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OUR PREMIUM LIST.

Desiring to increase the subscription list of the ALABAMA BAPTIST very largely this year, we offer the following valuable premiums for new subscribers. We also desire to put into the hands of our brethren and sisters some good books, which they can secure with just a little labor upon their part. If we can get 100 agents to send ten subscribers each during the next month, we will be able to bring up our list to six thousand. With a little effort this can be done, and we are offering these premiums in order to induce our brethren and sisters to work for the paper, as well as for themselves. Each one who works a premium will please notify us. You can send the names of the subscribers and the money as fast as you get them, and when you get up the number that entitles you to a premium we will send it to you as directed.

1. An *East Ocean*, style 5, catalogue price \$1.00, for 100 new subscribers and \$2.00.
2. A *New Home Sewing Machine*, No. 4, List price \$55, for 50 subscribers and \$100.
3. A copy of *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary*, price \$12, and a copy of *The Story of Baptist Missions*, price \$2.50, for 25 subscribers and \$50.
4. A copy of *Armitage's History of the Republic*, cloth, \$1, and a copy of *Webster's Dictionary*, price \$12, for 25 subscribers and \$50.
5. One *Annointed Paraphrase Bible*, price \$5, and a copy of *Grace Trueman*, price \$1.25, and a copy of *Thendola Earnest*, price \$1.25, for 15 subscribers and \$30.
6. A copy of *Dagge's Manual of Theology*, price \$2, and one *Bible Dictionary*, price \$1.50, and *Story of the Bible*, price \$1, and a copy of *Baptist Doctrines*, price \$2, for 10 subscribers and \$20.
7. A copy of *Boyer's Systematic Theology*, price \$3.50, and *Smith's Bible Dictionary*, price \$1.50, and *Manual of Baptism*, by G. S. Bailey, price \$1, for 5 subscribers and \$10.
8. *Todd's Index Remin*, price \$2.50, for 4 subscribers and \$8.
9. *Grace Trueman*, price \$1.25, or *Pendleton's Distinctive Principles of Baptists*, price \$1.25, for 3 subscribers and \$3.
10. *Baptism of the Ages* and of the Nations, by W. C. Cather, D. D., price \$1, for 2 subscribers and \$2.

We will ship and mail the premiums at the owners' expense.

We do not allow any commission to agents when they are working for a premium. If they prefer the money we will give agents 25 per cent. for all new subscribers they send us with the money. Are there not too many of our brethren who are not working in getting subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST will enable you to get it for her.

ADDITIONAL INDUCEMENTS.

To the one who sends us the largest list of subscribers by the first day of July next, in addition to the premiums you may be entitled to according to the above list, we will give \$10 in gold.

To the one who sends us the second largest list, we will give \$5 in gold.

To the one who sends us the third largest list, we will give \$2.50 in gold.

To the one who sends us the fourth largest list, we will give one subscription to the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Our Foreign Letter.

CAIRO, EGYPT.

Dear Baptist:

In coming hither from Jaffa—an ancient Joppa—I passed through the far-famed Suez Canal, which, as the reader doubtless knows, connects the Mediterranean and the Red Seas. Knowing that this is perhaps, according to its length, the most important stream or "connecting body" of water in the world, I was naturally curious to see it. This canal, which is considered one of the greatest triumphs of modern science, was opened nineteen years ago, in the presence of representatives of nearly every civilized government. It is 116 miles long, 36 feet deep, 72 feet wide at the bottom and 140 feet at the top, and was constructed at a cost of \$10,000,000 to \$15,000,000. The great advantage of the canal, says the *London Times*, "is, of course, the decrease of the distance to be traveled between Europe and India; or, it is about 11,200 miles from London or Hamburg, by the Cape of Good Hope, to Bombay, by the Suez it is only 6,332. This reduces the voyage by twenty-four days; from Marseilles or Genoa a saving of thirty days is effected, and from Trieste thirty-seven." The rates at which steamers are allowed to pass is from five to six miles per hour.

While the French furnished the brains and the money for the construction of the canal, it is at present chiefly owned by Great Britain, 1/15ths of the canal having been bought up by the stockholders, and the balance by the British Government. The British Lion has laid his paw upon Egypt, and ere long "a change will come over the spirit of some body's dreams."

Leaving Port Said on a mail steamer, I soon found myself gliding through the canal, with great banks of sand rising on either side, and the blue sky stretching above me. Now and then we would pass large merchant ships going to South Africa and to India, and meet others coming from there. Every few hundred yards we would see a dredging machine at work deepening and widening the canal. After a while we came to the land of (Goshen, where "Israel dwelt," (Gen. 47: 27,) and finally to one of the places where Moses is said to have led the children across the Red Sea. Ex. 14: 22.

There is a rude "thing," called a train, running from Suez to Cairo. It is by all odds the most uncomfortable "clap-net" I have ever been in. I suppose, however, I should do like other folks and praise the bridge that brought me over safely.

At all events I am now in Egypt, the oldest country in the world, the cradle of civilization. It is here that the God of thought first waded his enchanted wand and separated intellect from matter, and gave birth to the light of the long night of ignorance. I am in Cairo, the capital of Egypt, and, next to Damascus, the

most exclusive Oriental city in the Levant. It is still the city of "Arabian Nights." It is as Eastern and as odd now as when Wallace's "Ben Hur" and Johnson's "Rascals" roamed through its streets. I should like to describe Cairo, with its mosques and minarets, with its flower gardens and palm groves, with its narrow streets and curious bazaars, thronged and crowded with a moving mass of turbaned men and veiled women.

I should like especially to speak of my trip up the Nile to the place where it is said Pharaoh's daughter "came down to wash herself in the river" and found Moses in the ark of bulrushes. (Ex. 1: 1-10.) to the Virgin's tree in the ward where it is claimed that Joseph and Mary lived during their stay in Egypt, to the petrified forests, and to other places of interest, but time, that restless, sleepless, ever watchful tyrant, forbids. He says I cannot. If I were Joshua I would command the sun to stand still while I finish this letter. As that is impossible, I will do the next best thing—turn my watch back half an hour and write on.

Peculiar interest attaches to the museum of this place, because of its mummies. The old Egyptians could not paint a beautiful picture or chisel a graceful statue, but they certainly knew how to embalm and preserve the human body. Let us pass by the "common dead" and go at once into the HALL OF ROYAL MUMMIES.

Here we find the almost perfectly preserved bodies of twelve or fifteen of Egypt's kings. Among them is the mummy of Ramesses XI, the same as Pharaoh, who ruled in the time of Joseph. All these mummies are, of course, in air tight glass cases, but are plainly visible. Ramesses XI was a man of a powerful physique, a small head, but full in front, heavy features and hard. Albeit his face betokens strength of character and an iron will. There is a far away, dreamy appearance playing over his countenance. He looks as if he is thinking about the past. We will not disturb the "spirit of his dreams." He is dead now. We come next into the presence of his Royal Highness King So Karimsap, who is thus labeled: "This is the oldest known mummy, and is probably 5,700 years old." As the king had rather a pleasant, familiar looking face I thought I would speak to him, and so I did. I said: "If your Royal Highness will have the goodness to excuse a stranger, I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Quite excusable, sir, proceed," was his reply.

Question: "Do you received the same reverence and homage now as when you ruled Egypt?"

Answer: "May be, on the part of departed spirits where I now dwell, there is no difference between prince and peasant."

Question: "What! Did not your title and regal attire not secure you a seat of honor?"

Answer: Ah! no. Purple robes and jeweled crowns are no passport to honor here. The robe of Christ's righteousness is the only garment that admits one into the presence of the pure."

Question: "But is the robe of righteousness you speak of a sure guarantee of Divine favor?"

Answer: "Never yet has it failed. In the world a man may live in poverty and die in distress, yet when he comes into the next world with that spotless garment on all the fiends of hell shrink back in horror at his approach and all the angels of heaven greet him with shouts of joy and anthems of praise. The Master places a crown of gold on his brow and silver slippers on his feet."

Question: "But I see you have great riches in your coffin with you. Could you not bribe the doorkeeper and buy your way in?"

Answer: "Your questions mock me. What would my paltry sum to him who holds the world in his hands?"

"My advice to you," the King continued, "is to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; to seek peace and pursue it; to buy the Truth and sell it not. These will be worth more to you than wealth and titles of honor and power and dominion all combined. I would rather be a true disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, than wear the brightest diamond that ever graced a monarch's brow, and know him not."

Thanking the King for his kindness and his words of wisdom, I bowed myself out of his presence. The people here talk of "King So Karimsap" as though he had lived yesterday, when the truth is his light of life went out more than five centuries before we were born! It is said that the railroads in Egypt use mummies for fuel, and on wet days the engineers are frequently heard to cry out, "These plebeians won't burn worth a cent, hand me out a king!" On express trains they use nothing but kings.

Christmas morning I was up before the lamps of night were dimmed by the rising glow of day. There seemed to be a rivalry among the stella post, each trying to out shine his neighbor. Each star twinkled and smiled and laughed and poured a flood of glory down. I never saw anything like it, there was less of earth than of heaven in the scene. I said surely these are creatures singing the praise of their Master—of him whose birthday they faintly would celebrate. While yet these balls of fire gleamed bright from the blue sky above, Johnson and I were in the saddle on our way to the pyramids. Yes, in the saddle. In Cairo saddles are street cars. Egyptian boys, cradled with a fresh barbed donkey, bridled and saddled, throng the streets. The moment a traveller steps on the sidewalk he is doomed. These

boys, leading their donkeys, crowd around him, like hungry wolves around a helpless lamb. He cannot get away—the boys are irresistible. They take hold of you and throw you into the saddle, and instantly the donkey moves off like a bundle of steel springs. Then all the boys throw up their caps and hallow, except the one whose donkey you are on. He, of course, follows you, one hand grasping the donkey's tail and the other clutching a stick. The tail is used as a rudder to guide the animal, and the stick as an argument to persuade him to quicken his already flying steps. Every one rides as if he were carrying the mail. Indeed, he can't help it. The donkey is running for life—he must move or be brained on the spot. All persons give away for the coming donkey as if he were a steam engine.

Christmas Eve was our first experience. We had gotten here the night before. I had heard of the donkey boys but had forgotten all about them. Well, as soon as we stepped on the streets, "they came, they saw, they conquered!" They got Johnson first. In five minutes they had him on a Zebra looking ass and were rushing him down Palm Avenue at a 240 mile pace. I was bringing up the rear, but the Zebra was all the time gaining on me. I would, probably, soon been left far behind if things had moved on smoothly. But Johnson's "Flying Dutchman" fell. He split his rider on one side of the street and he took the other. When I rode up the boy was trying to bring the donkey to by twisting his tail. Johnson was on his knees—not at prayer—and his hat was gone. In five minutes more we were on our way again. We reached the American Consul's office in due time and without any broken bones. On our way back "Yankee Doodle" stumbled, and I fell straddle of his neck, but on he rushed faster than before. We called at the drug store and got some salve—Johnson is better now.

Well, as I was going on to say, we got an early start to the Pyramids. We met hundreds of camels coming off the great desert, and donkeys laden with hay and clover, fish, fuel and vegetables.

Where we crossed the Nile both banks were lined with tall majestic palm trees the finest I ever saw. The rising sun threw the palm shadows on the river's broad bosom. The shadows sank into the blue depth below, and you see two palm groves—one above and one below the water.

Now leaving the Nile and turning directly west, we travel along a road that was constructed a few years ago by the Khedive for the use of the Prince of Wales and party. Unfortunately I am not informed whether the Prince made this trip on a donkey or not. The road is now a dirt road, and we walked, rode an ass, or was driven in a carriage of state, he enjoyed the Pyramids not one whit more than I did. I couldn't help enjoying the Pyramids. They were already looming up before me, clearly outlined against the sky. At first they seemed to swim in a sea of mirage that rose up from the surrounding country—they were composed of such stuff as dreams are made up. But as I came nearer that airy nothingness assumed definite shape, and took on colossal proportions. I now stood face to face with the oldest monument on earth—the only remaining one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

The great Pyramid is 730 feet square at the base, and is 460 feet high. My guide book says: "The usual process in Egyptian Pyramid building seems to have been to leave a nucleus of solid rock, and enclose it in a series of steps formed of huge blocks of stone. Fresh series of steps were added to the outside, till the requisite dimensions were obtained. Then the steps were filled up with smooth polished stones, covered with sculpture and inscriptions." Deep down in the Pyramids were left open chambers and passages as the burial place of the illustrious builder and his family. Of course these interior chambers were closed and hermetically sealed from the Great Pyramid, or the Pyramid of Cheops, the outer polished stones have been removed, so now there remains a series of colossal steps up which some visitors climb to the top.

To ascend the Pyramid you have to pay a fee to the Sheikh who furnishes you with two strong Arabs—some travellers require four—to assist you up. It would be both difficult and dangerous to attempt the ascent alone. The steps are often five feet high. There is no chance to catch a hand hold, and you have only twelve and sometimes six inches to stand on while you struggle to get up. We had two assistants each, yet Johnson came very near falling. I was amused and excited too. When I heard him cry out to the Arabs: "Hold me! hold me! hold me!"

At the top of the Pyramid there is a level platform about 30 feet square from which one gets a fine view of the surrounding country. Looking eastward I could trace the majestic Nile in its onward sweep toward the ocean and its fertile valley—once the granary of the world. Turning toward the setting sun I looked out for miles and miles over the arid desert. Not a living thing did I see, but a caravan of camels, those ships of the desert, just starting out on their long journey. After descending almost to the ground we had then to slide on our stomachs up an inclined plane on the inside of the pyramid in order to reach the interior chamber, which was long ago robbed of its mummified kings.

A few hundred yards from the pyramid of Cheops, stands the colossal Sphinx, which, if possible, is a greater wonder than the Pyramid itself. The Sphinx is a huge lion with a human

head. It is therefore an emblematic sovereign combining the greatest earthly wisdom, with the greatest possible strength. I said the Sphinx was "colossal." Look at it and see for yourself.

Its paws are five and its body 140 feet in length. Its head is no less than thirty feet from brow to chin and fourteen feet across! This image is hewn out of solid stone and stands out in giant like proportions before you. And yet it is so graceful and symmetrical withall that you half way forget its size. You are wondering why it does not move and walk; why you cannot hear it breathe and see it roll its eyes. If God would only touch the Sphinx it would instantly become a living creature! Its countenance has been described as wearing "an expression of softest beauty and most winning grace." This however must have been in the days of its youth. At present it has a furrowed brow and wrinkles. Its eyes are deep-set in its head and its jaws are firmly set. It wears a pensive, thoughtful look.

I spoke to the Sphinx, but, paying no attention, it stood "staring right at me, with calm eternal eyes," as an old man in his dotage forgets all that took place during the days of his strength and manly glory and thinks only of those things which occurred in early life, so this Sphinx stood with memory stretching like a rainbow from old age to childhood. It was thinking about the confusion of tongues that took place around the tower of Babel about the morning when the city of Damascus was laid out by U2 the great grandson of Noah; about the day when God appeared to Abraham and told him to leave the land of Ur and go into the land of Canaan. It was thinking about the time when Joseph ruled Egypt; when Moses was found in the ark of bulrushes on the bosom of yonder Nile; when Pharaoh was swallowed up by the Red Sea. In middle life this "eternal statue" saw Troy fall and Athens rise. In old age it saw Rome flourish and fade and fall.

Standing side by side are the Sphinx and the Pyramids, both huge in dimensions, both graceful in appearance, both impressive to behold, both "ancient as the sun," and both, I believe, will be among the last human relics on earth to yield to the "wasting tooth of time."

W. A. WHITTE.

A House of Worship in Havana.

The rapid increase of our work in Cuba, resulting in two years in the baptism of more than 1,000 believers, necessitates a house of worship in Havana large enough to accommodate the ever-growing masses that flock to our meetings.

We cannot delay this important matter without seriously impeding the progress of the gospel in that Island. The amount required for this purpose will make an unusual draft upon the liberality of our people, but we confidently believe that they will meet the emergency which success has thrown upon them as true soldiers of our Divine Master.

It is the earnest desire of the Board (indeed, an absolute necessity to us) that such contributions shall not diminish the receipts for the general work of our own or other Boards.

While, therefore, we would not deny to any the privilege of contributing so graciously a purpose, we must rely largely upon those brethren and sisters whom the Lord has prospered. We trust that all such will feel that this is a special call of God to them to do a noble deed for the perishing thousands of Cuba.

Rev. A. J. Diaz is now in this country, who, with one of our secretaries, will, in the brief time at his disposal, endeavor to secure the funds needed for this building.

Cash contributions are desirable, but subscriptions payable in annual installments can be made available.

J. T. TICHENOR, Cor. Secretary.

Atlanta, Ga.

Sunbeams.

Last fall a missionary society was organized in our (Allenton) church, who called themselves the "Busy Bees." The membership consists principally of children, and younger members of the church. Lately the society was reorganized, and adopted a code of By-laws, and changed its name to "Sunbeams." The officers for the year are: President, Miss Mary Jones, Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Sarah McBryde. The society has, recently, contributed \$50 to the State Mission Board, to be equally divided between State, Home and Foreign Missions, and Ministerial Education. A clause in the by-laws requires each member to make their monthly dues by some sacrifice, or extra work. This is written with the view of stimulating others to "go thou and do likewise." J. F. L.

Allenton, Ala.

Thomas M. Henley.

Thomas M. Henley departed this life near Randolph, Ala., on the 4th of April, 1888. He was born in the county of Montgomery, Ala., the 3rd day of December 1839. He graduated at the University of Alabama in the year 1858. He made a profession of religion in the year 1878 and was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church at Randolph, of which he died a member. He was a man of decided convictions and earnest in his defense. He volunteered and served during the late war. He died in peace. He leaves a widow and five children surviving. His place will be hard to fill.

W.

Reminiscences.

NO. X.

I remember the coming, in my young days, of Elds Eli Ball and Bates, of Virginia, to South Carolina, in the interest of foreign missions, and their making Cheraw one of their visiting points. They were well received, and made a good impression. A great many such trips were made, no doubt, year after year, for many years before, and probably hundreds of them since that time, for the purpose of spreading light and deepening conviction on the Christian duty of sending the gospel to the heathen. Who paid the most for the expense of these labors? As a general thing, most likely, those who were already paying most liberally in other ways to foreign missions. They had not much time to spare for contention with the payers, the fault-finders and the grumblers. Such people have always infested the churches; let them be kindly enlightened, and let us patiently wait for their conversion.

In my boyhood, I attended the annual circus, of course, but one year it was so nearly the same as the year before, that in disgust I declared that I never would attend another circus in that town, and I never did. The next year the foolish heathenish thing came again. I printed some little show bills for the manager, went to the door during the performance, received four dollars for my work, and went straight home, as proud as a peacock of my self-denial.

Early in the fall of 1824, that grand old hero, patriot and philanthropist, Marie Jean Paul Roux Yves Gilbert Mather, the Marquis de la Fayette, in his tour of moral triumph on the hearts of great Americans, passing through our portion of South Carolina, took dinner in Cheraw; and then, with an escort of citizens, passing out the long street in an open carriage, with lifted hat bowing to the handkerchief-waving ladies on either hand, went on his way, through deep sandy roads, fifty-five miles to Camden, where an interesting historic ceremony awaited his coming. It was that he might lay the cornerstone of the monument to the memory of another and a self-sacrificed hero, Baron John DeKalb, who, receiving eleven wounds, fell in the agonies of death, in defence of American liberty, in the battle near Shaders Creek, commonly called the battle of Camden. DeKalb was born in Bavaria, Germany, had served with distinction in the French army, and came with La Fayette to the rescue of our forefathers in 1777.

While I stood, intently admiring La Fayette, as he sat in the carriage, just before he and his been for my native country, always my besetting hindrance (or protection), but which never hampers some people—I might have stepped up like a little man, and made my little speech, thus: "General La Fayette, do you remember that, during the Revolutionary war, you once took breakfast in Squire Risley's house, at Saratoga Springs, in New York? My mother was his daughter, and she has told me that, during the war, coffee became so scarce, that her mother told you that they had to mix coffee and dried English peas, half-and-half, ground up, to make 'coffee' for breakfast; and that you were so polite you said it was excellent coffee." And I feel sure that if I had made that little speech, (which I didn't), the kind, polite old hero would have tried to let me flatter myself that he did remember something of the little incident. "Fortunate, fortunate man!" said Webster to him in his oration, when La Fayette was about to lay the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument. Fortunate indeed, to have erected to himself a monument like Horace's, "more lasting than brass," in the hearts of liberated millions, to remain while the world stands. One would think that the tall sculptured shaft commemorating the life of La Fayette himself in his beloved Paris, would be "the observed of all observers;" but I was surprised some time ago, to read the account of a tourist who was seeking a sight of his burial place; what a search he had, from one point of the city to another, and from one official to the other, till at last he reached an obscure little church, and was admitted through long locked doors and gates, into a small walled inclosure, where he found the unostentatious tomb of the man whose fame is a gift to the whole world and to all generations.

Before La Fayette returned home, Congress evinced the gratitude of the nation by voting him \$200,000 and a grant of land, a township, says Stephens, Hist. p. 441, but still more than 24,000 acres, says the New York World's Hist. p. 127. If they had given him two millions, I presume no patriot would have objected. Neither would he if they had gratefully remembered the heirs of those other noble foreigners, DeKalb, Count Pulkaski, who distinguished himself at Brandywine, and fell at Savannah, and Kosciuszko, who, wise in counsel, served as aid-de-camp to Washington, and also in great engineering skill, who afterwards suffered long for his own oppressed Poland, and for whose late "Freedom Stricken."

MAT. LYON.

Moulton, Ala.

Political Science Quarterly.

Political Science Quarterly, published by Ginn & Company, New York, Vol. III, No. 1, is now on our table, and the present is of special interest; treating of "The Basis of Taxation," "The Tariff of 1823," and other topics of great interest to the student of political economy. Only \$3.00 per year, or 75c a single copy.

W.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ABOUT COL. HAYNE'S POEMS—A BEAUTIFUL VOLUME.

D. Lathrop Company, Boston, Mass., will send Paul Hamilton Hayne's Poems, the illustrated complete edition, on receipt of \$3.00; former price, 4.00.

Many friends of Col. Hayne will be delighted to find in the February number of Wide Awake the last poem written by our great Southern poet, "The Story of an Ambuscade," finely illustrated. Our readers may like to take advantage of a generous offer, which D. Lathrop Company authorize us to make to Mr. Hayne's admirers. It is this: That to everyone who sends, before May 1st, \$3.00 for the copy of Mr. Hayne's poems above mentioned, they will send their admirable magazine, Wide Awake, for one year, beginning with the present volume. When it is understood that Messrs. Lathrop Company pay a royalty to Mrs. Hayne on each copy so sent, the generosity of the publishers will be seen. Of Wide Awake we can say only words of praise. No other young folks' magazine so fully meets the needs of the family circle. For \$2.40 a year (the subscription price), it is a "modern wonder."

Our readers will please note the correction in the above advertisement of D. Lathrop's. It is \$3 instead of \$2, as we had it before.—[E.]

Harper's Weekly is no doubt the greatest leading illustrated weekly of America, and its weekly visits afford us much pleasure, and we take great pleasure in recommending it to all our friends who want an instructive illustrated paper.

Harper's Bazar, the ladies' favorite, on account of its faithful guide to fashionable attire, we also notice is gaining ground as a beautifully illustrated paper, the number for April 21st notably so.

The Cosmopolitan for March has been laid on our table, and to those fond of reading of the follies of the world, may be gratified by its perusal; it is published in New York at \$2.00 a year, by the Cosmopolitan Magazine Co.

One of the best monthly magazines published is "The American Magazine," richly illustrated, full of valuable and instructive reading, and a true representative of American life and thought; only 25c a number or \$3.00 a year. Published at 749 Broadway, New York.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine, published by The Century Co., New York, is certainly worthy of general patronage; its April issue only needs to be seen to be desired; sheba, and "The American Inventor of the Telegraph."

In the May number of The American Magazine there will be a remarkable discussion of a question of vital importance to every American citizen. Two years have passed since the brave policemen of Chicago were cruelly murdered by the Anarchists. Two years, and neither the United States nor any single State has enacted a law even looking to the prevention of a recurrence of the horrible deed. The people seem to have settled into a sense of security and safety not warranted by the circumstances.

During these two years the Anarchists have not been idle. Secretly, stealthily, they have spread their pernicious doctrines, formed branches of their baneful Order, and laid their plans with the utmost care to prevent another failure.

Their leaders are not ignorant men. They are fanatics, with brains—the most dangerous class in the community. Many of them believe in their mission and are willing to die for victory. They have counted the cost and will fire the mines they have dug under our cities, even if they themselves are involved in the common ruin.

In this article the infernal plottings of these men will be brought to light. Their schemes will be laid bare. The author, with terse and powerful diction, describes scenes that will cause many a heart to throb and blanch many a face.

He shows that we are treading on a volcano whose hidden fires may at any moment break out and overwhelm us. He forces upon the reader a reality most awful to contemplate and too frightful to endure.

If not already too late, the author would by this article create a public sentiment that will compel our rulers to make such laws as are needed for the protection of our homes and families, for the very existence of our social system. It is a powerful and timely argument, exposure and appeal. God grant it may not pass unheeded nor be too late to accomplish its object.

The author is a prominent army officer, who is well known in literary, military and social circles, and many will recognize the writings of one whose pen is as powerful as his sword.

Some Facts and Mixims.

BY G. A. LOFTON, D. D.

1. A man is worth no more, practically, when he comes to die, than the good he has accomplished in the world, for the glory of God and the benefit of his fellows.
2. A man's estimate of the value of his religion is to be discovered only in what he will do and give for his religion—sacrifice for it.
3. An anti-mission religion is an anti-Christian lie.
4. The catholicity of a denomination depends upon its conception

and application of Christ's catholic mission: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," and no denomination can ever take the world, and imbue it with the Spirit of Christ, whose love stops short of 360 deg. upon the missionary circumference of the globe.

5. Next to guilty conscience is a paralyzed conviction of the truth; and the reason why the gospel has no greater effect upon the world, is because Christians can complacently hear the Word of God and do it not.

6. The habit of hearing God's Word and not doing it, not only grows as fast as any other habit, but it is the mother of every bad habit among Christians—and the worst in the world.

7. The greatest issue before the world, in the present century, is the problem of converting the heathen; and there never was so little done for so great a cause, in the face of God's most successful work.

8. It is true that in the most enlightened age and in the most extended reign of Christianity, Christ is still a comparative beggar at the door of human munificence and magnificence in every direction but Christianity—\$5,000,000 for Foreign Missions, in America, against \$900,000,000 for whisky! \$600,000,000 for tobacco! \$25,000,000 for kid gloves! and millions upon millions more for other business!

9. We have more of costly church-unity than we do of primitive Christianity.

10. Religion like business and pleasure, is getting to be localized and temporalized—a place and time for everything; and when the church is left and Sunday is over, we cease to pray in our families, to read our Bibles, to talk about our religion—*ritualism*.

11. Wealth and luxury have destroyed freedom, both political and religious, in every age and country; and if America goes on as fast in this direction for the next twenty-five years as she has for the last quarter of a century, Easter and St. Patrick's Day will have the country—according to the parade of the newspapers and the staiding of government officials and State occasions to popes, cardinals, bishops and their holidays and symbols.

12. Spiritual and republican Christianity is getting to be pretty generally ignored and snubbed in high places.

13. What has become of the *Nazareth*? He seems to be getting lost in flowers, operas, architecture, eloquence, flummery and fashion.

14. Vast and enterprising practicality will give the churches the drapery of pride, if not constantly dosed with doctrine and aired with Christian truth.

15. The American inventor of the Telegraph.

In the May number of The American Magazine there will be a remarkable discussion of a question of vital importance to every American citizen. Two years have passed since the brave policemen of Chicago were cruelly murdered by the Anarchists. Two years, and neither the United States nor any single State has enacted a law even looking to the prevention of a recurrence of the horrible deed. The people seem to have settled into a sense of security and safety not warranted by the circumstances.

During these two years the Anarchists have not been idle. Secretly, stealthily, they have spread their pernicious doctrines, formed branches of their baneful Order, and laid their plans with the utmost care to prevent another failure.

Their leaders are not ignorant men. They are fanatics, with brains—the most dangerous class in the community. Many of them believe in their mission and are willing to die for victory. They have counted the cost and will fire the mines they have dug under our cities, even if they themselves are involved in the common ruin.

In this article the infernal plottings of these men will be brought to light. Their schemes will be laid bare. The author, with terse and powerful diction, describes scenes that will cause many a heart to throb and blanch many a face.

He shows that we are treading on a volcano whose hidden fires may at any moment break out and overwhelm us. He forces upon the reader a reality most awful to contemplate and too frightful to endure.

If not already too late, the author would by this article create a public sentiment that will compel our rulers to make such laws as are needed for the protection of our homes and families, for the very existence of our social system. It is a powerful and timely argument, exposure and appeal. God grant it may not pass unheeded nor be too late to accomplish its object.

The author is a prominent army officer, who is well known in literary, military and social circles, and many will recognize the writings of one whose pen is as powerful as his sword.

Some Facts and Mixims.

BY G. A. LOFTON, D. D.

1. A man is worth no more, practically, when he comes to die, than the good he has accomplished in the world, for the glory of God and the benefit of his fellows.
2. A man's estimate of the value of his religion is to be discovered only in what he will do and give for his religion—sacrifice for it.
3. An anti-mission religion is an anti-Christian lie.
4. The catholicity of a denomination depends upon its conception

Mountain Echoes.

I have just returned from the Tennessee river and I will give you a few dots regarding my field of labor.

The general health of the people I found good, but farming interests very much impeded by rain, and high water on the river lands.

The state of the churches seem to be encouraging; every church in the Association is regularly supplied with preaching; also there is a good Sabbath school interest in most of the churches; our brethren seem to be alive to the cause of Christ. I have served our association several times as their missionary, but have never had so cheering encouragements as now; and I can say, in the words of our noble and highly esteemed, Secretary W. B. Crumpton, that, "truly he people are good to the Master's servants." And I can truly say, I fully appreciated their hospitalities, and may the spirit of our Saviour so direct and sustain me, as to merit the response that came from a man of the world, after assisting me several hours in crossing a dangerous mountain stream, when asking him his charges he replied, "nothing but good will."

Where I have been visiting on the magnificent Tennessee river, I hope soon to organize a Baptist church. I never was so much enlisted in the Master's cause as now, and since the second day of last August when death came, and took my beloved wife from my embrace.

I had the pleasure of visiting the Pleasant Grove Baptist church, at Collinsville; they have a commodious building, a good bell, and a well-organized working church and Sunday-school, with our much esteemed and worthy brother, John B. Appleton, at the helm, who is able to wield the sword of the Spirit successfully. I had the privilege of spending a night with him and his pleasant family, and when I heard them sing, "Honor be-gone," and "The sweet bye and bye" and other sweet songs of Zion, I almost lost sight of my bereavement and afflictions. I might also mention the pleasant hours spent with brethren, Fackey, Horton, Bowers, Wilbanks and others, but only say, God bless them all, their families and their sacred charges.

I am glad to say to the Baptists of Alabama, that there is more mission spirit among our people than in years past; it seems to me, that all they lack is, having the means to give, and the good Lord will soon supply them with that I hope.

I am laboring not only to preach Jesus and him crucified, for dying sinners, but putting good books in the hands of the rising generation to lead them in paths of righteousness.

Secret Sin.

Dear Baptist: Will you give place for an article that should attract the attention of the Christian world. It is not my aim to detract from anything that has been said or done for the cause of temperance. I rejoice to know that I reside in a county that prohibits the sale of malt liquors, and that our beloved State is fast making strides to drive the demon from our borders. But alas, in our eagerness to accomplish this let us not lose sight of other evils that, if possible, is becoming more disgraceful in its use than that of ardent spirits. I allude to the disgraceful habit of the use of morphine. If any one doubts this to be one of the greatest evils of the day let him or her inform themselves by asking all honest dealers as to the quantity of morphine sold to the people in the last year it will astonish any one who has not made inquiry as to the amount of money expended for morphine, and being daily used as a stimulant in high as well as low places. I have been looking in vain for some of our ablest writers to attack in force this high-handed curse. I hope that it will attract general attention among the better class of thinking people, and that some grand stride may be taken to stop the sale of morphine only by prescription from an M. D. It does not only injure the health of man and takes from the family the necessities of life, but makes him or her a public nuisance in the community in which they live; any one becoming addicted to its use becomes soon or later a thief and a public liar, losing all respect for themselves or their fellow men.

I hope to see from the pen of such able writers on this subject as brethren Renfro, Crumpton, J. G. Harris, last, but not least, Samuel Henderson. Speak out, brethren, attack sin in its worst form in high as well as low places.

I could write and show the destitution of many of my acquaintances, and the road being thronged by many more by the use of this poisonous drug, but time and space will not allow. I respectfully step aside for able writers.

Hoping your valuable paper will ever wave triumphantly among the Baptist families of this and other States, I remain,

Your brother in Christ,
J. B. TURNER.
Mt. Sterling, Ala.

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAY 3, 1888.

JOS. SHACKLEFORD, D.D., Editors.
Rev. C. W. HARRIS, Managers.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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Montgomery, Ala.
Office upstairs, 17½ South Perry Street.

THE BEST PREMIUM OF ALL.

For two new subscribers we will send a valuable book, written by Rev. J. M. Frost, D. D., of Selma. The title is "Pseudo-baptism, is it from Heaven or of men?" Don't fail to put this book in your family.

Our church at Russellville, Ala., will soon commence building a new house.

A CORRESPONDENT OF THE VOICE, from Birmingham, Ala., dispatched to that paper that at the recent convention at Decatur, of prohibitionists, that nominated a State ticket there were no delegates. We were present a part of the time (as a looker on) and if there were twenty delegates present we didn't see them. We think that one dozen will cover the whole number that were accredited delegates from prohibition organizations. It will be much better to tell the truth about such things.

The District Meeting of the Muscle Shoals Association, at its recent session, resolved, requesting

serve the first week in July as a week of prayer for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit and a revival of religion in all our churches, and to keep the Thursday of that day as a fast day in connection with prayer. A committee was appointed to address the church upon the subject.

This is a move in the right direction. It would be a good thing for all the churches in the State to do.

TUSCUMBIA AND SHEFFIELD.

We visited these two towns recently. We found Tusculumbia growing. Sheffield is rather at a standstill, but the people are looking hopefully for more prosperous times. One furnace commenced operations while we were there; in a few months there will be three or four more in operation, and we have no doubt this will give a new impetus to the place.

Bro. Thomas is preaching at Tusculumbia and at Sheffield. He informed me that his congregations were growing in both places. He is now making an effort to build a chapel in Sheffield. His idea is to build a small house that will do for the present, and after a while build a larger one and use the smaller one for a parsonage. Bro. Thomas and the church at Sheffield would be glad to receive contributions for this house. Cannot some of our brethren or sisters who may read this send five, ten, or twenty dollars to Rev. J. M. Thomas, Tusculumbia, Ala., for the church at Sheffield? You can't invest in a better work.

The Methodists have been kind enough to give the Baptists the use of their house, but we must have a house of our own.

FLORENCE, ALA.

For the first time in many years the Baptists are making an effort to establish a church in this growing town. The senior visited Florence, a short time since and found Rev. J. C. Hudson, a missionary of the State Mission Board, hard at work gathering up the scattered Baptists. He has secured the court house, where he holds services every Sabbath, in the morning and at night. He has also established a Sunday-school. He reports the prospects flattering, and will organize a church on the fourth Sabbath of this month. He thinks that he will secure about eighteen or twenty members to go into the organization. There are about thirty Baptists in and around Florence. Sister Hudson is doing good work in

connection with her husband. We formed the acquaintance of several brethren who, if they will make an earnest effort, and will stand by Bro. Hudson, can do much toward establishing a strong Baptist church in that place. Drs. Duckett and Haraway and Bros. Allen and Field can materially assist in this good work.

Florence is a beautiful place, and promises to grow rapidly. The Baptists of Alabama should aid the State Board in sustaining Bro. Hudson in this important field.

VICE IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY.

From the Western Recorder we get this sketch from a late sermon of Dr. Morgan Dix, of Trinity church, N. Y. It is strong, yet true to the letter.

"But what shall be said of the higher classes, of those whose sins are without justification, and denote simply carelessness, irreverence, unbelief?"

"Look how young girls are trained in softness and luxury, with the one idea of making a figure in society, and a brilliant marriage; of making the most of their physical advantages, and alluring the other sex by the acts best adapted to that purpose. See them then on the drive through the troubled social sea, at their lunch parties, with a dozen courses and half as many kinds of wines; at the opera, immediately attired; at the ball, giving the whole night to dissipation; at the summer haunts of fashion, without due oversight or sense of responsibility; treated with easy familiarity by careless men, and, apparently, without a vestige of an idea of what is due to a gentleman from a man. Listen to the low gossip among these young women, to the broad speeches and unclean stories by which they are prepared for that final surrender of the last ideas of propriety and of all faith in the honor and virtue of men."

"Then pass on, and let us look at the woman as married—married, perhaps, for her money, or marrying some man for his money, without love and without respect married, but with no idea of living thereafter under bonds, resolved to be more free and enjoy life more; eager for admiration, thirst for compliments and flattery, so that the husband early drops into a secondary position, and some other man, who does the madly devoted for the time, engrosses the larger share of her thoughts. Follow out this subject until you come to the divorce suit and the separation, and thence to the next, and now adulterous marriage, when those whom Christ and the gospel forbid to marry so long as some one else liveth, snarl their fingers at the attempted restriction, and commence a second partnership without fear and without remorse."

"We all know that these are the commonest things of the day. I have gone as far as I dare to go, and yet I have done no more than to skin the bubbling caldron and take off what comes to the top, leaving the black broth below a thing too foul to be described. But the sum is an index to what is underneath, and if these things whereof we have spoken go on in sight, what think you goes on out of sight?"

FIELD NOTES.

Mathew Arnold, one of England's greatest men is dead.

Dr. Weaver, of Louisville, is aiding Dr. Phillips in a meeting at Henderson, Ky.

Dr. J. P. Boyce starts for Europe in June. He will be absent more than a year.

Dr. John A. Broadus goes to supply Dr. Armitage church, in New York, in May.

The Central Catholic Advocate, of Louisville, says a Free Mason is equivalent to an atheist.

Rev. S. M. Adams is a candidate for the legislature from Bibb county. He is also president of the State (Farmers) Alliance.

Bro. S. R. Boykin comes again to the front with a list of renewals, and a handsome remittance which we gratefully acknowledge.

Eutaw Place church, Baltimore, propose sending Dr. Ellis, their pastor, to London next June to attend the missionary conference.

Our sympathy is extended Mr. W. L. Parks, of Troy, in the death of his little son Fred. May God's will be recognized as best even though our hearts most bleed.

Francis Murphy and his sons are holding successful temperance meetings in Louisville. All the members of the Louisville base ball club have signed the pledge.

Our friend and brother, A. E. Goodhue, of Gadsden, was married to Miss Carrie Lee Ross, of Auburn, on the morning of the 25th. May great happiness be theirs.

The sister whose subscription was out last January, but now sends us the money for another year, with an apology, has our thanks, and that her explanation is perfectly satisfactory.

The congratulations of the ALABAMA BAPTIST are given Mr. Lee R. McKee and Miss Ella D. Lay, who were happily wedded on the 25th in the St. Francis Street church, Mobile.

Associate Reformed Presbyterian tells its readers how Paul conducted his pastoral work during his three years pastorate. "I cease not to warn every one night and day with tears."

Over a month ago a brother sent us eight dollars, to be placed to his credit, and stated he would get us the subscribers for it. He has so far sent us three new names. This is what we call earnest work.

A friend from Furman tells us how anxiously they watch for the coming of the BAPTIST. How the Howard is loved and how her endowment is longed for. He is right when he says if every Baptist would be a reader of his paper we would get more money for all our benevolent causes. Bro. Chambliss is moving straight ahead with his work.

Sister Mary F. Robertson, a lovely young lady of Eden, died on the 12th of March, 1888. She was greatly loved for her many lovable qualities of head and heart. Her bereaved family have our sympathy.

Rev. W. A. Therrell, of Louisville, formerly pastor of Adams Street, was largely instrumental in Mr. Moody's visit to Louisville. While preparing a sermon to young men he conceived the idea of inviting the great preacher.

We have time and again mentioned in our columns that any one wanting Baptist books, for reading or Sunday-school use, should address Rev. W. B. Crumpton, Marion, Ala., yet we are constantly getting letters about such matters.

The Baptist Job Printing Company is now one of the most complete job offices in the State, and we hope the brethren all over the State will remember to send them their work address, The Baptist Job Printing Company, Montgomery, Ala.

We have never laid any claims to infallibility, so if sometimes we get wrong dates of expiration of subscription, or fail to give due credit for payments made, just let us know it; don't get mad about it, remembering "his human to err, but divine to forgive."

Col. Shepherd, a son-in-law of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, has bought the Mail and Express, a secular paper. He prints at the head of the editorial columns each day a verse from the Bible, hoping by so doing to remind busy men of the words of his Heavenly Father.

A brother writes: "You may look out for a list of subscribers soon; the paper is better than ever before."

Nothing will please us more, and hope we shall not have to look a long time, and trust it may be a long time when we get it, and then we will tell who you are, brother.

Our assistant manager, Bro. Beson, says that he doubts not but scores of good Baptists in Alabama spend more money for tobacco to gratify their filthy habit of chewing and smoking than would pay for ten subscriptions to the paper, and then plead poverty! Alas! alas! can it be so?

The brethren of Opelika, Auburn and Tuskegee have our grateful thanks for the generous encouragement they gave our traveling agent, Bro. Craighead, as well as ourselves. We hope our many new subscribers will enjoy our weekly visits as much as we do in inscribing their names on our books.

Brethren who change their residence to some other town will greatly oblige us by letting us know the address of the postoffice where they have been getting their paper, as well as the one where they want it sent, and don't forget, especially, if you owe us for subscription, to send us the small amount also.

From a letter of Bro. W. T. C. Mosely the following points are given: Sickly prevented his meeting with some of the churches of Newton, Judson and Eufaula Associations. He spent a pleasant time with Mt. Andrew church. Bro. J. J. Willis is the worthy superintendent. The rain benumbed him in so that he only visited some places before returning home.

We are glad to report that quite a number of our subscribers, who have been in arrears with us, have pleasantly and with cheering words sent us our dues this week, and we hope to hear from scores of others. If the brethren only knew how good they make us feel, and what good they are doing by these little attentions to obligations, no further appeals would be needed.

Every now and then some brother suggests, "If the price of the paper could be reduced many more would subscribe." We do not doubt it in the least; and if we could only publish the paper free, thousands would not doubt accept it as a gratuity, but we can do neither; and we are now working on a basis as low as it is possible and live, and that with the most untiring and energetic work.

Bro. L. C. Coulson and his pastor, Bro. Horton raised \$2.80 for the Yates memorial. He attributes the lack of mission funds more to a want of information than to indisposition. He suggests that a special fund be started with what to supply every pastor in the State with the ALABAMA BAPTIST. In the last few months he has supplied various parties with The Voice, The Issue, The Beacon and the BAPTIST. He hopes to see more of our people readers of Baptist and prohibition papers.

A preacher writes us: "Owing to sickness in my family, and the shortcomings or failures of my churches to support me, I am in debt. I cannot possibly remit on my subscription; my prospects are now better, but you had better discontinue my paper. I have been a constant reader of it from the first number, and shall hate to part with it weekly visits." It is mortifying to hear of such delinquencies on the part of churches toward their pastor; these things ought not to be. We shall send our good brother the paper, and wonder if any of his people read it.

Hon. R. F. Kolb, State Commissioner of Agriculture for Alabama has just returned from his Western tour, in the interest of immigration from the Northwest to Alabama, and says we may look for a large influx of population next fall, and at the recent convention in North Carolina, which he also attended, the Roman Catholics were especially earnest. Every Southern State was represented by some prelate high in authority: cardinals, archbishops and priests. The Catholics have an eye upon this fair land; let the Baptists of Alabama stand by their colors, and see that we have faithful sentinels at every point.

Sister T. M. Brunson, of Rosser, Ala., sends her renewal through her pastor, Rev. J. K. Ryan, and says, "I consider the ALABAMA BAPTIST a family necessity." She took the first issue of the paper and is willing to make almost any sacrifice that she may be able to continue; and Bro. Ryan adds, "a woman's testimony is generally good, especially so in this

case. If it were left to the wives and daughters, nine tenths of the Baptists of Alabama would be reading the ALABAMA BAPTIST in less than three months." We thank our dear sister, and commend her timely words and example of her pastor to all, go and do likewise.

The polite and gentlemanly conductors on the L. & N. road cannot be excelled, and it is a real pleasure to glide swiftly over the smooth rails, and difficult to realize that you are speeding at the rate of thirty-five to forty miles an hour safely and luxuriously. We learn the business of this splendid road is rapidly increasing, and one of the civil engineers now engaged in building some of its branch roads around Birmingham informs us their system of connections will, when completed, be perfect, in this State. And with such a gentleman as our good Bro. Theo. Welch managing its passenger transportation the company may well congratulate themselves, as the public are gratified, with the completeness of the provisions for their comfort and pleasure.—B.

Anioch church, Chambers county, had, on a recent Sunday, fifty-eight present in the Sabbath-school, and more were expected on the next Sabbath. There are few better schools than that conducted by this church, and it is a country church. The church recently adopted a definition of drunkenness which settles the question which sometimes worries our people, as well as churches, viz: When is a man drunk? It was decided that when a person is under the influence of intoxicating drink that he evidently talks and acts in an unusual and unnatural manner, he is drunk. This excludes all pleas that he was "only a little tight," or "slightly intoxicated," &c., and may save some trouble wherever it is adopted. If anyone knows a better way than that to say when a man is drunk, he is at liberty to say so.—E. F. Baker.

Mrs. Patti Lyle Collins is employed by the Government at Washington as a reader of "blind handwriting" in the Dead-letter office. She is an expert at this business, and is paid a good salary. She claims to read every known language except Russian and Chinese. One thousand letters a day usually pass through her hands, but she only deals with the addresses.—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Collins is a Southern woman, daughter of the late Dr. Wm. D. Lyles, of Macon, Miss., at which place she was born. She is an alumna of the Judson Female Institute, from which she graduated during the later years of the war. She is an unusually brilliant and intellectual woman. Her attractive personality, gracious and elegant manners, added to her rare conversational powers, make her home the center of attraction for many acquaintances. She is a writer of no small ability, furnishing matter for many of the leading periodicals. She has appreciative friends and relatives in this city.

On last Sunday morning we were handed a card by a young brother, and the idea and work is so practical, we here give the intelligence it conveys as worthy of imitation by all our churches. "First Baptist Church:

Men of all ages and beliefs are invited to come. The young men of this church are especially requested to attend. Services last only forty-five minutes, and will consist of Bible readings, short talks, singing, prayers, etc. These meetings will be held every Friday night; no postponement on account of rain or other meetings. Come and behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Bro. C. D. Bayne will lead the meeting Friday night May 4th. Exercises will commence promptly at 8 o'clock, and this in cities your church. Read Revelation twenty-second chapter, 17th verse. We here insert the quotation, lest many may fail to look for it: "And the spirit and the bride say come. And let him that heareth say come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

Society Hill church, in Macon county, was constituted in 1839. Rev. Willis B. Jones assisted in the organization. The church was chosen pastor. The church began with six female and four male members, one of the female members, Sister Moon, still fills her place there, and receives a pension from the Government for services rendered by her husband in one of our wars. The minutes of the church, while written in as few words as possible, yet reveal some interesting facts in its history. One of them is, that a few years after the organization, a member called the attention of the church to the fact that there were "slandering reports" in circulation about another member. A committee was appointed to investigate the matter. This committee brought in a charge against the brother of "marrying under a divorce." The church took the matter in hand, and shortly thereafter the brother was excommunicated for "living in adultery." It might be well if all our churches and ministers should in this day adopt and observe some definite and uniform rule in regard to divorces and questions arising out of them.—E. F. Baker.

Appointments of Eld. Jos. Shackelford, Editor Ala. Baptist.

I will preach at the following places at the times mentioned. At the same time will be glad to receive renewals and new subscriptions to the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Brethren seeing these appointments will please give them as much publicity as possible.

Hartsell, Monday night, April 30th.

Hanceville, Tuesday night, May 1st.

Warrior, Wednesday " 2d.

Trussville, Sunday " 3d.

Springville, Tuesday " 6th.

Ashtabula, Friday night " 8th.

Atalla, Saturday " 11th.

Gadsden, Sunday " 13th.

Greenwood, Monday " 14th.

Fort Payne, Tuesday " 15th.

Jasper, Thursday " 17th.

Fayetteville, Friday " 18th.

JOS. SHACKLEFORD.

Important to Delegates & Visitors.

Through the courtesy of Rev. O. E. Gregory, D. D., one of the Secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, who is in charge of the correspondence relating to transportation, we are in possession of all the information so far received concerning the rates allowed by the railroads and the arrangements in regard to the tickets. We will summarize this information to the benefit of delegates and visitors to Richmond and Washington:

1. Each person must purchase a first-class ticket to Richmond. The ticket agent when requested will issue a certificate of such purchase, which will entitle the holder thereof to obtain a return ticket at one-third the price paid for going. This is exceedingly important, as these certificates have been issued by the Secretary of the Convention hitherto. Railroad agents are now authorized to issue them, and purchasers must comply with this condition and secure certificates before starting.

2. If through tickets to Richmond cannot be procured at the starting point, the purchaser will get a local ticket to the most convenient point where such through tickets are obtainable, and there secure the certificate along with the through ticket.

3. Tickets for the return trip will be sold at Richmond at one-third the fare paid in going, upon the presentation of the certificate procured as above from the railroad agent, which must be countersigned by the Secretary of the Convention, certifying that the holder has been in attendance.

4. Tickets for a return trip will be available for continuous passage only, as no stop over privileges are allowed on tickets sold at reduced rates. Certificates will not be honored unless presented within twenty-four hours after the adjournment of the Convention.

The foregoing relates to delegates and visitors who will attend the meeting in Richmond, and who propose to return to their homes immediately. Those contemplating an extension of their trip to Washington, where the Northern anniversaries are to be held, will purchase their tickets to Richmond and procure certificates from the railroad agents, but they will be granted an extension to 22nd of May, of which we are promised full particulars next week. This extension will enable delegates and visitors to the Southern Baptist Convention to meet with their brethren of the Northern and Western States, and a host will avail themselves of the privilege. No entertainment is provided for any one, except speakers, at the Northern Anniversaries, but low rates of board and full information can be secured by sending a stamped envelope to Dr. D. S. Foster, No. 19 Iowa Circle, Washington, D. C. Any of our brethren proposing to extend their trip to Washington will act wisely to arrange for board in advance of leaving home. Any further information can be procured by sending a stamped envelope to Rev. O. E. Gregory, 1120 Home Wood Avenue, Baltimore, Md.

Country Churches.

Dear Baptist: I come with only a very few words to you, and which given me no little trouble.

It is my observation that, in our country churches, only a few of our old members are battling for the "cause," and these few faithful ones are sustained by a few of the young men of the churches.

I observe that a vast number (perhaps a majority) seem to be entirely indifferent to the welfare of the church or of those around them.

Here is the greatest opportunity for some of our young ministers; let them take charge of some of these country churches, and in their building they will have an ample field for their benevolence and development.

Some of these churches have winked at offences so long that they are almost afraid to discipline a member. "Let it alone," say the church, especially if the offender is rather popular and not too open in his disregard of the rules.

In my humble opinion that when a church is reduced to such a condition it has lost its power for good, and exists only as a "blot on the escutcheon" of King Immanuel.

I observe further that a general indifference prevails on the part of church members on the subject of Sunday schools. With such gross negligence apparent on every side, questions of the gravest character present themselves. Can we expect to "move" when so large a proportion of our working force is so grossly neglected?

It sometimes occurs to me, What can parents expect of their children when they take no pains to give them the advantage of these facilities? My faith rests in the doctrine, "Bring up the child in the way he should go, &c.," but if they are allowed to bring themselves up in the way of unbelief, as to the "cause" they will pursue when they are grown, at least we can not count on them as becoming good working church members when they have never been taught to regard the importance of these things.

Brothers, are we working out "man's chief end"? Are we endeavoring to reproduce a higher type of humanity?

If not, allow me, with all the emphasis of which I am capable, and in behalf of that fellow feeling and "good will to men" which exists in the heart of every true lover of our cause, to implore our church members to look to their arms, shake off this lethargy and resolve with a determination born of the spirit of true manhood, sustained by the spirit of Godly fear and faith in his power, to build up the waste places, build up the churches, build up the Sunday-schools, build up every interest pertaining to the service of the Master and the saving of men's souls, and it will be well with us in the end.—W. B. C.

The Bible, diamond like, casts its shadows in every direction; torch like, the more it is shaken the more it shines; her like, the more it is pressed the sweeter its fragrance.—Payson.

Trip Notes.

SALEM.

Is one of the oldest towns in east Alabama. We have a very good church, just now without a pastor. Bro. Charles Buck, of tooth pulling fame lives here. He says he can pull teeth without pain. What a blessing to a suffering world if he can, and I have seen many whose teeth he has pulled, who are ready to testify in favor of his method.

Bro. Chas. Johnson, the former pastor resides here too. After years of service in the school room and pulpit, he now retires from teaching, to spend his time in the work of the ministry. His churches are a part of Bro. Shaffer's old field.

The church at Salem is composed of splendid material, and when they get a new church house, which they will do, soon, they will take on new strength. Some of the Salemites will smile when I say that their town at no distant day, will be a great fruit shipping point. There is hardly a point in the State which has better promise. Lands are cheap, the soil is clay, and trains pass daily to Montgomery, Birmingham, Anniston, Atlanta and Columbus. The man in south Alabama who puts out young trees and strawberries, and takes care of them, will reap a rich reward in a few years, where he has raised no crops. North Alabama will have to be fed by somebody, they will more and more, as they develop the mines, and open up new industries, neglect the cultivation of the soil. South and central Alabama have the climate and the soil, and where they have shipping facilities, will be able to sell all they can raise to eat. South-west Georgia furnished last year nearly all the watermelons sold in Birmingham. But for our weakness to bow at King Cotton's shrine, Alabama could undersell any rival from other States, in her mining and manufacturing towns.

GIRARD AND BROWNSVILLE.

Two Alabama towns which Alabama knows but little about, and they know but little of Alabama. They sleep at night on Alabama soil, but their days are spent mainly in Columbus, Ga. The population of the two places would go above 7,000. We have good church houses in both places, a strong church in Brownsville. If they would take a notion, they could support a preacher handsomely for all his time; this they will do I hope before long. Bro. Munter is preaching to them now twice each month, coming from Chambers county.

Girard has a handsome church house and some excellent people. They are now without a pastor. It is strange to me why our young preachers are never of such places as these. I have never seen places of wider usefulness. Bro. Gunn of north Alabama has recently endeavored himself to these people by several weeks service, preaching and visiting from house to house.

LAFAVETTE AND ROANOKE.

I looked in on the first, one of the prettiest and most cultivated towns in the State, with a good church, and with Bro. W. C. Bledsoe as pastor. With him I went to the far famed city of Roanoke; not a city yet, but with plenty of room around there to make one. If you will just turn back and read what Dr. H. A. Smith wrote of the town, the people and the school, I will endorse every word of it, and more too.

This is Shaffer's kingdom; he has done more to make Roanoke what it is than any other man. This county, Randolph, was about the first in the State to make a fight for freedom from the rum traffic, and carried it. Shaffer and some of the preachers stumped the county, and some preachers—"I well, they didn't and they did."

If anybody will go to Roanoke and hear what it was with liquor, and see what it is without—but then some wouldn't believe "though one rose from the dead."

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Why do our Baptist people use the columns of our secular papers so little? From Opelika, Auburn, LaFayette and other places we see frequent mention of ministers and churches of other denominations but very seldom a line about the Baptists. This is true almost over the whole State. I don't believe our brethren—our laymen—have the denominational pride of other people. They ought to see to it that some modest mention is occasionally made in the papers of what their church and preacher is doing. It will do good in many ways.

"Unemployed preachers"—and the crop is still growing. Ordaining men to do nothing. Lay hands suddenly on no man. A good text for those in the ordaining business, "would be the headlines of the strongest editorial I could write. But I am not an editor, and am not going to say anything about it."

PREACHERS SALARIES.

It is wonderful how much it takes for some preachers to live on, and how little some others make out on. A young man insisted that he could not support himself and a very small family on \$800. And I know another man with several in family who is living well on less than \$500. He doesn't murmur, but just makes it do.

Our young preachers ought to study financing and determine to live within their income. And this will be a good place to say a word about it.

PREACHERS WIVES.

They are the Lord's jewels. The preacher's success depends more on his wife than on anything else he has. If she is a failure, he will be a wonderful man if he succeeds. I would not have it understood that wives are responsible for all failures. They can improve very poor material, bringing about marvelous changes; but they can't take a thing and make a man of it.

Unfortunately for some of our preacher's wives, they get hold of a mere thing, in the shape of a man, and people are blaming them for not making great preachers of us.

A preacher's wife, whose heart is in her husband's work, ought to be the happiest woman on earth. She can't preach, but she is sending a preacher. She often, by her industry and economy supports him while

he preaches for next to nothing. True she sacrifices much, is often alone, with the care of the family upon her, but the consciousness that she is doing great good through her preaching husband, brings more genuine happiness than a fortune could purchase. The wife of a town or city pastor has less of sacrifice, but greater opportunities of doing good themselves.

A pastor said to me last year, "My wife does more to keep up my congregations than I do. I give her a horse and buggy, and in the stead of making fashionable calls, she is visiting among the poor families of our church and congregation, and when Sunday comes they are every one there." What a wife that brother has! No wonder his congregations grow, and his work prospers.

BAPTIST TEACHERS.

It is a cause for congratulation that our people are furnishing so many excellent teachers. I have been to more than twenty towns in six weeks which have Baptists at the head of the schools, and at almost every point I visit, whether the teacher is a Baptist or not, the school is brought to church in a body at one service of the day. Christian teachers have the children of Alabama in hand, and their influence is going to tell on the morals of the next generation.

I am sorry for the preacher who never preaches to the children. Try it my brother. Be sure you have something to say, make every point clear with an illustration, talk with animation and quit when you are through; twenty minutes is long enough. What a harvest from this sowing! God bless the children! "Tramp, tramp, tramp," they are marching, a mighty host, armed and equipped to do battle for the Master. They may have anti missionary parents, but not so the children; they will know of "the grace of giving" from a happy experience.

W. B. CRUMPTON.

Marion, Ala.

The Week of Prayer for Missions at Evergreen.

Last night closed a series of the most delightful and profitable meetings ever held in our church. It was inaugurated according to the suggestion of Bro. G. R. Farnham, who was appointed by the proper authority to inaugurate a system of work for the private membership of the churches of the State. He was surely a good selection. Other, no doubt, could be found who would do as well, but none who would do better. We have some other noble workers in our church, but all are willing to follow after him in any Christian endeavor, which would appear to any one who could peep into the Sabbath-school on Sunday morning.

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Dr. Duncan: "I take pleasure in making a public statement of the fact that I have used your *Chill Tonic* with great success after everything else had signally failed. Myself and family join in thanking you for the discovery of such a medicine, which will be of such great benefit to mankind."

Yours truly, F. P. RUSSELL, Mifflin, Tenn.

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Yours truly, A. J. ARNOLD, Camden, Tenn.

GREENSBORO, ARK., April 15, 1878.

Dr. C. R. DUNCAN, Dear Sir: I am a practicing physician at this place. I am also in the drug business, and have been selling and prescribing your medicines for some time, and am well pleased with them. I am sure you are the most reliable proprietary medicines I have ever sold or seen used, especially your *Chill Tonic*, *Liver Pills*, *Cough Balm*, *Chill and Kidney Medicine* and *Carbolic Ointment*. I am sure they are all you claim for them. This is something I would not could not say for any other line of patent medicines. Every one speaks in the highest terms of your medicines.

Yours truly, J. H. ORR, M. D.

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NASHVILLE, - TENNESSEE.

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., MAY 8, 1888.

Two Sons, Father and Mother.

JOHN.
Away from many friends and home
This blooming youth did die,
We trust his fainting spirit's gone
To purer worlds on high.

JOSIE.
In nature's gay and smiling bloom
This lovely youth was found,
And died upon the ground.

A father's and a mother's joys,
Were taken away,
Two darling bright and lovely boys,
Now sleeping in the clay.

Nine months nine days had scarcely past
The father's time had come,
His sufferings now all done at last
He sleeps near by his sons.

For years the kind reprieve was given,
The mother lived so well,
She now has gone to her home in heaven,
Where saints and angels dwell.

They once near neighbors were to me,
When life to us was sweet,
On earth I hope no more them see,
In Heaven I hope we'll meet.

Mrs. M. J. FINCH,
Allenton, Ala.

Mexico.

House keeping in the city of Mexico a recent writer describes as attended with many perplexities, arising mainly from the peculiar surroundings and the odd way of doing things—as seen from our standpoint. For example, the houses, like those of Turkey and Egypt, are always built around an open court, upon which the windows and doors open, the first or ground floor being occupied by the servant's rooms and the stables for the horses. The cooking is all done over small charcoal stoves, and the washing at the public tanks; and it is not considered proper for a lady to do her own marketing. All these things necessarily multiply the number of servants, so that a "maid of all work" comes to be an anomaly. There must be a porter, to "keep the front door," trim the lamps, sweep the court, sprinkle the street, and do the errands; the cook does the marketing and cooking, and that only; the chambermaid will wait at table, if the family be so small that only one sleeping room is used, otherwise a waiter must be employed. Washing and ironing, as in nearly all oriental lands, is the sole work of one man or woman; and in wealthy families very many more subordinates, nurses, waiters, &c., are employed.

The market place is south of the national palace, and here may be seen men, women and children sitting on the flag stones, with fruits and vegetables, many kinds spread out before them. As Mexico extends over three zones, nearly all kinds of fruits and vegetables are cheap and abundant, but groceries are generally high—tea \$2 per lb., butter \$1, sugar 14 cts., though made in the country, and milk 20 cts. a quart.

Vegetables are raised on the "chinampas," or floating gardens, and brought to the city on the Vega canal. Excellent coffee is also produced, and may be purchased at retail for thirty cents per pound. Flowers are cultivated in profusion, and are in market the year round, at very reasonable rates. In many Mexican towns Sunday is the chief market day, and the market places are crowded with people from the surrounding country, who bring in their manufactures of shoes, blankets, ponchos and other things for sale, and with proceeds buy groceries and cotton goods. When they leave the church, many proceed to the drinking houses, and go home in a brutal state of intoxication.

Such are the people who have been under the training of a corrupt church for so many centuries, and to whom our missionaries are so earnestly seeking to make known "the more excellent way." They find many obstacles to overcome in the corrupt state of morals and gross ignorance of the people, but the leaven of God's truth is at work, and the precious seeds of salvation have been sown in many hearts that with the divine blessing will surely "bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit" unto eternal life.

President Diaz and his party have been moving quietly along in the work of developing the resources of Mexico, and extending the rights and privileges of a free government to all the people, in spite of clerical opposition. This is an important step gained, and the opening of free schools by the missionaries is another—both hopeful prophecies for a brighter day for poor down trodden Mexico, shrouded for so many centuries in ignorance and superstition. The mass of the people are becoming alienated from their former state of servile obedience to the priesthood, and are beginning to think and act for themselves. Let us pray that the Truth, which maketh free indeed, may have free course, and be glorified among the people of that fair land, where perhaps God was once known; for among the Aztec memorials are several pictorial and hieroglyphic representatives that have been supposed to delineate the Creation, the Deluge, and the building of Babel, seeming thus to show at least a partial acquaintance with the earlier events of Scripture history. It may be that because "when they knew God they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful," he gave them up to a foolish heart, suffering them to believe a lie, and finally to be blotted from the earth, and almost all beside their name forgotten, while their heritage has been given to others.

Gideon and Midian.

BY REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

The Midianites were devastating the land of Israel. These wandering tribes purposely kept away during the times of ploughing and sowing, and allowed the helpless inhabitants to dream that they would be able to gather in a harvest; but no sooner did there come to be anything eatable by man or beast, than these bedouin hordes came up like locusts, and devoured everything. Imagine a count like Israel, which had at one time been powerful, so greatly reduced as to be unable to keep off these desert rangers; brought so low that the cities and villages were empty, and the inhabitants were hidden in the hills, in the water-courses, and in the huge caverns of the rocks. God had forsaken them for their sins, and there fore their own manhood had forsaken them, and they hid themselves from enemies, whom, in better days, they had despised.

In her extremity, the guilty nation began to cry to Jehovah her God; and the answer was not long delayed. An angel came to Gideon and announced to him that the Lord had delivered Midian into his hand, and that he should smite them as one man.

Gideon was a man of great faith; his name shines among the heroes of great faith in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and who I will do well if we attain to the same rank in the peerage of faith as he did. For all that, the best of men are men at the best; and men of strong faith are often men of strong conflicts; and so it was with Gideon. This man of great faith and great weakness of faith both showed themselves in a desire for signs. Once assure him that God is with him; and Gideon has no fear, but hastens to the battle, bravest of the brave. With a handful of men, he is quite prepared to go against a host of adversaries; but he pines for a sign. Again and again he asks it. The anxious question seems to be constantly recurring to him, "Is the Lord with us? If the Lord is with us, where are all his miracles which our fathers told us of, saying, did not the Lord bring us up from Egypt?" Hence his frequent prayer is, "If now I have found grace in thy sight, show me a sign." He began with this, and this ill beginning colored his whole after career. I have known many persons like the son of Joush. They say, "Let me but know that God is with me, and my fear is gone;" but their repeated question is, "Is the Lord with me? Is Jesus mine, and am I his? Let me but know that I shall not perish, and I am sure that I forsake his own; but for God will I believe? Have I then, and evidences of a child of God?" Hence the practice of severe self-examination, and hence also the weakening habit of craving for tokens and feelings. How many are crying, "We see not our signs," when they ought to say, "But we see Jesus!" How many are praying, "Show me a token for good," when the Lord Jesus has given himself for them, and has thereby given the best token of his grace!

So it happened unto Gideon, that the Lord, knowing his hunger for signs, and yet knowing the sincerity of his faith, bade him, on the night of the great battle which was to rout Midian, go down as a spy into the camp with his servant, and there he should receive a token for good, which would effectually quiet all his fears.

I picture Gideon and his attendant creeping down the hill in the stillness of the night, when the camp was steeped in slumber. It was about the end of the first watch, when they were soon to change sentinels. The two brave men with stealthy footsteps, drew near the pickets, and even passed them. From long habit they had learned to make no more sound with their footfalls than if they had been cats. As they moved along they came near to a couple of men who are talking together, and they listen to their conversation. Whether they were inside the tent, lying on their beds, or whether they were sitting by the camp fire whiling away the last half hour of their weary watch, we do not know; but there they were, and Gideon remained breathless to hear their talk. One of them told his fellow that he had dreamed a dream, and he began the telling of it. Then the other ventured an interpretation, and Gideon must have been awe-stricken when he heard his own name mentioned, and his own success foretold. Do you not see him with streaming eyes and clasped hands silently worshipping God? His assurance over-shiping God? His assurance over-shiping God? His assurance over-shiping God?

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Dying in Work.

It was Augustine's wish that Christ, when he came, might find him either praying or preaching. It was Luther's wish (and he had it) that he might shed his heart-blood for Christ. It was Jewell's wish that he might die preaching, and he did so, for presently, after his last sermon at Laocock, in Wiltshire, he was, by reason of sickness, forced to his bed, from whence he never came off till his translation to glory. I have heard the like of Mr. Lancaster, a precious man of God, some time pastor of Bloxham, in Oxfordshire, a man very famous for his living by faith. Cushman, a Dutch divine, and one of the first preachers of the gospel at Erfurt, in Germany, had his pulpit poisoned by the malicious Papists there, and so took his death in God's work. "What would you that the Lord, when he comes, should find me idle?" said Calvin to his friends, who wished him to forebear studying for awhile for his health's sake. And such a like answer made Dr. Reynolds to his physician upon the like occasion. Elijah was going on and talking with Elisha (about heavenly things, no doubt) when the chariot of heaven came to fetch him. There can be no better posture or state for the messenger of our dissolution to find us than in a diligent prosecution of our general or particular calling.—John Trapp.

Carrie's Thought.

KATE S. GATES.

Almost all of the girls in Miss Wilcox's school were gathered in a merry group in the dressing room one morning discussing something very exciting.

"It will be perfectly splendid!" said one.

"We're going to have ice cream and cake and oranges and candy, and whole lots of things," cried another.

"And play games, and have magic lantern pictures, and I don't know what else. I do certainly think it will be the nicest party I ever heard of. I wish Cora would have a birthday every week."

And so they chattered on; but there was one member of the group, Sue White, who said nothing, and presently stole away from them into the school room.

Carrie Prentiss was the only one who noticed her going, and thinking that she seemed to be troubled about something she followed her.

"It will be ever so nice at Cora's party, won't it?" said Carrie pleasantly, sitting down on Sue's desk.

"I guess so, but I don't believe that I can go," replied Sue, and in spite of her the tears would come.

"Oh Sue!" exclaimed Carrie in dismay; it seemed so dreadful to miss it, they had all talked about it and looked forward to it so much. "Can't you really go?"

"She wanted to ask why, but something told her she had better not."

"I wish I could; but I don't see how I can," answered Sue, looking down at her dress as she spoke, and all at once Carrie guessed the trouble; she had no best dress, and did not want to go in her school dress.

The bell rung just then, and Carrie went thoughtfully to her seat.

"It's just as too bad as it can be," she thought; "she don't ever have good times like the rest of us do, so she would enjoy this more than any of us, I presume. I wish she could go, but I don't see how I can help it, unless I don't dear. I wonder if I could, and if the girls would?"

Carrie's face was a study for the next few minutes; she was evidently perplexed and troubled about something, but presently the perplexity vanished.

"I'll ask them anyway, and I guess they will. I was horrid to hesitate a minute, and it will be ever so nice if they will," she said to herself. It seemed to her that she could not wait for recess time to come; she was sure several times that the clock had stopped, but by and by the bell rang, and Carrie was one of the first ones out.

"I want to see you Cora, just a minute," she said, her eyes bright with some happy thought. "Would you mind, would you feel hurt, you know, if we should all wear our everyday clothes to your splendid party?" she asked. "You see," she added in explanation, "Sue feels dreadfully because she thinks she can't go, and I'm most for certain sure it's because she hasn't any best dress. You know it's horrid to else; and so I thought you wouldn't mind, and she would enjoy it so!"

"And you've got your lovely new blue dress?" said Cora.

"I know," answered Carrie. "I did hate to give up wearing it for just a few minutes; but I thought that perhaps it would please Jesus; we will, won't we?"

There was just a minute's struggle in Cora's mind; it would be so nice to have a real dressed up party; but it was only for a minute.

"Of course, we will, dear. We will tell the girls; and it was so nice to you to think of it. I wish I thought of things like that. I am trying to, but I don't think I succeed very well."

"I do," answered Carrie warmly.

"Now we will go and talk to the girls; there's Sue over by the window alone; let's take her along with us."

So the three, arm in arm, sauntered along together, and were soon in the midst of the crowd, and in half a minute the party was the subject of conversation.

"There's one thing I want to propose, girls," said Cora; "and that is that we all wear our everyday dresses; they are so much handsier to play games in, you know."

Sue's face was radiant. Oh, if they only would, she could go after all, and she waited almost breathlessly for the decision.

"Why, Cora Ingalls, it would be so funny, what would your mother say?" said Nell Porter.

Cora saw Sue's face fall instantly, and answered promptly: "She will think it ever so much more sensible. I'm not having the party to see your clothes, you know, but to have a good time; please wear your school dresses, won't you?"

"All right; we won't care if you don't, and it will be ever so much

A Modern Heroine.

Not every heroine needs must do some gallant thing. This thrills a nation through and through. All wondering.

Not every heroine needs must stand in blaze of glory. Talked of, and praised by all the land in poem and story.

Felice is my heroine's name, And brave is she, As any maiden known to fame Or chivalry.

Dark, truthful eyes, a loving mouth, A sweet fair face; A very maiden of the South, With all its grace.

And she was loved as she should be, By one good, true; No fitter, worthier mate than he, As well she knew.

But a great trust was hers to hold With courage rare; A mother crippled, yet not old, Must be her care.

And brothers, sisters growing up, Asked all her love; And she—she gladly took the cup From God above.

And with a brave heart said "Good-bye!" To him so dear; And followed duty earnestly, With scarce a tear.

Since then fully twenty years have sped, And from the nest The little ones in turn have fled On many a quest.

But the old mother still remains Her daughter's care, And lo! my heroine finds her gains All centered there!

The dear old face oft at her wiles Glows like the sun; I fancy then the Master smiles, And says, "Well done."

An old, old story this, you say, Thank God, it is! We meet such heroines every day; Just such as this—

—George Weatherly in the Quiver for May.

Diverse Beliefs.

Church Union, so-called is a Utopian fancy. It cannot be, even in heaven. The musician who tunes his harp by forcing all its strings to sound alike, gets not music but monotone out of it; unless indeed, the strings are torn asunder in ear-rendering discord. We find this monotone in the stolid unquestioning faith of the Roman Catholic Church. And for an example of the discord, which results from an over-asserting to secure an ideal and impracticable unity, we may look on any of the countless petty strifes in which the "sects" have been drawn up against each other during these nineteen hundred years. The church, which is the body of Jesus Christ, has many members; and each has its own functions of duty and thought. "If the whole body were an eye, where were the hearing; if the whole were hearing, where were the smelling; and if they were all one member, where were the body?" It is not to be expected, therefore, that our neighbors will think as we do; nor does it follow that a man is a heretic because he differs with us.—D. J. Burrell, D. D.

Two in One.

A little girl who had disobeyed mamma, asked her forgiveness, and then, started back to her play.

"Stop," said mamma, "isn't there some one else whose forgiveness you should ask?"

She thought for a moment and then asked: "Papa?"

"No, not papa; but who is it who has said, 'Children obey your parents?' When you disobey me you disobey him too."

"O," said the little one, "I didn't know there were two disobey in one."

That is just it, though. There are always two in one.

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NERVOUS Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, and all affections of the Kidneys.

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House renovated and Rooms nicely furnished. The table is supplied with the Best Market Affords. COMMERCIAL MEN will find Large Sample Rooms at their disposal.

East Alabama Railway.

Time table No. 2. To take effect Jan. 15, 1888.

No. 1. No. 1.	No. 2. No. 4.
Mon. Pass. Daily except Fri'day Sun.	Pass. Tues. Thurs. and Sun. Sat. day
Arr. At.	Arr. At.
6:00 A. M. Opelika.	4:00 A. M. Arr.
5:50 10:45 Junction.	3:40 8:30
5:55 10:50 Mt. Jefferson.	3:42 8:22
6:04 10:59 Tuckersburg.	3:43 8:13
6:16 11:11 Boyd's Tank.	3:41 8:06
6:34 11:31 LaFayette.	3:41 7:39
6:56 12:15 Five Points.	3:39 6:56
7:10 12:31 Stroud's.	3:35 6:42
7:30 12:57 Roanoke.	3:30 6:30
7:57 1:24 Opelika.	3:25 6:15
8:15 1:40 Junction.	3:20 6:00
8:30 1:55 Mt. Jefferson.	3:15 5:45
8:45 2:10 Tuckersburg.	3:10 5:30
9:04 2:29 Boyd's Tank.	3:05 5:15
9:26 2:49 LaFayette.	3:00 5:00
9:50 3:13 Five Points.	2:55 4:45
10:14 3:39 Stroud's.	2:50 4:30
10:38 4:05 Roanoke.	2:45 4:15

W. W. BARNES, General Manager.

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—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is prepared with extreme care, skill, and cleanliness.

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—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is for sale everywhere, and recommended by all first-class druggists.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a medicine, and not a beverage in disguise.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla never fails to effect a cure, when persistently used, according to directions.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a highly concentrated extract, and therefore the most economical blood medicine in the market.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla has had a successful career of more than a century, and was never so popular as at present.

—Thousands of testimonials are on file from those benefited by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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