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An Important Question.

Can Friday be the Day on which Jesus was Crucified?

It is generally assumed that Jesus crucified on Friday, and arose on Sunday. If this assumption is true, then Jesus was in the grave but one day and night, for the division of the day among the Jews was not like ours, from midnight to midnight, but from sunset to sunset. He was buried just at the close of the day of crucifixion, and arose "in the end of the Sabbath" (Saturday) as it began to dawn (approach) toward the first day of the week, (that is, about sunset, for no other hour will do for the end of one day and dawn of another with that division of time). There is not a fragment, however minute, of more than one night, and the barest fragment of more than one day. This being true, there is involved a question of profound interest, being nothing less than the Messiahship of Christ, and if Jesus did not lay in the grave three days and nights and then rise, he is not the Christ. If he was there three days and nights, and arose on the third day, he is the Christ.

There is no question more momentous than this, and none about which we need more assurance. Though asked several times, by different parties, and under different circumstances, for a sign by which he might be known to be the Christ, every time Jesus said but one should be given, and that sign was, that "the Son of man should be three days and three nights in the heart of the earth." Matt. 12:40. The words were not so explicit every time, but always the same, substantially. The interest involved affects for time and eternity every human being, for Jesus claims to be the only mediator between God and men. He claimed to be God, and the source of all good to men. This claim passed the bounds of human reason to believe that one born, raised, and living as a man should be the God who created and preserved man. But upon believing just that depends man's present and future. Is it any wonder, then, that no miracles or words, however excellent, should be appealed to as testimony, but a sign that none but God could fulfill, to lay down his life for a definite time, and then take it up again. After selecting such a sign, would he be careless in the statement, or careless in compliance with the statement? Every one who is governed by reason will answer, it would not do to be careless, nor was he so.

On Friday was the day he was crucified, and he was not, therefore, the Christ. But Friday was not the day, and it was only assumed to be because the day following the crucifixion is spoken of as a Sabbath. But there were more Sabbaths among the Jews than the seventh day or weekly Sabbath. The day following the Passover, or preparation day, was always a Sabbath. Mark 16:1-20. Mark and John both distinguished that it was an annual Sabbath, and not the weekly Sabbath. Mark 15:42 reads: "And now when the even was come, because it was the preparation, that is, the day before the Sabbath," etc. John 19:31 says: "The Jews therefore, because it was the preparation, that the bodies should not remain upon the cross on the Sabbath day, (for that Sabbath day was a high day)," etc. These show the Sabbath in question to be one made such because following the day of preparation, and a high day, not an ordinary Sabbath: it was the annual and not weekly.

Another proof that this was not the ordinary Sabbath, is found in the testimony of Scripture that two Sabbaths passed while Jesus was in the grave. Mark 16:1 shows that when the Sabbath was past the women bought the spices, and Luke 23:56 shows they rested another Sabbath after the purchase. According to the Friday theory there would not have been time for the purchase after the burial before Mary's visit to the tomb.

Another proof exists in the fact that the tomb was to be guarded for three days, to prevent his disciples from stealing him away. The guards would not have dared to leave their post before the time expired, notwithstanding the earthquake which had occurred.

There is another class of teachers, combining the first and second, who, by contact of mind with mind, mold character—make boys manly, girls womanly, and bring up in them the full development of true manhood and true womanhood.

It is self-absorption that carves wrinkles in the face and streaks the hair with gray. Kindly thought and labor for others dependent and beloved—the living out of and not in the petty round of personal and individual interests—keep heart and energies fresh.—Selected.

Religion in its purity is not so much a pursuit as a temper; or rather, it is a temper leading to the pursuit of all that is high and holy. Its foundation is faith; its action, works; its temper, holiness; its aim, obedience to God in improvement of self and benevolence to men.—Edwards.

passed, when the women bought the spices," then the night following that day; and then "the Sabbath they rested" after the purchase. "In the end of the Sabbath, as it began to dawn (or approach) towards the first day of the week he arose," and it was thus on the third day. Mary came "very early," the first day of the week, while "it was yet dark," not bringing the spices, nor with the other women, but she comes "to see the sepulchre." Matt. 28:1. John 20:1, 11-18. Chronologically, the record from the 11th to the 18th verses of John, 20th chapter, ought to follow the 1st to make a harmony with all the witnesses. There must have been two visits, one by Mary preceding the one by the others bearing the spices—Mary's, just after sunset on the Sabbath day, therefore "very early the first day of the week," and "while it was yet dark," and she "sees him first," but is not allowed to embrace him. The others come the next morning "about the rising of the sun," or "when the sun was risen," and when returning to the city met Jesus and embrace him, without restraint. Without two visits, contradiction exist between the witnesses; with two, a perfect harmony is found.

This may be deemed a matter of no importance by some, but to one constituted mentally as I am, it is all-important. Miracle working, even to raising the dead, and turning back the laws of nature over iron, wood, water, rocks and other things, has been done by mere human beings, and would not do to rely upon in a matter so momentous. So Jesus selected but one sign, and does not ask us to believe on him except it be fulfilled. It has been, but some have taught other wise.

GEORGE E. BREWER.
Opelika, July 10th.

The Progressive Teacher.

BY DR. J. L. M. CURRY.

There is progress in teaching as well as in other sciences. Teaching is a science—a grand science. And teaching is just on the threshold of the human mind. There can be no true teaching, unless the studies which are pursued in the school room are adapted to the faculties and capacities of the child, and are so applied to periods of life as to call forth the faculties in a regular, natural, philosophical and scientific manner. I believe, in the course of ten years, we are to see vast progress in the teaching of the science practically in the school room, which will put an end to the lamentable lack of good teaching.

The difference between the good and the bad school, the good teacher and the bad teacher, is the difference between civilization and barbarism.

Teaching is an art—teaching is a science, and a good teacher—well, I wish I had time to describe one. President Garfield said that he did not want any college, except to sit down on one end of a log, and have old President Hopkins on the other end of the log. And I have heard men say who have studied under Dr. Wayland (?) that he had more knowledge of what a boy could do, without searching, than science and knowledge could give him, and for drawing out his undeveloped, latent powers, than any man that ever lived. And the vital principle of good schools is a good teacher. To build your house or to beautify and adorn it, as you ought to use plenty of machinery, plenty of system, plenty of machinery, but if the teacher is wanting, all else is wanting. The teacher makes the school, and without the teacher all else is fruitless.

I wonder if you believe that teaching is a science? I wonder if you believe that teaching is a most difficult thing to do—real bona fide, efficient teaching? Oh, do you imagine that a man can teach everything that a man can teach everything, simply because he knows it? He must understand the subject, and then, he must know how to teach that subject. He must study his own guide—the mind of the pupil—the methods of putting the matter into the mind of the pupil. There are some teachers who simply pour into the mind of the child, information, without assimilation, without digestion. There is another class of teachers who awaken and stimulate inquiry, and provoke investigation; put a boy or girl on his or her own resources, invoke the reason's powers, and train the judgment.

There is another class of teachers, combining the first and second, who, by contact of mind with mind, mold character—make boys manly, girls womanly, and bring up in them the full development of true manhood and true womanhood.

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Reminiscences.

NO. XVII.

Early in March, 1831, I left Washington City for my home in Cheraw, S. C. The steamer, laboring through the broken ice in the Potomac, landed passengers at a convenient point, where conveyance waited to take us to Frederickburg, a handsome little city of some 4,000 population, and over thirty years after works to become so famous in Confederate history. While waiting half a day here for stage connection, on two occasions I paid the ferryman a "four-pence"—6¢ cents—to take me to the middle of the river on his ferry boat, that I might enjoy the refreshing scenery up and down the embowered banks of the beautiful Rappahannock.

In the stage travel from this point, our crowded coach contained two dignitaries, chiefs of the Creek nation, big braves, returning from a conference with the "Great Father" at the Federal City. Their names were Ok-to-ou-choe and Tuck-e-batch-a-had-jah. We traveled day and night. One old gentleman, I admired as a model sleeper, for his quietly maintaining his erect position while he snored by the hour. My poor head bobbed around, and at length found sweet relief against my stalwart friend "Tuck-e-batch," etc., till, tired of supporting my laziness, he gently shook me off.

We passed through Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, a pleasant looking town, containing probably 2,000 people. When, the next day, my eyes again greeted Fayetteville, I felt that I was nearing home. Much of the seventy miles of road between this point and Cheraw was remarkable for deep sandy soil and borders of dense woods. It was wonderful with what precision some stage drivers would rapidly thread these narrow, winding tracks in the darkest night without an accident.

"Home, sweet home!" no words can describe its happiness; there is no spot so charming on earth, no sweeter promise of heaven. How pleasant to find almost everything just as I had left it; the great oak and hickory grove, the large garden, the deep well, the little barn in the low ground. Rude innovation had not come to disfigure the face of nature in any little kingdom. Had some crazy "boom" struck those quiet, shaded, suburban streets and meandering cow paths, and played ruthless havoc with my sacred old pine fields and huckleberry thickets, the shattered and trapping on the young heart's memories, what a desecration of the shrine of youthful fancies, what a drear blank in life! But dreadful "improvement" had happily spared my boyhood's haunts, my play grounds and all.

I had brought all the way home with me a big bottle of new and terrible medicine, which became notorious as "Thompsonian No. 6." Some person working on my mother's place suddenly became severely sick, and I kindly and zealously recommended my new medicine; in fact I had once taken some of it myself. A liberal dose was administered, after observing incredible contortions, it was quite a relief to see that the patient was actually surviving both the ailment and the remedy; but I am not sure that I ever quite got forgiveness for my professional officiousness.

After some months I again left home, and spent about a year in Camden, S. C., working in the office of the "Camden and Lancaster Beacon," a paper conducted by James Decatur Cocke, a Virginian, who had a sad future. This paper was much devoted to the then absorbing theme of "State Rights." Discussions on this topic all over the state were the buildings of "Nullification." The staid, conservative old "Camden Journal" was edited by Constans F. Daniels, who had come from somewhere North. Just before I went over to Camden, the great speech of Henry G. Nixon, of Kershaw (Camden) District, in the Legislature, on State Rights, was filling the papers, and when scarcely circulated through the state, the news came of his death in a duel. I think the provocation was not political, but of some social character. I understood that Nixon had been grossly insulted, and felt bound to challenge.

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church, I never thought it necessary to be baptized over again. Our church was afterwards supplied with monthly preaching for several years by Mr. James C. Furman, then a student at the "Furman Institute," under Dr. Jesse Hartwell, in Sumter District, and now the venerable Dr. Furman, of Greenville, S. C.

MAT LYONS.
Moulton, Ala., July, 1889.

Our Washington Letter.

BY REV. SCOTT F. HERSCHEY, PH. D.

It is becoming known that President Harrison is in the habit of going down the Potomac, in the "General Wampanoag's" yacht, to spend his Sundays. And the newspaper comments thereon are becoming more and more unworthy the dignity of our great American dailies. Their papers often have, for correspondence at the capital, men without character, honor, or integrity, and who proceed to lacinate good characters, and smirch Christian men without hesitation. The criticism about the President's Potomac trips is entirely of sensational order, and designed to bring his Christian reputation into doubt. He finds that he is obliged to have some actual rest in order to perform his duties. The only way to obtain it is by getting away from Washington. He does not use the day in fishing or for amusement, simply for complete rest, going to the country, when possible, being the variation of the rule. The President, well known habits and principles, regard to respect for the Lord's day should have been sufficiently known to save him from the cheap ridicule indulged in with reference to his Sunday yachting.

The great Catholic University of this city is in a perplexity. The bishop in charge recently returned from Europe with the report that he had selected a faculty of professors for the University. Some one has raised the opinion that these men could not be brought here for the proposed purpose, as it would be in violation of the alien contract law. The University authorities then, upon requested the Attorney General to determine whether it would be regarded as a violation of law. The Attorney General declines to give an opinion in advance of the occurrence of a case. Upon more closely looking into the alien contract law, the council for the University finds that it holds an exception in favor of lecturers.

Referring to the lectures, popular and scientific lecturers, come upon invitation to give a specified number of lectures at specified places. And behold the wisdom of Catholicism! The University never speak of their foreign faculty any more as professors, but as lecturers. Verily Rome is cunning!

A black hole of Calcutta has been discovered in the Indian department. It is at the Hampton Indian school. The Rev. T. S. Childs, D. D., of this city, is a Christian gentleman of the old school, learned, polished, with reputation for fairness and truthfulness. What he reports upon his own cognizance will be fully endorsed by every minister in this city, without reference to denomination. Some time ago Secretary Noble requested Dr. Childs to go down to Hampton Indian school and investigate complaints which had been made to the president and to the Indian Department. Dr. Childs went, and examined, and reported. In his report, after condemning the poor diet, the charge against Hampton has been made in respect to its discipline, especially in the use of a certain guard house, described by your committee as a small room under the office. It was a small room, or cell, for by no ordinary use of language could it be called a room, built in the basement under the offices of the institution, and near the center of the building. The dimensions, as given by an officer of the school, were as follows: Six feet and six inches long, three feet and three inches wide, and nine feet and six inches high. The cell has no windows or means of light whatever, and when the door was closed, was absolutely dark, as I proved by a moment's experiment, which was all I cared to make. The only ventilation visible in the cell was by the officers, who by small holes in the side wall at the top of the cell. These holes did not connect with the fresh air from without, but simply with the air of the area around the cell. On the pavement or floor of the cell was a bed of straw, with apparently a little straw or some such material in it; it was not a proper sense be called a bed. The time of confinement of the boys there varied, I was told, from a few days to more than a week. The recollection as to the exact time of imprisonment seemed indistinct. In one or two cases I understood it to be admitted that it might have been ten days or two weeks. When a boy was removed from the cell it was stated that "the stench was awful."

On my report the use of the place for imprisonment was forbidden by the government. My judgment of that dungeon as a place of punishment for school boys as human beings in general remains unchanged. With the heavy door closed and locked, without a ray of light, in absolute darkness and silence, with no proper ventilation, with room only to lie down and no room to move, even from side to side, beyond the narrow limits of three feet and three inches, if it was not a fearful place of punishment I have failed to hear of one this side of the black hole of Calcutta. That the place was disapproved, at the time of my visit, by some of the officers of the school, including the physician, I

know; and the amazing thing to me, that the board of Indian commissioners, who had no reason for existing unless they stood between Indian and wrong, can defend and publish to the world their defense of this mode and means of discipline for Indian children.

In concluding his letter Dr. Childs says: "I can only again express my surprise that the honorable board of commissioners should be found publicly justifying and defending such a system. If the object is to secure a reformation of the use of that cell as a place of punishment for Indian children, I must protest against it, and neither the government of the United States, nor the Indian Commissioners, can be justified in bringing children of any race to that 'place of torment.' It is not pleasant to differ from warm personal friends, as I must do here, but there are considerations higher than those of friendship."

Dr. Childs has asked Secretary Noble to publish his report on the school at Hampton. Into our public institutions there very often creeps great wrong, wholly out of the spirit of our American idea of the humanities, and whenever there is such a discovery as that at Hampton, I believe the whole Christian land ought to know it, and every pulpit and religious paper ought to express indignation.

Washington, D. C.

The Judson Institute.

Dear Baptist: Having recently visited the Judson, I desire to give to your readers some special impressions made upon me while there, and here they are:

The patience of the boarding department struck me forcibly. The meal hour has much to do in forming and thwarting true refinement. These hours are so delightfully managed by the president, his queenly wife, and efficient teachers, that every girl is under as fine social influence as if in the presence of her parents. The Judson more like one large refined home than any college with which I am acquainted.

The economic tendency of the Judson is something of great importance. The parents of girls just will make an extravagant, the Judson can't afford to waste a cent, cheap, healthful costume, rich and poor alike. None are permitted to make extravagant bills and send them home, by permission of the college. And in these times, when the tendencies of society are to extravagance and reckless habits, generally in the way of dress and fashion, this is a feature much to be appreciated by those who have daughters to educate.

I was most forcibly impressed by the queenly gentleness of the girls. There is nothing in the atmosphere of the Judson that can make a girl "fast." If any girl should go to the Judson with such tendencies, those tendencies would be the very atmosphere of the place be checked, or she would find the college very uncongenial to her. It is a college where girls are surrounded by all that will develop the noblest of womanhood.

The girls there are taught to judge character by what it is, and not by what it seems. At the reception given while I was there, the young ladies did not vie with each other to see who could have the most "fun," but they evidently endeavored to see who could entertain in the most splendid manner. They were happy if they could make others happy. Let every parent think of this.

The solidity of the work done there is the charm of the college. Everything in the way of show and parade was conspicuously absent. I have never seen just the like in a Southern college. For instance, the art exhibition was purely the work of the pupils. It showed the exact nature of the work done by the girls, and, therefore, the accuracy and thoroughness of the work done. So many colleges go all over town and hunt up the paintings of teachers and alumnae in order to make a commensurate show, that was a relief to find a college that would work done by the pupils.

The annual concert no master of ceremonies could be seen. At the proper time the girls began the program, and with dignity and accuracy they went through the most difficult music, and with almost as much ease as if they were themselves professional, showing that they were not prepared merely for commencement, but that the work of the term throughout had been thorough and accurately done. And so in every department the work of the institution. The commencement was what the young ladies made it, and was not dependent on strutting lights, and what not, to make it a success.

When we remember that such work has been done under every disadvantage during the last session, every Baptist in the whole country should be proud of the Judson. Greater than any is the religious atmosphere of the school. The finest of all culture is that of the heart, and in this honored college this training is esteemed the crowning work. All the work of the school is thorough. Each department is taught by thoroughly competent teachers. Dr. Averett is one of the best admirable Christian educators in the whole country. I thank God for such a man, and for a college as I wish for girls educated in when they are young enough.

W. L. PICKARD.
Birmingham, Ala., July 15th.

Juries Can Stop Lotteries.

We note that in the city court yesterday one of the parties charged with carrying on a lottery, having pleaded guilty, was fined by the jury two hundred and fifty dollars. This is a decided improvement on the usual way of dealing with such cases of fineing the defendant the smallest penalty affixed by law, viz: one hundred dollars, which course was pursued by two juries on yesterday who preceded the one we refer to.

It certainly is not the intent of the state law to license lotteries—the object is to suppress them. The law makes the offense punishable by fine, the lowest amount being one hundred dollars, and the highest amount two thousand dollars. When juries make it a practice, as they have in this case, always to impose the lightest penalty upon those convicted of carrying on lotteries, they virtually license them. A man who runs a lottery can well afford to pay two hundred to three hundred dollars a year in fines to the state, and the costs of his prosecution. If he was fined large amounts it would be a very different thing.

Are lotteries an evil? It is the voice of society that they are. It is the decision given by the law books of most of the states of the Union. While not considered by the law *malum in se*, they are certainly considered *malum prohibitum*. Legislation is directed against them because they entice the young and inexperienced into devious ways, and because they cause those who can ill afford it to waste their hard-earned savings. The desire to get money without working for it is mischievous and injurious.

Lotteries being an evil, they should be suppressed. The state law gives juries a chance, however, to be very light on men offending in this respect. Some of them are personally pleasant and companionable. This and other considerations have had their effect, and consequently carrying on lotteries has virtually been licensed in this community. We fear that this will continue to be the case, although the verdict to which we have alluded is a move in the right direction.

It is on account of the fact that one or two men on a jury can force it to impose the lightest penalty on lottery men that the *Register* has favored the re-enactment of the municipal law against lotteries.—Mobile Register.

Trip Through St. Clair.

In response to a pressing invitation from Bro. J. A. Glenn, the writer went to St. Clair county in the early days of the present month.

Bro. Glenn had shown himself in so many ways to be the friend of the college, that there was every reason to believe that he had some excellent work in store for us. The arrangement was made, the place of meeting being Springfield, and at the appointed time Bro. Glenn was on hand with a most cordial greeting. Your correspondent was taken forthwith to the Herring House, under the management of Mr. Cunningham, who was most marked in his courtesy to a college canvasser, extending to him the kindest consideration and refusing in the end to receive a cent's compensation.

His language was, "We never charge ministers." In company with Bro. Glenn, and in a comfortable buggy drawn by a magnificent mule, the canvasser sallied forth in search of students, and he found them. What multitudes of boys they sustain in these mountains of St. Clair. Boys, mountains, springs—they prevail everywhere.

After dining with Bro. Presley, who will send us his son next year, and after listening to numerous expressions of kindness from himself and family in behalf of the college, we turned our faces toward Cornelia, alias St. Clair Springs. Over the mountain we climbed, Glenn and I, our mule being both fleet and sure of foot, until we reined up at St. Clair Springs. This is a beautiful village, four miles east of Springfield, and possesses a group of springs the waters of which are greatly impregnated with sulphur. This sweet little village is located in a beautiful green valley, and is embowered in an extensive grove of oaks and cedars. Here and there are swards of green grass and rustic seats. The springs burst from a bed of solid rock and have quite and icy fountains. Your scribe knows of no point in Alabama so well suited to a first-class watering place. But the springs have, as yet, received but little attention. A small hotel crowns the hill and a few cabins are ranged in order about the grounds, relieved here and there by an attractive residence, but there is the air of neglect about everything that pertains to the springs.

A small outlay of capital would transform the place into one of beauty and cheer.

What a capital place for a good hotel, and how charming a retreat it would be to a laborer in the classroom, the writer thought, as he strolled for an hour or more among the cool shades and drank the crystal waters that bubbled from their bed of rock.

Here the pleasure was enjoyed of meeting Mr. S. J. Jones, a student of Howard College, Jones is enthusiastic over the college, and he persuaded us to believe that St. Clair will prove the banner county of the state in its contribution of students to Howard College next year. It may be remarked, just here, that the present indications are that we are going to have quite a large attendance next session.

will bring students back with them. Let the Baptists of the state stand by us, and we shall have at East Lake Southland. Our former students are enthusiastic over the future success of the college. In this region there are to be met some of the best mountain farms in the state. At present they are overgrown with a green flush of hope in the eye of every man, and the people in their cozy homes seem quite contented.

But the springs! How they abound. I have never seen so many in one place. Bold, gushing and sparkling, they fill these valleys with gladness. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills." "He watereth the hills from his chambers."

The presence of these abounding springs suggested the magnificent advantages enjoyed by these people for establishing bathing facilities at the slightest expense. And yet, do you know, that a single bath-room has not been met with during my stay of days here? No, not even in the beautiful little town of Springfield is one to be found.

It is a matter of regret that our Southern people pay such little attention to the establishment of pleasant bathing facilities. With the slightest expense, sometimes, the most luxurious advantages could be enjoyed.

The day ended with a visit to good sister Herring about two miles from Springfield. Bro. J. T. Herring is greatly enlisted in behalf of the college and willingly subscribed to the erection of the main building.

On Saturday and Sunday I preached for Bro. Glenn, at Springfield, and was cordially invited to say a word for the college.

What a better thing could these Springfield saints do than to engage Bro. Glenn for at least half his time! He is an indefatigable worker, a wise counsellor, a good preacher and a ripe Christian—all the conditions necessary to constitute a first-class pastor. Located at Springfield, he could do excellent work here and in the regions round. The ladies of his Springfield church have organized a Kenfroe Endowment Society.

B. F. RILEY.

Literary Notices.

The Black Forge Mills; or Up the King's Highway. By Rev. W. P. Phillips. American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

This is represented as being a true story. The setting of the events recorded is of course changed; but in its main and essential features, the author tells us the story is founded on fact. Mr. Chipman has given us a thoroughly good book, and the Society has rendered a service to the Christian public by publishing it. It is not a book for children alone. It is for the mature as well; and to old and young alike it ought to be an inspiration. Into an atmosphere too much charged with self-seeking, it ought to come as a breath from a more spiritual clime, wooing to a broader consecration, and to higher aims.

Stepping Heavenward, by Mrs. E. Prentiss, author of "The Susy Books," etc. New and popular edition, with illustrations. 8vo, paper covers, 25 cents. Sent by mail on the receipt of price in postage stamps. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., 38 West Twenty-third street, New York.

The present very cheap edition has been made, that the book may be in reach of all classes of readers. It is a story, in diary form, of the temptations, trials, perplexities of the young girl, wife, mother, neighbor, Christian, and shows how improvement in the divine life may be extracted from all, even until perfect peace reigns in the heart. It is exceedingly lifelike—natural as nature—in which there is much of pathos, with an occasional touch of quiet humor. It is not a book of doctrinal discussion, nor yet directly of Christian experience, and yet it is one in which the reader is sure to learn much of both.

Recognizing the growing importance of the great Northwest and West, the Cosmopolitan has established branch offices in the cities of Chicago and Denver, and has in preparation a special series of articles relating to the West and Southwest. The most interesting of these will be from an expedition which left Denver May 23rd, for the Grand Canon of Colorado, under the charge of Mr. Frank Brown, and accompanied by Mr. Ethan Allen Reynolds, and a photographer in the special interest of the Cosmopolitan. This is a very popular monthly and is full of useful and interesting reading.

Obituary.

John McMay was born June 15, 1807; Mary McMay was born October 15, 1807; in Darlington District, South Carolina. They were married in November, 1830; moved to Alabama in 1834; joined the Baptist church at, or near, Ramoth, Montgomery county, Ala.; was baptized by Eld. Cone in August, 1840. John McMay died June 6th, and Mary McMay June 7, 1889. They lived and died in the fruition of the Christian faith. They were revered and respected by all who knew them. They leave four sons, who have families. May they be constrained to emulate the character of their parents.

A FRIEND.

The sphere of duty is infinite. It exists in every station of life. We have it in our choice to be rich or poor, to be happy or unhappy; but it be where surrounds us. Obedience to duty, at all costs and risks, is the very essence of the highest civilized life. Great deeds must be worked for, died for, now as in the past.—S. Smiles.

By withholding gifts of beneficence you are impoverishing yourselves.

LIST OF BOOKS FOR SALE.

Any of the following named books can be gotten by addressing ALABAMA BAPTIST. Cash must always accompany orders.

Ann Judson,	\$1 00
Story of Baptist Missions,	2 50
Street Araby,	2 50
Old Theology,	2 00
The Atonement, by Pendleton,	90
Story of the Bible,	1 00
Story of the Gospel,	50
Behind the Scenes,	75
Church Manual, by Pendleton,	75
Three Reasons Why I am a Baptist,	1 00
Representative Men,	1 00
Representative Women,	1 00
The Pastor,	1 25
Aids to Devotion,	1 00
The Church,	1 00
Devotional Hymns, by Howell,	40
Howell on Communion,	90
Modern Infidelity,	30
Life of Rev. J. Newton,	45
Christian Pocket Book,	40
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