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Beatitude.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"Blessed is the man who endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him."—James 1: 12.

The text is a beatitude. It begins with blessed. We should all like to be blessed. What a more than golden word that "blessed" is! It begins the Psalms of David; there is sweetest poetry in it. It begins the sermon of the Son of David; it is the end of all holy teaching. "Happiness" is the earthly word; "blessedness" is the heavenly one. Happiness may prove to be a superficial appearance; but blessedness is deep as the abyss. Happiness ripples like a flowing brook; but blessedness is a springing well. Happiness may be wholly human; but blessedness hath the divine element in it. Happiness is transient; blessedness is eternal. Happiness may lie in our own conception of things; blessedness is God's verdict. God's truthful statement of a man's condition. Happiness may prove but tinsel; blessedness is solid gold. Oh, to be blessed! Blessed of the Lord which made heaven and earth!

Where are these blessed men?

There are such still upon the earth, for the text said, "Blessed is the man" who can enter their ranks and become members of their glorious peerage. Blessed men! Henceforth we will not rest until we are initiated into this sacred fellowship.

Great mistakes are made as to the persons who are happy and blessed. Some suppose that the wealthy must be blessed; but if their lives were written, it could be proved to a demonstration that some of those who have had the largest possessions have had the very least of blessedness, especially when those possessions have brought with them the curses of the oppressed and the wailings of the down-trodden. It must be an awful thing to have tons of cankered gold and silver pressing upon the soul, and burying the true life beneath the accursed load! Ah, and when wealth comes justly it often brings such care, such burdensomeness with it, that it is well described in the Scriptures as a load of thick clay. No; look

Not in Gold Mines

for blessedness, for it gleams not among the nuggets. It cannot be gotten for all the treasures of the miser, or the wealth of nations.

But, surely, it is to be found in positions of eminence and power. These are greatly coveted, and men will sell their souls to win them; but I suppose from what I have read of history that if I were to select the most unhappy set of men beneath the vault of heaven one would only have to select statesmen, emperors, and kings. Surely on the day of his installation the great man may well say, "Farewell peace!" Not the high but the holy are blessed; not those who sit with the great, but those who serve with the good are marked out of the Lord as blessed.

Nobler natures feel no greed for gold, and pine for no distinction of rank; but they count those blessed who know, and are stored with wisdom. Surely to pry into the secrets of nature, and read the pages of philosophy must be pleasure of a lofty kind. Hence ambitious youth burneth the midnight oil, and the oil from the marrow of life as well, hoping that in search and study the mystery of blessedness will be discovered. But is it so? Doth he that increaseth knowledge increase joy? Doth he not rather add to his sorrow? In another school than that of Plato we must learn in whatsoever state we are there with to be content. If you want blessedness, hear him speak who knows. That is, hear the Holy Ghost speak by the mouth of his servant James: "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." The subject for to-night shall be the blessed man in his worldly state, and, secondly, the blessed man in the world to come.

BLESSED MAN IN LIFE.

I. We are going to find him out first in this present world, and consider him in this present life. Let us behold the blessed in this life.

"Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." It does seem very startling at first sight that the blessed man should be described in this way. Notice, it does not say, "Blessed is the

man that is tempted," nor "Blessed is the man that is beset by temptation." No, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation." That is to say, the man who bears up under it, survives it, is not led aside by it, but endures it as gold endures the fire.

Temptations Common.

You need to have a religion which is tested every day in the week, and which stands you in good stead because it can endure the test. You are blessed if you have a religion which God gives, which God tries, which God sustains, which God accepts. As an uncultivated garden is no garden, so untended godliness is no godliness. A faith that will not bear strain and test is no faith. A love that cannot endure temptation is no love to God at all. See, then, he is not blessed who is screened from temptation, but he is blessed whose faith, and hope, and love, and every grace will bear the trial.

In these times, we need not wish for more temptations, for they are all around us. Men who live in London need not go across the street to meet the devil. The very atmosphere of a great city is close and hot with the reek of sin. As flies in summer, so will temptations torment you, go where you may. Men of business, you need not ask for temptations; they are thick in every trade; they multiply like gnats. They swarm in the factory, the counting-house, the exchange, and the shop. The Christian man in public need not sigh for temptations; they will not be ashamed to solicit him in the open streets. This age tests the backbone of every Christian. A man had need be a man at such an hour as this. We must not be dwarfs nor spiritual consumptives now. We have come into the very thick of the fight, and woe to that man who cannot endure temptation; but blessed is the man who can bear it even to the end.

And they are blessed among other things for this reason: because they have endured temptation through their love to God. Read the text again, "Blessed is the man that endureth temptation: for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." So that those who endure temptation rightly, endure it because they love God. They say to themselves, "How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?" They cannot fall into sin because it would grieve him who loves them so well, and whom they love with all their hearts. To abstain from sin for any reason is, so far, good; but yet, you may abstain from sin from a motive which will lend no virtue to your abstinence. Some abstain from sin from fear of men, or from hope of gain; as the thief is honest, when he sees the policeman, and the beggar becomes pious when a dole is to be had at church. One sin will often kill another sin, as the miser shuns profligacy because he is too mean to spend his money riotously. But to abstain from sin because you love God—aye, that is the thing. After the tried man has stood against temptation, God says of him, "Now I know that thou fearest God." This approval of God breeds a holy delight in the soul. The soul becomes conscious of the approbation of God; and I venture to say that any man who has felt that approbation in his heart knows the beginning of heaven.

He is Thankful.

There comes a number of things to help to make such a man blessed; for he has great thankfulness in his soul. "O God," he says, "I thank thee that I have been kept while passing through those temptations." He is as glad as one who has been taken out of a burning house. I have known what it is to escape from a strong temptation without falling into it, and I think I have felt as grateful to God as a man would be who had seen a shark after him, and had been almost between his jaws, and had just slipped away as he heard the monster close his mouth with a snap. I remember standing under a building which was in course of erection and seeing a mass of stone fall from a great height just in front of me. What a thrill it made! How narrow was my escape! How I started! But what joy filled my heart! So it is when one is delivered from temptation—from temptation which began to overpower the heart. As David said, "My feet had almost gone; my steps had well-nigh slipped."

The Blessed Man after Death.

II. Just a few words on what the blessed man is to be by, and by. "When he is approved, he shall receive the crown of life, which the

Lord hath promised to them that love him."

He shall receive a crown. Of course the allusion is to the Grecian games. See how the man runs! Every muscle is strained. There is not a part of his body but what is violently exercised. He tries to pass his fellows. He flies to the goal; he reaches it; and then he receives a crown. A crown of laurel, or of ivy, or, perhaps, of parsley, was put upon his head. It had no value in itself. The Greeks were so little honest that a man could not have kept his crown in his house if it had been worth a penny. Strong rooms and iron safes had not then been dreamed of, and therefore they gave the athletic Greek a crown of fading leaves; and yet many men throw away health and even life to gain that paltry wreath. Though it was intrinsically worthless, it had about it a meaning which made each leaf inexpressibly precious to him who labored for it and obtained it. Now, if we live by God's own grace through faith in Christ, a life that shall be full of purity and holiness, God will give us a crown, not of laurel, nor of parsley, nor even of gold and rarest gems, but a "crown of life" that he has promised to them that love him. Very wonderful, is it not, that God should reward our poor endeavors? Yet so he will.

There is a crown for me. Does it make you laugh? I trow I seldom think of it without beginning to laugh. Shall you and I wear crowns? Shall it even be that our poor limps will yet win the race—that our staggering struggles will yet overcome, and that we shall be crowned? Oh, ye dear Christian people that live in poverty and obscurity, I have a reverence for your heads which are already anointed with grace, for your heads that are yet to be crowned with glory. You run—often, run better than the greatest and most observed of your fellow-Christians; and you shall not miss your reward. There is a crown laid up, not only for Paul, but for all them that love our Lord's appearing.

Now go an inch farther in the text: "A crown of life." What must that be? What is a crown of life? Life does not mean existence. Why, they say that when God promises eternal life to Christians, it means that they shall eternally exist. They always must eternally exist, because God has made their souls immortal; but there is no blessing in eternal existence; on the contrary, it may curdle into a curse. The blessing is in eternally living; and what is living? It is not mere existing. In fact, existence, though it be essential to life, does not enter into the meaning of life, nor so much as come near it. To live means to be in health, to be in vigor, to be in right and fit condition, to have one's whole self in order, and to enjoy all that surrounds you with all that is within you. God will give to all his people by and by such a crown of life. Life shall crown all. And your life shall be crowned; and all the crown shall be life! "A crown of life."

The Crown.

Does it not seem, however, as well—is it not a sort of Hebrewism for a living crown? The crown they gave in the Olympic games soon faded. That bit of parsley, or olive, or laurel, was soon turned into faded leaves. But you shall have a living crown; that is to say, it shall never be taken from you, nor you from it. When you son grows pale with weariness, when his bright eye grows dim with age, when yonder moon shall redden into blood as her brightness is overshadowed, then shall your crown be as resplendent as ever. When time itself shall cease to be, and visible things shall die, and death itself shall be swallowed up, yet you shall not cease to be blessed, for you shall receive a living crown—a crown of life, which cannot know an end.

But listen once more. Did you ever try to indulge a speculation as to what the crown of life shall be? I mean this: I have had several bulls, lately from Central Africa. The missionary said, "Put it in your stove-house," and I did. It did not look to me worth a half a farthing; it was an uncouth green. But it has developed large green leaves; it is growing rapidly; and "it doth not yet appear what it shall be." I am speculating upon the color of the flowers, and the form of the fruit. I guess by the delicate velvetiness of its leaves that it is going to turn out something very remarkable; but I cannot prophesy what it will be. Man by nature is that uncouth bulb. When he dies, you know what a poor dried-up bulb he seems to those who lay him in his coffin. Yet even here, when God gives spiritual life, what a beautiful thing the Christian is!

The Real Evolution.

You gentlemen who believe in evolution, as I do not, tell us what a man will come to when God has sanctified him fully by his grace, and he has passed through ages of blessedness. What will he be when his life develops into the crown of life? But I will tell you what I mean to do: I pray you follow me therein. I mean to go and see what this crown of life is like. We do not know what we shall be, but we have heard a soft whisper say, "When he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Come, let us go to Jesus. First, let us haste away to his cross, and unlet us look up, and say, "We trust thee, Jesus." Then, from his cross let us come down and take his yoke upon us, and learn of him, and say, "Jesus, we will follow thee." Then, let us go with him into the thick throng of temptation, where Satan shall try us with wealth and honor, or with necessities even unto hunger, as he tried our Lord; and there let us stand and say, "O Lord Jesus, even as thou didst." O Lord, when we have thus done, we will die with thee; and if thou comest not soon, we will lie asleep in thee; and when thou sayest, "Awake," we will answer, "Here we are." We will live with thee forever and forever; and our joy shall be that crown of life which the Lord has promised of his own free, rich, sovereign grace to them that love him.

May every person in this congregation wear that crown! May you soldiers in your red coats over yonder win this crown, and wear it forever! May you all be more than conquerors, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

Not Forsaken.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS BURR.

I saw a poor, crazed mother moaning in the arms of her only son. A strange fancy had taken possession of her weakened mind, and her words ran something like this:

"It was raining that night, I remember how the water dripped from the eaves, and drenched the poor leaves of the ivy that was climbing up against the house; and the daisies, too, lay all wet, and torn, and dragged, out there in the storm. Sometimes they looked like the daisies, and sometimes I thought they were little dead babies, and I wanted to bring them in. The willow cried so hard that night, I stood out on the porch watching it. Its hair was down, trailing in the sand; and it stood there wringing its hands, and mourning so piteously. O poor willow! I know just how it felt, out there in the storm and dark."

"That was the night I lost my boy. Sometimes I think he is here, for I can almost feel his strong arms about me; and sometimes a soft, white hand smooths back my hair, and rests me—so—his wife's hand, somebody said. But it is all a delusion, for my boy has been lost for years. A dear angel came into the house that night, wearing a robe that shone as if it were made of the sunlight, and the old house had never been so bright before. Every room was filled with the light, and everybody seemed so happy. By and by I saw the angel standing beside my boy, and when she kissed his lips he looked so glad and proud! Then the light grew brighter, and dazzled so I went out on the porch; and it was then I saw the little dead babies, and found the willow crying as if its heart would break. Then the wind told me that I had lost my boy. I hurried into the house, but I could not find him, and I have never seen him since. They told me it was his wedding night, and he had gone only for a little while; but the wind said the angel had taken him away from me, and the wind knew, for he has never come back to me."

And all the while she had been talking so wildly the strong arms of her boy had been about her, and the soft hand of his wife had rested on her hot brow, and smoothed back the thin hair when it fell into her face. All that her poor heart seemed to crave she had, and did not know it, the presence, and love, and strength of her son, and all that the love of the household could contribute to her comfort.

It is often so when God seems lost to us. Because of our weakness, we lose our hold on him, and think he has left us, when all the while he is holding us, and all our life is touched with his love and patience and tenderness. More often than we think, our moaning is done in the arms of the Father. "Who is among you that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? Let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God." (Isa. 50: 10.) "Fear: thou not, for I am with thee." (Isa. 41: 10.)

My Visit to Marion.

According to agreement with Dr. Cleveland, who is ever watching and planning for the best interests of our Zion, I went up on Thursday, the 18th inst., to give me a day to look around and enjoy my visit to the place so dear to every true Baptist heart of Alabama.

COL. J. T. MURFEE.

Imagine, if you can, dear readers, such a man as Col. Murfee, filled with the onerous responsibilities of the presidency of a college unendowed, competing successfully with two good State institutions, totting unremunerated day for our theological students, supervising a very large garden for the boarding department of the college, equaling in scientific culture the best Georgia farm, and doing numberless other things which I cannot mention, standing at the depot, with countenance bright, and look as eager as if the governor was expected, to meet an unworthy creature as myself, to conduct me in princely style to his own magnificent and happy home. How could I be otherwise impressed than that, if not a minister himself, he took great pleasure in helping to prepare other men for the work. Where state that the object of my that was to lecture to the young ministers of Howard College. You can now understand the intense interest manifested in my arrival. Suffice it to say, laying aside all adulation, if the man lives who is a more perfect gentleman, a superior presiding officer of a literary institution, and better suited generally to a work in which he is engaged, than Col. Murfee of Marion, I would like to see him.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

The Colonel took me, of course, the first place, next day, to the College, and made me talk some to the young men. I was truly delighted with the appearance of the young men, much more with their behavior, and most of all with the manner of conducting affairs. Exercises opened with a spirited song, led and conducted by the young men. It really seemed as if the college was regarded with the breath and melody of heaven, for after the song was sung a chapter was read and prayer offered by the president, one of the professors or a theological student. I walked through the different apartments and examined into the method of instruction in all departments—their improved, style and thoroughness—and the discipline of the college. I now, but never before, understand those remarks so often made in our Convention about the Howard plans; and think I can give them more clearly than I have ever heard them given, and will do so at our next Convention, if God permits me to be there. We do not know what we possess in Howard College and its noble and efficient faculty. It can be endowed, and I am in favor of the ball being started now, and never let it cease to roll until Howard College, as it deserves, shall be the peer of any college in the Union. I will not allow myself to be betrayed into more extended remarks just now and here.

REV. A. C. DAVIDSON.

I know proximity is unadvised, but I feel that I would almost sin did I not assert, through the columns of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, that Marion should be congratulated on the procurement of such a man, with such a wife, and I ought to add, such a kind and courteous little daughter. I appeal to Bro. W. B. Crumpton, and others, who know the facts, to know if I am not uttering the truth. Will say no more. He went with me to the dear old

JUDSON FEMALE INSTITUTE.

Necessarily the most hallowed recollections of my college life in Marion were the war cluster about my wife's alma mater. A recurrence to my visit there almost kindles the fire of romance in my bosom; but I will refrain; my wife is now forty-four, and my youngest boy eleven and going, and my eldest grand-daughter very distinctly utters "grand-pa." The buildings are beautiful, and the internal management, under President Frazer, is unsurpassed. I was truly sorry I had not more time to go through the Judson and see more of its modus operandi, for what I saw was profitable to me indeed as an instructor myself. There was an adjunct in music I never saw before, and I'll guarantee progress in this department with any one who can learn. Bro. Frazer did not know my thoughts, but it really seemed to me he was trying to eclipse Col. Murfee in his courtesy. After declining to dine with him from a previous engagement, he accompanied Bro. Davidson and myself to old sister Barron's residence, (whose name is fragrant with the aroma of benevolence) just to be with us and enjoy our society. I'm sorry

I cannot say more, but I must hasten on to the

AUDIENCE AND YOUNG MINISTERS.

The audience, the brethren said, was about as good as usually attended such meetings; they were all surely quite earnest in their attention. It was a fine and promising set of young men. They really seemed to enjoy the occasion. After it was over I was introduced to twelve young men, most of whom, if not all, will make themselves felt some day, especially if they can continue at Howard College long enough.

Altogether, my trip was delightful, and, to me, profitable. I almost wished I was back in old Howard again. Let many of us go up to the commencement in June, and receive enough fire to put the endowment ball in motion.

B. H. CRUMPTON.

Evergreen, Ala., March 29th.

The Manner of Giving.

The love of money is the root of all evil. It is selfish, worldly, and corrupting. These three forces, self, the world, and the Devil oppose us in every good work. Between these and duty there is always a fierce conflict, when any enterprise of a religious nature claims our support. It is not surprising then, that so many Christian people do so little in support of the Gospel. A close analysis of our feelings, when we are called upon to part with our substance for the support of any enterprise, will show us what a hold these three powers have on our religious feelings. To yield to any one or all of these influences, when duty calls, and give sparingly of our substance to the support of the Gospel, is robbing God. The Lord expects us to honor him, as he says, with our substance; but when we give sparingly and grudgingly, then God is not honored, nor are we blessed. Self and the Devil would have us believe that the Lord is unfaithful to his promises, when in fact we are not up to the standard of duty in giving, until God is honored by our giving. Every Christian man should have some system by which to honor God with his substance. To depend upon irregular effort, is to give without any preparation of heart and mind. Irregular giving is so often dependent upon outside influences and not upon the preparation of the heart. To give by some system is to get the feeling enlisted. When that is the case prayer follows, and the blessing comes. The promises are not to those who give impulsively and irregularly. I mean those who give as they are drummed to give, and then governed by what their neighbors do, in the amounts they give in the support of the Gospel. "Honor the Lord with thy substance, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty." In this requirement the Lord lays out a system, in that we are to give of the first fruits of all our increase. Tithe out first the Lord's share. Give him the best, and first, before ourselves. Don't wait until our living and expenses are reckoned, and then if anything is left give of the leftovers to the Lord. The promises are not to such as make self first and foremost. Men expect the blessing too often with only a part of their duties performed, and not in full.

The text requires the first fruits of all things increase, without it the promises need not be looked for. With a strict compliance to the requirements, thy barns shall be filled with plenty. God has said it and he has never yet lied to any of his creatures. The only trouble in the way of God's making his promises good, is our want of trust in him, in advance of the fulfillment of his promises. He asks to be proved in this matter, and if we are unwilling to prove him, he is unwilling to make good his promises. He says "bring all your tithes into the storehouse of the Lord, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now; that I will not open the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing so that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Christian giving, after some sort of system, is as essential as prayer is essential to Christian growth. The neglect of one or the other will dwarf the soul until there is no sign of life to be found. No man can keep up a system of giving and get show signs of life. It is productive of fruits, of good fruits. It makes religion a business of our life, and keeps us alive to the progress of the cause in our own midst, and abroad. It brings out and helps, if it is not the prime cause of the development of all the other Christian graces. A Christian dwarf is the most pitiable object in the church of God.

R. B. BUNNELL, March 23rd.

It is a small thing to be wronged, but a horrible thing to be wrong. I cannot say more, but I must hasten on to the

Interruptions During Recitation.

I have little sympathy for the illiterate old lady, who said she never could have gotten on while traveling in foreign lands if she had not had an "interrupter" (interpreter). The difficulty in the Sunday-schools is that we have too many interrupters. Only a short time since I visited a school which possessed more than ordinary advantages. One of the teachers was absent, an occurrence all too common in nearly all the schools. I was asked to teach the class of the absent teacher. I consented to do so, and began my work in earnest. We were getting on nicely, for I had the perfect attention of every pupil in the class. The interest was deepening as we proceeded, when suddenly we were interrupted by the secretary with a pencil and record-book in hand, who desired to know the number present in the class and to know who were absent. We suspended the recitation, and he did his work and went to another class for a similar purpose. We tried to begin where we left off at the time of the interruption. It took us some little time to straighten out and get to work again; and even then we did not go to it with the zeal we had before; the attention was not so good.

I worked hard to gain what we had lost by the visit of the secretary, and was being rewarded by a rapidly increased interest, when down upon us came the treasurer with the contribution box. Again we suspended the recitation; took from our pockets our money and dropped it into the box, which transaction occupied ample time to distract our attention thoroughly from the lesson. The treasurer, gone, we began once more with a visible decrease of interest upon the part of both teacher and pupil. I bent my energies, however, to the task of getting through with some degree of success after all these systematic though unintentional efforts to thwart me. I rallied my pupils, and would have come out with a very much better recitation than one would have expected under the trying circumstances, if it had not been for the librarian, who suddenly came upon us and carried my class by storm by pouring in upon them a shower of attractive picture-papers. I accepted the situation with the best grace I could, and we spent the remainder of the thirty minutes allotted to the recitation in looking at the handsomely illustrated papers.

Now, so unwise and harmful a procedure as this should never be tolerated in the school; and as a superintendent I would lay it down as a fundamental principle, never willingly to allow a class while reciting to be interrupted by an officer of the school, nor permit any performance, the tendency of which would be to distract the attention of the class from the recitation. No one except the superintendent should move about over the room during the precious moments spent in the recitation; and even he should move about as little, and as quietly as possible. The great object of the school is at once defeated if the God-given work of the teacher is interfered with. I fear very little for all your methodical record-books, or your systematic drills; if you fail to teach the Scriptures to the school; and you virtually make this failure, when you regard the wretched of the class of so little significance that it must give way to all other duties performed in the school.—P. H. DUNCAN, in the Bible School.

Face your Troubles.

"I had plowed and sown a rock in one of my fields for years," said a farmer, "and I had broken a mowing-machine knife against it, besides losing the use of the ground in which it lay, all because I supposed it was such a large rock that it would take too much time and labor to remove it. But to-day, when I began to plow for corn I thought that by and by I might break my cultivator against that rock, so I took a crow-bar, intending to poke around it and find out its size once for all. And it was one of the surprises of my life to find that it was little more than two feet long. I was standing on its edge, and so light that I could lift it into the wagon without help."

"The first time you really faced your trouble you conquered it." I replied aloud, but continued to enlarge upon the subject all day myself, for I do believe that before we pray or better, while we pray, we should look our troubles square in the face.

Imagine the farmer plowing around that rock for five years, praying all the while, "O Lord, remove the rock!" when he didn't know whether it was a big rock or a little flat stone?

We shiver and shake and shrink, and sometimes don't dare to pray

about a trouble because it makes it seem so real, not even knowing what we wish the Lord to do about it, when, if we would face the trouble and call it by its name, one half of its terror would be gone.

The trouble that lies down with us at night, and confronts us on first waking in the morning is not the trouble that we have faced, but the trouble whose proportions we do not know.

Let us not allow our unmappped trouble to make barren the years of our lives, but may we face it and with God's help work out our own salvation through it.—The Advance.

How to Destroy the Bible.

First get rid of all the copies in all the languages—there are 160,000,000 copies, say, of the Old and New Testaments in one book and in portions of the book—you must have all these piled together into a pyramidal mass and reduced to ashes before you can say you have destroyed the Bible. Then go to libraries of the world, and when you have selected from every book that contains a reference to the Old and New Testaments, you must eliminate from every book all such passages; and until you have so treated every book of poetry and prose, including all ideas of grandeur and purity and tenderness and beauty for the knowledge and power of which the poets and prose writers were indebted to the Bible—until you have taken all these from between the bindings and turned them into ashes leaving the emasculated fragments behind—not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Have you done it, then? Once more. Go to all the courts of law, and, having sought out the pandects and codes, you must master every principle of law, and study what it may have derived from the Old and New Testaments, and have all such passages removed from the codes of jurisprudence. You must then go through the galleries of art throughout the world, and you must slash and daub over and obliterate the achievements that the genius of the artist has produced—not until then have you destroyed the Bible.

Have you done it then? What next? You must visit every conservatory of music, and not until the world shall stand voiceless as to its masters, not until then have you destroyed the Bible. Then you must visit the baptistries of the churches, and from the baptismal rolls you must erase all Christian names—the names of John and Mary—for they suggest the Scriptures, and the register is stamped with the Bible. Have you done it, then? No there is one copy of the Bible still living. It is the cemetery of the Christian. The cemeteries while they exist, are Bible, and to suppress the book, to let no trace of it be discovered, you must pass from grave-stone to grave-stone, and with mallet and chisel cut out every name that is biblical, and every inspiring passage of Scripture graven thereon. To destroy the Bible you must blot from the memory of every Christian its promises and comforts. Not until you have done all this can you destroy the Bible.—Dr. Guard.

"Preach that Sermon every Chance You Get."

That was said to our Secretary after a sermon about Christian work and the comfort there was in seeing God's hand leading his children along. It was said by a Christian man of large business, one who "makes money for the Lord." How often it is the case that Christian men whom the Lord has prospered allow their business cares to separate them from their God. How often a sermon which tells of God's goodness and tender care for his children falls upon ears dull of hearing, because of large business interests. The brother spoken of above not only enjoyed the sermon himself, but his missionary spirit made him wish that others might hear the truth which had stirred his heart. When God's children look out from themselves and wish and pray that good may come to others, they will carry out the great commission, and then the gospel will fly through the earth. That's it, brethren, drink at the fountain yourself, but don't forget those who are in the great desert perishing for the water of life.

Let not any one say that he cannot govern his passions, nor hinder them from breaking out and carrying him to action; for what he can do before a prince or a great man, he can do alone or in the presence of God, if he will.—Locke.

Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to tomorrow.

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 8, 1886.

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

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THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Montgomery, Ala.

DRUNKENNESS IN PUBLIC OFFICE.

A religious journal cannot afford to become a political organ. To do this, would defeat the very object it should have in view—the animation of men in the path of duty and right, irrespective of party allegiance. This journal has never been tainted with political discussions, as such, but from its inception it has not hesitated to grapple with questions, political or otherwise, that have risen to the atmosphere of the moral. And when they reach such an altitude we expect to be heard as occasion may require. We have decided interest in the prosperity of our State, material, intellectual, moral and religious. No insult to her dignity should go unresented.

The chief executive of this union has declared that "a public office is a public trust." Such is the fact in all republican governments, and when adhered to, will result in a proper administration of public affairs.

Public officials are the servants of those who give them place, and are responsible and amenable to the laws under which they hold their positions. One of the most grievous accusations against the appointing power and a free ballot is the too frequent promoting to office of men of intemperate habits. The question comes to us, who is responsible for this outrage on public decency? Who is it that so grossly insults the virtue, the manhood, and the dignity of the better class of citizens? Who is it that places these men in office? Can Christian people, as a class, hold up their hands and say, "we had no part nor lot in this matter, our influence and our support was thrown boldly on the other side?" Some can thus say, but others, by their influence, and by the authority vested in them, have placed in offices of profit and trust, men of low instincts, dissolute habits, and woefully intemperate. The wicked walk on every side, when the vilest men are exalted."

If a public office be a public trust the very best men should be sought to administer such office. It should not be a question of popularity, but a question of fitness, socially, morally and intellectually. Be it remembered, that all classes of people have more or less business with our public officials, hence the strictest scrutiny should be made into the history and character of the applicant. The very best material should be sought to fill every office—whether filled by election or appointment. Men of the highest type of true manhood, to whose example parents can point their children, and say "emulate that man," should occupy every office, from the smallest to the most exalted and responsible.

What is more humiliating, disgusting and abhorrent to the refined tastes and exalted appreciation of citizens of a republican government, than to see a public official drunk, or hear him breathing out oaths and curses that burn as they flow? It is a stigma on the intelligence of citizens of a common country, and a reproach to a Christian civilization. And again, we ask, who is responsible for this state of things? To a great extent, the Christian people are important factors

in bringing about this result. This ought not so to be. Because a candidate is my friend, or because he is a jolly, good fellow in his way, I must support him, is the rock on which men's actions are sometimes calamitous and fatal.

We do not propose to inject politics into our religion, but we do propose to carry our religion into our politics, so far as to direct and control our action to the promotion of great moral ends. We do not claim that public offices should be filled from the body of the Christian church, not by any means, but we do claim that sober, upright, moral men should be sought for and honored with official distinction. We understand the line drawn by our forefathers between church and State; we understand something of the constitutional qualifications for office, and we stand by these requirements, but let us as citizens, have one common interest, the good of society, the welfare of our country, and as Christians, above all, the building up of the church of Christ on earth.

To accomplish the greatest good in forming public opinion the press must be bold and outspoken in the denunciation of wrong and the maintenance of right principles, and controlled by high moral influences, will receive the enforcement of the thinking and the true, whether churchman or not.

THE REPRODUCTIVE POWER OF SIN AND RIGHTNESS.

There are two characters that figure in sacred history, not to say others, around which there will ever gather a peculiar interest, as illustrating the power of sin and righteousness to perpetuate themselves through many centuries. One of these is "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that caused Israel to sin," the other is "Elijah, the Tishbite," the great reformer of Israel, their epochs being only separated by about fifty years. *Fact* is better than *argument* to convince men. A principle embodied is worth more than all the logic in the world. Sin incarnate in human character and conduct is more horrid, more revolting to the moral consciousness of all holy beings, than the combined logic of the Christian world can make it. Righteousness exemplified in Christian character is more influential than all the defenses of religion that ever were or ever can be written. We may distrust the argument but we cannot deny the fact.

Take the first character named above, Jeroboam, under whom the ten tribes revolted, and who established what is known as the kingdom of Israel. To keep his subjects from going up to Jerusalem to worship in the fear that mingling with their brethren there their old affection for the house of David as well as for the old worship would bring them back to the traditions of their fathers, he sat up two calves, the one in Dan, the other in Bethel, saying to his people, "Behold the gods that brought thee up out of Egypt." He also established a sacred feast in honor of these gods, knowing that long habit had made this necessary to his people. This was an adroit piece of state-craft that showed the sagacity of the man. His ingratitude blotted out all traces of regard for the God of his fathers, so that he made no conscience of establishing idol worship right in the face of all the marvellous works of Jehovah among that people. Thus he "caused Israel to sin" by a direct violation of the first commandment, "Thou shalt have no other gods beside me." The sin of idolatry with its accompanying vices thus set in operation by this wicked king went on with increased momentum through the centuries until the Babylonish captivity nearly four hundred years afterward, and in some of its aspects even survived that, entailing some of its consequences till their city was destroyed by the Romans seventy years after Christ. Nor is it at all wonderful that when the name of this apostate king is mentioned hereafter in sacred story, it is often connected with that terrible collocation of words that impails his character with an immortality of infamy—"Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, that caused Israel to sin!" God linked his name with his sin, so that it followed him through the ages with the tenacity of his shadow. Alas, we know not where a single divergence from the law of God may lead us! But this we do know, that "sin when it is punished bringeth forth death."

Elijah, the great reformer, indicates how righteousness is made to reproduce itself through the conflict of ages. This great character stands to-day, next to Moses, the grandest figure in Jewish heraldry. There was a time when it did seem that he stood the sole representative of God on earth, and he thought as much himself, until the Lord assured him of the "seven thousand" that were still true to him. It looked as if he carried the fate of his people in his hand, just as his God had given him, so to express it, the key to the store house of nature, to lock up its resources by stopping

the rain and the dew, and drawing down the curse of a general famine, and then unlocking it to vindicate his divine mission and punish an ungodly nation. If we may quote substantially the expression of a great author, his track in Jewish history may be traced as we trace that of a cyclone. And it seems to be fitting that a man whose life abounded in such startling events should have had such a marvellous close. He was carried to heaven in a whirlwind in a chariot of fire. And ever thereafter Elijah was esteemed as next to Moses in his influence among his people. Over nine hundred years after his translation, God honored him again by sending him and Moses to the mount of transfiguration to talk with Christ "concerning the decease which he should accomplish at Jerusalem." He is yet a tree of righteousness bearing perennial fruit.

SECULAR JOURNALISM.

The freedom of the press in this country has done more to form the distinctive characteristics of American citizenship than all other causes combined. When the press is wielded by ability, prudence and patriotism, it is really more potent than law. The fact is it shapes legislation, State and national. Give us the press, and we can tell you, reader, just what Congress and every State Legislature will do in their spheres. The truth is, the newspaper has come to be as necessary to the man of average intelligence as his daily food. It is a kind of oracle which he consults with as much confidence as the ancients when they went to Delphos. The theory of our government, as expressed in the preambles to our several State constitutions, is that all power is inherent in the people, and as the press moulds their sentiments on all public questions, we may know whom they will choose to shape those sentiments into civil and criminal enactments. John Smith, in his private capacity, is no more than William Jones in his community. But put him at the head of a newspaper, and he will be quoted as authority and felt as a power wherever his paper circulates. He is supposed to represent public sentiment, and is suddenly transformed from "I," John Smith, into "we," the people. He becomes invested with that unknown quantity indicated by the ominous "etc." which accompanies all his deliverances.

That the amazing power of the press is often prostituted to vile purposes does not admit of a doubt. In our important political campaigns it is very sad to see this engine of power recking with "the blood of reputations." This is the greatest abuse to which our political press has been degraded. But then there is a compensation for this mendacity—the powers of defence and counter-charge are about equal to the power of attack. So that they mutually neutralize each other. Many years ago, pending a presidential election, it is said that an Englishman was making the tour of this country, and after reading the papers on both sides, he wrote a letter to an English journal to the effect that if these papers were to be believed, two of the grandest scoundrels outside of our penitentiaries were candidates for the presidency of the United States.

But really we took up the pen to write in a different strain. For the last four or five years we think we have discovered some improvement in the moral tone of our secular newspapers, or perhaps we should say in the demands of the public on the press, or both. There seems to be more of candor, of transparent honesty, in the discussion of political questions now than a few years ago. Many of our editors appear to have discovered that abuse and slander are not arguments, that principles may be sustained without traducing men, and that when it comes to "throwing mud," no man can play at the game.

A few years since, those "blood and thunder" stories of crime that darkened the columns of the average newspaper, were written out by adepts with the most revolting particularity, every circumstance colored, exaggerated to the highest degree, as if the purpose was to open a school of vice in which young men could graduate in the science of "murder considered as one of the fine arts." Many of our papers now are content simply to state the facts without these disgusting accompaniments. We think there is improvement here in not a few of our papers, though there is yet a great margin for reformation.

Again, five or six years ago, there was scarcely a secular newspaper in all our country that dared to refer to prohibition otherwise than in a deprecating spirit, many of them denouncing it as interfering with private rights, and as seeking to establish "sumptuary laws," etc. We were then living in a country where an election on the subject was ordered, and the friends of prohibition paid several hundred dollars to the proprietor of one of the papers in that county for the use of its columns for the campaign. Now, many of our secular papers are pronounced prohibitionists, others sympathize with the movement, and we know of none that will not admit of properly written articles on that sub-

ject into the papers. We know it will be said that public sentiment demands this show of fairness, but we are bound to believe that the editors of those papers have honestly changed their opinions, and have come to conclude that prohibition embodies the highest, holiest, and most enduring interests of our common country.

To our mind, these things indicate a gradual elevation in the moral tone of our secular press.

A WORD ON PROHIBITION.

Some of our more ardent temperance friends seem somewhat muddled, or we are, as to what is meant by not mixing up prohibition with politics. What we mean by it is this: that we shall not make prohibition a test of party fidelity by requiring the men for whom we propose casting our votes to agree with us, or by forming a "third party." What we want is "local option;" and if the party in power will give us this we shall not ask them whether they are prohibitionists or anti-prohibitionists. We do not propose to spring a new test of party fealty. We propose leaving all parties just as they are—only give us "local option." We will do the rest. Whatever is accomplished in our State in this respect must be accomplished through the dominant party. If we "run a muck" against the ruling party by attempting to organize a third party a thousand recollections of the past will combine to solidify that party to preserve its integrity and defeat our purpose. The franchise we ask is a purely democratic franchise. We desire this whole question remanded back to the people by law, so that they, in their sovereign capacity shall decide whether intoxicants shall be retained in their several cities, towns and counties. No man can give the ghost of a reason why this should not be done who is morally and intellectually worthy of a seat in our State Legislature. This prating about liberty, personal rights, and the like, is all twaddle. We might as well say that we have no right to protect our people against a contagious disease, as cholera, yellow fever, &c., by a system of quarantine, because it interferes with the rights of ships to navigate the seas, as to say that society has no right to protect itself from the ravages of a ten fold worse evil than all the contagions that have afflicted the earth for the last hundred years.

The highest courts of the country have long since decided this question in favor of prohibition, where the law authorizes an election, and a majority vote adversely to the liquor traffic. Drunkenness is the crime of the age, the liquor traffic is its prolific cause, and to stop the one is to abate the other. We remember in our boyhood that a malignant fever broke out in the then city of Knoxville, Tenn., of fearful fatality, produced by some mill ponds in the corporate limits of the city, and the law abated them as a nuisance, although they were private property. Our personal rights end where they infringe upon the rights of others and the integrity of society. We are after the *cure*, not the *non* engaged in it. We simply say to them, "Turn your business capacities into other channels where it will at least not be a curse, if not a blessing to society."

FIELD NOTES.

Rev. J. J. Porter is aiding in a meeting at Troy.

It delights us to hear that "the ALABAMA BAPTIST grows better and better."

The Baptists of Decatur, not to be behind others, are repainting their church building.

A bill making gambling a felony has passed both houses of the Kentucky legislature.

Rev. Abner H. Borders, of Clayton, died in Atlanta, Ga., on March 30th, full of years and honor.

A brother renewing says his Methodist wife thinks they could not get along without the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Thirty-five have been received at Columbia during the meeting there, conducted simply by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Thompson.

The Sunday-school of First church, Montgomery, gives us fifteen dollars for the subscription of certain who are unable to pay for their papers.

Rev. Dr. Frost has closed the meetings in the Baptist church in Selma, and left for Marion to assist in a protracted meeting now in progress.

We learn that Dr. D. W. Gwin finds the climate at Hollins Institute unfriendly to the comfort of his family. He desires also to return to his chosen life-work, the pastorate.—*Ex. dex.*

"To say that I am pleased with the paper under your management will fairly express the truth. It is all that I could desire." And Bro. B. renews his own subscription and sends a new name.

I recently baptized three at Friendship church. This church has been in a most prosperous condition ever since the meeting of Union Association. They have received seven members and made a partial contribution to missions, intending to do more. Chestnut Creek church, too, is doing well.—*H. Jones, Verona.*

The Union Springs *Herald* during the last two or three weeks eighty-seven people have united with the churches in that place—twenty-three with the Presbyterian, thirty-two with the Methodist, and thirty-two with the Baptist.

Steps have been taken to renovate Mt. Zion Baptist church, one of the oldest churches in the Tuscaloosa Association, and the Baptists of Dadeville will repair their building. Quite a number of meeting houses are going up in different sections of Alabama.

The other day a poor flagman, Nicholas Conner, at a railroad crossing in Jersey City, at the sacrifice of his own life, saved the lives of two children who were in imminent danger of being crushed under the wheels of a rapidly moving locomotive. He leaves a destitute family. This man was a greater hero than many whom the world calls great.—*Register.*

We have just closed a series of meetings. I preached several nights, had large congregations, the church was very much revived, sinners interested, and two were added to the church by experience and will be baptized on the second Sunday in April. While the Lord has been and is blessing other places, he did not pass us by. We praise God for it, and take courage.—*H. R. Schramm, Glenview, Ala.*

Men in office should be examples to the people, as well as servants carrying out their wishes. Who can think and reason for the general good with his senses steeped in liquor? We wish that from the lowest to the highest, our officers were chosen for their moral and intellectual worth; and the democracy must look to it that her selections are of that stamp, else a counter movement will lose all the advantages we have so hardly gained.—*Ex.*

There is great rejoicing among the students at the Waverly to-night, and Dr. Boyce gives me permission to send the good news to you, so that the many friends of the Seminary all over the land may rejoice with us.

A telegram received this afternoon from Dr. Broadus, from New York, states that he has succeeded in raising \$60,000 for the Seminary buildings. While Dr. Broadus has been at work in New York, Dr. Boyce has been at work here, and has obtained the balance due on the Broadway lot, namely, \$23,000. The lot is now paid for and \$60,000 subscribed for the buildings.—*Geo. B. Taylor, in Religious Herald.*

Macedonia Church—Colportage Fund, etc.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. Please let me write just a few lines from this little field, Macedonia church, Ala., Rock Mills Association, of which Bro. H. R. Moore is pastor. Bro. Moore is a very zealous preacher of the gospel, rich in grace. Bro. T. J. Embrey, deacon, takes, reads, loves, talks for the ALABAMA BAPTIST here. Bro. Embrey would spit rails at 50 cents a hundred to pay for the paper, if necessary—hurrah for Bro. Embrey! Bro. G. F. Weaver, I believe, takes the paper, too. This is a good church composed of people generous and kind, with good congregations. Prayer meeting and Sabbath-school exercises are part of the order of church services. I am missionary now in Rock Mills Association to get up a colportage fund. This church, my beginning point, subscribes eight dollars to the fund, and gives me one dollar and twenty-five cents cash, to help along the mission work in the association. This is well for this church, and outsiders, not members, helped to make the amount. Now, if the other churches in the association will do like Macedonia has done, the colportage fund will be secured and one of the very grandest ward movements in the cause of the divine Master accomplished in the association.

I shall hold a meeting with each church in the association as soon as I can possibly do so. Brethren let us determine to do great things for God and expect great things of God, and verily we will realize a soul full of heavenly feelings. Those in the churches who take the ALABAMA BAPTIST will please call attention to this notice and let the churches govern themselves accordingly.

S. M. ADAMSON.
Louisa, March 22nd.

An Advance Movement.

We hear that a country church in the Union Association, of which our venerable Bro. Ray is the pastor, has arranged to have a three days' meeting every quarter. Last Friday they met, had dinner on the ground, talked about missions all day; discussed plans for raising funds, adopted Bro. Crumpton's envelope plan, took a liberal collection, and all went home happy.

That's the way Liberty church does the business. When the association meets every cent of their pledge will be redeemed by this plan. If we are not very much mistaken the light is beginning to break on us. What will we not accomplish for our Master when all of our churches have a well worked plan for collecting? *

Every duty we omit obscures some duty we should have known.

Can We Afford not to Obey?

The work of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Southern Baptist Convention has never been so extensive or so prosperous. We have over one hundred missionaries, native and foreign, laboring in North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

In the past fifteen months eighteen additional laborers have been sent out, and the constant cry is for more workers to sow the good seed and gather the harvest of souls. But the Board has not funds sufficient to support those already in the field. Of the \$3,000 asked of Alabama, as her quota of the \$100,000 distributed among the States, \$2,559.85 has been paid by the churches. Only thirty days remain in which to raise the balance, \$440.15. Can it be done? It can be done by prayer and labor. Is not the spirit of God knocking now at the hearts of those who have the Lord's money for this purpose? Pray for them; labor with them; pray for and labor with ourselves. Can we afford not to obey? Study and Cry. H. A. TUPPER, Cor. Sec. Richmond, Va.

How God Prepares His Jewels.

In reading the life of the Apostle Peter, one of the great lessons we learn is the value of defeats, humiliations and trials. None of the other disciples had a rougher time, and none seemed to get so many stern rebukes from the Saviour's lips. He was hasty and precipitate, and often got into trouble. He was covered with shame on the night of the betrayal. There is a meaning and purpose in all this. Diamonds are dug out of the earth in a rough, rude state. At first we see neither worth nor beauty in them. They are all covered with a hard ugly crust. Then they are cut and sawn, and split, and put upon the wheel, and ground and ground, until they have the right shape, until the blemishes are ground out, and they shine in beauty and brilliancy, fit for the crown of a king.

Peter was one of God's precious diamonds; but when the Lord found him he was a rough stone, a diamond in the rough. He had to be kept long on the wheel, and ground until the roughness was ground off. It was Peter's trials, humiliations, and defeats that made such a grand and glorious saint of him.

God knows how to deal with us to break down our pride, and rub off our worldliness and selfishness; he has only to put us upon the wheel awhile and grind us down. Afflictions and trials will soon cure our self-confidence. Christ let Peter fall into the mire, and sink into the sea, and permitted Satan to sift him, but it brought out his better parts—it brought out the man and the Christian.

There are some characters that resemble summer fruits that ripen early in the season under the genial warmth of the sun; but there are many who do not ripen until the early frost comes, and nip them. All through the summer they are sour, bitter, and unfit to eat, but the keen, sharp frosts ripen them, and make them luscious and mellow.

Some Christians bear just such fruit, they remain unripe for a long time; they are for a long time sharp, acrid, mean, selfish, bitter, censorious. They lack that sweetness, gentleness, and kindness of disposition and temper we see in others, and which make them lovely and enjoyable. They may be good men and women, they may mean right, have good intentions, but they are not beautiful. People do not love and admire them, and yet they are God's children. But, by and by, the sharp frosts come and bite them; afflictions enter their dwellings or prey upon their frame, trouble in troops comes sweeping over them, sorrows overwhelm them, bereavements turn their green leaves sear and yellow. Then they are defeated, crushed, humiliated. God allows all this, and he watches over them, and has them in his hands, and they are like ripe fruits; after the frost, ripe, rich, and luscious, or they come off the wheel bright and precious. Frosts open the chestnut husk, and the rich, ripe fruit rolls out of the prickly envelope. So sorrows strip many a beautiful soul of its rough harsh character. These hard bits, cuffs, and tumbles of Peter's early discipleship helped to make him that Peter of the Acts and the Epistles. Paul's scourings, persecutions, and imprisonments, made him one of the brightest jewels of the world. David composed and sang his most beautiful psalms in the wilderness, when chased by King Saul. During John Bunyan's imprisonment, amid the clanking of chains, he gave to the world that inimitable allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress." Let God burn out your dross in his furnace, blow away your chaff, mellow your character, and temper by the sharp frosts, grind of the hardness and roughness of your character on this wheel of affliction. Someday, when it is all over, you will bless God for it. His purposes are wise and good.

God will break you in pieces and crush you; in all your affliction he is afflicted; around and underneath you are the arms of his loving compassion; your trials may be painful, but the

trial of your path shall be precious; your path may be dreary, but it can not be long; then brighten it with hope and cheer with song.
J. H. CURRY.
Pickensville, Ala., Mar. 17, 1886.

Letter from Dr. Teasdale.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. Yesterday was a day of considerable interest to the Baptists of this city. The auditorium of the church had undergone thorough repairs, and the church had been compelled to meet in the lecture room for nearly two months. The improved audience room has opened yesterday morning. Dr. Dobbs, the esteemed pastor, preached an able sermon on the occasion, of the duty of all who cherish hope in Christ, to come out from the world, and identify themselves with God's organized people—the church, which is the pillar and ground of the truth. Rev. J. B. Gambrell, editor of the *Baptist Record*, of Jackson, Miss., offered the prayer. The music of the occasion, which was of the highest order of excellence, was led by a quartette choir, aided by the organ and pianet. The effect on the large congregation was very fine.

In making the improvements on the church, a debt of about \$200 remained unpaid. At the request of the pastor, Bro. Gambrell took the stand, and soon raised more than enough to cancel the indebtedness, and the congregation went away happy over the result. We have now the handsomest church house in this city, the best preacher, as it goes without saying, the best music, by universal consent, and the best Sunday school. I think the outlook for the future prosperity of our cause here is very encouraging.

Yesterday Dr. Dobbs closed his first year's labors with the church in this city, and he will enter upon his second year next Sunday, with appropriate services. His labors here are highly appreciated, and I trust he will be eminently useful among us. My prayer is "O Lord, send now prosperity!"

Bro. Gambrell preached at night, after which service the ordinance of Christian baptism was administered to five joyful candidates; eight others had previously been baptized. Notwithstanding the great inclemency of the weather, the house was well filled.

The State Female Industrial Institute and College, which is located here, is a great success. It was opened in October last with over 300 pupils; and nearly 100 others, from different parts of the State have since applied for admittance, but could not be accommodated for want of room in the dormitory. It is hoped that the next legislature will provide for these exigencies. This is a pioneer institution of its kind, and it is hoped that its success may stimulate other States to provide for the proper training of the girls of their respective commonwealths.

We were to the sex to provide for them such culture as will enable them to be useful to the fullest extent, and render them independent when their education is completed. I trust the ALABAMA BAPTIST will ever live and prosper.

Fraternally,
PHOS. C. TEASDALE.
Columbus, Miss., March 29th.

True Religion.

True religion is diffusive and extensive in its operations. I see people, drawing lines continually, and saying, "So far is religious, and so far is secular." What do you mean? The notion is one which spits with the exploded notions of sacred places, priests, shrines, and relics. I do not believe in it. Everything is holy to a holy man. To the pure all things are pure. To a man who seeks first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, his house is a temple, his meals are sacraments, his garments are vestments, every day is a holy day, and he himself is a priest and a king unto God. The sphere of Christianity is coextensive with daily life. I am not to say, "I serve God when I stand in the pulpit;" for that might imply that I wished to serve the devil when my sermon was over. We are not only to be devout in church, and pious at prayer-meetings, but to be devout and godly everywhere. Religion must not be like a blue piece of medieval armor, to be worn on the wall, or only worn on rare occasions. No; it is a garment for the house, the shop, the bank. Your ledgers and iron safes are to be made by grace "holiness unto the Lord." Godliness is for the parlor and the drawing-room, the counting-house and the exchange. It can neither be put off nor on. It is of the man and in the man if it be real. Righteousness is a quality of the heart, and abides in the nature of the saved man as a component part of his new self. He is not righteous who is not always righteous.—*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 forward with a copy of Minutes at once? 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,
Mount Carmel, Warrior River,
Mud Creek, Weogufka,
Yellow Creek.

The Southern Baptist Convention.

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

The hotels have made the following special rates for delegates and visitors to the Convention, to-wit: Exchange, \$2.00 per day; Windsor, \$2.00; Central, \$1.50; and Merchants \$1.50. Numerous private boarding houses will entertain at \$1.00 per day.

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

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

Honorary Members.

Mr. Editor: Have you ever known of honorary members in a Baptist church? Whether there be such anonymous personage in this State or not I shall not attempt to decide, but I infer from a recent and excellent article in the *Examiner* under this heading, that a few such are to be found in New York State. There are, however, certain characteristics peculiar to them, which so clearly mark the dissimilarity between them and other brethren; as to enable any one to distinguish the one from the other.

It is not uncommon for certain societies, not at all connected with our churches, to elect honorary members.

The following are some of the peculiarities belonging to these members: 1. They pay no initiation or annual fees. 2. They may attend the meetings or not attend just as they choose, being under no obligation either way. 3. They have no services to perform; but while the regular members labor, and toil, and give to build up the society, these honorary gentry are under no obligation to aid them. 4. They receive no reward, and share not in honors due to the society. 5. They are members simply for the honor of it.

Now, an honorary member in a Baptist church loses none of these peculiarities, but possessing them in an eminent degree; they distinguish him as clearly there as in a literary society.

Now, while I do not like to appear censorious, still you must permit me to say that there are some reasons why I am decidedly opposed to honorary membership in our churches. Among these reasons are the following: 1. It is subversive of every principle upon which church organization is based, and hence, so far as it goes, directly defeats the whole design. 2. The example is pernicious, for if generally followed it would soon destroy all our churches, as it would cut off all contributions for every purpose, bibles, hymn books, meeting houses, Sunday schools, pastor's support, the poor, missions, education and all. 3. To do nothing as a member of a Baptist church is to do much harm. It is to sin against God, to violate the most solemn vows and obligations. To do nothing is to dishonor God, dishonor his church, and to dishonor ourselves. To do nothing destroys our interest in the church, and alienates us from our brethren. To do nothing inclines us to grumble and cavil at those who are trying to do their duty, for "the grumblers don't give, and the givers don't grumble." To do nothing hardens the heart, sears the conscience, and blunts the finer feelings and impulses of our nature. To do nothing deprives us of the peace and joy in God, as well as the sweet consciousness of doing our duty. Ah! if I can do no more than give two mites, and say to some poor soul "Come to Jesus," let me do that. If you have not two mites, you can fill your place in the church, and benefit and bless others. Spurgeon says, "If I have nothing to set before him I have nothing for myself." May God of his sovereign grace convert such, and help them to do something.

—B. F. Corley, in Baptist Courier.

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