

# THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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## The Baptism of Jesus.

BY J. M. PHILLIPS, D. D.

Whatever theories men may advance respecting the baptism of Jesus, it is quite apparent that he attached great importance to the event. Leaving his humble home at Nazareth, he walked more than eighty miles, and all to be baptized. And when the Baptist in his humility declined to perform the office, he endeavored it with him. "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." And the extraordinary phenomena immediately following the event, not only attested his Messiahship, but showed that the Father was well pleased with the act. In brief, it is plain that the baptism of our Lord was a highly important event and worthy of most careful consideration.

I raise the question, then, why was he baptized?

I. Not to make him a priest. John had no authority to induct any one into the priesthood, not being a priest himself. Jesus himself was of the tribe of Judah and therefore could not lawfully be a priest. When we consider his own declaration, that he came not to destroy but to fulfill the law, it is not to be supposed for a moment, that we could be guilty of such a flagrant violation of the law as to usurp the priest's office.

For proof that Christ was disqualified under the law for the Jewish priesthood, I refer to Heb. 7:13, 14. He is indeed our great High Priest, but he was not made such "after the law of a carnal commandment, but after the power of an endless life."

Again, priests were invested with office at the temple, but never at the Jordan. That was not the place to initiate with the priestly office, and therefore it is certain that he was not baptized for that purpose.

II. What then was the design of Christ's baptism?

The reason is indicated in his reply to John: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfill all righteousness." The idea is, that in this act, he would in a sense fulfill all the righteousness required of him as the Savior of men—not actually, but symbolically and anticipatively.

By his baptism he was manifested as the Messiah, declared to be the son of God, the Savior of the world. For thirty years he had been in the world, yet no one knew him, in his divine character and mission. True, there was a general expectation that the Messiah was about to appear, but who he was and where he was, no one certainly knew. John the Baptist, his own relation and harbinger, did know him as the long promised Messiah. "I knew him not," said John, "but he that sent me to baptize said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the spirit of God descending, and remaining on him, the same is he which baptizeth with the Holy Ghost."

Neither was he known to any of the vast multitude that gathered at John's baptism on the banks of the Jordan. Hence John says: "I indeed baptize you with water, but there standeth one among you whom ye know not; he it is whose shoes I latchet I am not worthy to unloose." And again he said, "I knew him not; but that he should be manifest to all, therefore am I come baptizing with water."

"Now when all the people were baptized it came to pass that Jesus, also, being baptized and praying, the heaven was opened." Three things united in the formal and public manifestation of the Messianic character of the son of Mary—his baptism, the voice of the Father saying, "This is my beloved son," and the descent of the spirit in the form of a dove.

For like purpose are believers to be baptized—not to make them Christians, but to declare them as manifest themselves as such. As baptism did not constitute Jesus the Son of the living God, but merely manifested him as such, so neither does it constitute the believer a child of God, but declares him to be one. Baptism has no power to change character or relation. It is designed only to declare a state and relation that have previously been enjoyed, and which must always exist before the administration of baptism, else it is meaning less and void.

All unbaptized believers are concealed non-professed friends of Christ. They are not Christians, but they are useful, as well as religious growth, demand that this friendship should be professed, and baptism is God's appointed method of making the profession.

2. In his baptism our Lord symbolized his great redemptive work. This I think was the chief significance of the rite in his case. He was publicly entering on the work his Father had given him to do. He was to save his people from their sins by being made sin for them that they might be made the righteousness of God in him. In achieving for us this glorious redemption, three things, according to Paul, were done. He died for our sins, he was buried, he rose again the third day. These three facts form the immutable basis of our hope of deliverance from sin and all its dreadful consequences. And these facts were symbolically set forth in our Lord's baptism. In this he died, was buried, and rose again—symbolically fulfilling all righteousness, foreshadowing the several acts of that future redemptive work, by which he would achieve the salvation of his people. The baptism of believers differs from that of our Lord only in this: his was prospective; theirs, retrospective. His symbolized his future work for his people; theirs symbolized that work as accomplished in

personal experience. Rom. 6:3-5. Christ's baptism was a consecration to his mediatorial work. In it he was solemnly set apart and dedicated to the great work of saving the world. Very unlike the consecration of the Aaronic priesthood was that. Instead of the magnificent temple with its burning altars and swinging incense, there was the grander temple of nature, with its roof lit up with living splendor, and the incense of grateful hearts. Instead of the brazen laver, there was the flowing Jordan, and instead of golden fringed robes, there was the spotless robes of a sinless righteousness. His baptism was the act of self-devotion to the great work he came to accomplish—the surrendering of all his power, both human and divine, to its performance, until done.

So our baptism is not merely a profession of faith, but a formal and deliberate dedication of ourselves unto God. Rightly understood, it is the devotion of our entire being, with its every power and faculty, its every gift of mind and heart, its every fraction of possession and every moment of our time to him who died for us. In this act, we declare, that henceforth we will live not unto self, but unto the Lord.

Such then is the design of the baptism of our Lord, and in this, as all else, he is our great example. His baptism is pre-eminently the great model baptism. Let us see to it that we do not depart from the model.

## Notes From the Papers.

Dr. Geo. B. Eager takes charge of the church at Anniston next month. We rejoice in having him back in Alabama.

"BIRMINGHAM BAPTIST UNION."

Subscribe for the ALABAMA BAPTIST, your state organ. You cannot keep up with your denominational movements without it. Hand two dollars to your pastor or church clerk and they will send it on for you.

The singing of Miss Katie Davis has been greatly enjoyed by our congregation. We envy Selma this sweet singer. We appoint the young men of the church a committee to consider the possibility of retaining her in our midst.

Deacon W. C. Ward's Bible Class is getting to fill all that corner. Let every member of the church who can, come and hear Capt. Ward's Bible lectures. When we get our new church, he must have a room all to himself, and we hope a class of a hundred to lecture to.

Everybody was happy last Sunday morning at Sunday school to see Bro. M. G. Hudson, our beloved and able Superintendent, back again in improved health, and his talk was greatly enjoyed. During his absence Bro. John G. Smith, V. S., has made a most efficient Superintendent. Mrs. Hudson is looking improved by the trip also. We missed them very much, but for Bro. H.'s health, regret they had not stayed another month.

"MOBILE BAPTIST UNION."

Our chief, Dr. J. J. Taylor, is off taking his much needed and well earned vacation. He will probably be gone until the first of October. The pulpit at St. Francis St. church will be supplied Sunday mornings, until his return, by the pastor of Palmetto Street church. We wish our brother a happy stay among the friends of his former days, abundance of luck fishing in the mountain streams of Virginia and North Carolina, and a good time generally, and then—a safe return home.

Instead of a letter from Dr. Taylor he sends a postal under date of Leaksville, N. C., August 26th, in which he says: "I have been trying to write you for a week, but have absolutely no time." Dr. Frost has had a warm reception in Richmond. I and my family are well. We are at Leaksville, N. C. Give our love to the brethren and sisters. We forgive Bro. Taylor for not writing a letter for this number of the Union, for we know how it is ourselves, when we go off on a vacation we feel very little like doing anything like work.

The ALABAMA BAPTIST in its last issue made the statement that another white Baptist church has been organized in Mobile. We are sorry to have to say that we number only two, as in the past. We rejoice to say, however, that our colored brethren have recently organized a new church which we hope will do well. We have this to say about our work here: An effort is being made to establish another church in this city, which will, we trust, be successful. We do not have preaching enough in Mobile by the Baptists—40,000 people and two Baptist churches is not the show we ought to make.

## Judson Female Institute.

A friend of this institution said to me recently that he would be one of twenty to give five hundred dollars to the Judson. Who else will respond to this proposition? Or, if nineteen others will not do so, are there not nineteen Baptist churches in the state that will do so, payable in five equal annual installments, the first payable on the 1st of January, 1890? Please let me have responses soon at Oxford, Ala. Will pastors and Sunday-school superintendents present this proposition? If one church or Sunday-school cannot do this, two or more can unite and do so easily.

ARNER WILLIAMS, Ag't Judson Female Institute.

There is no believing in Jesus with a proud heart. He that trusts Christ must feel himself to be guilty, and acknowledge it.

## Reminiscences.

NO. XX.

In the year 1832 a majority of the people of South Carolina were "high up" for "Nullification," while a large minority were opposed to what they doubtless considered a rash and dangerous measure. Were friends at variance; brothers quarreling; church members falling out? No doubt there was a great deal of such strife all over the State. That year I edited and published a "Nullification" paper in Cheraw. In the course of the year a convention of the sovereign people of South Carolina assembled and passed the celebrated "Nullification Ordinance," declaring the tariff act of 1832 a measure for protection and not for revenue, and that therefore it was unconstitutional, null and void, providing for testing the question before the courts of the State; and that in case of resistance by the general government, then South Carolina was declared to be out of the Union. This measure was to take effect on the 12th of February, 1833, unless before that time congress should abandon the principle of protection.

President Jackson's message in December was favorable to the anti protectionists. Soon after that he issued his remarkable proclamation, urging the people of South Carolina not to persist in their purpose. The proclamation produced great and general excitement. Mr. Verplanck, of New York, introducing the tariff. Virginia sent Benjamin Watkins Leigh to South Carolina as a commissioner of peace, urging her to suspend her action till the 4th of March, to which she consented. Henry Clay came forward with his great "compromise" tariff bill, abandoning his cherished protection policy for the sake of peace. Jackson approved the bill March 2, 1833. The South Carolina convention reassembled and rescinded their ordinance of nullification; and so, there was no war. (See Stephens' History of the United States, pp. 451-3.)

Elder John Holroyd was pastor of our church in Cheraw in 1832. He and his wife were from Providence, R. I. Her father, Stephen Gano, son of John Gano, was pastor of the Baptist church in Providence of which Dr. May had been pastor a number of years before he became president of the South Carolina College, at Columbia. (See Benedict's Hist. Bap., p. 36.)

Bro. and sister Holroyd were excellent persons. Like Paul, he de frayed part of his expenses by labor, for he taught school. I remember two incidents related to me by sister H., which I will here give. Her father, who was also a practicing physician, was sent for in that capacity to see a sick daughter of one of his flock. She was not very sick, and a ter giving medical attention, the kind, fatherly old preacher thought it right to turn the young lady's attention to the subject of religion, as she had so much leisure lying there upon her bed. He had said but little when the young lady became at once exceedingly alarmed, exclaiming she was going to die! She knew she was going to die; the doctor said she would die! And despite every effort to soothe her feelings, she raved into terrible convulsions, or something else, and actually died.

The other incident was in regard to sister Holroyd's own experience of regenerating grace. While yet a girl at home she was deeply impressed, and, in short, was "under conviction," and much troubled. But one day, sitting in her room by herself, a calmness and pleasantness came over her spirit, and the first very objectionable thing that came to her mind, the thought struck her, That is right. Another thing that she had condemned came up, and her thought again was, That is right; and another, and another, and she could not help feeling that these things were all help. Indeed, she could not help saying to herself, "I am sweet-tempered." "Everything under God's providence is right." "But then," said she to herself, "there's your poor father, lying in his room, suffering from a broken leg; that surely can't be right." Immediately something replied to her feelings, "Yes, that is right, too; everything is right." This was too much for her, and she went and told her father about it, and asked him what it meant. Her father, having listened to her all through, with grateful and tender feelings, replied, "My child, you are converted!"

This experience reminds me of the spiritual effect of one of Watts' hymns, beginning, "How sad our state by nature is," on a young lady, as related in that delightful and instructive book, "English Hymns," by S. W. Dunnell, p. 232 (Funk & Wagnalls, New York, publishers). This young lady was under deep anxiety of mind, as Dr. Spencer, the pastor, knew, but he gave out the hymn at the opening of service without thinking of its application to her case. The next day she came to tell him that she had made a new discovery. "Well, what is it?" "Why, the way of salvation all seems to me now perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before." "Have you given up the world and given your whole heart to Christ?" "I do not think that I am a Christian; but I have never been so happy before." And so she went on and related that when she was reading that hymn she saw the whole way of salvation; all she had to do was to trust in Christ. "A guilty, weak and helpless thing, on thy kind arms I fall." "I sat all the evening, just looking at that hymn. I did not hear

your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text." She thought of nothing but that hymn, and in its "marvelous light" she was so contented; and in perfect simplicity, not thinking she was repeating what had been told her a thousand times, she said, "Don't you think that the reason that we do not get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe?" But she did not think that she had yet become a Christian. Happy child of grace! She was a "babe in Christ," and could not hold much more knowledge till she "grew some."

And this reminds me of two cases under my own observation; but I must close.

MAT LYON.

Moulton, Ala.

## The Truth About Molokai.

For some months the newspapers have abounded in fulsome eulogy of the Roman Catholic priest, "Father Damien," for his work on the island of the lepers. We have not published this indiscriminate praise, because we believe it was generated by the Roman Catholic Church for selfish purposes. Our readers will remember the long letter we published nearly two years ago from the pen of Rev. H. B. Gage, who made a visit to the Island of Molokai, and wrote intelligently about the work of the Protestant missionaries, and showed that the Romish Church sent a priest there clearly for missionary purposes. In the light of the recent panegyrics on Father Damien, we were confident time would do justice to all parties. And now the extravagant claims of Rome are being answered by authority. Mr. Edward Clifford has just shown, in the Nineteenth Century, that the Hawaiian Government has always given the lepers good care on one of its most beautiful islands. The leper settlement was started twenty-five years ago, and faithful and capable government agents gave the sufferers good care. In 1874 the president of the board of health—Hon. H. A. Wideman, himself a Catholic—reported to the Hawaiian legislature:

In a material point of view, these people are better off on Molokai than most natives of these islands, and also better off, with few exceptions, than they ever were in their own homes. \* \* \* Mr. W. P. Ragsdale, who some months ago gave a remarkable example of self-sacrifice in going, of his own accord to Molokai, is the present superintendent of the asylum. A more active and efficient man could hardly be found. \* \* \* The lepers have been made in all respects as comfortable as possible.

In the previous biennial report, in 1872, Dr. F. W. Hutchison said:

The food ration is a large one, and exceeds that supplied to the soldiers of the best supplied European and American armies. \* \* \* The board can fairly assert that these people are better supplied than they ever were in their own homes. A proof of the assertion may be found in the fact that many of the people living at the landing place at Kalaupapa have been anxious to make themselves lepers. \* \* \* We repeat again that these people are well taken care of, and not unhappy.

The report also speaks of the provision for the religious care of the lepers:

A little distance from this central place, nearer the seashore, a little church has been built, where every Sunday a native minister, a leper himself, holds a service. \* \* \* It is attended by the poor people, for whose benefit it has been specially erected.

The truth is, as Bro. Gage showed in his letter in our paper, Molokai was one of the most prosperous of mission stations in the Pacific, and nearly every man and woman on the island was a communicant. The people loved and respected highly their old missionary, Mr. Hitchcock. His successor, Rev. A. O. Forbes, carried on the work, and founded the first church among the lepers, repeatedly visited them, and installed their first pastor. Mr. Gage says the most of the lepers were members of Protestant churches. A recent number of the Honolulu Friend says:

Their spiritual wants were well supplied by church and Sabbath schools, and have always been the object of solicitude from the other churches and the Hawaiian board.

## Some Views and Reminiscences of Piedmont, Va.

Not even an invitation to attend the "Vineyard Meetings" can detain a third New Bedford pastor, when vacation comes, along with an invitation to spend it on his native Red Hills in Piedmont, Va. The southern mountains, the Rapidan and the Northham, carry the day.

What does "distance" mean when you can take the "Shore Line" train at 6 o'clock a. m., and in a seventeen hours' ride be in nine states and the District?

"Madison Run!" cries the conductor on the "Orange and Alexandria," now the "Virginia Midland" road; and we disembark between Orange C. H. and Gordonsville. Madison

through what was the estate of President J. M. Madison. It is a mere brook, commonly more or less muddy, and if you want to know what muddy means in the "Red Land District" and among the southwest mountains, don't consult any dictionary, but ask any of Mead's or Grant's old soldiers, who spent about a year marching and fighting and floundering in the valley of the Rapidan when it was muddy.

"Can anything be caught out of so muddy a stream?" is a question which interests an ardent disciple of old Isaac Walton. Trout cannot live here; the season for "carp" is not yet; the water is too red for pike; but your true angler is not easily cowed, and so, after a desperate scuffle drives misshapen, manages to land the largest he ever heard of—weight within a fraction of four pounds, and girth eight inches. So far as heard from, Madison Run is at the head on eels.

Good ground for quail, this; and even before breech loaders were, we have got good bags on these stubble fields; but a preacher of the gospel ought to mind the law; and the Virginia statute makes the season "close" till the middle of October. The same farmer is shown to wild turkeys, with which these mountains abound. We must come down to gray squirrels, and so sunrise finds us on Madison Mountain, just above Montpelier, visiting a famous hickory on the top, the tree at which we once got eleven squirrels by nine o'clock in the morning, and in which we found eight feeding at one time.

A friendly farmer at the foot says, "No squirrels in the mountain;" but when you know your tree, and are bent on squirrel soup for dinner, you are hard of hearing. And so by eight o'clock, four squirrels, gotten at four shots, are strung and on their way to the kitchen.

Reader, have you ever tried squirrel soup in August or September, when green corn, tomatoes and Lima beans are plentiful? If not, then let me express my regret that your education has been so neglected. And, slightly altering the form of Mr. Greeley's famous advice to young men, I will say, "Go South," at least as far as the Piedmont region of Virginia.

A famous Presbyterian preacher in these parts was Dr. Speece, who used to say that Jacob's mess of pottage was squirrel soup with plenty of tomatoes in it.

This region is quite famous in the annals of the country. Just outside of Charlottesville stands the University of Virginia.

"Escott Holt," the sprightly correspondent of the New York Examiner, in expressing a rather humble estimate of Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, called him a "country lawyer of fair talent," and added, "It is barely possible there are no bigger men in West Virginia, the state being monotonously rural." Though we do not feel set for the defence of Senator Kenna, nor of any other politician, and though we do not even know to which political party he belongs, still, when he is called a "country lawyer," we remember that John C. Calhoun was open to the same sneer. And when the imagined death of great men in West Virginia is explained on the ground that the state is "monotonously rural," we must take leave to mention a few facts with which we happen to be familiar.

Some years ago a correspondent of a New York paper might have written thus: "I spent last night at a country farm-house, the birthplace of one of the presidents of the United States. This morning, rising early, I rode to another country farm house, and took breakfast with the proprietor, another President of the United States. After breakfast, I rode a few miles, and called at another farm-house, whose proprietor is a country lawyer and a justice of the supreme court of the United States. Another short ride brought us to the house of another country lawyer, who has been governor of Virginia, United States senator, secretary of war, and minister to England. After a short chat with him, I visited the country residence of another United States senator, who was also minister to France; took supper with another president of the United States, and am spending the night with another president of the United States. This ride I made in one day, on horseback, and neither horse nor rider is much fatigued."

Zachary Taylor was born three miles north of Orange Court House; James Madison lived and died at Montpelier, four miles south; Justice Philip P. Barbour, four miles from him; Governor James Barbour, five miles from him; William C. Rives, eight miles from him; Thomas Jefferson, six miles from him, and James Monroe half an hour's ride from him. The whole region was and is "monotonously rural," and at least half of the eminent men whose names we have written above were country lawyers.

"Escott Holt" is smart; but when

he attempts to enlighten the public on the matter of raising great men, he is not a distinguished success. The South usually raises her great men where she raises her crops—in the country; and then sends them, with other produce, to the cities where they are "consumed."

When "Escott Holt" sneered at country lawyers, he was about as far off the track as he was when he cast a slur upon the University of Virginia for sending her alumni away with their patriotism damaged. Still, this difference may be due to "Escott Holt's" views of the questions, "Who are great men?" and "What is patriotism?" and the answers to such questions "will depend on where you stand."—J. C. Hiden, New Bedford, Mass., in National Baptist.

## The Harris Association.

In compliance with my promise to the Columbus association of Georgia, I went as a messenger to the Harris association, of Alabama. Like many other associations, this body meets during the week and has no Sunday service. The association met this year with the church at Crawford, Russell county, Ala., on Tuesday, Sept. 3rd.

The writer was there in due time, perhaps by ten o'clock, and had a good opportunity to witness the hearty hand shaking among the brethren as they came on the grounds; and ever and anon some brother would appear in a group, who said he was only half brother, but he, too, would give a hearty shake of the hand, and bid all a cordial welcome. A stranger on such occasions has a splendid opportunity to see all that occurs, for he has but little to do, only to look on; and one situated just as I was could but say to himself, Surely these brethren love each other, and are in earnest in matters pertaining to the Master's cause. At eleven o'clock the large congregation assembled in the Baptist church, and Rev. W. B. Carter, of Brownville, Ala., who was requested by the appointee, Rev. Dr. S. W. Harris (who was at home) preached the introductory sermon.

After a cordial welcome was extended to all to partake of the refreshments, were prepared and brought to the grounds, the congregation was dismissed, and for a time the happy greetings were resumed. At 1:30 o'clock the brethren reassembled in the house, and was called to order by the former moderator, Rev. Geo. E. Brewer. Short religious exercises were observed, and the body proceeded to organize by electing Rev. Geo. E. Brewer moderator, and deacon White, clerk.

When the body was organized presently, and went to work, the visitor was at once impressed that the Harris association was a working body. In some respects it is a small body, and in some it is large; as to numerical strength it is small; as to piety, spirituality, love for each other, and liberality in contributions to the cause of Christ, it has never before been the privilege of the author of these lines to witness its equal. The association is composed of eight churches, with an aggregate membership of less than eight hundred members.

The liberality of this association is one of the striking features, and then to witness the superior spirituality one is forcibly impressed that it is an illustration of the saying of the Lord Jesus, that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." As has been intimated, the writer was comparatively a stranger when he went among these brethren, but soon felt that he was "no more a stranger," but a laborer with fellow-laborers for the Master. It was a spiritual feast to be with such spiritually minded men and co-workers in the field of the Lord as Benton, Brewer, Carter, Davidson, Harris, Hudson, Ivey, and the splendid company of laymen who evince a readiness to every good word and work.

The writer doesn't remember to have heard a more excellent series of reports than was made on each of the subjects considered by this body; each one presented truths and statistics interesting and instructive.

The hospitality of the church and citizens of Crawford was all it could be, and the visitor is specially indebted to brethren Harris, Benton, Wells and Grimes, and their families, for hospitalities, and the entire association for a most excellent occasion while on the Alabama side of the great Chattahoochee.

F. M. BLALOCK.

Cusseta, Ga., Sept. 10th.

## Keeping The Heart.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life," says Solomon, the wise king of Israel; and truly it is so; for as the heart is, so will be the life. It is the fountain from which flow out upon the world the various streams of the soul; and these are either clear and beautiful with the virtues and graces of a gentle and refined spirit, or turbid and ungrateful with the dregs and impurities of a base and sensual nature. Keep the house clean and neat and the indwelling thereof will be good—let the opposite prevail and it is "like a cage of unclean birds"—revolving in all its introspections—"Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts"—keep it "with all diligence." As it is, so will it be. O young man, let your mother's portrait ever hang there—her gentle smile ever be its light—her gentle voice its music—her love its noblest inspiration!

R. I. DRAUGHON.

I have often thought upon death, and I find it the least of all evils.—Bacon.

## FIELD NOTES.

W. P. Walker, of Huntington, W. Va., takes Dr. F. M. Ellis to task for stating that "the change of the mode of baptism was made because of the dogma of baptismal regeneration," and closes thus: The truth is, there are no modes of baptism. Baptism is an act, a definite act, no word, meaning something else, was ever used in its stead in the Scriptures. For instance, the words properly translated sprinkle, or pour, are NEVER used in connection with the act of baptism in the Scriptures. Hence, to substitute something else for baptism, is not "changing the mode," but is abandoning baptism altogether, and substituting something else in its stead. Bro. Ellis "slipped," which is a very rare thing for him.

Bro. W. M. Blackwelder, Northport, Sept. 13, says: I have recently assisted Rev. John C. Foster in meetings with his churches, Grant's Creek and New Hope. The Lord graciously blessed both meetings. Twenty-two were added to the former, and nine to the latter. It was a great privilege to be thus associated with this faithful and sainted pastor. Perhaps no man in Alabama has been more loved, honored and revered by those among whom he has labored than he. The church at Grant's Creek has been served by him for forty-six successive years, and has served New Hope at different times for about thirty years. It is truly affecting to witness his untiring zeal and self-forgetful interest in his Master's cause, and the deep devotion to his beloved people.

We had a good time at Sibley's Mills church last Sunday, the 8th. Eighteen came forward for prayer, and we received one for baptism after the meeting. A good sister of an- other faith, told the truth. She said: "Bro. Cooper, I believe you Baptists are trying to take the whole state." Now, that is just what we are trying to do, down this way. Providence permitting, I will begin a protracted meeting at Stoke's School House, on the Bay Shore, one mile above Daphne, on Friday, 8 p. m., before the first Sunday in October. We have a small house, but we will have brush overhead and pine straw under foot. A good sister will take her organ, and lead in the singing. The place is about two hundred yards from the water's edge, and is a lovely place. We will have some good preachers.—D. R. Cooper, Missionary.

I thank God, who giveth us the victory over sin, that our hearts have been made to rejoice since my last writing. Our annual protracted meeting has just closed at Mt. Zion. Regardless of rain and mud, the congregations were large, both day and night. The sermons delivered by brethren Huff and Yeager, also the admonition given by our pastor, were delivered very forcibly; they were so touching that many sinners were made to rejoice in hope of the glory of God. I had the pleasure of seeing fifteen buried with Christ in baptism by our beloved brother, J. W. Hilliard. On the other side of the picture how sad! The last night of the meeting about fifty sinners asked us to remember them in our prayers. I ask those who read this, to remember them at a throne of grace.—M. Rep., Sept. 10th.

Arrangements are now completed for "Bible Day," on the Second Sunday in November. Early notice is given, in order that all necessary preparation may be made by those who desire to help the Bible Work. While "Children's Day" is observed in many denominations, "Bible Day" has reference only to Baptist churches and Sunday schools. In order to awaken the widest possible interest for this greatest work, a beautiful program has been arranged for the Sunday schools. These programs, with recitations, etc., are never sold, but are furnished FREE, but only to schools that agree to make a contribution for Bible Work, and send the same promptly and direct to the Bible Secretary, C. C. Biting, P. O. 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. In ordering programs, simply state the membership of the school, and give name and post-office address, plainly written, in full.

An error crept into your notice of the meeting at Pine Level, Bro. J. S. Yarbrough is pastor and conducted the meeting until Bro. Thompson arrived on Monday night, Bro. T. then did the preaching. His discourse was short, pointed, forcible and effective, and throughout the entire meeting he had the undivided attention of the audience. There were nineteen accessions to the church, twelve of which were by experience and baptism, and seven by letter, voucher and restoration. Four of the twelve baptized are men with Baptist families. An interesting service at the water's edge was conducted in this way: As the pastor and candidate would go down into the water, the congregation would sing, and as they came up Bro. Thompson would read appropriate passages. After baptism the congregation returned to the house and extended the hand of welcome to the new members.—E. P. J.

In my report of the meeting at Red Bud church, I neglected to say that Elder DeWitt, of Bethany church, gave us such preaching as only a two hundred and fifty five pound preacher can give. We closed the meeting Sept. 3rd, and went to Fairfield, in Washington county. After preaching by Bro. DeWitt on the night of the 4th, we organized Fairfield church with eight members. Bro. DeWitt left the next evening for Whistler, and I remained and preached at night, receiving one member by restoration. Fairfield is the headquarters of the Sea board Manufacturing Co. They now employ over one thousand men. We have the lot and lumber and

four hundred dollars in money, to build a house of worship, and then we have the "big little" book keeper (O. J. Bowen) as a worker, in getting up these things, and he is as large, in some respects, in the pew, as DeWitt is in the pulpit. May the Lord give us more such workers.—D. R. C.

The following graceful refusal by the editor of the Motion Advertiser to let a correspondent who desired to express his religious views in his paper is one of the best things we have seen in a secular paper in many years. It is worthy of an earnest reading: "No good results can follow the publication of such an article as the correspondent wishes to make. On the contrary it would have a tendency to confirm skeptics in their unbelief, and perhaps lead others into infidelity. It is repugnant to every feeling of our nature to even think of publishing anything that does not endorse every part of the Bible as the Word of God and Jesus Christ as his Son, the Savior of the world. With such faith and belief in the Christian religion, it would be sinful if not blasphemous against the Holy Ghost to lend our columns to a correspondent who rejects the Savior and repudiates his holy teachings. With the very highest possible respect for our venerable, but erratic friend, we beg to be excused."

Bro. J. A. Glenn writes: I held a meeting of nine days, commencing Saturday before the second Sabbath in August, with th Asheville church. We had a precious meeting. The church was revived, giving strong evidence of the same, in their earnest efforts to advance the Master's cause. I had the ministerial help of brethren G. D. Staton, J. S. E. Robinson and P. S. Montgomery, all of whom did efficient work. The results were: Twelve by baptism and four by letter. On returning from my next appointment, I found that the work had not been finished; therefore, as our association was to convene at our next regular meeting, I called a meeting on Thursday before, at which time we received three by baptism and one by letter, making, during the association, sixteen by baptism and eight by letter. This is the result of a church having a "mind to work." We hope that we have received good material. The church seems determined to cultivate these members for usefulness. This church has prayer meeting and Sabbath-school weekly. May the Lord help us to press the work. Rejoice with us in the success of the cause of the Master.

## Antioch Association.

The next session of this body will convene on Friday, Oct. 11th, 1889, at 10 o'clock a. m., with Womack Hill Baptist church, Choctaw county, Alabama.

## PROGRAM.

Devotional exercises conducted by T. B. Shoemaker; introductory sermon by S. M. Tucker; expression of welcome by the pastor; recess.

## EVENING SESSION.

Reading clerks or committee on credentials at the pleasure of the body.

## PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

Petitionary letters. Extend the hand of welcome and appreciation to corresponding members. Appointment of such committees as shall be necessary to act and make report during this session. Report on woman's work. Report on Bible and colportage work.

## NIGHT SESSION.

Preaching by Wm. A. Parker; T. E. Tucker, alternate.



# Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., SEPT. 30, 1899.

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

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MONTGOMERY is one of the healthiest cities in the whole Southland. Those who are seeking health and a prosperous city should not pass her by.

MINISTER OF WAR, M. DeFreycinet, says France is secure, and with such an army as she has at present she can demand respect from the nations. He compliments the republic on her army and thinks France possesses one that is equal to any in the Old World.

REV. CHAS. G. ELLIOTT has gone to the Seminary at Louisville. His work at Knoxville was a good one, and will be far-reaching in good results. Bro. Elliott is one of our best young preachers, but not only is he a good preacher, but one of the best friends of this paper. Success to him.

GEN. MAHONEY, the republican nominee for governor of Virginia, will have a warm gubernatorial campaign. A large number of prominent men of his party will speak against him and endeavor to secure his defeat. Ex-Senator Riddleberger (republican) will canvass the state for the democratic party. Such is the law of politics.

The farewell service to missionaries McCollum and Brunson and their wives, at the Adams Street church, has been postponed on account of the delay of the vessel on which they expected to sail. The service will be held on October 10th instead of September 27th, as heretofore announced. The vessel is now in dock for repairs and will sail about the middle of October.

The information has reached Madrid that Captain Ford, the sailors and one passenger of the Spanish vessel which was captured by the natives of Rif, coast of Morocco, have been carried into the interior of the country, it being the object of their captors to sell them into slavery. The Spanish government have made an immediate demand on the Sultan of Morocco that the prisoners be restored to liberty. Ten or fifteen thousand soldiers will be sent to rescue the citizens of Spain if the Sultan refuses.

SPEAKING of the "cocking main" at the exposition, the Sheffield Enterprise was to know if it "wouldn't be a good scheme for the managers of the exposition to add as an additional novel feature a few dog fights and a prize ring?" It seems that the same would be consistent with the methods they have inaugurated to demoralize those who attend. Saloons and the cocking main may "draw" the lower classes, but the moral, sober and Christian people will give no support to such institutions nor endorse those who advocate them.

A TELEGRAM reads: Dr. Tucker left a letter giving instructions concerning his funeral. Among these was that he was to be buried in a coffin of wood, in order that it might rot. He instructed that prayers be offered for anybody connected by affinity or consanguinity with his family, for anybody who had ever done a favor or good turn for him or his family, for everybody who had ever injured him in any way. There was to be no address of any kind at the funeral, no music, only prayers and reading of the Scripture. The orders were carried out to the letter.

THE schools have opened with a large attendance. The State Normal College at Florence opened on the 18th, with over 150 enrolled. It is said that this exceeds by about forty the enrollment of the first day last year, which was the most prosperous year in every way that the college has ever known. "The number last year reached over 300, and President Powers has high hopes of swelling the list to 400 this year, and feels no doubt of its reaching 350."

NOW and then young people who have lost their training, go to church, seemingly, for fun and for an opportunity to show how little they know and to exhibit the small amount of politeness they possess. The pastors of the Baptist churches of Montgomery insist on young people showing the proper respect and honor due the Lord's house, and rebuke those who go there to laugh and whisper and keep others from worshipping aright.

THE brethren of the Selma church have invited Rev. L. G. Skipper to preach for them on next Sabbath, also to supply for them till they get a pastor. Bro. Skipper has just returned from North Carolina, where he has been resting for several weeks. We are glad to state that he has recovered his health, and will be able to give the Selma brethren some fine sermons should he go. We hope he will, feeling sure that he will do good work over there and that the brethren will delight in the service that he renders.

BRO. A. J. H. BORDERS, of Choccolocco, Calhoun county, Ala., writes the following concerning the notice in these columns two weeks since, on "The Grave of a Judson Girl":

I see an article in the BAPTIST of the 12th inst., in regard to the grave of a Judson girl. I suppose she was my sister. The circumstances are all right, except the name should be Borders instead of Borden. My father's name was John Borders, who gave the Howard, I think, five hundred dollars before the war. Can you give me the name of some person who lives near that grave in Bibb county, to whom I can write?

We take the liberty of referring the brother to the editor of the Bibb Blade, Six Mile, Ala., who resides near the spot. He will give the information desired.

It is stated that a minister who, in addition to preaching to a regular charge has a school near Cullman, was attacked and severely beaten by some of his patrons a short time since. The story goes that he had chastised some of his pupils, and when opportunity afforded, their parents attacked and beat him unmercifully. The parties have been arrested. It is said that the teacher, in punishing the pupils, was doing his duty. While we do not believe in calling into action the severe modes of punishment for trivial matters, yet we do believe that there are occasions where nothing will prove so helpful and beneficial to pupils as the peach-tree, the birch, or the hickory. They are sometimes great incentives to the right performance of duty, while they are a terror to evil doers and those who disobey the rules of the school.

THE defense in the Cronin murder case in Chicago are cunningly at work to clear those who are on trial for the crime. They are endeavoring to arouse sympathy by telling all manner of things false. Dr. Cronin was a prominent member of the Clan-na-Gael society (Catholic), and when the brotherhood deemed him an unsafe man they took his life. The following note from the Montgomery Advertiser on the subject is timely and appropriate: The Clan-na-Gael seems to be a secret order reflecting no honor upon those connected with it. The latest revelation of its inward rottenness is furnished by the resignation of one of its officers upon the ground that its funds were being used for the defence of the murderers of Dr. Cronin. There is no place in this country for an organization which, in the remotest degree, tolerates the idea of assassination, and it is demonstrated that "removal" of obnoxious persons is one of the features of this order. It ought to be rooted out stem and branch.

PROF. EDWARD A. ALLEN, of the University of Missouri, writes, to a young friend at college: "The one book that the student who wishes to do his best in literary art must steep his mind in is our English Bible. 'Where is the life of our language to be found in such perfection,' exclaims Leigh Hunt, 'as in the translation of the Bible? We will venture to affirm that no one is master of the English language who is not well read in the Bible and sensible of its peculiar excellencies.' It is the purest of English. The taste which the Bible forms is not a taste for big words, but a taste for the simplest expression or the clearest medium of presenting ideas." This opinion has been confirmed in our day, by such writers as Cardinal Newman, Fitz Edward Hall, J. R. Green, and by other masters and critics of the literary art. Mr. Saintsbury, in his recent work on Elizabethan literature, pronounces the authorized version to be probably the greatest prose work in any language, and explains its excellencies as in part due to the quaries of suitable English terms the translators had in the earlier English versions.

THE work that has been done by Rev. J. I. Ayres, in Clayton, will do good for generations yet to come. He went there among a disorganized membership of about fifty, and has worked steadily until he now has the largest congregation in the place, and a membership largely increased. They have built a new church at a cost of \$4,000, which is an ornament to the town and is considered one of the prettiest and most durable in Southeast Alabama. There is yet due on the church about \$700, and it would be a splendid thing for the Eufaula association, which meets with that church October 24th, to give the brethren a contribution for this object. The members have worked faithfully, and have sacrificed largely for the church, and are deserving of the assistance and hearty co-operation of the brethren composing the Eufaula association. What say you, brethren? By so doing the faithful laborers in Clayton will be greatly encouraged and will be enabled to do better service for the Master in the future.

HOWARD COLLEGE.

Howard College opened well. One hundred and ten students were present on the 19th, and the number was increasing with the arrival of every train. Both faculty and students are enthusiastic over the successful opening. Every section of the state is expected to reach upwards of two hundred. The faculty are hard at work arranging matters for the most successful year of the college in a long season.

Dr. Riley and the professors have been extremely busy during the summer months in canvassing the state for pupils this session, and their efforts have been crowned with success. We hope to hear other good news from them.

CORRUPTION IN THE CHURCH.

There are those in a large number of our churches who should be dismissed from Christian and church fellowship. In several instances we have learned of some who are drunkards and gamblers retaining full membership with God's people. They are not looked upon by the brethren as professional gamblers and habitual drunkards, but only as "occasional" seekers after worldly pleasures; and frequently this state of things develops into great demoralization of the church and destroys its usefulness, not only in its own community, but creates an evil influence throughout the state where it is known. We should labor to restore the erring one to the paths of rectitude, but when our efforts prove futile and our pleadings are in vain, then it is that we should withdraw the hand of church fellowship from them. God has appointed the immoral man or woman to no place in the universe; they have positions which they fill of their own accord, guided by the evil one, the destroyer of their souls.

We have heard of an instance where several names were before a board of deacons for dismissal, the proof in hand being conclusive of the guilt of the parties, and yet nothing was done whereby to cleanse the church of this scum and refuse which even the outside world cannot respect. The church thus throws a cloak about them and covers up their deeds of immorality, and the world stands by and laughs at the lack of courage exhibited and points the finger of scorn at the church, and asks: "Is this the kind of Christianity you are teaching? Where is the morality and right living about which your pastor preaches? We have been urged to accept Christianity, and here you have in your white sepulchre corruption and dead men's bones!"

Such is the influence of that church which hasn't the moral courage to do right. And sometimes it stands as a tower of strength, seemingly, when its very foundations are gradually crumbling away. It is like a great ship, built for show and smooth sailing; and in time of danger, when courage is needed to man her through the storm and keep her clear of the rocks and shoals, she breaks to pieces as the storm descends, and her sailors become as children faint and weak, and all are lost. It is a sad sight to observe a faithless church, and how earnestly should those labor for the purity of Christ's home on earth who are appointed to hold up the pastor's hands and assist him in the work of the Master!

There needs to be a "weeding out" in a number of our churches, and some of them need it sadly. The sinful weeds are choking out the spiritual grain and decay seems to be written on the walls of a number of churches in Alabama. Drunkards, and gamblers, and whisky sellers, and immoral men, and bad women have no place with God's redeemed children, and if they have a place at all it is most assuredly not in the church. Let the pastors and deacons be men, fearless in the discharge of their Christian duty, and God will give the increase, if not in numbers, then in good things spiritual.

I believe our Savior in the broad compass of his affections encircled the world.—Rev. W. S. Rodgers, at Centennial association.

## EXPOSITION DEMORALIZATION.

It will be a source of regret to every Christian citizen in Alabama that the exposition will be conducted on a different basis from the state fair of last year. Saloons and wine-rooms will lend their unsavory presence to the occasion, and drinking and gambling, of course, will be special features with a large number of people. And then comes the "great cocking main"—an attraction(?) that assures no good to the management of the exposition and no credit to the citizens of Alabama. Since public sentiment was too strong against the proposal of the late Dispatch to have a bull fight at the exposition, the same element, perhaps, are championing the "great cocking main" and are thirsting for blood. They cannot witness bull fights, so they are clamoring for cock fights; and we are told that a pit has been erected, "and the necessary houses, to accommodate the hundreds of game birds which will be brought to this city from all sections of the country."

From a report which was recently sent to Birmingham, we read that "one of the most celebrated breeders and fighters of the country will come with between 500 and 1,000 birds," and "that he will hold one side of the pit and fight all comers." It is further stated that "a tent with a seating capacity of 1,500" has been secured, and "beneath this canvass \* \* \* the lovers of good sport" are promised "a series of the finest cock-fights ever witnessed in the South."

Bar-rooms, wine rooms and the "great cocking main" are institutions that will draw the crowds, it is said. Of course, there will be gambling, and betting, and drunkenness; and with these influences surrounding the exposition, demoralization will set in and hold high carnival.

The secular papers are boosting all these means of demoralization, and are seconding every motion to demoralize the citizenship of the Commonwealth of Alabama. It is all of this, and nothing less.

We shall see what they have to say to this. We are ready.

## CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION.

An hour's ride from Montgomery, on the morning of the 19th, brought us to Fitzpatrick Station, on the Georgia Central railroad? There we met Rev. W. B. Crumpton, our state mission secretary, and Rev. W. S. Rodgers, of Cuthbert, Ga. These brethren had arrived the day before.

Bro. A. Hill had his wagon ready, and we were soon on the way to Greenwood church, located five miles away in the village called High Log. Bro. Rodgers gave us, in brief, the history of the little town, especially that which pertained to the origin of the euphonious title by which it has always been known. Away back in the good old days when the hunter enjoyed the pleasure of the chase this was a famous resort for deer. At a certain spot, where a large pine had fallen against another tree, the hunters would wait for the deer. This spot became known as "high log" stand, and hence the name of the village.

The country for a few miles about this place is very sandy, but the soil is rather dark, showing the resemblance to the rich black prairie lands, which encircle this small plateau. The crops are all fine, but some good rains are needed to ensure large yields from late crops, such as sugar-cane, potatoes and turnips.

Greenwood church is just on the outskirts of the town of High Log. The name of the church would suggest a building surrounded by a beautiful grove. In this we were disappointed. The green woods have disappeared and only a few trees, about four in all, are still remaining. But a good arbor has been put up to support the lack of natural shade, and under this spacious banner were arranged the tables for the display of tempting viands. However, we are not yet ready for dinner, and so we walk into the house as quietly as our ponderous pedals will allow.

Rev. J. O. Hixson, of Union Springs, gave us a good introductory sermon from I Cor. 1: 30, after which a recess of one hour was announced, and the audience assembled under the inviting shades of the arbor to regale the inner man.

Immediately on re-assembling the letters from the churches were read, and the permanent organization was affected by the re-election of the old officers, viz: Rev. J. O. Hixson, moderator; Bro. T. E. Tompkins, clerk; and Bro. B. T. Eley, treasurer.

The call for visitors from other associations was responded to by Rev. W. R. Ivey, of the Montgomery; Rev. W. S. Rodgers, of Bethel association, Georgia; Rev. Loflin, of Harris; Bro. C. A. Davis, of Tuskegee; and Bro. W. C. Jordan, of Eufaula.

Rev. W. B. Crumpton was received as the representative of the State Mission Board and various other interests of the denomination. The scribe presented himself as representative of the paper. The moderator kindly welcomed the visitors in behalf of the body.

Bro. Crumpton was requested to say a few words for the interest which he represented. He wanted to tell us

about his success as an author and journalist. His great paper, the State Mission Annual, is the best thing out for the Baptist churches, and he believes everybody ought to read it over and over again. The Centennial association is asked to raise five hundred dollars for the various objects. It is not taxation, but a simple request.

Bro. Rodgers believes in using the press to disseminate missionary intelligence and to develop people in the grace of giving for missions.

Friday morning, after a pleasant night spent at the home of Col. Colvin, a good Methodist brother, we sallied forth in quest of subscribers, and captured a few before the association opened for business. The reports on missions were read, and Bro. Crumpton gave us a reading talk on missions. It is our duty to work and leave the results with God. Some people will be lost in our Christian land, but they will be lost without excuse. He believes the foreign work is the most important. He regrets that brethren do not talk more readily about missions at our large gatherings, and does not want to see the reports hurried through.

Bro. Foster is a working pastor and feels the importance of the missionary spirit in the churches. He finds he can raise the money needed, and even more than he expects. He believes more self-denial on our part is necessary to prove our faith by our works.

At eleven o'clock Bro. Crumpton gave us a most interesting sermon, in which he presented the fruit-bearing Christian as the model for all. We must believe that we are doing work that will last before we can enter with all our energies into our labors. God has promised his aid to all fruitful Christians.

In the afternoon the discussion on missions was continued.

Bro. B. M. Bean found it difficult to fully organize churches which had preaching only once a month. He has his plan of raising the money by personal solicitation and a complete record for every member.

Bro. Hixson told of the misunderstanding of the executive committee of the association and the State Board which occurred a few years ago. He was sorry that it had occasioned so much trouble.

Bro. Crumpton said the board had no secrets, and assured the body that money sent the board would be expended as the association directed.

Bro. Bean wanted to work heartily for missions in every field.

Bro. Gholson thought the unfortunate discussion of this subject for the past two years had, to a large extent, destroyed the missionary interest in the association, and he wanted to forget the past and co-operate with the State Board.

Bro. Loflin urged harmony.

Bro. Hixson explained that he had brought the matter up for final settlement, and we believe that will co-operate with the board.

Bro. Rodgers said that this body was once called the banner association of the state, and we must work once more to attain that proud position.

Bro. B. T. Eley was opposed to having missionary money idle, and wants it used for the Master.

Bro. Ayres believed that keeping missionary money at home will kill the missionary spirit in the association.

A resolution was adopted, recommending the churches to co-operate with the State Mission Board. All were happy, and had it not been for the lateness of the hour we would have felt like spending a few minutes in a hallelujah song service. We were sorry that Bro. Crumpton had to leave before the discussion closed. All enjoyed his visit. Thus ended the second day of the Centennial association meeting, and we regret that we could not remain another day, but we must go where duty calls, and so, farewell!

J. M. K.

## FIELD NOTES.

Read Dr. Averett's letter in this issue.

Dr. D. I. Purser has our thanks for a list of subscribers.

Rev. Jackson Gunn is conducting a meeting at Newburg.

The school at Notasulga opened with seventy pupils in attendance.

Howard College is going onward and upward. Success is near at hand.

A state temperance convention is called to meet in Birmingham on October 29th.

We were glad to see so many good laymen at the Centennial association.—J. M. K.

Send us the news for the "Field Note" column, brother. Give us the news briefly.

Rev. G. S. Daugherty, of East Lake, sends us a list of subscribers. Thanks, brother.

There were seven additions to the church at Six Mile during the recent series of meetings.

A correspondent in the Scottsboro Citizen says that Mt. Carmel is all aglow with religion.

Rev. Catt Smith has been conducting a series of meetings with the church at Childersburg.

The North River association met with the church at Jasper on the 22d. The churches of the association were well represented.

Rev. Geo. D. Harris, of Oxford, preached at the Twelfth Street church, Anniston, last Sabbath.

Rev. W. B. Carter, of Brownville, is assisting Rev. C. C. Willis, of Midland, Ga., in a meeting.

Bro. W. M. Burr, of Columbia, sends a card welcoming the senior to the Columbia association.

Bro. W. L. Chandler, of the firm of Chandler Bros., has returned from a trip of three months to Europe.

Rev. Chas. E. Nash, formerly of Alabama, is meeting with much success in his pastorate at Falmouth, Ky.

Bro. R. E. Bostwick, of Benton, paid us a pleasant visit last week. He is a good church worker, and is a live and energetic man.

A correspondent, Sept. 21, says that there were seventeen accessions to the church at Grove Hill during the recent meetings.

Deep interest in the foreign mission work is an evidence of the true Christian.—Rev. W. B. Crumpton, at Centennial association.

Moore Academy, Pine Apple, opened on the second Monday in September with a satisfactory prospect for a successful season.

Dr. Averett is encouraged at the outlook of the Judson. He was in Montgomery last week making purchases for the new building.

Bro. Rotton wants the Centennial association to occupy till the Savior comes, and to do this we must hold on to the State Mission Board.

A series of meetings is in progress at the Edwardsville Baptist church. Rev. W. K. Lane, of Douglasville, Ga., will assist Rev. W. J. Campbell.

Rev. J. I. Ayres and lady, of Clayton, were as happy a couple as we have met in a long time. So moves the world, and we are growing old.—J. M. K.

I have been out helping one of my fellow pastors this week. Two joined by letter and two others professed conversion.—J. W. S., Evergreen, September 12th.

Messrs. Joe Melton, Madison Kyser and Joe Stanford and Rev. H. H. Shell left Pine Apple on the 19th for Howard College, and others were expected to follow.

In the first article of Dr. J. C. Hiden, on "The Testimony of Words," read, in fourth paragraph from close, "profound" instead of "profane." It occurred in the issue of the 12th inst.

Rev. W. S. Rodgers, of Cuthbert, Ga., told us how the wife of an infidel of his acquaintance had been converted into an active missionary by reading the lives of the three Mrs. Judson.

Capt. W. C. Ward, of the Southside church, shows himself as well versed in divine matters as he is in legal affairs. He leads a large Bible class every Sunday.—Birmingham Chronicle.

The Conecuh association will convene with the church at Evergreen, Ala., on Tuesday after the 3rd Sabbath in October, 1899. All are invited who can come.—J. E. Bell, Moderator.

The St. Clair paper says that Rev. Jno. A. Glenn has returned from the Cherokee Baptist association. It also states that "if one wants to live high, let him go up into the mountains of that section."

Bro. Jeff Falkner paid us a pleasant visit last week. He has recently been engaged in a meeting at Corinth. There were seven accessions to the church. He also assisted in a meeting at Liberty.

Here is a good note from the Morning Times, of Anniston: There are over 2,500 regular church attendants in Anniston. No other town of the same population in the country can show anything like it.

Bro. B. H. Crumpton, of Greenville, has returned from Pensacola, where he was present at the ordination services of Bro. W. S. Brown. We will publish some statistics of the church at an early day.

The St. Clair Advertiser remarks that "the organ of the Baptist church (at that place) has disappeared, and some of its members say if it doesn't turn up soon they will advertise it as 'lost, strayed, or stolen.'"

Rev. J. L. Thompson, in his sermon last Sabbath morning, spoke of the demoralizing influences of the coming exposition. All the Christian people of Montgomery will heartily endorse his position on the subject.

Bro. J. E. Barnes writes from East Lake of the fine spirit among the students at Howard College. He left Bro. J. G. Lowery at Blocton in the midst of a series of meetings. The prospects were good for a precious revival.

Send us your renewal, brother. We have been waiting patiently for some time. We will transfer the names of subscribers to a new book soon, and do not want to drop any from our list. Let us hear from you at once.

On the 9th I baptized seven persons at Doaneville, and on the 22nd, nine at Radaville. Our meetings at both places were pleasant, and quite a number of members were received by letter from other churches.—Jno. R. Shaffer.

Bro. J. D. Proctor, assistant superintendent of the Sunday-school of Adams Street church, has returned to Montgomery after an absence of several months in Michigan. He received a cordial welcome from the school and church on last Sabbath.

At the late session of the Liberty association (East) more than \$2,000 was contributed for the main building of Howard College. We hope that all of our brethren will rally around Dr. Purser and give him all the money which the college needs.—John P. Shaffer.

I severed my connection with the church at Ada on the fourth Sunday. I baptized three at that time, two young ladies and one gentleman, who give promise of useful Christians.

Rev. W. C. Avant, of Rutledge, was called to the pastorate, and we are anxious to have him accept. It was a pleasure for me to preach to those good people for the past few months.—J. M. K.

Howard College opened with a larger number of students than at any session since the war. The Age Herald says over eighty students matriculated on the 18th, and over one hundred and twenty-five were present and ready. Dr. Riley says the new building will be erected inside of twelve months.

The Tuscaloosa Gazette, September 19, says: Rev. Mr. Blackwelder has been absent the past week from Northport, assisting in a protracted meeting at Arbor Springs church. His place in the pulpit of the Baptist church at that place was filled last Sabbath by Rev. Dr. J. H. Foster, of Tuscaloosa.

The Blount County Dispatch says the Baptists had a red letter day recently. Elder May administered the ordinance of baptism to four adults at Mount Tabor in the morning, and to fourteen at Blountsville in the afternoon. There was the largest crowd in attendance, from all parts of the county, ever seen here.

The Birmingham Chronicle says: The Southside Baptist church has raised \$6,000 for their new church, drawing 8 per cent interest. Five thousand of this is the proceeds of a lot given them by one of their own members. This same member will give \$5,000 more when the rest of the church raise \$5,000.

I expect to leave Oxford on 10 a. m. Monday, Sept. 30th, in charge of some girls for the Judson, and will take charge of all who may be committed to my care. Will go via Selma, and if trains connect as at present, will reach Marion about 5:30 p. m. same day.—Abner Williams, Agent Judson Female Institute.

Rev. A. E. Pinckard, of Ham-burgh, N. C., was ordained to the full work of the ministry on the 18th of August. The presbytery consisted of Elders S. H. Harrington, B. N. Queen, D. B. Nelson, A. B. Thomas, A. H. Sims, and J. M. Hilliard. Bro. Pinckard has a school of 132 students and others are expected.

The Mississippi Baptists have a membership of 205,000. 125,000 of these are colored—18,000 were baptized last year. Sixty-nine missionaries were employed, and more than \$40,000 was raised for missions, education and church buildings. They had 257 students in Mississippi College, fifty of whom were young ministers.—Ex.

It will be a source of sorrow to the friends and brethren to learn of the death of sister Mary L. Pennington, wife of Hon. T. J. Pennington, who died at Rockford, Ala., on the 14th of September.

That he may find consolation in the Christian's faith and in the Christian's religion.

At the First church on last Sabbath Dr. Wharton discoursed on Mary Magdalene, Luke 8: 2. A large audience greeted him and were highly entertained and enjoyed this, one of his (we believe) series of discourses, or lectures, on the women of the New Testament. Two members were received by letter and at night four were baptized.

I notice in the BAPTIST of last issue that Rev. W. J. D. Uphaw, of Eclectic, had been tendered a call to Texas. This is to inform his friends and brethren in Alabama that he will remain here, at least for another year. He is one of the rising young ministers of the state and Eclectic can not afford to lose him.—M. L. F., Sept. 16th.

Send us \$4.00 and get the complete church record, prepared for use of Baptist churches. Arranged for the entire statistical records of twenty years, including official register of pastors, clerks, treasurers, deacons, trustees and Sunday-school superintendents. Alphabetical register of members, chronological register of members, etc.

Sister W. D. Gay, who was reared in the Methodist faith, and was a worthy and consistent member of that church, has become a member in full fellowship with the Baptist church by being immersed, which ordinance was administered on Sunday night last at the First church. She is the wife of Rev. W. D. Gay, and is a young woman of superior attainments. The denomination thus welcome one more "preacher" into their midst.

Held a week's meeting with Bethel church, beginning on the night of the fourth Sunday in August. The church was greatly revived and we received twelve additions. Closed a five days' meeting at Six Mile last Friday. Received three by letter and three by baptism and two others wait baptism. Bro. J. M. McCord preached three able sermons for me here and Bro. J. W. Mitchell, one.—D. C. Culbreth, Six Mile, Sept. 18th.

The statement was made in a Presbyterian prayer meeting in this city, that the principal of a ladies' seminary in this city took her sabbath school class in this city last night, and operated in 120 minutes, and had 100 converts.

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## Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., SEP. 20, 1890.

Are you troubled with a sluggish, inactive liver? Are you bilious? Do you suffer from jaundice? Has your complexion a sickly, yellow tinge? The blood in its passage through the liver does not furnish the healthy action which should result from it. The impurities are stopped and clogging up the duct, cause a disordered condition, which will produce serious results to your health, unless you take Brown's Iron Bitters at once. It will cure your biliousness and jaundice, and incite to healthy action the sluggish liver.

When on his death bed, Rev. Dr. Adams, of New York, remarked: "I owe everything to the judicious training of my parents. I never, in their own religious life, they never made religion repulsive. My mother's influence was specially gentle and wise."—Rev. R. H. Williams, in Evangelist.

Half Fare Excursion to Louisville, Ky.

On October 1st, 2nd, and 3rd, the Queen and Crescent Route will sell Excursion Tickets to Louisville, Ky., and return at one fare for the round trip, tickets good for return until October 10th, on account of the Fall Festival at Louisville. For Tickets, Sleeping Car reservations, etc., call on Coupon Agents of the Queen & Crescent Route.

D. G. EDWARDS, G. P. & T. Agt.

The chief thing in education is the education of the conscience, taught from the platform of Jesus Christ. I know no ethics but Jesus. He is our manner. Knowledge deals with facts, wisdom deals with truths. Facts come and go, truths are eternal.—George Dana Boardman.

Vigor and Vitality

Are you quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla? The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are cleansed and invigorated. The brain is refreshed, the mind made clear and ready for work. Try it.

The city council of Marietta, Ga., has passed an ordinance imposing a fine of \$25 upon any merchant or dealer who sells any minor under sixteen years of age tobacco or cigarettes, without the written consent of parents or guardians.—Christian Index.

Impurities of the blood often cause great annoyance at this season; Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, and cures all such affections.

He who defers his charities till his death is rather liberal of another man's goods than his own.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

Properly doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

ADVISE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind, colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Never delay

To do the thing which the moment brings. Whether it be in great or smaller things; For who doth know

What he shall do upon the coming day?

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Mailed on receipt of \$3.00 trial bottle free in box. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Scriptures show us what God hath done for man, and what man is to do for God.

Duty be thy polar guide—

Do the right what'er betide!

Haste n't rest not! conflicts past, God shall crown thy work at last.

—From the German.

Syrup of Figs.

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

"What pretty children you have," said the new minister to the proud mother of three little ones. "Ah, my little dear," said he, "as he took a girl of five up into his lap, 'are you the oldest of the family?' 'No, sir,' responded the little miss, with the usual accuracy of childhood, 'my pa's older'n me.'"

For Nervous Debility

Use Henslow's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. A. M. BILBY, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

Our best wishes to the farmers.

Good crops this year will cause them to be in good spirits for another season of toil.

The Baptist Superintendent is unique, and in the six years of its history has won a place for itself that doubtless satisfies its editor. Its breadth and vigor have been maintained from the start, and its circulation has steadily increased, year by year, until over seven thousand superintendents are now receiving benefit from its monthly visits. Price only twenty-five cents a year. Subscriptions may begin at any time. Address American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia.

Famous men are not unlike some of the great mountains of earth; picture

equine, starting, ennobling in the distance, but harsh, rugged, inaccessible and forbidding when in close proximity. It may be difficult to blend greatness and intelligent amiableness, but the man who does it will be more like the blessed Master.—Bapt. Record.

A Lovely Woman

overheard one of her, "By heaven! she's painted!" "Yes," retorted she, indignantly, "and by heaven only!" Ruddy health mantled her cheek, enthroned on the rose and lily. Yet this beautiful lady, once thin and pale, with a dry, hacking cough, night sweats, and slight spitting of blood, seemed destined to fill a consumptive's grave. After spending hundreds of dollars on physicians without benefit, she tried Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the improvement was soon marked, and in a few months she was plump and rosy again, the picture of health and strength. It is the only medicine of its class, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure in all cases of disease for which it is recommended, or money paid will be promptly refunded.

\$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT. Write for NEW BOOK. F. W. ZIEGLER & CO., 525 Market Street St. Louis, Mo.

## Marriage at Gallion.

Rev. J. W. McCollum and Miss Dru Collins were married in the Macon Baptist church, near Gallion, Ala., Wednesday morning, Sept. 11th. Rev. L. O. Dawson, of Kentucky, who was to have performed the ceremony, being absent, the writer was pressed into service, which service he rendered most cheerfully.

The many friends of the couple cannot soon forget the happy event. They were splendidly entertained Tuesday evening at the commodious and hospitable home of Mr. J. T. Collins. From the way some of the young men spoke of the young ladies who aided Miss Collins in entertaining, it will not be strange if this matter should not end just here.

Wednesday morning at 8:30 o'clock the happy couple, preceded by the minister and six ushers, passed through the large and expectant audience, stepping to the wedding march so sweetly rendered by Miss Susie Robinson, of Gallion, to the altar, made beautiful with floral designs, where they took upon themselves publicly the solemn vows. The party left immediately for the home of Bro. W. P. McCollum, near Marion Junction, where again we were entertained splendidly, especially when we were summoned to the long table in the grove that was literally groaning beneath the burden of luscious viands.

There were a large number of beautiful gifts, some of them valuable, not the least of which was five hundred dollars in cash, and the remarkable thing about the gifts was, there were no duplicates in a single instance.

Brother and sister McCollum will leave for their field of labor in Japan Sept. 28th. A man reared on the farm, with a strong body, a cultured brain, and his heart on fire for the salvation of the world; a woman reared in the midst of luxury, cultured and consecrated, turning from the home where every known wish was gratified, to give her life for the salvation of the lost—may we not hope for great things of them? The Lord bless them.

Jno. W. STEWART.

Birmingham Churches.

GREENE SPRINGS.—Bro. Reynolds preached at 11 a. m. He also held a service at the convict camp near East Lake at 3:30.

ELYTON.—Pastor Harris preached morning and night to large congregations. Services during the week. Number in Sunday-school 51. One received by letter at night.

FIRST CHURCH.—Pastor Joiner preached morning and night to his largest congregations. A mass meeting in the interest of foreign missions at 4 p. m. was addressed by Rev. J. W. McCollum, who will sail for Japan Oct. 17th. The meeting was also addressed by pastor Joiner.

AVONDALE.—Preaching morning and night by pastor Douglas. One received by letter. Sixty-four in Sunday-school. Collected \$16.45.

WOODLAWN.—Pastor Adams was sick. Student Shell preached at 11 a. m. and student A. S. Smith at night. One received by letter and one for baptism. One baptized at night.

SECOND CHURCH.—Usual services by the pastor. Forty-nine in Sunday-school.

PRATT MINES.—Pastor Staton preached morning and night to large congregations than usual. Ninety in Sunday-school.

Bro. R. Z. Robinson, of Dolomite, was present, and reported his pastor, S. T. Lee, in the midst of a fine meeting. One received by letter and nine for baptism. The meeting continues this week.

SOUTH SIDE.—Rev. J. W. McCollum preached at 11 a. m. and student Shell at night, to good audiences.

M. M. Wood, Sec'y.

Judson Institute.

Dear Brethren: Please publish the following list of the faculty for the session of 1889-90:

S. W. Averett, President—Physics, Chemistry.

Miss C. E. Wells, Governess.—Art.

Miss M. B. Withers, Presiding Teacher—Elocution.

Miss Lute Holland, Associate Presiding Teacher.

Mrs. N. V. Austin—English Language and Literature, Moral Philosophy.

Miss Amie Vary—History, Natural Sciences.

Miss M. B. Scott—Mathematics, Latin.

Miss M. P. Morris—Preparatory Department, French.

Miss Flora A. Smealie—Ge man A. A. Hadley—Director of Music.

Miss Evelyn Westlake—Piano.

Mrs. Wm. A. King—Piano.

Miss Flora A. Smealie—Vocal Music.

Mrs. J. C. Caffey—Matron.

Mrs. E. A. McGee—Assistant Matron.

Miss Belle Sparrow—Housekeeper.

We shall have another grand pipe organ in the chapel. It will be larger than the one that was destroyed in the fire of Nov. 24th, and superior in quality, combining, as it will, all the improvements that have been made to date. It will require four months to build it. Kilgen & Son, of St. Louis, the builders of the one we had formerly, will also construct the new one. We shall be indebted to Mr. George C. Kelley, of Birmingham, for this magnificent present. He donates the organ to the Alumnae Association as a souvenir of his deceased wife, who was one of the most beautiful and most dutiful of the Judson girls about sixteen years ago, Miss Lue Bates. The Alumnae present it to the Judson. It will be erected in the chapel as a memorial of Mrs. Kelley's virtues and graces, and of her husband's love.

We expect to open on the 2nd of October with a large number of pupils, and with teachers in place. There will be no formal, public, exercises. We hope, at a later day, probably during the session of the Convention, to have the privilege of public worship in the new chapel with a large number of the brethren from far and near.

S. W. AVERETT.

We need quite a number of earnest workers to visit Baptist families who move to the city, to enlist them in our work, get their children in our Sunday-schools, and to make them feel that we care for them. If we fail to do this others will attend to it for us.—Mobile Baptist Union.

## Take Hood's Sarsaparilla 100 Doses One Dollar

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's Sarsaparilla is found in the article itself. It is merit that wins, and the fact that Hood's Sarsaparilla actually accomplishes what is claimed for it, is what has given to this medicine a popularity and sale greater than that of any other remedy. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all Humors, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Biliousness, overcomes that Tired Feeling, creates an Appetite, strengthens the Nerves, builds up the Whole System. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. \$1.00 per bottle. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

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Southern Baptist Theological Seminary.

Session of eight months opens Oct. 1st. Studies all elective; excepting Greek and Hebrew each may be completed in a single session. English Course usually two years. Full Course usually three years. Tuition now cost free. If help is needed, towards paying board, address Rev. Wm. H. Whitsett, Louisville, Ky. For Catalogue or other information, address

REV. JOHN A. BROADUS, Louisville, Ky.

—JUDSON—

Female Institute!

Marion, Ala.

The fifty-second annual session will open in the new buildings October 2nd. The catalogue gives an accurate description of them, with three engravings of the premises.

S. W. AVERETT, President.

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 17th, and close at the usual time.

The inducements offered are: Healthy location, pure mountain air, water, and 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, Macon 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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Send for Circulars.

JOSEPHINE CRAVEN, IN THE CITY COURT OF MONTGOMERY, vs. W. R. CRAVEN.

In this cause it is made to appear to the Register, by the affidavit of S. M. Morgan, solicitor for complainant, that the defendant, W. R. Craven, is a non-resident of the State of Alabama, and resides in the city of Atlanta, in the State of Georgia; and further, that is the belief of said affiant, the defendant is of the age of twenty-one years. It is THEREFORE ordered by the Register that publication be made in the ALABAMA BAPTIST, a newspaper published in the City of Montgomery, once a week for four consecutive weeks, requiring him, the said W. R. Craven, to answer or demur to the bill of complaint in this cause by the 18th day of October, 1889, or in thirty days thereafter a decree pro confesso may be taken against him.

Done at office, in the City of Montgomery, this 14th day of September, 1889.

V. M. ELMORE, Register.

MT. AUBURN INSTITUTE, Cincinnati.

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CANCER

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Advanced Quarterly.—TERMS:—Single copy, 5 cents. In packages of five and upward, 3 cents per copy for one quarter, or 12 cents per year.

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Enlargement and Improvement will mark the periodicals of the Society for 1890. Our Little Ones will be enlarged, without increase of price. Our Young People will have a larger page and a new engraved heading, and will be issued fortnightly instead of monthly, and the price will be 50 cents a year. The Baptist Teacher will have a COLORED MAP in each issue, and its range of contributors will be larger than ever. Send for samples before deciding on the "Helps" required for next year.

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**ATARRH**  
**HAY FEVER**  
**CATARRH**  
**DEAFNESS**

A NEW TREATMENT.  
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and sinuses. However, this new discovery has been made, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been discovered which permanently cures these diseases.

There is no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew. Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, since the wife of his choice was well how to work, and who had taken delight in getting her home in faultless order when first she came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster place.

The same order reigned still, from garret to cellar of the square old house, but Mrs. Brewster went through her tasks mechanically now, or with nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant drop of water will wear away a stone; and the constant fault-finding, in which her husband saw fit to indulge, had nearly worn the patience, the hope, and the endurance out of the young wife's heart.

The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread, which frayed more and more, hour and hour, under the pain of unmerited blame.

Yet George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

"There is the lunch, and it is exactly five minutes past ten," said Mrs. Brewster, setting the basket down with some emphasis at his feet. "I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high."

"My mother always churned before breakfast," observed George, rising slowly to his feet.

"His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks till the last bloom of her girlhood seemed to have come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that startled him. Very handsome eyes they were—dark, soft and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depth. Yet now they met his coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Letty! You look as if you hated me!"

"I'm afraid I do," was the astounding reply.

And with swift glance at the clock, Letty hurried down into the cellar with a knife and a pan to make her preparations for dinner for six hungry hay-makers.

"Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Glover!" muttered he to himself in his bewilderment.

"Why, what on earth—! She must be going crazy or something or other."

"Letty!" he called at the cellar door.

"It is ten minutes past ten," she answered from the depths of her cellar.

"If I don't see about the dinner now it won't be on the table at 12 to the

**THE**  
**New - Home**  
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**MADE.**  
**J. B. Gerald,**  
**AGENT**  
Montgomery, - - - Alabama.

## Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., SEPT. 26, 1889.

**Our Old Pastors.**  
Dedicated to the aged Baptist preachers of Alabama.

BY MRS. J. H. BEMIS.

The following lines were suggested by the remarks of our pastor, Mr. Hale, at a recent meeting.

Who shall we do with the pastors old,  
Who are too feeble to break to the fold,  
The Bread of Life?

The dear old pastor, who, year after year,  
Administered comfort and words of cheer,  
To his hungry flock?

His tottering feet on the pulpit stair,  
His trembling hands, held up in prayer,  
To the throne on high,

All tell us plainly, he's passing away;  
His strength slowly waning day after day;  
But do we care?

Do we not cry as the children of old  
Cried to Samuel? so we are told,  
"Give us a king."

Send a young man to preach to us now,  
A man without wrinkles or care on his brow,  
A Saul if you will.

We're tired of our old faithful pastor, we own,  
We give not a thought to the seed he's sown  
Year after year.

We forget how he's traveled from morning  
all night,  
To visit sick, and to scatter the light  
Of the Gospel true.

To the sinful, perishing, famishing world,  
Who, but for him might now have been  
hurled  
To the depths below.

Some he has saved as our kindred dear,  
Ourselves, our children and loved ones near,  
Saved as by fire.

Shall we then turn from our pastor so true,  
Grown old in the cause for me and for you,  
And banish him quite?

Have we no heart for that sweet loving face  
That looks at us tenderly from its place  
In the pulpit revered?

Has his heart grown old in the cause, think you?  
Is his soul too old to be faithful and true  
To his people still?

Ah, no, let the old man have his chair,  
Where he can still o'er his flock have a care,  
As our Scotch brethren do.

We can listen to sermons preached by another,  
Can be fed by the one, but still led by the other.

Our own shepherd still.

His feeble old hands can still o'er us be raised  
In sweet benediction, and God will be praised  
As of yore, evermore.

—Baptist Union, Birmingham, Ala.

**Slave or Wife.**

"Ten o'clock, and the lunch basket  
not ready to take to the field—as usual!"  
grunted farmer Brewster as he  
threw himself in the rocking chair  
in the kitchen, and fanned his flushed  
face with his straw hat. "A quarter  
of an hour wasted," very likely, wait-  
ing right in the midst of as fine a  
hay day as any man would wish to  
see. Now, my mother used to have  
her lunch ready to the minute when  
ever we came for it, and I don't see  
why—"

His jeremiad was checked by the  
appearance of his wife, who came out  
of the pantry, tugging along the great  
lunch basket, almost too heavy for her  
strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man,  
in spite of his grumbling. Only twenty-  
three, tall, straight, healthy, with  
blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair curly hair  
—and handsome face when it was not  
darkened, as now, by scowl of discontent.  
An only son, he had inherited a  
large and handsome farm, clear from  
mortgage and debt, which supplied all  
the wants of his household most liber-  
ally, and gave him a nice little sum of  
money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should  
be mean, and yet miserly habits were  
gradually growing upon him far faster  
than he knew. Nor was there need of  
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"Why, what on earth—! She must be  
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"It is ten minutes past ten," she an-  
swered from the depths of her cellar.

"If I don't see about the dinner now  
it won't be on the table at 12 to the

minute, as your mother used to have  
it. I can't come."

"Well, if this don't beat all," said  
he to the maltese white cat who ascended  
from the cellar, and rubbed herself  
against his legs.

A shout from the hayfield roused  
him to the recollection of the day's  
business.

He went out and dispensed the  
treasures of his basket among the hun-  
gry men, who praised Letty's excel-  
lent cooking with every mouthful they  
swallowed.

"It is enough to make an old bac-  
chelor like me sit down and cry to eat  
such raspberry shortcake as that,"  
said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs  
of the feast from his lips before he  
drank hard cider from the jug. "Tell  
you what it is, George, you drew a  
prize when you went courting."

"So he did. And here's her good  
health," chimed in another as he took  
up the jug.

George assented vaguely.

They were all talking of his wife—  
his wife, who was afraid she hated him.

Never had the two hours between  
lunch and dinner dragged so slowly.

As he rode round and round the  
field with a shap rattle of the Buckeye  
mower he guided in his care, his mind  
was continually busy with Letty's  
looks, and her words, and his eyes  
turned often toward the cream colored  
farm house, behind whose spruce  
green blinds his wife was busy prepar-  
ing dinner.

"I used to think how happy I should  
be if I ever persuaded her to come  
here," he thought. "It is two years—  
why, I declare it is two years this very  
day that we were married! I wonder  
if she remembers it! But it isn't very  
likely, when she says she is afraid she  
hates me."

Did she remember? Ah, in that re-  
membrance lay the sting!

All that morning, while she got  
breakfast at five o'clock, and washed  
the dishes, swept the rooms, made the  
beds, churned butter, and prepared a  
lunch for six men, her heart turned  
back to that other morning twenty-  
four months ago, when the bright-eyed  
country maiden rose at 4 o'clock to  
complete her preparations for her wed-  
ding day.

How good, how kind, how hand-  
some her George was then! How his  
eyes followed her; how his love bloss-  
omed here!

Was it all her fault that the bloom  
and beauty of life had departed in  
those two short years?

Looking back she could see no day  
in which she had not at least tried to  
do her duty.

And looking in the glass she saw  
how the light and glow of youth had  
passed from her face, while accom-  
plishing the task uncheered by the ap-  
proval of him she loved.

"George has kept his color and his  
good looks because his work lies out  
of doors," she mused, "but I have  
worked in this old kitchen until I look  
old enough to be his mother. His  
mother!"—she paused with a bitter  
laugh—"I almost wish I was his moth-  
er, then he would be suited with what  
I did."

Noon came. The 12 o'clock whistle  
sounded sharp and clear from the fac-  
tory in the village a mile away, and  
before the whistle ceased a little figure  
stepped out on the side porch of the  
Brewster house and blew a horn.

"There's a woman for you," said  
Solomon Wyse, admiringly. "Dinner  
to the minute—and won't it be a good  
one?"

The dinner was indeed a success;  
every dainty of the season and farm  
was there, skillfully cooked and neat-  
ly served on a table in the cool dining  
room—a table covered with snowy  
cloth fresh from its fold, and glass, and  
china.

In the center of the table stood a  
great china bowl full of red roses that  
perfumed the room. Her cheeks were  
red, her eyes shone dark and bright,  
and her words and smiles were ready  
for every one.

She wore a dress of silver gray al-  
paca that had been her traveling dress  
when they were married. A large  
white apron, with a bib, shielded the  
glories of the costume. But why did  
she put it on? Surely she could not  
think of "going visiting," that after-  
noon, with six hay makers to get tea  
for, and the milk of eight cows to at-  
tend to afterward.

But he finally went out without ask-  
ing it. The wife, who was afraid she  
hated him, seemed almost like a stran-  
ger, although she looked on this occa-  
sion like the girl he had married just  
two years ago.

As George neared the door of the  
wood shed, where the men were  
lounging after the rest of their noon-  
ing, he heard his own name uttered  
by Solomon Wyse in tones of anger.

"Yes, I knew George from a baby  
up, and I always said he'd make a  
likely man. But it is a shame to  
see how he treats that pretty little  
creature! Such a lunch this morning,  
and such a dinner this noon, in a nice  
a nice, cool room, with the red roses  
and all the rest of it, and she looked  
just as sweet as a picture, with her  
red cheeks and her bright eyes, and  
her wavy hair, and dressed as neat as  
a pink toad. And he sits there as  
glum as a cross old man of ninety. I  
was ashamed of him."

"I've heard he does nothing but  
find fault with her all day long," said  
a second voice. "My wife says if I  
threw my mother into her cellar, as  
George does his in Letty's, she'd run  
away from me before she was a day  
older."

"And serve you right," chimed in a  
third. "I'll tell you what my wife  
says. She says it is mean and small  
of George not to keep a woman here to  
help his wife. And when I saw the  
dinner to day, the pretty little thing  
had got for us all alone, I thought so,  
too. Hang me, if I hadn't half a  
mind to stop her this afternoon and  
help her wash up that great pile of  
dishes, and let the haying go. It's  
enough to kill that woman to have all  
that work to do. And George is rich.  
What can he be thinking about? But  
he'll be sorry for this in a year or two  
hence, when we have to come here on  
a different errand."

"To carry her out in a coffin," said  
Solomon Wyse. "Yes, I suppose it will  
come to that if some of us don't talk  
sense to George. She don't look at  
all strong now, and her head trem-  
bled when she changed my plate. It's

a burning shame—and if none of you  
will talk to George about it, I will."

But when George Brewster joined  
them Solomon Wyse deemed it pru-  
dent to defer the proposed "talk-  
ing," for his brow was as black as night,  
and he had no more to say to his  
neighbors now, than to his wife at the  
dinner table.

This, then, was the way in which  
they spoke of him behind his back,  
these men who labored beside him,  
and took their wages from his hand,  
and pretended to be his friends.

And his wife was afraid she hated  
him.

To whom could he turn for com-  
fort—from whom could he expect true  
friendship, if she, who should have  
been nearest and dearest was an enemy  
in disguise? Lost in moody reverie,  
he paid little attention to his work.

And at last, at three o'clock in the  
afternoon, there was a sudden uproar  
in the hay field—a tramping of hoofs,  
a rush of terrified men, a confusion of  
voices, and among them all George  
Brewster lying on the ground beneath  
the mowing machine, his right arm  
and leg broken by the wheels, his  
head cut and bleeding with his heavy  
fall.

Meanwhile, Letty, in the cream-  
colored house, had not been idle.

Tying on a great calico apron in  
place of her white one, she had quietly  
washed and put away the dinner  
dishes, and reduced the dining room  
to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it  
was to consist of cold dishes, with  
glass of milk for the men.

She threw a clean tablecloth over  
the whole as soon as it was finished,  
and went upstairs into the spare  
chamber to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind  
at last. She was going away.

Life had degenerated into slavery,  
unbrightened, as she fancied, by a ray  
of love.

"And slavery will support one any-  
where," thought Letty, as with trem-  
bling hands she strapped her trunk and  
fastened her few lines to George upon  
the lid.

At the porch door she paused for  
one last look around the house that  
might have been so happy.

She did not intend to glance to-  
wards the hay field.

Yet in spite of her resolution her  
eyes turned that way to single out the  
tall figure that guided the rattling,  
clinking mowing machine.

"I have never been more than a  
housekeeper to him from the first,"  
she thought, stumbling blindly on to-  
ward the gate and opening it, to find  
herself in the center of an excited  
group.

"There, don't take on like that!"  
said Solomon Wyse, who came first  
and saw the tears upon her cheeks  
before she could wipe them away.

"Were you coming out to meet us?"  
We were in hopes you didn't see any-  
thing of it. It's a bad accident, but  
George is so strong and hearty that  
he will be up and around again most  
before you know it. We've sent Ben  
Hill off on one of the colts for the  
doctor, and if you will only tell us  
where to carry him—"

"Carry him?" repeated Letty.

Solomon stepped aside. She was  
behind him a little, roughly made with  
hay rakes and covered with coats, and  
on that litter George was lying, pale  
and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, Mr. Wyse, is he dead?" she  
asked, turning even paler than George.

"Not a bit of it! Worth twelve dol-  
lar dead men yet! Only a bit of a  
break in one arm and one leg, and a  
little knock on the head when he fell.  
The horses didn't kick, and he'll be  
all right as soon as the doctor sees  
him. Shall we take him upstairs, or  
where?"

"Bring him in here," said Letty,  
recovering herself. She led the way  
to the bedroom on the ground floor,  
and helped to shift the mangled figure  
from the litter to the bed. Her soul  
was dying within her for fear, yet not  
a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came he found a  
capable nurse, dressed in dark print,  
who listened intelligently to his direc-  
tions, and promised to carry them out  
fully.

And it so happened that as George  
Brewster returned to life the first  
words that fell upon his ear were ut-  
tered by the doctor outside the win-  
dow, as he mounted his gig.

"Yes, he will do, Mr. Wyse; he  
will pull through nice if his wife  
nurses him. And she can do it so  
nicely if you will send some one to  
take care of the house. She is a  
woman in a thousand. I hope that  
he knows how to value her."

Letty, bending over the bed, absorb-

ed in the invalid, had not heard him.

"What is it dear?"

"The doctor is right. You are a  
woman in a thousand! I always knew  
it, Letty, if I never said it. So I tell  
you it now, before I die," he added,  
going off into another field.

It was all Letty's sore heart need-  
ed. Beside the bed of suffering she  
spent two of the happiest months of  
her life. The first act of George  
Brewster on his recovery was to se-  
cure help for his wife, so that now she  
has plenty of time to get back her lost  
color and plumpness. They are one  
in heart, as one in name and home  
now.

And Solomon Wyse has never  
seen occasion to administer the "talk-  
ing to."

"Some how or other," draws Sol-  
omon, "getting run over by that mow-  
ing machine was the making of George  
Brewster."

And Letty and George think so.—  
American Farm News.

"An idler is a watch that lacks both hands;  
As useless if it goes, as when it stands."

Alas! how many women, though  
household and children need their  
care, are necessarily idle, because suf-  
fering from diseases peculiar to their  
sex.

To all such Dr. Pierce's Favor-  
ite Prescription is a precious boon,  
speedily curing internal inflammation,  
leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration,  
tormenting periodical pains, prolapsus,  
"bearing down" sensations, morning  
sickness, dizziness, weak stomach,  
nervous prostration, and tendency to  
cancerous disease. In all those ail-  
ments called "female complaints," it  
is the most reliable specific known to  
medical science.

One has said: "The martyrdom of  
the modern consists of a long array of  
thousands of trifling annoyances, each  
individual one appearing insignificant,  
but their multiplication makes them a  
terrible power." The experience of  
all who wage life's battle—merchant,  
housewife, artisan, teacher, editor,  
pastor—makes these words stand out  
with living force. All martyrs do not  
die at the stake. The common walks  
of life furnish hero and heroine as  
brave as those of history. What is  
termed ordinary or daily duty, calls  
for great physical stamina and endur-  
ance. The test of moral strength may  
be found in the petty annoyance as in  
the crucial occasion.—Ch. Inquirer.

No matter what the school of physic,  
They each can cure an ache or phthisis—  
At least they said they can;

But as Science turns the wheels still faster,  
And quacks and bigwigs meet disaster,  
To us there comes a man  
Whose merit hath won countless zealous,  
Who ease and praise his "Pleasant Pellets,"  
The "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" of  
Dr. Pierce, though gentle in action,  
are thorough, and never fail to cure  
biliousness, diseased or torpid liver,  
and constipation.

Life contains the following on the  
disadvantages of Christianity:

Auntie—I suppose you are a good  
little Christian boy, Bobby, of course?

Bobby (dubiously)—Well, I don't  
know, Willie Waffles is a Christian  
boy, and I wouldn't like to be like  
him. Auntie—What's the matter with  
Willie? Bobby—Every boy half his  
age in school can lick him.

It is not often that our witty con-  
temporary is guilty of "back num-  
bers," but this is really based on a  
state of things that is passing away  
from the present Christian boy tends to  
manliness. He is not, necessarily,  
pugnacious, but is quite as well able  
to take care of himself as the young  
"sinner."—Ch. Inquirer.

It is not an easy matter to hold back  
an angry word when it is at the  
tongue's end; but even this is a great  
deal easier than it is to recall an angry  
word when it is once spoken. If the  
angry word is not spoken now, it can  
be spoken by and by—if necessary;  
therefore it is wiser to hold it back  
until there is no doubt that it needs to  
be spoken.—S. S. Times.

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nently cure Habitual Constipa-  
tion, and the many ills de-  
riving therefrom, in the  
condition of the  
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.

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CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY  
When one is Bilious or Constipated

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form of skin and blood diseases from  
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## Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., SEPT. 26, 1889.

Our Old Pastors.

Dedicated to the aged Baptist Preachers of Alabama.

BY MRS. J. H. REMISS.

The following lines were suggested by the remarks of our pastor, Mr. Hale, at a recent meeting.

What shall we do with the pastors old, Who are too feeble to break to the fold, The Bread of Life?

The dear old pastor, who, year after year, Administered comfort and words of cheer, To his hungry flock?

His tottering feet on the pulpit stair, His trembling hands, held up in prayer, To the throne on high.

All tell us plainly, he's passing away; His strength slowly waning day by day; But do we care?

Do we not cry as the children of old, Cried to Samuel? So we are told, "Give us a king."

Send a young man to preach to us now, A man without wrinkles or care on his brow; A Saul for you!

We're tired of our old faithful pastor, we own, We give not a thought to the seed he's sown Year after year.

We forget how he's traveled from morning till night, To the sick and weak, and to scatter the light Of the Gospel true.

To the silent, perishing, famishing world, Who, but for him might now have been hurled.

To the depths below.

Some he has saved as our kindred dear, Ourselves, our children and loved ones near, Saved as by fire.

Shall we then turn from our pastor so true, Grown old in the cause for me and for you, And banish him quite?

Have we no heart for that sweet loving face, That looks at us tenderly from its place In the pulpit revered?

Has his heart grown old in the cause, think you, Is his soul too old to be faithful and true To his people still?

Ah, no, let the old man have his chair, Where he can still o'er his flock have a care, As our Scotch brethren do.

We can listen to sermons preached by another, Can be fed by the one, but still led by the other; Our own shepherd still.

His feeble old hands can still o'er us be raised In sweet benediction, and God will be praised As of yore, evermore.

—Baptist Union, Birmingham, Ala.

## Slave or Wife.

"Ten o'clock, and the lunch basket not ready to take to the field—as usual," grunted farmer Brewster as he threw himself in the rocking chair in the kitchen, and fanned his flushed face with his straw hat. "A quarter of an hour wasted, very likely, waiting here, right in the midst of as fine a day as any man would wish to see. Now, my mother used to have her lunch ready to the minute when ever we came for it, and I don't see why."

His jeremiad was checked by the appearance of his wife, who came out of the pantry, tugging along the great lunch basket, almost too heavy for her strength.

Farmer Brewster was a young man, in spite of his grumbling. Only twenty-three, tall, straight, healthy, with blue eyes, rosy cheeks, fair curly hair—and handsome face when it was not darkened, as now, by scowl of discontent. An only son, he had inherited a large and handsome farm, clear from mortgage and debt, which supplied all the wants of his household most liberally, and gave him a nice little sum of money to deposit in the bank each year.

There was no reason why he should be mean, and yet miserly habits were gradually growing upon him far faster than he knew. Nor was there need of grumbling over the household arrangements, as a farmer's daughter who knew well how to work, and who had taken delight in getting her home in faultless order when first she came as a bride to the pleasant Brewster place.

The same order reigned still, from garret to cellar of the square old house, but Mrs. Brewster went through her tasks mechanically now, or with nervous haste and hurry that made them almost unendurable sometimes.

The constant drop of water will wear away a stone; and the constant fault-finding, in which her husband saw fit to indulge, had nearly worn the patience, the hope, and the endurance out of the young wife's heart.

The comfort and happiness of that home hung upon a thread, which frayed more and more, hour and hour, under the pain of unmerited blame.

Yet George Brewster saw nothing of this until the morning of which I write.

"There is the lunch, and it is exactly five minutes past ten," said Mrs. Brewster, setting the basket down with some emphasis at his feet. "I was delayed that much with the butter. It had to be seen to before the sun got too high."

"My mother always churned before breakfast," observed George, rising slowly to his feet.

"His wife said nothing, but the color rose hotly in her cheeks till the lost bloom of her girlhood seemed to have come back again, and she raised her eyes to his with a look that startled him. Very handsome eyes they were—dark, soft and velvety, with a world of love and tenderness in their depths. Yet now they met his own coldly and sternly, with such an expression that he exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Letty! You look as if you hated me!"

"I'm afraid I do," was the astounding reply.

And with a swift glance at the clock, Letty hurried down into the cellar with a knife and a pan to make her preparations for dinner for six hungry hay-makers.

"Afraid she hates me! My wife! She that was Letty Glover!" muttered he to himself in his bewilderment. "Why, what on earth—! She must be going crazy or something or other."

"Letty!" he called at the cellar door.

"It is ten minutes past ten," she answered from the depths of her cellar. "If I don't see about the dinner now it won't be on the table at 12 to the

minute, as your mother used to have it. I can't come."

"Well, if this don't beat all," said he to the maltese white cat who ascended from the cellar, and rubbed herself against his legs.

A shout from the hayfield roused him to the recollection of the day's business.

He went out and dispensed the treasures of his basket among the hungry men, who praised Letty's excellent cooking with every mouthful they swallowed.

"It is enough to make an old bachelor like me sit down and cry to eat such raspberry shortcake as that," said Solomon Wyse, wiping the crumbs of the feast from his lips before he drank hard cider from the jug. "Tell you what it is, George, you drew a prize when you went courting."

"So he did. And here's her good health," chimed in another as he took up the jug.

George assented vaguely.

They were all talking of his wife—his wife, who was afraid she hated him.

Never had the two hours between lunch and dinner dragged so slowly.

As he rode round and round the field with a sharp rattle of the Buckeye mower he guided in his care, his mind was continually busy with Letty's looks, and her words, and his eyes turned often toward the cream colored farm house, behind whose spruce green blinds his wife was busy preparing dinner.

"I used to think how happy I should be if I ever persuaded her to come here," he thought. "It is two years—why, I declare it is two years this very day that we were married! I wonder if she remembers it! But it isn't very likely, when she says she is afraid she hates me."

Did she remember? Ah, in that remembrance lay the sting!

All that morning, while she got breakfast at five o'clock, and washed the dishes, swept the rooms, made the beds, churned butter, and prepared a lunch for six men, her heart turned back to that other morning twenty-four months ago, when the bright-eyed country maiden rose at 4 o'clock to complete her preparations for her wedding day.

How good, how kind, how handsome her George was then! How his eyes followed her; how his love blessed her!

Was it all her fault, that the bloom and beauty of life had departed in those two short years?

Looking back she could see no day in which she had not at least tried to do her duty.

And looking in the glass she saw how the light and glow of youth had passed from her face, while accomplishing the task uncheered by the approval of him she loved.

"George has kept his color and his good looks because his work lies out of doors," she mused, "but I have worked in this old kitchen until I look old enough to be his mother. His mother!"—she paused with a bitter laugh—"I almost wish I was his mother, then he would be suited with what I did."

Noon came. The 12 o'clock whistle sounded sharp and clear from the factory in the village a mile away; and before the whistle ceased the little figure stepped out on the side porch of the Brewster house and blew a horn.

"There's a woman for you," said Solomon Wyse, admiringly. "Dinner to the minute—and won't it be a good one!"

The dinner was indeed a success; every dainty of the season and farm was there, skillfully cooked and neatly served on a table in the cool dining room—a table covered with snowy cloth fresh from its fold, and glass, and china.

In the center of the table stood a great china bowl full of red roses that perfumed the room. Her cheeks were red, her eyes shone dark and bright, and her words and smiles were ready for every one.

She wore a dress of silver gray all paca that had been her traveling dress when they were married. A large white apron, with a bib, shielded the glories of the costume. But why did she put it on? Surely she could not think of "going visiting," that afternoon, with six hay makers to get tea, and the milk of eight cows to attend to afterward.

But he finally went out without asking it. The wife, who was afraid she hated him, seemed almost like a stranger, although she looked on this occasion like the girl he had married just two years ago.

As George neared the door of the wood shed, where the men were lounging after the rest of their nooning, he heard his own name uttered by Solomon Wyse in tones of anger.

"Yes, I knew George from a baby up, and I always said he'd make a likely man. But it is a shame to see how he treats that pretty little creature! Such a lunch this morning, and such a dinner this noon, in such a nice, cool room, with the red roses and all the rest of it; and she looked just as pretty as a picture, with her red cheeks and her bright eyes, and her wavy hair, and dressed as neat as a pink top. And he sitting there as glum as a cross old man of ninety. I was ashamed of him."

"I've heard he does nothing but find fault with her all day long," said a second voice. "My wife says if I threw my mother into her teeth, as George does his in Letty's, she'd run away from me before she was a day old."

"And serve you right," chimed in a third. "I'll tell you what my wife says. She says it is mean and small of George not to keep a woman here to help his wife. And when I saw the dinner to day, the pretty little thing had got for us all alone, I thought, too. Hang me, if I hadn't half a mind to stop here this afternoon and help her wash up that great pile of dishes, and let the haying go. It's enough to kill that woman to have all that work to do. And George is rich. What can he be thinking about? But he'll be sorry for this in a year or two hence, when we have to come here on a different errand."

"To carry her out in a coffin," said Solomon Wyse. "Yes, I suppose it will come to that if some of us don't talk seriously to George. She don't look at all strong now, and her hand trembled when she changed my plate. It's

a burning shame—and if none of you will talk to George about it, I will."

But when George Brewster joined them Solomon Wyse deemed it prudent to defer the proposed "talking to," for his brow was as black as night, and he had no more to say to his neighbors now, than to his wife at the dinner table.

This, then, was the way in which they spoke of him behind his back, these men who labored beside him, and took their wages from his hand, and pretended to be his friends.

And his wife was afraid she hated him.

To whom could he turn for comfort—from whom could he expect true friendship, if she, who should have been nearest and dearest was an enemy in disguise? Lost in moody reverie, he paid little attention to his work.

And at last, at three o'clock in the afternoon, there was a sudden uproar in the hay field—a tramping of hoofs, a rush of terrified men, a confusion of voices, and among them all George Brewster lying on the ground beneath the moving machine, his right arm and leg broken by the wheels, his head cut and bleeding with his heavy fall.

Meanwhile, Letty, in the cream-colored house, had not been idle.

Tying on a great calico apron in place of her white one, she had quietly washed and put away the dinner dishes, and reduced the dining room to order.

Tea was easily arranged, since it was to consist of cold dishes, with glasses of milk for the men.

She threw a clean tablecloth over the whole as soon as it was finished, and went upstairs into the spare chamber to pack her trunk.

Yes, Letty had made up her mind at last. She was going away.

Life had degenerated into slavery, unbrightened, as she fancied, by a ray of love.

And slavery will support one anywhere," thought Letty, as with trembling hands she strapped her trunk and fastened her few lines to George upon the lid.

At the porch door she paused for one last look around the house that might have been so happy.

She did not intend to glance to the hay field.

Yet in spite of her resolution her eyes turned that way to single out the tall figure that guided the rattling, clinking moving machine.

"I have never been more than a housekeeper to him from the first," she thought, stumbling blindly on toward the gate and opening it, to find herself in the center of an excited group.

"There, don't take on like that!" said Solomon Wyse, who came first and saw the tears upon her cheeks before she could wipe them away.

"Where you coming out to meet us? We're in hopes you didn't see anything of it. It's a bad accident, but George is so strong and hearty that he will be up and around again most likely before you know it. We've sent Ben Hill off on one of the colts for the doctor, and if you will only tell us where to carry him!"

"Carry him?" repeated Letty. Solomon stepped aside. She saw behind him a litter, roughly made with hay racks and covered with coats, and on that litter George was lying, pale and bleeding, with his eyes closed.

"Oh, Mr. Wyse, is he dead?" she asked, turning even paler than George.

"Not a bit of it! Worth twelve dozen dead men yet! Only a bit of a break in one arm and one leg, and a little knock on the head when he fell. The horses didn't kick, and he'll be all right as soon as the doctor sees him. Shall we take him upstairs, or where?"

"Bring him in here," said Letty, recovering herself. She led the way to the bed room on the ground floor, and helped to shift the maimed figure from the litter to the bed. Her soul was dying within her for fear, yet not a word passed her lips.

When the doctor came he found a capable nurse, ressed in dark print, who listened intelligently to his directions, and promised to carry them out fully.

And it so happened that as George Brewster returned to life the first words that fell upon his ear were uttered by the doctor outside the window, as he mounted his gig.

"Yes, he will do, Mr. Wyse; he will pull through nice if his wife nurses him. And she can do it so nicely if you will send some one to take care of the house. She is a woman in a thousand. I hope that he knows how to value her."

Letty, bending over the bed, absorbed

in the invalid, had not heard him. "What is it dear?"

"The doctor is right. You are a woman in a thousand! I always knew it, Letty, if I never said it. So I tell you of it now, before I die," he added, going off into another faint.

It was all Letty's sore heart needed. Beside the bed of suffering she spent two of the happiest moments of her life. The first act of George Brewster on his recovery was to secure help for his wife, so that now she has plenty of time to get back her lost color and plumpness. They are one in heart, as one in name and home now. And Solomon Wyse has never seen occasion to administer the "talking to."

"Some how or other," draws Solomon, howing round over by that moving machine was the making of George Brewster."

And Letty and George think so.—American Farm News.

"An idler is a watch that lacks both hands; as useless if it goes, as when it stands."

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One has said: "The martyrdom of the modern consists of a long array of thousands of trifling annoyances, each individual one appearing insignificant, but their multiplication makes them a terrible power." The experience of all who wage life's battle—merchant, housewife, artisan, teacher, editor, pastor—makes these words stand out with living force. All martyrs do not die at the stake. The common walks of life furnish hero and heroine as brave as those of history. What is termed ordinary or daily duty, calls for great physical stamina and endurance. The test of moral strength may be found in the petty anxiety that is the crucial occasion.—Ch. Inquirer.

No matter what the school of physics. They each can cure an ache or phthisic. At least 'tis said they can. But as science turns the wheel still faster, And quacks and bigots meet disaster, To us there comes a man Whose merit hath won countless praises, Who use and praise his "Favorite Prescription." "Pleasant Purgative Pills" of Dr. Pierce, though gentle in action, are thorough, and never fail to cure biliousness, disordered or torpid liver, and constipation.

Life contains the following on the disadvantages of Christianity:

Auntie—I suppose you are a good little Christian boy, Bobby, of course? Bobby (dubiously)—Well, I don't know, Willie Waffles is a Christian boy, and I wouldn't like to be like him. Auntie—What's the matter with Willie? Bobby—I don't like him.

It is not often that our witty contemporary is guilty of "back numbers," but this is really based on a state of things that is passing away. The present Christian boy tends to manliness. He is not, necessarily, pugnacious, but is quite as well able to take care of himself as the young "sinner."—Ch. Inquirer.

It is not an easy matter to hold back an angry word when it is at the tongue's end; but even this is a great deal easier than it is to recall an angry word when it is once spoken. If the angry word is not spoken now, it can be spoken by and by—if necessary, therefore it is wiser to hold it back until there is no doubt that it needs to be spoken.—S. Times.

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