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## SKETCH OF CHURCH HISTORY.

Especially Concerning the Baptists in Reference to the Doctrines of the Word of God.

BY ELDER MAT LYON.

(From the History of the Muscogee Baptist Association.)

In the third century, "church" government became still more worldly, and "degenerated toward the form of a religious monarchy" (Mosheim, p. 63). Wild, mystical notions prevailed, from mixing Platonic philosophy with religion. Men sought holiness by starving and otherwise afflicting themselves in the solitude of caves, etc. Mystical allegory took the place of plain teaching in religion. In this century, the Novatians arose, from "Novatian, a presbyter of the church of Rome, a man of uncommon learning and eloquence" (Mosheim, p. 74). He adds: "There was no difference in point of doctrine, between Novatians and other Christians." But the Novatians insisted on re-baptizing such as came to them from the "religious monarchy." If one of their members had fallen into the commission of heinous crimes, they would never receive him back, but did not presume to say that even such could not possibly be saved. Robinson, the Baptist historian, says of the Novatians: "They were trinitarian Baptists." That is just what Baptists are now, and always have been. The fourth Lateran Council, with the Emperor Theodosius to help them, proclaimed (A. D. 432): "That all persons re-baptized, and the re-baptizers, should be both punished with death. Accordingly, Albanus, a zealous minister, with others was punished with death for re-baptizing." (See Benedict's Hist., Bapt., p. 7.) The Novatians were exceedingly numerous in various parts of the great Roman empire.

In the fourth century, the Donatists, from Donatus, surnamed "The Great," seem to have succeeded the Novatians. They were very nearly like them in doctrine and discipline. Mosheim says: "The doctrine of the Donatists was conformable to that of the church, as even their adversaries confessed" (Church Hist., p. 101). That means they were universally conceded to be orthodox; and they led pure lives. Donatus "was a man of learning and eloquence, very exemplary in his morals, and, as would appear from circumstances, he studiously set himself to oppose the growing corruptions of the Catholic church" (Benedict's Hist., p. 9). And "Fuller, the English ecclesiastical historian, an English Episcopalian, said of the English Baptists, that 'they were Donatists new-dipped'" (page 11).

Through the fifth century, the Donatists were very numerous, and, zealously opposing the corrupt political establishment calling itself "the church," were of course mercilessly persecuted; as Christ's true followers always have been, more or less (Mosheim, p. 122).

In the sixth century, the Donatists were still flourishing, and opposing Roman Catholic corruption, when Pope Gregory carried on his way against them so barbarously and so successfully, that, in the last decade, Mosheim says, "the church of the Donatists dwindled away to nothing, and after this period no traces of it are to be found" (page 143). The meaning of this mild language seems to be, that this "zealous pontiff," as Mosheim commendably terms him—"this ferocious beast, Gregory"—used his utmost efforts to pursue the innocent and helpless Donatists, men, women, and children, to utter extermination.

In the seventh century, Mosheim informs us (page 155), that "a certain person, whose name was Constantine, revived, under the reign of Constantine, the drooping faction of the Paulicians, now ready to expire; and propagated with great success its pestilential doctrines." From the attention of these devoted Baptists to the writings of the Apostle Paul, they came to be called Paulicians. They grew mightily during this century. They were persecuted, of course, like other "anabaptists," for re-baptizing converts who joined their churches (Benedict, p. 12). These were converts from the Roman Catholics, or the Greek church, probably from both. Baptists were also denounced as heretical, by both the Eastern and Western churches, under the names of Montanists (Mountaineers), Novatians, Donatists, and "Anabaptists." They inhabited Syria, Armenia, and portions of Europe, and were mercilessly driven into exile from one country to another, by the fury of persecution (S. H. Ford, Origin of Bap., pp. 124-28).

"The Paulicians arose within the bounds of the Greek church," says Benedict, page 51, "about the middle of the seventh century; they spread far and wide in many parts of Europe, and continued till the eleventh century, when they amalgamated with the Waldenses and other sects." This is conclusive testimony that these Paulicians, genuine Baptists, abounded in large portions of Europe and Asia through the eighth century, and continued to be well known in the ninth, tenth and eleventh centuries.

In his notices of the ninth century, Mosheim mentions the inhuman persecutions of the Paulicians, mostly those of Armenia, by Constantine, Justinian II, and Leo the Isaurian; after them by Michael Copropalates, and Leo the Armenian. That horrible monster, the Empress Theodora, after first robbing them of every-

thing, destroyed by fire and sword, and by torments with slow torture, more than a hundred thousand of these innocent Christians, and drove the remainder into exile. Their enemies of course charged them with various doctrinal errors, just as Baptists now are maliciously or ignorantly charged with errors in doctrine and practice. Scattered in various countries, different names were attached to them. In Italy, they were called Paterini; and Cathari, in France, Bulgarians, Publicans, and *bont homines*, good men; but from the town of Albi, in France, they were called Albigenses. They rejected infant baptism, and they were such as were called anabaptists (Benedict, p. 16; Mosheim, pp. 202-4). The Paulicians simply followed the New Testament (Benedict, p. 14), which is just what Baptists now claim to do, and which would make anybody in the world a Baptist. But this is what none but Baptists do; and therefore is "every man's hand against us, and always has been," beginning from the baptism of John (Acts 1:22) unto the year 1890.

We have given a historical trace of the true disciples of Christ for a thousand years from their source, and we have shown that they were Baptists, and that they were substantially such as Baptists now are. We could have given many additional facts, especially how their enemies, hunting like wild beasts, and constantly robbing them, burning their property, and torturing and murdering them by tens of thousands, destroyed their historical records, and prevented them from making others, for transmission to posterity. These bloody-handed slaves of the evil one created many a desert in their tracks, and doubtless called it religion and peace. We will now begin from the present generation, and "go backward through the flight of time," and show the genuine spiritual and ecclesiastical relationship of the Baptists of the nineteenth century, with those of the tenth, the Paulicians, Albigenses, and others, by whatsoever names they were called.

According to the "American Baptist Year Book for 1890," there were, last year, in the United States and Territories, 1,353 associations, 21,175 ordained ministers, 33,588 churches, and 3,070,047 members; the number baptized for the year previous being 144,575. These Baptists have seven theological institutions, thirty-one universities and colleges, thirty-two seminaries for female education, forty-six institutions of learning for both sexes, and seventeen institutions for the Indian and negro races. We have referred to only a part of what the Baptists are doing; we have not mentioned their immense use of the printing press, in newspapers, tracts, and books, and especially in circulating copies of the word of God; nor have we said a word about our missions, home and foreign, to six or seven hundred millions of the human race.

Now, from some things which we have read and heard, we doubt not that there are people in this land of intelligence, even people that can read, who believe that all these Baptists had their origin from Roger Williams and Ezekiel Holliman, who, in March, 1639, immersed one another, in Rhode Island. (See "The Tri-Semina," by J. R. Graves, p. 122.) The plain inference is, that they, Williams and Holliman, or one of them, invented immersion, to take the place of pouring or sprinkling, one of which (but who knows which?) is the regular Scriptural baptism! This word baptism is like no other word in any language under heaven, because contrary to common sense, having, besides its own proper meaning of immersion two other distinctly different original meanings. But the historical fact is, that Dr. John Clarke, a Baptist minister, and a practitioner of physic in London, came to Rhode Island in March, 1638, just a year before the baptismal novelty of the Paulicians, now ready to expire; and propagated with great success its pestilential doctrines." From the attention of these devoted Baptists to the writings of the Apostle Paul, they came to be called Paulicians. They grew mightily during this century. They were persecuted, of course, like other "anabaptists," for re-baptizing converts who joined their churches (Benedict, p. 12). These were converts from the Roman Catholics, or the Greek church, probably from both. Baptists were also denounced as heretical, by both the Eastern and Western churches, under the names of Montanists (Mountaineers), Novatians, Donatists, and "Anabaptists." They inhabited Syria, Armenia, and portions of Europe, and were mercilessly driven into exile from one country to another, by the fury of persecution (S. H. Ford, Origin of Bap., pp. 124-28).

Why then, it may be asked, do Baptists hold the memory of Roger Williams in such high regard? Because he had such understanding from the word of God as seems, for those primitive, bigoted, pilgrim times of twilight, almost like a divine revelation, teaching him that no political state, or politico-religious, as Massachusetts then was, or any other human authority, had any right to enslave or shackle the conscience of any one of God's freemen, nature's noblemen; nor to say, thou shalt not; or to say, thou shalt worship God in this way, and not in that; or to say, thou shalt worship God in some way, whether by fire, or not. He was not the first in the world, but the first in his generation, enthralled as it was by Pseudo-baptist bigotry, to stand out in all the genuine dignity of human freedom, and to say, in effect, to the tyrants before him, "You may whip me cruelly," as they did a poor Baptist man named Painter, in 1644, for refusing to have his child baptized, and as they did that Baptist preacher, Abadiah Holmes, in 1651; "or you may hang me," as they did a number of men, and women, many years afterwards,

some for being Quakers, and others for witchcraft; "or you may banish me to a wilderness of savages, but my soul you shall not, can not enslave." Roger Williams taught the world that, on the subject of religion, no human government, whether political or church government, has the right to say to any man or woman, thou shalt not be a Baptist, or a Pseudo-baptist, a Quaker, Turk, infidel, or atheist, or whatever you may please. We know not whether Roger Williams had apprehended another historical fact, that there never was a persecuting church that was not a Pseudo-baptist church. As the great advocate in his day, of South-Lanark, for which Baptists had, at the hands of Pseudo-baptists, and of heathens, and Jesus before them, suffered tortures and death for six hundred years, Baptists honored him then, and they will reverence his memory through the tide of time.

We have before us an old book, called "A Confession of Faith." It is the second Charleston edition, dated, Charleston, S. C., 1813; and it was printed for the Charleston Baptist Association. This confession of faith had been "adopted by the Baptist Association of Philadelphia, September 25, 1742, and by the Charleston, in 1767." The title page opens thus: "A confession of faith, put forth by the elders and brethren of many congregations of Christians (baptized upon profession of their faith) in London and the country." Upon the next page we read: "We, the ministers and messengers of, and concerned for, upwards of one hundred baptized congregations in England and Wales (denying *Arminianism*), being met together in London from the third of the seventh month, till the eleventh of the same, 1689, to consider," etc. This statement is signed by thirty-seven persons, "in the name and behalf of the whole assembly." Among the names subscribed are those of Hansard Knollys, William Kiffin, and Benjamin Keach, whom we recognize as preachers and writers of distinction. On the next page by an address "to the judicious and impartial reader," we are informed that this confession of faith "was first put forth about the year 1643," about forty-six years before, On Baptism, this confession teaches, among other true things, that it is a sign—not a seal, as Presbyterians teach—"of remission of sins" to the recipient, "and of his giving up himself unto God, through Jesus Christ, to live and walk in newness of life."

No infant baptism nor Campbellism there. This confession further says, "Immersion, or dipping of the person in water, is necessary to the due administration of this ordinance." No sprinkling or pouring there. Now, if any person can believe, that "upwards of one hundred baptized congregations in England and Wales" could, twice in half a century, have put forth such a confession as this, worthy to be adopted all over the United States, could have arisen among two populations of England and Wales, in those times of slow growth, within less than one year before the publication of this confession, 1643, we think he would also be capable of believing, that "Tall oaks from little acorns grow" within less than one hundred years. And we should be of the same opinion, if we knew that, at the first publication of this confession, in the year 1643, there were not half so many congregations indorsing it.

## The Evil of Scowling.

I have a special message for women—one don't—small as a word, but mighty in influence. It is this: Don't scowl. Scowling spoils faces. Before you know it, my sister, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line from your cowl to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and, oh, how much older you look for it! Scowling is a habit that steals upon us unawares. We frown when the light is too strong and when it is too weak. We tie our brows into a knot when we are thinking, and knit them even more tightly when we cannot think.

There is no denying there are plenty of things to scowl about. The baby in the cradle frowns when something fails to suit. "Constitutional scowl," we say. The little toddler who likes sugar in his bread and butter tells his trouble in the same way when you leave the sugar off. "Cross," we say about the children, and "worried to death," about the grown folks, and as for ourselves, we can't help it. But we must. Its reflex influence makes others unhappy; for face answereth unto face in life as well as in water. It belies our religion. We should possess our souls in such peace that it will reflect itself in placid countenances. If your forehead is ridged with wrinkles before forty, what will it be at seventy?

There is one consoling thought about these marks of time and trouble—the death angel almost always erases them. Even the extremely aged in death often wear a smooth and peaceful brow, thus leaving our last memories of them calm and tranquil. But our business is with life. Scowling is a kind of silent scolding. It shows that our souls need sweetening. For pity's sake, let us take a sad-iron, or a glad iron, or smoothing tool of some sort, and straighten these creases out of our faces before they become indelibly engraved upon our visage.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

## Just One.

An eminent old Baptist preacher used to say that he was not a half-Baptist nor a Baptist and a half, but simply a Baptist. A half-Baptist holds some of our distinctive views and rejects others; a Baptist and a half claims not only to stand for all doctrines commonly held by Baptists, but he holds them in a noisy and offensive way; and, besides, he insists on certain others of his own which he charges the rest of the brethren with being wrong in not holding.

A Baptist is fully in accord with his people. He believes their doctrines, stands by their enterprises, and loves to be with them. He has none of that spurious charity which depreciates his own denomination in order to conciliate outsiders. He never gets sick because a Baptist label is on a thing. He is equally far removed from that intolerance and exclusiveness which spurns every thing, no matter how good it may be, provided it is not distinctly Baptist. A Baptist is a lover of the truth.—*W. E. H., in Young People at Work*.

## Report of Select Committee of Fourteen on Report of the Sunday-School Committee.

Your committee, to whom was referred the report of the Sunday-School Committee, have given it very earnest consideration and beg leave to submit the following:

We desire to express our appreciation of the painstaking and conscientious manner in which they have discharged, with very limited powers, the duties imposed on them by this Convention.

1. From papers presented we find that the *Kind Word's Series* on the basis of the present circulation can be issued at a cost of less than twenty (20) thousand dollars per annum, while the income is over thirty (30) thousand dollars. We therefore can not recommend the ratification of the bid which the Sunday-School Committee has presented with its report and which offers to the Convention one half of the profits. We think a better arrangement can be made as presently will be indicated.

2. We recommend the adoption of this suggestion to create a new Board, to be called the Sunday-School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention, to have a Corresponding Secretary, and to be nominated from year to year as the other two Boards are.

3. That said Board be entrusted with the Convention's Sunday-school series, and be authorized to use their best efforts to improve the series and to increase the circulation, but shall not engage in any other publication work, except as hereinafter provided.

4. That the Board be entrusted with the Sunday-school interests in our territory, and be requested to gather statistical information as to the condition of our Sunday-schools, to see what can be done toward increasing their number and efficiency, and by annual report to bring the whole Sunday-school work fully before the sessions of the Convention.

5. Thinking it best to discountinue the leasing system, so as to eliminate all personal interests from the business, we recommend that the Board be instructed to make the best arrangement possible for having the series brought out at the lowest cost under a printing contract.

6. That the Board continue the work begun by the Sunday-school Committee of making a list of such books as may be wisely recommended to the Sunday-schools.

7. We recommend that the Board carry out the following arrangement, as suggested by the Sunday-school Committee along with its report:

As to the matter of catechetical instruction referred to the committee, we found that Dr. John A. Broadus had been applied to by the American Baptist Publication Society to prepare such catechisms as were proper. Advanced, Intermediate and Primary. He declined to do so unless the work could be done for the Society and for the committee jointly. Conferring with him and with the Society, it was agreed to suggest to the Convention that Dr. Broadus be employed to prepare an Intermediate catechism first, for the sum of \$500, to be paid jointly by the committee and the Society, \$250 each, the copyright belonging to both, and each to publish at a uniform price; and each, in publishing, should place its own imprint first.

It is further proposed that Dr. Broadus prepare the Primary catechism for \$200 when called for, upon and under the same conditions. It was deemed best to make no arrangement for the Advanced catechism for the present.

8. The Board in its work will aid mission Sunday-schools by contributions of literature and money; doing this, however, through State organizations, and using for this purpose the net proceeds of the business, together with all contributions therefor, provided that, while the Secretary may, when necessary, raise funds for the promotion of the Sunday-school interests committed to the Board, no system of State or sub-agencies shall be organized.

9. That the Board be located at Nashville, and to be composed of fifteen brethren as named by the Committee on Nominations.

10. That the selection of a Corresponding Secretary be left to the Board.

11. That the Sunday-school Committee be instructed to perfect the necessary arrangement for the issue of the third quarter's series of the Sunday-school literature, and after making such arrangement, the com-

mittee be authorized to close its affairs by handing over to the Board, as provided for above, all its assets, books, papers, etc.

In conclusion your committee, in its long and earnest consideration of this whole matter in all its environments, have been compelled to take account of the well known fact, that there are widely divergent views held among us by brethren equally earnest, consecrated and devoted to the best interest of the Master's Kingdom. It is therefore, recommended that fullest freedom of choice be accorded to every one as to what literature he will use or support, and that no brother be disparaged in the slightest degree on account of what he may do in the exercise of his right as Christ's freeman. But we would earnestly urge all brethren to give to this Board a fair consideration, and in no case to obstruct it in the great work assigned it by this Convention.

SIGNED BY THE COMMITTEE.

From Baptist Expositor.

## Faith and Knowledge.

KEY TEXT—"For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I also am known." 1 Cor. 13:12.

We have two kinds of eyes, one of the body and one of the soul. By means of each of these we obtain knowledge. But they are both liable to be deceived or mistaken. Hence the knowledge derived from them must be more or less uncertain.

I see the sun at noon and at midnight, in the clear heavens and behind the thick clouds, and I know it is shining all the time. This knowledge I get from my two kinds of eyes. I know that I see it shining with my body's eyes, and I am sure that I see it shining with my soul's eyes. And yet, if a great mirror were placed beside it from which the bright image were reflected, I would not know which of the two was the sun itself; and if it were blotted out, on the other side of the world, I would not know, in the pitchy darkness of the cloudy night whether it were shining or not.

Let us explain clearly by a few pictures which might be easily multiplied infinitely:

1. I am in the midst of the arid desert. I am ready to perish with heat and thirst. I see in the distance a limpid lake. Overwhelmed with joy, I hasten forward and am just ready to fall down and quaff the life-giving water—but, alas! where? Here is only the glowing, death-dealing sand. I saw that I saw the beautiful lake of crystal water, but I saw only the deceptive mirage. I knew only in part. I was looking through a glass darkly.

2. I enter a drawing room at night, and am surprised to see an infinite series of lighted lamps. I turn round to be seated, and there astonishes me another series exactly like the first. I know that I see them plainly with my own body's eyes. I wonder a moment, on taking my seat, place my arm on the table beside me. Instantly all the lamps are shaken. I was mistaken. There is only one lamp between two mirrors, and all the others are its reflected images. I was looking through a glass darkly.

3. I am in a modern exposition building, walking, charmed and delighted, between two banks of the finest specimens of nature and art. I come to a certain point, and, on looking up, am surprised to see that these banks are yet extended far in the distance before me. I make one more step and come against a large painting. Ah! I see again that what I knew were real objects are only the pictures of them, and that I was looking through a glass darkly.

4. I walk into a magnificent cathedral, where brilliant sparkle and blaze on every hand. I say to myself, this is certainly the gate of Heaven, for I see before me an angel of light. My eyes are dazzled for a moment, but I advance for a nearer view. The enchantment vanishes. I now see plainly a wicked priest, clad in the splendid paraphernalia of ritualism. I see "Satan transformed into an angel of light." I saw through a glass darkly.

5. I know that my name is written in Heaven, because I have believed in Jesus Christ; I "have prophesied in his name; in his name, I have cast out devils, and in his name have done many wonderful works." Therefore, I will go confidently and rejoicingly up to the door of Heaven and knock for admittance. But, lo, the Master opens the door and speaks the dreadful and overwhelming words, "I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." Matt. 7:22.

We think we see; but we do not. We believe we know; but we may not. "Let us therefore fear, lest a promise being left us of entering into His rest, any of you should seem to come short of it." Heb. 4:1.

T. B. COOPER.

We cannot live upon negations, but we must have convictions of a positive sort if our voyage through our earthly existence is to be an honorable and successful one.—*Dr. Dorchester*.

Confessedly, the happiness of the world is far greater than its sorrow; almost every living creature has a thousand moments of comfort to one moment of pain.—*E. F. Burr*.

Dark or unkind fancies are fatal to the life of the soul. They being imaginary do not destroy their effect. A thought is a thing in its touch upon mind, and a fact to our faith is a fact to our life.—*Ex*.

## Church Entertainments.

The church entertainment is the unyielding foe of liberality. A whole family will hide for months behind a dollar that was paid to take them into a church entertainment.

Think of the children of the King going to the world and begging for money.

It was the mixed multitude that got the children of Israel into trouble. The mixed multitude is always found at a church entertainment.

Wherever you find a church entertainment you will find skulkers.

Thou shalt give unto the Lord thy God according as the Lord thy God has blessed thee.—Deut. 16:10. The main reason why churches have to resort to public entertainments is because some of the members have too much of the Lord's money in their pockets.

The church entertainment is a Midianitish woman that the people of God had better beware of.

What is the difference between going to a theater for the benefit of a church and for the benefit of a private individual?

"Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," is a sight not to be seen when the church is engaged in giving public entertainments.

He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity.—Rom. 12:8. Not through the fuss and bluster of a public entertainment.

The church entertainment looks like a well-watered plain, but there is a Sodom behind it that is full of danger.

Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee.—Deut. 16:17.—*Ex*.

## Doing Good.

Every human being has a mission to perform. Every man has a part to act in the world's great drama—one of most unrepeatable importance. But how few there are who come fully up to its standard and endeavor by divine assistance to fulfill it. Man was created for a noble purpose, endowed with an immortal mind, and is capable of performing good work. Consider how great may be the influence of a single individual, either for good or evil. If we have been influential in reforming one, a being made in the image of God, but sadly misled by contaminating influence of vice, we have performed a good work.

There are various ways in which good may be accomplished, but when a good resolution is formed the work is too often begun with a lack of confidence and perseverance, and impatient to accomplish the undertaking we despair at the first difficulty. This should not be, but with more faith, the more distant the day of reward, the harder we should labor, and not let our arms become palsied because we do not meet with immediate and large results of our labors; but in time or eternity we shall receive the reward.

Much good may be done with pen, and how much good has been done in this way, by which the influence of many still live while they have long since gone to their final resting place! But we would not have you vainly ambitious to render your name immortal, thinking to make a speck in the world by figuring in the papers, or assume the importance of a fly that imagined itself turning the wheel upon which it was only turned around. But whatever you do, let it be done to the glory of God, and remember that "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."—*Exchange*.

## Fun at Home.

There is nothing like it to be found—no, not if you search the world through. I want every possible amusement to keep the children at home evenings. We should stand agast if we could have a vision of the young men gone to utter destruction for the very reason that having disagreeable dull friends at home they sought amusement elsewhere. The time will come before you think when you would give the world to have your house tumbled by the dear hands of those very boys; when your heart shall long for their noisy steps in the hall and their ruddy cheeks laid up to yours; when you would rather have their jolly whistle than the music of the opera; when you would gladly have dirty carpets—ay, live without carpets at all, but to have their bright, strong forms beside you once more. Then play with and pet them. Let them help you in home decorations, send them to gather mosses, grasses, and bright autumn leaves, to decorate their room when the snow is all over the earth, and you will keep yourself young and fresh by entering into their joys, and those joys innocent by your knowledge of them.—*Selected*.

## A Touching Incident.

Dr. Marshall was preaching at the penitentiary, many years ago, and, among other things, told the convicts that they must not think that they had placed themselves beyond the pale of human sympathy and love. "Remember," he said, "that however sinful you may be, however low you may have fallen, Charley Marshall loves you." The remark had a strong effect upon one man in particular, who sought Mr. Marshall out after the exercises were concluded, and received from him a little pocket Bible, which he promised to keep and read.

Years after, a soldier came back from the Mexican war, and, having sought out Dr. Marshall, presented him with the same Bible, now soiled with the dust of a weary march, and stained with the blood of him to whom Marshall had given it years before. The bearer said: "Do you remember this Bible and the man to whom you gave it in the penitentiary some years ago? He told me to find Charley Marshall and give it to him and tell him he had died a Christian because of that Bible and the love that went with it."—*New Orleans Advocate*.

According to the reports of the Pope's encyclical which have reached this country, he recommends the study of the Gospel as the means of allaying the controversies between working men and their employers. This is good counsel; but are Roman Catholics encouraged to heed it? In a letter from Montreal, written not long since, Mr. Chiniquy makes mention of a man, holding a high position in an important Roman Catholic parish about thirty miles from Montreal, whom he met in a recent visit, who had never seen a Bible. He accepted the gift of one with unexpressed joy. Mr. Chiniquy spent five days in the parish where the man lived, and saw not only the man himself, but the man's wife and twelve children, with many others in the parish turning to the Word of God for instruction, and accepting the Gospel of Christ. If the Pope's encyclical is a true statement of his desire, why do not his bishops and priests urge their people to study the Word of God?—*Journal and Messenger*.

A writer in an English journal calls attention to the fact, that Home Mission work among social equals is not prosecuted as earnestly as it is among the transgressors who live in the slums. Towards wrong doers of their own rank these good people show less forbearance than towards the more degraded classes. The writer says: "I have known two or three sisters, all good women, with a recognized position as worthy Christian ladies, who, when a lady whom they had known for years, and with whose connections they had many close ties, gave way to intemperance, kept from going near her. The lady had many trials, just the kind which tempt people to drown care; but I never heard of my friends asking her to come and sit in their comfortable house through dreary evenings, or offering to take her for a drive or anything of that kind." Here is a suggestion worthy of attention by Christian men and women.—*Journal and Messenger*.

## Unsound Views.

Eds. Ala. Baptist: In your issue of the 7th inst. is a well written article, captioned "True Christianity," in which two systems of theology, very prevalent in this section, are compared and contrasted. One system says to man, "You have no will of your own; you are nothing more than a machine, put in motion by the will of God." The other says, "God is a spectator of the acts and doings of man, a mere looker on, leaving man, weak as he is, to work out his own salvation as best he can." These two systems are diametrically opposed to each other. If one is correct the other is wrong, and vice versa. But the writer of the article shows both to be radically wrong, and then strange enough, claims the followers of these erroneous doctrines to be orthodox Christians, and, by implication, we are told if we do not love them as brethren it is an evidence that we have not "passed from death unto life." Christ says, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14. "To obey is better than sacrifices," Samuel 15:22. Is not obedience essential to the reception of saving grace? Have the believers of all these "multiplicity of creeds" obeyed Christ? To be more specific: Do our Pseudo-baptist friends obey Christ in the matter of baptism?

"The thousand and one different opinions on questions of theology do not sever the relationship that should exist between them as Christians." I am amazed to find such language in the columns of a Baptist paper. O my dear brother, these "thousand and one different opinions on questions of theology" held by a multiplicity of sects, must be abrogated before there can be any Christian relationship; otherwise the Gospel is a medley of contradiction.

I am a Baptist because I believe our church to be identical with that of the apostolic age. I love my fellow-man. If I believe him to be in error, in that which concerns his eternal welfare, will I best demonstrate my love by confirming him in erroneous views? "J. D. M." may think so, but I prefer to point him to a more perfect way.

If this extract from the article of "J. D. M." is correct, what excuse can Baptists have for immersing proselytes, or for excluding these "brethren" of other creeds from the Lord's table, or even for continuing the existence of the Baptist church? Christ prayed that his disciples might be one. If all this multiplicity of creeds are orthodox, would Baptists not honor our Savior's desire by diminishing by one the number of this "multiplicity of creeds" by uniting, say, with the Methodists? Suppose, then, the idea was carried on by uniting respectively with all the creeds until finally we arrived at ROME!

J. M. CARTER.

Meritt, Ala.

## Central Committee

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

Mrs. T. A. HAMILTON, Pres., Birmingham, Ala.  
Mrs. G. B. EAGER, Vice-Pres., Aniston, Ala.  
Mrs. G. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.  
Mrs. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

## JUNE—PRAYER CARD.

"Africa"—"That no man put a stumbling block in his brother's way." Missionaries, 10; native assistants, 7; stations, 5; churches, 4; members, 58; baptisms, 1; schools, 3; scholars, 150. Contributions from Africans, \$24.

Study Topics.—What has God done for Africa? S. B. C. Missions. Congo Missions. Livingstone. Stanley. "Martyr Seed and Martyr Fruit." Rum, the curse of Africa and the world.

The first work done by American Baptists was done in Liberia, and was begun by the old Triennial Convention, in 1821. The Southern Baptist Convention began work there in 1846, and some years later the Missionary Union withdrew from the field and left all the mission work in Liberia to our Board. In 1850, a mission was begun in the Yoruba country, where our present work is being prosecuted, and in 1876, the Liberian work, after having been carried on for thirty years, was abandoned, and our whole force in Africa concentrated in Yoruba, with Lagos as its central station. In 1860, when the war between the states interrupted work in Liberia, the statistics of the mission were: Churches and stations, 24; pastors, 38; members, 1,258; teachers, 26; scholars, 665. The history of the mission has been one of great suffering and sorrow, together with truest heroism and most thorough consecration on the part of the laborers, consecration even unto the laying down of life itself.

For some years prior to 1875, the mission was practically abandoned, no American missionary being on the field. In that year Rev. W. J. David and Rev. W. W. Colley, the latter a colored man, entered upon the work there, and gathered up such fruits as remained of the work of the earlier missionaries. So that of a truth, our Yoruba mission is only a few years old, and its results, looked at in the light of the facts given above, are truly encouraging.

It is gratifying to know that a new interest in this work seems to be awakened among our young men, and a considerable reinforcement of workers will be sent out to cheer the hearts and to strengthen the hands of the faithful few who have been at work there.

Reader, what can you do for Africa? The throne of God is open for you, ever, and you can pray for Africa, yes, and for those at work there. These beg your prayers. You can talk about and for Africa and her evangelization. Read all you can get about her, her people,







**How's This?**  
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for  
any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by  
taking **Hall's Catarrh Cure**.  
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Prop., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.  
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe  
him perfectly honorable in all business trans-  
actions, and financially able to carry out any  
obligations made by him in connection with  
this advertisement.

WEST & TRUAX,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
WALZING, KINMAN & MARVIN,  
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally,  
acting directly upon the blood and mucous  
surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent  
free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all  
druggists.

Indian meal mixed with lemon juice  
or good cider vinegar, is said to be  
very soothing to hands roughened by  
cold or labor.

**The Purest and Best**  
Articles known to medicine are used  
in preparing **Hood's Sarsaparilla**. Every in-  
gredient is carefully selected, personally ex-  
amined, and only the best retained. The  
medicine is prepared under the supervision  
of thoroughly competent pharmacists, and  
every step in the process of manufacture is  
carefully watched with a view to securing in  
Hood's Sarsaparilla the best possible result.

Open the house thoroughly every  
morning. Open opposite doors and  
windows for five or ten minutes, even  
if it is stormy.

If you feel weak  
and all worn out, take  
**BROWN'S IRON BITTERS**

Ammonia is a most useful household  
article. For washing windows, brushes,  
and for performing many other ser-  
vices, it becomes almost indispensa-  
ble to the careful housekeeper.

**Electropoise.**  
(TRADE MARK)

This little electro-motor instrument has  
and can do more for the cure of la grippe,  
pneumonia, bad colds, sore throats and  
all other chronic and acute diseases than  
all the medicines in the world. All are invited  
to call or write, and obtain the fullest par-  
ticulars in regard to its value and the man-  
ner in which it is used. DuBois & Webb,  
1911 1/2 First Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.

The pungent odor of pennyroyal is  
very disagreeable to ants and other  
creeping things. If the herbs cannot  
be obtained, get the oil of pennyroyal  
and saturate something with it and lay  
around the places infested by these  
pests.

**A Faithful Anglo-Saxon.**  
Ladies and gentlemen, if corns and bun-  
ions bother your feet, go to him and he will  
make you a perfect fitting foot or shoe, ac-  
cording to standard measurement. If your  
feet shoes need repairing send them to him,  
as he is the best repairer of fine shoes in the  
State. For further particulars call on Fred  
Jansson at No. 114 Commerce Street, Mont-  
gomery, Ala.

Among the costly ornaments rank  
diamond chateaux and pendant  
watches.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**  
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should  
always be used for children teething. It  
soothes the child, softens the gums, allays  
all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best  
remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

A unique bracelet is the one of wo-  
ven chain showing strands of silver,  
different gold and platinum.

**Wanted to Sell**  
A splendid \$85 organ for \$75. New  
and guaranteed for three years. Ad-  
dress **HARE & POPE.**

Coalport china cups and saucers  
find many admirers, especially when  
these rest in a framework of silver.

**To Dispel Colds,**  
Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse  
the system effectually, yet gently, when  
costive or bilious, or when the blood  
is impure or sluggish, to permanently  
cure habitual constipation, to awaken  
the kidneys and liver to a healthy ac-  
tivity, without irritating or weakening  
them, use Syrup of Figs.

It is all bright and beautiful if God  
is giving us that certainty of himself  
by which we shall be fit to meet every  
thing that we shall have to meet in  
this world and the world to come —  
Phillips Brooks.

**IF YOUR BACK ACHES,**  
Or you are all worn out, really good for  
nothing, it is general debility. Try  
**KEENE'S KIDNEY PILLS.**  
It will cure you, cleanse your liver, and give  
a good appetite.

Umbrellas and parasols designed to  
carry with mourning costumes have  
been coined and onyx handles.

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**  
The Effects of Tobacco  
relieved by its use.

No two watches are alike, and an  
odd one seen had a chocolate-colored  
dial with the hands and numbers in  
blue.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!  
Oh, this humming in the head!  
Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping,  
Wasting eyes and throat,  
Health impaired and comfort fled,  
'Till I would that I were dead!  
What folly to suffer, so with catarrhal  
troubles, when the worst cases of chronic  
catarrh in the head are relieved and cured  
by the mild, cleansing and healing prop-  
erties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It pu-  
rifies the foul breath, by moving phlegm  
of offense, heals the sore and inflamed pas-  
sages, and effects a lasting cure.

**MONTGOMERY CHURCHES.**  
First Church.—Splendid congregation  
Sunday morning. Pastor Harris preached  
on Nehemiah 8:12, bringing out three lead-  
ing thoughts: The People Demanding the  
Word of God, The Pulpit and the Open Bi-  
ble, and A Properly Supported Christian  
Ministry. Dr. Riley, of Howard College,  
was present and spoke a few words about  
the College.

The pastor was too sick to preach at night.  
Baptized a lady and others will soon fol-  
low. The Sunday-school picnic was a big suc-  
cess.

West Montgomery.—Sunday-school opened  
with prayer, and with good attendance.  
Ten minutes given to hymn service. Read-  
ing of lesson. Singing. Prayer. Forty  
minutes in the study of lesson. Superin-  
tendent addressed the school upon the im-  
portance of attending regularly every ses-  
sion of the Sunday-school. Total num-  
ber present, 80; collections, \$2.40. New pupils  
received, 8, making a total membership of  
school, 112. The congregation was treated

## BIRMINGHAM Business :: College.

Book-keeping, Penmanship, Typewriting, Commercial Law, Short-hand and Banking.

Thoroughly taught by experienced teachers.  
The most complete and largest business col-  
lege in the South. Write for circular.

**Amos Ward, Prest.,**  
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

To a splendid discourse from James 1:22,  
"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers  
only, deceiving your own selves." The  
pastor handled the subject in a masterly  
manner, much to the edification of his  
audience. The pastor grows daily into the  
affections of his flock.

ADAMS STREET.—Teachers' meeting at 9  
o'clock. One hundred in Sunday-school.  
Collection, \$3.30.

Preaching morning and evening by pas-  
tor Thompson. At the conclusion of the  
morning service the church, unanimously  
voted the pastor two months' vacation, his  
salary to continue. The months of July  
and August, or a portion of them, will be  
spent in recreation and renewing of  
strength. The pastor has labored contin-  
uously for three years without rest or vaca-  
tion, and is in need of a change for his  
health.

In the afternoon, at 5 o'clock, one con-  
vocation was held in the morning. A  
statement will be made next Sabbath  
by Bro. Thompson showing the increase in  
membership and the work done by the  
church since he became their pastor.

There are many saintly martyrs among  
the women of the country to-day—victims  
of neglect, or carelessness, or sensitiveness,  
or sometimes a mistaken sense of delicacy.  
They suffer and suffer and are still. Reluc-  
tant often to consult strange physicians, and  
not knowing what relief to resort to them-  
selves, they acquire a reputation for peevish-  
ness and fretfulness that is undesired.

In few things are women so reluctant to  
consult others as in matters relating to per-  
sonal appearance. Even a maiden in her  
teens, it is said, will talk to a doctor about  
anything else sooner than her complexion  
or her hair. As a rule she does not care  
to discuss it. Yet how important they are,  
not only as features of physical beauty,  
but as guides to the general health. There  
is nothing for instance that responds more  
quickly to impaired health than the hair.

Whatever the cause, if the hair is de-  
ficient, the scalp dry and itchy or the hair fall-  
ing out or turning gray prematurely, there  
is nothing so effective as the Louisiana Cre-  
ole influence in all such cases. It can be de-  
pendent upon to strengthen the hair and  
make it grow and put the scalp in a healthy  
condition no matter what the difficulty.

It is an important accessory to every  
dressing table and lady should be out-  
fitted with it. The Mansfield Drug Co., Memph-  
is, Tenn.

**BIRMINGHAM CHURCHES.**  
First Church.—Rev. W. A. Whittle  
preached at 11 a. m. and Dr. Purdy at night.  
Pastor Pickard is absent in Mississippi to  
preach the commencement sermon of the  
University at Jackson.

SOUTH SIDE.—Pastor Hale preached at 11  
a. m. Subject, "Stand Fast in the Faith."  
Dr. S. H. Ford preached at night. Two re-  
ceived by letter and one for baptism.

WOODLAWN.—Pastor Adams preached to  
good audiences at both services. Dr. Sam-  
pley will preach Wednesday night.

EARL LAKE.—Usual services by the pastor.  
Sunday-school "small." Two baptized and  
one received by letter.

BESSEMER.—Small congregation at 11 a. m.  
Pastor Wood preached. Rev. W. A. Whit-  
tle gave an illustrated sermon at night to  
the delight of a good audience. He will  
also give a lecture to-night for the "Cheer-  
ful Workers."

Pastor Stanton preached at Cropwell at 11  
a. m., and collected \$8.00 for missions.

Pastor Lowrey, of Blocton, had a good  
day yesterday, and offered his resignation  
as pastor, to take effect the fourth Sunday  
in August.

THEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—Thirty-one stu-  
dents were present at the opening lecture  
by Dr. Manly to-day. Drs. B. Manly, W.  
H. Young, S. H. Ford, J. R. Samspey, and  
Rev. G. S. Anderson, lecturers, are all here.  
Many others will arrive this evening and  
to-morrow. REPORTER.

**HERE AND THERE.**  
Opelika, Ala., wants the press associa-  
tion to meet there next year.

It is stated that Blaine will be a candi-  
date for the presidency in 1892.

There were 1,911 pupils in attendance on  
the public schools in Montgomery last ses-  
sion. It requires about \$23,000 per session  
to carry on the school work.

About one-half of the business portion  
of Dothan, Ala., was destroyed by fire on  
the 13th inst. The loss is estimated at  
\$75,000; insurance, about \$30,000.

Six young ministers of the reformed  
Presbyterian church, charged with heresy,  
were expelled from the church by the  
synod at Pittsburg, Pa., on June 10th.

Secretary J. H. Harris, of the state ex-  
ecutive committee, has issued a call for  
the annual meeting of the state alliance, to  
be held at Brundage, Pike county, on Tues-  
day, August 11th.

The city council of Anniston has appro-  
priated \$10,000 for the public school for  
next year, the largest appropriation ever  
made for that purpose. The city budget  
for the current year, as adopted, amounts  
to \$86,500.

The Florence Times is the nearest, news-  
state weekly that comes to our ex-  
change table. Its advertisements are es-  
pecially attractive, and its four-page-nine-  
columns are fresh and bright. It is just  
what every county paper ought to be—first-  
class.

The East Lake Hotel at East Lake, Ala.,  
was burned about daylight June 10th. It  
was a large, three-story frame building, con-  
structed and owned by C. M. Boulden. It  
cost about \$30,000 and was insured for  
\$14,500. The hotel was unoccupied except  
by Boulden's family. The origin of the  
fire is unknown, but it is reported that  
the building was struck by lightning.

Ex-Gov. John P. St. John, of Kansas, is  
called by the wicked newspapers a crank.  
When a man proposes to do anything po-  
litically to save his fellow men from the  
gutter, and to help the thousands of  
troubled wives from the bitter drudgery of  
life and curse of drunken husbands, he is  
a crank. Heaven is full of such cranks,  
while hell is full of the intellectual giants  
of wicked newspapers.—*Ashtville Eagle.*

The prohibition state convention, which  
assembled in Des Moines, Iowa, on June  
10th, adopted a platform and nominated a  
full slate of tickets, and also adopted a res-  
olution: free and unlimited coinage of  
silver; Australian ballot reform; state  
constitutions to enforce prohibition, and  
immediate abolishment of the whole  
United States internal revenue system.

since its operation is to encourage by re-  
cognizing the liquor traffic.  
The News has it from high medical au-  
thority, closely attached to the convict  
system of Alabama, that like Vincent is not  
in such poor health as sentimentalists  
would have Governor Jones believe. If  
the greatest criminal in Alabama is not  
dying, the people can rest assured that he  
will serve out his sentence. Governor  
Jones is of tender heart, but he is just. He  
will not pardon Vincent, unless it be to let  
him die outside a felon's cell.—*Birmingham News.*

The Chattanooga Southern railroad has  
been completed. The last rail was laid  
and the last spike driven on the 13th inst.  
The line which runs from Chattanooga to  
Gadsden, Ala., opens up a new agricul-  
tural and mineral country. From  
Gadsden it is proposed to extend the line  
to Columbus, Ga., to connect with the in-  
dependent lines, giving a new route to  
Florida and coast points. The new line is  
of vast importance and its completion is  
hailed with delight.

Mr. J. P. Oliver, secretary of the Ala-  
bama F. A. and I. U., writes to the New  
York Herald: Alabama awaits develop-  
ments. The present strength of the alli-  
ance in Alabama is about 75,000 members.  
About 200 such alliances, with an average  
of 20 members each, have been organized  
since the Ocala convention, but the state  
was fully organized before that time. Much  
depends on the action of the two old par-  
ties, in the meantime, whether or not in-  
dependent political action will be taken in  
1892. Should no concessions be made, the  
sentiment for a new party will be very  
great, and so strong as to carry the state, I  
believe. Of course, as an organization, no  
party will be had, but as individuals, edu-  
cated along the same line, they will gener-  
ally act together, and they will be felt.

Congressman Forney, of the seventh dis-  
trict, Alabama, who will probably be chair-  
man of the next appropriations committee  
of congress, says that "the democrats do  
not propose to give the next congress a  
record of a billion dollars. The receipts  
from customs show a marked decrease and  
\$50,000,000 have been cut off by the aboli-  
tion of the tax on sugar. That tax can  
never be put on again, nor can tea and  
coffee be taxed. So we will have to cut  
our coats according to the cloth. I believe,  
however, that we can cut down the appro-  
priations to \$425,000,000 instead of \$525,  
000,000, which was the amount of the last  
session. We can save from \$75,000,000 to  
\$100,000,000 each year. There is a perma-  
nent appropriation of \$47,000,000 for buy-  
ing bonds that can be cut off; then the  
\$12,000,000 paid out for refunding the di-  
rect tax will not have to be repeated. We  
can save \$5,000,000 by not building un-  
necessary public buildings. We can lop off  
a number of useless offices, and, of course,  
there will be no census appropriations. I  
am in favor of spending a few millions less  
on the navy and of less extravagance in  
the matter of fortifications. There are nu-  
merous ways in which to cut down, and I  
am sure we will find them. I suppose there  
will be a determination to confine the riv-  
ers and harbors bill to the most important  
and necessary it is. Personally, I am in  
favor of a rivers and harbors bill when the  
improvements proposed are of benefit and  
the money is not simply wasted."

**THE PREACHER'S INSTITUTE.**  
There are ministers of the gospel all over  
the land of earnest spirit; of deep piety;  
of pure hearts—men in whom blood pur-  
ity and the love of souls, preaching with  
some degree of success, it is true, but not  
so great as it better prepared. Conscious  
of the fact, they endeavor to improve them-  
selves, but the want of teachers, books and  
time prevent their progress. "The Preach-  
ers' Institute," East Lake, Ala., was de-  
signed for all such. And many of those  
poor fellows with both mind and body  
taxed to the utmost, and their hearts bur-  
dened with cares, need rest. Ours is more  
than physical work, more than mental  
work, it is heart work—work of the soul.

How often of Sabbath evenings after sup-  
per poured out our souls over our people  
have we felt as if the fire had burned down  
in our bones and as if life itself was washed  
out of us, and then the "blue Mondays"  
that follow, who knows what they mean  
so well as we? Tired nature demands re-  
pose; it is as needful to the mind as sleep  
is to the body, hence the merciful Savior  
said to the weary disciples, "Let us go into  
the wilderness and rest." In every age,  
in every land, the strongest preachers have  
been Bible preachers, such men as Dick  
Baxter, Christmas Evans, Rowland Hill  
and C. H. Spurgeon. They preached the  
gospel. Then we don't need another gos-  
pel, we only need to preach it better.

Now, I say to all the churches that have  
a desire for high excellence in preaching,  
give to your pastors one month's furlough  
and twenty dollars to pay for their board  
and tuition in the "Preachers' Institute."  
Let them listen (for one month) to the  
lectures of such able divines as Drs. Broad-  
us, Manly, McDonald, Young, and other  
distinguished theologians, as we shall have;  
then your pastors will return to you re-  
freshed, strengthened and encouraged,  
better prepared to be successful in the min-  
istry, and the pulpits will be invested with  
new zeal, life and power. In view of these  
facts we desire to say that we had rather be  
that brother who first conceived of the  
need and importance of such an institu-  
tion in our midst, than to be the president  
of the United States of America or the  
Czar of Russia. We should feel profound-  
ly grateful to Almighty God for great and  
good men.

**MARION MILITARY INSTITUTE.**  
The commencement exercises of the Marion  
Military Institute were ushered in on  
the afternoon of May 28th by the battalion  
drill and dress parade of the cadet corps.  
Many friends of the Institute had gathered  
on the grounds of the campus to witness  
this interesting display.

I have never seen a finer body of students  
than greeted the eye on this occasion. The  
vigorous and manly bearing, the soldierly  
step, the bloom of health on cheek and lip  
united in forming a pleasing and gratifying  
spectacle.

This entertainment was followed that  
evening by the Sophomore Prize Declama-  
tion, on which occasion Marion turned out  
en masse to do honor to the young men by  
filling to overflowing every bench and cor-  
ner of the spacious chapel. There were six  
competitors for this medal, the gift of Maj.  
Brook; they all spoke well and gracefully,  
showing thorough training of voice, gesture  
and facial expression, but the prize was  
awarded to Mr. Plewellen, a young Flori-  
dian, whose effort was considered a little  
better than the best.

On Friday morning I attended the commence-  
ment exercises of the Institute. A full de-  
legation was conferred upon Mr. C. F. Hogue,  
of Marion, who had satisfactorily completed  
the course marked out by the curriculum.  
His graduation oration on the "Unexplored  
Resources of Alabama," was skillfully, even  
exhaustively, handled, and was listened to  
by a delighted audience. In conjunction  
with the graduation exercises, were fea-  
tured with several essays by members of

the Junior class, those of Messrs. H. O. Mur-  
fee, of Marion, and J. V. Coe, of Stanton,  
Ala., were written in a very sprightly and  
humorous vein, giving us specimens of the  
every-day work of the class-room. They  
were followed by Mr. D. F. Green, of Chil-  
dersburg, Ala., who read a prize essay on  
the subject of "Heredity and Heredity in the  
Silent Conflicts of Life." The essay evinced  
careful preparation and laborious research,  
and the medal which he won was only the  
reward of his merit.

A medal, the gift of Prof. Goodwyn, was  
also conferred on Mr. T. P. Tate, of Cuba  
Station, Ala., for excellence in chemistry,  
and a number of certificates of proficiency  
were bestowed in the various departments.

Delightful music, both vocal and instru-  
mental, was furnished by the young ladies  
of the town and added greatly to the enjoy-  
ment of the exercises.

We congratulate the family and trustees  
on this happy close to their most prosper-  
ous session; it has been a year of hard work  
and marked improvement.

Through the efficient management of Su-  
perintendent J. T. Murfee, the school is ever  
on rising ground, both in numbers and po-  
pularity, and has taken and maintained its  
rank as one of the finest institutions in the  
state. The thoroughness of its work, the  
firmness of its discipline, and the high  
moral tone of all its surroundings are too  
well known to need special praise from us.  
Long may its plumes wave and its colors  
fly.

On the 10th day of May last, near  
Stewart, in Shelby county, Ala., in the  
eighty-seventh year of his age, William  
Guilford Falker, who had for many years  
been a citizen of that county. He was born  
in Anson county, North Carolina, on the  
22nd day of December, 1805. His father  
was Job and Mary Falker (nee Gullidge).  
He was raised in the state of Georgia and  
married his first wife in Fayette county in  
the year 1833, and soon after he removed to  
Alabama, and settled in Randolph county,  
where he resided until sometime in the for-  
ties, when he removed to Shelby county,  
Ala., where he continued to reside up to  
his death. About the year 1828 or 1829 he  
was baptized into the fellowship of Shiloh  
Baptist church in Fayette county, Ga., after  
which he ever lived a consistent Christian  
life. From his early manhood he was  
strictly moral, was never known to use any  
profane language or to be guilty of any  
gross immoral conduct. He was never a  
candidate for any office except that of Jus-  
tice of the Peace, which office he held for a  
number of years, both in Randolph and  
Shelby counties, and was in each county  
estimated as a good citizen.

Having lost his first wife he married a  
second, in Shelby county, Ala., date not  
known, who was a true man, courage-  
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his early boyhood to a ripe old age, he en-  
joyed the confidence and esteem of those  
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## 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 friends; 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, to their great joy and happiness; while others 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 matter in nature," is rapidly absorbed through the skin and membranes 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 Woodland, 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. BURKHEAD,  
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 merits.

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,  
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What Men of Note say about that Great Healing Elixir which is Healing Mankind.

What a Pastor Says.

Both myself and wife have used Dr. King's Royal Germetizer and both have been much benefited. I used it for indigestion and liver complaint, and my wife used it for neuralgia, and in both instances we found great benefit from its use, and we would recommend it to those similarly disturbed.

O. L. HAILEY,  
Pastor Second Baptist Church,  
Knoxville, Tenn.

Another Minister Writes.

My wife has been a sufferer for fifteen years from indigestion, and very severely for the past two years. About three years ago she had an attack of apoplexy, which added to her indigestion. She has tried many doctors and patent medicines without relief, until she began taking Dr. King's Royal Germetizer. She used one bottle and a half of Germetizer and is now completely cured.

J. W. EDWARDS,  
Barton Co., Ga.

What a Great Pulver Orator, Rev. P. C. HENSON, Pastor First Baptist Church, Chicago, says:

"An almost fatal attack of La Grippe, last winter, left me with nasal catarrh and such susceptibility to bronchial irritation that the slightest exposure would develop it, and a very little effort in public speaking would result in a distressing hoarseness, so that I had serious fears of permanent disability."

"Besides I suffered with dyspeptic troubles—notably what is popularly known as 'heart burn,' from which I found it difficult to obtain relief. I was induced by a friend to try King's Royal Germetizer, and it gives me great pleasure to say that its effect has been as magical as Koch's Lymph is reported to be, which is also a germ destroyer, though taken in a different way."

"Catarrh, bronchial irritation and dyspepsia have all disappeared before one bottle of the Germetizer has been used."

"One of my sons, who has long been a sufferer from catarrh, has received like signal relief from his old enemy."

Pastor P. C. HENSON,  
First Baptist Church,  
Chicago, Dec. 10, 1890.

And yet the thousands part has not been told. Book of particulars free, or by mail for a 2-cent stamp.

Price, per bottle, \$1.50. For sale by druggists and by King's Royal Germetizer Co., 14 N. Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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And the thousands part has not been told. Book of particulars free, or by mail for a 2-cent stamp.

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MUSICAL CURRICULUM. For Piano, Violin, and Voice. Price, 25 cents.

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THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

NEW YORK.

## The Mistaken Road.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

Mopsa did not mean to slam the door when she went out. But a gust of wind caught it, and it shut behind her with an awful bang.

"There—I've waked them both," she said in dismay.

She listened just an instant on the threshold outside. That was long enough, however, for her to hear the baby's scream, and the sound of her mother's feet on the floor in the room above, as if she had sprung from her bed in answer to the baby's cry. Then Mopsa fled out of the side gate through the lane into a back street.

It was a hot afternoon. The air in the house had been stifling for her. It had tried her more than common to stay where she had to sit in such breathless quiet for fear of waking the mother who was trying to get a nap, and the fretful little sister.

"I can't stand it!" she said in a stress of nervous rebellion. "All the other girls are out at play, or off berrying, and I don't see why I should be kept in. I'll go anyway. I'll go to Aunt Mildred's."

Aunt Mildred was a middle-aged woman who had done much toward making young Mrs. Jephson's life miserable. She would have done the same by any one who had been rash enough to marry her dead sister's husband. The way she chiefly chose was to set Mopsa up against the new authority of a stepmother, and to make her think herself grievously imposed upon. Mopsa knew if she went to Aunt Mildred with complaints she was sure to get pity. So she deliberately abandoned her post as nurse to the little Beatrice and off she went. Aunt Mildred was quite at the other side of the village. When Mopsa got there she found her aunt was not at home.

"She's gone blackberrying."

"Where?"

"Out on the Dorrance road."

"To the burnt fields?"

"Yes—I think so."

This conversation was with the maid-of-all-work through the open kitchen window. Mopsa turned to go away.

"If I go out a piece I can meet her," she thought. "I'll try it."

And without a word of the plan to any one, she started. From where she stood Mopsa could see the Dorrance road winding like a white ribbon of dust round the blue curve of the bay.

She had been out in that direction many times—many times as far as the "burnt fields." This was a space of country that had once been swept by a forest fire. It was full of tall blackened stumps of trees. The ground was strewn with charred and decaying logs, amongst which grew a perfect wilderness of wild blackberry vines. The berries were now ripe and all the villagers went there for their supplies of the black and luscious fruit. Mopsa had more than once teased to join a party, but had been refused because she was so much needed at home.

"Now is just my time," she said. "Aunt Mildred is there, and if she starts for home before I get there, I can ride back with her."

The fact that it was fully six miles to the burnt fields did not once enter her headless calculation.

"I know the way perfectly," she said to herself, starting off at a brisk walk. "Maybe I can get berries enough for supper and take them home, and then mother won't care."

In that way she tried to settle with her conscience.

How blue the bay looked, and how the water glistened and danced in the breeze. But the sun fairly scorched the road dust, and Mopsa was glad to leave the track for the frequent shade of wayside trees.

"Why not go down to the water and walk along the beach?" she thought. "I'll be just as near."

This she did, taking pains to keep the bank back to grow steeper and quite hid the road. Then for safety she made her way back to it, over rough stones and fallen cedars.

She did not know that about midway between that point where she left the highway for the beach and the one where she returned to it, the road had forked—the Dorrance road turning shortly off at an angle, and the other branch keeping fairly close to the shore of the bay.

When she emerged it was into the bay road. Along that she trudged with eager confidence. She had a vague impression that it seemed less traveled than it had at the outset. Grass was growing close to the wagon-track and there was little dust. But it never occurred to her that she might have missed her way.

She hurried on in breathless fashion until she was completely tired out. She was constantly on the watch, expecting to see Aunt Mildred's horse advancing towards her. But thus far she had not met a soul. Finally she began to feel strangely timid. She was so entirely alone. The woods at either hand were painfully still. She listened for the sound of wheels. She heard nothing, however, but the soft lapping of water on the beach pebbles, the occasional frightened chatter of a squirrel, or the scream of a blue jay.

She really was too tired to go any farther. She resolved to sit down and wait for Aunt Mildred and not try to reach the burnt fields. She found a log soft with moss, upon which she seated herself. Thickets of witch hazel

quite hid the road farther on. It was so good to rest—to cool off a little. She threw aside her sunbonnet and leaned her head against the trunk of a tree. Then from sheer fatigue she fell asleep.

When she waked it was to find the sun nearly down. The shadows were long and cool. She was bewildered at first, and could not realize what had happened—where she was. She peered into the leafy dusk about her. Her heart throbbed heavily. It seemed like a strange and awful dream that she could be in the woods alone and dark coming on. But she was rested. Of course Aunt Mildred had not gone home yet or she would have seen her sitting at the roadside and have spoken to her. And if not Aunt Mildred, why, there were plenty of other people who would be returning from the berry fields.

But there was not the faintest rumble of wheels. And the dark was coming on very fast. A sudden thought startled her—could she be lost? Oh, no, she would run on and on and find somebody! Or, she might turn back. Perhaps that would be best. She looked to the right and to the left. She was too confused to tell which way she had come. She could hear the lapping water behind her—it seemed as if it ought to be in front.

She sprang up. It would not do to sit there. There might be bears prowling about. It would soon be pitch dark. She started on tip-toe, walking even more softly than when afraid of waking little Beatrice. The sound of her own footfalls frightened her, but she kept on, and presently broke into a scared run. The hazels were so dense they almost met over her head. But the track was still discernable and she followed it. Suddenly, when her breath was quite exhausted, she emerged from the overgrown path into an open space. She stopped abruptly, fairly rooted to the spot at what she saw. Several bright fires were burning in the open air. Swung on crouched sticks over them, kettles hung, steaming. A half dozen white-covered wagons were ranged in a semi-circle. She could hear the stamping of horses tethered in the bushes near by. Two or three huge dogs were sprawling on the ground in the firelight. And the people—the men, women and children who were chatting and laughing and moving about. It was nobody she had ever seen in the village. They were very swarthy, and the women wore gay handkerchiefs about their throats, and the rings in their ears glistened in the light of the blazing pine knots! They seemed to be getting supper. The children played and chased each other in and out in the red glare of the crackling sticks. Their voices were shrill and Mopsa could not understand a word they said.

A chance whiff from one of the kettles reached her and smelled very savory. She was hungry, and thought how good it would be to have some supper.

"They are berry-pickers," she thought. "Maybe they know my papa and will show me the way home."

She drew a little nearer to the cheerful scene. A dog spied her, and leaped up, barking. A sharp word from one of the men silenced him. She felt it was time to make herself seen, before the other dogs should belch out at her. So she hurried forward.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed a big, dark fellow, who was just bringing in some fagots for the fire. "Well!"

This was in a tone of amused surprise. The dogs growled. The children stopped their play in astonishment. The women stirring the kettles paused to look.

"How far is it to the burnt fields?" quavered Mopsa.

"The burnt fields—the berry-patch, you mean?"

"Yes, I want to go there."

"The man laughed as though he thought the question very funny.

"Why, it's miles away, yonder," pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

"Aunt Mildred is there—I want to find her."

"In the village; maybe you know my father, Mr. Jephson?"

He shook his head and said something in a language she could not understand to one of the women who stepped towards Mopsa.

"We don't belong here. We're travelers. Are you tired—hungry?"

"Yes—But I want to get home."

"Sit down," said the man. "Rachel, give the child a bite."

The woman had a little baby on her arm. She held out a tin basin to another woman who was dipping some stew into dishes for her boys. The dishes were so blackened Mopsa thought they must be dirty. Hungry as she was, it was with a great qualm that she took the dish offered her, and pretended to taste it with her tin spoon.

After the curiosity about her had subsided, the people began talking in their own jargon. The man who had first accosted her seemed inclined to tease her now and then. At every little thing she said he laughed and showed his white teeth.

"Any brothers and sisters?" he asked.

"One sister," answered Mopsa rather proudly, "little Bee."

"Bee?—ha, ha! That's a funny name. Is she pretty—as pretty as you?"

"Yes—but she's sick. She's the baby."

"How would you like to live with us—you and Bee?"

Mopsa tried to smile, as if she thought the question mere pleasantry.

"Earnest, now," he said. "We like children. We give them ponies and dogs. We live always in wagons and tents. Don't you like our houses—our fires?"

"Yes," said Mopsa. "It is a nice place here."

"Then I'll tell you what to do. I think by your looks that you've run away. Now, I'll take you home again if you'll promise me to creep into the house, steal your little Bee and bring her to us—eh?"

Steel Bee and bring her to live with these dirty people, whose food she could not possibly swallow! She knew now that these creatures were—

They were gypsies! She had heard dreadful stories of gypsy child-stealing, and of their wandering, vagabond ways. And here she was in their power!

"Oh, mama couldn't spare Bee, nor me neither."

"But why did you run away then?"

"I got tired of the house. I wanted to go berrying."

"That's just it. Go with us and you shall go berrying all you want to. I'll even let you pick my share."

"Stop bothering her, Pete," said the woman with the baby.

"Well, you put her to bed now, and we'll see in the morning."

"Come," said the woman kindly, "you are tired out. See, the children are crawling in for the night. You shall sleep with me and in the morning we'll see that you get home."

Terrified as she was, Mopsa did not know any other way to do. The woods looked so black by the firelight, and her legs ached so from weariness. She began to sob bitterly.

"Don't cry," said the woman Rachel. "Pete was only teasing you. We don't steal children."

"All I said was she might pick all my berries for me if she'd live with us," said Pete, good-naturedly.

"Come, now," said Rachel, "we sleep in the wagons—come."

Mopsa climbed up over the tongue of the wagon as Rachel bade her. She lay down in the corner as directed, trying to keep back the sobs that shook her body in spite of herself.

What would they think if she told them? What would they think if she believed she was at Aunt Mildred's, for it was not the first time she had gone there in that unceremonious fashion. As for Aunt Mildred, she would know nothing about it. So these gypsies might pick up in the night and carry her off, and no one be the wiser.

It was long before she could go to sleep. The strange sounds about her—the snoring of heavy sleepers, the occasional snap of a kindled twig, the distant splash of water on the stones of the beach, the stamping of ponies in the thickets, made her broad awake. She thought of Bee—what if she should die? This suggestion set the hot tears to running a-fresh.

All in all, it was a wretched night. Mopsa was glad when the camp stirred to life in the early dawn. She was eager to get home—more than eager to watch all day by Bee's cradle, if it should be necessary.

"I'll never be so mean again," she resolved, "poor, poor, little Bee!"

Every time Pete came near her, with the significant smile that showed all his white teeth, she shrank away.

"You steal Bee, and I'll keep her," he would whisper when his wife was not observing. "Or, suppose you give me your yellow berries; they are long and fine and would bring a good price."

Rachel, suspecting he was still working on Mopsa's fears, kept a good look out.

"Don't mind him," she would say; "he's a great hand for fun; he sees it plagues you."

Mopsa ate a piece of bread for her breakfast and drank a cup of milk. The gypsies seemed to be well supplied with everything. After breakfast there was great confusion. All the utensils were breaking camp. All their utensils were stored in the wagons, children piled in on top, dogs tied underneath and ponies put into the traces. Mopsa was placed on the front seat of Pete's wagon, between him and Rachel. How funny it was to be moving on with this odd caravan. If only they were really and truly going to town, as Rachel assured her, and not away to some unknown country! Mopsa trembled with anxiety, but made a great effort to smile at Pete's frequent bantering.

Gradually the road began to look familiar. Then Mopsa felt certain they were really going to town and her spirits rose. Presently they began to meet the loads of berry-pickers going out to the burnt fields.

"Why, that's Mopsa Jephson!" said some one who recognized her in passing. Every one seemed to stare in wonder at her, to see her at that hour riding on the front seat of a gipsy wagon. Mopsa blushed scarlet every time, and Pete laughed in great merriment. Everybody was sure to know now that she had run away, and would blame and despise her. No explanations she might make would alter the fact visible to so many witnesses. The gypsies let her off at the corner she indicated.

"Good-bye, little girl!" said Rachel very kindly.

"I tell you, I'd like those yellow braids," said Pete, "they'd bring money."

"Thank you," Mopsa said to Rachel, and even laughed at Pete's teasing, now she was within sight of home. She hurried to the house. When she went into the sitting room her mother was rocking little Bee.

"How is Aunt Mildred this morning?" she asked.

Mopsa began to cry. "O mother, I've been so wicked! Is Bee alive?—I was almost sure she would die in the night."

She sobbed out the story of her adventure and when she had done, her mother kissed her and said:

"I try not to be hard on you, Mopsa. I try to be just as much like your own mother as I can. But no one is quite like one's own mother. But isn't this better than living in a wagon and eating out of a tin dish?"

"Oh, a thousand, thousand times," said Mopsa. "Home is better than any place in the world. I do love you, mama, and I'm glad I've got a little sister to take care of."

—Chicago Advertiser.

Birds of prey have no song.

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