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THE SELMA ASSOCIATION.

We turned our footsteps with gladness in the direction of the meeting place of the above association on the 6th inst. Over swollen streams, whose bridges were floating, and through muddy roads, we reached Orville. Some people don't know how to have dinners at meetings, but not so with the people who entertained the Selma association. There was an abundance to eat when we drove up, and some remained when we left.

To our regret we missed hearing the introductory sermon, preached by Bro. John W. McCollum.

Bro. Lawton opened the meeting with an earnest talk, and asked Col. Murfee to lead in prayer. The letters were read. A healthy growth was reported from most of the churches. We noticed specially that they gave something for nearly everything, a point to which every pastor should aspire to lead his people.

The old officers were re-elected, viz: A. D. Lawton, moderator; J. M. McIver, secretary, and J. F. Ellis, treasurer. Ash Creek was admitted to membership. Among the visitors we noted Profs. Averett, of the Judson, and Murfee, of the Marion Military Institute; and Dr. Riley, of Howard College; W. B. Crumpton, corresponding secretary of the State Mission Board; Bro. Perkins, of the Bethel association, and C. W. Hare, of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, who also represented the Board of Ministerial Education.

Drs. Averett and Murfee made excellent talks Tuesday evening. Dr. Averett took occasion to justly compliment the Orville saints for their devotion and sacrifice in trying to build a good church.

Eld. S. J. Catts delighted the audience with a good sermon on Tuesday night. He has improved greatly in his delivery.

Wednesday morning Bro. J. W. Hudson read a report on indigent ministers. The report urged pastors to preach more on this interest. Bro. Mallory is a business Christian, and he thinks the men and women of the pew should do more talking and giving. This spirit took possession of the

Johnnie Dennis and how tenderly he was cared for by friends and brethren in Christ.

The committee on state of religion made a gloomy report. Bro. Catts saw too little sunshine about it. His churches had not increased much numerically, but had grown in grace; they gave more money, and the young men were praying.

Bro. Lamar gave a good report from the Selma church; it had never been in a more prosperous condition.

Bro. Mallory is one of the leading Sunday school superintendents in Alabama, and he gave a good report, following it with a capital speech.

Col. Murfee is one of the most systematic thinkers, as well as workers, we ever knew, and it would be good for our readers if we had his address in full. He told where a Sunday-school should be held, who should attend, and how it should be conducted. If you can't go to church, hold school in your family. He paid a tribute to the fidelity of his father. His life had been made better by the Sunday-school in the home. Old and young alike should attend Sunday-school. He likes lesson helps, but he likes the Bible better. We are in danger of forgetting the spiritual truths while teaching the mere text. Teachers should never teach a lesson without bringing Christ before the pupil. He believes in profit in Christianity.

The missionary sermon was preached by Eld. J. M. Fortune. Text: "Ye are my witnesses." This brother had carefully prepared his sermon until he was full of it. Everybody was delighted with it, and Christians were more deeply impressed with what it means to be a witness for Christ. This minister is a good man and is growing as a preacher, and his churches ought, if possible, to untie his hands so he could give more time to study for his great calling.

In the afternoon of the second day President Averett gave us a first-class Sunday-school report. He told of the good that a watchful Christian could do. He urged the teachers of secular schools to use their influence wherever they be to the building up of live Sunday-schools.

Bro. Crumpton complimented the good work done in this line by many laymen. He mentioned Jesse Dickson and two brethren in the Cahaba association, whose names we failed to get.

The subject of education was thoroughly discussed by Presidents Riley, Murfee and Averett. It was a pleasure for Col. Murfee to testify to the

efficiency of the men employed in Howard College. Most of them had taught with him at Marion. They were good and true men. His speech on general education was calculated to arouse ambition in the minds of the young men and women. He thinks no civilization in the world superior to that of the south. His estimate of Dr. Averett and the Judson is very high. He has several daughters and has been interested in female colleges. The Judson is second to none in the south, and not far behind the best in America.

The report on missions was read by Eld. J. W. McCollum. He followed with a speech of great interest, telling about Japan, the point to which he was going. If we can Christianize Japan we can then reach China more easily. Japan wants western, or American teachers. She has 11,000 schools. He had been talking with some Japanese Christians. He was glad he was going to Japan. It was hard to leave home, but it was his Master's work, and some of his happiest hours were while contemplating the work. He wants us to think of him while he is away, as plain John McCollum, and pray for him and his work. He might fail, but that was not his business; his duty was to go, hence he continually prayed: "Now, Lord, shine on the way and I will follow." The Lord grant that the consecration of this young brother may prove a great blessing to Alabama. Since we will be represented in Japan, let us do more for missions the world around. Fifty dollars were contributed towards paying his expenses to Japan. Bro. Crumpton had found it hard to give McCollum up, but now he thanked God for the honor he has placed upon us. Bro. Fortune had once been his pastor, and he was glad to give \$5 towards sending him to his work.

Prof. J. M. McIver read the report on religious literature, which was discussed at some length by C. W. Hare and W. B. Crumpton. Dr. Riley made a speech on ministerial education, as it related to the boys at Howard College. The questions of temperance and state missions were discussed to reach Troy that night, we could not see the meeting through.

NOTES OF THE ASSOCIATION.
It was a sure enough pleasure to grasp the hands of so many old friends, and they were true when we most needed friends. We only had time to visit the homes of Messrs. B. F. and James Ellis, Capt. Fred Smith and Mrs. Burt. Mr. Smith is resting quietly in his elegant home. We are glad to report his health much improved. His wife had her foot badly crippled so that she was denied the pleasure of attending the association, though she entertained a large number of guests. Bro. Ellis is one of the best farmers in the state, and it is a treat to view his crops. The farmers are all in excellent spirits. The crops are better than for years past. Our home was with Bro. Jimmie Ellis and wife. For more than a year his wife was a great sufferer, and for months her friends despaired of her recovery, but now she is quite well, and they seem so grateful to God for his loving kindness.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.
There is no book in print of the same influence as the Bible. The most learned of earth's greatest men have spoken or written about the comfort they have gained from reading the pages of this old, old book. Not only have learned theologians given their attestations of its value and helpfulness, but teachers of large experience, lawyers of wide observation, and brilliant men of deep research have written volumes about the truths of the Bible. We here print an extract from the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke's article in the August Century on this subject:

It is safe to say that there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English.

The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a disconcerted French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and morality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the Scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense, long be-

fore it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as molded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled"; it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakespeare, Milton and Wordsworth; novelists like Scott, and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, Steele, and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers like Carlyle and Ruskin—all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.

The Teachers' Assembly of North Carolina.

This is an institution that deserves to be duplicated in every state in the Union. Perhaps all the states have a teachers' convention, meeting for a three or four days' session at different points in the state. Alabama, I know, has a very valuable organization which once a year brings the educators and their friends together, and I wish to write of the North Carolina plan in the hopes that Alabama may be the first state to follow the example of the Old North State. There is no reason why she should not.

What is the plan peculiar to North Carolina that so much deserves imitation? The teachers' assembly of this state is not an organization rolling around on wheels and seeking the hospitality of this or that city, but it is possessed of a local habitation as well as a name. Morehead City is the great seaside resort of North Carolina. Here is the great Atlantic hotel with a capacity for 1,500 guests. Right at this hotel, connected with it by a covered way, the teachers have built themselves a handsome hall. It is two stories. The lower stories contain rooms for committee and class work, or for displaying school books, etc. The upper story is a commodious hall into which the refreshing sea breeze blows, all reckless of the dignified professors' well-combed locks, or well-prepared manuscript. The sessions of the assembly are not completed until the evening of two or three days, but embrace two weeks.

It occurs the last of June, just when the weary teacher feels the need of the refreshing breeze and invigorating surf. Sessions are held in the morning. The afternoon is given to recreation—sailing, fishing, bathing, etc. The nights generally furnish a concert of popular lecture.

The advantages of this arrangement will be at once seen. The assembly owns its own home, built for and adapted to its work. They come in great crowds from all parts of the state, 800 to 1,000 strong, and the great hotel readily grants cheap rates of \$1 a day. These together in the same great building, what a delightful two weeks do they spend!

How social and pleasant the recreation! How invigorating to the weary brain the lectures and discussions of each session! The soul of this great movement is Eugene Harrell, a Baptist layman, of Raleigh. They call him "Steam engine" Harrell. He is the soul of good humor, and has the most remarkable executive ability in the management of such a crowd.

If Alabama can find the man to lead such a movement it might be easily accomplished, and would be a source of great enjoyment to the educators and their friends. Let me suggest that some such delightful resort as Monte Sano, near Huntsville, might be selected. The improvement company of the Monte Sano hotel would doubtless deal liberally with an enterprise of this sort, as has the Atlantic hotel company in North Carolina. It is of course a great thing for the hotel, and here they gave \$1,500 to the enterprise. What say the teachers of Alabama? Certainly it is worth trying. J. S. DILL.

Whenever a man wants to be head of the church, or a prominent leader therein, from considerations of ambition and self-importance, that man is no longer of any good to that church. He had better be out of it than in it, for he will only work evil; and the sooner he is gotten rid of the better. God never associated grace with pride or selfishness, and the spirit of Christ does not live in such bosoms. It is the humble man that is spiritual and useful, and not the snobby demagogue. "Let him that would be greatest among you be your servant." It is the injunction of our Lord, and we are not to "lord it over God's heritage." But men will do it, and it is a great evil in our churches, destroying the peace and subverting the unity and harmony of brethren. O that God would teach us, while "coveting the best gifts, a more excellent way!"

Church Heads.

God made man to have dominion, but we think there may be a better reason why God made man. Ever since the fall he has had us and our race upon his bosom, singing to us the lullaby of divine love.

Our text says, God is love, and to him up that ocean of love that ebbs and flows in his own bosom would seem to have been selfish; he, therefore, made man that he might love him; and that he might love him the more he made him in his veriest likeness.

II. Does he love him? Now, let (1) creation, (2) the dealings of Providence, (3) the works of redemption, answer the question. These, all these, are but diversified channels, through which his love flows to man.

"Indeed, the true theory of the universe is, that God, in his infinite goodness, designed it to be a medium for the circulation of his love. Being full of blessedness himself, his goodness bursts forth into a celestial creation, a city with walls of jasper, and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and crowns of life, and seas of love; replenished with strong, bright, loving angels; but in heaven, with all its

"God is Love."

A Sermon Preached by the Rev. W. A. Bishop to His Churches, and Published at the Request of the Members.

Text.—I John 4: 16: God is love.

Love is the highest word in the language. The three sweetest words in all language are mother, home, and heaven. But what would mother, home or heaven be without love?

"God is love." This is a great thought. Once John said, "God is light," and this is a grand conception of God, as light is the symbol of knowledge, holiness and happiness.

You will notice that John doesn't say that God is loving or lovely, but that he is love. Have you ever thought why it is that John calls him love? He doesn't single out his attributes, but he says in the text that he is love. It is hard to define God. In the Bible we gain the grandest conceptions of him. He is all powerful, of infinite wisdom, exuberant goodness, unadorned purity, present everywhere, inhabiting eternity, the same yesterday, to-day and forever. But whatever else God may be, he is love. We know that he is omnipotent, but still he is love. We know that he is infinite mercy, but still he is love. We know that he is exuberant goodness and unadorned purity, but still he is love. We know that he is full of pity, for "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him," but still he is love. We know that he is omnipresent, that he is love, filling the universe with smiles, and sunbeams, and showers of blessings, for love is a synonym of God.

Now, as God is love, one would think that in all his dealings with men and with angels there would have been nothing but smiles, words and acts of love, and that would have been, but for sin.

There is nothing which, at first, was not a thought of love, slumbering in the mind of God; then, the sordest judgments were blessing designed, perverted by sin. In the world were no sighs, no tears until sin entered; no thorns, but now they are in our pillows, and they pierce our minds, our memories and our consciences.

Job says, "Canst thou, by searching, find out God; find out the Almighty to perfection?" We answer, No, not to perfection; the finite can't find out the infinite to perfection; as well try to scale the heavens, and bind God on his throne, or number the years of eternity. Searching to find out God? Then what shall we say of his power? It is infinite. His wisdom? It is infinite. His love? It is infinite. What shall we say of his love to perfection, John says, "He is love."

And this is the answer to the question so often asked: Why did God make man? Why? He made him because he needed him, for the same reason that he made the sun, the moon, the stars, the angels, and all things else; because he needed them. He made man that he might have dominion; he put all things under his feet. He was to have dominion over the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea, over all life on earth, and it is this kingly office which gives the godly dignity to the human race; and what a ruler of material things is man! how noble a creature before him, yielding tribute to his power!

The forces of nature obey him; he speaks to electricity, and it flies away to bear his messages; he speaks to magnetism, and it guides him over land and sea; he speaks to steam, and it carries his burdens, and gives his machinery,—these all obey him.

If you would know how he governs the forces of nature, see the electric telegraph converting the land and sea, yea, the globe itself, into a whispering gallery. See the telephone, with the speed of thought it carries the living voice from land to land; see the photographer, painting pictures with the sunbeams, that all the world may see all the world; and then tell me if man hasn't dominion? O, what a ruler is man over material things! All nature bows before him.

But this is not the highest idea of man's dominion. Turn your thoughts from the natural or physical world, and there you will learn that "he that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who take a city." God's thought of dominion is this, that man should control his passions, his lusts, his appetites—all his evil propensities. It is complete mastery over self. Abraham felt its inspiration, and so did Moses, but Christ must die to teach it to the world.

God made man to have dominion, but we think there may be a better reason why God made man. Ever since the fall he has had us and our race upon his bosom, singing to us the lullaby of divine love.

Our text says, God is love, and to him up that ocean of love that ebbs and flows in his own bosom would seem to have been selfish; he, therefore, made man that he might love him; and that he might love him the more he made him in his veriest likeness.

II. Does he love him? Now, let (1) creation, (2) the dealings of Providence, (3) the works of redemption, answer the question. These, all these, are but diversified channels, through which his love flows to man.

"Indeed, the true theory of the universe is, that God, in his infinite goodness, designed it to be a medium for the circulation of his love. Being full of blessedness himself, his goodness bursts forth into a celestial creation, a city with walls of jasper, and gates of pearl, and streets of gold, and crowns of life, and seas of love; replenished with strong, bright, loving angels; but in heaven, with all its

amplitude, there was not room for infinite love." He must enlarge this sphere of his beneficence; again his exuberant goodness bursts forth and a field of worlds appears; and after this world was fitted up as a grand temple for the reception of man, God made man to rule, to have dominion—made him to love him; and that he might be more precious in his sight, he made him in his own image.

Job says: "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Yes, the pure, loving angels have always been in sympathy with us.

Now, the creation of the angels was designed to show just how much his creatures could enjoy of his glory and love, then the creation of man was intended to show how much he could impart, how much they could impart, for he meant that every hand and every heart should be a channel through which his love should flow.

Now, does God love man? When God would manifest any one of his perfections to the highest, what would he not do? When he would display the glory of his power, he made from naught the sun, moon and stars; he made the galaxy, heaven's coronet, with her ten thousand jewels. These all glorify his power—their beauty, their order and their harmony glorify his wisdom. But when he would manifest to the highest degree, his love, what would he do? What did he do? He then went to his uttermost; he gave his Son, his only Son. Was there ever love like this?

"What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul. That caused the Lord of bliss To bear the dreadful curse, For my soul."

Does God love man? We know that he does, or he never would have redeemed him at such a price. We know that he does, or he never would have adopted him into the divine family, he never would have made him his heir and joint heir with the Lord Jesus Christ.

The apostle says: "Herein is love, not that we love God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." We might say herein is love at every token of the divine favor, but the crowning proof of God's love is found in the cross. The apostle says: "God commendeth his love toward us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more, then, being justified by his blood we shall be saved from wrath through him."

"God is love." Fancy has somewhere asked, "If all nature were to become vocal, what words would best translate her long silence?" If the forces of nature speak to us above, would they not say that God is love? Would not the sea, upon which the Lord Jesus Christ hushed the storm, and around which he fed his hungry disciples, answer, Yes, he is love? And would not Calvary, upon which he died, respond in notes as loud as the peals of thunder that made Mt. Sinai tremble, but as soft and sweet as gospel notes, answer, Yes? and would it not be echoed from every clime, and sea, and isle, sun and star, that God is love?

Now, notice, in the last place, what is the nature of God's love. Love in the saints is noble, in God it is glorious. Everything in God has his majesty and glory of God. His mercy is as high as the heavens, his judgment is a great deep. His love in length and breadth and depth is past finding out.

His love is infinite; ours is a spark; his, the sun; ours a drop; his, the ocean; ours may wane, his is everlasting; his love is active and operative; he draws and we run; it is eternal.

"Who shall separate us from the love of God as it is in Christ Jesus? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us."

"Behold, what manner of love he governs the forces of nature, see the electric telegraph converting the land and sea, yea, the globe itself, into a whispering gallery. See the telephone, with the speed of thought it carries the living voice from land to land; see the photographer, painting pictures with the sunbeams, that all the world may see all the world; and then tell me if man hasn't dominion? O, what a ruler is man over material things! All nature bows before him.

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The spirit of a person's life is ever shedding some power, just as a flower is steadily bestowing fragrance upon the air.—T. Starr King.

Bro. Huckabee's Wish.

Dear Baptist: In your issue of April 18th Bro. H. disposes of my article and Bro. Faucher's notice of it in a way which seems to intimate that I wrote what I knew to be "entirely inexact."

I infer from these words: "Now, surely Bro. C. knows that we came out from them, and not they from us." "Bro. C." may be wiser than he thinks he is, but that is something that I do not think is in my small stock of knowledge, and, moreover, I have the modest audacity to think that no one else knows it.

Our dear brother has made his wish in such an emphatic way I must try to gratify him. Hear him: "I do wish Bro. Cumbie would cite me to the history where he finds that the Primitive church went out from us."

By the words "Primitive church," I suppose Bro. H. means the so-called Primitive Baptist churches.

Proposition.—They went out from us.

Proof.—My first citation is from the most reliable history I know of. It has the merit of being absolutely correct in narrating historical events, whether past, present, or future.

1. John 2: 19: "They went out from us, but they were not of us; for if they had been of us, they would not doubt have continued with us; but they went out that they might be made manifest that they were not all of us."

2. "A History of the Rise and Progress of the Baptists in Alabama; by Hosea Holcombe, Ed. 1840, page 50, says: "Some have gone considerable lengths in Antinomianism; indeed by far the greater part of the New Test. party, or as they vainly style themselves, the Old School party, have settled down on that system."

Bro. Holcombe lived and wrote in those troublous times that "tried men's souls." He knew whereof he affirmed. If they vainly styled themselves "Old School," it is not more vain for Bro. H. to recognize that vain claim as valid, by his endorsement in any way.

3. Same book, page 95: "The Alabama association, which was the largest in the state, made a division in October, 1833, or at least, a number of churches withdrew from an association, they being in the minority, which was accomplished in December following. * * * The circular letter, written by Eld. Luke Hancy, for the Alabama association, but rejected by that body, and placed on the minutes of the new anti-association, called Ebenezer, was headed as follows: "The Alabama Association to the Churches of which she is Composed sends Greeting."

"It appears that those brethren were so elated, or rather infatuated—so absorbed in their anti-mission principles—that they never once discovered they were not the Alabama association." Again, on page 133, in speaking of one of the constituent churches of the Ala. association, he says: "Bethel, which was likewise very prosperous. In 1833 their number was 94; the next year they received 90 by baptism, and the year following they had increased to 198. * * * It has now gone off with the New Test. or anti-party. They cannot prosper as much for seven years to come as they have the last seven, unless they return to the Lord."

The Alabama association survived all this and is still alive, walking in the "old paths." Since those people went out many hundreds have been regularly added by valid baptism to the churches composing this grand old body.

4. Referring to "Baptist Success," by D. B. Ray, Ed. 1887, page 24, I find the words following: "In the separation, the Hardshell, or anti-mission Baptists were the seceding party which withdrew from the regular Baptists."

In proof of this proposition Ray quotes the following from Eld. S. Trotter, an "old school Baptist," as found on page 87, Rel. Dem. in U. S. and G. B.: "This brought brethren, churches and associations that had been groaning under the burdens of man inventions and impositions in religion, to separate themselves, some sooner and some later, from the whole mass of the popular religion and religious, and to take a stand as a distinct people upon the old Baptist standard. * * * This separation occasioned the splitting of several associations, and many churches. We took, as a distinguishing appellation, the name 'Old School Baptists.'"

Commenting on the above, Ray says, on page 25: "Here is the candid confession of a leading anti-mission Baptist, that the brethren now claiming to be 'Old School' or 'Primitive' Baptists, separated themselves from the body of the denomination, and at that time, about 1832, took the appellation or name, 'Old School Baptists.'"

Again, on same page, Ray says: "In Tennessee the separation occurred later." He then quotes from Dr. John M. Watson, in "Old Baptist Test," page 26, as follows: "After our painful separation from the Missionaries in 1836, a number of churches in the bounds of the old Concord association met together and formed the Stone River association. We had then, as was generally supposed, a strong and happy union; but, alas! there was an element of heresy incorporated in that body as bad, if not worse, than that from which we had just withdrawn." Again, on same page, Ray quotes Eld. J. B. Jeter in "Campbellism Re-examined," page 33, as follows: "The class of Baptists described in the above extract were called, in some places, Old School, and in others, from the name

of the place at which they held their seceding convention—'Black Rock' Baptists. They separated themselves from the Regular Baptists about the time of the rise of Mr. Campbell's Reformation." And, again, Ray says, on pages 25-26: "Eld. Bebe, of New York, the anti-mission editor, admits, in substance, the truth of the above position, that the 'Old School' Baptists seceded or withdrew from the 'Missionary Baptists. Other authorities might be adduced in confirmation of the same. It has already been fully shown that in the separation the anti-missionary Baptists were the seceding party."

I desire to add one more extract quoted by Ray, on page 31, from "Benedict's History of the Baptists," page 935. Benedict says: "Old School and Primitive Baptists are appellations so entirely out of place, I cannot, even as a matter of courtesy, use them without adding so called or some such expression. I have seen so much of the missionary spirit among the old Anabaptists, Waldenses, and other ancient sects; so vigorous and perpetual were the efforts of those Christians whom we claim as Baptists, in the early, middle, and later ages, to spread the gospel in all parts of the world, among all nations and languages where they could gain access, that it is plain that those who merely preach up predestination and do nothing, have no claim to be called by their name."

I do not know whether Bro. H. "voiced the sentiment of the denomination" or not. If he did, it seems to me a speedy change of "sentiment" on this subject is next in order and would be productive of much good in several ways.

In conclusion I desire to very earnestly request our dear brother Huckabee to cite us to the history which says the Regular Baptists came out from the Primitives, so called.

W. A. CUMBIE.

Andalusia, Ala.

A Methodist Anaconda.

Snakes to the Rescue.

[The preacher is compared, in handling the water question, to the anaconda winding itself around a fawn and popping bones "until you wonder if there will be a whole bone left over to which to pick a quarrel."—Note in Alabama Baptist regarding J. P. Hamilton, in Christian Advocate.]

Once there was a town where there were many people who called themselves Baptists. This people believed in a very old book, which was given by the God of the skies for his creatures on the earth. From its sacred pages they gathered that it was not only their duty to believe all the Book taught, but to make its truths known to others. It is their custom at times to hold meetings for the edification of one another. These meetings are public, and many who are not members of the church attend their services. In their preaching, they insist upon it, that the good Book they claim for their guide was intended for the common people, and can be understood by the humblest searcher after truth.

There were some other people in that town called Methodists, a very good sort of people, professing to believe the old Book, too; but they didn't practice its teachings like the Baptists. At one of their meetings, which many of the Methodists attended, the Baptists made the truth exceedingly plain. Some of the Methodists, with their preacher, were enraged when they heard some of their own number say with a very serious air: "He makes the truth mighty plain. We never saw it that way before."

They immediately confessed together then when the preacher discoursed: "I don't know what to say to this preaching at the Baptist church; I have never read up on their doctrine; but from what little I have seen and heard, I am a little afraid they are nearer to the truth than we suppose. But we have in Kentucky, my say, a regular Baptist Crusher. If we can get him I believe he will silence these troublesome people. They say he is like a great anaconda, winding himself about the Baptists and breaking every bone in their pestiferous hides." Well, it was agreed that he should come.

Now, the Baptists never did like snakes, since they read in the old Book how a serpent—an anaconda, in all probability—told such lies to our first mother, and got the poor woman and her descendants into such trouble. But, like innocent, unsuspecting people will, they went out to see the show. Generally the circus folks are careful to keep the anacondas and beasts of prey caged, so they can do no harm; this one they turned loose on the town for the express purpose of breaking Baptists' bones. And just like the one of old, in the garden, he flattered and said goodly, goodly words. He told how Christians ought to love each other, and intimated that the Baptists were about all who didn't. While he was speaking these soft words he was swooping around his enormous tail and gently encircling his intended victims.

CRUSHER NO. 1.

The Baptists were always simple enough to believe that John baptized in Jordan, because the old Book said so; and that John baptized near Enon, where there was much water, because he needed much water to immerse the people. But his sneaking said it was all a mistake; in snakes' mouth anything except in, and because they were having an old fashioned Methodist camp meeting, they needed much water for their stock to drink.

One would guess from the way he talked about the stock, that every man, woman, and child, in Palestine had a horse of his own—a regular Kentucky

CRUSHER NO. 2.

From time immemorial the Baptists have claimed Philip as a missionary Baptist preacher, and the enuch as the first heathen convert. The baptism of the enuch and the "buried in baptism" found in Romans 6th chapter, they have used to shell the Methodist Baptist trenches; but the great Anaconda turned them into regular Methodist twisting guns. But the most crushing twist came when he attacked the word "baptizo." By philology, theology, and a number of other "ologies," he showed it never did and never could mean to immerse; it meant sprinkle and pour everywhere. Before the passing of the expiring Baptists faded the names of Beza and Neander, Bishop Taylor, Dr. George Campbell, Storrs and Flatts' Theology, Martin Luther, Knapp's Theology, Moses Stuart, Calvin, Chalmers, and Dean Stanley—all Pedro-baptists—whose scholarship had never been questioned, who said the word meant to immerse and the primitive mode was by immersion. But it was too late; the muscles of the serpent were tightening about them, his tail was around a giant oak, the work was done; and they fell from his mighty grasp a quivering mass of flesh!

Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 23, 1899

EDITORS:
REV. G. W. HARRIS, — JAS. G. POPE.

BUSINESS ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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Office: Upstairs, 30 1/2 Dexter Avenue.

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BRETHREN when in this city should call to see us. Our office is rather hot for you to remain long, but come and shake hands any how.

Be sure and read Bro. Elliott's letter. He sends us four new subscribers. See why he sends them. Remember our words of two weeks ago.

BRO. ABNER WILLIAMS, while working for the Judson, will also take subscriptions for the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Our friends will please remember this when he is about.

THE Southern Inter-State Farmers' Association is now in session in this city. There are delegates present from all the Southern States, and questions of interest will be discussed during the session. We welcome them to Montgomery.

If we will do our duty in educating young ministers at Howard College, and also in sending our sons there, it won't be many years before we can permeate the state with Baptist thought and arouse our people to greater activity.

UNDER date of August 17th, Bro. Wm. A. Davis, of Anniston, writes that Dr. Eager accepts the call of the Twelfth Street church, and will begin work there on Oct. 15th. Our congratulations to Anniston and the entire denomination. Dr. Eager will meet with a hearty welcome by all.

THESE words occur in the platform adopted by the democratic convention recently in session in Richmond:

"We will care for and support public schools until every child shall be able to secure the benefits of an education. To this end, we favor liberal appropriations by the federal government apportioned among the states in the ratio of illiteracy of their population."

We beg fathers and mothers to educate their children by all means. Sell some of your land or stock, if need be, and put the money into brains. A practical education gives a young man or woman a great advantage in life's struggles. The very best schools within our reach should be selected, even though they cost more money.

BROTHER, you admit that it is a greater pleasure to hear an educated preacher than one untrained; now, can't you give something to assist our Ministerial Board in educating forty young preachers next year? They must have the money, and they are dependent on the Baptists of the state for it. Put your money into the brains of men, and it will be paid back to you with more than compound interest.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD, the Frenchman who claims to have discovered the wonderful elixir of life, has used his elixir on a number of persons, and they are now about to die. Several of his victims are newspaper men who wanted to gain notoriety; but they never dreamed of having to pay so dearly for experimenting with the "elixir." Dr. S.'s treatment is to inject into one's system the blood of young animals, such as that of lambs, etc. He claimed that by its use the old might be made young; but his recent experiments show conclusively that the order of things was reversed, and the young became decidedly old. Dr. Brown-Seqard, we think, a toll grown fraud and humbug.

NATIVE ALABAMIANS.

Speaking of Alabama raised men, we remember that our beloved corresponding secretary of the State Mission Board is on his native heath. He loves our state, and is putting his heart into his work.

Then Howard College is presided over by an Alabamian. Dr. Riley feels, as he is seeking to educate young men, that he is but training to usefulness his own fellow citizens.

Bro. B. H. Crumpton has had a large influence for years in moulding sentiment in south Alabama.

And there is his yoke-fellow, Rev. Geo. E. Bell. The people of those hills and valleys are his people and he has been a great power, under God, in doing them service.

Then we have Dr. W. G. Curry, who weeps over the sins of Alabama and works for her elevation.

But we must stop for the present, or we could fill the paper with notices of native men who are rich in good works. Later we shall continue this subject, and also give sketches of men from other states who are aiding us in our noble efforts.

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Rev. J. A. Howard, of Opelika, will preach at the First church, this city, next Sabbath morning and night.

Dr. C. A. Stakely, of Washington City, is taking a vacation in Georgia, where he has spent many years of useful service.

Quite a number of our Montgomery Baptists

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
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This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 WALL ST., N. Y.

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A SURE CURE FOR
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CHOLERA INFANTUM
IN CHILDREN
TEETHING
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Howard College.
The Forty-Eighth Annual Session

Of Howard College will begin two weeks earlier than the preceding session. The exercises will begin on September the 17th, and close at the usual time.

The inducements offered are: Healthy location, pure mountain air and water, comfortable quarters, excellent table fare, a thorough course, a high standard of good discipline.

Instruction is given in the ancient and modern classics, the sciences and book-keeping.

The faculty embraces Professors, Riley, Dill, Smith, Giles, Mason and Waldrop. As the President will be actively engaged in the field, applications for terms and catalogues should be made to Prof. T. J. Dill, East Lake, Ala. All applications will receive prompt attention.

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Alabama Baptist.
MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 18, 1899.

A Boy Who Was Wanted.

"Well, I've found out one thing," said Jack, as he came in to his mother, hot, tired, and dusty.

"What is that?" she asked.

"That there are a great many boys in the world."

"Didn't you know that before?"

"Partly, but I didn't know there were so many more than were wanted."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because I've been 'round and 'round till I'm worn out trying to find a place to work. Wherever I go there are more boys than places. Doesn't that show that there are too many boys?"

"Not exactly," said his mother, with a smile. "It depends entirely on the kind of boy. A good boy is always wanted somewhere."

"Well, if I'm a good boy, I wish I knew where I'm wanted."

"Patience, patience, my boy. In such a great world as this, with so many places and so many boys, it is no wonder that some of them do not find their places at once. But be very sure, dear, as she laid a caressing hand on his arm, "that every boy who wants a chance to do fair, honest work will find it."

"That's the kind of work I want to do," said Jack. "I don't want anybody's money for nothing. Let me see—what have I got to offer? All the schooling and all the wits I've been able to get up to thirteen years, good stout hands and feet, and a civil tongue."

"And a mind and heart set on doing faithful duty," suggested his mother.

"I hope so," said Jack. "I remember father used to say: 'Just as soon as you undertake to work for any one you must bear in mind that you have sold yourself to him for the given time. Your time, your strength, your energy are his, and your best efforts to see his interests in every way are his due.'"

The earnest tone in which the boy spoke seemed to give assurance that he would pay good heed to the words of the father whose counsels could no more reach him.

For two or three days longer Jack had reason to hold to his opinion that there were more boys than the world wanted, at the end of which time he met with a business man who, after questioning him closely, said:

"There are a great many applications for the place, but the greater number of the boys come and stay for a short time and then leave if they think they can do a little better. When a boy gets used to our routes and our customers we want him to stay. If you will agree to remain for at least three years we will pay you three dollars a week as errand boy."

"That is just what I want to do, sir," said Jack, eagerly. So he was installed, and proud enough he was at having his feet home every day.

One day, realizing that, small as they were, the regular help was of great value to his mother.

It is not to be wondered at that the faithful carrying out of his father's admonition after awhile attracted the attention not only of his employers, but of others with whom he was brought into contact in the pursuit of his duties.

One day he was asked into the office of Mr. Lang, a gentleman to whom he frequently carried parcels of value.

"Have you ever thought of changing your situation?" asked Mr. Lang.

"No, sir," said Jack.

"Perhaps you could do better," said the other. "I want to get a boy who is quick and intelligent, and who can be relied on, and from what I see of you I think you are that sort of a boy. I want you to drive a delivery wagon, and I will pay you five dollars a week."

Jack's eyes opened wide.

"It's wonderful good pay, sir, for a boy like me, I'm sure. But I promised to keep on with Mr. Hill for three years, and the second year is only just begun."

"Well, have you signed a regular agreement with Mr. Hill?"

"No, sir, I told him I'd stay."

"You have a mother to assist, you told me. Couldn't you tell Mr. Hill that you feel obliged to do better when you have a chance?"

"I don't believe I could," said Jack, looking with his straight, frank gaze into the gentleman's face. "You see, sir, if I broke my word to him I shouldn't be the kind of boy to be relied on that you wanted."

"I guess you are about right," said Mr. Lang, with a laugh. "Come and see me when your time is out. I dare say I shall want you then."

Jack went home very much stirred by what had been said to him. After all, could it be wrong to go where he could do so much better? Almost double the wages! Was it not really his duty to his mother to obtain it, and to drive a wagon instead of trudging never had felt so hot and dusty as they did just now when he might escape from the tiresome routine.

Might, but how? By the sacrifice of his pledged word? By selling his truth and his honor. So strongly did the reflection force itself upon him that when he told his mother of the offer he had received he merely added:

"It would be a grand good thing if I could take it, wouldn't it, mother?"

"Yes, it would."

"Some boys would change without thinking of letting a promise stand in their way."

"Yes, but that is the kind of a boy who, sooner or later, is not wanted. It is because you have not been that sort of a boy that you are wanted now."

Jack worked away, doing such good work, as he became more and more accustomed to his situation, that his mother sometimes wondered that Mr. Hill, who seemed always kindly interested in him, never appeared to think of raising his pay. This, however, was not Mr. Hill's way of doing things, even though he showed an

The Sensible Girl.
BY W. G. LAMSEY.

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And I sadly turned away.

"Death has so many doors to let out life," sang an old poet. In those days they had not discovered remedies that shut these doors. How different is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, from the old time doses. Consumption or lung-scurf, is one *single* door that if shut, if taken in time, *don't waste a moment* then, lest life slip through that open door. It is *guaranteed* to cure in all cases of diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be refunded.

Danger Ahead.

The insidious advances of the Church of Rome will bear watching. The offices in our great cities are being monopolized by its adherents, and Protestants are asleep. The *Practical Standard*, which hoped much from the administration of Mr. Harrison, says:

"Under Mr. Harrity, the Philadelphia postoffice has become a notorious nest of Roman Catholics. The prime recommendation to a position is that the applicant is a papist and has the endorsement of his priest. By this method the postoffice in this city has become a regular rendezvous for Romanists, and there is a prospect that this regime will be perpetuated under Harrity's successor."

The apathy of Americans at the usurpations of the papacy on our soil is wonderful. It shows that the minds of our people are blinded to what is sure to come, and that we are disregarding the teachings of national history.—*Christian Inquirer.*

The thrill of the mountain climber as he comes suddenly on the vision of half a continent spread out before him contains more real joy, more true life, than a year brings to the sluggish comfort-seeker in the valley below; the scholar, as he surveys fields of knowledge opening in broader vistas before him, forgets the days and nights of unbroken study behind him; the great leader in statesmanship, as he notes the steady movement of opinion toward him, feels a joyous sense of mastery which the memory of years of defeat and misconception does not embitter.—*Thomas Hughes.*

Speaking to People.

"Who in the world is that you're speaking to?" said one young lady to her companion of the same sex and age, as they walked down one of the avenues the other day.

"That man? He is the man that mends my shoes when they need it," was the reply.

"Well," said the first speaker, "I wouldn't speak to him; don't think it's nice."

"And why not?" queried the other. "He is a kind, faithful, honest, hard-working man. I never pass his window but I see him on his bench working away, and when I bow to him and give him 'Good-morning' he looks as pleased as can be. Why shouldn't I speak to him?"

"I never speak to that class of people," said the other; they're not my kind."

"I do," was the rejoinder, "I speak to everybody I know—from Dr. Brown, our minister, to the colored man who blacks our stoves and shakes our carpets—and I notice that the humbler the one in the social scale to whom I proffer kindly words, the more grateful is the recognition I get in return. Christ died for them as much as he did for me, and perhaps if some of them had had the opportunities my birth and rearing have given me they would be a great deal better than I. That cobbler is really an intelligent man. I've lent him books to read, and he likes quite a high style of reading, too."

"The two girls were cousins, and they finally agreed to leave the question as to recognizing day laborers, mechanics and tradesmen to a young lawyer of whom they had a high opinion. So the first time the three were together one of the girls asked him:

"If you met Myers, the grocer, on Broadway, would you speak to him?"

"Why, yes, certainly; why do you ask?"

"And would you speak to the man who cobbles your shoes?"

"Certainly, why not?"

"And the janitor of the building where you have your office?"

"Of course."

"And the boy that runs the elevator?"

"Certainly."

"If there anybody you know you don't speak to?"

"Well, yes; I don't speak to Jones, who cheated a poor widow out of her house; or to Brown, who grinds down his employees and gives them starvation wages; or to Smith, whom I know to be in private anything but the saint in public. I speak to every honest man I know whom I chance to meet. Why do you ask?"

"Because we simply want to know," replied the young lady who had taken her friend to task for speaking to a cobbler. In fact, she was ashamed to tell him that he was referee in the discussion on this point held a day or two before.

It is the privilege of nobility to be gentle and courteous to all. Kindly words hurt no one, least of all him or her who speaks them.—*Bapt. Courier.*

Running from Sin.

A little girl, in the days when the conversion of children was not the subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist church.

"Were you a sinner," asked an old deacon, "before this change of which you now speak?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Well, are you now a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I feel that I am a greater sinner than ever."

"Then what change is there in you?"

"I don't quite know how to explain it," she said; "but I used to be a sinner running after sin, and now I hope I am a sinner running from sin."

They received her, and for years she was a bright and shining light, and she now lives where there is no sin to run from.

What One Little Worm Did.

A number of people were once assembled in a grand park; and the owner pointed to a magnificent sycamore tree, which was dead and decayed to the core. "That tree," said he, "was killed by a single worm." Two years before it was as healthy as any tree in the park; but one day a worm about three inches long was seen to be boring its way under the bark. A naturalist who saw it told the owner that if left alone it would kill the tree. The master of the park scarcely believed it possible; but, next summer, the leaves of the sycamore fell very early and in the following year it was a dead, rotten thing. One worm can kill a whole tree. One sin or evil habit persisted in can ruin a child for whom Christ died.—*Children's Bread.*

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Seeking her child in vain.

"I'm a baby," he answered,
As he wistfully gazed in my face,
"I'm going to find my papa—
And he's struggled in my embrace."

"You are lost, my little lad!"
I think you must come with me."
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"Will you find him?" His arms were around me,
His face half hid in my hair,
And I felt his little heart throbbing
In anguish, 'twixt hope and despair.

"Will you find him?" My tears were starting,
And my heart was laid with fear,
As I thought of the hundred thousand
Who would die to find him here.

As I thought of the wives and children
With their untold tears and pain;
Of babies, like this on my bosom,
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Then a woman came running swiftly,
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"She says the sailor has caught him,
And dropped him into a hole,
A ram hole—that's what she called it—
And he's lost, body and soul."

"Will you find him?" His arms were around me,
His face half hid in my hair,
And I felt his little heart throbbing
In anguish, 'twixt hope and despair.

"Will you find him?" My tears were starting,
And my heart was laid with fear,
As I thought of the hundred thousand
Who would die to find him here.

As I thought of the wives and children
With their untold tears and pain;
Of babies, like this on my bosom,
Who cry for the lost ones in vain.

Then a woman came running swiftly,
Her eyes were wild with alarm,
And burst in a shower of weeping,
As the little one sprang to her arms.

"Oh, mamma, I cannot find him!"
We're looking for him here, my boy,
As she covered his face with kisses,
And I sadly turned away.

The Sensitive Girl.
BY W. G. LAMSEY.

He stood on the slippery crossing,
His golden locks flying with the breeze,
And I sprang, with a cry, to save him
From the horse's cruel feet.

"Oh, why are you here, my baby?"
I said with a thrill of pain,
As I thought of the loving mother
Seeking her child in vain.

"I'm a baby," he answered,
As he wistfully gazed in my face,
"I'm going to find my papa—
And he's struggled in my embrace."

"You are lost, my little lad!"
I think you must come with me."
He cried, "I'm not lost, I'm not—
I'm right here, don't you see?"

"But papa, my papa is lost,"
For mamma has told me so,
And she cries, and cries, so dreadful,
I don't think she must know."

"And where is he lost?" I questioned;
"Tell me, and I'll seek him, too."
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