

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARE & POPE, Publishers.

VOLUME 17.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, JULY 3, 1890.

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

NUMBER 27.

Roman Catholic Idolatry--"Holy Water."

The city of Aguas Calientes, capital of the state of the same name, is very near the geographical center of Mexico. It has a population of 35,000 and is fast becoming one of the important railroad centers of the republic. Nature has been prodigal of her gifts to this people. The name, Aguas Calientes [hot waters], suggests at once the thermal temperature of the fountains which burst from the foot of a low, rock crowned hill situated just beyond the confines of the city, and whose abundant, genial waters animate to almost perennial flowers and fruit, the fig and pomegranate trees which fill the city's gardens, and fringe her skirts. This city, in the center of a far reaching plain, with its soft and luxurious climate, is indeed, "beautiful for situation."

For over a year the writer has watched on Wednesday nights in this latter "city of the plain." Though so beautiful, it is all but "holly" given to idolatry. The Roman priest hood has had well nigh complete control of this people for two hundred years, so here, as in other purely papal countries, the magnificent temples are thronged with people whose lives and faith are but too faithfully pictured by Paul in Romans 1:18-23. Were God to enter into judgment, dread storms of him stone and fire might be expected to break upon this modern Sodom, in token of its idolatrous forgetfulness of God.

An incident will serve to illustrate a single phase of Roman Catholic idolatry, and the pitiful spiritual blindness in which the inhabitants of this priest-cursed city dwell.

The writer, during a recent visit there, quite conquered by the soft, semi-tropical air, resorted to the public baths. After luxuriating in the delightful water, he sought the bath-keeper in order to pay his bill, and get a drink of water. The man said he had no drinking water.

"How is that? Don't you have fresh water brought every day?"

"Yes, senor, but the truth is Father (a priest) bathed here this morning, and he blessed all the water. I had in the house."

"He blessed it, did he? Did he put any salt in it?"

"No, senor, I didn't have any salt in the house, so he just blessed it so."

"Ah! well, let us have some to drink. Holy water is as good as any other if it has no salt in it. What did he charge you for blessing it?"

"Two reales" (twenty-five cents). "Ah! I see. After I come next time see if you can't have a jar of water for me to bless. The 'father' is pretty quick at a bargain, I see. But what is this water worth more now than it was before he blessed it?"

"Why, senor, this is holy water now, it pardons sins, and cures diseases and keeps the devil out of the house."

"Indeed! well that's just the water I'm looking for. So here's to your health, and here's to your 'holy father's' health, and may he stop cheating and lying, and may God have mercy on his hypocritical soul."

Then I talked to him about his soul, and how he was duped by the priest, and advised him to do his own "blessing" and save his money for his family. This did not surprise him, for the men in papal countries are accustomed to hear these priests of the old harlot get their deserts at the tongue's end of indignant and outraged humanity. But his eyes opened with surprise as I told him of that blood that cleanseth from all sin, of the great Physician who healeth all our diseases, and of the indwelling of the Spirit which secures the soul against the evil one. He listened, and to appearance gladly--but God's Spirit alone can move the heart, and he alone can know whether that poor soul, in judgment, will be found trusting in that lying priest's "holy water," or in the blessed, cleansing blood of Calvary.

Now, upon reading this, some Romanists--possibly some Protestant or Baptist (God save the mark)--will say: "Ah, but that shows the ignorance of one man. Protestants or Baptists could be found, too, who have some silly superstitions."

Now, not so fast, friends; let us look at this matter. That poor deluded man was but one of a city full of Nays, more, that one poor deluded idolater was but one of a great body of idolaters, each of whom, under pain of eternal damnation, believes that the so-called church to which they belong is absolutely infallible, and that church, by its books and bishops, priests and popes, declares that the common salt mixed with common water with a few Latin words mumbled over it, will pardon sins, secure from plagues, diseases, evils, etc., ad nauseam. What do Roman Catholics in the United States think "holy water" is good for? What is in the marble fountains placed just inside the doors of Roman churches? Priest Ripalda in his authorized catechism says: "Let this holy water be unto me in health and life and by it may all my venial sins be pardoned. Amen." He says also that "Sins are pardoned by repeating the Lord's prayer, by blows on the breast, by holy bread and by holy water, so course there is no account made of 'the blood of Christ which cleanseth from all sin' in this apostate religion--even the blood has been replaced by water and flour."

In what does this "holiness" consist? If the sensual priest in his millinery should mouth his Latin over the salt, wouldn't it be "holy salt?"

Is the "holiness" in the Latin? or can it be possible that it emanates from this cheating, petticoated man who sells for a dollar or more a salt-and-water mixture which don't cost him three cents in the rough? "Holy water!" Holy spoons!

These Roman priests are "high tariff" men and no mistake. One--only one, mind you--of the profitable sources of revenue of the church of the Italian pope is the "blessing" of water for the pardon of sins. This particular one of their holy "industries" has served her well, but if the Democratic Irish constituency ever get their eyes open a bit, they will form a "holy water" union, combine on some "holy father" and get him to say his Latin over the Atlantic ocean, and place "holy water" on the "free list" doesn't it strike you that way, gentle reader?

This "holy water" business is strictly papal. Even the Jesuit La Cerdas confers in his note on the passage in Virgil which describes the heathen practice that "hence was derived the custom of the holy church, to provide purifying or holy water at the entrance of their churches." It seems that the first Christian (?) to use it was a horse racer. He sprinkled it on his horse, and as the "holy water" horse won, this "holy" heathen water was then introduced into the infallible church. So the veracious saint's books tell us.

But the early Christian fathers condemned its use as heathen and utterly abominable. Justin Martyr says it was invented by devils in imitation of the prophets, that their votaries might also have purification by water. At the door of the pagan temple stood the aqueduct. The heathen sprinkled themselves, and ascribed the very same virtues to their salt and water as do their modern popish imitators. Arch Idolator Gibbons has the same doctrine as to holy water as had his spiritual ancestor, the ancient Roman pagan priests. Those old time Romanists sprinkled their animals with "holy water" just as these modern Romanists in all Catholic countries sprinkle their dogs and asses and hogs on Saint Anthony's day. This Roman doctrine of "holy water" or "holy salt and water" is not only confessedly pagan, but is shamelessly idolatrous. This ascription of virtues which can belong only to the Eternal God, to salt and water, is not only stupidly heathenish, but blasphemously impious.

The "holy water" Roman Catholic idol is but one of the deadfalls skillfully concealed by the priesthood in the pathway of the blinded people. It seems that the fraud would be too transparent, but there are millions who trust in this water good for pardon and for cleansing. The child's blood chills as his fairy books point to him the witches' caldron with its uncanny contents. The fount at the temple door is the "witches' caldron" of the Roman church. Over that these latter day wizards pronounce their senseless mummeries, and men's blood may well freeze at the contemplation of the millions of immortal souls going to perdition, trusting in this by no means fictitious "holy water." Rome instead of the "holy" "that taketh away the sins of the world."

When will our Christian people awake to the needs of our Roman Catholic neighbor? Does "liberty of speech," "freedom of thought," and "liberty" mean that we are to let them speed, unwarned, down the dark way to everlasting night? They can be reached. The hand of love will lead some at least to Christ. I admit it isn't easily done. The Chinese walled within his "celestial" empire is not more entrenched in superstition than these "Catholic" people in their "holy" church. There is as little "holiness" in this, as "celestial" in that. This old mother of harlots has led her children on the milk of superstition and the meat of idolatry till now both are bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh. In that apostate church the crucifix has deified the Christ, the breviary has banished the Book, the water has washed away the blood. But they may be saved by brave and loving men and women. Ah, it's a terrible thing to go out into eternity in the deceitful strength of a deceptive faith! Can you, my fellow Christian, stand idly, indifferently, by? Their blood will cry up to God against you if you do. Let not a mistaken "liberty" seal a criminal silence upon your lips. Speak unto them. Give them the Word; it may cruelly cut, but it cuts to cure. Turn upon them with the sword of the Spirit; its naked edge "killeth and maketh alive."

Let us have a liberality as broad as should be profound our love for dying souls; then surely our lips will be opened to speak unto these people the truth in love, and our efforts will be multiplied and vitalized to awaken them to a sense of their insecurity that they may fly from the sinking sands of an idolatrous church, to the solid rock of faith in God through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HUGH P. MCCORMICK, Zacatecas, Mexico.

The issue between doctrine and living, between theology and religion, is often raised out of a misunderstanding of terms, since there is no life-truth (so-called) which does not rest on a doctrine, and no truth of religion which does not equally belong to theology.--M. R. VINCENT.

An exchange says: "In the light of eternity our persecutions may be seen as the kisses of divine affection." True, but in this age a good many people call themselves "persecuted" whose troubles come from their own inveterate crankiness.--Ch. Inquirer.

"Where There's a Will, There's a Way."

"I will either find a way or I will make one," said the sturdy Roman, who had made up his mind to a certain course of conduct.

"Is the route practicable?" asked the first Napoleon of an engineer officer, who had been sent forward to explore the way over the Alps. "Scarcely possible to be passed," responded the officer. But the army, artillery and all, was marched over that route all the same.

Some years ago, when the present pastor of the First Baptist church, of Eufaula, Ala., was pastor in Greenville, S. C., and the pastor of the Broadway church, of Louisville, Ky., was a student in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary (then in Greenville) a fishing excursion to the Enoree river was planned for a certain day.

These two brethren, and a son of Prof. Williams, of the Seminary made the party. Deacon Stradley, of the Greenville church, kindly agreed to furnish a double buggy for the occasion. The bright April morning dawned gloriously. The party met soon after breakfast at the pastor's house. The lunch was packed, the bait was dug, and bright visions of shining "suckers," game perch and vigorous chub were filling the vivid imaginations of the eager anglers, while they waited (not very patiently, I am afraid) for Deacon Stradley's double buggy. After some delay, a double buggy brought a note from our deacon, saying that he regretted that an unexpected emergency had made it necessary for him to use his buggy that day. The Enoree river was ten long miles off. The Greenville pastor had been closely confined for some six weeks, and was "spoiling" for a sight of his favorite stream. He desperately proposed that we should go by the safest, surest and most independent mode of conveyance known to man--that is, as he called it, "a foot back." So we all footed the twenty miles, and not one of us ever regretted the walk. The philosophy of that trip was that we wanted to go. There was a will, and we found a way.

Once upon a time there was to be a "big show" at Orange Court House, Virginia. On the morning of the show an old couple appeared at the house of one of the citizens of the place. They had walked up from the "piney woods," a dreary, desolate and poverty-stricken belt of country some three miles off. The old woman had gathered a basket of "huckleberries," which she offered for sale at a "quarter." She was evidently very poor--probably did not know how to supply of corn meal. But she sold her "huckleberries," received her "quarter," and turning to her "old man," and showing him her open palm, with the precious "quarter" lying therein, said in triumph, "Thar, now! I'm a gwine in; how you gwine?"

That "quarter" represented a hard day's work done by the poor old body; but it was cheerily done. She really wanted to go to the show, and so she found a way.

Some years ago a member of my church sought an interview with me at my study. He was anxious to explain the fact that for some months past he had paid nothing to the support of the church. He "did not want the brethren to think hard of him, for he was really very much embarrassed in his circumstances, and was not able to pay." I asked him, "Do you expect sensible business men to believe that a man who can spend twenty dollars a year in smoking tobacco, and then pay a dollar to see Joe Jefferson act 'Rip Van Winkle,' cannot pay ten dollars a year to the support of his church?" His answer was striking. "No," said he; "but, Bro. Hiden, I am obliged to have my smoking tobacco." Certainly; and he did not feel that he was obliged to have his religion. He found a way to pay for what he felt that he could not do without. It is a delusion to suppose that slavery has been abolished in this country.

A member of my church, who lived only a few rods from our house of worship, had not been to church for a year. Whenever I visited her she had some apparently valid excuse for her absence. About the end of the year, after hearing as many excuses as I had the grace to listen to, I said one day, when on a pastoral visit, "Let me ask you one question: If you had known that you would find a ten dollar gold piece every time you went, don't you think you would have managed some how to get to church some time during the past twelve months?" She answered candidly, "Yes, I think I should." I then suggested that "it was a sorry sort of religion that was not worth ten dollars." After this she covered her face as she could to church, and did come accordingly.

I would astonish many honest folks, if they would really and critically look into the matter, to find how large a proportion of all their excuses would resolve themselves into a lack of will. "I have not time." This usually means that you prefer to occupy your time in some other way. You have all the time that there is. It would be impossible for you to have more. "I am too tired after the wearing work of the week; and I need Sunday to rest." But people who work just as hard, and just as long as you do, find, after trying it, that the most restful way in which they can spend the Sunday all day is not to lounge around the house all day in their working clothes, but to dress themselves decently and go to church.

"Well, but I have no decent clothes; and I don't want to 'appear' in such as I have." Don't you "appear" on the street? And do you not meet on the street more people than you will go to church? Besides, if you will go to church on Sunday night, or to the Wednesday night prayer meeting, you will probably find divers people no better dressed than yourself, and they will enjoy the service just as much as if they were dressed in silk and broad cloth.

"I am employed by the railroad, and have to work all day Sunday." But people, who are not better off than you, cannot be employed by a trolley corporation to wreck their souls and bodies by working all day Sunday. They manage to find some other way of living. Have they more sense than you have? Probably not; but they have a will, and they find a way.

J. C. HIDDEN, Eufaula, Ala.

Men For Missionaries.

The Religious Herald reprints an extract from the address of Dr. Northrup, at the anniversary of the missionary union in Chicago. There is much of practical truth in the expressions set forth, but we trust that the minds of Southern Baptists will not be misled by the criticism of the work of theological seminaries. Our seminary at Louisville has sent forth many, if not all, of our strongest missionaries, and others are ready to go, if the Foreign Board could only secure the means for increasing the force. Here is the comment of the Herald and the extract from the address:

"Dr. Geo. W. Northrup, the president of the union, made an address of great power, full of wisdom, wit, and pathos. Remember that Dr. Northrup is president of Morgan Park Theological Seminary, and then read these sentences from his address:

"Friends of the Missionary Union, our denomination has raised the world on the subject of missions. The question has occurred to me, whether we can do this again? Can we with the help of God arouse the world again? I believe we can. I will make a prophecy, and I hope it is not wild enthusiasm. In the first place, I would have you turn away your eyes from the Theological Seminary. Everybody has looked to the Theological Seminary and it is with justice greatly criticised. They are often impractical and unwise in methods of study, but chiefly they are blamed because they do not send out more men.

THEY ARE NECESSARY, but there is one charter never given by God to man, they have not the function of creation ex nihilo. It is true now as in ancient times, from nothing comes nothing. Turn away your eyes from the Theological Seminary. My suggestion is this: Let 150 or 200 pastors under forty years of age, the best men in the denomination, among the best intellectually, physically and spiritually; men who are receiving from \$5,000 salary downward, and a good deal downward; let these men come forward from home stations of the western states and the middle states and say to the board of the Missionary Union, Send us to Africa, Japan, China, anywhere. The professors in our Theological Seminary should be represented among these volunteers. Notwithstanding all that has been said about our Seminary, I think there is plenty enough in our faculty to send out one missionary. Such an act as that, prompted by profound devotion to Jesus Christ, would stir the denomination to its core and move the heart of the world. Young men just from the country are not the best evangelizers. Getting on horseback and shouting through the country is not the best way. We want men of experience as well as organized zeal."

"Let pastors of five and ten years experience, whose theology is in their lives, go forth. Why should able-bodied and able souled ministers settle in a little town of 2,000 or 3,000, instead of going out where they can have 100,000 Chinese in a parish all their own? Let 150 or 200 men from the Atlantic to the Pacific, men in splendid positions, give them up and go to the heathen and God will send a wonderful zeal and treasure."

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

From Wilsonville.

Children's day was observed Sunday, June 8th, the services taking place at night. The program was tastefully diversified. As the choir finished singing the first piece, "Open the Door for the Children," the doors were opened and the children marched in, right and left, singing, "We'll be Right Instead of Wrong." Banners with appropriate inscriptions were carried.

A noticeable feature of the occasion was that nearly every piece taught an appropriate lesson, and the selection was evidently the work of a master hand. The children spoke clearly and distinctly. The "Cross and Crown" recitation and dialogue, was highly enjoyed. This had a marked effect upon the audience. When the little ones came with their buckets, many were the contributions dropped in by the audience. The collection netted twenty dollars.

The little ones are well supplied with leaders in Bro. Burns, the pastor, and Bro. J. F. Pope, the superintendent. Bro. Pope had some splendid helpers among the ladies.

W. S. HENDERSON.

There is no night of ignorance in heaven. We shall understand God's works and ways. We shall "see him as he is." What we know now we shall know hereafter.--Selected.

Letter From Mexico.

My Dear Mrs. Hoyt: Mr. McCormick asks that a sketch of my recent visit to the City of Mexico would be interesting to you and the South Carolina friends who are working for the Zacatecas chapel. I only wish I could have had you and Col. Hoyt along with us.

Mr. McCormick was obliged to go to the City of Mexico to arrange some business, and as we had invitations to visit the family of Mr. Steelman, the Baptist missionary of the Northern Home Mission Society, I determined to spend the money I had made giving lessons in art, in accompanying him. We hurried our departure too, so as to be there in time to see the Fort Worth excursionists. So we took the train for Mexico City, arriving at eight and a half o'clock Saturday morning, and after travelling for thirty eight hours, passing four or five large towns and some beautiful scenery, reached Mexico early Sunday morning. The city is 7,500 feet above sea level, and situated in a lovely valley. It resembles our large American cities in the structure of its houses, gas and electric lights, street car system and pavements, and handsome shop windows. Katie had been quite sick the week before we started, and as we were not sure whether we could go, we had not written Bro. Steelman what day to look for us, and as we arrived so early in the city, we did not go immediately to his home, but went first to a restaurant to breakfast. It was kept by Chinese. We had steak, fried ham and eggs, biscuit, Jersey butter, buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, etc.--a regular American breakfast--which was a treat to us Mexicans. From there we went to Mr. Steelman's. He has a pretty home, built and furnished on the American style. I was a little tired traveling, and as we had no nurse, I decided to remain at home while the Steelmans and Mr. McCormick went to the Union English services where they were to meet the excursionists. In the afternoon I took Katie to service at the Baptist church. Several brethren spoke in English and their talks were translated into Spanish by brethren Steelman, Howell and McCormick. It was delightful to hear speeches in English, and to sing the good old English songs. After service, all--some fifty of them--were invited to the pastorial, where they enjoyed for a few minutes refreshments served by the hospitable hosts. After some songs, and a talk by Bro. Hayden, of Texas, the party left.

The next morning we went to the Cathedral, which is the oldest and largest in America. Almost any of our large churches in the United States could be lost in one corner of this. It is built of stone, and gilded on the inside. The altars are made of the loveliest carved marble and gold. We were there while they were holding high mass. The priests were jumping up and down, praying in Latin to the music of the bells which were constantly ringing under the tails of their robes, while the poor, ignorant people would kiss the floor, cross themselves and repeat their prayers to the images. Afterwards, we chartered street cars and went to Guadalupe where the priests say the Virgin appeared to an Indian and told him to tell the archbishop to build her a church there on the mountain. Where she stood a miraculous spring bubbled up, and when he went to see the archbishop her image was miraculously impressed on the poor Indian's blanket. This blanket is framed in the magnificent church erected on the spot. The priests say the water of the spring pardons sins and heals diseases. Last year over two millions of dollars were raised to crown this image, but the most of it found its way into the priests' pockets, and with the rest they are building a church for this idol.

From this church we had a lovely view of the city, and of the two volcanoes which are covered with perpetual snow. We also had a fine view of Lake Texcoco, which once covered the larger part of this valley from this Mexican Mecca we went to the celebrated "flaming gardens," which are on the opposite side of the city. The ride was delightful, and the gardens beautiful. They once floated but are now stationary, though surrounded by water. Lovely flowers and vegetables are grown on them, and are brought into the city in queer little canoes up the canal. The Indians who own the gardens are low and stout, and speak the old Mexican language, not the Spanish. The women wear a kind of scarf belted round their waists and slip another over their heads for a shawl. The men wear pants, very full, and shirts of white. They go about the city selling vegetables and fruits.

We went then to the museum and saw the old Aztec gods, the celebrated calendar stone, the sacrificial stone, and many other ancient Mexican curiosities. Then we went to the Castle of Chapultepec. The scenery about the castle is grand. Nature has done wonders for it. There are many immense cypresses covered with grey moss. We drove up the spiral way to the castle but could not go in, as President Diaz and his family are now living there. However, we went through the military college, from which we had a magnificent view of the city and valley. We also went to see the "noche triste" tree under which Cortez, over 300 years ago, sat and wept over the dreadful slaughter of his soldiers. We saw, also, Cortez's chair, which is preserved in the art gallery. In this gallery there are fine paintings, among others, two by Murillo, one by Rubens, and one by Leonardo da Vinci.

The Alameda is beautiful. It occupies about nine acres in the heart of the city, and is full of handsome trees and tropical flowers. One lot has twenty-four deer in it; another is full of beautiful birds under wire. Coaches, buggies and bicycles drawn by goats or donkeys are rented to the children. The Mexican palan, or palanquin, which attracted so much attention in New Orleans at the Southern Exposition, is now situated in this park, but is unfortunately occupied by a lottery company.

We also went to the grave of Juarez, the Washington of Mexico. His monument represents him lying with his head resting on the lap of Liberty, a beautiful woman. The effect in white marble is most effective. The walls of the "tomb" surrounding the tomb are literally covered with handsome wreaths of silk and porcelain flowers.

After thus hurriedly "doing" the city, we left for Zacatecas, getting here Saturday night at six o'clock. After being gone just one week. We were much rested and refreshed by the visit. The pleasantest part of all was the meeting of some dear old friends among the excursionists. I must stop now. Katie sends love to her little South Carolina cousins, and hopes that some of them will visit her some day.

Affectionately yours, ANNE PERRY MCCORMICK, Zacatecas, Mexico, May 26th.

Howard College.

Ed. Ala. Baptist: Please allow me through your columns to present a few thoughts to the young men of Alabama who are seeking an education. Allow me to say, in the first place, that whatever you do, by all means take a collegiate course. It will do you good. Truly no man ever accomplished more than he attempted.

Do not be content with the education acquired in an ordinary high school, as if that were the end. Having taken the entire course at Howard College, I can say, with no prejudiced mind, go to Howard College. Although the handsome buildings are not yet complete, yet those we have are commodious, and the Howard second to no institution of learning in the state of Alabama. But if you wish to go to college to have what is popularly termed "a good time," you had best not go there for such as these find things very uncongenial for them, and almost too warm for their blood.

But if you are men and mean business, Howard College is the place for you. There you will find the work you will be able to do. If you think of going elsewhere because you think at other places they have a more extended course, I will say this: if you go to Howard College, you will wish before you get through, the course there was not so long. The professors will certainly trot you through for four years, and you will not have any time to eat idle bread.

It costs no more there than at other colleges which claim free tuition. You will find in each professor a warm and sympathizing friend, who will spare no trouble nor pains to aid you in every way possible both in the classroom and out. Each professor is to be filled with anxious desire that every student shall acquire the highest and most thorough attainments possible in every department. And what is worth more than all they do their utmost to implant in the hearts and minds of every student the highest moral principles. I do not believe any one can find at this institution of learning where, for the same length of time, he can acquire a better and more thorough education than in Howard College. I would call special attention to the English course under Dr. Riley, and more particularly the S. nor English. This course, or one similar, no young man can afford to lose. Dr. Riley has done his utmost to make it the best that could possibly be had. He has spared no trouble nor pains in securing the best text books to be had on the various subjects taught. This course extends during the entire Senior year, though many take it in their Junior year. And besides the regular course as given in the text books, Dr. Riley gives lectures to the classes daily on Psychology, Principles and Practices of Morality, Evidences of Christianity, etc., and these within themselves are of incalculable worth to any student. In fact, I do not see how any one can accomplish more in the same length of time, either in mathematics, ancient or modern languages, English, science or any other department taught in the institution.

I can certainly recommend Howard College to any young man who wishes an education, as the place to get the worth of his money.

L. A. SMITH, Brownsville, Ala., June 20th.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

The Mysteries of Providence.

BY A. S. WORRELL.

Mystery envelops every thing, material and immaterial. Matter and mind, body and soul, are both, to us, full of mystery. We have no mental power with which to cognize essence; hence we do not know what matter is. Nor can we any more cognize mind, soul, spirit. Entity, to us, is incomprehensible. Nor can a man understand himself any more than he can the objective world. We can apprehend a number of facts and truths, but we may not hope, in the present state, thoroughly to comprehend any concrete existence. The ultimate why necessarily lies beyond the range of finite observation. The wisest man sees little more than the surface of things. Finite ourselves, we can hope for nothing beyond the mere apprehension of the infinite. We can never know the infinite God to perfection. The distance between the highest archangel and God is itself infinite, and must always remain so. How little do we know of God! How great must be our ignorance of him in the eternal cycles! If God himself is incomprehensible to us, is it not reasonable to suppose that his providential dealings with his people will involve much that is mysterious? The infant in its mother's arms does not comprehend the plans and motives of her whose life is expended in efforts to rear the helpless one. No more do the people of God comprehend the plans and motives of their Father who has undertaken to redeem a vast number of sinners, and to train and develop each one of them to serve him forever in the climes of glory. This fitness for companionship with God involves the application of the atoning blood of Christ, a course of providential training. And since no two of God's people are just alike, it seems reasonable to suppose that each one should receive disciplinary training peculiar in some respects, to himself. Hence every one, in his journey to heaven, finds that there are portions of the way which he must travel alone. Every traveler's experience differs, in some particulars, from the experience of every other. The furnace is tempered to suit the dross in each individual character. "Self will" is much more marked in some than in others; therefore, severer remedies are needed for the former. The human nature of one is of elephantine proportions, and requires severer chastening than that of another; and his trials will, in many particulars, be peculiar to himself, and, in his judgment, be more severe than those of others.

The omniscient God knows just how much chastening--how much "furnace" experience--each one needs. He tempers the trials to the wants of each soul.

"Is God in everything?" Are all our environments--everything that comes upon us in our daily existence--under divine control? If even men slander and traduce us, is God concerned in their wicked work? If riches take to themselves wings and fly away, has God anything to do with it? If temporal goods fill one's store house, are we to ascribe it to God? Has he anything to do with "the thousand and one" petty annoyances that meet us in our every day experiences? If we answer these questions negatively, we discard the doctrine of God's unity. In this respect, the doctrine of God's unity is inseparable from the doctrine of God's sovereignty. We must either answer affirmatively, we at once embrace a doctrine far above our comprehension. In either event, we meet inexplicable mystery. "How can God permit evil, when he could as easily prevent it?" "How can he permit it and all the guilt attach to another?" "What can this crushing providence mean?" "Why should I be chastened so severely, when many others seem to be spared?" "Why should I have so many chastenings, temptations, tribulations, and adversities all dashing like so many cyclones, against me at the same time?"

Ah! my beloved, cease your questioning! God's plans are too comprehensive for your finite powers. Ask not what meaneth this soul crushing affliction, but loyally assume--what the Bible teaches to be true--"that all things work together for good to those who love God." Choke down every murmur as soon as it begins to appear in consciousness. Instantly repel every suggestion of Satan to the effect that your Father has either forgotten you or that he has chastened you excessively. Never imagine, for a moment, that your blessed Savior will ever permit anything to befall you except what he knows to be for your good. What better opportunity will ever arise for the exercise of filial trust in God, than is presented to you in times of sorest chastenings, strongest temptations, bitterest tribulations, and greatest darkness? If you permit these opportunities to pass without proper improvement, you shut out from your souls the richest blessings, and cancel your grandest possibilities. You may not understand why you are beset with so many afflictive providences, nor what is to come of it; no matter; you are not required to know these things, but to believe God. Now is the time for faith, trust, confidence, in your Heavenly Father. If you could see all through the matter, there would be less ground for faith. If you knew in advance what the result was to be, an essential condition of faith would be removed. "Father, I do not at all see why I have to enter this 'fiery furnace'; yet I am sure it is for the best, else thou wouldst not permit it. I know not how long I shall remain in this dreadful place; but I am going to believe that at the best time thou wilt bring relief. I cannot foresee what is to be the issue of these sufferings, still I will not question the wisdom or thy goodness in permitting all my trials; and though thou slay me, yet will I trust in thee." He who will firmly, devoutly and loyally persevere in trusting God in the dark, will sooner or later have the sweet consciousness that he is walking with God, even when the highest billows of adversity roll over his head.

LEVIN M. HARMONY.

The subject of this sketch was born in the state of Georgia, August 28, 1807, and when quite a boy moved to Alabama. About the year 1834 he joined the church, and was one of the constituent members of Big Hurricane church. He was ordained to the office of deacon, in which sphere he lived an humble and faithful servant of his Master until March 28, 1880, when the Lord said, "Enough, come up higher." He was 83 years, 7 months and 1 day old at his death, and had been a deacon fifty-two years.

At once, and thus aid the author in the early publication of the history we so much need? Brethren, now is the time to act; when you get the book then will be the time to think about it.

Trinity, Ala. J. SPEER.

If the young man knew, if the old man could, there is nothing but would be done.--Italian Proverb.

Central Committee

On Woman's Work for Missions and in the Churches.

MRS. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. I. Y. SAGE, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.

MRS. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

JULY--PRAYER CARD.

Foreign Board--"So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun." Missionaries, 78; native assistants, 86; stations, 78; churches, 62; membership, 2,213; baptisms, 499; schools, 39; scholars, 615; receipts of Foreign Board, \$109,174 50; 23 missionaries sent during the year.

Study Topics--Relation of the Board to the churches. Personal responsibility to foreign missions. Past success of Southern Baptist Convention missions. The outlook. The fields and missionaries. Sketch of William Carey.

As we enter upon a new study of our mission fields as marked out upon the prayer card for the coming year, let us appreciate the care and study bestowed upon them and prize their systematic arrangement and comprehensiveness.

As busy a man and as great a wise as Dr. Ellis gave five hours of his valuable time to the completion of the prayer card. Let us show our appreciation of so good a thing by using it and profiting by its suggestions.

That the association vice presidents have been at work is at once known by a glance at the central committee's quarterly report. They number twenty-one at present, and a noble band of women they are. We hope they will not be discouraged by their being unable to elicit answers from some of the pastors and societies. That most homely virtue, patience, is to be perfected, we know, as well as the other graces, but, sisters, remember while you are waiting, the heathen are dying. There is a spirit of earnestness most commendable in such lines as these: "I go every Sunday to some church, and shall not stop till I can report a society in every church."

It will be an admirable plan for the vice presidents to plan for a missionary meeting at the time of their different associations, at the same time distribute literature, which the central committee at Birmingham has a supply at their command, and if needs be, act the missionary among their sisters in laying this work before them. The free literature can be always obtained from the central committee.

supply of literature for the mission societies is sent out from the Maryland Mission Rooms, Baltimore, for the small sum of 30 cents.

A cheering letter from the Selma society reports a missionary meeting for the 1st of every month and an appropriation of \$40.00 for missions annually; also, that their quarterly report had been sent. Miss Mattie Ellis, Orville, is the vice-president of the Selma association.

THE BAPTIST

EDITORIALS
Rev. G. W. HARRIS, Editor.
Jas. C. Pope, Editor.

Mr. J. G. Harris was elected president of the International Sunday-school Convention in Birmingham, Ala., last week.

Sorry to be compelled to leave out many things this issue. Our notes covering the visit to several North Alabama towns go over, as well as notes from other brethren.

Let all the pastors read the table of association meetings which appeared in last week's issue. It is not correct, notify us at once and corrections will be made.

The Sunday-school convention of the Montgomery association will be held with the Montgomery church. The program appears in another column, which is a good one. Talk it over, brethren, and make the meeting a success.

JUSTICE B. FULTON says he never spent two happier weeks in his life than when, in Charleston, S. C., he slept and ate among the negroes. If he was satisfied surely no Southern family has cause to be grieved.

The great church which Dr. Edward Judson is building in New York City as a memorial of his father is well under way. It is announced that the basement will be ready for use by the first of October. No building scheme more beautiful in design, or more benevolent in aim, has ever invited the attention or gifts of American Baptists.

The meeting of the Alabama Teachers Association in Montgomery last week was one of the most successful in its history. Practical addresses were given and many illustrations were used to impress lessons of profit on the minds of those present. The work done was satisfactory to all, and the teachers departed greatly encouraged with the result of the three days' work.

A telegram from Atlanta on the 28th of June says: "News has been received here that Rev. A. J. Diaz, a Baptist Missionary, has been put in jail in Havana. Particulars have not been received, but it is supposed to be religious persecution. The state department has been notified. There is much excitement among Baptists. Mr. Diaz is well known in Montgomery, where he has delivered several addresses."

In the death of Hon. L. M. Stone, of Carrollton, Alabama loses one of her ablest sons. He was in declining health when nominated for the legislature a short time since, and it was thought by those who appreciated his ability and sterling qualities that he would be able to do them good service in the lower house; but death has borne him away. He was a good citizen and a useful life.

At it AGAIN.—Here comes the "re-baptism" controversy again. Well, it makes first-rate summer reading—for some people. As Abraham Lincoln used to say, "When people like that sort of thing, why, that's the sort of thing people will like."

Dr. J. W. Wilmarth opens the ball in the "re-baptism" controversy, arguing that it is not right and proper, and that baptism (immersion) when so administered, may be considered "valid" but "irregular."

Whereupon the *Index* replies: "If 'validity' signifies 'good in law' in accordance with 'formalities' required by law, then 'formalities' required by law is not 'valid,' and immersion not in accordance with the 'formalities' of law is not baptism at all, because it is not 'valid.' Now, if immersion should be administered for baptism by one administrator without authority, then it can be administered by any person without authority; and if 'circumstances' demand, it should be accepted by a Baptist church as 'valid.' Then baptism may be—and should be—accepted if performed without any authority whatever. Where will Dr. Wilmarth's logic lead us?"

IT IS A QUESTION OF RACE.
Mr. George W. Cable's new book, "The Negro Question," does not run the gauntlet of criticism even at the North. The *Standard*, of Chicago, says of it: "We can not say, in our judgment, the author satisfactorily disposes of the difficulties that are found in 'The Negro Question.'"

Granting, as Mr. Cable claims, that it is the greatest work on the most prominent matter in American affairs, it suggests that Mr. Cable, no less than others, finds it hard to decide how to lay hold of a thing, while in a state of deep uncertainty as to what end to seize it by, and then adds most sensibly: "Underlying all Mr. Cable's logic and terse and pithy disquisition, there is the question of race, a difference between the negro and the white man, grounded in physical and other peculiarities, which argument and logic of necessity fail to alter in the smallest degree. The difference is, therefore, by no means wholly a political, or moral, or religious one. That difference of race must remain, and must be taken into account in all reasoning on the subject. But such reasoning, when intelligent and fair, have their uses all the same. It is to be reached in a state of things which, the difference of race notwithstanding, its disadvantages on the one side and its perplexities on both sides should be reduced to a minimum, and the relations of the two races adjusted upon principles of Christian right and justice."

How Mr. Cable's discussion is to aid us materially in reaching this end we do not see. In some quarters, at least, it will help on the agitation of the matter which, as he says, "gives us daily the profoundest unrest."

THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.
Perhaps no gathering of ministers in our state has been productive of so much real good as the Ministers' Institute now being conducted by distinguished preachers at East Lake, and held in the rooms of Howard College. This enterprise was conceived and urged by Dr. D. I. Purser, who is always looking out for something good for our people. This is the third week; it will continue one or two weeks longer. There are now in attendance, from different localities, twenty-six preachers, and are receiving two hundred church members. The building is a fine one, and the location, where time is spent in pleasure; but these sixty-five preachers attend four lectures each day, and with pencil and paper in hand they follow the lecturer and take notes as copiously as possible. While the lecture is being delivered questions are asked by the class, so that, if any point is not understood, it can be fully explained.

These sixty-five preachers students study, perhaps, harder than ever before. The lectures are intensely practical, and designed to store the mind of the student with such Bible knowledge and doctrine as to enable him to fully explain and elaborate theological questions and make them easily understood.

LET US HAVE REST.

Mr. Cable thinks that the negro question is "one upon which, of late years, as we might say, much inattention has been carefully bestowed." "We are not politically indolent," he claims. "We are dealing courageously with many serious problems. We admit that no nation has so shaken wrong and oppression from its skirts as this one may safely and honorably sit down in a state of mercantile preoccupation. And yet the matter that gives us daily the profoundest unrest goes daily by default." Certainly Mr. Cable has absorbed himself from the sin of "much inattention carefully bestowed" upon this question, and it is no fault of his if the grave matter "goes daily by default." But has the question of late years been one upon which, so far as the nation is concerned, "much inattention has been carefully bestowed"? Has it in any true sense "gone by default"? It strikes us that it has suffered rather from over much attention—most carefully and capriciously bestowed—at very long range. For our part we feel like crying, "Give us a rest!" It were far better, surely, for those most immediately concerned if a certain class of agitators, like Mr. Cable, for instance, could be induced to give the matter some slight degree of "inattention carefully bestowed," in short, for a brief breathing spell at least, to let it "go daily by default." Amen! So mote it be!

BEGINNING RIGHT.

"Have me my harness ready. I do not propose to lose a day. I consider my religious duty paramount; if there be depression in duty. Anywhere and everywhere that such a servant as I am can serve I am ready to work. Help me to find my work in the field so much better known to you than to me."

This is not fiction—not in any sense a "manufactured article." It is a literal extract from a letter lately received by an Alabama pastor. It began: "We have decided to follow our text here, and to pitch it in"—and wound up with the above paragraph. The case is beautiful—but abnormal. The rule is the other way. More, neglect to bring your church letter, or keep it in your trunk for months, saying nothing to the church or pastor in your new neighborhood, unless it be to find fault with pastor and people for not visiting you, or for treating you so coldly—that is about the rule. How refreshing the exception! How inspiring to the pastor to get such an epistle and meet such people! And what a comparative paradise a community would be to catch its spirit and adopt this course!

Reader, are you about to move? "Go thou and do likewise."

CHANGING THE EMPHASIS.

Fichte said long ago: Not alone to know, but to act according to thy knowledge is thy destination, proclaims the voice of the immortal soul. Not for indolent contemplation and study of thyself, nor for brooding over emotions of pity—no, for action was existence given thee; thy actions, and thy actions alone, constitute thy worth.

All true, surely. But the emphasis needs to be changed to-day. Ours is not an age of "indolent contemplation." Men are more ready to act than to know. Not alone to act but to know, is thy destination, proclaims the voice of the immortal soul to-day. The things are out of balance. The "gospel of work" has been overdone. The ordinary religious life of to-day needs nothing more than patient, quiet meditation. As a student of the times of great penetration and rare wisdom observes, it is full of "formalities" required by law, then "formalities" required by law is not "valid," and immersion not in accordance with the "formalities" of law is not baptism at all, because it is not "valid." Now, if immersion should be administered for baptism by one administrator without authority, then it can be administered by any person without authority; and if "circumstances" demand, it should be accepted by a Baptist church as "valid." Then baptism may be—and should be—accepted if performed without any authority whatever. Where will Dr. Wilmarth's logic lead us?

IT IS A QUESTION OF RACE.

Mr. George W. Cable's new book, "The Negro Question," does not run the gauntlet of criticism even at the North. The *Standard*, of Chicago, says of it: "We can not say, in our judgment, the author satisfactorily disposes of the difficulties that are found in 'The Negro Question.'"

Granting, as Mr. Cable claims, that it is the greatest work on the most prominent matter in American affairs, it suggests that Mr. Cable, no less than others, finds it hard to decide how to lay hold of a thing, while in a state of deep uncertainty as to what end to seize it by, and then adds most sensibly: "Underlying all Mr. Cable's logic and terse and pithy disquisition, there is the question of race, a difference between the negro and the white man, grounded in physical and other peculiarities, which argument and logic of necessity fail to alter in the smallest degree. The difference is, therefore, by no means wholly a political, or moral, or religious one. That difference of race must remain, and must be taken into account in all reasoning on the subject. But such reasoning, when intelligent and fair, have their uses all the same. It is to be reached in a state of things which, the difference of race notwithstanding, its disadvantages on the one side and its perplexities on both sides should be reduced to a minimum, and the relations of the two races adjusted upon principles of Christian right and justice."

How Mr. Cable's discussion is to aid us materially in reaching this end we do not see. In some quarters, at least, it will help on the agitation of the matter which, as he says, "gives us daily the profoundest unrest."

THE THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.

Perhaps no gathering of ministers in our state has been productive of so much real good as the Ministers' Institute now being conducted by distinguished preachers at East Lake, and held in the rooms of Howard College. This enterprise was conceived and urged by Dr. D. I. Purser, who is always looking out for something good for our people. This is the third week; it will continue one or two weeks longer. There are now in attendance, from different localities, twenty-six preachers, and are receiving two hundred church members. The building is a fine one, and the location, where time is spent in pleasure; but these sixty-five preachers attend four lectures each day, and with pencil and paper in hand they follow the lecturer and take notes as copiously as possible. While the lecture is being delivered questions are asked by the class, so that, if any point is not understood, it can be fully explained.

These sixty-five preachers students study, perhaps, harder than ever before. The lectures are intensely practical, and designed to store the mind of the student with such Bible knowledge and doctrine as to enable him to fully explain and elaborate theological questions and make them easily understood.

desecrated, by even the most unlearned. The object of preaching is to teach, and to teach we must be first taught of God, and then by men. To preach acceptably is to simplify and make plain the great truths of Christianity, and to do this is the very utmost of our subject. This is the most arduous of the institute. Those distinguished brethren who have been chosen to deliver lectures, are known and recognized as eminently qualified for the work. We regard the work done during the past few weeks at East Lake, as the most important, the most beneficial, and the most productive of good, that could have been accomplished in any other way.

Why not, brethren, take steps now to make it a permanent institution? Here, as the years go by, our consecrated ministers, who have not had the benefit of a theological training, can gather one month in each year, and learn of our distinguished theologians what may now seem to them unlearned truths. Every church ought to be willing to give its pastor one month's vacation, in each year, to attend these institutes. He will return to them better prepared to preach the everlasting gospel of Christ.

We will have more to say in reference to this matter after awhile.

THE PRESS EXCURSION.

We had a pleasant trip with the editorial brethren to Brunswick, St. Simons and Cumberland Islands, Ga., Fernandina, Fla., Savannah and Americus, Ga.

The trip to the Atlantic was made in elegant cars furnished by the Alabama Midland railroad company. All along the line of this road new towns are to be seen, and prosperity smiles at the traveler from every quarter. South of East Alabama is one of the richest sections of our great state. One and two-horse farms abound.

On our passing town after town, until we rest a spell at Thomasville, Ga. Here we get dinner. This town is famous for its success in raising La Conte pears and for its magnificent winter hotel.

Shortly after nightfall we land in "Brunswick-by-the-Sea." This is said to be a most progressive city of some 10,000 inhabitants. It has splendid shipping facilities. The largest vessels that sail the ocean land at Brunswick. Judging from our brief contact with the citizens, we would say that a band of live men are behind every progressive movement of the city. The mayor and his co-laborers met us at the train and with many regrets at our inability to tarry long with them, escorted us to the dock where the steamer "City of Brunswick," awaited us, on which we sailed to St. Simons Island, where we fondly hoped to find rest and slumber in sight and sound of the "deep blue sea;" but there were only thirty-five beds and we were accompanied by thirty ladies, several of us had to return to Brunswick at midnight, while others endeavored to find rest and quietude in the forenoon by sitting in chairs.

We were fortunate enough to place the management under the obliging hands of a thereby secured a cot, and got about six hours' sleep. The sun rose on a beautiful Sabbath as we ever saw, and despite the ill convenience of the night before, everybody seemed happy. Nobody wanted to move, but as we had "no room in the inn" we were forced to find a resting place elsewhere.

The steamer complimented us with a trip to Cumberland Island. This place of resort was also very much crowded, but we managed to get room for everybody, and here spent a delightful afternoon and night, fanned by the sea breezes.

Monday we took shipping for Fernandina, the gateway of Florida. En-route we passed Jekyll Island, which is owned by one of the richest families in the world. It is eight miles long and averages perhaps three or four miles in width. It is well stocked with deer, turkey and smaller game. No one is allowed to hunt on this property except members of the club, who are millionaires, living from Maine to California. The improvements, in the way of hotel, etc., cost several hundred thousand dollars.

At the lower end of Cumberland Island is the "Dungeness," the place where lies the remains of Henry (Light Horse) Lee, one of the bravest soldiers of revolutionary times. This portion of the island is owned by Mr. Carnegie, the iron king of Pittsburgh. He has for himself a beautiful castle-like home, which is the admiration of every visitor.

When within some ten miles of Fernandina, we spy a tug bearing down upon us, and soon recognize on board the committee who have come to surrender to the editors the keys of their fair city. The mayor, in warmest words, bids us welcome, and in behalf of the association we accepted the proffered hospitalities.

At the close of the historic and beautiful city of Fernandina, which is situated on the northern end of Amelia Island, and is bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the east, Nassau river entering the sea at its southern terminus, and St. Mary's river entering the sea at its northern terminus. It has one of the finest harbors in the world, some two miles long, one mile wide and sufficiently deep to admit the largest vessels. We have not space to speak of the many advantages offered by this town, but will say it is thoroughly alive to all business enterprises and is hardly surpassed anywhere as a health resort. The great ambition for now in the heart of the average Fernandine is to be connected to Alabama with a double track railroad, which will bear through gates to all quarters of the world, our coal and other products, and likewise receive for us the products from other lands. Fernandina is an old Spanish town named in honor of Ferdinand.

As we approached the city, which was every enterprise greet us, and the flags from nearly a hundred vessels flutter in the breeze. A car is in waiting to hurry us to Amelia Beach, where a sumptuous repast is spread at Hotel Stratmore. Before dining many of us take carriages and drive for a couple of miles over one of the finest beaches in the world, others don the bathers' suit and try the surf, which is just now very fine. We cannot describe its grandeur, but we look upward and gratefully recognize our Father in Heaven as the Creator of all things, and praise him for his goodness and mercy.

At the hotel we select from the bill of fare such things as we like, and patiently wait until they are brought. The master of ceremonies, which were responded to by members of the Press Association. Back to Fernandina we go, and for half an hour are driven about the city, and then take shipping for Brunswick, where in due time we arrive and immediately take a train for Savannah.

An all night's ride puts us in that lovely city of about 6:30 a. m. Here the Council and Chamber of Commerce unite to do us honor. Carriages take us to the Seaven and Palak hotels, where we breakfast at 9:30, and in company with Mayor Schwartz we head a procession of some thirty or forty carriages and "take in" the

city. As interesting as it was to us, we fear weary the reader. All about the city are lovely parks, where nurses and children, the working people can find a refreshing period. Statues of noted characters adorn many of the parks and public squares. Hospitals and orphan and other asylums are numerous. Some of these are denominational and others under patronage of the city. There are many fine churches to be seen, but our companion was a Catholic. He could tell us little of the condition of the Baptist, Methodist or Presbyterian churches. He was well posted, however, in his church.

Savannah has the best property for her military of any of the Southern cities. In an emergency she could call out 4,000 trained soldiers, armed and equipped in the most approved style.

It is needless for us to speak of Savannah's dock and the ships that fill her harbor, however, many of us for the first time in life saw a real ship.

The last point visited during our drive was Bonaventure, the most picturesque cemetery we ever saw. The sea is almost literally shut out from above by over-spreading limbs of live oaks which are covered with grey moss. The dust and heat become intolerable, and we hastily seek a few tables repose at the hotel before eating dinner. At 2:30 we board the cars for Tybee Island, eighteen miles distant, where we spend the evening. There are several hotels on this island and at present they are full of people from Savannah and other towns. Not having slept at the previous night, we could not fairly enjoy the splendid hospitality afforded us by our hosts for this part of the trip. We dined from 7 to 9 p. m., and then returned to the city.

At 12:30 next day we bade adieu to lovely and hospitable Savannah and made straight for Americus, Ga. This was to be our last stop while out, and we had every reason to believe that in some respects it would prove the most pleasant. Col. Hawkins, president of the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery railroad, had been of great help to President McCall in arranging for this trip around the coast and to this city, and there was a strong desire to visit his home and learn more of this leader in Southern development. At Cordelia, a committee of the leading citizens of Americus met us, and gave us cards showing with whom we would spend the time, and pinned on our badges which guaranteed us freedom of the city.

Our home was with Mr. M. Spear, a director in one of the banks, and an active member of the Methodist church. After breakfast Thursday the enterprises of the city were pointed out by attentive citizens. It was our portion to fall in the hands of Rev. Dr. Campbell, pastor of the Baptist church, who never tired of telling of the past, the present and the future of Americus. His church is just now building a beautiful house of worship, and the membership is wide awake to all the needs of the hour. Dr. Campbell is very thorough, and takes interest in everything which tends to the upbuilding of his community.

At 4 o'clock we gathered at the park. An address of welcome was given by Mr. Hawkins, a most eloquent gentleman, who was very kind in his compliments to the visitors. To our great surprise the president requested a response from this scribe. The open-hearted hospitality shown by every citizen made it an easy task to return our thanks. The festivities of the day closed with an old-fashioned barbecue, and then we were off for our homes ready to begin down the week before.

Three years ago Americus was a slow going town of 5,000 or 6,000 people. Such men as Col. Hawkins determined to build a city. They had the wealth, the intelligence and the health, and putting their energies together they have set the whole country an example showing what combined energies and capital can accomplish in a short period.

A KIND WORD FOR THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

The following is a part of a talk made before his church by Rev. L. D. Bass, pastor of the Huntsville Baptist church.

It would be pleasant to know that every Baptist family in our town read the ALABAMA BAPTIST. If there is a family in our church unable to pay for the paper, we ought to know it, and then let us take from our treasury the amount necessary that they may have this valuable paper. It would be a good thing to send it to every poor family in town not having church connections anywhere, for we are able to do so. Don't you know some poor family that you could send it to? It would do more good than bread and meat. To show how much in earnest I am, if you will send this paper to twenty-five families I will send you a copy of mine.

There is nothing in this world so cheap as a good religious paper, it is the best investment that you can possibly make. It is a preacher in the home of the poor. Every week this paper is filled with devotional news, sermons, etc. I need the assistance of a good paper gives. I recognize brethren here and there as colleagues and fellow laborers with me here in my field. The paper will do your children great good. Many a child has doubtless been led to Christ by reading this paper. Many good deeds have been done, good habits and good deeds have been taught its hundreds of young readers. The paper has become dear to many and its editors deserve the thanks of the denomination for their faithful work. The paper is improving and all it can do to make it do.

Rev. H. C. Sanders has decided to remain at Natusauga, and will continue as principal of the high school for five years longer. Many efforts have been made to induce him to change his location, but the people, among whom he has labored the past three years, were not willing to yield their claim on his services.

Bro. A. Hornady, of Tuskegee, will assist Rev. E. Baber in a series of meetings at Rocky Mount church, Lee county, beginning on the third Sabbath in July. This is a community in which there are many who are not members of the church and we hope to learn of a great work of grace performed there.

Our sympathy is extended to Bro. A. S. Brannon, of Jackson's Gap, in the sorrow that has fallen on his home. Mr. Brannon was riding in a buggy with his two young children, when the horse ran away, killing one of the children and injuring the other, perhaps fatally. Mrs. B. was also seriously injured.

During the recent meeting held at the First church, Dr. Taylor, of Mobile, spent a week with me. His preaching was very able and forceful. The doctor is certainly one of the most vigorous thinkers and preachers in our midst. His sermons greatly strengthened our church, and we will long be productive of good. He is returning on rich blessings and the blessings of grateful people follow him.—W. L. Pickard, Birmingham.

FIELD NOTES.

Bro. N. A. Hood has our thanks for a list of subscribers.

Send in your renewals promptly, and it will be a great help just now.

Our good sister Luman, with whom we stopped while in Huntsville, has been quite ill of late.

Rev. Jefferson Falkner preached at the First Baptist church last Sabbath morning. No preaching service at night.

Married, James Perryville, Ala., June 22, '90, Mrs. James Newsum to Miss Sarah J. Copeland, by W. T. Plerson, J. P.

Married, in the Mason Baptist church, on the 18th ult., by Rev. T. W. Hart, Mr. H. Booker to Miss Carrie B. King.

Great interest is being had in the revival at South Side church, Birmingham. The visiting preachers are aiding in the meetings.

Bro. W. W. McNeill will be state senator for Colbert and Lawrence counties. He was in the last legislature and did good work.

The board of trustees of the University of Alabama conferred on Rev. O. M. Sutton, of Union Springs, the degree of Master of Arts.

Bro. Wm. Ivey reports the work at Southboro to be in very good condition. The Lord is blessing the work of this zealous soldier of the cross.

Two of the brightest graduates of the Judson Female Institute desire positions as teachers. Communities in need of the best must apply at once to us.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, which occurred in Montevallo on Sunday last. The Lord bless the afflicted relatives and friends.

The corner stone of the new Palfox street (Pensacola) church, was laid June 23. Appropriate ceremonies were held by elders F. C. Waite and W. S. Brown.

Brethren forget that June and July are the dustiest months which newspaper men have. Send us a club of cash subscribers to next mail, and it will help us bear the heat better.

Drs. Hiden, McDonald and Young are the lecturers for the remaining term at the Baptist Theological Institute at East Lake. Great good is being done by the work of the Institute.

Midland City has no place of worship. The Methodists will unite two churches, a few miles out, and build a commodious house in the town. No steps have yet been taken by the Baptists.

Our best wishes accompany Mr. Samuel Copeland and Miss Ola Dewberry (daughter of Dr. Dewberry), who were married in Brundidge, Ala., last Thursday, June 26th, 1890, by Rev. N. C. Underwood.

Dr. Shackelford preaches every 4th Sabbath to large congregations at Leighton, and the 1st and 3rd at Hillsboro. He believes Hillsboro people are among the best Bible students in the state.

Bro. Blackwelder, of Decatur, will soon reside in the new pastorate. It is nearly ready. Sunday-school numbers 75; church congregation very good. The people of Decatur are hopeful for the future.

Rev. J. M. Thomas goes to Wilson, N. C. (from the Seminary at Louisville), where he will preach during the vacation. He will return to the Seminary in the fall. He is now on short visit to his old home at Ashby, Ala.

Rev. H. H. Shell, a recent graduate of Howard College, preached at Dothan on the night of the 24th ult. Bro. S. goes to Geneva as pastor of the church at that place, and will also devote some time to the work at Dothan.

Bro. W. M. Burr, of Columbia, preaches to the church at Gordon. He is one of those preachers who do not object to bodily exercise, and has already made a reputation as a pedestrian. His people all speak of him in high terms of praise.

Dr. Wharton's address before the International Sunday-school Convention in Pittsburgh was spoken of very highly. His subject was "A Little Child Shall Lead Them," or Organized Sunday-school Work a Solution for National Problems."

Next Sabbath morning will be the occasion of the quarterly communion service at the Adams Street Baptist church. It is desired that the entire membership be present. After the communion service the church will elect one or two deacons.

The church at Ozark is in the midst of a revival. Bro. Deal, the pastor, is being assisted by Bro. J. H. Corley, of Ft. Gaines, and Bro. J. H. Underwood, of Brundidge, preached several earnest sermons, and was compelled to leave to meet other engagements.

We regret to learn of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Daily, of Monroe county. She was struck by lightning, and after much suffering, passed away. She was a daughter of the honored and loved preacher, James Sessions, who died more than twenty years ago.

On the 22nd ult., Rev. Jno. F. Parser, of Troy, and Rev. N. C. Underwood, of Brundidge, assisted the pastor of the church at Dothan, Rev. J. C. Skipper, in the ordination of two deacons, brethren Howell and Scott. Bro. Parser preached two excellent sermons to large congregations.

A good brother of the Tuskegee association felt that we made an unintentional mistake in alluding to another body as the banner association. He believed that his association deserved this distinction if the title is conferred for the most liberal contributions per capita to all denominational interests.

Rev. H. C. Sanders has decided to remain at Natusauga, and will continue as principal of the high school for five years longer. Many efforts have been made to induce him to change his location, but the people, among whom he has labored the past three years, were not willing to yield their claim on his services.

Bro. A. Hornady, of Tuskegee, will assist Rev. E. Baber in a series of meetings at Rocky Mount church, Lee county, beginning on the third Sabbath in July. This is a community in which there are many who are not members of the church and we hope to learn of a great work of grace performed there.

Our sympathy is extended to Bro. A. S. Brannon, of Jackson's Gap, in the sorrow that has fallen on his home. Mr. Brannon was riding in a buggy with his two young children, when the horse ran away, killing one of the children and injuring the other, perhaps fatally. Mrs. B. was also seriously injured.

During the recent meeting held at the First church, Dr. Taylor, of Mobile, spent a week with me. His preaching was very able and forceful. The doctor is certainly one of the most vigorous thinkers and preachers in our midst. His sermons greatly strengthened our church, and we will long be productive of good. He is returning on rich blessings and the blessings of grateful people follow him.—W. L. Pickard, Birmingham.

Mr. H. G. McCall, retired from the presidency of the Alabama Press Association with the unanimous thanks of every member for the excellent exhortation he had given for them.

Rev. W. R. Ivey, of Southboro, preached at the Adams Street church last Sunday night. This brother is one of our best young preachers and is growing stronger in the Master's work. A brother who heard his sermon last Sabbath said: "That was a good sermon, and I am glad to know he can preach so well."

Koonoke Normal College closed its first year on Wednesday, June 15th. The college has had 250 pupils during the year. President Geo. W. Stevens and faculty are a success. The commencement exercises were all up to the standard. The concert by Miss Ida Ray's music class was the best ever given in Koonoke.—J. W. Hamner, Fredonia, June 25.

The Mobile association gave evidence of progress. The churches were well represented. Two churches were added to the list. Some churches were a little beyond the amount asked for, and nearly all contributed something. We are advancing, and you may see looking upon the Mobile association as for practical purposes confined to the churches of Mobile.—J. J. T.

The death of Hon. C. C. Shorter compelled Bro. J. J. of the *Enfancia Times*, to leave the excursion before they reached Savannah. As the excursionists returned through Enfancia they found that their worthy brother had prepared a feast for them at the *Enfancia Times*.—J. J. T.

Rev. G. A. Hornady, of Tuskegee, gave the Adams Street church a splendid sermon on Sunday morning last. He used as his text the words of Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am." The sermon was deeply impressive, and was listened to with keen interest. At night he preached to the soldiers of the Second Regiment at the camp grounds. He is chaplain of the Second Regiment Alabama State Troops.

This week's issue contains the program of the annual Sunday-school gathering of the Montgomery association. I want some brother to read it to every Sunday-school and church meeting in the association, and urge the importance of each being represented. It is for your interest and for Christ's sake that I beg you to attend. Every one who will come will be made a better Sunday-school worker.—Jas. H. Dickson.

I preached to a fine congregation at Providence last Sunday; took a good collection for Home Missions. The church will hold a meeting of days in July, beginning Saturday before the 2nd Sunday. Bro. Curry, the farmer pastor, will assist me. I am spending a few days at my old home at Six Mile. Bro. O'Hara is doing a good work here. I will preach for these people next Sunday.—J. M. McCall, Six Mile, June 26.

By unavoidable circumstances we were deterred from being present at the marriage, June 17th, of Rev. Sam P. Lindsey, of East Lake, and Miss Julia Fancher, of Woodland, Ala. Though late, we extend to them our best compliments. The groom is a personal friend of ours, and of our worthiest and best young preachers, and the bride is a Christian woman with all the essential graces to make her husband's home bright and happy.

The following item will be of interest to the many friends of a very deserving and popular young lady who is to make Montgomery her home. It is clipped from the *Marion Standard*: "While in Montgomery we were made proud to learn that a Marion lady, who had applied for a position in the school of this city, had stood the best examination of teachers of our city, and had been given the important position of principal of the Herron Street school. We refer to Miss Mary J. Wyatt."

Our protracted meeting will begin at Steep Creep on Friday before the 4th Sunday in July. Bro. F. C. Plaster, of Fort Deposit, and Bro. Geo. McQueen, are to assist us. Meeting at Shiloh to begin directly after association adjourns. Bro. Plaster has already consented to help us in that one also. What did Alabama mean by letting Dr. B. H. Crumpton leave her soil? Happy Texas! You have taken the place of our beloved lights from the hill-tops of our state to shine upon your plains and prairies.—Sidney Cuth.

Our association meeting was a grand success. All our churches, except one (and it sent an excuse) contributed to our denominational work. Of course we paid more than was asked of us by the convention. The preaching was done by elders W. B. Crumpton and E. R. Vaughn. Two of our best preachers, Bro. W. B. C. to ask for large things when he comes this way, and give our people a chance. Married, at the residence of the bride's father, June 25th, Mr. Charles Manuel and Miss Irene Mallory.—D. E. Cooper, June 25.

Attended church at Black Creek Saturday and Sabbath last. Owing to the absence of messes and some other causes of sickness in the community the congregations were small both days. Bro. Pinkerton preached for me on Saturday and assisted in administering the sacrament on Sabbath. The outlook is more hopeful than for some time past. The line of discipline will be more closely drawn, and delinquent members called to account. The amount of mission money promised will be raised. Crops up to date promising. Very warm.—A. Collier, June 25.

Sermons, sometimes more effective than pulpit discourses, are preached by the administration of the church ordinances. A friend related to us the conversion of a neighbor. This man sat quietly at every preaching service with heart unmoved, but at very observance of the Lord's Supper he would leave the house. Shortly after his conversion he was married to a friend: "I could listen to the sermons without being affected, but when it came to taking the symbols of the broken body of our Lord, I could not remain, and I went out to drive away all serious thoughts."

I baptized a young man at Collins on the fourth Sunday in July. Our church there is a new organization, and the baptism was the first that has occurred there. We held service in the school house at Collins, but would much prefer a house of our own. We hope to have it some day. While I am writing, I would like to ask you: What are the facts and figures that authorized him to speak of the East Liberty as the "banner association" of the state, as he did some time ago? That is a fine body of Baptists, but the "banner" part is not so certain.—F. F. Baker, Natusauga, Ala.

Miss Alga church baptized one last meeting, two the meeting before, and one now stands approved for baptism. Have a good Sunday-school, which has been in progress for some time. Bro. P. F. P. preached yesterday.

Have some old veterans of the cross as members of the church, viz: Bro. Marshall, in his 90th year. Bro. Gullatt, in his 90th, blind and very hard of hearing. Bro. Searcy, 88, and can talk h

