

# THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

J. G. HARRIS, Proprietor.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

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**Dr. Broadus' "Sermons and Addresses."**  
What An Old Seminary Student Thinks of Them—A Many-sided Book from a Many-sided Man—Why Preachers Should Buy It and Study It.

One who has known Dr. Broadus personally, who was brought near to him some years ago in the endearing relation of teacher and pupil, and who has cherished for him ever since an affection unmatchd in his whole experience with men, can hardly be expected to give an unbiased judgment of his printed discourses. To have sat at the feet of such a master almost daily for three years, to have known him in private as friend and counsellor, and to have heard him not infrequently on the platform and in the pulpit—who could read his "Sermons and Addresses" after that without partiality? It is accordingly as one of a special and partial public, therefore, that I write these lines. To his old students he must ever speak as he does not unto others; and as one of that class I confess to have been aware beforehand of a readiness to judge favorably and praise warmly everything in the book. But having now read it somewhat carefully, and as dispassionately as I could under the circumstances, having found in it not a sermon or address which it was my privilege to hear from his lips, and having tried to eliminate the personal element as far as the purpose required; I have decided to write something about it for your columns, hoping that I may induce some one to read the book, who, but for some such influence to impart the last impulse that determines action, might neglect it.

It must be admitted that many who have heard of Dr. Broadus' fame as a preacher, but have never heard him preach, will read these discourses without forming any adequate conception of his peculiar power as a preacher or public speaker. They may experience, indeed, no little disappointment in consequence. It could not be otherwise. We who have heard him cannot possibly tell how much is conveyed to us by the printed words, and how much comes crowding through "between the lines" from the unique personality that in spite of ourselves, we see and hear behind and in it all. As we read the words we see the dear man himself with his singular manner—his gesticulation always his own—his face, now grave, now tender, and anon lighted up with a smile; his penetrating black eye full of soft lustre, or flashing with excitement; his ordinarily dark complexion, often dead pale, but sometimes all aglow with color; his whole bearing harmonizing perfectly with his rare simplicity, chastity and vigor of speech; and his voice, so flexible, and at times so plaintive, always chiming in exquisitely with his incessantly changing but ever consistent and advancing thought—how vividly we see and hear it all as we read!

But, even to us, the book is not the man. And you, of course, you who have never heard him, must ever miss the voice; the eye, the magic of the personal presence, of this "prince of preachers." Still there is much in these printed discourses—in their thought, diction, and style, their exquisite finish or occasional homeliness and informality—that is markedly characteristic of the man. Those who become acquainted with him first of all and only through this volume, may recognize, therefore, in the author, a clearly defined and striking individuality never obtrusive but always real. You cannot read far, certainly, before you will find that he is at once scholarly and popular, the critical exegete, but the man of "common sense"; the gentleman of broad culture and refined taste, but "a man of affairs"; the thinker and the worker, the preacher of vast and varied learning, but of rarest popular power. Yet it is easy to make a mistake here. It is possible to read whole discourses—so simple, straightforward and unlabored are they—without once suspecting what it cost to produce them. Only the critical eye can see what thought, labor and learning have gone to the making of them. Such clear, direct, and vivid periods, speaking home so to the common judgment and feeling of men, are not the result of any happy inspiration or spontaneous outburst of untutored nature. "If we take the simplest of them," says Prof. Leong, of Crozer, in the *Religious Herald*, "we see that no one but a scholar could have written it. In the sermon on the habit of thankfulness, for example, the author gives intimation of his acquaintance with the science of music, of his knowledge of Tennyson, of Coleridge, of Agassiz, of Pope, of Chrysostom, of Wagner, of Ole Bull, and of Schopenhauer. Of course, any one might have mentioned these names; but Dr. Broadus indicates an

intimate knowledge of what the names stand for. Besides this, there are marks of metaphysical thought and learning, and profound acquaintance with life. The words of such a man are full of meaning. As he uses it, the simplest sentence may be burdened with thought." The reader may well bear in mind and give heed accordingly. It is interesting and instructive to compare these discourses, so widely different in subjects, substance and style. Take, for instance, the finished address on Dr. Harrison, the great scholar of the University of Virginia, for which it is said, Tacitus' *Memoir of Agricola* served as a model. "It is hardly inferior in elegance, dignity and tenderness," says Prof. Leong, whose judgment may well be trusted in such a matter, "to what the Roman historian wrote of the great soldier." Now compare with the address to young men on Reading the Bible by Books, or the one on College Education for men of business. Here are qualities and a facile power of another sort; power to reach the people, to deal with abstruse matters in a practical, popular way. Or compare the sermon on the Apostle Paul as a preacher, preached at the University of Virginia, with that on Prayer or the Habit of Thankfulness; or, again, the one on the Holy Scriptures, preached before a convention composed largely of ministers, with that on Worship, preached at a dedication service in St. Louis. How vastly different they are in diction and style, and how confident you feel at last that even apart from other knowledge of the facts you could determine the class of hearers; the author had before him or was aiming to reach. Such comparisons give us a glimpse, too, of that much to be coveted power of the orator, possessed by Dr. Broadus in so remarkable a degree—"his peculiar, almost instinctive power to adapt himself to the occasion."

There is much experience, but little "telling of experience," in these pages. In every sermon the soul of the man comes pulsing through. You feel it most sensibly in the most intense and moving passages. You are forced to think of them as the outcome of deep, first-hand religious experience. They could not find us so, otherwise. They could not so come home to "four bosoms and our business."

We search the volume in vain for any trace of the haste, the one-sidedness, or the fanciful in the interpretation of Scripture, which often mars, and sometimes emasculates the work of the pulpit to-day. There is absolute freedom from extravagance. Everywhere the work is instinct with soberness—with the truly scientific spirit. Everywhere you find evidences of earnest purpose and effort to be accurate, faithful, true. Everywhere you find proof that the preacher has become willing at last to let the inspired writer "say what he wanted to say." He tells us in the address on Reading the Bible that it was not always so with him. "I used to say that certain portions of the Epistles to the Romans were the most difficult writing I knew of in any language—that the way young fellows talk, you know, and sometimes old fellows have not gotten over it. But it seems to me now," he confesses, "that there never would have been any great difficulty in seeing what the Apostle meant to say, if I had only been willing to let him alone and let him say what he wanted to say! I had my notions as to what ought to be said on the subject, and what ought not to be said, and you see the plainer he was in saying what he wanted and what I did not want, the harder I found it to make him mean 'something else.' Alas! how many of us have 'our own notions' still, and are not willing to let the inspired writer say 'what he wanted to say,' but what, thank God! he will persist in saying in spite of us!"

To the young preacher—to the preacher who is not young, if he be not too old to learn—these sermons may well be commended as models of style. "The style varies," as a keen critic has said, "from the most elegant to the most familiar, sometimes even approaching that narrow, perilous line which divides the allowable from the forbidden." But look at it where you will, and what simplicity, directness and vigor it has! There is no "dim religious light" here falling upon you through stained glass windows which exist for their own sake, but the white light of heaven coming straight through a medium as translucent, and almost as unobtrusive as the atmosphere. "Others might choose words because of their elegance. He chooses his for their power to convey the thought in a clear, rapid way." In some sense, of course, it must ever remain true of him who

has attained unto maturity of manhood, "the style is the man"; but every man, surely, whatever his individuality or peculiarity of style, would do well to strive after these shining qualities: simplicity, directness and clearness.  
Geo. B. EAGER.  
Mobile.

## Words to the Secretary.

A superintendent writes this: "The envelope plan has done this for us; last May I wrote you for them: We took three collections, quarterly, and raised \$17.05. This year I think we will raise fifty cents for each member. There never was a collection taken in the Sunday-school here before. Our Sunday-schools can easily raise more money than the churches now raise, if they will adopt some plan that will reach the members."

This superintendent is a layman. A consecrated layman can do a great work for Christ. Much of the coming glory of our Baptist Zion is to come through the influence and labors of our laymen.

A pastor sends a good contribution from his church, and adds: "I fear I shall not be able to send you but little money until another crop is made."

This is from one of the richest parts of the State, and one of the most liberal churches. If this brother's fear should be realized who is to make up the deficiency? The mission work cannot stop, it must be carried on in spite of bad crops and disasters. Brother reader, won't you get your church to come to the help of the Master in this the hardest year of the Board's experience.

A young pastor writes that his church will soon forward a contribution, and adds:

"I will get the Sunday-school to contribute to your Board in a short time. They must be educated to give. I have a Young People's Missionary Society in the church, which is getting in some right good work now. They will make you a contribution soon." He is looking after the lambs. Wise pastor that.

A pastor who understands the situation:

"There is no doubt about the fact that Alabama is developing with magic speed; in the next few years there will be a vast increase of wealth and population. There never was a greater work, or higher responsibility, committed to men than is now entrusted to your Board. Let the great work be pressed with self-sacrificing devotion on the part of the Baptists of this State, and the richest harvest will be the reward of the coming years. Let me assure you of my deepest concern for and interest in the work. The developments in Alabama since the Convention has greatly magnified your work; and I realize the necessity of devoting every energy and talent to this vast undertaking. Alabama for Christ, and especially for his truth as we teach it."

If all the preachers in Alabama could see it this way, what an impulse would be given to our work.

An afflicted church—the preachers of some of our churches put up with. This comes to me:

"The church here has almost died from neglect. It has had no pastor in a number of years, but has had preaching all the time. \* \* There was no certainty whether the preacher would come or not, and he seldom, if ever, remained longer than a day and night." That sounds very much like children "playing church," only the children do no harm, but immense damage is done where grown people attempt it. What a responsibility rests upon that man who accepts a call, and then "plays pastor" as described above. Religion must be at a fearful low ebb when a church will submit to such imposition.

Some of our laymen:

One of these, who is chairman of the executive committee of his association, writes for "a large lot of your collection envelopes; we are going to have our missionary introduce them all over our association where they are not already in use." That executive committee is composed entirely of active laymen. The cause is moving forward under the labors of their hard working missionary, guided by the consecrated common sense of these laymen.

Another brother, who is a merchant, is a member of the executive committee of his association. He is a thorough business man, and every thing which passes through his hands is in business shape; so that there is never any trouble. He orders the books for the colporteur, conducts correspondence, and makes all settlements. Ah, these consecrated laymen, thank God they are moving up and making themselves felt.

The power of little—little children

and little pennies:

Bro. Falkner, pastor of Bozeman church, sends \$14.50 from the Sunday-school for foreign missions, and says: "The plan on which it was raised was to request every pupil every Sunday to give one cent of their own earnings, and they were told if their parents would not give them work to do to earn it to apply to Smith & Marburg, they would give them work to do to earn the money, the idea being to make the children feel that their gifts were the proceeds of their own labor." The plan was Bro. W. T. Smith's, the superintendent. A layman with a consecrated heart and pocket-book uses his consecrated brain to make these children grow up with the idea that they must give of their substance to the Lord's cause.

Bro. Superintendent, send on and get five dollars in coppers for your school, and adopt the above plan, you will be amazed at results. The coppers are coming, and they are coming to swell our contributions.

## State Work of the Young Men's Christian Association.

At a recent meeting of the State Executive Committee, it was decided to engage Mr. Claus Olandt, of New York, to organize and develop association work in this State until the meeting of the convention May 31st. Mr. Claus is an experienced worker and ably represents the cause to which he gives his time and talent.

The office of the committee from this time, will be in the Y. M. C. A. building of Selma.

The following is the call issued by the committee for the coming convention:

SELMA, ALA., Feb. 21st, 1887.

To the Young Men's Christian Associations and Christian Workers of Alabama:

DEAR BROTHERN: By vote of the Convention at Birmingham, it was determined to hold the Ninth Annual Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of this State in the city of Mobile, and, upon conference with the association there, Thursday the 31st day of March next, has been selected as the time of meeting.

The meeting for organization will be held at half past seven o'clock on Thursday evening, and the Convention is expected to continue through the following three days.

It is earnestly hoped that this Convention will be even more efficient in promoting the welfare of our cherished organizations than our previous gatherings, and to this end we sincerely desire that during the days that shall intervene, ere we meet in Convention, earnest prayers may ascend from those interested in the good work, that this meeting may be marked by the presence of the Holy Spirit.

It is important that every association in the State be represented by its most active and earnest men. No limit is placed on the number of delegates, as Mobile expresses its willingness to receive and entertain all who come.

Teachers and professors in schools and colleges and Christian young men from all parts of the State, where no such organizations exist, are cordially invited to be present and take part in the deliberations. A hearty invitation is also extended to all pastors of churches to attend, and where there is no association, to bring with them delegates.

All delegates should bring credentials from associations, or from pastors of churches where there are no associations. Blank credentials will be furnished by the committee. Delegates are desired to wear a badge to designate them as members. Badges can be secured at the Convention.

A circular will be issued by the Mobile association embracing all matters within their province, such as rates of fare, place of meeting, reception of delegates and the like, which will render unnecessary any application for information on the part of those interested in the gathering.

The names of those who expect to attend the Convention should be forwarded to the Mobile Association before the 25th of March next, in order that arrangements made for their entertainment.

Reports will be given by men of experience from those sections where the work has been carried on successfully, and the various features of association work will be thoroughly discussed.

Trusting that as we together labor and pray, ardent blessing may descend upon the delegates and upon the city in which they meet. We remain,

fraternally yours,  
JAS. H. FRANKLIN, Ch'm.  
CECIL L. GATES, Sec'y.

## "Sunday Afternoon Musings."

The prettily written article, beneath the above caption, by Jennie Gerald, has had the magical effect of arousing similar "musings" in my old mind this rainy afternoon, as I see in every direction that spring is approaching. I, too, have often thought of the striking analogy between plants and mortals. Dear sister, let us try to impart the sweet lessons we have learned to the young; for, to a meditative mind, beautiful illustrations of our scripture lessons for Sabbath-school can be found among the flowers, and other subjects of the vegetable kingdom. Last autumn we saw them grow old—then die. "We do all fade as a leaf." "As the flowers of the grass he shall pass away." Spring has awakened the dormant plants now; how pleasing to witness the general resurrection and think, "The dead shall hear God's voice, and come forth."

How inspiringly suggestive is the removing of boxes of tender plants into a pit, or hot house, there to remain till the chilling winds and frosts of winter shall have gone, and spring rains in glorious splendor—thus our dear departed loved ones "have been taken from the evil to come."

Look at the gay Gladioli and many others which politely bowed to the storm king, and still bend with the weight of rain-drops, till we fear they will be crushed. Ah! now the genial sunshine has gradually drawn them upright. Listen! "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Who could be a skeptic, that opens the eyes and ears of his "spirit life," while admiring the beauties of nature.

Once, while sitting in a church, before Sabbath-school, one of the devoted teachers, as usual, entered with a choice collection of flowers, with which she filled the vases on the pulpit. Thinks I to myself: what a lovely mission is hers; but what part of the service will the flowers perform? That day the preacher's subject was "Faith." When he exclaimed, "Behold the lilies; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet they are clothed as ye are; so shall the kingdom of heaven be made manifest."

His glory was not arrayed like one of these.  
MIDA.  
Shields' Mill.

## Preparing the way of the Lord.

The three Baptist churches of the city of Iabel had long been thinking over their past and present condition of spiritual coldness and comparative barrenness. At the approach of the New Year, when churches are expecting a periodical quickening, the thinking had greatly increased, and settled into the oft-repeated question, "What plan shall we adopt in order to secure a revival?" The pastor, and some of the leading members of each of these churches, had heard the cry of the faithful messenger: "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." This seemed to be the first step, necessary for the coming of the Lord with sanctifying and saving power.

The pastor and deacons of the First Church met to consult together on this subject. Looking out of their church door, it was plain to be seen that the way was very much cluttered with the remnants of the summer's follies, the rags of the season's pride, and the ashes of repeated failures, while above all, there has gathered a deep, almost impenetrable, body of snow. This had prevented many of the members from coming to the church, though they lived not far away from the sanctuary and could command their own conveyances. The fact was that God had intended to pour out upon them a refreshing shower of autumnal blessing, but the cold, chilly, freezing atmosphere of worldliness that surrounded this church, had changed the gracious rain into a driving snowstorm, and the whole way between Christ and his professed people was blocked up by these hindrances.

After a brief conference, the pastor and deacons of this church decided that the best way to open the path, or to "prepare the way for the coming of the Lord," was to use the snow-plough of modern evangelistic effort. They were rich; they could pay for the double team of preacher and singer. Letters were sent; two celebrated leaders in this work were found not engaged for a couple of weeks. The price was fixed; the bargain made. Flyers were immediately circulated as far as possible throughout the city, stating "that the Messrs. G— and P— were expected to prepare the way for the coming of the Lord to the First Baptist church."

Sunday morning there appeared at the farther end of the way leading to the sanctuary, a tandem team, consisting of two strong, steady, earnest workers: the evangelist-preacher and the evangelist-singer; behind was the well-known snow-plough of modern evangelism. As they neared the house of the pastor, he was heard to say: "Here is a good opportunity for me to help prepare the way." Opening the door, he hailed the team. They stopped, while he jumped on to the snow-plough, appearing to act as driver, though he was in reality only a passenger. Reaching Deacon A.'s door, they stopped again and took him on. Deacon B. followed their example, and Deacon C. was ready to adopt the plan, as soon as they reached his dwelling; and Deacon D. crowded in with the others. Before they reached the church, several more of the members had found standing room on the snow-plough, and imagined that they were engaged in preparing the way for the coming of the Lord. The way, however, was partially opened for that day; but during the night a snow storm of disappointment covered up the path. Again the snow-plough, with its precious load of pastor, deacons and members, was seen turning up its furrows on either side of the walk. This was repeated for successive days.

Finally, the Lord came. He found a score or more of children and youth who were ready to welcome his coming. But the church had so little to do with the work of preparation, that they lost none of their coldness, or their worldliness, or their indifference. They were not ready to enter into his service with any degree of fervor or power. In a few weeks the Lord left the First church, and beyond the record of twenty baptized and the extra meetings, there was no real spiritual revival, no genuine work of consecration or of renewed earnestness on the part of the church.

There was nothing bad about the snow-plough. It was the bad use that was made of it; the abuse of an otherwise good thing. The evangelists were not to blame. They labored hard, and faithfully fulfilled their contract. But they were not acting for themselves. They were called as substitutes, and as substitutes they played, as substitutes they sang. They labored to wake up the sleepers and bring souls to Christ. They received their reward. But the church members gradually fell back into their old-time state of indifference, and put on the snowy ermine of professed piety. One went to his mercantile, another to his pleasures, another to his pride and vanity, nearly all feeling that the snow-plough had been a success, and resolved that they would do the same another year. Next week's issue will reveal a better way.—H. H., in *Watchman*.

## False Theology and False Illustrations.

Some modern preachers say, "All that is necessary to become a Christian is to confess Christ, be baptized and join a church." And they illustrate it thus: "If you start to Louisville and some one meets you and tells you that you have taken the wrong end of the road, and are going from Louisville, all you have to do is to turn around, take the other end and you will get there. Thus it is in going to heaven. You are now on the road to hell, and all you have to do is to turn around, take the other end of the road, and you will get to heaven, without stopping to cry or be sorry because you first started the wrong way."

This illustration is founded on a false premise, as the Scriptures teach us, that the sinner is on the broad-gauge road, neither end of which leads to heaven; that there is another road which leads to heaven, and it is a narrow-gauge.

But there are other preachers who illustrate it thus: "If you find you are on the wrong road to Louisville, you don't stop and moan about it, but as soon as told of your error, you turn around, take the other road and get there. Thus it is in going to heaven. As soon as you find you are on the broad-gauge road that leads to hell, all you have to do is to turn around and take the narrow-gauge road that leads to heaven, and you will get there." This illustration is also founded on a false premise: It takes it for granted that the same cars, the same loads, and the same trucks that were adapted to the broad-gauge can also pass over the narrow-gauge road, which is quite a mistake. On the broad-gauge road, the sinner has a heavy load of baggage, which is never permitted to pass over the narrow-gauge. They have their card tables, bar banks, race horses, whisky saloons, dens of infamy, stealing, lying, cheating, strife, revenge and lust. All these

must be overthrown when they get to the narrow-gauge road.

Again, if they attempt to switch off the broad-gauge on to the narrow-gauge, the wheels will not fit, but will run off and have a terrible smash-up. What must they do then? The trucks or running gear must be changed before they switch off to the narrow-gauge road. Thus it is in going on the narrow-gauge road to heaven. The sinner's running gear must be changed. He must be born again and have a new heart before he can run on the narrow-gauge road. Some try to run on this road without a change of running gear, but they run off and on to a card table, a race horse, a whisky devil, a fighting devil, a money devil, or some other evil genius scoops them off the track all for want of a change of gauge before they started on the narrow road that leads to heaven. "You must be born again."—A. B. Cabanis, in *Western Recorder*.

## Paying for the Gospel.

It is a fact no less notorious than disgraceful that the average Georgia preacher is not appreciated as he should be. His services are not estimated at their true value. This is due chiefly to the fact that there are too many people in the church that are not Christians. If their hearts were right they would be willing to pay a legitimate price for the gospel. There is no escape from the proposition. There are men all over the State of Georgia, whose names are enrolled on church books, who, if salvation were worth only two dollars per ton, would not buy a pound. There is not a man in the State who is able to make a living that could not, if he would, pay his pastor at least ten dollars per year. Such men would not hesitate to pay a lawyer twenty-five dollars to settle a petty cow dispute with a neighbor. Yet, there are numerous instances on record where churches with seventy-five or more members pay their pastors hardly one hundred dollars a year. The able bodied Christian that cannot contribute at least five dollars a year to the support of his pastor need entertain no hope of squeezing through the gate of heaven, even though he should claim recognition on the terms of free salvation. Such a soul would corrupt the society of heaven.

The church needs revolutionizing. There are too many dead heads within its pale. Men are apt to appreciate that most which cost them something, and they should be forced to contribute generously to the support of the gospel. In doing this they will elevate its standard and increase its power for accomplishing good.—*Warrenton Clipper*.

## The Stars.

When the French infidel said to the Vendean peasant, "We will pull down your churches, destroy your pictures, demolish everything that reminds you of God," the peasant replied, "But you will leave us the stars." And so long as the stars revolve and shine, so long the heavens shall declare the glory of God, and the firmament shall show his handiwork.

Chiseled upon a marble tablet in the wall of the observatory at Williamstown College are the words of Isaiah: "Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number; he calleth them all by names, by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power; no one falleth." Isa. v. 26. This was the prophet's call to skeptics of his time, and it is as timely to-day as it was then. The French officers could dispute and deny the existence of the Creator, as they sailed down the Mediterranean beneath the splendors of the evening skies; but when Napoleon, wearied of the babble, pointed upward to the myriad stars above them and said, "All very well, gentlemen, but who made all these?" they were silent, as all atheists must be.—*Exchange*.

## Dying Testimony of Paul H. Rayne.

"I am rapidly nearing eternity; its gates are now open for me. But if I be permitted to add one iota to the praise of the beauty and magnanimity of Christ, to make men see and understand him as he is, to love this once voluntarily suffering, but now risen Christ, the all-merciful God, I should feel gratitude great and inexpressible; but his will be done. Infidelity is a loathsome serpent, crawling in mud and dirt and filth to a great abyss of despair, ever downward, downward, to darkness and gloom. Faith is a bright angel of light, whose path is ever upward to where all is beautiful and peaceful and happy." His favorite text was Romans 8: 35-39.—S. S. Times.

## To Discourage your Pastor.

In the first place, stay at home, from meetings as much as you can—not to be suspected of doing so purposely.

And when you go or happen in his company, never speak to him when you can reasonably get around it.

When you do have to speak to him, be as cool and indifferent as possible.

Never invite him to your house or come with you; and to make out you don't slight him, ask him: are you going "up," or "down," or "over," as you may like?

When you go to church, sit as far from him as you can, and be as restless as possible.

If you are called on to lead in prayer, be as cold and formal as you can.

Never sing only after you are asked, and then begged, then put as life life and music in it as possible.

Speak carelessly and cautiously of the pastor, as if there were some things behind you did not like to tell, and be sure to speak of him thus when he will be certain to hear of what you said.

Never have a word of praise for him, however much he may deserve it; but rather say: there is something the matter surely.

Never encourage him, but always have come to point out, or failure to mention, or things and matters would be in a better condition.

Be sure and be behind with your dues for him.

When he tries to speak to you and be friendly, always have your back to him if possible, or have him run after you, and then answer him coldly, and as short and with as few words as you can.

These thoughts have been penned from the observations I have made of an experience of upwards of thirty-five years.—J. M. Billingsby, in *Exchange*.

Smith, of Jones Valley, owns a large farm, and has managed it so as to add to the value of all the property on that valley. He runs his farm not for the purpose of enhancing the value of other property, but to make money. Every day he operates his farm, he makes money. He now proposes, as his business is large one, and as he makes nothing except when at work, to require all his employees to play and hoe on the Sabbath, as on other days. His neighbors will prosecute him for violating the laws of the State; his only defense will be, that his farm is a blessing to all who avail themselves of its products—that it is of public utility. If this plea will not avail Smith, the farmer, why will it avail Smith the railroad proprietor? Farms are just as necessary to the well-being of the country at large, as freight trains. Why not, therefore, allow every farmer to plow, and build fences, and do all other work that will be profitable, on the Sabbath? True, we have not become accustomed to farm work on the Sabbath, but we have to the running of trains. But custom does not make wrong right. The very fact that the abuse is so wide spread, and of such long standing ought to alarm us, and cause us to listen to correct the abuse. Is there any public conscience left? Can it be possible that this Christian country has lost all self respect, and all regard for the sanctity of the Sabbath of our fathers?—*Reflector*.

## A MAN ROBBED OF SALVATION.

"There is a man whom I know, who tells that once in a solemn meeting, three years before, salvation seemed so near and so free, that he was on the very brink of accepting; but suddenly he thought of the frowns and fets; others crossed his mind, made him in state, and at length tempted him to delay. Since that unhappy hour the soul has never again come within sight of Christ so near and so free. He now is hard and cold, and has no desire for salvation, though he knows well he is a sinner exposed to divine wrath."

"We baptize infants because Jesus commanded it, the apostles practiced it, and the Scriptures teach it."—M. W. H. in *Gen. Meth.* Well, that is authority enough; and you will receive the unbought gratitude of millions of pedo baptists if you will find just one line about infant baptism in the Bible, or one command of Christ, or one apostle that performed it. We will publish the statement when you find it.—*Gleaner*.

## The Snake a man created for himself by wrong doing will breed hate in the basest nature.



# Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAR. 10, 1897.  
J. D. HARRIS, Proprietor and Editor.  
E. KENDRICKSON, Jr., Business Manager.  
G. W. HARRIS, Business Manager.

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The monument appropriation bill was defeated in the Senate.

The wife of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston was buried in Washington on 24th ult.

KANSAS Baptists are struggling manfully to raise \$4,000 to pay the debts of the Ottawa University.

THE religious press of North Carolina are ably discussing the system of free scholarships in the State College.

BRO. BROWNING, Decatur's young pastor, has been suffering with boils; says he has been sympathizing with Job.

THE young men's prayer meetings at the First Baptist church are growing more interesting with each service.

THE total number of deaths from the earthquake shocks which occurred last week across the water is reported at 2,000.

THE new town to be built in Florida soon, and will be named for Dr. T. T. Eaton.

THIS number of additions made during the past seven months to Mississippi churches, through the work of her fifty missionaries, is up at 500.

MISS MATTIE MCCREARY, one of our useful Baptist sisters from Monroe county, while visiting this city, paid the BAPTIST a call, but we are sorry to say we were absent at the time and failed to meet her.

REV. S. J. CATTS, with his charming young wife, brightened our sanctuary with their presence last week. This brother is a Godly and talented young man, who will accomplish much for the Master.

THE company which is now selling off lots at Decatur have the deeds so made out that if the owner ever uses the land on which to retail whisky it shall at once revert to the company. All honor to men who have such manliness. Coming generations will rise up and call them blessed.

SOME one has said that State mission work is the key with which to unlock all the difficulties surrounding other mission operations. If this be true let us ask what are our Alabama brethren doing to furnish a golden key from this wonderful State? While some are working others idly by are standing. Will you not list to the sound that is calling you to "Go work to-day in my vineyard, there is plenty to do."

WE trust our readers will read and re-read the poem written by Rev. M. B. Wharton, D. D., and dedicated to the Southern Baptist Convention. We regard it a model production, full of beauty and thought, eminent in metaphor, apt in simile, and perfect in art. It is indeed and in truth a poem, comprehensive, at the same time grouping together thought, sentiment, result. A perusal of this poem will widen and deepen our thoughts, and give us a brighter conception of the work that lies out before us as a denomination.

SOME churches are beginning to make arrangements to send their pastors to the Southern Baptist Convention. No church ever loses by this operation. Your pastor will return full of new zeal, new ideas of church work, &c., gathered by contact with the best minds and hearts of the denomination. Reader, you wish your pastor to grow and be as useful as possible we know, then get up the money to defray his expenses. If you have never tried it you will be astonished at the wonderful profit derived from the investment.

TEXAS and Tennessee both are to have the privilege of voting on the prohibition amendment to the constitution, but we, poor whisky cursed people of Alabama, are to be denied this right, and all because the politicians in the Legislature were afraid of their constituents now are perfectly safe in their minds, but we must call them to account.

A nice little box of cake came to us through the mail last Sabbath. It was postmarked Jefferson, Ala. The name of the sender was not on it. The taste of the cake revealed the fact, however, that it was wedding cake, and we don't know positively who has married over there, but we believe it was Hon. J. W. Jones, the man we spoke of as the "bachelor brother from Marengo," to Miss Mollie Westbrook.

We offer to them our sincerest congratulations, and a wish that their lives may ever be filled with the bright joys.

How would it do for our churches to observe one Sabbath in the early part of April, as a day of special prayer for missions? Let our churches decide on this at once, and when the great host shall at the same time send their prayers up to God on this question he will surely grant such a spirit of sacrifice, such a desire to give, as never before possessed our State, and the results for good would be incalculable. What say you? Some other Christians are going to celebrate the first Sabbath in this way, could we more acceptably serve God on that occasion than by doing likewise? To put this proposition clearly before the brethren we move that the first Sabbath in April be celebrated as above indicated. Now we trust a "second" will come from every church in the State.

When the Senate bill to regulate the method of procuring license, which, by the way, was lost by four votes, came up in the house there was a very heated discussion. Mr. Johns, of Selma, leading the fight for the passage of the bill. He said this bill was in the interest of good order, and the people demand this protection, and the Democratic party must give it. When a man goes to procure license let him ask it in open day and in broad daylight. The householders and free holders ought to have the right to say whether doggeries ought to be opened and run under their noses. In his closing speech, which was very strong and eloquent, he said four bills had been introduced and asked for by the people of Alabama: one was the submission of a constitutional amendment, one was an election by the people of a prohibition law, another was a local option law. All three of these had been refused, and now shall we refuse the mildest and the least to the people who uphold law and order in this State? Col. Johns is a strong man and deserves the thanks of every lover of temperance in the State.

TO SAY that we were charmed by the sermon of Dr. Wharton last Sabbath morning is to put it very mildly. It seemed as he spoke, with burning words, of David's tears of zeal, tears of pity, and tears of personal concern, that every eye of the vast concourse must be suffused with the same kind of tears.

His sermon was based on the 136th verse of the 119th Psalm, where David exclaimed, "River of waters run down mine eyes, because they keep not thy law." It was difficult for a true child of God to hear this sermon and not be filled with righteous indignation at the thought of how sinners are insulting God by transgressing his laws daily. "The preacher spoke of the zeal of Moses, David, Paul, and the Savior. His sermon must have stirred many hearts to wonder how they had been able heretofore to hear and see "Our Father" so indignantly treated, and yet they had never repented the injury, or even wept over the offender.

Under the head of tears of pity, he beautifully portrayed the Psalmist weeping in sorrow over the deluded ones who were doing so great injury to themselves. He is a firm believer that sin brings hurt to the doer of it. Christ weeping over Jerusalem shed tears of pity. From these illustrations he drew practical lessons for the children of God of to-day. As we see those we know and love blindly going to destruction, it is enough to call forth tears of pity from our eyes.

His remarks on tears of personal concern seemed to reach deeper into the hearts of the audience than those under either of the other sections.

"Sinners often say let me alone, if I go to hell it is none of your business." Somebody else is interested in the sinner's welfare. The wife sheds tears when she thinks of her husband steadily slipping from her towards hell, the mother's heart is breaking on account of the sin and approaching ruin of her son, her furrowed cheeks, wrinkled brow, and silver threads among the gold, all attest the deep concern she feels for the present and everlasting destiny of her loved ones.

When the minister's voice had ceased and the choir sang "Rescue the Perishing," our heart resolved to do more for the glory and power of God than we had ever done, and we doubt not that many other hearts made the same vow.

## THE NEW CHURCH.

During last week we had an opportunity of riding over most of Montgomery. While in the western portion of the city the lot for the site of the new Baptist church was pointed out to us. It is a wise selection. This church will be in the midst of a vast population of people whose church privilege at present are very poor. If we can at once build this house and arrange for weekly service, it will be only a short while before a good congregation will be built up. This part of the city is being settled largely with white people, parties who are erecting neat homes, and it behooves the Baptists of Montgomery to act liberally and quickly. He or she who aids in the building of a church, a place where God shall be worshipped and souls saved, makes an investment from which he draws interest through time and eternity.

## A SPICY DISCUSSION.

We have been deeply interested in a discussion between Dr. C. F. James, a Baptist minister of Culpeper, Va., and the Hon. Wm. Wirt Henry, a grandson of Patrick Henry, a distinguished Presbyterian lawyer, of Richmond, in the Religious Herald, running through several months, on the question as to whether the Baptists were the real pioneers of religious liberty before, and during, and after the revolutionary war. Mr. Henry maintains that his illustrious grandfather, was, first and last, the leader in the great movement of religious liberty. Dr. James avers that in the final struggle Mr. Henry so far weakened on the question that he accepted a compromise, which, while it tolerated all denominations, still claimed the right to tax the people to sustain religion in general, allowing each denomination to direct their own ministers. The Baptists utterly repudiated this compromise, which was supported by the Episcopalians and a portion of the Presbyterians, as offensive to the old law, and choosing Messrs. Madison and Jefferson to represent their views both in the Virginia Legislature and the General Convention of the United States to form our present Constitution. They abandoned Mr. Henry, and ceased to regard him as a safe custodian of their rights. It is scarcely necessary to say that Dr. James has signally triumphed in this discussion. This must be the award of every ingenious minded man. Many years ago we examined all the sources of information we could command on the question, for we possessed all the published works of Mr. Jefferson and Madison, the "Secret Debates of the Convention," Semple's History, as well as that of Dr. Howell, and other works bearing on the question, and Dr. James has tracked the history of this whole subject with marked fidelity. Mr. Henry has written in a commendable spirit, and with as much ability as any man could write who comes out second best in such a discussion. "We should like to see these papers published in a more permanent form." S. H.

We had a pleasant chat with our warm friend, and noble brother, Rev. J. I. Stockton, last week, at Decatur. Like so many of our North Alabama preachers he is forced to labor with his hands to support his family. He is working day by day at the carpenter's trade. This brother is one among the best preachers of that section. Has been for several years in the employ of the mission board of Muscle Shoals Association, and we know that he has done much good. Consequently it don't seem right for him to bury himself almost in secular affairs, and we know if some church or churches would give him assurance of a support he would gladly enter fully into the work. Zeal for his work has placed him in debt and he must pay, for he is an honest man. A few years since the State Mission Board sent Rev. F. C. David to labor in the towns along the line of the M. & C. R. R., Madison was one of the places where he organized a church, but built no house. Afterwards Bro. Stockton was called to the pastorate. He saw the pressing need for a home, if the work was ever made permanent, contributions were sent from every portion of the State, but not enough to complete it. So anxious was he to see the saints worshipping in their own house that he proffered the loan of over \$200, money that by the closest economy of himself and wife had been saved. This was accepted, with the expectation that it would be repaid ere this, but the members are poor, and the pastor has never gotten the money advanced, and now must go to his early trade to meet calculations based on the expected return of this money. Are there not men in Alabama, and women, who have some of the Lord's money that could be wisely invested here? This man's sacrifice made permanent a church in that rapidly developing section, and shall we allow him to bear the burden alone? If you can give a dollar to help the church pay its debt, send the money to the ALABAMA BAPTIST office, along with your subscription to the paper, and proper acknowledgment will be made.

## IS THIS THE REASON?

We have occasionally met with profiting Christian men, heads of families, whom we have asked to subscribe to our paper, men who took from one to half a dozen secular papers, and declined to take the ALABAMA BAPTIST, on the plea that they were not able to pay for it. Now, we knew this to be a mere subterfuge; we knew they were able. Is it uncharitable in us to say, that deep down in their hearts, the reason lay embedded, the reason that they would be loath to admit: that the weekly visits of the paper would likely disturb their consciences in regard to their duties to their church, their pastor, the cause of missions, education, all those great religious enterprises that make this the grandest epoch in this world's history? Are they afraid they will have to pay out a little of their worldly substance to the greatest cause that ever appealed to our Christian consciousness? Are we right or wrong? Would that these brethren would avail themselves of this source of information, and make trial of its effect.

## VISIT TO RUHAMIA ACADEMY AND BIRMINGHAM.

Invited to attend "Arbor Day" at the old academy at Ruhama, six miles northeast of the Magic City, and desirous of visiting our children there, we boarded the train at Tuscaloosa early in the morning of the 22nd of February, and reached the city at 10 o'clock, and the street car for Avondale, where we expected to meet a conveyance to Ruhama, but by some misunderstanding we failed to meet the conveyance, and being on our "first legs," that is, all that we ever had, we "hit the grit," and walked over to our old friend Felix Woods', about a mile, through mud and rain, where we found a warm welcome from his wife and himself, had a fine dinner, and he sent us on to the point of interest. Of course we missed the address of Dr. Teague, in which his friends claim that he surpassed himself, and the magnificent dinner spread in the academy; but we met so many of our old friends, and such a cordial greeting that we were abundantly compensated for the trouble of revisiting the place.

The Ruhama Academy has been in active operation for over fifty years, and is, and has been for many years, presided over by Prof. R. J. Waldrop, who has made a reputation second to no one we know in Alabama in his profession. He is a cultured, firm, prudent, with the happiest aptitude of arousing the attention of his pupils and communicating the information that, as Sir Walter Scott expresses it, "put them on the scent," he combines the qualities that will always command success. He has now perhaps the largest school he has taught there for twelve or fifteen years. The neighborhood knows his worth, and will likely retain him indefinitely.

But to "Arbor Day." Well, the trees were not planted out on account of the rain fall that continued through the day, so that but for the speech of Dr. Teague, the splendid dinner, and the social privileges, which were rare, it would have been another case of "Hamlet with Hamlet left out." As it was, it was an occasion to be enjoyed as a most delightful social epoch.

The old church here is moving on happily under the pastorate of Dr. Teague, who preaches to it twice a month. A better neighborhood is not to be found in Alabama. They are laying off a town here called East Lake, and real estate has suddenly swelled to fabulous prices. It will soon be a part of Birmingham. We and our better half spent the night with our old friend and brother, William Wood, one of the oldest and most worthy citizens of Jefferson county, and whose quiet energy through life has at length been rewarded with a comfortable fortune for his excellent wife, himself and family.

The next morning we were driven to the city by our brother, J. M. Tabernacle, known to everybody in the city and county for his genial spirit, quiet and unassuming wit, and a companion of so much good sense, that it is always pleasant to spend an hour with him. We found the city all astir with the thousand and one enterprises that are daily springing up in and around. Three years ago we thought the Birmingham bubble would burst, and somebody would get hurt, playfully remembering some of our friends there of a story read in our boyhood of five Yankees who locked themselves up in a room and swaped coats until they made five dollars apiece, but we have quit prophesying. We were the fools, they were wise, because the city has gone on improving with a rapidity which has gone beyond all their expectations. The fact is, if there ever was a city founded upon a solid basis, that city is Birmingham. The vast millions of capital invested in its industries, real estate, &c., and the illimitable wealth of the mineral treasures that immediately surround it, are a safe guarantee that there can be an occasional pause, but a backward step is well nigh an impossibility. The wisest capitalist of our largest cities are these investing their mil-

## THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

By M. R. WHARTON.

(Dedicated to the 30th Baptist Convention.)

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him for the hour of his judgment is come, and worship him that made heaven and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters. Rev. 14:6, 7.

The angel is flying, from bright heavenly portals. He speaks on his mission of love, Glad tidings he brings to the perishing mortals. Who rest that slumbereth above, The facts of glory enshrine his head. As with the sweet message of life for the dead.

The angel is flying, "Fear God and give glory for the hour of his judgment is come," And tells to the kindreds, and tongues the glad news of life for the dead.

How Christ brings the wanderers home, O calls he to millions by Satan enslaved, To know God's mandate, believe, and be saved.

The gospel is flying, behold the bright angel, As sweeps he the East and the West, All nations of earth shall receive the evangel, Which tells that a Savior has died, Thinking down that blindly vain idols adored, Become the living kingdom of Jesus the Lord.

The watchman who stands on the ramparts, And looks over the field of the night, Views gleams of a world, like the sleep of Orion.

As he leaps from his scabbard of light— The Word comes of Jesus by the angel waved high, Now flashing its splendors athwart the dark sky.

The angel is flying, O quick he is heading, To regions far and oppress, Over China, and Africa his white wings are spreading.

And the Isles of the ocean are blest, He should a glad respite to souls that are bound, And Italia and Mexico leap at the sound.

And beautiful Cuba, queen of the Antilles, No longer by piracy awe, Comes, sweet as her roses, and pure as her lilies.

To be crowned by her Savior and Lord, From scarlet adornments, as vernal as bright, She turns to be clothed with the garments of white.

The poor oppressed Indian on wilderness, Hails the day of his people's relief, From tribes widely scattered, there springs a new nation.

With Jesus the Savior as Chief, The war-song is silenced by anthems of praise, And the hatchet is buried forever from his gaze.

O, the angel is flying, the idols are falling, Our heads stand faithful and true, But you O his servants, the Master is calling, To help him in the work that they do, The darkness still broods in the desolate shore, And millions are sinking to rise nevermore.

Our land is still darkened with their destruction, Giant thousands are thronging our doors, Our coast is begrimed with a pagan pollution, Swept from Mongolian shores, From mountain to mountain, from sea unto sea, Satan numbers his slaves in the land of the free.

O, privilege glorious to us it is given, To herald the angel's best flight, To win the poor wanderers of earth back to heaven.

To enter the truth and the light, And the angel returns to the echoes of glory, Ye sons of the Southland that meet in the day-time, Send a message of mercy across the deep sea, When peans triumphant in the heavens are ringing.

When the earth is delivered and free, When the hills and the valleys break forth into singing, We will join in the glad jubilee, In loudest strains will shout the refrain, Jehovah, the Lord, reign omnipotent reign.

## Why the Difference.

Year after year we have news of revivals in the churches of our State. Indeed it has come to pass that a church does not regard itself as having any vitality at all, unless it has a series of meetings, and secures accessions to its membership. Now this is well enough: A church should desire fresh installments of spiritual life. It should seek for the salvation of souls, and the multiplication of converted members. But something more is needed than the swell of the church roll—a member should give evidence of faith by the outward expression of words, "Faith without words is dead."

Then as the membership of our churches increase, there should be a corresponding increase of work, there should be a commensurate growth of our treasures upon which our evangelistic agencies are dependent for progress.

And yet is this true? Is it true that as our members multiply by annual revivals, that our means are also increased? Our Boards make the appeal which has been made from year to year. The State Board mentions the amount desired by itself and likewise names the sums necessary for the two great boards—Home and Foreign. If our members are advancing should these evangelistic agencies not be warranted in making appeals for larger amounts, correspondent with the growth of the churches? But why is the appeal so uniformly made, while the columns of our denominational journal teem with the intelligence of wonderful outpourings, "marvelous visitations" and "descents of the Holy Spirit"? There is a sad disparity between these tidings and their legitimate results. Can it be that those who are brought in are not renewed? or is it the fault of the pastors who do not utilize and develop the fresh material?

We do not answer, but note the fact of a great difference prevailing.

Can you find a law of God, which is in itself, and on all sides of it, a dark and repulsive thing? Can you find one which is not, in fact, a prescription commanding us to be happy and showing us the way?—[Knock Mellor, D. D.]

## FIELD NOTES.

Birmingham is to be a good hall for the Y. M. C. A.

WANTED.—Six copies of the ALABAMA BAPTIST of Jan. 2nd, 1887.

The Evergreen school planted a tree named for Rev. B. H. Crumpton.

The Baptist church at Danville recently had seven additions by letter.

One of the trees planted at Roanoke, was named in honor of Rev. J. P. Shaffer.

The Baptists of Virginia are enlarging their church building, and also adding to their membership.

Gainesville, Fla., has recently had a great religious awakening. About 400 people professed conversions.

In publishing the sermon of Dr. Hawthorne, we neglected to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Dispatch for so correct a report.

It is said that the citizens of Greenville made no noisy demonstrations over the victory for prohibition, yet there was deep thankfulness.

R. D. Kyle, that Christian drummer from Opelika, came in and paid his subscription last week. Glad to number him among our working friends.

Rev. J. Spear, one of the missionaries of the Muscle Shoals Association, has entered school under Dr. Jos. Shackelford, at Mountain View High School.

Dr. J. G. Armstrong, of Georgia, the Episcopal rector who has given his church so much trouble, has at last renounced the tenets of that body and will soon be officially deposed.

Bro. T. H. Stout is a pleasantly located preacher—serving two churches in Alabama and two in Georgia. Dear Bishop, can't you send us some news and subscribers from your field?

Bro. Marbury, of the firm of Smith & Marbury, of Bozeman, called to give us some job work. He is one of the brethren who believe in giving all the aid possible to their religious paper.

Rev. F. T. Henson, of Auburn, promises to do what he can in extending the circulation of the paper among his churches. He says, "With it we do little, without it we do considerably less."

The Baptists of Euless are now having Sabbath-school regularly in their own church. They have just built a handsome little study on the church lot for their popular pastor, Rev. J. E. Herring.

At the organization of the Ladies Aid Society of the Asheville church, there were only five to begin the good work, but only a few weeks have elapsed, and now they claim a membership of fifteen.

So anxious are Bro. J. W. Stewart, of Orville, and R. M. Hunter, of Camden, to get their members to read the BAPTIST, that they take the commissions we allow regular agents and help pay subscriptions for poorer brethren and sisters.

About forty citizens of Greenville came to the capital to see the bill through the Senate which was to give their best prohibitions. Three of the pastors, Baptist, Methodist, and Presbyterian, headed the party. They went home happy the entire county of Butler is dry.

The first man to respond to our call to aid in supplying deserving widows with the ALABAMA BAPTIST, was Rev. John C. Duncan, a Presbyterian minister from Camden. He orders a copy sent to a deserving Baptist sister in his town. Who will be the next to respond?

The Rev. Mr. Gleason, of Beuna Vista, Miss., a Baptist divine, is conducting a series of services at the Baptist church at Fayetteville, with very gratifying results. His sermons are able, fervent and eloquent. It is thought that his services as pastor, for another year will be secured to this place.

It is a grand thing to know that you have friends who are certain to come to time. There are some subscribers whose subscription is almost known we will get when due. They watch the date on margin of paper, and act accordingly. What says the margin of your ALABAMA BAPTIST, reader? Can we depend on you?

Our pastor suffered several days with acute inflammation of the eye. He suspended all taxation of the eye and spent a few days at Healing Springs with great benefit. He left home on Monday and returned on Saturday, and is now all right and all alive with Bro. Hatch in the meetings in progress in our church.—Palmto St. Ch. Notes.

The nominal Christians of the world outnumber the adherents of any other religion. There are enough of them, if they catch hands, to reach round the globe eleven times. The time has come for them to lift themselves up to the ambition of governing the world from Christian centers. Let us feel that henceforth this entire planet is our own personal, spiritual property. We must beware how we waste the geographical opportunity that is ours. Postpone the triumph of Christianity now for twenty-five years and you will injure the cause of God more than you would have done a hundred years ago by postponing it twice that time.—Joseph Cook.

## THE CHILDREN'S DAY.

Already the notes of active preparation for "The Children's Day" are being heard from the Baptist Publication Society. The programme for last year was the best yet issued, and gave great satisfaction to the more than twenty-six hundred Baptist Sunday-schools that used it. For this year a change of form will give eight pages, instead of four; a handsomely engraved floral title page will be a new feature; there will be provided sparkling and joyous music; bright recitations; and suitable responsive readings. The second Sunday in June has everywhere come to be recognized the children's day among American Baptists, North, South, East, West, and its coming is hailed with delight by young and old. Programmes, suggestions, etc., are furnished free, to those who will make contribution on that day, to the Sunday-school Missionary Work of the Baptist Publication Society. Samples will be ready by April 1. Address C. C. Biting, D.D., 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Take away from the saloon the power to control votes, and you would find many political aspirants and occupants of political positions able to see some of the evils of the open saloon who are now blind to anything but the "revenue obtained from license."—Baptist Record.

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When the kidneys become clogged or torpid, disease quickly gains foothold, because these organs are nature's sluiceway through which all poisonous humors are washed out of the system. MANY DISEASES affecting other organs are also caused by these humors being forced into the blood, causing terrible suffering. LIVER COMPLAINT, PILES, CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, etc., may all be brought about in this way.

If you are sick, or feel tired out, or low-spirited, and need tonic, cathartic, blood purifier, nothing will do you so much good as KIDNEY-WORT.

LIQUID OR PILL, SOLD EVERYWHERE. \$1.00. Dry sent post-paid, by Sole Proprietors, WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

**Bradfield's Female Regulator.**

This famous remedy most happily meets the demand of the age for women's peculiar and multifarious ailments. It is a remedy for WOMAN ONLY, and for nothing else. It cures all her diseases, and is specific for certain diseased conditions of the womb, and proposes to control the Menstrual Function as to regulate all the derangements and irregularities of her Monthly Sickness. The proprietors claim for this Remedy no other medical property.

**Bradfield's Female Regulator** is strictly a Vegetable Compound, and is the studied prescription of a most learned physician whose speciality was WOMAN, and whose fame became enviable and the editors of his wonderful success in the treatment and cure of female complaints. Suffering woman, it will relieve you of nearly all the complaints peculiar to your sex.

For sale by druggists. Write for book on Female Diseases to  
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**A Creaking Hinge**

Is dry and turns hard, until oil is applied, after which it moves easily. When the joints, or hinges, of the body are stiffened and inflamed by Rheumatism, they cannot be moved without causing the most excruciating pain. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, by its action on the blood, relieves this condition, and restores the joints to good working order.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla has effected, in our city, many remarkable cures, a number of which have been the subject of the most experienced physicians. Were it necessary, I could give the names of many individuals who have been cured by taking this medicine. In my own case it has certainly worked wonders, relieving me of

**Rheumatism,**

after being troubled with it for years. In this, and all other diseases arising from impure blood, there is no remedy with which I am acquainted, that affords such relief as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. - R. H. Lawrence, M. D., Baltimore, Md.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me of Gout and Rheumatism, when nothing else would. It has relieved every trace of disease from my system. - R. H. Short, Manager Hotel Belmont, Lowell, Mass.

I was, during many months, a sufferer from chronic Rheumatism. The disease afflicted me grievously. In spite of all the remedies I could find, until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I took several bottles of this preparation, and was speedily restored to health. - J. Freeman, Independence, Va.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1.00, six bottles, \$5.

**IF YOU ARE GOING North, East, South, West,**

Ask for Tickets Via the Old Reliable L. & N. R. R.

RUNNING THROUGH CARS, MAKING

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**Boots and Shoes.**  
Good Shoes and Low Prices.  
All orders by mail for \$3 or more sent Free of Charge.

**Alabama Baptist.**

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAR. 10, 1887.

**The Dying Thief.**

I've almost run my race,  
A sinner doomed to die,  
Without thy sovereign grace,  
Oh, whither shall I fly?

My spirit wildly raves,  
And beats its prison bars,  
Beholds the open grave,  
The gate of hell ajar!

Can the Lord yet be found,  
Whose pard'ning love is free,  
Oh, bid him to heal my wound,  
Oh, bid him to save me!

Will Jesus save one so vile,  
From iniquity and gall?  
Oh, for mercy on the sinner,  
While at thy feet I fall!

Jesus speaks while death is near:  
Look unto me and live,  
Though torn with nails and spear,  
Yet freely I forgive.

Through eyes of faith I see  
Christ the bleeding sacrifice,  
And hear, With me this day,  
Be thou in Paradise.

From the cross I rise and sing,  
Through regions vast I fly,  
Oh, death, where is thy sting,  
Oh, grave where is thy victory?

R. M. HUNTER.

**Meeting House Religion.**

BY REV. SAM P. JONES.

What a little idea of religion the people get! Why, there are grown people, gray-headed people, I expect, in this church that when you get a religious idea if it was at midnight, sister, brother, you would jump up and dress and run to the church with

it. You have no idea or conception of religion except something to run to the meeting-house with. That's the

idea I have got a religious notion in the head, husband, and what will I do with it if I don't run to the meeting house with it? That's right where the folks have religion in this country

—at a meeting house. Oh, my brother, listen! I have the profoundest contempt for that man who simply has the faith, the receptive faith, the take-all-you-can-get faith, the hold-on-to-all-you-have-got faith. I have a contempt for that business.

Every time you come to church you bring a basket or omelette. Lord, I have come to get something. Give me something. Well, what do you want? Oh, anything, anything in the world you have got to give me. I have brought a basket and a bucket to get it in. Ah, you come in here and pack off, and carry off and tote off until you go home about empty.

Now ain't that about the truth of it? Lord, give me something. Brother, I say to you this: Say, Lord, give me marching orders, and then never sent a man to the front that thou didst not send a forage wagon to take care of him. That's it. God has got an army out yonder starving to death? Ain't that ridiculous?

I often think of the incident during the last war, when Gen. Early, at the battle of Fishers Hill, was such a victory, and how he captured the forage wagons and guns and routed the army of his opponents there, and how they all commenced gloating over their victory.

They fell in possession of more rations and more everything than they had in months, and they commenced gloating over the victory. That night the cavalry came rushing in on them and routed Early's army, and run them off and recaptured the whole business. Took Early's wagons and everything away from them, guns and all, and it took his company three days to get together any more, and then they came in from the woods half starved, just literally starved to death nearly.

Early had them all form into line and was riding up and down in front of the ranks. And directly some soldier up at the head of the line hollered "bread," and they caught it up; and it came from the bottom of their stomachs, too. "Bread, bread, bread."

They meant it, too, and they taunted him with it: "Bread, bread, bread," and you know how soldiers could holler. Finally, when old Early stood it as long as he could, he reined in that bloody bay of his, and straightened himself up in his saddle and got his eye up and down the line, and said:

"Fisher's Hill, you cowardly scoundrels!"

Never heard any more about bread. You see they had bread enough there to do them for three months, but got routed and ran away from it. And I have thought that God's host up in the meeting house many a time hollering "bread, bread, bread."

Where's that bread you had? That's the question.

"Fisher's Hill, you cowardly scoundrels!"

That's the way it works. It is not how much bread you want. It is not how much bread you need, but what did you do with the last bread I gave you? That's it. Good Lord, show us that loyalty the Christian means marching orders, gun in hand, at the front ready to die, and Jesus Christ will put the angels on half pations before he will let a soldier in an army like that suffer one minute for bread.

**Won by a Little Girl.**

There was a little girl whom I knew about four years and a half old, who had the misfortune to lose her mother. Many visitors called to comfort her father, and one party expressed a desire to see his little daughter. Mary, she was sent for, and came into the room with her nurse. When she was playing quietly about, she surprised the company by looking up into the face of one of the gentlemen and saying, "Do you love God?" The gentleman thus suddenly questioned was confused, and made no reply. But this little girl's father had also heard it, and he remembered that she had been the constant companion of his wife, who had taught her to love and reverence God; and when he saw her clear blue eyes turn upward and heard her say, "Do you love God?" it smote him to the heart; and that very night he gave himself to God, and is now heartily engaged in pointing the grief-stricken and the weary to the divine Comforter and Friend.

**Bessie Herndale's Fortune.**

BY MRS. EMMA S. ALLEN.

There was not a prettier or more thriving town in all the West than Herndale. Built on a slight eminence at the Head of Clear Lake, it looked down at its reflection in the smooth water with a pride not unlike that of a lady who beholds her fair image in her dressing mirror. Handsomely built, with wide, well-shaded streets—it was no wonder that Herndale people gloried in it and strangers envied them.

Twenty-five years enterprise and push had metamorphosed the rude pioneer settlement into the present aristocratic village, the home of many wealthy and cultured people, as well as of moderately endowed professional men, merchants and tradesmen. The men who had built the first rough dwellings now rode in their carriages and lounged in their stately homes, their gray hairs bringing them honor, likewise their dollars, which were, perhaps, more numerous.

The afternoon express train was nearing Herndale, one warm June day. The road which wound around the lake shore was picturesque in the soft, summer lights and shades. But to the young girl who sat listlessly reading a magazine, it was too familiar to awaken enthusiasm. She was richly dressed, and had a pretty, animated face; brown eyes, that had a sparkle of fun in them, and a complexion that was faultless.

On the seat in front of her were two gentlemen whose conversation had amused her now and then, their seeming chance acquaintances bent on passing the tedious hours of travel in an agreeable manner. Their conversation now turned upon Herndale.

"I must soon leave you," said one, "we are almost to Herndale; my business takes me there for a day or two. Ever been there?"

"No. How much of a place is it?"

"Oh, some five or six thousand inhabitants. It is a lovely town. I know of no more prettier. See it, yonder, on that knoll? No wonder its people are proud of their burgh. It has wealth, culture, educational facilities, manufactures, in fact, everything that makes the life of a place socially and materially a pleasure. It is famous. A score of moneyed men give tone to society. They have grown up with the town and made it what they pleased. Did you ever hear of its greatest light—Richard Herndale, from whom the place was named?"

"I think not."

"Oh, well," and the speaker reached for his ulster as the whistle sounded; "he was a millionaire, and he gave his life in the unceasing pursuit of wealth. Died about a year ago, and left his palatial home and hard-earned money to a solitary heir—a girl of eighteen. After he died, this young heiress returned to her boarding-school to complete her final year of study. Now, I suppose she is ready to come back to Herndale and inaugurate a round of frivolous gaiety, take all the natives by storm with a lavish display of her wealth, and be sought for by a hundred unprincipled fortune-seekers. Herndale was a queer fellow, not much beloved; but he was sharp. The loohest thing he ever did was to leave this girl in possession of all his money, with no guardian. She has full control of everything. I understand, even before her twenty-first year. By George! if she is like many other foolish, vain-headed girls, how she will make the old man's life!"

"What a pity he did not leave some public monument of usefulness in the town which bears his name! His mansion is the finest, his outsize the most dashing, of any in the town. But, don't you know—he might have done Herndale a vast amount of good. It has its vices as well as its virtues, and one who has money at command, and owns block after block of business houses, has an unlimited field for social and moral reform, and usefulness generally. Even Herndale's young heir, girl though she is, might do what her father left undone; if she cared to. She probably will make no other use of it than to buy other children of luxury, and will turn her hand over to take a kitten. Well, well, let it be! I can do my share of dreaming, but it makes very little show in the world."

The train came to a stop, and the two men parted with friendly wishes. Bessie Herndale was far too sweet-tempered to be indignant at what she had overheard. When her unknown adviser politely assisted her from the platform, she thanked him as smilingly as though he had not said hard things about her and her father. She liked the frank, generous expression of his face; it was one she did not forget. He was a man in the prime of life, one who appeared to have a great deal to do, and who failed not in doing all he had to do. He lifted his hat in response to the young girl's thanks, and hurried toward a hack. It never occurred to him that the young heiress of the Herndale wealth was the pretty girl whose bright eyes he had admired. He did not see the Herndale equipage, with the colored attendant, in waiting at the depot. He forgot all about the Herndales, and was whirled away to his hotel.

But Bessie did not forget him, nor what he had said. She pondered upon his words as she was driven rapidly along, towards her elegant, but lonely home. Who would meet her there? No gentleman mother. She had been dead many years. No indulgent, though undemonstrated father, would say: "Well, child, do anything you please; but I am too busy to be with you much." Even this welcome was better than none. Her eyes were tearful as she caught the first glimpse of the imposing brown-toned walls. How she envied her schoolmates who had gone home to humbler abodes and loving friends!

The carriage rolled through the gateway guarded by brazen lions, amid the gleaming shrubbery and stately trees of the well-tended grounds, then halted before the lower terrace. Bessie ran up the marble steps and skipped away to the broad porch where one face, at least, smiled her a cheerful welcome.

Mrs. Holt, the house-keeper, received her with open arms. If there was one person in the world the girl really loved, it was the refined, gentle lady whose gray hair rippled over her white forehead beneath a matronly cap of black lace and lilac ribbons. Now that there was no husband father present to prohibit "intimacy with inferiors," Bessie meant to lavish all her pent-up affections upon her motherly friend.

A year's absence had made the charming home even more so to the girl who had been pent up in a city boarding-school. For a few days she enjoyed the freedom and change; laughed and chatted with old friends, and drove about Herndale in her dashing phaeton, the envy of every girl who was not seated beside her. Queen she certainly was in her native town, as she had been at school. The Herndale maidens were her subjects, from great to small. Would she enlist their services in vain frivolity, and striving for bubbles that burst as soon as grasped, or would she use her influence in nobler ways? Again and again the words of her travelling companion came back to her. Each time they came with added force.

"What did he mean that I could do?" she asked herself one morning, as she lounged idly in her music room after an hour's practice. "I don't know what Herndale needs that it hasn't got. Papa did leave a 'public monument of usefulness'—he erected the public fountain and laid Ashley Park, my memory brother. I wish I did it all, but I can't think of anything else to do." She tried to dismiss the thought once for all, and denounced the strange gentleman as a Paul Pry.

Scarcely a quarter of an hour later, Higgins, the Butler, announced a gentleman caller: "Mr. Grayson, Miss Herndale. He says he will detain you but a moment."

Mr. Grayson was an elderly man, who had been acting agent for Mr. Herndale for many years. Upon him devolved the duty of collecting the monthly rents, for which service, in connection with other responsibilities pertaining to the estate, he was handsomely paid. He was, beside, Herndale's leading lawyer, and Bessie entrusted to him all business matters, which she abhorred and knew very little about. She entered the library, where her agent was always waiting, and gave him her usual bright greeting.

"Good-morning, Miss Herndale," was his quick, business-like response. "I'll not trouble you young head with problems of much moment, this morning. There is only one thing I thought you would like to have something to say about—the renting of one of our buildings."

"Oh, Mr. Grayson, I leave all that to your judgment. You know what is best," answered Bessie.

"Very true; but I want to know if you approve of a saloon, restaurant, skating rink, gambling-parlor and billiard room under one management? How much good do you think such an institution will do our young people?"

"Oh, I wouldn't do it for all the world!" cried Bessie. "Papa never would do that, I am sure."

"And yet, Miss Herndale, he has rented ten of his finest store-rooms—large, elegant apartments—to men who sell liquors. It is there where so many of our young men are going down to ruin. It is almost impossible for them to resist the tempter when habited in such dazzling attractions."

"Believe me, Mr. Grayson, I had no idea that this was so—I never gave the subject any thought. Have I the power to evict these tenants?"

"Most assuredly, as you are the owner of the property. They pay their rent monthly, in advance. Miss Herndale, do you realize what amount of money those ten saloons put into your hands, monthly?"

"No, sir; not in the least."

"At the rate of one hundred dollars a month, just one thousand dollars. If you evict them you will sustain a heavy loss."

"Then I will sustain it. If I were to lose fifty times the amount, I would repair this wrong," declared the little woman.

"And you will prevent other and more fearful wrongs?"

"By refusing to let the parlors to those men? Yes, indeed, I will."

[Concluded next week.]

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"By refusing to let the parlors to those men? Yes, indeed, I will."

[Concluded next week.]

"Lord, I can't make these sticks perfectly straight. I have lost all my strength. Send me to another field."

But what is the answer of the Holy Spirit? "You were not sent to that field to take every crook out of those sticks; you can't perfect human nature, that is my work." Now there is something in every man—ministers included—that is a little glaring. It is peculiar to the individual—a streak of the old Adam inwrought in his individuality. In one it is stubbornness, in another it is suspiciousness, in another reserve, in another disposition to be critical or fault-finding, in another, a censoriousness. By what name it may be known, and no human influence, no preacher can untwist it and straighten it out. It is a peculiar twist of self, inborn, inbred, inwrought. So when I discover what a man's peculiar twist is, I say, "The Lord only can take that out of him, and I won't touch it if I can help it." I tried my hand at that once on a good Scotch brother, and I will never try it again. He was a most uncompromising subject, and I am quite convinced that if I had had a little more charity for his peculiarities he would have been a very useful man.—Dr. Spurgeon.

**A Mother's Jump.**

Mr. A. F. Warden related this incident: "We were standing on the platform of one of our Northern stations, when the warning cry of the porter, 'stand back! stand back there!' bade us beware of the oncoming express. In the hurry and excitement of the time and place, a little girl had strayed away from her mother's care, and somehow as the people stepped back from the edge of the platform, the little one's foot slipped, and she fell off right between the rails. On came the roaring, rushing train. Women screamed, men turned their faces from the sickening sight, when a woman burst through the crowd, dashed by those who tried to stop her, and with a look of desperation, jumped off to where the child lay. Snatching it up, she tossed it out of danger. But alas! another second and the buffer caught the devoted mother as she tried to jump out of the way, and the mangled remains bore a silent testimony to the power of a mother's love. She had given her own life for her child's. It was with a gasp that we learned that the mother had perished, and that the child was unhurt. We pursued our journey, wondering if that girl, when she reached womanhood, would forget her mother's sacrifice or scorn the love that prompted it. Cruel and heartless as such conduct would seem, yet thousands of men and women are guilty of far greater ingratitude when they despise the love of Christ, who died for them."

**Sudden Death at a Ball.**

A woman related: "There were two brothers, the one saved, and the other unsaved. The Christian thought it was his duty as a servant of the Lord to speak to his brother about his soul. He did so, and his brother seemed much affected by his words, but as he had an engagement at a ball that night, he declined to settle the matter then, but promised as soon as he returned to look after his sister's welfare. He went to the ball, met his friends, and in the course of conversation soon forgot all about his brother's serious words. The music began; the dance was being formed, and he with the others went to take his place; but just when about to take the first step his brain reeled, he turned half round, and fell lifeless to the floor. The time of repentance was now past. He neglected his last opportunity, putting it off until a more convenient season; but that season never came, and he was summoned unprepared to give an account of his deeds done in the body. 'Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.'"

**God can Bless Tears.**

In a meeting which was pervaded by the Holy Spirit, and while testimony to his work in personal experience was given, a man afflicted with stammering speech, with eyes suffused and hesitating speech tremulous with emotion, said, "You know that I cannot talk, but God can bless tears," and sat down. It is doubtful whether any utterance of the hour made a deeper impression than those few words from an overflowing heart.

Yes, "God can bless tears." We recollect a bright and skeptical young man who had defended his unbelief in argument with his mother, as he thought, successfully; but when she ceased, and with a flood of tears, exclaimed, "Oh, my son, you are an infidel!" he turned away to weep alone, and soon after was rejoicing in her salvation.

In the house of God, where his power was felt, a gay and thoughtless youth, who, according to his purpose, had diverted his attention with worldly scenes and pleasures, during the service looked up to the choir, when singing the last hymn, and saw the tears flowing from the uplifted eyes of a devoted young lady who was a member of it. He was smitten under deep conviction, which only left him with his consecration to Christ. "God can bless tears." The Spirit declared it in the assurance, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Congregationalist.

**Rheumatism**

It is an established fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven an invaluable remedy in many severe cases of rheumatism, effecting remarkable cures by its powerful action in correcting the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and purifying and enriching the vital fluid.

It is particularly false to assume that Hood's Sarsaparilla does not cure what others will do for you. Therefore, if you suffer the pains and aches of rheumatism, give this potent remedy a fair trial.

"I was troubled very much with rheumatism in my hips, ankles, and wrists. I could scarcely walk, and was confined to my bed a good deal of the time. Being recommended to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, I took four bottles and am perfectly well. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as one of the best blood purifiers in the world."—W. F. WOOD, Birmingham, Ill.

**For Twenty Years**

I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Before 1881 I found no relief, but grew worse. I then began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me more good than all the other medicine I ever had. It is the best blood purifier I ever used. I suffered from what the doctors called muscular rheumatism. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and am entirely cured. J. V. A. Phoenix, Chicago, Ill.

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**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all Druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Made only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar.**

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Of every description Bought, Sold, and Exchange on Commission.

Large tracts of Fine Timber Lands and also Valuable Mineral Lands for Sale. Several Choice Farms for Sale.

**LEMON ELIXIR.**  
A Card from Cathbert, Ga.  
This is to certify that I used Dr. Moziey's Lemon Elixir for neuralgia of the head and eyes with the most marked benefit to my general health. I would gladly have paid \$500 for the relief it has given me at the cost of two or three dollars.  
H. A. BEALL,  
Clerk Supr. Court, Randolph Co., Ga.  
Lemon Hot Drops.