

# THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

HARE & POPE, Publishers. MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891. NUMBER 7.

## True Friendship.

[A sermon preached by Rev. Geo. B. Eager, at the Parker Memorial church, Anniston, to the Knights of Pythias, reported for the *Hot Blast*, and published by request.]

"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov. 17:17.

"A man that hath friends shall show himself friendly."—Prov. 18:24.

I have been asked to speak a word to my brother Knights who are here with us this morning. What shall it be? How shall one who has scarcely gotten over the ordeal of initiation himself, speak in consonance with "the sweet mysteries" of such an order? But the name itself is significant, and shall suggest its theme. "Knights of Pythias"—you recall the beautiful story upon which the brotherhood is based, the story of Damon and Pythias, names linked in indissoluble bonds as symbols of noble, sweet, disinterested friendship. Pythias condemned to die by the tyrant of Syracuse, Dionysius, the Elder, asks a brief time to see his affairs in order. Damon stands security for his return. As the time of execution approaches, and Pythias fails to appear, Damon is ordered to be executed in his place. But, in the nick of time, Pythias appears, and his friend is saved. The cruel tyrant is so moved that he releases both, and begs to be admitted to the circle of their friendship.

Now it is upon the spirit of that story, one of the most beautiful in all history, that this noble brotherhood is based, rejoicing to be known as "the Knights of Pythias."

This much more I have learned of the deeper "mysteries" of the order, that it exists for social enjoyment and mutual helpfulness—an end most justifiable and praiseworthy.

Social enjoyment is a moral duty. This life is toil and hardship. It has for every one its long days and weary hours. Often the heart faints and the head loses its balance.

Some rain must fall in every life. Some days grow dark and dreary.

Home, of course, is a retreat and a relief, but man is a social as well as a domestic being. He craves the companionship of his fellows. And socially renews energy and adds to life. The venerable and vigorous Barnum was right: "Pleasure is a law of longevity." "Laughter and grow fat" let's amend the reading: "Laugh and live long." Well were it if busy men would give more time to social enjoyment and rejuvenescence.

Friendship. It is based on brotherhood and blossoms into friendship and charity. The man is yet to be discovered who never gets sick, never gets into trouble, never needs a lift, can always help others but never needs help. Who of us has always had plenty of flour and friends, three square meals a day, and three changes of clothes, taxes and rent paid up, and money to pay bills on presentation? The ancients were right. This world is a wheel, with hub in the center and tire outside; but nobody lives at the hub, and the tire goes round. Don't you see, your tire section is in the rut, and you are down—in health, in spirits, and in credit. That theory is recognized in this inspired book; life is an ever-revolving wheel of vicissitude and fortune; and it gives rise to this kindred order, it makes Christian charity the law of life. The upper spokes must support the under. The tire in the air helps the tire in the rut out. The whirling wheel gives us all a chance to know what it is to be up and what it is to be down. Hence human sympathy; hence this spirit of succor; this principle of your order, mutual helpfulness.

Social enjoyment to assist tired nature; mutual helpfulness; the upper man to help the under. Sound morality; sweet charity. So you have my subject in the underlying object of your order—"True Friendship," and my text calls to us: "first, what friendship is, and second, what friendship does."

WHAT FRIENDSHIP IS.

It is a worthy question—What is Friendship? It is no negative, hollow thing. The wise man tells us a "friend loveth." It is no "make-believe," no mere sham or show of sentiment, to be sped in striking hands or playing "half-fellow-well-met" with those about you. "A man void of heart striketh hands," adds the wise man, "and becometh surety in the presence of his neighbor." That is, it is all assumed, put on for effect. But "A friend loveth." Alas! there is still not a little of this hollow stuff passing current for friendship. Friendship is grounded in brotherhood; friendship means "love." "A friend loveth." Again, friendship is constant. "A friend loveth at all times." Not alone in the sunshine, mark you, but in the shadow as well. Not in prosperity, only, but also in adversity. Hear the whole of the proverb: "A friend loveth at all times; and a brother is born for adversity."

You have heard of the rich man who wanted to know how poverty felt and tried it. He dressed up in shabby clothes, looked like a toiler, spent day after day going around for work, called here and called there, received curt replies to his earnest inquiries, came home without employment at last, and felt that night, as he thought over his fruitless search for labor, as though he were in actual want, with no money and no credit. He had come to know, as never before, how the poor feel at the mercy of the

world. It enlarged his sympathies and his sense of brotherhood, and he opened his hand afresh and more lavishly for the relief of his fellows. Ah! that we all might learn the lesson better! that we might hear the voice that speaks from many a heart about us:

"Oh, friends, I pray to-night, keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow."

The way is lonely; let me feel them now. Think gently of me; I am travel-worn. My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.

Forgive, oh, hearts estranged, forgive I plead! When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need!

The tenderness for which I long to-night."

Again: Friendship means sacrifice. No love that is constant can stop short of that. "A brother is born for adversity." "Charity suffereth long and is kind." "Charity endureth all things." "Charity never faileth." Friendship true and simple has its illustrations in all history. Damon and Pythias are found living in every age, under every sky. Look at the young sailor, who, when the last place in the life boat was offered, drew back, saying: "Save my mate here, for he has a wife and children," and went down with the sinking ship. See that poor woman, out on a western prairie on a winter night, wrap her babe in her own scanty dress, and patiently lie down in the snow to die, saving the little one's life at the cost of her own. Hear the poor child dying in a New York garret with the pathetic words: "I am glad I am dying, for now brother and sister will have enough to eat."

True friendship is the good Samaritanism of the Bible. You cross the street to note the distress of a stranger. You get off your horse and set another on. You pour on him the oil you had provided for yourself. The wine you had bottled for your own refreshment, you put to the parched lips of the friendless sufferer. The pocketbook, stored with money for your own use, you hand to the keeper of the inn to pay the board of your sick fellow—out of work and away from home. You send for a physician to dress and heal his wound—and above all you speed your love-winded message to heaven, for the Good Physician to minister the balm of God's love and the oil of consolation! Ah! that is friendship. Friendship is real, friendship is constant, friendship is self-sacrificing.

But consider, as the text suggests, WHAT FRIENDSHIP DOES.

Perhaps I ought to put it this way: friendship does for you what you do for others.

Friendship, then, is a mutual relationship, perhaps we may paraphrase it, "a man that would have friends"—"must show himself friendly." It enlarges the idea of what a friend is, by teaching us thus what a friend does, or should do. Let me translate it then into the plain prose of duty.

A true friend will make friends. He will "show himself friendly."

Now we all ought to do that. Every man ought to be wealthy in friends, and he may be. You may lack money, or education or high station, and yet have hosts of friends; and after all, that is what makes life worth living. What is it that drives the suicide to self-destruction? Drink? Sometimes. Madness? Often. But perhaps as often and surely as anything else that utter sense of friendliness and desolation so frequently expressed in the note of explanation, "I haven't a friend left in the world."

Against such a "rainy day" every man should provide. You can do it, and you should do it. Be friendly yourself, make friends of your fellows, and you forestall such a fate. Enlarge the circle of your acquaintances, you must know men if you would love them, or have them love you. Get acquainted with everybody you can—

with those of your own calling, of course, but with hosts of other people also. I am a minister; shall I stop with knowing ministers? You are a lawyer, a doctor, a merchant, a mechanic, or a farmer; shall you be content to know only those of your own calling? Other things being equal, width of acquaintances is a good thing. So broaden the range of your acquaintance. Be social. Don't walk the streets glum and self-absorbed. Look men in the face. Give them a nod or smile of recognition if you know them; even if you don't know them, it won't hurt. Have a hand-clasp ready for all sorts, old and young, rich and poor. It will tell, for your good and theirs too.

Greet the children, make friends of the people you live by, and of the people you work with, of every man you employ, and of every man in your order, society or church; of the negro, the Chinaman, the Bohemian, the tramp, the street Arab, the convict. If you are what you ought to be you can afford it, indeed you can't afford not to do it. Stanley says that Livingston left a trail of friends from one side of Africa to the other. He shed a pleasant smile, left a pleasant word, or did a trivial kindness every where he went, among men, women or children, in the Dark Continent. And they treated Stanley kindly because he was the friend of Livingston.

That is a touching incident related of Bishop Folke, of Louisiana. He was a large slaveholder, you know, but a friend and pastor to his slaves as well. One of them lay dying. After ministering to him as best he could, he asked, "Now, Tom, is there anything else I can do for you?" "Yes, Massa," was the answer, "Ef you'll only lay down here by me and put your arms round my neck, like you used to do when we was boys together under de walnut tree, I think I could die now easy." And the great man lay down

by his side, and in the white master's arms, the black slave died. Make friends, make friends, make friends. But it is not enough to make friends, we must add friends. You remember the old poem:

"Friend after friend departs, Who has not lost a friend? There is no union here of hearts That has not here an end."

Some of you have read that weird old prose song of Ossian, with the pathetic cry, "The friends of my youth, where are they?" And where are they? Go back to your childhood and call them over. What has become of them? By the time you were twenty, one-eighth of them were gone; at forty one-half, at sixty three-fourths and if you live to be eighty, not one in fifty of the boys and girls of your school days will be in the land of the living. Now you start out in life holding only to your first friends, and how soon you will have none! You remember Dr. Samuel Johnson's words: "A man should keep his friendships in constant repair. If he does not make new acquaintances as he advances in life, he will soon find himself left alone."

And Horace Walpole was wise: "If one of my friends happens to die, I drive down to St. James' coffee house and bring home another." Let us keep our friendships in repair, as Dr. Johnson says; and if one of our friends die, let's go forth at once, as Horace Walpole did, and bring home another. Keep the vacancies filled up.

It is not well for any man to associate exclusively with those of his own age or calling. The 70's should form friendships with the 60's, the 60's with the 50's, the 50's with the 40's, the 40's with the 30's, the 30's with the 20's, and the 20's with the 10's. Think of the beautiful story of Eli and Samuel. The snow of age and the ruddy freshness of childhood. Winter and spring in lovely wedlock! Parents should be the friends of their children forever, and children the friends of their parents. One blessing of children is the hold they give us on the next generation—they and their companions. How parents and grandparents live over their lives in their children and grandchildren! What a rejuvenescence it brings them! There is no more attractive sight in the world than these friendships formed across the decades of years. Young men, choose older companions, if you would live wisely and well; old men, make friends among the young if you would not only live long, but "live while you live." Freshen your hearts at the fountain of perpetual youth.

Friends come in about eighty, the young men of England would rather be with Gladstone to-day than with their peers in age. Paul loved young men, as we see in the case of Timothy and Titus. The loving John died young and rich in friends at nearly 100, because he made new ones even unto the end. It is said men form no friendships after sixty. It is not so, at least with me; when it is so it is poor taste, bad reason and worse religion. You are in middle life, you have moved from familiar to unfamiliar associations; you are in a new place and know, perhaps, but a few people. Shall it be always so? Why, for every friend you have left or lost you should add five, and thus make the coming years, not weary, gloomy years, but glad years of abounding blessing and sweet association. Oh, the dreariness of an old age, such as is described in the hopeless confession of Macbeth!

"My way of life Is fallen into the sea and yellow leaf; And that which should accompany old age, As honor, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have."

True friendship should stand for the perpetuation of the old and the forming of new friendships. Now, in order to that, you must show yourself friendly. A great church was going up in Brooklyn. Many plain men were at work on it. One day one of them was going down the street and the architect supervisor met him. He stopped, shook hands with him, and asked him about himself. The man was not used to it, and looking his superior straight in the face, he said: "Sir, you don't know how much good this does me." "Why, what?" "This word of interest in me, sir. I shall go home and tell my wife that Mr. Bartlett did full justice to his subject, and among other striking oratorical things was this one: 'He stands for many as American history. He did many things during his life, but that is what was. If a great sculptor should undertake to represent American history, he would carve the figure of Bartlett.' He had spoken when Lincoln's remains were received at New York, and had delivered the address on Lincoln before the two houses of congress, but we do not associate him with politics or any other form of literature—he is to us, statesque and severe, an American history."

It is a curious coincidence that two eminent visiting clergymen of different denominations and preaching in different churches should, within a few weeks of each other, have selected the same text—"All things work together for the good of them that love God"—from which to preach powerful sermons.

Rev. F. J. Newton, who has been a missionary in India for twenty years, has been telling Washington congregations something of his interesting work in that country.

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.—Cower.

and the last sad rites will be performed. Let us so live that hearts may cherish our memory and the grass grow green on our graves when we are gone.

Abraham was the friend of man while he lived, and he had this testimony after he died, that he was the friend of God. The friend of man! The friend of God! Glorious tribute of earth and heaven!

About Ben Adhem, may his tribe increase! Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold.

Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold, And to the presence in the room he said: "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head, And a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."

"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not here," Replied the angel, about spoke more low, But cheerily said, "I'll pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men." The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed; And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

May you all, brethren, be found at last among those "whom love of God hath blessed," and may it appear even here and now in the love of your fellow-men! Never forget Him who "loveth at all times," who is "a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," who taught us by lip and life to "love our neighbors as ourselves," and make it possible for us to "keep the whole law" through faith in Him. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all ever more. Amen!

Our Washington Letter.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 28, 1891.

The present situation in Congress gives a bit of encouragement for those interested in moral reform legislation to hope that after all something may be accomplished at this session, provided the bone of political contention, which is now apparently out of the way, will be allowed to stay out of the way.

The W. C. T. U. never tires in the good work. This week its members succeeded in prevailing upon the police authorities to seize a lot of indecent lithographs and posters used to advertise a theatrical company. The ladies should keep this up, as there have been few weeks for a long time that pictures of this class have not been posted in the most conspicuous places that could possibly be found.

Recently I had occasion to express my belief that the statement made by a member of congress affirming that more wine was consumed in Washington than in any other city of its population was correct. This week I accidentally saw the following paragraph in a letter, giving the personal experience of a New York lady, which I quote as further proof on the subject: "It is the custom in this town to serve punch at all afternoon teas, and even the unpunctuating at home days. Mrs. B. gives you rum punch, Mrs. X. has claret cup, Mrs. W. champagne cocktail in a glass bowl with a big ladle beside it. Dear me. When you get through at Mrs. W.'s you don't pay much attention as to what sort of beverage is to be found at the next hospitable mansion, but you drink it all the same. It is bound to have run in it. Everything has run in it—even the tea. Yes, indeed. One lovely lady I know makes a specialty of rum tea." It consists of half a cup of hot tea with sufficient sassafras to fill up the receptacle. It doesn't taste very strong when you drink it. But it tastes strong afterward. I assure you that a round of teas in Washington means as many glasses of punch as the visiting cards you leave, and never has such a variety of this particular concoction been seen anywhere on the face of the earth—red punch, white punch, amber punch, green punch, pink punch. Comments are superfluous. The disgraceful story is fully set forth.

The virtues, the example, and the life-work of the late George Bancroft formed the subject of Rev. Dr. Bartlett's sermon last Sunday evening, his text being Job 3:6, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like a shock of corn coming in its season." Dr. Bartlett did full justice to his subject, and among other striking oratorical things was this one: "He stands for many as American history. He did many things during his life, but that is what was. If a great sculptor should undertake to represent American history, he would carve the figure of Bancroft." He had spoken when Lincoln's remains were received at New York, and had delivered the address on Lincoln before the two houses of congress, but we do not associate him with politics or any other form of literature—he is to us, statesque and severe, an American history."

It is a curious coincidence that two eminent visiting clergymen of different denominations and preaching in different churches should, within a few weeks of each other, have selected the same text—"All things work together for the good of them that love God"—from which to preach powerful sermons.

Rev. F. J. Newton, who has been a missionary in India for twenty years, has been telling Washington congregations something of his interesting work in that country.

Habits are soon assumed; but when we strive to strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.—Cower.

## Taxation of Church Property.

The question of the wisdom of taxation of church property from taxation is a question of importance hitherto unknown. In time past it has been supposed that the churches exerted a conserving and beneficial influence upon society, and in order to build up and favor that good influence, the several States have enacted laws exempting church property from taxation.

In many of our large cities, under this provision, church properties of mammoth proportions (reaching up into millions) have been accumulated. They are not secured by purchase directly nor are they built in a single year. Far from it. Their accumulation is the result of years of quiet persistence, and often the object of the enterprise are not known in the neighborhood where the property is located.

A priest, or his agent, gifted with a deep foresight of the conditions of future property, buys a block or tract of land, and to secure it from taxation erects a building which can be used as a school. Some servants of the church are placed in charge, a school is opened, and the parents belonging to the church are instructed that they must put their children under the tuition of the church, as they must not attend that "godless public school." A room is consecrated for a chapel, and here a priest, or "sister" daily reads the *Church Ritual*, hears the catechism and creed recited, and reads prayers in Latin. Occasionally a sermon is preached, and regularly some priest comes and "confesses" the scholars who are old enough and their teachers. The teaching may be very superficial (as it usually is); but this is church property, and while property is it is subject to yearly tax, the enterprise I am considering is not taxed. It rises in value with every improvement made for miles around. Railroads, manufactories, street-car lines, public school buildings, the church buildings erected by other denominations, all enhance the value of this property.

Perhaps this school or house is also a hospital, and the "sisters" beg from door to door, ostensibly to maintain the poor. By and by the means thus secured have aggregated thousands of dollars, and large buildings are erected. The institution now becomes a convent. The property has cost the church comparatively little. The land was bought while it was cheap. The public, largely Protestant, gave, in dime and penny, the means to put up the convent buildings. The sisters worked for a maintenance. But a church which is diametrically opposed to the spirituality and simplicity which was the crowning glory of the Apostolic church, has grown rich, by so much as the value of the property, and yields her gigantic influence to deprive the people of the privilege of reading the Bible, shuts it out of our common schools, pays unwillingly no allegiance to our civil rulers; and, in fact, seeks only to build up a powerful hierarchy whose every influence is calculated to give the Pope of Rome temporal power in every land.

I submit to every candid reader the questions: Is not the fact of the non-taxation of church property a powerful aid to Roman Catholicism?

Are not her policy and administration opposed to a grade of popular education, and to the religious freedom which our Pilgrim fathers braved so much to establish and enjoy?

Cannot all Protestant churches afford to pay taxes on their less costly church properties, if thereby this gigantic aid to Rome's advancement is withheld?

I am in favor of the taxation of all church property, for the above reasons; but, if this position is considered too ultra, let all church property above certain stipulated values (of course the stipulation would have to be graded to fit the cities and buildings in city and country) be taxed the same as any other property.

This article is not, in any sense, exhaustive. It throws out a few suggestions upon a momentous subject, in hopes of provoking investigation.—Mrs. M. C. BAKER, in *Legal Miscellany*.

## The Whisky Traffic.

The whisky traffic has passed when any reasonable man will say that the traffic in spirits is not a great evil, and the cause either directly or indirectly of many other evils that afflict mankind. It is blighting and corrupting influence is seen and felt everywhere, and the great problem among Christians and philanthropists long has been, what can be done to arrest the evil? Prohibition has had and still has many advocates, and prohibitory laws against the traffic have accomplished good, when rendered effectual by the indorsement of public sentiment in those localities where such measure have been tried; but it is well known that in cases where a majority of the people are in favor of whisky and have not been educated to believe that its sale and use as a beverage is wrong, prohibition has been tried in vain, and disappointed its friends and advocates. The remedy suggested for the evil then is simple and plain. It is this: Educate the people, especially the young, upon the subject of temperance, and teach and encourage them that if they use intoxicating liquors, they are morally responsible for the evils that will be sure to follow such a course.

Let the importance of temperance and sobriety be taught in the family circle, in the Sunday and literary

schools, by the press and from the sacred desk. If all these potent influences and instrumentalities were properly brought to bear upon receptive minds and hearts, it would not be long until a saloon would be a rare thing in any town or community, and a drunken man would as seldom be seen at large and unrestrained as any other unfortunate creature deprived of reason; and the taint that "prohibition does not prohibit," would no more be heard from the lips of any people would then be in favor of morality and virtue, and they would not allow the vicious and corrupt to impose upon them anything so debasing and pernicious to society as whisky shops. And if any should dare to sell an article so baneful in its effects as intoxicating liquor, they would be surely and speedily indicted and made to pay the penalty prescribed by law, and "prohibition would prohibit."

Moral reforms can only be accomplished by moral means; and men cannot be legislated into good, moral and upright citizens. Other means must be used for that purpose. It is the province of the law to restrain and punish the wicked—it cannot reach the heart, the seat of all corrupt principles. To expect the attainment of an end without the use of the proper means is fanatical, and there has been an exhibition of much fanaticism among many of those who have heretofore engaged in the temperance reformation. They have meant well, but their blind zeal has accomplished little or nothing. The people of this country cannot be driven into well-doing, but they may be educated and led into it. Let these gentle means, which have been indicated by persistent use, and temperance and other shining virtues will bless the land.—*Piedmont Post*.

## Who is Responsible For So Many Bad Boys?

It is a startling fact that in twenty years 3,000 boys have been committed to the Indiana Reform School. Who is responsible for this sad record? Is a question for serious consideration. A full discussion of the subject would extend this report beyond all proper bounds, and for this reason, only one, but, perhaps, the principle cause, will be considered. Could correct statistics of the number of children neglected by their parents be collected, the result would be startling. Parents have not done their whole duty when they have clothed, fed, housed and sent their children to school. They select their associates, direct their amusements and restrict the hours for indulging in them. Very many parents give little attention to these important duties, while others entirely neglect them. These guilty parents are found in all classes of society. The rich and the poor are represented in the Reform School.

The importance of reforming the homes, which may contribute to the penal and reformatory institutions, is apparent to all who have studied the causes of crime. This is work large for the benevolent and not for the State. In some of the cities of this State commencing has been made. The free kindergarten work is the most practical philanthropy of this charitable age. Its primary object is the child, but its influence reaches the home, by the kind and sympathetic work of these practical philanthropists. It has been well said that they "carry the lamp of charity into the dark places," and "that this solicitude for children is one of the best evidences of a growing civilization."

All teachers in the public schools may, as some of them now do, assist in reforming the homes of the children. The school work often reaches beyond the scholars. It may be that all of the 14,392 teachers in the public schools of Indiana do not fully realize this. Their positions furnish them a grand opportunity for extending a good influence into the homes and improving them. This is peculiarly true of teachers in the cities. Many of the common schools are—and all should be—great aids in the formation of character, and doubtless many boys have been saved from criminal lives by them. It is an amazing fact that many poor parents do not avail themselves of the benefits of the public schools, which are provided largely by the munificent, self-imposed taxation of the well-to-do and the rich. The sunshine of this school-room should be carried into every home where there is a child, and when this is done, the population of the Reform School will decrease.

So many boys have reached the Reform School because of the defect of home government and the neglect of parents, that the Board calls attention to the subject with a view of arousing the public to the importance of considering a remedy for it. It is not the province of this Board to suggest remedies, but only to call attention to the causes which are at the foundation of crime. It has been beautifully said that "to cure is the voice of the past; to prevent, the divine whisper of today."

Reference has been made in these reports to the fact that very few boys of German parentage become inmates of the School. Family government with the Germans is not a lost art. It seems to be many in American homes.—*Report Indiana Reform School for Boys*.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he, who in the midst of a crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—Emerson.

## He is Only a Printer.

He is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of a reader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The present Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenberg are printers, and the Emperor of China works in his private printing office almost every day. Wm. Claxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, James Gales, Chas. Richardson, James Harper, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron, and Schuyler Colfax? Printers, all, and practical ones? Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Reed, are plain, practical printers, as was Artemus Ward, and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, and James S. Hogg, of Texas, are both printers, and the leader of science and philosophy in his day, made it his boast that he was a "four" printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are found to be toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It isn't everyone that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary.—*The Century*.

## Louisiana Lottery and How God Defeated It.

"When the lottery men had at last secured the necessary two-thirds vote, the death of one senator before their ranks, and an "anti" was elected in his place. Again the necessary number was secured, and as the vote was about to be taken, one senator fell to the floor with nervous prostration, and had to be carried home. On another day, just as Shattuck, the leader of the lottery ranks, began his speech the heavens grew dark, the thunders drowned the voice of the speaker, and the lightning flashed about the electric wires in the capitol building, extinguishing the lights, and the word went out, "God is fighting the Lottery Company." And after all was said and done, and but one vote was wanted to override the governor's veto, and preparations had been made to bring the sick senator on his couch to the capitol, a rain storm prevented, and the legislature adjourned.

Remarkable series of interruptions, seemingly providential, recorded in history, outside of the Old Testament.

It might be added: The desperate fight made to renew their charter aroused the people of the whole country, and congress drove the last nail in its coffin when it passed the law forbidding the use of the mails for lottery business. We have faith in God and we have faith in the moral sense of the American people.—*Ev.*

## Evils of The Stage.

Miss Mary Anderson, who is a Louisville lady, has ever been regarded as one of the few pure women on the stage. She has been used as an argument against the preachers and others who condemn the theatre as evil in its influence and tendencies. It has been said: "If the theatre were so bad would such a woman as Mary Anderson remain on the stage?" Of course the theatre as an institution might be very bad indeed and yet there might be a few persons on the stage who were not corrupt. But now Miss Anderson has permanently retired from the stage because she is convinced it is evil, and she declares that she will never attend a theatre again.

This is no instance of disappointed ambition, for Miss Anderson attained the highest distinction of any woman who has acted in the theatre of this generation. Sometimes people find out a thing is wrong when they try to do it and fail. Not so in this case. After men have worn themselves out even though they have attained success along certain lines, they sometimes have conscientious scruples which never bothered them during their time of success. But Miss Anderson's popularity has suffered no diminution. Indeed the declaration of her conviction that the theatre was wrong was called forth by an attempt on the part of a manager to engage her for \$5,000 a week.

Here, then, is a pure woman who thought she could have an honorable career on the stage maintaining her uprightness and avoiding all "Puritanical" ideas. She regarded the stage as a proper and an honorable profession and she achieved the highest success in it. Yet she finds after a thorough trial that it is all wrong, and she declares she will never act again nor will she countenance acting by her presence.

If this does not convince those church-members who have been inclined to apologize for the theatre, we do not know what sort of evidence would convince them.—*Western Recorder*.

When the mind thinks nothing, when the soul covets nothing, and the body seeth nothing that is contrary to the will of God, this is perfect sanctification.

Good fruit, though it does not constitute the goodness of the tree, is necessary to demonstrate that it is good.—Dr. Bunting.

## Central Committee

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

Mrs. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. Geo. B. EAGER, Vice-Pres., Anniston, Ala. Mrs. Geo. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala. Mrs. L. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

FEBRUARY—PRAYER CARD.

Italy.—"Obey my voice and I will be your God." Missionaries, 3; native assistants, 18; stations, 68; churches, 13; members, 255; baptisms, 59; schools, 3; contributions from Italians, \$1,730.

Study Topics.—Italian mission, S. B. C. Origin and progress. Our working force. Necessity for church buildings. Mendicancy. Ignorance and indifference. The Papacy.

"O Italy, I warn thee that only Christ can save thee."—Savonarola. Italy has an extent of 114,361 square miles, with a population of 39,899,620.

Last week we dwelt on her situation, degraded by ignorance and superstition. This week we have a much pleasanter theme—Italy redeemed, united, and rapidly rising to a level with the first nations of Europe.

Sept. 20, 1870, Victor Emmanuel entered Rome as king of united Italy. Last September, the twentieth anniversary of that auspicious day, was celebrated throughout the country with great pomp and rejoicing. And well may Italy's thirty millions of people rejoice over an event, the first step in her marvellous progress. No nation has ever made more rapid strides in the teeth of appalling difficulties. The foreign yoke of Austria, humiliating and exasperating to the last degree, has been shaken off. The degrading despotism of the Romish church has been exchanged for the enlightened rule of a liberal, constitutional government.

The internal factions and divisions by which she has been so long rent have been reconciled, and union and strength are the result. Universities, colleges and academies have been established. Public schools and night schools have been founded in cities, villages, and hamlets. Freedom and intelligence are the forerunners of the gospel. They prepare the way of the Lord and make his paths straight.

## Ladies' aid and mission society of the Third church, Birmingham, also send a Christmas offering.

Ladies' mission Society of Prattville send a handsome gift to home missions. They take the Foreign Mission Journal, as well as the annual supply of literature, and apply for information regarding Baptist Baskets. That this society will "grow in grace and in knowledge" goes without saying.

Prattville Sunbeams send \$2.00 for Cuban school. "Who gives quickly gives twice."

Midway church sends box to frontier, valued at \$35.

Bessemer Little Helpers have given their church a stove.

Married, Rev. R. H. Graves and Mrs. J. L. Sanford, both of our Canton mission.

## Notes From Pensacola.

The Baptist ministry of the state are intelligent, aggressive and united. Very few churches in the state have











