

# THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARRIS & DAVIS, Editors and Proprietors.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOLUME 13.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, MARCH 18, 1886.

NUMBER 11.

## The Folly and Sin of Drunkenness.

[Preached by Rev. Wm. Henry Strickland in his pulpit in Shelby, N. C., February 14th, and published by request of the congregation.]

Text: "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Prov. 20: 1.

The book of Proverbs is the most comprehensive embodiment of wisdom that the world has ever seen. Written by the wisest man who ever lived, written after years of observation and experience, written specially for his own son, it becomes a most safe and perfect guide for young men. It is impossible to overestimate its helpfulness to young men in the formation of their character and the regulation of their conduct.

Its terse, epigrammatic sayings are applicable to all duties and relations of life. My young friends, read, ponder, practice it. 'Twill make you manly, true, upright, successful in life in every sense of the word.

These proverbs are the children of experience, and embody the results of much study, toil, sorrow—they are pearls gathered by the wise man and strung for our adorning, take them for your wisdom's sake, as fair maidens, let us listen to their wholesome voices.

"Wine is a mocker"—wine is here put for all intoxicants; beer, gin, rum, brandy, whiskey—all.

"A mocker," a deceiver, a fraud, a misleader, a liar.

"Whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise," whosoever drinks has a fraud practiced upon him, is fooled, becomes a fool.

My subject is "The folly and sin of drunkenness."

1. Look at the aims of intoxicants. Their aim is to deceive.

Whisky persuades a man he is strong.

Did you ever see a spindle-shanked, winding-blades fellow, with hair long and unkempt, yellow fuz standing out all over his face, each blade of it asserting its independence of the other blades, did you ever see such an one come riding into town on a "cat-hained," "pigeon-toed" suggestion of what a horse might be under favorable circumstances, with a few dozen hen's eggs or a dozen chickens of size for the frying pan, that his good wife had saved up—telling him to bring home in exchange some calico, some spool-cotton and a pair of shoes for the baby? He sells the good wife's savings, disobeys her orders and invests the money in mean whisky. With three drinks in him he feels that beside himself, Samson is as a baby. See him smack his fists, jump up, pop his heels together and shout, "The best man that ever trod the 'yearth.' Hurrah for whisky! The best man in the State, 'cept friends." Look at him, why he wouldn't weigh more than 130 pounds, feathers and all. A brisk wind from the Blue Ridge would almost lift him and drop him astride King's Mountain, but he thinks that he could wrestle with Hercules, "give him all under hold" and "fling him three out of five." Whisky has mocked and fooled him. Is there any other fool so consummate as one full of whisky? Whisky persuades a man he is rich. The poor deceived fool goes vaporing about talking of buying out counties and States, when he has not enough money about him to pay for one decent supper.

Sometimes the drunk man thinks he is wise, and in his folly he will attempt to do things that he would not presume to do if sober.

Once I knew a drunken Baptist, who became amazingly pious when- ever drinking, and only then. He lived near me and often when only "respectably drunk" (?) would he stop and call me out while passing, to discuss the low state of piety in the neighborhood and urge that he and I organize prayer meetings in the "settlement, from house to house." Going to the devil himself he imagined every one else was going there and his duty was to rescue them. Whisky had made him a fool.

Another man fooled with whisky, thinks he needs it for medicine and he and the devil have one passage of scripture, at least, pat, "Drink no longer water but take a little wine for the stomach's sake."

Now no man in health needs any medicine at all, but few sick men and women need intoxicants. In 999 cases of sickness out of a thousand, whisky is not good. In derangement of stomach and digestive organs, in which cases so many people think they must use whisky, it is a positive injury. Here in Shelby people are using whisky for dyspepsia and making themselves drunkards, while the most valuable medicinal water for such diseases in all our Atlantic slope, "The Cleveland Spring," is flowing freely within two miles of them and the gentlemanly, Christian proprietor

would be glad to have his friends go and drink it and carry it away free of charge.

"In moderation," says one, "I only use it in moderation." All tampering with it is dangerous and moderate drinkers generally make immoderate drunkards. I grant that it is good for some diseases, but almost always some other drug will do as well.

Said a lady, discussing the question with John Wesley, "I think whisky is a good thing in its place." "Yes," said the great reformer, "I do, too, and with your permission I will show you its place." He then took the bottle, uncorked it, poured its contents out on the ground and dashed the bottle to atoms. "That is its place," he said.

I have often stood and looked at a painting, exhibited in an artist's window on Union Street, Nashville, Tenn. An old toper, seated beside a table, his nose so red it would blister the feet of any fly that might alight upon it, whisky-blossoms all over his face, his decanters, goblets, juleps, sugars, spoons scattered around; with one eye closed, and the other winking at you, a goblet half-filled in his hand, an air of manliness (?) on his face, he says, "I can drink and I can let it alone." An old fool he drinks every time; all such

ALWAYS AND EVERYWHERE DRINK.

Wine has mocked them.

An old "whisky-head" from Chicago was looking at an exquisite piece of art in the Art Gallery at the New Orleans Exposition. You remember it, "The Harp Girl," about two feet wide and four feet long, priced at \$5,000, considered one of the finest specimens on exhibition. Said the "whisky-head," "five thousand dollars for that bit of painting! That's the biggest price and the least picture I ever saw. I can buy pictures cheaper than that." Said a bystander, "You pay, according to size higher for a painting than that." "What is it," said he? "Why," said the bystander, "THAT SCARLET SPOT ON THE END OF YOUR NOSE."

He was another fool, made so by whisky.

A little six-year-old boy one day went round the dinner table draining all the wine left in the bottom of the wine-glasses after the company had retired. "What a smart little fellow," thought the mother. Right then the devil was sowing the seeds of drunkenness in that boy. Was not that mother a fool?

Whisky deceives men and makes them dishonest and liars.

Almost any man who drinks will

LIE OUT OF IT TO CONCEAL IT.

He will lie to his wife, his mother, his pastor, his sweet-heart, his sister. The two evils go together. [A voice in the congregation, "That's the truth." I used to lie to my wife when I drank and try to hide it from her. "They will all do it, sir." "Yes, that's true, too true," said another, "I'm another one of them."]

Moreover, a man will do dishonest deeds under the influence of liquor, who would not misrepresent, nor steal, nor conceal if sober.

2. "Strong drink is raging." It inflames the blood, sets on fire the passions, unchains vulgarity, obscenity, profanity; it throws the rein of lust on the neck of the steed and runs riot over modesty, decency, cleanliness, chastity. Lust, murder, lawlessness, licentiousness, arson, all come of drunkenness.

A few weeks ago, eight young men in Ontario were sentenced to the State prison for a brutal assault on the person of a girl, and but for the youthful years of the criminals and their respectable connections they would have been hanged. The mother of one, as she left the courtroom, after listening to her son's sentence, said, "My son did not do that, he could not do such a deed, it is unlike him, and but for the accused drunk given him, he never could have thought of it." "Accused drunk." It had de-mented him. "Strong drink is raging." What fools it made of them!

A father came home drunk, his little five year old son seeing him coming, hid beside the gate and as the father passed through, in innocent playfulness, the little fellow leaped out to welcome the father, poor child! The father snatched him up, tossed him, trying to play with him, but struck his head against the sharp corner of the stone doorway and fractured his skull. Not knowing what he had done, he was soon overcome by drowsiness, fell asleep, and when he had slept off his drunken fit, awoke to find that he had killed his boy. Was he not a fool? Had not wine mocked him?

Two thousand years ago Quintillion spoke of those who let a thief in at the mouth to steal away his brains. It

was strong drink to which he referred.

In Alabama a law has been passed by a late legislature requiring the signatures of twenty freeholders to a petition before a license can be granted for the retailing of spirits. In the city of Tuscaloosa, a place of colleges and cultured, Christian society, the people were opposed to rum-holes, and signatures could not be obtained. In this extremity the whisky men bought a tract of marsh land, just on one side of the city, and deeded lots to free-men at \$5.00 each, to enable them, as free-holders, to sign the petition for whisky, and so the old goose-pond, the irresponsible freedmen, and the rum fiends have evaded the law and some thousands of good people, the wealth, the piety, the intelligence, the worth of the city are ruled by the enemy to the race. How long! O Lord, how long!

Behold the unfairness, the unreasonableness, the wicked persistency of the liquor men in Atlanta in the prohibition contest. Every vile and unjustifiable means was resorted to by them to defeat the manifest wishes of the women, the children, the physicians, the churches, and all right thinking people. Boasting that they could have a majority at the polls, and being defeated, they have filed injunctions first before one court, and when dissolved, gone before another, going as far as New Orleans to restrain the officer of the law from announcing the official count; contending in all conceivable ways and fighting the wishes of the majority. During the contest before the election, the whisky rings all over the country were sending money in fabulous amounts to buy votes and in every way balk the ends of fairness and right. Had the prohibitionists been defeated at the polls, they would have accepted the defeat and said no more.

Whisky is making millions of paupers among us, filling almshouses, jails, workhouses, and State prisons. Who supports these paupers? Not those who make them, by any means.

City and town authorities would not allow rabid dogs to run loose in town, but they allow this enemy, a thousand times worse, to abide in their precincts all the time, and legalize the buying, the selling and drinking of it.

Even in our anti-licensure town, we know that this bane of peace and life is vended daily, carried about in oil cans, transported in tin dinner buckets from place to place.

HAWKED ABOUT UNDER MEN'S ARMS, WRAPPED UP IN GUANO-SACKS.

I say you know these things, you wink at them, you are not vigilant to put them down. Whisky is kept in stores and in barber shops, and whosoever wants it can find access to it.

Would you allow a family infected with small-pox to locate on our public square? Whiskey, so much worse than small-pox that there is no comparison, is located on that square—you know it, you allow it and make no great complaint about it. You become *particeps criminis* in evading the Law. "He that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, it is his sin."

But, I am told, "It is hard to prevent it." Yes. Everything in this world that is worth doing is hard to do. Everything that is worth having is hard to obtain. If you knew despoilers of your homes were coming to bebauch, to pillage, to burn, you would combine, confederate to meet and avert it. Why do you not do so to extirpate this curse from our town?

Who drinks whiskey is a fool, says the text. Let me prove it again.

I see before me a noble, true young man, high hopes and boundless possibilities are before him—he leads to the altar a fair young woman who is entrusting her heart, her hand, her future, all into his keeping. They join hands. "Wilt thou take this woman for thy lawful, wedded wife? Wilt thou love her, protect, support, cherish her? Wilt thou, forsaking all others, cleave to her, and perform all the duties of affection and sympathy to her?" He answers:

"I WILL."

By-and-by he becomes the slave of rum, he will neglect that wife and suffer her to descend to poverty—provide no adequate support for her nor his children, lies at the still house and lets her in "unwomanly rags sing the Song of the Shirt." A heart-broken creature fighting to keep the wolf from the door, chopping her own firewood, taking her own grits to the mill, he at a shooting-match or gambling-hole drunk. See her house, broken roof that admits the rains and snows, steps falling down, unglazed windows stuffed with rags or old hats. He goes home to abuse that wife, to curse her, to strike her with his doubled fists, to drive her out into the midnight air and leave her to shiver and freeze, or he goes home and kills a greasy pork-

er turns into bed upon her snowy sheets and counter-panes, with his hat, coat, boots all on, and snores there like a denizen of the sty.

What makes him do so? Whiskey—Is he not a fool?

Or he, with demoniacal madness lifts his hand when drunk and kills his wife, as did a poor wretch in Gainesville, Georgia, some time ago, and unconscious of the crime is carried to jail, and when sober wakes up to find himself a murderer of her whom he solemnly swore to uphold and support till his dying day.

Is not a man a fool who will

ADMINISTER TO HIMSELF POISON

that causes him to commit such inhuman, fiendish crimes? "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

3. He who makes and sells it for gain is an enemy of the race.

To go to work in cold blood to coin money out of the hard earnings of poor, ignorant freedmen, cajoling them to buy whiskey when they ought to buy bread and shoes and clothing, to make traffic of the tears, groans, wails of mothers and wives, to take a man's money for poison that leaves his own children hungry and barefoot, to make one's self rich by coining life-blood and heart-breaks, such an one can not be a friend to humanity.

See these minions of the pit setting up their doggeries and trapping our boys and making drunkards of them, setting snares for newly converted Christians and conspiring among themselves to induce them to return to their old habits of dissipation. Can such men be the friends of the wives and children of these young converts?

Let liquor and its friends have full sway and you turn earth into hell.

Drunkards have their part in perdition, the Bible tells us; of what severe punishment is the distiller and seller for gain worthy? If there is a deeper depth in hell, the maker and trafficker in whiskey is preparing himself for that place! He should be regarded by all good people as an enemy to the race and ostracised from good society. He is polluted and polluting—not fit for our good people to associate with. May God rebuke them and awaken them to the enormity of their sins and convert them to Christianity.

What shall I say of our law-makers, those who aspire to the high and responsible trusts of custodians of the widows, the orphans, the minors of our families? Where shall I class those, who as civil legislators and governors of our people, are in the place of God to mete out justice and see that equity is done between the strong and the weak, between the bad and the good? Who legislate liquor into respectability and make this traffic in widows' tears and 'orphans' cries and freedmen's helplessness lawful and enforce it upon us? What shall I say for these? Where shall I class them? In my humble judgment they are not fit for a respectable chain-gang!

Far better for the race to legislate cholera and yellow fever and plague into our families. Better introduce a mother rattlesnake into your families, with all her growing, venomous brood, than to introduce liquor—but our honorable (?) legislature insists on introducing it into town, city, country, family.

4. Where is all this to end, and what will the end be? A generation of drunkards, drunken sons, drunken sons-in-law, misery, shame, anguish beyond expression.

"Whosoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap"—this is as old as creation.

Sow whiskey, reap drunkards, some of you are reaping that harvest now, too many here have already drunken sons, drunken sons-in-law, drunken husbands.

If there is anything under heaven's scope of which a good, respectable father and mother are heartily ashamed, ashamed of all the time, ashamed to have coming up at unexpected times, a thorn in the flesh, a humiliation, a stench in the family circle,

IT IS A DRUNKEN SON-IN-LAW.

This scab on the family pride the devil is going to pay us off with.

Sow the wind, reap the whirlwind. Our gray hairs will go down to the grave in shame and bitterness if we raise no hand to arrest this incoming tide of ruin.

Ye Christian men of Shelby, ye are helping, by your supineness and indifference, ye are helping the devil to ruin your sons and daughters.

"Curse ye Meros, curse her bitter ly, because she came not up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

May God, save us from the consequence of our sins, by converting us and enlisting us all in the armies of Prohibition. Amen.

## Can the Baptist be Saved?

A friend handed to me a copy of the *Catholic Advocate* containing an article under the above caption.

The writer asks, "If a strict Baptist can be saved? \* \* why can't a strict Methodist be saved?" And then adds: "Neither say nothing about the Baptists that to hold them up to the world as saved. \* \* Why not come out and say that both will be lost if they die in their present condition?"

Mr. J. M. Barnes replies: "I know a Baptist preacher now in his eighties. He has been preaching for over fifty years. In his time he has held up Christ to the people. He has stood faithfully as he understood it for over half a century. He has faced wrong unflinchingly and made many enemies. It is true he mixed into his teachings very thickly Baptist usages. I do not believe there has been a time all these long years that he would not have walked to the stake and died for the name of his Master. Still he is so full of prejudice against all that is not Baptist that he cannot look upon anything else with the least degree of allowance. I have fought him for twenty years. \* \* But I am not slow to say that I admire the grand old man, head bent, back bowed, dim-eyed, entranced old man, who had stood waiting, relentlessly against sin in every shape, the whisky monster and all the enemies of the human race for more years than I have lived and moved and had my being. What will become of him? If any wish to say he will go to hell, say so. He is thoroughly sectarian. And I know what Paul says in Gal. 5; about envy and sects or heresy. Then why do you not say he will not go to hell? He is a citizen of the kingdom? It does look like it is easy to say so, and a fair conclusion from the premises. He has taken experiences for fifty years and voted unbaptized Christians into the church even so long. He has taught mysterious miraculous operations of the Spirit and otherwise added to God's word. How then will you exonerate him, did you ask? I find to escape if I understand him and his actions properly."

Barnes' reply to the caption of his paper.

REMARKS.

It is quite obvious that Mr. Barnes teaches that sinners cannot be saved, however strong their faith in Christ, fervent their love to God, or pure their hearts, unless they are immersed for the remission of sins. That is with him the one thing needful. If that doctrine be true the Methodists, Presbyterians, and all others in all ages since the kingdom of Christ was set up must go to hell unless they have been, or will be immersed. The martyrs are no exceptions, poor souls all lost! And the Baptists are no better off unless they come out of Babylon, that is, quit the Baptists and join the Campbellites. Then all will be well!

Mr. B. takes the old white headed preacher to illustrate his point; and brings some grave accusations against him. He says the old man has "taken experiences for fifty years and voted unbaptized Christians into the church even so long. He has taught mysterious miraculous operations of the Spirit, and otherwise added to the word of God. How then, do you ask, will you exonerate him? I find no escape, if I understand him and his actions properly." So the old man must be cast into hell! What about the younger brethren and sisters in Christ?

Mr. B. does not believe in the mysterious operations of the Spirit. Does the Holy Spirit operate at all? Does he apply the efficacy of the blood of Christ to sinners in baptism and thus wash away their sins? If so, is not that work very mysterious? Paul says, "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost."—1 Cor. 12: 3; again, "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned."—1 Cor. 2: 14.

This accounts for Mr. Barnes' ridiculing the work of the Holy Spirit in regeneration. We adopt the reply of the blessed Son of God to Nicodemus on the same subject: "We speak that we do know and testify that we have seen."

Why is it that the Campbellites are so anxious to draw the Baptists into their church? They don't re-baptize them. If they are going to perdition in the Baptist church may they not keep on if they go somewhere else? I say let all go, who want to go. There are some in the Baptist church that I should be glad to have go somewhere else. We need church cleaners. The churches need cleansing. And I have often thought we had them at work

for us. I have known several to leave and go elsewhere, but have never known an active, devout, working member to leave. Some become offended with other members and without trying to reconcile the difficulty leave. Others become disorderly and go. I have never known one to leave from principle.

DAVID LEE.

Mt. Willing.

## Summer Work for Theological Students.

Our "boys" at the Seminary and at the Howard. What shall they do when school is out? Where shall they work? Shall the State Board say to one and all, "Come back, we will give you work?"

I am in correspondence with our young brethren at the Seminary. They express the desire to return to their native State. Some of them will graduate and others will not return to the Seminary after this session, while those who return here want work for the summer. Brethren, if work is not given them here, we cannot blame them for taking work elsewhere. If they take work in other States we are almost certain to lose them.

Then there are "our boys" at the Howard; they are a noble, hard-working band. We must give them work. We will get some of them as agents for good books, others we want to employ as missionaries, while others will take summer schools if they can get them. Now, brethren, if we employ them there must be a rally for State missions. There must be no uncertainty about their getting what is promised. They will leave school without a cent, probably, and most of them expect to return. When we contribute for their support we help on the mission cause; and we greatly help the cause of ministerial education too.

I suggest: That collections for State missions be taken at once and forwarded; that executive committees of associations, who would like to employ one of these young brethren as missionary and colporteur, write me at once; that pastoral churches write me if they desire a young man, and that brethren knowing a good opening for an evangelist, write me at once.

How easily we forget that "carrying on" is not a good thing, but that "carrying on" is a good thing, and that "carrying on" is a good thing.

With me. Be quick about it, brethren, that every one may go to his place the day after school closes.

W. B. CRUMPTON.

Marion, Ala.

## Here is One Plan.

A pastor of three churches in small towns writes this: "Last fall I asked my churches to allow me to raise their mission funds in my own way—a privilege they willingly accorded me. After obtaining a list of all the members from the clerk of each church I transferred them to a little book, and began at once, in a private way, to solicit a contribution from each member. I was surprised to see with what cheerfulness each member responded. During all my life as a pastor I have never found a plan for raising money for missions so satisfactory." This letter, written to me with no expectation that I would make its contents public, was accompanied by \$75. The contributions of the three churches will go beyond \$200 for missions. What their brother is doing can be done by all. If you can't do this, brethren, write to me and get envelopes. Oh, for a plan and a good man in every church to see that it is run!

WHAT GIRLS CAN DO.

Four girls in a little town have raised and paid out thirty-six dollars, for various objects in seven months. That church has a Woman's Missionary Society, a girls' society, and a children's society, called the little Gleaners, and it has the handsomest church building I have seen in all the State.

W. B. CRUMPTON.

No person or thing can do our charitable as much harm as we can do ourselves. For men may put stumbling blocks in our way, but it is we who make them stumbling blocks. The obstacle in the path would do us no harm if it were not for the erring foot, nor the attractive prize if it were not for the hand that isched to lay hold of it, nor the glittering bauble if it were not for the eye that kindled at the sight of it.—[A. MacLaren, D.D.]

Love for souls.—Oh if we only had more of it. He that saved our souls taught us to weep over the unsaved. Have we that mind in us? Do we so yearn for their eternal salvation as to weep for them? Oh if we had more of a compassion for their souls, how God might use us to win them for him. All workers who have had success have had compassionate hearts and affectionate hands.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather.

## Dot, and Carry One.

This was the old-fashioned way which I was taught to do an addition sum. They have wonderful ways now, and I can hardly venture even to help my little folk in their home lessons. How many a time I have said it! Sometimes it was "dot, and carry one," and sometimes it was "two, and carry one," but always I noticed that there was very little to put actually at the bottom of the long column I had added up, though always something to "carry forward" as a beginning for the new column. Oftentimes the result of work seemed to be just a cipher, a round O, nothing; but when all the columns were added, and the final result had to be stated, I found that even the "nothing," the "dot," the round O, counted in, and made the number bigger.

And is not our life and labor on the earth very much like the addition sum of our childhood? The years are like those columns. Nobody can tell the true issues of our lives until all the columns are added up. Sometimes we are depressed because the toiling of a whole year seems to count for nothing. And God keeps for us the "glad surprise" of seeing that the years and the labors, which we thought wasted and useless, have their place in the sum total; and go to swell the great result.

Another year of Sunday-school work is almost done; we have reached the last figures in the column. It has been pleasant work on the whole. Our hearts have been in it. Our prayers have brought us fresh inspiration for it. The companions of our work have cheered us with their fellowship. And our Master has smiled on us, and spoken in our hearts his gracious "Well done," approving of what we feared was beneath his regard. And yet we are afraid that the actual result of adding up our column this year will prove to be "dot." A cipher, a "nothing," is all we can put at the bottom. We have labored in vain, and spent our strength for naught. We have toiled all night, and taken nothing.

How easily we forget that "carrying on" is not a good thing, but that "carrying on" is a good thing, and that "carrying on" is a good thing. We get in life from the wisdom, strength, and inspiration gained in the past of life and experience! So often God would hush our complainings—when we say to him, "See, Lord, again I have done nothing; I have gained nothing,"—by replying, "That we will leave for future measurements; but you are a better man, and better fitted for the work which lies before you. Now you are ready to cast your nets on the right side of the ship for a haul."

We have at the very least, the humility to carry forward which has been gained out of our shortcomings and failings. And if we could see right, we should think that to be a most hopeful gain. The best fitness for Christ's work is found in genuine, sincere humility. It involves deliverance from self-trust, and dependence on divine strength. It is weak pride that says, "I can do all things," it is strong, all-subduing humility that says, "I can do all things through him who strengtheneth me." The humility that makes us put at the bottom of a year's column only a "dot," carries forward "one" to the column of the new year. In the heavenly places, when life and labor are reviewed, we shall find that we can bless God most of all for his humblings.

We do not know how many "columns" God has put into the sum of our Sunday-school years and work. Our addition sum is very peculiar in one respect—our Schoolmaster only lets us see one new column at a time. It often frightens the child to show him the great big sum with which he has to puzzle himself. God is very gracious in dealing with us he lets the columns we have added up lie on the slate, but he adds the new work only year by year, and so keeps us from being worried with what is to happen by and by, and sets us, with all our hearts, upon doing just the little bit of work that is before us now.

As I look back on the columns done, I see far too many of them with nothing but the round O as their result. But then those "nothings" have got a place; and they stand related to the whole number that is to appear by and by. By God's grace I shall have some figures to set down at the bottom of some of the years; and, perhaps, there will be at least the figure one to put under the last of the columns; and then there will be a glorious counting: all the "dots" and "ciphers," and "nothings," will get reckoned in, and God will read a most surprising number as the issue even of our life's work.

My counting of my life is a poor, depressing thing. My counting of

any one year is seldom other than a "dot," or, at best, no more than a "one." I will just try to do the columns right; I will try never to forget the "carrying on," and down deep in my soul I will keep the good hope—a source of abiding peace—that when God reads the sum-total of my life, the very "dots" will come into the reckoning, and even me he may call a "good and faithful servant."

## Popular Preachers.

Surprise is sometimes expressed that preachers like Mr. Beecher, Mr. Talmage, Mr. Munhall, Mr. Moody and Mr. Sam Jones draw immense congregations, while many other preachers of unquestioned ability and undoubted piety are not always able to interest the regular members of their respective churches. The surprise is natural, but the explanation is not difficult. The popular preacher studies human nature as well as the Bible. His first aim is to get people to listen to him, because he knows, very well that he cannot do them good if he cannot reach them. He adopts a popular style of preaching, and talks about things with which people are familiar, and in which they are interested. At times he may appear to be almost irreverent, and at others too sensational, but whatever his manner or his thought may be, he keeps steadily in view the fact that if he can only hold the attention of his audience he will be able to tell some truths and teach some lessons that will be productive of good results.

Mr. Talmage is regarded as a sensational preacher, and perhaps, not unjustly so; but where is the preacher who is listened to more eagerly, or who has so large a congregation? It is true that his listeners some times cry, but he succeeds in putting thoughts into their minds which do them good. They remember what he says because they understand him. He takes hold of things which belong to every-day-life, and treats them in such a way as to make people think and to determine to lead better and cleaner lives.

Learned essays on Scriptural subjects and doctrinal sermons doubtless have their uses, but the preacher who confine themselves to them will talk to sleeping congregations or empty pews. There is no use to try to make people accept what they don't want. In a contest of that kind the preacher is certain to be second best. It is an easy matter for a preacher to determine whether he is accomplishing much or not. If his church is filled at every service with eager and interested listeners he is justified in concluding that he is doing good work.

A thin congregation is a warning that he is making a mistake of some sort, and if he is really anxious to do good he will try to find out what the mistake is, and endeavor to correct it.

There are some preachers who have so much pride in their intellectual gifts and their learning that they would rather have the reputation of preaching sermons which show marked ability than sermons which interest and attract the masses. Their lack of popularity annoys them of course, but they take refuge in the thought that they are not understood, that it is their mission to teach only intellectual equals. They doubtless accomplish something, but how little compared to what they might accomplish by putting themselves in sympathy with those they undertake to lead towards a better life!

Mr. Beecher is a great thinker, but even he would not be able to attract such immense congregations if he were not a man of large sympathy, a great orator, able to touch the heart as well as to convince the mind. There are, however, very few preachers the equal of Mr. Beecher.

If the preaching generally were more like that of Mr. Talmage, Mr. Moody and Mr. Munhall the churches would be full always, and full churches mean a deeper interest in the great truths of the Christian religion.—*Savannah News.*

No brave or earnest soul is ever satisfied with past victories, or content with present attainments. No true hero ever sat down with the feeling that he had attained to perfection. We must never cease to forget the things that are behind; we must still reach forth unto the things which are before. Tennyson represents Ulysses in his old age as chafing and discontented with inactivity and retirement, feeling

"How dull it is to pause and make an end, To rust unburnished, not to shine in use."

Life's real heroes and heroines are those who bear their own burdens bravely and give a helping hand to those around them.



# Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAR. 18, 1886.

A. G. HARRIS, Editors and Proprietors.  
WM. A. DAVIS, Statistical Secretary.  
S. HENDERSON, D. D., Associate Editor.

## BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms: \$2.00 per year in advance.  
Special rates will be made with agents soliciting subscriptions.  
Extra copies of a single issue, which should be ordered in advance, are worth six cents each; if more than ten are ordered, five cents each. Remit with order.

Remittances should be made in money order on Montgomery, or bank check on Montgomery or New York. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter.

The date against your name on the margin of the paper shows when your subscription expires. It serves both as a receipt and a request for payment. If proper credit has not been given within two weeks, notify us at once. All subscribers who do not send express notice to the contrary, will be regarded as wishing to continue their subscriptions. Notice to discontinue should be given at least a week before and not after the subscription has expired. Both the new and the old postoffice should be given when your address is changed.

Obituaries of one hundred words will be inserted free. For each word over one hundred, two cents will be charged. Remit with order for publication. Count the words and see just what the bill will be; also, include money for extra copies at five cents each if more than ten are wanted, otherwise six cents each. If money is not enclosed, we reserve the right to condense to one hundred words.

Advertising rates quoted on application.

You will confer a favor by mentioning this paper when you answer an advertisement.

Write only on one side of the paper. Always give your post office. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket.

We are not responsible for the return of rejected manuscript sent for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

All communications on business or for publication should be addressed, and all checks and money orders made payable to THE ALABAMA BAPTIST, Montgomery, Ala.

## PLEASANT MEMORIES—M. J. WELBORN.

BORN.

Reader, have you not observed how the mention of a single name will revive the recollection of some of the most interesting, happy and profitable events of your religious life? Perhaps some one casually mentions the name of your old pastor who led you to Christ and baptized you. How vividly it recalls the old church, the happy faces of Christian friends who gathered round you and bade you welcome to the cross of Christ! Most of all of them may have passed to their reward, but in a moment they deploy around you, and you once more, for the moment, see them beam upon you the smiles and tears of grateful recognition. Perhaps the very song they sung at your reception thrills your soul with its wonted melody. There is a kind of resurrection of those happy scenes, and you abandon yourself for the instant to indulge the joyful illusion, and a tear gathers in your eye as the vision fades away!

Such was something of the impression made upon our mind two or three weeks ago, when on opening our paper we saw the well remembered name of "M. J. Welborn" to a letter of kindly counsel addressed to a young man deliberating as to his duty to preach the gospel, written over eighteen years ago. It recalled one of the most pleasant chapters in our personal history. How well we remember the incidents connected with his conversion, of his union with the old church at Columbus, Ga., of the broad influence it exerted over the community and surrounding country. It was during the pastorate of the venerable Dr. DeVotie. Dr. D. was then in the halcyon days of his ministerial power and usefulness. We were living in Tuskegee, and had often preached in Columbus, and knew the situation, and sympathized profoundly with the event. Judge Welborn had shared largely the honors and distinctions of his State—he had served in Congress, had presided on the bench, and had in many ways earned a reputation in Georgia for integrity and ability the most enviable. But through all these years, as he often acknowledged with tears, he was a Godless sinner, abandoning himself to all the pleasures and amusements of fashionable life. But just as he was passing the meridian of life, it pleased God to touch his heart at once with a sense of his danger and his sins. His conversion was overwhelming—almost a reproduction of that of Paul's, and like that great apostle he did not "tarry with flesh and blood," but sought at once the communion of saints, and in the true spirit of Christian manhood he stood up and testified to the grace of God. And from the day of his conversion to the day of his death, we have never known a more consecrated man. The fervor of his first love continued to burn with ever increasing intensity until chilled by the last enemy. We were thrown with him often at our religious gatherings, in social circles, and by the highway, and we cannot recall an interview in which the religion of Jesus, in some of its phases, was not the theme of his conversation. He seemed to possess a kind of sanctified tact of making it the leading topic everywhere without violating any of the proprieties of social intercourse. All the attainments of his past life in culture, refinement, and social mannerism, (and they were rare), he consecrated to Christ in striving to make religion attractive as well as enforcing its claims! It seemed as if he had made a vow to his adored Redeemer on the day of his espousal, never to

## TWO RECENT LETTERS.

We have appreciated the hard times and been lenient with our subscribers this winter. The rule with all newspapers is to collect subscriptions in advance, but we have varied from it during this winter in some cases. A short time since we sent out notices to those whom we had indulged, and when they did not reply to the first we sent out a second notice, before dropping them. These two samples show how differently people appreciate favors, for it should ever be considered a favor when one party lends another favor without payment therefor in advance. The creditor confers the favor in selling on a credit, and not the debtor in buying on a credit.

No. 1. Dear Bro. I confess with shame that I had failed to notice that your subscription to the ALABAMA BAPTIST, had expired. Thank you for your timely reminder, and also for continuing the paper beyond the time for which I had paid.

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## THE PRINTING PRESS AS A POWER FOR GOOD.

An elegant tract of eighty pages, bearing the above title, has lately been issued by the American Baptist Publication Society, a copy of which Dr. B. B. B. has sent us. It is a string of pearls, consisting of suggestive thoughts, facts, and incidents, illustrative of the influence of religious literature as supplementing the power of the pulpit in the conversion of sinners and the spiritual growth of Christians. We never laid it down until we turned the last page. Take the substance of a single paragraph, detailing in few words what we had seen stated before scattered over a pretty broad range of reading, but here condensed into a nutshell. Richard Baxter was converted by reading a religious book given him by a pious father. He in turn wrote the "Call to the Unconverted," which Philip Doddridge read when quite a youth, and was awakened by its stirring appeals. Dr. Doddridge wrote the "Rise and Progress of the Soul," and that fell into the hands of Wilberforce, and resulted in his conversion. Wilberforce wrote "Practical View of Christianity," and that led to the salvation of Leigh Richmond, and he in turn wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," a tract that has been translated into all the languages where Christianity prevails, and in several heathen tongues, and has been the means of the conversion, it is believed, of thousands. The tract abounds in such instances as these, detailed by ministers and the colporteurs of the Publication Society. It is a little arbor of great facts which our religious and denominational literature gathers around it. Apropos of its denominational literature—Mr. Wilberg, the great Swedish missionary, was converted to Baptist sentiments by reading Dr. Howell's great work on "Communism," entered the ministry, and now there are in Sweden, as the result of his labors, not less than twenty-seven thousand Baptists. We hope it will be circulated by the ten thousands.

S. H.

## THE AMERICAN BAPTIST PUBLICATION SOCIETY.

We doubt, if the like means and agencies employed are considered, whether any existing organization anywhere is accomplishing anything like the amount of good that this society is achieving. Our brethren here in the South need have no fears of anything that bears the imprimatur of this society. For even during the exciting period of the war between the States, it steered as clear of the animosities of that period as human firmity could have done, or the most exacting spirit could reasonably expect. We only wish that some terms could be agreed upon by which our own kind words, and its accompanying publications, could be consolidated with that society's publications, say with one or two able men in the South to aid in editing these joint productions, so that we could all have the like matter in all our Sunday-schools. For, in the first place, if we were to try we could not compete with that society; and in the second place, there is no need for both. The doctrines and duties of Christianity, as held by the Baptists, are the same the world over. We use the literature of this society in our Sunday-school at Northport, and it grows on our confidence every year. The truth is, it has become essential to us. We can not do without it. Within the next decade, according to the present ratio of increase, that society will more than double its means and capacities, and we doubt not that Southern contributions will materially aid in this coveted result.

S. H.

## THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

We do not like to ask our Mississippi brethren to act contrary to the instructions of their Baptist Record, but after Dr. Wharton, "respectfully and earnestly" requests delegates to send their names by postal card to the secretary of the committee on hospitality, Wm. A. Davis, we would suggest to them not to trouble Dr. Wharton with their correspondence on the subject, as the Doctor will be very busy with other matters.

A sunny temper glids the edges of life's blackest cloud.—Cuthrie.

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We are here engaged in a meeting. Much interest is being shown, and we feel that God is with us. Many Christians have come forward promising to assist us with their prayers. Bro. Porter is doing some of his best preaching; he leads the gun with heavy sound and points it at every one; does not miss the mark.—F., Lowndesboro, March 10th.

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## A New Start for Better Results.

Crumpton's Envelope Plan—Struggling Brethren Calling for Help—They are Others are Sighing.

I wish to say some things, as above indicated, to the Baptists of Alabama, particularly Coosa River Association. Holy prophets and apostles reviewed their past lives with serious thought and renewed purpose. Why not we do the same? 'Tis not degrading, 'tis ennobling.

Crumpton's envelope plan opens the way for a new start for better results. We have always needed system, a well formulated, brief, yet comprehensive plan. Steps have been taken, to meet this need. This plan goes far toward completion. 'Tis about as good as can be on paper. But its finishing touch will depend on us preachers and the churches. "Practice makes perfect."

Our struggling brethren are begging for help. What for? For personal profit? Please! Pleasure? Any one of our Secretaries would give half his salary to-day if thereby he knew the co-operation of Baptists in a single State could be fully secured. Are our head workers sinning by excess of service? If not, then our laggards are. 'Tis not a question of indifference, "Lord, is it?"

It is hoped that the circulars recently distributed to a number of the churches in Coosa River Association have been read and acted on in the conferences, or will be.

Let us get Crumpton's envelopes, brethren, and go to work on that plan. Every member of my family will be represented in it by a contribution. I will bring it before each of my churches. How many Baptist heads of families in our association will say and do for themselves and theirs as I have said and will do for myself and mine? How many pastors will move up on the "plan." How many churches will adopt it? Come, one and all, and let us take a new start for better results. W. WILKES.

## The Southern Baptist Convention.

The Southern Baptist Convention will meet with the First Baptist church, Montgomery, Ala., on Friday, May 7th, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m. I respectfully and earnestly request all properly accredited delegates who propose coming to send their names at once by postal card to Wm. A. Davis, Secretary of Committee on Hospitality, in order that homes may be provided for them. A card will be returned to each in due time giving the name and residence of the host, which will be the only introduction needed. Our abilities will enable us to entertain only the delegates, but we propose to provide a cordial and ample entertainment for all these.

The work of the Committee on Hospitality will be greatly advanced by a prompt attention to this request. The hotels have made the following special rates for delegates and visitors to the Convention, to-wit: Exchange, \$2.00 per day; Windsor, \$2.00; Central, \$1.50; and Merchants \$1.50. Numerous private boarding houses will entertain at \$1.00 per day.

M. B. WHARTON, Pastor, First Baptist Church, Montgomery, Ala.

The Baptist Press throughout the South will please publish this notice.

## Alabama Delegates to Southern Baptist Convention.

Under the following resolution adopted at last session of State Convention it becomes the duty of the State Mission Board to appoint delegates to the Southern Baptist Convention. The resolution is as follows: "Resolved, That the State Mission Board be authorized to appoint the delegates to the next session of the Southern Baptist Convention, giving certificates to such as may apply for them, provided the applicants shall be entitled to seats in the Convention under the rules of representation established by the Southern Baptist Convention; and provided further, that the representation shall be as equally distributed as practicable throughout the State."

Alabama will be entitled to forty delegates if our contributions to the Home and Foreign Boards amount to the same as last year. All those desiring appointments as delegates will please drop me a postal card at once, as the State Mission Board will at the meeting on April Tuesday in April proceed to make the appointment.

Those omitting to write will be understood as not desiring an appointment on the delegation, and from those who do write forty will be selected to represent the State.

W. B. CRUMPTON, Corresponding Secretary, Marion, Ala.

## The Envelope System.

It is to the credit of our State Secretary that he is earnestly insisting upon system and regularity amongst our churches in giving. He could not set himself to do more important work in Ala. Most of our churches are without any plan for gathering money for missions, indeed, for any purpose. To churches without a plan, I would say, try the "envelope system." If you do not like that plan,

## Receipts of the State Mission Board.

From Jan. 21, to Feb. 21.

State Missions, Ladies Miss. Socy, Selma ch, W P Welch, \$10.00  
Providence church, B F Ellis, \$5.00  
Mrs W A Davis, Treasurer Central Committee Woman's Work, 20.55  
Troy Assn, W A Wood, Treasurer, 42.85  
Demopolis church, J G McKim, 19.10  
Selma Assn, Josiah Jernigan, 25.03  
Rev J A White, 5.00  
Northport church, W W Brown, 0.75  
Ladies Benevolent Society, Town Creek church, J F Ellis, 18.70  
Oxford ch, Josiah Draper, Jr., 39.50  
" " S S Joshua Draper, Jr., 8.85  
" " Ladies Aid Society, 10.00  
Hopewell church, D Hogue, 1.80  
Strom ch, balance on collection, 1.00  
Dr Depout ch, E C Hester, 7.00  
Ladies Missionary Society, Gadsden church, Mrs R B Kyle, 5.00  
Mt Gilead ch, E F Haber, 2.40  
Cusseta church, Geo W Shadley, 3.05  
Bethesda church, W G Curry, 10.00  
Center Ridge ch, " " 10.00  
Ladies Miss Society, Center Ridge church, Miss Sallie McVee, 2.35  
Pleasant Grove church, A E Burns, 1.00  
Aft Zion " " A Parker, 4.97  
S S First church, Troy, E W G, 4.60  
For S S work, St Francis Street S S Mobile, J B Robertson, 22.67

Previously acknowledged, \$4826.20

## Home Missions.

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Rev J A White, 5.00  
Northport church, W W Brown, 0.75  
Ladies Benevolent Society, Town Creek church, J F Ellis, 18.70  
Oxford ch, Josiah Draper, Jr., 39.50  
" " S S Joshua Draper, Jr., 8.85  
" " Ladies Aid Society, 10.00  
Hopewell church, D Hogue, 1.80  
Strom ch, balance on collection, 1.00  
Dr Depout ch, E C Hester, 7.00  
Ladies Missionary Society, Gadsden church, Mrs R B Kyle, 5.00  
Mt Gilead ch, E F Haber, 2.40  
Cusseta church, Geo W Shadley, 3.05  
Bethesda church, W G Curry, 10.00  
Center Ridge ch, " " 10.00  
Ladies Miss Society, Center Ridge church, Miss Sallie McVee, 2.35  
Pleasant Grove church, A E Burns, 1.00  
Aft Zion " " A Parker, 4.97  
S S First church, Troy, E W G, 4.60  
For S S work, St Francis Street S S Mobile, J B Robertson, 22.67

Previously acknowledged, \$4826.20

## Foreign Missions.

Providence church, B F E, \$5.00  
Mrs W A Davis, Treasurer Central Committee Woman's Work, 20.55  
Troy Assn, W A Wood, Treasurer, 42.85  
Demopolis church, J G McKim, 19.10  
Selma Assn, Josiah Jernigan, 25.03  
Rev J A White, 5.00  
Northport church, W W Brown, 0.75  
Ladies Benevolent Society, Town Creek church, J F Ellis, 18.70  
Oxford ch, Josiah Draper, Jr., 39.50  
" " S S Joshua Draper, Jr., 8.85  
" " Ladies Aid Society, 10.00  
Hopewell church, D Hogue, 1.80  
Strom ch, balance on collection, 1.00  
Dr Depout ch, E C Hester, 7.00  
Ladies Missionary Society, Gadsden church, Mrs R B Kyle, 5.00  
Mt Gilead ch, E F Haber, 2.40  
Cusseta church, Geo W Shadley, 3.05  
Bethesda church, W G Curry, 10.00  
Center Ridge ch, " " 10.00  
Ladies Miss Society, Center Ridge church, Miss Sallie McVee, 2.35  
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Aft Zion " " A Parker, 4.97  
S S First church, Troy, E W G, 4.60  
For S S work, St Francis Street S S Mobile, J B Robertson, 22.67

Previously acknowledged, \$4826.20

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Troy Assn, W A Wood, Treasurer, 42.85  
Demopolis church, J G McKim, 19.10  
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Rev J A White, 5.00  
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Pleasant Grove church, A E Burns, 1.00  
Aft



## Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAR. 15, 1886.

Do not for a moment let your confidence betray you into supposing yourself incapable of mistake. It is indeed a serious blunder to refuse to take Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup when you even suspect you have taken cold.

No good that has been truly meant, though in the midst of mistakes, shall be utterly lost. In the end, the angels shall always come, and gather the wheat from among the tares. [Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.]

Salvation Oil, the greatest cure on earth for pain, has made a most brilliant debut. All druggists and dealers in medicine sell it at 25 cents a bottle.

Of all the anguish in the world, there is nothing like this—the sense of God without the sense of nearness to him. —[Elizabeth Prentiss.]

A violent cough continued thro' the winter often brings Consumption in the spring. Soothe and tone the irritated and weakened lungs with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar, and the cough will subside, and the danger disappears. 25c., 50c., and \$1.

One crumb of divine grace and help may be multiplied to feed five thousand wants and anxieties.

Why are the tallest people the laziest? They are longer in bed than others, and they neglect their coughs or colds they have there still longer. Use Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

Why is sympathy like blink man's buff? It is feeling for our fellow-creatures. And we should all advise those who have been racked with Taylor's Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein.

At a lecture on "The Decline of Literature," the eloquent orator declared, "Where are the Chaucers and Shakespeares and Miltons and Spencers and Macaulays? Where are they, I say? And a voice answered, sadly from the gallery, 'All dead!'"

THE FAMILY EDUCATOR.—Webster's Unabridged Dictionary is a great family educator, and no family of children ought to be without it. It will answer hundreds of questions for the wide-awake child. It is an ever-present and reliable schoolmaster to the whole family.

"Little boy, do you understand what is meant by energy and enterprise?" "No, pa, I don't think I do." "Well, I will tell you. One of the richest men came here without a shirt to his back, and now he has got millions." "Millions! how many does he put on at a time, pa?"

There is only one Antidote for Malaria, Tonic, Bitters, Quinine, &c., brace up the vital powers temporarily. While Shallenberger's Tonic Bitters will build up health by removing all traces of Malaria poison.

During a discussion of religious topics, young Brown said: "I tell you if the other animals do not exist after death, neither will man. There is no difference between man and a beast." And good old John replied: "If anybody could convince me of that, it would be you, Brown."

"How can you ever love him?" "It is what you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can you bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption or perhaps in insanity? Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. Be realistic."

"Are the fall styles of wall paper in yet?" she anxiously inquired. "Yes'm." That was at 10 o'clock in the morning. At 1 o'clock in the afternoon, after having 284 samples displayed before her on the rack, she tenderly inquired: "Have you any more?" "No'm."

"Are you sure these are the very latest styles?" "Yes'm." "Then—then I guess I'll take a roll—one for two shillings. I want to paper a trunk."

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists 50c.

It makes the mind very free if we give up wishing, and only let our hearting wish laid upon us, and doing what is given us to do. —[George Eliot.]

"Have you heard of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm? It is really wonderful how rapidly it cures Coughing, Throat, and Lung Troubles."

The Kingdom that I seek is in the heart, so let the heart be the seat of the Kingdom. Else I shall surely stray. Smooth let it be, or rough. It still will be the best. Winding or straight, it matters not; It leads me to the rest. —[Ranar.]

Glenn's Sulphur Soap and beautiful 25c. German Corn Remover kills Corns, Bunions, 25c. Hair and Whitener Dye—Black & Brown, 25c. Pills for Toothache Drops cure in 1 Minute, 25c.

If denied the victor's meed, Thou shalt lack the victor's pay. —[H. H. H.]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea, 25 cents a bottle.

The best will be our Father's will. And we may rest, calm and still. —[Paul Gerhardt.]

A helping word to one in trouble is often like a switch on a railroad track, and but one inch between prosperity and smooth-rolling prosperity. —Becher.

If there is anything good being done in any place where you happen to be, push! —Selected.

Divine confidence can swim upon those seas which feeble reason cannot fathom.

**DYSPEPSIA** Is a dangerous as well as distressing complaint. It is neglected in its early stages, and the sufferer is left with a permanent disability. The best remedy is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS** IS THE BEST TONIC. It is a powerful blood purifier and a most effective remedy for all diseases of the blood. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

It takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise. Censure seldom does us much hurt. A man struggles up against slander, and the discouragement which comes of it may not be an unmixed evil; but praise soon suggests pride, and is therefore not an unmixed good.

Faith is the act of trust by which one, being a sinner, commits himself to another, being a Savior. —[Horace Bushnell.]

It is not enough to keep the poor in mind; give them something to make them keep you in mind.

## Secular Notes.

United States Senator Jno. F. Miller, of California, died in Washington last week.

Mrs. Horatio Seymour, relict of the late Gov. Seymour, died at the residence of Mrs. Roscoe Conkling, March 8th.

Free Labor at the mines in Kentucky is making war on convict labor with violence. The militia have been ordered to Greenwood. The free miners demand the removal of the convicts from the mines.

The order of the Knights of Labor in Marshall, Texas, have been giving the railroad officials of the Texas Pacific much trouble recently.

The report of the special commission sent from Washington to examine the Warrior river with reference to its improvement by the Government will be favorable.

The supposed murderer of Frank E. Cocke, railroad agent at Scott's Station, Perry county, has been arrested, and is now in jail at Marion. He was arrested on circumstantial evidence, made his escape, and was re-arrested by the use of bloodhounds. Young Cocke was murdered about midnight, while in the depot sleeping room, on the 6th. The name of the negro is Henry Smith.

In St. Louis, on the 8th inst., 4,000 members of the United Order of American Joiners and Amalgamated order of Carpenters and Joiners stopped work. The cause they say is low wages and ten hours' work per day. Six hundred shops are affected by this movement.

Strikes among laborers of all classes are getting quite frequent, especially in the North and West. They operate through their various organizations, and trouble may be expected at any time.

Senator Edmunds, in a recent speech in the Senate defended the action of that body in demanding of the President the proof by papers on which he removed Federal officers. Mr. Pugh replied in a very able speech in defence of the President. The matter is still pending.

Indescribable distress has been developed among the people inhabiting the western Irish coast, who, besides having hardly anything to eat but mass and sea-grass, are without fuel and many without clothing and shelter. It is not rare, says the reporter, to find girls from fifteen to twenty kept in enforced hiding during the day-time because bereft of every thread of clothing long ago bartered away for potatoes or roots to feed smaller children.

The Agricultural Department at Washington on the 10th inst. reported the proportion of corn now in the hands of the farmers to be 40 per cent of the last crop; one year ago it was 36.6 per cent; two years ago 33 per cent. The amount on hand is 77,340,000,000, 78,000,000, more than last March, and 261,000,000 more than March 1884. The South is reported as having more corn, in proportion, than any other part of the United States. Wheat on hand 107,600,000, against 169,000,000 bushels last March. It is only 9,000,000 bushels more than March 1882—the shortest visible supply for many years.

Senator Pugh, of Alabama, in his speech in reply to Mr. Edmunds on the President's refusal to send to the Senate the evidence upon which he made removals, said that Allen G. Thurman was the greatest, and wisest, and purest American statesman now living.

Ex-President Jefferson Davis will come to Montgomery at some early day, and will deliver an address in behalf of the monument to be constructed on Capitol Hill in memory of the Confederate dead. Mr. Davis' career has been gallant, grand and great; pure, patriotic, positive.

The State Medical Association of Alabama will meet in Anniston on Tuesday, the 19th of April, and continue in session four days. The several hotels will make special reductions and entertain members at great reduced prices. Railroads will pass delegates and members of the association to the convention at one fare, returning at one per mile, upon presentation of certificate from the secretary. The association will be tendered an elegant banquet by the Medical Society of Calhoun county. People who have visited Anniston know just how splendidly visitors are entertained by the people of the charming little mountain city, and members of the State Medical Association look forward to the meeting in April with delightful anticipations. —Montgomery Advertiser.

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## SCIENTIFIC TRUTH.

Regarding the Functions of an Important Organ,

Of Which the Public Knows but Little, and Which Careful Consideration

To the Editor of the Scientific American:

Will you permit us to make known to the public the facts we have learned during the past 8 years, concerning disorders of the human Kidneys and the organs which diseased Kidneys so easily break down? You are conducting a Scientific paper, and are unprejudiced, except in favor of Truth. It is needless to say, no medical journal of "Code" standing would admit these facts, for very obvious reasons.

H. H. WARNER & CO., Proprietors of "Warner's Safe Cure."

That we may emphasize and clearly explain the relation the kidneys sustain to the general health, and how much is dependent upon them, we propose, metaphorically speaking, to take one from the human body, place in the wash-bowl before us, and examine it for the public benefit.

You will imagine that we have before us a body shaped like a bean, smooth and glistening, about four inches in length, two in width, and one in thickness. It ordinarily weighs in the adult male, about five ounces, but is somewhat lighter in the female. A small organ, you say. But understand, the body of the average size man contains about ten quarts of blood, of which every drop passes through the filters or sieves, as they may be called, many times a day as often as through the heart, making a complete revolution in three minutes.

From the blood they separate the waste material, working away steadily, night and day, sleeping or waking, tireless as the heart itself, and fully of as much vital importance; removing impurities from 65 gallons of blood each hour, or about 49 barrels each day, or 9,125 hogheads a year! What a wonder that the kidneys can last any length of time under this prodigious strain, treated and neglected as they are!

We slice the delicate organ open lengthwise with our knife, and will roughly describe its interior.

We find it to be of a reddish-brown color, soft and easily torn, filled with hundreds of little tubes, short and thread-like, starting from the arteries, ending in a little tuft about midway from the outside opening into a cavity of considerable size, which is called the pelvis or, roughly speaking, a sac, which is for the purpose of holding the water to further undergo purification before it passes down from here into the ureters, and so on to the outside of the body. These little tubes are the filters which do their work automatically, and right here is where the disease of the kidneys first begins.

Doing the vast amount of work which they are obliged to, from the slightest irregularity in our habits, from cold, from high living, from stimulants or a depressed and one or other causes which occur every day, they become somewhat weakened in their nerve force.

What is the result? Congestion or stoppage of the current of blood in the small blood vessels surrounding them, which become blocked; inflammation is set up, then pus is formed, which collects in the pelvis or sac; the tubes are at first partially, and soon are totally, unable to do their work. The pelvis sac goes on distending with this corruption, pressing upon the blood vessels. All this time, remember, the blood, which is entering the kidneys to be filtered, is passing through this terrible, disgusting pus, for it cannot take any other route!

Stop and think of it for a moment. Do you realize the importance, nay the vital necessity, of having the kidneys in order? Can you expect when they are diseased or obstructed, no matter how little, that you can have pure blood and escape disease? It would be just as reasonable to expect, if a pest-house were set across Broadway and countless thousands were compelled to go through its pestilential doors, an escape from contagion and disease, as for one to expect the blood to escape pollution when constantly running through a diseased kidney.

Now, what is the result? Why, that the blood takes up and deposits this poison as it sweeps along into every organ, into every inch of muscle, tissue, flesh and bone, from your head to your feet. And whenever, from hereditary influence or otherwise, some part of the body is weaker than another, a countless train of diseases is established, such as consumption, in weak lungs, dyspepsia, where there is a delicate stomach; nervousness, insanity, paralysis or heart disease in those who have weak nerves.

The heart must soon feel the effects of the poison, as it requires pure blood to keep it in right action. Incessant labor in the number and force to compensate for the natural stimulus wanting, in its endeavor to crowd the impure blood through this obstruction, causing pain, palpitation, or an out-of-breath feeling. Unnatural as this forced labor is, the heart must soon falter, becoming weaker and weaker until one day it suddenly stops, and death from apparent "heart disease" is the verdict.

But the medical profession, learned and dignified, call these diseases by high sounding names, treat them alone, and patients die, for the arteries are carrying slow death to the affected part, constantly adding fuel to the fire, kidneys which here in our wash-bowl are very putrefaction itself, and which should have been cured first.

But this is not all the kidneys have to do, for you must remember that each adult takes about seven pounds of nourishment every twenty-four hours to supply the waste of the body which is constantly going on, a waste equal to the quantity taken. This, too, the kidneys have to separate from the blood with all other decomposing matter.

But you say, "my kidneys are all right. I have no pain in the back." Mistaken man! People die of kidney

disease of so bad a character that the organs are rotten, and yet they have never there had a pain nor an ache!

Why? Because the disease begins, as we have shown, in the interior of the kidney, where there are few nerves of feeling to convey the sensation of pain. Why this is so we may never know.

When we consider their great work, the delicacy of their structure, the ease with which they are deranged, can you wonder at the ill-health of our men and women? Health and long life cannot be expected when so vital an organ is impaired. No wonder some writers say we are degenerating. Don't you see the great, the extreme importance of keeping this machinery in working order? Could the finest engine do even a fractional part of this work, without attention from the engineer? Don't you see how dangerous this hidden disease is, without giving any indication of its presence.

"The most skillful physicians cannot detect it at times, for the kidneys themselves cannot be examined by any means which we have at our command. Even an analysis of the water, chemically and microscopically, reveals nothing definite in many cases, even when the kidneys are fairly broken down."

Then look out for them, as disease, no matter where situated, of 98 per cent of all cases, leads to early death examinations, has its origin in the breaking down of these secreting tubes in the interior of the kidney.

As you value health, as you desire long life free from sickness and suffering, give these organs some attention. Keep them in good condition and thus prevent (as is easily done) all disease.

Warner's Safe Cure, as it becomes year after year better known for its wonderful cures and its power over the kidneys, has done and is doing more to increase the average duration of life than all the physicians and medicines known. Warner's Safe Cure is a true specific, mild but certain, harmless but energetic and agreeable to the taste.

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