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Holding Fast Our Profession.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

From a Sermon delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

HEBREWS 10:23.—"Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering; (for he is faithful that promised)." WHAT WE HAVE.

I. First let us think of what we already have by the grace of God.

If we read the text according to our present authorized translation, we have faith. We have made a public avowal of our faith. We can lay our hands upon our hearts, and say, "Lord, thou knowest all things: thou knowest that we have faith in Jesus Christ thy Son." Yes, we have obtained what the apostle calls "like precious faith": it is a rare jewel, and he is rich that possesseth it.

If we have not this faith in possession, let us pause here and ask for it; and let us confess to God the great sin of unbelief in not believing in such a one as the Son of God, who can not lie, whose life is so transparently true, that to doubt him is a superfluity of naughtiness, a wilful insult to the majesty of his faithfulness. Yet it would not be true for us to say—some of us—that we do not believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, for we do. We have no other confidence. Where could we find any other? He is the rock of our salvation. We could not invent another trust, however hard we were put to it, or however hard we wished to do so. If Jesus were to say, "Will ye also go away?" we should be compelled to answer, "Lord, to whom should we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." If the question be whether he have perfect holiness, we must answer it in the negative, to our great sorrow. If the question be whether we are highly advanced in divine grace, we should not dare to say that we are. It would be immoderate if we put forth such a pretension; but if the inquiry be, "Dost thou believe in the Lord Jesus Christ?" then without hesitation we reply, "Lord, we trust thee with undivided faith." Trembling though it be, our faith is true; and though it does not always work in us all the fruit we would desire, yet it does operate in a very blessed way upon our walk and conversation. We believe that Jesus is the Christ, and our trust for eternal life is in him alone.

It is not a matter of question with you, dear friend, is it, as to whether you know Jesus to be the Son of God, very God of very God? It is past all question with you that Jesus bore your sins in his own body on the tree. You have no doubt about his wondrous death and his marvellous resurrection from among the dead. You believe that he was offered a sacrifice once, which once offered has ended the sin of his people, and that he has gone into his glory, and is now sitting at the right hand of God, expecting till his foes be made his footstool. You have no more doubt about that than you have about your own existence. You also believe that he will shortly come to be our Judge—that he will gather the nations before him, and that he will reign King of kings and Lord of lords. Your faith, then, in the Lord Jesus Christ is not a matter of "if" and "but"; you stake your salvation on it. I can truly say that if what I preach be not true, I am a lost man. I have invested all that I have in Christ. If this barque sink I down, for I cannot swim, and I know no other life-boat. Christ is all in all to me; without him I can do nothing. I have nothing, I am nothing. Jesus in the matter of salvation is everything, from beginning to end to me. And you can say the same, I know.

You have faith; nor does your faith confine itself to the belief in the person and work of Christ, and to a simple trusting of yourself to him; but you believe all that is revealed in relation to Jesus. All the stars which make up the Southern Cross shine with clear brilliance for you. Every truth which is revealed in Holy Scripture is embraced by your faith, and held tenaciously. To you I know, beloved, it is only sufficient to prove that it is so written in the Bible, and you believe it. A truth may sometimes amaze you because of its greatness; but that does not stagger your faith; for your faith deals with mysteries, and is familiar with subtleties which it never dreams of comprehending. Yes, we openly own that we believe in God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the triune God; and we believe in the election of grace; and we believe in the eternal purposes of God, and in the working out of all those purposes to the praise of the glory of his grace. If God tells us anything, we accept it as sure, unquestionable, infallible truth. If he veils anything, we desire to leave it veiled; for the limit of revelation is the limit of our faith. We may imagine this or imagine that; but we think

nothing of our imaginations. Our faith deals with what God says, not with what learned men think. What the Spirit of God has written in this inspired Book is truth to us, and we allow no human teaching to rank side by side with it. Well, then, we have faith that believes, faith that learns, faith that reclines, faith that trusts itself entirely in the love of God, faith that can say, "Father, into thy hand I commit my spirit." We have it, and we know that we have it. If any of you here do not know it, do not rest until you do know it. Unbelief calls God a liar: do not live a moment in such a horrible God-provoking sin. Not to trust Christ is to abide under the wrath of God. "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." May we never remain in such a state as that, but come to a knowledge of the truth and to a sound faith in that truth; for this is the faith of God's elect.

But another reading—and a very good reading, too—runs thus: "The confession of our hope." Oh yes, beloved, if we have faith we have hope. We will take both renderings; for they are both correct in fact if not in letter. We have a blessed hope, a hope most "sure and steadfast, which entereth into that which is within the veil." If I begin to describe our hope, I must begin with what, I think, is always the topmost stone of it—the hope of the second advent of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ; for we believe that when he shall appear, we shall also appear with him in glory. We know that he has gone up into heaven. His apostles saw him as he ascended from Olivet, and we believe the words which the angels declared soon after his departure, to remind us of his coming again: "This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." We expect him to descend in person, and we hope ourselves to behold him, and in that day. We expect him to stand in the latter day upon the earth, and in our own flesh risen from the dead we expect to behold our Savior and our God. This is the glorious hope of the church. This is how she expects to be victorious over the world; the Lord shall come and end her conflict in complete triumph. As his first coming has laid the foundations of his empire, so his second coming shall bring forth the corner-stone thereof with shoutings of "Grace, grace, unto it."

OUR PROFESSION OF IT.

II. Secondly, we have gone a step further than the silent possession of faith and hope. We have made a profession of our faith, and a confession of our hope. I am not going to say much about this, but to remind you of certain joyously solemn facts.

You remember the time, dear brethren and sisters, when first you made a profession of your faith. It may do many of us good to go back to those early days. We are getting on in years, some of us, but we do not wish to feel old; at least, we want to keep as much of the freshness and joy of youth as we well can. Cheerfulness is most becoming in Christian men; we have a life within us of later birth than that which our mothers gave us, we will therefore measure our age from our second rather than our first birth. I like to see the old man grow young when he talks of Christ; let him on that point become enthusiastic, even as in his boyhood. When he speaks of the loving-kindness of the Lord to him, he should show the mellowness of years and the energy of youth in happy combination. Perhaps some of you remember the place; the spot of ground, where Jesus met with you. If you do not, at least you recollect when you first whispered to your own heart with trembling hope, "I think I know the Lord." You were almost started at the echo of your own words. You were afraid that you had been presumptuous. There was great tenderness of conscience upon you then, and you would not have professed what was not true for all the world. You said with yourself, "I have said that I was a believer; but I do not think I dare say it again." Yet within a short time it oozed out again, when you were in company and felt forced to defend your Savior. It was true of you in a blessed sense, "Thy speech betrayeth thee." Thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth. At last it grew so warm round about you, that you thought you might as well come out for Jesus and derive help from the confession. The adversaries were fretting you out, and you thought you had better come out and say boldly, once for all, "It is even so." Well do I recollect going to speak to the minister, and telling him that I hoped I had found the Savior, and begging him to ask me such questions as he thought fit to test

me. The true pilgrim never wishes to enter the house. Beautiful if he has not a right to be there; he is afraid that he may be guilty of intrusion, and he therefore hopes the porter at the gate will only admit him when he feels quite sure that he is a pilgrim such as the Lord of the way would permit to enter his house. It was a day of great trembling, but of great joy, when first we avowed our faith in Jesus! What we said we meant. We sated our words with our tears; but oh! we felt it such an honor to be numbered with the people of God! If we had been promised a seat on the floor, or had been allowed only to hear the gospel in the dirtiest corner of the building, we should then have been fully content. We sang and meant it.

"Might I enjoy the meanest place Within thy house, O God of grace! Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power, Should tempt my feet to leave thy door." We want soft cushions now; we can not stand to hear a sermon now, nor yet travel very far, especially in damp weather. It is very strange that we should have become so delicate; but it is so. How many miles we could walk when first we knew the Lord: the miles have grown much longer lately, or else our love has grown much shorter! Those were blessed days—changeable, showery, with little more than the dusk of dawn about them; but still there was a morning freshness about them upon which we look back with supreme delight, and somewhat of regret. Then was a time of love, a season of buds and flowers, and song-birds, and overflowing life and hope. "But what good does our profession do?" says one. I do not know that we need ask that question, or answer it either. If a course of action is commanded of God, it is ours to obey, whether we can see any use in it or not. It is put continually in the Word of God, "He that with his heart believeth, and with his mouth maketh confession of him, shall be saved," or, in other words, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." Faith in the truth and an open profession of that faith are constantly put together in the scriptures. There must be the confession of Christ outwardly, as well as the believing in Christ inwardly; and the Lord Jesus himself has said, "Except a man shall take up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple." It is not the Lord's will that we should go in the dark to heaven along some private road of our own. We are to come out and follow him in this evil generation, or else he will be ashamed of us when he comes in the glory of his Father. If the question be asked again, "What is the good of an open profession?" I would say: Much every way. It is in itself a grand thing for his manliness for a man boldly to say, "I am a Christian." It is good for a soldier of the cross to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard by being openly known to be a Christian. The world then ceases to urge its coarser temptations. The enemies know whereabouts you are, and do not raise that question again. Your profession becomes a confirmation of your purpose to lead a better life. You say, "I have lifted up my hand unto the Lord, and how can I go back? How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God? The vows of the Lord are upon me"; all this is a protection to you in the hour of trial. To show your colors may not appear to be a great thing, but to many it is half the battle.

HOLDING FAST TO IT.

III. The third point is to be, what are we now to do? I have trenchanted upon it already, and I have done so intentionally. The answer is—we are called upon to hold fast the profession of our faith.

You are Christians, not for time, but for eternity. Your new birth is not into a dying existence, but into life everlasting. You are born again of a living and incorruptible seed, that liveth and abideth forever. Wherefore, quit yourselves like men and be strong. Stand fast, "Be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Continue your confession, and never conceal it. There are times when you will be inclined to put your flag away into the canvas case, and hide your coat of arms in the cellar. Then you may filijudge that the devil is getting advantage over you, and that it is time that you ceased to be beguiled by his sorceries. Tear up the wrappings, throw the bag away, and nail your flag aloft where every eye can see it. Whenever you feel inclined to be ashamed of Christ do not deliberate, but say, "This is wrong. There is coming over me something that I must not endure. If I were in a right state of mind I should never feel like this." Never yield to shameful cowardice; scorn

such detestable meanness. Out with it, man! Out with it! If you might have gone on peaceably, and said nothing about your religion, yet whenever you feel at all afraid to do it, then say, "Now I must do it, I cannot allow my principles to remain in question. I will in some way make a demonstration of the faith that is in me, lest I prove a coward and a cast-away after all." Perhaps you may have to go into a certain company where you do not want to have it known that you are a Christian. It is imperative that you break through that snare, and put the case beyond debate. If I were you, I would make my profession known in that very company, because the idea that you must not be known to be a Christian will be very dangerous to you. I cannot exactly tell in what way it will endanger you, but it will surely do so, and therefore whenever the thought of concealment crops up, down with it, and come out clear and straight for Jesus. Only when you are out-and-out for Jesus can you be in a right condition. Anything short of this is full of evil. Since Satan tempts you to hide your faith, feel that he seeks your harm, and therefore come out all the more decidedly.

Turning the Pages.

What have you been reading of late? This question was asked as we sat down together in familiar conversation. His answer was stimulating and suggestive. Why may we not exchange views through the press sometimes, concerning what we have read? I wish to put this paper along that line.

1. Endymion; a novel, by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. It is perhaps his last contribution to the world of letters; it is certainly thoroughly charming. No novel I ever read has so few dull places through which one must pull by main effort. From the opening to the closing pages it is brilliant. My rule for reading novels is very simple and, as it seems to me, safe and necessary. Read only for mental recreation and only the masters, and only their masterpieces, and only such as are of noble moral tone and of excellent literary cast. There is neither time nor disposition nor reason for doing more. "Everybody's reading it" is no weight with me. The conditions of my rule are met for the most part in Endymion. It furnishes some admirable lessons, gives a fair insight to court life in England, and has a marvellous influence in making one determine to do something and to be something in the world. The author may be the author's hero, as the "key" says, but surely there is little agreement between Disraeli and Endymion, with less resemblance in their histories. You can get the book in the Franklin Square Library for forty pence, or you may borrow it as I did. But do neither; this is a book which you will wish to mark and keep for future reference. Dr. John A. Broadus told me he got and read the cheap form to save two dollars; and now he would gladly give five dollars to have the cloth edition with his marks and references in it. I threw away his words of wisdom and have regretted it a hundred times. I beg you to buy Harper & Brothers' cloth edition. The two volumes will cost only \$2.50, postage prepaid. By all means read the work. It will serve you in many ways. Endymion is a bit of English history set in picture. But English history even in these modern years is wilder than fiction, and even more charming when set by the hand of such a man as McCarthy. The reading of this work has deepened and confirmed my convictions that historical novels while entertaining and instructive in many ways, are yet little help in the study of real history. The History of our own Times is as brilliant as Macaulay's England, while McCarthy is superior to Macaulay in his well balanced delineations of distinguished persons. I do not know his equal as the writer-up of men. You feel throughout that you have come upon a man who knows his times, a historian who is impartial. At least he tries to be impartial, and no doubt succeeds as well as is possible to an author; you feel this even when disagreeing with him. For the most part he is dealing with living characters, and like the photographer, gives you their pictures, blemishes and all. His work is really a great work; and will in future be regarded as a standard and a classic. What wondrous things have been wrought in England

and in the world during these fifty years comprehended in this work! And the events of fifty years are marshalled before you so vividly that one feels the greatness of the times in which he is living. I know nothing more instructive in its line than a study of the reforms of England as seen throughout the pages of these volumes—reforms governmental, scientific, religious, educational. Staid England changes slowly, but changes. Looked at from the reforms of the past, home rule for Ireland is sure to come—too fast for some, not fast enough for others. All reformers should read McCarthy, and all anti-reformers, and all who are indifferent to reform movements. I have tried to mark the most interesting part of his book, but cannot, turning to his chapter on science, on the literature of the age, on some distinguished statesmen, (and there are several such chapters,) on some great reform movements at home, or the development of some foreign policy, on some stirring scene in parliament, on the growth of the postal system, on the disposition of criminals, etc., etc., etc. He touches all departments, sometimes with the fullest statement; sometimes one wishes he had gone further. McCarthy is a man of his own times, but has written his history with himself left out. The future historian will award him his place of honor.

3. Victor Hugo; a biography of the distinguished Frenchman. Scarcely have I read a work with such disappointment, though I am uncertain where to rest the blame. The publishers, Worthington Company, 747 Broadway, New York, have done their work well. In mechanical execution the book is well high faultless, a small 12mo., 200 pp.; price \$1.25, presenting an exceedingly pleasant page. Its brevity was a pleasure, allowing one to read it through in twenty-four hours, including time for meals and a night's rest of solid eight hours. It contains little of its subject and much of its author, Algernon Charles Swinburne. It is not a biography, but simply Swinburne's estimate. And his estimate is certainly very high; he uses all the adjectives and used them all in the superlative degree. I should say a superlative, except the word is obsolete. Swinburne may be a poet, as his friends say, but he is not a prose writer of high order. Yet let us do him and his work justice. He did not propose a biography but a study of Victor Hugo and his works. In keeping with this he gives us numerous and copious quotations from Hugo's poetry. These are all in French, and I cannot read French. They are said to be very superior in every respect—in scope and depth of thought, in richness and sentiment, in splendor and power of expression. The book did deepen my desire to know more of Victor Hugo; and the cataloging of his works gave me a clearer conception of this wonderful statement which Hugo himself makes of the marvellous productive power of his intellect. "For half a century I have been writing thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song, I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me."

So much for Endymion, McCarthy, and Victor Hugo. But I must quit turning the pages, else you will not allow me to turn them again.

Joining the Church.

How soon should I join the church? The best answer we can give to that question is: Just as soon as your heart has joined the Savior. When God gives conversion, he demands confession. Make the most of your early love. If your heart goes out to Jesus in loving trust, then stand up for him, and with him, joining your hands to his, take the blessed vow of spiritual wedlock. The whole drift of the Bible is in favor of prompt trust in Christ, prompt confession of Christ, and prompt obedience to his every call of duty. The teaching of the Word is: "Whatsoever he saith to you, do it." "Whatsoever he saith to you, delay it."—[T. L. Cuyler.]

God's Care.

A little girl, who had perhaps never been across the street alone, was sent on a necessary errand across the way. She stood on the curb-stone hesitating; then she looked back, and saw that her mother was looking at her; at once she said, "Yes, mamma, I'll do it, if you'll keep looking at me all the way." So God is regarding you and me, it is that sort of care that he has for us.—[Wayland Hoyt.]

O Lord, thou knowest how busy I must be this day, if I forget thee, do not thou forget me!—[Sir Jacob Ashley.]

Justification.

A Bible Reading Arranged

BY G. A. NUNNALLY.

Justification a change of state—new standing before God. Anon. Promised in Christ.

By his knowledge SHALL my righteousness justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities. Isa. 53: 11. Performed by God.

Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth. Rom. 8: 33. Originating cause—the grace of God: Being justified freely by HIS GRACE through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Rom. 3: 24.

Procuring cause; the death of Christ: Being now justified by HIS BLOOD, we shall be saved from wrath through him. Rom. 5: 9.

Instrumental cause; the faith of man: Therefore we conclude that a man is justified by FAITH without the deeds of the law. Rom. 3: 28.

Prevailing plea, the name of Christ: Ye are justified IN THE NAME of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God. 1 Cor. 6: 11.

Assuring fact, the resurrection of Christ: He was delivered for our offences, and WAS RAISED AGAIN for our justification. Rom. 4: 25.

Attitude for receiving, confession and prayer: "God be merciful to me a sinner." I tell you this man went down to his house justified. Luke 18: 13, 14.

RESULTS.

Works before men: SEEST THOU HOW FAITH WROUGHT WITH ABRAHAM'S WORKS? YE SEE THEN HOW THAT BY WORKS A MAN IS JUSTIFIED. James 2: 20-24.

Peace toward God: Therefore being justified by faith, we have PEACE WITH GOD through our Lord Jesus Christ. Rom. 5: 1.

Glory with Christ: Whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also GLORIFIED. Rom. 8: 30.

Inheritance in Heaven: Being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life. Titus 3: 7.

Literary Notes.

Spun From Fact. By Pansy. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price, \$1.50.

Anything that Pansy writes is sure of readers, no matter what her subject or whom she addresses. Her style is natural and easy, and she always has some definite object in view, which she never loses sight of, and which always serves to point a moral or illustrate some useful lesson. The present story turns upon the extraordinary physical and spiritual phenomena which has excited so much attention within the past few years, and which is popularly referred to as the "faith" or "prayer" cure. The story is told in that of a young girl, Jeanie Bartlett, who through a long and painful illness became, as it was supposed, crippled for life. From time to time stories came to her of miraculous cures effected by prayer, and a hope grows up in her that even her case may not be beyond help. A time is set for a season of united prayer in the sick room. One eager, heartfelt prayer follows another, and at the close, the invalid, full of faith, and endowed with a new and wonderful strength, rises to her feet and walks with a firm step across the floor. It is no temporary cure; her strength remains, and from that time forth she is whole and well.

The August number of Harper's Magazine is in every way a timely reminder of the midsummer season. This seasonable, perhaps, impresses us most in Mr. Warner's delightful story, Their Pilgrimage, which this month takes us to Bar Harbor and Sulphur Springs, bringing the romance of the serial to a pleasant culmination in the latter place. To all that of innumerable crowd of Americans which every summer crosses and recrosses the Atlantic. Mr. Charles Algernon Dougherty's lively sketches of Transatlantic Captains, will be especially interesting. The paper is illustrated with thirty portraits. A large number of these travellers are invalids, and to these Dr. T. M. Coan's able article on French Mineral Springs, will prove useful as well as attractive reading. Edmund Kirk contributes an interesting article on Detroit, the City of the Strait, giving a thrilling account of its early history, and its rapid growth. The article is profusely and beautifully illustrated. William Winter contributes an excellent paper on Joseph Jefferson, the actor, illustrated by an engraving of Mr. J. W. Alexander's painting of Jefferson in the character

of Bob Acres—the frontier piece to the number. Poems are contributed by T. B. Aldrich, Annie Fields, and Dinah Maria Craik. The Editor's Easy Chair, by George William Curtis, Mr. Howell's Study, and the Drawer, conducted by Charles Dudley Warner, complete the entertainment of an unusually strong and attractive number.

A LITERARY COUP D'ETAT.

Of all the surprises of which the reading public has been treated by Mr. Alden's surprising Literary Revolution, perhaps the most remarkable is the last. Two of the choicest and most famous books in modern literature, Washington Irving's The Sketch Book and Knickerbocker's History of New York, are just published in style worthy of the most widely celebrated and universally honored of American authors. The two books together form one of the nine volumes of his works also just published. The type is large, headed, beautiful. The two volumes bound in one comprise 666 pages; the binding is half Morocco, marbled edges. The only other edition in the market that all compares with this or rivals it, is advertised by the publisher at \$3.00 per volume. Mr. Alden's price when sold in sets of nine volumes is a little less than \$1.00 per volume. He now offers this single specimen volume until September 1, 1886, for the price (if it can be called a price) of 50 cents, by mail postage paid. This offer is without restriction or condition. If you want to complete your set after you have received this volume, you can, of course do so by paying the additional price for the set. Mr. Alden sends his complete condensed catalogue of standard books free to any applicant, or his illustrated catalogue, 132 pages, for four cents. Address, John B. Alden, Publisher, 303 Pearl Street, New York.

The Pulpit Treasury for August, is warm, fresh, timely and able. Rev. N. H. Van Arsdale, one of the editors of The Christian Intelligencer, New York, and pastor of the Reformed Dutch Church, Paterson, N. J., is accorded the first place in this number. Full sermons are by Dr. W. H. Anderson, of Kentucky, and Dr. A. H. Moment of Brooklyn. There is a Dedicatory Service by Prof. J. A. Broadus, and an Expository Lecture by Dr. J. Parker. Leading Thoughts of Sermons, are by Dr. Raymond, Mitchell, Davis, Huntington, Storrs, McCosh, Beach, and Armitage. There is a telling article by Dr. A. T. Pierson, on the Christian and the World; one by Dr. Cuyler on the Work that Pays; one by Rev. J. O. Davies on the Elements of a Strong Church; one by Dr. L. J. Moody on Church Choirs; one by Dr. Bolton on Home Training; one by Dr. Talmage on the Religion for an Emergency; one by Dr. Dunn on the Scriptural Specific for Dull Prayer—Settings; one by Dr. Vincent on a Pastor Perforator, and several others equally suitable and interesting.

In the "Southern Blouac" for August, E. Polk Johnson describes very pleasantly a recent visit to Mr. Jefferson Davis, and his article is accompanied by a portrait of Mr. Davis, which is the best yet made of the distinguished gentleman. Gen. Basil Duke contributes a very interesting article—After the Fall of Richmond—which contains much original matter relating to the treasure train, and to the last council of war. The last article by Paul Hayton Hayne appears in this number, and concludes his sketch of Charles Gayarre. Charles Gayarre himself writes of The Famous Laffittes at Galveston, and Alice Williams Brotherton has a poem on the death of Mr. Hayne. Robert Burns Wilson has a long and striking poem, The Heritage of Hope, addressed to the Bards of the South. Colonel Preston, an eye-witness, tells of The Execution of John Brown. J. H. Moore writes of The Battle of Fredericksburg. W. F. Gordon has an article on Oklahoma. D. Shepherd has a romantic dialect story; Dr. Oswald continues his articles on Southern Summer Resorts, and George E. Walsh talks of Homing Pigeons. Altogether this is a notable number of this popular and growing magazine.

Spoiling for Fascination.

Sir James Thornhill was the person who painted the inside of the cupola of St. Paul's, London. After having finished one of the compartments, he stepped back gradually, to see how it would look at a distance. He receded so far (still keeping his eyes intently fixed on the painting) that he was out almost to the very edge of the scaffolding without perceiving it. Had he continued to recede, half a minute more he would have completed his destruction, and he must have fallen to the pavement underneath. A person present, who saw the danger the great artist was in, had the happy presence of mind to suddenly snatch up one of the brushes and spoil the painting by rubbing it over. Sir James, transported with rage sprang forward to save the remainder of the piece. But his rage was soon turned to thanks when the person told him: "Sir, by spoiling the painting I have saved the life of the painter. You were advanced to the extremity of the scaffold without knowing it. Had I called to you to apprise you of your danger, you would naturally have turned to look behind you, and the surprise of finding yourself in such a dreadful situation would have made you fall indeed. I had, therefore, no other way of retrieving you but by acting as I did."

Similar, if I may so speak, is the method of God's dealing with his people. We are all naturally fond of our own feeble performances. We admire them to our ruin, unless the Holy Spirit retrieves us from our folly. This he does by marring our best works—that is by showing us their insufficiency to justify us before God. When we are truly taught of him we thank him for his grace, instead of being angry at having our idols defaced. The only way by which we are saved from everlasting destruction is by being made to see that "by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."—[Toplady.]

Temperance Column.

For a clear statement of the prohibition issue we commend the following extracts from a recent article by Dr. Herrick Johnson in The Homiletic Review:

The ground of the prohibition of anything by human law is solely the amount and character of the evil effects, upon society of the thing prohibited, and not at all the inherent evil of the act itself. All lying is wrong, but the law prohibits only certain kinds of lying. All perjury is equally a sin, but the law only prohibits perjury in a court of justice. On the other hand, the carrying a concealed weapon is not a sin, but the law prohibits it. The driving a horse a certain gait in the city is not a sin, but the law prohibits it. The reason why, in each case, is patent. Danger and damage to society makes the difference, and the only difference. If I tell a lie on the witness stand, under oath, and get caught at it, I must go to prison. But, outside the court room, I may tell the same lie and solemnly swear to it, and go scot-free. Why prohibition in the one case, and not in the other case, when in both cases the lie is the same and the oath is the same? Clearly, because, in a process of law, the liberty of lying and swearing to it would do incalculable harm to society, and defeat the ends of public justice.

The manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor for beverage purposes is what [the Prohibition party] would abolish, as we asserted again and again in our previous article. The saloon, as the embodiment and offensive expression of the traffic, is what it would abolish. Won't this hit the wine-glass? Very likely. But won't a law of quarantine hit personal liberty, in its effort to fence in a contagious disease? Nevertheless, the object of the law is not to repress personal liberty, but to repress the contagion. A fire rages in a great city. The authorities blow up houses in its path to arrest it. Is the object of the authorities the destruction of private property, or the stamping out of the conflagration? I look through my plate-glass window out on the street, and see a wild beast, broken loose from a menagerie, just ready to spring at the throat of a child. I seize a rifle and fire, breaking the window and killing the beast. Is my object the window or the beast? Now, here is this liquor traffic—a raging wild beast devouring our youth; a huge, foul viper sucking at the vitals of our social and national life. We have hedged it about with restraints; but it snaps them as withes of tow, and grows insolent in its license of power. It "defies all restrictive laws." Men, in increasing numbers and with increasing emphasis, are beginning to say, "Shoot it dead with prohibition." But that shot shatters the wine-glass. Well, is the object the wine-glass, or the liquor traffic? Suppose it be true that, incidentally, indirectly, and yet inevitably, somebody's liberty is struck in arresting the contagion, somebody's property is struck in stamping out the fire, somebody's wine-glass is struck in exterminating the saloon! Is the incidental more than the fundamental? Shall we patter and pother about a broken glass, when the wild beast lies dead at our feet?

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 13, 1886.

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

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WISE WORDS FOR PARENTS.

Select a religious school. All other
things being equal, select one of your
own denomination. If there were no
schools founded and administered by
Baptist men and women, there would
be good reason for your selecting one
established and administered by oth-
ers. There is no such reason. Our
schools are as good as any in the
country. Their graduates stand as
high as any. We do not sacrifice general
culture to denominationalism. The
unconscious religious influences of the
school are a great power in the
student life. The moral atmosphere
of the school is of as great importance
to you as the literary atmosphere. Be-
ware of educational processes that
dwarf the conscience and the affec-
tions. Our young people want the
side of faith and reverence in their
nature strengthened, and not weaken-
ed. Religion is the crown and the
completion of the human nature. Let
the school of your child be one whose
manly virtues or womanly tenderness
and spiritual sympathies of the prin-
cipal and teachers will lead your child
to the fear of the Lord, the beginning
of all wisdom.—Herald.

"UNIFICATION."

We have watched with some solicitude,
the growth of "unification"
among our Texas brethren. They
have combined their two Conventions
—that is, the State Convention and the
General Association; they have
united their two colleges—Baylor and
Waco, and now they have secured
the union of their two papers—the
Texas Baptist Herald and the Texas
Baptist, under the joint editorship of
their two former editors, Brethren
Link and Hayden, assisted by two or
three of their ablest writers as as-
sociate editors. If this union is an
outgrowth instead of ingrowth, it will
prove a great blessing, and a consum-
mation devoutly to be wished. We
know Bro. Link, one of the former
editors, and Dr. Law, formerly of our
State, one of the assistant editors, to
be able and reliable men, and we must
think that nothing will be wanting on
their part to make the union perma-
nent and successful. Under the present
outlook there is no State in the
Union where the prospects of the
Baptists are more promising than in
the "Lone Star State." Their mission
and educational enterprises are on a
prodigious scale, and they are ad-
dressing themselves to the work with
commendable zeal and efficiency.

Bro. Link will remember the fall of
'64, when, as a chaplain, he followed
the fortunes of Gen. Price's army
across the Mississippi river, and fell
in with us at the old Tuskegee As-
sociation, and the warm reception he
met. Bro. Law will remember that
Sabbath morning when first we met
on the banks of the Coosa in the city
of Wetumpka, and he and others made
the godly confession, and were bap-
tized by the now sainted D. R. W.
McLver. Those two events fixed those
brethren in our hearts for life, and
our warmest wishes accompany them
in their noble efforts to combine the
efforts of their brethren in that grand
empire State, in their works of faith
and labors of love. S. H.

We have lately had a "Teachers'
Institute" at Northport of pleasing
and profitable interest. These insti-
tutes ought to be held in every coun-
ty in the State, as they serve to in-
spire the spirit of education wherever
they are held.

"DIME NOVELS."

In Erie, Kansas, a terrible tragedy
occurred recently. A sixteen year
old lad, having filled his mind with
blood and thunder stories from dime
novels of the worst class, armed him-
self with hatchet and butcher knife,
entered the house where his father,
mother, brother, and sister were sleep-
ing, and deliberately murdered every
one of them, crushing their skulls and
cutting their throats, and then ran to
a neighbor's house and reported that
a strange man had killed his father.
The investigation proved him to be
the guilty party. His name is Willie
Sells. He had read these novels un-
til, as he says, he wanted to be a
"Wild Bill," a "Slippery Sam," or
something of the kind, and com-
menced his career where it will likely
end on the gallows. What warning
to parents to guard their children
against this pernicious kind of reading!

S. H.
Arkansas as to that new theology
that would disembowel Christianity of
its great central doctrines of the prop-
er Deity and vicarious atonement of
Jesus Christ, we may quote the fol-
lowing from Lessing, a German in-
tellectual, though a critic, so regarded,
of taste and judgment: "I agree with
you, but our old religious system is
false; but I cannot say, as you do,
that it is a botch work of half philoso-
phy and smatterings of knowledge. I
know nothing in the world that more
drew out and exercised a fine intellec-
t. A botch-work and smatterings of half
philosophy is that system of religion
which people now want to set up in
the place of the old one; and with far
more invasion upon reason and philo-
sophy than the old one ever pre-
tended to. If Christ is not the true
God, the Mohammedan religion is in-
disputably far better than the Chris-
tian, and Mohammed himself was in-
comparably a greater and more hon-
orable man than Jesus Christ; for he
was more truth-telling, more circum-
spect in what he said . . . than Christ
was, who, if he did not exactly give
himself out for God, at least said a
hundred two-meaning things to lead
simple people to think so, while Mo-
hammed could never be charged with
a single instance of double-dealing in
this way." This testimony is quite
suggestive. S. H.

THE CUBAN MISSION.

Those who heard our Bro. Diaz's
speech at our late Convention will
not likely forget our new mission in
Cuba. The thrilling incident he told
of the burial of a brother, a citizen
of the United States, and the grave filled
with his dead body by the wine, and
that, too, by the complicity of a Cath-
olic priest, brought tears from many
eyes, so that when the proposition by
Dr. Tichenor to raise the balance on
the amount due for a cemetery that
could be protected, of three hundred
dollars, in a very few minutes over
four hundred dollars was raised, a
large portion in cash, the balance to
be paid soon. The impression Bro.
Diaz made on the Convention was
quite favorable. He is a well edu-
cated man, has been twice imprisoned,
and once had his clothes literally torn
into shreds by a mob, so that his faith
has been thoroughly tried. When
converted he had no other book but
the New Testament to consult, and
that made him a Baptist, warp and
wool. In his speech before the Con-
vention, his sentiments would ever
and anon crop out as indicating that
he was rooted and grounded in the
truth as learned from the only divine
source of faith and practice. Surely
there must be something in the fact
that those who are shut up to the
New Testament alone to learn the
will of the Master so, uniformly come
to the Baptist denomination. As a
rule, they are the creeds that get be-
tween the inquirer and the divine
book that color and distort its teach-
ings. Reverse this order, and place
the divine book in the hands of a
young convert, so that he can judge
of the creed by the book, instead of
the Book by the creed, and the Chris-
tian world would soon be revolution-
ized. We remember an incident dur-
ing the war that was quite significant.
We visited the army under Gen. John-
son around Dalton, Ga., a few weeks
before the Atlanta campaign opened,
and in connection with the chaplains
of all denominations, preached to the
soldiers during a great revival. At
the close of the meeting each night
the doors of each church were opened
and largely more than half of the con-
verts united with the Baptist denom-
ination, and most of the others with
the Methodist. When the time for
baptizing arrived, the Methodist min-
ister with whom we labored went as
regularly where there was "much
water" to immerse his members as did
the Baptist minister, and we saw him
immerse eighteen and sprinkle three,
and we were told this was about the
average away they generally adminis-
tered the ordinance in the army. The
truth is, the soldiers were away from
all home influences, with no book but
the New Testament to consult, were
"in jeopardy every hour," and obeyed
the plain unvarnished word of God.
Dr. Teasdale can verify what we say.
And it will ever be when parties
are shut up to the only book whose
teachings should determine our faith
and practice. S. H.

DIGNITY OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

"I magnify mine office," says Paul,
under a sense of the dignity of the au-
thority that conferred it, as well as the
overwhelming responsibilities it in-
volved. The memory of the journey
to Damascus recalled the one, and
the relation of the gospel to human
character and destiny suggested the
other. To be an "ambassador of God"
on a mission that "bore so vital-
ly upon the present and future well-
being of humanity might well inspire
the conception that mortal agency
could not be employed in a higher
and holier service. Bearing creden-
tials from heaven commissioning him
and his collaborators to "all the world
and every creature" relating to the
most undying interest that can appeal
to our moral consciousness, he stands
before us to-day as much above the
tyrant that then wore the purple robes
of royalty at Rome in the office he
filled as he transcended him in those
virtues that have made him the model
of all the ages. Eighteen centuries
have only served to swell the dimen-
sions of a character that was the mar-
vel of his own age, and that will ex-
pand until the gospel shall have com-
passed its last results in this world.

For there are occasional figures in
history, in all the departments of life,
that rise in magnitude as, by the flight
of time, we recede from them. Crom-
well made civil liberty possible in this
country more than a century before
our revolutionary struggle. Luther
and his confederates made religious lib-
erty possible over a hundred years be-
fore Roger Williams established it in
Rhode Island. It is a degree of Al-
mightiness as firm as the eternal hills,
for all history confirms it, that crea-
tors shall live, and that destroyers
shall die. Truth is immortal, and
those who plant and nurture it pur-
chase to themselves something of its
immortality. They become identified
with its sublime mission, and gather
their importance from its ever-during
achievements. For it is written,
"they that turn many to righteousness
shall shine as the stars in the firm-
ament of God forever."

Now, leaving out the "signs and
wonders and divers miracles" that
marked the career of the first apostles
and ministers of Christianity, and
recognizing that part of their work
which had permanent reference to
the eternal interests of man, the Chris-
tian ministry of to-day is just the same
as it was then. Christ is still the liv-
ing head of the church. It is still his
prerogative to call and qualify whom
he will to this high office. He is as
much concerned in the perpetuation
and prosperity of his kingdom now
as he was eighteen centuries ago.
Ministers are as much his "gits" now
as then. The honor he puts upon this
calling is neither less nor more
than it ever has been. The gospel is
now as much the "power of God unto
salvation" as it was when Paul
preached it at Rome. But the honor
this high office confers is not the
honor of this world. It never seeks
its qualification in the obsequiousness,
the empty adulation, the stars and
garters, the badges and high-sounding
titles conferred by earthly courts and
cabinets. These are the merest baubles
that ever lured to destroy. Whence
are its honors? Read the answer
in the tears of gratitude that greet
you, ye ministers of Christ, from those
whom you, by the grace of
God, have plucked from eternal burn-
ings; read it in the kindly ministries
you have carried to the sorrowing
sons and daughters of affliction; read
it in the tens of thousands of churches
that have sprung up under your Ja-
cob as the very pillars of our govern-
ment and the beacon lights of our civ-
ilization; read it in those precious
jewels you have won to Christ, and
which constitute all the wealth that
this world can ever be to him, and
that will commemorate your works of
faith and labors of love myriads of
years after earth and suns and stars
shall fade away; oh, read it in that
promise of your glorified Immanuel,
to be fulfilled in that day, "Then
shall the righteous shine forth as the
sun in the kingdom of their Father." These,
then, are the honors that gather
upon the brow of those who suc-
cessfully point their fellow men to the
Lamb of God. And can they not
joyfully retire from that theatre where
the highest earthly distinctions are
won, and in those humbler spheres
where meekness and gentleness, and
charity, and humility, mature their
richest fruits, and quietly await that
"glory, honor and immortality,"
which they are to receive in that day,
when all other distinctions shall be
brought to "shame and everlasting
contempt"? Why, even in this life,
your calling is recognized among all
ingenious minded men as incompar-
ably above all other pursuits; but your
true greatness is reserved for the life
to come. Therefore quietly bide
your time, and "hope to the end for
the grace—the crown of life—that is
to be brought into you at the revela-
tion of Jesus Christ." By the very
terms of your calling, you are not to
receive your final reward until "the
resurrection of the just." Keep your
eye steadily fixed upon that crown,
bearing the heavenly inscription,
"win and wear it!" S. H.

We have often thought that if the
same interest could be inspired in our
churches in their spiritual prosperity,
in our mission cause, in our educa-
tional enterprises, in anything that
elevates humanity, fitting us for the
life that now is as well as for the life
to come, that marks the history of a
political campaign, what an impulse
would be imparted to every good
word and work. But alas, with what
eagerness we pursue the merest baubles,
while an incorruptible crown can
scarcely awaken zeal enough to
bring many professing Christians to
the house of God once a month.
"This is a lamentation, and shall be
for a lamentation!" S. H.

If numbers counted anything in the
great spiritual conflict between light
and darkness, the cause of Christ
would not survive a single campaign.
But it is a decree of Almighty God
as irrevocable as the omnific word that
made heaven and earth, that creators
shall live and destroyers shall die.
Here in this warfare "one can chase
a thousand and two can put ten thou-
sands to flight." Elijah with God on
his side, is more than a match for the
eight hundred and fifty prophets of
Baal, backed up by a nation of idola-
tors led by an apostate king. S. H.

SOME one has estimated that for every
case of death from hydrophobia at
least ten thousand die of drunken-
ness, yet the mad dog is killed and the
saloon goes scot free!

FIELD NOTES.

Dr. B. F. Riley is expected to
preach for First church, Montgomery,
next Sabbath morning.

The fee on money orders for \$5.00
and under is now 5 cents. It is the
best way to remit your subscription.

We need thirty copies of our last
issue, Aug. 5th. We will thank any
subscriber to mail us his paper of that
date.

A meeting is going on at Ramey in
which the pastor B. A. Jackson is
aided by Bro. J. W. Orme and F. C.
Waite.

Look at the date on your paper. If
your subscription has expired, we
would be glad to have your renewal
by return mail.

Rev. L. M. Bradley is holding a
meeting with New Shiloh church,
Perry county, and is aided by Bro.
John M. Thomas of Six Mile.

Notice the date on your paper fol-
lowing your name and remember that
your subscription will be very accept-
able now, especially so in the dull
season.

In a private note Rev. C. P. Pen-
nington writes that the outlook at Peach-
tree is very encouraging and he is much
pleased with things generally, at which
his many friends will rejoice.

Bro. J. M. McCord reports a good
meeting at Six Mile in which he is
aided by Bro. J. L. Thompson and
W. J. Elliot. Quite a number have
been baptized at Randolph, too.

Please read all the rules at the head
of first column of this page. We have
tried to write them so plainly that
they cannot be misunderstood. It
will save us much trouble to have
them observed.

Rev. I. Spence, after a protracted
meeting of sixteen days at the Cata-
paws springs church, baptized twenty-one
candidates on the 25th inst. There
were 27 accessions to the church in
all.—Escambia Times.

A lady who ordered her paper stop-
ped a few weeks since now
repents and remits back dues and
\$2.00 for another year because she
"cannot do without the ALABAMA
BAPTIST." Of course not.

The presidents of Howard College
from the first to the present have been
as follows: Professor S. S. Sherman;
H. Talbird, D. D.; Hon. J. L. M.
Curry, LL. D.; S. Freeman, D. D.,
and J. T. Murfee, LL. D.

The Rev. Dr. M. H. Lane, of Cave
Springs, Ga., preached a very able
and attractive sermon at the Baptist
church on last Sunday night. He is
pastor of the Alpine church and is
giving universal satisfaction to that
people and his work is prospering.—
Mountain Home.

Rev. B. F. Giles, of Salem, has
been elected to a professorship in
Howard College, Marion, Ala., and
has decided to accept it. We shall
be very sorry to lose him from our
State. He offered his resignation last
night. He is one of the men we will
miss.—Indiana Baptist.

The result of the protracted meet-
ing at Pine Level was the addition of
16 members—2 by letter, 1 by restora-
tion, and 13 by experience. Rev.
B. M. Bean, the pastor, conducted
the meeting. He was assisted 3 days
by Rev. J. D. Cook, of Cuba Station.

Note the time and place of meeting
of the associations as published else-
where. Please report promptly any
error you may discover. If the
brethren will notify us we will publish
the arrangements made to meet vis-
itors and the name of station at which
they should leave rail road.

Closed a good meeting of six days
with Concord church, Choctaw Co.,
Ala., on the 5th inst. Christians were
greatly revived, and nine were added

to the church; six by baptism and
three by letter. I go to Toombsa,
Ga., to-morrow to begin a meeting.
—J. D. Cook, Cuba Station, Ala.

The protracted meeting at the Baptist
church in Russellville is under way,
and the outlook is hopeful for a
revival. Elders Mat Lyon and Joseph
Shackelford are assisting the pastor,
Elder R. T. Weir, and are doing
some earnest, good, sound preaching.
The congregations are large, attentive
and responsive.—Idaho Register.

Rev. J. A. Howard will commence
a series of meetings at the Baptist
church at Oswehee, the third Sunday
in this month. Hope blessings will at-
tend his meetings, and that great good
will be done. Mr. Howard is a fine
theologian and growing preacher. He
is much loved in Oswehee, and we
hope will continue with us for some
time to come.—Russell Register.

The Sunday-school convention of
the Unity Association met with the
Evergreen Baptist church, Autauga
county, July 30th and 31st. A syn-
opsis of the proceedings will be sent
you. We had a very good meeting.
I will close by saying we intend hav-
ing another meeting next August.
Providence permitting, when we hope
the brethren will all come and aid in
pushing forward the Sunday-school
work.—Autauga.

In the article of E. B. Teague, Aug-
ust 5th, headed "A Protest," it
would have been just to the President
and the brethren present at the last
session of the State Convention, to
have noticed the fact that the Presi-
dent, on every occasion in which the
objectionable method of applause was
used, called the brethren to order
with his gavel, and stated that it was
not agreeable to many of the brethren.
—B. B. D.

For some unknown reason the
names of H. A. Haralson and W. P.
Welch were omitted from the list of
members of State Mission Board as
published in our report. The faithful
services of both brethren in the past
merited the re-election accorded by
the State Convention, and it was an
omission of the pencil, probably, that
their names were not included in our
report. Their names were on the list
from which we copied.

Major J. G. Harris delivered a lec-
ture to a large congregation at the
First Baptist church, Sunday morning
at 11 o'clock. It was the first of a
series of lectures on Bible subjects which
he has been invited to deliver by the
members during Dr. Wharton's ab-
sence from the city on his summer
vacation. The subject of the lecture
Sunday was "A Historic Christ," and
it was handled with decided grace and
ability. It was interesting, entertain-
ing, and instructive, and all who heard
it were delighted with it.—Advertiser.

To vow the vow of a Nazirite, is to
separate one's self from the world and
consecrate himself to the service of
God. One of the peculiar characters
of the Nazirite, anciently, was that
they separated themselves from wine
and strong drink. It is not just as
important and necessary to-day for
the professed follower of Christ to
separate himself from strong drink, if
he would fulfill the vow made unto
the Lord in proposing to come out on
the Lord's side? Yes.—C. W. O'Hara,
Wilcoxville.

The Selma Association, the first on
the list, has met and Dr. Davidson
has set a good example by writing us
at once, some notes of the meeting.
We want to publish a report of each
of the meetings in the State. We
will make it a rule to publish the first
one received and hope the brethren
will vie with each other in forwarding
the reports just as soon as possible.
Write from three hundred to five hun-
dred words. Do not go beyond five
hundred, or we will have room for
nothing else.

Our rule for publication of obituaries
is so simple that it ought not to
be misunderstood. We insert one
hundred words free. If you send
more than that number, please count
the extra words and remit with the
order the amount of the bill at five
cents for each extra word. This will
save us correspondence and will ensure
the insertion of the obituary. Read
the rules in first column of this page.
Please do not ask us to insert and
send bill: You can just as easily
count the words and remit with the
order.

Rev. B. F. Riley, pastor of the
Livingston Baptist church preached
at the Baptist church in this place on
Tuesday night. He was passing
through on a visit to his brother in
the Wilcox county, and at the request of
members of the church here, he occu-
pied the pulpit and preached a very
able and instructive sermon. Mr.
Riley has a fine reputation as a
preacher, and he left our people fully
impressed that his reputation is de-
serving. He desires to return some
future time with Rev. W. B. Crumpton,
and give Linden the benefit of a
protracted meeting. We hope they
may come at an early day.—Advertiser.

We have just closed a glorious
meeting at Mt. Zion church. The
members were greatly revived, and
all that attended were greatly ben-
efited. The Lord added to the num-
ber seventeen; all adults, I baptized
ten yesterday, and it was delightful to

behold how the souls rejoiced as they
came up out of the watery grave. I
had no ministerial help. This church
keeps up a weekly prayer meeting
and Sunday-school, and has a Ladies'
Missionary Society. We had large
congregations at each service, even
at the prayer meeting the house would
be crowded, and sometimes they could
not get in.—H. R. Schramm, Glenn-
ville.

Commenced a series of meetings at
Summer Hill church on Saturday be-
fore the fourth Sabbath in July which
continued seven days. Christians
were revived and built up, sinners
convinced and converted. Ten were
added to the church by baptism; four
are awaiting baptism, and others are
expected. I was assisted by brethren
Lyon, Kirkland and Jones. Com-
menced at Bethesda on Saturday be-
fore the first Sabbath in August. Con-
tinued seven days. Result: Church
gloriously revived; sinners awakened
and brought to Christ; 16 added by
baptism; 3 by restoration. I was as-
sisted by brethren Jones, Lyon, Par-
ker and Armstrong. Those churches
have flourishing Sabbath-schools, and
the latter a weekly prayer meeting.
They are not only growing in num-
bers but in grace and Christian zeal
and energy, and becoming more and
more zealous for good works, for
which we are thankful.—C. W.
O'Hara, Pastor, Wilcoxville.

Minutes of State Convention.

The minutes have been printed and
copies will be sent to every associa-
tion and to every church which had
delegates present, and to every one
whose post office address was fur-
nished on the printed blanks. If you
do not get a copy in two or three
days send two cent stamp for one to
BENJ. E. DAVIS, Sec'y,
Eufaula, Ala.,
or Wm. A. DAVIS, Asst. Sec'y,
Montgomery, Ala.

About Our New Editor.

Eds. Ala. Baptist: Right glad did
the announcement make many hearts
which told us that Dr. Renfro was
soon to be editor of our paper. Many,
very many people hail this announce-
ment with delight, for they feel that
this is as it should have been long,
long ago. Again, we are glad that
we are not to have another denomina-
tional paper in our State, endeavoring
to occupy the same territory with the
one now in existence. We rejoice that
we are saved from such a calamity as
might have befallen us.

We congratulate the managers in
making, as we believe, such wise ar-
rangements for the editing of our State
paper, and now let every pastor en-
deavor to see that the paper is taken
and read by his people, for we feel
sure that we are now to have a wide
awake paper, equal to if not superior,
to any other State paper.

In order to help in making up a
good paper, let us send short, newsy
notes, not letters, then we will be
proud of our paper, and by its circula-
tion will greatly benefit our people.
Birmingham. D. I. Pukisk.

Sunday-School Convention.

Proceedings of the Sunday-school
Convention held at Concord church,
in the New River Baptist Association,
on Saturday and Sunday, July 24th
and 25th, 1886.

Bro. J. M. Chism was elected mod-
erator and A. W. Tate, secretary.

J. H. McGuire, L. C. Shirley and
J. R. Barnett were appointed as a
committee to arrange a programme,
and locate the time and place for hold-
ing the next Convention. Bro. W.
A. Graham, with his excellent choir,
was requested to assist in the singing.
The suggested programme was then
adopted by the Convention, and the
exercises were very interesting, being
frequently interspersed with singing
suitable for the occasion. The Con-
vention being now thoroughly organ-
ized, Bro. W. B. Melton proceeded to
deliver the introductory address which
was very interesting. The Conven-
tion then adjourned till 1:30 p. m.,
and during this interval dinner was
spread and served to the satisfaction
of all. At the appointed time the
delegates reassembled, and after de-
votional exercises the first subject,
The Sabbath school—what it is and
what it ought to be, was taken up and
thoroughly discussed, the discussion
being opened by Bro. L. C. Shirley.
Bro. J. H. McGuire was then chosen
to fill the place of Bro. G. W. Gra-
vatee who was absent. The subject
was Literature, its uses and abuses,
and it was thoroughly ventilated by
Bro. M. The Convention adjourned
until 8:30 Sunday morning.

The fourth question being considered of
more vital interest to the Sunday-
school than the third, it was accord-
ingly omitted. A. W. Tate was chosen
to fill the vacancy made by Bro. Wal-
drop's absence, in the discussion of
the fourth question, which was, How
to organize and conduct a Sunday-
school. The above mentioned sub-
jects were heartily discussed by sev-
eral able men, and the Sunday-school
interests greatly increased. The com-
mittee on arrangement reported that
the next Convention should be held at
Mt. Olive church, on Saturday and
Sunday, Aug. 28th and 29th, 1886.
Beginning at 10 o'clock a. m. No
programme was offered as the time
was desired more time. There be-
ing no other business, the Convention
adjourned. J. M. CHISM, Mod.

A. W. TATE, Sec'y.

Baptist Cohesiveness.

BY KROSS, ET.

Famous for many things, Baptists
are simply infamous for the subject of
common sympathy. All other people
hold together better than the people
called Baptists. Let a Methodist,
Presbyterian, all, everybody sticks
together; but Baptists, never. In pol-
itics, in schools, in society, in every-
thing, all people help each other, but
Baptists do not, if they can help it.
Indeed, the best objection in the mind
of a Baptist offensive is, that his
brother needs his help. But then this
is democracy, pure and simple. It is
the execution of the rule, "every man
must paddle his own canoe." Bapt-
ists help, then is not doubt of that,
but they help other folks. They par-
cel out their strength in a truly gen-
erous spirit, making as wide a distribu-
tion as possible, so that everybody
shall receive benefit—except Baptists.
If anybody is to be talked down, or
voted against, or defeated by Baptists
it must be a Baptist. It will never
do to aid one's own people. That
would be a violation of a time-hon-
ored custom. It would strike down
one of the pillars of denominational
support for a Baptist to assist a Baptist.

Traditionally independent, our peo-
ple delight in showing it by doing as
they please and they always please to
oppose representatives of their own
denomination. The motto of Baptists
is, help everybody but Baptists. Su-
periority of merit means nothing if a
man happens to be a Baptist. That
is to say, it boots nothing with a Bat-
tist. His denominational connection
is the worst thing known to him, at
least in the minds of people who are
called Baptists. If in a political con-
test, or in commercial intercourse,
any one not a Baptist desires to break
down one who is let him go to the
representatives of the Baptist denom-
ination. He will find a stock of op-
position there well kept, and in per-
fect trim for use, ready, and in wait,
and it is supplied in quantities equal
to the demand. Baptists are never
wanting in opposition to Baptists. If
members of the same church, so much
the better; they are better known and
therefore more vulnerable.

Cohesiveness would give us men,
and therefore strength; disloyalty
yields laxness and therefore we are
weak; at least, at many points where
we could be strong. What a pity that
sensible people have so little sense-
of propriety, of consistency, of loy-
alty!

The Late Convention.

Eds. Ala. Baptist: Brother Jim and
I thought that we would go to the
State Convention at Birmingham, Ala.
Brother Jim had never been to a con-
vention off from home before. He
said that he thought he would make
his arrangements to go to all the other
conventions that he heard of, that is,
Baptist conventions. We like Bir-
mingham very much. Brother Jim
said he thought it would be the biggest
city he ever saw whilst built up.
We were treated so very kindly by
the lady and gentlemen with whom
we stopped that we were sorry when
the Convention adjourned.

Bro. Jim is a great hand to make
speeches when he has a crowd of boys
around him, but when there is more
than that he does not speak much.
He wanted to make a speech badly in
the Convention, but he was afraid to
speak after listening to the speeches
made by the brethren who were ap-
pointed three months ahead. They
made such good speeches, having had
time to prepare, that he was afraid
that he could not sustain himself un-
der the influence of the contrast. I
think that such men as brother Jim
could do a great deal of good in our
conventions if it were not for that
programme arranged before hand.
But then, I think that the motives
that prompted it are good. I suppose
that it is for the purpose of appoint-
ing broad gauge men—men of ability
to discuss the subjects coming before
the Convention, so that we will not
be troubled with this practical, com-
mon sense way of doing things. Now,
brother Jim is that kind of a man.
He deals with living issues, and pre-
sents them in a homely way. If he
had been to the logical school, he
could do better than that, and I
expect that he would be appointed on
the programme. You know it was
said at the Convention that a man
could not be a success as a preacher
without a special education, no more
than a lawyer or doctor.

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It may be used with confidence when the mother is unable, wholly or in part, to nurse the child, as a safe substitute for mother's milk. No other food answers so perfectly in such cases. It causes no disturbance of digestion, and will be relished by the child.

In CHOLERA INFANTUM, This predigested and easily assimilated Food will surely prevent fatal results.

FOR INVALIDS, it is a perfect Nutrient in either Chronic or Acute Cases. Hundreds of physicians testify to its great value. It will be retained when even lime water and milk are rejected by the stomach. In dyspepsia, and in all wasting diseases it has proved the most nutritious and palatable, and at the same time the most economical of foods. There can be made for an infant.

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100 CAPABLE TEACHERS WANTED!

For Application Form, or other information, enclose stamp and address at once, SOUTHERN TEACHERS' AGENCY, P. O. Box 40, Birmingham, Ala.

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AUGUSTA

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Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 13, 1886.

The Poet's Death Song.

The recent death of Paul Hamilton Hayne, the noblest poet that the South has produced, lends peculiar interest to his lofty strain of final triumph which appeared in the May number of *Harper's Magazine*. Mr. Hayne early devoted himself to literature, and his name is associated with nearly all the best American magazines, especially the Southern ones, several of which, though short lived, rose to eminence under his editorship. When the war deprived him of his fortune he still continued true to his standard. His picturesque little home near Augusta, furnished with what ancestral goods he managed to save in the destruction of Charleston, has been the scene of his labors for twenty years. Having experienced all the phases of prosperity and adversity, his lingering decline with consumptive mind him a calm and fearless student of the coming change. The result is beautifully shown in this poem, which, though written two years ago, by a strange coincidence was published just as the writer was permitted to verify its truth. We repeat it for those who may not have seen it in *Harper's Magazine*.

FACE TO FACE.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Sail mornal couldst thou but know What truly it means to die, The wings of thy soul would glow, And the hopes of thy heart beat high; Thou wouldst turn from the Pyrrhonian schools, And laugh their jargon to scorn, As the bubble of midnight foam, And the hopes of thy heart beat high; But I, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of stormy breath, I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

I tell thee his face is fair As the moon-bow's amber rings, And the gleam in his world be born; Like the flush of a thousand Springs; His smile is the fatuous beam Of the star-shine's sacred light, When the Summer of Southland dream In the lap of the holy Night.

For I, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of stormy breath, I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

In his eyes a heaven there dwells— But he holds few mysteries now— And his pity for earth's fate is true, Till the pearl-white wings are won. In the calm of the central day, Far voices of foam acclaim "Thril! down from the place of souls, As Death, with a deathly rest, Uncloses the goal of goals; And from heaven of heavens above God speaks with breathless breath— My angel of perfect love! Is the angel men call Death!

Through the splendor of stars impetuous In the glow of their far-off gleam, He is singing words of truth be won, With the souls of his strong embrace: Lone others, unstirred by a wail, At the passage of Death grow sweet, With the fragrance that floats behind The death of his living rest.

And I, earth's maddest above, In a kingdom of stormy breath, I gaze on the glory of love In the unveiled face of Death.

But beyond the stars and the sun Can follow him still on his way, Till the pearl-white wings are won. In the calm of the central day, Far voices of foam acclaim "Thril! down from the place of souls, As Death, with a deathly rest, Uncloses the goal of goals; And from heaven of heavens above God speaks with breathless breath— My angel of perfect love! Is the angel men call Death!

The Ground of True Peace.

In order to have peace in my spirit I must either forget God, or falsify his character, or be reconciled to him through the blood of the cross. The first of these ways can never be fully carried out, for nothing can wholly banish from my thoughts the remembrance of the God who made me. The second of these ways will only lead me down to hell with a lie in my right hand, by making me believe that God is indifferent to sin. The third is the only way of permanent, perfect peace. In being brought near to God I have peace; for that which marred it was my distance from him. In being righteously reconciled I have peace; for that which kept me from having it, was the variance between him and me. The distance has been removed, the variance adjusted, by the sin atoning work of his Son. Over that work the great controversy has been settled forever; and the friendship never to be broken has commenced between us. With God for my friend I pass through life in peace. With God for my friend, neither weakness, nor the grave, nor the judgment can alarm my soul. All is well!

Three Peculiarities

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1st: The combination of the various remedial agents used.

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The result is a medicine of unusual strength and curative power, which effects cures heretofore unequalled. These peculiarities being exclusively to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and are

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is prepared with the greatest skill and care, by pharmacists of education and long experience. Hence it is a medicine worthy of entire confidence. If you suffer from scurvy, salt humor, or any disease of the blood, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, or kidney and liver complaints, catarrh or rheumatism, do not fail to try

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I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all my friends as the best blood purifier on earth." Wm. GAY, druggist, Hamilton, O.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofulous humor, and done me worlds of good." C. A. ARNOLD, Arnold, Me.

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100 Doses One Dollar.

A Boy to be Proud Of.

R. V. CHISOLM.

"How did you enjoy the programme last night, Kell?" asked Ben Dane, as he overtook his friend on the way to school, one bright winter morning.

"Oh! it was splendid!" replied Kell, enthusiastically. "I learned more about the old world, last night, than I could have gathered from my geography in a month. Why, it was just like traveling over those historical countries, and getting glimpses of those glowing mountain peaks! I could almost see Bonaparte climbing over the rugged Alps! I wouldn't have missed it for five dollars!"

"And it just cost me fifteen cents to a dot," chuckled Ben.

"How is that?" questioned Kell.

"The bills said, 'twenty-five cents admission. Children under twelve, fifteen cents.' You do not profess to be under the prescribed age?"

"Oh, no! you could not come that dodge over old Barney. It was all through the shrewdness of Jack Wilson. We both had our quarters in our pockets; but before we went to the door, he said:

"Leave this job to me, and we will save a dime a-piece for lunch to-morrow."

"When we went up to the window, where the tickets were sold, Jack put on a big face, and asked:

"How much for boys?"

"The old fellow answered, a little gruffly:

"You read the bills, I reckon, and know what twenty-five cents means?"

"Then you would not let us in for fifteen cents?" inquired Jack, dolefully.

"You're over twelve, I'll warrant, and I have no orders to admit you for less than other fellows pay," growled Barney.

"Then we'll have to stay outside, and I did so want to see the pictures," sighed Jack, turning away. "Come on, Ben, it's no go for the money we have," he called to me.

"Hold on, youngsters, is that all the chink you can raise?" asked the agent, looking at Jack, sharply.

"Mother said she could not afford to spend even the fifteen cents, but because I was so anxious she let me have it," replied Jack, demurely.

"Father is not at home," I added, as he turned his lynch eyes upon me; and that was the truth.

"So, so, if that's all you have got I might as well pass you, seeing there is plenty of room inside; and thirty cents is better than nothing." And the old fellow tossed us our tickets, with 'see that you make up our loss if the instructions you gain'.

"And I think we did; for I never enjoyed such a delightful evening before, and have a dime in my pocket into the bargain."

"Well, I think you sold yourself pretty cheap," retorted Kell, indignantly.

"What do you mean by that insinuation?" exclaimed Ben, in a passionate voice.

"Any boy who will lie and cheat to save ten cents, values his honor at a very low price," answered Kell.

"Kell Harper, you know I did not lie. I never spoke but the once, and then I told the truth. Jack did all the maneuvering."

"And you enjoyed the profits of his wrong doing, which was a plain act of cowardice. Besides, if you did not speak a falsehood, you acted once; and where is the difference?"

"What signifies ten cents any-how?" growled Ben. "They would never miss it."

"No matter! it belongs to them, and you cheated them out of it; but the greatest loss, by far, is your own; for you have sold your honor for ten cents, and are a criminal in your own eyes."

As Kell finished speaking, he turned away and joined a group of boys who were coming in the opposite direction. Ben felt that he had lost the respect of his best loved school-fellow, and determined never to be guilty of such a dishonorable act again; but while he carried that dime in his pocket, he could not enjoy his own esteem. As soon as school was out, he sought into his hand, said:

"Here is the balance of the money for that ticket. I gave you fifteen cents last night."

"An honest boy you are; for I never expected you to pay another cent," began Barney. But Ben stopped him with, "I am not stopped, and then out came the whole story."

"And so it is to Kell Harper that I am indebted for the money, and you for your honesty?" said the old man, tenderly. "I tell you he is a boy to be proud of, and he is bound to win an honorable place in the world; for he is as true as steel, and such boys are always in demand."

The old man's words made a deep impression upon Ben's mind, and I believe he will stay true; for he is anxious to grow up a noble, honest man.

Bouquets Under Water.

The following is a description of the process by which a bouquet of flowers can be preserved fresh for a long time:

A vessel of water is required; the vessel should be large enough to allow the submersion in it of a plate or dish holding the bouquet to be preserved, and a bell-glass to cover the bouquet. The dish or plate should contain no moss or other material; water should be limped and quite pure. Place the plate at the bottom of the water, and on the plate, submerging it, place the bouquet, which is maintained in an upright position by a weighted base previously attached to it. This being done the bouquet is covered with a bell-glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly to the flat part of the plate; the bell-glass should be entirely filled with water, and without the least air bubble.

Then all are raised together, plate, bouquet, and bell-glass filled with water, and placed on a table, carefully wiping the exterior, but leaving on the plate, around the base of the bell-glass, a little provision of water which prevents the entrance of air. The flowers in this condition will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks, and their beauty is increased by a great number of bubbles of gas produced by the respiration of the leaves, and which attach themselves to the petals, appearing like pearls.

The edge of the plate and the water, if contained, should be concealed by a light bed of moss in which are set some other flowers. In the evening, by artificial light, a bouquet thus arranged produces a charming effect.

—Pitt's Magazine.

The people of Nova Scotia are to have an opportunity to declare whether they desire to remain any longer a part of the Canadian Dominion, the Provincial Assembly having passed resolutions to submit the question of withdrawal to a popular vote. There seems to be little room for doubt that the proposition to secede will be carried. Nova Scotia was dragged into the Dominion in order to give it control of the maritime provinces and the relation, never popular with the people, has been especially distasteful since the adoption of Sir John Macdonald's high protective policy, under which Nova Scotia interests have suffered great depression and injury. One of the arguments used in the Assembly in support of the secession resolutions was that their passage must inevitably lead to a customs union with the United States, with which Nova Scotia's commercial interests are so closely connected. The Halifax Chronicle expresses what is no doubt the popular sentiment when it says:

"The attempt to build up a Canadian nationality has been the most complete miscarriage that can be pointed to in the history of the Dominion. As we predicted, it has been like the foxes that Samson bound by the tails—a union celebrated by the burning of corn. It has been a waste of substance and resources, and Nova Scotia has suffered the most of all. This fact has burned itself into the minds of our people, and they have concluded that, so far as they are concerned, the union must be dissolved."

How a Cent Grows.

A cent seems of little value, but if it is only doubled a few times, it grows to a marvellous sum. A young lady in Portland caught her father in a very rash promise, by a knowledge of this fact on her part.

She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask him another cent of money as long as she lived. Her father, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once.

But on the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty little sum, \$5,368,709.12!

Let some of our young readers who have a taste for mathematics just "figure up," and see whether this sum is correct.

Answering Children.

"What are you going to do on the seventeenth?" asked a gentleman of a child who was playing around him. With true Yankee ingenuity and the Yankee trait of answering one question by asking another, the child said, "What is the seventeenth?" "I mean the seventeenth of June," explained the gentleman. "Well, what is the seventeenth of June?" persisted the child. He was a little fellow, and the quickest answer being thought the most desirable one, the gentleman said, "Oh, it's a holiday." "What's it a holiday for?" "Well, some time when I have more time than I can spare now, I'll tell you all about it," was the evasive reply.

But the curiosity of a child being once thoroughly roused, nothing short of a satisfactory explanation will satisfy it. Had that little boy been told then and there in plain simple language just the significance of the approaching holiday, he would doubtless have always remembered at least that it was a day of national importance, from the fact of some great battle that was fought, when his side was victorious. Mark Twain, in his droll way, tells of a boy who was not very intelligent at the time of his writing, but adds, "He will be if he remembers the answers to all his questions." Well, how else, pray, is intelligence to be acquired except by answers to questions?

Said a gentleman of unusual information, the other day, "I used to frequently visit my uncle, a skilled doctor and surgeon, and it seems to me now, in looking back to the time spent in his study, as if I must have tried him insufficiently with endless questions. But, without doubt, one reason why I never seemed tired of answering anything I asked; but not only that, he would take pains to explain things at length, and often show me objects explaining what I would ask about. I have never forgotten, and never shall forget, many things he taught me, for they entered into the heart of an impressionable child, eager for knowledge; and no books which I have seen since, explain as lucidly certain facts which he made me understand once and forever; and proving by his example, I never refuse to answer the questions of a child."

In contrast to this, a lady remarked not long ago, "Once during my childhood I overheard some ladies in conversation using some terms I did not understand, but concerning which my curiosity was aroused, and I asked the meaning of what they were saying. A proper and simple explanation could have been given, but one of the ladies, with the utmost gravity, gave me a ridiculous and untruthful reply, and until I was a grown woman myself, I always supposed I was properly informed, until an accident revealed to me the absurd falsehood I had implicitly believed for years."

Never deceive a child. Of course some questions are asked which cannot be answered understandingly, but remember the answer to a child's question often furnishes instruction to a man or woman in embryo. Reply in a manner you would be perfectly willing to have reproduced several years later. —*Golden Rule.*

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But the curiosity of a child being once thoroughly roused, nothing short of a satisfactory explanation will satisfy it. Had that little boy been told then and there in plain simple language just the significance of the approaching holiday, he would doubtless have always remembered at least that it was a day of national importance, from the fact of some great battle that was fought, when his side was victorious. Mark Twain, in his droll way, tells of a boy who was not very intelligent at the time of his writing, but adds, "He will be if he remembers the answers to all his questions." Well, how else, pray, is intelligence to be acquired except by answers to questions?

Said a gentleman of unusual information, the other day, "I used to frequently visit my uncle, a skilled doctor and surgeon, and it seems to me now, in looking back to the time spent in his study, as if I must have tried him insufficiently with endless questions. But, without doubt, one reason why I never seemed tired of answering anything I asked; but not only that, he would take pains to explain things at length, and often show me objects explaining what I would ask about. I have never forgotten, and never shall forget, many things he taught me, for they entered into the heart of an impressionable child, eager for knowledge; and no books which I have seen since, explain as lucidly certain facts which he made me understand once and forever; and proving by his example, I never refuse to answer the questions of a child."

In contrast to this, a lady remarked not long ago, "Once during my childhood I overheard some ladies in conversation using some terms I did not understand, but concerning which my curiosity was aroused, and I asked the meaning of what they were saying. A proper and simple explanation could have been given, but one of the ladies, with the utmost gravity, gave me a ridiculous and untruthful reply, and until I was a grown woman myself, I always supposed I was properly informed, until an accident revealed to me the absurd falsehood I had implicitly believed for years."

Never deceive a child. Of course some questions are asked which cannot be answered understandingly, but remember the answer to a child's question often furnishes instruction to a man or woman in embryo. Reply in a manner you would be perfectly willing to have reproduced several years later. —*Golden Rule.*

"Love."

A boy went to Sunday-school quite a long way off—30 feet, on the opposite side of the town, and he had to pass several other schools in going to his. "They love a fellow over yonder!" was his response; when asked why he went so far to Sunday-school.

Yes, love draws and love retains. Let teachers and officers love their scholars and show it, if they wish to retain them in the school, and make them love the school and love to attend it.

As the article on "The duty of superintendents" says, "Love should be the moving spirit in the Sunday-school." —*Kind Words.*

A Volume of Philosophy.

A passenger said to the pilot of a steamboat: "You have been a long time, I suppose, at this business?"

"Yes," answered the pilot, "upwards of twenty years."

"You know, then," pursued the passenger, "every rock and shoal."

"Not by a long way," was the answer, "but I know where the deep water is."

Be sure you sail in the deep waters, and you will keep clear of many a rock and shoal.

If our Creator has so bountifully provided for our existence here, which is but momentary, and for our temporal wants, which will soon be forgotten, how much more must he have done for our enjoyment in the everlasting world! —*H. Ballou.*

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