

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

W. L. WEST & CO., PUBLISHERS.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

TERMS, CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

Vol. 11.

SELMA, ALABAMA, THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1884.

No. 25.

SERMON.

Upon the occasion of the death of Mrs. Laura Craig, wife of B. H. Craig, Esq., of this city, Dr. T. W. Hooper, of Selma, delivered the funeral discourse which we here present to our readers. Mrs. Craig was a lovely Christian character, and we cannot render the Christian community a better service than to hold up for an example the life of this devout woman.—Ed.]

"He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more."—Job 7:10.

A funeral service is not intended for the dead, but for the living. Nothing that we can sing or say can affect her whose precious form lies encased in that casket. The eyes are closed, the ears are hushed, and the body unconscious in "that sleep that knows no waking." The bitterest invective, and the most ardent praise, would be alike powerless to cause a flush of resentment or a blush of shame. Beyond all these sounds of earth, and above all the influences of earth, the soul "washed in the blood of Jesus," and like her Master, "made perfect through suffering," is now in that home "where there is neither sorrow nor crying," where "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

But we are here to mourn, to drop a tear on the coffin, to place flowers of beauty on the casket, and to hold up to the living as an impulse and an incentive, some of the graces that made beautiful and conspicuous the character of the dead. "She shall return no more to her house, neither shall her place know her any more." These words came to me last night as we bore her unconscious body back again to that home which she had left a few months since, and which even then she said she never expected to look upon again. That home with its flowers, frescoes and furniture, shows everywhere the gentle touch of her taste and the cunning of her handiwork. But she shall return to it no more. She has left it for the last time, and its domestic beauties shall gladden her eyes no more. Henceforth two homes await her severed being. The one, temporary, is that "narrow house appointed for all that live," and the other is "in a land that is fairer than this," "a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens." "Neither shall her place know her any more."

What was her place? Or rather, what were the places which once knew her, but which shall know her no more? At seventeen years of age through grace she was enabled to "lay hold on eternal life," and by faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, she consecrated her whole life to Him who hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father." With a body frail, but active and full of nervous strength, elasticity and vigor; with a mind quick, versatile and highly cultured; with manners gentle and attractive; with a heart impulsive and generous, she felt constrained, by the love of Christ, to consecrate all to that Savior who had "loved her with an everlasting love."

At an early age, and for many years, she was the organist of this church and Sunday-school. At an early age she took charge of a class in the Sunday-school which had just gone out from the infant class, and trained that class up to manhood. At an early age, by marriage, she took the place of mother to four motherless children. At an early age she became mistress of that house of which she was the pride and the ornament to her dying day. At an early age in its history, she became the President of the Busy Sees, and to her active mind, untiring devotion, and firm, but kindly counsel, is due much of that marked success which for years has crowned the efforts of these young ladies.

These now are the places that once "knew her," but that "shall know her no more." For one so frail as she, we would suppose that any one of them was enough to tax her body, her mind and her soul. But having known her well in them all, I am free to say that God gave her strength and grace to endure all the burdens of the whole, and I sincerely believe that as she entered heaven the Lord said to her, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But while faithful to the last, the strain was too great, and three years ago some insidious disease, with its varied complications, began to show itself. "The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak." With an unshaken zeal, and a will that was strong and unyielding, she bent all her powers of mind and body to the work

that God had assigned her. As a wife, and mother, and mistress, her home was still her chief mission, and with earnest prayer, and hope, and cheerfulness, she filled up the measure of her days with duties done and patience unexhausted.

With all that human skill and human love could do, various remedies and various plans were tried in the hope that her useful life might be spared. But it was not so to be. Her time had come to stop working and to rest. The day was gone and her night had come, when, after a busy and weary day, she could "fall asleep." And so last Sabbath, while we, as a weeping congregation, were praying for her, she, in a distant city, with a few of those who loved her best around her bedside, was dying.

But there were no fears, no apprehensions, no doubts, no murmurings and repinings in her heart at such a solemn time. Anxious to live for those who loved her and whom she loved, but willing and "ready to depart and be with Christ," quietly as an infant falls asleep, she first looked off as if looking at the angels, and then closed her own eyes and "fell asleep in Jesus." "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."

And now, brethren and friends, what lessons are we to learn from this Christian life and example which none of us can ever forget?

A Christian life is the only life that is worth living. What is it to her that in these few years which now seem to her like a dream, she had some of the sweetest joys and some of the most excruciating agonies that human nature can endure? What matters it with her now as she looks back along the track of these years of suffering and sorrow? What was it that made her so bright and so cheerful in the midst of so much sorrow and so much physical suffering? Human sympathy, human love, human gentleness and kindness were all appreciated by her most thoroughly. But above all that, and beyond all that, there was the grace of God that never deserted her. There was the unwavering, unquestioning, unclouded faith, which could take hold of God's promises day by day and feed upon them as "upon the hidden manna." The water of life which Jesus had given her so many years ago "was in her a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

To her religion was a reality, the Bible was God's book, Christ was a personal Saviour, the Holy Spirit was a comforter; life, whether long or short, was a battle field, and heaven was a place of rest.

And now I say such a life, and only such a life, is worth living. For "It is not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die, Beyond this vale of tears There is a life above, Unmeasured by the flight of years, And all that life is love."

Day by day she felt that this was true, and all along her pathway, with its sunshine and its shadows, the consciousness of her Master's eye, and the assurance of her Master's approval, was the one great source of her inspiration and hope. To please him, and in so doing, to please and to help others, was the impulse to a life of unwearied diligence and industry. "Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised." These words of Solomon were engraved upon her heart, and "through faith and patience she has inherited the promises."

Who can measure the influence of one consecrated life? That life may be encased in a frail body, may be burdened with many cares, may be hindered with years of sickness and suffering, may be cut off in the midst of its days and usefulness. But who can measure the ever-widening, concentric circles of blessings that spring from such a devoted, consecrated life? It may be soft and silent like the dew on the mown grass, like the shimmer of the moonbeams on the surface of the lake, like the soft sunshine that falls on all nature in the spring time. But who can measure it? Who can estimate its hidden, but tremendous power? The wife, the daughter, the sister, the mother, the Sunday-school teacher, the Miriam, the Dorcas, the Mary with her contemplation combined with the Martha, with her active industry and her bustling energy. Who can measure the scope of such a life as the impress of precept and example is made deep and strong and lasting on the pliant natures that are moulded by it.

Granting that the life itself is short, and to us it seems strange that it should end so soon, let us remember

it is not yet ended. "Their works do follow them." The seeds sown by her in her life of busy activity, and her death of peaceful triumph, shall bear fruit for many years. "The workers die, but the work goes on." "The seed-sowers rest from their labors, but the reapers shall come and gather in the harvest by and by." "She that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing her sheaves with her." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars." Let us then meditate on these things. And as we are so often and so sadly reminded of "how frail we are," let us listen to God as he says to us to-day: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the son of man cometh."

"Beyond the smiling and the weeping, Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping, I shall be soon, Beyond the blooming and the fading, Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading, I shall be soon, Beyond the parting and the meeting, Beyond the farewell and the greeting, Beyond the pulses fever beating, I shall be soon, Beyond the frost-chains and the fever, Beyond the rock-waste and the river, Beyond the ever and the never, I shall be soon."

The Memorial of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

We, members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union of the States herein represented by the signatures of our officials, believe that while the poison habits of the Nation can be largely restrained by an appeal to the intellect through argument, to the heart through sympathy, and to the conscience through the motives of religion, the traffic in those poisons will be best controlled by prohibitory law. We believe the teachings of science, experience and the golden rule combine to testify against the traffic in alcoholic liquors as a drink, and that the homes of America, which are the citadels of patriotism, purity and happiness, have no enemy so relentless as the American saloon.

Therefore, as citizens of the United States, irrespective of sect or section, but having deeply at heart the protection of our homes, we do hereby respectfully and earnestly petition you to advocate and to adopt such measures as are requisite, to the end that prohibition of the importation, exportation, manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages may become an integral part of the National Constitution, and that your party candidates shall be, by character and public pledge, committed to a national constitutional prohibitory amendment.

ESTHER T. HOUSH,
Nat. Supt. Dept. of the Press,
Brattleboro, Vt.

The Secret of the Christian Life.

As I learn more and more of the Christian life, the more I see how simple it is, that trust in God and obedience to an indwelling Savior is its whole secret. "We must be empty vessels, that God may fill us with himself," and being so filled, "temples of the Holy Ghost," we must be careful to listen to the inward teaching, and obey its soft whisper. The more carefully we attend, the more easily we shall hear the voice that says to us, "This is the way, walk ye in it." The life of faith is not a life of doubt and uncertainty. It is not a life of walking in darkness, but of walking in light. If we commit ourselves to God in faith, he will do everything for us that we need. His promises cover all our wants, all our desires, and they are just as truly and fully ours as if there were no one else on earth to receive them. It is so strange that we have to be urged or persuaded to believe the Word of God. We would take it as an aggravated insult if our word was doubted, and especially if our children should doubt it, yet Christians, many of them, hardly begin to believe that these exceeding great and precious promises are for them, and that by them they may become partakers of the divine nature, and escape the corruption that is in the world.

We are weak, but the Christ who abides in us is strong. He overcame us in us on Calvary, and he will not keep us in doubt and perplexity if we will yield to his guidance. We need such an indwelling Savior that our will may be in perfect harmony with his will, that our thoughts may be the promptings of the Holy Spirit, and that all our acts may be under divine direction. J. H. CURRY.
June 2, 1884.

The Duty of Guarding One's Name.

A man's name stands for himself. The humbler man in the community is known only by his name; and the more prominent a man becomes before the world, the more his personality is merged in his name. In fact, from the lowest to the highest of mankind, one's name is ever one's trust self.

It is commonly said that in the days of the Bible story men's names were more personal and distinctive than at the present time, because they always had a meaning to begin with. Names were then given to children at their birth, in view of some special circumstance of their start in life, or in indication of some experience or expectation of their parents, or because of some peculiarity of appearance or of character on the part of the children themselves. And, again, an entire change in the sphere of life, or in the character of an individual, was, in those days, often marked by a change of his name. Yet there is a sense in which a man's name is even more personal and distinctive now than then. Then one's name had its obvious meaning at the beginning; and it might grow less or more appropriate with the passing years. But now, one's name takes on its meaning with one's advancing growth, and comes at last to represent one's character, one's history, one's place in the world, and one's most absolute identity among and apart from his fellows.

Then, a man's name had more of mere meaning in it. Now, a man's name has more of the man himself in it. Then, a man's name helped to indicate him who bore it. Now, a man's name is the man who bears it. Even the old Bible names have little meaning to us in their original significance, while they are full of meaning according to our modern method of identifying the name itself with the one who bears it. "Abraham" is to our minds not "The father of a multitude," but the faith-filled pilgrim, the loving and trustful friend of God. "Solomon" stands not for "Peace," but for the wise and mighty king of Israel in the days of that glory. "Judas" is no longer "Praise," but the cold-hearted, reprobate betrayer of his Friend and Master. And as it is with those names, so it is with names of outside history. "Homer," "Socrates," "Cato," "Charlemagne," "Brutus," "Columbus," "Luther," "Washington," "Benedict Arnold," "Benjamin Franklin," "Abraham Lincoln," "Longfellow," "Garfield," each of these names represents not its original verbal signification, but the character and life-story of an individual. The name stands for the man—is the man; it embodies and represents the man as he has evidenced himself before the world, and apart from the rest of his race.

A man's name is partly due to others and partly due to himself. To begin with, it represents those who have gone before him, his family ancestry with the aggregate of its gains or losses in generations prior to his own. But as he goes on in life, his name is shaped and finally fixed by his own character and actions. Both in what it was as it came to him, however, and what it is by his own making, a man's name is for his own guarding; and he is responsible for its unstained preservation, or for its harm and loss. And no treasure that a man has by inheritance is so precious, nor should any be guarded so zealously, as the treasure of a good name:

"The honors of a name 'tis just to guard; They are a trust but lent to us, which we take, And should, in reverence to the donor's fame, With care transmit them down to other hands."

Nor is there any treasure to be sought for, or to be won, in all our life struggle, comparable with a permanently worthy name: "The purest treasure mortal times afford, Is spotless reputation; that away, Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay."

And then, again: "He lives who dies to win a lasting name." The Talmud says: "There are three crowns, the crown of the Law, the crown of the priesthood, and the crown of royalty; but the crown of a good name mounts above them all." And the Bible adds, to those who would make the choicest treasure their pursuit: "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," and that which is thus best worth striving for and getting, is surely best worth keeping and guarding sacredly.

And the dangers which surround a good name are as many and as obvious as the difficulties which stand in the way of its attainment. More is expected of one whose name already stands high in any sphere of good, than of him who has never given ground of expectation in that sphere.

he has done and what he has done himself to be, already, increase his burden of responsibility to be and according to his own best record thus far. Falling in new achievement, he fails of keeping his former reputation good.

"The reputation of a virtuous action passed, is not kept up by an access and fresh supply of new ones, but and soon forgotten." But beyond this danger of depreciation in a good name through a neglect of further opportunities of its evincing, there is the peril of its staining, or of its final loss, by the sin or folly of an hour. A good name can be acquired in a moment, but a moment can prove its ruin. And unless a man bears this thought continually in mind, and is on his guard accordingly, his cheapest treasure out of his life-long endurance and achievements may be lost to him through his misconduct at a single unguarded point of conduct.

"The credit wary keep, 'tis quickly gone; Being got by many actions, lost by one." And when once lost, lost for always: "A reputation, dearer far than life, Than precious balsam, lovely, sweet of smell, Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash hand, For all the owner's care, nor the repeating toll Of the ride speller, ever can collect To its first purity and native sweetness."

Yet as a matter of fact, no earthly treasure is more commonly treated with culpable carelessness by men generally, than a good name. No other treasure or valued possession is risked so freely, or so recklessly, by men who count themselves fairly sensible and cautious in their business dealings and in their social relations.

Men who guard their money, their health, their personal integrity, with jealous watchfulness, will give the use of their names to an institution, or to a business movement, or in unqualified commendation of a book, or of a nostrum, or of an individual, when they would never think of giving one per cent of their income, or a fraction of their time, or one drop of their blood, to advantage that cause to which they now practically commit all that they possess, all that they are, and all that they can ever hope to have or to be. If, indeed, the writing of his name is desired at the foot of a promissory note, or on its back, a business man is likely to be very cautious in his response to a call upon him; but if his mere name by itself is asked for, he is rarely so reluctant to take the risks which accompany that giving. Yet, the risk to a man's name is far less when the loss involved is a pecuniary one, and when the limits of that loss are fixed by the instrument to which the name is attached, than when a man's entire personality goes with his name indefinitely in the direction of his signature. In fact, the least objectionable misuse of a man's name is in pecuniary endorsement, and the smallest risks to a man's name lie in that direction.

Just now a fresh and enlarged importance is given to this matter of one's duty to guard his good name, in the terrible results of the unwise risking of a name which in its sphere stood pre-eminent in our own land, and was of world-wide honor and repute. Nor would it be right—through personal sympathy—to allow the lessons of this catastrophe to pass unimproved in their bearings on the conduct of us all. It can be said with truth, that the name of no living American stood so high among the sons of men as the name of Ulysses S. Grant. And only think of the name as it stood: In addition to all the toils and endurance of the man himself who bore the name, there was represented in the fullest outlay of blood and treasure of a great nation in its life-struggle. The noblest of our youth by acres of thousands laid down their lives heroically in the effort to give that name its final lustre. The Government itself poured out its wealth by hundreds of millions, to keep that name from proving a failure. All that was done or endured nobly on either side in that great conflict of the American people, entered into the real cost of that name which the world came to look upon with honor, and which was one of the treasures of the American nation as a whole.

Great trusts had been committed to Ulysses S. Grant. But in all the responsibilities which were upon him while he was at the head of the American army as its General-in-chief, in war or in peace; or, again, while he stood as the President of the American Republic,—no responsibility ever laid upon him equaled his responsibility for his good name now that that name included all his military and his civil record, and more besides. Yet

that great treasure, that good name with all that it had cost, and with all that it was to him and to his, and to the American people, and to the world at large, was given unqualifiedly, by him, to another, so that through its misuse it became a means of crime and of wrong, and was made an aid to the injury or to the ruin of innocent and trustful believers in that name on every side.

No one impugns the personal motives of Ulysses S. Grant in this transaction. No one questions his purity and simplicity of purpose in it all. No one doubts that he was wholly deceived by the man whom he trusted with his name, nor yet that his error has cost himself more than it has cost any other one person involved in the sad affair. But it ought to be recognized as a truth, that Ulysses S. Grant had no moral right to risk his name in this way, or in any similar way. He no more had a right to give his great name unqualifiedly to any human being for use in a business which was not under his immediate charge in its entirety and in its details, than he would have had to give his signatures in blank for military orders while he was commanding our armies, or to give his signatures in blank for official commissions or for messages to Congress, while he was our President. In this risking of his name itself, he was at fault; he did a wrong for which he is held responsible, for which he is suffering bitterly, and which it is the duty of us all to recognize—in order that a like wrongdoing may not be done unwittingly by us or by those whom we may influence.

Nor yet is General Grant a sinner above others, although a sufferer above others, in the line of his sad error. Wrong doing in this direction is very common, shamefully common, even on the part of prominent and foremost Christian men. Men give their names with a culpable freeness to societies, and to corporations, and to individuals, without any due sense of the responsibility, or of the dangers thereby assumed. Men count their names less valuable than their property, their health, their lives, their integrity; when in fact their names are more important and more precious than these all. The community ought to be more strict than it is in holding all good men to the responsibility of their names. Any criminal perversion of a trust, or any other marked wrong-doing, by any institution, should bring direct reflection on every name of a director or other moral endorser of that institution; and the claim of any such director or endorser, that it was only his name, and not his watchful oversight, which he had given to that institution, should be taken as a confession of his greater wrong, through his culpable despising of his birthright, and his reckless risking of his name where the interests of others as well as of himself were surely involved.

Take home to yourself this lesson of the hour. Your greatest earthly treasure is your own good name. Guard that as you would your truest self. Count every other possession its inferior. If any one comes to you asking your name, as the manager of an association or of a corporation, as the recommender of a school, of a business firm, or of an applicant for office or service, understand that he asks that which involves to you more than the most liberal cash donation you ever yet made to the choicest cause of your confidence or your affections. If you want to help him, and can do so by emptying your pocket-book in his behalf, by leaving your business and going out with him from house to house, by sitting up with him three nights in a week for the next six months, be glad that you can get off with so small an outlay as that. But unless you are ready to do all that for him, and a great deal more—don't give him your name.

There are two kinds of people in the world; those who grow and those who do not grow. When people are fairly growing—either mentally or spiritually—there is no knowing what they may not grow to. If they stop growing, however, it is absolutely certain that their stature will begin to recede. If they do not grow larger, they will begin to grow smaller. Both growth in knowledge and growth in grace are Christian duties; and no man can claim to be living up to his duty who does not keep steadily growing in both lines. Some persons stop growing in knowledge, and in grace also, at forty; some stop even earlier than that; others keep right on growing, until they are twice forty, or more. How is it with you? Have you got your growth? If not, when do you expect to stop growing?—S. S. TIMES.

The Ten Pieces of Silver.

BY A. G. WELLS.

In the three parables recorded in Luke 15:8-10 there is so evidently progress and ascent of thought, they mount so naturally to a climax in their revelation of the redeeming love of God, that if at any point we fail to make that progress out, if we encounter anything in them which wears the aspect of an anti-climax, we are checked, disappointed, perplexed. And yet in the second of these parables there is at one point an apparent retrocession where all else implies a forward and upward movement of thought. Every one can see how immense an interval there is between the one sheep lost out of a hundred and the one son out of two, and that the younger—and in the Bible commonly the dearer—of the two. But where is the connecting link? How should the lost piece of money be dearer to the careful housewife than the lost sheep to the faithful shepherd, who knows and cares for every one of his flock and calleth them each by his name? One out of ten marks a great advance upon one out of a hundred indeed; but would it not be less to lose even ten silver coins than a single sheep—less in value, less in love?

The answer to that question, the solution of the difficulty, is to be found in an Eastern custom, the application of which to the parable before us all commentators on it have, so far as I know, overlooked. The women of Bethlehem, and of other parts of the Holy Land, still wear a row of coins sewed upon their head-dress and pendent over their brows. And the number of coins is very commonly ten, as I, in common with other travellers, have ascertained by counting. The custom reaches back far beyond the Christian era. In all probability, therefore, it was not simply a piece of silver which was lost out of her purse by the woman of our parable, but one of the ten precious coins which formed her most cherished ornament; and this would be a loss even more vividly felt than that of the shepherd when one out of his flock of a hundred went astray.

So that immense as is the advance from both the care of the shepherd for his sheep, and of the pride of the woman in the burnished coins which gleamed upon her forehead, the yearning and pitiful love of the father for his prodigal and self-banished son, we can nevertheless find a link between the first and last terms of the climax, and trace an advance even between the grief of the shepherd over his stray sheep and that of the woman over her lost coin. A piece of money in her purse might easily be stolen or spent; but a coin from the head-dress could not be so much as touched by any stranger, nor even taken from its wearer by her husband unless she cut it off of her own accord and placed it in his hands. It was safe, sacred, dear. It was a strictly personal possession, and might very well be an heirloom—like "the silvers" of the Swiss women—hallowed by many fond and gracious memories.—Expositor.

A Fearful Indictment.

The Lutheran Observer says, "Next to the liquor traffic, the evil of a demoralizing literature is the greatest curse in the country at the present time, and parents chiefly are responsible for its widespread and corrupting effects upon the young." The Journal of Education echoes the sentiments thus: "If among men, the great body of crime is directly traceable to rum and licentiousness, among boys and girls the growing tendencies to youthful immorality and crime are undoubtedly in the largest measure due to the trashy and sensational literature of the day." The Freeman's Journal, a Catholic paper, says, "The licentiousness of the 'police' prints has reached a point of insolvency which ought to excite the alarm of all good citizens and careful parents." This expression is echoed by the Christian Union which says, "All the abominable indecencies of the Police Gazette and like publications that defile the news offices are simply lessons in crime. The Providence Journal declares, 'The sort of stuff whose flaming pictorial vulgarities are hung up to attract the eyes of the young, and whose degrading spectacle cannot be avoided by decent persons on the street or in the cars, and whose popularity depends upon its pandering to vice is not the product of any honest coarseness, but is deliberately intended for evil, so far as the law will permit!'"

It was Thoreau, we believe, who, after reading one of the most "newsy" journals of his day for the first

time, immediately washed his hands and then went out to purify himself in the pure air of the woods.

A German boy, eighteen years old, residing in a Southern city, shot his father dead in his own store because he had abused his mother. The father used liquor freely. The son had just returned from a sailing party and probably had, with his youthful companions, indulged in drink. On the following Sunday a minister came to the young murderer's cell with religious papers to distribute. The prisoner at once enquired for the Police Gazette. The secret of the crime was now manifest. The reading of that vile sheet had educated this boy for parricide. And such literature as that is constantly educating an army of criminals for the prison and the scaffold. When shall the flood of such literature be stayed?

The Occident says: "No good government will permit tainted meat to be sold in the market; but books and papers that are reeking with rotteness are sold at every street corner." The eyes of our lawmakers are being opened to this evil. By the vigorous enforcement of law 'the sale of the vilest of this class of publications has been suppressed. The putrid meat has been driven from the market. Now let the tainted meat be also driven out."

With all that may be done in the way of legal measures, parents, guardians, and teachers should remember that "bad reading gives way not to no reading, but to good reading." Only by placing in the hands of the young a pure Christian literature, embodying the principles and teachings of the gospel can the minds of our youth be kept pure. A great painter made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience, that when he did so, his pencil took a tint from it. And so it is with bad books and bad company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Christ's Intercessions.

There arises from all parts of the world, at the morning and the evening, and through the labor of the day, a perpetual incense of adoration and of petition; it contains the sum of the deepest wants of the human race, in its fears and hopes, its anguish and thankfulness; it is laden with sighs, with tears, with penitence, with faith, with submission; the broken heart, the bruised spirit, the stifled murmur, the ardent hope, the haunting fear, the mother's darling wish, the child's simple prayer; all the burdens of the soul, all waits and desires nowhere else uttered, meet together in that sound of many voices which ascends into the ears of the Lord God of hosts. And mingled with all these cravings and utterances is one other voice, one other prayer, their sympathy, their melody, their accord—deeper than all these, tenderer than all these, mightier than all these—the tones of one who knows us better than we know ourselves, and who loves us better than we love ourselves, and who brings all these million fragile petitions into one prevalent intercession, purified by his own holiness and the hallowing power of his work.—Prof. H. B. Smith.

Against Anxiety.

It is distrust of God which lies at the root of unlawful anxiety. A feeble apprehension of God as the Agent who overrules everything and determines those causes which lie outside of our reach, and those events which escape our foresight—this it is which shakes the soul with vague uncertainty, and fills with causeless alarms the darkness of to-morrow. The doubt whether God, who counts for so much in the contingencies of life, be One whose attitude to us may be wholly trusted, or the suspicion that we may have really as much to dread as to hope for from his superintendence—that it is which cannot but unsettle a man's steadfast outlook into the coming days, and toss his spirit to and fro in the restlessness of distraction. Because we are "of little faith," therefore are we not content to plan and work, and having planned and wrought, to sit and wait; but must fidget ourselves about that which may be a worm, and our imagination, picturing disasters in the dark, burns us like fire. Why is it that popular proverbs attest how much worse are fancied ills than real ones, and the evil which we most dread never overtakes us; but just because this distrustful human heart of ours is prone to prophesy, and so likely to exaggerate misfortune? Like a soothing, cooling breath from a sere world, there comes down upon the feverish, self-tormenting spirits of men this word of One who was the messenger of him whom we distrust: "Be not anxious about your life; be not anxious about to-morrow."—Rev. J. Oswald Dykes.

Often the world discovers a man's moral worth only when its injunction has nearly destroyed him.

\$1.00.

We will send the ALABAMA BAPTIST to any one who is not now taking it, from the date the money is received until the 1st day of January next, for \$1.00. We cannot afford to enter any name on this offer without the money. We hope every one who reads this will see to it that every member of his church has an opportunity to subscribe for the ALABAMA BAPTIST under this proposition.

A SIGNIFICANT EPITAPH.

The inscriptions upon monuments are too frequently insignificant—too often utterly false. If at one time more than at another we should avoid every shadow of falsehood, that time is surely when we are dealing with the dead, whether in preaching funeral sermons, or in our tracings on monumental marble. There is no compulsion on us, in either case, to tell the whole truth, which, were it told, would sometimes shock every sense of fitness and make the whole world blush. "Speak no evil of the dead" may be a right maxim with certain restrictions, but before God and man we are bound not to falsify. Men who make no pretensions to religion, in some cases men who are notoriously wicked, have been honored with obituary notices, or funeral sermons, or epitaphs on stone—or all three, such as would do credit to the noblest saint of God. This is monstrously wrong, and entails upon somebody a fearful responsibility. Better tell the truth about the dead or say nothing. The meanest and most degraded may have some trace of something commendable. This may be commended, but not justly attributing to him of mind and heart of which he is thoroughly destitute. We see the fitness of the little boy going through a cemetery, when asked: "Mother, where are they bury all the bad people?"—"They bury them where they smile. We have been much impressed of late in reading the inscription on the monument of Charles Reade, one of the most voluminous writers in modern times. His head conceived it; his heart prompted it; his hand wrote it. It was altogether his own, and as an epitaph, is thoroughly unique and quite remarkable. We have no just grounds for questioning its sincerity, quite otherwise; and it tells a wonderful story and is worth our study. We give the text in full:

"Here lie the mortal remains of Charles Reade, Dramatist, Novelist, Journalist. His last words to mankind are on this stone. I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing; which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust; which nature cannot. And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. He has promised his intercession to all who seek it, and he will not break his word; that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected, for he is God, and his merits are infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite. 'Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.' 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the Righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sin.'"

The great truths to which Mr. Reade here subscribes—cuts into the everlasting marble with his dying hand, are not affected by his belief—of course not. These things, as indeed all truth, are true independent of man's bearing toward them; are true whether man believe them or disbelieve them. But that Charles Reade believed them, and clung to them in the dying hour as the only ground of hope and righteousness and restfulness, is a fact to which it is no wise to shut our eyes. The world was informed sometime prior to Mr. Reade's death, that he had become an avowed Christian, and in the last hours of life he reassured the world that his hope of salvation rests in sacrificed Christ; and his convictions are perpetuated to succeeding generations by being cut in monumental marble. "His last words to mankind" express belief in the most reasonable and satisfactory origin of the universe; a future resurrection of the dead; in the street and around the only ground of hope for a man going hence into an unknown world—an utter renunciation of all unbelief and unrighteousness, and a simple, earnest clinging to Christ and his finished work. If this be not true, there is no truth, no life, no hope. Universal death and darkness remain as man's final and awful heritage. This glorious truth, to which the dramatist clung, is the joy of the world; gives peace to the troubled conscience; lightens the burden of the human heart; dissipates the darkness of the tomb; gilds the future with golden glory. Christ apart, then to whom shall we go? To whom can we go?

THE ATONEMENT IN FICTION.

It is generally understood—whether correctly or incorrectly we need not now question—that writers of novels are very superior judges of human nature, and that consequently they have deeper insight to the wants and woes and wails of human hearts. Apropos to this thought and what is written above on the epitaph of Charles Reade, we wish to append the following editorial note from the Sunday School Times:

He who knows himself, or who knows other men with any degree of thoroughness, knows that man needs a Saviour; that man cannot claim or expect heaven on the score of his personal merits. It is not the theologian alone who recognizes this truth; but every conscientious sinner has in his own experience a sense of being lost unless somehow he can be saved; and "there is none other name [than Jesus] under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Charles Reade, the English novelist, who devoted most of his life to the study and portrayal of human character, in romance and in drama, explicitly requested that, in his own epitaph, there should be recorded the words: "And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have done or said in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ." And this truth of truths has been recognized by many another novelist; by those even whose personal lives gave less evidence than Charles Reade's of their personal faith in Christ. It has been often said that Charles Dickens gave no sign of a belief in this central truth in evangelical religion; but it would be next to impossible for a man to have Dickens's power in the analysis and portrayal of human character, without a sense of the necessity of a personal Saviour. There is hardly a nobler or a finer character in the whole range of Dickens's portrait gallery than Sydney Carton, in A Tale of Two Cities; who, after a series of wasted years, exhibits the nobleness of his character and better nature by an act of supreme devotedness in laying down his life for the welfare and happiness of one whom he has loved unselfishly. If any personal act could merit salvation, it would seem to be such an act as this; for "greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." But Dickens cannot leave his hero to that hope. When first inspired with his heroic purpose of self-sacrifice, Sydney Carton looks back over his life as a sinner, and out of the dark clouds of his earlier memories there comes a ray of light, in the long-forgotten words at his father's burial: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Guided by that ray, the sinner lifts his eyes Godward; and "the prayer that had broken up out of his heart for a merciful consideration of all his poor blindnesses and errors, ended in the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life.'" That hope carries Sydney Carton through the terrible crisis of his final struggle, and one who goes with him a martyr to the guillotine rejoices that through his words of cheer she also is able to raise her thoughts "to him who was put to death, that we might have hope and comfort here to-day." Although in this case it is in fiction that this truth of truths appears so vividly, yet in reality there is no other truth so true, so helpful, or so precious, as this. "Faithful is the saying and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners;" and no man cometh unto the Father but by him.

ALABAMA STATE GAZETTEER.—Mr. Ross A. Smith, manager of the Southern Directory and Publishing Company, is now in Selma in the interest of the Alabama State Gazetteer and Business Directory. The Gazetteer for 1884 is now in course of preparation and will be issued so soon as a careful compilation will admit. Experienced agents are now at work in the State, gathering accurate and trustworthy information, with a view of making the coming edition the most complete, thorough and reliable edition yet issued. The work will be of great value to business and professional men. It will contain the names and addresses of all the planters; a full and accurate business directory of every city, town and village; a classified directory, with the business and address of all the merchants, manufacturers, professional and business men; and such other information as is likely to be of interest or value to those seeking information in regard to the State of Alabama.

JOHN LEADLEY DAGG, D. D.

"The Rev. Dr. Dagg died this morning after an illness of five days." Such is the sad intelligence borne to us on a postal card dated June 11th, from Hayneville, Ala.

Dr. Dagg was born at Middleburg, Va., Feb. 13th, 1794, and was therefore in his ninety-first year when he died. He served his country in the war of 1812 against Great Britain. In 1817 he was ordained to the Baptist ministry and served as pastor of several churches in his native State. In 1824 he moved to Philadelphia, where he served as pastor for nine years. In 1835 he was forced to retire from the active work of the ministry by a throat affection. In 1836 he became President of the Alabama Female Athenaeum, at Tuscaloosa, Ala. In 1844 he became President of Mercer University, Georgia. In 1856 he resigned this position and devoted himself to religious writing. His chief works are his "Evidences of Christianity," "Moral Science," "Church Order," and "Manual of Theology." He also published several valuable pamphlets. His "Manual of Theology" especially is invaluable. For a young Baptist preacher of limited resources, it is perhaps second only to the Bible itself. In 1843 the University of Alabama conferred upon Dr. Dagg the title of Doctor of Divinity. We find the following in the Hayneville Examiner of June 11th:—

Rev. John Leadley Dagg, D. D., died at his home in Hayneville this morning, after long confinement from the debility of age. Failure of health, loss of sight, and increasing weight of years, gradually drove him from active labor. He came to Hayneville in 1870, and has dwelt here in seclusion much of the time since. His mind remained strong and vigorous to the last, and was always of that type which nourishes itself on the profoundest studies and reflections. He was attended most patiently during these latter years by Henry R. Rugeley, Esq., and his excellent family; Mrs. Rugeley being the daughter of the deceased, and truly a daughter whose devotion to her venerable father makes her an heir of the Commandment of Promise. Dr. Dagg first married a Miss Thornton, of Virginia, and Mrs. Rugeley is the only living child of this marriage. His second wife was Mrs. Davis, of Philadelphia, mother of Prof. Noah K. Davis, of the University of Virginia; and by this marriage he has living Mrs. Mallory, wife of the president of the female college at Shelby, N. C., and Rev. J. S. Dagg, of Hopkinsville, Ky. Truly and literally has "a great man fallen in Israel."

A NOTICEABLE CONTRAST.

On our first page we print a very fine article taken from the editorial columns of the Sunday-school Times. It presents with great force, the duty of preserving in purity and sacredness one's name, and whatever influence a name may gather in itself. The true and noble principle of the article is turned at its close, for illustration, upon Gen. U. S. Grant in the sad fate which has lately come upon him and the nation through him. We had been thinking along this same line, but abstained from putting pen to paper lest we should be considered sectional. There is no danger of this charge's being made against the Sunday-school Times—one of the broadest and most ably edited papers published on the continent. It is published in Philadelphia, and would be prejudiced, if at all, in favor of Gen. Grant. But its criticisms of him in relation to his connection with the scheming and gambling of Wall street, and in the misuse and abuse of the power and influence the nation had put into his name, are very severe; but they will be considered on every hand as just and deserved. But the contrast. The two most prominent men before this nation twenty years ago, perhaps before the world, were U. S. Grant and Robert E. Lee. It is remarkable that these two men, who had so often fought at arms with great contending armies, the former crushing the latter by main force of numbers and iron and steel and lead, come in the course of events to be tried at the same point of their character; a surer and a truer test than was furnished on the bloody fields of Virginia. True greatness lies not in circumstances but in character, in the moral and intellectual make-up of the man. As we have thought with real sadness of the cloud which has settled upon the name of the distinguished American, we have wished in our hearts that the youth and the men of our nation would read the Life of Robert E. Lee, written by Rev. J. W. Jones, D. D., of Virginia. But really there is no contrast, so luminous and unclouded is the sun-light glory that rests upon the chieftain of our Southern armies. The book is full of incidents illustrative of the sentiments of the following extract: Soon after he (Lee) went to Lexington, he was visited by the agent of an insurance company and offered \$10,000 per annum for the use of his name in the company's business. Lee refused, though getting at the time a salary of only \$3,000, on the ground that he could not attend to the duties

of the position.

"But, General," said the agent, "we do not want you to discharge any duties; we simply want the use of your name; that will abundantly compensate us." "Excuse me, sir," replied Lee; "I can not consent to receive pay for services I do not render." And Dr. Jones, who knew much of Lee's private life, has published to the world this remarkable statement: "Nearly every man brought to him," (Gen. Lee, just after the war when stripped of his wealth), some such proposition; and just before his death a large and wealthy corporation in the city of New York offered him a salary of fifty thousand dollars per annum if he would consent to become their President." Some men have their price, but Robert E. Lee was not among the number. His high moral sense demanded things which were high and noble, and he always yielded to the demand; stood by his chosen people; was true to himself and to his God; died with the sacredness of his name untouched and the glory of his character untarnished—venerated by his friends, honored by his foes.

PARK HIGH SCHOOL.—It was our pleasure to preach the commencement sermon for this institution on Wednesday evening of last week. We regret that we could not remain to witness the closing exercises on Thursday. About one hundred pupils were enrolled during the session. We congratulate Prof. Fonville on the success he has achieved. He is a refined Christian gentleman, and we have no better instructor and disciplinarian in the State.

FIELD NOTES.

"Since organizing Centree church, some five or six months ago, it has had several added to its membership. On last Sabbath I had the pleasure of leading into the baptismal font three respectable citizens of the community. It was an occasion of more than ordinary interest, to see a man with his wife and mother, all together, putting on their Lord in baptism, and then to behold their rejoicings as their consciences approved the symbolical act. It was a sweetly solemn time."—G. D. Benton, June 12th.

"In the second paragraph of my communication in last week's paper, there are three sentences which are quoted from Dr. Cleveland, and are found in his communication appearing in your issue of the 29th ult. These are the sentences: 'Create a Board of Ministerial Education independent of all other boards; then make it the province of this board, to the exclusion of all others, to look after the education of our young ministers; make it a duty of the board, etc.' Your printer leaves out the quotation marks."—Shaw.

"Let us have a grand gathering of preachers at Tuscaloosa on the day before the meeting of the State Convention. Much must result from such a meeting of preachers to exchange views on the great questions with which they have to grapple. The programme for that occasion is very inviting and interesting."—J. M. Fortune.

"I shall continue to do all I can for our paper. I have a hard territory, which would not be half so hard if the brethren would take the ALABAMA BAPTIST and Foreign Mission Journal and inform themselves in regard to the great and successful work before the denomination. I meet with rich men who refuse to give for Foreign Missions when asked to give only ten cents. Some Baptists take two or three secular papers and say they are too poor to take the ALABAMA BAPTIST."—D. Rogers, Shorterville, Ala.

"We have in Conecuh county better seasons and more promising crops to date than have been known in the past. If corn turns out as it now promises, we shall have some to ship. Oats are fine; cotton is splendid; potatoes were never better, and gardens began description. The fruit crop is the best I ever saw here. I trust that showers of grace will descend as those of rain, and that ere long we will send an increased list of subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST."—E. H. Crumpton, Borgreen.

Commencement Exercises of Howard College and the Judson Institute.

Editor Alabama Baptist: One in authority has put upon me the burden of reporting for your columns some of the facts of the Commencement exercises of the Howard and Judson. But as one has prayed not to be taxed this summer with extensive accounts of the closing exercises, it may not be amiss to say that these institutions are of vital importance to the denomination and to our people at large; that these exercises are indices of the work that has been done during the session; that our people are supposed to be interested in the work of their own institutions; and as many of them are not here to witness the proceedings, it seems proper to write the facts to them, even if it requires a lengthy account. Hence the necessity for this article.

The following account of the Junior exhibition has been furnished by Mr. C. H. Florey, of Howard College: THE JUNIOR EXHIBITION. By 8 p. m., Thursday, June 5th, the spacious Howard College chapel was filled almost to overflowing with the fair daughters of the Judson, the refined citizens of Marion and visitors from various portions of the State, anxious to hear the final addresses of the Junior class of 1883-4. The deep interest and the unbroken silence maintained by the audience are sufficient evidence to sustain us when we say that the exercises were highly creditable to the young gentlemen, to the professors and to the College. It has been pronounced the best exhibition for many years. Howard College may well be proud of this class, and Alabama should rejoice that she can lay claim to such a noble and faithful set of boys.

JUVENILE EXHIBITION OF THE JUDSON. The following account of this exercise has been furnished by Bro. W. H. Smith, of Howard College: Long before the hour for the opening of the exercises Friday evening, a large crowd had assembled, and when the doors were thrown open the seats were almost instantly filled. Soon the beautiful and spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity. The audience was impatient for the curtain to rise. They anticipated the rare treat that was in store for them. The first part of the programme was devoted mainly to the children of the Kindergarten. The little songs, pert speeches, and cunning actions of the little ones drew shouts of laughter and applause from the immense crowd. The whole performance, though often difficult, yet passed through without a single error, showed the wonderful skill of the training hands, and proved to what a great extent very young people can be educated. The two motion songs, "Rock-a-bye-Baby," and "Hopping Birds," were very amusing indeed. "The Temple of Life" deserves special notice. First, the primary colors appeared on the stage, then the secondary, tertiary, and so on, until almost every tint of the rainbow was represented. Then, amid march and songs, and fantastic movements, the scene flashed and glowed with the harmoniously mingled colors. It was executed with precision and nicety, held the audience in wondering admiration, and was followed by a storm of applause.

The second part of the programme was a juvenile operetta, in eight scenes, entitled "Little Snow White." The principal characters—"Little Snow White" and "The Wicked Queen"—were represented by Misses Lila Lovelace and Maggie Lewis, both maidens of rare beauty, and it must have been a difficult matter for the "Magic Mirror" to decide which was the fairer. But it did decide in favor of "Little Snow White," and so said the noble prince. It would be impossible to describe the various scenes, the bird-like songs, especially those of the leading characters, the excellent recitations of the prologues, and the splendid acting of all concerned. The operetta, "The Wicked Queen" became very jealous of modest "Little Snow White," and, disguised as an apple woman, induced her to partake of a poisoned apple. Then a sad scene—the young prince and dwarf lamenting the death-bed of "Little Snow White," who was more beautiful than words can paint, even in death. But happy turn of fortune—death released his victim, she revived, and the last and best scene was a marriage. Like all best things, it ended with a kiss, and "now all that once was wrong is right."

FRESHMAN DECLAMATION CLASS OF HOWARD COLLEGE. On Saturday the only exercise was declamations by second grade English students. This class has the same object, and is conducted on the same plan, of the "Prize Declamation Class" proper. Mr. W. J. Elliott, of Shelby county, bore off the prize in a very fine speech.

COMMENCEMENT SERMON. On Sunday the Commencement sermon was preached to an unusually large and attentive congregation by Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga. The discourse is represented as being forcible and pathetic, and eliciting the profoundest appreciation on the part of the students, to whom it was appropriate and applicable.

Monday night the new and beautiful chapel of the Judson was crowded with spectators, a part of whom were sincerely anxious to examine the paintings that so richly decorated the walls of the art rooms, another part only impatient for Prof. Frazer to dispense with ceremonies and set the boys and girls free to have a good time. After a well rendered semi-chorus by three young ladies, Miss Amie Vary came forward and read a most excellent essay in behalf of the Judson Alumnae. Then followed the delivery of the art medal to Miss Bettie Hurt, of this place, by Dr. McCord, in a most elegant and happy style. After other music the audience was allowed to parade the halls and art rooms to examine the specimens of art work done during the session. An attempt to give a fair description of the paintings would be fruitless. The whole showed a decided improvement commensurate with the general progress of the institution during the present session. The portrait of Mrs. Crenshaw, by Miss L. Fox; "Scene on the Ohio," by Miss B. Hall; Magdalen, by Miss S. Hall; Roses, by Miss B. Winkler; Orchids, by Miss S. Hunter; and the work by Misses J. and O. Barron, E. Redding and J. Heard, showed much taste and rapid progress. The work on satin by the Misses Hall and M. Jackson, was attractive and beautiful. Many other just notices could be given if time and space would admit. The writer is indebted to Miss Laura Norwood, the accomplished art teacher, and to two of the pupils for a survey of this array of beauty, and for increasing his knowledge and appreciation of artistic work.

ART LEVEE.

Monday night the new and beautiful chapel of the Judson was crowded with spectators, a part of whom were sincerely anxious to examine the paintings that so richly decorated the walls of the art rooms, another part only impatient for Prof. Frazer to dispense with ceremonies and set the boys and girls free to have a good time. After a well rendered semi-chorus by three young ladies, Miss Amie Vary came forward and read a most excellent essay in behalf of the Judson Alumnae. Then followed the delivery of the art medal to Miss Bettie Hurt, of this place, by Dr. McCord, in a most elegant and happy style. After other music the audience was allowed to parade the halls and art rooms to examine the specimens of art work done during the session. An attempt to give a fair description of the paintings would be fruitless. The whole showed a decided improvement commensurate with the general progress of the institution during the present session. The portrait of Mrs. Crenshaw, by Miss L. Fox; "Scene on the Ohio," by Miss B. Hall; Magdalen, by Miss S. Hall; Roses, by Miss B. Winkler; Orchids, by Miss S. Hunter; and the work by Misses J. and O. Barron, E. Redding and J. Heard, showed much taste and rapid progress. The work on satin by the Misses Hall and M. Jackson, was attractive and beautiful. Many other just notices could be given if time and space would admit. The writer is indebted to Miss Laura Norwood, the accomplished art teacher, and to two of the pupils for a survey of this array of beauty, and for increasing his knowledge and appreciation of artistic work.

Tuesday evening brought quite a crowd upon the green and shady campus of the Howard to witness the display of military tactics by the cadet corps under command of Col. A. F. Redd. Again a medal was given to the student who had attained to the greatest excellence in soldiering; and in a brief but elegant speech, Dr. Frost, the Selma pastor, in behalf of the College authorities, presented the prize to Mr. Randolph Smith, of Kentucky.

ANNUAL CONCERT, JUNE 10th. The lovers of music enjoyed a rare treat as usual on this occasion. The packed audience, no doubt, rendered it difficult for the performers to gain anything like perfect attention, and yet they were frequently held spell bound by the strange powers of melody. It would be impossible to give an adequate idea of the concert in detail, so it must suffice to mention a few of the best. Among the piano solos, those deserving of special mention are those so splendidly rendered by Misses Lee, Peterson and Sledge. The audience was charmed, as it has often been before, by the vocal solos of Misses Robinson, Lovelace and Woodfin and Mrs. Sanborn. These ladies were frequently encored, but refused to reappear. The overtures, choruses and other pieces rendered in concert, all bespoke the excellent training of the pupils.

WEDNESDAY. To-day diplomas were conferred by the President upon the following eight graduates of Howard College: J. M. Quarles, J. M. Hudson, J. W. Stewart, C. W. Garrett, W. L. Sanford, W. E. Newman, W. H. Smith and G. W. Mason; after which followed the Baccalaureate address by Dr. Frost, the distinguished pastor of Selma. An attempt to describe the speech would fall too far short of its merits. Indeed, it was superb, and enlisted the highest appreciation and commendation of all.

To-night a large crowd assembled in the Howard Chapel in honor of the Alumni Society, and to hear the address for the occasion by Mr. W. W. Wilkerson, who proved in an elegant manner that he was substantially adequate to the task which had been assigned him. The exercises of the day and the session then closed with a banquet flowing in the richest profusion of refreshments, and abound-

ing with speeches of chaste wit, elegant humor and earnest sublimity.

A report of the graduating exercises of the Judson will be furnished you by Mr. W. H. Smith, of Howard College. GRADUATING EXERCISES AT THE JUDSON. On Thursday, June 12th, a large and intelligent audience assembled in the Judson chapel to witness the closing exercises of that justly famous institution. There were fourteen graduates, five of whom were full graduates. The essays were all worthy of more praise than we can here bestow upon them. They were written in a chaste, thoughtful and rhetorical manner, and were delivered in a clear, musical voice and an easy, graceful way, which reflected honor upon the young ladies, upon their efficient instructor in elocution, and upon the entire institution. The essays considered most meritorious were those of Miss Ida B. Woodfin, of Virginia, and Miss Ellen Hardy, of Mississippi. These institutions show many signs of unusual prosperity. The increased number of students, the improvements of the buildings, the alteration of laws for more perfect discipline, and the truly interesting exercises, indicate in unmistakable signs that these worthy institutions are enjoying a career of unsurpassed prosperity and usefulness. P. C. DREW, Marion, June 11, 1884.

For the Alabama Baptist, Hon. L. W. Suttle. Many were made sad in this part of Alabama last week by the death of three good old brethren, Berry Driver, L. W. Suttle, and Rev. Hugh Carmichael, respectively on the 5th, 6th and 7th of June. They had long resided in Alabama, and were prominently connected from an early period with the Baptists, especially the two latter. Each died strong in the faith, and with assurance of a better resurrection. This communication will be devoted to a brief sketch of the life of Isaac W. Suttle. The family who were professors of religion were generally Baptists. His great-grandfather attained the age of 109, and was baptized when 108. His father was Jesse Suttle. Isaac was born in Clarke county, Ga., Oct. 23rd, 1809, and died at Rockford, June 6th, 1884, being in his 75th year. He moved with his father to Alabama in 1818, stopping one year near the Tallapoosa River, in what is now Elmore county. Here they made a fine crop of corn, cutting down the cane, and with a stick punching a hole among the roots in which to drop the corn. The only cultivation needed was to keep down the young cane. When the crop was disposed of they moved to Bibb. Here he professed faith in Christ at about 17 years of age, and was baptized by his uncle, Isaac Suttle, the well known pioneer preacher. He was married to Louisa McCary, July 2, 1829, by whom he became the father of nine children, seven of whom he reared to man and womanhood.

About 1835 he and his father moved with their families to the new county of Coosa, which was still occupied by the Indians. During the hostile feelings of 1836, his father was shot by an Indian while he was at his spring for water. The Indians were soon after removed, and the county rapidly developed. Bro. Suttle devoted himself assiduously to his farm by day, and to reading at night, and by his diligence in this, largely made up the want of early educational advantages. He was Justice of the Peace much of the time until about 1845, when he was elected clerk of the County Court. When this was substituted by the Probate Court, he was elected its first Judge. He attained these positions though belonging to the Whig party which was in the minority in the county. He was a prominent actor in the stirring events which characterized times from 1850 to 1870.

After the formation of Elmore Co., at the close of the war, he removed to Wetumpka to practice law, to which he was admitted in 1856. Here from 1871 to 1879, he lost by death his wife, the mother of his children, four grown children, and his second wife, thus leaving home bereft of all its occupants except himself. This rapid succession of waves of sorrow combined with advancing age, rapidly broke down his vigorous constitution. The noble, manly body enfeebled, the home all wrapped in deep shadows, he sadly turned his steps to the home of his son-in-law, Judge Bentley, to spend the remaining days at Rockford, where the prime of his life had been spent, his family reared, his children married off, and where he had most deeply impressed himself upon the history of passing events. Here in association with the remaining friends of former days, worshipping in the church planted largely through his labors and sacrifices, and where he had seen his children one by one put on the Lord Jesus Christ, he quietly and hopefully awaited his change. It came suddenly with an attack of vertigo, on the 6th of June, 1884, and now he lies sleeping near the church house, embowered in beautiful oaks which

were but bushes when he had the house built. The songs of the singers and the words of gospel hope float over the spot that cover his remains, but the ears that heard and the voice that joined in, hear and join no more. As a citizen he was prominent, trusted, and beloved, and his integrity was never assailed, though the times in which he was an actor were the most exciting that ever stirred this country. He had bitter opponents, as all who have strong convictions and the moral courage to follow them will always have, but his friends were more strongly attached, and more numerous. His mind was solid and broad, rather than lofty and sparkling. Though deprived of education except that acquired by diligent reading and good association, he was well informed, and his judgment was so clear that he was a safe counselor. He was an active Son of Temperance, Mason, and Odd Fellow. His grade in Masonry extended to the Encampment, and for many years he was W. M. of Lodges. In each of these fraternities he was a beloved brother. His Christian life was made second to none of these, but in it he stood out most prominently before those who knew him. He was faithful to his church duties from the first, but coming to Rockford, and finding no Baptist church, he worked more diligently, and in a few years had the joy of seeing a little church organized. They were poor, and so was he, but having a good office he cheerfully devoted much of his profits to the cause he loved, and threw all needed time and effort in the same direction. It was time and money well spent, for from that county there an influence has gone out for Christ that has been widely felt. God gave him the privilege of knowing that most of his children and grand-children were followers of Christ. He was a deacon who, using the office well, gained a good degree, for I have never known one more gifted in exhortation. He often exercised this gift, and never without mellowing effect. Many times large congregations were most powerfully moved by his appeals, so that scarcely a dry eye could be seen, and sinners would come rushing forward, asking for mercy from God.

He was in the Convention that formed the Central Association in 1846, and nearly, if not every session, was attended by him to its last. For thirteen years he was its moderator. He was not afraid to die, but often since his bereavement wished for it, looking to it as a happy release from the ills of this life, and a happy entrance upon the better. He had wished to live, after his return to Rockford, long enough to see the church once more revived. During the gracious season granted to it last year, like Simeon of old, his aged body tottering in feebleness, but with face all radiant with joy, and tears of gladness streaming from his eyes, he rose up in the congregation saying, "Dear brethren and children, God has granted my prayer. I see you all happy once more in the Lord, and sinners coming to Jesus for life and pardon. I may never be with you again, and know I will not many times, but I care not now how soon the summons comes, even if it were this very moment, for mine eyes have seen the salvation of the Lord." The fathers are rapidly falling around us, but in dying they conquer. GEO. E. BREWER.

LaFayette, June 12th. Howard College. Whereas, the Theological class of Howard College owes its origin, its success, and its perpetuity to the warm heart and untiring energy of the President of the College; be it therefore Resolved, That we most gratefully acknowledge our appreciation of the wonderful benefit we have received from it during our stay here. Resolved, That the heartfelt thanks of this class be extended to Pres. J. T. Murfee, LL.D., and Prof. T. J. Dill, LL.D., for their soul-stirring talks and encouraging words during this session. Resolved, That we will anxiously encourage any young man who feels impressed to preach the Gospel, to come to Howard College, where he can get not only a better literary education, but a far better foundation for a theological education, than is offered anywhere else in the South, or even in the United States. Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the ALABAMA BAPTIST and Howard College for publication. H. C. SANDERS, } W. H. SMITH, } Com. M. G. CAMPBELL, }

Fare on Railroads to Alabama Baptist Convention. The L. & N. Railroad Company will sell round-trip tickets at four cents on the 16th and 17th, good to return till the 23d of July. The E. T. V. & G.—Round-trip to York or Calera at four cents. C. S. & M.—Round-trip at five cents. The Western declines. Others not heard from. JON. HARALSON, President.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

How Tom Changed.

Come, Maggie, let us go down to the creek now and call Tommy's boat; you know he said we might, if we would help him weed his flower-bed.

Little Maggie Adams ran after her sister Kate as the latter called her, and together they found Tommy. He was at that moment setting out for the creek with his boat, "The Jolly Skipper," under his arm.

"Go away, girls!" he coolly exclaimed as he heard his sisters' request. "I want to play with my boat myself, without having you to bother me."

"But you promised us, Tom—you know you did you said we could have it just before dinner."

"Well, I intended then that you should have it," said Tommy firmly, "but now I have changed my mind. People can't think the same always, and there is no harm in changing a body's mind; everybody knows that."

Tommy walked off very grandly, as if he had said a fine thing, and his disappointed little sisters left him crying; they had worked for him a long time that morning.

Mr. Adams sat reading his paper near the open window, and he heard the whole dialogue. He started to call Tommy in, that he might talk to him of his mean and dishonorable conduct. Then he reflected that he had already done this several times before with no good result, and he resolved to try something more effectual than talk.

Tommy sailed his boat for an hour or two, and then descended to talk to the amiable little girls who had come down to the water to see him enjoy himself. "Only think," he exclaimed, "what fun I am going to have! Father is going to get me a velocipede; he almost promised he would bring it from the city to-night."

"Oh, I wish we had roller-skates!" cried Maggie.

"You! nonsense!" said Kate. "It is not nonsense," said Kate. "Ever so many girls have them."

"Well, you won't, if they do," returned their brother roughly.

"That night Tom rushed down stairs from his play-room two steps at a time when he heard his father's voice in the piazza. He rushed passed his mother and the girls, shouting, "Where is my velocipede? Father, did you get it?"

"No," returned his father, quietly drawing out a pair of skates from his overcoat pocket.

"Oh, you didn't this time, but you did the next best thing. Hurrah for my skates!" Tom snatched them and cried, "Why, they are too small! I know they are."

"Think so, my boy? Then these are not likely to be better," and Mr. Adams brought out a second pair, smaller still. "Try them on, little girls," he said kindly, "and don't be too ambitious and hurt yourselves."

"Where are mine? Do let me see them! The girls didn't need skates."

"I changed my mind, Tom, and concluded not to get you any."

"Why, father!" cried Tom, "and I did it all nonsense you wanting a velocipede."

"But you said I might have one."

"I intended that you should have one when I said so; but everybody has a right to change his mind, and I changed mine," said his father indifferently as he turned to help the little girls fasten their skates.

Tom was too much astonished and grieved fairly to understand the full meaning of his father's words—to see that they were quoted. Never before had their father given his children the faintest hope of a pleasure or a gift and then failed to gratify them without some excellent reason. They were proud to believe that their father was a man of honor and truthfulness. But Tom's eyes were opened in the next two or three days. His weekly pocket-money was not forthcoming, because his father had not the exact amount, and he had changed his mind about giving it to him, anyway. His mother failed to buy him a new suit he was expecting, because she had "changed her mind."

Oh, how Tom came to hate that phrase! He was quick enough to learn the lesson now that it was for him to learn that such mind-changing as his had been mean and selfish, and contrary to the Golden Rule.

By Saturday night Tom was a much meeker and a better boy, and from that day he was careful to have good reason for so doing whenever he found it necessary to "change his mind."

A. L. N.

How to Treat Servants.

Said a young housekeeper: "I began my married life with the idea, not of demanding thorough work for good wages, but of being 'kind.' I was always saving my servant's back at the expense of my own and the comfort of my family. But once, on going to the speaking tube to give an order, I heard the cook laughing at my expense because I had tamely submitted to being 'toasted' which she had forgotten to 'butter.' I had eaten it in silence for fear she would think me 'fussy,' and the contempt of the woman was what I deserved for my 'cowardice.'"

The average Irish girl knows very well how she should be treated in such cases. She respects the mistress who, whilst the never scolds in a loud voice, or gives her orders in a harsh, domineering tone; is not afraid to rebuke her; who never jokes or condescends to the least familiarity, and commands with quiet firmness, and looks to see if her commands are obeyed.

An admirable housekeeper, who respects her mistress from her servants than from her mistress, and who stays with her for years, says that the golden rule is "never to help a servant do his regular work."

Another good rule is never to let her feel that you are afraid of losing her. I once asked a lady who she had managed to keep the excellent woman who had been in her kitchen for twenty years. The answer would surprise the writers of the articles which the family newspapers inflict on much enduring housekeepers at least once a year. It was, "Only by letting her see always I was independent of her."

George Eliot says: "Servants are little disposed to think that the opinions of gentle folks can have any practical value for them. Our remedies, our methods, our explanations, are like the drapery and tailoring we pay so much for; they correspond to the supposed scale of our income. But the servants, for their part, get their stuffs and their views from other quarters. The cure for a gentleman's toothache is not likely to suit Sally's molar so well as the cure recommended by the grocer's boy, on the authority of his first cousin, who went about with a blue handkerchief round his head for weeks and weeks."

Wise masters and mistresses will not argue with their servants, will not give them reasons, will not consult them. A mild yet firm authority which vigorously demands that certain things be done without urging motives or entering into explanations is both preferred by the servants themselves and is the best means of educating them into improvement. —Christian Union.

Love in Rags.

The other day, as we sat by our window watching the throng of men and women passing to and fro along the crowded street, we observed a poor old colored woman, with bowed forms covered with tattered garments, holding in one hand an old broken basket, while with the other she grabbed among the ash-heaps for bits of coal and old rags. It was a sad sight. It awakened a train of unpleasant reflections, and suggested many unanswered questions. The man of wealth passed by and paid no heed to her petty gleanings. The lady of fashion and luxury rode by in her splendid carriage, and did not so much as deign to bestow a look of pity upon the poor old wretch. With an old woman's zeal and shuffling step she hurried up and down the narrow streets and into filthy alleys. Our thoughts were busy with the problem of life. What is there, we could but say, in such a life? She knows nothing but her misery; she has nothing but her sorrows and trials. That old, jaded, and haggard form is her only care. She feeds her self upon the garbage of the streets. Poor-life! poor wretch! What does the world hold for her? Is there an immortality for that poor, degraded old woman in rags and filth? Man cares not for her. Does God? These sad thoughts kept pressing themselves upon our attention. Soon we descended the stairs and, passing into the street, pressed our way through the crowd and halted to watch the old woman pick up filthy rags and drop them into her rickety basket.

"What," we asked, "will you do with your rags?" "Sell 'em," was the curt reply. Then we began to follow, in our thoughts, the future of those filthy rags. They will pass through many a process. They will be bleached and converted into pulp, and wrought into paper. The paper will be beautiful and useful. Upon it messages of love may be carried to thousands. It may be used to print the finest, purest and noblest books. Some skillful engraver may transfer to its smooth surface the loftiest conceptions of the greatest artist. It may be taken to the banker and receive the signature that will confer upon it great value, and it will circulate among men as a mark of wealth and power. Then why may not this old, degraded-looking woman be transformed by grace into a child of God, and rise through all the scale of being to the dignity, power and beauty of the angels of glory? God loves men not for what they are, but for what they may be. Just as a parent loves his ignorant, helpless babe, so God loves all his ignorant, helpless children. He will not forget them. This poor old woman, we found, had afflictions deep and strong. She loves God and man, although we can see but little reason for her loving either. Ah! it is love that constitutes the wealth of the soul. "Love never faileth; but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail, whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." Without love the millionaire is more to be pitied than this poor old beggar, with all her afflictions, stupidity, poverty and degradation. —Cumberland Presbyterian.

Joy for the Troubled Mothers.

Say Mother: Is thy life full of toil and care?—and dost thou sometimes feel almost to say: Life no rest or peace for me. Twelve little children to feed, clothe and care for—day by day and night by night—are they a grief, a burden? Alas! fond mother, cease thy repining. Thy God is good, thy husband a true man, thy children, yes, naughty, bad children, are not half so troublesome as one silent little grave—and none to trouble, none to vex thee. Oh, happy mother! with thy twelve little chubbyurchins, vexing and teasing thee, beside that sorrowing one, who sits and walks alone, none—none to make rude noises in the house or in the yard; none to soil the beds and flowers. Alas! how often we forget the good we have and pour out our complaints, when we should be rejoicing. Our troubles are often blessings in disguise. And mother, what you need, is to look up to God with trusting heart, to help and strengthen you. Then meet your darlings with a smile. A smile of joy and thankfulness that God has committed these jewels to thy care. He knew best to whom he should commit them. To you he has committed them. Oh woman, thou art greatly honored. —Bible Advocate.

Happy the heart whom God has given strength and courage to suffer patiently and find one's own happiness in the happiness of others.

The Name for a Girl.

If we granted the following request, which comes to us from Kentucky, we should do the baby referred to a poor service:

"Please send me some pretty names for a girl baby—something novel and uncommon—and you will much oblige a reader of the *Swa*."

Novel and uncommon or merely pretty and fanciful names are the ones of all others for you to avoid. You may make your girl an object of ridicule, and cause her mortification which will do serious injury to her disposition, if you give her some old and romantic name.

The old and simple and homely names are the best for girls—the names which have been borne by women for thousands of years, and which are both beautiful in themselves and sweet in their associations. There is a dignity about them which befits womanhood, while a great part of the fanciful names which have of late come into fashion are inappropriate, except in the nursery as the pet appellation of babies.

There are a score of common names which are far better than any of those manufactured by romancers. They are good and all suitable, and because thousands and millions of women have been known by them they are none the less attractive. Those which are most commonly used are, indeed, the most accessible to the ear—like Mary and Margaret, Catherine and Harriet, Jane and Lucy, and Elizabeth. They are dignified, and their homeliness makes them all the more charming. Affection will never get tired of them. They will be as common a thousand years from now as they were a thousand years ago and as they are to-day.

We therefore advise our friend to give up his plan for distinguishing his girl by burdening her with some "novel and uncommon" name, and if she grows to be a sensible woman she will thank us for our refusal to assist him in finding such an appellation. —N. Y. Sun.

Old Age.

How natural it is for us to shrink from growing old—how we cling to youth and often seek to hide the marks of age when they gather about us. Not long since we met one who was an exception to all this, and she was joyous at the prospect that three-score. She declared that she felt it would be so delightful to be in the fifties. The first six decades in life, she regards as the working time, and when she should enter the seventh, she would enter life's Sabbath time, which would only be preparatory to the blessed Sabbath rest in heaven. She was an earnest Christian, and her years had been filled up with duties done for Jesus, and she felt grateful for life and strength and opportunities during these years; and now she expects to review them in the light of the great day with delight and triumph, and she is not ashamed of them now. It is an honor to have lived and labored for God's glory and the good of a perishing world through many years, and when we realize that our years from our youth to old age have been given to earnest work for the Master, they should be our crown and glory. If our time has run to waste, will you tremble to meet the consequences of such a life.

And even when one has advanced in years, he need not be old in heart, and in feeling and in hopes, and in joys and in buoyancy. He is under the sweet, mellowing influence of grace, drawing nearer every day to his father's home, and his life can never be a failure, and his acceptance is assured. Such a saint never grows old—he always dies young, although he be four-score. How important that our youth and manhood be spent in faithfulness, that our last years may be radiant with hope and precious in rich experiences. With such a life we can afford to grow old. —Central Baptist.

Good Advice.

Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something with everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive, and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forced to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance.

They Shall Walk with Me in White.

It is related that a young merchant from the West spent the Lord's day in New York city, and, by invitation, attended church with Mr. S.—a well-known and influential Christian man. The next day, while transacting business with a merchant, he expressed some surprise at the confidence manifested in him, as a stranger, when he replied: "Did I not see you in Mr. S.'s pew?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I am not afraid to trust any man who sits in Mr. S.'s pew."

There is a story of a young man who, having some financial scheme which required a large amount of capital, called on a very wealthy banker to interest him in the enterprise. He declined to advance the funds that were needed for the undertaking, but promised to put him in a way to get them; and so taking his arm and down the exchange, conversing with him as they went along. When they returned he told him he could go among the bankers and get what he wanted. The young man found that the statement was true. The very fact of his being seen with that wealthy man gave him all the credit he wanted.

It is this when men walk with me. The world is quick to see and draw inferences from our associations. But

What must it be for a man to walk with God?

What do angels say when they see a weak, helpless, ailing, fallen mortal taken into fellowship with their Master, and walking with him along earth's desert way? So Knoch walked with God many hundred years ago. Men knew him as one who lived a hidden, secret life, whose mystery they could not penetrate. To such fellowship and intimacy as this Christians are called. We are invited to draw nigh to God, and to have fellowship with him, to maintain such intimacy that the world shall know that we have been with Jesus.—The Christian.

A Striking Illustration.

Sarah Smiley, in her account of a tour in the Alps, recounts a touching incident and gives a beautiful illustration of Scripture teaching concerning the help of our great Burden-bearer.

"In the summer of 1879," says the writer, "I descended the Rhigi with one of the most faithful of Swiss guides. Beyond the services of the day, he gave me, unconsciously, a lesson for life. His first care was to put my wraps and other burdens upon his shoulders. In doing so he called for all; but I chose to keep back a few for special cases. I had found them no little hindrance to the freedom of my movement; but still I would not give them up until my guide, returning to where I was resting for a moment, kindly but firmly demanded that I should give him everything but my alpenstock. Putting them with the utmost care upon his shoulders, with a look of intense satisfaction, he led the way. And now, with my freedom, I found that I could make double speed with double safety. Then a voice spake inwardly: 'O, foolish, wilful heart; hast thou indeed, given up thy last burden? Thou hast no need to carry them.' I saw it all in a flash; and then, as I leaped lightly from rock to rock down the steep mountain-side, I said within myself: And ever thus will I follow Jesus, my Guide, my Burden-bearer. I will rest all my care upon him, for he careth for me." —The Word of Life.

God bless his people that they may in turn bless others. If he gives to us, it is that we may give to others. "He comforteth us in all our tribulations that we may be able to comfort them that may be in trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." The richest blessings come not upon those who receive but upon those who give. The trouble is we want gifts for our own sake and not for others, but in the last day the blessing of the curse comes upon how we have treated others. Men are good in the sight of God, not because they love self and reach out the hand and clutch his gifts, but as they open the hand and dispense his gifts. Judged from this standard, how is it between thy soul and God? —Bible Advocate.

Our Club Rates.

We will send any of the following periodicals and the ALABAMA BAPTIST to any address on receipt of the amount named in the column headed price of both. By this means you will secure a great reduction.

Table with 3 columns: Name of publication, Price per copy, Price per year.

American Agriculturist, \$1.50 per copy, \$5.00 per year.

American Farmer, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

American Family, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Preceptors Gazette, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Breaders' Journal, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Bees-Keepers' Guide, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Christian Herald, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Country Magazine, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Courier Journal, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Country Gentleman, 2.50 per copy, 7.50 per year.

Drainage and Farm Journal, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Democrat's Magazine, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Farm and Fireside, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Farmers' Review, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Farmers' Journal, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Farmers' Home Journal, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Four-Churches' Journal, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Gode's Lady's Book, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Home and Farm, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Harper's Bazar, 4.00 per copy, 12.00 per year.

Harper's Monthly, 4.00 per copy, 12.00 per year.

Harper's Weekly, 4.00 per copy, 12.00 per year.

Harper's Young People, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Iowa Farmer, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Indiana Farmer, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Ky. Live Stock Record, 3.00 per copy, 9.00 per year.

Leslie's Sunday Magazine, 3.00 per copy, 9.00 per year.

Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, 4.00 per copy, 12.00 per year.

Leslie's Pop. Monthly, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Live Stock Journal, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Mirror and Farmer, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

Mayland Farmer, 1.00 per copy, 3.00 per year.

North Carolina Farmer, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Peter's Magazine, 2.50 per copy, 7.50 per year.

Planter's Journal, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Philadelphia Times, 2.00 per copy, 6.00 per year.

Practical Farmer, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Poultry World, 1.25 per copy, 3.75 per year.

Southern Planter, 1.25 per copy, 3.75 per year.

St. Nicholas, 3.00 per copy, 9.00 per year.

Southern Cultivator, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

W. O. Times-Democrat, 1.50 per copy, 5.00 per year.

Western Agriculturist, 1.10 per copy, 3.30 per year.

BELLS!

Steel Alloy Church and School Bells.

Address C. S. BELL & CO., Hillsboro, O.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The MOST SUCCESSFUL REMEDY ever discovered as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. READ PROOF BELOW.

Saved him 1,800 Dollars.

ADAMS, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1882.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS.—Having used a good deal of your Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success, I thought I would let you know what it has done for me. Two years ago I had a speedy ailment as was ever stated in Jefferson county. When I was breaking him, he kicked over the cross bar and got fast and tore one of his hind legs all to pieces. I employed the best farriers, but they all said he was spoiled. He had a very large thrombosis, and I used two bottles of your Kendall's Spavin Cure, and it took the bunch entirely off, and he sold afterwards for \$1,800 (dollars). I have used since afterwards for \$1,800 (dollars). It has always cured completely and left the leg smooth.

It is a splendid medicine for rheumatism. I have recommended it to a good many, and they all say it does the work. I was in Withersburg, O., and saw a very fine picture you sent them. I tried to buy it but could not; they said if I would write to you that you would send me one. I wish you would, and I will do you all the good I can.

Very respectfully, E. S. LYMAN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Hutchinson's Ranch, 12 miles north of Denver, Col., March 5th, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS.—For the past three years I have used Kendall's Spavin Cure in every case of spavin, of which I have treated five, it has killed them all, and entirely removed three. In case of splint I find it has no equal, one case I had was of three years standing and the Spavin Cure removed it entirely. I had a cow get spavined and it entirely cured her. One year ago a two hundred pound block of ice fell out of a wagon striking my foot on instep and toes, it would be impossible to mash a foot we're without breaking any bones. I was taken home and carried into the house. I do not think amputation of the leg would cause any more pain. I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure, it was all I used and in six days I could walk around. About three weeks ago my team ran away and threw me out of the wagon, the hind wheel struck my knee. After applying several highly recommended liniments without obtaining any relief, I went for Kendall's Spavin Cure. My leg was drawn up, and my knee swollen badly. In three days it was able to get on its feet. I could go into details more fully, and make this a very long letter but will not weary you. I am very respectfully yours,

OSCAR P. HUTCHINSON, P. O. Lock Box, 2325, Denver, City, Col.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

Santa Rosa, Cal., Feb. 9th, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS.—I feel it a duty to others suffering with the piles and falling of the rectum to write you. I have had the piles and prolapsus of the rectum for five years, for the past three years I have suffered the most agonizing pain. Tried everything without relief, but at the suggestion of a friend I used Kendall's Spavin Cure and in ten days I could get on my feet. I have not suffered as I have cannot comprehend the great joy that I feel at being cured of a disease almost worse than death. I had a valuable, young horse that has large bands gather on his breast bone. I tried all kinds of liniments and had it cut open without any benefit. Save your advice, and bought a bottle of Kendall's Spavin Cure and ordered of my teamster to use as directed. In less than one week the lump had disappeared. Thinking that a liniment that would do what Kendall's Spavin Cure has done for my horse might benefit me, I tried it as a last resort. With gratitude and best wishes for your success, I am faithfully yours, J. H. GLENN.

Kendall's Spavin Cure.

ON HUMAN FLESH.

Northville, Dakota, Nov. 26, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS.—Enclosed herewith find 25 cents for the book entitled "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases." You may look for more orders in future if it is as advertised. Your Spavin Cure is wonderful with rheumatism, relief is immediate, and its action permanent. Every person ought to have a bottle of it. Have had no occasion to use it on my horses yet, but too much can not be said of its remarkable effects on human flesh. I used it on a pot for horses, and its effects were truly remarkable. Please send the book as soon as possible and oblige. Yours truly,

A. E. BROWN.

Hinton, W. Va., Dec. 10, 1883.

DR. B. J. KENDALL & CO., GENTS.—Your valued law of the 18th to me. Since distributing the books the demand for your justly celebrated Kendall's Spavin Cure has increased 50 per cent. It is now considered here as the best remedy for rheumatism in the world. I used it on my horse, W. B. BARKER, and it cured him. I used 5 bottles for \$5. All druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, Dr. B. J. Kendall & Co., Louisville, Ky. Send for illustrated circular.

CHILD'S CATARRH

Treatment For EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS

One good dose of Emory's Little Cathartic Pills, followed by one or two more at intervals of a week or two, makes the human machinery run as regular as a watch. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.

EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS are the BEST EVER MADE for CATARRH, INDIGESTION, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, etc. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all cases of Catarrh of the Bowels, Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, etc.