

Alabama Baptist

MONTGOMERY, ALA., AUGUST 7, 1930.

From the Illustrated Christian Weekly.

Ross Carson's Courage.

Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school house, pell mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm; "there's a spider on the pump handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would be witty remark, and the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's feet fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom, and crowding close to Ross he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stopped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but he was determined to give no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said that he could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions because he taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reason for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and he never his mother knew what he endured.

He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of true heroism, for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring, and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro, and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity, and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enemy against him, and understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in the Hillsboro Academy."

But retribution was near at hand, and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town hall was being built in Hillsboro, and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple close to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half completed steeple, and the next day at the noon recess Tom proposed to call a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stair led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice in a tone of entreaty, and looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," answered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

"We see it, but what of it?" answered Louis Raymond.

"It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe," and before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding, and was walking fearlessly about it.

"The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful."

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began rather a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down—a fatal thing, for his head, which had, until now, been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, waiting, in an agony of suspense, for the fatal end of this terrible drama; before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set teeth, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple on to the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"It touches him, Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was Ross heard it, and half turned his head toward Louis, pausing a moment to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and throwing his arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stairs, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town hall.

He was still weeding, a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and looking up, he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lip quivered as he made his humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.

Ross took the proffered hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said, "I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out and glad to be friends with you."

And friends fast and true they were from that time forth, and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed on the scaffolding about the new town hall had been testimony to his courage which was convincing, and the people of Hillsboro were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was a hero. But I think that the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.

Just a Little.

"Only just a little, a very, very little," said the brook to the bank.

And the bank was silent, and the brook wore its sides till the earth melted away and the suds floated down the stream.

"Just a little more, a very little more," said the brook again.

And the waters pressed against the roots of the willows that grew beyond the bank and laid them bare.

"Just a little, little more," said the brook again.

And the winding stream advanced with fresh force till, one by one, the willows fell and were borne away in the torrent.

"Alas!" cried the meadow, as the waters closed in on it, "if I had not neglected the first attack on my bank my fence would never have been destroyed; but now my protection is gone, and I am rightly served in being turned from a fruitful field into a watery waste."

It is always so with the beginning of evil. Yielded to "just a little," by and by it claims the whole.

The Roll Call in Heaven.

An incident is related by an army chaplain: The hospital tents had been filling up fast as the wounded men had been brought to the rear. Among the number was a young man mortally wounded, and not able to speak. It was near midnight, and many a loved one from our homes lay sleeping on the battlefield—that sleep that knows no waking until Jesus shall call for them.

The surgeons had been their rounds of duty, and for a moment all was quiet. Suddenly this young man, before speechless, called in a clear distinct voice, "Here."

The surgeon listened to his side, and asked what he wished. "Nothing," said he, "they are calling the roll in heaven, and I was answering to my name." He turned his head and was gone—gone to join the great army whose uniform is washed white in the blood of the Lamb. Reader, in the great roll-call of eternity, your name will be heard. Can you answer, "Here?" Are you one of the soldiers of Christ, the great Captain of salvation?—Ex.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

A Sister's Influence.

"If I only had a sister, Cousin Helen, but I am so lonely. You know that since mamma died I have no one but papa and Hugh."

The speaker was a young girl only eighteen years of age, but her earnest face was expressive of strong character.

"Why not let Hugh take a sister's place?" suggested Cousin Helen.

"How?" and Margie's eyes really sparkled.

"Talk with him about the many things that interest you, great and small. Our brothers like to feel that their sisters can trust them."

"Margie," continued Cousin Helen, with a troubled look in her eyes, "there has recently been opened down town an elegant saloon which is called 'The Gilded Palace,' and last evening I overheard a conversation between Hugh and his friend, Chester Winthrop, concerning it. Hugh evidently thought it an improper place for moral young men to frequent, but Chester tried to overcome his scruples by pointing him that there are rooms connected with the main saloon where moral men can assemble without coming in contact with anything objectionable, and that many of the best young men in town spend their evenings there. Pardon me, dear, but have you made home attractive to Hugh of late?"

"I am afraid not, Cousin Helen, for I have fallen into the selfish habit of spending much time in my own room. Thank you for your suggestion."

That evening, as Hugh Nelson was passing through the hall, hat in hand, he was surprised to hear his sister call out from the parlor:

"Are you going out, Hugh?"

"Yes," he answered with hesitancy, for a glance into the pretty parlor, with its glowing grate fire and open piano, made him almost wish that he were going to spend the evening at home.

"Come in a little while, please, and help me select my new suit," pleaded Margie.

"Your new suit!" echoed Hugh with astonishment. "What do I know about girls' suits?"

"I believe you can help me," urged Margie. "For you display fine taste in the selection of your own clothes. You know, Hugh, I have not been accustomed to choose for myself, and I miss mamma so much."

A quiver in the voice that Hugh could not resist, and after hanging his hat on the rack he walked into the parlor, and was soon as deeply interested in the examination of dress samples as his little sister could wish.

From that time Margie followed her cousin's suggestion to the very letter. She laid her plans before Hugh as she would have done before an older sister, always asking his opinion concerning them, thereby making him feel that she needed his companionship and counsel. By this means there was gradually formed between them a bond of friendship which was truly beautiful.

Years passed, and one evening while Hugh and Margie Nelson were enjoying the quiet of their cozy parlor, Margie was startled by an exclamation of horror from her brother, and on turning toward him, she saw that he had dropped the evening paper and had buried his face in his hands. Catching up the paper she anxiously glanced down the column until she came to this item:

"A young man, named Chester Winthrop, was fatally wounded last evening at the Gilded Palace saloon with a pistol shot fired by David Holmes. Doubtless both of the young men were under the influence of liquor."

"Was Chester Winthrop once your friend?" asked Margie.

"Yes," answered Hugh, as he raised a pale face from his hands; "and but for the influence of my precious little sister I might be as he is tonight."

Margie looked incredulous. For Hugh had so many years been an earnest Christian that she could not imagine him as having sunk to such depths of degradation as Chester Winthrop evidently had done.

"After mother died," resumed Hugh, with a sigh, "I was sad and lonely. Father was absorbed in business, you spent much time by your self, and I longed for some attractive place in which to spend my evenings. Chester asked me to go to the Gilded Palace saloon, which, he said, had every attraction heart could wish. After much urging I consented; but on the appointed evening you wished me to help you select your new suit. As I looked into the parlor which you had made bright and pretty, I thought some other night would do for my visit to the Gilded Palace, so I yielded to your persuasions and spent the evening at home."

"But, after that, I found every evening the same, for you always had some pleasant entertainment in store for me; and I finally came to the conclusion that our parlor was palace enough for me, and that it would be difficult to find more attractive company than that of my own sweet sister."

"Margie," he continued, while a soft light came into his eyes, "although I was not a Christian, yet I talked so freely with me about our religious experiences that I could not fail to see the deep satisfaction you found in the religion of Jesus Christ. I soon came to yearn for the peace and rest that you evidently enjoyed, and so I was led to yield my heart to the Savior. Ah, little Margie, if all sisters were as good and wise as mine has been, the saloon keepers would find few victims among our young men!"

While Margie Nelson listened to this candid confession, her heart was raised to God in gratitude for the blessed assurance of having been the instrument through which He saved her noble brother.

The beginning of every genuine Christian life is by the supernatural operation of the Holy Spirit; and the Son of God is concerned in every step of that life to the final entrance into glory.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

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Time Table.
Alabama Midland Railway Co.
TRAINS EAST.

No. 2	Fast Mail	No. 6	Accom.
Lv Montgomery	8:00 a.m.	Lv Montgomery	4:00 p.m.
Lv Snowdon	8:22 a.m.	Lv Snowdon	4:22 p.m.
Lv LeGrand	8:36 a.m.	Lv LeGrand	4:36 p.m.
Lv Sprague Junction	8:40 a.m.	Lv Sprague Junction	4:40 p.m.
Lv Ramer	9:05 a.m.	Lv Ramer	5:05 p.m.
Lv Tenuille	9:45 a.m.	Lv Tenuille	5:45 p.m.
Lv Troy, Ala.	10:10 a.m.	Lv Troy, Ala.	6:10 p.m.
Lv Dothan	10:40 a.m.	Lv Dothan	6:40 p.m.
Lv Wolford	11:00 a.m.	Lv Wolford	7:00 p.m.
Lv Knoxville	11:25 a.m.	Lv Knoxville	7:25 p.m.
Lv Aristo	11:40 a.m.	Lv Aristo	7:40 p.m.
Lv Dillards	12:05 p.m.	Lv Dillards	8:05 p.m.
Lv Ashford	12:30 p.m.	Lv Ashford	8:30 p.m.
Lv Oak	12:45 p.m.	Lv Oak	8:45 p.m.
Lv Newton	1:05 p.m.	Lv Newton	9:05 p.m.
Lv Midland City	1:20 p.m.	Lv Midland City	9:20 p.m.
Lv Ashford	1:35 p.m.	Lv Ashford	9:35 p.m.
Lv Gordon	2:15 p.m.	Lv Gordon	10:15 p.m.
Lv River	2:20 p.m.	Lv River	10:20 p.m.
Lv Sheffield, Ga.	2:30 p.m.	Lv Sheffield, Ga.	10:30 p.m.
Lv Donaldsonville	2:40 p.m.	Lv Donaldsonville	10:40 p.m.
Lv Brooklyn	3:10 p.m.	Lv Brooklyn	11:10 p.m.
Lv Brinson	3:25 p.m.	Lv Brinson	11:25 p.m.
Lv Bainbridge	4:00 p.m.	Lv Bainbridge	12:00 p.m.

TRAINS SOUTH-LIVERNE DIVISION.
Leave Montgomery 3:30 p.m.
Arrive Sprague Junction 4:40 p.m.
Leave Sprague Junction 4:45 p.m.
Arrive Liverne 7:30 p.m.

TRAINS NORTH.
Leave Liverne 6:00 a.m.
Arrive Montgomery 9:30 a.m.

TRAINS WEST.
Leave Montgomery 8:00 a.m.
Arrive Montgomery 4:00 p.m.

ACCOMMODATION.
Leave Oak 6:00 a.m.
Leave Troy 7:55 a.m.
Arrive Montgomery 10:15 p.m.
B. DUNHAM, G. S. HADEN, M. L. MURK, G. P. A.
W. J. HARLOW, Supt. Trains.

Through Schedule Via CENTRAL R. R. OF GEORGIA.
Leave Montgomery 7:40 a.m. 3:50 p.m.
Arrive Troy 11:05 a.m. 7:20 p.m.
Leave Troy 7:40 a.m. 3:50 p.m.
Arrive Montgomery 11:05 a.m. 7:20 p.m.

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 Thomsville 5:20 p.m. 11:25 a.m.
Arrive Waycross 5:00 a.m. 5:00 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville 7:55 a.m. 7:55 a.m.
Arrive Brunswick 12:40 p.m. 12:40 p.m.
Pullman Sleeper through to Waycross and Jacksonville on 7:30 p.m. train.

VIA EUFALA AND SMITHVILLE.
Leave Montgomery 7:40 a.m. 7:30 p.m.
Arrive Eufala 11:05 a.m. 12:25 p.m.
Arrive Smithville 1:10 p.m. 12:30 a.m.
Leave Smithville 2:00 p.m. 4:30 a.m.
Arrive Macon 5:30 p.m. 7:50 a.m.
Arrive Augusta 6:55 a.m. 4:55 p.m.
Arrive Savannah 6:30 a.m. 5:40 p.m.
7:40 a.m. train solid to Macon. Connects with through sleeper and solid train at Macon for Savannah.

VIA ALBANY AND THOMASVILLE TO JACKSONVILLE.
Leave Montgomery 7:40 a.m. 7:30 p.m.
Arrive Eufala 11:05 a.m. 12:25 p.m.
Arrive Smithville 1:10 p.m. 12:30 a.m.
Leave Smithville 2:00 p.m. 4:30 a.m.
Arrive Macon 5:30 p.m. 7:50 a.m.
Arrive Albany 2:40 p.m. 1:20 a.m.
Arrive Waycross 5:00 a.m. 5:00 a.m.
Arrive Jacksonville 7:55 a.m. 7:55 a.m.

Through vestibule Sleepers Montgomery to Albany, Waycross and Jacksonville, without change on 7:30 p.m. train.

For further information relative to tickets, rates, best routes, etc., apply to S. T. SURATT, Depot T. A., R. H. HUDSON, City T. A., W. H. WILLIAMS, Agent, Montgomery, Ala.

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