

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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NUMBER 5.

For the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Mr. Moody and the Peace Congress.

Mr. Moody in Scotland—Mrs. Moody and the Children in Italy—Future Plans of the Great Evangelical Peace Congress in Rome—the European Situation.

Everybody knows that Mr. Moody has been another great campaign in Scotland. He finds the field white unto the harvest, and is thrusting in the sickle with all his might, gathering sheaves for the heavenly garner. If possible, he is working harder than ever. Requests for his services are pouring in from every quarter, and everywhere crowds gather to hear him, and the blessing of the Lord attends his labors. Mr. Moody is pre-eminently a man of hard work. An American lady, now living in Florence, who was much associated with Mr. Moody in hospital and battle field work, during the war, tells me that he was just the same then—always ready for work, and for work of any kind, the most menial and unpleasant being undertaken with as much alacrity and good will as any other kind. His motto seems to be, "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

He has learned that the "kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." In this he is only following the example of the divine Master who was intensely busy during the whole of his public life. Having heard that Mr. Moody intended to extend his labors beyond England and Scotland, visiting Paris and probably Syria, I determined to see what could be done to realize a long-cherished desire, viz: to have him visit Italy, especially Rome and Florence, where so many Anglo Saxons are residing, many of whom are quite careless concerning spiritual things. I felt persuaded that such a visit might result in a three-fold blessing: first to English speaking people, then to our Italian workers and Christians who would thus have a chance to see and hear the fervent evangelist, and possibly catch some of his holy zeal, and lastly to Mr. Moody himself, in enabling him to study the situation at the fountain head of Romanism. While circulating a petition to this effect to secure signatures, to my surprise, I learned that Mrs. Moody and her children were in Florence, en route for Egypt and Palestine. I called at once to learn from head quarters if there was any hope of my scheme being realized. I was received by young Mr. Moody, to whom I made known the object of my visit. I did not hesitate to tell him that the Scotch pastor here, on hearing that I was trying to do, exclaimed, "My dear brother, it is all foolishness. What could he do here in Florence? How many would he have to hear him? Let him alone where he is. Thousands are hanging on his lips, eager to hear every word he utters. Thousands are praying for a general outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon Scotland. He is stirring a whole nation, and his work in Scotland will be felt to the ends of the earth, for it will mean renewed zeal and activity in the churches, larger contributions to missions, and more young men for the foreign field. Do not make the least effort to get him away. Why, I do not want him to go even to England."

Mr. Moody informed me that his father intended to confine his labors while abroad almost entirely to Scotland, though he did hope to visit Paris and possibly Sweden and Norway. "I had heard," I remarked, "that he might go to Syria, and my hope was that he could be induced to stop and spend a few days with us here in Florence." "Yes, it is true that father is very anxious to visit Palestine, and he may do so in the spring, but it will be a flying trip, and he would probably not be willing to stop anywhere on the way, as he would wish to spend all his spare time in Palestine. The truth is, on leaving America this time, father's plan was to extend his trip to India, a country he has long wished to visit, but a prominent London physician, who lived many years in India, induced him to give up the idea for the present at least. Years ago father had a sunstroke, and the doctor thought he might be prostrated by the heat in India, or at least that he would be unable to do much work. Then he is a very poor sailor. In crossing the ocean this time, we had a delightful trip, and yet father suffered fearfully all the way, scarcely leaving his bed during the entire journey. He is also somewhat afraid of apoplexy, several of his family having died with it. Besides he speaks only English, and he has found it very difficult and unsatisfactory to work through an interpreter." "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley," or rather I should say, "Man proposes, but God disposes." For the present at least a pet scheme seems impracticable, and must be abandoned, or, at any rate, postponed.

We have just had two prominent English Baptist ministers with us, who were returning from the Peace Congress in Rome. Our Sunday night service was given up largely to these brethren, and they delighted with their earnest gospel talks. The Peace Congress did not accomplish all we had hoped for, but they expressed themselves as gratified and encouraged.

Representatives from many parts of the world were present, though the Anglo-Saxon element predominated. England sent twelve members of Parliament. France and Germany were also well represented. The American delegates assured the Congress of their own and of their country's interest in the important but difficult task they had undertaken, but something of a ripple was created by the following incident. Our president was present at one of the sessions of the Peace Congress in America, and expressed his approbation, but the effect of his words was somewhat marred when he excused himself in launching the christening and launching of a great man of war.

Some on this side were disposed to say that America ought to set her European cousins a better example. It seems significant that this International Peace Congress should be held in Rome, which as a political and religious centre has shed rivers of blood. This Congress is certainly a sign of the times, and should have our sympathies and our prayers.

We know that peace is to prevail, because God has promised it, but it is not true that that blessed period, so greatly desired by us all, is to be brought about by human effort. Much has been accomplished of late, but very much remains to be done. Of course the question of arbitration and disarmament was constantly before the Congress. As to the general principles all seemed to be agreed, but the methods proposed for the accomplishment of this purpose were various and often conflicting.

To one living in Europe, these are very important matters. We are surrounded by a great mass of inflammable material, and one little spark might produce such a conflagration as the world has never seen. Besides all this, it has become an old and oft-repeated story that the standing armies of Europe are a burden too heavy to bear. Everywhere the people are groaning and complaining and threatening and of necessity some change must be long take place. What it will be no human eye can foresee. At one time we hear that the political sky is clear and promising, and then again it seems that the war cloud is hanging dark and lowering, threatening a great deluge of human blood.

Let us pray that the principles of this Peace Congress may spread so rapidly and gain such power and influence that such a catastrophe may become an impossibility.

JOHN H. EAGER.
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The Heathen At Our Doors.

By REV. GEO. W. TOWNSEND.

At your request I contribute a few thoughts upon the topic, "The Heathen at Our Doors."

The lamentable fact is known of all thinking men that the heathen stand in a frightful majority in our so-called Christian land—right under the pealing of our bells.

Now I wish to ask two questions, and to answer them as best I can in the space allowed me. First: Why this state of affairs? Second: What is the remedy?

The church in these "latter days," whether consciously or unconsciously, it doesn't matter, has simply reversed the marching orders given the disciples by Christ. He commanded that his disciples—every one and everywhere—in all ages, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Whereas these nineteenth century disciples sit down in their great fine temples and send word (through the secular press) to every creature to come to them. Result: The "creature" stays at home, and is numbered among "the heathen at our doors." No set of disciples ever did or ever will spread the Gospel as far as the disciples of Christ.

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must go. Smaller churches and more of them, and yet more of them, must be the order of the day. The "short talker," of the dry rot variety, and the "lecturer," of the patent outside species, must step down and out. Of course we cannot know the heart, but the writer believes there are in all the great churches a score, perhaps, of good men—pious men of God—who ought to go forth preaching the Word in the churches that ought to be built all over the cities and towns and villages of the country. They have talents that they are daily burying. They have consciences that they are trying to ease with "short talks," lectures, and other minor work. These men ought to be encouraged and put in regular preaching harness. Brethren, I say to you, that being made a deacon will not answer the divine command, constantly ringing in your ears—"Go ye into all the world and preach." Let us have, then, more churches, more preachers, more missions, more Sunday schools. And to this end, let the great churches in a measure disband or scatter, and send forth those who are the better equipped and who have received the Holy Spirit to spread the glad tidings "to every creature."

I am aware that this remedy for reducing the number of "the heathen at our doors" is a Caesarian operation, but I believe the life of the church depends upon it. There will be, of course, bitter opposition to this by the Satanic majesty working through those who will say, "I can't give up my old pew." "Oh, I was baptized here." "Oh, I love to worship where there's a big crowd." "Oh, no, my grand-mother joined this church," and a hundred other similar sentimental and assinine excuses. Nevertheless, I believe this is Christ's appointed way to carry on his church work, and he has said, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

To illustrate with a case in point: Take the Methodist church of Birmingham—just completed at a cost of \$163,000. Would it not have been far wiser for this great denomination to have built with this enormous sum ten \$16,000 churches, or twenty \$8,000 churches or forty \$4,000 churches? With all this implies, that is to say, forty churches with forty Sunday schools, and forty men of God set apart to preach in these churches?—rather than be content with one Sunday school, one preacher, in one huge pile of brick and stone? It seems to me, the naked statement furnishes its own commentary.

My remedy, then, in short, is to change the policy. Say not to the heathen, Come to me. Rather say, "Let us go to the heathen." This is the only solution to the query, What shall we do with "the heathen at our doors?"

Missionary Maps.

Many brethren are asking for good yet cheap maps for use in missionary lectures. I have been inquiring into the matter and can hear of nothing which strikes me as more satisfactory than the following:

The American Board (Congregational) publishes a map of "The World, on Mercator's Projection. Size, 8 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 6 inches. Paper, \$1.50; cloth, \$2.50. This map has all at the stations of the American Board, of course, whether any others I do not know. But that makes no difference. Any one, with a little red ink, or paint, can easily mark on it the stations of our board, or any other he wishes, and have a first-class map at a less price than we could prepare one at. Last year the Foreign Mission Journal contained small maps of our mission fields, with the stations marked. Dr. Tupper's "Decade of Missions" also contains them, and they are printed on fine paper and sold at three cents a piece by the Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, 10 E. Fayette street, Baltimore. With these and the above mentioned map, anyone can prepare a map to suit himself, and can add to it from time to time our new stations and outposts. For maps address Charles E. Sweet, No. 1 Somerset Street, Boston, Mass. Prices given above include postage.

Midway Baptist Church, of the Eufrata Association.

Christmas Offerings for North China.

THE GOLDEN RULE SUNBEAMS.

Miss Annie Daniel is president of our Sunbeams. About a month before Christmas she gave one cent to each one, with the request that each make what they could and bring to the meeting of the Sunbeams on Monday, Dec. 28, offering three prizes to the three who would bring the largest amount. She gave them a nice entertainment at her home on the night appointed, when the various amounts were reported. Miss Kate Comer received the first prize, reporting \$4; Miss Johnnie Pruden, the second prize, amounting \$3.06; and Mary Cox, the third prize, amounting \$2.50. The sum total amounted to \$37.54.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

A prize was offered in the Sabbath school to the class giving the largest sum. This prize was won by Mrs. Lizzie Comer's class, which gave \$10. The whole contribution of the school amounted to \$17.88.

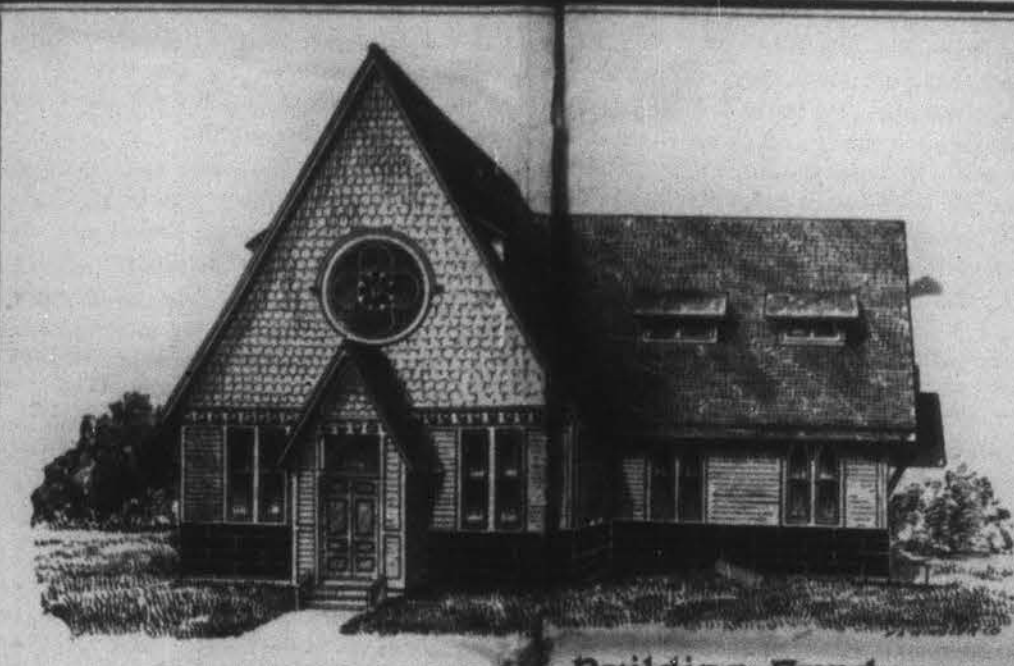
THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY.

They have been giving to the mission cause, liberally, through all of last year. They made a special contribution of \$12 at Christmas.

So the contributions of the church, as a Christmas offering for North China, amounted to sixty-seven dollars and forty cents.

T. H. STOUT, Pastor.

Midway, Ala.



Centennial Chapel Building Fund.

Appeal for Home Missions.

Shall We Crown the Centennial Year with a Contribution of One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Dollars for a Home Mission Chapel Fund?

There is upon us an imperative necessity, and we have, in this Centennial year, a golden opportunity of doing this grand thing for the cause of the Master.

1.—THE NECESSITY.

It is estimated that there are now in the South more than one thousand organized, white, Baptist churches that have no houses of worship. Add to this the many churches whose houses are utterly inadequate to their wants, and the thousand or more places where Baptist churches could, and would be organized if there was any provision for building a suitable house of worship, and it will be seen that there is laid upon us an imperative necessity to make some provision for this crying need on all of our mission fields, and especially on our frontiers and in Cuba. There is scarcely a week during the year that the board does not receive several piteous appeals for help in this direction, and every year we have been helping to the extent of our limited means. But if we had a fund which was specially set apart for this purpose, so that we could always be ready to help deserving cases by gift, or a loan, or by paying interest on money that might be advanced in special localities, we might encourage, strengthen, and help in securing houses of worship at any points where, without such help, it would be years before they could build, and then under very great disadvantages.

The workings of the "Church Edifice Fund" of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, of our Methodist brethren, North and South, and of other similar organizations, have proven beyond all question the value, the utility, the absolute necessity of such a fund.

In many of these new towns, which spring up like magic, in our mining regions, at railway centers, or amid the teeming immigration that pours into the new settlements stretching along about 2,500 miles of frontier, an eligible lot can be secured free, or at a very small cost; and with a judicious use of such a fund as this, vast acreage ground can be gained at the start, which several years later the expenditure of much larger sums and years of toil could never secure. And then in Cuba, as our work progresses, we shall need chapels all over the island. The Baptists there have shown a desire to help themselves, a disposition to work toward self-support, which we must encourage and develop, and we expect them to do much toward building their own chapels; but the best way to secure this is to be able to render them timely and judicious aid. No church can succeed without a house of worship of its own; and a nice, comfortable, commodious temple of the living God in which his people can gather, attracting the outside world, and by its very presence in the community, serving as a constant and eloquent sermon, is not a luxury, but an absolute and pressing necessity.

2.—OUR OPPORTUNITY.

Southern Baptists have not, to much extent, undertaken to provide a "Church Building Fund," not because they have not appreciated the necessity, but chiefly because they have seemed to lack the opportunity during the past thirty years. But now, the day and the hour seem to have come—the golden opportunity has arrived. The Centennial Committee has suggested as one of the most appropriate means of celebrating the Centennial of Modern Missions that the Baptists of the South raise One Hundred and Twenty-five Thousand Dollars to be used as a "permanent fund" by the Home Mission Board in building chapels on its mission fields, especially on its frontier and in the island of Cuba.

The Woman's Missionary Union, auxiliary to Southern Baptist Convention, at the request of the boards, will seek to interest women's mission societies and bands in this effort. A wise plan has been devised, the details of which will be fully explained from time to time, and we are confidently expecting that with the co-operation of the pastors, the intelligent zeal, consecrated efforts, and self-sacrificing liberality of our noble women, will, by the blessing of the Lord of the harvest, result in a grand success.

The board also calls upon Sunday schools, through their superintendents, to aid in this great work. Arrangements have been made with the Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, to supply Sunday schools with "Chapel Brick Cards" and "Certificates of Stock." Samples of each of these will be sent every superintendent throughout the South whose address could be secured, and full supplies will be forwarded, free of charge, as they may be ordered. Should any superintendent fail to receive a sample package, a postal card to the Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms, stating his address and the name of his district association will secure the desired package.

And now we earnestly appeal to our pastors, our Sunday-schools, our women's societies, our children's bands, our churches, and to our people generally to help us in this great enterprise by their influence, their words of encouragement, their contributions and their prayers. Let men of means looking out for "safe and profitable investments," take stock in this scheme, whose securities are "gilt edge," and put into it \$5,000, \$1,000, \$500, or \$100, whose dividends will never fail, but will go on yielding them a large income through ages yet unborn.

Let the poor, the children—all who love the Lord—rejoice in meeting this opportunity, where small gifts from the many will aggregate a large sum and establish on a firm basis this grand enterprise for building up the cause of our Master.

Let all accompany their gifts by fervent prayers that God's richest blessing may rest upon this plan, and may put it into the hearts and hands of the people to make this part of the Centennial of Missions so grand a success that future generations shall rise up and call them blessed who shall have in any way promoted it.

J. W. JONES,
Asst. Sec. H. M. Board, S. B. C.
Atlanta, Ga.

Note.—It was the wish of those having the matter in charge, that the above article should have been carried by a *Special Issue of the Centennial Certificate*; but, in attempting to reduce the Certificate for the newspaper column, it was found that the cut of Wm. Carey, which adorns the center of the Certificate, would be next to unrecognizable and the impression unfavorable.

F. M. ELLIS,
for Centennial Committee.
Baltimore, Md.

Congregational Singing.

He was a wise man who said, "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." The educational effect of song is simply unbounded. This applies equally to the secular and sacred song. We talk poetically of the rhythm of the forests and "the music of the spheres," but next to the preaching of the gospel, the music of the sanctuary is the most potent factor in the world for the uplifting of man.

Prior to the Reformation the people generally did not sing in church, as they have done in later times. In the ninth century congregational singing was introduced in the form of sequences,—that is, prolongations of the last syllable. The people sang these, the choir did all the rest. Words were afterwards introduced in the place of syllables, and after this, congregational singing was more introduced. But it was left for Luther to popularize sacred songs. He himself was a great singer from boyhood, and knowing the power of music and its influence with the populace, he wrote hymns and adapted them to the favorite old German tunes. The masses took to singing these at once, and it proved a marvellous help in promoting the Reformation. The desire for congregational singing spread into England, in connection with the Reformation there, and ultimately gave us the hymnology of our times, which is a noble heritage. We do sufficient to appreciate it? Whereas formerly the whole congregation shared in the singing, in these days it seems the Christians worship the Lord in song by proxy. There must be some reason for this. What is it? I think it the reaction, in part, from the chaffy songs which have found their way into our Sunday-schools and churches. Along with the "Gospel Hymns," most of which are truly inspiring, there have come in also not a few songs of the "Hey, diddle, diddle" style which some esteem good enough, and if these are not sung they don't participate. Again, many Christians seem to think that the choir, whether paid or unpaid, should furnish all the music, when in reality, except in a few extra-fanciful churches, it is neither designed nor desired. Moreover, the whole trend of Scripture is against it. The Psalmist cries out, "Let the people praise thee, O Lord; let all the people praise thee." Paul says to the Ephesians, "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord." And Baptists generally hold that every one must worship God for himself, only they don't live up to their belief. I

make a plea for a return to congregational singing. Let us have the old familiar hymns to the old familiar tunes, and we shall have congregational singing. Let us have choirs, and let the choirs have their anthems and other voluntaries, but don't let them monopolize the music; let them lead it. Pastors have it in their power to control this question. Let them confer with the choir leaders and suggest what they would like; let them urge the congregation to sing. If need be, let them, in the midst of the music, tell the people to sing. Let them work at it this way, that way and the other way, and they will succeed.

We talk a good deal about attracting the people to church. Good congregational singing would be a powerful means to this end. This is the Centennial of missions. Let us celebrate it by singing stirring missionary songs, over and over again, as well as by having many missionary sermons and addresses. Let us sing the missionary spirit into the people and sing the money out of them to send the glad tidings to the lost. So important a part of worship should be made attractive. God deserves the best. The music at many a place of public amusement is such as to put the churches to the blush. Let the churches employ teachers of music for their congregations, if it will further the cause, and let the whole membership and Sunday-school attend and be instructed. Let them employ all manner of instruments to assist in praising God, if they will, provided they are in devout hands. The Psalmist bids men, "Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp. Praise him with the timbrel and pipe; praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals." Don't let us be afraid of the right use of anything which will glorify God.

O for an awakening in all our churches on this all important question,—such an awakening as will help us to take a living interest in the service of song and to sing with the spirit and the understanding sure enough hymns to real tunes.

For Jesus' Sake.

BY BELLE V. CHISHOLM.

In the autumn of 1859 a young Southern student from Mississippi, by the name of Arthur Mortley, entered the sophomore class in one of our flourishing Pennsylvania colleges. He was handsome, genial and intelligent, and soon became a great favorite with both professors and students.

His room mate during the next three years was Dick Temple, an Ohio youth, who, during his freshman year, had won for himself very flattering opinions. Of the two, Arthur was probably the more gifted, but what Dick lacked in genius he made up in application, so that the healthful rivalry that soon sprang up between them never seemed to excite bitterness or envy in their bosoms. During these years in which they labored together as mutual helpers, they became very much attached to each other, and had it not been for the interference of unwise friends, their friendship might have proved as lasting as that of David and Jonathan. As it was, before the parting words were spoken, they were sworn enemies, and the trouble all arose over the grading of their papers at the final examination.

Up to this time their grades averaged exactly the same, and it was fully expected that the first honor would be divided between them, but at the close of the Senior examination Dick's papers were pronounced so much better than Arthur's, that the question concerning honors was set conclusively in his favor. The intimate friends of both parties took sides, and charges of unfairness and deception were freely bandied about. The breach that might have been healed had it been left to the young men themselves, kept widening and widening through the meddling of pretended friends, until nothing but the strict laws of the state on the subject of duelling prevented the hot-headed young Southerner from insisting that the difficulty be settled at the point of the sword. It was at a time when the feeling between North and South was not as tender as it should have been, and in defiance of the regulations of the situation, the contending parties insisted on making politics a factor in the trouble.

On commencement day they parted as strangers part, in grim silence, young Mortley returning crestfallen to his Southern home, and Dick Temple going back to his mother's cottage across the Ohio in triumph. Before the first anniversary of their graduation day returned, Fort Sumter had fallen, and Dick had put on the blue uniform of a Union soldier, while true to his conviction of duty, Arthur wore the gray, and stood at the head of as fine a company of Southern braves as the Confederacy ever swore into service.

Dick's regiment belonged to the Potomac army, while Captain Mortley led his men across the Mississippi, and back again over the mountains in Tennessee, so for more than two years the two whose lives had been so bitterly estranged, were in no danger of meeting. However, in the autumn of 1862, Lincoln's army, which Dick's regiment belonged to, was sent to the reinforcement of the army of the Cumberland, and a few days later the fortunes of war brought them together in a way altogether unexpected. It was just after the stubborn battle of Lookout Mountain, that Captain Mortley, reined up his spirited horse to prevent riding over a Union soldier who lay crushed and bleeding in his path. Dismounting he carried the poor fellow to a place where he would not be so apt to be trodden upon, and was about to resume his saddle when a piteous cry for water escaped the young soldier's parched lips.

The captain turned pale, for he knew that voice which in his haste he had failed to recognize in the suffering face the features of his old enemy, Dick Temple. For a few moments he hesitated—his canteen was empty, and there was no way of procuring water except by crossing a stream swept by artillery from both armies. Should he risk his life for the sake of an enemy? He questioned. He was a brave man, and to save a friend, or even a stranger, he would not have faltered; but an enemy, one who he believed had injured him designedly, could he take his life in his hand and go on a mission of mercy for such an one? While he wavered, the agonizing cry for water was repeated, and with that one word ringing in his ears, that one word ringing in his mind the words that had been spoken by another voice, more than eighteen hundred miles away, "I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink." The reproachful eyes of the Master seemed to be turned upon him, and from his playing lips there seemed to come these burning words: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

"For Jesus' sake, I can and will take the risk even for an enemy," he cried, and before he had time to reconsider the danger, he was in the saddle galloping across the exposed space on his Christian's errand. In a very few minutes the canteen was filled, the dangerous stretch covered again, and then, as he held the water to the feverish lips of his enemy, their eyes met, the recognition had been mutual, and with a fervent "God bless you, Arthur!" the hand of the soldier in blue grasped that of the soldier in gray. There was silence, but between them for a moment or two, and then, in answer to the mute appeal in the eyes of the suffering Northerner, the Southern captain whispered softly: "It was not for your sake, Dick, nor mine, but for the sake of my blessed Jesus, that this simple kindness was done. Is Jesus your friend, too?" A mournful shake of the head was the only answer, and then the captain ventured, "There is no friend like him, and you need him now."

There was no time for further delay, so placing him in as comfortable a position as possible, the captain laid the canteen of water within reach, and hurried forward to join his men. The nightfall Dick fell into the hands of his own comrades, and in due course of time was nursed back to health and vigor.

When the war closed he made several intellectual attempts to trace the brave foe who had risked his own life to save him, but his search was in vain, for, in those unsettled days, the mails in the South were uncertain, and inquiries concerning missing friends were not always answered as promptly as they might have been. He returned to his Ohio home, studied medicine, and in due time became quite prominent in his profession. Captain Mortley went back to his desolate home and shattered fortune, and bravely began the battle of life over again. Having finished his legal studies, he married a beautiful and accomplished girl, and entered upon what promised to be a brilliant career. For some years he prospered beyond his brightest anticipations, and visions of old time luxuries and comforts seemed to be realized, but his arduous work proved too great a tax on his strength. His health failed, and then his eyes, through continual use, gradually grew weaker and weaker, until at last the sight vanished altogether, leaving him in total darkness. The little he had managed to save during the years gone-by was spent in trying to have the blind eyes opened, but no light came, and as the years passed swiftly away the struggle to obtain food and clothes for the rapidly growing boys and girls increased. The faithful wife and loving children became assistant bread winners, and all the burdens that would carry were cheerfully borne for the sake of the afflicted husband and father. So the years passed away, bringing success and prosperity to Dr. Temple, and affliction and defeat to Captain Mortley; passed away, until, fifteen, twenty years of peace had been added to the four of war and bloodshed; and another Thanksgiving, the twenty-second anniversary of the battle of Lookout Mountain, was at hand. It was the remembrance of that fearful struggle which suggested to the busy physician the propriety of closing the door of his city office and making a visit to the old battle ground among the mountains of Tennessee. The familiar scenes revived old memories, and once more he made careful inquiries concerning the fate of the brave enemy who had risked his life to procure him a drink of cold water. This time he succeeded in tracing the man who had been lost to him so long, and travelled two hundred miles for the purpose of again thanking him for the kindness done long years before. He was a skilled oculist, and an examination of the captain's eyes convinced him that he now had an opportunity of giving back the cup of water received upon the gory field of Lookout Mountain. At first the blind man's pride rebelled against what seemed like charity, but when the surgeon said in a low voice, "But for your sake, nor mine, but for the sake of Jesus, I wish to perform this kindness," the captain remembered the words he had spoken on that gloomy Thanksgiving day so long ago, and for Jesus' sake he accepted the invitation to go home with the kind doctor, who was certain he could restore at least partial vision to the eyes so long closed to the light of the day.

The delicate operation to which he was subjected proved an entire success, and two months later, when he returned to his Southern home with his vision as perfect as in the old, happy days, the dear ones were enthusiastic in their praise of Dr. Temple, who, for Jesus' sake, had, by his skill, made the blind to see. Though the captain insisted that his eyes were worth a thousand cups of cold water, such as was given on the mountain side so long ago, the doctor, out of the abundance bestowed upon him, begged the privilege of making the family comfortable, and of starting his new found friend in business again. "It is all for Jesus' sake," he argued. "I can never repay you for leading me to such a Savior, for if it had not been for your words on the battle field that day, I might yet be a stranger to this best of all friends."—The Christian Intelligencer.

Kept Hour by Hour.

For years Striker Stowe, a tall, powerful Scotchman, had held the position of "boss striker" at the steel works. Nearly all the men in his department were hard drinkers, and he was no exception to the rule. But one day it was announced among the workmen that he had become religious, and sure enough, when pressed to take a drink, he said, "I shall never drink mair, lads. Na drunkard can inherit the kingdom of God."

The knowing ones smiled and said, "Wait a bit. Wait until hot gets dry—until July. When he gets as dry as a gavel pit he will give in. He can't help it."

But right through the hottest months he toiled, the sweat pouring off in streams; yet he seemed never to be tempted to drink. Finally, as it was taking the men's time, one evening I stopped and spoke to him. "Stowe," said I, "you used to take considerable liquor. Don't you miss it?"

"Yes," said he emphatically. "How do you manage to keep away from it?"

"Well, just this way. It is now ten o'clock, isn't it?"

Itching Skin Humors

Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas

And every species of itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases are relieved in the majority of cases by a single application, and speedily, permanently, and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES when the best physicians, hospitals, and all other remedies fail. No language can exaggerate the suffering of those afflicted with these diseases, especially of little babies, whose tender skins are literally on fire.



CUTICURA

Remedies are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humors of modern times, are absolutely pure, and agreeable to the most sensitive, and may be used on the youngest infant and most delicate invalid, with gratifying and unflinching success.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, breaks new itchy eruptions, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humors, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause of the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with the CUTICURA RESOLVENT. A book of prices and testimonials, sent free on request. CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold through the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; CUTICURA SOAP, 50c; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by FORTY-FIVE CENT COMPANY, Boston, U. S. A.

Pimply Skin

red, rough, bumpy finger ends and shagreened hands, the greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, while rivaling in delicacy and surpassing in purity the most expensive of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated toilet soap and the only preventive and cure of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of pimples, blackheads, rough, red, and oily skin, and simple humors of infants.

"Are You Going to Take All Your Things with You?"

The editor had just returned from a visit to a neighbor, who lies at the point of death. A little granddaughter, just five years old, sitting by, heard him say to her grandmother that the man was so sick he didn't know anybody, not even his wife or children.

With a very earnest look and serious tone of voice, she said: "Grandpa, is he going to die?" "Yes, I think he will die very soon, so may grandpa and grandma, and papa and mamma, and you too." "Turning to her grandma, she asked, 'Will he go to heaven?'" "Yes, we hope and believe he will." "Are we going to heaven too?" "Yes, we hope to go too."

"Are you going to take all your things with you?" "No, we have to leave all our things behind. You would have to leave your dolls and doll clothes, and your little Christmas piano, and everything else." Her grandmother had just been showing her some very pretty perfume bottles, sent by her youngest son in Brunswick. She was struck with the beauty of the bottles and the sweet perfume they contained.

Thinking of these things she looked up and said, "Grandma, you ain't going to leave your pretty bottles, are you?" "Yes, I would have to leave them too."

How forcibly this conversation with the little child brought to mind our destitution and helplessness at birth, and the still greater helplessness and destitution at death!

At birth there is a beating heart, a heaving breast, a lustrous eye, a waxy body aglow with life, while standing around are smiling friends, filled with joyful anticipations. The proud father and the loving mother, forgetful of anxious moments and agonizing pains, think only of the treasure just come into their possession.

At death there is a pulseless heart, a motionless breast, a listless eye, a body frozen by the chill of death. Gathered around are saddened friends, with tearful eyes, and father and mother, overwhelmed with grief. Swaddling clothes and a cradle at birth; a winding sheet and coffin at death.

Yes, we leave everything behind. Alone, with empty hands we are borne to the grave. In what utter poverty the dead are buried! "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out."

Reader, at death, you will leave all your earthly possessions behind, no matter how beautiful or valuable. Have you laid up any treasure in heaven?—Christian Index.

Spare Moments: India is practically uneducated. The total number of scholars in schools and colleges of all sorts is 3,250,000, or 1 1/2 per cent. of the entire population. These are mainly confined to the cities and towns, but out of 250,000,000 in all India less than 11,000,000 can read and write. A census of the illiterates in the various countries of the world places the three Slavic states of Roumania, Servia, and Russia at the head of the list, with about 80 per cent. of the population unable to read and write.

Of the Latin speaking races Spain heads the list, with 68 per cent. followed by Italy with 48 per cent. France and Belgium having about 15 per cent. The illiterates in Hungary number 43 per cent, in Austria 39 per cent, and in Ireland 21 per cent.

In England we find 13 per cent, Holland 10 per cent, United States (white population) 8 per cent, and Scotland 7 per cent. Unable to read and write. When we come to the purely Teutonic states we find a marked reduction in the percentage of illiterates. The highest is in Switzerland, 2 1/2, and in the whole German empire it is one per cent, while in Sweden, Denmark, Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg there is practically no one who can not read and write.

"Listed," as the brokers say, at "100 Down One Dollar," Hood's Sarsaparilla is always a fair equivalent for the price.

The heaviest charged words in our language are those briefest ones, "Yes" and "No." One stands for the surrender of the will, the other for denial; one stands for gratification, the other for character. A stout "No" means a stout character; the ready "Yes," a weak one, glad it may say.

—T. T. Munger.

\$20 Favorite Singer

Bewitching Machine. HIGH ARM \$25.00. Each Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two gears, drawers, with nickel rings, and a full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from \$40 to \$60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. By direct of the Manufacturers 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. 40 WE PAY FREIGHT.

Western R'y of Alabama

—AND—

Atlanta & West Point Railroad Co.

Time Table No. 33, in Effect June 17, '90

No. 33	No. 53
Lv. Selma 5:40 am	4:30 pm
Benton 6:19 am	5:08 pm
Whitehall 6:35 am	5:23 pm
Low'sboro 6:47 am	5:35 pm
Ar. Montgomery 7:30 am	6:15 pm
Lv. Montgomery 7:45 am	6:30 pm
Ar. Cowles 8:42 am	7:28 am
Lv. Chehaw 9:00 am	7:46 am
Lv. Auburn 9:40 am	8:26 am
Ar. Opelika 9:55 am	8:41 am

No. 53	No. 8 A.C.	No. 5 A.C.
Lv. Atlanta 2:45 pm	8:00 am	8:00 am
Lv. Athens 7:20 am	5:00 pm	5:00 pm
Ar. Augusta 8:15 pm	3:45 pm	3:45 pm
Ar. Charleston 9:30 pm	9:45 am	9:45 am

No. 53	No. 8 A.C.	No. 5 A.C.
Lv. Atlanta 6:18 pm	7:50 am	7:50 am
Ar. Marietta 7:10 pm	7:10 am	7:10 am
Ar. Cartersville 8:13 pm	8:13 am	8:13 am
Ar. Dalton 10:10 am	11:40 am	11:40 am
Ar. Chattahoochee 11:40 pm	1:00 pm	1:00 pm
Ar. Cincinnati 6:00 pm	7:10 am	7:10 am

No. 53	No. 8 A.C.	No. 5 A.C.
Lv. Atlanta 6:00 pm	7:10 am	7:10 am
Ar. Spartanburg 2:13 am	2:53 pm	2:53 pm
Ar. Charlotte 4:50 am	5:30 pm	5:30 pm
Ar. Danville 10:55 am	1:00 pm	1:00 pm
Ar. Richmond 3:30 pm	5:00 am	5:00 am
Ar. Lynchburg 12:40 pm	12:50 am	12:50 am
Ar. Charlottesville 2:55 pm	3:05 am	3:05 am
Ar. Washington 7:00 pm	7:35 pm	7:35 pm
Ar. Baltimore 11:35 pm	8:25 am	8:25 am
Ar. Philadelphia 3:00 am	10:40 am	10:40 am
Ar. New York 6:20 am	12:10 pm	12:10 pm

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