open spaces something like the public square of a country town of old style. These plazas are also occupied very much as a public square, except there is no court house or any other building on them; but wagons, carriages, drays, horses, oxen, men, etc., are on them. They are fronted on all sides by business houses.

The first is the "Military Plaza," around which the city of San Antonio first began and on which Santa Anna lodged his troops when he came to storm the Alamo. It is larger than either of the others, and fronted by a somewhat inferior class of buildings. On this plaza every evening before night the Mexican population have quite a number of tables supplied with articles of diet of their own style, and here is social equality—the black and the white, and the brown and the red, and all the colors sit down as they come, pay for their supper, and take—

"Chilicon corn"—that is an article of pepper and meat.

"Tomatoes"—meal of corn ground between two stones, pepper and meat, all cooked in the leaf of a corn husk, nicely rolled, and eaten right well.

"Fire hales"—that is a peculiar preparation of beans.

"Enchiladas"—cheese, onions and grease.

"Fortillas"—corn cakes of their own peculiar preparation.

But the pepper must be along with almost everything. As regards that, I would have made a pretty good Mexican.

The "Main Plaza" comes next—immediately east of that described. These two are only separated by a large block of fine buildings—the length of the great cathedral which forms part of that block and fronts on the Main Plaza. This plaza is fronted by fine business houses and hotels and the cathedral. Here the market wagons first come. I saw a train roll into the plaza this morning. They have a way of fastening the tongue of one wagon to the hindmost axle of the one in front, pile great balls of wool on the two, and put a train of oxen in front. There were six such teams in the train which I saw this morning, and there were sixty four oxen—large fellows—and the six contained twelve wagons. There was a fortune of wool on them. I went out and inquired, "Did you all come from the same section of country?" "Yes, sir," was the answer.

asked, "From what section?" "From Fort Concho," "How far is it?" "Two hundred miles." "How long have you been coming?" "Eighteen days."

The third plaza is the famous "Alamo Plaza." It is still further east some three or four blocks distant, and on the north-east side of the river. The main business of the city seems to be located on the various streets leading over to the Alamo. Splendid houses—as good as I ever saw anywhere; vast jobbing and wholesale houses; grand banking houses, and all sorts of grand business houses. Powerful iron bridges span the river on every street, and the business is built right up to the river on both sides, and the river itself is much of it, walled with stone. The Alamo is the most inspiring spot in San Antonio. It was first a Catholic mission church, built more than one hundred and fifty years ago; then it became a military fortress. Great battles of the old style have been fought around it, and over it, and in it. Many prisoners have been kept there, and there are the iron rings in the wall to which they were chained.

And it was in this historic Alamo that Davy Crockett, Travis, and Bowie and their gallant men were put to death. The reader should read the history of that affair. Santa Anna never did a more disgraceful thing. It was a fitting point in the transaction that when he began the massacre he first went on the top of the grand Cathedral on Main Plaza, and from that place sent out his orders. It was only two days ago that the authorities of the State of Texas took formal possession of the Alamo, having purchased it from the bishop here, and the Lone Star banner now floats over the sombre building. It stands at the north-east corner of the Alamo Plaza. All around this place you will see signs of the "Alamo Saloon," the "Alamo Store," the "Alamo Lin Shops," etc. Nothing surpasses the Alamo in magic power in San Antonio, and of right.

THE BUILDING MATERIAL.

Everything in this city is of stone—soft stone, and nearly white. The sidewalks, smooth, polished, regular, though narrow, are delightful. The houses of all grades are stone; the old Mexican home was a fort as well as a home; it is stone. The modern home is stone; the store houses of all grades are stone; every church house and school house is stone; there is stone wherever you go; go out into the country and the same is true. It was my good luck to spend a day in a first rate carriage, with three brethren from Missouri—Prof. Lanneau, Dr. Waddell and Judge Wallace—my own brethren all got away from me somehow, but these Missourians looked after me. Well, I was about to say that as we went out to see the head of the river, some two or three miles from town, we saw the mountain where they get this stone, and where they have been getting it for one hundred and fifty years, and there they are in squads, pecking and sawing, and chiseling and hammering, blasting and splitting, as if they intended to rebuild the world of stone.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

This is a mystery to me. As you pass through the city, you see the beautiful rivers, and it is touched by two or three small rivers; two run right through it—the San Pedro and the San Antonio. These were branched in all needed directions long years ago by the Franciscan fathers, and the waters rush along in ditches through the street, and out of the city by the roadside, and across the roads. These ditches are walled with stone. The whole region being perfectly level, the people dam a ditch wherever they please for a few hours and thus irrigate their gardens and fields; but as the country is so level the mystery with me is, how is it that the water rushes so in the river, too? The fathers who did this work were first rate engineers and knew what they were about. The city receives its house water from the water works out some two miles or more, near the head of the river. The yard of Col. Breckenridge out at the head waters is fenced by the use of water pipes instead of railings, and these pipes have stop-cocks about every twenty feet; turn the cock and the water comes whizzing. He has hose with which he throws the water to any point about his house, yard and garden. San Pedro Springs is a very enjoyable place near at hand.

THE MISSIONS.

These are the wonders which carry many people out to see them. They are the ruins of grand old Spanish Catholic churches standing out in the woods, some two, four and six miles from the city. In company with the Missouri brethren mentioned above, I visited the first and second missions. We met about a dozen other brethren doing the same thing—for I suppose some twenty-five brethren went no further than San Antonio. At each of these missions there is a church room in a tolerable state of preservation, for the sight of which you must pay at least a nickel. At first the old Mexican woman did not much like to open the door to us; somebody had treated her badly—had carried away some bits of stone, and she was in a bad mood—called us rogues and robbers. I did not believe the charge; but at that very moment that tall, fine looking Professor standing with such innocent air, has a black under his coat wrapped in a newspaper. He got it so slowly that none of us knew it until we had left. But I can not attempt to describe these great buildings. To me they are wonders. How they built them all stone, and covered them with stone, I know not, but so it was. This work was all done by Indian labor, superintended by the Franciscan Fathers; and so the vast system of ditching was also done by Indian labor. As we returned to the city, we four took a delightful bath in the San Antonio River.

No one should visit this city without going out to the government depot and barracks. Our government does things on a grand scale, and I am proud that it does. The barracks here, with all the appointments, is itself a considerable town. The walls around the barracks are magnificent, as is the tower and the many beautiful official residences—all of the same stone of which I have before spoken.

CONVAYANCES.

There are street cars, omnibuses and all styles of carriages. Several brethren remarked in my hearing that it surpasses any place they ever saw for conveyances; they are on every hand and of a very fine character—good horses, good drivers and good prices; still they seem to find a business on which to thrive. The roads leading out to the "missions" are used so much that they look like a great dirt road thoroughfare.

ness on which to thrive. The roads leading out to the "missions" are used so much that they look like a great dirt road thoroughfare.

MORALS AND RELIGION.

The Sunday laws are in force, the saloons are closed on the Sabbath, and the gambling, formerly so common here, is driven into secret. I notice many saloons, and I have seen a few men from the country who seemed to be top-heavy with liquor, but I have not seen a drunk man nor witnessed any disorder of any sort. The Catholics are strong here, but as the population from the other parts of our country comes in, this changes, and already some of the Protestant churches are strong and efficient. I have been in the Baptist church house—a plain, substantial stone building, and very well furnished. Bro. Dodson, the pastor, is doing a good work here. His church also has an efficient mission station in another part of the city. This city is the gate way to Mexico and to all the valley of the Rio Grande. Still other railroads will spring into being, reaching out into the limitless plains and centering here. The city is rapidly growing, and it has come to this standing alone on the plains, what will it do in twenty-five years with this great railroad combination? It can not fail to be the greatest city of this Great State of Texas. If I were a young man entering secular life, here I would drive many my stakes. There is a continual breeze, and the nights are refreshing.

But I will close this long notice. There are yet many things that might be said, but I will leave them for some one else to say, for I have written in my feeble condition until I can hardly sit up.

J. I. D. R.

San Antonio, Texas, May 17th.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Unfortunate or Guilty?

There is a disposition in men to consider themselves unfortunate, as sinners, rather than guilty. I once heard a preacher, of no ordinary reputation, pray for a number of anxious ones up for prayers, as "these unfortunate penitents." I thought there was a double mistake in regarding them unfortunate and as penitents; that they were, with all sinners, guilty, and if penitent, in a very happy way. Penitents are always forgiven, regenerate; because true penitence is the effect of a change of heart, of regeneration. It is true of all sinners that just in so far as they are sinners, they are guilty. There is no excuse for sinful acts or dispositions. We are ashamed of being wrong when we are wrong, and why should we be ashamed of that which is a fate necessity? We are justly condemned—

we condemn ourselves, in a degree—whenever we feel that we are wrong. But the special thing before my mind is that it is greatly wrong not to believe the Gospel. This is often alleged as something we can not help. How can we help it? parties say. The allegation of Scripture—the very words of our Savior—is, "Ye are condemned because ye have not believed on the name of the only begotten Son of God."

Let us see the grounds of this condemnation. It is twofold: 1. An intellectual fault; 2. A heart fault. What is required of us is a cordial belief of the testimony of God concerning his Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ. Intellectual belief must precede heart belief. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

The Word of God is the testimony of God concerning his Son; that is its whole scope and extent, as it is said, "The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy of the Old Testament," we may say and surely of the New Testament. This testimony is to be apprehended by the intellect; to be read, therefore, carefully considered, so far as it comes to our knowledge. There certainly may be, constantly, a neglect of this consideration, a criminal neglect. The history of Christ in the New Testament is the fulfillment of prophecy in the Old Testament; and the agreement of the one with the other, in many cases, is most palpable. Take the predictions concerning the isolation as a race of the Jews. They were to be, and they are, even until now, separate from all other peoples, peculiar in their social economy as no other peoples are. All other races, despite the deepest antipathies, mingle and lose, in one another, their identity. Human prescience and sagacity could not predict this strange and peculiar destiny; it must be divine. The sinless life and superhuman wisdom of Jesus of Nazareth, predicted beforehand, were never paralleled. The veracity of such a man can not be disputed or doubted. Therefore his divine claims are unquestionable; his asseveration, for which he died, that he was the Son of God and Savior of the world, must be accepted, or we can believe no testimony whatever. The evidence of his divinity must be overwhelming unless we deny the very truth—the main things—of all history. To facts, undeniable facts, he referred doubters. Now there is a degree, a large degree, of guilt attaching to such stubborn, uninvestigating disbelief as many avow of such kindred evidence.

But what shall we say of heart acceptance or non-acceptance of the testimony of the Father and the Son? To avow or feel doubt of the veracity of a mere man of character is the bitterest insult we can offer him. If the Savior says, "I die that thou mayest live," and I disbelieve it—often the indubitable proofs of the fact—do I offer no insult? The case is of one offering the greatest boon, purchased

at the greatest cost, mine on condition of believing it, and I disbelieve the highest testimony and the most solemn asseveration of the suffering Purchaser! But further, love ought to beget love. I am the veriest wretch, if no sacrifices for my well-being can touch my heart, or move my gratitude. We take men on their own grounds.

Men do not consider, investigate; they do not appreciate sacrifice; and then complain that the evidence is not sufficient—that the proofs are not sufficiently overwhelming—that the constraints are not powerful enough. Is there not guilt? Are they unfortunate?

E. B. T.

From the Standard.

Etymology of Some Religious Terms.

BY JOHN A. BROADUS, D. D.

Mr. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary of the English language, of which Macmillan published last year so cheap an edition, is a great addition to the working apparatus in etymology. The best English etymologies before existing were in Webster's Unabridged, furnished by Dr. Mahn, a German scholar—just as the best works on English grammar have been written by Germans. It is not worth while to speak here of Curtius' Greek Etymology (on which the later editions of Liddell and Scott rely entirely), or the general treatise on Indo-European etymology. We propose to gather a few English religious terms, and see what light is thrown upon them by etymology, according to the now current views.

The name *God* was formerly supposed to be connected with *good*; but Skeat considers that to have been disproved by Max Muller and holds that the origin of the word is unknown. From fancied knowledge to real knowledge we often have to pass through a stage of recognized ignorance.

The word *man* signifies thinker. In Sanscrit, *man* is to think. Our English verb *man*, and nouns *mind* and *man-ia* (from the Greek), are from the same root. This shows that our remote ancestors had an elevated conception of man. It is only an accidental connection which the word *money* has with the same root. It is borrowed from the Latin *moneta*. Money was coined in the temple of Juno, who was called *Moneta* because she was the goddess of memory and admonition. Her name was used to denote coin, and hence our words *money* and *mint*. It is no doubt true that money causes and represents a great deal of thinking, but that fact must not be supposed to be indicated by the term.

As to the words *soul* and *ghost*, we cannot agree with Skeat. He thinks the latter is from a root signifying to terrify, as in *ghostly*. We should rather connect it with *gust*, and suppose it to be from a root signifying breath, wind. Nor is it impossible that *soul* is of similar origin. The Anglo-Saxon *saewul* and Gothic *saewa* show a root *saw* or *swa* (so also Skeat), and this may be connected (as once suggested to us by Dr. Toy) with a Sanscrit root *su*, signifying to breathe. We should thus have a pair of words of similar origin, precisely as in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. It is evident that *spiritus* is from the familiar root *spere*, while *anima* and *animus* can find no root in Latin, but must be compared with the Greek *anemos*, "wind," and the Sanscrit root *an*, "to breathe." So *pneuma* is from the familiar verb *pneo*, "to breathe," while *psyche* (psyche) is from a root, *psucho*, which in Greek literature means only to cool—originally by blowing the breath. In like manner, the Hebrew *ruach* is from a familiar Hebrew root, while *nephesh* has to find explanation in an Arabic root signifying to breathe. Now, if our supposition as to the English is correct, we find in each of the four languages a pair of words derived from the idea of breath, but one formed at a very early stage of the language, the other at a much later stage. The vital principle in man, figuratively represented by his breath, naturally came to be conceived of as immaterial. At a later period, a separate word was formed from another root signifying breath (pneuma, spiritus, ghost, ruach), to denote distinctly the immaterial, spiritual, immortal; the older words (psyche, anima, soul, nephesh), when distinguished from the later terms, would denote only the vital principle, but continued to be used to cover the whole ground, as they had done before the later words were formed. This is unquestionably true of the other three languages, if not of the English. It corresponds with the Biblical use of the terms, and helps to explain the passages which are regarded by some as teaching that spirit is essentially different from soul. It is a view not elsewhere presented, and submitting it for consideration, we return to English words.

The word *alone* beyond question signifies "at one." Compare the phrases to be at one, to set at one, and the words *alone* (all one) and only. From meaning to reconcile, the word came to denote the ground or basis of reconciliation.

The words *believe*, *belief*, are connected with *lie* (I had as lief go), which is the same root as *love* (Anglo-Saxon *lufian*). Skeat understands *believe* as meaning to esteem as valuable, but does not then rather mean to regard as pleasing? Our beliefs are greatly affected by our likings. Belief is scarcely ever a purely intellectual process, but involves a moral element. It is not hard to suppose that our ancestors understood this and meant to indicate it, for their words

show many profound conceptions. Thus Lord Bacon's admired saying, "Knowledge is power," had all the time been involved in the use of the familiar word *can*, which is only the past tense of the verb *ken*, to know. He can write signifies, he has learned how to write, has gained the knowledge which in this and so many cases constitutes power. (Compare the French, *il sait écrire*). The English has another noun, *faith* though not a corresponding verb. Mr. Skeat thinks this is borrowed (though the form *foi*) from the Latin *fidere*, itself derived from the Latin *fides*; and that *foi* was added to the English *foi* to make it resemble the words *truth*, *health*, etc. This seems very doubtful. We have been accustomed to regard *faith* as an original English word, corresponding to the Latin *fides* (fides), Greek *πίστις* (pistis), Latin *fiducia* (fiducia), etc. But we have no means of settling the question. It is important to observe that English distinctions of usage between belief and faith must not be carried into the interpretation of Scripture, for the Greek has but one word.

The word *repent* is borrowed (through the French) from the Latin *penitere*, with the prefix *re*, as when we say to repent again. The root is connected with pain. So the word *regret* is from *re*, and the old English (and Scotch) word *greet*, to weep. The prominent idea in the Latin word is sorrow, naturally leading one in many cases to forsake that which has caused it. The Hebrew has a corresponding word denoting sorrow (as when God is said to repent); besides the word *turn*, when the prophets say, Turn from your sins. But the Greek has a third term in which the change of thought, mind, purpose, is the primary thing. This will often be accompanied, in the nature of the case, by sorrow for that which one thus determines to forsake; but the word does not in itself denote sorrow. Now it is this Greek word, which everywhere in the New Testament is used to denote the condition of salvation, the one employed when it is said that Judas repented. It is a pity our ancestors did not use for the leading idea the good English word *repent* (as in German, *Reue*), but anything was ruled over by the Latin; the words cannot be changed; but we must always remember that the main thing in evangelical repentance is change of purpose.

From the Christian Secretary.

The Christian Magnet.

BY REV. C. H. WETTERBERG.

There are two kinds of magnets. One kind is steel, and the other is soft iron. The power which the steel magnet has, is received from the loadstone, and its magnetism is permanently retained. The steel magnet is capable of doing quite a business in a small way. It can pick up needles, and to some extent attract other and larger objects to itself. By friction it can impart some of its power to other steel instruments. But it is not capable of accomplishing any great work or producing any strong influence. The soft iron magnet is constructed with copper wires coiled around it, and these wires are connected with a battery containing cups which are filled with mercury. When this magnet is properly adjusted and set in operation it exerts a power which is twenty times greater than that of the steel magnet. But if the connection between the copper wires and the mercury-filled battery be broken, if the circuit be destroyed, all of its power departs at once. The magnet is useless for the time being.

Now, the Christian is, as it were, a soft iron magnet. All the true spiritual power he gets must come from Christ. Without Christ he has no spiritual vitality, and is, therefore, comparatively useless, in a religious point of view. He is not, indeed, a Christian. He may bear the name, but he lacks the life, the power. What makes any one a Christian, is a personal connection with Christ by faith. And the strength of his faith is the measure of his power. He is mighty in proportion to his faith; for his faith is only the instrumental cause of the possession of power. His faith is the medium through which Divine power is communicated to him. And yet the quantity of personal power depends upon the strength of personal faith. Little faith draws little power from Christ, while great faith brings great power. The Christian magnet is mighty, according to the strength of the connection which exists between the magnet and Him who supplies it with magnetic power.

O let us be mighty influence for God and humanity! Let us not be satisfied with having a mere connection with Christ, but rather a strong faith. Moses broke the tables without breaking of the law; but where charity is broke, the law itself is shattered, which cannot be whole without love, which is the fulfilling of it.—Sir Thomas Browne.

To win, work and wait—but work a good deal more than you wait.

For the Alabama Baptist.
Zion Mourns.

At least a part of the people of God are distressed; this is right, for they should be troubled whenever anything transpires which militates against the advancement of the dear Redeemer's kingdom. Some sorrow now because others say they will not contribute any more for Foreign Missions, because it has been stated that it takes nine-tenths of the money to defray the expenses of getting the other tenth to those who are actually laboring among the heathen. Whether this statement was made from exact calculations or not, we cannot tell; we suppose not; but we are certain that the contributions ought not to be withheld, because it is in the Lord who commanded us to preach the gospel to every creature, and this is to be done, cost what it may in time, talents, labor or money, and we are bound to do it, it matters not what obstacles are to be overcome. The liberal soul is to be made fat, and if we contribute with a sincere desire to promote the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, we will be just as much blessed of the Lord as we would be if every cent was paid directly to the preachers of the gospel to the heathen. If some are willing to consecrate their whole lives to this glorious work, though they may not see a hundredth part of the good results which they may desire, but relax not their work in the least degree on this account till their life work is done, shall we who are allowed to remain at home in the full enjoyment of all the rich blessings which God has bestowed upon us, not contribute of our abundance towards the support of those who have given up all simply because it takes nine-tenths of our contributions to get the support to them? Shall they therefore be left to perish? shall the heathen be left without the gospel? shall our Master's command be wholly disregarded because we love money too well? No, never! It is a great argument for us to increase our contributions to push forward the glorious work to conquest and to victory till the whole world shall be brought under Messiah's glorious reign.

So, we should contribute according to our ability, if one-tenth only were available to the Lord's work, to the pulling down of the strongholds of Satan and to the redemption of the world, and it would be a richer investment far beyond all calculation, than so? No; every cent which is given to pay agents, secretaries and others who are engaged in this glorious work, if they have a just compensation and every cent expended for the passage of the missionaries, or for anything connected with the work, is given to missions, given to the Lord; for the work, which is all the Lord's, is one grand whole at home or abroad, and one part is necessary to the other. The man who consecrates himself to the Lord, or rather who is consecrated by the Lord to his work, who leaves his home and spends his time as an agent, enduring all privations and hardships, is sowing the seeds of the kingdom, stirring up the people to the service of the Lord, so that they are prepared to make more useful and happier Christians at home, and at the same time inspired gladly to contribute of the means with which the Lord has blessed them to send the gospel to every creature, according to the command of our blessed Lord. When, in the providence of God, Luther Rice, Adoniram Judson and Ann H. Judson were converted from their errors to proper views in reference to baptism on their voyage to the heathen, it became necessary for Luther Rice to be sent home to instruct the Baptist churches to support the missionaries so evidently providentially given to them, who will gain, who can gain, the great work of Luther Rice throughout the length and breadth of the land stirring up the churches to will and act in liberal contributions for the support of the great Judson, with his companion, who were appointed of the Lord to plant the gospel in Burmah and to translate into the language of that mighty populous nation the whole Word of God, a glorious work the results of which sweep on through time accumulating till the judgment day, and then sweep on in untold glories throughout all eternity to the praise of him who said, "Preach the gospel to every creature." Who is not now glad, who does not rejoice, that he contributed to this glorious work, responsive to the urgent appeals of Luther Rice, though Rice himself had to be supported with a part of the contributions? All who work for God should be thus sustained, not made rich, to live in luxury; the good, true men want only competency; they have no desire for more. Let all, then, with willing mind and liberal hearts consecrated to God, come up with their contributions (all in the measure, as God has prospered them, for the sending of more laborers into the fields white to the harvest, to earth's remotest bounds, that the day may soon

Alabama Baptist.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Beth's Sacrifice.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

Beth Elliot was sitting on her uncle Harold's lap in the parlor. Uncle Harold was looking through the open window at the beautiful picture outside. As for Beth, she saw nothing; she was listening intently to the song Miss Burch was singing. Pretty soon Uncle Harold was aroused from his reverie by feeling a tear drop on his cheek. He looked at Beth; her eyes were moist, her lips quivering, as Miss Burch sang:

"Wasted, all entirely wasted,
Has my life gone out from me;
Like rare wine from broken bottles,
Slipping slowly to the sea."

"What does she mean, Uncle Harold?" Beth said; "do folks ever waste their lives like that?"

"Like what? Oh! like rare wine from broken bottles. Yes; I think they do."

"I would not like my life to be like that—all wasted."

"You are a little girl to trouble yourself about that."

"Yes, I'm little, but couldn't I start my ship sailing with a purpose?"

"Yes, you could. Look out of that window, Beth, at that winding mountain path. You cannot trace it far, yet you know it always leads upward. If you started your life ship with a purpose to do all the good you could, and kept on steadily sailing heavenward, you would find plenty of treasures awaiting you when your ship entered the gate of the Golden City."

Uncle Harold was called away, Miss Burch stopped singing, and Beth wandered out of the parlor, wondering how she could set her "ship sailing heavenward."

She walked through the long hall of the hotel, and went out of the back door. Nothing very inviting met her view there. She was about to retrace her steps, when she saw a young face looking wistfully at her from one of the laundry windows. It was the face of a little girl. Crossing over to the window, Beth said, "Don't you want to come out and play? It is lovely out in the park."

A look of pain settled in the child's face as she answered: "Oh, how I would love to come out! but I can't; I can't walk a step."

"Who stays with you?" Beth asked, reaching up to lay some rosebuds in the little hand.

"Mamma stays with me; she washes, washes all day long—poor mamma!"

Just then a weary-faced little woman came to the window, and stroked the sick child's soft hair. Noticing Beth she said kindly:

"So you've come to cheer up my little Sadie—have you? Well, she needs cheering. God bless her. And then she went back to her tub."

Beth remained a little longer talking to the sick child, and then went in search of Uncle Harold.

"There's a poor little girl in the laundry who can't walk a step, and her mother has to wash and iron all day; so she can't do much for her child. Will you carry her out into the park, Uncle Harold?"

"What will become of her after she gets there?"

"I'll see to her," promised Beth. And so, pretty soon, little Sadie was carried tenderly in Uncle Harold's arms out into the park, where Beth had a great easy-chair ready for her. It was pathetic to see the joy in the little face as the large eyes took in the lovely scene. Beth fairly showered loving attention upon the invalid. Several days passed by, each day being a joy to the hitherto neglected child. At last a day came when Beth said to her uncle—

"Do you think Sadie could ever be made to walk? You've been examining her, haven't you, uncle?"

"Yes, dear; I think she could. I consulted a skillful physician who is staying here, and he feels sure that her disease is curable."

"Oh, I'm so glad! so glad! Why don't he cure her right away?" Beth asked, jumping up and down in her excitement.

"Not so fast, my dear. It takes money to employ skillful surgeons; and where's the money, Beth?"

Beth was in a dilemma. She knew Uncle Harold had money; why did he not use it for the poor sick child? Beth did not know that her uncle was testing her. Beth had no money just then, but she had some pretty clothes; could she give them? No; she did not dare to. Mother and father were across the ocean, so she could not get their consent. But there were her pretty gold bracelets that cost fifty dollars. Could she give those? Oh, how pretty they are! The only jewelry I have, and Uncle Harold gave them to me. But, oh! supposing I could not walk a step, and some little girl would not give up her brace-lets so that a doctor could help me, how cruel she would be!

Only a few moments later Beth stood beside her uncle.

"Would you care, Uncle Harold, if I should give you back those bracelets, so that you can exchange them for money to help poor Sadie?"

Uncle Harold did not speak; he was too overcome, knowing as he did Beth's fondness for jewelry, and realizing the victory she had won. He kissed her many times, took the bracelets, and hurried away. He put the bracelets away in his drawer, marking them, "For Beth some future day," and then returned to her with fifty dollars.

Weeks passed by, and when the summer merged into autumn Sadie was cured.—S. S. Times.

As the result of a number of exhaustive tests, it is said that "corn" will shrink from the time it is husked from the field or shock in the autumn and stored in well protected cribs, from twenty to thirty per cent by spring. The soundest and best corn shrinks the least or twenty per cent. So that forty cents a bushel in the fall is as good to the seller as fifty cents in the spring.

From Shirt-Sleeves to Shirt-Sleeves.

It is an old and true saying that "it's only three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves," and the now common reports of frauds, defalcations, embezzlements and flights of the sons of men who started in their shirt-sleeves and rose to fortune, prove that if there is any departure from the old rule in our day, it is in limiting the endurance of fortune in American families.

It was only the other day that two rich and proud families in New York were humiliated and probably bankrupted by profligate sons. Two young men whose fathers committed to their care in trust an estate of a million, squandered at clubs, gaming tables, stock gambling etc., all that they possessed themselves and then drew upon their trust estate to gratify their love for the sports of the fashionable young man of the period. Detection came, of course, and now they are fugitives. Another young man whose father had devoted half a century to build up an honorable name and position in the business world, was made a member of his father's firm to share the profits of his hard-earned labors. He took to clubs, gaming and other many sports of the fashionable young man, issued obligations of the firm to pay his way, and ended in the shame and bankruptcy of the house that a lifetime of honest business effort had been given to create.

The explanation is the old, old story. The fathers who started in their shirt-sleeves and built up character and fortune by patient industry forget that they began as shop-sweeps and rose to the position of proprietors over the idle sons of their early masters, and their sons go the way of other sons who should have been the honored successors of their fathers.

The common rule now is for shirt-sleeves to win over the luxuriously reared sons of our business men, and gain position and fortune only to be squandered by their sons in turn as they go back to shirt-sleeves in hopeless disgrace. These lessons are fearfully impressed upon us every day, but it is only the most conspicuous, the men whose fortunes are reckoned in the half millions or millions, whose story reaches the public newspaper. In all the grades of fortune from the millionaire down to the prosperous mechanic, the same story is told in countless families every day.

The millionaire who started in his shirt-sleeves and the successful mechanic who started in his shirt-sleeves and the princely merchant who started in his shirt-sleeves, all bow to the same criminal madness in regard to their sons. The millionaire and the great merchant rear their sons to be what they miscall gentlemen and they drift to the club, to the gaming table, to the race course, to the brothel, and gradually but surely to shame. The prosperous mechanic who has gained a home and educated his children by his own industry, forgets the shirt-sleeves which gave him respect, prosperity, and happiness, and struggles to make his sons and daughters what the world calls gentlemen and ladies. He teaches his sons to despise the shop that feeds and clothes him and gave their father honor and fortune in an humble way, and they become beer-shop idlers, race-course bums, ragged-edge gamblers, and end in their shabby shirt-sleeves as curstest vagrants.

It is the inexorable law of the Almighty that man shall earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and it is terrible in its revenge for all violations. There is no usefulness, no happiness, no prosperity in idleness, and he who rejects industry as an unworthy pursuit, seeks unrest and ready drifts into misfortune and crime.

The place for every boy to begin life is in his shop or factory or field, and thus master a calling that will give him physical vigor and honest aims. The shirt-sleeve must be the welcome garb of the boy, if it would not be made his garb in shame in later years, when the best days of life are spent in worse than waste; and the kitchen must be the early school room of the girl, if she would not be the miserably dependent of servants and wholly unfitted for a mother's supreme duties.

Let shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves—such is the immutable law of life, and it is only a question whether they shall be welcomed in honor, or come unbidden in shame.

Be Careful.

Too much prosperity is not always a good thing—that is with some people. The country is now in a prosperous condition, or apparently so. The products of the farms and shops find ready sale at remunerative prices, and this fact tempts many to enlarge their sphere of operations, and the results are that many a man's business gets beyond his control. The officers of the law are then called upon to adjust disgraced financial matters, in which case the operator is generally the loser, unless he has more than ordinary business shrewdness, and carefully lays his plans in advance to obtain the lion's share. Farmers in particular are cautioned to go slow in times of great prosperity. The desire for more land is the bane of the American farmer. To possess those lovely fields and fat lands that join his farm, all that is necessary to complete his happiness. To obtain them he will scrap himself in everything, rise early, and work late, and finally mortgage his homestead. Crops fail, or a financial panic prostrates the business of the country, and the large landholder finds himself involved in difficulties of a serious nature. The interest cripples him, and many other little misfortunes to which a farmer's life is liable, although each in itself is insignificant, combined they make a grievous burden. The desire for wealth and competency is a natural one, and if prosecuted in a legitimate, honorable way, is not to be condemned. But that desire should be tempered with discretion. Too much should not be risked upon an uncertainty, as the future of all ventures is governed more or less by unforeseen contingencies. Until farmers can pay cash down for additional acres, they had better be contented with what they have, for we know not what the morrow may bring forth.

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Simple Remedies.

Half a teaspoonful of common table salt dissolved in a little cold water and drunk, will instantly relieve "Heart-burn, or Dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any ordinary case of Dyspepsia, if at the same time, due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above, for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a beneficial effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of from one to four teaspoonfuls in half pint to a pint of tepid water, it acts promptly as an emetic; and in cases of poisoning is always at hand. It is an excellent remedy for bites and stings of insects. It is a valuable astringent in cases of hemorrhages, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth. It has both cleansing and healing properties, and is therefore a most excellent application for superficial ulcerations.

Mustard is another valuable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into half a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is milder and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water, and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the often indispensable "mustard-plaster." It is almost a specific for colic, when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions, there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant, by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of croup a small mustard-plaster should be applied to the back of the child's neck. The same treatment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon, for if left too long on one place it is liable to blister. A mustard plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part.

Common Baking Soda is the best of all remedies in cases of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place, either dry or wet. When applied promptly the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poison, and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

Owing to colds, over fatigue, anxiety and various other causes, the urine is often scanty, highly colored, and more or less loaded with phosphates, which settle to the bottom of the vessel on cooling. As much soda as can be dipped up with a ten cent piece, dissolved in half a glass of cold water and drunk every three hours, will soon remedy the trouble and cause relief to the oppression that always exists from interruption of the natural flow of urine. This treatment should not be continued more than twenty-four hours.

"Beauty Unadorned (with plumes) is Admired as most."

If you desire a fair complexion free from pimples, blotches and eruptions, take "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.

The Store-room.

A clean, tidy, well-arranged store-room is one sign of a good methodical housekeeper. When stores are put away haphazard, and taken out at any time and in any quantity, disorder and extravagance prevail. A store-room should be large, airy, cool and dry. Such a room is not always to be had, but even if a closet has to be put up with, it can be kept clean. Shelves should be arranged around the room and hooks put up. The driest and coolest part of the room should be kept for jams, jellies, and pickles. All jars should be distinctly labeled at the front, so that all must not be taken down every time a particular jar is wanted. Bread and cake should be kept in closely covered tin-boxes. Soap should be bought in large quantities, and cut up in convenient sized pieces, so that it can dry before it is used. Coffee when roasted should be kept in small quantities in a tight box or can, if unroasted it will improve with keeping. Stores on no account should be sent in the papers in which they were sent from the grocers, but should be put into tin cans or earthenware jars closely covered, and like the jam, should be labeled. Stores should be given out regularly, either daily or weekly. In order to check their consumption, the housekeeper will do well to keep in the store-room a memorandum book with a pencil fastened to it, and in this she should enter the date on which all stores were brought in and taken out. By this means she can compare one week's outgo with another, and immediately discover any extravagance. A hammer, a few nails, a little gum, a ball of string, a few sheets of foolscap and a pair of scissors, should always be kept in the store-room.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets," or sugar-coated granules—the original "Little Liver Pills," (beware of imitations)—cure sick and bilious headache, cleanse the stomach and bowels, and purify the blood. To get genuine, see Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait on Government stamp, 25 cents per vial, by druggists.

An English Journal, referring to a popular cook-book, says that the following passage occurs in a general direction to boil beef: "Put your meat into cold water. Liebig the great German chemist, advises us to plunge the meat into boiling water, but the great cook, Francatelli, and others of the same high standing, recommend cold; and our own experience and practice are in accordance with the cook rather than the chemist."

Gardening for Profit.

Mr. H. Wessels, a German merchant at Aiken, S. C., has been demonstrating to the world that gardening can be made profitable even on a small acre. His garden is less than one acre. In the fall he puts down on one-third to one-half in rye, in hills, to facilitate cutting by hand. In December, when the rye is from six to ten inches high, a few rows are cut each day, and fed green to the cows. By the time the patch is gone over that which was first cut is ready to cut again, and so on, until the patch is gone over three times. This affords an ample supply of green forage for three cows during the winter. The cost of feed and attendance on the cows Mr. Wessels estimates at 25 to 30 cents per day. His cows in full bloom give from three to four gallons of milk per day and average two gallons per day the year round. The gross proceeds from the sale of milk is \$272; the net proceeds, after deducting expenses, will be \$182 from each cow.

After the rye is cut in the spring other crops are planted on the same land, such as corn, potatoes, etc., and when these are gathered something else. So the land is made to produce several crops, and by feeding it with the manure from the cow lot it grows richer and more productive.—South-ern World.

M. Bernstein, Huntsville, Ala., says: "I have taken Brown's Iron Bitters for dyspepsia and have been greatly benefited."

A Word for Mutton.

The Connecticut Farmer says the mutton of a well-fed sheep of every breed from the Downs and Shires down to the little wooled Saxony, is palatable and healthful. None of the objections urged against the use of pork can be brought against that of mutton. It never has been known to impart scrofula, trichina, or tape-worms to its consumers. The sheep does not thrive in the mire, nor does it consume garbage or vermin, or decaying meats or vegetables. It does not wallow in the trough it feeds from, but it is a dainty and careful feeder, and as cleanly as needs be in its habits. Mutton is more cheaply and easily produced than beef, is just as nutritious, and may be served in as great a variety of forms. As a steady food it is far superior to poultry, and costs no more; that is, good, fat, juicy mutton, not that from the half-starved specimens that have outlived their breeding age and been shorn of fleece enough to furnish shoddy blankets for a tribe of Indians. People in cities seldom know how really good mutton tastes, and the remark may also apply to most families upon the farm. The latter too often fail to try it. Well-to-do farmers, men who have well-stocked farms do not slaughter a sheep during a twelve month, yet they kill a pig every month in the summer season at least. This is a nation of meat-eaters, but it confines itself too exclusively to pork and beef. It is better to sandwich in a little more mutton. A few sheep for family consumption, even when they are not kept for sale or for wool, will be found a most excellent investment on all farms.

A reader of the COURIER-Journal at Salina, Kansas, gives his experience with chicken cholera. "Four years ago," he writes, "I lost 200 chickens by cholera, and, in trying almost every thing I could think of to cure it, I at last tried white-oak bark, which cured all that had it. This spring my chickens commenced dying with the same disease, and again I stopped it with the same remedy. Make a strong decoction of the bark, and when cool, make a dough of corn meal and the tea and feed the fowls all they will eat for two days, and I think no more will be lost that are able to eat. I am not sure that this is a certain remedy, but from my experience with it I think it worth trying, and hope some of the readers of the COURIER-JOURNAL who have cholera among their fowls will use it and report."

It is said that "much of the poor butter is necessarily poor from the bad taste imparted by weeds in pasture or hay. When a field gets in such foul condition, it should be plowed and planted with some hoed crop. If not tillable, the weeds should be at least be extirpated by hand labor, which is much more expensive. It does not pay to make poor butter at any time. In some sections where weeds are prevalent the best butter will be made in winter on ensilage crops."

Lemons vs. Medicine.

They regulate the Liver, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys and Blood, as prepared by Dr. Moxley in his Lemon Elixir, a pleasant Lemon drink.

Dr. H. Moxley—Dear Sir: After ten years of great suffering from Indigestion or Dyspepsia, with great nervous prostration and biliousness, I have been cured by your Lemon Elixir, and am now a well man. The Lemon Elixir at the same time permanently relieved me of a most severe case of Piles of many years' standing. Rev. C. C. Davis, Elder M. B. Church South, No. 26 Tenth St., Atlanta, Ga.

To those who are interested I can inform them that the only physician I have had in ten years, is three years in Lemon Elixir, and I have seven in my family. Lemon Elixir has relieved me of a severe case of Chronic Catarrh.

No. 13 E. Hunter St., Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Moxley—I have tried your Lemon Elixir. Only taken three bottles and would not take five hundred dollars for what it has done for me. I was sick for two months, and now I am well. I have a severe cold with congestion, pain in the chest, with constipation. I tried the best physicians in the city and got no relief until I tried your Lemon Elixir. B. F. TRAUER, 95 Whitcomb St., Atlanta, Ga.

Lemon Elixir prepared by H. MOXLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga. If your druggist does not get it, send fifty cents and get a bottle by express. Dr. J. N. GRADICK, Druggist, Selma, Ala.

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