

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARE & POPE, Publishers.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

VOLUME 16.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1889.

NUMBER 31.

Extract of a Sermon.

[The following extract from a recent sermon by Rev. W. L. Pickard, of Eufaula, at the First Baptist church, Birmingham, will be of interest to our readers. It was published in the *Age Herald*.]

Rev. Dr. Pickard, of Eufaula, occupied the pulpit in the morning. He prefaced his sermon by a reference to the men of Athens who sat at the gates waiting to hear some new thing, and said that perhaps some might think that he ought to take a startling text, but as he was in a city that has sprung up as in response to the magician's wand, where the people dwell in the midst of something new, where every sound that you hear means progress, "and where you are filled with toil and care through the week, possibly you would like on Sunday morning that I should invite you to a theme as old as the gospel." The text is found in I Cor. 5:17: "Pray without ceasing." Prayer is common to all people, Christian and pagan alike. There is no people without a religion, and there are no religions that have not their prayers. One of the saddest things in the history of the world is the picture so often seen of persons bowing down to wood and stone, in response to a feeling that there must be propitiation somewhere. One of the sweetest pictures along life's history is that which presents itself in the bowed form and the spoken or unspoken words that pierce up through the darkness of the skies into the ear of Christ.

What is the definition of this universal feeling in reference to prayer? I should say that it is the desire of the human heart for more than human help; but that is not a definition; you cannot define these things, just as there can be no definition of "What is God?" "God is love." "That is no definition; no man can tell what God is; God is love, but he is mercy, and justice, and truth, and omniscience, and many other things; and so this desire for more than human help is only an attestation of our dependence upon something greater.

To whom shall we pray? That question comes along the line of thought in this nineteenth century, when men have gotten so wise. They reason in this way, to put their philosophy in plain words: If God is God, then he must be unchangeable, and if God is unchangeable, what is the use to pray for something that he has in his purpose to give? and if he is unchangeable and set in his purpose, you will get it whether you pray for it or not. The unreasonableness of this is that we are jumping at conclusions. It is all well enough to pray for the harvesting and the banqueting, but it is very foolish to pray for that unless you pray also for the working. God has decreed that man shall live by bread, but he has also decreed that man shall work for bread. If God has willed that a man is to be lost, it is not the will of preference, but the will based on the man's own character; if he voluntarily follows certain lines of thought and action he will be lost. And just here, in connection with this great question, let me say, God never made a man to be damned. He made him to glorify himself above the stars that shine by night. He didn't make hell for men, although millions of them are going there. He made hell for the devil and his angels, and the man who shuns the light of God and works out his career in keeping with the principles of the fiends that make up the devil's angels, that man goes to his own place, because through these five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or seventy-five years he has been working out his destiny in the keeping of Satan.

A step further: If we are not to pray, if prayer amounts to nothing, Christ is guilty of being an exemplar in folly; Christ, who was perfect, and against whom his enemies could not find fault. Christ is guilty of giving us a commandment and an example to do something for which there is no use; and if prayer is not a power in your life, then the cross on which the mightiest prayer of this earth went up is a tragedy which heaven must yet atone for, a tragedy unnecessary and without meaning.

To whom shall we pray? We must pray to God. "I am the Lord thy God." * * * and him only shalt thou serve.

A great many persons, the minister said, were getting very liberal. They believed that the heathen in their prayers to wood and stocks and stones somehow or other would be saved. Watch those persons when a missionary collection is being taken up. Then it is not a question of the heathen over there, but of the heathen here.

We are to pray to God alone for the reason that he is the author of all creation. Before the sun shone in his glory, or the moon in her tinted splendor, or the billows rocked in the cradle of the deep, God clothed in splendor himself and said, "I am that I am." We are to pray to God because he has decreed it in his relation to us. Some think that God has just made this world and retired from the scene; that on the seventh day he just wiped the perspiration from his brow and retired to a cool and shady place and rested. But through all the ages he has been the guardian of his children. It takes as much power to make the sun come up this morning as it took to turn chaos into earth. God reigns and holds his hand upon the throbbing

heart of his children; so that every one of us can say:

Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home.

Because he is the only one that can hear our prayers. Pray to wood and stone that lie at our feet, when they are as dumb as death! Pray to stocks and stones when they lie at our feet and mock us! Pray to priest or pope! God alone can answer our prayer. There are things in the human heart that words were not made to tell; for which the finest language in any tongue ever spoken would be mockery; thoughts not made to speak; for which human ears were not made to listen; thoughts that God alone must hear and God alone can hear. * * * I have nothing to say against the priests in this sermon; I hope they are all good men, and I am inclined to believe it until I know better; but of the mockery of having a man to listen to the outpouring of my crushed or happy heart! * * * Christ is my prophet, priest and king. He reads my heart aright, and when I speak to him he catches every thought. * * *

Look at Abraham and Moses and Elijah and then look at Christ—at the grave of Lazarus, in Gethsemane, and on the cross, as he cries, "Father, forgive!" and that "forgive" has done more to lift the world up to glory than all the sermons that eloquence can preach. Talk about infidelity. In the tear that trickled down the cheek of Christ there is more divinity to lift this world back up to glory than there is power in hell or infidelity to pull it back. * * *

Prayer is the desire for more than human aid. Tell me, oh, tell me, that prayer that went up out of the darkness into the sky when the person was hurled from the train and saw death in a moment—who heard it when priest nor pope could listen?

Another reason why we should pray to God, and by him I mean the Father and Christ and the Holy Spirit, is that he alone can answer. * * * The last thought: God humors our prayer when we pray in keeping with his will. People will pray "Thy kingdom come," who would not of their abundance give one dollar to make "Thy kingdom come." People pray that the hungry may be fed, who would not give a loaf of bread. People pray that the suffering may be clothed, who would turn the beggar from their doors when the snow is on the ground. Such prayer is blasphemy. "Thy kingdom come"—help it to come. "Preach the gospel"—here is my place to stand.

This is necessarily an imperfect outline of a powerful discourse. After the sermon five accessions to the church were received by letter.

Dr. Fulton in Rome.

Whatever may be said about some of the notions of Dr. Justin D. Fulton, no one can charge that he is not an "out-and-out" Baptist. He is now in Europe and recently visited the city of Rome. While there he sought out the Baptists, and had several personal interviews with the evangelists as also opportunities to speak at meetings. The triennial conference of evangelical workers was in session while the Doctor was there. Of course he talked to them, and as is usual with him, exhibited his denominational colors with a firm hand. He says, in a letter to the *Examiner*:

"By invitation I addressed them twice. Both times as a Baptist. Dr. VanMeter lost all when, for reasons I need not enter into, he tried to do work in Italy apart from our denomination. There is not a meeting house in Rome with the word Baptist inscribed on it. I told them of our fight in America, and of the victory won for the faith. I called their attention to the Waldensian oath made at Sibad two centuries ago, when they pledged themselves before God to maintain their ancient faith, which was Baptist from centre to circumference, and if they had kept their word the Waldensians would have led Italy." At the outset Dr. Taylor printed his articles of faith in his directory and has always stood for the truth. I called on them to put Baptist under Sala or Hall, over certain of their churches, to print in line with it, and allow John the Baptist to be the pioneer of their faith, Christ Jesus the cornerstone, and they follow beneath the banner of an open Bible, the rule of their faith and practice. What will be the result I know not, but I assured them of the Baptist host in America marching on to such positions of power and influence as was never before witnessed."—*Baltimore Baptist*.

Resolutions of the Baptist Church in Jasper.

Whereas, Dr. S. Henderson has faithfully served our church and people as pastor, during the past nineteen months; therefore be it resolved, by the Baptist church in Jasper:

1. That it is with grateful emotions that we retrospect his godly conversation and pious walk among us, and meditate upon his chaste, edifying, scriptural and learned sermons, addressed to us and our people.
2. That he has served our church and people with that degree of devotion to our interests that is rarely equaled and never excelled.
3. That our sympathy and affection shall go with him wherever he goes.

W. B. APPLING,
Committee.

It is not by change of circumstances, but by fitting our spirits to the circumstances in which God has placed us, that we can be reconciled to life and duty.—Robertson.

An Alabamian Abroad.

[The following letter from an esteemed citizen of Montgomery, written to his brother, Mr. Chandler, a few weeks since, in regard to his trip across the ocean, we give place in our columns, assuring our friends that they will find it interesting reading.—Eds.]

MID OCEAN, NOON, 1756 MILES FROM NEW YORK.
S. S. CITY OF NEW YORK,
July 2nd, 1889.

My trip to New York City via Savannah, on the ship *Nazoochee*, was a delightful one, and the weather was all that could be desired; nothing of special interest occurred. I was a little sick as we passed over the bar getting out to sea, as it was more or less rough at this point; but as soon as we were fairly out to sea the weather was better and the ship did not roll so much, so I had no further symptoms of sea sickness. We are out of sight of land till we come to the Jersey coast, which we sight about 3 to 4 o'clock p. m., Sunday. The evening is bright and clear as we steam along this coast, the grey outlines of which are seen over stretch of waters, sitting on the horizon, broad here and narrow yonder, behind all of which we now see the fast setting sun,—a ball of fire, reflecting its quivering beams across the quiet blue-green waters,—a scene of beauty and joy rarely witnessed by the land lubber; by some, never. There are many beauties in nature, which many of nature's children never know of.

At about sundown we are passing Barnegat Light House, whose beacon light, coming and going every moment, flashes across the sea till we are fifteen or twenty miles away when it gradually passes from vision, down over the horizon. We also saw Cape Hatteras light and some others; they are always objects of interest to every passenger.

As we approach nearer the coast, we come in good sight of Atlantic City, Asbury Park, Long Branch and the numerous other places along the bluffs of this coast, stretching far away to the north, a good view of the buildings that make up the summer homes and resorts for tens of thousands of people who annually come down seeking the invigorating breezes of this open coast.

Night comes upon us and still we are steaming along close into shore. The innumerable lights of gas and electricity, as seen from the ship over

fect a gigantic golden chain reaching away to the north, thence far away to the north, till lost in a tapering point.

We reach Sandy Hook between 9 and 10 o'clock Sunday night, at which point our ship slowly rounds into New York harbor. As we pass in, a cool, still breeze is blowing; overcoats are comfortable; far away ten thousand lights are seen; the Highlands of Jersey are on our left, Coney Island, Manhattan and Rockaway beaches on the right, and judging from the brilliant illumination of these resorts, the season must be in full blast. Yet we wonder if it is as cool over there on land as it is on board ship. If so, one would think they would be seeking firesides at home; but it must be milder on land than out here on the water.

I remain on deck to witness the sights by night, as our ship slowly pushes its way through the grandest harbor in the world, twenty-five miles from Sandy Hook up to New York City. Soon the famous Bartholdi statue of Liberty Enlightening the World looms up in the distance, the torch light of which, though larger than the thousands of other lights, is not as big a thing as I expected. The wish steals upon one, that those who are in charge of this wonderful statue would make a bigger thing of its light. To me there is a feeling of disappointment. The gleams from a bigger and stronger light, reaching over the waters down the harbor, would be more in keeping with the national reputation of this great statue, and would better impress the beholder from other shores, as well as our own, with a grand and exalted idea of liberty, the underlying principle of our republican form of government.

The lights on the great Brooklyn Bridge come into view, showing their alternating colors of red, white and blue,—a grand sight. Our ship is now sliding up to her dock in the city of New York. It is now midnight, 12 o'clock and I retire to my stateroom to remain till morning.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday in New York City. I meet Mr. Fowler and his sons—Sam and Ed—on Monday at the Grand Central. About mid-day, Wednesday, we board the great ship, *The City of New York*, bound for the Old World. Upon my arrival on the steamer I am struck with astonishment at the size and magnificent proportions of the ship. I find many people already on board, and are still crowding on, till by 3:30 or 4 o'clock, the ship is so packed with passengers and their visiting friends, that one can not move from his position on the promenade deck; (several thousand people crowd the ship and dock,) thousands of trunks, packages, etc., are being pulled aboard over the gang planks. As many as six bridges connect the ship with the dock for use of the people to pass on and off the ship. The last half hour before departure, at 4 o'clock p. m., has arrived; the hushed hum of voices of thousands of people are saying, Farewell! Some are gay and happy, others, solemn and thoughtful. Soon the man with the gong passes up and down through the ship sounding notice, "Visitors ashore! This was

the signal for a general stir, and the solid masses of humanity begin to sway to and fro; parting handshakes, with last words, kisses and embraces are tenderly and hurriedly done and said, and the moving mass of visitors crowd the bridges to the dock. After a time it seemed that all visitors were ashore, and the great ship with its human freight of 2,000 souls, sounding and buzzing, waiting the command of the captain to the corp of engineers below to turn loose the steam on those great twin propellers. The bridges are, one by one, swung ashore by block and tackle till now only one remains, as it waits to be sure that all are aboard. Sure enough a belated lady and boy, with trunk and bundles, are the last to come aboard. The last bridge is hoisted ashore, the propellers are churning the waters far away astern; the ponderous ship moves, with grace and ease she backs out of the dock into North river; her decks stretching over 550 feet from stem to stern are crowded with eager passengers, looking down upon a sea of upturned faces on the dock, dock buildings and wharfs, waving handkerchiefs and miniature flags, giving hearty cheers of Bon Voyage. Soon the big ship gets her bow to the harbor and is fairly under way, followed by numerous small boats and tugs with music and flying banners, passing out and down the harbor. The great city and its surroundings soon fade away, about which the last thing visible, as a curved brown streak, the impression of the Brooklyn Bridge on a cloud of mist.

One of the pleasing incidents of farewell, are the large, handsome and costly floral gifts, sent aboard by friends and loved ones, that cover the tables of the grand saloon, each labeled with the name of the donor and the name of those to whom presented, tastefully built in the form of ships, horse shoes and numerous other designs, of exquisitely beautiful flowers, ferns, and similar, etc., one of which of horse shoe design, stands six feet high on the table.

The City of Rome, Germanic, and another steamer, are passing out of the harbor with us, bound for the same shores. It's a question talked of whether the City of Rome will beat us over. Some think she will; others, that our ship will run in ahead, a day or more.

We have 1,200 to 1,500 passengers aboard, and several hundred besides, of the ship's crew, consisting of officers, engineers, firemen, stewards, cabin boys, etc. I am told by the

rate of 300 tons per day. The course of the ship all the way across the Atlantic to Queenstown, is lined out on the chart which hangs on the saloon stairway, and each day at noon the distance run by the ship is marked on the chart. The course taken for this trip is known as the southern route. The course is a straight line to the fifth degree of longitude, thence on a northeast line to fifth degree of latitude, which we cross over, then a straight run into Queenstown, of 400 miles.

By taking the southern route to Europe instead of the one over the New Foundland banks, we miss seeing the New Foundland depositories, Messrs. Fog, Mist, Haze and Icebergs. They are large depositories at this bank this season.

Day after day passes away quickly till we are now in the northern Atlantic, 7th day out, our ship making for Queenstown, 350 miles away. The weather is cool; nights say cold. Overcoats, rugs and shawls, are in constant use; considerable swell on the sea, but our ship runs very steady. This is a slow trip for this ship, which is attributed to the fact that the seamen are green men, on account of a strike among the seamen in Liverpool.

Thus far our party—Mr. E. G. Fowler, Sam, Ed and myself—have all kept well. None of us have missed a meal. The seven days' voyage thus far has been a glorious one, and the prospects are now fine for the last day's run. Considering the immense amount of travel over the ocean road-way, this season, it's astonishing the good conditions in which we found it.

When we were out about three days the second thing lost at sea by Sam was his felt hat; the first thing he lost was the land.

The scene on the promenade deck on a fair day is a most interesting one: the hundreds of people—men women and children—reclining in their steamers chairs, reading or chatting, and others are walking to and fro. The library and parlor saloon are popular places of resort. Crowds of men gathering in the large smoking room aft of ship; many gather around the centre tables in the library, engaged in writing, and many others are reading.

In the interest of securing an immigrant to Montgomery, I went up to see the pilot at the wheel if he would surrender steer or do something else.

There are a number of sea-sick folks aboard—some who keep their beds. It seems there are no rules or regulations that will keep off this dread visitor, sea sickness. Quite a large number were taken upon the first motions of the ship on starting.

Some of the ocean costumes of the many ladies on board are neat with an eye to comfort. Suits are mostly of dark blue flannel serge, variously trimmed in white and military braid; some brass buttons, as a rule, though this sort of ornamentation is very limited; those that are simply made up, easily adjusted, no flounces, with or without sashes, are the most comfortable and easy costumes for getting about the ship. Thick boots and close fitting hats or caps are necessary.

We sighted land early this morning, July 4th, and now, after breakfast,

we are running along just off the high brown bluffs of the Irish coast and expect to get into Queenstown about 1 o'clock, where we put off the mail and some passengers, thence to Liverpool, where we will arrive early tomorrow morning.

WILLIS CHANDLER.

A Critic on Dr. Ellis.

Eds. Ala. Baptist: I desire to make a few remarks relative to some of Dr. Ellis' utterances at the quarterly meeting of the ministerial union of Baltimore. He is "in favor of the Bible in the public schools because Rome is opposed to it." Now, with all respect for the eminent source of this reasoning, I want to go on record as not satisfied with it. My support and advocacy of a measure ought to be based upon the correctness and righteousness thereof, rather than the opposition of some one else. It seems to me that if Rome is right it does not follow that I or anyone else should be wrong on that account. It also seems to me that I can find higher and better reasons for advocating or opposing an object or measure than Rome's opposition or favor. Indeed I ought to endeavor to be right without knowing Rome's sentiments, or even if then be a Rome. But, on this Catholic question, while the "waters are troubled," I want to deliver myself.

My disposition is to help the weak side if it have any merit at all, and as everybody's hands seem, just now, to be against the Catholic, I'll advocate his cause a little. I don't care to speak of his faults, for they are manifold, but if I discover some of his virtues I will be glad to have you, with all your earnestness and influence, commend those virtues to our brethren, and if Protestants can be prevailed upon to imitate Rome, it will do them no harm. The Catholic is a "devout Christian" ("I conform to the popular usage of the term"). I suppose his devotion is so well known that it is only necessary to mention it. He is honest in his convictions that he is right, and conscientiously believes that all others are wrong. Being honest and conscientious, he is consistent. I verily believe that consistency is the Catholic tower of strength.

The Catholic believes he is right and he never weakens or compromises his position by affiliation with those who oppose him, nor does he strengthen theirs by any admissions or concessions. His consistency is worthy of admiration.

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Good Tidings from the South.

The barbecue here on July 4th passed off pleasantly, and was attended by persons from several counties. The barbecued meats were said to be the best ever eaten, and everything else was excellent. The Hon. G. W. Taylor, of Demopolis, delivered the principal oration, and distinguished himself both as thinker and a speaker. Our county superintendent of education, Rev. T. C. Bolling, also made an excellent address, specially with reference to educational matters in this region, and in commendation of our efforts to build up a high school at this place.

After these addresses, the Hon. W. H. McIntosh, of Mobile, as Past Worshipful Master, took charge, and with the aid of his brethren, proceeded to lay the corner stone of the first building now in course of erection for the Healing Springs High School. He was aided in this by Worshipful Master H. D. Lesene, of Mobile.

The Masonic ceremonies were handsomely performed, and these ceremonies attracted a great many persons, who would otherwise not have been present. This first building is 42x50 feet, and is the beginning of one wing of a large edifice, which, when completed will be an ornament to this place and an honor to the state.

The school will open on Thursday, October 3rd, in the new building, which will also accommodate a few boarders; while other boarders can be accommodated in private families. For the present the school is open to both sexes, and will be under the control of Eld. J. B. Hamberlin and wife, together with competent assistants. It is probable that at the next meeting of the Antioch association, it will be made an Industrial School. Sixty acres of land have been donated to it for this purpose. Ten acres, however, of this land is already set apart for the school buildings and their conveniences, and lie within less than half a mile of the famous Healing Springs.

The general manager of the Pensacola & Memphis railroad (to run by Meridian) is here now with his surveying party, laying off the track and depot grounds and planning the town lots.

We have no organized church here yet, but have twenty acres of land, to be devoted to it, first in a beautiful site, and in lots to be sold for its benefit. At present we worship with the Shady Grove Baptist church, three miles distant, where Eld. Geo. W. Taylor preaches for us once a month.

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Some of the most successful and enterprising merchants found themselves temporarily stunned by this unexpected calamity. But a town that had previously undergone so grave a trial was not to succumb to a misfortune like this. Plucking up new courage, the rubbish was cleared away and a new line of brick houses took the places that had been occupied by the wooden structures.

A bank was soon opened and money seems again to abound in this irrepressible town of Brewton. Its chief industry is that of lumber, but the town is largely sustained by the productions of the surrounding region. With the aid of fertilizers these level pine lands can be made to produce grandly. It will be no wonder to some people in Alabama if lands like those which environ Brewton become one day the most desirable farming lands in the state.

Rev. J. E. Bell, who graduated from Howard College in 1854, is the esteemed pastor of the Baptist saints of Brewton.

It is claimed by the enthusiastic citizens of Brewton that they have a population of 2,000. Just across the river is the beautiful suburban town of Alco, with its charming residences and driving industries, boasting a population of 500.

EVERGREEN.

Just north of Brewton, twenty-five miles, and almost midway between Montgomery and Mobile on the L. & N. system of roads, is the thrifty town of Evergreen. It has a population of 1,200, and is surrounded by quite a fine farming region.

Evergreen is coming to the front as a winter resort to northerners. Its climate is so mild and its society so agreeable that representative northerners find it pleasant to spend several months together here, especially while the blizzards rage in the more arctic regions.

The presence of these visitors has suggested the necessity of the erection of a spacious hotel at this convenient point. Accordingly the spot has been selected—the highest and most commanding point in the town—and already work has begun upon the fine hotel.

The aid of capital from New York and Chicago has been enlisted, and the enterprise will prove a grand success.

It is urged that the hotel will be opened for summer guests also, seeing that they have a mineral spring, the curative powers of whose waters are said to be superior.

It is remarkable how many large orchards of the LeConte pear are to be seen here. This soil is well adapted to the development of this excellent fruit.

There are also large areas of strawberries planted, and last year the yield of this fruit was immense.

Evergreen is fortunate in having secured the services of Col. W. T. Hendon, late of Midway, as principal of the High School for next session.

The Midwayans protested, but Evergreen prevailed, and the success of the school is assured. Col. Hendon is a most polished gentleman and finished scholar. He bore away his diploma from Howard College in 1860, graduating with the degree of Master of Arts. He entered the army and became a colonel before its close.

Rev. J. W. Stewart, another representative of Howard College, having graduated in 1884, is the successful pastor of the Baptist church at Evergreen. Upon inquiry, I found that he is doing excellent work in his new field of labor. B. F. RILEY.

Strong Men Speak.

[For the benefit of our readers who failed to hear the great speeches at the Southern Baptist Convention, and who have not seen them in print, we give extracts from a few speeches on Catholicism.]

THE FOREIGN POPULATION.
Rev. Dr. Ellis, of Baltimore, read the report of the committee on foreign population, touching upon the needs of the Indians and Chinese, and foreign white population. The Cuban work was left for the report of Mr. Diaz at the evening session.

"And," said Dr. Ellis, "while the colored population do not come directly in the way of this report, I must echo the warning about the quiet but effective work of the Catholics among the colored people. This is aided by the ignorance and superstition of the colored people, and the Catholic progress has indeed been alarming. When the Catholics need a constituency, but have none, they import one. Foreigners are brought from Europe or the North, lured by the priest's promises of exemption from future punishment. Their Church has the money to carry out these conceptions of imported constituencies, and their work is a menace to us. And about the Chinese. We are sending missionaries to China, but would it not be a good idea to teach and convert those in our midst? They would make the very best of missionaries to China."

Mr. A. C. Dixon, of Baltimore, spoke for ten or fifteen minutes upon the Roman Catholic work in this country.

CATHOLICISM ASSAULTED.
"Pilate and Herod have made friends," said he. "In a magazine not long ago I saw an article in which Cardinal Manning appealed from the Bible to the church. He said that the Bible was antiquated and unsafe. In the same magazine Col. Robert Ingersoll appealed from the Bible to reason. Not long afterward I read an article in which one of the new theology

writers appeals from the Bible to Christian consciousness. Catholicism has joined hands with infidelity in denouncing the Bible. This Roman influence is caustic. It burns where it can. Not long ago, in Baltimore, a man delivered a series of lectures exposing the Catholic church, and in less than a week there was an order issued from headquarters directing every priest and nun in this country to pray that on a certain day this man's tongue should be paralyzed. The Catholics have, in the United States, forty or fifty daily papers that serve as propagators of their faith, while Protestantism hasn't one. Now, while Protestants have decks cleared for this fight is the Baptist Church, and there is no other sect so bitterly hated by them. The policy of Cardinal Gibbons is twofold—to be an American pope, and, by adapting the Roman Catholic religion to the time and country, control this government. There are good people among the Catholics, and pure women, but the system of celibacy and secrecy is rotten to the core. It is a system that nurses drunkenness and sensuality. I know of things done by the priests and nuns there in Baltimore that would make you men blush and that could not be told in the presence of decent women. The outward forms of their service are taken from the pagan forms of Greece and Rome. Papalism has three elements—a little Christianity, more Judaism and still more heathenism. If the Catholics are to be saved, we are not—if we are to be saved, they are not. The trouble is that our preachers are afraid of the Catholics. For five years I was afraid to speak out against them in Baltimore. The Roman Catholic Church is the sepulchre with the stone still there—they are worshipping a dead Christ. The Catholics have a power that you do not realize. They have had their clutches on the White House, and control the municipal elections in many Northern cities. There is in one of the great parties North a union between the liquor interests and the Catholics. The Roman church is organized perfectly. They are the Goliath in this fight, and we are the David. The time is coming when Goliath's head shall be stricken, and it will gladden my heart to see that day." [Applause.]

Rev. E. C. Dargan followed on the same line.

Dr. Hawthorne, who spoke next, objected to that part of the report which, he thought, reflected on the government's course in checking Chinese immigration. "There is nothing to be gained," said he, "in bringing them here. It promises nothing to the church and nothing to society. It is better that we should go there—better for them and better for us."

Dr. Ellis explained that Dr. Hawthorne had misunderstood the report.

MEN OF MODERATE VIEWS.
Dr. Henry McDonald, of Atlanta, spoke next.

"It's an easy thing," said he, "to stir the blood by denouncing the Catholics. I know something of that iron grip

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 1, 1889.

EDITORS:

Rev. G. W. HARRIS, — JAS. C. POPE.

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Office upstairs, 20½ Dexter Avenue.

FOUR new subscribers and \$8.00, will get Sermons, and Addresses by Dr. J. N. A. BROADUS.

\$8.00 and four new subscribers, will get a handsome bound volume of Sermons and Addresses by Dr. H. M. WHARTON.

THE Georgia Legislature will no doubt pass a bill prohibiting the sale of cigarettes to minors.

THE lawyers of Birmingham are engaged in investigating the professional character of some of the members of the bar.

REV. Z. D. ROBY writes an article to the Religious Herald, in which he propounds certain questions to Alabamians. Of course, if he can reach Alabamians through that paper, it is needless for the ALABAMA BAPTIST to re-publish the queries.

If the moderator, or some other live member of each association, will communicate with the authorities of the railroads over which delegates must travel to reach the place for holding the association, we have no doubt but what reduced rates can be secured.

If you ask us if the preachers of Alabama are doing their duty by the ALABAMA BAPTIST, we say, No. They say: "It is a great paper; we can't get along without it; a reading people is a giving people," etc., and yet not an effort do many of them put forth to aid in increasing its circulation.

REV. FREDERICK HOWARD, the Baptist preacher at Jackson, Tenn., who has been conducting a libel suit against several papers and individuals, was awarded a verdict on the 26th and damages assessed at one cent. It is to be hoped that we will have no more trouble from this preacher with such a varied history.

THE school at Montgomery, known as Hammer Hall, has been run for several years as an Episcopal free college. Now it is in the hands of Prof. J. P. McAuley, the Roman Catholic brother who wants to get rid of Swinton's History because it tells of the sale of indulgences by Catholics. This school is not advertised as a Catholic college, but of course that's what it is to be.

WHISKY men are nothing if not violators of the law. In Cincinnati, though the law is emphatic against open saloons on the Sabbath, more than two hundred saloonkeepers have banded together to defy the law and keep open, and declared their intention to bring to punishment any dealer keeping his back or side door open and not his front door. Our law-makers and officers may just as well wake up now to the pernicious power wielded by the whisky men. They must be checked or our best interests will be throttled by this conscienceless band.

WHILE Dr. Riley is busily canvassing for students, he does not neglect other improvements in connection with the college. We learn that he is arranging to have the grounds and buildings lighted with electricity next session. This will certainly be a grand advantage. He is also having the drill ground in front of the large dormitory nicely graded and leveled. And not content with that, still he is going to fit up the beds with new mattresses and new covering. He is not content unless he is busy at something. He has his heart set upon making Howard College a grand institution and we believe he will do it. He thinks there will be two hundred students at the college next year. If so, he has his plans for an additional dormitory building. Let us rally to him and help him.

The denomination in Alabama loses one of its best pastors and most learned scholars in the departure of Dr. J. M. Frost from Selma. His resignation was offered the church on Thursday night last. Dr. Frost will carry with him to his new field of labor—Leigh Street church, Richmond, Va.—the kindest wishes of his brethren and the prayers of the Baptist hosts in Alabama. He enters upon his work on the second Sabbath in August. We regret to give him up, but pray that his work in Virginia may be blessed of God and that many years of a useful life may be given the denomination.

BETTER QUARTERS FOR THE BAPTIST.

The managers of the ALABAMA BAPTIST are always striving to place the paper on higher and stronger grounds. We have rented splendid quarters for another year, where we will have ample room for editorial work, as well as for the reception of our friends. Many of our readers remember the three-story brick building in which the Montgomery Dispatch is now published. We have rented this building, and will take possession October 1st. Our expenses will be increased, but with the aid of our friends we can do much more business.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION AT WARE.

Bro. J. G. Harris has said so much of his visits to Ware that we have had a special desire to make the trip ourselves, so last Friday we went. The occasion of our going was to attend a Sunday-school gathering. At Mt. Meigs we left the train and found conveyance to our destination, seven miles away. The crops on the Tallapoosa river are sadly in need of rain. Leaving the river bottom we climbed up and up until we were on top of a high hill, about eight hundred feet higher than Montgomery. The breezes were pure enough; they seemed sufficient to blow all the malaria out of the sickest man in the state if he should stay up there long enough.

About three o'clock the church was reached. Dinner was over, but sisters Dawson and Turner busied themselves until an elegant repast was spread before brethren Riley, Williams and your scribe.

Entering the house, we found Prof. Thomas, of Montgomery, in the chair, with Bro. Wm. R. Ivey as secretary. Bro. Taylor, of Friendship church, was telling what the Sabbath-school had done for him. He had been encouraged to speak in public and to pray in public. He was never happier than when kneeling amid his pupils, asking God to bless them and save their souls.

Brethren Thompson, Dickson, Riley, Hare and Skipper gave a few remarks on "Spiritual Benefits of Sunday-schools."

Bro. Jesse Dickson is the liveliest Sunday-school superintendent in the land. He never holds his school over sixty minutes. He never sits down. A lazy man can't make a good superintendent. Col. Murfee taught him that military was a good thing, and he uses it in his school, in his farm and in his store, also. He never tries to teach the entire Bible to his school on one day, but he tries to press home one Bible truth. A Christian ought to be a busy man in Christ Jesus. He worked on a long while in the midst of discouragement; he denied himself Sunday visiting and going to other churches; but two years ago they had a revival of religion, and of twenty-one converts, nineteen were members of his school; and when they were baptized he got as close to the water as he could, not to get in. Speaking of small matters, he said, "It is these little matters that have made my Christian life so sweet."

Saturday the devotional exercises were led by Bro. Riley, President of Howard College. It was agreed that Sunday-school can be kept up all the year in country churches, if we are willing to make sacrifices. A church can, at a small cost, be made comfortable, and then there ought to be no reason why every church should not conduct a good Sunday-school the year round. Bro. Thompson, Dr. Riley and Bro. Abner Williams all told of the experiences of different communities in keeping schools. One earnest Christian woman in each church can make the school a success.

Bethany church has now a comfortable church house, and Bro. Dawson thinks their school will no more go into winter quarters. Bro. Turner gave a brief history of Shady Grove Sunday-school. The success of the school was due to the ladies. He told of the different excuses he made for staying away. Bro. Ivey thought if even one man or woman felt an interest in souls, the school would be kept running. Bro. Abner Williams is not a preacher, but he is a good worker. He thinks most preachers are not practical Sunday-school men. They ought to be; a preacher ought not to leave a Sabbath to pass without being present in some school. Schools must be conducted with spirit. Bro. Dickson is appointed by the Montgomery association to look out for the Sunday-school interests, and he is very anxious that brethren help him stir up the churches. Bro. Thompson paid a just tribute to Bro. Dickson when he said that the influence of the Pine Level Sunday-school was felt all over the association.

The following churches in the association are reported to be without schools: Friendship, Mt. Lebanon, Mt. Zion, Hebron, Ada and Philadelphia. It is the purpose of the brethren to visit all these churches and hold meetings during the year. Bro. Thompson preached a splendid sermon on Nehemiah's Mission. Saturday evening Dr. Riley was given opportunity to speak for Howard College. C. W. Hare made a brief speech in behalf of the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Though the paper has good patronage over in that section, we succeeded in securing eight new subscribers. Bro. W. P. Dawson aided us greatly in that work. The visitors all enjoyed their stay among that good people. Our home was with Bro. L. C. Dawson. His wife was Miss Pidge Harris, daughter of J. G. Harris. They made our home very pleasant indeed. By the way, there was no postoffice at Ware until Bro. Dawson began to correspond with a Judson girl; then he worked until an office was established. Now he has his girl and the office, too.

Until we were twenty years of age we were familiar with every department of farm labor, delighting in our ability to do as much plowing as the best negro on the place. Since then our work has been along other lines; yet we have never grown out of sympathy for that large, honorable and useful class of men who stick to the farm. In their every oppression they have our heartiest feeling, and our congratulations in all the advance movements they make. As opportunity is presented we always attend their gatherings.

Last week it was our pleasure to be present for two days in the annual meeting of the State Agricultural Society at Union Springs. There were about seventy-five delegates present, representing every district except the sixth. Most of these men are wide awake farmers, who make their living at home; and they were able to give splendid advice along different lines. Several able papers were read. President Culver delivered an address that would have done credit to almost any man in the state, but when, in his beautiful eulogy on woman, he said, "Sacred Writ says 'it is not good for woman to be alone,' " he brought down the house. His pastor, Dr. Bancroft, corrected him in his statement. While acknowledging his error, he still thought it a pretty good idea for woman to have a protector.

Major Harris, superintendent of the State Fair, reported everything encouraging for a big success.

Commissioner Kolb was not present, but had his annual report read by one of the members.

Messrs. J. R. McLendon, N. T. Lupton, G. T. McEldey, T. J. Carlisle, H. Hawkins, G. I. Motts, J. S. Newman, and Dr. C. H. Franklin were friends, and did good by their addresses.

One of the most instructive lectures was made by Prof. Newman, on the "Sexuality in Plants." Hon. L. F. Livingston, president of the farmers' alliance of Georgia, made an entertaining address on Thursday, showing the condition of the farmer and why he is so. The horticultural department of this society is having an influence already in this state, causing farmers not to neglect fruit culture, to pay more attention to home comforts, etc. The pleasure of this meeting was largely enhanced by the kind ladies of the town, who furnished music.

Miss Emma Frazier, daughter of our friend, Judge Frazier, recited "Driving Home the Cows." Her almost perfect rendition of the poem made many a man resolve to be more kind to his wife.

The weather was very hot, but the hospitality of the citizens was warm enough to be remembered long after the sultry breezes shall have been forgotten. Our home was with the family of Capt. Rainer, where we received the best of attention. We took tea one evening with Judge Frazier and family. We were charmingly entertained by this family during the session of the Baptist State Convention, two years ago, and it was pleasant to renew their acquaintance.

Bro. Hickson was enjoying a visit from his son, Prof. Courtney Hickson, of the University of Alabama. Bro. Eley was reported somewhat improved in health. Bro. J. H. Foster is expected home in a few days. I have just closed a good meeting at Moundford. The meeting continued nine days. The people were very much strengthened, and praised God for his goodness. Seventeen were received into the church, ten of whom were by baptism. I commence a meeting at Pleasant Grove next Saturday. From there I go to Pine Apple to assist Bro. Elliott, where I will spend the rest of the summer. —Cott Smith, Childersburg, July 28.

AMONG THE FARMERS.

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THE DOUBT QUESTION.

We clip this able article from the Index for the consideration of our readers. Dr. Tucker is as sound a defender of the faith as we have, and it is worth something to know what he thinks of this question:

The apostles were the constant companions of our Lord for three years, during the whole of which time they were under his personal instructions. They must have asked him innumerable questions, every one of which received, of course, such attention and reply as it deserved. We naturally suppose that they must have received an immense amount of information, and under such teaching and influence their minds must have been prodigiously developed. We should suppose, too, that constant contemplation of so grand a character as that of the Lord Jesus would have enabled his disciples far beyond all other men.

But nothing is more disappointing than the after history (for a time, at least,) of the apostles. When their Lord was arrested, "they all forsook him and fled." Matt. 26:56. Is it possible that men could be so cowardly and so mean? Soon after this Peter denied him. When the word was announced to the eleven that the Lord had risen, "their words were as idle tales, and they believed them not." Luke 24:11. They knew that those were truthful words; yet they did not believe them; they knew that the Lord had said that he would rise on the third day, and yet they did not believe it. They met him by appointment in a mountain in Galilee, and, says the historian, "When they saw him they worshipped him, but some doubted." Matt. 28:17. Mark the words; even when they saw him, some doubted. Afterwards he met them again in the city of Jerusalem, and led them out as far as Bethany, a distance of two or three miles, talking with them, of course, all the way. This was the last conversation he ever had with them, and here he gave his final instructions. Doubtless they asked many questions. At the supreme moment, when he was just about to bid them adieu forever, and be taken up into heaven out of sight, they had one more question to ask. O child of the Index, what do you suppose that question was? Here it is: "Lord, wilt thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" Acts 1:6.

Was there ever such amazing stupidity? Was there ever such groveling nature? How little they appreciated the glory and majesty of Christ's mission! The last question which the apostle had to ask the Lord Jesus, was whether he would at once establish a temporal kingdom! In that supreme, solemn, awful and sublime moment, the apostles of our Lord were thinking about politics! The transition from God to nothingness, if it were not so painful and so shocking, would be ludicrous. How can we look upon those men but with unutterable contempt! Yet we must remember—

1. That these were specimen men. They did just what any other men would have done under the same circumstances. If we had been there we should have made the same shameful record that they did.

2. Our superiority to them, which is great beyond expression, is not owing to anything in us, but only to the circumstances with which it has pleased God to surround us. We, and our ancestors before us for many generations, have grown up under the instruction and influences of the gospel. The gospel comes to us, as it were, through our mother's milk. With our very first breath we inhale a gospel atmosphere. The apostles had to reverse all the machinery of their minds, and lead to think the very opposite of what they had ever thought or heard. What is almost natural to us was almost impossible to them.

3. It was from these very apostles that we receive those clear and well defined views of the person and work of Christ that we now enjoy. The gladness that pervades our souls when we see in Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God, comes to us through earthen vessels, even through the very men who were thinking about politics at the very moment of the ascension of the Lord of glory!

4. This shows that in the record which these apostles afterwards made they had help. Left to themselves, in their ignorance, and in what seems to us so foolish stupidity, they could have done nothing. Yet look at the book which they have bequeathed to us! The grandest inheritance ever vouchsafed to the human race. We thank them for the share they had in it, but rather let us glorify God who has communicated to us, through them, his holy word. The secret of the great change in them from the time when they asked their last and their most foolish question until they afterwards came to a full knowledge of things, is found in the reply of the Lord, from which are the last words he ever spoke: "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth." Acts 1:8. Here in Georgia, thousands of miles away, in what was then an unknown world, here in the uttermost part of the earth, and after a lapse of 1890 years, we are enjoying the fulfillment of the promise!

5. At the very time when these apostles were so ignorant, and so unbelieving, some of them "doubting" even when they "saw" him, they were doubtless regenerate men. This shows how much folly and nonsense there may be in a man's head, while yet his heart may be right before God. This should teach us to be charitable in our judgment on those who differ with us in doctrinal views. We have lately heard a Calvinist declare that no Arminian could be saved. We have known Arminians to charge Calvinists with blasphemy. What shall we say of these men through whose testimony we receive the words of eternal life? We are constrained to exclaim with David, "Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, for very great are his mercies; but let me

not fall into the hand of man." 1 Chron. 21:13.

6. There may be some things now to which we are just as blind as the apostles were to the truth then. Our nature is the same; our only advantage is the advantage of position. In an eternal world we may look back at ourselves as we are now at them. Our grand duty now, and our grand privilege is to search the Scriptures (John 6:39) and "do his will" that we may "know of the doctrine." John 7:17.

FIELD NOTES.

The Dothan Light is a newspaper, and we welcome it to our table.

Brethren will please remember that obituaries are strictly cash in advance.

Rev. W. D. Gay preached at the First church, Montgomery, last Sabbath.

Bro. McGaha writes that the prospects for Howard College are very bright.

The Sunday-school convention of the Montgomery association was a decided success.

Bro. H. E. Jordan, of Eufaula, has our thanks for a list of subscribers sent last week.

Will some of our subscribers please mail us copies of the paper dated July 26, 1888?

Rev. W. B. Carter, of Lively, will spend a month with his friends in North Alabama.

We are glad to hear that our friend, Bro. J. S. Bentley, of Rockford, is improving in health.

Rev. B. F. Giles is traveling in the interest of Howard College. Recently he visited Ozark.

The ALABAMA BAPTIST extends thanks to Bro. Bullock, of Montgomery, for a basket of delicious peaches.

Rev. W. A. Whittle left last week for Bay View, Michigan. He will deliver lectures in that state for some weeks.

The address of Dr. J. M. Frost, for the present, is Staunton, Va. His family have gone there to spend the summer.

Mrs. A. J. Dawson, of Augusta, Ga., is spending the summer with relatives in east Alabama. She enjoys the paper.

Work has begun on the new Baptist church at Lafayette. It will be a commodious frame building, costing \$3,500.00.

Dr. G. A. Lofton, of Nashville, formerly pastor of the Talladega church, will soon have out a volume of his "Chalk Talks."

A children's day celebration was held by the Northport Sabbath-school on the evening of the 21st. There was a good collection for missions.

Farmers and others should not fail to notice the change of advertisement of the Montgomery Iron Works. They have a machine of great value to planters.

Bro. Jas. Jones, of Hector, one of the first subscribers on our list, paid us a pleasant visit last week. He wants to re-organize his association, the Bethlehem.

That was good advice given by Judge Carmichael to the jury in the Duncan murder trial at Ozark. He suggested that they read the Bible in preference to newspapers.

The First church, Birmingham, will have the services of Rev. J. M. Joiner, of Georgia, as supply till November 1st. Bro. Joiner is a returned missionary from China.

A good meeting has been in progress at Rock Springs church, conducted by the pastor, Dr. W. C. Bledsoe, and assisted by Rev. A. S. Smith, of Howard College.

Seven baptisms are reported as the result of a recent meeting at Shorter, conducted by the pastor, Rev. A. L. Martin, and assisted by Rev. H. L. Crumley, of Georgia.

Rev. H. H. Shell will not go to Carrollton as expected, but will labor in the bounds of the Bethlehem association during the vacation. His post office address is Pine Apple.

Rev. G. A. Hornady, of Tuskegee, delighted the Adams Street church on last Sunday night with an excellent sermon. Bro. Hornady is chaplain of the Second Regiment, and a very worthy chaplain he is.

Prof. W. M. Webb passed through our city last week on his way to Brundage, where he goes to take charge of the academy. We are proud of this brother, and wish him all success in his new field of labor.

From the Bibb Blade we learn of the death of Mrs. M. C. Thomas. She was the mother of Rev. J. M. Thomas, of Sheffield, and was a most estimable Christian woman. Our sympathies are extended the family.

We are thankful for the many kind expressions from our friends; and especially do we appreciate their confidence in the paper as a fixed institution. Some of them insist on paying their subscriptions for several years in advance.

Bro. Abner Williams, the agent of the Judson Institute, says that frequently people whom he meets take it for granted that he is a resident of Marion and a Baptist preacher. His home is at Oxford and he is not a preacher, but an active layman.

Eld. Wm. Ashcraft, of Whitesboro, Texas, long known and loved in Texas, has returned to his old home in Pickens county, Ala. Bro. Ashcraft expects to make Pickens his home for the future. Texas parts with him with deep regret. —Texas Baptist Herald.

The Christian Index in its issue of July 18th, has a sketch of the life of Dr. G. A. Nunnally, formerly pastor of the Twelfth Street church, Anniston, and now president of Mercer University. It is a well written article, and is illustrated by a good likeness of the distinguished preacher.

I have just closed a very interesting meeting at Poplar Hill church, in Tennessee. The attendance was good, and earnest attention given at every service. There were two conversions, and eight additions to the church; seven of these were baptized. Poplar Hill is alive. Pray that we may continue successful. —H. J. Hallmarks, Hartsville, July 28th.

A good bargain that the Lord offers to every Christian. Who accepts it? You of the first part agree to seek first my kingdom and righteousness, and I read it, as "it is a splendid thing."

The proffered loan is accepted, of course, the book is carried home and read, to the neglect of other things. It proved to be a good book, both interesting and suggestive, and yet it contained not one solitary suggestion that would tend to make me a hum-

bler Christian, a better preacher, or a more successful pastor, and consequently its perusal was of no practical benefit to me, at best, misapplied. I remember having read another a few years ago. It was recommended by the best men and papers to be a work of real merit, the production of a rare genius, replete with wisdom, thoroughly orthodox, going to the very bottom of doctrines deep and dark. On reading it I found every word true, but it was too deep for me. I was not sufficiently posted along the learned author's line of thought to fully comprehend his meaning. Many of his fundamental propositions were as unintelligible to me as Euclid's Dictum to the unlettered. A few months ago I read a little book, which, if it had been studied the first year of my active ministry, would have been of incalculable benefit, not only in imparting knowledge much needed at the time, but in preparing my mind for the comprehension of other deeper doctrines. With a thorough understanding of the latter book, the deep, dark sayings of the former learned work would have been comprehensible. They should have been read in inverse order, but I didn't know it. What we are after now, is some suggestions along this line.

Now, as to what we need, we feel that you know better than we ourselves. As to what we want, we suggest, "A Preachers' Reading Circle," with a course of three or four years' reading (one year, of course, of course,) suggested by our ripest scholars, ablest ministers and most successful pastors. Let the object be to draw out, cultivate and develop, in a progressive and systematic manner, a well rounded and symmetrical Christian character, and supply, as far as possible, the lack of a thorough theological education. Then, in our annual convocation in congress, devote an hour or so to each of the subjects studied, as a sort of review. In this or some similar manner invaluable assistance may be given to many of our poor preachers who feel that we are called of God as fishers of men, and are sitting about on the branches with pin-hooks while the best of tackle is lying within our reach, and we are either unaware of its existence or ignorant of its use. Brethren, help us, please. —A. E. BURNS, —Jemison, July 23, 1889.

Florence Notes.

The Florence Baptist association will meet on Friday, August 2nd, instead of Saturday, the 3rd, as first published. The invitation to brethren representing Baptist interests is repeated, and persons from a distance who wish to be present the first day, must be in Florence that morning at six o'clock to take a hack ride of twelve miles.

Elder W. D. Hubbard is doing effective work in the Florence association. He possesses the elements of a good preacher: 1. Piety. 2. Knowledge of God's word. 3. Skill in teaching divine truth.

Elder F. T. Hale, of Birmingham, will assist me in a series of meetings to begin August 5th. The work in the field demands the best efforts of two strong men; and when Bro. Hubbard returns to Howard, it is my purpose to enter upon the general work in the association, and press to completion the work of building our beautiful house of worship, while a co-laborer of preaching ability and spiritual prowess shall fill the pastorate of the Florence church.

The announcement that Dr. Hawthorne will probably return to the pastorate of the First Baptist church of Atlanta, Ga., is received in Florence with much solicitude; but those who know him best and appreciate him most, recognize it as his highest duty and his unquestioned right to return to the pastorate.

J. C. HUDSON.

Spurgeon and Communion.

Messrs. Hare & Pope: In the ALABAMA BAPTIST of the 11th inst., I read a piece taken from the Western Recorder, upon the subject of close communion, in connection with the views of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, of London, which extract represents Mr. Spurgeon as occupying a position wholly untenable and ridiculous, and as I have in my possession a copy of a note from Mr. Spurgeon himself, setting forth in few words his practice in this matter, I give it verbatim: To REV. Z. T. BENNETT, Little Rock, Ark., U.S.A.

Dear Sir: Members of other Christian churches are welcomed to the Lord's table with us as visitors; but if they come several times, it would be proper to inquire why they neglect to worship with their own church. The limitation is placed to prevent the formation of a class who are not under the discipline of any church. Good reason being given, there would be a continuance of the permission.

Yours truly,

C. H. SPURGEON.

The above note bears date of London, May 12th, 1889, and was in answer to a note of inquiry from Bro. Z. T. Bennett, as to whether the privilege of communion was limited to three or any definite number of times.

WM. MOORE.

Washington, Ark., July 22d.

However a man is gifted, whether for active enterprise, or for thought, or for charity, there lies around him a word of opportunity. So far behind are we socially, morally, intellectually, that one might be forgiven if he supposed the world was made but yesterday, and nothing had yet been done. Does no ambition fire us to help the despairing, starving, sinking people around us? If a few more years be added to our life, would we not strive to put something right, to sweep out some little

