

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARRIS & DAVIS, Editors and Proprietors.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOLUME 13.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, APRIL 1, 1886.

NUMBER 13.

The Problem of the Age.

REV. CHARLES H. SPURGEON.

From a sermon in the Tabernacle February 7th, 1886, on Mark 8: 4.

What is to be done for the perishing multitude? The Lord has often suffered the multitude to be in straits that he might work gracious deliverances. Take a modern instance. One hundred and fifty years ago or so, there was a general religious lethargy in England, and ungodliness was master of the situation. The devil, as he flew over England, thought that he had dragged the church so that it could never wake again. How deceived he was! A student at Oxford, who had been a pot-boy down in Gloucester, found the Saviour, and began to preach him. His first sermon was said to have driven nineteen people mad, because it awakened them to true life. Certain other scholars in Oxford met together and prayed, and were dismissed the university for the horrible iniquity of holding a prayer-meeting. Out of the same university came another mighty evangelist—John Wesley—and he, with Whitefield, became the leader of the great Methodist revival; its effects are with us to this day. The arch-enemy soon found that his hopes were blighted; for the church awoke again. The poor miners were listening to the gospel; their tears were making gutters down their black cheeks, while seafaring men told them of pardoning love. Then respectable dissent awoke from its bed of sloth, and the church of England began to rub her eyes, and wonder where she was. An evil time brightened into a happy era. Shall it not be so again? Have no fear about it. All things shall work together for good. The Lord brings the people into the wilderness on purpose, that there it may be seen that it is not the earth, but himself, that feeds the people.

GREAT THINGS FROM SMALL.

The way of the Christ was to find out what there was which he could use. The little store provided by his followers consisted of a few loaves and fishes. Is it not wonderful how the Lord sometimes finds out little matters which have been hidden away, and makes much of them? Scotland was once under the sway of unbelief and formalism; how was it to be delivered? Thomas Boston went to a shepherd's hut, and found a book which had become extremely scarce; it was Fisher's "Marrow of Modern Divinity." Boston rejoiced in the light of the gospel which flashed in upon his soul, and he began to bear witness to it. A great controversy followed, and what was far better, a great awakening: the lovers of the marrow of the gospel soon broke the bones of error. See what one book may do. Sweden, too, was greatly blessed by the discovery in a country house of an old copy of Luther on the Galatians. See how one voice may wake a nation.

Brethren, who knows what may come out of seven loaves and a few small fishes? Ye, the enemies may do what they like; they may preach what they please; they may take away one pulpit after another from the orthodox; they may bury us under the rubbish of evolution, and false philosophy; but we shall rise again. These small clouds will soon blow over. There may not remain one single sound expounder of the gospel; but as long as God lives, the gospel will not die. Its power may slumber, but ere long it shall awake out of sleep, and cry like a mighty man who shouteth by reason of wine. As long as we have one match left we can yet set the world on fire. As long as one Bible remains the empire of Satan is in danger. Only barley loaves and a few small fishes were in the possession of the apostolic company. But Jesus found them, and began to work with them.

The next thing was a secret and mysterious multiplication. The bread began to grow in the disciples' hands, as a foretime it had grown in the ground. Peter had a loaf in his hand, and he began to break off a corner; to his amazement it was just as big as before. So he broke off the other end and gave that to another hungry person, and lo, the loaf was still entire. He kept on breaking as fast as ever he could, and the loaf continued increasing till everybody had received his full. Wonderful hands they were, were they not? No, they were not; they were only the rough hands of weather-beaten fishermen. Those other hands which first took, and blessed, and brake, were doing the deed all the while. It is wonderful how God works by our hands, and yet his own hand does it all.

Apart from human agency, the Lord can impress the minds of men and women, and so multiply his truth. I heard of a woman in the Isle of

Skye, when there was very little gospel preaching there, who on a sudden felt God was not working in Skye. She journeyed till she reached the ferry, and then she crossed to the mainland. She asked those she met where she could find God. At last she met with a good woman who said, "I will tell you where you will find him." She took her into a place of worship where Jesus was plainly set forth. She heard the gospel, and went back to tell others about the Saviour.

The devil's work is never done: it is undone again in five minutes when the grace of God is at work. Even in our ashes live our wonted fires; a breath from heaven shall kindle them into a flame. God is never a Jew for agents. He could turn the Pope into an evangelist, a cardinal into a reformer, a priest into a preacher of the gospel. The most superstitious, the most ignorant, the most infidel, the most blasphemous, the most degraded, may yet be made the champions of his truth. Therefore let no man's heart fail him; the bread shall be multiplied, and the people shall be fed.

TO EVERY ONE HIS WORK.

It was done by everybody distributing his portion. Peter was dividing his loaf, and many people were specially pleased to be fed by Peter. It was quite right that they should be. If Peter fed them, let them be satisfied with Peter. Yonder was John with the same bread, breaking it with less impetuosity, and more graciousness of manner; and yonder was James working away very steadily and methodically. But what of the difference of distribution? The bread was the same. So long as the people were filled, what did it signify which hand passed them their bread and fish? Dear friends, do not imagine that God will bless one preacher only, or one denomination only. He does bless some preachers more than others, for he is Sovereign; but he will bless you all in your work, for he is God. I shall never forget one day, when my dear old grandfather was alive, I was to preach a sermon. There was a great crowd of people, and I did not arrive, for the train was delayed, and therefore the venerable man commenced to preach in my stead. He was far on in his sermon when I made my appearance at the door. Looking to me, he said: "You have all come to hear my grandson, and therefore I will stop that you may hear him. He may preach the gospel better than I can, but he cannot preach a better gospel. Can you, Charles?" My answer from the aisle was: "I cannot preach the gospel better; but if I could, it would not be a better gospel." So it is, brethren: others may break the bread to more people, but they cannot break better bread than the gospel which you teach, for that is bread from our Saviour's own hand. Get to work each one of you with your bread-breaking, for this is Christ's way of feeding the multitude. Let each one who has himself eaten divide his morsel with another. To-day fill some one's ear with the good news of Jesus and his love. Endeavor on this day, each one of you who are Christian people, to communicate to one man, woman, or child, somewhat of the spiritual meat which has made your soul glad. This is my Master's way, will you not drop into it? You cannot propose a better, none can contrive a method more likely to be successful, more honorable to your Lord and more beneficial to yourself. Bring your barley loaf, bring your little fish, and put your provision into the common store. Take it back again from the great Master's hands filled with that blessing which makes it fruitful, and multiplies it, and then feed the multitude with it. So shall you go forth with joy, and be led forth with peace.

Colored Evangelization.

Read Before the Baptist State Convention at Tuskegee, 1885, and Solicited for Publication at the Instance of a Number of Brethren.

The colored, or negro, subject has been the theme of themes with the American mind for a half century. It has ruled mistress over our national destiny for fifty years. It has been the vexed problem with statesmen, the hobby of politicians, the inspiration of fanatics. Other issues have arisen and claimed consideration and passed away, but this, like Banquo's ghost, will not down at our bidding. It has aroused more passion, destroyed more peace, cost and lost more money, created greater political discord and social revolution; has split more blood and is to-day fraught with greater interest than any issue that has stirred the American mind for two generations.

But the past is remanded to history. It is with the living present and coming future we have to deal. We will therefore consider:

1. The relations we sustain to the colored race.
2. Our duty to evangelize the colored race.
3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch the key note of the situation. We must reach them through their preachers whom we may prepare for the pastorate in a private way.

Individually we have access to the colored ministry. No barrier exists between us and them individually. They are anxious to learn, and their minds are open for instruction, and their hearts for profit. In our several communities we may organize them into classes and teach them the Bible and other useful knowledge demanded in the pastorate. In these classes can be taught men, young and old, who prompted by a holy ardor in their own ignorance, and restrained often by prejudices, superstitions, and gross vices among their race, are with limited time and meagre means striving to fit themselves to preach Christ. A field broad, peculiar, and inviting is here opened to the Baptist ministry of the South. That this work is practical has been demonstrated wherever persistently tried. My own experience may profit you. At Newbern four years ago I organized a class of four, using my kitchen as a place to meet, until my office was fitted up, where the work has since gone on. The class now numbers five, several of them being converts.

Not neglect, for the world is the field. The second we must not, we dare not neglect, at the peril of our own spiritual existence.

(c) His moral condition invites it. He possesses a moral nature and is subject to the vices, and capable of the virtues illustrated in the character and experience of the human race. He is peculiarly subject to the destroying vices. The gospel is God's alchemy for all moral disorder. If we would give him moral character, and have the principles of truth to shine through his life, we must scatter the seeds of this wizard's charm in the soil of his uncultured nature. Embedded in the gospel is found our only hope of giving him moral elevation and worth.

Ample in scope, and conclusive in strength, are these reasons to inspire us with a holy ardor in the evangelization of this race.

3. But how shall these people be evangelized is a question of equal moment.

(a) Not by preaching to them as heathen must this be done. They are no heathen. In proportion to numbers Alabama has as many professed negro Christians as whites. They would therefore have as much right to call us heathen as we have to apply to them that epithet. It would perhaps startle us if we in attending a colored convention were to hear the subject of sending the gospel to the white heathen at their door being gravely discussed, and yet this would be in keeping with the erroneous position often taken in our conventions on this subject. They are a Christian people. They are alive to the Master's work. In proportion to means they are more liberal and are to-day more eager to be profited by the gospel than are our whites.

(b) Not by addressing them through official channels. To know that the laborer is an official laborer of the Southern whites, is to secure a confirmed prejudice against him and his work. They have not yet been sufficiently rescued from prejudice to appreciate a congealed effort by us. Official efforts made by conventions and associations in the South since the war sustain this position. In our meetings we have expatiated eloquently over the greatness of the work, have passed strong resolutions about what we were going to do and have gone home and done nothing. We have appointed agents and amid discouragements they have quit. At least nineteen out of every twenty efforts have resulted in hopeless failure. Our Northern brethren have been more successful. God has greatly blessed them in their work among the negroes,

but their pet lamb is assuming the proportions of a Jumbo, and even with them their official work in the South in future is problematic.

(c) Not by preaching to them directly. The work is too great for the thinned ranks of our ministry, who are already overburdened in giving the gospel to the whites. Besides there are insuperable social and race barriers to the colored official pastor, which, if ignored, result in the personal loss of self-respect, and in the forfeiture of all influence with the white race. Arguments for sending white missionaries to the negroes in Africa do not hold good when applied to the Southern negro pastor. Colored churches must have colored pastors. Incidentally we may preach to them, and this I do as often as time and circumstances admit, but this incidental and occasional preaching is not adequate to the greatness of the demand. We can reach them more successfully in another way, and here we touch

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 1, 1886.

J. G. HARRIS, Editor and Proprietor.
W. A. DAVIS, Editor and Proprietor.
S. HENDERSON, D. D., Associate Editor.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms, \$2.00 per year in advance.
Special terms 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 appearing 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 post office 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 publications. Contain the name 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 manuscripts or 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.

CONSECRATION.

We hear much of consecration—the consecration of the ministry—to churches—of individuals—to the cause of Christ. What is meant by it? Certainly it is not meant that every day, every hour, should be expended in what may be called the purely devotional element of piety, such as reading the word of God, private meditation, praying, singing sacred songs, Christian conversation, and the like, for that would leave us no time to prosecute the every day duties of life, since religion has its secular as well as its purely spiritual side. The life that now is, has its claims on us, as well as the life to come. Christians are as much bound, and can serve God as effectually in pursuing their secular avocations as in worshipping God in the sanctuary, or in their closets.

"Six days shall thou labor and do all thy work" is just as mandatory as "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." For observe, to labor "six days" is not merely permission, but a direct command. So that we can serve God as acceptably in the one case as in the other. Nor are ministers "provide things honest in the sight of all men" as other men; indeed, as a rule, they are held to a higher line of accountability by all men than other people, and rightly so; for by how much their holy calling places them in advance of their brethren in all the distinctive marks of Christian character, by so much are they bound to exemplify these distinctive virtues. So that, if a minister, from any cause other than his own dereliction of duty in preaching to his brethren that part of God's ordination which provides for his support, finds himself forced into some secular calling, as Paul was when he resorted to "tent making" to support himself, he should feel that he is serving God as acceptably as when he is preaching. We believe profoundly that churches are bound by the law of Christ to support their pastors, so that those pastors can give themselves wholly to their work, that "their profiting may appear unto all." But certainly the delinquency of a church, in this respect can furnish no ground for the delinquency of a minister to provide for his own household.

What then do we mean by consecration? The apostle, in the latter part of the 6th chapter of Romans, lays down this rule: That the measure of the consecration of ourselves, soul, body and spirit, to the service of sin is to be the measure of our consecration to the service of Christ. His language is—"I speak after the manner of men, because of the infirmity of your flesh; for as ye have yielded your members servants to uncleanness and to iniquity, unto iniquity, even so now yield your members servants to righteousness, unto holiness." Thus, where sin hath abounded, grace must much more abound. If we gather the force of the expression, it is simply this, that as in our state of sinfulness, we pursued, the avocations of life solely to gratify "the lusts of life," so now we are to pursue these avocations with the like industry, consecrating them to the far higher and nobler purpose of promoting our own spiritual prosperity, the prosperity of the cause of Christ, and the glory of God. Annihilated by so sublime a motive as this, we can convert every worthy calling in life into a means of worship. On the farm, in the workshop, in the counting room, in our offices, anywhere and in any calling that is legitimate, we may, by "prayer and supplication make our requests known unto God," and command the bless-

ing even life for evermore. God has prescribed no duty, religious or secular, but that in the discharge of that duty we may not serve him acceptably. We have often said, and occasionally written it, that the highest measure of ministerial consecration we have ever seen, is found in those of our country pastors whose churches are so sadly delinquent in their support as to force them to labor five days in every week for the privilege of preaching Saturday and Sunday to their charges. We never meet such a man without feeling a sense of veneration for him. S. H.

A DANGEROUS MAXIM.

How dangerously, and with what apparent fairness do the maxims of sin often approach us. Infidelity, like its father, the devil, often transforms itself into an angel of light, and would, if it were possible, deceive the very elect. Let us look at one of these maxims. It is this—"In all our searches for truth, we are bound to place ourselves in such relations to all questions as to hear impartially both sides." To the application of this maxim to material questions, or to scientific and philosophical questions, we enter no particular objection. But when it trenches upon the dominion of Christian ethics and Christian doctrine, it is nothing more nor less than the entering wedge to skepticism. It proceeds on the principle that no doctrine or duty in our relations to God and man, is settled. It goes further; it places God's Book on a level with all other books. It concedes nothing more to the infinite wisdom of God than it claims for the finite wisdom of man. Truth and error, vice and virtue, all stand on the same ground, all are entitled to the like hearing. Consider the absurdity of such a plan.

As American citizens, who desire the perpetuity of our free institutions, do we employ a man to instruct our children in the principles of monarchy that they may appreciate our republican government? Do we send them to the vulgar that they may learn the value of refinement? Do we send them to debauchees that they may properly estimate virtue?

Then again, if men were as much inclined to virtue as to vice, to truth as to error, to religion as to irreligion, we might submit with some grace to this principle. For then reason, common sense, judgment, and conscience would always decide wisely. But we all know not only from the Bible, but by bitter experience that the human mind has a native bias in favor of error and vice; so that when all the reason, the full power of conscience, together with the most potent motives that can appeal to us are all invoked, in the great majority of instances, these are insufficient to overcome this native tendency to wrong doing. Nay, this would be universally so but for the intervention of the Spirit and grace of God. How often do parental law, instruction, admonition, and chastisement, all arrayed on the side of right, fail to overcome this corrupt tendency in the heart of the child. Reason may be very clear sighted and dispassionate upon all subjects on which there is no bias. But when warped by prejudice or passion, it has neither eyes nor ears.

Finally, the apologists of error never deal fairly with the truth. They are accustomed to distort it so effectually that it is difficult for its best friends to recognize it. They dress it up in the tatters and rags of a Lazarus; while they array antagonistic error, vice, and irreligion in the most gaudy vestments. So that the admonition of Solomon comes in with all the force that infinite wisdom can express: "Cease my son, to hear the instruction that causeth to err from the words of knowledge." S. H.

CARD FROM AN OLD FRIEND.

We publish below a card we got a day or two ago from an old friend who emigrated to Texas many years ago, and it has revived so many pleasant recollections in our mind that we doubt not that many of our older readers in East Alabama will be glad to hear from him. We remember quite vividly many of the scenes which he refers. We hope time has dealt gently with him, for we remember him only in his earlier years as one of those granite characters that were proof alike against the flatteries of pretended friends, and the attacks of open enemies. As a friend he was to be counted on, as a minister he was esteemed and honored for his capacity and efficiency. We hail the prospect of meeting him once more ere we each pass the mystic veil.

"San Sabo, San Sabo Co., Tex., March 10th, 1886.

"Dear Bro. Henderson: I have been in Texas now going on twenty-one years, yet I have not forgotten the hills of Talladega or those of Macon, especially Tuskegee, where we often met and wept over Zion's desolations and her triumphs for near thirty years, which time will never erase from my memory. I want to see you and the dear brethren among whom we went preaching so long. And if providence permits, I will be at the Southern Baptist Convention at Montgomery in May.

Yours Bro. in the Lord of lords,
JAMES M. RUSSELL.

THE PULPIT.

Whether the pulpit is losing of gaining power with the great mass of our people depends upon the point of view from which we look at it. Perhaps we could concede the fact that, looked at alone from all subsidiary agencies, it does not, in itself, sway the influence it did during the last and the early part of this century. But we are to consider that it is to the pulpit we are indebted mainly for all those ancillary agencies that come in to supplement its power, such as Sunday-schools, religious publications, missionary organizations, the temperance reformation, and even educational facilities. The pulpit is the grand "driving wheel" to the whole machinery of Christian beneficence. Abstract this agency from its position in this scheme of general benevolence, and how long before the whole system would collapse? The truth is, not since the days of Christ and the apostles he the ministry of the gospel exercised so broad and so commanding an influence in the world as it does to-day. In the days when almost all the religious information people got came to them through the pulpit there was no doubt a larger relative attendance upon public worship than now. But then it is claiming nothing more than is due the pulpit when we say that it is entitled to all the forces it has aggregated around it in these latter years. The only way to put the question is, Is Christianity more powerful to-day than ever before? Incontestable facts answer this question to the satisfaction of all who have eyes to see or ears to hear. S. H.

RESPECTABLE SINS.

Society has reached a point in this country when certain vices condemned by the scriptures, either directly or by implication, are regarded as respectable and even honorable. To declare a vice to be a virtue is to annul the edicts of heaven, and overthrow the very principles upon which justice has erected her throne. The "progressive" Christian, so to speak, would have the world believe that the vices so long regarded as ruinous to the welfare of society and the immortal soul are nothing more than "respectable" virtues. The old landmarks are being obliterated, the "old ship" is being moved from her moorings by an imaginary new schedule. Old fogyism is applied to the Christian who clings to the old, old story. This is said to be a fast age, and religion must be run by electricity so as to keep pace with the onward movement of the times. Armies when on the march to attack an enemy are cautious, prudent, watchful, guarding every point and obedient to the commands governing the line of march. Such should be the course of the Christian soldier. Our captain has given us our orders. We have them in his sermon on the Mount, in his teachings all through his ministry, and they are the same to-day as they were 1800 years ago. Any effort to change the commands will endanger the innovation and subject him to condign punishment. Corruption in high places, crimes on the highways, destruction of property by incensed laborers, "fifteen" violations of God's law, such as card-playing, dancing, gambling in futures, throwing dice at religious fairs are unquestionable violations of the divine law. While they may not be denominated flagrant outrages upon religion, they are the more dangerous because considered "respectable." The first step of the assassin was not a very bold, daring crime, it was so small that it was overlooked, but from this small offence he goes on and on until he becomes a murderer, a robber, and dangles from the gallows. "Little sins," as they are called, sins that are apparently so insignificant that some people are as apt to call them virtues as to call them vices, are the forerunners of diabolical crimes, and end in the ruin of character and fortune and soul. On the 23rd of March the Chaplain of the House of Representatives in the National Capitol uttered a prayer to which we can say amen and amen, and only wish it could be sculptured into the hearts of the people, engraved on tablets of brass and hung in the halls of every State legislature, and seat of justice, and beneath every sign board along the highways. In that prayer he used these words:

"We beseech thee, Almighty God, help the people of this country to learn that money gained otherwise than as thou commandest, by the sweat of the face, as the fair and honest wages of the honorable manly work of the brain or hand, is gained by theft, no matter how we name the stealing; that money is never converted into wealth unless it ceases to be the pander of our lusts and lifts us above the level of the animal, lifting us to the grades of life, elevating our hearts to manly aspirations, making us kindly with our kind, patient to God's laws and reverent to ourselves. Rid the land, we beseech thee, of all gamblers, whether they gamble with dice or cards, or chips, or with wheat or stocks, or corn or cotton. Deliver us from the influence and power of the robbers who, enticing their victims to the boards of trade and the stock exchanges, and bucket shops, name their practices of plunder 'shearing lambs.' Enlighten our intelligence with thy truth, sweeten and deepen our humanity with thy love, quicken our piety with thy spirit, and may Jesus Christ become more and more the Master and Ruler of our lives, and characters, and thoughts. We pray through his hallowed name, amen."

The delivery of this prayer was attentively listened to, and caused quite a sensation among the members. On motion of Butterworth, of Ohio, seconded by Weaver, of Indiana, it was ordered printed in the record.

Is the paper increasing its circulation very rapidly? Well, so so. Just as rapidly as a few choice spirits here and there can accomplish it. Would you like to be one of them? It's a noble work! Church and denominational prosperity depends on it. Strike in!

NINETY-SECOND BIRTHDAY MEMORIES.

On the evening of the 17th, taking passage at Montgomery on the Selma train bound for Akron Junction, we started to make our annual visit to the old native home, which is located near the Green Springs in Hale county. Reaching Akron after an all night trip, we awaited the arrival of the north bound train on the A. C. S., which brought our only brother, this being the point agreed upon at which to meet. After a short interview we started for that dear old home, the home of our childhood and youth, around which cluster so many fond regrets and tender recollections. For four miles many things were said about our past history. By 10 o'clock we came in sight—and glancing up the avenue from the old gate-way, we saw a group of old, and middle-aged, and young, seated in the hall and the porch. On one side was the venerable preacher of the old church near by, who had come by invitation; on the other, seated side by side, were two aged women, 76 and 77, respectively. Near the center, in the old arm chair, sat our aged and venerated father, Page Harris, whose 92nd birthday we had assembled to celebrate. Hearty, jovial, talkative, he met us with the same fatherly, affectionate greeting that has so long characterized his attachment for his children. With a mind clear and collected, for two hours he delighted and interested the small party present, by relating various incidents and reminiscences connected with his boyhood days, and especially the long and perilous journey in 1818, from Anson county, N. C., to the place at which he now lives. Of the large party of emigrants that came at the same time, only three are living—two sisters—whose ages are above given, and himself.

For nearly three-quarters of a century he has been a devoted member of the Baptist church. It can be truly said of him, he has always been a peace-maker; never had a lawsuit, never gave a mortgage, never had a church difficulty, nor a neighborhood or family misunderstanding; never held an office in church or State. His whole life has been guided by that great principle, "Not my will, but thine be done, O God."

After listening with so much delight to these recollections of former times, all repaired to the parlor, where the preacher read a selection from the Psalms, made some appropriate remarks, and offered a most fervent prayer. The family then joined in singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul," and "Rock of ages, cleft for me." While these songs were being sung, it seemed that a heavenly influence pervaded the entire room, and the presence of the Holy Spirit was fully manifested, as the tears ran down the cheeks of the old and the young alike. After these services came the dining, which was all that could be desired.

While on this visit to our venerable and devoted father, we visited also the old family graveyard, and stood by the tomb of our sainted mother, and vividly remembered when she breathed her last twenty-five years ago, at the age of sixty.

While lingering by that sacred tomb, memory ran back quick as thought to the happy days of our boyhood, when around the old hearthstone, nestling near our mother's knee, listened to her sweet voice as she sang those grand old songs, so full of pathos and spirituality and told the "old old story." We longed to hear her sweet voice again, and feel the tender, loving touch of her hand, as in other days, gently resting on our head, and receive those sweet benedictions of which her heart was so full.

Reunions like these are full of the best consequences. They keep alive the spirit of love and affection, bind families more closely together in bonds of reunion, and hand down from generation to generation unwritten history. We have not written these lines in any spirit of laudation, but to earnestly encourage the custom of birthday reunions, and especially with those who are passing down the evening slope of life.

DEAR BROTHER, did you make that little talk to your church at your last meeting for the paper you resolved to do a short time since? You forgot it! Well, we will extend the time till your next conference meeting. Make a note of it, or rather ask your wife to remind you of it, for we need a few more names at that place.

The date following your address on the paper shows to what date your subscription is paid. If we fail to change the date for two issues after you send the renewal, please notify us without delay.

"I wish that article by — could have been read by Bro. D. — It would have done him good." Well, see brother D. —, and get him to subscribe. There are a good many articles to follow that he can profitably read. Try him.

FIELD NOTES.

A Baptist church was organized in Suggsville, on Clarke county, March 14, with 11 members.

Chestnut Creek church, Chilton county, has organized a Sunday-school and makes a new start for work.—J. L. Long.

Dr. J. D. S. Davis is teacher of the ladies' class in Sunday-school of First church, Birmingham. He issues a neat little folder with names of class and an invitation to join with them.

Rev. A. L. Martin preached an excellent and touching sermon at the Baptist church in Abbeville last Sunday night. Our only regret is that he don't preach here more often.—Times.

Dr. Eaton's church in Louisville, Ky., has 1,700 members. This is the largest white Baptist membership in the South. They are going to send out a colony of 400 to organize another church.

We are making progress in the "South Side" church. We received eight members last week. We have \$5,500 subscribed by members of the church for the new building.—W. C. Cleveland, Birmingham.

Rev. H. R. Schramm, pastor of the Baptist church at Glenville has had a series of religious services continued during the week past, with zeal and acceptability; and upon which the attendance has been good, and the intimations of Divine favor encouraging.

The building committee of the Baptist church at Girard, reported at a meeting Sunday night that they would soon be enabled to commence building a new church. Rev. R. H. Bullock, pastor, is making a rapid improvement in attendance and financial condition.

A series of successful revival services is being conducted at the Baptist church in Huntsville by A. W. McGaha, the resident pastor, who will be assisted by W. F. Kone, formerly of the church there, now located in Baltimore.

Rev. W. H. McAlpine, colored, of Marion, Secretary of the Board of Trustees of Selma University, has sent in to the Baptist Pioneer, the organ of the colored Baptists, fifty-three subscribers, which are many more than any white Baptist has sent us. We wish several brethren would treat us as well.

A series of night meetings is being held at the Adams Street Baptist church, in Montgomery. Rev. M. M. Wamboldt, the pastor, is conducting the meetings, and services will be held every night during the present week. Much interest has been manifested in the progress of the meetings and a number of accessions to the church have been made.—Advertiser.

The interest in the evangelistic services at the St. Francis Street Baptist church continues unabated. Mr. Thomason has preached to full houses all the week. His last sermons have been sermons of great power, freshness and effectiveness. Numbers of men have publicly manifested their interest, and several have offered themselves for church membership.—Mobile Register.

The contract with J. W. Burke & Co., Macon, Ga., for the publication of *Kind Words* expires June 1st. Brother Cabanis, business manager of the *Christian Index* is to publish the paper after that time. Sam Boykin will of course be retained. He has been the soul of *Kind Words*, so to express it, has given his life to it, and has accomplished a wonderful work for Christ and the Southern Baptists through its agency.—Reflector.

The supper furnished at Esterpree Hall last Friday night, by the ladies of the Baptist church of Talladega was a complete success. The people responded with a large attendance, and the evening passed as a delightful social occasion. The receipts amounted to one hundred and eighty-five dollars. We understand that they intend to have the walls and overhead of their church-house beautifully frescoed at an early day.—Mountain Home.

The revival at the Baptist church in Union Springs increases in interest daily, and large numbers of conversions have been made. It is the most remarkable revival ever held in Union Springs and the whole town is stirred up on the subject of religion. Services are held thrice daily and the church is crowded at each service. A good work is being done, and five weeks ago will be continued indefinitely.—Advertiser.

On Thursday evening, 18th, at four o'clock, quite a large number of the people of Whistler gathered at the railroad bridge, on the Eight-Mile creek to witness the baptism, of Mr. D. R. Cooper, Rev. Daniel S. Meyers, of the Baptist church, officiating. Mr. Cooper has been for several years preaching as a Methodist minister at Whistler and in the surrounding country, and has become very popular as such. After his baptism he was regularly licensed to preach, and will deliver his first sermon as a Baptist minister at the Baptist church on Sunday next at 11 o'clock.—Register.

Some sensation was created in society circles in Atlanta over the announcement that ex-Chief Justice O. A. Lochrane, had decided to abandon the Protestant Episcopal church and become a Baptist. The Judge took an active part in favor of prohibition in the late elections here, and was thus thrown into companionship with Rev. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne, our Baptist pulpit orator. After the election the preacher accompanied the Judge to his home on Peachtree street when the wine casks and bottles were rolled out and emptied of their contents into the street. The intimacy thus began will be sealed in a few days by the immersion of Judge Lochrane at the hands of Hawthorne.—Reflector.

Our brother and pastor, J. L. Thompson, has been conducting a series of meetings, at the Baptist church in this place, during the past week, with the best of results. Seventeen have united with the church by experience, and two by letter. Services are still being held daily—in the afternoon, and at night. A religious spirit is pervading the entire community. The church is fully aroused, and thoroughly in earnest about the saving of souls. Bro. Thompson has the full confidence of everybody. He is a working pastor, his sermons pungent and awakening; and he seems so blessed with the happy facility of saying and doing everything exactly right. As a church, we feel fortunate in securing the services of such a consecrated, and acceptable pastor.—J. T. D.

We don't often have them. A great many things stand in the way of them. Sometimes the preacher is at fault. He is too easily discouraged. He sees men who stay too long, and for fear he may be complained at, and be called a "hangar-on," he goes to the other extreme and quits too soon. Sometimes a short-horned deacon runs him off. Sometimes a long-tongued woman. The young people behave badly maybe, and he thinks they have lost respect for him, so off he goes before anybody knows it. But very often a brother preacher is at the bottom of the trouble. The pastor is undermined by some man who is hunting a place. The visiting brother intimates that he could be had, he takes care to hint that to some mal-content—the pastor knows nothing about what is going on till presently he finds himself in a position which forces him to resign.

There are some things which churches do not know. One is this, that the travelling brother who preaches so gloriously, and seems to them so far superior to their pastor, is on exhibition, may be he is around for that business; but even if he has no evil intentions, he has a few sermons which he has preached forty times before, he is perfectly familiar with them, they are good sermons and they become better by use, he preaches these—he would be a fool if he didn't; the church listens, they are charmed, he is so deliberate, so fluent—"would that we had a preacher like that" they begin to sigh, their pastor who has more brains, and more heart, and more zeal, and self-sacrifice, than this stranger ever knew, is disparaged—all his hard work to build up the cause there is forgotten, presently the old is out and the new is in. He glitters and glares a little while, like an iceberg in the sun; only a few months pass before the old stock of sermons is exhausted, and the church begins to see what a mistake it has made. The average church has but little sympathy for the pastor. What revelations will be made at the last day!

There it will be seen what the pastors have suffered, and there it will be made known how the churches have often broken and crushed the hearts of their pastors, by their want of appreciation.

Brother pastor, don't you quit too soon. Hold on and pray God to give you sense to see when to quit. Long pastorate's build, and train, and develop, and leave churches worthy the name. TIMOTHY T.

THE ACCEPTABLE OFFER. Rom. xii., 1.—When the people of Collatia were negotiating an unconditional capitulation to the Romans, Egerius, one of the part of the Romans, inquired of the ambassadors, "Are the people of Collatia in their own power?" When an affirmative answer was given, it was next inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the people of Collatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your boundaries, your temples, your utensils, all your property, divine and human, into my power, and the power of the Roman people?" "We surrender all," "And so," said he, "I accept you."

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.

From Autauga County.

A meeting was held with Liberty church, Autauga county, Friday before the 3rd Sabbath in March, to arrange for missionary collections for the year 1886. Elder J. H. Ray presided.

After an interesting discussion of the subject, the following members were appointed to canvass the community and solicit contributions for the several objects:

North of the church, Brn. W. R. Brazzel, S. D. Wilder, Sisters M. Moon, and E. Boon. On the south, Brn. F. Moon, J. Boon, Sisters M. Moon, and E. Boon. On the east, Brn. J. H. Haffer, P. Tatum, Sisters M. Haffer, L. Tatum. On the west, Brn. W. Boon, J. Thorn, Sisters E. Boon, and S. Thorn.

The sum of \$8 was raised for State Missions. The meeting closed on Sabbath. The Lord was with his people.

Elder J. R. Caldwell was present and added much to the interest of the meeting. J. H. RAY, Pastor, Deatsville, Ala.

District Meeting.

Will commence at Ashville church, St. Clair county, Tuesday after the second Sabbath in April next, continuing three days, when brethren will please open the discussion on the subjects assigned them.

Religion in the home. Rev. H. E. Harris.

Consecrated membership. Rev. P. S. Montgomery.

Christian giving. Rev. J. S. E. Robinson.

Training the young. C. J. Teague.

The meeting will adjourn from Ashville to Springville, St. Clair county, Friday before the third Sabbath in April, continuing through Sunday following, when the above subjects will be discussed by the same brethren, except that the last will be led by C. G. Miles. These meetings are appointed at the instance of Bro. W. B. Crumpton, who wishes to meet all the ministers and as many brethren as possible. Come out brethren and let us give him a hearty reception at our churches. Some of the brethren may expect to have to preach some. Meetings will commence at 10 o'clock on the days appointed.

J. A. GLENN, March 30th.

Some Lessons of the Gadsden Revival.

The following things are true of at least one locality in Alabama:

1. That doctrinal statements and doctrinal consistency have little force in determining men to join a church. Family alliances, trade interests, and social status, are the potential factors in the premises. The more consistent a system of truth is as a whole, the less apt are men to see this and to feel its force. For feeling predominates reason. Loose statements of men are far more attractive to the people than the consistent demands of God's word. Church membership should be a thing reasoned out in accordance with the word of God, and by the help of the Holy Spirit.

2. That men exalt spirituality at the expense of truth. That is, their spirituality at the expense of your truth, of God's truth. They never fail to present a creed of their own while at the same time they assert the new importance of a creed. Yes, many do even say that so a man is good the rest may go. Spirituality is good, but spirituality and truth are better. Conversion alone is not the supreme thing, but conversion founded in the truth and evidencing itself in the truth, otherwise, the voice may be the voice of Jacob, but the hand is the hand of Esau.

3. That it matters little how much bare truth you may have unless it is accompanied with life, you may shout orthodox till you die, but unless you present to men life as well as a creed

you cannot win. When the world finds out which church has the most saving power then the world will join that church. If Baptists wish to control the conduct of men they must not content themselves with the possession of the truth. Sentimentality coupled with error is far more attractive than a formal orthodoxy. Baptists must exhibit life, or give place here and elsewhere. AVTCH.

The Board of Ministerial Education. One More Appeal.

We have money sufficient to carry us to the first of May. We will need funds to meet expenses for May and June. In order that we may meet all demands promptly, we ask that contributions be sent to Bro. T. L. Ludgins by the twentieth of May.

We have received information that several brethren have money for the Board, we beg that they forward it immediately.

Brethren, we are not allowed to incur any indebtedness. We are obliged to pay our bills when they fall due. Will you not enable us to do it? We hope this is the last appeal we will be obliged to make this year.

W. C. CLEVELAND, President of Board.

To the Ministers of Alabama.

None are so interested in all that pertains to the observance of the Christian Sabbath as you.

No one sees the growing desecration of this holy day as do you.

The first week in April is set apart by the World's Sabbath Observance Union as a week wherein Christians of all nations shall unite in prayer, both public and private, for the better observance of the Lord's day. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union regards that each one of you preach a sermon on "Sabbath Observance" on the first Lord's day in April.

We hope every minister in our state will raise his voice on that day against the many evils that have crept upon us to take away from us this sacred day of rest. The Sunday mail service and trains, the Sunday papers, Sunday excursions and base ball games, open saloons, beer gardens, and open places of business "cry aloud and spare not" to turn the Lord's day into a day of toil and dissipation, and thus bring a blighting curse upon our country.

We hope to have the hearty cooperation of all Christian ambassadors. Respectfully,

EMMA GROENDEYKE, Sup't. Sabbath Observance Alabama, W. C. T. U.

A Word to Young Men.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills, it's the drink of lions and horses; and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be tectotalers if only for economy's sake. The beer money will soon build a house. If what goes into the mash-tub went into the kneading-trough, families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day, poor-houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye do, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton.

We don't fight fires for the herring's comfort, but to roast him. Men do not keep pot houses for the laborer's good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of the house, let it be my own—and not the landlord's! It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer house is a bad friend, because it takes your all, and leaves you nothing but headaches.

He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together, is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, read lions and tigers and eagles and vultures are all creatures of prey; and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons?

Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy, and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for pears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Association Minutes Wanted.

I need the following Minutes for 1885, to-wit:

Clear Creek, Sandy Creek, Harmony, West, Town Creek, Macedonia, Weogufka, Mud Creek, Yellow Creek.

Will some brother in each association please favor me with a copy of Minutes in once I don't wait for somebody else.

WM. A. DAVIS, Statistical Secretary, Montgomery, Ala.

Bro. W. B. Crumpton needs the following Minutes for 1885 to complete his file. Please mail him a copy at once to Marion, Ala.

Clear Creek, Mobile Baptist Union, Harmony, West, Sandy Creek, Macedonia, Town Creek,

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multiple of low cost, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold Only in Cans.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 166 Wall Street, N. Y.

SAMPLES

Of Standard American Watches, Ladies and Gents; Gold and Silver at cost to Agents. For terms send 2¢ stamp to W. M. A. KNECHT, Wholesale and Retail Jeweler, Marion, Perry county, Ala.

Stained Glass

EDUCATIONAL AND DOMESTIC.

Manufactured by the French Silversmith and Ornamental Glass Co., 914 St. Charles St., St. Louis, Mo. Designs and Estimates Furnished on Application.

Read our Testimonials.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

Developed a new method of curing the most stubborn cases of Nervous Debility, loss of vitality and general weakness. Complete restoration to health, vigor and strength. No risk in treatment. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope mailed free.

VOLTAIC BELT CO., Marshall, Mich.

TRESSLAR, Artistic Photographer!

to Fountain Square, Montgomery, Ala.

LIFE SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS A SPECIALTY!

Old pictures copied and enlarged. All sittings made instantaneously.

Correspondence solicited.

JUDSON Female INSTITUTE

Marion, Ala.

ROBT. FRAZER, LL. D., PRESIDENT.

A school of high standard in the departments of Letters, Science, and Arts, as well as in things pertaining to moral and aesthetic training. The boarding patronage has more than doubled in two years, now numbering over one hundred. A new building, that is a large addition was made to the building last summer, the school is still full, so inquiry should always be made in advance.

Catalogues sent on application.

STANDARD MUSIC BOOKS.

For Quartet Choirs.

Dow's Responses and Sentences. Scotts. Strachan's Church Music. \$1.00. Shepard Church Collection. \$1.00. Baumbach's Sacred Cantatas. \$2.00. Baumbach's New Collection. \$2.00. Black's Motet Collection. \$2.00. Black's 2d Motet Collection. \$2.00. Emerson's Sacred Cantatas. \$2.00.

These are all collections of the best and most refined Sacred Music.

For Choruses.

Emerson's Concert Selections. In 6 numbers each \$2.00. Complete \$12.00.

Admirable selection of sacred and secular. Dittos & Co. also call attention to the excellent choir treasury of the best sacred music contained in the more than 100 Masses by Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and other masters which they publish. No Choir Society or Choir should be without them. Latin and English words. Send for lists. Average price 75 cents.

For the Home.

Choice Vocal Duets. \$1.00. Hoffman's Album of Songs. \$1.50. Very superior collections.

Leaves of Shamrock. \$1.00. 200 Irish melodies, arranged for piano.

For Music Students.

Ritter's Students History of Music. \$1.50. The most condensed and practical history extant.

Any book mailed for retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston.

C. H. DITSON & CO., 1228 Chestnut St., Phila.

FARMERS' PILLS

FOR—

Chills and all Malarial Complaints.

We publish a few certificates which show a little light upon the merits of the FARMERS' PILLS. They can be had at any drug store, or sent by mail to the publishers. Many men, women, and children are now living in their graves who would be alive and well if they only had known the power of this great remedy. Where malaria cases cause the FARMERS' PILLS is the power of life over death. No tonic can restore the system to strength while there is malaria in the system, and the FARMERS' PILLS are the only preparation which will drive out malarial poison fills the blood with the phosphates and the finest preparation that is put up in this or any other country. Can be made strong by this remedy.

WEDDON & DENT, Sole Manufacturers, Eau Claire, Wis. For sale by Irvine, Cassel & Alexander, and Dent & Harvey, Montgomery, Ala.

I used a box of the Farmers' Pills and am well pleased with them.

G. C. WILKINGHAM, Stage Pond, Fla.

Please send half dozen boxes Farmers' Pills by conductor. I got one-half dozen boxes from you last September and cannot do without them.

P. V. WISSON, Andersonville, Ga.

What is your price of one dozen boxes Farmers' Pills? I have used your Farmers' Pills myself and know their value.

J. E. MILTON, Quitman, Ga.

Send me one dozen boxes Farmers' Pills by mail at once. They are all that is claimed for them.

J. E. LACY, Collins, Ark.

Send me one more dozen boxes Farmers' Pills. They sell well, and do the work intended better than any other medicine.

W. B. JONES, Monticello, Drew Co., Ark.

Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 11, 1886.

Does Any One Care for Father?

Does any one care for father? Does any one think of the old man upon whose tired, bent shoulders, The cares of the family come? The father who strives for your comfort, And toils on from day unto day, Although his steps ever grow slower, And his dark locks are turning to gray. Does any one think of the day bills He called upon daily to pay, Milliner bills, clothing bills, back bills, There are some kinds of bills every day, Like a patient horse in a tread mill, He works on from morning till night; Does any one think he is tired, Does any one make his home bright? Is it right, just because he looks troubled, To say he is as cross as a bear? Kind words, little acts and kindness, Might banish his burden of care. 'Tis for you he is ever so anxious, He will toil for you while he may live; In return he only asks kindness, And such a pay is easy to give.

—Evening Wisconsin.

The Green Umbrella that did not want to go to Church.

Patter, Patter!

What a soft dripping of the rain there was everywhere! And, looking out into the gray mist tangled among the tree-tops, was a pair of blue eyes framed in pink cheeks and gold-brown hair. These eyes went on a journey to the umbrella rack in the hall.

"Oh, dear!" cried Abby Warner, their owner, as she came from the hall into the sitting-room. "My green umbrella don't want to go to church."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Oh, dear! it has got holes in the top of its head, and its leg is broken, so I doubt if it could walk to church."

"Never mind," said her mother cheerfully. "I can mend the holes, and I can just sew up those legs, and it will hold till you can get it to the umbrella-repairer. Besides, when umbrellas don't want to go to church, and yet can't, I think they had better be told plainly that they must go to church. Abby took the hint.

The green umbrella was soon looking like a grael-bowl turned upside down, and drifting off in the rain. Down the street was another sick umbrella, a brown one.

"I think you had better go to church, Poppy," said Mrs. Smith.

"Oh! I don't want to," whined Poppy. "Sunday-school comes after church, you know, and nobody in my class will be at school."

Looking out of the window, though she chanced to see the green umbrella, and cried, "Oh! there's Abby! She is going. Guess I'll go. She's in my class."

Off went the brown umbrella.

A third umbrella was attacked by the don't-want-to-go-sickness, a strange disease that in some families is very likely to break out Sunday mornings, and not always among the umbrellas belonging to young people. This, third umbrella was a handsome one of black silk; and it belonged to a Sunday-school teacher, Miss Pippins. She thought the other umbrellas in her class would not go, and that her own black one was too nice and delicate for rough weather.

"But what do I see?" she exclaimed looking out of the window. "There are my girls, Abby and Poppy! I guess I will be going."

Soon there were three umbrellas, green, brown, and black, all bobbing along on their way to church. The clergyman officiating that day was the secretary of a missionary society.

"I think there must be something in my sermon," he said, "for the children, when they come out."

He looked about the church, but oh, how empty it seemed! How the wind sounded! It must have fancied the church was a big organ, and all the doors and windows were keys on them and made such groans and groans, sighs and sobs! Soon the clergyman saw the umbrellas coming in, and with them were Abby and Poppy.

"Ah! I guess I will say something," he concluded, and he told about a juvenile missionary society, and wished the children in that congregation might form one.

In Sunday-school Abby said: "Miss Pippins, couldn't our class have a missionary society?"

"Why—why—yes, girls."

"Call it the Green, Brown, and Black Society," suggested Abby, looking at the umbrellas.

Miss Pippins gave one of her little chuckles, and said it would not matter about the name if they "did the thing." And "the thing" they did, for one day Miss Pippins sent ten dollars to the missionary society.

Away off in China, a missionary, one day, received from the secretary a note in which he said this: "I send you ten dollars. It came from a little society, and they say their name is that of the Three Umbrellas. I was wondering where to put the money, and I said to myself that ought to go to some land of umbrellas, and so here it is. It is only ten dollars, but it may help some young Celestial to get a little instruction in the things that are better and purer than what his land can give him."

"Only ten!" said the missionary.

"Oh, there is young Chang Yong! It will teach him ever so much about the Bible. Poor fellow! It is hard work for him to get the money for any instruction. And there he comes down the street now, under that queer umbrella!"

Yes, there was Chang Yong, slowly stumbling down the street in his awkward wooden shoes. Over his head was an umbrella, red as a fire-cracker without but on the under side was painted a black and yellow dragon.

"Chang Yong, you want to come

Alfred's Victory.

BY MRS. ELLA EUGENIA ELLIS.

"I think it's the meanest trick I ever heard of, and Sam Elder is the slyest, most selfish boy in school!" exclaimed little Alfred Bush vehemently, to his sister Annie, who was an invalid, and had never been able to walk since she had fallen on the ice and injured her spine, three winters ago.

"What is the matter, Alf, dear?" she asked, gently.

"Why, I'm the youngest boy in our class, and all the fellows take advantage of me in every way they can think of," replied Alfred, his handsome white forehead all puckered with angry and revengeful feelings. "And I can stand a good deal, and do not mind when they call me 'greeny' and 'prig' and all sorts of horrid names. But to-day Sam Elder knocked my elbow when I was writing in my copy-book and I shall not get the prize. Doctor Jones told me yesterday that I was doing splendidly, and was sure of gaining one of the prizes, if not the first, for all my hopes are gone now. But my teacher will not pass a blot." And then Alfred turned a very despairing look towards his sister, who was so patient under her sad affliction, and endeavored by her daily exhortations to lead her little brother in the path that leads to God.

"Perhaps it was an accident, brother," she said gently. "Maybe Sam did not do it intentionally."

"That is just like you, Annie," said Alfred, kissing the pale cheek. "You are always ready to excuse every one. But I know Sam did it purposely, and I shall pay him for it."

Alfred set his teeth hard, and looked very vindictive.

"Why do you not tell the teacher it was not your fault?" asked Annie.

"Sam would whip me if I told, and besides, it's mean to tell on a fellow, and I wouldn't do it for all the prizes in the world. But I will make him suffer for such a mean trick!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said Annie's gentle voice again.

"Oh, Annie, it is easy for you to be good," said Alfred, a little impatiently. "I'm sure if you were in my place you would find it very hard to feel kind."

"Try putting some burning coals on his head, brother dear."

Alfred's face lengthened. "Now, Annie, I know what you mean. If this enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink. For by so doing thou shalt reap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

"Yes, brother, I think that the best punishment Sam could have," said Annie.

The next day Alfred walked to school with a naughty spirit tugging at his heart.

"Sam expects to get the prize for compositions," it whispered, "contrive something to make him fail."

Then a gentle voice seemed to whisper: "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you." But it was so hard to lose the prize he had striven for for months.

He was late that morning, and when he entered the school he found the class-room empty. All the boys were assembled in the large room for the opening exercises. As he went to his desk he saw a white paper lying upon the floor. He picked it up and his heart bounded with mingled joy and surprise. It was Sam Elder's composition for that day.

"Keep it!" whispered the wicked spirit who is always ready to tempt little boys and girls. "It would be stealing," said conscience, the good angel that God has placed in our hearts to warn us against evil-doing.

"Oh, well, on can give it to him after the prizes are given out and tell him you had just found it," whispered the wicked spirit again.

"That would be lying," said conscience.

Then followed a struggle between right and wrong. For a moment Alfred's hand clasped tightly over the paper. "I would serve him right if I kept it," he thought.

"No, I will not keep it," said Alfred, at last, almost fiercely. The victory was won, and the angels rejoiced over the young conqueror.

When the boys returned, Alfred said: "Here, Sam, is your composition. I found it on the floor."

Sam blushed crimson. "Thank you, Alf," he said, "shake hands with a fellow, will you? You're a real brick," he added, "and I'm sorry I spoiled your copy-book yesterday, and Sam looked so confused and ashamed that Alfred thought: "Annie is right, that coal does burn."

"But, say, Alf, what made you do it?" asked Sam.

"Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you," bravely responded Alfred, who was not afraid to speak a word for Jesus. The boys did not call him prig, as usual. There was such a noble look in his face. The very soul of truth shone from his dark eyes as he spoke. The boys thought of the abuse they had so often inflicted upon him and how patiently he had always borne it, and they felt ashamed of it.

"You're a good little fellow," came from many lips, and Alfred was pleased to have gained their respect; but above all he was happy in the consciousness of having pleased his heavenly Father.—N. Y. Observer.

Carlo.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and a few people were in the place as most of the citizens of the town were absent on a popular excursion.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast, and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

His dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it is out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back; but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of his return had been given up, a loud shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day.—St. Nicholas.

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No; look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing, in a round text-hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud:

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: 'January 4. When I lost my shilling Ben made it up to me kindly.'"

"Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good for marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if only trusted to my memory; so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, its general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chills, sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by Druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 675 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Chestnut Street Incident—Young lady with huge parcel rushes along, making everybody keep a sharp look-out for their eyes. A man who is smoking has his hat half knocked off by the lady's parcel.

Man (very mad)—What in the name of common sense do you want with a parcel when there is no want you own the town.

Young Lady—If I did own the town gentlemen would not smoke this side of the street. Gentlemen don't do it, anyhow."

The drunkard is a burden to himself as well as his friends; but, since intoxication becomes a disease, it requires a remedy of no usual activity. Those who have taken Simmons' Liver Regulator declares that it sets the liver in action and invigorates the system in such a way as to destroy the craving for strong drinks. The shaky, nervous and distressed should resort to the regulator as a tonic, to regulate the torpid liver to action, to regulate the bowels and remove the feeling of general depression and wish it the craving for liquor.

Man often preaches from the house-top while the devil is crawling into the basement window.

Alfred's Victory.

BY MRS. ELLA EUGENIA ELLIS.

"I think it's the meanest trick I ever heard of, and Sam Elder is the slyest, most selfish boy in school!" exclaimed little Alfred Bush vehemently, to his sister Annie, who was an invalid, and had never been able to walk since she had fallen on the ice and injured her spine, three winters ago.

"What is the matter, Alf, dear?" she asked, gently.

"Why, I'm the youngest boy in our class, and all the fellows take advantage of me in every way they can think of," replied Alfred, his handsome white forehead all puckered with angry and revengeful feelings. "And I can stand a good deal, and do not mind when they call me 'greeny' and 'prig' and all sorts of horrid names. But to-day Sam Elder knocked my elbow when I was writing in my copy-book and I shall not get the prize. Doctor Jones told me yesterday that I was doing splendidly, and was sure of gaining one of the prizes, if not the first, for all my hopes are gone now. But my teacher will not pass a blot." And then Alfred turned a very despairing look towards his sister, who was so patient under her sad affliction, and endeavored by her daily exhortations to lead her little brother in the path that leads to God.

"Perhaps it was an accident, brother," she said gently. "Maybe Sam did not do it intentionally."

"That is just like you, Annie," said Alfred, kissing the pale cheek. "You are always ready to excuse every one. But I know Sam did it purposely, and I shall pay him for it."

Alfred set his teeth hard, and looked very vindictive.

"Why do you not tell the teacher it was not your fault?" asked Annie.

"Sam would whip me if I told, and besides, it's mean to tell on a fellow, and I wouldn't do it for all the prizes in the world. But I will make him suffer for such a mean trick!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said Annie's gentle voice again.

"Oh, Annie, it is easy for you to be good," said Alfred, a little impatiently. "I'm sure if you were in my place you would find it very hard to feel kind."

"Try putting some burning coals on his head, brother dear."

Alfred's face lengthened. "Now, Annie, I know what you mean. If this enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink. For by so doing thou shalt reap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

"Yes, brother, I think that the best punishment Sam could have," said Annie.

The next day Alfred walked to school with a naughty spirit tugging at his heart.

"Sam expects to get the prize for compositions," it whispered, "contrive something to make him fail."

Then a gentle voice seemed to whisper: "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you." But it was so hard to lose the prize he had striven for for months.

He was late that morning, and when he entered the school he found the class-room empty. All the boys were assembled in the large room for the opening exercises. As he went to his desk he saw a white paper lying upon the floor. He picked it up and his heart bounded with mingled joy and surprise. It was Sam Elder's composition for that day.

"Keep it!" whispered the wicked spirit who is always ready to tempt little boys and girls. "It would be stealing," said conscience, the good angel that God has placed in our hearts to warn us against evil-doing.

"Oh, well, on can give it to him after the prizes are given out and tell him you had just found it," whispered the wicked spirit again.

"That would be lying," said conscience.

Then followed a struggle between right and wrong. For a moment Alfred's hand clasped tightly over the paper. "I would serve him right if I kept it," he thought.

"No, I will not keep it," said Alfred, at last, almost fiercely. The victory was won, and the angels rejoiced over the young conqueror.

When the boys returned, Alfred said: "Here, Sam, is your composition. I found it on the floor."

Sam blushed crimson. "Thank you, Alf," he said, "shake hands with a fellow, will you? You're a real brick," he added, "and I'm sorry I spoiled your copy-book yesterday, and Sam looked so confused and ashamed that Alfred thought: "Annie is right, that coal does burn."

"But, say, Alf, what made you do it?" asked Sam.

"Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you," bravely responded Alfred, who was not afraid to speak a word for Jesus. The boys did not call him prig, as usual. There was such a noble look in his face. The very soul of truth shone from his dark eyes as he spoke. The boys thought of the abuse they had so often inflicted upon him and how patiently he had always borne it, and they felt ashamed of it.

"You're a good little fellow," came from many lips, and Alfred was pleased to have gained their respect; but above all he was happy in the consciousness of having pleased his heavenly Father.—N. Y. Observer.

Carlo.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and a few people were in the place as most of the citizens of the town were absent on a popular excursion.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast, and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

His dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it is out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back; but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of his return had been given up, a loud shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day.—St. Nicholas.

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No; look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing, in a round text-hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud:

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: 'January 4. When I lost my shilling Ben made it up to me kindly.'"

"Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good for marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if only trusted to my memory; so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, its general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chills, sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by Druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 675 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Chestnut Street Incident—Young lady with huge parcel rushes along, making everybody keep a sharp look-out for their eyes. A man who is smoking has his hat half knocked off by the lady's parcel.

Man (very mad)—What in the name of common sense do you want with a parcel when there is no want you own the town.

Young Lady—If I did own the town gentlemen would not smoke this side of the street. Gentlemen don't do it, anyhow."

The drunkard is a burden to himself as well as his friends; but, since intoxication becomes a disease, it requires a remedy of no usual activity. Those who have taken Simmons' Liver Regulator declares that it sets the liver in action and invigorates the system in such a way as to destroy the craving for strong drinks. The shaky, nervous and distressed should resort to the regulator as a tonic, to regulate the torpid liver to action, to regulate the bowels and remove the feeling of general depression and wish it the craving for liquor.

Man often preaches from the house-top while the devil is crawling into the basement window.

Alfred's Victory.

BY MRS. ELLA EUGENIA ELLIS.

"I think it's the meanest trick I ever heard of, and Sam Elder is the slyest, most selfish boy in school!" exclaimed little Alfred Bush vehemently, to his sister Annie, who was an invalid, and had never been able to walk since she had fallen on the ice and injured her spine, three winters ago.

"What is the matter, Alf, dear?" she asked, gently.

"Why, I'm the youngest boy in our class, and all the fellows take advantage of me in every way they can think of," replied Alfred, his handsome white forehead all puckered with angry and revengeful feelings. "And I can stand a good deal, and do not mind when they call me 'greeny' and 'prig' and all sorts of horrid names. But to-day Sam Elder knocked my elbow when I was writing in my copy-book and I shall not get the prize. Doctor Jones told me yesterday that I was doing splendidly, and was sure of gaining one of the prizes, if not the first, for all my hopes are gone now. But my teacher will not pass a blot." And then Alfred turned a very despairing look towards his sister, who was so patient under her sad affliction, and endeavored by her daily exhortations to lead her little brother in the path that leads to God.

"Perhaps it was an accident, brother," she said gently. "Maybe Sam did not do it intentionally."

"That is just like you, Annie," said Alfred, kissing the pale cheek. "You are always ready to excuse every one. But I know Sam did it purposely, and I shall pay him for it."

Alfred set his teeth hard, and looked very vindictive.

"Why do you not tell the teacher it was not your fault?" asked Annie.

"Sam would whip me if I told, and besides, it's mean to tell on a fellow, and I wouldn't do it for all the prizes in the world. But I will make him suffer for such a mean trick!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said Annie's gentle voice again.

"Oh, Annie, it is easy for you to be good," said Alfred, a little impatiently. "I'm sure if you were in my place you would find it very hard to feel kind."

"Try putting some burning coals on his head, brother dear."

Alfred's face lengthened. "Now, Annie, I know what you mean. If this enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink. For by so doing thou shalt reap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

"Yes, brother, I think that the best punishment Sam could have," said Annie.

The next day Alfred walked to school with a naughty spirit tugging at his heart.

"Sam expects to get the prize for compositions," it whispered, "contrive something to make him fail."

Then a gentle voice seemed to whisper: "Be kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you." But it was so hard to lose the prize he had striven for for months.

He was late that morning, and when he entered the school he found the class-room empty. All the boys were assembled in the large room for the opening exercises. As he went to his desk he saw a white paper lying upon the floor. He picked it up and his heart bounded with mingled joy and surprise. It was Sam Elder's composition for that day.

"Keep it!" whispered the wicked spirit who is always ready to tempt little boys and girls. "It would be stealing," said conscience, the good angel that God has placed in our hearts to warn us against evil-doing.

"Oh, well, on can give it to him after the prizes are given out and tell him you had just found it," whispered the wicked spirit again.

"That would be lying," said conscience.

Then followed a struggle between right and wrong. For a moment Alfred's hand clasped tightly over the paper. "I would serve him right if I kept it," he thought.

"No, I will not keep it," said Alfred, at last, almost fiercely. The victory was won, and the angels rejoiced over the young conqueror.

When the boys returned, Alfred said: "Here, Sam, is your composition. I found it on the floor."

Sam blushed crimson. "Thank you, Alf," he said, "shake hands with a fellow, will you? You're a real brick," he added, "and I'm sorry I spoiled your copy-book yesterday, and Sam looked so confused and ashamed that Alfred thought: "Annie is right, that coal does burn."

"But, say, Alf, what made you do it?" asked Sam.

"Be kind to one another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another; even as God for Christ's sake has forgiven you," bravely responded Alfred, who was not afraid to speak a word for Jesus. The boys did not call him prig, as usual. There was such a noble look in his face. The very soul of truth shone from his dark eyes as he spoke. The boys thought of the abuse they had so often inflicted upon him and how patiently he had always borne it, and they felt ashamed of it.

"You're a good little fellow," came from many lips, and Alfred was pleased to have gained their respect; but above all he was happy in the consciousness of having pleased his heavenly Father.—N. Y. Observer.

Carlo.

How well we all remember Carlo! He was a dear old dog, and belonged to Mr. Rhodes, the constable of our town.

Carlo always made a point of attending all the fires in the town. He could mount a ladder like a fireman, and well do I recollect the last of his adventures.

It was toward evening on a holiday, and a few people were in the place as most of the citizens of the town were absent on a popular excursion.

I remember feeling sadly disappointed at having to miss the excursion myself. At about five o'clock the bells in the churches began to ring very loud and fast, and Carlo, who had been lazily sleeping and watching the place, started up, and with two or three expressive growls that summoned his master, ran with all speed for the fire.

His dog was very busy and intelligent all the time, dragging down the stairs, with great speed and care, things of every description.

As the last house was burning, the cry of a child was heard in the upper story.

Of course it is out of the question for any one to go up and expect to come back; but Carlo seemed to take in the situation at a glance. Knowing in his dog mind that the first stories were already in a blaze, he leaped up the ladder and jumped in through the window. The fire and smoke soon drove him back, but his master who appeared at that moment, shouted to him to go in, and the people cheered. Whether he understood or not, he again entered the window, and when all hope of his return had been given up, a loud shout announced his arrival. He was terribly burned, and fell before he reached the ground; still holding with wonderful firmness a little babe.

The child did not prove to be greatly harmed; but poor Carlo's injuries were fatal. The brave dog received every care, but he died the next day.—St. Nicholas.

The Book of Thanks.

"I feel so vexed and out of temper with Ben," cried Mark, "that I really must—"

"Do something in revenge?" inquired his cousin Cecilia.

"No; look over my Book of Thanks."

"What's that?" said Cecilia, as she saw him turning over the leaves of a copy-book nearly full of writing, in a round text-hand.

"Here it is," said Mark, then read aloud:

"March 8. Ben lent me his hat."

"Here again: 'January 4. When I lost my shilling Ben made it up to me kindly.'"

"Well," observed the boy, turning down the leaf, "Ben is a good boy, after all."

"What do you note down in that book?" said Cecilia, looking over his shoulder with some curiosity.

"All the kindnesses that are ever shown me; you would wonder how many there are. I find a great deal of good for marking them down. I do not forget them, as I might do if only trusted to my memory; so I hope I am not often ungrateful; and when I am cross or out of temper, I almost always feel good-humored again if I only look over my book."

Advice to Consumptives.

On the appearance of the first symptoms, its general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chills, sensations, followed by night-sweats and cough, prompt measures of relief should be taken. Consumption is a scrofulous disease of the lungs; therefore use the great anti-scrofulous or blood purifier and strength restorer, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as a pectoral. For weak lungs, spitting of blood, and kindred affections, it has no equal. Sold by Druggists. For Dr. Pierce's treatise on consumption, send ten cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 675 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Chestnut Street Incident—Young lady with huge parcel rushes along, making everybody keep a sharp look-out for their eyes. A man who is smoking has his hat half knocked off by the lady's parcel.

Man (very mad)—What in the name of common sense do you want with a parcel when there is no want you own the town.

Young Lady—If I did own the town gentlemen would not smoke this side of the street. Gentlemen don't do it, anyhow."

The drunkard is a burden to himself as well as his friends; but, since intoxication becomes a disease, it requires a remedy of no usual activity. Those who have taken Simmons' Liver Regulator declares that it sets the liver in action and invigorates the system in such a way as to destroy the craving for strong drinks. The shaky, nervous and distressed should resort to the regulator as a tonic, to regulate the torpid liver to action, to regulate the bowels and remove the feeling of general depression and wish it the craving for liquor.

Man often preaches from the house-top while the devil is crawling into the basement window.

Alfred's Victory.

BY MRS. ELLA EUGENIA ELLIS.

"I think it's the meanest trick I ever heard of, and Sam Elder is the slyest, most selfish boy in school!" exclaimed little Alfred Bush vehemently, to his sister Annie, who was an invalid, and had never been able to walk since she had fallen on the ice and injured her spine, three winters ago.

"What is the matter, Alf, dear?" she asked, gently.

"Why, I'm the youngest boy in our class, and all the fellows take advantage of me in every way they can think of," replied Alfred, his handsome white forehead all puckered with angry and revengeful feelings. "And I can stand a good deal, and do not mind when they call me 'greeny' and 'prig' and all sorts of horrid names. But to-day Sam Elder knocked my elbow when I was writing in my copy-book and I shall not get the prize. Doctor Jones told me yesterday that I was doing splendidly, and was sure of gaining one of the prizes, if not the first, for all my hopes are gone now. But my teacher will not pass a blot." And then Alfred turned a very despairing look towards his sister, who was so patient under her sad affliction, and endeavored by her daily exhortations to lead her little brother in the path that leads to God.

"Perhaps it was an accident, brother," she said gently. "Maybe Sam did not do it intentionally."

"That is just like you, Annie," said Alfred, kissing the pale cheek. "You are always ready to excuse every one. But I know Sam did it purposely, and I shall pay him for it."

Alfred set his teeth hard, and looked very vindictive.

"Why do you not tell the teacher it was not your fault?" asked Annie.

"Sam would whip me if I told, and besides, it's mean to tell on a fellow, and I wouldn't do it for all the prizes in the world. But I will make him suffer for such a mean trick!" exclaimed Alfred.

"Charity suffereth long and is kind," said Annie's gentle voice again.

"Oh, Annie, it is easy for you to be good," said Alfred, a little impatiently. "I'm sure if you were in my place you would find it very hard to feel kind."

"Try putting some burning coals on his head, brother dear."

Alfred's face lengthened. "Now, Annie, I know what you mean. If this enemy be hungry give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty give him water to drink. For by so doing thou shalt reap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."

"Yes, brother, I think that the best punishment Sam could have," said Annie.

The next day Alfred walked to school