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"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

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"They also Serve Who only Stand and Wait."

A sermon by Rev. A. McFarland, D. D.

"Peter seeing him said to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus said unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."—John xxi. 21, 22.

We have seen in a former sermon that the charge of the risen Christ to Peter, which immediately precedes these verses, allotted to him service and suffering. The closing words of that charge: "Follow Me" had a deep significance, as uniting both parts of his task in the one supreme command of imitation of his Master.

But the same words had also a simpler meaning, as inviting the Apostle to come apart with Christ at the moment, for some further token of his love or indication of his will. Peter follows; but in following, naturally turns to see what the little group, sitting silent there by the coal fire on the beach, may be doing. And he notices John coming towards them, with intent to join them.

What emboldened John to thrust himself, uncalled for, into so secret an interview? The words in which he is described in the context answer the question. "He was the disciple whom Jesus loved, which also leaned on his breast at supper, and said, Lord! which is he that betrayeth thee?" He was also bound by close ties to Peter. So with the familiarity of "perfect love which casteth out fear," he felt that the Master could have no secrets from him, and no charge to give to his friend which he might not share.

Peter's swift question, "Lord! and what shall this man do?" though it has been often blamed, does not seem very blame-worthy. There was perhaps a little touch of his old vivacity in it, indicating that he had not been sufficiently subdued and sobered by the prospect which Christ had held out to him; but far more than that there was a natural interest in his friend's fate and something of a wish to have his company on the path he was to tread. Christ's answer, "If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me," is a beautiful illustration of the Master's attitude towards his disciples.

The enigmatical words of Christ, and the long life of the Apostle, which seemed to explain them, naturally bred an interpretation of them in the Early Church which is recorded here as I believe, by the Evangelist himself, to the effect that John, like another Enoch at the beginning of a new world, was to escape the common lot. And very beautiful is the quiet way in which the Evangelist puts that error on one side, by the simple repetition of his Master's words, emphasizing their hypothetical form and their enigmatical character: "Jesus said not unto him, he shall not die; but, if I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee?"

Now all this, I think, is full of lessons. Let me try to draw one or two of them briefly this evening.

I. First, then, we have here the revelation of the risen Christ as the Lord of life and death in that majestic "If I will!"

In his charge to Peter, Christ had asserted his right absolutely to control his servant's conduct and fix his place in the world, and his power at least to foresee and forecast his destiny and his end. But in these words he goes a step further. "I will that he tarry." To communicate life and to sustain life is a divine prerogative; to act by the bare utterance of his will upon physical nature is a divine prerogative. And Jesus Christ here claims that his will goes out with sovereign power amongst the perplexities of human history, and into the depths of that mystery of life; and that he, the Son of Man, "quickens whom he will," and has power to kill and to make alive. The words would be absurd, if not something worse, upon any but divine lips, that opened with conscious authority, unless their utterer knew that his hand was laid upon the innermost springs of being.

So, in this entirely incidental fashion, you have one of the strongest and plainest instances of the quiet, unostentatious and habitual manner in which Jesus Christ claimed for himself properly divine prerogatives.

Remember that he who thus spoke was standing before these seven men there, in the morning light, on the beach, fresh from the grave. His resurrection had proved him to be the Lord of death. He had bound it in his chariot-wheels as a conqueror.

He had risen and stood there before them with no more mark of the corruption of the grave upon him than there are traces of the foul water in which a sea bird may swim on its wing that flashes in the sunshine as it soars. And surely as these men looked to Christ, declared to be the "Son of God with power," by his resurrection from the dead, they may have begun, however foolish and slow of heart they were, to believe, to understand that to "this end Christ both died and rose and revived, that he might be the Lord both of the dead and of the living," both of death and of life.

These two Apostles' later history was full of proofs that the claim was valid. Peter is shut up in prison and delivered once, at the very last moment, when hope was almost dead, in order that he might understand that when he was put into another prison and not delivered, the blow of martyrdom fell upon him, not because of his persecutors, but because of the will of his Lord. And John had to see his brother James, to whom he had been so closely knit, with whom he had pledged himself to drink the cup that Christ drank of, whom he had desired to have associated with himself in the special honors in the Messianic Kingdom—he had to see him slain, first of the Apostles, while he himself lingered here long after all his early associates were gone. He had, no doubt, many a longing to depart. Solitary, surrounded by a new world, pressed by many cares, he must often have felt the cross he had to carry was no lighter than that laid on those who had passed to their rest by martyrdom. To him it would often be martyrdom to live. His personal longing is heard for a moment in the last words of the Apocalypse: "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus!"—but undoubtedly he stayed his heart on his Lord's will, and waited in much patience till he heard the welcome announcement, "The Master is come and calleth for thee."

And, dear friends, that same belief that the risen Christ is the Lord of life and death, is the only one that can stay our hearts, or make us bow down in adoration, or give us peace and joy in this world.

II. We have here before us, in this incident, the service of patient waiting. "If I will that he tarry, what is that to thee? Follow thou me," Peter is the man of action, not great at reflection; full of impulse, restless until his hands can do something to express his thoughts and his emotions. On the very Mount of Transfiguration he wanted to set to work and build three tabernacles, instead of listening awed to the divine colloquy. In Galilee he cannot wait quietly for his Master to come, but must propose to his friends to go as a fishing. In the fishing-boat, as soon as he sees the Lord he must struggle through the sea to get at him; whilst John sits quietly in the boat, blessed in the consciousness of his Master's presence and in silently gazing at him verily there. And all through the first part of the Acts of the Apostles his bold energy goes flashing and flaming. It is always his voice that rings out in the front, whether preaching on the Pentecost Day, bringing healing to the sick, or fronting the Sanhedrim. His element is in the shock of conflict and the strain of work.

John, on the other hand, seldom appears in the narrative. When he does he stands a silent figure by the side of Peter, and disappears from it altogether before very long. We do not hear that he did anything. He seems to have had no part in the missionary work of the Church. He "tarried," that was all.

The word is the same—"abide"—which is so often upon his lips in his gospel and in his epistles, as expressive of the innermost experience of the Christian soul, the condition of all fruitfulness, blessedness, knowledge and Christ-likeness. Christ's charge to John to "tarry" did not only, as his brethren misinterpreted it, mean that his life was to be continued, but it prescribed the manner of his life.

It was to be patient contemplation, a dwelling in the house of the Lord, a keeping of his heart still; like some little tarn up amongst the silent hills, for heaven with all its blue to mirror itself in.

And that quiet life of contemplation, bore its fruit. In his meditation the deeds and words of his Master slowly grew ever more and more and more luminous to him. Deeper meanings came out revealing new constellations, as he gazed into that opening heaven of memory. He reaped "the harvest of a quiet eye," and garnered the sheaves of it in his gospel, the story of the words of the New Testament, and in his epistles, in which he proclaims the first and last word of revelation, "God is love,"—the pure diamond that hangs at the end of the golden chain let down from heaven. Often, no doubt, his brethren thought him "but an idler in the land," but at last his "tarrying" was vindicated.

Now, dear brethren, in all times of the world's history that form of Christian service needs to be pressed upon busy people. And there never was a time in the world's history or in the Church's history, when it more needed to be pressed upon the ordinary Christian man than at this day. The good and the bad of our present Christianity, and our present social life, conspire to make people think that those who are not at work in some external form of Christian service for the good of their fellows are necessarily idlers. Many of them are, but by no means all, and there is always the danger that the external work which good, earnest people do shall become greater than can be wholesomely and safely done by them without the constant recourse to this solitary meditation, and to tarrying before God.

The stress and bustle of our everyday life; the feverish desire for immediate results; the awakened conviction that Christianity is nothing if not practical; the new sense of responsibility for the condition of our fellows; the large increase of all sorts of domestic, evangelic, and mission-

ary work, all these things, as well as our own personal desires, lead us to our possible dangers; and it is laid on my heart to warn you of these things. For the sake of our own personal hold on Jesus Christ, for the sake of our progress in the knowledge of his truth, and for the sake of the very work which some of us count so precious, there is need that we shall betake ourselves to that still communion. The stream that is to water half a continent must rise high in the lonely hills, and be fed by many a mountain rill in the solitude. And the men who are to keep the freshness of their Christian zeal, and of the consecration which they will ever feel is being worn away by the attrition even of faithful service, can only refresh it by resorting again to the Master, and imitating him who prepared himself for a day of teaching in the temple by a night of communion on the Mount of Olives.

Further, there is here a lesson of tolerance for us all. Practical men are always disposed to force every body else, as I said, into their groove. Martha is always disposed to think that Mary is idle when she is sitting at Christ's feet, and wants to have her come into the kitchen and help her there. The eye which sees must not say to the hand which toils, nor the hand to the eye, "I have no need of thee." There are men who cannot think much; there are men who can not work much. There are men whom God has chosen for diligent external service; there are men whom God has chosen for solitary retired musing; and we cannot dispense with either the one or the other. Did not John Bunyan do more for the world when he was shut up in Bedford Goal and dreamed his dream than by all his tramping about Bedfordshire, preaching to a handful of cottagers? And has not the Christian literature of the prison, which includes three at least of Paul's Epistles, proved of the greatest service and most precious value to the Church?

We need all to listen to the voice which says, "Come ye apart by yourselves into a solitary place, and rest awhile." Work is good, but the foundation of work is better. Activity is good, but the life which is the basis of activity is even more. There is plenty of so-called Christian work today which I fear me is not life but mechanism; has slipped off its original foundations, and is, therefore, powerless. Let us tolerate the forms of service least like our own, not seek to force other men into our paths nor seek to imitate them. Let Peter flame in the van, and beard high prices, and stir and fight; and let John sit in

his quiet home, caring for his Master's mother, and holding fellowship with his Master's Spirit.

III. Lastly, we have here the lesson of patient acquiescence in the Master's undisclosed will.

The error into which the brethren of the apostle fell as to the meaning of the Lord's words was a very natural one, especially when taken with the commentary which his unusually protracted life seemed to append to it. We know that that belief lingered long after the death of the apostle; and that legends, like the stories that are found in many nations of heroes that have disappeared, but are sleeping in some mountain recess, clustered round John's grave, over which the earth was for many a century believed to heave and fall with his gentle breathing.

John did not know exactly what his Master meant. He would not venture upon a counter interpretation. Perhaps his brethren were right, he does not know; perhaps they were wrong, he does not know. One thing he is quite sure of, that what his Master said was: "If I will that he tarry." And he acquiesces quietly in the certainty that it shall be as his Master wills, and the uncertainty what that will is he says in effect: "I do not know, and it does not much matter. If I am to go to find him, well! If he is to come to find me, well again! Whichever way it be, I know that the patient tarrying here shall lead to a closer communion hereafter. And so I leave it all in his hands."

Dear brethren, that is a blessed state that you and I may come to; a state of quiet submission, not of indifference but of acquiescence in the undisclosed will of our loving Christ about all matters, and about this alternative of life or death amongst the rest. The soul that has had communion with Jesus Christ amidst the imperfections here will be able to refer all the mysteries and problems of its future to him with unshaken confidence. For union with him carries with it the assurance of his own perpetuity, and in its sweetness yieldeth proof that it was born for immortality.

Christ, raised together with him and to abide in him. He is to be in Christ. As the stone in the building or the branch in the vine so the believer is in Christ. In him the believer lives, moves and has his being. He is "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh." This union is vital. It means not only oneness with Christ but communion. The most intimate relations are to exist between them. Knowledge was taken of Peter and John that they had been with Jesus and learned him. As the Christian has life in Christ so also the Christian's life is a Christ-life in him. As Paul says: "Nevertheless I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." The change from the old to the new is the reception of the Christ-life.

Again, the resurrection teaches us that the Christian's life is a life of manifestation. The believer is to witness. He is to show the world what Jesus is. When the world looks upon him it has a right to expect a message from the Savior. To dying men the Christian is Christ. He bears about in his person the marks of the Lord Jesus. Men looking upon him see Christ and the cross. Paul says, "For me to live is Christ," and we may add, when life no longer means this then welcome death, for then "to die is gain." This life of manifestation takes definite form in this direction. He must be able to say: "I die daily." This becomes the law of life. No truth is more forcibly pressed home to the Christian's conscience than this, that the true life in Christ is a life of separation from the world. A sphere in which sacrifice finds continual expression. A service whose highest form is represented in a cross. Trench expresses this idea in these words:

The seed must die before the corn appears Out of the ground in blade and fruitful ears; Low have these ears before the sickle lain Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain. The grain is crushed before the bread is made, And the bread broke ere life to man conveyed. O content to die, to be laid low, And to be crushed and to be broken so, If thou upon God's table mayest be bread, Life-giving food for souls an hungared.

In the light of the resurrection we see the future of the Christian's life. Not the narrow future, which ends at the tomb, but the future of the saved. To the believer the future tells of better things in store. In its light death loses its horrors. The dark flood becomes a tiny stream. The black clouds become luminous with promise. We see that

"Death is a mood of life. It is no whim By which life's giver mocks a wounded heart." Death becomes the introduction to

The Christian's Life in the Light of the Resurrection.

BY REV. C. M. MOSCIP.

The resurrection is fundamental to Christianity. Paul's testimony upon this is conclusive. "If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins." The Christian's faith rests on this fact. Here we find the assurance of our resurrection from the grave. This is the divine seal affixed to Christ's redemptive work. There are here set forth some significant facts of the Christian life.

The first fact presented is that the Christian's life is derived from Christ. It has been healing by contact with Jesus. Many agencies may be used. Faithful gospel preaching, the godly life of believers, prayer in behalf of the unsaved. These are useful means. None of them, however, can save. The spiritual life is from above. It is an imparted life. Christ gives, feeds and develops it. He is risen. Because of this we have life. He has said, "Because I live ye shall live also." This stands out very clearly in Paul's letter to the Colossians: "And you, being dead in your sins . . . hath he quickened together with him." Being therefore "alive with Christ" seek those things which are above.

The Christian's life is a risen life. It is a very truth a life from death. In the past he was dead in sin. He had his conversation in the lusts of the flesh. He was then a child of wrath. But with Jesus he has died to sin, being crucified with him and raised again. By some inscrutable process he has passed from death unto life. A new life has been formed within him. A life springing from the grave. As the seed dies to reproduce itself so in death with Christ new life has appeared. The believer has been with Christ in the grave. The Lord of life has stood between him and the terrors of death. Jesus has touched him. From the crucified one in that contact of the tomb has come the life. Another fact stands out very clearly in the light of the resurrection. The Christian's life is one of union

with Christ, raised together with him and to abide in him. He is to be in Christ. As the stone in the building or the branch in the vine so the believer is in Christ. In him the believer lives, moves and has his being. He is "bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh." This union is vital. It means not only oneness with Christ but communion. The most intimate relations are to exist between them. Knowledge was taken of Peter and John that they had been with Jesus and learned him. As the Christian has life in Christ so also the Christian's life is a Christ-life in him. As Paul says: "Nevertheless I live, yet not I, Christ liveth in me." The change from the old to the new is the reception of the Christ-life.

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life eternal; the dawning of the new and better day of the soul. In Blair's "Grave," an old English book, there is an illustration forcibly emphasizing this thought. A tomb with half opened door is seen upon the summit of a hill. Through the door an aged and feeble man leaning upon a crutch is entering the sepulchre. Above the tomb and in the act of rising from a sitting position is a youth. His whole attitude is expressive of life and energy. His face is lighted with the glory of faith and hope. Back of him and enveloping him is seen the moral sun. The whole picture is a type of the change which comes at death. It shows us what the resurrection teaches concerning death; what we shall all see more clearly when the shadows and half lights, the darkened glass and imperfect vision shall have passed and the eternal alone remains.—Standard.

A Change.

The unerring hand of Providence points out the path of duty for the children of obedience, and sometimes requires the severing of the tenderest ties, the cessation of the sweetest associations. Such is the requisition lately made of our church at Madison. Having eighteen months ago called Bro. John Speer as our pastor, he seemed to us like a father. He has nourished and strengthened us by feeding us on "strong meat." But feeling it to be his duty, on the fourth Sabbath in April, he tendered the church his resignation, to devote his whole time to pastoral and mission work in the association of which he was a member.

Bro. Speer has endeared himself not only to the Baptists here, but to the people. Members of other denominations seem as loath to give him up as if he had been their own pastor. This reflects no little credit on his character as a pastor and Christian, when we remember that he boldly preaches our distinctive doctrines. Many speak the truth in love, but few can make the people realize that it is in love, when it is contrary to their views of truth. The following resolutions were passed by the Madison church, Madison county, Ala.

Resolved, That in accepting the resignation of our beloved pastor, Eld. John Speer, we do so with feelings of deep regret.

Resolved, That during the seemingly short period of eighteen months that he has served us as pastor, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ, he has by his uniform Christian deportment, sound Scriptural doctrine preached, success in harmonizing conflicting factions, and tact and judgment in selecting topics suitable for our edification and instruction, proven himself an endearing watchman upon the tower and an able instructor. We pray that the good Lord may attend him in all his ministrations, and that wherever his lot may be cast he will prove a blessing to that people and they a blessing to him, and that his life may long be spared to work in the vineyard of his Master.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the church, and a copy be sent to the ALABAMA BAPTIST for publication.

Done in conference first Sabbath in May, 1885.

A. J. HARDIN, Mod.

J. R. HARDIN, C. C.

"I'm as Good as My Neighbors."

Quite likely; but that is not enough. Are you as good as God says you ought to be? We read about a man whose name was Saul of Tarsus, who was not only as good as his neighbors, but he was better than any of them. He was beyond his equals in knowledge, and "more exceedingly zealous" of the religion of his fathers. His neighbors looked up to him as the leading man; and the religious world had so much confidence in him that they gave him a "commission," and he had "authority" from the chief priests. Surely this was a fair specimen of one well up in religion, and a man with a good chance, as men say. But when he saw himself in God's mirror, it was then that he came to the conclusion that he was the "chief of sinners."

Christian obligation cannot be made to accord with the law of expediency. The Christian maxims are: "Do right though the heavens fall," "Do right because you are bound to do right." There is a world of difference between "You had better," and "You are bound to."—[F. L. Patton.

God sometimes washes the eyes of his children with tears in order that they may read aright his providence and his commandments.—[T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

A Woman's Curse.

"If you want to hear a strange story," said a gentleman to a reporter of the *Alle*, yesterday, in Golden Gate Park, "engage that gray-haired man in conversation and get him to tell you his history. It will repay you for your time," and he indicated a prematurely aged man with a sad face sitting in the sun on one of the benches of the park. The reporter needed no second invitation, and was soon seated by the man with the strange history.

"I am told," said the seeker after facts, "that you have a life story strange in the extreme, and that you are not averse to relating it." The eyes of the man were turned on the speaker for a moment, and then, folding his white hands in his lap, he said: "Yes, it is a story. I am a murderer and a reformed gambler; but you need not shrink so from me. Ten years ago I owned the largest and most popular gambling parlors in the city of Chicago, and on Saturday night I dealt my own fare game, in which business, of course, I made a great deal of money. Many unpleasant incidents grew out of my business, but I always excused it on the ground that men did not have to play my games any more than they were obliged to drink poison. I finally got to noticing and expecting one young man in particular, who always came when it was my night to deal. At first he played boldly, and as a consequence, lost heavily; but as he grew more familiar with the game he played carefully, and acted as though life depended on his winning, which in fact was the case, as it afterward proved. I got acquainted with him, addressing him as Brown, but knowing that was not his true name. I think he followed the game for months, winning a little sometimes, but generally losing heavily. At last he came one night, and I saw by his flushed face that he had been drinking, although he looked apparently cool. He sat down to the table, drew out a small roll of money, and laying it down before him, said: 'There is in that little pile my fortune, my honor, and my life. I either win all or lose all this night. Begin your game; I am ready.' Others joined in at first and played for awhile, but I withdrew from the game and watched the strange young man at my right. He played to win, but fate was against him, for he lost, won, and lost again, and finally after two hours of playing, evidently in the most fearful suspense, he lost his last dollar. Leaning back in his chair, with compressed lips and face blanched to a deathly whiteness, he looked me in the eye a moment, and, rising, said: 'My money, honor, and happiness have gone over the table, never to return. I said my life would go with them, so it shall. Tell my wife I have gone too far to return.' Before we could prevent it he put a derringer to his breast and shot himself through the heart, falling upon the table that had been his ruin and death.

"His wife came, awful in the majesty of her grief, and after satisfying herself that her husband was dead, she asked: 'Where is the keeper of this dreadful place?' I was pointed out, and, striding up to me so that her finger almost touched my pallid face, she exclaimed in tones that are ringing in my ears yet, 'Oh, you soulless wretch, with heart of stone! You have lured my husband from me, sent him to perdition, widowed me and orphaned my children. You are his murderer, and may God's curse rest upon you eternally!' And, with a wild scream, 'Oh, my husband! my child!' she fell fainting on the body of the corpse.

"I lingered for weeks in a brain fever, that curse seeming always to be the burden of my mind. On my recovery I burned the fixtures of my den and closed the place, and have devoted most of my time to travel with the hope of escaping that woman's just curse, but I can't. I believe it is on me forever, and I feel that I was the man's murderer. I am rich, and my first attempt was to get the dead man's wife to accept an annuity from me, but she refused all aid, and tried to support herself by her own labor. I relieved my mind to some extent, however, by settling a certain sum on her and her children, which passes through her father's hands and ostensibly comes directly from him. Her children are receiving a fine education by this means, and my will, safely locked in her father's office, bequeaths to her and her children my entire wealth, some \$100,000. My life," concluded he, "is devoted largely to visiting gambling dens, where I meet young men who are on the highway to hell, and warning them of their danger. Thanks

to God I have succeeded in many cases in saving them; and now, young man, remember this story, and let it always stand up as a white specter between you and the gambling-table. See to it that the poison does not enter your veins; and he pulled his hat over his moistened eyes and strode silently away.

Facts About the Bible—And a Fence.

Bro. West: Several things in the last issue of your excellent paper attracted my attention. Two of them I want to notice. "By three years careful study" a prisoner found out that there are 3,364,480 letters in the Bible; 77,469 words; that the word "and" occurs 46,277 times, &c., &c. Here we have a sinful waste of time in finding out what can be of no use to anybody under any state of case; a regular case of "killing time." The prisoner had nothing to do. He had a copy of the Bible, and instead of studying God's Word and preparing himself for usefulness, he was counting letters, words, verses, &c. This prisoner certainly was not a devout man. Do you think he was a Christian? Think of Bunyan in Bedford jail, or Luther in his cell, or Spurgeon at Mentone counting letters, and finding out how often the conjunction "and" occurs in the Bible. Just think of it. It seems to me irreverent to use God's Word in "killing time" or in satisfying a worse than idle curiosity.

I am sorry to know that anybody has time to verify the useless statements of this prisoner.

Say to the "Canaan Missionary" that I am glad he is "fencing in" Birmingham with churches. I am glad. It needs to be fenced in. I want him to place those churches as close to the city limits, and as close together, as possible. I want those base ball performances on Sunday stopped. Now, there are a good many good pastors, first-rate, in Birmingham, and Purer is not behind the foremost. The Mayor is a capital man. I know him. He is not afraid to do his duty. Now fence in the city with churches, so these Sunday base-ballists can't get outside, and I guarantee that the pastors and the Mayor will keep them quiet on Sunday, and prevent them from outraging the sensibilities of all good people. I go to Birmingham right often, and I know more about things there than some people think I do. But I don't want to say anything more just now.

Yours hoping to write again,

J. BEVERLY CARTER.

For and Against.

The following extracts show how the prohibition law is looked upon by different papers published in the same county.

The Anniston Watchman says: "The present prohibition law that is attempted to be enforced in Calhoun county is a delusion and a fraud, and is perhaps working more evil than if whiskey and beer had a free and unrestricted sale."

The Oxford News replies by saying: "There is nothing new or original in the above, or the weak-kneed editorial from which it is taken; it is the language of every wet ticket advocate of the country, and a palpable misrepresentation of facts in regard to prohibition in this county. Everybody who knows anything about it, knows that prohibition does prohibit in Calhoun county, and that to a very large extent. It was never anticipated nor promised by its friends that it would be a perfect and complete success; the statutes against murder and theft have existed for hundreds of years, yet does any one argue or attempt to do so, that for the reason that they have not been a complete success in preventing murder and theft, these laws are bad and ought to be repealed?"

"We venture the assertion, that for every gallon of liquor sold and drank in this county since prohibition prevailed, for the same length of time before prohibition went into effect one hundred gallons were sold and drank, and for every drunken man seen on our streets now, there were twenty-five before prohibition occurred. The execution of the law has not been as strict in every case as it ought to have been, yet the real friends of the cause throughout the county are gratified and pleased at the splendid results of prohibition in this county."

"Outside of all other issues, and put squarely upon its own merits, the prohibition of the liquor traffic is right, and if every man, woman and child in this county were to desert its standard, yet, if not for humanity's sake, for our own, and for God's sake, we would say down and out with the infernal liquor traffic."

Alabama Baptist.

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JNO. L. WEST, Editor.

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off than other people." That others are ignorant in no way relieves us, or breaks in the least the damaging effect of our ignorance upon ourselves and upon the cause of Christ. Baptists should be intelligent Baptists and intelligent Christians—intelligent in Baptist doctrine and affairs, and intelligent in Christian enterprises. We can hardly state the importance of this in language too strong and urgent. But how shall we gain it, and how correct the evil of which we have been writing, the existence of which none will deny? That it should be corrected none will question, for there can be only one opinion of its baneful influence. It is a great problem, difficult and important, to whose solution the wisest and best men among us should bend their energies. Evidently a great responsibility rests on the pastors who are the teachers and recognized leaders of the people, but manifestly the members of the church must share in this responsibility, and there must be a united effort to remove this great hindrance to denominational growth and Christian usefulness.

A GOOD WORK.

One of the members of the Selma church recently furnished his pastor, for free distribution, one hundred copies of Dr. Brown's Baptist Church Manual. The pastor had for some weeks before been giving a series of lectures on Our Declaration of Faith, announcing the subject and reading the article on Sunday morning and discussing it at the prayer meeting on the following Thursday evening. The discussions were not controversial, but rather expository, and awakened a good deal of interest in the Baptist Creed. The Manuals, which contain our Articles of Faith, were distributed on Sunday morning after a sermon on "Holding Fast the Form of Sound Words." Only a little while ago, another distribution of distinctively denominational literature was made among the members. This sort of work is sure to result in good wherever it is done, and members may often help the cause by putting into the pastor's hand, for free distribution, missionary literature, denominational papers, tracts on experimental religion and other important topics. And the pastor may do a great work by keeping these things moving among his people.

FIELD NOTES.

The Knoxville, Tenn., church gave \$500.00 for State Missions recently.

Twenty-five of the fifty-seven parishes of Louisiana are without a white Baptist church.

Maj. W. E. Penn, the Texas evangelist, is conducting a meeting at Vicksburg, Miss.

Twenty-one members have been received into the Bartow, Fla., church during the last three months.

Dr. Nunnally, of Eufrata, will preach the commencement sermon of the Georgia Agricultural College.

Rev. G. W. Reeves, of Port Smith, Ark., has accepted the missionary secretaryship of the Arkansas Baptist State Convention.

Rev. Dr. W. M. Meredith, a prominent Cumberland Presbyterian divine, died in Montevallo, Ala., Sunday morning, at an advanced age.

The *Witness* gives the following statistics of Baptists in Florida: Membership, 9,580; number of churches, 291; ordained ministers, 178; net gain last year, 624.

Rev. W. N. Chandon reports through the Florida *Witness* that a lady has realized \$7.60 to date from one missionary here. He hopes that a good number of sisters will try that kind of work.

The editor of the *Texas Baptist Herald* says Bro. L. W. Duke is a delightful companion to travel with to a Convention. We always found Bro. Duke, who is an Alabama man, a delightful companion to be with any where.

"The Baptist church at Perdido Station, Baldwin county, was recently demolished by wind. The house was being used for school purposes at the time, and the teacher and pupils had been out but a few minutes when it fell."—S. W. Jones.

The late C. B. Erwin, of New Britain, Conn., left in his will a legacy of \$15,000 to the Baptist church of New Britain, \$8,000 to the Baptist church at Oak Bluffs, Mass., \$3,000 to Booneville, N. Y., and about \$45,000 to the Home Mission Society, New York.

It is reported that of the 81 persons interested in the licensed wholesale liquor business of Nashville, Tenn., 19 are Romanists, 15 Methodists, 12 Presbyterians, 7 Episcopalians, 6 Campbellites, 15 Baptists, and 3 Cumberland Presbyterians.—*Texas Baptist*.

"The *Religious Herald* says: 'A Texan, (at Augusta,) referring to the disinterested, generous spirit of the lamented Crane, says that he was so absorbed in his life work that he gave it every dollar that he made along with his life. May the God of heaven guide and provide for the family of W. Carey Crane!' This is not half the truth, if he has learned it aright. A large sum from his father's estate

must be added to what he made and gave with his more than twenty years of work to Texas."—*Texas Baptist Herald*.

The Central Baptist reports that on the third Sunday of this month all the Baptist churches of St. Louis held a mass meeting in the Second church in that city in the interest of Mission work within the bounds of the St. Louis Association, when \$1,126 was raised for the work.

"Sam Jones, the eccentric evangelist, is reported as likening the average church, to a wagon drawn by a poor, old, weak horse. When the wagon is going down hill the people all get behind and push, and when the wagon starts up hill, the people all jump in and ride."—*Central Baptist*.

Coaling, Tuscaloosa, North Port.

On Sunday, 17th inst., the Baptist house of worship at Coaling was dedicated. Rev. J. S. Dill, pastor at Tuscaloosa, preached the dedication sermon. Text: "We will not forsake the house of our God." Nehemiah 10:39. Theme: "Our devotion to God's house." For forty minutes the preacher held the attention of the audience uninterruptedly. The sermon was clear, forcible and convincing; setting forth the duty of Christians. At times his genuine outbreaks of eloquence were thrilling and enrapturing. Every one was delighted with his sermon. In the afternoon he preached another excellent and telling sermon. We predict for our brother Dill a life of usefulness and success as a pastor and preacher. He is one of the first young men in the State.

Brother Yerby offered the dedication prayer, which was fervent and applicable, invoking the blessings of God on the church and praying for its success in doing good. They have organized a very interesting Sunday-school, composed of grown up people as well as children, with brother Sam M. Black as Superintendent. Brother Black is a merchant at Coaling and commands the love and esteem of all the people. Brother Hobson, a young man, now a student at Tuscaloosa, is the pastor of the church. He possesses zeal, devotion and capacity, and is beloved by his flock. The people at Coaling are generous, hospitable and conservative. They make you feel perfectly at home. Fraternal feeling is so marked that you cannot distinguish one denomination from another from their association and conduct. The Baptist house is a comfortable, neat frame building, well ventilated, with nice pulpit, and is lighted well with large stoves and two large suspension lamps. The outlook for the church is certainly encouraging, and we expect our brethren there to do great things for the Lord. They have some very fine voices in their choir and will have most excellent singing. They certainly have begun well and we feel assured they will progress. The name of the church is Bethel.

We spent Monday in the beautiful city of oaks, Tuscaloosa looks like a royal queen now that she is robed in her beautiful garb of spring. Her splendid residences, beautiful oaks, charming and picturesque river views, and her cultured men and women, together with her well organized female schools and our State University, make her a center of attraction. Brother Dill is doing a first work. He is appreciated and loved by his people, and his people are appreciated and loved by him; consequently everything is moving on successfully and satisfactorily. Nearly every family of his church is now taking the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Tuesday we spent the day visiting the members of North Port church. Our venerable and distinguished brother, Rev. S. Henderson, D. D., is the pastor. He holds a warm place in their affections, and from expressions heard from them, they are delighted with him as pastor and preacher. The members of his church, except a very few, are subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

On Monday night a most enjoyable entertainment was given by the citizens at the residence of Hon. A. C. Hargrove, in honor of the victory gained by the Cadets of the University, in the competitive drill at the Exposition. The Tuscaloosa and North Port State Companies were the escorts to the Cadets of the University, who were out in force. Speeches were made, flowers presented, and ice cream and cake served. Everybody rejoiced in the triumph of our State. And what is better than all, the young men who composed the company that went from the University to New Orleans, achieved a glorious victory in their high, manly, honorable deportment. Not an incident occurred of a violation of the rules of propriety. Subject to so many temptations as they must have been, to come out without even the smell of fire on their garments! It is indeed complimentary and reflects credit on Alabama, as well as themselves.

Our visit to these places was very pleasant, and we were very successful in securing renewals and new subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST. J. G. HARRIS.

The Blessings of Montgomery.

So happy, so glad, have our hearts been made, so sweet the soul's communion, that we feel as if we had stood for a while on the mount of transfiguration; and "it was good for us to be here;" and we also walked that delightful way to Emmaus, for "did not our hearts burn within us," as we communed with Jesus "by the way" while his great and good servant "opened to us the Scriptures?" We do not know that it has ever been our privilege to meet so divinely gifted a man as brother H. M. Wharton. So simply, so plainly, did he preach the gospel that little children were led to love Jesus, and give their bright young lives to him. So highly exalted above all earthly things did he reveal Christianity, by the preached word, and by his own experience, that the heretofore thoughtless and gay, saw Jesus "the Chief among ten thousand, the One altogether lovely;" and yet those same sermons were preached with such power and unction from on high, that strong men, grey-haired, and those who had prided themselves on their knowledge and understanding of science, and had proudly walked in the way of infidelity, cried out, "O God and brethren, what shall we do to be saved!"

We bade farewell to brother Wharton with deep regret, that he could not abide longer with us; for he won all hearts; but he won them not only to himself but to Jesus, who is ever with us, and the happy influence of the Holy Spirit still lingers with us; for the "best day of all the feast" was Sunday, the 17th. Oh! glorious day—day by us never to be forgotten! We seemed to be lifted above earth, and our hearts swelled with deepest gratitude as we listened to the thanksgiving sermon by our pastor, and the thank offering of the church was a collection of \$700.00.

As we contemplate the innumerable blessings that are peculiarly ours to enjoy, there is not one for which we feel more devoutly thankful than for the gift of our pastor. Few men possess the natural energy and enthusiasm, combined with judgment, knowledge and prudence, that are his; and these great gifts he has truly consecrated to his Master's service.

On this ever to be remembered day, we held a communion service in the afternoon, and such a scene we have never witnessed before, and we doubt whether this will ever be our privilege again. To the new members we extended the warmest hand of church fellowship, and so great was the number that they could not stand around the altar, and no other space being great enough in the church, they took their stand in the aisles, and two of the long aisles of that church were necessary to hold the new members. This blessed day was closed with an evening service, at which our pastor preached "Jesus able to save to the uttermost."

Our Sunday-school also is interesting, and so greatly has it increased that we will have to make more room for the present apartment will not seat them. May the good work here continue, and we believe it will, for our pastor thoroughly understands organizing a church well and keeping it at work. VERITAS.

Unity Association S. S. Convention.

The annual session of this convention meets at Ebenezer church, near Stanton Station, E. T., V. & G. R. R., on Friday before the first Sabbath in August. The committee requests brethren who expect to be present, to notify the undersigned at once, with suggestions as to subjects for discussion, so that a programme may be prepared for publication. Brethren from all parts are invited to be with us to help us in this great work. It is our desire that this session of the convention shall be a success; hence this request. W. J. RUDICK, For Committee.

Memorial Service.

Ed. Ala. Baptist. On the 6th day of May we held a memorial service at our church (Zion) which we would probably be of some interest to your readers.

Our graveyard had been somewhat neglected, and we thought to sit up an interest among the people to take better care of the place where their loved ones and friends were buried. So on Friday, the 8th, not only the church members, but the community generally turned out and worked hard all day, and when the audience gathered there the next day, Saturday, it presented a pleasing appearance. The object, programme, etc., of the services were announced by G. E. Brunson. Appropriate passages of Scripture were read; prayer by F. W. Bailey; memorial address by Dr. E. P. Harris, and closing prayer by Eld. J. K. Ryan. Appropriate songs were interspersed through the services, and while the last, "Over Jordan we shall meet by and by," was being sung by near an hundred voices the graves were decorated with flowers. Tall crosses and arches were erected here and there over the graves and "fairy fingers" had intervened

with evergreens and flowers till it all looked like enchanted grounds, and we were all glad that we had taken a part in making it thus. Some are buried here whose surviving relatives have long since moved to a distant State, but those graves were cared for, too, or as many of them as could be located. According to the programme a sermon was to have been preached on the occasion, but the other services consumed so much time that it was postponed till next day, Sunday. At 11 o'clock Sabbath morning the memorial sermon was preached by Eld. J. K. Ryan from "Come see the place where the Lord lay," which was listened to with interest and profit by all who were so fortunate as to be present.

We expect to hold these memorials every year, and if they do no other good they will cause us to keep the graveyard in good condition, and possibly inspire others to do likewise. J. A. DAVISON.

From Bro. Rice.

Dear Bro. West: What has become of the Alabama Association? I don't think I have seen a communication from any of them since I came to Florida, excepting one or two notices from Bro. Gunn. Have they nothing good to write? The first thing I look for in the paper is news from home. Get Bro. Bailey to go over there and stir them up.

This is a thinly settled country and I have not heard a sermon in four months, nor met a real live Christian of any denomination, except one. She was a Baptist from Philadelphia.

My health has improved wonderfully during the past three weeks, and I hope to get out and see the people after a while; perhaps I may find some Baptist subscribers. I'll try.

The men—all that I have met—think Sunday the best day for fishing and hunting; so you see what the prospect is with them. If there is a white Baptist church nearer than twenty miles I have not heard of it. I am told that, in summer, meetings are held by different denominations at Molino and other places in the country. If I can find out when and where, I am going, and perhaps I'll have a better report to make next time. W. P. RICE.

A Correction.

Dear Bro. West: In Dr. Tichenor's communication in your issue of last week, in which he gives your readers "a review of what Alabama has done for the Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention for the last ten years," he inadvertently says in its substance the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

First, That the "Judson girls" report sincere thanks to Mr. Shaffer for his kind remembrance and for the pleasant words he has spoken to them.

Second, That the lecture he delivered them in the chapel will be gratefully remembered; its words of wisdom and kindly advice will long be cherished and carried in their hearts as pleasant reminders of the past and incentives to a pure and useful life.

"Close Communion"—The Baptist Position—What Pedo-Baptists Think of It.

It is interesting to notice how differently writers of the same denomination of Pedo-baptists regard the position of Baptists on the subject of the supper. Some of them see little else in this position than what is "offensive and exclusive toward other Christians." Others agree with Rev. Milca G. Billock, a Methodist minister of New York. He says:

"A Baptist maintains that only believers are to be baptized; hence infant baptism is nonsense; baptism is baptism by immersion; baptized believers only have any right to the Lord's Supper. How can they, therefore, consistently invite or allow men, having only been sprinkled, and that in infancy, to commune with them? Do they keep away from the Lord's table, or is it I who am responsible for neglect of this sacrament, having refused to comply with the essential conditions of its reception? Close communion, as it is generally termed, is the only logical and consistent course for Baptist churches to pursue. If their premises are right, the conclusion is surely just as it should be. But, says one, whose prejudices are all awake, 'Why will they not commune with those believers in other churches who have been immersed?' For this consistent reason that such persons have violated the New Testament order in communing with unbaptized believers, and are therefore not considered in good standing. They do not feel willing to countenance such laxity in Christian discipline. Let us honor them for their steadfastness in maintaining what they believe to be a Bible precept, rather than criticize and censure because they differ from us concerning the intent and mode of Christian baptism, and believe it to be an irreparable condition of coming to the Lord's Supper."

That's good for a Methodist preacher. I would be glad to have him preach on the Supper to some Baptists with whom I met not long ago. They didn't seem to be well informed. J. BEVERLY CARTER.

The Fidelity Society of Judson Institute held its annual Levee on Friday evening, May 22, in the Judson hall. The evening was full of enjoyment; no heart could remain untouched by a chord of sympathy amid the myriad of bright faces and happy voices. One of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the reading aloud of Mr. J. P. Shaffer's excellent article, "The Judson girls."

First, That the "Judson girls" report sincere thanks to Mr. Shaffer for his kind remembrance and for the pleasant words he has spoken to them.

Second, That the lecture he delivered them in the chapel will be gratefully remembered; its words of wisdom and kindly advice will long be cherished and carried in their hearts as pleasant reminders of the past and incentives to a pure and useful life.

Appointments.

Rev. W. H. Smith, evangelist in Tallahassee and Ten Islands Association, will preach at Liberty June 14th day

Place	Day	Time
Amberston	"	night
Pleasant Gap	"	"
Pilgrim's Rest	"	"
Bethel	"	"
Nazareth	"	"
Sandy Creek	"	"
New Bethel	"	day
Friendship	"	"
Howells	"	night
Chalcedonia	"	"
Pine Grove	"	"
Pleasant Valley	"	"
Tate's Chapel	"	"
Centre	"	"
Providence	"	day
Mr. Zion	"	"
Pisgah	"	night
New Hopewell	"	"
Friendship	July 1	"
Chatchee	"	"
Hebron	"	"
New Bethel	"	day
Hamoville	"	"
Friendship	"	night
Friendship	"	"
Zion Hill	"	day
Rabbit Town	"	"
Nance's Creek	"	"
Cross Plains	"	night
Ladiga	"	night

WM. H. BURTON.

LITERARY NOTICES.

"LOOK WITHIN FOR FIVE THOUSAND FACTS THAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW," contains seventy-five pages of condensed information on Mechanics, Statistics, History, Medicine, Astronomy, Finance, Mythology, Education, Mathematics, The Bible, Politics, Agriculture, Religion, Science, Trade, etc., etc. Price 15 cents. Sent postpaid by the publishers, A. H. ANDREWS & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

ABOARD AND ABROAD. By W. P. Breed, D. D. A book full of brilliant description and information respecting many of the special objects of interest which an intelligent traveler sees "abroad." The author with tact and judgment singled out certain localities, institutions, personages and events, of special historical interest to

his readers, and pictures them with graphic power of description and illustration. Published in Funk & Wagnall's (10 and 12 Dey street, New York) Standard Library. Paper 15 cents.

DEMOREST'S ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE for June contains a great deal that will interest its readers. It opens with an article on "Bryn Mawr College," which is profusely illustrated, and which fully describes this new college for women in Pennsylvania. "Old Antwerp," which is also illustrated, is another readable article, and so is "Through Normandy by Diligence." The serial, "A Strange Girl," is concluded; and Jenny June contributes a paper on "Trained Nurses and Nursing." These articles with others of a miscellaneous nature, poems, fables, and various departments make up a good number. The frontispiece is an oil picture, "Butterflies."

COLLEGE SONGS. Compiled by Henry Randall Waite, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston. Price 50 cents.

This is a new and popular collection of jolly, rattling lyrics that constitute the peculiar music of the colleges. There are 73 of the songs. The old favorites,

