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## The Training of Children.

BY J. W. FORD, D. D.

Text: "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but nurture them in the chastening and admonition of the Lord."—Ephesians 6:4.

A few weeks since, by courtesy of the operating surgeon, I was permitted to witness an operation on a child for club foot. Later, by the same courtesy, I was permitted to witness another operation, also on a child. On entering the room I was surprised to see the table literally covered with children upon whom operations had been performed, and to listen to the surgeon as he told his class in medicine the results of the operation and the progress in convalescence. The whole occasion furnished abundant food for thought. Physical facts so dwelt upon and illustrated themselves the illustration of spiritual truth. The whole matter of the proper rearing of children was thrust upon one. These meditations gathered themselves more or less closely under several heads.

First: The very circumstances suggested the larger recognition of the rights of children. We were in a Children's Hospital. We could but remember that hospitals, asylums, etc., for children were things of recent date. We could but remember that the whole status of the child has been changed in the course of a little more than a generation. Why, when a child was born into a Roman home, the father had absolute power of life or death. The child was the property of the father. Of course this was modified somewhat by the passing years, but the underlying fact of the father's right remained. The proprietorship of the Hebrew father over his child was very great, though less marked than the Roman. Paul, you remember, in his letter to the Corinthians, but with backward glance, tells us that the son during his minority has no more right in the home than the bond servant. This condition of things was remedied by our Lord. He gave the death blow to the civil proprietary rights of the father. When taking little children into his arms he blessed them, and made them in their weakness and inexperience the illustration of some of the profoundest teaching of his kingdom. After him the apostles carried on the good work. They told us that the father no longer owned the child. That back of the father's right was the right of God. That children were God's loan. "That they might be returned to God, bearing his image," through our God-blessed ministry.

Then over this new relation, or relation newly set forth, and as compiling the old teaching, were these words: "In the Lord." "Children obey your parents!" Not that absolute form of command! Not that unqualified authority! But, "Children, obey your parents in the Lord." There are limitations. "Obey your parents in the Lord; and, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath." So "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long on the earth," was the one hemisphere of truth. "Nurture your children in the chastening and admonition of the Lord," was the other and the teaching was complete.

Thus the end of child training is distinctly brought before us. Parents are to train their children, not for their own pride or profit or pleasure, but for the good of the child. We are to train the child, not for its own pleasure, but for citizenship in the coming kingdom of God. This end reached, the child may miss many things and yet be wisely reared. This end missed, if the child gain the whole world and lose its own soul, it has been fatally, wickedly reared.

Second: This end of training fixes the kind of home government. There must be home government. But parental control does not exist in order to show the executive ability of the parents. There must be home training for the peace of the household, for the peace of the neighborhood, but these ends are only incidental. We are to govern our children that we may teach them to control themselves. All home government that does not lead into such result stops short of its high privilege. You know that flowers blossom, not for the sake of their fragrance and beauty, but that they may secrete pollen and honey to feed insects; but all that beauty and all that fragrance, all that secretion of pollen and honey, is toward the end of seed-forming. The whole struggle of the plant, from its germination into its maturity, is to the end that seeds may be formed, perfected, dropped, that other plants may enter upon an independent life. The training in the home is like that. It does not exist for the beauty of an orderly home, for the fragrance of filial obedience; but that the child at the earliest possible moment may be sent forth on an independent life, having righteous self-control. In other words, the child in God's thought enters the home as an apprentice, to enter your shop.

The child comes to be taught. You are the master-workman to teach. The child has every-thing to learn. Children are not born saints. The laws of heredity forbid. We are each of us in a sense born of the dust, and much of the dirt clings to us far on in life. Our children inherit the same condition of things. They are not born saints. In the development of their individual life you may expect much wrath, wild passions of anger, of hate, of envy, and selfishness, will be developed. The more of such things, and the stronger they are, the stronger the basilar nature of the child, the more care needed in training, and the larger and bet-

ter the result of that training. Do not be discouraged. Suppose there are unfortunate manifestations. You and I know whence they come. We know why they come. Instead of being occasion for discouragement, they should call forth the latent energy of our nature in a hardening of purpose unto humility and unto power, that we may better win our child to Christ.

Having for its purpose, then, the self-control of the child at the earliest possible moment, the child, as soon as may be, must be indulged in the privilege of self-control. Here so many parents fail. They never let their children get beyond the control of parental law. Whatever the child does or does not, wherever it goes or goes not, it is never beyond the shadow of the parental "thou art" or "thou shalt not." There is never a time given the little one to quietly say within itself, add with thought of the teaching imparted, "This is wrong; I will not do it; or, This is right; I will do it." The child never gets free from the symbols of parental control. It recalls a friend of mine in Georgia. He bought a mule at an auction, took the animal home and turned him loose, as they say, in his lot. Presently he took out collar and bridle to try the mule. He found he was a very trying animal. The teeth and heels of that brute seemed as full of warning as the flash light on a sunken reef at sea. They said, Depart—and my friend departed. Soon after he returned to the enclosure with a lasso coiled on his arm. The mule was unconcerned. Presently, with a quick throw he caught one of its feet, and in an instant the animal was on its side and my friend on its head. When that mule rose he was properly geared not to kick. He kicked and kicked again, and again came down on his knees; until it was wearisome to him. Then my friend brought saddle and bridle, and presently, at a "hello" at the door, I went out to see. My friend was in the saddle, and the symbols of his control were on the mule; but in the mule's eye was a quiet look which said, "I bide my time." Now parents sometimes get into the saddle of authority over their children, and make them wear badges like that. Wherever the child goes and whatever it does, it carries the symbol of parental authority. By-and-by the boy goes out into the world, and withers like a hot-house plant in the face of a northwester. When he goes to the bad the parent says: "Alas! it is the great sorrow of my life! But if that boy was not governed, never boy on this earth!" Ah, that is just what we must never do. We must never let him have one good chance to bring out the latent righteous forces of his nature by saying in himself, "This thing is wrong; I will not do it."

I know a father who, before his child could well speak, in the little issues that came up in every home, would say, "My child, you want to do right." He then waited and watched, while in the little fellow's brain and heart that struggle went on of which mention was made in the case of a boy at the Concord School. And presently the nod of assent would come. Then, "This is right, my boy; won't you do it?" And again the struggle, again the victory, and the little fellow would go and gladly do what else he would only have done under the lash. Self-control—is the end of all family government—that is "in the Lord."

Third: But shall we begin? Will you recall now, as you may, the appearance of that table in that operating room, which I may not describe. Three or four little forms laid thereon, and one after the other taken by the surgeon or nurse, and the wound where the surgeon's knife had been, exposed, the history of the case set forth, and the ends to be reached by the operation dwelt upon. In almost every case, there before his class, that surgeon quietly said: This came of hereditary taint. In other words, those children went under the knife, not because of anything they had done—the poor little creatures—but because of things their fathers and mothers had done or left undone. When would you begin to train those children for health? Look, as I did, upon their pain-pinched faces. Hear the wail of suffering that I heard. Then ask, When begin to train those children for health, for citizenship, for the privilege of getting themselves behind great projects in this life, and bringing right things to pass? Certainly you should begin with their parents, and if possible with their grandparents. When should we begin to train our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? You and I ought to have begun when we came to years of discretion ourselves. We did not know it then. Slowly and painfully through the passing years we have been waking up to it. We must utter now just that truth of which that surgeon spoke—for the good of those who come after. The time for us to begin to train our children is when we begin to train ourselves. The earliest moment in which we can begin to practice righteous self-control is the moment at which we begin to train our children.

Let us be candid with each other. I have a right to ask this question, because over and over again, that day in the operating room, and afterwards, I pressed that question upon my own mind and heart. What right had those parents to leave that heritage of suffering for their children? It was a matter of pleasure or self-indulgence for them. They broke the laws of health, that after all did not seem so important. And yet all that guided the hand which held the knife that was plunged into the bodies of their

suffering children. The laws of God's nature of things are unwearied. They make no mistakes. They are impartially and sometimes frightfully exact. They keep the record. I stood one day by the side of an operating table, whereon lay a man with his throat cut open. The finger of the operating surgeon was exploring within. He stopped suddenly and said, This man has lied to me. The most solemn word I ever heard spoken, I think. He withdrew his hand and stepped back. Students and spectators filled the room. The man lay, breathing with difficulty through a tube, unconscious. The physician said, "This man has lied to me. I asked him about a certain specific disease. On his honor he declared that he had never had it. I did not tell me the truth. I should never have performed this operation. This man has lied. The record and proof are here." Thus God's nature of things keeps record without mistake. And the laws that act in his nature of things in the matter of our health, in the matter of our own self-indulgence, will utter themselves against us some day. So, I say, we must begin to train our children when we begin to train ourselves.

Fourth: All this lays emphasis upon the need of patience and of wisdom in child training. Here we make insistence upon "training." Men talk about praying for their children. That is well. God forbid that word of mine should come into the thought of parents with restraining power when within there is a longing to go by themselves and carry the little ones. God has given them before him. Who would I be to do that, when the earliest and gladdest memory of my own mother is of her praying for her boys when they were so small she thought they would not remember? But I am insisting to-day, as this text insists, upon "training." I would as soon ask God to mend the broken lid of my stove without my effort, as to ask him to keep my child true without my effort. I would not, if I knew it, ask God to make atonement for my laziness or my unfaithfulness to duty by any interference of his miraculous power. God has set myself and wife to train our children for him, and we have no right to ask him to do what we ought to do. We have a right to ask him to give us wisdom, earnestness, faithfulness and tenderness. We have a right to ask him for the power that comes from the innermost holy. But we are the God sent to the God given in our home.

Another mistake needs mention here. Parents who have, with the very best motive, and in the very best spirit, laid emphasis upon the best of home government and Christian training until the child rebels, often go to the other extreme and stop all training. That will not do. Shall I tell you what a father I know did? He had been led into that extreme idea of government. He awoke, however, to the fact that his child was slipping away from him, in his heart. He saw the child run to him less eagerly, and it cared less for the kiss of greeting and good bye. He was conscious of a barrier growing up silently between them. The boy was a little fellow, but the father went to that child and confessed and asked pardon, and together they knelt and prayed. The father was converted to a better state of things, and so was the boy. That was training. That was training the father believes, in the spirit of the Lord. Since that day, and more and more, as wisely as he may, that father of whom I speak is putting the privilege of self-control upon his child. "This is right; won't you try to do it yourself?" The symbols of authority with which that mule was decorated have gone, that father hopes, forever. Children must be taught self-control before God. They must be taught self-control before God by parents who remember that their mistakes and misdeeds make the future of the child perilous.

One word more. When the physician took his knife to operate upon that child, what did he do first? He cut out the evil inheritance of the parents as best he could. He said so, though not using that expression. "Here," he said, touching a certain part of the child's body, "is localized the hereditary taint. I cut it out, hoping thereby to relieve the life forces from this local struggle, that they may build up something like health in the child." Brethren, when we begin to train our children, we must begin with the evil heritage which we unfortunately and ignorantly have given them. But God is merciful. The laws of spiritual health and strength are vigorous, and, since God helps, there should be but one result. There need be but one result. When you and I wake to the situation that is, and you go before God for wisdom, and then go before our children, God will give victory. We will be able, in his spirit and in his strength, to rear up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and at last return these, his richest gifts to him, bearing his image, filled with his life, looking out into that future which he gives to the ransomed. May God make us faithful.—Central Baptist.

## A Recipe for the Day.

Take a little dash of water cold, And a little leaven of prayer, And a little bit of morning gold, Dissolved in the morning air. Add to your meal some merriment, And a thought for kith and kin, And then, as your prime ingredient, A plenty of work thrown in. But spice in all with the essence of love And a little whiff of play, Let a wise old book and a glance above Complete the well-made day.

—Woman's Journal.

He is a brave man who will candidly confess himself wrong.

From the American Baptist.

## A Roman Catholic Litany.

"Indulgences" for Prayers Addressed to Horses, Goats, Fish, Etc., Etc.

That curious, abnormal outgrowth of paganism, wedded with corrupted Christianity, commonly known as the Church of Rome, is fertile in spiritual monstrosities. It has theories of science, morals, and ethics altogether quite peculiar to itself. Its interpretations of charity, honesty and truth are so distinctive that to be understood those good old-fashioned words must be preceded by such adjectival terms as "Catholic" or "Jesuitical." All the world now knows the difference between honesty and that ringed-around-and-spoken-of-as-honest "Jesuitical honesty." "Catholic charity" is essentially and practically quite distinct from the Christian charity which must ever be the crown jewel of the kingdom of Christ.

All familiar with the teaching of that mammoth fraud, "the Infallible Church," are aware how dextrously it squirms to parry the charge of idolatry. In its definitions of idolatry it will split a hair a thousand times 'twixt the east and northeast side. The worship of the Indian idol *Fonantini*, or of the Roman idol *Jupiter*, constitutes a mortal violation of the law of God; but the worship of the identical idols, rechristened as "the Virgin of Guadalupe" and "Saint Peter," is altogether scriptural, and if you do not, or can not believe it, then you'll be damned, according to the very amiable and holy Council of Trent. Who thinks there is nothing in a name? We have smiled and sighed at the baptized paganism, the idolatrous mummeries of this apostate church of prophecy; at the holy bread and holy water which Rome has patented for the infallible healing of infirmities of body and soul; at the scapular which secures its owner against sudden death, and assures the release of his soul from purgatory on the first Saturday after death; at the baptism of bells and babies; and its miracle-working crosses, bones and toe-nails; at the dough cakes of which light-giving priests profess to create the Creator of the world, and a thousand other stupid and idolatrous ceremonies and holy confessions.

A fresh illustration of Rome's elasticity of conscience and doctrine has recently fallen into "heretical" hands, and is herewith presented for the consideration of curious students. This characteristically "Catholic" production is a "Litany," to be used for the charitable object of invoking divine (?) destruction upon the Liberals, who, as the most malignant hatred of the popish priesthood by their efforts in favor of common education, and liberty of conscience, worship, and the press. It is curious, in that it appears to the faithful a new mine of mediatorial grace. Read, and if the gentle reader be a subject of Leo the Thirteenth, be "lost in wonder, love and praise."

LITANY.

O Horse of Saint James, stamp them! (The Liberals, heretics, etc.)  
O Lion of St. Mark, tear them in pieces!  
O Deer of St. Nicolas, kick them!  
O Bull of St. Luke, horn them!  
O Goat of St. Francis, butt them!  
O Devil of St. Miguel, scratch them!  
O Crow of St. Onofre, scratch their eyes out!  
O Fish of St. Rafael, give them the dyspepsia!  
O Mule of the birth, kick them!  
O Saw of St. Joseph, saw them!  
O Handcuffs of St. Peter Nolasco, bind them!  
O Whale of Jonah, swallow them!  
O Powerful St. Cristobal, smash them!  
O Rope of St. Blas, hang them!  
O Teeth of St. Apolonius, chew them!  
O Gridiron of St. Lorenzo, toast them!  
O Balaam's ass, thou knowest what thou doest!  
O Cock of St. Peter, pursue them!

AMEN.

Priest Felix Rosa Angel is the author of this solemn litany. He adds: "You notice that I have left the beaten track, and pray, not directly to the saints, but to their respective animals, which, according to tradition, have great influence with them (the saints), and which are a sure means of securing, by their powerful intercession, what for which we pray, etc."

But lest some plush-mouthed Protestant skeptic Romanist may say that this pathetic Catholic prayer was the work of some irresponsible priest, and would not be sanctioned by the authorities of the "church," the author adds: "The illustrious Lord Bishop of Morelia, Don Clemente Muscigui, by his own authority, and in the name of other most worthy prelates of this fraternity, concedes 200 days indulgence for each word contained in this litany."

This animal and devil worship is on a par with the most approved Roman Catholic worship in the United States, where to day the quinquessence of devotion, the super-refinement of worship, is directed to the "sacred heart." God declares that between himself and man there is a single mediator, Jesus Christ, that he is the way, and that no man cometh unto the Father but by him. Now these "holy fathers" would have one get to God by the saints, and to the saints by their "respective animals." The popish penitent seeking "indulgences" may safely address himself to the dog, or donkey, the horse or handcuffs of some "saint," assured that the dog will bark or the ass will bray the prayer on up to his saintly master, who will catch up the message and send it farther up the mediatorial line. This litany is a new and striking exhibition of Rome's respect for the first commandment; of its freehandedness with the second, and of its marvelous mediatorial skill in making "one media-

tor" signify any number of mediators from two to a million.

The sunken, well-known universal incense of the countries or peoples under the spiritual dominion of the Roman Catholic Church is now-rising among all men. Romanism debases, corrupts, prostitutes. It does this in all places, as it has done in all ages. Why? The inspired explanation is pointed, logical, philosophical: "Professing themselves to be wise (infallible), they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God for the likeness of an image of corruptible man, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things," they "exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator," "for the Cause God gave them up unto foolishness." HUGH P. MCCORMICK, Zacatecas, Mex., March, '91.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

## Voiceless Music.

"Their voice is not heard,"—DAVID.

How often have the poets—Nature's own anointed high priests—sung in flowing numbers the power of soul-stirring music! How beautifully they exemplify one of the highest effects of the art they so dearly love, when they use its own sweetest melodies in singing praises to the divinity of song!

Dryden gives us a splendid illustration of this idea, when he sings of the power of music over the mind of Alexander. No wonder that—

"With ravished ears  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the God,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres."

It may be a mere fancy, but I can not help feeling that the power of poetry over the mind of the old Greek was beautifully and truthfully shown by the fact, that in his theology, the god who guided the sun in his course was the same who presided over the realms of music. The glorious sun of Zeus, who sent the orb of light and warmth to cheer the material world with his life-giving beams, also kindled the fires of genius on the altar of the poet's heart, and with magic touch called forth the enchanting harmonies of the musician's soul.

The most brilliant philosopher of this century has paid so beautiful a tribute to this wonder-working power, that I feel inclined to love him when I recall his glowing words: "It excels in transporting to the feet of eternal mercy the soul trembling on the wings of repentance, hope and love. Happy are they, who, at Rome, in the Vatican, during the solemnities of the Catholic worship, have heard the melodies of Leo, Durante and Pergolesi, on the old consecrated text, 'They have entered heaven for a moment, and their souls have been able to ascend thither without distinction of rank, country, even belief, by those invisible and mysterious steps, composed, thus to speak, of all the similes, natural, universal sentiments, that everywhere on earth draw from the bosom of the human creature a sigh towards another world.'"

But if such be the power of music over the mortal being, whose ear is deafened, and whose heart is hardened by the awful oppression of the tyrant, sin, what must be the untold and unutterable harmonies of that pure world, where no jarring discords are allowed to enter, and no untuned instrument is suffered to mar the melody of the heavenly choir! The untunable things, of which the apostle brought back a vague report from "the third heavens," were things which he had heard.

Though it is not my purpose to reason, yet I feel that I could give an answer to the noted mathematician, who, after reading "Paradise Lost," asked contemptuously, "What does it prove?" It proves the power of poetry, and the sway of song; the harmony of heaven, and the horrors of hell; the grandeur of genius, and the glory of God.

Yet far beyond even this wondrous power is that of the unheard melodies, of which the tender and sensitive soul will sometimes catch unwitting snatches. It is said, yet sweet to remember, that the great composer Beethoven, who was deaf, and when, in reading his glorious productions, was himself (as he said) and when, in reading his own grand pieces, his soul seemed ravished with delight, the untuned people, who witnessed the touching scene, wondered how he could appreciate the music.

They knew not the great truth that the fond mother, genius, knows her offspring intuitively, and delights in the children of her own rearing, in whatever manner they may be presented to her. She fondles them in her bosom; presses them passionately to her own throbbing, swelling heart, with such delight as only the mother can ever know. If one door of her house be closed by the ruthless hand of misfortune, she hastens to throw open another, through which her loved ones may gladly come in, and exult in the glowing tenderness of a fond mother's heart. The ear of Beethoven was closed forever; but his eye was still open; and through this window of the soul did his music float, and stir his heart to its inmost depths.

Does any one say, "This is the very coinage of your brain"—the dream of an untuned fancy? I may reply, in the language of a child of genius, that I am here addressing myself to those who feel rather than to those who think—to the dreamers, and those who put faith in dreams as in the only realities."

Yet if I need witnesses to the glorious truth of unheard music, here they come trooping up almost unbidden. Here is Poe, with thoughts that wan-

der through eternity, telling us that—"The orchestra breathes fitfully  
The music of the spheres."

Thomas Carlyle, with his deep, majestic earnestness, testifies to the existence of "Sphere Harmonies."

Higher still: Shakespeare wrote—"There's not the smallest orb which thou beholdest  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quivering to the cherubim;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

But above all: Jehovah himself, speaking to old Job out of the whirlwind, alludes to the time—"When the morning stars sang together,  
And all the sons of God shouted for joy."

If these be fancies, then I am willing to take fancy for faith; and, with all reverence, I say, I trust that heaven, that when let loose from this tenement of clay, my ransomed spirit may forever revel in such dreams as the glorious realities of the redeemed and purified soul.

J. C. HIDE.

Eufaula, Ala.

## From Dr. Burleson.

Messrs. Hare & Pope:

DEAR BRETHREN: I read with ever increasing interest the grand progress of the ALABAMA BAPTIST. I love my dear old native state with an ever increasing devotion. Over her majestic hills, beautiful valleys, and limpid streams my young feet roamed; there I was converted to God and baptized in dear old Pisgah church, in 1839; there under the weeping willows the precious remains of my father and mother and grand parents sleep in Jesus.

It was the early and burning desire of my heart to give my life to the Redeemer's cause in the beautiful Tennessee valley, but after seven years of earnest, laborious preparation, the voice of Jesus seemed to call me imperatively to the grand empire state of Texas. I realized profoundly the truth of what that grand old patriarch, Jesse Mercer, said: "Texas with her two hundred and thirty-four thousand square miles of unsurpassed fertility, located on the Mediterranean of the new world, must become the home of millions. And we must take the great country for Jesus, and I will give two thousand and five hundred dollars to begin the Texas."

And after spending a day of prayer and fasting for divine guidance, in April, 1847, I tore ease and comfort to tatters and threw them to the winds and consecrated my whole life to Texas. The very night I landed on Texas soil, Jan., 1848, I knelt down on Galveston Island and cried, "Oh, Lord, give me Texas for Jesus or I die!"

Then there were only 1900 Baptists in all of Texas, overshadowed by 10,000 Methodists and 3500 Catholics, marshalled under consummate and powerful leaders. But now, blessed be God, there are 201,000 Baptists in Texas. Then Baptists were unorganized and had no journals; now no state between the oceans is better organized for home and foreign missions, for Sabbath-schools, and colportage. We have a splendid Orphans' Home and a liberal provision for our aged and disabled preachers, and to-day Texas journalism is second to none in the south, while in Christian education Texas leads all other denominations in Texas or the South.

Baylor (Waco) University employs daily twenty-seven able and efficient professors and teachers and hopes to matriculate, by June, 850 students as the crowning glory of my fortieth year as president. Two weeks ago we matriculated forty-five new students in one day, the largest number ever matriculated in one day except at the beginning of a term, and still they are pouring in from every part of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory and Mexico. In the grand army now assembling in our grand classic halls are forty-four young preachers, and we expect to increase the number to sixty by June next. In the last eighteen months we have enrolled among our young preachers one converted Roman Catholic priest, from Mexico, one converted Jew from Russia, one converted Catholic from Brazil, one converted Lutheran from Sweden, and three young converted Germans. So you see, dear brethren, that "the ends of the earth" meet in Texas and in Baylor University as they did on the day of Pentecost. To-day Texas has 100,000 Mexicans, 200,000 Germans, 100,000 Bohemians, French and Chinese, and 400,000 negroes. Oh, how much we need the prayers of all God's people to imbue these mighty masses of foreigners with the fires of patriotism and the love of Jesus.

I praise God that in moulding and leading the hosts of God to victory Baylor University is acting a noble part. Over 6000 young ladies and gentlemen have been instructed in her halls in the last forty years. Among them scores of the most illustrious men and the purest, noblest women of Texas are judges, lawyers, doctors, politicians, teachers, preachers, and heroic mothers and daughters.

Texas expects to send a full delegation to Birmingham, Ala., on the 8th of May next. I look forward with joy to that time, and hope not only to visit the scenes of my childhood and meet the grand armies of our Baptist Israel north and south, and take sweet counsel together for flooding the planet with the gospel light and love.

Let us pray earnestly that it may be a meeting memorable for the outpouring of the Spirit and kindling a new burning zeal for missions, for Sunday-schools, for colportage, and for the

conversion of this whole world to Jesus. Yours affectionately,  
RUFUS C. BURLESON.  
Baylor University, Waco, Texas,  
March 14.

## Trust the Holy Spirit.

It Always Goes Along With the Missionary Spirit.

God is ready to abide by his Holy Spirit with his people, so that barrenness will be impossible, activity for Christ will be the rule, and at each communion season there will be additions to the church from the world. This was the condition of the church in apostolic times, and it should be the condition now of every section of the only accomplishes no spiritual good, but is a positive evil, preventing sinners from entering the kingdom and giving the world a false picture of the new life in Christ Jesus.

"But," some one may ask, "may not a church be in a revived state and growing in sanctification, and yet there be few, if any conversions?" No, the one supreme mission of the church is to preach the gospel and to save the perishing, and when this spirit is neglected there can be no healthy spiritual life. If you doubt this, look at the churches that are trying this experiment, where the only conversions are in the mission fields, while the preaching from the pulpit is only for the edification and comfort of the saints. Such churches may be aristocratic and wealthy, but they are always cold spiritually, and those who join their fellowship are very quickly chilled and soon frozen. But where the pastor and people are eager for dying souls, where the gospel net is thrown every Sabbath, and then the members keep on throwing it during the week, the power of the Holy Spirit will be present month after month, year after year, in summer as in winter, for the drops of mercy will never cease to fall.

God is able and ready to bless his church with heavy showers of grace, and we know from the Bible and from the history of the church that these special seasons of plentiful refreshing are in his redemptive plan. There is a widespread unbelief on this subject, and with many Christians there is a dread of revivals, and this in the face of the fact that the greatest success of the church in the past has been in these revival seasons. I am not pleading in favor of what are called revival preachers or evangelists, though I am not in sympathy with much of the criticism on this class of God's servants, many of whom will lay more and heavier sheaves at the Master's feet than will some who find fault with them, but I do most earnestly plead for a stronger faith in the promised showers from the open windows of heaven.

The forces of sin and worldliness are so mighty that the "drops" are not enough, and the church will be drawn down from its high position, and its spirituality chilled if God step not in with the omnipotence of his spirit, and on great waves of grace lift his children up, and with them society, to righteousness and power, and a purer, broader love. And then, without these special seasons of the outpouring of the spirit, the church can never accomplish her gigantic mission of conquering this world for the Lord Jesus Christ. If you doubt this, just study this interesting question, "How many of the members of our churches to-day were converted in revival seasons?" A short time ago I attended one of the lectures of Joseph Cook in Tremont Temple, Boston. When he asked that crowded audience of three thousand men and women, "Will all those who found the Savior in a time of revival please stand on their feet," and nearly all of that great assembly rose at once. It was an impressive and instructive spectacle.

There are two conditions upon which the promise of the Holy Spirit rests. One condition is faith, which alone can bring down Holy Spirit power. We must look away from our human machinery, and must realize our dependence on God for any results. The other condition is separation from the world. It is an alarming fact that the keenest eye can discern no difference between many a professed pilgrim to Canaan and the lover of this world. Both seem equally intoxicated with social dissipation. On the marts of trade many an heir to incorruptible wealth has lost his chart and compass, and the passion which crown moved him to make Jesus' crown heavier with stars has been submerged in the passion to be rich in earthly treasures. Now, before we can see a great city like New York shaken by the tread of the pierced feet, Christians must put on the garments of righteousness, must be separate from the world in spiritual ambitions and holy living, and love of money, love of self, love of sin, must be buried out of sight under the mighty waves of consecration to Christ and love for our fellow men.

When the church complies with these conditions God will fulfill his promise, the plentiful showers will be opened, the windows of heaven will be opened, and the army of the Lord will go forth conquering and to conquer. God help us to believe honestly and profoundly in the Holy Ghost, and may the heavenly rain be poured out on all the churches of our land.—Dr. Abbot E. Kittredge, in Christian Intelligencer.

If it costs much to be a zealous and successful Christian, it will cost infinitely more to live and die an impenitent sinner. Bible religion costs all self-interest; sin costs self-destruction.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

## Central Committee

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

MRS. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.  
MRS. GEO. B. EAGER, Vice-Pres., Anniston, Ala.  
MRS. GEO. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.  
MRS. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

## Woman's Work.

Brother Editors: I send you a report which was read before the Concubine association last. Will you please publish it? We would commend the action of this association to all others in the state. Brethren, this month

vention. In some of the associations nothing was done to further it; in others, the brethren touched upon it as though they were afraid of it; in the Concubine, however, under the leadership of such men as brethren Stewart, Farnham, and others, it received the impetus and hearty cooperation it deserves. To those who oppose us, and there are many, we will repeat the language of a famous lawyer of olden times: "For if this counsel, or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found to fight against God."

MRS. CLARA W. ANSLLEY,  
V.-P. Pine Barren Ass'n.

Your committee are gratified to know that since our last meeting a state central committee on woman's work has been created by our Baptist state convention, with Mrs. T. A. Hamilton, of Birmingham, as president, and Mrs. I. C. Brown, of East Lake, as corresponding secretary, whose province it is to establish a woman's missionary society in every Baptist church in the state, where it is practicable. We are glad to note the success that has already attended their efforts in their God-given work.

We earnestly solicit the co-operation of the pastors in this association in the good work. If our sisters will organize and put forth their zealous efforts to advance the Redeemer's cause, they will provoke the brethren to greater endeavor and thus give an impetus to our entire work. We commend to all the ladies of this association, Mrs. G. R. Farnham, of Evergreen, who is vice-president for this association, and will take pleasure in furnishing you any information or other assistance you may want with respect to organizing a society in your church.

Let the pastors give the encouragement to the sisters that they deserve, and they will gladly undertake the work. Then our depleted mission treasures will overflow, our churches will move forward, and our Master's cause will be greatly advanced.

Respectfully submitted,

JNO. W. STEWART, CHD.

From the Sunday Magazine.

## A Future Full of Hope.

Look where we may, the future seems full of hope. The great world, slowly and reluctantly, it may be, is still opening its eyes to the appalling spectacle of wretchedness, degradation and sin that lies to us so close on every hand. The cry of the afflicted and down-trodden is heard at last. We refuse to acquiesce in what selfishness and cowardice assure us to be inevitable. The few who have taken upon their shoulders the burden of suffering humanity are beginning to find that not only sympathy but help in their efforts to do battle with the evil power which now desolates so vast a portion of mankind. The struggle must be long. No schemes however glorious, no devotion, however generous, can win a sudden triumph; for at the best human progress can not be measured from year to year; its movements, though sure, are imperceptible; only by generations can loss or gain be reckoned.











# WHO DOES YOUR THINKING?

If you do, lend us your ear, while we give you a subject to think about.

THINK OF YOURSELF, or your friend, who may be suffering, remember that the

# Electropoise.

(TRADE MARK)

Cures All Diseases Without Medicine. The readers of the BAPTIST have seen ELECTROPOISE advertised in its columns for some time past. Some have paid little or no attention to it, while others have tested its merits, and their great joy and happiness, and their still have had some curiosity to know what it is and what it will do. To these we say, Send us your name and address, or the name of some friend, and we will send a little pamphlet giving full particulars.

Now as briefly as possible we will tell you what the ELECTROPOISE is, and refer you to the testimony of good witnesses, whose evidence can not be doubted, as to what it has done, not what we say it will do. The ELECTROPOISE is an electro-medical instrument, by the use of which "Oxygen, the most electrical form of

the person of the patient. This oxygen gives new strength and vitality. By this treatment any disease can be cured where there is sufficient vitality left to build on. In one neighborhood in Woodlawn, Ala., recently, twelve and thirty years of age, taken with typhoid fever, four were attended by physicians, and one, a delicate boy fourteen years old, treated by the ELECTROPOISE, was the only one who recovered. Not a drop of medicine was used in this case.

I believe the Electropoise is going to cure my heart disease. I am better than I have been in two years.

REV. DR. J. DEW. BURKHARD.

Montgomery, Ala.

I take pleasure in saying that the Electropoise gave me permanent relief from neuralgia of the stomach and bowels, after all other remedies had failed to arrest the disease.

REV. DR. T. J. BEARD.

Birmingham, Ala.

I have used the Electropoise and find it a most valuable instrument. I think it benefited me greatly, and all who have used it speak in the highest terms of its powers.

REV. M. B. WHARTON.

Montgomery, Ala., July 20, '90.

I do not want to be without an Electropoise under any circumstances.

Dr. J. M. MASON.

Columbus, Ga.

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Mrs. J. B. Hawthorne, of Atlanta, was cured of a long standing case of debility, etc.

A daughter of Mr. Jordan, of Atlanta, was cured of a serious case of stomach and bowel troubles.

Mrs. N. T. Johnson, of Atlanta, was cured of a long continued and severe case of catarrh which was sapping his life away.

Mr. A. V. Jackson, of Sandersonville, Ga., after trying various physicians for 15 years, was cured of a violent case of rheumatism.

Mrs. M. Farmer, West Erie, Atlanta, was completely cured of a ten years case of inflammatory rheumatism after all else had failed.

Rev. A. B. Vaughn, Canton, Ga., was cured of facial neuralgia, also of a liver and kidney trouble of many years standing.

Rev. M. H. Wells, of Louisville, Ky., has a daughter who was cured of neuralgia and rheumatism after all known medical and climatic remedies had been used.

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Mrs. Irena Free, of Squire, Ga., was cured of chronic bronchitis of 30 years standing and hemorrhage of the lungs. Her recovery was despaired of, but Germetizer cured her.

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"These are only a few extracts from hundreds of certificates in the possession of the proprietors of "Royal Germetizer," and every mail brings others, voluntarily given, for the benefit of suffering humanity. If you are sick and have despaired of recovery, hope on—"Germetizer" will cure you. It is as pleasant to take as lemonade without sugar. It is a scientific discovery, and cures disease by removing the cause. It builds up from the first dose. Price reduced to \$1.00 per concentrated bottle, which will make, as per accompanying directions, one gallon of medicine. Send stamp for full particulars.

For sale by druggists and by the Atlantic Germetizer Co., 14 N. Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.,

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# Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., APRIL 8, 1891

# The Pot of the Village.

Dear, wee, winsome Lucile, how we loved her!

When she was a mere babe, just beginning to creep about the room, Dr. and Mrs. Rambo moved into the village and took possession of a neat little cottage just two doors above us.

They were pleasant neighbors, and our acquaintance with them ripened into a warm friendship which strengthened with each passing year, dear Lucile serving as a link to bind the two families together.

Large, was an attractive child, with large, blue, wide-awake eyes, that seemed to look you through and through at a glance; yet she had the most bewitching smile imaginable, drawing you to her, and kind words or a sweet smile for all, and even strangers would stop to have a word or two with the bright prattler.

Lucile was devoted to her father and followed him around wherever he went, chatting away like a magpie, supremely happy, with her tiny hand clasped close to his strong one. As soon as she saw him coming home in the evening, she would run to meet

him at the thought of being with "father."

Many a bright spring morning, as we sat with our work in the hall, we heard her patter of little feet on the side walk, and on looking up we would encounter two bright eyes peeping wistfully through the closed gate, while a silvery voice would call out in pleading tones:

"May I come in?"

Always bright beyond her years, quick to understand and comprehend, she was constantly asking questions which startled and astonished us.

Repeatedly have we heard persons exclaim, "That child is too smart to live," and, instinctively, our hearts echoed the words, while silent prayers ascended heavenward that God would spare our darling.

Three short, happy years did her presence brighten our homes and gladden our hearts, then came a summons for her to go up higher.

Smiles faded away and a feeling of sadness stole over us when we recall the sad truth that Lucile, the village pet, is no more.

The angel of death with outstretched wings hovered over the village, removing from our midst many dear forms, when, suddenly, our pet began to droop and fade.

Early one morning there came a hurried call for the doctor with the child nursing the house he found the child tossing restlessly upon her pillow with a raging fever. Faithfully did he work with all that day and through the long, dreary hours of the night which followed, but he could not save her. God had called her and human efforts were unavailing.

Towards morning she grew weaker, about noon she was seized with convulsions, and in a few minutes she breathed her last. The child we loved had gone to her last, long rest.

Her father came and gently took the little hand in his and found for her a home amid the angel hapers. With tender love he softly laid his hand upon her heart and hushed its gentle throbbing.

Yet, to the anxious watchers gathered around her bedside, there was only a half-drawn sigh, a slight quiver of the eyelids and all was over. Lucile was dead and gone far beyond the reach of human help.

Who can depict the keen anguish of that fond father and mother as they bent in silent grief over the sweet, dead face and realized that the spirit had taken its flight from the tenement of clay, and nothing remained of their darling but the pale, lifeless form? As they bent over her in tearful agony, there came a deep throbbing of pain that found utterance in a flood of tears.

Yet she was so calm and peaceful in that last, long sleep, and to us she looked as though she had just fallen into a gentle slumber. The blue eyes were closed—the sweet lips were mute—the busy hands were folded—the restless feet were still—she had left us to return no more. The outer world lay there unaltered in this change, lovely to us even in its solemn stillness.

Loving hands tenderly prepared her for her last resting place.

The next evening we tearfully laid her away in a pure white casket and a sorrowful procession followed her remains to the village cemetery. The coffin was lowered into the grave, the funeral service was read, the Amen pronounced, and we heard the rattling clods fall upon the coffin lid as the minister uttered the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Heads were bowed in reverence, and silent tears fell around that spot, for all loved the sweet sleeper, and were sincere in their sorrow.

When the service was over a few friends went forward and laid fair, fresh flowers upon the new made grave, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place; in that sweet calm hour, with tranquil and submissive hearts, we turned away and left the child with God.

# We missed her everywhere, by day, by night, and we yearned to hear her bird-like voice again; but that could not be, for its sweet music was hushed on earth forevermore.

Weeks went by and still we missed her. In our dreams she was often with us. In our mid-day reveries we have heard the light tread of her restless feet. In our twilight musings again and again have we watched the graceful figure running to meet us; but, just as we stretched out our hands to catch her, the sweet form melted into air and we awoke to find she was not there. Lucile had gone, never more to return at our call.

Still, we know, "it is well with the child," and now that the bitter pang is over we would not call her back to the sorrows of earth. Her life's mission is ended and her pure spirit has winged its flight to a better world. So, with submissive hearts we humbly bow beneath the chastening rod and softly breathe the prayer, "Thy will, O Lord, be done."

Lowndesboro, Ala. S. C. C.

# Every Girl Should be Instructed in Housekeeping.

While every boy should be trained to some useful, productive industry, by which he may support himself and a family, when he shall arrive at manhood, every girl should early receive careful instruction and training

to make a beautiful, pleasant, elevating home, a fit nursery of intelligent, moral boys and girls. We say every girl, no matter to what position in life she may be born, she will be better qualified for that position if educated in the elemental vocation of woman, housekeeping. She may be in a position to command servants, yet she will be better fitted for that position if she is qualified to take the place of her servants, or to instruct them in their duties. No one is so helpless as the head of a family who knows nothing of the means of providing for the health and comfort of the family. Servants do not respect a mistress who knows nothing of the duties she has hired them to perform, and it is difficult for such a mistress to rule her household.

It is not very difficult teaching young girls of ordinary brightness and docility to perform the various labors of the housekeeper; to set table, wash dishes, prepare vegetables and meat for cooking; to sweep, dust, make beds, and even to bake and cook. It requires a vast deal of patience, but it is a kind of patience the exercise of which strengthens the mother as well as develops the girl. Although she may spoil bread, cake or pies in attempting to bake, give them to the pigs, and let her try again. The knowledge gained is worth many times the cost.

After a young woman has thoroughly learned to be a good housekeeper, let her, if she wishes, and is qualified, engage in agriculture, horticulture, floriculture, in manufactures or commerce; let her become an editor, an author, a physician, an artist or a teacher, but always remind her that she cannot, if she searches the wide world over, find an occupation more noble, more honorable, more elevated, than that of being a helpmeet of an honest man—a home keeper, a mother, training, guiding, educating young humanity. Every other work may be neglected for this, but this should not be neglected—Exchange.

# Women Who Please Men.

Man, in many respects, is a peculiar animal, says a writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for March. He is easily persuaded by a woman, but he cannot be driven. A woman who seeks a man's admiration and says by her demeanor or by suggestion, "Admire my beauty or my brightness," is the woman from whom a man will turn quicker than from anything else. A woman always makes a mistake when she attempts to force her beauty or her talents upon a man—upon another woman for that matter. A woman who seeks admiration always reminds me of a hollyhock, conspicuous and flaunting and anxious to be seen. Now, men never care for hollyhocks. It is not men's favorite flower. The violet, or a half blown rose is more to his taste. Go where there is a company of well-dressed men, in evening costume, without doubt, and, if in season, the violet and the rose will be seen on the lapel of nearly every coat. And what is true with men of flowers, is true of what he always associates with them—women. A man likes to discover a violet or a rose; he wants to find out its charm himself; he doesn't wish a directory to aid him in this, and he is very contemptuous of the woman who here, there and everywhere, makes his admiration. The women who are popular with men are the women who impress them with their womanliness, and by this is meant that subtle something that says, "I do not trust myself forward, but perhaps if you find me you may like me." Men have always liked voyages of discovery, and they like to seek the ideal woman, and not have her thrust her greatness upon them.

# Prayer for Preachers.

A faithful brother once remarked: "Whenever I go to the house of God praying for the preacher, I always get a good sermon."

There is much in this preparation of heart. The sermons, doubtless, were mainly prepared before the prayers were offered. Some other hearers others criticized them severely. What was the reason that to brother A— they were a feast of fat things, while they did not keep brother B— awake, and brother C— thought them uninteresting, and brother D— said it "was time we had a new minister."

The whole secret of the matter was in brother A's— coming to the house of God praying for the preacher.

How many professing Christians think of the watchman on Zion's walls, and pray for special grace that he may speak a word in season that may fall into soil prepared for it—Selected.

Public utterances are not conducive to absolute sincerity.

# Gladstone's Guiding Star.

The Woman who has Made the Great Statesman Happy.

She is one of the most charming-looking women you ever saw, declares a correspondent of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, a sweet kind face framed in full, soft, lovely hair and topped by a cap of velvet and lace. A gown that falls in artistic folds and doesn't rustle, and a way of looking at you as if she were interested in everything you said—that's Mrs. Gladstone. She does not care for society, as it is meant by the round of balls and receptions, and the giving and going to them; but she is delighted when she is at the head of her own dinner table and has about her a circle of friends who know and love her and Mr. Gladstone. Unlike his never went in for having a salon, for surrounding herself with rich and powerful friends who would simply care to be received at the house of the Prime Minister, and yet have no real interest in the cause which he so thoroughly and entirely championed. Instead, she has given her time to caring for him, to seeing that he was untroubled and all circumstances as comfortable as possible, and that in this way his health was preserved for the nation for whom he did so much good. Her happiest moments are when she is with her husband at his dinner table. Always been by his side. Just remember that this means going over the country in railway trains, being for hours on open-air platforms, and then you will understand why the people of England worship Mrs. Gladstone as a heroine.

# The Vision of Christ.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but see thee face to face, and feel the reality of thy blessed life!" I prayed.

But at that moment my servant came to me with a broken cup, much prized, and now useless, and after coldly remarking that she ought to have had more care, I bade her go away and not disturb me; she went away unhappy and unforgiven.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but hear thy blessed tones speaking to me!" I prayed yet again.

But a little disturbing voice cried loudly and sadly at my door for a broken doll, and I bade the baby go away and not break in upon my quiet hour.

"O Christ, dear Master, if I could but have a token of thy personal love for me!" I prayed yet a third time.

But no voice or vision came to me, so I rose from my praying, and went about the house. My servant sang not as usual over her work, nor did she greet me as I passed; and there, in a corner, asleep with the recent tears on the little pale cheek, lay the child and her broken doll, and her first great grief.

And somewhere in my heart a voice spoke out clear, so that I could not choose but hear: "For ever and forever, I, the Christ, am that which asks for love and compassion. These asked for both from thee, and thou gavest not. Thou shouldst have looked for me in them, and they would have found me in thee. Thou canst not find me until thou art able to lose thyself in love and compassion. If thou wouldst know me, thou must be me."

So I picked up the baby and her broken doll, and spoke words of tender good cheer to my servant, and led them both out into the sweet garden, and the afternoon sunshine to gather flowers and fruit; till, by and by, the flowers were full of laughter, and smiles were on all our faces.

Oh, then, I knew that behind our happy tones his voice of Christ, and in our hearts the love that redeems, and the compassion that heals, and the usefulness that brings joy, and makes man happy, even as God is happy—L. Ormslieh, *Chant, in Woman's Herald*.

# A Plain Duty.

The sooner we understand that our glorious New Testament does not ask or expect the evangelization of the world to be done by ministers or even by Apostles, any more than a general expects the fighting to be accomplished by himself or his officers, but in far greater part by the rank and file—the sooner the A B C truth of the Lord Jesus is ingrained into our very hearts—the sooner will the day of missionary advance begin. The Apostles were so fond of native agency that they did not even send as far as Jerusalem for a foreign pastor, but of the converts in each town a few native-oversers were placed over the flock—Miss Mary Link.

# SCROFULA

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the face, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or the many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. Being the most ancient, and the most general of all diseases or affections, for few persons are entirely free from it.

# How Can SCROFULA BE CURED?

By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, proves itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. Some of these cures are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula, be sure to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"My daughter Mary was afflicted with scrofula; she was neck from the time she was 22 months old till she became six years of age. Lumps appeared in her neck, and one of them after growing to the size of a pigeon's egg, became a running sore for over three years. We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla, when the lump and all indications of scrofula, entirely disappeared, and now she seems to be a healthy child." J. S. CARLISLE, Naughton, N. J.

N. B. Be sure to get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Solely druggists, \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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# ONE ENJOYS

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Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and 81c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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