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A Living Sacrifice.

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"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."—Romans xii. 1.

This verse makes a transition from the first to the second half of the letter. All before it is what we call doctrinal, the most of what comes after it is practical. And the "therefore" of my text carries us back, not merely to the words immediately preceding, but to the whole presentation of the Christian scheme of salvation from the beginning of the epistle up to the present point. That is to say, in Paul's notion, all the practical is to be built upon all the doctrinal.

There are many men that say, "Give us the morality of the New Testament; never mind about the theology."

But you cannot get the morality without the theology, unless you like to have roots as flowers and lamps without oil. And if you want to live as Paul enjoins, you will have to believe as Paul preaches. "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God, that ye do so and so."

And, on the other hand, a great many good people, and a great many professed theologians and Christian ministers forget that the end of doctrine is life, and that the meaning of all that we are taught about God is conduct and character, and that therefore the most orthodox or orthodox, divorced from practice, is like the dried flowers that botanists put between sheets of blotting paper, with no perfume in them, and no color in them, and no growth nor life in them, the skeletons of dead beauty.

And so, let us always remember this little word "therefore" that binds together indissolubly the two halves of Christian teaching—the setting forth of Christian truth, and the earnest exhortation—built upon that truth—to all manner of Christian duty.

These words of my text are not only the flower and the outcome of all that has gone before, but they are likewise the basis of all that follows. The whole of the detailed exhortations which fill up the rest of the epistle lie like the folded leaves in the spring time, in the sheath-like bud, here in this exhortation. The two precepts of this verse, and of the one that follows it, give, in the most general terms, the highest notion of Christian morality and duty. Sacrifice and transformation, these two, if you will analyze and expand them, you will find that they lead up to all manner of nobilities and heroisms and holiness, of life and conduct.

THE SUM OF CHRISTIAN SERVICE.

I, so, then, we have here, I think, in our text, a very remarkable way of putting what I may call the sum of Christian service.

"I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." Not dragged, dead, to the altar, but living because brought there; and living because brought there "holily" with a true consecration because it is a sacrifice, and, wonderful to think, "acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

Now, the main, leading idea there is, as I said, the gathering together of all Christian duty into the one mighty word "sacrifice." And what does that mean? It means no mere fine metaphor, but a thought that has a very wide sweep, and a very tight application to our daily lives. Sacrifice, to begin with, means giving up everything to God. And how do I give up to God? When in heart and thought I am conscious of his presence, and do all the actions of the inner man in dependence on and in obedience to him. That is the true sacrifice, when I think as in his sight, and will, and love, and act as in obedience to him.

And this sacrifice, which consists in the reference of the whole of my being and actions to God, will, as it were, become visible in the sacrifice of the body, the manifestation of the inner man. That word is not to be passed over as if it were only a synonym for "yourselves." My text speaks about what is to be done with the body; the next verse speaks about what is to be done with the mind; and it is with this part of the matter that I want to deal in a word or two.

"Present your bodies a living sacrifice;" you are to look upon your corporeal frame with reverence as the gift of God. You are to look upon it and to use it as a wonderful instrument, and to keep it well in hand as a possible enemy and antagonist.

The body is the organ of all our

activity, that by which we come into communication with the outer world; and we render it up as a living sacrifice to God when in all common actions we have a supreme and distinct reference to his will, and do, or refuse to do, because of the fear and for the sake of the Lord.

As one of the Greek commentators has it upon this verse: "Let the eye look upon nothing evil, and it becomes a sacrifice; let the tongue say nothing foul, and it becomes an offering; let the hand do nothing unlawful, and it becomes a holocaust." We have to perform all the common functions of life with reference, in obedience to, and in fellowship with him, and that is not an easy thing to do.

The body has wants and appetites, food, drink, clothing, shelter, rest, recreation; you have to see to it that these are supplied with distinct reference to, and remembrance of him, the Creator and Savior of the body.

And so the excess which dulls the spirit and makes it all inapt to serve him, and to walk in the lofty regions of truth and meditation; the absorbing care about these outward things which checks all the nobility of a man's life; the mere selfish indulgence, and enjoyment in them which live on the level of the beasts that perish, these are the grosser forms in which the body comes in the way of the soul, and the regulation and suppression of which are the elementary and simplest parts of the offering of our bodies as living sacrifices; neither caring so much as some of you men do for what you eat and drink, nor so much as some of you women do for the wherewithal you shall be clothed; but consulting for these needs and satisfying them as in the sight of God and realizing that high and difficult attainment of Christian godliness, to "eat our meat with thankfulness, and with singleness of heart, praising God."

I need not dwell here, this is not the place (though I would fain do it for some reasons), on some of the grosser forms in which the great exhortation is neglected and contradicted, especially by some of you younger men. Let me but hint at what I cannot do more than hint here. Remember, my young brother, "He that sweeth to the flesh shall"—as sure as one and one makes two—"shall of the flesh reap corruption." Do you remember your body is the temple of a spirit which may be the temple of a living God, and "live soberly" in this present world of evil.

There is no need in this generation to preach against asceticism. We are too good Protestants, that is to say, that many of us are too fond of our own self-indulgences to fall into any danger of fasting and hair-shirts. Well, all that kind of thing was an extreme, unquestionably; and the kind of life that a great many of us professing Christians live is an extreme the other way, just as unquestionably. And looking at the two, the man that mortified his body in the monk's cell, and the "liberal-minded" professing Christian that never thinks of curbing his animal gratifications, or of eating and drinking as in the fear of God, I, for my part, would rather, of the two, be the monk. I am quite sure that there never was a generation that wasted this exhortation more than this generation does, when all all round about us we see senseless luxury, the making provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof in all classes of life, when "plain living and high thinking" are no more; when you cannot look at the hoarding on the walls without having your eyes offended and your decency insulted; when poetry, painting and sculpture, and the stage, and the newspapers seem all to vie one with another to feed the flesh, and to proclaim a crusade against the subjugation of the body for the sake of the spirit; and when young men and old men, young women and old women, professing Christians and non-Christians, are alike in danger of being tainted by the leprosy.

My brother, I bring you the old message. Better John the Baptist's garment of camel's hair and his meat, locusts and wild honey, it is like John the Baptist, "I shall see the heavens opened, and the Spirit of God descending on the Son of Man," than this full-fed sensualism which is the curse and the crime of this generation.

I beseech you, brethren, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." Now, a word or two about other matters connected with this first thought as to the sum of Christian service. Here we get this truth, and such offering makes a man live more nobly and more truly than anything else. "A living sacrifice." Well, of course that refers to the con-

trast between the death of the sacrifice, in Judaism and heathenism, and the life of the man in the Christian sacrifice. But it comes with it the lesson, too, that, not in mutilation but in consecration is the true sacrifice; that we are not called upon to crush our desires, tastes, appetites, or to refrain from actions, but that they are to be controlled and done in obedience to God.

Now and then it may be necessary it very often is necessary, that a man should offer his body a living sacrifice in the sense of giving up, and together crucifying and contradicting some natural taste and desire. As Christ tells us, circumstances may come in which it is the plain dictate of Christian duty to put your hand down there on the block and take an axe in the other and chop it off. It is the best thing you can do, better for you to go maimed into life than with all your limbs into hell. That is plain enough, but that is second best, and if the man had always consecrated his faculty to God he would never have had need to cut it off. And so to harness and tame, yoke it to the cart, and make it work, not to shoot the wild beast, is the thing to do with it. Again, to live self, bodily actions, and the appetites in the mind which they represent, upon God's altar, is the way to give these things a higher and a nobler life than ever they had before. Just as when you take a flower out of the woods and put it into a green house, and cultivate and nip it, and guide its growth, you will get a broader leaf and a finer flower than when it was wild, so the disciplined, restrained, consecrated man is the man whose life is the richest, fullest, largest, the gladiolus, the noblest in every way. If you want to go all to rack and ruin, live according to your own fancy and taste. If you want to be strong and to grow stronger and more and more blessed, put the brake on and keep a tight hand upon yourself, and offer the whole being upon his altar. Then, again, this sacrifice is "your reasonable service." Apparently, "reasonable" here is not opposed to unreasonable; Paul would not have called the Jewish sacrifices unreasonable, nor did he lie in his way here to assert that the Christian sacrifice was in accordance with reason—however true that may be. But the antithesis is with the material sacrifices, consisting of the "flesh of bulls" and "blood of goats," and the Revised Version gives the true meaning in its marginal rendering "spiritual." It is a service of worship rendered by the inner man, transacted by the mind or reason, and in that sense as indicating the part of our nature which performs it, is reasonable. For though the body be the sacrifice, presenting the body as sacrifice is the work of the mind and the will, and while the offering is corporeal, bringing the offering is a spiritual service.

Now there is no need to exaggerate in depreciation of outward forms of oral worship. But still we have all need to be reminded that devout daily living is true worship. All Christians are priests, and all their lives should be worship; where the common food is eaten with thankfulness and in the consciousness of his presence, it is holy as the Lord's supper. The same authority that said of the one, "This do in remembrance of me," said by his apostle of the other, "Whether ye eat or drink, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus."

Labourers of the word to work is to pray, if the work be done from a right motive. The bells that jingle on the horses in the wagoner's team may bear the same inscription as blazons on the High Priest's mitre, "Holiness to the Lord," and the shop girl behind the counter may be as truly offering sacrifice to God as the priest by the altar, and the mere formal worship is abomination without this.

When ye make many prayers I will not hear you. Your hands are full of blood." "Do you think that you are going to lift them to my throne with acceptance?" Is there not every bit as much superstitious dependence on forms and places of external worship among us nineteenth century nominalists as ever there was at any time in the world's history? There are people in this chapel this morning that think they have done a meritorious thing in coming into this service, and whose only notion of worship is a weary sitting in this place for an hour and a half. Do you think that is of any use? Your prayers will never go above that roof, and no blessings will ever come down through it to you, unless the worship of the word be purified and proved by the worship of the Life. The sacrifice of praise is right, but to do good and to communicate

former not, for with such sacrifices God is well pleased."

MOTIVE OF SERVICE.

If we have not only the sum of Christian service, but we have likewise the great motive of Christian service. "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God." In the apostle's mind this is no vague expression for the whole of the diffused blessings with which God floods the world, but he means thereby the definite specific thing, the great scheme of mercy set forth in the previous chapters; that is to say, his great work of saving the world through Jesus Christ. That is "the mercies" to which he makes his appeal. The diffused and wide-shining mercies, which stream from the Father's heart, are all, as it were, focused as through a burning glass into one strong beam, which can kindle the greenest wood and melt the thickest ribbed ice.

Only on the footing of that sacrifice can we offer ours; he has offered the one sacrifice, of which death is the essential part, in order that we may offer the sacrifice of which life is the essential part. He has offered the dying sacrifice which is propitiation, in order that on the footing of that, we may offer the sacrifice of thankful consecration, the Eucharist sacrifice of surrender of ourselves to him.

And the mercies of God, in Jesus Christ, are not only the ground upon which we can offer our sacrifice, but they are the only motive power that will be strong enough to lead to this consecration of ourselves to him. The fierce wants of the bodily life, the passions and appetites and lusts that rage and rule in men will be subdued by nothing short of the mighty motive drawn from the great love of God revealed in the dying love of Jesus. There is not one magnet strong enough to draw reluctant hearts and reluctant limbs, and that is Jesus lifted up on the cross to draw all men unto him. There is one fire powerful enough to burn the bonds of flesh and sense which hold men, and that is the fire which Jesus longed to kindle on earth. Other restraints from propriety, prudence, or even principle will reach their breaking point at a much lower strain than the "silken bonds" in which Christ's love leads the lion and the bear of our passions and appetites. They are useful and helpful in their places—but "Gospel Temperance," a self-control based on Christian motives, is the really reliable breakwater against storms and passion and self-indulgence. You may try to coerce the corporeal nature by other bonds, they will be like the fetters upon the madman in the tomb. When the paroxysms come he will rend them assunder as Samson did the withes. Oh, if you want to tame the animal that is in you, and to lead it in gentle following and docile obedience, here is the one motive that will do it—the mercy of God in Jesus Christ our Lord. That is one great and blessed peculiarity of Christian morals, that Christ is at once our pattern, and our power to copy, and our motive. He is, to those who love him, "both law and impulse." Let us then seek for power to yield ourselves body and spirit to God, in the habitual contemplation of that great gift which alone will conquer self, and make all surrender and self crucifixion blessed and delightful.

III One other thing here I must just touch for a moment, that is the gentle enforcement of this great motive for Christian service, "I beseech you!" Law commands, the gospel entreats! Paul's beseeching is only a less tender echo of the Master's entreaty. His word to his servants is never "Go," but it is either "Come," or "Who will go?" Thus the harsh imperative of law is softened down on his lips. Instead of "Thou shalt," his most imperative word is: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Instead of a harsh injunction, duty becomes the wish of a friend, which wish it is a delight to do. "His yoke is easy," not because his precepts lead down the ideal of morality, but because the motive is love, and the manner of command gentle and beseeching. Hence its power; for hearts, like flowers, which could not be burst open by the growl of law, may be wooed open by the sunshine of love.

It is a solemn task laid upon us preachers to try to soften their voices that they may not all unworthily represent the gentleness of Christ, and as God's ambassadors, beseech men to be reconciled to God.

Through even our lips, dear friends, he "prays" you with much entreaty to receive the gift of himself, and to render back that gift which it will gladden you to give, and wonderful compensation—will delight him to receive—the gift of yourselves. Oh, let that pitying, patient, gentle love of the Savior draw you to him in contrite

faith, and love, and service. He invites, he prays you to fling his gracious power enter your hearts. From his cross he called to you and to all the world, "Come unto me and I will give you rest." Now he speaks from heaven, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Surely these beseeching tones should touch your heart more than all thunders of command.

Surely as the morning sunrise drew a note from the stony lips of the statue, which storm and thunder could not awaken, his pleading voice will bring an answer that could not have been won by any commandments, however rigid, or by any threatenings, however severe.

"We beseech you that ye receive not the grace of God in vain." "Yield yourselves to God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness to God," being moved thereto by the mercy of the cross, and won thereto by the gentle voice of the Savior of our souls.

For the Alabama Baptist.

From Tusculum.

Dear Baptist: The Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches united yesterday in a thanksgiving service. Rev. A. J. Ashburn, pastor of the Baptist church, preached the sermon. His text was: "O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever."—Ps. ciii. 1.

During the six months service of our pastor there have been fourteen additions to our church. It has been a custom to let our Sunday-school go down in a great measure during the winter season, but we think this is a great mistake. Hence we intend to put forth our best efforts to keep it up during the coming winter. We think the Sunday-school is the hope of our churches, and that we should make every possible effort to keep our schools alive during winter, not only in cities and towns, but also in the country. So long as a church has a live, active Sunday-school, so long may we hope for its existence.

On last Sunday we received a young man for baptism, one who we believe will be a power in our church.

There has recently been organized in our town a Young Men's Christian Association. We welcome this auxiliary to our churches, for we need it very much.

Our Methodist brethren are happy, because the Conference has sent them their former pastor, Rev. Thos. Armstrong.

There is now being circulated throughout our country a petition which will be presented to the Legislature, asking that body to grant us the privilege of voting on the question whether we shall have local option in our country. We hope the question will be submitted to the people.

Some time ago a committee was appointed by the Alabama Improvement Company to confer with a committee appointed by the Sheffield Land Company in regard to adjusting the differences between them. The committee met a few days ago and agreed on certain things which, if confirmed by the Alabama Improvement Company, at their meeting on the 8th of December, in New York, will insure the success of the much talked-of city of Sheffield. But in the event they do not ratify the action of their committee, Sheffield is dead, and the B. T. R. R. will go to Pride's Station, seven miles west of us, and erect their furnaces somewhere along its line.

It is raining to-day, the second rain we have had since August. The streams through this section have dried, and people have had to haul water for their stock.

If you think this worthy of a place in your columns you may publish it, but if not, consign it to the wastebasket and we will love you none the less.

Tusculum, Nov. 28th.

Louisiana.

Our earnest superintendent of State fairs will be glad to know of the bright prospect for the temperance workers during the World's Exposition at St. Louis.

The State Alliance propose to erect a hotel within half a square of the exposition grounds, the hotel to be under the entire influence and control of temperance women as far as possible. Permission will be given them to decorate the building with as many temperance mottoes and devices as they may wish. They will also be allowed to have a flag with our national motto floating from the top, that all may know the W. C. T. U. are unceasing in their work for God, and home, and native land.—Union Signal.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Love.

I recollect, when quite young, a minister patting my head and asking: "My child, what is love?" "I can feel it," was my reply, "and though I may not tell you what it is, I know where it lies: Love is where God is!"

Years have passed since then; childhood has ripened into golden womanhood, but the idea that God is ever present with this noble attribute of the human heart, has never been erased. Methinks no heart utterly defiled that contains this germ of affection. Sooner or later, may be slowly, yet surely, the seed of love sown within the human heart, will germinate, sprout into the precious bud of promise, and ripen into the glorious fruit of old age. Love is the golden link that binds the heart with heaven and heavenly things. Love, taken in its true meaning, cannot die! God has planted these seeds of affection within the human heart, as magnets to draw frail mortals unto him, and to strengthen man on his earthly pilgrimage. No martyr for God has ever died regretting to give up this world with its empty honors and transient glories. Love was the strengthening balm to his bleeding heart—a love that surpasseth all understanding.

Here is a beautiful picture of self-sacrifice with love as its fulcrum. Look yonder where a dear and tender Savior is raising his hands towards heaven, pleading so earnestly, and yet so trustingly. Catch the echo of these sweet words, spoken whilst sweat of agony, like large drops of blood, fell from him to the ground: "O Lord! thy will not mine be done!" The silver moon-beams play "hide and seek" amid the olive branches in this Garden of Gethsemane, and celestial spirits have returned to that "Eden of the blessed," to bear these words to a gracious Father, who will retain them in his "Book of Remembrance" forever! Oh! loving, tender Shepherd! See this Savior again upon Mt. Calvary; look at those bleeding limbs, gaze on his beautiful countenance, as it is being bathed in the sunshine of Divine love. Then, canst thou call love of earthly origin? "I was love that caused this sacrifice. Jesus thought it though, no sacrifice to suffer for an entire world of sinners. He is calling back to the fold his lost and wandering sheep. Hear and hearken unto his cry: "Come, oh, come!"

By love we do not mean those idolatrous passions that filled the hearts of those ungodly worshippers of heathen lands. This is not love. It rots, as does the carrion that is thrown upon the dung-hill. Love cannot die. It returns unto heaven and casts a halo of light along those immortal streets of glory. "Love," it has been said, "may incite a man to good or evil." This is untrue. The feeling that causes the human heart to turn aside from heaven, and from all that pertains to the Divine, the beautiful and good, is only the carnal passion of the heart, that depends more upon the influence of mortals, than upon those holy dictates that may be found in the Word of God. "Thine love that calls the placid, happy smile to the wife's face, as her husband enters the threshold of home, worn out with the cares of daily labor. 'Thine love that bears that smile to the fond husband's heart, and brings back smiles in return. Love may be traced on every line of the mother's face as she folds her infant to her bosom. Grief may enter this household, but love will effeminate its effects, and will bring hope to cast a halo of ethereal light around the hearthstone of this home, making it a little Eden of joy on earth. Love is the ministering angel that visits the hovels of poverty, bringing sunshine to grief-kissed hearts, and whispering: "Trust in God! whom he loveth he chasteneth!" No holy attribute of the heart but has love as its fulcrum; no gift from God that is not bestowed in love—no decree of punishment from this all-wise Maker but is called down through a Divine sense of justice. Then why repine, frail mortal? Look aloft to that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let your heart's mansion be founded upon the rocks of an immortal love, far away from the sands and shoals of idolatrous affection. Then let the winds and the storms come, when and where they will, that house built upon the rocks of Divine Love, will stand firm and immovable, and its guardian seraph point to an immortal home beyond the stars where all is love, true, happy love, forever and forever more!

MRS. M. V. MIDDLETON.
Buena Vista, Ala.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.—[Suard.

Temperance Column.

Selected for the Alabama Baptist by the Superintendent of Free Work of Gadsden W. C. T. U.

THE MISSION OF THE KNOT OF BLUE. "Come, boys, take a drink." The words rang out on the morning air, and looking up, the passer by saw a man of grand physique, with half a dozen followers, entering a saloon. He was commanding in appearance, genial in nature, and made to lead, and yet what was he doing with his many God-given gifts? He was treading hard beneath his feet as he followed hard after silliness. Harry was the subject of the most soul-thirsty, cruel and relentless master of our land, one in whom all the hellish powers seemed combined, by name Alcohol.

Strong to drink, he was one to which the weak could point as an example, forgetting that they themselves ought not to dare to step where he could enter with even tread. All loved his ready wit and generous heart. Over him the good wept. At home a loving wife saw his downward course and prayed, "Oh! Father, save him." He saw her deprived of the comforts of life, saw her tearful countenance, yet the tempter held him fast. At last the swift messenger came, and without one moment's warning his beautiful boy was borne on the bosom of angels to the better land. A great loneliness filled his home, and a tiny voice called him to a better life. But now he turned to the cup to bury his sorrows. His wife was an earnest worker of the W. C. T. U., and found consolation in fighting this, her worst of foes.

A temperance meeting was in progress. The fingers of wives, mothers and sisters were tying on the blue ribbon upon those they loved, and with each ribbon there floated up to the ear of God a prayer,—God save them and give this little blue knot a power for salvation. At the evening meal after a day of earnest thought and prayer, our friend's wife said, "Come, Harry, with me to the temperance meeting and hear the new speaker, he will do you good."

Harry thought a moment, saw the tenderness and love that lay beneath the request, could feel little fingers clasping his, and hear a sweet voice saying, "Come, papa," and consented. The house was crowded, every one noticed him as he entered, and many heads bowed in prayer as he took his seat. The voice of the speaker held him with a strange and new-born interest, showing the evils of this monster, and how strong the cords at last become, that at first seem but a thread, to be broken at will by the victim. In word pictures he set forth the woes of a drunkard's family, the tears of wife and children, and at death the despair of the ruined soul, until a deep sigh of relief filled the room as the voice of the speaker ceased.

Then the little blue ribbon must needs do its work. A young man put it on, bravely saying, "I have no need, but it may help my friends." A father, whose head was whitening with the frost of time, took it, that Edward, his boy, might follow father's example.

Then there came a poor trembling old man, who wept over his lost life, and whose unsteady hand could not write his name unless another held the pen for him. A fair maiden tied on the blue ribbon, and whispered, "God help you, Grandpa."

The tears started and heavy sobs came, for it had been long since one had called him such. A little fairy with golden hair and eyes of blue had died of sorrow and neglect. The last faint whisper was, "Grandpa, meet me in heaven." He went home, lying fast on to the little knot of blue, and in his closet the angels saw the old man kneel, and heard the earnest cry, "Save me." The Savior lovingly whispered, "Though thy sins be as scarlet," in the redeeming blood they shall become "white as snow." An angel form, fair and gentle, clasped its arms around his neck, and in accents of heaven exclaimed, "Grandpa!" The old man clasped the angel, bowed his head, and in the morning the kindly neighbors found him. His soul was saved.

So the good work of the knot of blue was being done. And where is our friend Harry. With a firm step he too passed up with the others. The kindly hand of a clergyman led him (God bless our clergymen), and the little blue token of a new life was placed upon the lapel of his coat. Many were the warm handshakes and God bless you, as he went out. As for his wife, the very stars danced strangely, and she could hardly see. A moisture dimmed her eyesight, but her heart kept time with the stars. At home, soon the sleep of the blessed

was theirs; God had his angels near them.

Morning came and our good Harry awoke, dressed, and as his wife was resting, he passed out into the morning air, and according to habit into the next door saloon. He had forgotten the night before. He stepped up to the counter and ordered his usual drink. Taking the offered glass, he was about to put it to his lips, when looking opposite him, in a looking glass he saw the little blue knot. Down went the glass, and he rushed out of the saloon. The astonished saloon-keeper picked up the fragments as best he could, muttering, "What ails the man?" The little blue ribbon had performed its mission. He never again touched the vile thing. Thank God for this means of grace; He was saved, and to-day Harry is doing much good. He has developed into an orator, and has faced the enemy even at the point of a pistol. He holds his audiences spellbound as he pleads for temperance and for prohibition. A saloon keeper wrote him, "Mr. B., I am coming to meet you, and one of us must die." He answered, "Be prepared to die, for I am not the man." The saloonist chose the better part of wisdom and never put in an appearance.

So the mission of the blue ribbon is blessed, and we know our enemies look upon it as the forerunner of their still greater foe, prohibition.

If our fingers tingle with love for souls, we may do a mighty work for Christ, with the little knot of blue, always tying it into our prayers.—Mrs. C. R. Van Osdel.

For the Alabama Baptist.

The Prayer-Meeting.

There are no meetings of more importance than those which are held for public prayer; and yet few, very few Christians place the proper estimate upon them, as is manifest from their continued absence from them. While this is true, yet all other interests of the church are apt to prosper as these meetings prosper, and they are apt to falter, or die, as the prayer-meeting is neglected. Now it does seem that all Christians should be interested in the prayer-meetings of the church. In these meetings they are brought together at the mercy seat. Here they find mercy and obtain grace to help in time of need. But why is it that these meetings lose their interest with so many professors of Christianity?

In the first place, perhaps it is for want of daily secret prayer. The Christian who neglects this will find himself not only wanting in interest for the prayer-meetings, but all other meetings held for the advancement of the cause of Christ. Whatever may be wanting in other things, or persons, the first thing to be done is to examine our own hearts. If there be deficiency here, there will be deficiency in everything that is good and noble. If Christians would obey the Apostolic injunction, "Pray without ceasing," our prayer-meetings would no doubt be well attended, and Christians would no doubt more frequently tell what the Lord has done for them. When they come together they would be all aglow with the love of God in their hearts.

And again, these meetings are often badly managed. They are suffered to grow into a kind of monotonous channel, thereby losing that variety and freshness which are so essentially necessary to the interest of all things. The programme of the prayer-meeting should consist of a variety of subjects, or objects of prayer, and yet these should be so arranged as to make them new and interesting, not only to those personally interested, but to those who are careless or indifferent in these things.

And yet another important point is to bring all into the spirit of prayer. It is too often the case that only a few brethren take part in the exercises. This ought not to be. All should be induced to engage heartily in the work. We do not claim that all should offer public prayer, but there is a variety of work connected with these meetings—something that all can do. We have often wondered why it is that so many of our brethren can make intelligent speeches in business or political meetings, and claim to be wholly unable to say a word in the church or prayer-meeting.

We wish to say in conclusion to all the lovers of Jesus, revive your prayer-meetings, attend them promptly, and enter heartily into the services, and you will find yourselves growing in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior; your pastor will preach better and his preaching will have better effect; you will be more liberal in your offerings to the cause of Christ, and you will prosper as a church.

H. E. HARRIS.
Gadsden, Ala.

A PAINFUL AFFAIR.

We learn from our exchanges that Senator Joseph E. Brown, on his reelection to the United States Senate, gave a reception to the members of the General Assembly; that there were present about thirteen hundred guests; that from half past nine "beauty and chivalry tripped to the strains of delightful music;" that "at ten o'clock the dining room was thrown open and the guests entered and partook of a most elaborate banquet"—"to the music of popping corks;" that a great many Christian people were present; upon all which a secular paper thus comments: "Senator J. E. Brown, on the occasion of his re-election to the Senate, gave all Georgia upstartdom a frolic. The preachers, deacons and church dignitaries, the Legislature, Governor and State officials attended, with their wives and sisters, cousins, aunts and sweet arts. There was music, wine, dancing, and a good time generally. Georgia church people, since Deacon Block beat his minister on the dancing issue, have become both 'liberal and jolly!'"

We note among the names of the guests at least two eminent Baptist pastors, one of them especially in repute for saintliness. We would have expected better things of such men. We know not what may be the palliating circumstances—they rarely fail to present a formidable array, when mustered in behalf of religious favorites—but we protest against all such worldly conformity, whatsoever or by whomsoever. And though Governor Brown has given largely to our Seminary, and is building up a college, and doing we know not how many noble things, he has no right to disregard and trample upon the earnest convictions of the great mass of the most devoted men and women in the denomination to which he belongs; nor has his pastor and the other pastors of Atlanta any right to lend their presence and countenance to a revel. One would think it were quite as well to seek to please a multitude of devoted people as a batch of giddy girls and godless boys and aspiring politicians. We have been accustomed to look to Georgia Baptists for models of faith and practice. It were well for them just now to have an eye upon the "City of Churches." We shall hold the entire family to account.

Apologues of "Deacon" Block. May we be permitted to say that the expulsion of such a man as Dr. Leftwich from Atlanta, has always been a grief to us as often as we have thought of it? If not marked by the patience of some men, our understanding was that he was a man of superior ability and unusual piety. To sacrifice such a man on the altar of fashion! We don't wish to meddle much with the affairs of other families, but beg pardon while we say something in this case of a crying event re-called by a fresh provocation. Our feelings can be satisfied with nothing less than this humble expression.

SUICIDE.

We have for years often had distressing thoughts upon this subject. It is the dreariest, not to say the most fearful, way in which men die.

That men "without hope and without God in the world," in some of the overwhelming experiences of life, should rush unbidden into the presence of their Creator and Judge, were not so strange. "Twere not wonderful that they should imagine some state beyond less intolerable than the present."

But that Christian men, so regarded, high in the confidence and esteem of their brethren, exhibiting supposed evidence of habitually leaning on the Lord, should despair under the good providence of God, is a conception that we cannot take in. We have been accustomed to think they may appropriate the promise, "My grace shall be sufficient for thee;" that long ago most of them have felt it were enough to be saved "so by fire," by any means; that their treasure was laid up in heaven. We have not so learned Christ as to believe that he will ever give up a sane man, who knows spiritual religion, to despair.

Another painful fact about the matter is, that a case is almost always made out for the persons we have described. We would not deny the terribly bereaved kindred and friends the slightest consolation justified by the facts; but we fear the assumption of insanity, almost invariably, is, in some cases, not to say many, ill-

grounded. We cannot concede that mere business failure, for instance, will drive a Christian man into insanity. That would imply a love of the world incompatible with the supreme love of God. If our holy religion does not assert its strength when earthly good fails, what is it worth in this life? We offer it to our fellowman as a refuge, a very present help in trouble here, as well as an exceeding great reward hereafter. But if it permits us to despair and grow reckless ourselves, how and on what ground shall we commend it to them?

Insanity, resulting from disease, we can conceive of as something without the fault of the victim, but otherwise it implies a distrust of God, an insubordination to his will, an impatience of discipline, an infidelity, hard to reconcile with the scriptural portrait of the meekest Christian. We cannot consent that our blessed religion was ever found insufficient to sustain its votaries under any circumstances. There may be great apparent activity in the cause of Christ, growing out of the fancied good to be received, when the incomparable blessedness of genuine faith has never been experienced.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES IN RELIGION.

Secular business requires to be watched most assiduously in all its details. "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves," was Franklin's maxim. Any one who neglects little things, will soon find great ones going awry. Whoever carries loose change in his pocket will find it leaking out very fast.

But the maxim does not cover the whole ground. Large matters must be judiciously planned. There are those who are penny wise and pound foolish, and who find care in regard to small things by itself insufficient.

A third thing is equally necessary—persistent energy in carrying out one's schemes. We say persistent. The men who succeed all have one qualification that can never be dispensed with—the power to plod. There is an incentive that defeats genius itself; a fitful application to business that ends in disaster. Washington was an eminent instance of persistence in military matters; Napoleon of genius, irregular and impatient. The one founded a great republic; the other landed in St. Helena.

But a large number of men so far combine all these requisites that, in a degree, they succeed. We wish to say that there is but one great business in which people do not suppose the conditions we have mentioned indispensable—the business of religion. Our churches, at least, seem to suppose that the Lord's work can be done irregularly, fitfully; that attention in reference to minutiae is very unimportant; that persistence is in no way demanded. Hence an annual protracted meeting effort, succeeded by twelve months of inactivity, often of sluggishness. The monthly or weekly meetings are neglected, the prayer-meetings are neglected, the finances left to take care of themselves, or entrusted to a single deacon or two. We have known few churches run with anything like ordinary business energy for a considerable time. There appears to be a lurking belief that as it is "not by might nor by power" that Christ's kingdom is to be carried on, the Lord of the kingdom will take care of its interests, however listless and inactive the subjects may be. Surely every good impulse comes from on high; surely the work of the Spirit is sovereign; but God does not propose to save men or edify his churches without the means he has ordained. His people are willing in the day of his power. When the set time to favor Zion is come, his servants will take pleasure in her stones, and favor the dust thereof. They will hear the sound of the trumpet, and prepare themselves to the battle. You can not speak to a man of God of the church of the Lord Jesus without stirring the depths of his soul, as St. Walter Raleigh said his soul was always stirred by reading the ballad of Chery Chase. It is the design of the present writing to remind the pure-hearted of the energies, deep and soul-felt, which must be forthcoming to push onward the wheels of Zion. The meekest soldier in the ranks of his country's armies is inspired and inspires others when his country calls. He who feels no grief when Zion languishes; who is not afflicted in the affliction of Joseph; who does not weep over sinners; who is content to sleep on beds of ivory and live on the lambs of the flocks, ought to hear the voice of inspiration, "Curse ye Meror, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Those who visit New Orleans during the Exposition will find a good boarding house at 141 Julia Street, kept by Miss M. A. Descker. Miss Descker is a Selma lady, a member of the Baptist church, and is an experienced boarding-house keeper. We recommend her house to those of our readers who visit New Orleans during the Exposition.

SAFE.

"Treasure laid up in heaven," is where "neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal"—imperishable in contrast with the perishable things of earth. So our Savior presents the matter. We are "joint heirs" with him. The same unchangeable law, therefore, that secures his inheritance secures ours. How can the Lord secure the inheritance to one of the joint heirs, and not to the rest?

He can never despair who believes himself secure at last of the whole estate, and sufficient for his wants by the way. This our divine Guardian proposes. Supplies by the way are "earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession."

NO PAPER NEXT WEEK.

Next week being Christmas week, no issue of the ALABAMA BAPTIST will be printed. It has been about four years since the editor of this paper has had a vacation of two days. He feels that he is entitled to one week's rest in four years, and whether anybody else feels so or not, he has made up his mind to take it. The next issue of the paper will appear January 1st, 1885.

We regret that we find it necessary to close this paper with more than a score of articles on hand that should have been published ere this, and would have been, if we could have found space for them. Be patient, brethren. If your articles are good enough to keep till the new year opens we will publish them. If they spoil by keeping we will burn them, and our readers will be glad.

FIELD NOTES.

R. V. O. D. Bowen has taken pastoral charge of the church at State Line.

A brother writes: "It is time the question of 'feet washing' was settled, and I believe I can settle it."

"My cotton crop was short, but I must have the ALABAMA BAPTIST."

H. T. S. Greenboro. A wise investment of hard earned money.

Jos. A. O'Connor is issuing from 60 Bible House, New York, a monthly magazine called "The Converted Catholic," that seems to be doing a good work.

Dr. S. A. Goodwin, one of Alabama's noble sons, is doing good work as pastor of the Baptist church at Danville, Va., and otherwise making himself felt in the Old Dominion.

"I suggest that your paper would get more subscribers if you would publish weekly one of Spurgeon's or Talange's sermons."—R. A. M. We publish a sermon nearly every week—as often as we can find space to do so.

"Enclosed find post office order for \$5. Deduct my dues and send me the ALABAMA BAPTIST for the remainder. I have taken it so long that I feel out of place without it. I am always glad to see the news from my old State."—S. M. Threadgill, Trinity, Texas.

A professor of religion, who was addicted to drinking, once asked Rowland Hill impertinently: "Now, do you think, Mr. Hill, a glass of spirits would drive grace out of my heart?" "No," he answered, "for there is none in it." It is just about that way. Whisky and grace will not mix.

"That Baptist church that does not work beyond itself will die."—C. C. Biting, D.D. We have many forcible illustrations of this truth in Alabama to day. Some churches are already dead, and others are lingering on the verge of the grave, all because they never did anything worthy their great mission outside their own pews.

Now is the time to get subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST. It is the money season, cotton is bringing a fair price, provisions of every kind are very low in price, and the future outlook for better times is very hopeful. Let every pastor bring these facts and the claims of the paper before his people, and send as a good list of subscribers.

"I trust that in future you will adhere inflexibly, 'without fear, favor, or affection,' to the cash system, the only safe basis of your business."—H. W. Coffey, Hayneville. Judge Coffey is a business man, and knows how business ought to be conducted. We wish everybody could see, as he does, how impossible it is to run a religious newspaper on any other than a strict cash in advance basis.

For several months the Disciples (Campbellites) have been wrangling among themselves in the Northwest States, where they have their greatest strength. There have been lively times among some of their denominational organs. The Christian Review, one of their papers, some time ago, dolefully said: "It looks very much as though another sect were growing up in our very midst, to be added to the long catalogue of sects already in existence." It has "looked very much" that way to every unbiased mind ere since Alex. Campbell founded that denomination.

The church at Town Creek, Selma Association, has a flourishing Sunday-school that has been in operation winter and summer for many years. During the last five years there has not been a Sunday, however inclement the weather, that they have not opened their school for the study of God's word. Bro. S. W. Quarles is the superintendent, and is one of the best in the State. Why cannot all our country churches follow this praiseworthy example?

"Will the Religious Herald answer this question: 'Have the Missionary Baptists a denominational creed?'—Old Path Guide (Disciple). Yes, sir, we have a creed, and so has every man we ever met with not a fool. As to whether it is a 'denominational creed' or not, we might say that certain things are taught in the New Testament which Baptists everywhere accept, and thus we claim the New Testament as our 'denominational creed.'"—Religious Herald.

Bro. J. H. Rice, of Tuscaloosa county, sends us a club of six subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST, and says: "This was accomplished by a little effort yesterday and day before at our church, Big Creek, these being our regular meeting days. Only a little talk and we can accomplish a good deal. I am glad to be able to report this much done for the cause, and hope to be able to do more in the future." This is a specimen of not a few letters we have received recently. Some have sent larger clubs; others smaller, but all have seemed surprised at the ease with which they have been able to make up good clubs when they once made up their minds to try. Brother, what have you done to increase the circulation of the ALABAMA BAPTIST?

How is this Bro. Bailey? We have found a member of a Baptist church, living within a few minutes' walk of the church—an intelligent, wide-awake, working member, who never heard of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, although "one of the very best men, not only in the employ of the Board, but in the State," had been missionary pastor of her church for months. She readily and gladly subscribed for the paper, and expressed herself as thankful for the opportunity. We have frequently found members of churches in remote parts of the State who had never heard of the paper, although their pastors were subscribers, but we had settled it in our mind that such pastors were not worth their room in the pulpit. But what shall we think of our missionary pastor?

Rev. Geo. E. Brewer, of Fayette, has just sent us the money for ten subscribers. He has probably done more for the ALABAMA BAPTIST this year than any other man in the State. He says—pardon us, Bro. Brewer, for quoting from a letter, no part of which you expected to be published:—"I am doing what I can to get the paper into all our families. If all our pastors will work up as many subscribers as I have this year, you will have a good circulation." What Bro. Brewer does—and he is not the only pastor who is thus earnest in the work—illustrates that can be done when pastors make up their minds that it shall be done. If all our pastors would do one-fourth as much as Bro. Brewer does, our subscription list would be double what it is. But, alas! how many of them do nothing for the ALABAMA BAPTIST or anything else! Oh! for live, wide awake pastors!

"My travels bring me into intimate relations with a large number of preachers. Wherever I find a man holding three specific doctrines I expect a revival through his labors. What are these doctrines? The necessity of immediate repentance, the atonement as held by the Evangelical churches, the supreme religious authority of God's word. Wherever I find a man in whom these doctrines are not a creed, but a life, I usually find a revival going on in a slow or a swift way. I solemnly believe that it is the Divine will that we should teach the necessity of the new birth in this life, the necessity of the atonement in its biblical form, and the authority of God's word, in precisely the terms and tones in which the Bible teaches these truths. Wherever I find a man doubtful on either of these highest matters, I usually find a torpid church, or one that may, perhaps, be drifting into disintegration or into some foolish liberalism adapted to the wants of an easy-going age."

Joseph Cook

"I shall never vote a dollar of State Mission money to any man who leaves the college without going through its entire course, unless he is providentially hindered from doing this. The man who breaks off in the midst of his studies can never have my vote, however gifted he may be, and however much he may be commended, if he has not gone through the entire course." That is what a Baptist deacon said at the last meeting of our State Mission Board. The young men who are proposing to be Baptist preachers had better decide to make thorough preparation."

Religious Herald. That Virginia Baptist deacon has a level head, and that remark of the Religious Herald is full of good sense and sound advice. Let our theological students at Howard College make thorough preparation. It is of the highest practical importance. Many a man has gone blundering along through life, because he left his preparation work only partly done, and began his life work before he was ready to do it, and discovered his mistake when too late.—F. M. J.

A Baptist Ball, and Bid Influences Going Out from High Places.

It was with deep sadness I saw a notice of the GRAND BALL given by Hon. Joseph E. Brown on the 20th of November. It was perhaps not called a ball, but yet it was one with regular floor managers, dances square, round and diagonal, and over 1300 attendants upon it and the other exercises of the occasion. A secular paper, conducted by one who makes no pretensions to religion, gives the following notice of it:

"Senator Joe Brown, on the occasion of his re-election to the Senate, gave all Georgia upstartdom a frolic. The preachers, deacons, and church dignitaries, the Legislature, Governor, and State officials attended, with their wives and sisters, cousins, aunts, and sweethearts. There was music, wine, dancing, and a good time generally. Georgia church people, since Deacon Block beat his minister on the dancing issue, have become both 'liberal and jolly!'"

These words are a fair index of the contempt thrown upon Christianity by such conduct on the part of professing Christians. The higher the social position the more bitter are the fruits brought about by such examples. What church can attempt to discipline its members for eating, drinking or revelling, when, if the parties are readers, who have to confront as an argument justification, the ball and wine party of Jos. E. Brown, and the tenance and countenance of Drs. Hawthorne, McDonald and Wharton? The trend of the world and church is largely in that direction, and such examples give it momentum hard to overcome.

How strikingly in contrast with this was the noble example of Mrs. H. Yates at the White House! There, at the national capital, filled with the worldly-minded, and the gay courtiers of kingly governments, it might have been thought folly to attempt to put into practice a pure, simple Christianity, yet it was done, and by a plain Christian woman. All Christendom pays tribute to her worth, and the Master will say, "Well done." Would to God that our brethren had done likewise in the professedly Christian capital of Georgia.

But somebody may say that it is none of our business, it is between them, their churches and their God. But not so, brother, for the denomination has a right to speak here, and ought to speak loudly, lengthily, and with emphasis. The giver of the ball is Vice President of the Southern Baptist Convention, the grandest body of representative Baptists in the world. The three ministers named, who sanctioned the affair by their presence, are recognized as among our most prominent leaders, and are vice presidents or managers of our Boards of "Foreign and Home Missions." The denomination in our Southland, at least, have a right to demand a different course on the part of those whom they place in representative positions.

GRO. E. BREWER.

La Fayette, Ala., Dec. 8, 1884.

For the Alabama Baptist.

"Bible Day" at La Fayette.

As no report has appeared of the observance of "Bible Day" at La Fayette, and as such notices do good as reminders of denominational enterprises, and stimulants to co-operation in good works, I desire to give a brief account of the observance here.

The second Sunday in November, at 3 o'clock, the Sabbath-school met, presided over by its efficient Superintendent, W. C. Blodgett. He briefly stated the objects of the meeting, and then the prepared programme was carried out. The responsive readings were impressive in enforcing the necessity and value of a knowledge of the Scriptures. The songs and recitations were well rendered. The superintendent and pastor made appropriate little talks. The exercises were closed with a collection for Bible Work amounting to \$22.75. This was in a line with the usual liberality and good order of this most excellent school.

GEO. E. BREWER.

Demopolis Church.

SUMTERVILLE, Dec. 8, 1884.

Dear Bro. Anderson: Enclosed please find \$25 collected on subscription for the Demopolis church building—\$19 of Bro. Ray's church, and \$6 of the Sumterville Baptist church. We will forward the balance just as soon as collected. Will be sure to get balance.

Yours fraternally,
W. H. BROWN,
C. S. RAY.

Such letters as the above do encourage us. Thanks, brethren! No work has been done on the house for three weeks, but if the other subscribers will pay us now, the church will soon be completed.

G. S. ANDERSON.

Ordination of Deacons in Selma Church.

Wednesday evening of the 10th inst., a presbytery composed of the pas or, Drs. Renfro and Cleveland and Rev. J. L. West, convened at the request of the church for the purpose of ordaining as deacons, H. S. D. Mallory and Joseph W. Stillwell, who had been previously chosen to this office by the church. Bro. Mallory is one of the rising lawyers of Alabama, occupying already an enviable reputation. Bro. Stillwell is the Superintendent of the great business of the Cotton Compress Company of Selma, and is justly ranked amongst our foremost business men. Both brethren are highly esteemed for their piety, sound judgment and Christian activities.

They were presented to the Presbytery for ordination by Deacon Ward. Dr. Renfro delivered an address to the deacons, the object of which was to explain the necessities for and the origin of the office of deacon in the churches of Christ, its important duties and the usefulness and honor of him who uses the office well. The address was unique, terse, forcible and eloquent, creating a profound impression upon the corps of deacons and the church.

The laying on of hands, and the ordination prayer by Rev. John L. West, followed, when Dr. W. C. Cleveland addressed the church upon the correlative duties of pastor, church and deacons, particularly as to the duties of church members to their deacons. His subject was enforced by illustration and argument, in which the Doctor is so singularly gifted, to the great edification and delight of his audience.

The programme of services for the occasion was arranged and conducted by Dr. Frost, the pastor of the church, and it is due his good judgment and foresight that everything passed off in good order and in most admirable taste. His corps of deacons now consists of R. C. Keeble, J. W. Hudson, W. C. Ward, W. P. Welch and Breth. Mallory and Stillwell. A church so admirably officered cannot fail to accomplish much for the community where located, and the denomination to which it belongs.

This ordination occasion, taken altogether, is the most interesting one we remember to have seen. It was greatly enjoyed, and will, we doubt not, under God, result in blessings to the church.

First Baptist Church, Montgomery.

Dear Baptist: After reminding a "flock without a shepherd" for about seven months, you can well imagine that the installation of Dr. M. B. Wharton as our pastor afforded us an occasion for great joy.

Dr. Wharton assumed formal charge of the church yesterday morning and preached an able discourse on "True Religion." At night a "recognition service" was held, in which Rev. Mr. Frost, of Selma, and the pastors of the various churches here took part. The Selma pastor delivered the charge to the church, which was an able and well-timed effort, and I feel assured that it will bring forth good fruit, and that abundantly. His fervent eloquence tempted Dr. Wharton in the way of wit. "A few years ago," he said, "I visited Niagara Falls, and the burning spring, and thought it a strange sight, but a more wonderful spectacle presents itself this evening—a burning Frost."

The welcome address on behalf of the various denominations of the city was delivered by Dr. Pettie, pastor of the Presbyterian church, and was rendered in the forcible and eloquent style characteristic of that eminent divine. When the ministers arose, and the venerable Doctor extended the hand of Christian and ministerial relationship to Dr. Wharton, I felt that it was a good time to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," and I feel that the union then formed will be perpetuated, and that the coming years will find them standing side by side, fighting the battles of the Lord.

Dr. Andrews, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, presented the Bible. Holding it up before the large congregation, he turned to Dr. Pettie and said: "My brother, I have preached from your pulpit, and I found this blessed book there, and from yours (turning to the pastor of the Protestant Methodist church) and I found it there, and to night I find it here." He then paid a glowing tribute to the Bible and presented it to Dr. Wharton, who arose and responded to the fraternal greetings in a manner that at once won the attention and captivated the hearts of the entire congregation. Without attempting to give even the outline of his response, I will give his terse illustration of the loose and careless religion that seems to invade the churches at this day.

"I am not a Puritan," he said—"I was not cast in that mold; but I do love pure religion, my brethren, and have no sympathy with that religion put on like a Mother Hubbard wrapper, made to hang loose and fit any and everybody, and at the same time covering numerous deformities."

After each address an anthem was

sung by the choir, which, under the direction of Prof. G. W. Thomas, were well read and added greatly to the interest of the occasion.

Mr. Finley, pastor of the Protestant Methodist church, closed the meeting by invoking the divine blessing upon the new pastor and his work. In the words of one who was deeply impressed with his prayer, "It was beautiful," beaming not alone with the spirit of Christ, but also with the spirit of poetry. Like the "sweet singer of Israel," Mr. Finley appreciates the poetry of religion, and he frequently borrows bright gems from the songs of song to illustrate and impress divine truth.

Dr. Wharton has entered upon his duties under most favorable auspices. Called to the pastorate of the church without a dissenting voice, welcomed to his field of labor by the people among whom he has cast his lot, irrespective of creed, he has had "a good send off," and the impression prevails that the "man and place have met," and that a grand and glorious work will be the result. "So mote it be."

W. B. D.

Montgomery, Dec. 8th.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, at Pleasant Hill, Dallas county, Ala., at 10 a. m., on Thursday, Dec. 4th, 1884, by Rev. J. M. Fortune, Mr. H. D. Lewis, of Lowndes county, and Miss Lou Moore. May the happy couple enjoy many days of "peace on earth," and a life of joy in heaven.

Married in Alabama.

In Benton, W. D. Lewis and Lula Moore.

In Collifene, Frank Lee and Ellen McCall.

In Eutaw, Thos. F. Winn and Jennie Inge.

In Wetumpka, J. Moseley and E. E. Callier.

In Dadeville, John A. Murphy and Mattie Lockett.

In Cahoon county, E. D. Acker and Lula Ryan.

In Morgan county, G. D. Shelton and Mattie Stringer.

In Talladega, J. E. Stone and Maggie M. Cruikshanks.

In Tuskegee, D. H. Hill, of Texas, and L. C. Campbell.

In Greene county, W. G. Chamble and Ella M. Sherrod.

In Chambers county, I. P. Cochran and Eliza M. Trimble.

In Sumter county, Dr. E. B. Ward and Florence Winston.

In Talladega county, W. T. Dear and Lillian L. Averitt.

In Escambia county, Moore Kilham and Georgia Findley.

In Eufaula, L. H. McLaughlin, of Florida, and Nannie Wilson.

In Marengo county, Jas. W. Lawson and Mrs. Mary F. Jones.

In Cullman county, Prof. G. A. Hedgecock and Lou Dignel.

In Georgetown, Ga., J. T. Young and Laura Powell, of Pike county.

In Renfro, W. S. Burnside and Avie Freeman; also, G. R. Butler and Ida Buford.

In Blount county, Dr. J. W. Ballenger, of Arkansas, and Luda E. Red; Henry Tiddler and Angey Cooper; Jno. N. Brant and Elizabeth Walker, and J. M. Horne and Susan Calderwood.

Deaths in Alabama.

In Clinton, J. P. Pierce.

In Eufaula, J. J. Folom.

In Birmingham, Joseph Faut.

In Tuscaloosa, Charles Henry.

At Newtonville, Dr. J. J. Jones.

In Barbour county, Mr. Henry.

In Pike county, Maggie Clarke.

In Tuskegee, Mrs. D. C. James.

In Montgomery, W. M. Barnett.

In Eutaw, Bradley H. Ridgeway.

In Montgomery, Jas. D. Willford.

In Montgomery, Mrs. J. A. Gillas.

In Talladega county, J. R. Russell.

In Bibb county, Mrs. Kerby Smith.

In Oxford, Lucy Henderson, of Talladega.

In Florida, T. C. Johnson, formerly of Eufaula.

In Dale county, Daniel M. Young; also, Mrs. T. J. Hurn.

In Clarke county, Mrs. J. W. Brewster and Mrs. L. S. Hicks.

In Memoriam.

As the rising of the sun brings a new day to earth, so, on some morning, souls which have been chained to earth by mortal band, awake to find a glad new day, radiant with beams from the Sun of Righteousness. It was so on the morning of Nov. 25, with our dear sister,

MRS. MINERVA E. MILES.

Mrs. Miles' maiden name was Emory. She was born in Oglethorpe county, Ga., on May 23rd, 1819. She connected herself with the Baptist church in 1835. In 1838 she was married to Dr. J. M. Miles. They moved to Montgomery, Ala., in the early part of the year 1861. For six or seven years previous to her death she and her husband lived in a small house in Montgomery. But about six weeks before her death they moved to Birmingham, where three of their sons lived. It was in the home of one of these sons, where she had been nursed by faithful sons and loving daughters-in-law, that she breathed her last.

The floral designs placed upon the coffin hid bore a truthful and strikingly appropriate significance. A sheaf of wheat fully ripe was cut down by a scythe. So it was, those who knew her best, those for whom she had worked and to whom she had given her life, knew that she was ready for the Reaper.

A true and loving mother, she had looked wisely to the way of her household, and by precept and example, had so faithfully instructed her children that she was rewarded years ago in seeing all of them "put on baptism." Nobly and grandly, she filled the position of a minister's wife. She bore with Christian fortitude the separations needed for Christ's sake; and in the difficult work of a minister of God, her husband found her a true "helpmeet." She never thwarted his work, but strove to encourage and help him in all things. For some months previous to her own translation she had watched over, and nursed most tenderly, the husband of nearly a half century. She had prayed God not to take him from her. And so the faithful God, who would not cause his child a needless tear, spared her this pain forever. Instead, he spared her first to the Home Over There. From thence she will come to her long-expected husband, whenever God shall think proper to her. God moves in a mysterious way "His wonders to perform."

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D. I. PURKIN.

Christian

