

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST

HARE, POPE & DEWBERRY, Publishers.

VOL. 18.

MONTGOMERY, ALA. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1891.

TERMS CASH: \$2.00 A YEAR.

NUMBER 44.

Shoes for Pilgrims and Warriors.

BY C. H. SPURGEON

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace."—Ephesians vi. 15.

I. Our first duty is to EXAMINE THE SHOES, which are provided for us by our Captain, and in doing so we are delighted to find that they come from a blessed Maker, for the feet of the believer are to be shod with a divine preparation. Many preparations and inventions are used for protecting feet, but this is a preparation in which infinite skill has been displayed, and the same wisdom put forth as in the gospel, which is the master piece of God. Every portion of the gospel is from God, and all the influence which makes it a gospel of peace is his, and we are therefore thankful to find that we are to wear "the preparation of the gospel of peace." It were not meet that he who is helmeted with divine salvation should be shod with a mere human production; having begun in the Spirit, it would be strange to be made perfect in the flesh. We would not be like the image of the monarch's dream whose head was gold and whose feet were clay. We rejoice that all the pieces of armor which compose our panoply came forth from the celestial Armourer, whose productions are without a flaw.

We are glad to find that the shoes are made of excellent material, for they are composed of the "preparation of the gospel of peace," and what better material can there be than the gospel—the gospel of peace, and that peace which grows out of the gospel? This is what is meant. We believe in a gospel which was formed in the purpose of God from all eternity, designed with infinite wisdom, wrought out at an enormous expense, costing nothing less than the blood of Jesus, brought home by infinite power, even by the might of the Holy Spirit; a gospel full of blessings, any one of which would outweigh a world in price; a gospel as free as its full, a gospel everlasting and immutable, a gospel of which we can never think too much, whose praises we can never exaggerate. It is from this choice gospel that its choicest essence is taken, namely, its peace; and from this peace those sandals are prepared with which a man may tread on the lion and the adder, yea, and on the fierce burning coals of malice, slander and persecution. What better shoes can our souls require?

What matches the material for girding the pilgrim's foot that which is here mentioned, namely, the peace which comes from the gospel, the preparation of heart and life, which springs of a full knowledge, reception, and experience of the gospel in our souls? What does it mean? It means, first, that a sense of perfect peace with God is the grandest thing in all the world to travel through life with. Let a man know that his sins are forgiven him for Christ's sake, that he is reconciled to God by the death of his Son, and that between him and God there is no ground of difference, what a joyful pilgrim he becomes! When we know that as the Lord looks on his grace is full of infinite, undivided affection, that he sees in Jesus Christ as cleansed from every speck of sin, and as "accepted in the beloved," that by virtue of a complete atonement we are forever reconciled to God, then do we march through life without fear, boot and baskin for all the exigencies of the way, yea, ready to plunge through fire and water, thorn and thistle, brake and briar, without a fear. A man at peace with God needs neither the hills of life nor the terrors of death; poverty, sickness, persecution, pain have lost their sting where sin is pardoned. What is there that a man needs to fear, when he knows that in no affliction will be any trace of the judicial anger of God, but all will come from a Father's hand, and work his lasting good? Goliath had greaves of brass upon his legs, but he is better armed with God through the gospel; he shall tread down his enemies, and crush them as grapes in the wine-press. His shoes shall be iron and brass, and shod with them he shall stand upon the high places of the earth and his feet shall not slip. Achilles received a deadly wound in the heel, but no arrow can pierce the heel of the man whose feet are shod with reconciliation by atoning blood. Many a warrior has fallen on the march and dropped from the ranks exhausted, but no weariness of the way can happen to the man who is upheld by the eternal God, for his strength shall daily be renewed.

The preparation of the gospel of peace here mentioned must be understood to comprehend more than the legal peace of justice by faith; for we would enjoy the fullest comfort of the well shod pilgrim we must have the exceeding peace which springs from intimate, undisturbed communion with God. We should pray not only to feel that we have been brought out of our natural enmity into peace with God, so as to be no more culprits but children, but also to dwell in the full joy of our relationship. It is a sweet thing for a child of God to feel that he is so acting that his heavenly Father has no reason for walking contrary to him. You know right well that as a child of God you will not be condemned and cast away as an alien, but you also know that as a child you may greatly displease your Father, and render it needful for him to frown upon you and visit you with stripes; now this you should with the utmost diligence and prayerfulness labour to prevent. There are times when the Lord of pilgrims hides his face from them in sore displeasure, and then it is very hard traveling.

Life is "a great and terrible wilderness" when the Lord's presence is withdrawn. The more a man loves the Lord the more does he suffer when there is a temporary suspension of happy communion between his soul and heaven, and he cannot be happy again till he knows that he is fully restored to the paternal favor. Oh, child of God, you will very soon have your feet torn with the briars of the way if you do not abide in fellowship with God. When Adam had lost his oneness with God he found that he was naked, and so will you if you lose your communion with Jesus.

It is also a grand sandal for a pilgrim's foot when the gospel of peace has fully conformed his mind to the Lord's will. Some children of God are not at peace with God because they do not fully acquiesce in the divine purposes; to them the pilgrim path must be a painful one, for nothing can please them, their unimproved self-will creates swarms of vexations for them; but to hearts which have crucified self, and yielded all to the will of God, the most thorny paths are pleasant. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight," is shod for all ways and weathers, and may march on undimmed. Fully conformed to the divine will, saints are invulnerable and invincible, "none shall be weary nor stumble among them, neither shall the latch of their shoes be broken."

"They hold nothing here below. Appoint their journey and they go: Through joy or grief, they march the same."

Triumphant still in Jesus' name." Surely it is when the heart is completely at one with God that the true beauty of the Christian character is seen. Then it is that the heavenly Bridegroom cries out, "How beautiful are your feet with shoes, O prince of daughter." Then, too, the church in her tribulation becomes bright and glorious, like her Lord, of whom we read, "His feet are like unto fine brass, as if they burned in a furnace." Shod with the perfect peace of the will of the Lord, we are able to surmount all the difficulties and trials of the way, for it becomes sweet to suffer when we see it is the will of God. Resignation is good, but perfect acquiescence is better, and happy, thrice happy is the man who feels it. No silver sandals were ever so precious, no buskins of golden mail adorned with precious stones were so glorious to look upon as a mind molded to the divine will, perfectly in tune with the mind of the Lord most High.

But the gospel of peace has another side to it, for it not only brings us peace with God, but it inspires us with peace toward ourselves. Civil war is the worst of war, and for a man to be at discord with himself is the worst of strife; the worst peril of Christian pilgrimage is that which arises from the pilgrim's own self, and if he be ill at ease within himself, his course can not be a happy one. The prayer of the evening hymn is very suggestive.

"That with the world, myself and thee, I sleep, at peace may be."

It is a most needful matter to have peace at home. It is a cruel curse for a man when his own heart condemns him; to whom shall he look for a defence when his own conscience indicts him, and all his faculties turn king's evidence against him? It is to be feared that many believers habitually do that which they would not like to be questioned upon the rule of the word of God; they have to close their eyes to many passages of Scripture, or else they would be uneasy in their consciences. Brethren, this makes wretched travelling; it is like walking through a wood with naked feet. If you cannot satisfy your own heart that you are right, you are in a bad case indeed, and the sooner matters are altered the better. But if a man can say, before the living God, "I know that what I am about to do is right; and whatever comes of it, I have a pure motive, and the Lord's sanction to sustain me in it," then he proceeds to action with a nimble tread.

While travelling through the mazes of life, another form of the preparation of the gospel of peace will be of essential service to us, namely, peace with our fellow men. The gospel of peace leads us into the closest bonds of amity with our fellow believers, although, alas, it is not always possible to prevent offences arising, even with the best of them. If we cannot make all our brothers amiable, we are at least to be at peace on our side, and if we succeed in this, no great disagreement can arise, for it always needs two to make a quarrel. It is well to go to bed every night, feeling I have no difference in my soul with any one of the members of Christ's body. I wish well to everyone, and love them all in my heart. This would enable us to travel in right royal style over fields which are now often stony with controversy, and thorny with prejudice. Theological conflicts and ecclesiastical squabbles would entirely disappear if we were shod with the true spirit of the gospel of peace.

It is well to travel girded with this shoe of peace with all mankind. "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men." It is barely possible, but aim at it, and if you do not perfectly succeed try again. Unconverted men will not love your religion, for they are carnal; that you cannot help, but you must love them, as they are, and by degrees you may win them to love both you and your Lord. If they will not live peaceably with you, yet give them your love and live peaceably with them. Having thus described these gospel shoes, I should like to say that the feet of our Lord and Master were

sandalized in this manner. He was the king of pilgrims, and to him the way was even rougher than to him; but these were the shoes he wore, and having worn them he counsels us to put on the like. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," saith he. Evermore while he dwelt in this world he was in fellowship with God; he could truly say, "I came not to do my own will, but the will of him that sent me. He that sent me is with me. I am not alone, because the Father is with me."

I may add that these shoes are such as will last all our journey through. We feel most comfortable in our old shoes, for they fit the foot so well, but they will wear out at last; these shoes of my text are old, yet ever new, and are like those which Israel wore in the wilderness, of which it is said, "Thy foot did not swell, neither did thy shoe wax old upon thee." The everlasting gospel yields us everlasting peace. The good news from heaven never grows stale, neither will the peace which it brings ever become like the Gibionites' "old shoes and clouted."

II. We come now to our second business: LET US TRY ON THESE SHOES.

Here our joy is great to find that they fit perfectly, and need no tugging and straining draw them on. By a miracle more strange than magic the preparation of the gospel of peace suits every foot, whether it be that of a babe in grace or a strong man in Christ Jesus. No man can travel well, much less engage in battle successfully, unless his dress is comfortable, especially that part of it which relates to the feet, and here we have the grand advantage that no foot was ever uneasy when once it had put on this shoe.

The preparation of the gospel of peace is a wonderful shoe for giving us a firm foothold. Surely it is of this shoe that Habakkuk sung when he said, "The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk on high places." When persons are on slippery rocks, or dangerous eminences, where a fall would be fatal, it is well to be so shod that the feet can get the grip and hold. Nothing aids a man to stand fast in the Lord like the peace of the gospel. Mere professors are very soon thrown over, they are attacked with doctrinal error, and they yield readily; they are assailed by temptation, and their feet go from under them; but the man who has perfect peace with God, and who relies on the Most High, shall never be moved, for the Lord upholdeth him. His shoes have driven themselves into eternal verities, and hold his anchors.

The shoe of our text is equally famous for its suitability for marching in the ways of daily duty. Soldiers have little time for contemplating the comfort of their shoes, or their fitness for mere standing, for they have daily marches to perform. We, too, have our marches, and as far as some of us are concerned they are no mere parades, but heavy marches involving stern toil and protracted effort. A soul at perfect peace with God is in a fit state for the severest movements. A sense of pardoned sin and reconciliation with God, fits us for anything and everything.

These gospel shoes are also an effective preservative from all the ordinary roughness of the road of life, although to most of us it is far from smooth. Beloved, this shoe is also good for climbing. Do you ever practice the holy art of spiritual climbing, God's blessed Spirit leading the way? Do you ever climb Mount Tabor to be transfigured with your Master? Have you watched with him one hour, and seen his conflict and his victory? Have you ever looked from Pisgah's glorious heights upon the goodly land and Lebanon, anticipating the glory to be revealed? Has your spirit ever been away there alone in mysterious communion with God upon the Hermons?

Lastly, this shoe is good for fighting; and that I gather from Paul having put it among the armour. In the old style, fighting meant hand to hand and foot to foot, and then it was needful for the feet to be well protected, and indeed so well covered over as to be useful in assault, for the warriors spurred with their feet as well as smote with their hands and many a foe was placed hors de combat with a heavy kick.

The Zion Association

Met in its thirty-fifth annual session with Fairmount church, Covington county. The little church had been recently ceiled and lighted. Bro. A. T. Sims is the pastor, and is leading the people forward. Bro. S. W. Raley preached the introductory sermon, after which the association was organized by the election of Elder J. M. Robinson, moderator, Judge Malchi Robinson, secretary, and Bro. M. A. George, treasurer.

The moderator reported committees, who were to report on Monday. Bro. Sims suggested that it would be better to appoint committees at the next session, so that the first day would not be practically lost. This suggestion was adopted.

While the brethren were waiting for the hour of adjournment, brother Sims and the writer made speeches touching the centennial of modern missions.

Sunday morning was set apart for a missionary mass meeting, at which time the writer discussed the results of mission endeavors. Bro. A. T. Sims brought out strongly the Bible commands for the spread of the gospel. He also lovingly, yet positively, showed the difference between the

spirit of the missionaries and the "antis."

While the Zion association gave only a small sum to missions, yet we are sure that the missionary spirit is growing among them. Her preachers are reading more, thus coming into closer sympathy with their brethren in the great enterprises. Then again the people are more willing to hear strong missionary doctrine. They want educated preachers, and so anxious are they on that subject that on Monday they raised in cash and pledges about \$700 with which to furnish books to five young preachers, and then next summer to pay their expenses to the theological institute at East Lake.

Covington county is fast becoming one of the best counties in Alabama. Her pine lands are increasing in value every day, and the people are just learning that those sandy lands are exceedingly fertile. So of the Baptists are realizing their opportunities and are determined to do their best to build a good church in every community and have a strong preacher to lead the people.

The Sunday-school interests are getting fresher hold upon the churches. This year five new schools were reported than at the last session. They believe in Baptist schools through and through.

The course of the ALABAMA BAPTIST was most heartily endorsed. We secured about thirty-five new subscribers, and got the promise of many brethren to do active work for the paper. A more hospitable and appreciative people cannot be found. They live plainly, but are surrounded by the greatest abundance and make the stranger welcome.

The Bride, the Lamb's Wife.

Revelation 21:9

The trend: To say I am sick at witnessing the drift or trend of the Baptists of the present day, is to feebly express my fears. In mixing with the people, Baptists as well as many others, show a tendency to down the "way marks" that have so long distinguished the Baptists from other denominations. If I am not very much mistaken, we will soon need a Penderton and a Dayton to bring us into line again—to set up the land marks and teach us marching orders. To see houses of worship erected for the use of Baptist churches, and dedicated to the Lord as such, prostituted to the use of anti-Christ, to me, is alarming. Especially is this so where such transactions take place as that each has his own house. If I am not mistaken, we will soon need a Penderton and a Dayton to bring us into line again—to set up the land marks and teach us marching orders.

Parents—those of you who are sending your precious daughters to this institute, and to others—I want to beg you to visit this grand institution of learning. If you will do this, when you take the ones so dear to you by the hand and kiss them goodbye, you can feel and say as I did that I feel proud to know we have such an institution of learning for our daughters, and can leave them in the hands of such men and women as the Judson has. God bless them, and come for our daughters and care for them.

Being so much pleased with the Judson and surroundings, and having a dear boy at the Howard, when I arrived at Selma I purchased a ticket and sent a telegram to my boy to meet me at the depot in Birmingham, where he met me Wednesday night at 11:40. About 12 o'clock that night the East Lake dummy put us off near Howard College. When we walked up to the college grounds I said:

"My boy, how much farther? Are we not about at the place?"

"Yes, sir, papa, this is the place."

"But I didn't know, my boy, that you were camped here in the woods."

He replied: "You can see better in the morning, and things will look entirely different when cleared off."

The beautiful and large main brick building and the new brick dormitories are back of the pines and oaks on a hill which gradually slopes off, and when nicely cleared off, graded and fenced, and the other new buildings finished, which are going up, will present a beautiful appearance.

It has taken money and hard work to do what has been done, and the most important has been done first. I found my boy in a nice new building with an excellent young man to room with.

His room and all the rooms in that building had two large windows, a nice fire place, roomy, and nice table for lamp and books and a comfortable bed. Did not inquire particularly about the water, but think my son said it was good, and I know the water in his room, which I drank, was good, and I guess every one used the same. I see no reason why the place is not healthy. The hills and mountains around tell us that it is.

Friday morning I went to the mess hall and took breakfast with the young men, where I was treated kindly and politely. I did not find the table laden with dainties, and am glad I did not; but found plenty of good, substantial food, such as fresh beef, rice, gravy, butter, sweet potatoes, corn bread, biscuit, good syrup, tea and coffee and a glass of nice fresh sweet milk at my boy's place, who is a delicate and does not drink coffee. It allowed, I would be glad to suggest that Irish potatoes be furnished, which I have no doubt will be, as they are cheap and I consider an excellent dish. Particular attention should be paid to well cooked and substantial food, and the meat should, if possible, I think, always be fresh. I am satisfied, from what I could see and hear, that this will be done.

After breakfast, I was taken through

The Judson and Howard.

I left my home, Buena Vista, Ala., on Tuesday evening, 29th September, with my daughters for the Judson Institute, Marion, Ala.

We spent the night very pleasantly with Dr. D. W. Ramsey and family, Pine Apple, Ala. The Doctor had us up early next morning for breakfast and after shaking hands and saying goodbye, we were soon on the Selma & Gulf road to Selma.

At Attention depot Mr. McBride and daughter, Miss Sarah, stepped aboard, on their way to the Judson.

We were soon chatting away, but in a short time the whistle was heard for Snow Hill. Here we met several dear friends, among them Mr. Wm. Hobbie and daughter, Miss Martha, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Carter, and others.

Unexpectedly to us, while enjoying the pleasant meeting some one said three boxes, through carelessness, had been turned loose, which ran back against the train and several were hurt, and among that number myself, but I hope no one was seriously hurt, although I have not gotten over the fall and shock yet.

The train was behind time, I think, on account of taking on a good deal of cotton and we had but a short time to stop in Selma.

It was moving day in Selma and we were somewhat troubled to get a place to stop, but by begging and paying, too, we succeeded at the third house, and had a very nice dinner, and after resting a little we were soon off for the depot and boarded the train for Marion.

The train was crowded with young ladies for the Judson, and such nodding, shaking hands and kissing I had not seen in a long time.

As the distance from Selma to Marion is short, the whistle was soon heard and we were soon in a hack for the Judson.

When we drew up to the gate in front of the beautiful new Judson, my dear precious girls said they were so glad they were at home again.

They did not mean they did not love the dear home and loved ones left behind, but it was a proof that they had spent happy and profitable days there, too.

That night, after meeting Dr. Averett and his wife, who I found to be very pleasant, I had a cordial invitation to take supper and spend the night under the roof of the Judson. I was introduced to several teachers and friends by my daughter, and then, like dear, kind children will do, led me all around to look at the different departments and surroundings.

What we have learned of the Judson through the papers has not done her justice.

Parents—those of you who are sending your precious daughters to this institute, and to others—I want to beg you to visit this grand institution of learning. If you will do this, when you take the ones so dear to you by the hand and kiss them goodbye, you can feel and say as I did that I feel proud to know we have such an institution of learning for our daughters, and can leave them in the hands of such men and women as the Judson has. God bless them, and come for our daughters and care for them.

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the main building and found in every department, so far as I could judge, a beautiful, substantial building, well arranged for the purpose intended and being used. One hundred and forty young men had come in and others expected daily. I met Bro. Riley busily at work in his office. We should not be too quick to say that the president of Howard College has but little to do. If we had to take his place and feel the responsibility as he does, I think we would often feel like being relieved. I met some of the professors, who treated me very kindly.

This grand main building, others going up, the large crowd of young men who attend, the well known professors and Dr. Riley as president, tells us that Howard College is not a failure, but an institution we should feel proud of. The fine and well arranged depot in Birmingham, the costly and substantial buildings, the foundries, and backed by such a rich iron and coal region, told me the Magic City was not built for one day.

When I took my boy by the hand, who had so pleasantly and patiently shown me around, and took me back to the depot, and told him goodbye, to meet other loved ones at home, I felt as I did when I left my daughter at the Judson, I am glad I have been there.

J. J. FINKLE.

October 8th.

Our Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 14, 1891.

The pulpits of Washington have been graced at times by the presence of most of the noted divines of the world, but on no single day have so many world famed pulpits orators been heard here as were listened to by Washington congregations last Sunday. Not only were all the Methodist pulpits filled by the distinguished delegates of the Ecumenical Conference, but many of those of the Baptists, Presbyterians and other denominations were thrown open to them.

Among those who preached were: Bishop Newman, who took John Wesley for his theme, and so well did he handle the subject that every delegate to the conference hoped to carry home with him a printed copy of the memorial sermon; Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who is often spoken of as the English Talmage, who took for his text: "Be more Christ-like;" Rev. W. J. Dawson, for many years of Glasgow, Scotland, but now of Southport, England, who made his sermon an eulogy on the life and work of John Wesley; Rev. Dr. Thomas Bowman Stephenson, president of the Wesleyan conference, who took occasion to deliver a spirited revival exhortation, based upon the twenty-sixth verse of the eighth chapter of Acts; Bishop Joyce, who took the sermon that Christ preached on the shore of Lake Genesee for his text; Bishop Warren, who occupied the pulpit of the church that President Harrison belongs to, preached from "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" Rev. Dr. L. R. Fiske, president of Albion college, Michigan, who undertook to prove and did prove that there is a hereafter; Rev. J. Smith Spencer, of England, who was for some years a missionary in Africa, who talked about the many-sided work of the Christian church; Rev. Dr. A. Carman, general superintendent of the Methodist church of Canada, who took for his text, "The strength of sin in the law;" Rev. T. G. Selby, who made the Prodigal Son the basis of an appeal to wayward young men, and Rev. Henry Evans, the celebrated Irish Methodist, who is commissioner of national education, and examiner for government board of intermediate education for Ireland, besides being pastor of a large Dublin church. He preceded his sermon by a few interesting remarks on the condition of the church in Ireland, and stated that there was not a single minister in the Wesleyan church in that country who touches beer, ale, porter or liquor of any kind, nor is there a single tobacco smoker among them. His text was, "That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed."

On Monday President Harrison held a special reception in honor of the delegates to the conference and it was largely attended and a very pleasant affair.

The three hundredth and ninety-ninth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus fell on Monday of this week, and it was celebrated by special service arranged by the Ecumenical Conference and held Sunday afternoon. Bishop Hurst presided and delivered a short address, being followed by Rev. Dr. Carman, Stephenson, Earle, Cranston, Clinton and Fitzgerald.

One of the most interesting debates yet held by the conference was on the relation of the press to the church. Many and diverse were the opinions expressed as to the secular press, but most of the speakers seemed to simply imply, and some of them said, that the church did not recognize the full value of, nor properly support the religious newspapers.

Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes and Mrs. Bamford Slack, wives of delegates to the conference, have been telling the Washington ladies of the work done by the West End London Sisterhood, in the slums of the great metropolis, and a most interesting and inspiring story it is, too.

The World's Woman's Christian Temperance Union presented a memorial to the Ecumenical Conference, asking it to issue an address to the world for the suppression of the liquor traffic. No action has yet been taken upon it.

An extra evening session of the

conference was held this week for the introduction of fraternal delegates and addresses of greeting and responses. Among the speakers, not Methodists, were: Rev. Dr. Talbot, W. Chambers, chairman of the western section of Reformed churches; Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, who is one of the most prominent ministers in that he is popularly known as the Presbyterian church, North; Rev. Dr. W. U. Markland, of Baltimore, representing the Presbyterian church, South, and Rev. Dr. S. H. Green, representing the Baptists of Washington and vicinity.

Bishop Newman, assisted by Bishops Andrews and Hurst, officiated at the laying of the cornerstone of a new M. E. church this afternoon, and many of the Ecumenical delegates attended.

Georgia News.

In two or three weeks the associational season in Georgia will close. In the state there are sixty-four associations. The first meets the last week in July, and the last the first week in November. Not less than thirty meet in October. In the smallest there are eight churches, in the largest there are fifty-five. The contributions from the smallest (as reported in the minutes) were \$3 35; from the largest, \$9,250.20; from all, \$66,819.87. It is hoped and believed that the contributions for the current year will reach \$75,000. Our contributions are nearly three times as large as they were twelve years ago.

This increase is due not so much to the increase in wealth as to the adoption of systematic plans and methods. Individuals do not give more now than then, but more individuals give. Our improved plans and methods are largely the result of the work of our State Board of Missions. For about fifteen years the venerable and beloved DeVotie was corresponding secretary. Under his wise guidance the board made a splendid record. His death last spring filled our hearts with sorrow. But in his successor, Dr. J. G. Gibson, we have a grand man, eminently fitted to fill the position to which he has been called. He is a magnificent preacher, an excellent organizer and an indefatigable worker. Under his leadership we expect to see the Baptists of Georgia press onward with greater zeal and larger liberality than ever before.

During the summer we were very apprehensive that the low price of cotton and the general financial depression throughout the country would cause a large decrease in our contributions. But I am glad to say that our fears have not been realized. The abundant crops and the reaction in the price of cotton have encouraged and stimulated our brethren, and contributions in many associations are in excess of last year. The cry of "hard times," so easily and so often raised, has not been heard to any great extent—certainly not more so than usual.

Georgia now has three distinct missionary bodies, and yet all working together in union and harmony. They are, the Georgia Baptist State Convention, the North Georgia Baptist Convention, and the South Georgia Baptist General Association. Each has its organ or medium of communication. The first has the grand old *Christian Index*, published at Atlanta; the second has the *Baptist Leader*, published at Cumming; the third has the *Baptist Watchman*, published at Helena. Of course the *Index* has much the largest circulation, but all are good papers, and doing good service in the Baptist cause. It will not be long, perhaps, before the two smaller bodies will be merged into the State Convention.

The Second church, Atlanta, is building a magnificent house of worship, which will be finished sometime during next year. It will cost \$75,000, and will be one of the handsomest and most commodious church buildings in the South. The pastor, Dr. H. McDonald, is greatly beloved by his people and has the respect and confidence of everybody. Dr. Hawthorne is as popular as ever, and is a power in the city of Atlanta.

The Baptists of Atlanta have taken time by the forelock, and have already appointed the usual committees to make the necessary preparations for the next Southern Baptist Convention.

As your State Convention meets right on our borders, you may look for quite a number of visiting Georgia brethren. Our next convention meets at LaGrange, quite near the Alabama line, and we shall be glad to welcome a large number of correspondents from your convention.

I sincerely hope that our beloved and venerable brother E. B. Teague will come over, mingle with his old flock, and greet his many friends in Georgia. If there is a man in Alabama who is sounder in theology, safer in counsel or sturdier in piety than Teague, I have never heard of him.

The Brewer's Whim.

The brewer insists that with great labor and expense he has established himself in what has been regarded as a legal and honorable business, and that the statutes of the State have supported him in the manufacture and sale of intoxicants. But now he insists, that the government under which he has been supported and encouraged to make large expenditures in the execution of his enterprise, proposes to forbid the manufacture, sale or use of intoxicating liquors. He therefore claims that he has been unjustly treated, as all of his expenditures have been to no profit, his business ruined and his valuable property

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., Anniston, Ala.
MRS. G. M. MORROW, Treas., Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. I. C. BROWN, Cor. Sec., East Lake, Ala.

PRAYER CARD—OCTOBER.
Judith.—"He delivereth the poor in his affliction and openeth their ears in oppression." Missionaries in Indian Territory, 22; great success has attended efforts for evangelization in the five civilized tribes of Indian Territory. Many savage tribes yet unreached.

A member of the Central Committee has recently spent a few weeks in Anniston, and thinks the cognomen "Model City" well deserved. In no respect is this truer than in respect to the Parker Memorial church. The affairs of this church are conducted with admirable system. An energetic leader is at the head of every department. The co-operation of pastor and people are most cordial. Under this state of things it is not surprising that the church and Sunday-school are rapidly growing.

The great popularity of Dr. Eager—due as much to his genial, sympathetic nature and manly courage in defence of the right, as to the eloquence which flows with so silvery a voice—attracts to the large auditorium many who are not Baptists.

A Ladies' Aid Society, a Missionary Society, and Sunbeam Band are all in excellent working order. The church has built a beautiful and commodious parsonage. The ladies have furnished it handsomely, and are now erecting a fence around it, for an agreeable surprise to Mrs. Eager on her expected return from Virginia.

The bright little Sunbeams shine to some purpose. They are educating a boy in the Mexican school—have already

THE BLIND

Receive Their Sight, the
Lame Walk and the
Deaf Hear.

Dr. C. W. Greenfield who has been
totally blind for three months, has
had his sight restored. The following
is his own account of the way in
which he was cured:

GUTHRIE, Ky., Sept. 9, 1891.
Messrs. DuBois & Webb, 1911 1/2
First Avenue, Birmingham, Ala.:
"More than two years ago my eyes
began to fail me. I immediately
applied to eminent oculists for relief;
for eighteen months they treated me
out of a particle of benefit. Finally,
about three months ago, I went total-
ly blind, and, as a last resort, I pro-
cured an Electropoise, which, very
much to the gratification of myself
and family, has restored my sight. It
has also greatly benefited my wife
and daughter. My wife has been a
subject of paralysis for more than two
years, and my daughter a sufferer
from inflammatory rheumatism for
more than twelve years. All this has
been effected in the last two months
of the Electropoise. I am the poss-
essor of the only one in existence,
and it could not be reproduced, the
wealth of the universe could not pur-
chase it. I consider it the greatest
invention of the age.

Truly and gratefully yours,
C. W. GREENFIELD, M. D.

THE
Electropoise.
(TRADE MARK)
The Life Work of an Educated Physician,
IS AN INSTRUMENT FOR THE
Cure of Disease Without Medicine

BASED on new theories of the
cause and cure of disease, it deals with
the electrical and magnetic conditions
of the body and the gases surrounding
it, in the atmosphere, controlling these
conditions at will. It is not electricity.
DISEASE is simply impaired vi-
tality. The Electropoise constantly
adds to the vitality and only assists
nature, in nature's way, to throw
off the trouble. Nothing is easier of
proof than that, with this treatment,
cures are made which by all other
known means are impossible.

ACUTE CASES of all kinds are
cured in hours by its random use.
One-tenth the intelligence and per-
severance devoted to ordinary meth-
ods of medication works miracles in
all CHRONIC CASES.

This is an inexhaustible home
treatment.
For testimonials from people YOU
KNOW and all further information,
call on or address T. M. VASS,
Local Agent,
Montgomery, Ala., or

DuBois & Webb
GENERAL AGENTS,
1911 1/2 1st Ave.,
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

WELL: ENDORSED.

When such as Dr. J. B. Haw-
thorne, Rev. Sam P. Jones, Dr. P.
S. Henson, Rev. M. H. Wells, Gen.
James Longstreet, Gov. R. B. Hub-
bard, Dr. D. I. Purser, Dr. M. B.
Wharton, Rev. O. L. Hally, Col. L.
F. Livingston, President Georgia
State Alliance, and others too num-
erous to mention, of undoubted verac-
ity, endorse a medicine in unqualified
terms it means something.

These men give King's Royal Ger-
metuer their endorsement, and hearty
recommendation. Germetuer will
cure all diseases that originate from
poisonous germs in the blood. To
the extent that the germ theory is
correct, King's Royal Germetuer is
the remedy. It is no accident. It
is prepared as a germ destroyer, and
is the result of 15 years study of a
medical genius. Every family should
keep a bottle on hand for burns or
bites of poisonous insects. It is a
specific for colds. It will arrest and
cure fever quicker than quinine.
Newspapers are endorsing this won-
derful remedy, and many physicians
use it in their practice. It is destined
to be a standard remedy. Ask your
druggist for it. If he cannot furnish
you, send direct to King's Royal Ger-
metuer Co., Atlanta, Ga. Price
\$1.00 per bottle.

Write them for one of their little
books, which tell wonders.

\$20 Favorite Singer
Sewing Machine.
HIGH ARM \$25.00.
Each Machine has a drop feed,
fancy cover, two large drawers,
with nickel trim, and a full set
of Attachments, equal to any Sing-
er Machine sold from \$40 to
\$60 by any dealer. A trial in your home
before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Man-
ufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting
certificates of warranty for five years. Send for
testimonials to Co-operative Sewing Machine Co.,
269 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
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and songs, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment.
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Christmas story, with vocal and instrumental accompaniment.
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hundred and fifty Christmas sayings, with vocal and
instrumental accompaniment. Price, 25 cents per copy.
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JESUS. A beautiful Christmas story, with vocal and
instrumental accompaniment. Price, 25 cents per copy.
THE JOHN CHURCH CO., Cincinnati, O.
100 N. 1st St., New York.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

"Joy Cometh in the Morning."

BY MRS. H. S. SOWELL.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,"
Sweetly rose a mother's voice as
she sang, almost with inspiration, the
words of an old but much loved lulla-
by. Upon her knee she held a beau-
tiful boy of but two summers, whose
eyes, blue as the "azure deep," were
raised to hers with an expression of
angelic sweetness in their liquid
depths; as she sang on and the little
head nestled closer, the sweet eyes
closed softly and a gentle sigh of per-
fect content breathed from the full red
lips; the baby slept.

"My precious child! God grant that
you may ever be as pure as now, my
innocent dove!"

She held the child close and pressed
kiss after kiss upon his lips and
face; with a noiseless step she arose
and laid him upon his bed and then
knelt beside him in prayer.

"Dear Father, keep his 'lips from
evil, and his tongue from speaking
guile; let him never be tempted by the
wine cup, but aid me to keep him
'unspotted from the world.'"

Rising, she gently pressed the
blanket around her boy and turned
quickly to answer the summons at the
door.

"Are you tired of waiting, little
woman?" came in a cheery voice, as
a slenderly built man entered. "I
was detained by a little matter of busi-
ness, but I know that when you have
heard what it is you will forgive me
for having kept supper waiting."

"Ah! I know, I know," she cried,
with all the eagerness of a child, "you
have found work and I am so glad."

He smiled at her answer: "Yes, I
have employment at last, but let's
have supper first and then you may
ask all the questions I see shining in
your eyes."

"How like spoiled child you treat
me," she said with a little pout.
"Come, supper has been waiting some
time," and placing her arm within
that of her husband, she playfully
drew him into the supper room.

Jasper Deane had, a few months
previous to the opening of our story,
been a well paid workman, but a fall
from some scaffolding had rendered
him unfit for hard work. The savings
laid by for a "rainy day" had dwind-
led down till actual want stared them
in the face. Weeks had been spent
in a vain effort to find light work, and
his wife, a true helpmeet in every
sense, had sympathized with and en-
couraged him under every difficulty.

Mary Deane could not conceal her
impatience during their stay at the
table; she observed a peculiar some-
thing in her husband's manner—a
kind of shrinking from telling her.
He did not seem inclined to talk, yet
spoke to her with a gentleness that
was touching. Pushing his chair back
from the table he said:

"Now guess!"
"Oh! how can I, Jasper? Please
tell me."

"Well, Nat Goodson has employed
me."

"To do what?"
"To stay in his saloon."

"Not that, surely not that; you can
not mean that you would work in a
barroom!"

"Why not? It is that or beggary." My
husband sell whisky? No, a thousand
times no, better starvation of the body
than an utter abandonment of grief
she felt upon her knees beside him
and looked pleadingly up into his face.

"My husband, for my sake, for our
boy's sake, whose life we would have
pure, do not do this thing. I can
work and we two, though we are
weak, can do the work of one. Be-
fore we were married I supported my-
self."

"But, my dear one, you had not
the cares of home and maternity; it
is far different now, and so long as this
right arm can do its work, you shall
not battle with the world. Of my
sentiments you must know enough to
convince you that it is a dire neces-
sity that forces me to accept such a
situation. I must and will do something,
and this is the last chance."

There was a ring of stubbornness
in the tone that both pained and
surprised the unhappy wife, and she
at last lost heart. Rising she stood near
him with one hand on his shoulder,
with the other she stroked his soft
brown hair with a caressing move-
ment he had always loved. Should
she dutifully close her lips and make
no other effort to save him and her
boy?

"Jasper, when our little son grows
older will you want him to know that
his father sold whisky? Could I teach
him to reverence and respect one
whose occupation would command
neither?"

"Why, Mary, you seem to think
that I have made a lasting contract
with Goodson. You were so excited
by my information that I did not think
of telling you that he only wants me
while he is absent in Europe; he will
leave everything in my charge, as if I
had an interest in the business. The
salary is exceedingly good, and we
may be able to save enough to give
us a start again—how knows, little
woman?" and he threw his arm
around her and drew her down upon
his knee.

"Am I to go with you this morn-
ing? have a whole day in the middle
of the week? I didn't expect but half
the day."

"Yes, you are to go with me now;
we will see all the sights in the city
that can be seen in that length of time.
So put on your great coat and muffle
up warm, for it is an icy morning."

Elliot kissed his mamma good bye,
and, as if having just thought of it, he
asked:

"Can't you go, too, mamma? You
will be lonely here."

Mary could not repress the tears
that the thoughtful speech evoked, and
as she pressed him to her heart she
answered:

"God bless you this day, my son."
There was something so touching in
the little scene that it sent a twinge of
remorse through the heart of him who
had long been indifferent to the being
he had sworn to love; rather awk-
wardly but without any hesitation, he
bent his head and kissed her.

his knee. "While I am here I shall
be looking out for more congenial em-
ployment," and will embrace the first
opportunity that offers."

"Oh! Jasper, how relieved I feel.
Still I am not satisfied. I hope that
you will not enter that bar room for
even one day. Another thing, are
you not afraid for yourself?"

"I do not understand you."
"The association and its influ-
ence."

"May tempt me to drink? Why, my
dear wife, I have never taken a drink
in my life, and have never had any
desire to taste any kind of ardent
spirits; so you may be at peace on
that score."

"Heaven grant that no evil may
come of this, but my heart tells me it
is all wrong. I shall not know an
other happy hour until you get a dif-
ferent situation."

A silence fell between them. Mary
attended to some little details pertain-
ing to the morning meal, revolving in
her mind some plan by which she
could make money for her own use,
for she had resolved already that she
would never use that made in a sal-
oon. How could she bear it, she
asked in the anguish of her soul.

"When is Mr. Goodson to leave,
and when will you begin work?"
"He will not go until next week,
but I am to begin in the morning. He
will be gone several months."

So it was months, then, when she
had thought it only weeks, that the
silent hours of night brought
no rest to her aching eyes. She could
not believe that the morrow would
find her husband in a bar room. Worn
out and weary she left it all
with Jesus, and in the early morning
she sank into a dreamless sleep from
which she awoke with a calm, clear
mind and refreshed body. She would
say no more now, it was useless; she
must bide her time.

That Jasper Deane fully intended
to give up work so distasteful as soon
as he found something more agree-
able, no one could doubt, but it must
pay as well too, and as the months
slipped away that marked Mr. Good-
son's absence he gradually lost much
of his dislike for his situation. His
poor wife noted the change, slight
though it was, yet she was not pre-
pared for what followed the return of his
employer. Jasper had managed so
well that he offered him better wages
to stay; he also gave everything into
his charge, and hinted at a partner-
ship in the near future. As his senti-
ments had undergone such a change
he was astounded at the manner in
which his wife received his "good
news." He could not believe that
her views were as rigid as when he
first told her of his intention to work
for Goodson, consequently he paid
little heed to pleading or tears, and
thus began to widen the little breach
between them. He knew that she
was maturing a scheme for making
her own spending money, but did not
know why she wanted to do so. It
was the first secret there had ever
been between them, but Mary deter-
mined to tell him at some time.

And thus the months grew into
years; the little babe into a promising
youth, and the husband and father
was still a rumrunner. Mary's worst
fears were realized. Jasper had learn-
ed to love intoxicants; for the first
years it had been beer, but alas! some-
thing stronger was soon required
when she timidly remonstrated with
him he had replied:

"I am a temperate drinker; any
man with sense can control himself,
and never become a drunkard."

"Ah! Jasper, if 'sense' was all that
is necessary how few of our husbands,
brothers and sons would fail. No,
when once the habit is acquired it is
impossible to overcome so long as you
take one drop a day. And now let
me ask you to stop one thing, do not
give Elliot the sugar you leave in
your glass. He has become very fond
of it, and you are sowing seed for us—
a blasted life for him."

"I have no patience with such ideas,
Mary. If he learns to drink it moder-
ately, learns to control his appetite,
he will be safe."

"I could not put a thing of danger
and of death into the hands of my
child, though I knew he would escape
unharmful, and may God forgive you
for the ruin you are bringing upon
his unsuspecting head."

She could not trust herself to speak
further, but hurriedly left the room.
Seeing that she had lost much if not
all of her influence with her husband,
Mary now directed all of her efforts
towards the child. She must, though
wifely duty forbade, teach him that
his father's way was not the perfect
way. Without censure she endeavor-
ed to show him the end of such a
course in any one, and to instill into
his young mind a fear of intoxicants.

A great sadness was upon her heart,
a foreboding of some sorrow, the
sweetness of life had flown from her,
but a sense of duty enabled her to go
steadily forward in the wearisome rou-
tine of housework.

It had been a custom with both
since Elliott was two years old to cele-
brate each anniversary of his birth in
such a manner that it formed a strong
impression upon his mind, and caused
him to look forward with great pleas-
ure to the day. The day he was ten
his father asked his teacher for a hol-
iday for him, promising him the best
time a boy ever had.

"Am I to go with you this morn-
ing? have a whole day in the middle
of the week? I didn't expect but half
the day."

"Yes, you are to go with me now;
we will see all the sights in the city
that can be seen in that length of time.
So put on your great coat and muffle
up warm, for it is an icy morning."

Elliot kissed his mamma good bye,
and, as if having just thought of it, he
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"Can't you go, too, mamma? You
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"God bless you this day, my son."
There was something so touching in
the little scene that it sent a twinge of
remorse through the heart of him who
had long been indifferent to the being
he had sworn to love; rather awk-
wardly but without any hesitation, he
bent his head and kissed her.

Poor Mary! how much that kiss
meant to her. Through all the busy
hours of the morning a hundred ideas
presented themselves; out of such
chaos she evolved two resolutions,
one was that she would meet Jasper
on his return as he would in the happy
days of the past—with a smile and a
kiss; the other was that having estab-
lished the old familiar standing be-
tween them she would, with God's
help, gently win him to the right
again.

Her heart was light and a few
snatches of song came unbidden from
her lips; there was no presentiment of
sorrow, nothing to prepare her for the
ordeal of that day of all days.

Jasper and Elliott had been gone
but a short time, it seemed to her,
when she heard the click of the gate
walk. She ran to the door and stopped,
as if turned to stone; an icy hand
clutched her throat and stifled her
with an awful fear, for she saw, as she
thought, Jasper bringing the lifeless
body of their son to her. She stared
at him in stony silence, her lips refus-
ing to frame the question, "Is he
dead?" Her husband saw and under-
stood, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"It is nothing serious, Mary; he is
sick, but I think he will be better in a
few hours."

"But what is the matter with him?
How long has he been sick?" she
cried, as she followed Jasper into the
house, and to Elliott's room, where he
lay upon the bed.

"I scarcely know how to tell you.
He—that is I—I thought that as it
was so cold this morning that a little
brandy would be good for him and
gave him some, and then some of the
boys asked him if he could drink it
straight, and I—oh—he said 'yes,'
and it was too much for him, but it
will soon wear off." He had spoken
throughout in a half apologetic, hesi-
tating way, and as he finished he look-
ed furtively at Mary. Great heaven!
such agony, such wild despair, he had
never seen in human eyes before. For
one moment she looked upon him,
then in a voice, hard and cold, she
cried:

"Jasper Deane, may God forgive
you, for I never can!" and turned
and left the room.

"O! thou Christ, thou pitying One,
draw near, aid me to bear and to keep
my reason."

Entering her own room she sank,
with a despairing groan, upon the bed.

And it has come to this! Fare-
well, my new born hopes; my prayer-
fully formed resolutions. I can do
nothing; into thy hands, my Father,
I give them. O, save my husband
and my child!"

Such were the sad thoughts that
filled her mind for an hour; she took
no note of time, it may have been
ages since she entered that room, so
far as her consciousness of anything
save the great sorrow extended.

As she lay with her eyes closed, she
heard her husband's step draw near
the door, pause and then enter the
room. Noislessly he approached
and stood looking down upon the sit-
tling form. How pale and worn she
looked! A great wave of tenderness
stole over him; a heaven sent desire
to atone for his sin work filled his
heart. Should he awaken her and beg
for that forgiveness she had said
should never be his? His repentance
came quickly, but it was none the
less genuine. Kneeling beside the
bed he took her hand and pressed it
to his lips; a slight shudder passed
over her as she drew it from his clasp,
and he knew for the first time that
she did not sleep.

"Mary!"
He spoke the name gently and low.
"Mary, I am here to sue for par-
don from God and from you."

Not a muscle of her pallid face re-
laxed; the heart once so responsive to
his was like lead in her breast, the
words which would yesterday have
filled her with gladness to day were
unheeded. A kind of numbness dead-
ened her faculties, and it seemed of
little importance what he did now.

"I am here to promise you, he
continued, "anything you may ask.
If you will forgive me I will voluntarily
promise now in the sight of God, I
will never again give our son one
drop of intoxicating drink, that I
will never touch it again, and that before
to day's sun shall set I will sever all
connection with Goodson, and never
enter a bar room in any capacity
again."

Could she believe? dare she trust
him? Slowly the heavy eyelids open-
ed and the burning eyes looked up
into his, one long penetrating gaze
and she knew she could trust him.

"When you have done all these
things I think I can forgive you; till
then I am alone can prove you faith-
ful."

The tone of her voice was indiffer-
ent, the rather wished she it had
been less so, but with a pretend an in-
terest she did not feel? Perhaps to-
morrow she would feel better.

With a sigh, Jasper arose, he felt
that he deserved even worse treatment,
but with God's help he would prove
his conversion true.

"Would you like to see Elliott now?
He is a little better."

"No, no; when he is entirely re-
covered tell him to come to me."

"Which may not be to-day. Per-
haps you can do something for him,
and I am sure he would want you
when he wakes."

"Possibly; I will go to see him in a
short time if you really think it best."

A Household Remedy
FOR ALL
**BLOOD AND SKIN
DISEASES**

B. B. B.
Botanic Balm
It Cures SCROFULA, ULCERS, SALT
TORM, RHEUM, ECZEMA, every
form of malignant skin eruption, re-
sides being efficacious in toning up the
system and restoring the constitution,
when impaired from any cause. No
almost supernatural healing properties
justly as in guaranteeing a cure, it
disclaims all.

SENT FREE "BLOOD Wonders."
BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"I certainly do think so, and now,
my dear, I must see if he needs me."
Left alone, Mary's thoughts be-
came confused; she wondered if she
was the same fond mother who had
parted from her heart's idol at the
breakfast table; tired of analyzing her
ideas she sank into a heavy sleep, and
thus Jasper found her after waiting in
vain for her appearance in Elliott's
room. He endeavored to awaken her
but she only muttered some incoher-
ent words and relapsed into a kind of
stupor.

The days and nights that followed!
Jasper Deane lived years in those
hours of patient watching by the bed-
side of his sick wife. He felt that the
atonement was small compared with
the offense, and the days of convales-
cence Mary's heart was touched by the
unselfish acts of devotion from both
father and son, and a new sweet hope
came to her, a hope that became a
blessed reality.

One bright sunny day, when she
was able to sit in a large chair by the
fire her husband came and stood be-
side her, with one hand resting upon
her shoulder.

"My dear, you remember that I
once told you I could engage in some
other business if an opportunity ever
presented itself; well, it never has, but
I have sought it, and to-day I have
made arrangements to open a dry
goods store on Fulton street; I have
not touched one drop of whisky
since you were taken sick, and have
shown our boy the evil of my way
and to what I was leading him; the
result he can tell you himself."

Elliot came near his mother and
with his clear, earnest gaze fixed upon
her, said:

"And I can promise my dear
mamma that I will never, so long as I
live, touch anything that is intoxicat-
ing."

"My dear husband and son, come
nearer that I may bless you both."

They knelt upon the rug beside her
and she clasped them close to her.
In a low, solemn tone she said, ex-
pressing the feelings of her heart:

"May God keep you both steadfast
and bless you forever. When I left
all with him he saved you for me."

There was a silence when each was
too much moved to speak. Then
with a tender smile, Mary said:

"Weeping may endure for a night,
but joy cometh in the morning."

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