

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST

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Howard College.

Commencement Sermon by Rev. Dr. Ellis

Yesterday at 11 o'clock, Rev. F. M. Ellis, D. D., pastor of the Entaw Place Baptist church, Baltimore, Md., preached the annual commencement sermon to the students of Howard College before a large audience, which crowded the spacious church at Rohama to its utmost capacity. The speaker is a man of fine presence, elderly and somewhat corpulent, with a clear, pleasant and well regulated voice and graceful delivery. The discourse was intensely interesting, being original and thoughtful and profusely abounding in vivid illustrations drawn from historic facts, personal anecdotes and individual examples, and set forth in graphic descriptions.

The text was 1 Cor. 16:13: "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men; be strong."

The sermon was, in substance, as follows:

The cable of the genuine Christian character is woven with the strands specified in the distinct clauses of the text.

The system of Christianity is Christ's appeal to a regenerated manhood. If one enters the English house of parliament, he will find engraven on the wall this legend: "England's Standard of Measure." We naturally ask, "Is there any standard for true and real manhood?" If so, what is it?

Jesus Christ himself is the standard. As such he stands forth before man kind a perfect ideal of manhood, requiring regenerated humanity as the basis upon which the ideal may be realized or reproduced.

It may be asked, "Who was Christ?" The answer is to be found only in a spiritualized conscience.

Men may invent lines of measurement whereby to estimate the value of Christian character; but the true way is like comparing mountains. Even lofty ranges or peaks viewed separately and apart may seem not so different; but, when they are placed side by side, then a comparison can be made.

Men may, by a gradual approach, by studying the character of Christ and becoming familiar, in a degree, with his teachings, lose the sense of his towering grandeur, just as the Rocky mountains may, by a gradual approach, appear not greatly elevated; but, put one mountain against another, and the comparison becomes possible. Compare the mighty or exalted men of earth with Christ, and their works with his; behold Bacon or Shakespeare helpless in a raging tempest and Jesus standing calmly on the prow of a laboring vessel and quietly uttering the command, "Peace, be still," when wind and sea obey him; and how infinitely then does his majesty tower above all the grandeur of earthly excellences.

Christ is God incarnate. And it is designed that he shall be found with in the hearts of men, the hope of glory, so that each man in his sphere, and in his measure, may do as Christ does.

In all young lives there is a time when men come to the parting of the ways, and are brought to realize that there is a possibility of a right course and of a wrong course. It is then that the true standard is to be definitely adopted as the measure of life.

A man who lives merely for himself has no right to live at all. And to young men, the question comes for solution: How, before God and man, am I to live not for myself, but for others? And every man is held responsible for the solution of this question.

It is to be determined by the aid of the Word of God, which shines upon our pathway like slanting rays of light from the eternal throne.

And here, in this institution, the faculty are placed to give aid in the settlement of the question, and are responsible for the guidance they give.

The foundation principle of all is God's sovereignty, however. In an absolute sense, man is not the architect of his own fortunes. We are co-workers with God; we are in partnership with him in the settlement of the vital question proposed to us.

Now the power of young men has always been the power of the country. Said a profound philosopher: "Tell me what a dozen of the brightest young men of a nation think, and I will tell you the history of that nation." The history of heroes is, in the main, the history of young men. Alexander conquered the world, and then died at the age of thirty-two. Raphael died at thirty-seven. Luther was only thirty-five when he began the reformation. And there have been many heroes who won immortal renown before the age of twenty-five.

It was an ancient custom of the Greeks whenever there appeared to be a surplus of young men, to select the bravest and most skillful among them, equip them properly and send them forth to conquer a new country for their people.

God's plan is to give us things of the highest value and then require us to earn them. As it was with Abraham, the land of promise was given him in prospect, but his descendants had to wrest it from the heathen. God gives by measure—to every man as his work shall be, rewarding him according to his works.

And God assigns tests of fitness, as did King Philip test the fitness of Alexander by giving him the horse Bucephalus, which no man could mount. The young man showed his prowess by subduing the brute; the same prowess which afterwards sub-

dued all nations. All divine work demands men; and men must be developed for it. Not every one who claims to be a man, or who has the appearance of a man, is a man. There must be manhood within.

But thorough work requires preparation. An old maxim is, "Be sure you're right, then go ahead." No hurried work is safe; it is apt to be full of flaws, like the defective foundations of a hurried railroad bridge.

Young men sometimes fret because they are not out doing instead of poring over dull studies within, not understanding the necessity of learning to do ordinary things well, before undertaking to do extraordinary things. A college is an arena where youths may learn to win outside, although now and then there is a rare exception, where afterwards latent or dormant energies appear to be newly aroused to the accomplishment of great results.

The rule is that ability must be developed and trained. But the temper must be in the subject of training. The college is the grindstone to make our edge as we do on our scythes, but whether the scythe will carry the edge or not depends upon the temper of the metal.

Opportunities are God's inestimable gifts. But they are only good in proportion as they are improved. He charges as much for one opportunity as for the whole life, as did the ancient Sybil with Tarquin.

God has marked on every truth the price which has to be paid for it. To be a Christian requires courage both physical and moral, the latter being the superior, but both properly co-operating, moral courage is above self-interest.

Luther exhibited both kinds of courage in burning the decretals of the pope. Of Knox it is said he never feared the face of man. With both together, a man is not afraid to do right, and not afraid to die while doing right.

Without courage God cannot make a Christian. A Christian must have courage to think and courage to testify.

Martyrdom is still required, and it is now of a higher type than burning at the stake, requiring the moral power to meet the prejudice and scorn of the world.

To make a Christian of yourself is to assume risks in maintaining opposition to the influences of the world, and present a manly, independent style of thinking and living.

This quality is the touch of God, which raises a man to royalty among men.

There must be a renewed nature to this purpose, and a man must be a tabernacle of the Holy Ghost. This will result in soul exaltation and a joyful reliance on Christ as the solid rock on which we stand.

It was this courage which, at the outset of the gospel, overthrew the altars of pagan superstition.

It was shown by Bunyan who, after twelve years of imprisonment in a filthy prison, refused to recant as the condition of a restoration to freedom.

It was shown constantly by living stones in Africa.

The grander the conception we have of Christ, the grander the life will be.

Fortitude is to be combined with this two fold courage. Fortitude is a feminine virtue; courage a masculine. The former bears or endures; the latter confronts or defies dangers.

Energy is likewise a requisite to Christian manhood—pursuing a steady inflexible purpose in life—spurning weakness, not yielding to policy or expediency, or to the tyranny of custom, and recognizing that character is more than numbers.

Christianity is a call to the battle of self-mastery. It is not the province of Christianity merely to make men happy. It brings to bear surgical appliances, whatever the necessary suffering may be.

Salvation makes no appeal to selfish interests. It is not so much emotional as it is incentive to right and duty and to do good.

Christianity presents a race course, like the ancient Olympic games, to be run with strenuous exertion.

It does not offer a lazy life, but demands the hardness of a good soldier.

A young man without decision of character is self-sundered at the outset.

Environments should not control, but should be controlled by the self-determining will of the man. Circumstances never made a Christian or a man.

Christ demands the highest style of manhood, and there must be a manhood in order to answer the appeal of Christianity.

True God's grace can save any sinner, but the quality of the character makes a great difference, and Christ wants the best.

A creed must be more than a convenience. It must be a part of the believer. Truth should penetrate and possess the entire heart.

Classes in college should go forth to live the creed they profess to hold. There is ten fold more hypocrisy outside of the church than in it, however.

Faith in God is the basis of strength. Skepticism is merely negative and can give no strength. Denial is weakness only.

The awards of Christianity are before you, but they must be won by exercising your strength of manhood.

The battle on the outside depends much on your preparation here. Aim to secure victory and a hero's end.

Carve your character into images of Christ by prayer and duty.

High ideals are often wrought out slowly in art, and so in character. So do not be discouraged from a sense

of your own deficiencies, but encouraged by the full conviction of the Master's skill, which will supplement all our endeavors, however feeble.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Visit to the Pope.

Difficulties—Great Crowd—Pomp and Ceremony—St. Theresa's Pilgrimage—American Lady's Experience—Weak and Winded, the Pope Leaves—Peters, Guarded by Soldiers and Cheered by the People.

After a residence of nearly ten years in Rome, I concluded to visit the pope. Of course I might have seen him before, had I taken the trouble to secure a special ticket of admission, and I could easily have secured his apostolic benediction had I been willing to kiss his toe or even his hand. The pope's receptions usually take place in the Vatican, and are of two kinds: public and private. In character, the conditions of entrance being quite rigid. In the first place, a permit must be secured, and unless you have some friend at court you may wait a long time after having sent in your application, and then fail. Women must all be dressed in black, with nothing on the head except a black veil, and men must wear a dress suit and white cravat. Then at the private reception, it is expected that each one will kiss the pope's hand, an act which my conscience would not allow me to perform.

But I saw the pope in the great Cathedral of St. Peter, where none of these things were required, except the ticket of admission, this being secured through a personal friend who has lately been appointed one of the pope's chair bearers. The present pope has only appeared publicly in St. Peter's some three or four times, this last appearance being in honor of six thousand Italian pilgrims. The ceremonies were to begin at 8 a. m., and by 5 o'clock many were already on their way. At half past seven I encountered a vast throng of people, crowding the main highway to St. Peter's, and bent on seeing the aged prisoner of the Vatican. When I entered the cathedral I found not less than ten thousand persons already present, each anxious to secure the best position for seeing the pope when he entered. By dint of a little crowding, I succeeded in getting near the wide aisle down which he was to pass. I soon found that the ends of the earth were gathered about me. Italian, French, German, Swiss, English, Scotch, Irish, American, Norwegian, all anxious to get a first glimpse of the unhappy old man, who claimed divine attributes, and allows himself to be called, "Our Lord," "Our Holy Father," and accepts the worship of the people.

At the sound of a little bell every eye was fixed upon the great door way through which he was to pass. After a moment's hushed expectancy, the bell sounded again, the great curtain was parted, and the pope appeared, in a glass covered sedan chair, clothed in rich pontifical robes, preceded by a detachment of his body guard, splendid looking young men in most fantastic uniforms, each bearing a shining rifle of the most approved make, as such as to say, "In suit him, if you dare!" Borne by four men, robed in crimson satin brocade, the pontiff passed along between two lines of armed soldiers, down to the high altar where he was to celebrate mass. As he ascended the altar the soldiers and the pilgrims broke forth into a loud cheer, and the pope followed with a chant. When the water was finally consecrated by the pope, and as Catholics claim, changed into the actual body, blood and divinity of the Lord Jesus, at the moment of the elevation of the host, the two long lines of armed soldiers fell, as one man, upon their knees, each holding his gun in his left hand, while his right was raised to his cap in the form of a military salute.

This was done, of course, in honor of the Savior, who was claimed to be present in person at the altar. And yet it was easy to see that this was a mere form, and to some a meaning less form, for not a face into which I looked gave evidence of genuine seriousness and devotion. Not only the soldiers, but nearly every one in that great throng of more than ten thousand persons, fell on bended knee, or stood with bowed head while the pope held up the host for adoration. A nun at my right hand, seeing that I remained in an erect position and continued looking directly at the pope, touched my elbow and in a frightened sotto voce whisper said, "Why don't you bow your head?" She and one of her companions had been in a giggle the whole morning, though they managed to assume a most serious aspect at this critical moment. After mass the reception of the pilgrims began, the entire six thousand passing before the pope, one by one, each kissing his hand, and very many falling on their knees at his feet. Each pilgrim received a printed address of the pope, and a tiny cloth cross, on which was printed the famous words which Constantine saw in his vision, "In hoc signo vinces." These crosses had received the special blessing of the pope and were worn as a sort of charm. I secured one as a curiosity.

This reception of the Italian pilgrims lasted seven long hours, from 8:15 a. m. to 3:15 p. m., and the poor old pope, who is now eighty years of age, and by no means strong, found it necessary to renew his strength with a glass of wine and a light lunch. At a former reception, the strain was so great that he fainted on his throne, and some time elapsed before he could proceed. By 4 o'clock not more than two thousand persons were

left in the great Cathedral, and I was able to take my stand within thirty feet of the spot where the pope sat on his throne, blessing the pilgrims as they passed before him. An American lady, a good Presbyterian, succeeded in buying a pilgrim's ticket, which gave her the right to pass before the pope and get his blessing. Moved by curiosity and under the impulse of the moment, she fell into line, and finding herself really in the presence of the great pontiff, surrounded by his cardinals and bishops, and guarded by a troop of armed soldiers, such was her confusion and embarrassment that she extended her gloved hand for a regular American hand shake, which the pope received with a mischievous, but reproving smile, after which she beat a hasty retreat, resolved not to repeat the experiment.

If it be a fact, which history proves, that few many of the race have become prominent as lawyers, doctors, statesmen, historians, poets, sculptors, artists, inventors, or leaders in society, the colored man has simply been working out his destiny as such. But it seems to me, without any special revelation on the subject, that Providence is opening the way for his becoming a grand factor in the education, civilization and Christianization of his fellow man—Africa. It is clear to my mind that the time is close at hand when the government of the United States shall establish a colony on the Upper Congo, and invite them to settle there, and provide for its maintenance by choosing a necessary number of the specimens of the race, and establish them in a government and homes on the Congo, that they may be, in time, instrumental in redeeming the Dark Continent to Christian civilization.

They were brought here against their own consent; sold into slavery contrary to their desires, by a people of different color and a higher type of civilization. Justice demands that these same Christian people should provide for their return. For a wise purpose God permitted his chosen people to serve 400 years as slaves in Egypt. It is a high compliment to Southern civilization, if in less than 200 years these people are made ready for self government and dominion over their own race now steeped in ignorance and barbarism in the Dark Continent, whence they were kidnapped by slave stealers.

Why not? Hereafter they have had little to fire their ambition; to stimulate their philanthropy, to enlarge their sphere of individual enterprise. They have been, and will continue to be, dependent upon the white man until emancipated from their political and social inequality. There, on the Congo, under the protection of the stars and stripes, with a small army, and every man prepared with Winchester rifles to defend his home, family and government—"minute men," as in the days of our revolution—how would become a power in the land, defying slave merchants and the attacks of wild beasts of the forests. He would become ambitious, brave, self-reliant, progressive. Give him land, farm implements, churches, schools, libraries, colleges, commercial exchanges, social and literary clubs, make them bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, preachers, farmers, soldiers, sailors, and they would in time become legislators, statesmen, and a grand political force in the center of Africa. It would cost no more than a presidential campaign. Establish a line of steamers for commerce, and recruit the colony year by year from the best in the several states and then would the moral and religious sympathies of the people of this country take an active and definite shape. In five years a million or two of the race could be placed on the Congo in comfortable circumstances, where there would be no class or race prejudice; where the voice of the carpet bagger and scoundrel would be no more heard in the land, because he would be emancipated in time, from their dark and selfish machinations. Give them strong but wise and wholesome laws, and their rulers would be strong and punctual in their enforcement. I have strong faith in their capacity, if set to themselves where political intermeddlers could not interfere.

I do not believe, as some do, that they would relapse into barbarism. The white and colored missionaries would be welcomed and should occupy advanced posts, while the colony would open up commercial relations by steamer, barges, caravans and railroads, and thus the redemption of Africa would be hastened by the implantations of the gospel. Our government is peculiarly called and fitted for this colonial work. It has no colonial possessions, which cripples our commerce. It is strong and rich, too rich; it is master of this continent; the colony on the Congo would give her a navy and merchant marine equal to any government in the world, and would greatly prevent our internal political troubles. It would emancipate the South from that unjust prejudice of man and which has diverted foreign and domestic immigration from us and has populated the West and Northwest with a hardy citizenship. The dread of coming in contact with the colored race has kept thousands upon thousands of immigrants from these Southern states. Europe has been flooded with printed matter and agents decrying the race, as if we or our fathers were responsible for its presence here. But now that the institution of slavery has been destroyed, give the colored race a chance to establish itself in the land of its fathers, with a laudable ambition to elevate their race by religious, industrial and social contact with it, and it will prove the solution of two important problems—the emancipation of the colored race from political serfdom, and open the way for own young men to become practical statesmen, instead of learning the arts of the tricky politician. It would put the whole church to work.

It is the part of a great mind to be temperate in prosperity, resolute in adversity; to despise what the vulgar admire, and to prefer a mediocrity to an excess.—Seneca, after Sir R. Ger L'Estrange.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Marion Military Institute.

Closing Exercises.

We had the pleasure of attending the closing exercises of the Marion Military Institute during the past week, and note a few of our impressions. While in the highest degree creditable to the institution, these exercises were marked by an entire absence of anything like the sham display and intense unreality of the ordinary college commencement. They were thoroughly honest public exhibitions of the thoroughly honest work maintained throughout the session by faculty and pupils. We have never seen a finer body of students at any time or place. All the "trash" had been eliminated, the "office coolers" had deserted, the unruly had been tamed, and those remaining were like a compact, steady, well organized and well disciplined army corps. They had been taught to obey, they had acquired the habit of obeying. By a similar process they had acquired the habit of study and of thought, and the result was the highest possible average of moral, mental and physical excellence. The morale of the corps was simply superb.

The battalion drill and dress parade on Thursday afternoon was a forcible demonstration of the splendid method of physical training and of the firm, yet always kind discipline of the Institute. The cadets were in perfect trim, and but for the inclemency of the weather, which cut short the program, would have given the public the best drill and parade ever seen on this famous old campus.

The exhibition by the sophomore class on Thursday night well sustained the high reputation of the school in the art of declamation, attested not only upon this, but upon every public occasion. The prize was awarded to Geo. E. Bush, a son of the distinguished Governor, Capt. J. W. Bush, of Birmingham.

On Friday morning, in the competition by the junior class for the medal for best original speech, the prize was given to Jesse R. Shepard, of Dallas county. Sound judgment, solidity of thought, logical reasoning, and purity of diction, with flashes of wit, of humor, and of satire, characterized these essays, and, in even greater degree, the speeches of the two full graduates for the year, E. G. Bell, of Marion, Ala., and Charles L. Boyd, of La Place, Ala. These young gentlemen are well equipped for the battle of life, and will reflect credit upon the Institute which has given them such a solid and substantial and practical intellectual and moral training.

Besides the diplomas to these graduates in the full course, certificates of completion of various courses were given to quite a number of the students.

Such was the gratifying close of the most prosperous and successful year in the history of the Marion Military Institute. And the public will hear with sincere gladness that the trustees regard the future of the Institute as full of hope and promise of still greater prosperity. The essential improvements and additions to the buildings and property have been completed; not a dollar of debt; all the patronage that can be accommodated well met; assured; a faithful faculty of ambitious, progressive scholars, who have been tested and weighed in the balance and not found wanting; a superintendent who has not his equal in the great state of Alabama as a disciplinarian and executive; we ask you, in all seriousness, is not all this sufficient to awaken in every breast the profoundest gratitude for the bright prospects of an institution of learning which is doing so much and which guarantees to do so much more for the young men of Alabama?

He who seeks God in sincerity may be sure that God first sought him. "When thou saidst, 'Seek ye my face,'" says the psalmist, "thy heart said unto thee, 'thy face, Lord, will I seek.' It is love God, we know that he first loved us, and the love in our hearts is but the response to the great love where-with he loved the world. The more one knows of the love of God, the less inclined is he to attribute any thing of that blessed experience to a spring of goodness in himself, but to say with the apostle, "By the grace of God I am what I am"—Watchman.

Christianity is a help in business. God issues a bond: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." When we fulfill the requirements, when we meet the conditions, we may be certain that God will pay the bond.—Rev. J. G. Peck.

For a few brief days the orchards are white with blossoms. They soon turn to fruit, or else float away, use less and wasted upon the idle breeze. So will it be with present feelings. They must be deepened into decision or be entirely dissipated by delay.—Theodore Cuyler.

The Mormons are making converts in Europe as well as in America; 300 converts recently arrived from Europe and have gone to Utah. Speaking of the "Mormon business" in the Southern states, Passenger Agent Chas. Jones said: "There are lots of elders working quietly all over the state, and occasionally they sneak a delegation of converts out to Utah. They are at work all over the South, especially in the Carolinas, Tennessee and Alabama. This year over 11,000 converts have gone to Utah over the K. C. & B. line from the South alone."

When faith grows weak, all virtues are weakened; when faith is lost all virtues are lost.—St. Signori.

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Holy Wiggle-Waggles,

A Lay of Modern Rome.

[Dedicated to His Holiness, Leo XIII.] By way of introduction into this story true, A doctrine, gentle reader, I will unfold to you; A doctrine all of water, a liquid sort of creed, Which you must all believe in, if "Catholics" indeed.

The herald of the Tiber, the "Holy Mother Church," In matters speculative, can leave within the lurch The King of all the Diamonds, and with her holy arts Can cheat the eyes out of the head of the very Queen of Hearts.

She barters off the sacrament; and with the Silver Key Will unclose you through St. Peter's gate, whoever you may be, For she is all "Infallible," "Infallible" will bleed You, if you only trust her, with Apostolic greed.

She's a wonderful compounder, and has for every sin A favorite prescription—according to your "tint." Nor can her water treatment the devil himself resist; For she, my gentle reader, is the great Hypodermatist.

And by a dash of water into a baby's face, Can jerk it out of the realm of wrath into the reign of grace. She sells also wat' r, mixed piously with salt, Which she guarantees is "Holy" and good for every fault—

Of mind, or soul, or body, and absolutely sure, If liberally sprinkled, to alleviate and cure Your spiritual diseases, and heal your running sores. And keep the horned Satan a standing out of doors.

A good and faithful to lower of this Holy Hallelujah Church, Unto a priest, not long ago, addressed herself, in search Of "Holy Water," which, you know, if sprinkled on the floor, Will keep the pain from out your back, and the devil out your door.

Straightaway the "Holy Father," this water-cure expert, Who flings not to t. n. h. back upon this world of dirt, Makes priestly compromise with sin, and turns instead—his collar— Comounds his water-medicine—for which she pays a dollar.

So with the Father's "blessing," she hastened to her home, And placed upon her mantle this water-god of Rome, And making signs of crosses, she daily prayed to be, By its secure from sickness, from condemnation free.

One morning very early, a ray of sunlight bright, Revealed unto this woman an edifying sight. For in her Holy Water, all swimming round and round, Did a hundred little creatures her pious "A miracle!" she shouted, "a miracle indeed!"

What evidence more holy can unbelievers need? For here are saints and angels—a hundred, at the least, A hatching in this water compounded by the priest.

"I'll show them to my neighbor, that cursed heretic, Who laughs at Holy Water as a treatment for the sick; And says baptismal water can't cleanse the sinner's soul, But that the blood of Jesus must make the sinner whole."

She turned about to realize her missionary action, But looks again to see her saints, when, oh, what stupefaction Imprints itself upon her face! What desperate condition, Occasioned by the cruel force of shocking recognition!

Her "saints" were *animalcula*—unhappy transformation! Her "angels," wiggle-waggles, and, oh! the consternation To find, for little baby saints, these nasty, slimy things.

And wiggle-wagging little tails for waving angel's wings. "They are naught but wiggle-waggles, I'm forced to own it true, But then they must be holy from the place in which they grew!"

'Twas thus she was a thinking, but the blessed God of might Send beaming through her darkened soul a ray of gospel light.

And showed her all the folly of this Holy Water trade, and that the only cleanser is Jesus Christ the Lord; And that it's but idolatry to trust in anything Except the blessed Son of God, our Prophet, Priest and King.

And soon she saw the falseness, the low and drivelling shame Of a church which isn't "Holy"—except in its name. And dashing out that water, there on her chamber floor, She knelt to her Redeemer, and vowed forevermore

To trust His Blood, and love him, and do his bidding, and this, I joy to tell you, she's gladly doing still. For the hand of Jesus holds her, and his staff it is her stay, And his loving smile about her is the light upon her way.

"To worship things inanimate is Pagan barbarism, But 'Holy Water' pardon sins!"—says the Romish catechism. On images and bones of saints, and little gods of dough

You may in safety bank your faith, for the church has made it so." If, friends, you can't believe that, and seek a certain hope, Just turn your eyes unto the Lord, your back upon the pope.

And if you have for righteousness a thirsting a hunger, Come unto Jesus with your sins and leave your idol-monger.

Then go unto your neighbors, show them this better way: And how the blood of Jesus your sins has washed away. And don't neglect the "Fathers," reprove them for their lying

And for their speculation vice on men whose souls are dying. Zacatecas, Mexico.

"Sins are pardoned by repeating the Pater Noster, by blows on the breast, by Holy Bread and by Holy Water."—Father Ripalda's authorized catechism.

"Let this Holy Water be unto me health and life, and by it may all my venial sins be pardoned. Amen."—Prayer in "Catholic catechism."

