

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST

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For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Missionary Tour in Sardinia.

The island of Sardinia is in some respects the most promising mission field we have in this country. From the beginning the Baptists have been almost entirely alone in the work and the field might remain permanently our own had we the men and the means to cultivate it thoroughly.

Our working force, consisting of two ministers and one colporteur, can not possibly supply the needs of the entire island with its 10,000 square miles and 350 towns. Most of these towns have been visited by our faithful and zealous colporteur, and some of them he has visited many times. He and another Baptist colporteur, employed by the British and Foreign Bible Society, have sown the good seed broadcast, and by prayer and subsequent visits have endeavored to cultivate the tender plant, thus preparing the way for the evangelist and the settled pastor. My late missionary tour has convinced me of two things: first, that the faithful labors of the past are beginning to bear a rich harvest; and second, that the need to treble our forces at once in order to meet the increasing demands of the field.

In three weeks I could only visit a few places. I first stopped in Cagliari, a city of forty thousand inhabitants, and the capital of Sardinia. Here we have a very active and efficient pastor, and a flourishing little church. The preaching hall is on the principal street of the city, the fashionable afternoon and evening promenade, and partly in consequence of this fact it is crowded at every service. Success always brings opposition and after being disturbed several times, probably by persons sent out for the purpose, the pastor appealed to the authorities, who agreed to send one or two policemen to every meeting. One of these policemen, who seriously objected to the unpleasant duty imposed upon him, has since become most deeply interested in the meetings, has bought a Bible, and does not hesitate to say that what at first was an unpleasant duty has now become a delightful privilege.

I remained here eight days, preaching every evening to crowded audiences, the hall being altogether too small for those who wanted to hear, less than a hundred being able to enter. The brethren are very anxious to have a chapel of their own, capable of seating two or three hundred persons, which they think would soon be filled with hearers. But property is dear and money is hard to get.

During my stay with this church we had two baptisms, and others will probably follow soon. One of the new members is the son of an author and professor, and tells me that he hopes his sister will soon follow him. His father is like so many educated Italians, confessing himself entirely favorable to evangelists and their work, and acknowledging that if he were to profess any religion it would be theirs and not that taught by the Catholics. The night of the second baptism we were the victims of quite a hostile demonstration.

The hall was crowded almost to suffocation, and some of the young people present were disposed to make fun. This, of course, was not surprising, as they had never before witnessed an immersion, and were in no condition to appreciate the beauty and significance of the ordinance. In my sermon I explained the meaning of baptism and tried, in so far as possible, to make all feel the solemnity of the occasion, but of course my words had little effect on some who were present. I confess, however, that I was not expecting the scene witnessed, and the sounds we heard reaching the pastor's house were those of a young man, mostly of the rougher element, who, at the sight of the newly baptized brother, endeavored to surround him, at the same time yelling like so many untrained savages.

We decided to keep together and let these "lowlife fellows of the baser sort" yell themselves hoarse, if they so desired. As we passed along, the crowd and the noise increased, and as no policemen appeared, their boldness and impudence increased accordingly. We were followed nearly a mile to the very door of the pastor's house, where we thought it best to remain till the crowd had dispersed. It seemed quite providential that we had reached the pastor's house without the chief of police, a tall, splendid looking man, standing in front of the door. Of course, at sight of him the crowd soon began to disperse.

I stepped up and explained the situation to him, expressing my surprise that such a disgraceful demonstration would be allowed in the city of Cagliari. He advised us to send a written protest to the authorities, which we did the day following. Once safe in the pastor's house, the matter was freely discussed, and we concluded that the devil had outwitted himself, and that the whole affair was only a blessing in disguise. Thousands of people saw and heard what was done, and the day following it was doubtless the chief topic of conversation. Then it seemed to have the effect of increasing the courage and devotion of the brethren, who felt that it was a privilege to suffer for Christ.

God's ways are not our ways. He often opens a wide and effectual door where there are many enemies, and in the fire of persecution he not infrequently prepares some of the brightest jewels for his crown. Persecution has already made several brethren in Sardinia "much more bold to speak the Word without fear." We have every reason to be encouraged in the work in Cagliari and to hope for still greater results in the near future. Some

of the best people of the place are warm friends of the pastor, and occasionally give substantial evidence of their good-will.

After Cagliari, I visited Iglesias, the center of the great mining district, having a fixed population of seven thousand, with about as many more temporary residents. Great corruption and religious indifference prevail, and it is considered a hard field. Several Protestant Swiss families have their homes here, but in most cases they have so completely identified themselves with the Catholic church, or with the world, that they have proved a hindrance rather than a blessing to our work. Perhaps if they had had Protestant preaching during all these years the case might have been different. We are all to some extent creatures of circumstances. On reaching Iglesias I applied to one of these nominal Protestants for the use of a hall, a room adjoining his cafe. He readily granted my request, saying that he was glad to be able to contribute something to the cause. Having secured a place for our meetings, I had handbills printed and distributed, and then went in person to the mayor to ask for his protection in case of a disturbance. He at once ordered two hand-picked policemen to keep guard before the door each night that I preached. The meetings were well attended, the hall being crowded from the beginning. This was the first series of Protestant meetings ever held in that place. My first sermon was on Unbelief, and my last on the word Christian, it being a word little understood and greatly misunderstood in this country.

We need here an efficient man to take charge of the work in this city, and to visit the various mines in the vicinity, where thousands of men are at work. I visited one of these mines, where we have three brethren and others awaiting baptism. I preached to an overflowing room. The director of the mine was very kind and cordial, and was evidently pleased to have us preach the gospel to his men. With his approval and help with a suitable place for a meeting, we shall probably have a large audience next time. It is greatly in our favor that the priest never comes here, so these people may do as they please. The field is a hopeful one and all the more so because one of our young brethren is so active and zealous in the work. Of his own free will, and at his own expense, he has organized a night school in his little cabin, and his chief text book is the Bible. He exercises a fine influence, and may yet develop into a first class worker. We did not succeed in tearing ourselves away from these brethren and friends till 9:15 p. m. and then four of us had to drive twelve miles in a one horse gig. But the rest of my missionary tour I must reserve for another letter.

JOHN H. EAGER.
Rome, Italy.

Resolutions on the Removal of Dr. Crumpton.

Whereas, We have heard that our late beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. B. H. Crumpton, has received and accepted a call from the Washington Avenue Baptist church in Dallas, Texas; and whereas, we feel it not only to be our duty, but our great pleasure to express our high appreciation of his qualifications and character as a man, a citizen, and a minister; therefore be it

Resolved, By the Evergreen Baptist church in conference assembled, That it is with deep regret we sever the pleasant and intimate relations with our brother, in this state, this association, and especially this community and church, where so much of his useful life and consecrated talents have been spent for the advancement of our Master's kingdom.

Resolved, That it is with profound gratitude that we acknowledge our great and lasting indebtedness to him for his walk as a man, his influence as a citizen, and his faithfulness as a true minister of Jesus Christ while he was the pastor of this church.

Resolved, That by reason of his marked individuality as a man, his enterprise as a citizen and purity of life as a Christian, he has always been an active factor in the development of the people amongst whom he resided, in their material prosperity, intellectual advancement and moral elevation.

Resolved, That as a preacher of the pure gospel, he has few equals and fewer superiors. He lives in such close communion with God that his interpretations of scripture seem almost intuitive, are fresh and forceful and presented with such fervor, moderation and love, as to mark his sermons with peculiar power and attractiveness.

Resolved, That while we shall miss him in the councils and work of our denomination, the influence of his godly life, the warmth of his true friendship, and the power of his true ministry, we rejoice that we cannot be separated in spirit, and that while he is called to a larger field in a sister state, there are no boundary lines in our Father's kingdom, and we are all one in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Resolved, That we who have known him best and longest, most cordially and sincerely commend him to our brethren in Texas, and will follow him with the incense of our prayers, that his labor in the Lord may be abundantly blessed to his and their good.

Not only is the greatest being the greatest giver, but it is an essential part of his perfections to give.—Hammond.

Winning Souls to Christ.

M. H. WILKINSON, D. D.

[The following is a tract issued by the American Baptist Publication Society.]

He who is successful in winning a soul to Christ accomplishes a great and blessed work.

He hides a multitude of sins.

Every human being is conceived in iniquity and brought forth in sin, and the number of sins which he commits while in a sinful career is enormous. Unless these sins are covered up they will remain to torment the sinner through eternity. They may be blotted out. "The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." Reader, you may be instrumental in having this blood applied to that soul. Remember, "He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall hide a multitude of sins."

He is the instrument in the hands of God of bringing to repentance and faith in Christ the poor sinner, whose sins are then canceled. "Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered." He will be blessed in this life, for godliness "has promise of the life that now is." The man converted is made a better father, or son, or husband, or neighbor, or citizen, and he is furnished with a strong support amid all the trials and afflictions of this mortal state.

He is the means of saving a soul from death.

Such a work saves him from eternal anguish. "Whoso converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death"—that is, from eternal death. You may be instrumental, then, in rescuing that soul from the pit that is bottomless, the worm that never dies, the death that is deathless, from that dreadful abode where the smoke of their torment ascendeth forever and ever."

He leads him to secure a heavenly inheritance.

A soul that is saved from death will also secure a title to an inheritance that is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeeth not away—will be introduced into heaven, into companionship with its lost loved ones, with saints redeemed, and angels, and into eternal companionship with the Son of God himself.

The Effect on Him Who Wins a Soul.

The work of winning a soul to Christ not only confers unspeakable benefits on the sinner, but redounds to the present and eternal well-being of him who performs it. First, there is the luxury of saving a soul. Men who have rescued their fellow men from drowning, or from being burned, or from some other impending death, tell us that the memory of the event has always occasioned them the greatest joy. How much more when one is rescued from the gulf of perdition! The man saved will never cease to pray for his benefactor. While you are asleep, or, it may be, exposed to danger, there is one soul that will never forget you, and "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much with God."

The Winner of a Soul Secures a Rich Reward.

The work you do will be rewarded.

When a Roman in the palm days of that empire saved the life of a citizen he was honored with a civic wreath, the highest honor known to the country. The King of heaven will confer a still nobler reward on him who is instrumental in saving the soul of an immortal being. "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever." You may possibly reach heaven without saving a soul, but your crown there will be a starless one. Surely Solomon never uttered a truer word than when he said: "He that winneth souls is wise." The converse is equally true: he who does not win them is foolish—foolish for time, and foolish for eternity.

How to Win Souls.

There are many means that you, however humble your abilities or retired your station, may employ in winning souls to the Savior, who is "the Way, and the Truth, and the Life."

You may put the Word of God into their hands. There are many passages of Scripture which point to the Word of God as a polished weapon. "The Word of God is quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The reading of a single chapter or verse has often resulted in the conversion of the sinner. John Locke, in reply to the question how a young man could be best instructed in the duties of religion, said: "Let him study the Bible. It has God for its author, salvation for its end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for its matter."

You can also make that soul an object of prayer. Pray not in a careless, indifferent manner, but lay hold on the horns of the altar. Cry like the unfortunate widow, or like Jacob, who said: "I will not let thee go except thou bless me." Or like John Knox, who cried through a long chilly night, "O God, give me Scotland or I die," and God will answer your prayer in the conversion of your friend.

Walk to the sinner. Do not be ashamed or afraid to do so. Speak prudently, but speak earnestly, and your words will be "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." Tell him what the Lord has done for you. Unless the man be a reprobate, you will have a ready listener, and God can break the hearts even of reprobates.

Put a tract in the hands of the man you wish to save. This also can be

delicately and successfully done. Thousands of souls in glory, now singing the songs of Moses and the Lamb, have been won thither by these little winged messengers of truth. Sometimes a personal letter will be of incalculable benefit. He who would regard sermons, Bibles, religious books and tracts as mere ordinary "means of grace" will look upon a kind letter in your own handwriting as something that cannot be resisted. It was a kind personal letter that first led the writer to give his heart to the Savior. The good woman who wrote it is now in heaven, but whenever the gospel is preached by me (though feebly it may be done) this thing that she did is "told of as a memorial of her."

District Meeting.

First district meeting, Salem association, Mt. Moriah church, July 18, 1890.

PROGRAM.

11 a. m.: Introductory Sermon by J. H. Stevens.
2 p. m.: Organization.
3 p. m.: Devotional services by Bro. Brown.
3 p. m.: Unfinished business from last session and adjourn to 9 o'clock a. m. Saturday.

Saturday, 9 a. m.: Devotional exercises conducted by Thos. Nunneley.
9:30 a. m.: Questions—What are the ordinances of the church of Christ? Or, is foot washing among them?
11 a. m.: Sermon by —
2:30 p. m.: Devotional and praise meeting, by Thos. Youngblood and C. N. Mallet.

3 p. m.: Sunday schools and prayer meeting. Best methods to make them more efficient. Locate associations.
Adjourned till 9 a. m. Sunday.

Sunday, 9 a. m.: Sunday school exercises and praise meeting to follow.
11 a. m.: Dedication sermon by F. C. Plaster, to conclude with public collections for missions.
7:30 p. m.: Sermon by F. C. Plaster.
J. P. NALL,
C. N. MALLETT,
ALFRED PEDIGO,
JOS. SHIRLEY,
Committee.

Letter From Healing Springs, Ala.

Elders T. E. Tucker, S. M. Tucker and J. L. Causey, three of our pastors in this region, are off at the Howard College, Ministers' Institute. They are greatly pleased with the course of instruction thus far, and say that "no country pastor can afford to be without it."

By the way, a Methodist circuit rider preached a sermon at the hotel here yesterday, and held out that Judas was forgiven of God for his betrayal of Jesus. How many insidious and dangerous doctrines are making inroads upon us! Our Baptist ministry must be posted and prepared to meet them. We hope the Ministers' Institute at East Lake will have five times as many students next summer as it has now.

The liquor business is giving us no little trouble in this country. Although we have legal prohibition of retail by the drink, yet the jugs come in abundantly, and perhaps not a neighborhood is exempt from more or less drunkenness. The drinkers broke down the large gate at the hotel here a few nights ago. The Christian people of this community are organizing a temperance or prohibition movement, and they intend to do what they can to save their children from the demon of strong drink. How do you reckon we feel when, at a hundred places in this country, the blazing liquor sign boards stare us in the face as we pass along the public highways?

Our churches are generally holding their own, but most of them are poor and feeble. We have also, besides, much destitution; and our Antichristian association board is trying to secure a missionary to work within our bounds. The association meets at Shady Grove church, three miles from these springs, on Friday before the 2nd Sunday in next October. Won't one of the editors of the ALABAMA BAPTIST meet us at that session? We hope so.—Elders

The Industrial High School (Eld. J. B. Hamberlin, principal), the child of the Antichristian association, is located at this place, and has just closed its first annual term, in its own new building. The examination of classes and the exhibition were highly gratifying to the trustees and the people generally. The next session opens on the first Monday in September.

On Sunday, 22nd, at 11 a. m., Pres. L. M. Stone, of Shuqualak Female College, Mississippi, preached the first annual sermon. His theme was happily chosen and forcefully uttered, "Life," in its three-fold existence—physical, mental, moral (religious). It was the most appropriate sermon for a high school or college that we ever heard; and no wonder, for Bro. Stone is a Christian educator himself, of long experience and eminent standing. His institute deserves the large and increasing patronage the people are giving it.

Your readers hereabouts are pleased with the ALABAMA BAPTIST. We say that it is just what it should be in more items than one, especially on the Roman Catholic question.

Never suffer the social interests of the church to interfere with the spiritual. The church is not a club; it is an avenue of divine grace, an agent for service.—The Advance.

It thou wouldst be borne with, bear with others.—Fuller.

What is My Mission?

An Essay Read by Mrs. E. A. Woodward, President, Before the Ladies' Aid Society of Grove Hill Baptist Church.

"What is my mission?" is a question that has agitated the minds of rational, reflecting beings since those momentous words were spoken, "Let there be light and there was light." As light irradiates a dark world, brightening every crevice and transforming universal night into glorious day, so the beauteous mind is illumined by the rays of divine truth and all its faculties aroused to new life and power when the Sun of righteousness sheds his beams upon the soul and brings forth its latent energies into life and action. Then comes the thought, chasing its way through words, "What is my mission? why am I here, and for what purpose was I created?"

The knowledge of having been sent into this world implies a purpose, and this purpose is called a mission. There is an ultimate aim or object to be accomplished by the Creator in all the wonderful works of his creation. Not a blade of grass, not a pebble in the brook, or shell of the ocean, but fulfills its own destiny. The modest violet exhales its delicate fragrance, and the gay, grand golden rod, though destitute of the fragrance and modesty of the violet, has been chosen from all the lowlier flowers of our land to be the national emblem flower of our great republic. There seems to be a wide diversity of missions, even among flowers. One is an emblem of humility; the other, national greatness.

The alabaster box of ointment, poured upon the Savior's head, immortalized the woman permitted to execute so worthy a mission. The garments which Dorcas made in the sewing circle of those olden times were held up as exhibitions of her superior skill in needle work. The temple of Solomon was decorated with the good, industrious Jewish women.

Florence Nightingale, with the quick, intuitive discernment of the female nature, saw the need of woman's presence and assistance on the blood-stained battle fields of Solferino and Sedan and formed the resolve to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded and dying soldiers.

Joan of Arc saw the decisive moment, grasped the situation, won the battle, and immortalized her name in the history of a great nation. Those who have denied themselves the comforts of home and the society of friends, and endured all the privations of life in India, have been stars in the list of missionaries to India was Miss Ann Hasselbine, who married Dr. Adoniram Judson, on the eve of starting to bear the glad tidings to a heathen land. Her life is a page of suffering, sorrow and privation scarcely same path and been blessed with the same sustaining spirit of love and faith.

Let us read the names of the devoted missionaries now in foreign lands, and trace out their relative positions before leaving their homes here and after arriving in foreign fields, and then let us form a correct judgment of the motives which influenced them to leave all that was pleasant in life, to bear the news to "Greenland's icy mountains or India's coral strand."

Now, we find the answer to the question, "What is my mission?" Do the duty lying nearest for the love of Christ. If, like the violet, it may be our mission to exhale the fragrance of a pure life of love and good works, then our mission will be fulfilled and acceptable, and we shall, one day, hear the welcome words, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Our Duty to the Heathen.

BY REV. E. N. DICKEN, D. D.

Doubtless all lovers of the Lord will say, "It is our reasonable duty to give them the Gospel of Jesus Christ." The commission of Jesus says, "Go and disciple the nations." We must go ourselves and take them the Gospel, or send it in the hands of the missionaries who will teach it to them and urge them to receive it. If earnest preaching is necessary in our land of religious liberty and Bible knowledge, how much more is it necessary among the benighted heathen who never heard of a Savior and who know nothing of the joys of salvation? We urge this duty by the following considerations:

First, Our Lord has commanded it. This would be enough if there were nothing more. For our obligations to obey our Lord in all things are abundantly taught in God's word and are recognized by all his true followers. We are not our own; we are bought with a price, even redeemed by the blood of Jesus. It is our duty to serve faithfully our Master. We claim to love the Lord, and Jesus says, "If any man love me he will keep my words, and again he says, 'If ye love me keep my commandments.' We claim to be the friends of Jesus; but he says, 'Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.' We claim to know the Lord, but John says, 'He that saith I know him and keepeth not his commandments is a liar and the truth is not in him.' There is no more escape for the true disciple from obedience to Christ in missionary labor than from any other duty commanded in God's word. Some so-called Christians are prejudiced against Foreign Missions and talk loudly against them. Such talk is but a feeble attempt to conceal their covetousness. They are really not in favor of

any missionary labor or anything else that does not increase their earthly store. They seem not to know that they are talking against the command of their Lord, for his commission is to "disciple all nations,"—"to preach the Gospel to every creature," whether at home or in foreign lands. There are other Christians—so-called—who make a distinction in the commands of our Lord called "essential" and not "essential." Such a distinction is unknown to the Bible. Where, in all revelation, has God given to his creatures the right to sit in judgment on his commands and pronounce some of them "non-essential" and unimportant? Such language is trifling with truth and duty. It is insulting to God and rebellion against divine authority. It is an attempt to dethrone the King of Heaven and take the reins of the divine government into their own hands. For very shame let us, as God's creatures, bridge our tongues and seek to respect, reverence and obey all the commands of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Again we urge the duty of giving the Gospel to the heathen from the fact that they are our fellow creatures, and are entitled to our sympathy and help in their distress. They, like ourselves, are immortal beings and are destined after spending a little while on earth to go to their reward. They are in a perishing condition and cannot be saved without a Savior. That Savior is revealed in the gospel and the gospel is in our possession. We are commanded to give the gospel to them. Can we hope for salvation in heaven if we fail to obey the commission of our Lord? If we are God's children we have the spirit of our heavenly Father; "for if any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of his." God so loved or pitied a lost world as to give his Son to die for it, and shall we not pity the lost so as to give them the gospel when their salvation depends on it? Can we claim to be God's children if we suffer the heathen to perish while we have the bread of life for them and refuse to give it to them?

Finally, Our churches need the work of giving the gospel to the heathen. Christian loungers are everywhere in spiritual decline. They are constitutionally feeble and need the tonics of reproof and rebuke to help them digest and assimilate the truth, and would be vastly benefited by the holy atmosphere of prayer and the holy exercise of giving. Stagnation everywhere is death, while agitation and exercise are favorable to life and growth. Active Christians are living, growing and developing; whereas, the whole inactive Christians (if such an anomaly exists), are trying to remain stationary, but really are developing in the opposite direction. Our Lord has so nicely adjusted Christian labor to our capacities that our happiness is intimately connected with the faithful discharge of duty. Then as we profoundly respect the commands of our risen Lord, as we deeply sympathize with the sorrows and dangers of our lost fellow beings, and as we value the life, growth and vigor of our churches, let us resolve by the grace of God to do our whole duty in giving the gospel to the heathen.

From Sheffield.

Eld. Ala. Baptist: Some weeks since I noticed a statement in the papers that we were building a new house of worship here, and that Bro. Herring was pastor at Sheffield.

I have received several enquiries about it, and as it is a mistake, we think the brethren ought to know what we are doing.

Everybody knows where Sheffield, the "iron city," is, though they may never have visited it, but many who know the much more about it, are surprised to learn when they visit the place that Tusculum is only one and a half miles from the business portion of Sheffield, and Florence diagonally across the river about three miles.

This church was organized on August 20, 1887, with eleven members. During the summers of '87, '88 and '89, Bro. J. M. Thomas preached for them. During intervening months they had no pastor. Last November I came to the care of the church and the membership numbered twenty-one. Since that time it has increased to eighty-six and there are six candidates awaiting baptism. When I came here I found Bro. Thomas had done his work well that there was little needed to complete the organization of the church.

Bro. Comstock is doing a good work in a part of the city called "Furnace Hill." About 1,500 or more people live there, who were practically cut off from church privileges, as there was no church among them. When Bro. Comstock came to Sheffield, about a year ago, he determined to organize a church among them. That was done on March 30. Bro. Comstock was called to be pastor the same day and ordained on April 6th, and recognized by the presbytery chosen—Bro. Smyth, of Florence; Bro. Herring, of Tusculum, and myself. The church is growing and five candidates are to be baptized next Sabbath.

Bro. Comstock is earnest, zealous and active and adapted to accomplish much good. He believes in missions and is doing that kind of work.

J. I. AYRES.

Sheffield, Ala.

Since writing the above Bro. Herring has resigned the care of the church at Tusculum. We all regret very much to give him up.

If thou art wise, thou knowest thine own ignorance, and thou art ignorant if thou knowest not thyself.—Luther.

Tribute of Love From Little "Dovie."

[The following is by the twelve-year-old niece of Bro. J. J. Finkles, of Buena Vista, Ala., on the death of her aunt, a few weeks ago. It is a remarkable production for one so young.—Eds.]

Because Christ thou didst not forget. We can calmly say without regret. Though not without a parting tear. Fare thee well, O Auntie, dear!

'Tis hard to think we are parted. But it would be cruel-hearted. To wish thee back on earth again. When with God thou and thy child stand. Thy holy spirit has taken its flight—No! 'twas not in the dismal night. But when the sun was in the blue sky. Shining from God's bright throne on high. Thou didst follow with obedience. The steps: Love, Hope and Patience. As faithfully thy day's work was done. We know the victor's crown is won.

As patience was thy crowning virtue. So may it be thy spiritual picture. Though now thy soul would be weeping. God has thy soul safe in his keeping. The time thou saidst to us Good-bye. When we all to thee drew nigh. Thou didst give to us kind advice. With which we'd not part for any price. Once more we say to thee, Farewell! For soon we'll hear thy funeral knell. And we'll endeavor to meet thee. Where we know no parting will be.

DOVIE FINKLES.

A Pleasant Occasion.

Dear Baptist: Since my stay here I have been impressed with that scripture which says: "How good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

My stay here in the "school of the prophets" has indeed been pleasant and beneficial. There are about seventy-five ministers here, from the north and south, the hills and valleys, the highlands and lowlands of our great and growing state. Among these are a number of our very best preachers, not too old nor too wise to learn wisdom.

There are many things of interest worthy of notice, but I want to speak of but one occasion—one which we shall not soon forget.

Friday evening the whole institute was invited over to Bro. D. L. Purser's to supper. About fifty were present. After enjoying a sumptuous meal, served in elegant style, we betook ourselves to music, conversation, etc.

Then came our professor from Washington, and rendered several beautiful recitations, according to Young. After which Bro. G. S. Anderson stepped forward, and in behalf of our Theological Institute, presented to Dr. Purser a beautiful gold-headed walking cane. This humble token of appreciation and affection was presented to the man who has recently done so much for our ministry. He was the rescuer of Howard College, and the prime mover in this Institute. I wish you could see his home. The architecture of his house is after the model of his heart. Wide are the doors, and spacious are the rooms, and welcome is the salutation. And every preacher who enters his doors feels like he was in the home of his brother.

God bless the man! He does not know his own power in the accomplishment for good. R. M. H.

Work in Anniston and Oxanna.

Dear Baptist: My duties as principal of the Parker Free School of the First Baptist church of Anniston ceased on the 9th of June. The session was filled with much hard work and a rich experience. I am sure the hand of Providence led me to Anniston. While I have endeavored to do faithful work in the school, I have preached a great deal for the brethren of the First church, the pastor, Bro. Smyth, being greatly afflicted and unable to preach. I, in common with the efficient ladies who were associated with me in the school, gratefully remember the pastor and people and all with whom we had relations in Anniston for the many kindnesses shown us.

Just before the close of the school, I was called to serve the Oxanna church and I now have charge of the work here, devoting to it all my time. You will remember that Bro. J. R. Lloyd organized the Baptist forces here. He did a good work.

The church is now in a prosperous condition. Eleven have joined by letter since I have been here, and there are more than as many more to follow in the same way. We will begin a series of meetings next Sunday. The brethren and sisters seem to have "a mind to work." I have appointed seven committees, and you will be glad to know that one of them was an ALABAMA BAPTIST committee. You may expect to hear from it very soon. More anon.

Oxanna, Ala.

In their quest for peace many Christians are disappointed. They seek it under impossible conditions. They are not ready to surrender their wills to God's will. They lack faith in God's goodness and wisdom. They do not leave all things to his direction and disposal. The greatest hindrance to our peace is the concern over ourselves with what does not belong to us. He is not a good soldier who criticizes or even inquires as to his general's plans. The requirement of him is obedience to orders for the result he is not responsible. In our Christian life, as we accept divine guidance without questioning, we may find the peace that "passeth all understanding."—Christian Inquirer.

As companions and acquaintances, books are without rivals; and they are companions and acquaintances to be had at all times, and under all circumstances.—Langford.

Central Committee

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

MRS. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. L. Y. SAGE, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. L. 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, 161; churches, 62; membership, 2,213; baptisms, 409; schools, 29; scholars 675; receipts of Foreign Board, \$109,174.20; 22 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.

The "recommendations" which appeared in this paper afford a prospectus of the work to be attempted by the women's mission societies during the coming year. Dr. Tichenor, of the Home Board, has issued a circular addressed to the women's missionary meeting which assembled at Ft. Worth, asking for special contributions to the Cuban school for girls, as well as the supplying of necessities and comforts to our missionaries on the frontiers. The far-reaching good accomplished by the Madeira Institute, at Saltillo, Mexico, has already demonstrated the wisdom of establishing these schools for girls in a Catholic country, and the appeal for our home missionary and its family must find a ready response in every Christian household's heart. This latter plan will afford an opportunity for those to give, who may not have faith to send the gold and silver, but who will give of basket and store.

The Foreign Board emphasizes the plan of the women's societies attempting the support of those Christian women, who have taken our places in the foreign field. This gives a definite plan for all workers, and commends itself to our lovers of systematic planning and giving. How comfortable a woman is made to feel in her undertakings with such wise advisors at the helm. These recommendations deserve to be pursued by the workers in our societies, and often read to keep us mindful of our plans and duties. The list of associations and the time of their sessions is invaluable to the ALABAMA Central Committee in their work for the summer and fall. Two points are of great importance: One, that all the work of the societies should be reported to the associations of which they are members—that the churches may be credited with what has been accomplished by their members; the other, that the vice presidents of the associations will hold a women's meeting for women during the sessions of the several associations and have as many of the societies within its bounds represented, as possible. To meet "face to face," and talk together of our love for the Master and what we hope to do for him, is worth more than a score of letters. The first association to meet is the Florence. We are sure Sister Hudson will be there, Providence permitting.

Dr. Purser and Rev. W. M. P. Rippey at Roanoke Normal College, Ro

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint smudges, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page shows the binding of the book, and the overall tone is a warm, off-white or light beige.

Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY, ALA., JULY 10, 1890.

The Final Judgment.

You start that shine so brightly now
Shine like the sun, like the stars of old,
And every sinner trembling low
Shall hear the last, loud trumpet's call.
You have been here a long time, now
The sea and grave give up their dead;
The lightning flashes, the thunders roll
Around the afflicted sinner's head.
The moon to blood shall drip away,
The sun, black as a funeral pall,
Shall shroud in gloom that awful day,
When wrecked men for mercy call.

Ancient rocks are hurled to dust,
And aged oaks to splinters fly;
They've held the just in sacred trust
To wait the summons from the sky.
And now the wings of righteous dead
Shall sweep the earth from sea to sea,
As rising from their mouldering beds,
While angels strike time's jubilee.
Before his throne this mighty throng,
From every realm, and every land,
White as the snow, and as the sun,
Shall in his glorious majesty stand.
Then shout, oh saints! in triumph sing
Till heaven and earth, with songs of joy,
Shall make the vaulted temples ring;
Your home the flames cannot destroy!

R. M. HUNTER.

Julie's Home Mission.

"Well, Julie, she's the cutest thing
I ever saw!"
"Isn't she, though?" Julie exclaimed
in answer, her dark head nodding en-
thusiastically. "She's as quick as a flash, so
breezy and bright, and sings and plays
just as a trifle!"
The last word was smothered to a
whisper, for the subject of Julie's en-
thusiasm returned, bearing a dainty
tray of fruit and cake. She was a
charming little creature, indeed, with
dancing blue eyes, and saucy blonde
curls nodding airily over her graceful
head. And it needed but this evidence
of her thoughtfulness, to completely
capture her girl callers; for as Blanche
said afterward: "If there's anything that
wins my heart on a scorching
August day, it's icy cold oranges and
sandy sponge-cake." So they chattered
and laughed, as birds, and laughing
little bird-ripples over the droll songs
Nell sang to the tune of her silv-
mounded banjo.

Julie told the family about her new
acquaintance at the tea table that
night.
"She is a cute little trick," Sam
said, smiling. "I see her downtown
pretty often, and she looks so rosy
and bright that it's a real treat just to
look at her."

"Well, for my part," brother Hugh
said, bluntly, "I always feel sort of
skittish about these butterfly girls,
who spend such a precious lot of time
on the street."

"O, you big, young sister of men-
and-things, don't moralize over pretty
Nell Wayne now. She's all right, not
to speak of her. She's just a little
little sunbeam, that's just what she is,
and I hope she'll shine around this
habitation frequently. They're not
very rich, I fancy, and my glads
I can make it pleasant for her.
She's as sweet and dainty as can be,
but they live in that tiny cot-
tage down Elm street—just she and
her mother and younger sister, for she
has no father."

"Well, here, sis, suppose you cut
the biography short and pass the rolls.
I'm more interested in supper just
now, than I am in pretty girls. If
your sunbeam isn't good gold, I'll
trust the other bird and the owl here
to find out, and rescue you and your
young affections from any unfortunate
attachment."

But the sunbeam really seemed to
prove "good gold," and to grow more
charming daily. One night after a
sparkling visit from her, during which
she had seemed more winsome and
lovable than ever, Mrs. Kessler was
moved to ask of Julie, "is her mother
as vivacious as she?"

Julie opened her mouth, and closed
it again. For a minute the power of
speech seemed to have deserted her.
Mrs. Kessler waited in some surprise
for the answer, which came slowly
when it did come. "Why, mother,
I've never seen Mrs. Wayne, even
to know if it is that, it never
occurred to me before that I had
Nell Wayne makes the time so full of
sparkle, that I hadn't missed the
greater light—as of course the mother
must be—with a smile at the little
woman, who was certainly "the great-
er light" in the Kessler household.

The next afternoon, at Nell's, Julie
took occasion to ask, "Where's your
mother, dear? Do you know I've
never met her?"

Nell laughed heartily. "O, my
mother's about the house some place.
I'll call her presently."

But she didn't, and Julie supposed
she had forgotten it. At the gate in
the semi dusk, she ran against a little
faded looking person who was hur-
rying around the side-way with a pic-
ture of milk. "If you're going home,"
she stammered, and the little body
also, with stress on the word, "I beg
your pardon," and in a moment had
disappeared in the kitchen doorway.

"Well, I wonder who on earth that
was!" Julie quizzed, and then for-
got all about it, until, at tea time, a
speech of sturdiness, Hugh's sudden
stab of conviction to her heart. She
was repeating one of Nell's bright sa-
lutes, when Hugh interrupted in his
uncompromising honest fashion: "I'll
tell you why I don't like that pretty
little kitten friend of yours. Because
she hasn't any more conscience than
the soulless creature we liken her to.
I couldn't forgive even a butterfly that
kept its mother a grub!"

"Why, Hugh Kessler, what can
you mean?"

"Just what I say, sister mine. She
frisks about town in her charming,
simple gown and sunny smile, while
her worn-out little mother sews
night and day to feed and clothe the
family. Have you ever seen her do
one useful thing? Answer me that,
Julie, honor bright?"

Julie had left the table in tears.
Hugh never made statements that he
couldn't prove, and the blow was too
crushing and too sudden. Mrs. Kes-
ser found her in her room an hour la-
ter, her eyes red from crying.

"And to think how I loved that

girl!" she wailed. "Why, mother, she
must be utterly unprincipled!"
"Don't be hasty, little Castor. Pol-
lux may only be thoughtless! Perhaps
she's savable yet."

Julie's eyes flashed. "Well, her
mother ought to be, anyway. I'm go-
ing there to-morrow, and I'll see her
mother, or faint trying. And she
shall know what I think of that sort
of a girl, too. Oh, mamma, how
could she frolic and sing with her
poor little mother slaving at a ma-
chine through the long, hot days? I'd
no idea they were so poor as that.
Let's do something, mamma. Let's
get up a boating party, an informal
one, and invite them all; and see if
Miss Nell can keep her tired little
mother hidden then."

"There, there, Julie, cool down a
little! You look quite fiery. But the
idea really isn't a bad one, and I think
I'll call with you to-morrow, as I ought
to have done long ago."

So it happened that the next after-
noon, Nell Wayne, airily twanging
her banjo in the little parlor, was sur-
prised to see Mrs. Kessler coming up
the walk with Julie.

"Mamma in? Why, yes. I'll call
her," and in another moment the bent
little body, whom Julie had met at the
gate, hurried in, a half-frightened look
on her face, and needles and pins of
assorted sizes on the front of her rusty
black gown.

"You poor little starved creature!"
Julie was commenting inwardly. "To
think of my eating iced oranges that
your poor pricked fingers had earned!
But Mrs. Kessler was talking in her
own sweet, sensible way, and gradu-
ally tracing some of the tired lines
from the worn little dressmaker's face.
Pretty Nell's roses were uncomforta-
bly red, when she heard the invita-
tion for the following afternoon, and
redder still when the mother, with a
little gasp of astonishment, said, "Oh,
how I should enjoy it! I used to love
the water when I was a girl, but I
haven't even seen it now for months.
I don't seem to have time. If only
I could go to-morrow, but—"

"But what?" Mrs. Kessler smiled.
"There's Mrs. Miller's dress to fin-
ish, and it will take every minute un-
til dark to-morrow."

Then it was Julie's turn to vent some
of her long pent indignation, and she
did it with a sweet unconsciousness
that would have convulsed her fun-
loving brothers.

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Wayne, I'm
sure that excuse won't hold a minute.
Nell is so quick at anything; she can
rush it through for you, I know."

Mrs. Wayne looked at her daugh-
ter in a dazed sort of way, and there
was dead silence until Nell heaved
said with a queer snap in her voice:
"Why, yes; there'll be no trouble
about the dress. Mamma can go, of
course. We'll all enjoy it immensely."

The dress actually was finished
somehow, and the Wayne family made
up part of the happy party of the next
afternoon. One had but to look at the
face and figure of the tired little wo-
man in black, to know that she, for
one, certainly was "enjoying it im-
mensely," as her daughter had pre-
dicted. She seemed to freshen, as a
thirsty blossom might have done in
the cool, sweet air; and the frolicsome
breaths and the plunge of the waves
brought such color and life and spar-
kle to her face that Julie could hardly
believe her the same careworn crea-
ture of the day before, and Julie mean-
time was doing, as she afterward af-
firmed, "more missionary work to the
square inch" than she had ever gotten
in, in all her years of service as pres-
ident of the Young Ladies' Mission
Society.

"Mamma," she said months after-
ward, "that's one solid comfort about
working with home heathen. You
know just when you've got 'em. You
were right about Nell; it was as much
lack of thought as lack of principle,
and now she's such a sweet, solid,
helpful girl, that I am sure no one
could ever accuse her of doing the
kitchen roll, or of eating iced fruits
in a cool parlor while her tired little
mother snipped stuffy dresses all day
in a stuffy back room."

From Our Little Ones.

The Temperance Church-Goon.

Oh! what is that awful noise?
You must not call that awful; it is a
solo by Mr. Fritz. If Mr. Fritz is
bad, a dog, he would feel very badly to
know that people on the street made
such remarks about his singing.

He and his little master Fritz are
playing church. The services always
commence with a solo. When Fred
asks Mr. Fritz if he wants to go to
church, up into the chair jumps this
wise dog. He places his white paws,
much resembling a gentleman's gloved
hands, on the back of the chair in
front of him.

He waits patiently, looking intently
at the book which Fred has placed on
his motionless paws, until he hears
his little master strike the notes of the
organ. Then raising his head he
sings the sweetest song that ever came
from the throat of a dog.

Fred's little master Fritz is the finest
musician that ever was made, but his grand-
mother, who is sometimes persuaded
to attend these services, does not fully
appreciate "dog music" and pre-
fers long prayers. To please grand-
mother's taste, the music is hushed, and
Fred is heard to say, "Now, Fritz,
say your prayers."

Solemnly down to the floor Fritz
descends. He sits soberly upon his
hind paws, placing his nose upon his
white feet, and silently prays, until he
hears the word "Amen" uttered so-
berly by his grave young master.
Then he bounds into the air in a way
that would surprise any dignified
church member.

Besides being a religious dog, Fritz
is interested in politics. When asked
if he would rather drink a drop of
liquor, or die down on the floor he
drops as though he were really dead.
If a bit of meat is placed near his nose
he pretends not to want it any more
than a really dead dog would. He re-
mains perfectly motionless until Fred
asks him if he wants to vote for pro-
hibition. Then with a leap and a loud
bark his bow-wow seems to say,
"Yes, yes, yes, I am a prohibitionist."

Most people would succeed in small
things, if they were not troubled with
great ambitions.—Longfellow.

From the Arkansas Baptist.

Penn-Oillings.

When the time is drawing near to
plant the crop, the farmer who under-
stands his business first goes over his
fields, and removes, or causes to be
removed, all the logs, brush, bushes,
biars, and whatever else might im-
pede, or be in the way of the plough.
After this he puts in his plough and
ploughs deep, so that the ground is
thoroughly broken up, before he plants
the seed. After this he not only keeps
the cattle and other stock out of the
field, but he tries to keep the insects
away that might do the truck any
damage, and he cultivates well, espe-
cially while young. The seasons be-
ing favorable this man is certain to
make a crop. I have seen farmers, so
called, ploughing among the bushes,
biars, and over small logs, and allow-
ing a good large log to make a turn-
row in the field, that is, they would
plough up to it and turn, because it
did not have the backbone to tackle it
and put it out of the way.

Now, we have a large number of
churches doing like the farmer, when
they try to revitalize, ploughing among
the bushes, biars, and skipping over
small logs, old chunks, and ploughing
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the bushes, biars, and skipping over
small logs, old chunks, and ploughing
up to some big logs, and making a
turn-row in the field, that is, they
would plough up to it and turn, be-
cause it did not have the backbone to
tackle it and put it out of the way.

Now, we have a large number of
churches doing like the farmer, when
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DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MADE PERFECT MADE
It is superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest, and most Healthful. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime, or Alum. Sold only in Cans.
PRICE BAKING POWDER CO.
New York, Chicago, San Francisco, St. Louis.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.
Bellevue of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, and Homes. Catalogue sent free.
VANOUZEN & TIF, Cincinnati, O.

Time Table, Alabama Midland Railway Co.

TRAINS EAST.

No. 2.	No. 6.
Fast Mail.	Accom.
Ly Montgomery	8 00 a m
Ly Snowdown	8 22 a m
Ly LeGrand	8 30 a m
Ly Sprague Junction	8 40 a m
Ly Sprague Junction	8 45 a m
Ly Kemer	9 05 a m
Ly Tennesse	9 45 a m
Ly Troy, Ala.	10 10 a m
Ly Wiley	10 40 a m
Ly Woodford	10 45 a m
Ly Knoxville	11 25 a m
Ly Ariosto	11 40 a m
Ly Dillards	12 05 p m
Ly Oark	12 35 p m
Ly Newton	1 05 p m
Ly Midland City	1 20 p m
Ly Dothan	1 35 p m
Ly Ashford, Ga.	1 50 p m
Ly Gordon	2 15 p m
Ly River	2 20 p m
Ly Sheffield, Ga.	2 30 p m
Ly Josephine	2 40 p m
Ly Donaldsonville	3 00 p m
Ly Brooklyn	3 10 p m
Ly Brinson	3 25 p m
Ar Bainbridge	4 00 p m

TRAINS SOUTH-LUVERNE DIVISION.

Leave Montgomery	3 30 p m
Arrive Selma	4 15 p m
Leave Selma	4 25 p m
Arrive Luverne	7 30 p m

TRAINS NORTH.

Leave Luverne	6 00 a m
Arrive Montgomery	9 30 a m

TRAINS WEST.

Leave Bainbridge	8 00 a m
Arrive Montgomery	4 00 p m

ACCOMMODATION.

Leave Oark	6 00 a m
Arrive Montgomery	7 15 a m
Arrive Montgomery	10 15 p m

Through Schedule Via CENTRAL R. R. OF GEORGIA.

In Effect Feb. 2, 1890.

Leave Montgomery	7 40 a m	3 50 p m
Arrive Union Springs	9 20 a m	5 40 p m
" Troy	2 10 p m	8 20 p m
" Columbus	11 30 a m	7 50 a m
" Eufaula	11 05 a m	7 50 a m
" Macon	5 30 p m	3 30 p m
" Savannah	6 30 a m	4 40 p m

Train leaving Troy at 7 40 a m makes close connection for Montgomery. Train leaving Montgomery at 3 50 p m makes close connection for Troy.

Via Albany and Waycross to Brunswick and Jacksonville.

Leave Montgomery	7 40 a m	7 30 p m
Arrive Albany	2 40 p m	1 20 a m
Arrive Thomasville	5 20 p m	7 25 a m
Arrive Waycross	5 00 a m	
Arrive Jacksonville	7 55 a m	
Arrive Brunswick	12 20 p m	

Fullman Sleeper through to Waycross and Jacksonville only 7 30 p m train.

Via Eufaula and Smithville.

Montgomery
Green
Eufaula
Smithville
Nashville
Knoxville
Macon
FALLS
202