

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

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The Happy Art of Illustration.

"You tell what things are, but never what they are like," was the criticism that great preacher, Robert Hall, made once upon a brother minister.

This same criticism might be made upon many a teacher in the Sunday-school. He knows the lesson for he has studied it well, and he can tell what he knows in sentences which flow as clearly as a running brook; but somehow what he says runs through the mind of the scholar like water through a sieve, and leaves no trace behind. The truth is taught, but it is not made effective. The nail is driven, but it draws too easily out of the mind, and the labor is lost. Now, my dear teacher, learn to clinch the nail with a well chosen illustration, and it will stay where it is driven.

For the mind, whether of the child or of the adult, delights in making comparisons. We want to know not only what a thing is, but also what it is like. We hold up as a torch that which is plain, so as to see that which is dark, and we compare truths in the spiritual world with objects which we see in the world of nature. In this way the field of truth is enlarged before our vision, and what we see is not soon forgotten. A word-picture is always a pleasant object to gaze upon, and the teacher who can draw it at will is apt to be the center of a charmed circle.

My conscientious friend, Mr. Proseaway, who has charge of the big boys' Bible-class, is gazing his way in a cloud of discouragement. His mind is full of thoughts about the lesson which he knows how to tell, but not to illustrate. "I cannot make an illustration," he says, "for my mind does not run in that direction." How does he know whereof he affirms? Did he ever put his mind on the right track, and then apply a little steam in the way of well directed energy? He certainly has imagination, for he can understand and enjoy the illustrations which the preacher gives in the sermon. If so, let him have hope, and courage, and even he may find, to his joyful surprise, that he has learned the happy art of illustration. Nothing is impossible to him that wills.

The world and the word are full of beautiful analogies, my friend, and if you cannot see them with your own eyes, then use the eyes of other people. Begin in a humble way and ask easy questions. "The truth of God is like light, like rain, like seeds which fall from the sower's hand, like a handful of heaven, and like a pearl of great price. Now ask why truth is like these things, and when you have found out then tell others. This may seem like a childish step for you to take, but it is a step in the right direction, and in the work of the teacher nothing is of small importance.

Advance a step farther, and study the poetry which is hidden in many of the words we use. Many words are poetry in a fossil state, and I have found the study of the dictionary to be a great help to the imagination. It has been to me as suggestive as a poem. Let the man who laughs at the idea of finding poetry in the pages of a dictionary study the history of words, and trace them to the poetic age in which they were born, and he will find food for thought. Yonder preacher talks of tribulation, and he says: "The very word is instructive. It tells of the old threshing-sledge which tore the chaff from the grain, and which left the pure grain to be gathered, and the chaff to be scattered by the whirlwind." So our tribulation is not to destroy, but to separate from us the evil which has grown with our growth. And then after tribulation there comes to the good man—triumph! That word triumph calls up the vision of the warrior coming home from the field of strife, and amid the cheers of the assembled thousands, riding through the streets of old Rome with his crown, and robes of victory, and the trophies his valor has won. But what is this to the Christian's final victory?

Suppose you cannot originate an illustration—then borrow, and borrow with the utmost freedom. Do a big business on the capital of other men, and by and by you will have a little capital of your own. Dare to be a universal plunderer. Invest some superfluous cash in a book of illustrations, and use them freely and on the slightest pretext. Some persons will say this is very bad advice, and tends to make one only a borrower and to restrict the free action of the mind. Nothing of the kind! If you borrow and use, you will find out that you can make an illustration quite as good for your purpose as any in the book. You will begin to see resemblances, and find that a hidden power to see a likeness between things now begins to show and to assert itself. What have

you done? You first threw into your dry intellectual pump a few quarts of illustrations from Foster's collections, and now you begin to pump out a thin but growing stream of illustrations which are all your own. "I am," said Falstaff, "not only witty myself, but the cause of wit in others." "I am," Foster might well say, "not only the collector of many good illustrations, but the cause of many other good ones used by preachers and teachers, and which are not found in any of my books."

The fact is, every faculty of the mind can be cultivated if one only knows how, and has the spirit of perseverance. Let not the faithful teacher despair. He has imagination, and he can perceive the force and beauty of the illustrations which others use; and if so, he can make some of his own if he will first live by borrowing. The trouble yet may be that his wealth will embarrass him. What an annoyance it is, when one desires to illustrate a subject, to find not one or two but a whole flock of illustrations flying to him as the pigeons fly to the piazza of St. Mark's, in Venice, when the clock strikes two!

The teacher would do well to study the method which was followed by the divine Teacher. He taught first by precepts, clearly and briefly stated, and then he added the parables. Hence "the common people heard him gladly." The method of teaching by parable, which is but one form of illustration, has ever been a favorite method in the East, and there is a peculiar charm about it.

Let no man think teaching by illustration is only a method for children. It is suited for them, and it is suited for all others. It breaks upon a subject like a burst of light through a storm-cloud, and sometimes it has all the force of an argument. It makes the theme linger in the memory. Never undervalue the art of illustration. Learn to practice the art, and then the dry and dreary desert of your instruction will blossom with flowers.—*Rev. J. L. Burwell, in S.S. Journal.*

The Pew and the Pulpit.

It is time that people, who call themselves Christians, should be made to feel the pew's part of the responsibility in the success of a sermon. In studying this subject, regard must be had to the laws which govern the case, and not to the extraordinary and quite exceptional occurrences in the course of much preaching. Even what seem to be exceptional results may be traced to the law when we can learn what the law really is. For instance, some men saunter into a church in a state of semi-intoxication, and the Word of God cuts them to the heart like an arrow. Sometimes in crowds, the larger portion of whom are careless and prayerless, or even prejudiced against the preacher and his message, or even hating both, the people have fallen before the gospel as Dagon fell before the ark. In all times of great revivals of religion, fools that "come to mock remain to pray." But even in these cases, those who believe in the power of prayer must feel that some one was praying, that there was a peculiar state of spiritual conditions, and that if the Holy Spirit in the overflows of mercy toward them who are un instructed, pours blessings where they are not sought, by those who are of the household of faith, and those to whom the Gospel has come, the means which are appointed of God must be used if the end is to be fully gained.

There is this to be noticed about unsuccessful sermons, namely, that the responsibility is almost always laid upon one of the parties to the transaction, and that ordinarily he is the more innocent party—namely, the preacher. A congregation creates the conditions of failure, and then holds the preacher responsible. To a man or body of men, with such temper, how can any good come from sermons?

Now, it seems to us that a Christian man in the pew should feel himself as much bound to sustain his end of the sermon as the preacher to discharge all his duties in the premises. To that end he should secure for himself all the physical, intellectual and spiritual preparation needed to make a sermon profitable to his soul and fruitful of good works in his life.—*Dr. Deems.*

We have neither to read law in the fleshy tables of the heart, nor in the tables graven by God's own finger, nor in men's parchments and prescriptions. Our law is the perfect life and death of Christ, who is at once the ideal of humanity and the reality of Deity.—[Dr. A. MacLaren.]

There is one thing almost as strong as truth itself, and that is persecuted error.—[John Bright.]

Prohibition.

"Every Man to His Own Business."

To the Advertiser: Just before I took the train for Calera a few days since, where I went to aid Bro. Thompson in a revival, a friend showed me your strictures on my position as a prohibitionist. I should have answered sooner, but believed it my first duty to do the work above alluded to.

I do not think if the editor knew me personally, or of my work here or elsewhere, he would have endeavored to place me before the public as a minister who does not attend strictly to his business all the time and everywhere.

If it did not savor of egotism, I might state that in a pastorate in this city of a little over three months, my membership has nearly been doubled, and I found a membership of 128.

My record in the past is open for the inspection of the editor of the great State organ; and by it he can judge whether I have stuck to my business or not. I have no quarrel with the *Advertiser*, but should like through its columns to make a few statements, by its courtesy.

It is said of General Tombs that his test on any question was not "is it expedient, but is it right?"

The most courageous man is he who opposes his best friends with patience and firmness for conscience sake. The *Advertiser* charges that I am mistaken about "near 40,000 prohibitionists refusing to support a governor of a Southern Democratic State, because of his known intemperate habits," &c.

This estimate falls even below that made by men who are supposed to know. They assert that they either did not go to the polls, or else scratched the ticket. Some put it at 50,000. The vote was very light.

A noted Confederate chieftain in Alabama, wearing the sobriquet of General, who has always voted with the Democratic party, stated in one of the papers of this State the other day, that "in the State of Alabama alone, there are more than 50,000 good men and true, who will come up boldly to the polls on the first Monday in August next, and vote the prohibition ticket."

This is not my assertion. Why did not the *Advertiser* deny this? Can it say that this man is mistaken?

When the *Advertiser* states that "temperance people are very well satisfied with the progress that has been made," it makes an egregious mistake. We thank the law makers for the sound bomb-proof legislation on the whisky question we have; but we are terribly dissatisfied with so many prohibitory laws having been abrogated or nullified by the courts in many places. There is one of two things true:

The whisky men, through legislators, manipulated the framing of these laws, so that upon a test they might not stand; or else some of our judges are not in sympathy with prohibitory legislation.

The Mobile Register, as good a Democratic paper as any in Alabama, said a few weeks since: "Where prohibitory laws have been abrogated by our judges, in every case, it has been upon technicality and not upon principle."

Prohibitionists believe that men elected to office upon the issue of prohibition should be governed more by principle than technicality. They would have a party to back them pledged to that issue. The two dominant parties are not, and cannot be, without losing the whisky votes.

The threat of the *Advertiser* that a "prohibition ticket in the field will endanger the prospect of further good, and set back the cause for years to come," is an old threat made a few years since, and the next year the cause made such tremendous gains that wiser men said we like such set backs.

If the Democratic, or any other party, wants to try the experiment of retarding the prohibition movement, let them know now and here, that the best men in those parties will no longer dance to partisan music, or go to the nod of anti-prohibition leaders. Thousands and hundreds of thousands are now waiting for an opportunity to cut loose from the parties who covet favor with the whisky ring in every national convention, by putting planks in their platforms against "sumptuary laws," and pleading for "personal liberty." Many of the best men in this State of both parties have said, and written to me:

"We never will vote the Democratic or Republican ticket any more while they foster and perpetuate the legalized hell-born traffic by putting these planks in their political platforms

against sumptuary legislation."

These men know that when they vote for a State party they aid the national party that much. I am not fool or fanatic enough to think that I can destroy the Democratic party or cause the defeat of the Republican party. I do not believe that I could lead the prohibition party to final triumph or instant victory.

I have until recently been as sound a Democrat as any man in Alabama; but when I see this party driving away prohibitionists, and hugging saloonists in their State and national conventions, I turn at once to the party that believes in, and votes for constitutional prohibition, which we never can get through any other source. Hundreds and thousands stand by me, and the *Advertiser* will see it ere long.

But then the average politician, the demagogic humbug, and the *Advertiser* cry out: "Every man to his business."

The editors of the *Advocate* and *Baptist* oppose the bringing of the prohibition cause into the political arena, and prefer to let it work its way gradually, &c. To all of which I answer: I believe the principle of prohibition is a part of the gospel of Jesus, the King. I have preached it and prayed for it ten years, day after day, and night after night—publicly and privately.

Recently I voted as I have prayed, and now that a political party advocates, and proposes to enforce it, must I act the part of a moral coward and slink away? Must I play the part of Judas Iscariot? Must I dance before other men pipe unto me who have their methods, which may not be better than mine? But, some man will say: "Yes, more glory than truth in the assertion; for, until recently, every Democratic nominee knew he would get the solid vote of every Methodist preacher and member."

Did not the Southern ministers preach in their pulpits and pray with their families on the subject of secession? Did not many of them cease to preach, and shoulder arms and stick to the "business" of killing their foes? Where was the *Advertiser* then? Why did it not cry in those men's ears: "Every man to his business?" Because there was a foe in the land. These men had the courage to speak out their convictions, and, if need be, die by them. A greater foe is invading our territory now.

A great, live, red-hot issue, towering above tariff, civil service reform, the Chinese problem, or even Mormonism, presents itself. What are we to do? While all this is in progress, and men are devising means to throttle the greatest of all monsters, and prohibition orators are canvassing the nooks and corners, towns and cities of America, the *Advertiser* wants me "to inform the waiting public how prohibitionists expect to succeed, when they cannot elect one-half dozen members to the legislature."

Before I have time to reply it states in another paragraph that, "The liveliest political issue in Alabama just now is the contest between Lowndes and Autauga counties" as to the successful candidate for an office. Then, a few days after, under the flaming headlines, "Every man to his own business," he forgets that the "liveliest political issue in Alabama between Lowndes and Autauga" has not been adjusted, and proceeds to flay this scribe alive for wanting to vote as he pleases!

But, seriously, if the *Advertiser* want its optics off of Lowndes and Autauga's contest for a few moments, it will see that the prohibition party will not be projected upon Alabama or America by this scribe. It is here—has come to stay. The *Age* says: "It has gained the strength of a young giant since the last election."

If the whisky traffic can be legislated upon, licensed or regulated, or restrained, then prohibition is a political question; and my "business" will be to stick to prohibition until king alcohol shall be buried in the deep, dark vault of eternal damnation. I hope the *Advertiser* will be at the burial.

L. E. WHITTEN.
Birmingham, March 29th.

The Future Publication of "Kind Words."

Bro. Editor: Permit me, through the medium of your columns, to inform your readers of the action taken by the Home Board, in accordance with the suggestion of the Southern Baptist Convention in the report on *Kind Words*, adopted at its session in Augusta, last May. Alluding to Northern and Western Sunday-school publishing houses, the report says:

"Whether we can, under present circumstances, compete with these houses in these respects, is a question to be determined. On some accounts it may be well to make the experi-

ment. We only speak what we feel when we say that as one man can supply the demands of this service, we must have something adapted to all stages of mental and moral development—a graded series, reaching from our infant classes to mature age. In view of the early expiration of the contract for the publication of *Kind Words*, we suggest to the Home Board to mature some plan by which these growing demands may be met. With Rev. Samuel Boykin as chief editor, supported by such talent as can be found in our midst, this paper would meet all the demands of the case, and none of our people would look either North or West for any Sabbath-school literature."

To the suggestions of the report, as adopted, the Home Board gave earnest consideration, especially mindful of the statement of the report that, "The very best writers of our denomination are needed to supply, in adequate measure, what is now needed," and that, "If, therefore, we expect to meet these varied demands we must materially increase the facilities for producing this literature." It therefore solicited proposals for the accomplishment of these objects, being fully convinced that it was the duty of the Board and Convention, if possible, to supply the Sunday-school needs of its constituents. Of several proposals received, the Board accepted that made by Bro. H. H. Cabanis, of Atlanta, Georgia, and has made and confirmed with him a contract for five years, by which he agrees to publish the several editions of *Kind Words*, in first class style, and also to bring out, by or before October next, a full grade of *Quarterlies*, three in number, and a *Magazine* for teachers. In the production of these publications, the best talent and the most sanctified intellect of our denomination will be employed. Their style and appearance are to be equal to any published, and as Bro. Cabanis is a well known Baptist and possesses publication facilities equal to any in the South, and is animated by a sincere desire to meet the wants of our Southern Baptist Sunday-schools, we feel confident that he will succeed. While he engages to pay into our treasury an annual royalty of one thousand dollars, the Board has contracted to give its strongest moral support and active exertions in behalf of the publications as well as the sustaining countenance of the Southern Baptist Convention. In behalf of the Board, I bespeak for the new publisher who will assume the publication of our Sunday-school periodicals, on the first of June next, the generous and hearty support of the Baptist Sunday-schools in the South.

All communications should be addressed and remittances sent to *Kind Words*, Atlanta, Ga.

I. T. TIGHE, Cor. Sec.

No Bible.

No Bible in the halls of legislation, then no laws to protect the weak or restrain the wrong. No Bible! And oppression thrives and anarchy runs riot. The immortal Webster said, "If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, and make our legislation conform to the divine standard, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and our posterity neglect its instruction and authority no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity."

Hon. Alex. H. Stephen said, "The whole hope of human progress in civil government is suspended upon the regard legislation has for the word of God."

How destructive then to all safe government is it, when the making of laws is committed to men who disregard the great Law-giver.

No Bible in the court room, then no assurance of justice and equity between parties at variance. The hall of justice becomes a den of thieves, and bribery evokes the testimony, profit determines the verdict and personal feelings dictate the charge and sentence. The ermine robe becomes a mockery and the scales are of unequal arms. During the "Reign of Terror" in France the Bible was burned in the flames or thrown into the river. An eminent historian says: "The courts were powerless to adjudicate rights, the guillotine was the supreme tribunal and blood was the uniform verdict."

No Bible in society, then no standard of virtue and no safeguard to innocence. Appetite knows no bound and passion has no mould and conduct has no model. Character is robbed of its excellence, beauty's charm becomes a snare and nature's gifts a blighting curse.

No Bible in the house, then no altar upon which the sacrifices of joy and thanksgiving are offered; no sanctified affection. No Bible in the

house; then no light to guide parents in the experiment of raising children for time and eternity; no silken cord binding the household into a beautiful and happy harmony.

Blessed book—a compass to the statesman, balances to the courtroom, a safeguard to society, and a light in the home.—*Epiphany Times.*

Our Home.

What a rich blessing is a happy home. We too often fail to render thanks to God for the comfort and peace we enjoy in our earthly homes. In our approaches to the throne of grace, our usual every day blessings are very often lost sight of; we consider them too much as things of course; and not as the gracious gifts of a loving Father who delights in the happiness of his children. Surely the quiet enjoyments of domestic comfort demand thanksgiving. It is a wise and gracious arrangement of Providence, that the life of earthly love does so much to beautify and illumine our pathway through this world of sin and trial. It matters not how dark and cheerless the great world about us sometimes appears, if only one hallowed spot be ours, to which the surcharged heart can confidently look for sympathy and love. How surely and sweetly grief soothed, and care robbed of half its weight, when shared by those we love. Let us prize our earthly homes, let us guard them as something sacred. We who are parents should pray to God to give his grace to make them what he designs they should be—types of heaven. Much as we love them now, let us strive to love them more. Let us ask of God strength and wisdom to enable us to exercise an elevating and refining influence upon all who share our fireside privileges, and joys. Could we but awaken to a deeper sense of the mighty trust reposed in us, as guiding stars in our domestic circles, then would an influence go out from Christian homes broad as the world, and ever widening and deepening throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. J. H. CURRY.

April 16, 1886.

About Sermons.

The *True Ideal of a Preacher* says: "The true ideal of a preacher is one whose sermon is in him and not in front of him; who speaks, and not reads."

Well now, that depends upon circumstances partly, and partly on who it is. Some men can write a better sermon than they can extemporize, and then read it more intelligently and impressively than they can deliver it in any other way. What shall they do? Take that which for them is the better or the worse plan? Many preachers we know would do better for themselves and much better for their congregations if they would write their sermons even if they did not read them from the pulpit. Then their congregations might be saved from the tiresome tautology and wearying repetitions they are so often doomed to suffer. Some men can write better than they can talk, and some can talk better than they can write. Let every man stir up the gift that is in him.

But there is one thing any of them can do, and all of them should do—that is, avoid using the personal pronoun, "first person, singular number," two, three or four dozen times in one sermon. It is strongly suggestive of egotism.—*Christian at Work.*

Dr. Winkler on Dancing.

Shortly before his death, Rev. Dr. Winkler wrote this very striking description of the social dance:

It may be easy to construct a plausible argument for dancing in theory. Dancing in practice is quite a different thing. What Christian principle denounces dancing as it actually prevails in society—those festive and oftentimes promiscuous assemblages, where every art is used to intensify the sweetness and to conceal the vulgarity of sensual pleasures; where beauty of person half revealed, the elegance of dress, the graceful postures, and floating movements, and joyous steps, and mirthful eyes, and giddy whirls and contacts, and caresses, and interlockings of renewed, enliven the spirits, quicken the heart-beats and warm the passions as no other amusement can. The ball-room is no place for recreation, where the careworn and the weary go for refreshment; it is the temple of luxury, of gaiety, of dissipation. The fashionable dance is an indulgence, demanding extravagance in dress, claiming late hours that must be robbed of sleep; provoking envy among social rivals, and encouraging dangerous intimacies and freedoms between the sexes. It is a strong, yet, an impetuous temptation to evil.

Wild mirth that art a wasting power. Enduring, but to leave more lonely.—This is indeed a fatal hour.

To pleasure given and pleasure only.

Literary Notes.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.

Bishop Potter of New York, recently gave a most interesting and practical lecture at the service for women engaged in church work. It was at the church du Saint Esprit, in Twenty-second street, and was entitled *Ends and Instruments*. In the course of his remarks he said: "There is a little book, call *The Problem of the Poor*, in which you will find the story of Elsie, a German servant, who, living on the east side of this city, and doing first a work of delegated philanthropy for an invalid lady, took up, after her mistress had died, the work which at first she had done as proxy for another, and broadened and widened it, until it became a blessing to the whole neighborhood. Get the book and read the story called *One Woman's Work*." The whole book is filled with just such practical episodes out of real life. The author is Mrs. Helen Campbell, who has expert knowledge of the problem she discusses—the cleansing of the lives of the very poor.

FRANK'S EASTER CARDS OF 1886.

This year's Easter Cards show a greater variety, and embody in a more striking way the different sentiments appropriate to this season and those of previous years. Among the flower designs, particularly apposite to Easter, we notice the work of Mrs. O. E. Whitney represented in a number of series, among which are flowers on birch bark, flowers on realistic bits of paper, with verses inscribed in facsimile of handwriting, flowers combined with little landscapes, and several series combined with crosses, some of them being arranged with ribbon ends for book-marks, a happy substitute for fringes. Other designs are by Miss Helen W. Emery, Hamilton Gibson, Miss Fidelia Bridges, and Mrs. E. T. Fisher. A very delicate pair of chicken pictures by Miss E. Matlack, charms by artistic rendering of this emblem of resurrection. Mr. F. S. Mathews gives us a very pretty series of children and cherubs set in flowers, and Miss L. B. Comins, a series of children singing Easter Carols among butterflies and spring blossoms. Another series of children is by Walter Satterlee. One of the designs shows the child among Easter Lilies in the other is a little girl listening to a group of birds singing among apple blossoms. Birds are further represented by an interesting series of blue birds, one card being by Miss Fidelia Bridges, and the other by H. Giacomelli, both good, but showing a decidedly different conception and treatment of the same bird. Among the more important figure cards are series by Miss L. B. Humphrey, at a card by Mrs. Phoebe Jenks. Several of these series are also printed in satin, and this part of the extensive line is further enriched by a large Easter Dove, which has been printed in satin only. The different fancy counts are almost entirely new in design, comprising many of a decided Easter character, such as an Easter Dove Wing, Crosses, Eggs, Calla Lily, and an Easter Crown. The sentiments and verses have been carefully selected, two books of Easter hymns appealing particularly to a literary predilection.

A NEW DEPARTMENT IN THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE.

The April issue of the Library Magazine, containing its usual variety of current literature of the highest order, announces that with its next issue radical changes will take place. It will thereafter be published weekly instead of monthly. Without increase in price it will give an increased amount of valuable literature, and great gain in freshness and timeliness will be possible. The form of the page will be somewhat smaller so that the numbers and the bound volumes, particularly, will be more convenient. A fact that is probably without precedent in the history of periodical literature is stated by the publisher, viz: that it is necessary frequently to reprint large editions of the back volumes, running as far back as 1879. This is certainly a very extraordinary certificate of the high character of the Magazine. Most important addition to the attractions of the Magazine in its new form will be a literary review and new department. A specimen copy of the Magazine in its new form will be sent free to any applicant. John B. Alden, Publisher, 353 Pearl St., New York City. P. O. Box 1227.

Harper's Magazine for May is in every way a striking number. The frontispiece is an engraving by Closson from Faith, a painting by E. Armitage, R.A., one of the illustrations for an article by William H. Ingersoll,

entitled *Portraits of our Savior*,—a beautifully illustrated paper on a subject especially interesting to the Christian reader and the art student.

The number opens with an entertaining description of the fashionable arrangements that make up what is known as *The London Season*—illustrated by eleven characteristic pictures drawn by George du Maurier. The second part of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's story, *Their Plunge*, is located in the Catskills. The reader cannot fail to be delighted with the author's quaint and charming description of English country life. The story is illustrated by Alfred Parsons and Frederick Barnard. Poems are contributed by Paul Hamilton Hayne, Juliet C. Marsh, and Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. Mr. Curtis, in the *Easy Chair*, discusses the dethronement of Italian opera in New York, gives an interesting retrospect of Columbia College, and pays a graceful tribute to the late John B. Gough. Mr. Howells, in the Study, continues his discussion of Literary Petchism and of the Destiny of Poetry. The Drawer is full of interesting anecdotes.

The May number of Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine is redolent of Spring both in text and illustration. The Easter Festival, which comes this year on April 25th, its latest possible date, is largely dealt with. The Ancient Customs of Easter Day, is a very interesting article, and Dr. Talmage's sermon, *The Queen of Festivals*, is a powerful presentation of Easter lessons. *The Flight of the Bells*, with its pretty picture, is a quaint French Easter legend. The Blessing of Food in Russia is a curious ceremony of that country. Easter Morning is a beautiful picture, Easter Scenes and Easter Themes, a characteristic illustration, and *The Easter Offering* in a Fashionable Church will be recognized as a faithful reproduction. There is also a finely illustrated article on *The Lily* and an interesting one on *May Day* in England in the Olden Time.

THE MAGAZINE OF ART FOR MAY.

The Magazine of Art for May is made particularly timely by an account of the Mary Jane Morgan collection of pictures by Charles de Kay, which is illustrated by engravings from some of the most notable pictures in the collection. The frontispiece of the number is an admirable engraving by Vengling, of *Millar Gathering Beans*, which brought one of the highest prices of the sale. A wonderful Constable is also reproduced, a picture which, if we remember rightly, brought some \$7,000. Delacroix's *Tiger and Serpent* is given, and so are Albert Ryder's *The Resurrection*, Dognan—Bouvier's *Exquisite*, *The Orphan in Church*, and *Corpo's The Ward Gathers*. The opening article is on Benjamin Disraeli, Earl Beaconsfield. It is written by George Saintsbury, and illustrated with reproductions of Millar portrait. Boshin's portrait bust, a page of caricatures and a sketch by Harry Furness of the Prisoner during his last appearance in the commons.

What Love can Do.

Love may become a master passion of the soul. He that loves enough is a stranger to fear. Twenty years ago I was travelling between the summits of the northern Sierras and halted for the night at a lonely cabin of a pioneer-settler who had cleared a few acres in the heart of a dense forest. It was a region where bears, catamounts and California lions yet resisted the approach of civilization. For some time after retiring, I lay awake, noting the varied tones of their dismal howlings.

In the morning a twelve year old daughter told me a story of a dreadful night of a little time before. The father was absent. Only mother, and herself, and the smaller children were at home. About midnight the mother was taken violently ill. To the child it seemed that she must soon have help or that she must die. A neighbor must be called. The nearest house is about a mile distant, by a narrow trail, through dark woods where wild beasts make their lair. The hardy hunter walks warily through the mountain defile after night-fall. But the brave girl does not hesitate. She runs the perilous path alone, in the dead of night to seek help for the dear sufferer. "Were you not afraid?" I asked. "No," she said; "I saw only the white face of my mother all the way." Love conquered fear, and gave wings to her feet, and made the darkness to be a noonday about her.—*Rev. A. N. Fisher, in Buffalo Advocate.*

The surest way to make yourself beloved and honored, is to be indeed the very man you wish to appear.

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 29, 1886.

J. G. HARRIS, Editors and Proprietors.
S. HENDERSON, D. D., Associate Editor.

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TO THE DELEGATES TO THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

We send you each a copy of this week's paper for your examination. When you reach Montgomery we shall be glad to enter your name on our list of subscribers. We have completed arrangements for a full report of the proceedings which will appear in our issue of the day after the Convention adjourns. In addition to having your name as a regular subscriber we shall be glad to take your orders for such extra copies with the full Convention proceedings as you shall see fit to purchase. These we will forward promptly to addresses furnished. Please give us these orders as early in the session as possible.

A PICTURE OF THE CONVENTION.

Tresslar, Montgomery's famous photographer, desires to make the finest photograph of the delegates which has ever been made. His plan is to take the pictures of the delegates individually and then afterwards group them. This plan will give the very best picture which can be made and the faces of every delegate will be distinct. Mr. Tresslar's gallery is only one block from the church building. For copies of the group picture the cost will be only \$2.00. There will be no charge made for taking the negatives and it is hoped that every delegate will drop in the gallery while here and thus make the group complete. The objection to the pictures which have heretofore been taken is that the faces of most of the delegates are unrecognizable, but with this plan there will be no such trouble.

For delegates desiring card or cabinet photographs Mr. Tresslar will make a special low price for the Convention. The occasion will also afford delegates a fine opportunity to have groups taken.

SPEAKING OF the sermons of the present day reminds us to say that we have too many fine sermons, sermons that "smell of the lamp," and too few rugged, angular sermons, sermons with "hooks and eyes" to them that fasten themselves upon the hearts of the people. A preacher may round off his periods so smoothly as to leave no edge to cut into a wicked heart, and expose its latent iniquity. They seem to aspire to the distinction which the people ascribed to England's prophecies, "Lo thou art unto them as a pleasant song, and as one that playeth well upon instruments; for they hear thy words, but they will not do them." Better, ten to one, abate the "pleasant song" and the sweet tones of the "instrument," and throw ourselves back on the rugged eloquence of John the Baptist, and lay the axe at the root of the tree, even at the risk of disturbing the quiet slumbers of those to whom the devil has administered his soothing chloroform. Don't be afraid, brother, that you will arouse too much excitement. Any excitement on this great subject is preferable to those grave yard revivals that come reported to us with such an air of complacency where there is "no excitement, but everything was still as death." Commend us rather to the old-fashioned revival, where the people cry out as they did on the day of Pentecost, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Perhaps those "still as death" born saints may make fine statues to set off our churches on big occasions, but we rather prefer Pentecost Christians to meet the stern demands of every day life. We want life, spiritual life, and that "more abundantly." S. H.

THE ERRING PROPHET.

Having occasion recently to use the interesting narrative detailed in the thirteenth chapter of 1st Kings, in regard to the erring prophet, we were greatly impressed with one thing which the circumstance illustrates in the Lord's dealings with his people. If the reader will turn to the chapter and read it carefully, he will see the force of what we propose to say. The man of God was sent from Judah to Bethel to denounce the judgments of God against Jeroboam for his defection from the true worship of God by establishing two idols, the one in Bethel, the other in Dan. The prophet was directed to deliver his message and return to his own country by a different route, and neither to eat nor drink in Bethel. He delivered his message, which was accompanied by a miracle to authenticate it, and assayed to return according to the divine command. An old man, who represented himself as another prophet of the Lord, hearing through his sons of the visit and message of this prophet from Judah, followed him, and found him by the wayside resting under an oak, and asked him to return with him and eat and drink in his house. The prophet of Judah answered that God had forbidden him to eat or drink in that country. This prophet responded that he, too, was a prophet, and that the Lord had sent his angel to bring him back that he might eat and drink before he left. "But he lied." The good man believed his word, and went back, in opposition to the positive command of God, and ate bread and drank with this lying prophet. While eating, it is said that the word of the Lord came to the prophet that deceived the man of God to say to him that because he had disobeyed his God in eating and drinking there, "his carcass should not come to the sepulchre of his fathers." So that as he was returning to his country, "a lion met him by the way and slew him." The point that struck us in the account was this, that the good man, for what we would call a slight offence, was slain, and the bad man who had imposed a deception on him was spared. For it seems from the account that the worthy prophet of Judah believed the lying prophet. So that honest error is not equivalent to the truth. No amount of honest sincerity can change a lie into the truth. But, to the point. The good man is taken and the bad man is left. What a mysterious providence! And yet we know that God never makes any mistakes. "His ways are not as our ways, and his thoughts are not as our thoughts." Why such discriminations in God's providences, (for we often see them,) in favor of the wicked and against the righteous? We may not answer this question to the satisfaction of all, but we may venture two or three suggestions.

And first, we must remember that the prophet from Judah was under express orders from Jehovah—that he was commissioned of heaven, and therefore a public official in the public eye—and the obedience exacted was of the nature of positive obedience, an obedience that depended solely upon the will of God, and therefore involved the highest test of fidelity. Moral duties derive their authority from the nature and fitness of things; positive duties depend entirely on the will of the law-giver. The will of God is the highest reason that can enforce any law. To disregard a positive law brings us more directly in antagonism with God, and to vindicate his authority, it would seem, he will most likely visit the transgression with a more prompt and unmistakable punishment. Hence the punishment of the good man followed so close on the heels of the transgression.

In the next place, it appears to be the purpose of God to punish the transgressions of his people in the present life, reserving, in a large measure the punishment of the wicked in the life to come. Moses, the greatest man that ever emblazoned the history of the Jewish nation, for "speaking unadvisedly with his lips," was denied the privilege of entering the earthly Canaan, dying in sight of the goodly land, but who doubts that he entered a fairer Canaan than ever greeted his eye from the top of Pisgah? David, for the great sin of his life, endured a penalty that endured through all his after life, for thus the Lord said to him, "The sword shall never depart from thy house." But who doubts that sweeter strains of music swell from his harp strings in glory than ever thrilled the hearts of worshippers in earthly sanctuaries. So that whatever punishment God visits upon his people falls on them in this world. For so the record reads: "I will visit their transgression with the rod and their iniquity with stripes. Nevertheless, my loving kindness will I not take from him, nor suffer my faithfulness to fail. My covenant will I not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of my mouth." Psalm 87: 32-34.

How often do we see the best men taken and the worst men left to scatter the contagion of their iniquity, and we are left to exclaim in adoring wonder, "How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out." How often we have to throw

ourselves on his declaration to Peter, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." S. H.

BOOKS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

How difficult is it to realize the difference in the number and cost of books before and since the invention of printing. Five hundred years ago the wealthy nabobs, the princes and nobles, did not own as many books as can be found now in the humblest homes. It is said that half a dozen volumes was more than an average library for the nobility, while a dozen often constituted a royal collection. Transcribers in those days acted the part of publishers in these days. It was a distinct profession. An adept in wielding the pen was a rare qualification, and was sure to secure profitable employment to the party. This would naturally develop penmanship to a high degree of perfection. Indeed, these scribes would often enrich their volumes with many flourishes and pen pictures, and then bind their volumes in the most costly material—the richest velvet, with gold and silver clasps, especially if the book was designed for a king. Authorship in those days paid a very meagre compensation. When a scholar perpetrated authorship, he would have his production bound in the very best material, and then with bended knee present it to his sovereign, and if the present struck the fancy of the king, he would bestow a royal present upon the author, according to the supposed value of the book, and that constituted his compensation. Now and then it is supposed that these transcribers, or the parties who employed them, would pay a little royalty to the author if he were living. To give an idea of the cost of books, say four hundred years ago, it is recorded that Sir John Howard, Duke of Norfolk, paid Thomas Lymnpor, for transcribing and binding one book, "the sum of fifty shillings and two pence," when money was perhaps four times the value it is now. The same Sir John, in writing to his mother in 1474, says: "As for the books that were, Sir James, if it like you that I may have them, I am not able to buy them, but somewhat I would give; and (as to) the remainder, with a good devout heart, by my troth, I will pray for his soul." Few book-sellers in this day, cheap as books are, would think of squaring a book account by the prayers of the debtor. We have somewhere seen it stated that noblemen would resort to the expedient of having blocks of wood cut in the shape of books, nicely polished off and labeled after the names of favorite authors, and arranged on their shelves to set off their establishments. As very few could read nobody would think of taking down the bogus volumes to look through them, and the owner got the credit of being a very learned man. But now one can buy valuable books for about what these wooden blocks cost the grandees of England in those days.

Think, reader, you can buy as much matter for a nickel or ten cents in the shape of some of our large newspapers as constituted a volume in those days that cost forty or fifty dollars. The worth of a single volume then would purchase a very respectable private library now. It was a striking providence that placed the discovery of printing fifty or sixty years in advance of the great Reformation. Luther and his elaborators found in the means of diffusing through the world their sentiments with astonishing rapidity. Who can estimate the value of good books, which printing has placed within the power of every man that really wants them! Old Richard de Bary says of good books, that they "are the master who instructs without rods, without hard words or anger, without clothes or money. If you approach them they are not asleep; if, investigating, you interrogate them, they conceal nothing; if you mistake, they never grumble; if you are ignorant, they cannot laugh at you." Indeed, they are instinct with a kind of life, containing, as Milton expresses it, "the soul of those progeny they are." We can maintain a kind of companionship with those great minds who have contributed so much to the intellectual wealth of the world.

To conclude, the character of a man's books are as just a criterion by which to judge of his character as the character of his daily companion. They enter largely into the very warp and woof of his life. We may choose what influences shall operate on us, whether of books or companionship, but after we make that choice, we cannot control their power over us. That goes on by a law of its own just as certainly as water runs down a declivity. S. H.

THE STINGY MAN.

While reading a new book a few nights ago, our eyes fell on a short blank verse poem. The first eight lines were so striking in portraiture we read and pondered, and pondered and read. Then, said we, perhaps these lines might do for the columns of a religious newspaper. Here they are:—

"Old farmer B is a stingy man,
He keeps all he gets and gets all he can;
By all his friends he is said to be a tight as the bark on a young birch tree.
He goes to church and he rents a pew,
But the dime he gives to the Lord are few.
If he gets to heaven with the good and great,
He'll be let in at the smallest gate."

TRUTH—What is it? was asked a deaf and dumb boy. He moved his finger in a straight line. Falsehood—What is it? He made a zigzag motion with his finger. Truth is the straight line, falsehood is the crooked way.

FORGIVENESS—what a virtue and yet how little practiced. It contains the very essence of a noble Christian manhood. It partakes of the Divine nature. It is heralded from the Sermon on the Mount, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you and persecute you." Lord Bacon puts it in strong terms when he says: Generous and magnanimous minds are readiest to forgive; and it is a weakness and impotency of mind to be unable to forgive. What a beautiful, heavenly example was set us by our Savior when on the cross he said: "Lord forgive them, for they know not what they do."

FAITHFULNESS is the watchword of God's people. To be otherwise is to ignore the responsibility devolving upon us. To be up and doing is the happiness of every Christian. Whatever may be our sphere, whether humble or exalted, there is our work. If a pupil or teacher or superintendent in the Sunday-school, act well your part. Be not slothful; be zealous, active, devoted. Be content to serve God where he has placed you. Make the best of what you have and fret not yourself about that you have not. The man with one talent is never accountable for five, but for his one; he must give as strict an account as the other for his five. Whatsoever a man has in talent, worldly goods, or influence, he must use according to the Scriptural rule. The man with his millions or the widow with her mite are worth the same with our Heavenly Father.

ALL MEN exert an unconscious influence upon those with whom they associate. "I will take what father takes," said a boy to the waiter, when he saw his father grasp a glass of whiskey. Silently that father was moulding character out of the force of parental influence. The boy delights to tread in the foot-prints of his father. Many a ruined young man can justify his sins on the tomb of his father. Though dead he guides. My father did this, and I can do it. I saw him take the wine when it was in the cup. If I am ruined he did it. That which a man is, that sum total made up of his beliefs, purposes, affections, tastes, and habits, expressed in all he does, and does not, is contagious in its tendency. If there is light it shines; if darkness, it shades. The power of influence is beyond comprehension in all of its bearings. Watch therefore, and let your influence be for good.

MAKE BELIEVE CHRISTIANS.—Some one may think these are curious kind of Christians—well, yes. You are correct. They are strange compounds. In the religious circle, in the church, in the prayer meeting, they are the foremost, at times to display their devotion; but let them fall in company with the irreligious, the scoffer, the anti-church man, and you can't distinguish the sheep from the goats. Christianity may be denounced, they refuse to defend. "I do not like to hear Mr. C. talk and pray in meetings," said a little girl. "Why not?" said her mother. "Because if he can talk so earnestly and pray so loud in meetings, I know he can pray at home, but he does not. He is only making believe, and trying to cheat God; but God can see through it!" In consistency on the part of members of Christian churches, has been a stumbling block in the way of the world becoming evangelized.

GEN. LEE, writing to his son, said, "Duty is the most sublime word in the English language." When applied to Christians we know of no stronger word. Duty to God, duty to all his commands, duty to all mankind. Just before the battle of Zutzen, Frederick the Great addressed his officers: "Tomorrow I intend giving the enemy battle, and as it is to decide who are to be the future masters of Silesia, I expect every one of you will in the strictest manner do his duty. If any one of you is a coward, let him step forward before he makes others as cowardly as himself, and receive his discharge." No one came forward. "I shall be on that deadly field where the fight is the thickest, and whoever I find doing his duty, upon him will I heap honors and favor." Our Captain has promised to crown the finally faithful with a crown of rejoicing and a happy entrance through the beautiful gate into the Eternal City. For this crown let us risk all.

PERSEVERANCE is one of the characteristics of a genuine Christian. It is a Christ-like virtue. He went about doing good. His entire ministry was active, continuous. By day and by night, amid the storm and tempest, among friends or persecuted by enemies, he faltered not, but with zealous devotion to his Father's business he worked unceasingly. He set the example—let us imitate. If we fail to discharge our duty, or comply with the demands our Master makes upon us, we will come short of the glory of God. Persevere in every

good work—in the church, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer-meeting; visit the sick, comfort the distressed, administer to the poor, send the gospel to those who have it not; these are the duties we cannot shun. The day will come, we know not how soon, when we must give an accurate account of our stewardship. The books will be balanced, and the verdict rendered. "What shall the harvest be?"

FIELD NOTES.

Rev. James Monroe Taylor, pastor of Fourth Baptist church, Providence, R. I., has been elected president of Vassar College.

A brother from another State writes that "the Baptists of the whole country are indebted to us for furnishing so good a paper," for which we tip our hat.

The Oxford Baptist church on last Sunday, at the conclusion of an excellent sermon by the pastor, contributed \$50.00 to Home and Foreign missions.—News.

Bro. J. J. Norseworthy who lives seven miles up the river lost his furniture and cattle during the recent flood and would appreciate any assistance, which may be left with us.

Judge Cobb has decided the liquor case in Opelika against the liquor men, and the case now goes to the Supreme court. In the meantime Opelika is a dry town.

Rev. G. A. Hornady, the new pastor of the Baptist church, is rapidly growing into the hearts and favor of the community. He is a zealous and earnest minister.—Tuskegee News.

The Baptists of Lowndesboro have appointed the first Sunday in May for the constitution of the Baptist church at that place. The members of the executive board of the Alabama Association are requested to attend.—F. C. Plaster, Fort Deposit.

Our meeting has closed, resulting in fifty accessions, forty-six by baptism. Forty-one were baptized on the afternoon of the 11th. Five are awaiting the ordinance. I had no ministerial aid during the meeting.—J. L. Thompson, Columbia.

It costs one his life to become a Baptist in Russia, and puts his wife and children in prison not to renounce the faith of the offender. The persecution even reaches to the relations of the offender. We notice that two Russians have recently been sentenced to death, under this charge, and their families and relatives imprisoned on failing to renounce their faith.—Southern Idea.

There is a very strong probability that Rev. Mr. Wamboldt of Montgomery, Ala., will be called to the pastorate of the First Baptist church in this city, to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Rev. J. T. Christian. Mr. Wamboldt occupied the pulpit at the church Sunday morning, and created a most favorable impression upon the entire congregation. He is a very learned gentleman, and as a pulpit orator his equal has seldom been heard in this city.—Chattanooga Times.

Rev. D. I. Purser, pastor First Baptist church, Birmingham, is doing faithful, earnest preaching, having spirited prayer-meetings, receiving members every week. Baptizing almost every Sunday night, and perfecting his church in organized Christian effort. Rev. W. B. Crumpton, our State mission agent, preached a fine sermon to the First church on Sunday night of the 11 inst. His subject was "Christian work," and he was terse, pointed, practical, suggestive and encouraging.—J. C. Hudson, Birmingham.

On the third Sabbath in May Mt. Pisgah church, of Morgan county, will ordain, Bren. J. W. Gibson and H. D. McClellan as deacons, and Bro. J. E. Herring as a minister of the gospel. We will have with us to assist in the work Revs. Jos. Shackelford, J. Gunn and C. W. McClellan, Services morning and evening. We look to that day with anticipation of great joy, as these three brethren are all young men raised up in this church, and upon whom we look with pride. The church extends a cordial invitation to all who can come.—W. B. Carter, Pastor.

Rev. D. I. Purser gave the ministerial students of Howard College an excellent lecture Friday evening. He forcibly urged the value to a minister of executive ability and of common sense in the administration of his office. Among other particulars, he emphasized the importance of a pastor's looking sharply after the financial affairs of the church, as well as his own, and seeing that they all are administered with order, exactness and promptness. He concluded by exhorting ministers to study politeness and close observance of the sweet amenities of life. Mr. Purser has agreed to deliver the baccalaureate address before the graduating class of the Judson on the 10th of June.

The loving favor of the Lord has been again with the church here in a sweet season of revival. Bro. Frost preached ten nights. Eager crowds came all the time in spite of the great rains. Bro. Crumpton also gave pastor Davidson valuable help. There

were over fifty conversions. The Howard and the Judson had both a rich share in the blessing. Of some what over a hundred boarding pupils in the Judson, thirty odd came to Christ, leaving only three now without the fold. Among these young disciples are girls from Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Alabama. Will not pious hearts in all these States unite in faithful prayer for their growth in grace and their ever increasing usefulness in the Master's service?—Robert Frazer, Marion.

Last Call.

As the books of the Board of Foreign Missions close at 12 M., Friday, April 30th, it is important that all treasurers, agents, and others having funds for the Board, should forward in time to reach us before that day and hour. Every year money is received just too late for the report to be presented to the Convention. To the friends of Jesus among the nations we say: Never has there been more urgent need for your prompt help than now.

H. A. TUPPER, Cor. Secy.

Children's Day.

We have received a full set of the material prepared and issued free by the American Baptist Publication Society, for the suitable observance of "Children's Day," on the second Sunday in June next. The programme is of large size and is beautifully printed, the first page containing the general order of service; the second and third pages, occupied by six spirited pieces of music; and the fourth page containing three selected hymns, and items of interest concerning the Sunday-school work of the Society.

The "Annual Letter" of the Secretary is tasteful and interesting, and is backed by extracts from missionaries and others, showing the needs of the field.

The "Recitations" provided are bright and entertaining; the "Collection Envelope" is striking in appearance; the "Suggestions" cover all points upon which information concerning the conduct of the day may be desired; and the printed blanks for ordering and making remittance show completeness and thoroughness in preparation. Schools that have not already done so should at once order supplies, stating the usual number in attendance. Address, C. C. Biting, D.D., 1420 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Some Items from Ashville.

Eds. Ala. Baptist: We have had for the past few days the benefit as well as the pleasure of a visit from our Corresponding Secretary of the State Mission Board, and he had not been here long before we decided on the wisdom of our Board in the appointment, and that we had the right man in the right place. He soon made us feel that he was one of us, and identified with our every interest. Bro. Crumpton is a man of deep piety, sound sense, and good judgment, with fine preaching ability, and with the co-operation of the pastors and brethren, cannot fail of success in moving forward our State Mission work.

Brethren, do not think this work belongs exclusively to our Secretary. It is the work of all, and we cannot be indifferent without incurring the displeasure of our Lord. Let it not be said of us as it was of Meroz, curse the inhabitants because they came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

The interest manifested by Bro. Crumpton in the young people and children of the communities which he visits cannot fail to accomplish great and lasting good. I did not see him pass a child while he was without speaking a kind word, and then giving a little tract containing some good lesson of religious instruction. Are not many of our pastors sadly deficient here? If we lose the children we will soon have lost all. The importance of having some strong man in the field wholly given to the work has been fully demonstrated since Bro. T. M. Bailey entered upon the work. If there be any croakers who have not fallen into line, but are yet growling or croaking, we ask them to come forward if they have a better plan and let us have it, for we want that plan which is best adapted to accomplish the most in this grand work. As for me I am satisfied with the present plan. Our State Board is made up of the best men—noble Christian patriots who are wide awake to every interest of our people. Our churches generally are without any systemized plan in getting up contributions, and we have suffered much from this. I think Bro. Crumpton's envelope plan a good one, and let us give it a trial.

Brethren, make arrangements and send for our Corresponding Secretary to visit you, and you will always be glad that he came.

P. S. MONTGOMERY.

Ashville, Ala.

To the flippant objection that God has no need of our learning, Dr. South replied, "Much less has he need of your ignorance."

The silence of Scripture is often more instructive than the teaching of other books.—Trench.

Here and There in South Carolina.

Our town was the scene of a fire recently, which destroyed buildings and merchandise to the value of about twenty-three thousand dollars, which was covered by eleven thousand dollars of insurance. The law office of Gen. J. C. Davant was consumed, but his library and papers were all saved.

It is hoped that we shall soon have here a graded high school, and it will be under the financial control of stockholders. Prospects for having the buildings ready by next fall seem very flattering.

In February last a series of joint services were conducted here by evangelist J. L. Tillman, from which the Baptist church received \$5 by baptism, 10 by letter, and 10 by restoration, and on the first Sunday, inst., our regular communion season occurred, there being a large number of communicants present again for many years.

On the 10th ult. the Barnwell Baptist Ministers' Institute was organized at our church, and several interesting questions were discussed. This is a new departure, but of which promises a great deal of pleasure and profit to all of us. The next meeting will take place at Blackville in June.

The Inter-denominational Sunday School Convention met at Blackville next week, and the Barnwell county Baptist Sunday-school will meet at Hosing Springs early next fall. The latter, in my judgment, is by far the most important to our churches. It has existed for about 15 years, and is an influential body. From it, two or three years ago, issued resolutions which soon created an interest in prohibition, which has resulted in the passage of a prohibition law for Barnwell county, which law, although not perfectly enforced, has yet succeeded in closing many a bar-room. Perhaps there will always be some vile fellows who will, in defiance of law and order, sell the accursed stuff under cover, but it is better for them to do this, than it is for them to sell it openly under legal license, as then the temptations to our more decent and respectable young men will be far less, and as the opportunity for creating a popular sentiment in favor of temperance will be far greater.

The free tuition question has been a lively one in the columns of the *Baptist Courier* for some time past, and the general impression is that Furman University has been benefited thereby. Rev. R. H. Grimsdell, the Financial Agent of Furman, is leading a host of earnest Baptists in an effort to raise an endowment, which will put this cherished institution on a basis that it has for many years been wishing to occupy.

Rev. T. M. Bailey, D.D., who came to us from your State is succeeding finely with his work as corresponding Secretary of State Missions. He made a fine impression in Barnwell county, as he has done wherever he has gone. Many are the prayers which go up for him in the heavy loss he sustains in the death of his wife, at their home in Greenville, recently, which has already been noticed in your columns.

The Moody & Sankey meetings in Charleston were followed by evangelistic services in the Citadel Square church, conducted by Rev. Mr. Sayford, who did the preaching, mostly, and Mr. and Mrs. Tegner, who lead the singing. These evangelists went from Charleston to Sumter to carry on meetings.

Rev. W. T. Derick, of Spartanburg, is helping Dr. Munday in a series of meetings at the Greenville Baptist church this week.

The Graniteville Baptist church was destroyed by fire recently, but the plucky Baptists there are expecting to rebuild without delay.

The Beaufort Baptist church will soon commence a series of meetings, and the pastor, Bro. Wilkins, will be assisted by Rev. R. M. Lyde. It is hoped that a revival spirit may take possession of all our churches during the year.

May the great gathering of Baptists at Montgomery be attended by abundant blessings from on high.

Barnwell. PAUL WILLIS.

MARBLE.

On Wednesday afternoon, April 21st, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Dawson at Ware, Elmore county, took place a most delightful wedding. The high contracting parties were Dr. James T. Rushin, son of the well known physician, Dr. Rushin, of Tallahassee, and Miss Annie, daughter of Maj. J. M. Harris. Dr. M. B. Wharton officiated, and in his own inimitable way added much to the solemnity and beauty of the ceremony. The presents from the friends and relatives were numerous, rich, and handsome. After the ceremony the guests sat down at an elegant and sumptuous dining prepared by the bride's sister, Mrs. J. W. Brown. Amid congratulations and best wishes the happy couple then departed, via Montgomery, to Nashville, where they will spend a week. The bride is a perfect type of lovely Southern womanhood, and the groom is a worthy young man.—Advertiser.

At the residence of Mr. Uriah Melton, Augustine, Barry county, at 5:30 p.m., Sunday, April 11, 1886, Mr. James E. Crofoot and Miss Ada Melton, by Rev. L. M. Bradley.

Southern Baptist Convention.

DELEGATES

Should send their names at once on a postal card to Wm. A. Davis, Montgomery, Ala. Free entertainment will be provided for all.

DULY ACCREDITED DELEGATES

Who send in their names. 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.

RAILROAD RATES.

Lines, members of the Southern Passenger Committee, have adopted a rate of one full fare (limited or unlimited) going and one-third of the limited fare returning, on the certificate plan, for delegates and their families attending the Southern Baptist Convention.

In order to make this rate available, each delegate, and members of his family (when accompanying him) must be supplied with a certificate of the Southern Passenger Committee BEFORE STARTING TO MONTGOMERY.

Delegates residing at points where no through tickets are sold should purchase local tickets to the nearest point at which through tickets are sold and have their certificate filled up by the agent from whom the through ticket is purchased.

VERY IMPORTANT!!

These certificates with full instructions as to their use, will be furnished for the respective States by the brethren named below. Send to the proper brother your name with a stamped envelope enclosed, and the certificate will be returned to you. This rule is made by the railroads and must be observed to secure reduced rates. Write to the following brethren without a day's delay:

Alabama—Wm A Davis, Montgomery. Florida—S K Leavitt, Jacksonville. Georgia—Lansing Burrows, Augusta. Kentucky—J J Taylor, Lexington. Louisiana—S Landrum, New Orleans. Maryland—O F Gregory, Baltimore. Mississippi—W H Hardy, Meridian. Missouri—J H Williams, St. Louis. N. Carolina—John E Ray, Raleigh. S. Carolina—A J S Thomas, Charleston. Tennessee—W M Chambliss, Chattanooga. Texas—A J Holt, Dallas. Virginia—H K Ellyson, Richmond. W. Virginia—O F Gregory, Baltimore.

These certificates will be honored over the lines named below:

Atlanta & West Point, Brunswick & Western, Carolina Central, Central Railroad of Georgia, Central Railroad of South Carolina, Charlotte, Columbia & Augusta, Cheraw & Darlington, Cheraw & Salisbury, Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific, Columbia & Greenville, East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia, Florida Railway & Navigation Company, Georgia, Georgia Pacific, Illinois Central, Jacksonville, Tampa & Key West, Louisville & Nashville (south of Ohio river), Memphis & Charleston, Mobile & Ohio, Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, New York, Philadelphia, & Norfolk, Northeastern Railroad of Georgia, Northeastern (of South Carolina), Pennsylvania (South of Washington), Petersburg, Port Royal & Augusta, Raleigh & Augusta Air Line, Raleigh & Gaston, Richmond & Danville, and leased lines, Richmond, Fredericksburg & Potomac, Richmond & Petersburg, Rome, Savannah, Florida & Western, Seaboard & Roanoke, South Carolina, Virginia Midland, Western & Atlantic, Western North Carolina, Western Railway of Alabama, Wilmington, Columbia & Augusta, Wilmington & Weldon.

*See next paragraph.

Louisville & Nashville R.R., Pensacola & Atlantic R.R., Owensboro & Nashville R.R., Nashville & Florence R.R.

Delegates passing over these roads, must purchase Regular Tickets, and procure from the Agent where these Tickets are purchased a certificate to this effect, which will be filed by the Secretary of the Convention, to show that the party named was in attendance and entitled to special rates, and upon presentation of same to the agent at Montgomery, he will sell Return Tickets at one-third fare.

O. F. GREGORY, Sec. So. Bapt. Convention, Baltimore, Md.

Alabama Railroad Rates.

The Mobile & Girard railroad will sell round trip tickets at six cents per mile, and the New Orleans & Selma railroad will sell tickets at three cents per mile each way, and the East Alabama R. R. at one fare for round trip.

Other roads are included in systems above named, and will sell tickets on conditions named above at full fare going and one-third fare returning to those who have certificates which can be procured by addressing Wm. A. Davis, Montgomery, Ala. These certificates must be had before starting.

TEXAS TRAFFIC ASSOCIATION, Houston, Tex., Mar. 29, 1886.

Rates have been fixed from stations in Texas, on lines of members of this Association, to points at State Line, at a cents per mile each way, or 4 cents per mile for a round trip. This will be added to the rates from such points to Montgomery as lines interested may make.

J. WALDO, Commissioner.

NOTE.

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Absolutely Pure

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength, and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can be sold in competition with the multi-tude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powder. Sold only in Cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

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Of Standard American Starches, Ladies and Gentles' Soap, and other articles of merit. Agents, For terms send stamp to W. A. MUNCH, Wholesale and Retail Jeweler, -Marion, Perry county, Ala.



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You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. J. C. Deane's Nervine. It will give relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, Headache, Dizziness, and all kindred troubles. Also for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health. Write for full particulars. No risk. No charge. Write to Dr. J. C. Deane, 1001 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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FARMERS' PILLS

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Chills and all Malarial Complaints.

We publish a few certificates which show a little light upon the merits of the FARMERS' PILLS. They cast but a faint light, it is true, but they may serve to attract attention toward the most remarkable medicine that is put up in this or any other country. Many men, women, and children are now lying in their graves who would be alive and well if they only had known the power of this great remedy. Where malaria causes disease the FARMERS' PILLS are 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 while driving out malaria, poison the blood with the phosphates and the finest preparation of iron. Weakly people, men or women or children, can be made strong by this remedy.

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For sale by: Irvine, Garside & Alexander, and Dent & Harvey, Montgomery, Ala.

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

G. C. WILLINGHAM, 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. Wesson, 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. MILLON, 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.

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 25, 1886.

A Frolic.

Pet, the youngest of the six merry school girls out for a Saturday's frolic, led them all in a laugh and a shout and a run down the lawn, followed closely by Aunt Ruth, who had the party in charge. She was old—twenty at least but quite as fond of a good time as any of them, and possessed of so little dignity that, when she declared that they all looked like a flock of geese, with wings spread and crying "Gaw-gaw-gaw," Pet did not hesitate in suggesting that she was the biggest one among them.

Let's stop and get some bananas," said one, as they passed the market on their way to the street-car.

They turned to a stall near a corner of the building. A careworn, young-looking woman stood on the eager outlook for customers.

"Look there!" cried Pet, pointing behind the stall. "Oh how cunning!"

Back against the wall, on a box, fenced in by baskets and quart measures and wrapped in an old shawl, was seated a pretty boy of one year or more old. Very quickly, Pet made her way around to him, and he looked up at her with a pair of large, dark eyes.

"Ah, how blue his eyes are!"

"And how prettily his hair waves and curls!"

"And just see those dimples!"

A chorus of admiration went up.

"But what a cough he has!"

The mother turned suddenly from waiting on Aunt Ruth at the sound of the hoarse, croaky cough.

"Ah, how could I forget his medicine!" she said in a low voice, seemingly in great distress.

"What in the matter?" asked Aunt Ruth, gently.

"I had to bring him out this morning, for his father is at home sick, and cannot take care of the child. I have left Johnny's medicine at home, and his cough is very bad. To think I could forget so!"

"No wonder, with so much on your mind," said Aunt Ruth. "How far is it to your home?"

"Nearly a mile, ma'am."

"Couldn't we take care of the baby while she goes for it?" whispered Pet.

"And keep the stall, too," urged another. "Now do let us, Aunt Ruth. It will be splendid."

"I think you had better go," said Aunt Ruth, laughing, and the woman seemed to find a letter of credit in each bright face, for with a few words of thanks and an anxious glance at Johnny, she hurried away.

Johnny did not appreciate the honor of having seven volunteer nurses. Gazing keenly up at the friendly but strange faces about him, he drew down the corners of his mouth and put up his under lip in a fashion which went to Pet's heart.

"The darling! He's afraid. Do let me take him Aunt Ruth!"

She sat on a rail turned upside down, and Johnny was placed upon her lap, whereupon he set up a howl which fairly frightened his little nurse, and was pacified only by Aunt Ruth's shining purse, from which she sent the bead ring flying with the first jerk.

"Keep him well wrapped, Pet. Oh, poor little fellow!"

The plump feet, which had worked their way out of the old shawl, were bare. Aunt Ruth looked to see what else the child had on.

"Only that old rag of a petticoat and a cotton slip! It would be surprising if he hadn't a cold, brought to sit out of doors such a fresh morning as this."

"Couldn't we get something for him?" suggested one, as all again gathered around him, forgetting the storekeeping part of the plan.

"See, Aunt Ruth, there's a store across the street where they've got everything that's nice and warm."

"But where is the money for anything nice and warm? I have just enough, you know, to carry us through our plans for to-day—carriage, dinner, ice-cream, picture gallery—oh, girls?"

"I believe we could have a good enough time at the Park without all those things."

"We get so many nice little jaunts, anyway."

"I think we could get along with sandwiches and the bananas, and a good supper when we get home."

It was soon settled, and Aunt Ruth and three more went over to the store.

Red stockings, long and thick, a worsted sock, and then they all laughed as Aunt Ruth bought a yard of red flannel—all coarse, but stout and warm. There was a knit cap, too, very cheap, in which they were interested; but the money wouldn't go any farther.

"You've got some money, Pet," said Madge.

But Pet shook her head decidedly.

"I've been saving up fifty cents for a month to buy candy for us all to-day. Do you think I ought to give it, Aunt Ruth?"

"No, dear, unless you really feel that you ought to. You are giving up as much as the others, without that."

Ungrateful Johnny behaved no better as the stockings and sock were put on him. And he kicked and squirmed and screamed in a most disgraceful manner when Aunt Ruth pinned the red flannel around his waist, under the old slip, so it would cover his knees, rolling him over and over in her lap to do so.

"Poor Johnny!" said Madge, in heartfelt sympathy, he at last came right side up, catching his breath between pitiful sobs, while his tormentors laughed, till they could laugh no longer. "I'd howl myself, if I were treated so."

"Now, let's tie the veil lightly on his head again."

But Pet came running from the store, with the cap in her hand.

"I thought I would," Aunt Ruth, she said, half slyly, and her eyes beamed as it went on, over a fresh roar from much-enduring Johnny at this new attack upon him.

"The poor baby is fairly beside himself at having so many strangers fussing over him; and no wonder."

"Here's his mother,"

"Stop now, don't say a word," said

The Law of Kindness.

Let a friend of children, who has reached the age of three-score years and ten, tell you something of the law of kindness as applied to all living things. My early impressions in regard to the treatment of everything that lives were given me by an older brother, who taught me to apply the golden rule to the lower orders of creation. Act towards them as you would wish to be treated if in their place, he said, and also impressed upon me the words of the poet Cowper, who says "I would not enter on my list of friends the man who needlessly sets foot upon a worm." When older, a book was placed in my hands called "Live and Let Live," which told of a man who found a grasshopper in his house, and taking it carefully to the door, said: "Go my little friend, the world is wide enough for both you and me." And about that time, too, in our reading books at school we came to the fable of "The Boys and the Frogs." The boys threw stones at the frogs until stopped by the remonstrance from one of them, "Don't boys, that may be fun for you, but it's death for us." Another lesson in kindness to the creatures God has made, was given me by a good physician, who used to say: "We should never destroy without good reason anything which loves life." How the rule is followed, and yet how it appeals to the justice and tenderness of every true heart. Just now there are reminiscences from many sources, beginning with Queen Victoria, of England, against the wanton destruction of birds, which are used as ornaments. And if these beautiful, bright creatures, the most innocent and charming in the animated life about us, are sacrificed to the pride of woman and the greed of man, how much less will the other forms of life be regarded. It was said by Solomon of a virtuous woman: "In her heart is the law of kindness," and I hope these words of mine will make some girls, and boys, too, remember that the golden rule extends to every little living thing, from the birds above to the worms under our feet.—New York Observer.

The Little Hero.

One of the pathetic little stories which John B. Gough used to tell with thrilling effect should teach happy, well-cared-for little children to be grateful for all the good things God gives them. The orator went one day with a friend away up to a small garret room.

A feeble voice said, "Come in, and they went in."

There was no light, but as soon as their eyes were dilated to the gloom, they saw, lying on a heap of chips and shavings, a boy about ten years of age, pale, but with a singularly sweet face.

"They asked the boy, 'What are you doing there?'"

"Hush, hush! I am hiding."

"Hiding? what for?"

The child showed his white delicate arms covered with bruises and swollen.

"Who was it beat you like that?"

"Hush! don't tell him; my father did it."

"What for?"

"Poor father got drunk and beat me because I wouldn't drink."

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir, I was a thief once."

"Then why don't you steal now?"

"Because I went to the ragged school, and they taught me, 'Thou shalt not steal,' and told me about God in heaven. I will not steal, sir, if my father kills me."

Mr. Gough's friend said, "I don't know what to do with you. Here is a shilling, I will see what I can do for you."

The boy looked at it a moment, and then said:

"But, please, sir, wouldn't you like to hear my little hymn?"

They thought it strange that, lying there without food, without care, bruised and beaten, he could sing a hymn. How could he sing the Lord's song in a strange land? But they said, "Yes, we will hear you."

And then, in a sweet, low voice, the child sang:

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild, Look upon a little child; Pity my infirmity, Suffer me to come to Thee.

Faith would I to Thee be brought, Gentle Lord, I feel I need thee; In the kingdom of Thy grace Give a little child a place.

"That's my little hymn; good-by!"

The gentleman went again in the morning, mounted the stairs, knocked at the door—no answer, opened it, and went in.

The shilling lay on the floor, and there, too, lay the boy with a brave smile on his face, as if to make the best of it and so he had—for he was dead.

In the night he had gone home.

Why not come To-day?

A Christian just related to me his experience. He said, "I was in business making money. The first thing that showed me that God was near me and cared for me was God took away my money; then he took one child and soon after another. I made only one left. I took that one and went to church; after the sermon I stepped out with my child into the vestibule, when a lady, a stranger to me, laid her hand on my arm and said, 'Are you going to come?'"

"Yes," I replied, "I expect to come some time." But she said, "Why not to-day?" I went on toward my home, but to-day, to-day, to-day constantly sounded in my ear. I tried to read my Bible and a religious book, but I could think of nothing but to-day, to-day. I saw that my time had come. There was however, a hard struggle, but before midnight I had fully surrendered to Christ. For years I have tried to serve him, and he is precious to my soul.

This is his experience, so far as I can recall it, in the words in which he told it. Can any man doubt the reality of conversion, and that it is the work of God's Spirit wrought in the soul? And is there a Christian who cannot do as much as that lady did to save a soul? She asked two simple questions, asked them with solicitude and tenderness, and saved a soul; and that saved soul has been the means of saving other souls. So the influence of those two questions shall grow wider and deeper as the years and the ages roll on.

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and forever."

When a man gets the knowledge of himself, then he sees all the threatenings of God to be right. When he obtains the knowledge of God in Christ, then he finds that all the promises of God are right—yea and amen.

—Adam Clarke.

When one providence fights against you, another will come in to deliver you. The Lord's thoughts towards his people, are thoughts of good, and not of evil, and they shall see it to be so.

—[Spurgeon.]

My Father's Business.

Are you "about your father's business?" Very likely you would say, "I do not know how I can be about my father's business. I do not know what it means." See what it means for the Lord Jesus, and then you will see what it means for you. When he said these words he was in the temple "hearing and asking questions." You are going to God's temple to-day; will you do as Jesus did? Not sit thinking about all sorts of things, and watching the people and wondering when it will be over; but really hearing and watching to see what your heavenly Father will say to you. There is sure to be some message from him to you to-day, if you will only listen for it. Do you not wonder what it will be? and will it not be the play if you do not hear it, but miss it because you forget to listen to it? And have you not any questions to ask, not of learned doctors, but of Jesus Christ himself? He at once asked questions in the Jewish temple. Think what you would like to ask him about, and if they are right questions he will answer them. Might you not ask him to-day to tell you how you can be about his Father's business? When St. Paul said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The Lord told him one thing at a time, and promised to tell him what else as soon as he had done that. So if you go to-day to God's house, and do one thing which he wants you to do, you are sure if you listen to hear something which he wants you to do, when you come away.—Francis Ridley Haviland.

Sleep as a Medicine.

The cry for rest has always been louder than the cry for food. Not that it is more important, but it is often harder to obtain. The best rest comes from sound sleep. Of two men of women, otherwise equal, the one who sleeps the best will be the most moral, healthy, and efficient. Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, nervousness, and incapacity. It will restore vigor and energy, and work a grand cure. It will cure a headache. Indeed, we might make a long list of nervous and other maladies that sleep will cure.

The cure of sleeplessness requires a clean, good bed, sufficient exercise to produce weariness, pleasant occupation, good air, and not too warm a room, a clear conscience, and avoidance of stimulants and narcotics. For those who are overworked, haggard and nervous, who pass sleepless nights, we commend the adoption of such habits as shall secure sleep; otherwise, life will be short, and what there is of it sadly imperfect.—Medical Times.

From Rev. John Mathews, Pastor M. E. Church, South, at Montgomery, Ala.

"Darby's Prophylactic Fluid is the only medicine kept in my family. We can use it for almost everything—burns, bruises, stings, earache, sore stomach, etc., etc. My children, when hurt or bruised, always call for Darby's Fluid. We cannot get along well without it." JOHN MATHEWS.

I have drunk deeply of the draught of science; I have loved it with a passionate love; and now I am becoming an old man; and I can say that every discovery of science has brought me more face to face with the love of God.—[Charles Kingsley.]

Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything? Not those "young ladies," who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and "carte de visites" with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most credulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at you with young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter "what other girls may do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wicked young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for every thing. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indifference to hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person but "mother" that which is most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to tell to your mother. She is your best friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—Fanny Fern.

To the man who feels that there is no position, that there are no circumstances, in which he may not by effort and patience, by faith and prayer, fulfill the purposes of the Creator regarding him,—to such a man the question, Is life worth living? is irrelevant, for it has been answered beforehand, and answered in the affirmative.—[Prof. J. R. Thompson.]

The silence of Scripture is often more instructive than the teaching of other books.—[Trench.]

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Dr. Mosley—Dear Sir: After ten years of great suffering from indigestion or dyspepsia, with great nervous prostration and biliousness, disordered kidneys, and constipation, I have been cured by four bottles of your Lemon Elixir, and am now a well man.

Rev. C. C. Davis, Elder M. E. Church, South, No. 28 Tenth Street, Atlanta, Ga.

Lemon Hot Drops.

Cures all Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases, except Consumption, which disease it palliates and greatly relieves. 25 cents.

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HUMILIATING ERUPTIONS, ITCHING AND BURNING TORTURES.

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CUTICURA REMEDIES, the new and infallible cleanser of the blood and preservative of impurities and poisonous elements, and removes the cause.

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7:00 2:30 2:45 Ford 10:15 10:40 4:30

7:10 2:30 2:50 Caldwell 10:00 10:20 4:30

7:55 2:47 2:40 Jenifer 9:48 9:57 2:30

8:03 2:57 2:48 Muskogee 9:40 9:51 2:25

8:21 3:07 2:57 Milledgeville 9:20 9:38 2:10

9:32 3:27 3:09 Ironton 9:17 9:18 1:00

9:38 3:41 3:21 Roswell 9:05 9:05 12:30

10:10 3:48 3:27 Talladega 8:59 8:59 12:20

10:10 3:45 3:38 Talladega 8:50 8:50 12:20

4:21 3:40 TALLADEGA 8:39 8:19

4:41 3:50 Carlton 8:26 8:06

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