

## Some More Advice

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Alabama Baptist.
SELMA, ALA., JULY 10, 1884.
ORDER OF BUSINESS
FOR THE
BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION
OF ALABAMA.
SIXTY-FIRST SESSION.
Meeting at Tuscaloosa, Friday, July 15th.
As suggested by Committee on Programme.

Ministers' Meeting.
THURSDAY.
MORNING SESSION—10 O'CLOCK.
Exercises of 1 Cor. 3:11-15—By E. B. Teague, D.D.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON—4 O'CLOCK.
What kind of preaching is demanded by our times?—W. C. Ward, Jr. D. D.
THURSDAY NIGHT—8 O'CLOCK.
To what extent is the pastor responsible for the indifference to missions on the part of his people?—Rev. Geo. B. Eager, D.D.

Convention.
FRIDAY.
MORNING SESSION—10 O'CLOCK.
I. Opening Exercises.
II. Enrollment of Members' Names.
III. Election of Officers.
IV. Opening Address, by Rev. J. S. Dill, to the Convention.
V. Report of the various Committees.
VI. On Nominating Remaining Officers of the Convention.
VII. On Nominating Delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention.
VIII. On Nominating the State Mission Board.
IX. Read the Reports of—
1. The State Mission Board.
2. The Trustees of Howard College.
3. The Trustees of Judson Female Institute.
4. The Board of Directors of the Convention.
5. Any other College Report.
FRIDAY AFTERNOON SESSION—3 O'CLOCK.
I. Devotional Exercises.
II. Report of the Committee on Temperance.
III. Report on the Evangelization of the Colored Race, by J. H. Curry, Chairman.
IV. Miscellaneous Business.
FRIDAY NIGHT SESSION—8 O'CLOCK.
Convention Sermon, Rev. W. G. Curry, alternate, Rev. J. A. Howard.
SATURDAY.
MORNING SESSION—9 O'CLOCK.
I. Devotional Exercises.
II. Miscellaneous Business until 10 o'clock.
III. Report on State Missions. Two hours. Opening address 30 minutes, J. P. Shaffer.
SATURDAY AFTERNOON SESSION—3 O'CLOCK.
I. Opening Exercises.
II. Report on Sabbath Schools. Two hours. E. W. North, Chairman.
1. Should we ignore catechetical instruction in church? Opening address by J. M. Frost—30 minutes.
2. How shall we increase the spirit of benevolence in the church? Opening address by W. G. Robertson—30 minutes.
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2. Ministerial Education. Address by Z. D. Rely, D.D.—30 minutes.
3. Sunday Schools. Address by J. O. Cleveland, D.D.—30 minutes.
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100. Sunday School. Address by J. O. Cleveland, D.D.—30 minutes.

Minister's Meeting.
THURSDAY.
MORNING SESSION—10 O'CLOCK.
Exercises of 1 Cor. 3:11-15—By E. B. Teague, D.D.
THURSDAY AFTERNOON—4 O'CLOCK.
What kind of preaching is demanded by our times?—W. C. Ward, Jr. D. D.
THURSDAY NIGHT—8 O'CLOCK.
To what extent is the pastor responsible for the indifference to missions on the part of his people?—Rev. Geo. B. Eager, D.D.

The Danger of Intemperance.
If you are a sufferer from Sleeplessness, that warning indication of serious nervous derangement, which is not arrested, may lead to most disastrous consequences. A statement of your case to Dr. S. J. F. & T. 1109 Grand St., Philadelphia. They have successfully treated many such cases with their new "Nightingale" remedy, which acts directly on the nervous centres. An opinion will be promptly given, and they will at the same time furnish you with reports of cases from which you will be able to judge for yourself as to the value of their special treatment in your particular case.

The dearest girl on earth is the one that eats the most ice cream.—Drake's Traveller's Magazine.
KENDALL'S SPAIN CURE.
Montello, Wis., Jan. 26th, 1884.
Dr. B. J. Kendall, Ala. Gent.—One of my customers, Richard Swannell, stated to me recently that he had cured several cases of Spavin, with Kendall's Spavin Cure. Mr. Swannell is a reliable man and his statement can be relied upon. Many other persons have also stated instances of Spavin being cured with the above remedy.
Very truly yours, Dr. B. J. Kendall.
"No sir, my daughter can never be better."
"I don't want her to be my daughter," broke in the young student. "I want her to be my wife."

Shiner's Indian Vermifuge is strictly a vegetable compound, for expelling intestinal worms, for destroying and expelling worms. Try it.
Girls who mourn because the men won't propose should bear in mind that Naomi was 50 years old before she married.—[New York Journal.]
Some one has said, indignation was the cause of more than half the ailments of the present age. It is a sad fact, however, that more than half the ailments of the present age are caused by indigestion. One says he has heart disease; another, my liver is torpid; another, I am troubled with my kidneys; another, I suffer with indigestion from constipation; another, from chronic diarrhoea; another, from nervousness; another, I have no appetite, and so on and so forth. And to sum up the whole, indigestion is at the bottom of it all, which a few bottles of the Seven Springs Mass would cure in a short time.

"Do you suppose eating angel cake will make an angel of me?" asked a scraggy young lady of the worldly-wise, "I've no doubt it will," he answered, "if you eat enough of it."—[Hotel Mail.]
THE HORSE DOCTOR.
We have heard of a "cure all," but when a father is taking a bottle of medicine for the summer complaint to his family in the country, his physician, a sudden attack of cholera from over feeding, is given the contents of the bottle and is soon restored, as was a case we have just heard of. Dr. J. H. Curry, Southern Remedy, should certainly relieve men of diarrhoea, dysentery and children's teething. This, with a bottle of Taylor's Cherokee Remedy, of Sweet Gum and Menthol, combining the stimulating expectorant principle of the sweet gum with the demulcent healing one of the Menthol, for the relief of the whooping cough, colds and consumption, presents a little MEDICINE CHEST no household should be without for the speedy relief of sudden attacks of the lungs and the bowels. Ask your druggist for them. Manufactured by Walter A. Taylor, proprietor Taylor's Premium Cologne, Atlanta, Ga.

A merciful man is merciful to his beast. A Quincy man refused to visit his premises at the command of his unfeeling landlord, on the ground that he had no time to spare, and he hadn't the heart to disturb them. [Boston Transcript.]
If you suffer with Sick Headache, Constipation, Stomach, or Bilious attacks, EMORY'S LITTLE CATHARTIC PILLS will relieve you.—25 Cents.
It is much easier to lay plans than it is to hatch them.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, which has been used when children are cutting their teeth, is very pleasant to take, and it soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.
It takes a "bucket stop" to make a man turn pale.

Skin Diseases.—"Swaine's Ointment."
"Swaine's Ointment" cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Scald Head, Eczema, all Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing.
Having heard that a meeting of this nature was to be held with Mr. Lebanon church on Saturday and Sabbath June 28th, and 29th, Bro. Rogers and I took passage on the dashing Georgia Pacific train bound for Columbus, Miss., and soon found ourselves at Fayette Court House where we spent the night, the writer being asked to preach, which request he could not refuse, it having come from so kind a people as those of Fayette.

Saturday morning, after a drive of five miles, we found a number of brethren from different parts of the country gathered at the church. The services were opened by reading Psalm 139 and prayer. Rev. J. B. Ferguson called the meeting to order, which was organized by choosing Bro. Allen Chairman and Bro. Savage Secretary.
The first subject was Math 5:16, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in Heaven." Brethren Shirley, Corbett, Dyer and Stewart gave their views on the subject.

The principal part of the day's discussion was on the question, Has one Baptist church a scriptural right to invite the members of another of the same faith and order to communion? The discussion was opened by the Rev. and venerable David Andrews, who read a Cor. 10th chapter, and seemed to think that he gathered from it the proof that intercommunion is unscriptural. At the close of his speech the meeting adjourned for dinner, and we were called to a bountiful and well prepared repast. After we had all eaten, until we were entirely too full for utterance, and had left much, we were called into the house to resume the discussion. Bro. Savage being called to the floor, took the Bible and although he made no attempt at rhetoric, yet he showed by the selection of Scripture that he had made it a subject of study. The Scripture he read, his remarks, and his feeling all favored intercommunion. He was followed by Bro. Newton who made it a subject of the best

speeches of the day. He too was for intercommunion.
Bro. Ferguson now rose and in a few but forcible words assented to the speeches of the last two on the floor.
Bro. Dyer being called on rose in a very happy and agreeable manner to make known his objection to intercommunion. He said, "church communion certainly is safe, but we do not know that intercommunion is, and we may be wrong. Let us get right all over, and this will cease to be a question." Bro. Rogers, the writer, and Bro. Cox also made short speeches on the affirmative side of the question, after which all still seemed to be happy in the opinion they cherished before going. I hope the matter will give our churches no further trouble.
After a few short rejoinders from a few, the discussion closed just about this way.—J. Wm. Stewart.
Toledo, Ala., June 30th, 1884.

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Toledo, Ala., June 30th, 1884.

Query.
What do you think of Sunday-school scholars that will ride four miles to school, to see a bear and monkey and pay to see them dance—especially of one who did so while secretary of a Sabbath-school and a member of the Baptist church?
INQUIRER.
We think they have not been properly instructed. Deal gently with them, instruct them more perfectly and pray for them. Don't scold them and call them heathens. If you do, they probably is that they will ride ten miles next time to see the bear.

He who comes up to his own idea of greatness, must always have had a very low standard of it in his mind.—Havillat.
The beauty that addresses itself to the eyes is only the spell of the moment. The eye of the body is not always that of the soul.—Geo. Sand
Most of the beauties which infinite compassion pronounced, have the sorrow of earth for their subject, but the joys of heaven for their completion.—H. More.

MARRIED.
At Benton, June 29th, by Rev. E. F. Baber, Mr. John W. Robinson and Mrs. Salina M. Bryant.
Married in Alabama.
In Mobile, Alfred R. Murray and Anna L. Marshall.
In Summerfield, Thos. W. Kiddle, of Summerfield and Fannie A. Palmer, of Tennessee.

Deaths in Alabama.
At Ramer, Angus Dowling.
In Greenville, Hiram Pierce.
In Bibb county, M. Hubbard.
In Greenville, J. M. Leonard.
At Forkland, Dr. P. B. Minor.
At Chepultepec, Ursie Burnett.
Near Calera, Thomas Aldridge.
In Greensboro, Col. I. F. Lewis.
In Montgomery, James Davidson.
At Tishabee, Miss Panthea Biltzell.
Near Blountsville, Charlie Patterson.
In Montgomery, Joseph T. Foreman.
In Chambers county, Mrs. Cunningham.
Near LaFayette, wife of Prof. B. F. Tisinger.
In Talladega, infant of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. May.
Near Selma, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Rogers.
In Etowah, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perrin.
Near Hullah, Blount county. Archibald Copeland.
Near Scottville, Minor Murphy; also Mrs. Sarah Frances Perry.

OBITUARY.
It is with sadness that we announce the death of our beloved brother, Chas. H. Harper, which occurred at the residence of his father, in Wilcox county, Ala., on the 13th of Mar. 1884. At the time of his death he was twenty-one years, and three months of age. He had been in declining health nearly two years, though he bore it with great patience and fortitude. He was never heard to murmur or complain at the burden of misfortune, or ill health. In March, 1883, his wrist joint became diseased and kept growing worse until September, 1883, when he had to have it amputated. As he began to gain strength he was attacked with a spell of typhoid fever which resulted in his death. Charlie was a young man who seemed to enjoy life to its full measure, yet he possessed a quiet and loving disposition and was kind and obliging to all. He united with the Bear Creek Baptist church and was baptized by Rev. A. A. Sims in September, 1880, where he was a consistent member at his death. He was punctual and attentive upon all church services. But, alas! he owed a debt, and was called upon to pay it in the flower of his age. He leaves a father, brothers, and sisters, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss; but we are not left to sorrow as those who have no hope, as he trusted Christ fully as a Savior, and often expressed a desire to be with Him. In his last illness he petitioned very frequently to his Heavenly Father for himself and friends. And just before he died he sang "Sweet Home." Now he is

gone to join the Heavenly host above, and dwell forever with angels of love and peace.
This one by one we all shall go.
And leave our places vacant here,
But in the better land we know
They never shed the parting tear.
J. B. HARPER.
Mrs. Sarah Cox.
Died, at Fayette Court House, June 2, 1884, in her forty-fifth year, Mrs. Sarah Cox, wife of Rev. J. E. Cox, who was for four years a faithful laborer of the Master under the direction of the State Mission Board. She was a daughter of Gen. Manasco, of Walker county, Ala. Gen. Manasco is well known throughout the State, as he represented Walker county eighteen consecutive times in the legislature.
The subject of this notice was married to Rev. J. E. Cox in 1861, and indeed has she, for the past twenty-three years, been to him a helpmate, assisting him, by her examples of meekness and humility, words of encouragement, wise, prudent advice, sweet loving sympathy and faithful prayers. She joined the Baptist church in 1863, and was a zealous, consistent member until her death; was an earnest, faithful Christian, and lived not for herself, but



## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

From the Sunday School Times.  
For Children at Home.

How They Get Round the Church's Master.

BY THE REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

The sat on the wood-pile and talked it over, a few days before the Fourth.

"Then you want my pinion," said Socrates.

"Yes, I should like it," answered Ned.

"Where is the party going on the Fourth?" asked Socrates.

"Just up there on the other side of those juniper bushes, near the edge of the woods, and not far from Silver Brook. Going to have a picnic there."

As Ned spoke, he pointed toward a large clump of juniper bushes on the side of Fox Mountain, at whose foot clustered the buildings connected with the Gray farm.

"Who are going?" asked Socrates.

"The Penn boys, the Hawkins girls, the Wil—"

"He going?" asked Socrates suddenly, interrupting Ned's answer. The occasion of the interruption was a little cripple, who, leaning on a single crutch, came writhing and twisting into the yard.

"Oh, it's the 'Cherub'!" exclaimed Ned.

The "Cherub" was not a very attractive looking being. His face did not have that round, plump look ascribed to cherubs, but poverty had nipped it down to a small size. He had a fair complexion, and his eyes might have been handsome once for they were full of a bright blue shade; but the boys so annoyed him that they had a look scared and expectant of a great impending peril.

Some boys nicknamed him "Cherub," but when or why no historian knows. He came timidly hobbling toward the wood-pile.

"Cherub going?" asked Socrates.

"Of course not."

"Why not?"

"He—he's the 'Cherub,'" said Ned, laughing.

"What if he is? Wouldn't his mother let him?"

"His mother! Who would dare to go near her to ask? Look, here, Socrates; did I ever tell you about my call there?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, our folks at church thought 'Cherub' ought to come to Sunday-school. Our minister went, and Mrs. Evans told him he might take care of his own concerns, and you know she has a tongue sharper than a pitchfork. That scared 'em all. I wasn't going to be scared, and I said I'd go. I went, and she came to the door, and I said, 'Would you let me—' almost said 'Cherub'—would you let your little boy come to Sunday-school? and if she didn't bang the door in my face."

Socrates laughed. "There, I 'pose Parson Pierce went to the house and poked around in his slow talk about an hour, and it provoked the woman."

Socrates was right. The woman had only a wash boiler and wash tub with which to scald the wool—poverty away from the door, and the parson interrupted her so long that her water got cold, and it provoked her.

Ned, suggested Socrates, "you ask Cherub to go to the picnic. I will haul him up there in the children's dog-cart, and go after him too. Come, let's get round the old lady."

Cherub had now arrived, with a half-scared look, as if he expected his mother's sharp-pointed tongue or the boys' thoughtless teasing might be in pursuit of him. Cherub timidly said to Socrates, "Mother wants to know if you'll come at any time you say and cut her grass in the field. She will pay you."

"Yes, I'll come and let her know when."

Socrates now looked at Ned as if the look were a question. "Haden't you better invite him?"

Ned had been busily thinking after this fashion: "I 'pose I can ask him for every one has a right to ask some body else. I was going to ask Charley Hawkins, Dear me! why do Cherubs come when you don't want 'em? I shall have to look after the boy—and—guess I won't."

Ned, however, looked at Socrates' face. There was a bright twinkle shining itself in his brown eyes, and the twinkle said, "Come, Ned, let's get around the old lady."

Ned's first decision began to thaw out. Then he said to Socrates, "Well, I will think about it, and if I decide to give you a chance to haul Cherub up the mountain, I'll go see his mother about it."

The result of it was that the next day Ned started for the washerwoman's. She saw him coming, and then "One of them Sunday-school people," she angrily exclaimed, and hastened to shut the door. Ned saw that twinging, closing door, and was bright enough to shout, not "Sunday school," but "Picnic! picnic! See here!"

The widow hesitated and then began to close the door.

"Picnic on the Fourth—on the mountains—we want your boy—want him to go," screamed Ned, letting fly through that narrowing space in the doorway as many shot as possible. The door halted.

"Want him very much," shrieked Ned, making up to the steps.

The door began to open.

"Socrates will haul him up."

The door opened wider.

"I'll haul him back and treat him."

The door fell back still farther, and Ned, in his eagerness, thrust in his head and his body. The widow was behind the door.

"Excuse me—I—I—only wanted to make sure of your—your—Ch—Ch—"

(Ned almost spoiled his mission by saying "Cherub") "your—your—boy for the picnic."

The widow had her apron up at her eyes, but whether to hide any laughing or crying, Ned could not decide.

The morning of the Fourth, Socrates called on "Ned," I'll go after "Cherub." Here's some money, and

when you go by the store at the village you get him something good to eat. Go in to take an umbrella!"

"Why, no, it's a bright sky."

"Yes, but I heard the wind growling down the mountain. That's not a good sign. You take my umbrella!"

Socrates, as he said, "harnessed himself" into the children's dog-cart, and pulled "Cherub" up to the picnic ground. There Ned entertained him.

"Why, he's a handsome little fellow!" declared Ned, "when you get the fright out of his eyes, and he's taking care of himself too. Why, he hops round like a squirrel!"

"Broom-m-m-m!" said a voice overhead, far up in the summer sky, about noon.

"It's thunder!" said one of the picnicers. See there, over the top of the mountain."

Over the mountain's top hung a black cloud, and across it the lightning was driving a furrow of fire.

The picnic party was quickly scattered, and all went hurrying down the mountain. Away went the dog-cart, Cherub, and Ned. They had cleared the upper woods and reached an open field when the rain began to beat down. After the open field came the "lower woods."

Said Ned inside of himself, "I don't like to go near those tall trees ahead when the lightning is so sharp. I'll pull up here by the side of this boulder, and I think I can shelter Cherub from the rain better than if we went on."

"Now," he said aloud to Cherub, "I guess we will stop here, and I can make a shelter with the cart and Socrates' umbrella, and you won't be so likely to get wet."

He turned the cart up, resting it on one end, and then told Cherub to "cuddle down inside of it." He spread the umbrella over all, and this, with the boulder, which may have been four feet high, protected the refugees.

"Now don't be afraid," said Ned, as he saw a cloud gather in the Cherub's eyes. "Look here! you never told me your name."

"Cherub," and the blue eyes were slowly lifted.

"Well, Cherub, all we can do any time is to try to take good care of ourselves, and let God do the rest. He won't fail us."

"They tell you 'bout him in the Sunday school?"

"Yes," said Ned eagerly, "and don't you want to go?"

"I wanted to go when the minister came, but mother wasn't willing."

"Let's ask her again."

"Well,"

The rain clattered by in half an hour, and the sun came out and bespangled the green robes of Fox Mountain with jewels. Charles, the Cherub, was safely landed at his mother's door.

The next Sunday, a little fellow of his size and looks was seen to enter the Sunday-school, clinging to Ned's hand. One week still later, a slender woman in black, resembling in stature and general appearance Charles' mother, was seen to walk up the church steps.

"Did I ever?" exclaimed old Miss Fetherly in her heart, and she was both lifting her hands and lifting her eyes to the church roof. "That 'ere woman out!"

Socrates' silent comment was: "Well, I thought we might get round Cherub's mother."

The Brown Towel.

"They must be very poor who have nothing to give," said Mrs. Jarvis, as she deposited a pair of beautiful English blankets in a box that was being filled by the ladies of the church to be sent to the poor.

"And now, ladies, as you are nearly through, I would like to tell you an incident in my history; I was once very poor."

"You were very poor?" said a lady.

"Yes, I was once very poor. There came to me a missionary to deliver a lecture. I felt very desirous to go, but, having no decent apparel to wear, I was on the verge of going to church, although I was a member."

"I wanted to go, and I was late, and then slipped in and took a seat behind the door."

"I looked, with streaming eyes to the missionary's account of the destitution and darkness in heathen lands. Poor as I was, I felt it to be a great privilege to live in a Christian land and to be able to read the Bible."

"It was proposed by our pastor that the congregation should fill a box and send it out with the mission on its return."

"Oh! I thought, how I would like to send something. When I returned home my poor children were still sleeping soundly and my disconsolate husband waiting my return, for he had been out of employment for some time. After he had gone to bed I went to looking over my clothes, but I could find nothing that was suitable that I could possibly spare; then I began looking over the children's clothes, but could find nothing that the poor dears could be deprived of; so I went to bed with a heavy heart, and lay a long time thinking of the destitution of the poor heathen, and how much better off I was."

"I got to thinking over my little stock again. There was nothing I could put into the box except one brown towel."

"Next day I got my towel, picked out the best one, and when it was almost dark, put on my bonnet, went to church, slipped my towel into the box, and came away thinking that the Lord knew that I had done what I could."

"And now, ladies, let me tell you it was not long after that before my husband got into a good situation; and prosperity has followed us ever since. So I gave back my prosperity to this incident of the brown towel."

Her story was done and as the carriage was waiting at the door she took her departure leaving us all mute with surprise that one so rich and generous had been trained to give amid poverty.—*Christian Woman.*

Deception, my son, is the twin brother to fraud, and the stepping-stone to theft. Be positive, firm and honest.—*Peck's Sun.*

From the Christian Secretary.

## Not Your Own.

BY REV. C. H. WETHERS.

Paul was instructed by the Holy Spirit to write: "We are not your own." This pertained not only to the Corinthian Christians, but it applies to all Christians. What is involved in the declaration? In the first place this is certainly involved: Christians are not their own masters. And yet, how many act as though they were their own masters. They seem to think that they have a right to do as they please, with their time, their money, and their influence. They virtually say, "These things are all my own and I have a right to use them for whatever purpose I choose to." And so they act first, and then, if they have anything to spare and they feel disposed, they give it in just such a way as suits their notion of propriety. If they do not like their pastor, we often hear them say that they will not give anything towards his support. How often it is said in regard to a pastor who has somehow incurred the displeasure of certain ones, "He will not get any more of my money."

Many pride themselves on their supposed right to control their own (7) pocketbooks. But, every Christian is bound by virtue of his ownership in him, to help support his pastor, whether he likes him or not. The true pastor is Christ's official representative and divinely authorized overseer of the church, to which in God's providence he has been sent. And to refuse to sustain him because he has in faithfulness to his solemn vows so preached the truth and re-proved the wrong as to cause unpleasant feelings to arise against him, is to refuse to submit to the mastery of Christ.

Again, Christians are neither their own masters nor their own servants by right. They are not allowed by Christ to serve their mere likes and dislikes. Because they do not happen to like the cause of foreign missions, they are not at liberty to withhold their means from helping to sustain the missionaries. They may object to Home Missions, but they are not to serve such a dislike, by refusing to give something for that cause. It is needless to say that those who act on the principle that they own themselves, are not the best of Christians. They lack much of being "filled with the Spirit." Dear reader, consider more thoroughly the fact that you belong to One who paid a great price for you.

## The Way to Grow Wise.

After reading a book, or an article, or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes' quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory, so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory, and teaches concentration of thought.

You will soon learn, in this way, to think and reason intelligently, to separate and classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a store-house where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use: the instant there is need of it.—*Martha Holmes Bates, in St. Nicholas for July.*

## Atheism.

It would cause me less pain to deny immortality than to deny God's existence. In the former case, what I lose is but a world hidden by clouds; but in the latter, I lose this present world, that is to say, my sun. The whole spiritual universe is shattered and shivered by the hand of Atheism, into innumerable glittering quicksilver globules of individual personalities, running hither and thither at random, colliding and parting, and without unity, coherence, or consistency. In all this wide universe there is none so utterly solitary and alone as a denier of God. With orphaned heart—a heart which has lost the Great Father—he mourns before the immeasurable corpse of Nature, a corpse no longer animated or held together by the Great Spirit of the Universe—a corpse which grows in its grave; and by this corpse he mourns until he himself crumbles and falls away from it into nothingness. The wide earth lies before such an one like the great Egyptian sphinx of stone, half buried in the desert sand; the immeasurable universe has become for him but the cold iron mask upon an eternity which is without form and void.—*Wit, Wisdom, and Philosophy of Richter (Standard Library No. 117).*

## A Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get as a sweet voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get a voice that shall at all

times speak the thoughts of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is apt to be got. You often hear children at play speak with a sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed, you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill will in the tone than in the words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and that worst of all discords strikes to him through life, and stings up all will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Such as these get a sharp voice for use and keep their best voice for those they chance to meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests, and put by all their own food for their own board. We would say to all boys and girls, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the time to come than the best pearl held in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a hearth and home, and the sweetest music in all the world to one who loves you. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

## Religion at Home.

It is laughable to hear of people who have been only shod over his forehead. But it is not laughable to see Christians hunting for what they call opportunities to honor God, while overlooking such opportunities which they carry with them wherever they go. A slovenly carpenter was once heard at a weekly prayer meeting to pray with great fervency for the spread of Christ's cause—a cause which he disgraced and hindered in his sphere every time he stood at his workbench. When he ended his prayer, a hearty "Amen" came from a servant who put his mistress out of temper a hundred times a day by his carelessness. A clerk also was there, who, although he taught a class in the mission school on Sabbaths, was always late at his employer's store-week days. He whispered "Amen" too, and meant it as far as he knew himself. A lady hearer, as she listened, resolved to join the missionary society, and then went home and found an unreasonable fault with her cook. And others also felt warmed to do something for Christ, who never seemed to have thought that religion, like charity, begins at home. The mechanic who is powerful in class meeting, and weak at his trade, is not a credit to the cause he professes. The servant who drops tears feelingly at religious services, and drops clothes unfeelingly in the kitchen, has her tenderness altogether too much on one side. And it is a poor kind of religion which seeks opportunities to set others straight, but overlooks its own crookedness.—*S. S. Times.*

## The Family Altar.

There is no view of a Christian home which reveals the inner religion of family life so clearly as that of the daily prayer service. You may visit many times at a house of a friend, but never until you have bowed with him and his around the family altar, do you feel that you have had a glimpse into the holy of holies of home. Strange that some Christians have no time to keep up family prayer because of the engrossing cares of business. This rush and hurry is often not to gain the necessities but the luxuries of life. Yet what adorning of art or taste can equal the scene of parents and children, kneeling to worship the Father of all from whom cometh every good and perfect gift. Thousands of gold and silver can not buy a picture that sheds beauty like this which may be made in the humblest home.

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