

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARRIS & DAVIS, Editors and Proprietors.

VOLUME 12.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 17, 1885.

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

NUMBER 51.

Piety and Business.

BY REV. C. R. HENDERSON, D. D.

The necessity of solitude in cultivating the spiritual nature is too evident to need argument with persons of experience. This plant of grace must not have its root too often disturbed if we would have it thrive. The duty of meditation should be insisted upon by all religious teachers, perhaps in our day of stir and stress more than ever before. But even as it is, more could be made of the higher life in the midst of business cares. And the piety which must grow under glass in a hot-house is not of the best sort. The duty of our common employment is to be a blessing to the world. We should not sigh for some field in which to display our heavenly virtue other than that in which we are called by Providence to act. Swedenborg is regarded as a peculiarly dreamy saint, and his phrases do often seem unearthly. But he has wisely laid stress on the fact that a piety which does not shine in this world would not endure the judgment of heaven. After showing that the life of a man is civil, social, and spiritual, he adds: "It is manifest that spiritual life is not separate from natural life, or from the life of the world, but that the former is joined with the latter as the soul with the body, and if it were separated, it would be like living in a house without a foundation. For moral and civil life is the activity of spiritual life; for it is the part of spiritual life to will well, and of moral and civil life to act well; and if the latter be separated from the former, spiritual life consists merely in thought and speech, and the will recedes because it has no basis to rest upon; and yet will is the very essential spiritual constituent of man." This observation of a seer opens to us vistas of thought. Religion which does not crystallize in deeds of active and practical charity, which does not go forth from benevolence to wise beneficence is sure to evaporate in transitory emotion. There are devout people who go to a prayer-meeting or a service with the same general striving for some sort of a sensation which imparts to the soul a sense of hunger for excitement is the powerful motive of many a spasmodic Christian life. False visions, fanaticism, suing in impracticable ideas of social duty, and frequently death of social charity, are the natural products of a seeking for spirituality which turns its roots to the air and its fruits to the soil.

Christ did not pray that his disciples should be removed from the earth at once, but that they might escape by grace divine from its evil. It does not injure a stalwart and vital piety to touch the world if it pours out from a superior force and does not suck in. Swedenborg puts this idea in the form of a dream which all must remember one of a dream of Bunyan: "I have been permitted to converse with some in the other life who had withdrawn themselves from the business of the world that they might live a pious and holy life with others; also who had afflicted themselves in various ways because they imagined that this was to renounce the world and to subdue the consciousness of the flesh. But the greater portion of these, having by such austerities contracted a sorrowful life and removed themselves from a life of charity, which can only be lived in the world, cannot be associated with angels because the life of the angels is one of gladness, resulting from bliss, and consists in performing acts of goodness which are works of charity, and, besides, they have led a life withdrawn from worldly affairs, and possessed with the idea of their own merit, and are therefore continually desirous of being admitted into heaven and think of heavenly joy as a reward, being totally ignorant of what heavenly joy is."

There are none who so much bring spirituality into contempt as those who give the impression that religion is too good for earth, and, perhaps, there is no word so frequently employed as mere cant as this word. Perhaps much hypocrisy lurks in the use of it, and pharisaism of the coldest kind. If the word love were frequently used as its synonym, and we felt that with solid acts of beneficence we had not the mind of Christ, we should be spared the guilt of self-deception in a vital matter. Spiritual-mindedness is to think and feel and will with Jesus Christ. It is not to dream, and have visions, and indulge in the luxury of ecstasies which end in exhaustion and reaction. Spirituality is the soul of goodness, the motive of charity, fellowship with God in all that is dear to him. It is fed by distinct teachings as to the character of God, and it expresses itself according to the

faith in respect to that character. Perhaps as spiritual a book as was ever written is above "The Imitation," by a Kempis, is the first epistle general of John, and that book is like the play of lightning between heaven and earth. It tells us that religion is love, and affirms that we know God is love by loving men, and then it seems to contradict this by saying that we prove love to men by loving God. This is not according to the forms of logic, but it is truth to the intuition which takes in the entire nature of faith as a reconciliation which conjoins God and man in the statement of Christ, the Son of Man.

In this view a busy man finds that his piety must mingle with all his cares. Wilberforce told a worldly statesman that he was too busy to go down to Parliament at a certain hour, for having so much to do he must prepare for it by communion with God. When Luther was most busy he thought it wise to spend extra time in devotion. Smaller men, who bring not so much to pass, cannot afford to give God an hour, so they imagine; and they worry away more than the time it would take to palm them and fit them for effective thought.—Rev. C. R. Henderson, D. D., in Standard.

Hasty Words.

Half the actual trouble of life would be saved if people would remember that silence is golden—when they are irritated, vexed or annoyed. To feel provoked or exasperated at a trifle, when the nerves are exhausted, is perhaps natural to us in our imperfectly sanctified state. But why put the annoyance into the shape of speech, which once uttered, is remembered, which may burn like a blistering wound, or rankle like a poisoned arrow? If a child be trying, or a friend, capricious, or a servant unreasonable, be careful what you say. Do not speak while you feel the impulse of anger, for you will be almost certain to say too much, to say more than your cooler judgment will approve, and to speak in a way that you will regret. Be silent until the "sweet by-and-by," when you shall be calm, reason, and self-controlled.

Above all, never write a letter when you are in a mood of irritation. There is an anger which is justifiable, there are resentments which are righteous, it is sometimes a duty to express indignation. But if you consider the matter, the occasions for putting such feelings on record are comparatively few. They come once in a lifetime, perhaps, and to many fortunate beings they never come at all. Upon the whole, people—our friends and neighbors, and the community of which we form a part—are trying to do the best they can; and in hours of good temper and health life wears a bright and sunny aspect.

Much of the friction which makes the machinery of living move rough and discordant, is caused by things too petty to be noticed if we were in our normal condition. The hasty word spoken in petulance may be explained, forgiven and forgotten. But the letter written in an ebullition of wounded feeling is a fact tangible, not to be condoned. There it lies with a certain permanence about it. You have sent it to a friend, who, reading it half a dozen times, will each time find it more cruel and incisive than before. Letters once written and sent away cannot be recalled. You cannot be sure that your friend (or enemy) will burn them. Hidden in bureau drawers or in compartments of desks, folded up in portfolios, locked in boxes, they will, it may be, flash again in sudden feud and fire, months after you have ceased to think of the folly which incited them, or the other folly which penned them. Never write an angry letter when you are angry.

All heated feeling seeks the superlative as an outlet, and superlatives are apt to be dangerous. So long as we cling to the positive in speech, we are pretty safe.

We all need to be cautioned against undue haste in speech, but mothers most of all. It is so easy to misunderstand a child; so easy to grieve a little person who is forbidden to answer back; so easy to leave a picture of yourself in the plastic memory which will be photographed there for the remainder of life, and of which you would in coming days be ashamed.—Avery.

Pin Making.

Fifty years ago when a man could make a pin in fifteen minutes, a minute's time was taken care of them, and when they got bent they straightened them out and made them serve again. Now a pin can be made in a minute, and people are perfectly reckless in their use. Europe makes 80,000,000 daily and the United States 51,000,000, so the daily loss may be figured at 131,000,000.—North Carolina Trench.

The Pastor.

"Some pastors and teachers." Blessed calling! Let us forget that many are utterly unworthy, and that all come under the Apostolic question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Let us rather consider what the pastor ought to be; what, if he be sincere and conscientious, he longs to be and tries to be. So shall we see that if in any good measure he attains to these things his calling is the noblest on earth, and he the most honored of men.

Taking for granted the fundamental and necessary qualifications of personal piety, soundness in the faith, and the conviction of being divinely called; and not passing over the highly important matter of education both general and special, we may say broadly that there are three requisites to the best success of a pastor. These are that he should be a good preacher, a kind and sincere friend, a safe and judicious leader. Preaching that shall bring the gospel home to the hearts and lives of the masses, friendship that shall win and hold the affections of the people, leadership that wisely and steadily directs the energies of the church—these make the successful pastor.

Now it is very rare that these three things are combined in anything like equal proportions in the same man. But these rare cases are cases of abundant success. Where a man has shining gifts in one or more of these directions, and moderate ability in the others, his pastorate will not be a failure. But even if he has shining gifts in one direction and is a conspicuous failure in the others, his success will inevitably be small. We wonder sometimes why men of distinguished ability as preachers do not succeed as pastors. They lack the art of management, or somehow they fail to make their people feel that they are friends. Again we wonder how men who seem to be rather poor preachers are conspicuously successful as pastors. They are found in the homes of their people. Young and old look to them, not for gush and excuses, but for genuine friendship and safe counsel. They manage well the affairs of the church. None can question the fact or the ability of their leadership. Such men are bound to succeed, even though they "cannot preach like Paul."

It might be interesting to discuss the question as to which of these three elements of pastoral success is the most valuable and important. Perhaps the most of us would unhesitatingly say that, preaching ability must ever hold the first place. And probably we would with equal decidedness give the second place to what is commonly called "pastoral" proper, that is, visiting, attending the sick, making friends among the people, &c. And yet, curiously enough, careful observation would no doubt bring to light the fact that the most successful pastors are those who understand and practice the noble art of leadership. Let not the importance of this quality be underrated. No man who wishes the highest success, can afford to despise it, no matter what his gifts in other directions.

The pastor who has a clear conception of the value of these qualities, and who studiously and prayerfully cultivates them all—working his "strong point" to its full power, and sedulously striving even to improve and make strong his "weak points," cannot fail of some measure of success in his noble and glorious work. And in such a work to have even moderate success is the highest earthly honor and distinction. To stand before the people charged with divine enlightening, soul-saving truth to explain, enforce and bring home to their hearts—to visit the homes of rich and poor alike, a brother to humanity, with words of comfort, encouragement and gentle sympathy, to direct the thoughts and activities of God's people in ways of worship to the Creator and benevolent helpfulness to fellow-creatures, is this work to kindle all a man's soul. To call such a work useless would be to charge God with folly and to mock at the deepest needs of mankind. To enter it without a due sense of its dignity and importance is sinful, to pursue it for selfish ends and simply as a business is degrading, to work in it as a galley slave complaining of its hardship and desponding of its ultimate success is unworthy. But feeling called of God to undertake it, and striving ever to make it a success in the best and noblest sense, bearing its burdens bravely, wearing its honors meekly, the man who holds the pastoral office should have within him the serene and satisfying consciousness that in this "world-work" he is no figurehead, but a living, a moving force. May the Lord of the harvest send forth laborers into his harvest.—E. C. D., in Baltimore Baptist.

Bethany Sunday-School Convention.

Our Sunday-school meeting with Bethany church last Saturday and Sunday was a complete success. We had as visitors brethren Falkner, of Bozeman; Schramm, of Glenville; Lynch, of Cross Keys; and Harris, of the Alabama Baptist. Bro. Falkner is pastor of the church, and is doing a good work. Saturday morning was cold and rainy, the congregation was small, and the introductory preacher absent, but we had in the place thereof a most delightful service of song and prayer. Then we took a short recess for dinner, and the good sisters brought out their baskets and boxes of barbecued meats and other indescribable things, to which we were all invited to help ourselves; and then—drop the curtain. Well, we survived it all, and soon came together again for an afternoon session. Sister Fiddie Dawson's essay on "The beauties of the Sunday-school" was charming, beautiful. It was unanimously requested for publication in the BAPTIST. The reading of the essay was followed by several excellent speeches from the "visiting brethren" mentioned above.

Sunday morning the church met in Sunday-school. This is a country church, but it has a city Sunday-school. If you want to know how this is, ask Bro. W. P. Dawson, the superintendent. And right here I want to state that this school has a "Sunday-school hen," which lays a nest full of eggs every Sunday morning. Her nest is up in one corner of the church. Bro. Dawson sells the eggs to the highest bidder. Last Sunday there were twelve in the nest and they brought thirty-five cents. The hen was sold, too, but the purchaser, a bashful young man, after paying the money, sixty-five cents, presented her again to the Sunday-school.

At 12 o'clock Bro. Schramm gave us a very fine sermon from the text, "Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." Then came another dinner. And now, as to this dinner, I won't say one word; just ask the senior editor of the ALABAMA BAPTIST about it.

The closing subject for the afternoon was, "The best method for conducting a Sunday-school." All the "visiting brethren" came bravely to the front again, and made excellent speeches. Our good editor was well "wound up," and surpassed himself. We finally closed the day's work by organizing in the church a "Woman's Missionary Society." Thus terminated one of the most delightful Sunday-school meetings that it has ever been the pleasure of your correspondent to attend.

Examples Worthy of Imitation.

It was my very pleasant privilege, a few days ago, to visit the home of a Baptist living some six or eight miles north of here. While seated around the fire, for it was a very cold day, his little Christian daughter, Annie, an only child, discovered a match box on the mantel containing one or two dimes. This discovery brought out the remark of the good brother that his wife was laying up one-tenth of her income to give to the cause of Christianity. Though situated as they are in a neighborhood destitute of churches and schools, surrounded by wickedness and debauchery, there being a "whisky hole" north, east, south, and west of them, they do not neglect the education and training of this beautiful daughter, (who is in every way a perfect little girl), and they are diligently praying for the total abolition of the dreadful whisky traffic. This truly Christian lady referred to is a devoted wife, a God-fearing and a God-loving Christian, and one who delights at all times to pay homage to his great name. While this is an example for each and every true believer, the capital city of a sister State has set an example for Montgomery and her people and the people of the surrounding country. Where is the eloquent Wamboldt, the energetic and persevering young Howell, the talented Wharton, the gifted Andrew, the silvery-tongued Harris, the noble and fearless speaking Key, the untiring worker Sweat, the faithful Burkhead, the Christian judge and lawyer Clepton, and other able men working for the salvation of souls, that they cannot in the language of the poet,

"Go ring the bells and fire the guns,
And ring the 'Temperance banners' out;
Shout Freedom 'all your living ones
Give back their cradle shout!"

If we, the professed followers of the Lord and Savior are not ready to undertake the overthrow of such a power

and enemy of humanity, to undertake to win a glorious victory for our country, let us then import the brave Whithorne, or Seals, or Ben Hill, or Sam Small, or Sam Jones, or Colquitt.

The young men and ladies, boys and girls, of the country are ready to take up the shout, proclaim it on the hill top, ring it in the valleys, sing it in the church, talk it in the social circle, read it in the reading club, speak in the debating society, declaim it in the school room, and teach it in the Sabbath-school, until every town and village and community, and more, every individual is apprised and duly warned of the great danger coming from the sale of "mean whisky" and poisoned wines and brandies.

The young men of the proud State of Alabama, we want to see the whisky buried so deep that the grave digger can't find it, and buried with the downward, so if it ever comes and begin to scratch, the more it scratches the further down in the ground it will go," and we want the boys of the country to put it out of their way. We are ready to aid by any honorable means in our power to suppress the damning stuff called whisky.

JAMES D. DICKSON.

Level, Nov. 29.

The Bible and Speculation.

It is worth to speculations high or deep, and many thoughts.

Even in the above sense can the Bible be applied to the Bible. It is allowable to inquire for the purpose of confirmation, and to ascertain whether the Bible is a book of revealed truth. It is allowed ground as well as the ground, "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name." If we say God is reason, and therefore may reason, may speculate and may speculate. We may not go so far as to feel inclined to say, "The great Pascal, who would not reason about anything that was an object of faith, but we do not hesitate to say, 'any qualification whatever, which is upon the existence of the Messiah, and of the human understanding.'"

It is speculation that asks, if there be a God; it is the Bible and the Bible that says, without argument or the folly of reasoning thereupon, God is.

It is doubt that speculates; it is faith that believes. Is it asked, will you turn us back to the darkness of the middle ages, where the human mind had no illumination? It is answered that the Bible, in individual Christian life and in the aggregate life of the church, points unerringly and continuously to the future, and that the more luminous the human soul becomes through Bible belief and Bible experience, so much the less need of mind reasoning and mind speculation. Boyle supposed the mind to possess the idea of light, but to be unable to comprehend the objects on which it shines, so whatever light there may be in the speculative mind, it fails utterly to comprehend the great truths of the Bible.

Is not modern evolution, in every possible form, and at its best, a speculation of man's intellect? And so the Bible believer and follower of the man of Nazareth, is to thrust it from him as unwholesome and unwarrantable, forever! L. D. GOWEN.

So-Called Church Members.

Bro. Editor: I want to enter my protest against the charge of Bro. Coulson that "Christian men and women are responsible for the whisky traffic of Alabama." I understand Christian to mean Christ-like. Can Bro. Coulson point out the time and place when our Savior lent his influence to fasten upon the people any great curse? If Bro. Coulson will say churchmembers so-called then and I will be agreed. I am doing business near by a dram shop. Sitting at my store door not long since I saw a Campbellite come along and he said to the dealer in fire-water, got any water in there? and he walked in; but a few minutes afterward a Methodist walked up and said, got any change in there? and he walked in; very soon afterward a Baptist came up, he being a man of faith, took it for granted (I suppose) he could find what he wanted, did not stop to ask any questions, but like a man on business, walked right in. JOHN C. ORR.

P. S. Say, Bro. Editor, if our church members don't quit practicing at the bar, hadn't they better go to Atlanta?

"Historians make men wise. Poets witty." But what in the world does a man want with either when he has sprained his ankle? No sir, not these, not these! Give him but one bottle of Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain.

Literary Notes.

DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE for December brings vividly before us the happy season of Christmas. It is replete with beautiful stories and poems appropriate to that time; in addition to which there are other articles of great merit and utility. The opening article is the commencement of an interesting serial by Julian Hawthorne, the well known and popular author. Jenny June contributes a paper on "Women Abroad," and an exceedingly amusing sketch is entitled "Joseph and his Brethren." The Household Department is unusually full, and the illustrations good. The frontispiece is an old picture entitled "Merry Christmas."

EVERY artist and every amateur will be interested in the exhaustive volume on "Etching," by S. R. Koehler, which Messrs. Cassell & Co. will have ready before the holidays. The book, which is a large quarto, contains an outline of the technical processes and history of etching, with some remarks on collections and collecting, and is unique in that it contains the first connected history of etching ever written, all the books on engraving hitherto published having treated it merely as a subordinate division of the general subject. It is very fully illustrated, containing no less than 125 specimens; thirty of which are etched plates by old and modern masters.

AN ADVANCE IN FISH CULTURE.—Science says: Heretofore, in planting salmon, it has been customary to place the little fish in the streams and allow them to care for themselves, but the new idea of placing them in protected preserves, where they can be cared for by the people living near at hand, and their growth to the proper size assured, will, no doubt, revolutionize salmon culture.

A similar experiment has lately been made at the station of the United States Fish Commissioner at Wytheville, Va., where 30,000 California trout have been confined until they have become vigorous fish of half a foot in length. They will be freed instead of helpless fry just freed from the yolk sac, in the Atlantic slope with this one species.

The conclusion of the Clendon Brook experiment will be eagerly looked for, not only by anglers and economists, but by zoologists generally, to whom the extension of the actual habitat of a large river fish, some three degrees to the southward, will be a matter of considerable interest.

The Library Magazine, for November, fully carries out its promise to furnish a repository of the best periodical writing of the current month or two. This number contains about half a score of the most carefully conceived and best written papers in the English Reviews. Among these is a thoughtful essay by the Bishop of Carlisle, entitled "Thoughts About Life," being really a review of Herbert Spencer's *Principles of Biology*. The recent death of Lord Houghton, who, although raised to the peerage nearly a quarter of a century ago, is still best known as Mr. Richard Moncton Milnes, gives occasion for an appreciative sketch by Mr. Estcott, editor of the *Fortnightly Review*. Very readable is the "Dialogue upon Novels," by Vernon Lee. Mr. William Henry Hurlbert, well known as an American literature, and for many years editor of the *New York World*, furnishes a well-considered paper upon "Catholic Italy and the Temporal Power." Mary Howitt, now 85 years of age, is now writing a series of Autobiographical Reminiscences. Perhaps the most interesting of these is that upon her "Girlhood," which appears in this number of the *Library Magazine*.

MARK TWAIN'S DIFFICULTIES IN BECOMING A CONFEDERATE.—In his paper in the December Century, "The Private History of a Campaign that Failed," Mark Twain asks: "Out West there was a good deal of confusion in men's minds during the first months of the great trouble—a good deal of unsettledness, of leaning first this way, then that, then the other way. It was hard for us to get our bearings. I call to mind an instance of this. I was plotting on the Mississippi when the news came that South Carolina had gone out of the Union on the 20th of December, 1860. My pilot-mate was a New Yorker. He was strong for the Union; so was I. But he would not listen to me with any patience; my loyalty was smirched, to his eye, because my father had owned slaves. I said, in palliation of this dark fact, that I had heard my father say, some years before he died, that slavery was a great wrong, and that he would free the solitary negro he then owned."

if he could think it right to give away the property of the family when he was so straitened in means. My mate retorted that a mere impulse was nothing—anybody could pretend to a good impulse, and went on decrying my Unionism and labeling my ancestry. A month later the secession atmosphere had considerably thickened on the Lower Mississippi, and I became a rebel; so did he. We were together in New Orleans, the 26th of January, when Louisiana went out of the Union. He did his full share of the rebel shouting, but was bitterly opposed to letting me do mine. He said that I came of bad stock—a father who had been willing to set slaves free. In the following summer he was piloting a Federal gun-boat and shouting for the Union again, and I was in the Confederate army. I held his note for some borrowed money. He was one of the most upright men I ever knew; but he repudiated that note without hesitation, because I was a rebel, and the son of a man who owned slaves."

GEORGE AUSTIN. By Mrs. James Hine. 12mo., 288 pp. Price, \$1.25. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.

The events that make up this interesting and instructive narrative occurred more than three-score years ago. It gives the history of George Austin at one time a member of the Baptist Church in Western New York, from which he withdrew himself, because the views he held in regard to games and sports were not in accord with those held by most of his family and friends in the church. His downward course is traced from this period, while at home and while at New York City; and his inner struggles and disquietude depicted, until by the grace of God he was led to a deeper sense of the love of Christ, and a more hearty relish for spiritual things. There are many things in his history that will furnish matter for profitable thought to those who are exposed to similar temptations.

The *Pulpit Treasury* for December, freighted with excellent study articles, is now available. It contains a portrait of Dr. E. P. Goodwin, with a sermon, full of eloquent and suggestive thought, on the Holy Spirit and Missions. His life is sketched by Prof. S. I. Curtis, and his church illustrated. The names of the other writers whose sermons or articles appear in this number are haloed with learning and piety, and the subjects upon which they write are of the first importance to winners of souls.

Bishop Lightfoot, on Christ's Own Teacher; Dr. Deems, on No Room for Jesus; Dr. Rossiter, on Annual Consecration; Dr. J. Hall, on The World's Best Vantage; Dr. W. M. Taylor, on Spiritual Despondency; Dr. Maclaren, on Debtors to All Men; Dr. Wm. C. Crane, on The American African as a Preacher and Religionist; Dr. Twitchell, on Heart-Preparation for Revival Work; Dr. D. S. Gregory, on Key to Bible Unity; Dr. Talmage, on The Advantages of Persecution; Canon Wilberforce, on The Twelfth an Amethyst; Bishop How, on Personal Holiness Paramount; Dr. Cuyler, on Cheap Religion; Bishop W. P. Walsh, on The Will of Sennacherib; with other writers equally renowned on other topics specially interesting, together with the editor's own department, will furnish some idea of the contents of this number of a magazine which easily stands at the front of all its competitors. Yearly, \$2.50. Clergymen, \$2.00. Single copies, 25 cents. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 771 Broadway, New York.

CHOPIN AS A BOY.—Chopin, alone, of all the musicians, has been immortalized through his pianoforte music. If all the works that have ever been written for the piano were to be swept away, his compositions would of themselves inspire one through all the drudgery that is necessary to master the instrument. Frederic Chopin was born on March 1, 1809, at a little village near Warsaw. The child's genius was apparent in his earliest years; when scarcely more than a baby he was so sensitive that he wept on hearing music; and he began to compose before he was old enough to write out the notes. He was placed under the tuition of Albert Zywny, who was delighted with his little pupil's progress, and in his ninth year he gave his first concert. Frederic was generally full of high spirits, and often amused himself by playing little practical jokes, some times being joined by his sister Emilia. This sister gave as rare promise of being great in literature as Frederic in music, but unfortunately, she

died when only a young girl. Chopin had a talent for seizing the ludicrous and placing it on paper; and his power of caricaturing on the piano was much like Schumann's. It is said that once, when his father's pupils were becoming very boisterous, Chopin entered the room and seated himself at the piano. He imitated a band of robbers breaking into a house, their escape, and retreat to the woods; as the music grew fainter the pupils became drowsier until they were all fast asleep.—*Agatha Tait, in "From Back to Wagner," St. Nicholas for December.*

CHOICE READINGS.

Compiled and arranged by R. I. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood, Associate Founders and Directors of the University School of Oratory, Kansas City, Mo., and Teachers of Elocution in the Ohio Wesleyan University, the Kentucky University, and the Missouri State University. Mailing price, \$1.65. Introduction Price, \$1.50. GINN & Co., Boston.

It contains a complete diagram of the principle of vocal expression, as recognized in the "Philosophy of the Voice," by Dr. James Rush, presenting an outline of the science of elocution in a few pages, thus economizing the space usually given to a short and unsatisfactory explanation of principles. The selections are alphabetically arranged, and so classified under the fourteen divisions or headings, that the character of a piece can at once be determined, thus aiding persons who are looking for selections suitable to certain occasions, and yet who would not wish to read such a book through to find out what it contains. There is no "miscellaneous" department, in which compilers so frequently indulge whenever there is any doubt about the character of a piece. The choice scenes from the popular dramas give the parts of the plays best suited to public readings, with all necessary abridgment and explanation of character, plot, and incident. The indices to choice readings from Shakespeare, the Bible, and Hymn-book, are a new feature which has not been presented in any book published for the price.

William C. Ward and Family.

The following action was taken by the Selma Baptist church in conference, December 3, 1885, and was ordered published:

"The removal of Bro. William C. Ward with his family from this city to Birmingham, renders it necessary, on his application, to dismiss him, his wife and daughter, by letter, to join the church elsewhere."

Having reference to date of membership and election to the diaconate, Bro. Ward is one of the oldest members and deacons of this church. He came to the city to reside directly after the close of the war, and did not delay in joining the church by letter. There are but few remaining who were members at the time he became one, but they bear grateful testimony that from the day he joined us, up to and including the last day he was with us, he was faithful and devoted to the interest of the church. His presence at its public worship, its Sabbath-school, prayer and other meetings, except when hindered by sickness, absence from the city, or accident, displayed singular devotion. This with his general uprightness and piety of life, abundant in deeds of charity and good will towards his fellow men, his liberality in sustaining all our enterprises, his good judgment, intelligence and exalted citizenship, gave him honor in our ranks and a high place in our Christian affections.

We part with him and the ladies of his family, who were not less faithful and efficient in their respective spheres of usefulness than he, with unfeigned sorrow.

As evidencing our admiration and love for them as Christians and friends, it is ordered by the church in conference, that this brief and imperfect expression of our sentiments toward them be spread upon a separate page of our minutes and a copy thereof forwarded to Bro. Ward.

And the deacons are hereby requested to procure and forward to him in the name of the church, some appropriate memorial, such as they may select, with a suitable inscription, in token of our appreciation of the services of our brother to this church.

It is a fact too well known to be denied, that if it was not for Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup hotel proprietors in Florida would put their rates up to ten dollars per day.

