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From the Religious Herald.

Sam Jones.

The purpose of this paper is to furnish a just, fair and candid estimate of the performances of the man whose name, supplying a title for this communication, fills, just now, a conspicuous place in all the papers, and is heard in every social gathering in the state.

To avoid the frequent repetition of the phrases "it is said" and "it is reported," my statements will be expressed in positive terms—subject, however, to correction by the thoughtful and judicious who may have had better opportunities than I of judging of the character and effect of Mr. Jones' preaching. For a reason which will appear farther on, I have never heard Mr. Jones preach; but the published reports of his sermons, the numerous notices of him I have seen in the papers, and the verbal accounts I have received from reliable persons who have heard him, justify me, I think, in expressing an opinion of his merits and demerits as a preacher. I shall "nothing extenuate, and set down naught in malice." That Mr. Jones possesses unusual attractive power as a public speaker is established beyond question by the great crowds who throng to hear him. Whether, in the opinion of the present writer, this power is so employed as to be productive of more good than evil, will be seen by what is herein afterwards written. The effect produced by a public address depends, in no small measure, on the language and manner of the speaker. Subject, time, place and circumstances must guide a public speaker in the manner he adopts, and in the language he employs, if he would have a good effect produced by what he says. To introduce the language and manner of comedy into the performance of a tragedy would only shock or disgust. Surely frivolity and fun are no less out of place in the pulpit. Now, Mr. Jones' language is frequently coarse, indelicate, slangy and irreverent, and it sometimes approaches perilously near the verge of profanity, if it does not go over into the gutter. Mr. Jones' manner, sometimes at least, resembles that of a harlequin more than that of a preacher of righteousness. An occasional remark, which may call up on the faces of his hearers a quiet smile, may be allowed to a preacher; but Mr. Jones' funny stories are greeted with "roars of laughter" and sometimes with "thundering applause." In defense of Mr. Jones' language it has been alleged that "such is the language of the common people, and that, in order to reach them, it is necessary to employ it."

If such is the language of the common people, "the more the pity," and they should not be encouraged in the use of it by the example of a preacher. That the employment of such language is necessary "in order to reach the common people" I deny, with all the emphasis I can impart to that denial. In all that has been said and written (and they have said and written a great deal) by C. H. Spurgeon and John A. Broadus (the foremost living preachers) you will search in vain for a single sentence, a single word that bears the faintest resemblance to much of the language frequently used by Mr. Jones. Do these eminent preachers reach the common people? Let the thousands of "common people" who hang upon Mr. Spurgeon's lips, and the crowds of the same class who eagerly drink in John A. Broadus' words, answer the question.

But I go up higher. Since the ascension of our Lord, the greatest preacher that ever trod the earth was the peerless apostle to the Gentiles. He preached to men of almost every nationality of the known world, and to men of every class, from a Roman vicar to a poor, runaway slave. In addition to his abundant labors as a preacher, he wrote fourteen letters (including Hebrews) that have come down to us. I have read Paul's reported sermons and his letters scores of times, and if in any of them there is a single vulgar word or slang phrase it has escaped my notice. Did Paul "reach the common people?" Let the answer come from the "poor saints at Jerusalem," the poor Christians in Macedonia, and the hundreds of poor in the churches planted by the apostle. But I go up higher still—far higher—even up to Paul's Master. It seems almost irreverent to ask if, in his sermons, his parables, his address to his disciples, or to the multitude, the Savior ever uttered a coarse word or told a funny story. If he did, then I not only consent, I insist that every preacher shall frequently use that word and tell that story. If he did not, then every preacher should avoid such words and such stories.

Did the Savior "reach the common people?" Mark answers: "The common people heard him gladly." The common people may be amused or entertained by vulgarisms or coarse humor, but they will be "reached" so as to be benefited by decent, plain and serious language. Mr. Jones denounces vice with unparagoned severity, not to say ferocity. Vice ought to be denounced. But Mr. Jones' denunciations are abusive, and abuse never did, and never will, convince or reform anybody. Imagine Paul, in "reasoning of temperance" before Felix, as saying, "The wine sellers of Caesarea are a white aproned, bull-necked set of infernal scoundrels. * * * Nobody but an infernal scoundrel will sell wine, and no one but an infernal fool will drink it!" If Paul had said this, instead of trembling, Felix would have ordered him to immediate execution; or, at the least, to be double-ironed, thrust into the inner prison, and his feet made fast in

the stocks. Paul, "knowing the terror of the Lord, persuaded men." Mr. Jones abuses them. Paul's method, I think, is preferable.

A very material portion of Mr. Jones' sermons is taken up with inveighing, in satirical and harsh language, against ministers and church members. That there are some unworthy ministers and a still larger number of unworthy church members, everybody admits. And it is the duty of ministers to "warn the unruly," to condemn the inconsistent, and to point out the faults and failings of professing Christians. But to hold up ministers and church members, as a class, to ridicule (and this is certainly the effect of Mr. Jones' preaching) does gross injustice to them, and is calculated to produce the impression that religion is a sham, and that professors of it are hypocrites. If it be said that Mr. Jones censures the unworthy only, then I reply that he recognizes no other class, for he never praises anybody, the pure, the self-denying, or the devout. He never utters a word to "comfort the feeble-minded," to support the weak," to guide the bewildered, to succor the tempted, or to cheer the despondent. In hurling his anathemas against professing Christians, Mr. Jones is sometimes grossly and flagrantly personal. In taking a collection, he pointed out a worthy and useful minister of the gospel present as that "miserable old gray-bearded coon over there, who had pretended to throw in the widow's mite." I leave such an outrage to be characterized by the reader. But much the most objectionable feature in Mr. Jones' preaching is found in the erroneous views he promulgates in regard to the fundamental doctrines of the New Testament. In his Epistle to the Romans Paul puts out all his strength in the masterly argument in support of the proposition that justification is by faith and not by works. Mr. Jones takes exactly the opposite position. In a sermon on the text, "What must I do to be saved?" he answered and said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." Mr. Jones said, "If the question is asked me, 'What must I do to be saved?' I might answer, be careful whom you choose as your associates." * * * "In the next place I might say to the inquirer, Read good literature." * * * Mr. Jones said "the might tell the inquirer after salvation to join the church." He then supposed "the might tell the inquirer to read his Bible, take the sacrament, and do a great many other good things." In the whole sermon there is not the most distant allusion to the answer given the jailer by Paul and Silas. It is the answer given by the apostles, and the answers made by Mr. Jones are not as far asunder as the poles—if they do not put the way of obtaining salvation on totally different ground, then human language is utterly without meaning. I had supposed it impossible that a preacher, claiming to be evangelical, could preach from the text chosen by Mr. Jones, without at least giving a hint of the gospel plan of salvation. But Mr. Jones has performed this feat. Paul and Silas said, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Mr. Jones says, "Keep good company, read good books, join the church, read your Bible, take the sacrament, and do a great many other good things, and thou shalt be saved." A more fundamental and dangerous error it would be impossible to teach. Mr. Jones by no means confined his advocacy of salvation by works to the sermon above noticed; but I have no room for further extracts; nor, indeed, are they needed. Somewhat in the same line, Mr. Jones said, "this little son Job, five years old, came one day and he (Mr. Jones) asked where he had been. Bob said, 'Up to the meeting. What did you do?' Had my sins forgiven. How do you know?" Mr. Smith said all I had to do was to ask and my sins would be forgiven. Well, what will you do if you go wrong? I will wait till Mr. Smith comes round and get my sins forgiven again. Bob seemed to understand all about it, explained Mr. Jones. In this case it seems that, in addition to keeping good company, reading good books, etc., Mr. Smith's presence was necessary in order to salvation. Bob has to wait to have his sins forgiven till Mr. Smith "comes round again." But suppose Mr. Smith never comes round again, what then becomes of little Bob?

On another important doctrine of the New Testament, Mr. Jones delivered himself thus: "He never preached on regeneration; never had sense enough. * * * He preached regeneration, not regeneration. Christ never attempted to preach on regeneration but once, and then he had only one person in the audience, who went away not knowing what the Savior had been talking about." In Mr. Jones' estimation the third chapter of John would seem to be a superfluous.

Now the question occurs, ought evangelical ministers of the gospel, by taking part in the services, to sustain and ought church members, by their presence, to encourage Mr. Jones' methods and teaching?

I have never heard Mr. Jones preach, and unless my views of truth and of the proper way to preach it undergo a radical change, I never shall.

A. BROADUS

Once when Newman Hall was praying in English in Wales, several sinners in the congregation who were unable to understand a word of the prayer were convicted of sin. That prayer was to God and not at the people, and the Holy Spirit answered it while he was still speaking.

Our Washington Letter.

The New Movement Among Farmers.
BY SCOTT F. HERSHEY, PH. D.

The other day I was casually walking along the street, when a friend, standing in a doorway, called me in, and invited me to look through the establishment, in which he was a bookkeeper. It proved to be the printing house of the *National Economist*, the official organ of the national farmers' alliance and industrial union. I was surprised at the magnitude of the growth of a paper, the existence of which I barely knew. And I was amazed at the magnitude of the movement represented by this paper. I had known that for several months there was quite a stir among the farmers of the land, and that they had a publication here at the capital. Beyond that I knew little. Within twenty minutes a new world had opened to me. I saw the most positive evidence of one of the greatest revolutions in thought and legislation that has yet come to this country. Here is a paper of sixteen pages, only fourteen months old, and has 29,000 paying subscribers. For a conservative, solid sheet, this is perhaps unprecedented in the history of American newspapers. This rapid growth indicates the immense and startling spread of the powerful organizations for which it speaks.

I was told by the manager of this enterprise that the Farmers' Alliance was strongest in the West and South. Texas has the largest number of members, and Kansas comes second. The increase is by the thousands per week, and now and then a swell tide rolls over a certain section, and ten thousand new members will be enrolled in a single week.

There is, beyond all precedence, a flood tide of thought, conviction and action rolling through the agricultural communities. The farmers of the land think they have been imposed upon by all sorts of cunning sharks. They think the laws have inadequately protected them. They think they have been defrauded by monied combinations, against which they have protested in vain. They think their interests have not been preserved by legislation. They think they have been betrayed by legislature and congress, which are most always under the domination of lawyers. And to these complaints, like the ancient yoke of our country, they make an appeal to fact. They claim the soil is just as fertile as in years gone by. They claim they toil just as hard. They claim they exercise as carefully. They claim they exercise even more care in the choice of seed. Notwithstanding these facts, the value of farming land has been slowly decreasing, and the bottom is not yet reached, and they protest against becoming a class of serfs. Their case is strong and they make it out well.

The complaint that congress is too weak to protect the rights of the farmer is more than a legislative power to betray the people's rights and money to overpowering monetary combinations is at times quite correct. They do not forget the terrible indictment of O. P. Morton, in which he said: "There is gathered around the capital of this nation a gang of pirates, who have driven this government into the most preposterous acts of bad faith and legalized robbery that ever oppressed a free nation since the dawn of history."

A similar state of affairs is about to prevail now. The Pennsylvania Railroad, through its attorney, has introduced into the House a bill to grant that party public streets and parks in return for which the company does not propose to pay anything. The value of this public property is ten million dollars. It belongs to the whole people of the United States, but because members of congress are paid a princely price to work and vote for this bill they are willing to defraud the people. Atkinson, of Pennsylvania, and Buchanan, of New Jersey, are striving hard to give this bill a good run. Their constituents are largely farmers. This movement now in congress is nothing short of a moral outrage upon the farmers, and they ought to know it.

The present movement among the farmers is a birth of the times, whose mother was necessity. Its growth and prosperity lie in the very genius of events political and conditions agricultural. The feast of the agricultural classes to justice, right and patriotism is a record of history. The very best movements in political economy have always sprung from the farmers.

Washington, D. C.

The Sunday-school Convention.

Bethel Baptist Sabbath school convention convened with Shiloh Baptist church, Saturday, June 28th, 1890.

Devotional exercises—reading 12th chapter Romans, and prayer by Eld. G. W. Webb.

In the absence of former moderator, Eld. W. A. Parker called the body to order, and Bro. Joe Lambert was chosen moderator and J. D. Jones secretary.

Bro. W. B. Jackson and Elds. I. A. White, G. W. Webb and W. A. Parker were appointed to draft a constitution and rules of order.

Bro. W. K. Thomas was on motion elected treasurer of the convention.

The following delegates were enrolled:

Spring Hill: Prof. J. H. Bassett and Mrs. M. Bassett.

Linden: P. B. Glass, J. E. Hecker and Mrs. A. F. Hecker.

Bethel: I. A. White and W. B. Jackson.

Goose Creek: W. H. DeWitt.

Canaan: Joe Lambert.
Rehoboth: G. W. Webb.
Shiloh: W. A. Parker, S. P. Jackson and F. M. Norris.

Hills: G. S. Jackson and J. M. Miller.

Bethlehem: G. W. Barkley and W. W. Thomas.

Aimwell: S. E. Smith and J. W. Cabanis.

Sweet Water: Harry Compton and S. B. Jackson.

Indian Springs: W. B. Doyle.

Union Grove: J. E. W. Norris.

The program submitted by I. A. White and W. B. Jackson was adopted.

The subject: The best means of enlisting the churches of our association in the work of this Sunday-school convention, was taken up and discussed by Elds. W. A. Parker, J. Lee Tucker and I. A. White.

Song: Bringing in the sheaves. Adjourned to 2 p. m.

2 p. m. Song: I Know Not. Prayer by Eld. I. A. White.

Song: Free Waters.

The subject: The best means of enlisting the churches in the work of the convention, being still open for discussion, was continued by Elds. W. H. DeWitt, G. W. Webb and J. M. Miller.

The committee (W. B. Jackson, G. W. Webb, W. A. Parker, I. A. White) reported on constitution and rules, and on motion the same was adopted.

Reports were made from each Sabbath school represented.

S. P. Tucker, W. K. Thomas and J. B. Doyle were appointed committee on program.

Subject: What motives should actuate us and what objects kept in view in all Sabbath school work? was discussed by Elds. I. A. White, W. A. Parker and J. L. Tucker.

Song: Let the Savior in. Prayer by Bro. W. K. Thomas.

Adjourned until 9 o'clock Sunday morning.

Sabbath morning: Devotional exercises conducted by Eld. J. W. Cabanis.

The subject: The influence of the Sabbath school in home culture and government, was taken up and discussed by Elds. W. V. Vice, I. A. White, W. A. Parker and W. B. Jackson.

Song: Close to Thee.

Essays were read by Master Earl Compton and little Rebecca and Carrie Jackson, of the Shiloh Sunbeams, and on motion a collection was taken for the benefit of the Sunbeams, which amounted to \$4.86.

Eld. I. A. White then preached to the following effect:

"But you shall receive power, and that the Holy Ghost is come up in you; and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and all Judea, and in Samaria and unto the utter most part of the earth." A collection was then taken for state missions, amounting to \$7.65.

Recess until 2 p. m.

Sabbath evening: Prayer by Eld. J. A. Huckabee.

The question box was opened and various questions were warmly discussed by Elds. W. A. Parker, I. A. White, G. W. Webb and W. V. Vice, and brethren W. B. and S. B. Jackson.

On motion the secretary was instructed to furnish the *Linden Reporter* and *ALABAMA BAPTIST* with proceedings of this convention for publication.

The committee on program for next meeting made their report, and on motion the following was adopted:

Your committee on program ask leave to report the following:

We recommend that the next session of this convention be held with Linden church, commencing on Friday before the last Sabbath in June, 1891, at 10 o'clock, a. m.; that Elder G. W. Webb preach the introductory sermon, Elder W. V. Vice alternate; that Elder W. A. Parker preach the missionary sermon on Sunday, Elder J. E. White alternate.

FRIDAY MORNING SESSION.

Devotional exercises half an hour.

1. Reading of reports from Sabbath schools. 2. Introductory sermon.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

3. The influence of the Sabbath school on home culture and government. S. G. Woolf and Geo. S. Jackson.

SATURDAY MORNING SESSION.

Devotional exercises half an hour.

4. The effect of home and Sabbath school training on church life and work. Elder J. T. Caine and J. B. Perkins.

5. Is the spirit of Sabbath schools the spirit of missions? W. B. Jackson and F. M. Dunaway.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

6. The best means of enlisting all church members in Sabbath school work. Elder I. A. White and D. J. Meador.

SUNDAY MORNING SESSION.

Devotional exercises half an hour.

7. Opening question box. 8. Missionary sermon.

All churches are requested to send delegates and correct statistics of all Sabbath school work.

Respectfully submitted.

S. P. TUCKER, Chm'n.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted: We, the officers and members of this Sabbath school convention, hereby return our thanks to the members of Shiloh church for the use of their church and for their unbounded hospitality.

Convention then adjourned to meet with Linden Baptist church on Friday before the last Sabbath in June, 1891.

JOE LAMBERT, Moderator.

J. D. JONES, Sec'y.

Ice formed in New Hampshire last week.

From Dr. Crumpton.

Dear Baptist: We arrived at Dallas on the 26th inst., after an uninterrupted trip of thirty seven hours. Not an accident nor delay from the beginning of the trip to the end. I trust the favored journey may be an earnest of our abode in this new field.

It is needless, almost, to say that we were a company of sad laborers, leaving our native state and happy and familiar field, only as we would down grief by special effort, and command dejection to keep its distance.

We are here, one thousand miles away from true and tried friends; also from five daughters and their families, of almost idolatrous devotion. What a grand sacrifice they made when they said, "We will consent!" What a heart-rending sight as we pushed off!

All but one at home with a sick husband, stood at the depot till we were gone. Not so bad as the family who see father, or mother, or brother, launch out into eternity, a friendless, godless creature. They may see us again here, but surely hereafter. We are here, I say, in body, but our spirits, on night visions, float over and around our old Alabama, and after all, not so far. Distance is almost entirely annihilated. Telegraph and railroad have almost linked the nations of the earth into one common brotherhood. If we be far we meet around one common mercy seat."

I have already felt the strengthening power of those promised prayers from so many cherished friends.

Our field is delightful and pregnant with promise. I cannot describe the warmth of the reception already given, and a grand one to be given us on Thursday night next. We are weighed down with kindness. All the Baptist churches of Dallas have welcomed us and made us feel at home. But for the oppressive heat and great drought now prevailing, we would be comfortable. In spite of all these things, two of my family will sigh for temporal advantages left behind.

They can't speak so tenderly of dear old Greenville. God bless them! They can't speak of our "home," sweet home of Evergreen, whose citizens gave us as feeling a parting as was ever given to mortal on earth.

I will write more by and bye. My friends will please address us, Dallas, Tex., southeast corner of Washington avenue and Junius St.

B. H. CRUMPTON.

Dallas, Tex., July 1st.

From the Atlanta Journal.

From a Letter from Dr. Tichenor.

Rev. A. J. Diaz, the Cuban missionary, has written a letter to Dr. I. T. Tichenor.

In it he explains the entire story of his recent arrest, which was mentioned in the *Journal*.

The letter is a very interesting one. It is dated at Havana, June 27th, and is as follows:

Dear Brother—On Wednesday evening, 25th of June, I went with Rev. Bro. Godinez and Bro. Henera and a large number of my own congregation to the city of Guanabacoa.

There was a quiet orderly congregation, about four hundred in number, and some of the best society in the city. We celebrated our meeting where we have been accustomed to hold service twice a week since the 20th of November last. Bro. Henera is the pastor in charge.

Before the close of the meeting we were interrupted by the police. We were told that we had violated the law, and I was sent immediately to the mayor's office to render an account of the proceeding. I complied without any resistance, firmly convinced that I was in the right. At the office the official in charge was questioned by me as to the notice of the meeting, and replied that the notice had been given. Then the clerk was requested to bring forth the notice, which he also confessed had been duly presented, but he failed to comply. Then we returned to the court house, where we remained until two o'clock when the two brothers, Henera and Godinez and myself, were escorted with a full accompaniment of officials to the public prison. The people, about one thousand in number, followed us to the prison. Infuriated and ready to mob the officers in charge, they surrounded the prison. I was compelled to appear in the balcony of the prison and pacify the people. Had I pleased I could have had a revolution from that moment. They were determined to have me released at any price, and I could have walked out of the prison and been well protected. As it was, the officers were at my mercy. Nineteen hours after the imprisonment the original notice was found and the registrar showed the date of its presentation. They did not wish to confess the injustice of the mistake and avoided themselves of the pretext that one word had been omitted. The law requires that the name of the rec or man in charge shall be mentioned, and their plea was that it was omitted, but the notice was signed by Mr. Henera, pastor, meaning the same thing. This is the trouble, and the violation of the law, of which we have been guilty.

A. J. DIAZ.

This was the letter. Accompanying it was a postscript in which was written:

"We have given the case to-day to a good lawyer, and I want him to show that we are all right. He says this is the end of the trial, but when this could be proved should we ask damages for it? We are three ministers put in jail with criminals and bad men, and if the officials say at the end

of it, 'I beg your pardon; we made a mistake,' should we say 'All right?' Godinez was sick and is sick still. I'll give you all the information in connection with this matter, and will send the newspapers that spoke about us and our imprisonment."

Dr. Tichenor believes that Diaz and his two companions are now at liberty. The postscript he thinks was written after their release, and it is reported in a telegram to Washington that their release has been secured.

Dr. Tichenor writes as follows:

This is a case of persecution pure and simple. The Spanish law requires that all Protestant congregations shall give to the mayor of the city a written notice of the time and places of holding their meetings.

This notification is for the purpose of distinguishing them from unlawful assemblages and in order that the mayor may protect them in what Spanish law declares their "inviolable right" to worship God as they choose.

In this case the police acting under orders from some higher authority, entered the place of worship, broke up the assemblage and arrested three of our missionaries, months after the notice had been given.

Though the mayor and his clerk both certified that the notice had been given, our brethren were imprisoned. Afterwards when the notice is produced, it is declared to be insufficient, because it does not give the name of the pastor though it is signed by Bro. Henera as pastor of the church.

This is a fair illustration of the spirit of the Catholic party in Cuba.

Two years ago, when the Bishop of Havana secretly at night, destroyed the only road to the Baptist cemetery—a road which had been used without let or hindrance for twenty years by all the people, a high official of the U. S. Government declared that such an outrage was a crime against the civilization of the nineteenth century. When a congregation of respectable citizens of Cuba are engaged in lawful religious worship in the exercise of a right declared "inviolable" by Spanish law, are broken up by the police, their ministers arrested and thrown into jail with criminals, and thieves and thieves, under the false pretense of an insufficient notice, what milder language will adequately describe that outrage? The Board has done and will continue to do everything possible to protect our missionaries in Cuba. In this attempt we have been met by difficulties of which we do not desire now to speak. Though we may not put our trust in princes, there is a God who judgeth

brethren by all our people.

I. T. TICHENOR.

From the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Items Afloat.

A Canadian detective policeman, it seems, was engaged in ferreting out a case of cow stealing, and in the progress of the investigation, he wanted to put a dog in the witness box.

Now there is little doubt, that a tolerably intelligent dog could, under certain circumstances, do at least as good service in the witness box, as certain jurors do in the jury box; and I think he would be about as well prepared for his position, as certain judges are prepared to judge of law—judges, too, in high places in the land. May be, while I am leveling, it will be as well to do the job thoroughly. "Old Dog Tray," if half that is said about him in the song be true (and I am not prepared to contradict it), would have made a very respectable gentleman, in nearly every relation of life, when compared with some who now occupy high places among us. I certainly would prefer him as an associate to many who occupy much higher positions in the state than I can ever expect to aspire to. Many of the dogs described by Sir Walter Scott, and figuring as important characters in his unrivaled romances, are really quite clever fellows. I like them. They were intelligent, upright, amiable, gentlemanly dogs; and as such they were worthy of my respect and esteem.

Even "Jip," who is quite a character in "David Copperfield," is by no means to be utterly despised, and upon the whole, I would about as soon trust "Jip" in various matters of taste, gentility and common decency, as to trust many persons from whose decision there is neither escape nor appeal.

Burns' "Cenci" and honest "Lulu" were both philosophers, and of course superior to most specimens of dogs in the state. The fact is, that most of our fine people, official and other wise, might find a great deal of valuable food for thought in "The Two Dogs," but I am perfectly certain that many who hold high positions in the land would be puzzled to know where to look for this tale, as it was never published in Bonner's *Ledger*, and is not to be found among the writings of "Sydney Cobb, Jr." Upon the whole, then, I think that the testimony of tolerably well raised dogs, that have been brought up among us, and have been used to the society of decent people, is by no means to be despised. Such a dog is very sure to be able to give valuable testimony on some important questions. For instance, he would never fail to inform us whether any comer was a respectable gentleman, who ought to be received and entertained, or a worthless vagabond, who ought to be driven off in disgrace.

In the Biennial Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, when the Hymnal was under consideration, Rev. Dr. Ma-

son, of North Carolina, rose and said, that that line in the Litany hymn, the first line of the third verse of the 50th hymn in the prayer book, the 4th in the proposed hymnal, was entirely false; that it was worse than the most notheistic heresy itself; that there never was a moment in the life of our Lord wherein a shadow "of dark despair" ever crossed his soul. I am not now disposed either to affirm or to deny the view expressed by Dr. Ma-

son; but I am pretty certain that if he were to attempt to get rid of all the bad theology which is to be found in many of our popular hymn books, he would have a heavy job on his hands. Some of our most popular hymns are neither good theology nor good sense.

It is not the amount of food which you eat, but the amount which you digest, that will help you to work. And even if you eat enough, and then digest it well, it does not follow that you will work, but only that you will have the capacity.

So in spiritual things. You may hear abundance of excellent preaching; you may appreciate it, understand it, enjoy it, but if you make no attempt to put into practice the truths to which you are so fond of listening, you may in course of time, become little better than a religious gourmand.

"I want to be fed," says many a church member, who listens to preaching, and does nothing for Christ. Spurgeon, in speaking of this large class of spiritual epicures, says they remind him of the text in the first chapter and fourteenth verse of the book of Job: "The oxen were ploughing and the asses feeding beside him."

A most palpable and Spurgeonian hit.

J. C. HIDE.

Eufaula, Ala.

From the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Another Gone.

While passing through "this vale of tears" our only consolation is that the God we serve makes no mistakes. But for the fact that our feet are firmly planted upon this rock the floods would overwhelm us.

Less than ten months since our brother and sister Bostick were welcomed to our midst. We were few and feeble; some of us were old and almost ready to take our departure, so that the addition of these and Miss Knight last July greatly cheered our hearts. Now dear Mrs. Bostick has been laid beside three noble women of our mission who preceded her—all dying in the vigor of young womanhood—and all but one just entering upon their missionary work. Mrs. Hartwell had labored for ten or twelve years in Africa, and Mrs. Holcomb were just beginning the work to which they had consecrated their lives. Mrs. Bostick had acquired the language so rapidly, was so earnest, sensible and practical in her views, that the strongest hopes were entertained of her future usefulness. On Saturday, May 3rd, she was slightly ailing. Monday a physician was called; Friday we laid her in the grave. A virulent of small pox, now so prevalent in this region, carried her off before we were scarcely aware of her danger. Her husband had started to the general conference of missionaries at Shanghai on the 30th of April, leaving her apparently in perfect health. On the 6th he was telegraphed for, but only arrived after her burial. Only God can sustain in

Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY, ALA., JULY 17, 1900.

A Gentleman.

The horse car stopped at a cross-
ing, and a newboy jumped on the
platform.

"Have a Times, Inquirer, Press?"
"I'll take a Times," said one of a
group of school girls.

"O Jenny!" said another. "From
such little monster!"

An old gentleman who was reading
glanced at the newboy. The
newboy was a dwarf, a little
back. His face, which was bent
at the girl's words, but he did not
look toward her, as he stood waiting
for his money. The old gentleman's
grave look of rebuke angered the girl.

"It makes me sick!" she said with
a look of disgust. "The conductor
ought not to allow him to come on
board."

The boy turned and looked at her
steadily. Everybody on the car ex-
pected a torrent of vile abuse, but he
said, gently—

"If the beast were not here, the
people on the car would not appre-
ciate the beauty of her real value,"
and then bowing to her, he went out,
amid the smiles of all the passengers.

The old gentleman, who was a well-
known physician, Dr. Avery—followed
him, but he was already out of sight.

"Who is that boy?" he asked the
conductor.

"His name's Will, and his route is
on this street. I don't know anything
more."

"He has an educated voice, and he
showed good breeding and sense
just now."

"No doubt. The other news boys
call him 'Gentleman Will.' Everybody
likes him. We conductors give him
the freedom of the cars on this street."

A few days afterwards, Dr. Avery
was on a car late in the evening when
Will came in carrying a large bundle
of papers. He said none, and
turned to go out, looking discouraged
and anxious.

Dr. Avery stopped him, drew out a
paper, and handing him a piece of
silver, said, "No, er mind the change."

"No, thank you, sir," said the boy,
smiling, as he gave it to him.

"Why not, young independence?"
"I don't need alms, sir. I really
get on very well. And if I did—"

"You would not take it?"
"It would be the hardest thing I
every had to do. Good evening, sir!"
and touching his cap, the little hunch-
back swung himself off the car.

Dr. Avery after that often met the
boy, who puzzled and interested him.
There was nothing morbid in him;
he was always ready with a laugh or
a merry answer. His voice was con-
trolled and gentle, and there was a
fine courtesy, a tact, a delicate feel-
ing, in all his words, that he did not
find sometimes in those who call them-
selves gentlemen. In spite of the boy's
wretched clothes and patched shoes,
Dr. Avery found himself talking to
him as an equal, and always thought
of him as his little friend.

Late one night, when it was storm-
ing heavily, he met him, trudging
down Chestnut street.

"You have a hard life, my boy,"
he said kindly.

"Not so hard as you think, sir," he
said cheerfully. "I am never sick an
hour. Then I do a better business
than other boys because of this,"
glancing down at his deformed body.

"Oh!"
The doctor was confused for a min-
ute.

"Have you any plans, Willie? Do
you ever look forward?"

"Yes, Oh, I have it all planned out.
If I could have enough to start a
street stall of books and papers, then
after a year or two I would be able to
open a shop, and then a big store. Some
one who began that way in Philadel-
phia has become a publisher, and lives
in beautiful houses of their own."

"Hill! Do you care for fine
houses?"

"Not for myself, sir."

He became suddenly silent, and at
the corner of the next street, said,
"Good night!" and ran away.

A moment later, Dr. Avery heard
cries and shouts in the direction which
Willie had taken; but such things are
common in a great city. He hurried
home.

The next morning, looking over
the paper he read:

"A little hunchback newsboy,
known as 'Gentleman Will,' was
knocked down by a runaway horse
last night. Dr. Johns pronounced the
injuries mortal. The lad was taken to
the Penn Hospital."

Dr. Avery was soon beside the cot
on which the misshapen little body
was laid.

Willie looked up, trying to smile.
"It is not so bad as they say, is it?
I can't die now! I have too much to
do."

"What have you to do, my boy?"
Let me be your friend; let me help
you, if I can."

"I thought you would come, maybe.
I haven't anybody to come. The boys
are good friends, but they couldn't do
anything now."

"I have come, you see. Tell me
what I can do, my boy."

The lad waited until the nurse had
passed his cot, and then whispered:

"It's Letty, sir. She is my sister. I
have her out at a farmer's wife near
Media. She goes to school there. It
takes all I can make to pay her board
and buy her clothes. I like to see her
look nice. His mind began to wander,
and he began to mutter at inter-
vals—

"If I could start the stall—the shop—
a carriage for Letty!"

The doctor was forced to leave
him. When he came back in the af-
ternoon, he was rational, and when
the doctor wished to go for his sister,
said:

"No, don't bring Letty here. She
mustn't know how poor I am. When
I go out on Sundays to see her I have
my good suit on. She calls me a
'swell.' Yes, she does," laughing, but
with tears in his eyes. "I went once
with some papers to a Quaker board-
ing school for girls near town, sir."

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