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Our Foreign Letter.

MT. VESUVIUS, ITALY, JAN. 1888.

Dear Baptist: If the reader will kindly turn to his geography and find where Vesuvius is, I will tell him what it is and how it looks by day and by night. Italy you remember it is the shape of a boot, and you find Mt. Vesuvius on the instep of that boot.

Leaving Naples by train we skirted along the beautiful bay by the same name and stepped off, as in the last letter, at Pompeii, some fifteen miles from the starting point. Mount Vesuvius now lifted its majestic form before us and I am sure that if we should live to be as old as Methuselah, we could never forget its awful yet picturesque and beautiful appearance.

Take if you please a deep soup plate and turn it bottom upwards on your table. Next get a tea-cup and turn that bottom upwards on the center of the plate. Now imagine the table to be a broad fertile field, covered with fruit bearing vineyards, and dotted here and there with small villages. Imagine the plate to be fifteen miles in circumference, and that it swells from the plain and lifts itself up until the cup, rising sharp pointed like a huge pyramid, reaches to the height of 4,200 feet. This is Mt. Vesuvius, and you must know it is black as charcoal and rough as a tree that has been 1,000 times struck by lightning. It is hollow like a cup and is open at the top like the inverted cup would be if the bottom was gone.

The morning I saw Vesuvius it was slowly emitting a huge volume of white sulphurous smoke or steam which rose straight up for a 1,000 feet above the crater, like a mighty shaft of marble, then gracefully curving itself across the glassy bay of Naples for ten miles or more, until finally it joined itself with the fleecy clouds.

What a picture it presented! There was the silvery bay, the fertile plain, the bleak mountain, and the white column of steam! The two latter clearly outlined against an Italian sky! Such a scene could not fail to wake a song from the poet, or to inspire the artist to put forth his divinest endeavor.

There are about 650 volcanoes in existence, but Dr. G. Hartwig, whose book on "Volcanoes and Earth Quakes," I have with me, says: "For the naturalist's curiosity, and the poet's song, Ettna and Vesuvius surpass in renown all other volcanic regions in the world."

Knowing that Vesuvius was so noted I was anxious to observe the phenomena closely, and to do this I had to cross the plain and ascend the mountain. We could not go alone and it was too far to guide. Having secured horses and a guide, we started out on the journey.

Johnson's horse was named Macaroni. Much had no name—he had one once, but had long ago worn it out. I was at a loss to know what to name him. I could not conscientiously call him "Baalbeck," for he was not a "magnificent" ruin. But I could with perfect propriety and without a sacrifice of principle call him "Pompeii"—"an ancient ruin!" He looked as if he might have been in the doomed city on that fatal day, and had not yet recovered from the ill effects of that day's experience.

His teeth were out, his mane was gone; he had no tail. His back bone was so much in the shape of a razor blade that it split the saddle wide open fore and aft. The two parts were roped together and carelessly thrown across the skeleton. This protected me somewhat and I would have been moderately comfortable if the saddle had not rung too far to the starboard side. Albeit I had great respect for that horse—his age demands it!

No horse can go higher than the foot of the cone—the cup. There dismounting I was accosted by a swarm of Italians, who wanted to assist me up the cone. It takes four of these swartly athletes to carry one pilgrim up. They put him in a "por-tantina," a kind of chair made for the purpose. The four men, taking this chair on their shoulders, begin the ascent. Other assistants have straps or ropes which they put around the pilgrim just below the arms, then two men—one in front, and one behind the rope—walk in front, and thus draw their victim up. Many Italians earn a livelihood this way. I did not avail myself of their proffered help—I cannot bear to impose on good nature.

Yes I went alone, but I frankly confess it was hard work. It was very steep. In my schoolboy days I climbed many trees, tall, smooth-barked, and limbless, after young squirrels, grapes and chestnuts. Since then I have climbed many mountains. Some in Mexico, in Virginia, West Virginia, in Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, in Canada, in Scotland, Germany, Switzerland and Greece; Asia Minor, Syria and Palestine. I have climbed the Pyramids of Egypt, but I never climbed anything that wearied me as did the ascent of Vesuvius. It was like climbing a mountain of shot. I sunk at each step, half leg deep in charcoal and ash. I would frequently slip and fall. It was uphill business. I was walking on snow and sniffing the mountain breeze, yet the perspiration rolled off me like rain—a light shower of course.

By the time we came to where the footing was more firm and solid, but the way not less trying and difficult. There were many narrow and yawning crevices to cross; many deep openings to shun, on the right and left, some of them large enough to

swallow a good sized house. I thought of that lazy hag who once dwelt in one of these dark caverns with a fox and a slimy serpent as her sole companions. I mean the weird witch who cursed Glancus and Ione and helped Abasco the Egyptian to work out his hellish purposes. Again I say "read The Last Days of Pompeii."

This part of the cone was composed of black and hardened lava, hideously rough and jagged and porous as honeycomb. Here and there small jets of smoke and hot steam—some of them no larger than my thumb, others large as my arm—could be seen spouting from the crevices and openings. We frequently stopped and warmed our feet at these "flues," but the fumes were so strongly impregnated with sulphur that we could not stand it long at a time. We were now within 200 yards of the top. It looked dangerous to go further, but our guide said we had only to follow him, and follow him we did.

After scaling with great difficulty and some danger, the steep and rocky sides, we reached the crater's brink and looked down into "Vulcan's forge!" Into that deep and awful abyss from which clouds of sulphurous vapors were "rising as from the gates of hell."

A strong wind blowing from the north, drove the smoke and steam in the opposite direction. This enabled us to see better and induced us to venture too near the edge. All at once the wind changed and suddenly we were enveloped in dense fumes of sulphur. To retreat in the dark was perilous, to remain long in this sulphur was death. I swallowed some of the steam, which was so strong with sulphur that it took the skin off my throat. What should be done? Johnson and I had hold of each other's hands. I fell to the ground, pulling him with me. Thus by keeping our mouths close to the ground we managed to get fresh air enough to keep from being suffocated. When the wind shifted and the smoke lifted we lost no time in changing to a less dangerous place.

By this time night had come, and as we stood in darkness looking down into that "fearful abyss" we could see the lurid flames writhing and leaping, casting up great quantities of red hot lava 100 feet into the air. The next moment the lava was falling around us like showers of fire! The pieces were of all shapes and varied greatly in size—some of the lumps being small as a marble, and others large as a saucer.

Deep down below us we could hear the boiling caldrons of lava, grinding, gurgling, growling! Now we heard the report of musketry and of cannon, of little guns and big guns, as if the damned were bombarding each other with the artillery of hell! Report chased report through the subterranean caverns like deep thunder galloping after thunder! The angry flames continued to leap and crackle and occasionally the whole crater, which looked like the mouth of hell, would glow with sparkling points of dazzling light. The volume of steam, or the "mighty column of wreaths and curling heaps of lighted vapor," continued to pour forth with a frightful rapidity. Every moment witnessed a new upheaval of red hot lava, and consequently a fresh shower of fire.

The guide now informed me, I did not know before, that the night was far spent, and yet there were other things to see.

Going around on the northeast side of the mountain and descending a few hundred yards from the top, we came to a stream of red hot lava—a veritable river of fire, bursting forth from the mountain side and flowing down into the valley! It looked like a stream of melted iron, slowly winding down the blackened mountain side, and bearing upon its heated bosom great quantities of glowing brimstone and red hot rocks. Ever and anon the rocks in the stream would dash against each other with such force as to break themselves to pieces; then followed a slight explosion. The angry flames, like fiery fiends, would leap into the air and vanish.

As one stands enveloped in the blackness of night and contemplates this wonderful phenomenon, these flames, suddenly bursting and vanishing, following after each other in quick succession, look like the incessant flashes of lurid lightning! Flame rises after flame, vanishing away in the darkness like winged devils chasing each other! I was filled with admiration and at the same time struck with awe and chilled with fear. I did not know at what moment the whole volcano might blow over and pour forth a hundred cataracts of fire as in 1872. I felt that I wanted to go—that I must go—yet I could not leave. I would go a few paces and stop, looking first at the glowing column above me, then at the stream.

I was enchanted—captured—spell-bound! I knew not how time was passing. It was the grandest sight I ever saw. I have seen many mountains, some of them rising to heaven covered with snow, and crowned with stars, but never before did I see one smoke-plumed and wreathed with flame! One belching forth fire and brimstone! One whose iron-belted sides poured forth a river of fire—a moving flood of flame! W. A. WHITTE.

Sickness brings out graces that cannot be seen in a time of health. It is the treading of the grapes that brings out the sweet juices of the vine; so it is afflictions that draw forth submission, the weakness from the world, and complete rest in God. Use afflictions while you have them.

From the Seminary.

Dear Brethren: Our Seminary has closed its session of 1887-8, and the dispersion has begun. Some of the brethren left Louisville Thursday night, many more Friday and Friday night, so only fifteen or twenty are here now. Our building is now so very quiet that it seems and looks like a home with no occupants.

Our commencement was a decided success. There were twelve full graduates and six English graduates, making eighteen in all. Each school in the Seminary is separate, as you know, and the first thing on the programme, after prayer by Dr. Warder, was the delivery of diplomas in the different schools. This part of the exercise was a little tedious and Dr. Boyce said, "This may be tedious to the audience, but these gentlemen who secured these certificates had a far more tedious time, and no doubt they to-night felt like singing Te Deum." We felt like saying amen. Then certificates were given to graduates in special classes outside of the regular course of the Seminary.

There were only four speakers who were selected by the class of full graduates, Bro. P. V. Bonar, of South Carolina, spoke first on, "The Preacher that is Wanted versus the Preacher that is Needed." Bro. W. B. Riley, of Indiana, spoke on "Triumph of Orthodoxy." Bro. A. B. Rudd, of Virginia, had for his theme "Apostasy." All of the boys (these four I mean) did well. Wish I had time to give some of these speeches. Next followed the delivery of English diplomas; after which the full graduates received their diplomas. The Seminary hymn written by Dr. B. Manly, was then sung, and Dr. Warder pronounced the benediction.

Dr. Boyce delivered an interesting address to the full graduates just before presenting their diplomas. He spoke of coming across a printed programme of the first commencement of the Seminary. Then he said: "How changed all things are! We have gone very far forward. We have the largest number of students of any seminary of any denomination in America. As I look around me to-night, I can be but greatly pleased at our progress. Yet one hundred and fifty-eight students in attendance during one session may not seem so large. We should have three, four or five times as many in a few years." The full graduates were twelve in number, and this reminded Dr. Boyce of the twelve disciples our Lord sent forth. Then toward the last he said: "Be orthodox, and always remember the power of prayer. I may never see any of you again, but we shall follow you to your distant homes, we shall ever remember you. We pray you remember the Seminary. Disseminate the truth you have been taught and we shall rejoice at the fruit we gather to-day." Then he closed by saying: "Young gentlemen, by the authority of the State of Kentucky, and by the power vested in me as President of the Seminary, and by direction of the Faculty, I declare each of you a full graduate of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary."

May choice blessings rest upon the Seminary; and ere long, may hundreds of students be gathered under her wings to prepare themselves for the great life work of the ministry. Come, brethren, to the Seminary! Yours fraternally, A. E. PINCKARD, Louisville, Ky. June 2nd.

Letter from Texas.

Dear Baptist: It has now been near six months since we arrived in north-eastern Texas, and as I find myself still loving the dear brethren and sisters, and the many friends I have in Alabama, I am sure you will allow me, (as you have done before,) space in your columns that I may talk to them. I have not matters of much concern, however, to communicate, but still it is pleasant to tell them some of what little I know.

It is a source of much gratification to me to receive so many kind letters and loving expressions from brethren and sisters in Alabama. I wish I knew I were worthy of such fraternal sentiments.

Our town continues to grow. I believe it is considered to now have about 2,000 inhabitants; our council have expended of late about \$500 on our streets, and we have elevated walks running in every direction. Residences are continually in course of erection, and are readily occupied when all over this country; I don't think I ever saw the like. I was in Greenville the other day, and was told that in a few short years, that place has grown from a small village to a city of some six or eight thousand in population. It seems to be a fair sample of what is being done all over the country is also rapidly developing. Very recently the lands in this section of the State were unfenced, and spotted in every direction with stock feeding upon the fine prairie grass, but they are found to be so productive of corn and cotton, as well as of wheat, oats and other grain, that stock farms have rapidly yielded to the plow and the hoe.

I have never seen farming implements wrought up to such a high standing of excellence. I never was much of a mechanic, machinist, or anything of the kind, or I might attempt a description. But on these beautiful prairies there is nothing to hinder the success of an ingenious mind directed to facilitating the farming interest of this country. I never saw so many different implements used on farms before I came here.

Most every thing is done by machinery. You see this was hindered here I came from in Alabama on account of the hills, roots, stumps, &c. The prospect for a crop is, I suppose, moderately good at this time. There has been a great deal of rain, and the farmers seem to be behind with their cotton, and I fear the wheat and oats have been injured. Corn is fine. If I am not careful I will fill up this letter without saying anything about the religious prospects of this country. I am glad to say that new church edifices are going up with the new villages and towns. Our Baptist people seem to be keeping pace with any other denomination, and in advance of all, unless it be that terribly working people, the Methodists, and I am not so sure but that we are ahead of them. I think we have the advantage of them here at Farmersville. The Campbellites are quite strong in this part of Texas, and the Cumberland Presbyterians are making good headway; the anti-missionary brethren are here, but very weak, so far as I am informed. The Seventh Day Adventist have recently tented in our town and sent abroad their circulars; I don't know what will be the result. I am feeling fairly encouraged in my work here at Farmersville. I trust I am gradually growing in the confidence and appreciation of the people. Our audiences have generally been good, and we have received some good letters and baptism. Our Sunday-schools and prayer meetings are also well attended.

Before I close let me say that, while this is a live and promising country, it has some backsets. The winters are, at times, quite disagreeable; they say the last past was unusually so. I have already told you about the mud in a previous letter. The land is hard to break in the spring. The soil seems to be nearly as productive of cotton, ticks, &c., as of corn and cotton. Water becomes scarce in many places during dry seasons. Corn, potatoes, peaches, &c., are not as sweet and as palatable as in Alabama. I haven't tried the peaches yet, however, but have tried potatoes and cornbread.

So, in even the most favored part of Texas, for I don't expect there is much of the State that surpasses this, there are evils mixed with the good. But I had better close, as I want to write some more by and by. G. D. BENTON, Farmersville, Tex.

Union Church, Hale Co.

On Saturday before the fifth Sunday in April, Bro. W. S. Henderson preached for us from Hebrews 10:35. On the Sabbath he preached from Acts 6:3. At the close of the sermon our pastor, Bro. W. H. Bishop, and Bro. W. S. Henderson, ordained brethren T. J. Kinnaird, H. T. Stringfellow, J. M. Ford, and G. B. Massey, to the full work of deacons. Bro. Henderson asked the deacons to read several questions and then gave the charge. Bro. Bishop followed with a short talk and then led in prayer, while laying on hands closed by singing doxology.

At night Bro. Henderson preached a warm and feeling sermon from Exodus 12:13. Several offered themselves for prayer. We have changed our preaching place from the first to the fourth Sabbath, and Saturday before in each month. We have a small Sunday-school, though it is interesting. Bro. T. J. Kinnaird is superintendent. We wish our State paper success. CHURCH CLERK.

From Louisville, Ala.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. Thinking probably a few items from this part of the State would be appreciated by some of your numerous readers, I have decided to offer the following which you are at liberty to publish or consign to the waste basket, as you may see proper.

Our town is immediately on the extension of the Clayton and Ozark rail-road, situated upon a high and healthy ridge which separates the waters of the Choctawhatchie and Pea Rivers, surrounded by a beautiful and fertile country with a variety of soil and timber. We have about three hundred inhabitants; our people are intelligent and enterprising, we have a large school with a most worthy and very able principal in the person of Prof. Scott. There is but one house of worship here; Methodist, with strong membership and pastor of intelligence and piety. There are four dry goods and grocery stores here, and four variety stores, one barroom, a lively stable and hotel, two blacksmith and wood shops.

The Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians are all represented in our population, though the Baptists and the Methodists are in the ascendancy. Our nearest Baptist church (Bethlehem) is three miles distant, a strong church in a prosperous condition. We have new house just finished. Our former pastor, Bro. Wynne, resigned one the 1st of March to accept a call from the church at Gadsden, since that time we have been without a pastor.

A Sabbath-school convention will be held at our house of worship commencing on Friday before the fifth Sabbath in July. Can't you come down in the interest of the paper and be with us? I am arranging to send you a club soon, with the request that you remember me in your devotions, I remain your brother in Christ, R. HERRING.

Was it Baptistic?

Not long since the writer was present at a Baptist church which celebrated the Lord's supper, at which time also the pastor preached on communion. In the main, the sermon was good, but there was one thing which marred the whole service. The preacher, in speaking about who should partake of the supper, said that, as there was no invitation in the New Testament to any one, he had no authority to invite anyone, and for those who proposed to observe the supper to arrange themselves conveniently on certain seats which he indicated.

Now, was this Baptist usage? I think not. Every one in the congregation, among whom were a number of Campbellites, knew that that church had always practiced restricted communion, and yet there was one Campbellite who had cheek enough to remain and impose upon the established rule of the church by partaking of the bread and wine. Would this man have accepted the hospitality of a private family, where he was not bidden or welcomed? No, indeed. I mentioned this matter to a prominent Baptist preacher, and he said, "that if the former pastor of that church could have risen that day from his grave he would have knocked the whole business in the head." Appropos to the above, I have frequently been asked the question, why the Campbellites were not allowed to commune with the Baptists? That the Baptists and Campbellites were one on baptism; that Pseudo-baptists were excluded because they had not complied with the requirements of the New Testament; that as Campbellites had, why not admit them? My answer, in general terms, has been, that Baptists believe the Campbellites are in error, notably, baptismal salvation. Besides, Campbellites admit anyone, baptized or not, to their communion, and just here let me say, they are very inconsistent in that they accept Pseudo-baptism communion and not their baptism, consequently Baptists could not consistently admit them to their communion. I would be pleased to see the views of the editors of the ALABAMA BAPTIST on this matter.

As no one was invited or forbidden to the communion mentioned above, the vilest sinner in the house could have partaken, and there would have been no redress. After the services you could hear some Campbellites chuckling about the Baptist preacher knocking close communion into smithereens.

I am fully persuaded that all the prating about close communion by other denominations is insincere. Very few would partake if they were allowed. I saw this tested when a Methodist church was communing, at which there were a number of Baptists and Presbyterians. Of course the Baptists did not respond to the invitation, neither did a single Presbyterian respond. Whether they admit it or not, other denominations than Baptists are practically close communionists. Baptists have no objection to their doing as they please; they ought to be willing for Baptists to do the same. A BAPTIST.

Tuscumbia.

We of the Northern part of the State are getting on with our work quite well; there is a gradual increase all along the line. I wish to thank our people through our paper for their kindness since I have been here; and again, my heart has been made to overflow with gratitude for acts of kindness; and now to crown it all, the good sisters sent me to the Southern Baptist Convention, and I went to Washington. Oh! what a power women are in the church. And I know that we have some here that can't be excelled in the State or South. Now when it is remembered that both our churches, at Tuscumbia and Sheffield, are struggling with a small membership, to build houses of worship, to so favor us, can better be appreciated.

Our sisters at Sheffield have since December, deposited over \$200 in the bank. Much also has been done in Tuscumbia, and much more in other ways; and at Christmas made me valuable presents amounting to \$35 or \$40. Now who couldn't preach to such a people?

The work here has been arduous so far, but much lightened by the kindness and prayers of these good people. Can't some one send these places something to assist them in building a house for the Lord? J. M. THOMAS.

Exegesis—Christ's Temptation.

BY J. C. WRIGHT, D. D.

Christ was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. 4:15. Christ was pure, and needed no refining. He was all-wise, and had no need, as some say, to go to school to Satan forty days in the wilderness for instruction before beginning his great work. To give that as the object of the temptation, is to construct wisdom out of ignorance. The why, the object of Christ's temptation is not given in the Scriptures. It is a temptation which is the great duel between the seed of the woman and the serpent, and in this battle the serpent's head was badly bruised. Christ was tempted by the devil, and only by the devil. "Man is tempted, when he is drawn away by his own lust, and enticed."

We state not the why, but the how of the temptation. "Christ was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Sin points excepted, that reduces the number more than one half at one stroke. Was Christ tempted in all points, except sin points, like as we are, no. Why not, simply because he could not be. Text reads all points, well read again. Christ was tempted in all points, or things, wherein he could be tempted, like as we are. There were many points, besides sin points, on which Christ could not be tempted, as sinful men are.

"God can not be tempted with evil." Only Christ's human nature could be tempted. Now between the Christ man and the sin-man, there are points of likeness, but not a likeness in all points. Christ's human nature was not in all points as our human nature. His human nature was unique, it was the seed of the woman. "God sent his Son in the likeness of sinful flesh," in the likeness of sinful flesh, not in sinful flesh—his flesh was sinless. "A body hast thou prepared me." A body like sinful man's, no. A prepared body, a sinless body, a sacrificial body.

Christ's human nature must not be brought down to a level with our human nature; for that degrades it, and disqualifies him as a Redeemer. The Word does not make them level. For it is clear that an equally fallen and sinful nature could not redeem an equally fallen and sinful nature. The second Adam's human nature was just what the first was more, for divinity dwelling in it, it must have been more or less sublimated. Christ met all his temptations in a sinless, unfallen, impeccable nature. Man meets all his temptations in a sinful, fallen, depraved nature. These are points of difference between man and Christ.

Temptation comes to holy beings from without; sin came to Adam from without; and Christ's temptations came from without. Satan came to Christ for a second duel; but said, "I find nothing in him," no sin, no evil, nothing in him, on which temptation can lay hold.

In men there is the motion of sin within, and that seconds the temptation without. Men carry the powder within. Satan carries the match without, and is always ready to apply it. In holy beings the door is shut, and sin enters only when it is opened. But with fallen men, the door is already open. Close the door, keep the powder and match apart.

Hence we see that, sin points off, and the within points off, Christ was vulnerable to temptation in few points. It was not needed that Christ should be tempted in all points as a sinful

man might be.

The holy Lord could not experience just what we as sinful creatures suffer. But the difference does not disqualify him as our sympathizing High Priest. It is a common notion, and wrong as common, that we must have passed through the same suffering before we can sympathize with our fellows. I have not had rheumatism, but that does not keep me from sympathizing with my friend, who is bent, on crutches, and tormented with that disease. The ship is wrecked near the harbor, I have never been shipwrecked, but that does not prevent me from helping all I can the shipwrecked, who are being dragged half drowned, half dead to the shore.

Feeling what others feel will not necessarily make us sympathetic. A fellow feeling does not always make us wondrous kind. If it did, hell would be full of sympathy. Each experiences the misery of the other, yet there is no pity, no compassion. The unfortunates in hospitals often curse each other.

It is enough to know that the sinless can sympathize with the sinful. That Christ had a full experience of external distress and internal sorrow. He had a felt knowledge of the widest realm of human weakness, and a familiarized experience of the widest compass of human woe.

So Christ's compassion covers all the ground, covers all our cases. "For, in that he himself suffered being tempted, it matters not on what or how many points, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Yes, thank God.

Desecration of the Sabbath.

By kind permission of Bro. J. B. Collier, the leading druggist of Opelika, I send you an extract from his address delivered as president of the Alabama Pharmaceutical Association on the occasion of its seventh annual meeting, May 8th, at Selma. The druggists of the State can assist greatly in preserving the sanctity of the Lord's day. Have they the Christian manhood? Please give space to the sound words of counsel coming from the lips of their recognized leader.

OTIS M. SUTTON.

"The dignity and influence of our profession should be recognized socially and morally, as well as scientifically. The moulding of public sentiment devolves upon us as a factor, in the on-going of society, and we should accept the responsibility with true manliness. We suggest that it becomes this association to give serious attention to the moral features of every question with which we have to deal. Is it proper and best for the druggists for the Christian sanctity of the Sabbath as they now do? Could we not so shape our business, and so modify the views of practicing physicians on this subject that our stores need not be open exceeding two to four hours on the Sabbath? This would give our employees the benefit of recreation and opportunities for attending divine service. I most confess that I am in deep sympathy with the drug clerks throughout the State, for I know from my own experience what it is to run the business on Sunday after a week's hard work of sixteen to eighteen hours per day. I am sure a great many drug clerks who are inclined to be religious are by this Sunday work woeed away from good influence. Drug store Sunday associations are by no means helpful to true piety, but preeminently and emphatically the reverse. Permit me to remind you that the drug stores, as now conducted, are held responsible by the Christian community for much of the Sabbath desecration, which is already a shame to our Christian civilization. Can we, and shall we, do anything to correct this evil, and to put ourselves, as a profession, right on this important question?"

"Too Small a Place."

The following article from an exchange is worthy of careful reading: "Such was the remark I heard made about a certain preacher not long ago. Said preacher was without a charge. His friends were seeking a place for him. A certain village church was suggested as needing a preacher. The salary was fair, the people were kind to their former pastor, and it was believed the brother suggested could do a good work there. But his friends rejected the suggestion with disdain: 'It's too small a place for him. He would not, and ought not to accept such a charge.' And so the brother is still 'seeking.'"

Now this is not an exceptional case. If it were I should pass it by as an extreme case of self-seeking, but I am afraid that this is but an illustration of a growing spirit of worldly ambition in the ministry. Not long ago I heard some ministers talking about a certain brother who had made a change from a prominent city pastorate to a charge in the country. 'Why, that's quite a come down,' said one of the preachers. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'when he left the Seminary he went up like a rocket, but now he comes down like a stick.' And with that there was a general laugh. I have heard similar ideas advanced very frequently, not only by preachers, but by laymen. If a preacher goes from a large and wealthy city church to a less conspicuous field, immediately the suspicion is aroused that 'something is wrong.' The brother's reputation is likely to be injured with pulpits committees. The underlying notion is that there is no such thing as being governed by unselfish considerations, that preachers always choose the high places and fat salaries.

Now, I believe no such thing. I know many men in the ministry who fill these so-called 'small places,' whose talents and elements of usefulness fit them to shine anywhere. The providence of God put them in narrow spheres, and they are content to stay there until God—not ambition, nor Mammon—call them to 'come up higher.'

Still, I fear that there is creeping into the church a spirit of self-seeking. Preachers and people may not be aware of it. I hardly think the brethren who made the remarks quoted above realized fully the meaning of their speeches. Yet these strains show that we are learning to grade pulpits according to their prominence and salary. We have 'big places' and 'small places'—'big men' and 'little men.' The fortunate men who are called to places which are able to pay large salaries, are led to feel their superiority over their less fortunate brethren.

Why, so manifest is this that there is coming into use a kind of money standard, by which we measure men. We have \$10,000 men, \$5,000 men, \$3,000 men, \$2,000 men, \$1,000 men, and even \$500 men. When a man gets down to this last point he is considered to be very poor indeed—the Indian's rule, 'poor pay, poor preach.' Aren't these things true? Let no one, then, think the writer is a slanderer of the ministry. The ministers are not alone to blame. We are all guilty of such thoughts and of using such language. What we need to do is to be on our guard against such ideas. Let us discountenance them everywhere, and above all, honor the men who occupy the smaller places. These men may be the grandees of God's kingdom. Above all, let us give them cheerful and liberal support. Many of them are poorly paid. Let us honor them and ourselves by helping them.

Society of Christian Endeavors.

The Society of Christian Endeavors is doing substantial work for the cause of Christ. It is comparatively new in its organization, but in no instance, where it has been adopted in connection with the church work has it proven a failure. Its design is to interest the young people and give them something to do in keeping alive and invigorating the interests of the church. It is encouraging to read the accounts, week after week, in reports made to religious papers, North, of the progress in religion, and growth in power, influence, and additions, from the churches of the Baptist as well as those of other denominations. "A very vigorous young people's society of Christian Endeavor, numbering nearly 100. The pastor finds in them an enthusiastic band of ever ready helpers. One of the many pleasant things they do is the furnishing of the pulpit with flowers, and at the close of the day they find their way to the bedside of the sick." "A society of Christian Endeavors has lately been organized, with twenty-five members," writes another.

While we are sleeping our young people are drawn into the societies of other denominations, giving of their enthusiasm, their influence and money to the support of other churches than our own. This is a wide awake age. A little more sleep, a little more slumber, a little more folding of the hands to sleep, will most assuredly leave us hopelessly in the rear. Let us accept the new dawning that the young people have minds, hearts, and energies capable of the highest degree of development. Give them the work to do; help them to organize; show them how to do, and very soon they will make ample returns for the confidence reposed in them. It is the young who are now running the business of this globe.

Why can the Baptists afford to do without a church Extension Society? In the new booming centers as at Decatur, Birmingham, and Anniston, the great need of this is seriously felt. Every available spot is secured and built up by those denominations possessing such auxiliary, as soon as the feasibility is presented to their convictions. Taking Anniston as a place, and the Methodists as an example, within less than a year they have organized three new churches assured of help from the Extension Society. The Baptists are struggling for a foothold, through the lack of this encouragement. They have truth but not works. How deplorable! What is to be done about it? Stand aloof and see our cause staggering, or young people going away from us, our contributions filling the boxes of other churches? The ground we once possessed is now white with the tents of the aggressive workers.

Christian women are in demand in every department of our church work. Their success as teachers whether among the Mormons or the Buddhists, their power for good as missionaries, their irrepressible will in strengthening the church and prayer meeting are palpable on every hand. Encouragement in better style is what they need in their efforts to do more effective work. It is the sincere desire to be useful in the Master's cause by advocating harmony, that they have borne silently the reproaches that have been heaped upon them. Their help substantial and otherwise has been received with prescribed courtesy. Keeping uppermost in mind "It is for Jesus," they have persevered, organized, worked until their invaluable assistance is in demand. Extend a cordial welcome to their best endeavors, brethren, and give them the benefit of your knowledge.

Perceiving Christ bespeaks our knowledge; but receiving him bespeaks our faith.

By the time we came to where the footing was more firm and solid, but the way not less trying and difficult. There were many narrow and yawning crevices to cross; many deep openings to shun, on the right and left, some of them large enough to

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., JUNE 14, 1888.

JOB SHACKLEFORD, D.D., Editors.
Rev. C. W. HARRIS, Manager.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Terms: \$2.00 per year in advance.
Special terms will be made with agents soliciting subscriptions.

Extra copies of single issue, which should be ordered in advance, are worth five cents each. If more than ten are ordered, five cents each. Remit with order.

Remittances should be made in money or order on Montgomery, or bank check on Montgomery or New York. When neither of these can be procured, send the money in a registered letter.

The date against your name on the margin of the paper shows when your subscription expires. It serves both as a receipt and a request for payment. If proper credit has not been given within two weeks, notify us at once. All subscribers who do not send express notice to the contrary, will be regarded as wishing to continue their subscriptions. Notice to discontinue should be given at least a week before and not after the subscription has expired. Both the new and the old post office should be given when your address is changed.

Obituaries of one hundred words will be inserted free. For each word over one hundred, two cents will be charged. Remit with order for publication. Count the words and see just what the bill will be; also, include money for extra copies at five cents each, more than ten are wanted, otherwise five cents each. If money is not enclosed, we reserve the right to condense to one hundred words.

Advertising rates quoted on application. You will confer a favor by mentioning this paper when you answer an advertisement.

Write only on one side of the paper. Always give your post office. Anonymous communications go to the waste basket. We are not responsible for the return of rejected manuscript nor for the opinions expressed by correspondents.

All communications on business or for publication should be addressed, and all checks and money orders made payable to THE ALABAMA BAPTIST, Montgomery, Ala. Office upstairs, 17 1/2 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 men?" Don't fail to put this book in your family.

The Examiner, speaking of three speeches during the Publication Society meeting, "Mr. Spalding's speech was marked by freshness, Dr. Frost's by fervor and Dr. Hatcher's by wit."

Dr. Eaton is correct when he says Baptists do not need to be aroused to a stronger interest in education, but they do most sadly need to be roused to stronger interest in higher Christian education.

Dr. Henson, speaking of tracts at the Publication Society's meeting, said, "Why, the Bible itself is nothing but a bundle of tracts, originally distributed by colportage, and the primitive church was a tract society."

"If our theological seminaries may be called the mills of God, they grind exceedingly small, too, for how few preachers can preachers; as I was never in a theological seminary I do not reflect on myself in saying this."—Henson.

"The day of tracts is not past; it is just come. What the times demand is thought packed until it takes fire. It is the age of tracts. The devil understands this and he is making them, and his emissaries are circulating them, wherever Anthony Comstock does not get on their track."—Henson.

The United States of Columbia is a hard place for editors who are men of thought and nerve. They are forbidden to publish any attacks upon the government, the Catholic religion, the military, the judgments of magistrates, or other public officials, the legal money of the republic, &c., &c.

"A pious fool" is what a doctor of divinity attending the Northern Anniversaries is said to have called those who attended every session of that body. That is rather a questionable expression for a minister to use, but we wish we had more such delegates to our next State Convention. Let the churches request their delegates to attend every meeting, and be always ready to note or speak for the right.

STATE MISSIONS.

Never before has there been such an urgent necessity for the Baptists of Alabama to come up, as one man, and with liberal and large contributions, assist our State Secretary in carrying out the work now in hand; and soon to be increased largely, to meet the absolute demand of the hour.

Brethren of Alabama, the necessities are urgent; let the spirit of the Master possess your souls and touch your purses: do not let the work be embarrassed by your negligence. New towns and villages are springing up all over the State, new people are coming in, and we must unfurl the banner of the cross in every community, around which our Baptist hosts shall rally, and faithful and true men must be put on duty. The consecrated men are ready to take the field; now, brethren, will you not sustain them? Send your immediate offering to Bro. Crumpton from churches, Sunday-schools, societies and individuals. Bring your tithes into the storehouse right away—they are needed now! Then are we sure a blessing will be poured out upon you; God shall be honored and his great name glorified, and your souls will be filled with joy, as we shall "possess the land."

WHEN we elect men on our educational, ministerial or mission boards let us be sure to secure men who will attend and take interest in the meeting of the Boards. At many of our most important meetings there is hardly a quorum present. And this will always be the case so long as we are careless about the selection of men to represent us in these interests.

From the Central Baptist we clip the following excellent article:

"The nude in art is reaching a stage where a determined opposition should be made to its indecencies. If the interests of a true art demand a study of the human form, let such study be made by those whose taste fit them for it, but let the result of such study be secluded from public gaze. Let the pure minds of the young be preserved from such contaminating influences."

REV. E. H. JOHNSON, D. D., of Crozer Theological Seminary, said in his sermon of the reasonableness and dignity of worship: "All the powers of our mind have been turned to God, but with only one may we worship. This is the aesthetic faculty, that which perceives the beautiful, the sublime. When we feel the unspeakable beauty of the divine character, when we feel the majesty of his nature till we are borne down by a sense of awe, this is to worship God. In the Sunday-school of to-day the children do all things but worship God."

TENDERFOOTED BAPTISTS.

If Baptist preachers and members as persistently and boldly preached and talked their belief of the doctrines of the Bible as other denominations there would be a greater growth in our churches. Other people don't know our doctrines, have never heard a faithful and true exposition spoken in love, but have heard all their lives from their ministry and read in their books that it mattered very little what a man believed so he was sincere. The Baptist who, with a loving heart, will study his Bible will have no room for doubt on the subject of doctrine. Years ago we saw so much denominational fighting, denominational harshness, that we were disgusted with such doctrinal(?) preaching; but we can preach the truth in love, and we must do it or prove faithless to our work. It is false charity that keeps a Baptist from being true to his profession.

This following sad recital is reported as an actual fact by a correspondent to the BAPTIST. We haven't a doubt that every county in Alabama can furnish a similar story, for the fruits of the saloon are the same wherever found, and Christian men and women should never cease their efforts to destroy it.

"In my neighborhood, a few years ago, a young man of good family, and with an easy competence, married a beautiful young wife, and began the voyage of life with as good prospects of a happy termination as falls to the lot of the most highly favored mortals. But the whisky seller saw him and marked him as one of his victims. Avarice had only budded and flowered in his heart, its boughs were laden with the fruit of hell. The young man had been brought up under pious influences, and strictly guarded against all wicked associations, and the rum-seller knew that a direct approach would cause alarm, and he therefore pretended great personal fondness and friendship for the youth, often inviting him to his house, and as often artfully inducing him to drink a social glass of finely mixed liquors with him until an appetite was formed for them. Then came intoxication and mortification, and a resolve to drink no more, but the rum-seller layd him, and laughed him out of his good resolutions, and soon he was a confirmed drunkard. It was in vain that the young wife in an agony of distress threw herself upon his bosom and then upon her knees at his feet, and implored him to go no more about the wicked man and his saloon. The whisky seller first got his money, then his horse, then his fowls, and when his wife and child were starving at home he plunged further down the awful chasm. A few days before his death I saw him lying upon his back, his face upturned to a blazing August sun, and covered with flies, and not ten feet from the whisky seller's door. I said you made this man drunk, why do you not take care of him? and he replied: 'Let the brute die, and the hogs may eat him for me.' I had the poor man taken up and buried, but said to the saloonist, 'Cursed is the man that putteth the bottle to his neighbor's lips.' 'As ye measure to others so shall it be meted out to you,' and with an angry growl he said that if he did not get the man's money, somebody else would, and he would never make such a beast of himself.

The young man died, died horribly, in the agonies of delirium tremens, and the procession that carried his body to the grave traveled the same road, and on the same day, in company with the saloon keeper, and his friends going to his marriage, and weeping wife of the poor victim, and the rejoicing whisky bridegroom not fifty feet from each other.

The saloon keeper contracted a love for strong drink, and in a few years died as his victim did in the horrid convulsions of a man dying soul and body, and went to join those he had ruined in this life. And yet there are people claiming to be Christians, who will sign a whisky petition, and argue that prohibition destroys a man's liberty. Such men are a curse to our churches, and to civilization, and should be expelled at once. Prohibition is the only cure for drunkenness."

DR. RENFROE IN TWO OF HIS LAST PUBLIC APPEARANCES.

The friends of Dr. Renfroie will often think of him as the Baptist last presented him to the public. We saw him at East Lake discharging what to him, and to others also, seemed a great duty. There stood a minister preaching before the Howard cadets what the noble soldier deemed a false or doubtful gospel. At once he realized his responsibility. Parents had sent their sons to college under the promise that our preachers and professors would watch their spiritual interests. He in conscious integrity denounced the doctrine as dangerous, and as a trustee of the college forbade its continuance there. When he touched doctrinal issues our minds for years past had involuntarily turned to Dr. Renfroie as our champion, and among his last words was, regardless of self interest, "content earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." Thank God, the memory of such a fearless soldier will continue to brace up the younger ones of us for many years.

Then, the last public words the dear old brother ever uttered were in behalf of Howard College. For long, long years he had loved the college, he had been an active trustee for quite a while and always took deep interest in everything that pertained to its welfare. Having moved to Birmingham while "the boom was on," when it seemed as if landed values would forever increase, his buoyant nature partook of its surroundings, and he honestly, unselfishly believed that a grand endowment could be gotten for the college at once could it be moved to this marvellous city. Believing this he worked for its accomplishment. His was a broad, honest nature that could not brook the "little" acts that creep from narrow minds and selfish souls. Impatiently he appeared to await an attempt at fulfillment of the promises of his fellow citizens to the denomination. On the morning of this recent educational meeting he was very weak and sick, and only in the hope of arousing to prompt and vigorous action the people of Birmingham, did he venture to the church. Already we have given our arms to save this gift of our fathers from an ignoble death. Brethren of Birmingham, brethren of Alabama, in God's name, we beseech you, let the spirit of interest that is in the deceased preacher take possession of each of us, and let us begin to do something worthy of men. Bro. Renfroie was true, than when he wrote, "One cause of the retrogression of Alabama Baptists has been lack of honesty in dealing with each other." That was the sentiment, if not the exact words. Now let us be honest in the college enterprise, and every other matter, let us honor the cause of Christ even if a dozen men must be sacrificed on the way thither.

FIELD NOTES.

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Claus Specie, of San Francisco, is today the richest man in the world. Worth \$200,000,000. He amassed this enormous wealth sweetly; sugar speculation brought it all.

There are 500 mission fields throughout the world 20,000 mission stations and 40,000 missionaries. The time approaches when the promise shall be literally fulfilled.

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The secretary is in correspondence regarding reduced rates to the convention at Talladega, and the same will be announced in due time in these columns. Are you getting ready to go?

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The revival meetings at the Twelfth street Baptist church, Anniston, are progressing in interest. We pray that much good may be accomplished before the close of the meeting. Bro. Lane is aiding the pastor.

A few days rest at Verbena, under the best physician in the State, has brought the Junior through alright and he is again on the go, more than ever determined to place the BAPTIST in the homes of our people.

Our Senior is visiting Howard College, and the Junior, Judson Female Institute and Marion Military Institute. In our next issue full reports will be published of the commencement exercises of these institutions.

Brethren don't forget the "BAPTIST JOB PRINTING COMPANY," when you want church letters, association letters, or your article of faith and covenant printed, or any sort of commercial printing. Send us your orders.

Our good friend and brother, W. C. Counts, of Tusculum, was met at the depot in Montgomery last week. He was down to make his settlement as tax collector. Never has a truer or more faithful man served the public.

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A. M. GARDNER, of Atlanta, a poor whisky enchained victim, sent the following manly card to every bartender in the city. And his is but the unexpressed desire of many another poor victim of rum, and should appeal mightily to the hearts of our readers as an argument to lead them squarely on the side of prohibition:

"NOTICE TO BARKEEPERS."

The dominating curse of our age is liquor. It is gigantic with its power, and has a tendency to drag men down to hell every day through its enticing sin. I must confess with shame that I am one of the demon's victims. Therefore, knowing within myself that strong drink is raging, and considering the fact that it is impossible for me to control my appetite, I ask every saloonkeeper to refuse to sell or give me any intoxicating liquor; and furthermore, I would be under everlasting obligations to my friends if they would never ask me to smile with them.

To saloon men and friends I say by doing as I ask you will confer a favor, not only on your humble servant, but upon my family as well. I remain yours, etc., A. M. GARDNER."

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The Ministerial Association of Birmingham has appointed a committee to have the announcement of "Southern Live Stock Insurance Company" of Montgomery, Ala. All who have live stock should not fail to avail themselves of a security against loss by death of their property. The reliability of the company is sufficiently vouched for by the character of the officers of the company, all of whom are residents of this city, and well known. Now read their advertisement and act wisely.

Bro. J. E. Cox, of Fayette C. H., writes us: "W. F. Willis was ordained to the full functions of the gospel ministry last Saturday, by Mt. Lebanon Baptist church, five miles north of this place, through a presbytery consisting of J. B. Hucklebee, J. S. Shirley and the writer, who acted as chairman." A nice compliment was paid the young preacher, when the brethren sent us the price of subscription to the ALABAMA BAPTIST to be sent him for one year.

Bro. W. A. Whittle, whose foreign letters we are publishing, and that attract so much worthy favorable comment, has now returned to his Texas home at Georgetown. He proposes shortly to visit this, his native State, and preach and lecture, and also his European tour will be printed in book form, which will doubtless be a valuable and interesting work, which we trust we may have the pleasure of offering to all who will work for us, as a premium.

We wish pleasure call attention to the following request, which we have been asked to publish: "My dear Baptist friends: I wish some of you would please write and tell me the name of the church, and also give address of place where Rev. William Dossey was pastor. I am a great grand-son of his, and I think the only relative of his that ever entered the ministry. Hoping soon to hear from some of you, I remain your brother in Christ," Sidney J. Williams, Clinton Miss.

The Foreign Mission Journal for June, has a picture of Mrs. M. T. Yates, now in China, surviving her husband, with whom forty-two years ago she began her missionary life. She remains in Shanghai, to carry on the work of her life for the Master. The Journal should be taken by every Missionary Baptist. From it we can learn just what our consecrated men and women are doing all over the foreign world. It is only 35c a year, and worth ten times that much.

The district meeting of the "Alabama Association," met with Rutledge Baptist church on Friday before the 5th of June in April last, and after coming together decided that preaching would be of more profit than any other exercise; hence, Bro. Plaster preached two able and impressive sermons to large audiences each day, until Sunday night, the meeting adjourned to meet with Antioch church, four miles north of Greenville, Ala., on Friday before the 5th of June in July next. J. W. Holloway Moderator and M. H. Rushton, Secretary.

Among the many books of gratifying and pleasing statistics, we find none more so than the year book of the Young Men's Christian Association, just laid on our table. From it we learn that there are 1,240 Associations in America and 3,804 in the world. The Americans have a membership of 175,000, with buildings valued at \$5,600,265, total net property of \$7,261,658. There are 752 men devoting all their time to the local State and International work as secretaries and assistants. Published by the International Committee, New York; Price 50c.

"The church at Freeport Florida, has recently enjoyed a visit of several days from Bro. A. T. Sims, who gave us some of the best sermons we ever heard; he preached five times, and there were eight who joined the church by experience, and of the number one was a little girl only eleven years of age, the youngest I have ever seen received into the church, and I never saw a brighter face go down into the water, than hers. She had been for several months urging her parents to let her join the church." So writes Bro. Geo. W. Davis.

Rev. J. A. Howard preached the commencement sermon of Howard College on Sunday last to an immense audience. It is one of the very best I ever listened to. The arrangement was excellent, and the thought elevated and inspiring from the beginning to the close. I hear nothing but words of praise about it.

The next session of the State Convention will be of vast importance to our various denominational enterprises, and we hope the churches will be fully represented and every delegate fully alive, mentally and spiritually to the best interest of our Redeemer's kingdom, and that nothing shall be done through strife or vain glory, by any one.

At LaGrange Ga.: Southern Female College had its most charming commencement, and Judge John T. Clarke delivered the address. Bro. Clarke is one of the ripest of scholars, and his address was a masterpiece of polished speakers, it was ever our fortune to hear, and Mrs. I. F. Cox, principal of the institution, can felicitate herself on his magnificent address for her noble institution; of which she may be equally proud of its grand success.

From McBee we learn they now have a good Sunday-school and everything is encouraging. They never miss a Sunday. Less than splendid and great interest is taken in the school by both old and young. Bro. Harris says: "When I first mentioned starting a Sunday-school, I was rather laughed at, but I concluded to take the responsibility, and persuade my son to become superintendent, who had been a member of the church since he was twelve years of age. He did the best he could, but we could not raise money enough to buy books, so sent to Bro. Robertson, of Carrollton, who supplied us. Now we are buying them ourselves. I felt moved to make the effort, for I felt God would help us, and so he has. I thank him from my heart! I have written this to encourage others."

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We wish pleasure call attention to the following request, which we have been asked to publish: "My dear Baptist friends: I wish some of you would please write and tell me the name of the church, and also give address of place where Rev. William Dossey was pastor. I am a great grand-son of his, and I think the only relative of his that ever entered the ministry. Hoping soon to hear from some of you, I remain your brother in Christ," Sidney J. Williams, Clinton Miss.

The Foreign Mission Journal for June, has a picture of Mrs. M. T. Yates, now in China, surviving her husband, with whom forty-two years ago she began her missionary life. She remains in Shanghai, to carry on the work of her life for the Master. The Journal should be taken by every Missionary Baptist. From it we can learn just what our consecrated men and women are doing all over the foreign world. It is only 35c a year, and worth ten times that much.

The district meeting of the "Alabama Association," met with Rutledge Baptist church on Friday before the 5th of June in April last, and after coming together decided that preaching would be of more profit than any other exercise; hence, Bro. Plaster preached two able and impressive sermons to large audiences each day, until Sunday night, the meeting adjourned to meet with Antioch church, four miles north of Greenville, Ala., on Friday before the 5th of June in July next. J. W. Holloway Moderator and M. H. Rushton, Secretary.

Among the many books of gratifying and pleasing statistics, we find none more so than the year book of the Young Men's Christian Association, just laid on our table. From it we learn that there are 1,240 Associations in America and 3,804 in the world. The Americans have a membership of 175,000, with buildings valued at \$5,600,265, total net property of \$7,261,658. There are 752 men devoting all their time to the local State and International work as secretaries and assistants. Published by the International Committee, New York; Price 50c.

"The church at Freeport Florida, has recently enjoyed a visit of several days from Bro. A. T. Sims, who gave us some of the best sermons we ever heard; he preached five times, and there were eight who joined the church by experience, and of the number one was a little girl only eleven years of age, the youngest I have ever seen received into the church, and I never saw a brighter face go down into the water, than hers. She had been for several months urging her parents to let her join the church." So writes Bro. Geo. W. Davis.

Rev. J. A. Howard preached the commencement sermon of Howard College on Sunday last to an immense audience. It is one of the very best I ever listened to. The arrangement was excellent, and the thought elevated and inspiring from the beginning to the close. I hear nothing but words of praise about it.

The next session of the State Convention will be of vast importance to our various denominational enterprises, and we hope the churches will be fully represented and every delegate fully alive, mentally and spiritually to the best interest of our Redeemer's kingdom, and that nothing shall be done through strife or vain glory, by any one.

At LaGrange Ga.: Southern Female College had its most charming commencement, and Judge John T. Clarke delivered the address. Bro. Clarke is one of the ripest of scholars, and his address was a masterpiece of polished speakers, it was ever our fortune to hear, and Mrs. I. F. Cox, principal of the institution, can felicitate herself on his magnificent address for her noble institution; of which she may be equally proud of its grand success.

From McBee we learn they now have a good Sunday-school and everything is encouraging. They never miss a Sunday. Less than splendid and great interest is taken in the school by both old and young. Bro. Harris says: "When I first mentioned starting a Sunday-school, I was rather laughed at, but I concluded to take the responsibility, and persuade my son to become superintendent, who had been a member of the church since he was twelve years of age. He did the best he could, but we could not raise money enough to buy books, so sent to Bro. Robertson, of Carrollton, who supplied us. Now we are buying them ourselves. I felt moved to make the effort, for I felt God would help us, and so he has. I thank him from my heart! I have written this to encourage others."

Howard College.

Main Building to be Commenced at Once.

A \$50,000.00 STRUCTURE.

It affords me pleasure to announce to the denomination, and to the friends of Christian education, that work will begin at once on the main structure of the Howard College buildings, as soon as we can agree with a contractor. The main building will be a handsome structure, 153x71 feet, and three stories high.

During the past five months impenetrable clouds have enshroued the enterprise, and the friends of the college have been alarmed and humiliated; but, as ever, the hand of God was in history, and he suffered us to be afflicted that we might know our weakness and appreciate his power. Now our work will begin amid prayers and tears of gratitude, meet for such a great and sacred undertaking. But for our afflictions we might have accomplished the work amid the roar of human boasting. God had better things in store for us, and must needs bring us to our right minds by adversity.

Let us thank God for his overruling providence, and pray for his guidance in this great Christian work.

JNO. P. SHAFFER.

The Convention Committees.

The following are the standing committees to report at next State Convention July 13th: Sabbath Schools—T. G. Bush, T. W. Ayres, J. M. Fortune, B. A. Jackson, J. S. Kelly; Foreign Missions—A. W. McGaha, S. P. Fowles, H. B. Foster, J. A. Glenn, J. B. Lovelace; Home Missions—G. A. Hornaday, Jno. T. Davis, L. P. Cheney, J. M. Thornton, M. W. Hand; Temperance—N. C. Underwood, A. J. Brooks, S. Henderson, F. G. Caffey, J. K. Milner; Education—A. B. Johnson, J. D. Dickson, J. P. Shaffer, W. E. Loyd, C. Smith; Woman's Work—G. S. Anderson, J. H. McGuire, C. W. O'Hara, F. C. Plaster, J. E. Chambliss.

The first named on each will, of course, be expected to write the report. In case he cannot be present he should at once appoint some other brother to write the report, so that we may have well digested written reports when the convention assembles.

W. A. D.

Howard College Endowment.

Somebody wants Howard College endowed. On the 14th I received a letter with \$20 enclosed for the endowment of Howard, and saying, "D. V. I will supplement this in the fall."

No name to the letter. This sounds like a woman, to me. God bless our women. The Howard College buildings will be erected; the college will be endowed; it will become a great university; and the time will come when men who stand on the back porch of life will say, while standing in sight of a glorious eternity, oh, that I had stood by our college in the days of its trials and shortened those days! How unmanly my course. How I must have grieved my Savior. Alas for human weakness. God forgive me.

Act now, dear brethren and sisters. The Lord help you. Hopefully,

