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News and Views from Alabama.  
Presbyterian Creed and Its Discussion at  
Tusculoo.

The Presbyterian Church South has been shaken from center to circumference, during the past few months, on the subject of evolution. The discussion grew out of the teaching of Dr. James Woodrow, Professor of Natural Science and Revealed Religion, in Columbia Theological Seminary, as set forth in an address published in the *Southern Presbyterian Review*. After careful investigation the Board of Directors of the Seminary, saw nothing in the teachings of the learned doctor that conflicted with the standards of the church, and on a vote of 8 to 3 retained him as professor. To this action of the Directors, the Presbyterian press has been entering a long and loud protest; and during the past two weeks the case has been on trial before the Synods of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida and Alabama, which have jurisdiction over the Seminary. Even those Synods which have no jurisdiction or official vote in the matter, have given the subject thorough ventilation, and passed resolutions of approval or condemnation. The severest conflict on the subject was at Greenville, S. C., the week before the meeting of the Alabama Synod in Tusculoo. It was there decided only by an ambiguous compromise, offered by the opponents of Prof. Woodrow, but interpreted by his friends into a victory for themselves.

Under these circumstances the meeting of the Synod of Alabama in Tusculoo, was of peculiar interest. An unusually large delegation assembled promptly the first day, and the all absorbing topic of conversation was Prof. Woodrow and his evolution. Before the call to order men gathered here and there talking excitedly and in bated breath, yet one need not mingle long in the throng to discern how the tide was flowing. It took no prophet to see that if the Synod of Alabama had its way, the learned doctor and his new hypothesis of evolution, must seek a more congenial atmosphere.

It must not be understood by this

was ably espoused by a number of the strongest and wisest men. Dr. C. A. Sullivan and James W. Lapsley, of the Board of Directors from this Synod, had voted to retain the professor, and ably defended their action before the Synod. I here quote the case as understood by them, in a paper submitted to the Synod.

"1st. That the sciences are not taught at Columbia except incidentally, in order to state their relations to revelation, and to demonstrate the supreme authority and accuracy of God's Word.

"2d. That the differences between Dr. Woodrow and others of us as to the method of man's creation, and the true interpretation of Gen. 2:7 is clearly an allowable difference. His views, it is true, are extremely unpopular, and calling to that strange pride of birth which boasts its descent from a clo; but they involve no principle of faith or practice.

"3d. Dr. Woodrow's views, as we understand them, are that, probably, Adam's body, instead of being carved or moulded out of a lump of clay, was formed out of the dust just as we are formed out of the dust, as we were taught to believe in our childhood (when we were taught first that God made us, and next that he made us out of the dust); that is the same way as David says he was 'wonderfully made in secret,' 'curiously wrought in the lowest parts of the earth' by the hand of God; and as God's hands fashioned him and 'made him as the clay,' clothed him with skin and flesh and fenced him with bones and sinews;" so by the same hand and in a similar way God created Adam: that is formed him out of the dust mediately rather than immediately. He may err in his science, but his soundness in the faith can hardly be questioned on account of his giving to Scripture words a similar meaning to that which David and Job and the Child's Catechism give to them. At least we so judged, and hence resolved, not our concurrence or endorsement of his views, as has been said; but rather that, notwithstanding our non-concurrence, we saw nothing in them conflicting with a sound faith. And there we stopped, and there we respectfully but most earnestly insist the Synod should stop."

The subject being referred to a committee of eight, two reports were made, one for the other against Dr. W., and each signed by four members of the committee. The discussion embraced the whole of Saturday until 10 o'clock Saturday night, at which

time a vote was reached, adopting the following resolutions by a vote of 41 to 10.

Resolved, First, That this synod disapproves of the teachings of evolution as set forth by the Perkins professor in his published address, because such teachings are in conflict with the received interpretations of the Scripture as expressed in the standards of the Presbyterian church.

Second, That the Board of Directors of our Theological Seminary at Columbia, S. C., be and are hereby instructed to take such steps as shall prevent such views being taught in that institution.

The discussion turned upon the question as to whether evolution, as taught by Prof. W., was in conflict with the standards of the Presbyterian church, and the opposition, whose resolution passed, took the ground that there was a grave conflict, and that Adam's body was created immediately from the dust of the earth.

The Synod of Alabama is an excellent body of men—with perhaps a greater preponderance of gray hairs than one sees in our State Convention, yet there was not lacking a goodly number of young men of rare power and promise. Tusculoo was blessed with an abundance of good preaching. At 11 o'clock Sunday the Baptist folks were charmed with an admirable sermon from Rev. B. F. Webb, of Union Springs. It was indeed a rare pleasure to me to have with me during the Synod this dear friend and associate of my pastorate in Union Springs.

My head is so full of evolution now, that I could repeat a much longer letter, but in pity for your readers I close.

J. S. DILL.

"In Him Shall the Gentiles Trust."

And why should they not? Did he not finish the work the Father gave him to do? Did he not do and die for us, and will not the Father accept that, if we present it in his name? Yes, "ask what ye will in my name and it shall be granted you." Since we are to live by faith, and since faith is an "abiding" principle, if we are not kept, will not the failure be in him in whom we trust? And so it is.

And so it is.

loved his own which are in the world, he loves them to the end." Will his power fail? No, for "all power in heaven and upon earth is given into his hands." Will his faithfulness fail? "As I live by the Father, even so will I live by the Father, and he will live by me." Will his intercessions fail? "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Will he fail in his intercession? "I know thou hearest me always." Will the efficacy of his blood fail? "The blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin." Will his ability fail? "He is able to save to the uttermost all who come unto God by him."

Then trust him as long as you hear the Gospel of grace, as long as he graces the mediatorial throne, as long as the Father will hear him. Trust him as long as the angels obey him, as long as devils are subject unto him, as long as the seasons go and come at his command, as long as the waves of old ocean fall at the bounds his fiat has fixed, as long as the sun, moon, and stars keep their allotted spheres, trust him as long as there is play in his eye, mercy in his mouth, efficacy in his blood, righteousness in his life, grace in his heart, or strength in his right arm—as long as his name is Jesus, trust him. For that name is the token that he "shall save his people from their sins."

Recent figures show that the consumption of liquor in the United States has far outstripped the growth of population. The number of gallons of liquor consumed yearly since 1740 has increased as follows: 1840, 71,000,000; 1850, 94,000,000; 1860, 202,000,000; 1870, 293,000,000; 1880, 506,000,000; 1888 655,000,000. While the population has only trebled in the last forty years, the consumption of intoxicants is nearly ten times greater than it was in 1840, and the amount of money expended in the purchase thereof is twenty or thirty times greater. Our annual expenditure for liquor now exceeds \$80,000,000.

Spurgeon quaintly characterizes great preaching in the following sentences: "A church with a Luther in every pulpit would be all fire; and with a Calvin to fill every pastorate there would be all skull. Blessed be God for one Robert Hall, but let the main be whipped who tries in his own person to make a second. Rowland Hill is admirable for once, but it is quite as well that the mould was broken. There is a great run just now for little Robinsons of Brighton, but there will soon be a glut in the market."

Have not the sighs, sobs, groans of women, broken bodied as well as broken hearted, the ravings, the blasphemies and cries of despair of ruined men gone into the very walls of that mansion? And in the dark, lonely nights, when the winds are sighing around it, may not these come out again and pour themselves into the ear of the sleeper on the couch? Sooner or later all these moans and groans, and these sobs and cries will descend in one awful chorus upon the ears of

## A House of Wrecks.

Some time since an account appeared in the newspapers of a house near the seacoast in California built entirely of the fragments of wrecked vessels. The whole edifice was a combination of bulk heads and bulwarks, of lockers and cabins. It is boarded with planks ripped off from the ship's side by the savage violence of wind and breaker. The ceilings are decorated with the linings of sumptuous steamer cabins. The kitchen is the galley of a wrecked merchantman.

But in one of our far inland towns there is a beautiful house. The grounds around whisper of paradise. Lawns, trees, flowers of many a choice variety, beautify the scene. The edifice itself is built after the richest style of modern domestic architecture. The doors are massive walnut with hinges of silver. There are winding stairs with ample landing places fenced with a heavy balustrade. There are frescoed ceilings and carpets that yield like down to the pressure of the foot. There are means of illumination that turn night into day. The proprietor lies upon a bed of ivory and stretches himself upon his couch; eats the lambs out of the flock and the calves out of the midst of the stalls; drinks wine in bowls, and anoints himself with the chief ointments.

And this house is built of wrecks. Every board and every brick, every piece of furniture and every appliance of comfort, the carpets on the floor, the frescoes on the ceiling, are each in whole or in part the fragments of a wreck—a wreck not of a ship, but of home, a life, a soul! The owner of this mansion is the owner also and keeper of a drinking saloon. The bar-tender is an adept at mixing tempting beverages; in the art of combining whiskies, brandies, and the like into a wonderful variety of fascinating drinks. The waiters are models of attention, and from early morning till after midnight a stream of coin pours over that counter into the drawer, and it is of coin thus obtained that yonder beautiful

In another street not far away there is a house that was once the embodiment of thrift, neatness and domestic joy. That house has become a wreck. Old hats and old clothes now occupy many a place once filled with window panes. Without all looks like desolation, and within all is misery and desolation. The woman is wearing her life away to support the children, while the father is a lounge about that drinking saloon. All that was comfortable, all that was beautiful in that home has gone into the gorgeous mansion of the saloon keeper. The wreck of this home has been built into that palace. There was a young man, I have seen him often, who had lost both of his arms and who had become a slave to the appetite for strong drink. In that saloon the polite bar tender would fill the glass for the armless young man, and then hold it to the lips while it was drained, and then put his hands into the pockets and help himself to the money for the dram. The wreckage of this young man is built into the house of the saloon-keeper. A young man—this is fact, not fancy—the only son of his mother, and she was a widow, spent his money in that saloon till he had no more to spend, and then went in a far country to spend his days in riotous living. But he fell into the company of those who cared for his soul, reformed and set out to bring glad news to his mother. Before he reached the home door, however, some frequenters of that saloon, formerly boon companions, met him, and by mingling persuasion and ridicule drew him back to the old drinking place and plied him with drink till at last he actually died on their hands, and they had to carry the dead body to the mother; and the wreck of that woman's heart and of that young man's body and soul are built into that beautiful mansion where the liquor seller holds his court. In all that house there is scarce an ornament, means and appliance of comfort, a chair, an instrument of music that has not come from such wreck.

When I go to the house of God I do not want amusement. I want the doctrine which is according to godliness. I want to hear the remedy against the harassing of my guilt and the disorder of my affections. I want to be led from weariness and disappointment to that goodness which filleth the hungry soul. I want to have light upon the mystery of Providence; to be taught how the judgments of the Lord are right; how I shall be prepared for duty and for trial; how I may fear God all the days of my life, and close in peace. Tell me of that Lord Jesus "who his own self bore our sins in his body on the tree. Tell me of his 'intercession for the transgressors,' as their 'advocate with the Father.' Tell me of his Holy Spirit, whom they that believe in him receive to be their preserver, sanctifier, comforter. Tell me of the virtues, as growing out of his cross, and nurtured by his grace. Tell me of the glory reflected on his name by the obedience of faith. Tell me of the vanquished death, of the purified grave, of a blessed resurrection, of a life everlasting, and my bosom warms. This is gospel; these are glad tidings to me as a sufferer, because glad to me a sinner.—Dr. John M. Mason.

One who habitually looks to the fiery cloud pillar for guidance finds that it gives light in the darkest night of trial, shade under the fiercest glow of temptation. All that the Christian holds most dear is beyond the reach of robbers; he can never lose his all. What marvel if that man is patient who knows that all things work together for his good—and brave when assured that death itself is but the angel that uncloses the gate of paradise?—A. L. O. R.

## Let Them Alone.

No, I should not like to live in a house built of wrecks, whether of ships or of homes and souls.—Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., in *Episcopal Recorder*.

## Religious Meetings in Franklin and Lawrence Counties.

Editor Alabama Baptist: It has been my pleasure, within the last three months, to attend several meetings of special interest. The first was with the church at Russellville. This meeting continued nine days, closing on the fourth Sunday of August after the baptism of five young ladies. Bro. J. I. Stockton, the laborious missionary in the northern portion of our Association—the Music Shoals—preached effective sermons at this meeting, and did good work besides. Bro. R. T. Wear also, though pastor of the church, could not be excused from preaching, and was also of course heartily engaged in other work. The next was a six days' meeting at Kirkwood, a mission station not far from town. The congregation being largely that of Russellville, it was natural for Bro. Wear to feel great interest in aiding on this occasion. He had the happiness of seeing that his labor was not in vain, for during the meeting he buried in baptism a husband and wife, and two young ladies. Several others were baptized at Russellville at the next meeting, and several were received in other usual modes. Thus this church has become stronger in numbers, and it was already strong in following the injunction: "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and, with the first fruits of all thine increase."—Prov. 3:9. No wonder the Lord blesses such a church.

After these meetings the sixty-fifth session of the Muscle Shoals Baptist Association occurred, embracing the first Sunday of October, which your readers have already seen, was one characterized by much substantial work, and great religious enjoyment. On the following Saturday I commenced a meeting at Mt. Hope, where there is no religious organization or church to preach in, but the commodious school house is used for meetings. Bro. R. T. Wear and J. S. Gibson, of Town Creek Baptist church, aided in the meeting, the latter preaching on one occasion. Brethren Smith, Youngblood and Reynolds, of the Methodist, and Pickens, of the Presbyterian church, also kindly assisted in the exercises, the first of whom preached several sermons. The congregation gave earnest attention, and it is believed that four of the number gave evidence of conversion.

There were also meetings of much interest at several of our neighboring churches, which resulted in the baptism of considerable numbers.

MAT. LYON.

Moulton, Ala., Nov. 5th.

## What We Need.

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itself out. Those frail saints who fall into the sulks and refuse to speak, are often constitutional talkers. For them not to talk is to suffer an agonizing restraint. As soon as they find that they are to have the unlimited privilege of silence, and that nobody will call them to account for it, they will turn loose their tongues. If others will be silent also, they will presently come to each other for sympathy.

Then, too, if we can induce any people to bridle their tongues, even though they use their anger as a bridle, we have them in a hopeful attitude. So long as they keep still, there is a chance for reflection. Silence will bring them to their senses. Better convictions will subdue their pent-up wrath and shame them into repentance.

So we say to Bro. Southside, that the thing to be done with the two recalcitrant sisters is to let them alone. If they are holding their tongues, they are doing well. Let the church do its work, and not pause to chide two of her pouting and nervous daughters.—*Religious Herald*.

## Ripeness in Christian Character.

Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon beautifully illustrates the marks of richness in Christian character somewhat as follows:

One mark is beauty. Ripe fruit has its own perfect beauty. As the fruit ripens the sun tints it with surpassing loveliness, and the colors deepen till the beauty of the fruit is equal to the beauty of the blossom and in some respects superior. There is in ripe Christians the beauty of realized sanctification, which the Word of God knows by the name of "the beauty of holiness."

Another mark of ripe fruit is tenderness. The young green fruit is hard and stone-like; but the ripe fruit is soft, yields to the pressure, can almost be moulded, retains the mark of the finger. So it is with the mature Christian; he is noted for tenderness of spirit.

Another mark of ripeness is sweetness. The unripe fruit is sour, and perhaps it ought to be, or else we should eat all the fruits while they are yet green. It may, therefore, be in the order of grace a fitting thing that in the youthful Christian some sharpness should be formed which will ultimately be removed. As we grow in grace we are sure to grow in charity, sympathy and love; we shall have greater and more intense affection for the person of Him "whom having not seen we love;" we shall have greater delight in the precious things of his Gospel; the doctrines which perhaps we did not understand at first will become marrow and fatness to us as we advance in grace. We shall feel that there is honey dropping from the honey comb in the deep things of our religion. We shall, as we ripen in grace, have greater sweetness toward our fellow Christians. Bitter-spirited Christians may know a great deal but they are immature. Those who are quick to censure may be very acute in judgment, but they are as yet immature in heart. I know we who are young beginners in grace think ourselves qualified to reform the whole Christian church. We drag her before us and condemn her straightway; but when our virtues become more mature I trust we shall not be more tolerant of evil, but we shall be more tolerant of infirmity, more hopeful for the people of God, and certainly less arrogant in our criticisms.

Another and very sure mark of ripeness is a loose hold of earth. Ripe fruit easily parts from the bough. You shake the tree and the ripe apples fall. If you wish to eat fresh fruit you put out your hand to pluck it, and if it comes off with great difficulty you feel you had better leave it alone a little longer, but when it drops into your hand, quite ready to be withdrawn from the branch, you know it to be in good condition. When, like Paul, we can say, "I am ready to depart," when we are set loose by all earthly things, O, then it is we are ripe for heaven! It is a sure token of ripeness when you are standing on tiptoe, with your wings outspread, ready for flight; when no chain any longer binds you to earth; when your love to things below is subordinate to your longing for the joys above. When we get to this in our very hearts we are getting ripe, and we shall soon be gathered. The Master will not let his ripe fruit hang long on the tree.

Truth is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line.—Tillotson.

We count words as nothing; yet eternity depends upon them.—[Questioner]

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## From Ashland.

Ashland is the county site of our county. One mile north of this, where the county was organized, was an old church house, dilapidated, in which the Baptists held service. This was fourteen or fifteen years ago. The church continued to hold service for several years. An effort to build a house failed, the church grew and disorganized. It remained in this condition for several years; but finally God sent his under shepherd, Rev. W. T. Davis, to gather together the "scattered flock." It has been about three years since this man of God commenced his work. After all that could be gathered together were united, (about forty in number) they constituted a new church, and set about building a house of worship near town. A few brethren bore the burthens, and finally a house was erected, in which the church holds service, and which will be a comfortable and commodious building when finished. God abundantly blessed the labors of the pastor, and answered the prayers of the church with many accessions; and now there are about seventy-five members on the church roll.

Some time ago Bro. Davis tendered his resignation as pastor to the church, and while we all regretted to give him up, the church accepted his resignation, and has called Bro. Scarborough to the pastorate. Bro. Scarborough accepted the care of the church and preached his first sermon last Saturday. Bro. Scarborough located here a year ago, and has been practicing medicine and preaching to other churches, occasionally giving an appointment to the church here. A good, live Sabbath-school was organized during the first of this year, which has continued good, with large attendance. We also have a very interesting literary school. The school opens its third annual session next Monday under Prof. J. T. Wiley and G. M. Callaway. Miss Lula Nichols will have charge of the music department. The Methodists will soon have completed a new church building. By the help of God, we hope to build up a strong Baptist church here, one that will do something for the Master.

W. J. L. HOON.

Ashland, Nov. 1st.

## LITERARY NOTICES.

HOW TO SEE JESUS WITH FULLNESS OF JOY AND PEACE." By J. W. Kimball. 256 pp. Price 75 cents. Published by J. A. Whipple, 9 Hamilton Place, Boston.

We are much pleased with this book. We feel that it goes far to supply a want long felt, viz., How to enter into that sweet communion with our Lord which all Christians desire, but which so few at present attain. Every Christian will recognize in the failings and perplexities of Emily T. G., a faithful representation of his own troubles in the Christian life; and from her experience and ultimate triumph, together with the wise counsel of the writer, he cannot fail to receive a permanent benefit. Mr. Kimball is well known, as past success shows, favorably known to Christian readers, and this book will in no way detract from his fame. It has already attained its eighth edition, and bids fair to occupy a not unenviable place in Christian literature.

FORD'S CHRISTIAN REPOSITORY AND HOME CIRCLE for November received. This number is illustrated with ten engravings, including the portraits of Benjamin Keach, his exposure on the pillory, the old house the Church met in, and the Tabernacle where the same organization now worships and Spurgeon preaches. An article from the pen of Dr. C. C. Lorimer on The Genesis of Man is original in thought and method, and fascinating in style. Several articles, theological and historical, by the editor, Dr. Ford, follow; and Mrs. Ford's new serial "The Divorce and What Came of it," commences in this number. It is full of original matter adapted to each member of the family, and is deservedly popular. 80 pages monthly. Price, \$2.50 a year. The November and December numbers are sent free to all new subscribers. Address: Ford's Christian Repository and Home Circle, St. Louis, Mo.

A certain Nevada judge, who had been a great scamp years before his accession to the bench, recognizing an old acquaintance in a prisoner brought before him, and supposing himself safe from recognition, asked the prisoner what had become of the companions of his early life of crime. The reply was, "They are all hanged, your honor, except you and me."

Defect in manners is usually the defect of fine perceptions. Elegance comes of no breeding, but of birth.—Emerson.

When you are asked to drink, my son, and have half a mind to accept the invitation, remember this: If you had a whole mind, you wouldn't.—Burlington Hawkeye.

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## Temperance Column.

Selected for the Alabama Baptist by the Synod,



# Alabama Baptist.

SELMA ALA., NOV. 13, 1884.

JNO. L. WEST & CO., PUBLISHERS.

JNO. L. WEST, Editor and Proprietor.

Entered at the post-office at Selma, Ala., for transmission through the mails as second-class matter.

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## A WHOLESOME CALLING.

We have before hinted at the connection between thrift, based on economy, and religion, suggesting that nothing tries a man's principles more than financial straits. Of this we have had many illustrations in higher life and wealthy circles, outnumbered, however, by far, in humbler places. Every merchant these times knows to his sorrow the frailties of "impecuniosity." The humblest indulge in luxuries even, about as far as their means and credit will possibly go. Easy commercial intercourse with the world has made people familiar with means of gratification, indulgence and vice, of which our fathers knew nothing, and which were not among their temptations.

Another marked feature of the times, is the growing disgust of labor in the olden sense—manual toil. Every man almost at all educated, as the phrase goes, that is acquainted with a little elementary mathematics, having dabbled in the ologies and learned to write, aspires, as he regards it, to something more genteel than wearing dust-covered clothes, and using axe or saw, or holding the plow handles. This has struck every one in reference to the colored race among us. "One thing is certain," says a vigorous writer, "When you educate the white man, he will not work." Neither will white men, as the rule. We are all familiar with the idea that an educated mind, uncontrolled by moral principle, is a fearful engine of mischief; educated mind disdaining common labor is scarcely less so. Universal education is not the catholicism that many have imagined—the palladium of our liberties, besides which nothing else is needed. It was sufficient, on this subject, to put the means of education within the reach of the "fittest," and leave the rest to hew wood and draw water. A mania has prevailed in some quarters in reference to the whole matter.

But we set down to say that he will be a benefactor deserving a monument who shall inspire a little common sense in reference to the eligibility of one of the most despised callings. Of mechanics, perhaps, there are enough; of engineers, no great dearth; of railroad men, generally a fair supply. The calling most eschewed, most deprecated, most abhorred, yet most indispensable of all, is farming. Who deliberately proposes to follow it, unless already possessed of comfortable means, and expecting merely to supervise? Echo answers, who? As if it deserved nothing, legislation for the most part, is systematically shaped to depress it. And yet its possibilities, with every drawback, are unlimited. It needs only the observation and the science that have been invoked in other callings to make it more profitable than any other—the analysis of soils, the skillful composition and use of fertilizers, the restoration of the lost art of plowing. The vale of Galilee plowed and thoroughly fertilized to the depth of eighteen inches, produced some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. Eastern people, in that age, knew little of chemistry, nothing of steam, presently to be harnessed in every field. We have within our reach means of enlightenment on the whole subject as far superior to theirs as the moral light of the new dispensation surpasses that of the old. The philosophy of planting is in the reach of every one, albeit debarred from the schools. Magazines and newspapers, reaching every cottage, are, or may be, freighted with everything that science suggests or practice demonstrates. To master the whole subject is worthy the ambition of the proudest intellect and the highest learning.

Religionists should join hands with political economists in lifting this grand calling from the neglect and contempt to which it has been consigned. No sturdier class of men than farmers have ever lent their support to whatever is desirable among men. No calling is so favorable to quiet meditation, none so propitious to purity and virtue, none so much the basis of everything stable among mankind.

As we must always be characterized, as an agricultural people, and as the virtue and religion of the masses are intimately allied with their thrift, their independence, their self-praise, the Sunday-school, the pulpit, the school-master, and the politician, should all combine to elevate the calling to that place of dignity and respect to which it is, on all accounts, most unquestionably entitled. Not all our real education, technically so called, is more demanded than a

zeal for seeing the soil tilled. We confess that we feel scarcely more gratification in meeting a group of boys and girls trooping out of a school-house, than we do when we meet ruddy youths driving the team arched, or returning at eve to the music of rattling traces and tramp of mules.

## OUR THEOLOGICAL STUDENTS.

We have at the Howard and other schools upwards of thirty young brethren prosecuting studies for the ministry, besides eight, or ten at the Seminary. It is understood to be the policy of the Board of Ministerial Education to prefer the Howard constantly to any other school, unless necessarily shall dictate another course. Half or more of the thirty odd already accepted are at the Howard, about as many as the present means in hand or certainly expected, can provide for. We are informed that the Board hesitate to accept a larger number until assured of the means of supporting them. The income of the college is barely sufficient to authorize the present hope of tuition for more than ten or a dozen—the rest must be provided for in respect of tuition as other expenses by the Baptist people of Alabama, or the Board will find their way blocked as to a larger work than they are doing—indeed they are already embarrassed, as to what they have undertaken.

In this state of things it is necessary for every friend of the work to come to the rescue. The severest economy characterizes everything done for these young men, as will abundantly appear in the instructions of the Convention and Board of Directors when a full exhibit shall have been made at the next meeting of that body.

The Board last year, were not, we believe, regarded very efficient; not very successful, in finding out young men impressed with the duty of preaching the Gospel. We have the means of knowing that they were hampered by want of funds. And the present Board have that difficulty, and no other. Applications are constantly coming in which they cannot entertain until their brethren shall authorize them in some tangible way—shall say, Go on, by giving them the means. Dear brethren, send up your pledges, and add liberally to them, and the Board will show themselves worthy of all your confidence.

## THE SITUATION.

The restlessness in the country in reference to politics will soon be over, great National issues settled in a way satisfactory to our Southern people, and, we presume, inspiring. At least everything will be stable and unchanged for a series of years. Fea things contribute more to the possibilities of Christian effort than undisturbed mind. Let us feel called upon to utilize these possibilities to the utmost.

The farmer may feel that taxes will not be increased—possibly gradually diminished; labor will not be in expectation of changes; the political and social status of all parties, will be regarded as settled; and, we may hope, all contentedly accept their relative place. We shall not join in the ah, hah! spirit that some may indulge, but quietly and gratefully enjoy the calm after a great storm. Little readjustment will be demanded in the South. We have not many office holders to be replaced, no serious proportion of our people are employed in factories, machine shops, or public works of any kind, or the businesses dependent on them. The shock, therefore, of the new regime, if it come at all, will not be startling. And time will be allowed for adjustment.

If we have prayed for quiet and it shall come, we ought to mingle incessant praise and thanksgiving with all our devotions. Whatever we have seen reason to regret or to apprehend, nobody doubts we yet have the best government in the world, and that there is hope of perpetuating it in a long future. Most of us have been undisturbed, in any painful way, in the prosecution of our aims for many years past—have felt secure in person and property. The meed of praise ought not to be denied to the "powers that be," though not of our election.

A feverish feeling, for some reason, has pervaded the colored population, who, in their ignorance, have in many cases, imagined some great thing would happen to relieve them of the drudgery of physical toil, not only out of the power, but entirely outside the aims of rulers. This illusion is likely to be forever dissipated, and that people remanded to sober dependence on the sweat of the brow as others. Their semi-political religion will pass away; common sense will take the place of fanaticism; respectability will be sought through the means of intelligence and character. It behooves the white race to furnish them tangible assurances of amity and good will, by promoting in every way their improvement in culture, morals and religion. They need to be reassured, as they have been allowed to distrust a party now gaining the ascendancy, as inimical to the privileges of universal freedom.

## UNGRATEFUL.

In "durance vile" for a few days by the behest of others' business, this present writing is done in the intervals of a durance which may appear in the tone of it. Courts are a very costly and annoying way of securing rights and protection. If their labors affected only the parties litigant, this perhaps would be a wholesome fact; but they reach wide circles no way implicated but by the accidents of time and place. We were once called upon to visit another county than our own, and to report what we had seen of a little affray taking place by the wayside as we were driving past it at a rapid trot—to identify parties, which we could not do—to be told that was all the prosecution wanted. A friend of ours in a railroad car happened to hear a stranger in bravado saying what he would do in certain emergencies in the way of violence. The threatened act was in a few days performed, and the keen-scented official served a subpoena on our friend to testify what he had heard. The very birds carry news in such a case. We have known a score of witnesses summoned in a case involving a little threatened abuse or ten dollars damages, at an expense of hundreds of dollars. Why could not such trifles be entrusted for adjustment to the numerous justices of the peace throughout the country, without the intervention of grand or petit jury, or judge, or any of the paraphernalia of higher courts? We are satisfied more inexpensive methods might be adopted; that the courts, as conducted under existing law, either by defect of the law or its application, are, in many cases, a questionable boon to the country. We have a reported occurrence in Georgia frequently introduced on our recollection: Easy-going judges, or inattentive lawyers, or something of the kind, had allowed undjudged cases to accumulate on the docket until their final disposition was growing hopeless. A new judge came upon the bench. Nobody was ready for trial—counsel absent, and business, after the old order, was all that could be accomplished. He struck cases continued by obvious carelessness, or unrepresented by counsel, who, for aught that appeared, might have been present, off the docket—got through a session of his first court in three days, put the sheriff in jail, and went on to the next court. Something pretty summary here, but suggestive. At all events, it is terrible these times to tax poor men to attend for causes that can do the country no good.

## REVERENCE.

The Jewish tradition of a name of the Great Supreme which it was not lawful to utter, and for which the designations in Holy Writ were regarded as substitutes, is suggestive. The habit of Sir Isaac Newton, constantly using cautious circumlocution, when referring to the Divine Being, so as to avoid the utterance of the Triune Name without necessity, is worthy of imitation. When the name is uttered it should be with feelings like those which we may suppose Moses heard the voice from the burning bush. "Take of the shoes from off thy feet, for the place where thou standest is holy ground."

"With sacred awe pronounce His name, Whom thoughts nor words can reach."

The familiar epithets religious people often apply to the Savior, suggest that they may forget that he is Jehovah-Jesus. How they grate upon the nerves of the sensitively pious!

We have never numbered ourselves among hero-worshippers, nor, that we know, been suspected of any tendency of that sort by others. And yet we confess to an admiration for genius, culture and piety combined, which may verge on the thing. Is it not possible that we are not alone; that there is to most of us a fascination about such an object, filling up our ideal, that may savor of worship? That our church, and pastor, and congregation, fill our imagination too full of exquisite dreams to leave room for holier things? So it has occurred to us as we have read laudation after laudation in some of our exchanges. Another extreme we have often seen—rude formality, slovenliness, neglect of proprieties, non-recognition of "dignities," the "ambassador" of the Most High regarded and treated as no way superior to the common herd; and that office ought to be recognized.

## FIELD NOTES.

"The health of Howard College was never better than at this time."—L. M. B. We are glad to know that the college is enjoying its usual health.

Rev. J. M. McCord, whose address has been Strasburg heretofore, requests that correspondents will hereafter address him at Six Mile, Bibb county, Ala.

We note with great pleasure the fact that Gen. R. C. Jones, of Camden, having formed a law partnership with our distinguished townsman, Col. N. H. R. Dawson, will hereafter make Selma his home. Gen. Jones is a staunch and liberal Baptist, and will be quite an addition to the Baptist strength of Selma, as well as to the community at large.

"For the coming year I have taken charge of four churches: Perote, Liberty and Macedonia in Bullock county, and Pine Level in Montgomery county. I expect to do all I can to circulate the ALABAMA BAPTIST."—B. M. Bean, Post Oak, Ala.

An Alabama lady says: "Enclosed you will find one dollar for my BAPTIST. Please do not stop my paper at any time, as I want it as long as I am able to pay the subscription." and a Texas lady says: "Enclosed you will find \$2.00 to renew my subscription to the ALABAMA BAPTIST. The time has not quite expired, but I do not wish to lose a single copy." A Louisiana brother says: "I enclose \$2.00 to pay for the paper. I can't get along without it in my family."

"Everything is moving on smoothly and harmoniously here in the Seminary. Both professors and students seem to have a mind to work, or at least the professors have a mind for the students to work. Ninety-five have come in up to this date, and this number is being increased every week. Almost every Southern State is represented here. Nine from Alabama. One from Italy. Bro. Geo. B. Taylor, Jr., son of Dr. Geo. B. Taylor, our missionary to Rome, Italy. Two arrived from Mexico this afternoon, Margarito Foscano and Jose Massa de la Fuente, to prepare to preach the gospel to their countrymen. Bro. W. J. David, our missionary to Africa, was here this evening, and addressed the students. All seemed very seriously impressed with his remarks."—L. G. Skipper, Louisville, Ky., Nov. 2.

"There are 1,500 church members, 200 God Temples and only twenty-three prohibitionists in Opelika. They profess with their lips, but are at war in their hearts."—Correspondent.

Drs. Cleveland, Bailey, Eager and Riley, and brethren Curry, Crump, Harris, Frazier and Williams are in Selma this week in attendance on the meeting of the State Mission Board.

"Our church at Liberty Hill is getting along peaceably, with Bro. J. B. Appleton as pastor, who preaches for us once a month the pure Gospel of Christ our Savior."—A. B. Tidmore, Collinsville.

"I have never seen anything in the columns of the ALABAMA BAPTIST to give offense to any sensible man."—N. W. P., Fayetteville, Ala.

"You are making the best paper now you have ever given us, and I think every Baptist in Alabama ought to pay for it and read it."—R. W. B., Birmingham.

## Board of Ministerial Education.

God is answering the prayer of his people. He is sending more laborers into the vineyard. As has been the case, he is calling these laborers from among the poor. Many of them are anxious to prepare themselves for the work assigned them. They need assistance. The Board represents them in the appeal to the churches for needed help. Thirty-two young men have been accepted by the Board, and the attempt is being made to provide for their education. A number of these partially provide for themselves. More than half of them will attend Howard College, the others are at high schools in the State.

Others have applied for assistance, but the Board hesitates to undertake the education of more than the thirty-two already accepted. What shall we do? Will the churches enable the Board to help them? Expenses are accumulating every day. We need money, we need it now. The Board has no credit and does not want any. It has no resources except as the churches shall supply them. We have sent thirty-two young men to different schools looking to the churches for their support. There are others we would gladly send, if we were assured we could sustain them. Bro. F. L. Hudgins, of Birmingham, is our treasurer, and is managing the finances of the Board with his well known prudence and carefulness. Bills mature every month and must be paid promptly.

Not long since a letter came from an excellent brother whose income is not large, in which he said, "Indicate a good young man. I want to spend fifty dollars a session on his education until he is graduated." Are there not others who will follow his example? There are eight or nine ministerial students at the Seminary from Alabama. Thirty-two in Alabama under the supervision of the Board of Ministerial Education, making in all, about forty. This is it should be.

Brethren, sisters we need prompt, liberal responses to enable us to press to a complete success the great work you have given us to do. So let us hear from you soon.

W. C. CLEVELAND.

Some one asked Coloridge if he could prove the truth of Christianity? "Yea," said he, "try it!"

If you cannot be great, be willing to serve God in things that are small.—[S. F. Smith.]

Christ and Christ only, has revealed that he who has erred may be restored, and made pure and clean and whole again.—[Robertson.]

It is better to have thorns in the flesh with grace to endure them, than to have no thorns and no grace.—[Evangelical Messenger.]

## Light On Dark Clouds.

BY THE REV. E. D. SANFORD.

Among the pearls of imagery, scattered in rich profusion through the book of Job, one of the most beautiful is found in these words, "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds; but the wind passeth and cleanseth (or cleareth), them." The figure is that of a cloudy day. The sun does not reveal its full-orbed splendor, but its beams penetrate the mist with sufficient light to prove its presence. In due time, the wind passes, the clouds scatter, the sunlight breaks through openings that reveal the blue sky, and soon the whole firmament glows with the effulgence of noontime glory.

This, we are assured, is a type of the experience of the heart that trusts God. To-day we are called to walk in a path where the clouds intercept the full light of the Divine purpose and thought concerning us. Some hours the clouds are less opaque than at others, but by and by the power of his love and truth will be manifested, and there will come the day of open vision when "we shall know as even now we are known." The Bible is a faithful mirror of human experience. Nowhere else do we find the shadows that sin casts over the earth as truthfully depicted. But while it constantly recognizes the dark cloud of life, its purpose is to bring us into such relations with God that we can always rest in the assurance that there is fullness of light on the other side of every cloud that now casts its shadow over our way. There is a precious promise that gives a pledge of the divine guidance that should be written upon the heart of every Christian, "I will bring the blind by a way they knew not. I will bring them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."

If in faithfulness you love and serve him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, whatever clouds may gather above us they will finally break away and be cleared. "I am the light of the world," says Christ; "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Does God ask more of us than we do of our children? It is quite impossible for us always to explain to them why it is for their good that they should be denied some coveted pleasure, or why they should undertake tasks that are for the moment irksome and disagreeable. But we know that when they come to the enlarged horizon of experience of mature years they will understand. Now we look upon this life as a brief, preparatory stage to another, if a higher spiritual existence opens beyond the grave, is it not reasonable to believe that all we suffer here is a part of a needed discipline that is required for our entrance upon that higher life? This is the teaching of God's word. Pain, sorrow, disappointment, hopes, are a part of the discipline of this brief preparatory school we call life. Christ came to redeem us from our sins, and to teach us how to live. As our love and obedience to him increase, we touch the sources of abiding strength and confidence. We discern the bright light on the cloud more clearly. It is true, "Problems will remain, but we shall feel that there is a key somewhere. Duty will sometimes fatigue and grief sadden us, and results disappoint, and faults humble." But clear shining comes after rain, and the darkest, gloomiest days are often followed by a bright and beautiful tomorrow. Let us learn, then, the lesson of patient waiting. Some dark experiences will be cleared up in this world, others we cannot hope to understand until we enter the illumination of that life when this mortal shall have put on immortality. What God asks of us now, is that we cleave steadfastly to him.

## Our New Mission Field.

The November number of the Baptist Missionary Magazine gives this description of the Congo field: "The Congo Valley far exceeds any other portion of Central Africa in the extent of country which may be reached by its navigable streams, the variety and abundance of its products, and the number and character of its peoples. It includes practically the whole country from three degrees north latitude to twelve degrees south of the equator, and from the west coast to about thirty-two degrees east longitude, or two-thirds the way across the continent. Leaving out the great Desert of Sahara, this territory is about one-third of the inhabited portions of Africa, and is estimated to contain more than 2,500,000 square miles, or considerably more than the whole United States, excluding Alaska. The Congo River is navigable for vessels of five thousand tons to Vivi, one hundred and ten miles from its mouth. Then come the Livingstone Falls, thirty-two in number, and one hundred and eighty-five miles in length. From Stanley Pool, at the head of these falls, the Congo is navigable for vessels of light draught to Stanley Falls, one thou-

sand miles; and it is estimated that branches of the river furnish a navigable way of four thousand miles more. All the tribes of the Congo, as far as noticed, are intelligent, brave, and well developed physically. In religion they are pagans, pure and simple, and offer the most favorable field for the introduction of Christianity. The population of the Congo Valley is estimated at forty-nine millions, or nearly that of the United States. Who can predict what these swarming millions, in their fertile and beautiful country, may become when brought into the blessed light of the Gospel of Christ?"

## How Souls are Saved.

A dying publican's wife, in England, recently gave the following encouraging testimony, as narrated by the evangelist who visited her. H. says: "I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham, and see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Savior. I asked her how she had found the Lord. 'Reading that,' she replied, handing me a torn piece of newspaper. I looked at it and found that it was part of an American paper containing an extract from one of 'Spurgeon's Sermons,' which extract had been the means of her conversion. 'Where did you get this newspaper from?' I said. She answered, 'It was wrapped round a parcel that was sent me from Australia.' Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London, conveyed to America, an extract reprinted in a newspaper there, that paper sent to Australia, part then torn off, as we should say, accidentally, for the parcel dispatched to England, and, after all its wanderings, conveying the message of salvation to the woman's soul. God's word shall not return unto him void."

## Go Home with Your Pastor.

Look at the road he travels: the rocks and hills, and sand and mud, distance and loneliness. Think how he has to travel this road twenty-four times a year to serve your church. Through heat and cold, and winds and rains, with sighs and tears, he brings to you the Gospel of God. What would it require to induce you to take his place one year—as a business matter? As a matter of duty, compelling you to such self-denial, sacrifice, exposure and fatigue, would you not greatly feel the need of encouragement by the sympathy and support of those you served? Would you not feel resting while among the beneficiaries of your toils? Would you not feel mortified if you were complained at in unguarded words for not going home with everybody who claimed your company at any distance or inconvenience? Would you not feel your need of sympathy and a comfortable outfit for your trips and exposures? Look also at your pastor's family. Put your family in their place, and answer—would not you and they feel it a right to expect, and a pleasing relief to receive, a generous support from those you served? Go home with your pastor, brethren, and bring the whole matter to bear on your own hearts.

## The Eufaula Association.

The late session of the Eufaula Association held with Prospect church, near Clayton, Oct. 24-26, was in some respects one of its best. The sermons, barring one by the writer, were of a high order and made good impressions. The discussions were excellent in spirit and thought, and showed a deepening interest in the causes fostered by the Association. Bro. Underwood, of Brundidge, and Howard, of Seale, did us good service and won good opinions for themselves. Dr. Bailey, the everywhere-present Corresponding Secretary of our State Board, said needful things as no one else could have said them. The attendance was exceedingly large and the entertainment was sumptuous. Uncle Tommy Green, mine host, was ineffably happy in entertaining twenty or thirty guests. To know Bro. Green is to love him.

W. S. ROGERS.

## Queries.

Will the correspondents of the ALABAMA BAPTIST answer the following queries:

1st. Is the washing of feet a duty to be observed by the churches of the present day? If so, at what times and places should it be observed?

2nd. Should Baptists observing it only as a duty, not as an ordinance, on sacramental occasions, invite Christians of other denominations to participate with them? SUBSCRIBER.

Please publish these questions for the consideration of the brotherhood:

1st. Can a Baptist church lawfully allow any person outside of her own membership to vote in her meetings?

2nd. Should a Baptist church recognize or tolerate any business done upon the motion of one who is not a member of said church?

Will some brother please answer and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

## Personalities.

Keep clear of personalities in general conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest minds occupy themselves with personalities. Personalities must sometimes be talked because we have to learn and find out men's characteristics for legitimate objects; but it is to be with confidential persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. There are times when we are compelled to say, "I do not think Bouncer is a true and honest man." But when there is no need to express an opinion let the poor Bouncer swagger away. Others will take his measure, no doubt, and save you the trouble of analyzing him and instructing them. And as far as possible dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in a man, God knows! But it is not the mission of every young man and woman to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible, and fragrant with gentleness and charity. —John Hall, D. D.

## Fifth Sunday Meeting.

The 5th Sunday meeting of Selma Association will convene at Shiloh church, Dallas county, (8 miles south of Selma), on Saturday before the 5th Sunday in November. The following is the programme for the occasion:

Saturday, 11 o'clock—Introductory sermon, or other religious service, by Rev. J. M. Frost.

Afternoon.—1. The need of suitable leaders in our church work (including the Sabbath school). How shall the want be supplied?

2. Under what circumstances should a church take notice of the existence of unkindly feeling between two of its members? W. C. Stewart.

Sunday, 10:30 o'clock.—Such religious exercises as the meeting may appoint.

11 o'clock.—Sermon by Rev. W. B. Crumpton.

Afternoon.—Family Worship: Is it obligatory? What results may we expect from it? Jas. Bryant.

2. Necessity of the help of the Holy Spirit in our church life and work. How may we obtain it? Yates or Swink.

It is hoped that brethren from all the churches will come prepared to speak on one or more of the subjects presented.

E. F. BABER, S. W. QUARLES, M. HARDY, JR., Committee.

## The Providence Meeting.

The following is the programme of the Ministers' Union, to be held at Providence church, Dallas county, beginning Thursday, Dec. 12th, 1884:

Thursday, 11 a. m.—Sermon by A. C. Davidson.

1:30 p. m.—The Evidences of Christian Character. E. F. Baber and G. S. Anderson.

Friday, 10 a. m.—Education—1. The obligation of Parents in the Education of their Children. J. J. D. Renfro. 2. Education Essential to the Highest Success. An address to the young people by J. M. Frost.

1:30 p. m.—Religion in the Home. W. C. Cleveland and H. S. D. Maljory.

Saturday, 10 a. m.—Our Mission Stations. A. C. Davidson.

1:30 p. m.—Temperance. J. M. Fortune and P. C. Drew.

Usual service on Sabbath, Dr. Renfro to preach at 11 a. m.

Brethren West and Bailey will be present and aid in the discussion of these subjects. We are anxious to entertain a large number of visiting brethren from surrounding churches.

The train from Selma leaves at 6 o'clock a. m. and reaches Orrville in one hour, where conveyances will be in waiting.

Brethren will confer a favor by dropping a card to Bro. B. F. Ellis, at Orrville, notifying him of their coming.

## OBITUARY.

While he would be resigned to the will of the Lord, it was with deep sadness that we chronicle the death of Bro. Nathan D. Wright, of Pine Level, Ala. He was born June 3d, 1827, and died October 24th, 1884, in the 57th year of his age. On the 22d of July, 1858, he was married to Miss M. E. Blackburn. For more than forty years he had been a member of the Baptist church, and as such was a useful Christian. At the time of his death, and for many years before, he was a member of the Pine Level church. We have felt and realized indeed a heavy loss in his death. Several times we have heard his brethren say, "No one can fill the place of Bro. Wright." Growing in years, he was growing in grace and usefulness. Those who knew him best loved him most. As a husband, he was kind, devoted and provident.

To his children he was tender and affectionate, ever mindful of their spiritual welfare. As a citizen, he will be sadly missed in every department of labor for the common good.

Death did not surprise him. Before he was seriously ill he did not think he should live long; and yet, before it could be expected, he was entering the gates of death. But we console

ourselves with the assurance that our great loss is his eternal gain. The cord so tender and yet so strong, cut loose on earth, is fastened in heaven. The shadows are deep, but they are the shadow of God's hand reaching down to his children the blessings of his grace. He is gone; yes, but to rest. We must give him up, but to be received up into glory.

B. M. BEAN.

## Obituary.

With much anguish of spirit we record the death of dear little Mattie May, daughter of Bro. and Sister B. F. and F. E. Meadows, of Lee county, Ala. She was born on the 15th of Sept. 1876, and died Aug. 23d, 1884. Her intelligence, innocence, beauty and moral sweetness, made her a petted favorite of all who knew her. Death, it is said, loves a shining mark, and could not resist among too truly his shaft at this darling child. As an angel that had wandered from Paradise, she perched for a short time on earth, then plumed her heaven-given wings and flew back into the bosom of him who says, "Suffer little children to come unto me," there to grow in bliss and excellence through eternity. Thanks to a Savior's love, she is not dead, only sleeping; not destroyed, only translated.

Oh! how we wish we could close this article here; but, alas! we can no! Five days after the death of Mattie May she was followed by her brother, Charley I. Meadows, who was born January 5th, 1871, and died August 28th, 1884. We have never known a more amiable boy than Charley. Polite, kind, obliging, truthful, punctual, obedient, studious—the idol of his parents, a favorite of his teachers, and the pride of his school. Undisturbed by the vices of earth, and fitted for the companionship of angels, God claims him while a "little child," confines him in that condition to which we must all come in order to "enter the kingdom of heaven," and the angels and Savior that seems to have visited him on his death bed, have him now. During his long and distressing sickness, which he bore with the fortitude of a martyr, and a resignation unprecedented for one of his age, heavenly visitants seemed to have hovered over him in a dream, which we wish to preserve in this notice, to increase the faith and encourage the hopes of his stricken parents.

Calling his mother to his bedside, he said: "Mother, I dreamed I saw two hills, one higher than the other, joined by a railroad built on beautiful pillars. I passed on the road from the lower to the higher hill, on the top of which were most beautiful springs of clear water. There, the prettiest man I ever saw, looked so kindly on me, and said the water would cure all manner of disease and would make me well, and that it would cost nothing to cure me. He gave me the water from a bright silver dipper, even the handle was pure bright silver. That kind man said he wanted me to stay with him all ways, that he would take care of me, give me a better education than I could get anywhere else, all without cost. Oh! mamma, it was such a pretty place—everything glittered brighter than the sun. They told me there were no bad habits, nor bad boys, nor sickness there. The people all looked so kind and sweet and bright! After I had been there a while, I thought you came, mamma, and rejoiced to find me in so good a place. Oh, mamma, how I do love you!"

Dear broken hearted mother of Charley, how can you wish to bring him back! Oh! may I die as he has died. In the presence of that "beautiful man," his Savior, he has drunk of that which "shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life." In the arms of Jesus, and under the guidance and tutelage of God, his pure spirit shall unfold and grow in bliss and knowledge forever and ever. Wish not to bring him back, but strive to get to him, and soon you will wake in the presence of your be-sainted children nestling in the bosom of Jesus in a grander realization of all he saw in his dream than you have ever wished for here.

C. S. J.

DIED, near Orrville, Mrs. S. A. Willet, formerly Miss Day, in the 45th year of her age. The deceased once lived in Monroe county, and was once member of Sister Springs church, Dallas county. For several years she was a member of Providence church. For the last two years she was confined to her house with consumption. It is gratifying to know that during her long illness her faith was unshaken in the goodness of her God, and that faith sustained her to the last. Providence church has lost one of its most pious members. May our Father above comfort her bereaved husband.

W. B. CRUMPTON.

One year ago Bro. George Ellis, now in the Treasurer's office in Montgomery, brought the remains of a little babe, his first-born, to bury in the old family burying ground at Providence church. And now another, only nine months old, is laid by its side. "What I thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." May the Comforter be with them.

W. B. C.

October 27th.



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## THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

## "The Everlasting Straw Bonnet."

"There comes that tiresome old Miss Maynard with her everlasting straw bonnet and black cashmere dress. I declare it's too mean to spoil our nice afternoon tea, when I have just come home, too. It drives me wild to hear her talk in that kiddy-cat fashion, so I'll leave with the hope her call will be short and sweet," and with a vexed expression on her face, the young girl gathered up her crevices hastily, and ran up stairs to her own room.

An hour later, after she had seen the visitor disappearing in the distance, she came into the library again, feeling a little ashamed of her unkind speech and expecting to receive a well-merited reproof from her mother.

Mrs. Dexter, however, had taken up a book and did not notice her daughter's entrance. Dora felt relieved, and slipping into her favorite seat by the window, was soon absorbed in the wild roses she was embroidering.

The short November afternoon soon drew to a close, and as the light began to fade, Mrs. Dexter laid down her book, and drawing her chair nearer the open grate fire, said, "Come, my child, you will try your eyes up to the fire by me and I will tell you a little story from real life which I have been reading between the lines of 'Dr. Claudius,' ever since I took up the book."

Dora did not need a second invitation of this kind, and moving her chair where the firelight fell upon her with its fitful glow, while the rest of the room lay in twilight, she was soon ready to listen.

Her mother began in a low voice: "Many years ago a family of little children were left without a mother. The father was a clerk in the Custom House and had a small salary, so small that after the expenses of his wife's illness, he could not afford to hire a housekeeper or even a servant, and so the care of the little family fell upon the oldest daughter, Hester, a girl of fourteen. There was a younger sister Janie, two romping boys, and the three-year old baby.

"The small sum of money her father brought home every month was given to the careful Hester, who made it go as far as possible. She bought the food and cooked it, made the children's clothes and washed and mended them, and in the evening, when the other children were in bed, she sat up with her father and studied the lessons which her mother was learning at school. Her books were her best friends, and because the moments were rare she had to spend with them, she brought away more from her reading than most girls, and during her lonely day, when hands and feet were busy, her mind was far away in some world of fancy a poet had painted for her, or some world of reality a historian had peopled for her, and so, it is not difficult to understand that in a few years Hester's mind was better stored with useful information and better able to appreciate the good and beautiful than if she had been in school at the time.

"In a year or two after the mother died, God took away the baby and that left the house more quiet and lonely for Hester during the day; but the evenings were cozy and pleasant now when father and Janie and the boys were all at home, and they read or played games together.

"As time went on a shadow seemed to fall over even these bright spots in the way. Hester could not define it, exactly. Perhaps it was that father was less merry; that he sat away from the table and did not join in the cheerful conversation. He did not read the paper aloud any more. When Hester gave it to him he would say, 'No, child, if there is any news you can read it out to me.'

"The shadow no bigger than a man's hand at first, grew until the poor tired man would sit whole evenings with his head buried in his hands, and with a gloom and silence fell over the little company, which no one dared break.

"At last one dreadful morning, he did not go to his work as usual, and when the children had gone to school, he said in a voice broken by sobs: 'I must tell you, little Hester, what is coming to you. God knows how I have fought against it, but it's of no use—my eyes have been failing for a long time, and now I can use them no longer. I am going to the hospital to-day to have an operation performed, which may or may not be successful. It is certain blindness without, and I can only try. I shall not know the result at once, and as I shall not be able to come home for several weeks, I have tried to arrange for you so you will not suffer. I think Pen must leave school. Mr. Bates will take him into his store, and he can begin to earn a little.'

"No, father," said Hester, with only a little quiver in her voice, to show how deep the arrow had pierced. "The boys must not leave school; they are too young. Janie must stay to keep the house, and I can go into the dressmaker's shop at the Square, and get very good pay. I have had sewing from there all the winter, and they are anxious to have me work more. You don't know what a genius for dressmaking I have."

"As if you had no genius for anything else?" her father replied, bitterly. "Oh, Hester!—and I meant to send you to the Art School this fall."

"That will come when your eyes are well," said Hester, though her eyes might not see the tear in her own.

"I will not tell you of the long, anxious days that followed, when Hester began her work, and was not permitted to see her father or know what the probable result of the operation would be.

"At last she was summoned to go to him, and when she came back at night she brought with her the poor man, from whose eyes the cloud of

darkness would never be lifted, and on whose mind had settled the black nest of despair.

"For weeks he felt like one stupefied, scarcely touching food, and paying no attention to what went on about him.

"With unflinching courage Hester comforted and cheered him, and wooed him back to life.

"Several years passed and the boys went away to begin life for themselves, and the two sisters were left alone with their father.

"You must not think Hester's life was entirely without its brightness. She had many friends, who cherished her for her real worth, and there was one who held a nearer place than that of a common friend; but Hester put away from her all thoughts of marriage and another home.

"I cannot leave father and Janie yet," she always said. "Who would take care of them?"

"And so her lover waited, and Hester's busy hands worked on. It seemed as if no more grief could be borne by this brave heart; but when it came there was the same old patience to bear it. The lover who had been struggling manfully to make it possible for Hester to give up her burden of work, fell a prey to a fever which attacked him in a Southern city, and the only sweet and hopeful dream of this woman's life was buried with him. The bitter sorrow was buried too—buried so deep that nobody suspected how bitter it was.

"There was nothing more to happen to her, then. She and Janie grew old—old maids, I suppose you would call them. Death released the tired, blind father at last, and the two brothers, who had become successful business men, made the sister who sacrificed so much for them more comfortable in her old age, and gave her an honorable leisure. She has the same noble heart still, although her hair is white and she wears an everlasting straw bonnet and cashmere dress."

"Really mamma!" said Dora, impatiently. "Where does she live? Let me go this minute and bring the dear soul here to dinner this very night."

"Not so fast, pet," said Mr. Dexter, who had entered the room unnoticed in the darkness. "I am rather late to go out in such a snow storm as this. I suspect your mother has been preaching a little sermon, and if she has given you a text, I would respectfully suggest the one about 'entertaining angels unawares' will fit."—Churchman.

## The Little Boy Who Put Himself Into the Plate.

One evening, not many years ago, away over the ocean, in England, there was a missionary meeting. A good man who had spent a great part of his life in foreign lands telling the poor heathen how Jesus loved them, had come home for a few months, in order to ask English Christians to do something there to help on the good work. Money was needed to buy Bibles, and also for schools and churches in which grown up people and little children might learn about that dear Savior who died to save us from being wicked now and from being punished hereafter. And more missionaries are wanted, men and women loving Jesus enough to be willing to leave their comfortable homes and kind friends, and to endure all sorts of hardships and loneliness a long way off from their own country, for the sake of winning to Christ even one of those poor heathen who were so sinful and unhappy for want of knowing him. While the missionary was speaking, a little boy sitting in one of the large, old fashioned pews, was listening with both his ears. I am sorry to say that some children only listen with part of one ear, when they go to church; but this little boy really loved the Lord Jesus, and therefore he listened with the whole of both of his; and he looked straight at the missionary with both his eyes; and he wanted to help with all his heart.

So when the plate was handed round that the people might put on it what they had to give, little Robert felt in his small pocket for something to give, too, but he was quite a poor little boy, and all his pockets were quite empty, except one in which he found some ends of pencil and bits of twine, and a very old handkerchief, which would never do to put on a collection plate.

He felt so sorry that the tears came into his eyes and made all the lights in the church seem to run together, while the gentleman who was coming along the aisle with the plate looked like a big black spot in the middle of them. But suddenly Robert thought of what had been said about missionaries being needed as well as money. He did not forget that such a dear little boy as himself was not fit to teach people; but he knew that God makes little people, grow; and so, if he lived, he would be a man in a few years; and if he learned faithfully, he would then be able to teach others what God had taught him.

By the time he had thought over all this, the gentleman had reached the pew in which he was sitting. The rest of the people in the pew put silver and pennies on the plate; but when it came to little Robert, he looked up very lovingly at the gentleman who held it, and said softly, "If you please, sir, I haven't got a single penny, or I would give it to the good missionary for the heathen; but if you will hold the plate low enough—if you please sir, I will put myself in."

The gentleman was very much surprised for a moment, but he soon caught what little Robert meant, and was very much pleased. At the close of the meeting, the missionary told the people how much money had been collected, and then added: "And we have a gift worth more than all the silver and gold—a little boy has put himself into the plate."

After this, Robert's minister and his other kind Christian friends often prayed for him, that God would help him in preparing to be a missionary. He never did forget his promise, but always remembered that he did not belong to himself; and as soon as he was old enough, he went away to preach to the heathen. God greatly blessed him, and made him the means of leading a great many people to believe in Jesus.

It is now some time since Robert finished his earthly labors, and went home to heaven, but the collection plates are still going round. Are there any more little boys or girls who want to put themselves in?—E. M., in Pacific Methodist.

From the Christian at Work.

## Sir Moses Montefiore, Baronet.

On Friday last there was scarcely a haunt in the world, in which the Hebrew faith is held, where the anniversary of a noble event was not brought to mind, it not celebrated with rejoicing—the birth of Sir Moses Montefiore, who, at the age of one hundred years, lives to enjoy the love and venerated respect of mankind. And the occasion was also improved in Christian pulpits and on Jewish platforms throughout the country on Sunday. The record of Sir Moses' life is a wonderful one.

Born in Leghorn on the 24th of October, 1784, the eldest of a large family, Moses Montefiore was brought up in London, became a member of the Stock Exchange, and engaged in banking, and in 1812 he married Judith Cohen. Shortly after his sister married Nathan Rothschild, the founder of the English house of that name, and so, while his career and activities would seem to insure him a handsome competence, this alliance with the great house of Rothschild made his life doubly sure. Indeed, the opportunities were so many and so advantageous, that at the age of forty he had acquired a splendid fortune; and in obedience to the urgent request of his wife—who proved as noble a companion as a man ever had—Mr. Montefiore, retired from business and devoted himself thenceforth to his life work of practical benevolence, and to the enjoyment of his fortune. In 1837, accompanied by his devoted wife, Mr. Montefiore set out for Syria, and the pair devoted themselves to relieving their suffering brethren—for the plague ravished the whole country. R. girdles of danger and hard service, the couple pressed on to their work—scattering his funds lavishly wherever needed; and on his return, so warmly was his work appreciated, that he was elected Sheriff of London and Middlesex, and a little later was knighted by Queen Victoria, and shortly after made baronet, choosing to his arms and in loving devotion to the Holy Land a cedar of Lebanon between two mountains of flowers, whence the name *monte di fiori*. He successively visited Damascus, Egypt, Constantinople, Western Poland and Morocco, and even St. Petersburg, pleading with King, Emperor, Sultan, King and Emperor, for the removal of cruel restrictions placed upon his race, and always successfully. He was, though, unable to secure the release of Edgar Kottara, kidnapped by some agents of the Roman Catholic church, though he pleaded with Cardinal Antonelli, and vainly endeavored to secure an audience with the Pope. One incident of many in his career is notable. In 1861 the news came of the miserable condition of the Christians in Syria, and their slaughter by the Druses. Instantly Sir Moses headed a subscription for their relief, which reached over \$100,000, and not content with that, went personally to Syria and engaged in the work of relief, showing that his humanity knew no denominational or religious lines. Six times Sir Moses visited Turkey on behalf of his oppressed race. Roumania, Saffed, Hebron, Tiberias and other cities and towns witnessed his presence, ever engaged in his work of benevolence.

Anecdote without end abounds about him and his work; and, indeed, pages of the *Christian at Work* could be filled with accounts of the man which could not fail to claim and hold the readers' interest, and yet in the half would be told. Indeed, the more we consider the synagogues he has built, the hospitals he has undertaken, the perils by sea and by land which he has encountered—no one phase stands out more prominently than another. His life has been a life service of golden deeds, while his example will be handed down for emulation to all coming time by later generations. Such works as those of Sir Moses pale the unglorious of Aladdin, and stand out in silver glistening contrast against a background of black, when contrasted with the history of the Barneides.

When the Queen's birthday was observed, he telegraphed to Jerusalem that prayers might be offered for her; when the Prince of Wales was supposed to be on his death bed, he sent a dispatch to the East for prayers to be offered; and when our Garfield lay dying in that cottage by the sea, his eye ebbing out to the musical, minor keyed anthem of the Atlantic, Sir Moses lovingly turned to the land of Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and requested that the prayers of the faithful might go up for the life of the dying man. Loved, honored and revered, this patriarch of a century has lived to see his golden cycle completed; and when he, too, shall be called to his fathers, he may well breathe the prayer of Simon. "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace; for he followed Christ better than he knew, and we may believe his eyes shall see the King in his beauty, in that land which is not very far off."

How to Interest Children in Books.

Cobbett endeavored to give the best education to his children, not one of whom did he ever in his life, order to look into a book. Not that he did not value book knowledge, but he taught them in a manner peculiar to himself. What a contrast the home of his children presented to that of some of the children in Dickens' stories! He is speaking in his advice, of the taste for the pleasures of the field and the garden, which he had implanted in them.

"Luckily these things were treated of in books and pictures of endless variety; so that on wet days, in the evenings, these came into play. A large, strong table in the middle of the room, their mother sitting at her work, used to be surrounded by them; and the children, sitting on the floor, would be treated of in books and pictures of endless variety; so that on wet days, in the evenings, these came into play. A large, strong table in the middle of the room, their mother sitting at her work, used to be surrounded by them; and the children, sitting on the floor, would be treated of in books and pictures of endless variety; so that on wet days, in the evenings, these came into play. A large, strong table in the middle of the room, their mother sitting at her work, used to be surrounded by them; and the children, sitting on the floor, would be treated of in books and pictures of endless variety; so that on wet days, in the evenings, these came into play. 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