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Convent Life and Convent Education.

Some of Its Practical Results.

BY M. F. CUSACK—"THE NUN OF KENMARE."

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All Protestants know that the pope claims to be personally infallible. But to all practical purposes every priest is infallible, and so is the superior of every convent or monastery. Every sister is taught that the voice, or order, of her superior is the voice of God. What more claim of infallibility could there be? Every man, woman and child in the whole world, according to the teaching of the Roman Church, is bound to obey "the Church" or be eternally damned. So the poor sister is in a sad case indeed. She must obey, or die a spiritual death. Ah, in God's dear name, pity her, pity her, and help her all you can, and more than you can, if it were possible, for hrs 's indeed a terrible fate!

She has been taught from infancy to obey the church, on pain of eternal death for disobedience. Remember that she made a very real sacrifice in entering the convent, and a very hard sacrifice, and that she has done it from the best of motives, being ignorant of better. She has been taught that this sacrifice will please God. If, then, she resists in the least the commands of her superior, above all of so high a superior as her bishop, she goes against her most sacred convictions and against principles which have been instilled into her from her childhood. Indeed, in dealing with Romanists, Protestants have yet to learn the tremendous power which early education has in their case. The child has been taught from the cradle that the Church cannot err, and that to disobey is to peril his immortal salvation. He must first be fully convinced that the Church has deceived him as to the true way of salvation, and that she has done it in a day, not in early impressions, as is so often the case.

I can understand the daughters of Mr. Burns resisting an injustice, being women of education, and having the advantage of English independence of character, but I confess myself puzzled by the independent action of the French sisters. Yet it must be remembered that the French of the middle class are lovers of money and very vain in their habits, and that not unnaturally were anxious to keep what they considered (collectively) their own money. For, according to the sacred teaching of the Church of Rome, the property of a convent belongs to all, though it does not belong to the individual. However this may be, the French sisters refused to resign their rights. It was, of course, difficult to obtain full particulars, but what I here say I heard both from Miss Burns and from the French Mere Depose. The bishop did not wait long to enforce ecclesiastical penalties. The recalcitrant nuns were very speedily excommunicated. There were a few sisters who were terrified, as it was hoped and expected they would be, by these fulminations of eternal damnation. They had the highwayman's choice, to surrender the money or the life of his victims, and the bishop did the same. They were to abandon (legally, of course) all claim to their common property, or to die that eternal death which the Roman church has in control for all who disobey her. Some of the sisters were prepared to take chances for the other world, and to keep their money in this world. Others believed in the power of the Church, as good Catholics ought to do, and submitted. But all the same the money could not be got with any appearance of justice without the united signatures of the sisters, so the bishop was still baffled.

We can see from this circumstance how necessary it is for the church of Rome to hold possession of her followers by the damnation policy. Nothing will control human nature so successfully as self interest, and self interest in spiritual matters is the firmest leverage and the most powerful with which man can control man. Once convince a man that you can control his destinies in the next world, and you have him at your mercy in this world. But there was yet another source of appeal. Every Protestant and all Roman Catholics, excepting always those who have tried the experiment, are sure that the pope rules the Church. Is he not infallible? Are not his slightest utterances to be revered as the very word of God? In fact, even more so, for we may doubt the word of God without sin, but to doubt the word of the pope is quite another matter. Elsewhere I hope to enlighten Protestants, and especially do I desire to enlighten those who are looking to Rome fondly as a centre of unity on the delusive idea of the unity of the Church of Rome.

The sisters sent two of their number to Rome to lay their case before the pope. The bishop, no doubt, must have been grimly amused at their ignorance. God help and pity those who lean on an arm of flesh. After the usual delays, which I suppose, from experience, were made short by money or influence, they actually gained their cause, as I gained mine. Poor souls! they returned to America, as I returned to England, supposing that, as Rome had spoken in their favor, all was right, and that the bishop who had clamored so loudly about the duty of submission to himself, would now submit to the pope. But they were soon wiser and sadder women. The bishop would have none of the pope's decrees when they went against his own interests, and the sisters found, to their bitter

cost, that the worst way to mend an injustice or remedy an evil in the Church of Rome is to appeal to the head of the Church about it. And this is the Church to which Protestants entrust the teaching of their children, and this is the Church to which some Protestants look with admiring eyes, as the home of charity and unity of faith and fellowship. Some one has said, "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." I say that where ignorance is willful, the ignorant deserve their sufferings. There are ample opportunities now for Protestants to know what Rome really is, and the sooner they use the resources available to them the better.

From the very lips of the sisters, from the very lips of Miss Burns, I heard the miserable details of episcopal persecution, and the inflictions of petty jealousy by the nuns (and myself) the poor clothing which they wore, to which with difficulty they could walk, to old and worn were their shoes. They assured me that their food was such they could scarcely take it, and it was almost thrown to them, as if they were so many dogs. No doubt the other sisters were taught to consider them little better than dogs, as they were practically excommunicated, and for an excommunicated person there is no law and no mercy. Death alone can relieve them from the penalty of their "crimes." It was even an act of merit on the part of the other sisters to treat these sisters in the most contemptuous way as outcasts. Notwithstanding the gravity of the case, I could not but laugh when the French mother showed us, in her very French manner, the way in which the other sisters passed the condemned ones. The little toss which she gave her head and the look of contempt, which she imitated, were all too well known to me by sad experience. The very same treatment had been meted out to me in Kenmare convent, with this difference, that I had done all that a mother could do for these poor sisters; that, in the family years of 1870-80, I had helped their families, and I may truly say saved many of them from the direst want. But what did this matter? An unnatural system results in unnatural crimes, for certainly it is an unnatural crime to turn upon the hand which has bestowed benefits, and to treat one, who has given a mother's love and care, as if she had been an outcast. Yet such is the result of the practical teaching of the Church of Rome.

I need scarcely say that the poor sisters were delighted to see us. Their friends are few, their enemies are many, and for the rest they are simply indifferent. For the world at large it is enough to say, "Served them right, why did they enter a convent?" And yet these cruel condemners of the poor sisters might never have made such a sacrifice as they did for God or man. Let it never be forgotten that these sisters entered the convent, as I did, believing that God could serve God and their fellow creatures better than they could do in the world. If they have failed, let not those, who have never tried to do likewise, cast the first stone at them. Of what use to say more, the history is an old one? The lives of the saints in the Roman Catholic Church tell the same story. During their life these saints were pursued to the bitter end, but the "holy Church," which does not know a saint while the saint is living, canonizes the idea when the dead can no longer be a reproach to them.

But I must explain how I obtained an interview with these sisters. As I know from long experience that the reports of newspapers and public rumors are not always reliable, I was very anxious to hear for myself the true state of the case. But how to do this was the question. I could not present myself at the convent with any hope of admission, as I had been lecturing in Pittsburg, and was too well known there, and the sisters, at least, were sure to have heard all sorts of stories against me. Besides "escaped nuns," who were never in convents, or sisters, have been going about lecturing, and I knew I might get confused in their minds with this disreputable class. Circumstances however favored me in a very unexpected manner. I met a lady who had been very intimate with the French Rev. Mother, who was now practically a prisoner, and she offered to go with me to the convent, and introduce me as her friend. This was just what I wished. The result must depend on circumstances. The result was after all most satisfactory. It was not without some trepidation that I drove up the very high hill on which the convent was situated, and I looked with feelings of sorrow and amazement at the massive walls and fortress like building, situated on an eminence which commands the town of Pittsburg. I marvelled at the infatuation of Protestants who could help to erect such an institution for a Church, whose bishops are obliged to swear at the most solemn moment of their lives that they "will persecute all Protestants to the utmost of their ability." We all know, or all ought to know, that this means what they actually gain their cause, as I gained mine. Poor souls! they returned to America, as I returned to England, supposing that, as Rome had spoken in their favor, all was right, and that the bishop who had clamored so loudly about the duty of submission to himself, would now submit to the pope. But they were soon wiser and sadder women. The bishop would have none of the pope's decrees when they went against his own interests, and the sisters found, to their bitter

of the bell were the only sounds which we heard. We had to conclude that either the sisters did not hear us, or that they had very few visitors, and did not wish to see any one. Still it was rumored that the recalcitrant sisters were not unwilling to receive visits of sympathy, and, in fact, at first they did receive such visits. But there was the usual result.

For a time the sisters were visited by the many who were drawn to the convent by motives of curiosity, and by the very few who really cared to help them. The next nine days wonder was that they were forgotten by the crowd who always ask for something new. Their few sympathizers, if Protestants, had not sufficient zeal or inclination to continued climbing these heights, or making patient inquiries into the details of the case. They soon lost all interest in the affair, as people will do when they are not in earnest. As for the Roman Catholic friends of the poor sisters, they were too much afraid of involving themselves in ecclesiastical displeasure, or of social or political loss if they interfered; so the sisters were left to their fate, as no doubt their persecutors knew well they would be. Finding it impossible to obtain admission at the front door, we proceeded in the fearful storm to the back entrance.

Our attempts to storm the back entrance were quite as ineffectual as our attempts on the front of the fortress. We were about to retire in despair when a sister arrived in response to a long and last appeal for admittance, and asked very rudely what we wanted. My friend mentioned her name, reminded the sister that her two daughters had been educated at the convent, and demanded to see the deposed superior. The sister admitted us and looked at me without any suspicion. We found ourselves in the vast halls of this palatial residence of those who have named poverty individually, in order to practice the very opposite collectively.

After another and long delay, the deposed superior arrived in the parlor. She was an attractive looking woman, with just that touch of asperity (I do not know any other word to express it) which is common to French superiors. To my great surprise she began to speak in the very freest manner of her troubles and of the bishop's conduct. I could hardly believe my ears. She spoke English fairly well. When she heard from my friend that I could speak French she at once rose and went for a French sister who she said could not speak or understand a word of English, and who she said would be so delighted to see any one who could speak in her native tongue as fluently as I did. The sister came, and I talked to her, and found that she also spoke with the utmost freedom of the troubles of the sisters. But she told me with no little pride that they had on their side Miss Burns, whom she called by her religious name. I think it was sister or madame Gertrude. This sister, she said, was the daughter of a great English gentleman. After a few moments she proposed to call her also, and did so, much to my consternation, as I feared she might in some way suspect who I was, and so hinder me from obtaining all the information I desired. I was all the more afraid, because the French mother said she had heard that a nun who had left the Roman Catholic church had been lecturing in Pittsburg, and had done them all the injury she could. I saw at once that the ecclesiastical authorities feared that I might do something for these sisters, and wanted to make them afraid of me by the usual false representations. I assured her that I was quite certain that the sister she spoke of had never said anything against them; that, on the contrary, she sympathized with them, but I saw she was still doubtful.

I found Miss Burns quite as ready to communicate her trials as the French sister, on whose account, of course, we continued to speak in French. My friend, in the meantime, was hearing the story of the mother in English, and so I had the advantage of comparing with her after, and found that all told exactly the same story.

And it was the old story and the sad story which I had known so well, and from which I had suffered so much jealousy amongst sisters and nuns, precisely the same story of inferior. Until the convent was built they were left in peace. Until the work of obtaining pupils, who were attracted by the prospect of being taught by French sisters, was fully developed, all went smoothly. It was so like what I had suffered myself in Ireland. At Knock, I was allowed to go on with the convent until it was nearly completed, and then I was driven out, in the hope that it could be handed over to other sisters who would be more subservient to the desires of the priests, and who would concern themselves less about the interests of the poor.

It would not be possible to repeat the conversation verbally. I can only give the substance of it, and add that the French Rev. Mother told my friend precisely the same story of their wrongs and the injustice done to them. They attributed a good deal of their trouble to the well known fact that the new bishop did not approve of the acts of the old bishop, a common occurrence in the Roman Church. It too often happens that some hapless sister, or some equally defenceless priest, who has been in favor with the late bishop is for that very reason especially disliked and persecuted by his successor. This happens every day. But the Roman Catholic Church takes care that her soiled linen is not washed in public,

and she manages to make the laundry proceeding private by, to use an Irish bull, not allowing any washing, or, if she washes, it is so circumspetly done that no one knows, while strict secrecy is secured by the stern enforcement of her favorite and very sagacious doctrine, that it is far worse to tell of a priest than to sin with a priest. And so the evil goes on, for none dare expose it.

These sisters complained very bitterly of the "rudeness" of the Irish priests who attended the convent. They assured me they were not "comme il faut" or in any way like gentlemen, and declared that French priests would never be guilty of such rudeness to women. It is certain that the French and Irish never agree, and that, as a religious house is always the place where legends are the most numerous, and the worst character consequences are of the worst character when the two elements come together. I have written evidence of this fact in the handwriting of ecclesiastical authority, which would amaze the world.

The "Nun of Kenmare's" (Supposed) Mysterious Disappearance.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. You will see in the review of my new book a prediction, one part of which has proved only too true: The "Nun of Kenmare" exposes Rome in such a fearless fashion that nothing less than the bitterest hatred of that church may be expected by her as one of the rewards of her labors. This has proved only too true. Within the last few days a paragraph, a press "special," has been deliberately sent all over the country in which the gross lies have been reported about me, for all of which there is not the least foundation of truth.

The writer of this review, who is the editor of the leading Protestant evangelical paper in England, says also: "But this will not be the 'Nun of Kenmare's' only reward; Protestants throughout the world will realize that she has merited their warmest thanks." Alas! too often the only thanks I receive is a refusal to contradict such gross lies as the press has published to-day.

I did not "disappear mysteriously." All my friends in Pittsburg and elsewhere, know I have been with Bishop Whipple, in Florida, as his guest, and that I was obliged, on account of poor health, to spend the winter in the South. I wrote to the very few subscribers to the book which I have now in preparation ("My Reasons for leaving the Roman Catholic Church") to offer to return their subscription of one dollar if they desired it. I did not make any collection in Pittsburg.

That such an attack should be made by a "special" dispatch from Pittsburg, and sent all over the country, is another evidence of the fast growing power of Rome. It matters little what is said of me. I know that as I have denounced frauds, even if they pretend to be "converted," I must suffer from them. But what is done to me will be done to others when Rome has more power, and this cannot truly be called a "free country" when one who has left the Church of Rome can be subjected to libelous attacks and to libelation and reparation refused. If Christian people will not stand manfully to one who suffers thus, what is there for the future?

M. F. CUSACK,
(the Nun of Kenmare)
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Elder John S. Holmes.

Eds. Ala. Baptist. In your issue of May 22nd, I find among "Field Notes" this paragraph: "Rev. John S. Holmes left Butler county, Ala., during the war and went to Texas. He has not been heard from in eight years. His many friends in South Alabama would be thankful for some information concerning his whereabouts." This "good minister of Jesus Christ," who possessed the meekness of Moses, the amiability of John, and the steadfastness of Paul, after a residence of some years at or near Gatesville, Coryell county, Texas, ceased from his labors in 1850. "He walked with God and was not for God to him." The memory of his many virtues is fragrant in the recollection of the older saints at that place, upon whom his impress was indelible.

His bereaved widow, the embodiment of piety and "faith unfeigned," still resides in that community. She was at Fort Worth during the session of the Southern Baptist Convention. They had no offspring and sister H. resides among their kindred.

Elder N. A. Seale, the pastor at Gatesville, Texas, could answer any questions respecting Bro. Holmes' death, etc., that friends might propound to him, it is presumed, which the writer of these lines, living about one hundred miles away, could not. "Let my last end be like his!"
Mexico, Tex. P. M.

Why Not?

I wish you or some of your readers would please tell me why Baptists do not raise money to pay their pastors by having suppers and entertainments for the public? They raise money that way for other purposes and are successful at it, and other people pay their pastor that way sometimes. Why not Baptists, too? The preacher is for the public good, why not get the public to help pay him? I believe in keeping up the age in which I live. INQUIRER.

Our Washington Letter.

Religious Wastefulness.

BY SCOTT F. HERSHEY, PH. D.

Christian men, elevated to distinguished places, and commanding wide influence, frequently are less serviceable in the cause of God, than when they lived and worked in a more contracted sphere. This may be called wastefulness of opportunity and influence. The large sphere of eminence and public distinction should be filled with a religious atmosphere, charged with Christian activities.

I remember that Spurgeon, in a sermon, just following the death of a distinguished Statesbury, was in his admiration for the religious activity and active benevolence of the earl. Looking up the sermon in my library, I am able to quote his robust language. It was in the October of 1885, Spurgeon began his sermon: "During the past week the Church of God, and the world at large, have sustained a very serious loss. In the taking home of myself by our gracious Lord of the Earl of Shaftesbury, we have, in my judgment, lost the best man of the age. I do not know whom I should place second, but I certainly should place him first—far beyond all servants of God within my knowledge—for usefulness and influence. He was a man most true in his personal piety, a man most firm in his faith in the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, a man most intensely active in the cause of God and truth. He occupied his high position with singleness of purpose and immovable steadfastness."

Spurgeon was right altogether. The more eminent the citizenry became in the public eye, the more earnest he was in religious teaching, and the more active in religious work. He was never too much engrossed with matters of public service, that he had no time for the service of God.

I have been thinking much of late how lamentable it is, that the high officials of the government are, almost to a man, wholly wasteful of their good opportunity to set forth the things of religion by example. The eminent Gladstone is found as capable in leading a religious service, as in state management; and his example is wonderful in its religious effect upon all classes of the English people. With the single exception of one cabinet minister the present administration, so far as we remember, does not set forth a very creditable example in this direction, though nearly all are members of churches. Why this throwing aside the active service of religious work? The plea of no time is a humbug. Why should the president not teach a Sunday-school class? He was an efficient spiritual officer in his home church. Has he left his working religion behind him? It is a thing to be grateful for, that family prayers are not neglected in the White House. But worship, without work, is only half of Christian life and duty. Why should not the voices of the Christian members of the cabinet be heard in the prayer-meetings of the churches of this city? It is a thing most commendable that the Postmaster General spends every Lord's day with his Philadelphia Sabbath-school. Three of the cabinet are Presbyterian elders. The administration, in its personnel, is eminently Christian, and with the notable exception I have just made, it is eminently helpful in the Christian life of the nation's capital.

A notable of the Japanese government has lately been in this country. The way in which distinguished American Christians avoid the subject of religion in their conversation, and the little activity shown in Christian service, impressed him as being very strange. This led him to say one day that he thought America had less religion than any other Christian country. In explanation, he said, that he had traveled over this wonderful country; that he had met with what he considered the most delightful society in the world; that he had been entertained by prominent people, and distinguished officials, and yet not one of these had asked him to visit a church. He said in this conversation, "You seem to me your religion is not worth exhibiting."

Washington, D. C.

Items and Comments.

In commenting on some of the phases of the great anniversary meeting of the Baptists, in Tremont Temple, Boston, the *Watchman* candidly remarks:

"We could not help observing that when speakers made allusion to incidents or phases in the Scriptures, especially the Old Testament Scriptures, there was no gleam of answering intelligence on the part of the great mass of the audience. The ignorance of our people in respect to the contents of the Word of the Lord is something very melancholy; melancholy indeed, when our speakers cannot take for granted a fair knowledge of the Scriptures on the part of Christian hearers."

And upon this the *Christian Index*, of Atlanta, Ga., comments:

"So says the *Watchman*, of Boston, when speaking of the anniversary meetings recently held in that city. We confess that we are greatly surprised. We have always taken it for granted that in New England, as well as here, a fair knowledge of the Scriptures on the part of a Baptist audience might be taken for granted."

We see no great reason for surprise, but very much reason for regret at such exhibition of ignorance of the contents of the Bible on the part of professing Christians. A pastor of a somewhat prominent church in a certain city in Massachusetts, where the people boast of exceptional "culture," was recently called upon to take the place of an absent teacher in the Sunday school.

The class was made up of grown young ladies. The lesson was on the becalm of Christ. The pastor asked a grown daughter of one of the deacons, "What other name had Judas?" And the young lady, a church member, did not know that the traitor was Judas Iscariot.

We know a teacher of an academy, who had under his instruction a number of young men preparing for college. Some of them were studying mathematics and the ancient languages, and yet the fact came out one day that there was not one of those youths who knew that there were four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John; nor was there one who knew why these writers were called "the evangelists." And this recalls an anecdote: Two preachers of our acquaintance were discussing the mental caliber of a certain youth, when one of them said, "He has not much capacity." The other replied: "You are mistaken there; I had him as a pupil in my school, and I can testify that he has a most extraordinary capacity for keeping things out of his head."

Sometime ago the pastor of a certain Baptist church in one of our Southern cities had occasion to discuss that very important passage in Matt. 7: 13: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, ye even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets." In the course of the discussion, he spoke of the sharp practice of which men who do not mean to be thought dishonest, are often guilty in their transactions with their fellow men.

One night, soon after this discourse was delivered, a stranger knocked at the door of the pastor's study, and after being invited to have a seat, said: "I have come here to quarrel with you." "Well," said the preacher, "go ahead." "Now," said the stranger, "I heard you the other night, and did not like what you said about that law of mine." "Your law?" said the preacher, who did not even know the visitor's name. "I never heard of it, and did not know that you had ever been engaged in any lawsuit." "But," said the visitor, "you told the congregation all about what I had been doing in the case, and how could you do that without knowing what I had done?" The preacher, after considerable talk, finally convinced the visitor that he (the preacher) really knew nothing of the case, and that all his remarks had been based upon general principles, and upon his knowledge of the conduct of men in such transactions. Now, if you do not want your own consciences to proclaim you guilty of the various kinds of wickedness which are continually exposed and denounced from the pulpit, you had better do right. And if you are so sensitive about exposure here in this life, how will you bear the "shame and everlasting contempt" to which the wicked will be exposed in the life to come?

Prof. Frederick H. Hedge has some odd views about literature. He thinks—nay, he says very positively—that "Dickens is now comparatively little read; the next generation will have forgotten him."

Many years ago a big political dinner was given at Orange Court House, Va. Gov. James Barbour, a violent opponent of Andrew Jackson's administration, severely criticized the President, an Irishman, named Duncan, arose, glass in hand, and with a fierce and fiery look at the Governor, said, "Here's to General Andrew Jackson; his fame will survive when his traducers shall have passed away."

We believe that the author of David Gopperfield is destined to a long life.

We agree with Prof. Hedge that "Pelham" is dead; indeed, we will go farther and say that it ought never to have lived; for it is about as worthless trash as we ever foisted away time upon. But "My Novel," and "The Caxtons," and "Eugene Aram" are splendid works, and they come from the same mind that produced "Pelham." We are surprised at Prof. Hedge's dogmatic assertion that "Jane Eyre" is "nearly obsolete," and we do not believe that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was "the most popular book of its day that was ever written."

In this last assertion Prof. Hedge is as reckless as when he says: "Those who read for intellectual stimulus will feel themselves attracted to metaphysical writings, of which such stimulus is the only use. No metaphysician, as metaphysician, ever discovered a new truth or established an old one beyond the possibility of doubt."

Prof. Hedge's article, "The Hundred Authors," is one of the weakest that the *Forum* has ever published. Was it an "accident"?

J. C. HEDGE.
Eufaula, Ala.

From Huntsville.

I wish to record my deep gratitude to the Baptist church here for their very cordial reception. While we are delighted with our present home and its pleasant surroundings, it is almost impossible for us to keep from thinking and longing for our home, far north in Michigan, where the people were so remarkably kind to us, and where we had so many warm friends, who were always willing to do all in their power to make us happy.

The Greenville Michigan Baptist church is almost an ideal church. The congregations are always large, and the people the most appreciative that I have ever known. Possessing wealth and culture, they are a power for the Baptist cause in that, the richest city of its size in the state.

"For others' weal, avail on high! But wait their names beyond the sky."

How swiftly those fifteen months have passed! How much has been done during that time which can never be repeated in experience, much of which will live in the history of the Greenville church and in the memory of each person who has taken a part in the church's thinking and doing. The record of that pastorate is closed, and "with it many a glorious throng of happy dreams." "Its mark is on each brow, its shadow in each heart." It holds much that was good; it contains some failures. But we are led to the top of a lofty mountain. From it we can look back over the way we have passed, and gaze forward over the path we shall tread. "This is a time for memory and for tears."

I shall strive to make this the best pastorate of my life. It can be made so if I resolve it shall be, and live the resolution. There must be, however, no shrinking from a faithful self-examination and no cowardice in the day of trial that will be sure to come. To do for God and humanity what I can will brighten each day as it comes, and make this pastorate happy from its beginning to its close. We are pleased with Huntsville and the outlook is cheering. We always get more and better from some people than we deserve. The ladies here each room in the pastorate carpeted and furnished in place, the pantry well filled, and a hot dinner awaiting Mrs. Bass and the children. This was a very pleasant surprise following a tiresome ride. They have won our hearts right in the start.

Our morning congregations have been large. The evening congregations fill every seat, and often chairs back building, but it is too small for our increasing congregations. Huntsville is on the upward march, and the brethren say we must have a new church, the handsome one in North Alabama. Our building fund is increasing. The business men's carnival, given by our ladies, brought us in nearly \$400. I advise every Baptist church in the state, located in villages and cities, to try this plan for raising a nice sum easily.

Huntsville is richly endowed by nature with a rare combination of resources, attractive and advantages. It has a long time been noted far and wide for its beautiful scenery; its hospitable, cultured, refined society; its pure water and natural drainage are proverbial. The city has all the modern improvements, such as gas lights, electric lights, telephones, steam fire department, water works, etc. I believe the future of Huntsville is inevitable. The Mohammedans, with calm philosophy, which recognizes the hand of fate in the affairs of men, sentimentally remark, "What is to be, will be." It is written in the book of fate that Huntsville and many of these North Alabama towns are to be large cities. "What is to be, will be." This is not a stolid assertion, when analyzed in the light of events. The great orator who said, "I have no lamp by which my feet are guided, save the lamp of prophecy." A wise student of the past, a close observer of the present, has within his grasp the book of fate. If he have the courage of his convictions he can turn the pages on which the decrees of the future are written, and he can read there the prophecies of events to come.

A study of the natural resources of Huntsville and North Alabama, a knowledge of the artificial advantages which she has, will render the task of the one who undertakes to read her future a comparatively easy undertaking. In the report of the Home Board submitted at Fort Worth the other day, we have such facts given concerning this section of our country as amaze us. Within a radius of a few hundred miles, we have coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, nickel, tin, zinc, corundum, mica, sulphur, kaolin, marbles in endless variety, sandstones, granite, plumbago, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones. A geologist of high repute has said that every mineral and metal known to civilized man lies within its limits. It holds the great timber supply of the continent. Its agricultural resources are great indeed. No other part of the world is equal in resources to this section. Huntsville and all these mountains are becoming great summer resorts. A great future is before. Within the past months several large factories have been located here.

are Baptists, yet they are doing comparatively little for our great denominational enterprises. We now have the advantage; yet within a few years these advantages will have passed forever beyond our grasp, if our people do not awake. I am aware of the fact that this section of our state is not so much in sympathy with our denominational enterprises as it should be. I believe that a far greater good will come to us by cultivating more intimate relations with the Baptists of Middle and Southern Alabama. Brother ministers of North Alabama, the first great step for us to take is to place our paper, the ALABAMA BAPTIST, in every Baptist home, and Bro. Editor, we want you to help us. We will be pleased to see in Huntsville, brethren Hare, Crumpton, Kiley, Purser, Averett, and others.

L. D. BASS.

Words of Comfort.

I want to speak a word of comfort to God's children. I want to give voice to an abiding conviction that resteth in the heart of every real child of God—once in Christ always in Christ.

Brother, sister, is it not true? Don't answer until you have just come from your knees in the closet. Only a few moments, many allow the Father. Then will I hear you say, I have Christ, what more do I want? We know, whatever the storms without, there is a holy calm within. We know the evil forces will beat upon the walls of these temples, but "my grace is sufficient." Fall away? Go back to the world? Never! No! I respect the opinion of many who hold that a real child of God may fall from his lofty station. May I ask whether those who thus believe have ever reflected upon the fact that those they thought had thus fallen away had never received that converting grace in their hearts? had never become real converts? that they were only mistaken? Alas! many allow the devil to accompany them even into the churches, and through the baptismal font, deceiving them into the mistaken belief that they are converted to God, when in truth they are only sad dupes to the devil's wiles. Hence only can we account for the thousands upon thousands of dead limbs upon the church tree.

But it is not my purpose to argue or combat an argument. I only want to speak a word of comfort to the real members of Christ's family, and say, brethren, we know we are saved. Only a little while, and we go to join that innumerable company of angels in heaven awaiting our ascension. We know that our Redeemer lives. We know we are redeemed, and no man can deceive us. Our hearts shall sing praises to the Lord all the day long. Your brother in Christ,
GEO. W. TOWNSEND.

A VISIT TO SAND MOUNTAIN.

Some days since a party of half a dozen young persons visited the falls on Sand Mountain. Tired with the week's work in the school room, we were well prepared to enjoy the occasion. We left Collinsville on Saturday morning, and soon reached the mountain. One lady, who is not accustomed to the country, was only a "million" of a mile while and we go to join skaters on a little wheel like a lizard!

The mountain breeze and good road made the drive very pleasant, and we soon reached the residence of the Rev. Mr. Wilbanks, who lives near the falls. After dinner we drove down to the falls, which are very fine, the water flowing over the rugged walls of stone and falling from sixty to eighty feet. The water is only one or two miles wide, and about twenty yards from the north bank there is a ledge some forty feet long leading off from the main precipice, and extending down the stream westward. This great mass, not more than five to eight feet thick, rests on a pillar of stone rising from the foaming waters sixty feet below and spans a beautiful arch, beneath which men catch fish from the unknown depths. Standing on that narrow ledge, one imagines he is only one brief sketch of the falls, we returned to Dr. Ebro's to spend the night. Here we enjoyed that broad hospitality so proverbial, and always found among the generous hearted settlers of fifty years ago.

Sunday morning we drove through the quiet country, three miles to Sand Mountain. We did not have any trouble on the road, but "all was quiet and still." The old log church stands in the back ground only as a monument to those faithful ones who have gone before and laid the foundation for a grand civilization and a Christian path that is to move and save the world. A new church, painted and well lighted, stands out in bold relief to the credit of a prosperous Christian people. The church was filled with persons of all ages from the infant to the silvery haired veteran. The preacher looked as if he had been paid, and preached like a man full of the Spirit and loose from the shackles of sin. The congregation sang and laid up treasures by praying without passing by. We saw coal, iron, gold, silver, copper, nickel, tin, zinc, corundum, mica, sulphur, kaolin, marbles in endless variety, sandstones, granite, plumbago, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, sapphires and other precious stones. A geologist of high repute has said that every mineral and metal known to civilized man lies within its limits. It holds the great timber supply of the continent. Its agricultural resources are great indeed. No other part of the world is equal in resources to this section. Huntsville and all these mountains are becoming great summer resorts. A great future is before. Within the past months several large factories have been located here.

A majority of the people in all this region, from here to West Virginia,

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Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY ALA., JUNE 5, 1890.

The Two Roses.

A Story for the Little Folks.

BY CLARA BROUGHTON.

One Rose had black curly hair, dark eyes, and soft damask cheeks. She wore a white dress, delicately embroidered and tied with a silken sash. She had been playing about in a large, beautiful garden, shaded by tall trees. Just now she stood looking out between the bars of the iron fence at the other Rose, who eyed her with timid pleasure.

The other Rose's eyes were blue, and her pale golden hair clustered in silken tendrils round a face fair as a snowdrop. Her pink calico dress was covered with dust, as if from a fall. In one hand she held a bunch of daisies, plucked by the wayside.

"What's your name?" asked the black-eyed girl, after a bashful pause.

"Rose," murmured the little one, her finger in her mouth.

"Why, that's my name!" cried the other, delighted at the discovery. "How old are you?" she went on, with increased interest.

"I'm five year old," replied the white Rose, the sweet Scotch *patois* lending an added charm to her baby voice.

"Only five! Why, I'm just six!" said the red Rose, in a superior tone. Then, after a pause, "Where do you live, little girl?"

The corners of the little stranger's mouth drooped, and her blue eyes filled. "I canna find my maminie!" she said with a sob. "I just can find our house any mair!"

Rose Vernon's heart was full of sympathy. "You poor little thing!" she said, in a motherly tone. "Come right in to my maminie—she'll take care of you. I'll open the gate."

In a few minutes the two little creatures stood before a lovely, gentle lady, with dark eyes like her daughter. She listened with interest to the children, and drawing the little stranger to her, said kindly—

"I will send one to hunt for your maminie, dear, and I think you shall find her. Do you know how far your house is from here?"

"Oh, it's lang, lang way off," said the little one, shaking her head.

"You must be tired and hungry both," began Mrs. Vernon. Rose broke in eagerly—

"Oh, maminie, may she have on one of my dresses and be my little sister? and may she sit by me at dinner?"

"Yes, she may be your little sister while she stays here," said the young mother, almost as delighted with this lovely, living plaything as her daughter. But a shadow crossed her face immediately, at the thought of the distress the child's parents might be in, and calling one of the men servants she dispatched him in search of them.

Then she took the little stranger and bathed and dressed her with her own hands. If she looked pretty before, she was like a little fairy now, in a dainty white frock tied with blue, her snowdrop face peeping out from its halo of golden curls.

"Oh, if I could only keep her for my own!" the young mother thought. "What sweet little sister for Rose! I would change her name to Blanche; it would just suit her, she is so fair."

The little stranger sat by Rose at dinner, and forgetting her shyness, prattled away, her mistakes corrected occasionally by the older child, whose motherly airs were amusing to witness.

After dinner they went out to play in the large, beautiful garden, and how happy they were! After racing over the velvet lawn, and the broad gravel walks for a time, they sat down under a tall tree, with Rose Vernon's whole family of dolls around them. It was a lovely day in June. The whole atmosphere seemed bathed in sunshine, yet cooled by a refreshing breeze from the river whose waters sparkled in the distance.

Susan, the nurse maid had gone in to her dinner, but Mrs. Vernon was swinging in a hammock, not far from the children. She had a book in her hand, but found it impossible to read, she was so interested in the talk and play of the two little creatures. The envious longing in her heart grew stronger every minute.

"The child's parents must be very poor," she thought to herself. "That dress, though neatly made, was of the finest calico, and how rubbed the little shoes were at the toes! Perhaps they may be willing to give her to me, when they find out that I would bring her up like my own daughter."

The thought had scarcely passed through her mind, when two figures appeared, crossing the lawn. As they drew near she saw it was John, the servant she had sent out, and a tidy young Scotchman, with a pleasant, "bonny" face, doubtless the mother of the child.

Mrs. Vernon left the hammock and took a step forward. The woman did not see her. Her face was flushed and agitated, and as her eyes fell on the child, she sprang forward, crying out, "Rose, my bairnie!"

Rose, who had been laughing a minute before, started up like a shot, and ran toward her mother, her tiny hands outstretched, and breaking into tears of ecstasy. The mother caught her up, covering her face with kisses. All hope of keeping the child had died out of Mrs. Vernon's heart, and in its place had come a tender sympathy for the little, gentle faced mother.

"How you must have suffered!" she said in her kind voice, when the woman had composed herself a little. "Suffered! Oh, madam, there's a new word can tell it! The bairn was playin' in our bit of a yard, as happy as any little bird. I never dreamed of her rinnin' awa', for she never did like her maminie. I was busy wi' my cleanin' and forgot to look out for some minutes. When I did, and saw that she was gone,—oh, madam, I thought I should have died!" said Mary McDonald, shuddering. "I've been huntin' for her ever syne, and when I got

How They Warmed the Car.

It was a very cold, raw, foggy morning, and the passengers on No. 12, west bound, were suffering in coat collars turned up to their ears, and some of them, trying to warm their bodies by the hotness of their temper against the brakeman and the railroad company for having no fire in the car heater.

Everybody looked very glum and all out of humor; and when the fat traveling man tipped the fashionably dressed young fellow's silk hat down over his eyes in lifting his luggage into his seat, the latter turned and glared at him angrily, at which the traveling man said, "Beg your pardon?" in a selfish, "Think how badly this poor mother has felt already, you wouldn't want to take her little daughter away. Her poor father, too, he's dreadfully frightened about her."

"Why can't they all come and live in our house?" asked Rose, "it's big enough."

"Listen to me, my child. I have made up my mind that we must find a little sister for you, somewhere. We shouldn't let you be lonely any more. But now kiss this dear little girl good-by, for I know her maminie is longing to carry her home and show her to her father. You haven't told me your name, yet!" to the woman.

"My name is any name, madam, and I'm sure I dinna ken how to thank you for all your kindness," said Mary, gratefully. "But the brakeman, ma'am, and the sash,—can I gang into the kitchen to tak' them off her?"

"No, no; pray keep them as a remembrance of my little Rose; your little girl looks so sweetly in them, too."

"Well, madam, I'm sure I thank you wi' my heart!" said Mary, delighted. "The bonny clathrs! she shanna wear them except to kirk and Sunday scule."

That night, as Rose Vernon was put into her luxurious bed, she put her arms round her mother's neck, and said, wistfully, "I wish I had that other little Rose to sleep with me!"

"Think how happy her poor father and mother are to-night, my darling, and maminie will not forget her promise to find a sister for her little girl. Now fold your hands and say your prayer."

Rose McDonald lay in her humble cot, with her mother bending over her. After murmuring her childish prayer, she paused a moment, then added softly—

"God bless Rose Vernon, 'cause she gave me that bonny doll, and wauld me to be her sister, and I'll be the pretty lady, too; but I'm glad I've found my ain de, Amen!"

And soon the red Rose and the white Rose were fast asleep, dreaming peacefully till the morning sunshine should awaken them again.

From Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Keep Your Friends.

A girl, I know, said: "I'm a great one for making friends." It sounded as if she ought to be very happy, but when I had a minute to think I wondered if she were good at keeping them. Making friends is easy to the girl who is bright and happy, whose society gives pleasure and who is genial. But the keeping of them demands more than this.

If you want to keep a friend don't get too intimate with her. Have your own thoughts, and permit her to have hers.

Do not demand too much of her in the way of confidence.

And do not be too aggressive, wanting to know why she hasn't done this, and why she doesn't think as you do.

If you think your friend's style of dress is not beautiful, don't tell her; you only offend her, because deep in her heart she is convinced that she knows a great deal more about it than you do.

Do not find fault with your friend's friend, and do not expect to be the only one considered of her feelings as if she were a stranger, and remember that politeness is an every day garment, and not one intended only for high days and holidays. To sum it up in one sentence, preserve the courtesy of the beginning if you wish to keep your friendship to the end.

From Ladies' Home Journal.

If You Want To Be Loved.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friend.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

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Through Schedules Via CENTRAL R. R. OF GEORGIA. In Effect Feb. 2, 1890.

Leave Montgomery 7:40 am 3:50 pm
Arrive Union Springs 9:20 am 5:40 pm
Arrive Wetumpka 10:40 am 7:00 pm
Arrive Columbus 11:30 am 8:20 pm
Arrive Eufaula 11:05 am 8:20 pm
Arrive Macon 11:05 am 8:20 pm
Arrive Macon 11:05 am 8:20 pm

Train leaving Troy at 2:40 am makes close connection for Montgomery. Train leaving Montgomery at 3:50 pm makes close connection for Troy.

Via Albany and Waycross to Brunswick and Jacksonville.

Leave Montgomery 7:40 am 7:30 pm
Arrive Albany 9:20 am 9:20 am
Arrive Thomasville 9:20 am 11:25 am
Arrive Waycross 9:20 am 11:25 am
Arrive Jacksonville 9:20 am 11:25 am

Via Eufaula and Smithville.

Leave Montgomery 7:40 am 7:30 pm
Arrive Eufaula 11:05 am 10:25 pm
Arrive Smithville 11:05 am 12:30 am
Arrive Macon 11:05 am 12:30 am
Arrive Augusta 11:05 am 12:30 am
Arrive Savannah 11:05 am 12:30 am

Via Albany and Thomasville to Jacksonville.

Leave Montgomery 7:40 am 7:30 pm
Arrive Albany 9:20 am 9:20 am
Arrive Thomasville 9:20 am 11:25 am
Arrive Jacksonville 9:20 am 11:25 am

For further information relative to tickets, rates, and routes, etc., apply to S. T. SURATT, Depot T. A. R. H. HUDSON, City T. A. W. H. WILLIAMS, Agent, Montgomery, Ala. E. T. CHARLTON, G. P. & T. A. Savannah, Ga. J. C. MCKENZIE, Supt. Southwestern Division, Macon, Ga.

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Mobile & Birmingham Railway. NEW SHORT LINE. Time Card in Effect May 12th, 1889.

Leave Mobile 7:30 pm
Arrive Selma 1:57 am
Arrive Calera 4:10 am
Arrive Anniston 4:25 am
Arrive Rome 6:20 am
Arrive Dalton 9:40 am
Arrive Chattanooga 1:00 pm
Arrive Columbus 1:40 am
Arrive Knoxville 1:40 pm
Arrive Nashville 5:45 pm
Arrive Memphis 1:30 am
Arrive St. Louis 9:58 am
Arrive Philadelphia 11:20 am
Arrive New York 2:00 pm

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Western R'y of Alabama AND Atlanta & West Point Railroad Co. TIME TABLE No. 31, in Effect Mar. 30, '90.

No. 51, N. No. 53. Lv. Selma 5:50 am 4:35 pm
Arrive Wetumpka 6:24 am 5:08 pm
Arrive Wetumpka 6:40 am 5:24 pm
Lowboro 6:52 am 5:35 pm
Ar. Montgomery 7:35 am 6:15 pm
Ar. Columbus 8:58 am 7:08 am
Ar. Chicklaw 9:05 am 7:28 am
Ar. Albany 9:45 am 8:01 am
Ar. Opelika 9:55 am 8:14 am

Via S. & W. R. R. N. No. 10
Lv. Opelika 10:15 am
Ar. Marietta 11:10 am
Ar. Alex. City 12:07 pm
Ar. Goodwater 12:35 pm
Ar. Childersburg 1:30 pm

Ar. Columbus 11:30 am 11:30 am
Ar. Columbus 8:45 pm 8:45 pm
Lv. Opelika 10:40 am 3:17 am
Lv. West Point 10:40 am 3:50 am
Lv. La Grange 11:10 am 4:45 am
Ar. Newnan 11:15 pm 5:21 pm
Ar. Atlanta 1:55 pm 6:59 am

Via Georgia R.R. No. 8, Ar. No. 5, Ar. No. 6, Ar. No. 7, Ar. No. 8, Ar. No. 9, Ar. No. 10, Ar. No. 11, Ar. No. 12, Ar. No. 13, Ar. No. 14, Ar. No. 15, Ar. No. 16, Ar. No. 17, Ar. No. 18, Ar. No. 19, Ar. No. 20, Ar. No. 21, Ar. No. 22, Ar. No. 23, Ar. No. 24, Ar. No. 25, Ar. No. 26, Ar. No. 27, Ar. No. 28, Ar. No. 29, Ar. No. 30, Ar. No. 31, Ar. No. 32, Ar. No. 33, Ar. No. 34, Ar. No. 35, Ar. No. 36, Ar. No. 37, Ar. No. 38, Ar. No. 39, Ar. No. 40, Ar. No. 41, Ar. No. 42, Ar. No. 43, Ar. No. 44, Ar. No. 45, Ar. No. 46, Ar. No. 47, Ar. No. 48, Ar. No. 49, Ar. No. 50, Ar. No. 51, Ar. No. 52, Ar. No. 53, Ar. No. 54, Ar. No. 55, Ar. No. 56, Ar. No. 57, Ar. No. 58, Ar. No. 59, Ar. No. 60, Ar. No. 61, Ar. No. 62, Ar. No. 63, Ar. No. 64, Ar. No. 65, Ar. No. 66, Ar. No. 67, Ar. No. 68, Ar. No. 69, Ar. No. 70, Ar. No. 71, Ar. No. 72, Ar. No. 73, Ar. No. 74, Ar. No. 75, Ar. No. 76, Ar. No. 77, Ar. No. 78, Ar. No. 79, Ar. No. 80, Ar. No. 81, Ar. No. 82, Ar. No. 83, Ar. No. 84, Ar. No. 85, Ar. No. 86, Ar. No. 87, Ar. No. 88, Ar. No. 89, Ar. No. 90, Ar. No. 91, Ar. No. 92, Ar. No. 93, Ar. No. 94, Ar. No. 95, Ar. No. 96, Ar. No. 97, Ar. No. 98, Ar. No. 99, Ar. No. 100, Ar. No. 101, Ar. No. 102, Ar. No. 103, Ar. No. 104, Ar. No. 105, Ar. No. 106, Ar. No. 107, Ar. No. 108, Ar. No. 109, Ar. No. 110, Ar. No. 111, Ar. No. 112, Ar. No. 113, Ar. No. 114, Ar. No. 115, Ar. No. 116, Ar. No. 117, Ar. No. 11