

RATES AND INFORMATION.

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ONE day, a gentleman was in a store making some purchases, and to test the young clerk, he said, "Johnnie, you must give me good measure, your master is not in." Johnnie, who was a noble fellow, a Sunday-school scholar, looking solemnly into the man's face, said, "My Master is always in." That boy put his trust in God, and he knew that his God was always watching over his people. O for more such boys!

We spent a short while last week with pastor W. W. Harris, of the Elyton church. His assistant pastor was present at the meeting, in the person of sister Harris. They are comfortably situated in the parsonage, with in a few paces of the church. The meeting house is a very neat, comfortable and well equipped building. Bro. Harris is very helpful as to his success. He is earnest, faithful, and devoted to his calling. We may expect a good work to crown his labors, especially when he has such an efficient co-worker and assistant pastor.

As we travel along life's pathway, there are many things to encourage, many promises that strengthen, and many hopes that inspire. This is a good world. God made it, and we ought to use it as not abusing it. Happiness depends upon the use we make of time, and the way we appropriate the blessings of God. The idea has been transmitted from generation to generation, that happiness is made up of large things, great events, a beautiful precious stone, a rare gem. This is not the fact. Happiness is made up of little deeds, here and there, which when grouped together, form a graceful whole. We should not overlook the little things, we should not trample under foot the little pleasures which a gracious Providence scatters in our daily path, and which, in eager search after some great and exciting joy, we are apt to overlook.

Parcy, in one of his short sketches, tells us that a short time previous to the death of the Marchioness of Tavistock, and when she was preparing to go to Lisbon for the recovery of her health, a consultation of physicians was held at Bedford House; and one of the gentlemen present requested, while he felt her pulse, that she would open her hand. Her frequent refusals occasioned him to take the liberty of gently forcing the fingers asunder, when he perceived that she had kept her hands closed to conceal the miniature picture of the marquis. "Oh, madam," observed the doctor, "my prescriptions must be useless, if your ladyship is determined to keep before your eyes an object, which, although deservedly dear to you, serves only to confirm the violence of your illness." The marchioness replied, "I have kept the picture, either in my bosom or my hand, ever since the death of my lamented husband; and thus I am determined to preserve it till I fortunately drop after him into the grave." Such love, such constancy, is beautiful. Let us, as Christians, keep the likeness of Christ in our hearts, and in our lives, until we shall go hence, where we shall be like him. He that persevereth to the end shall be saved.

It is our purpose to procure, if possible, a lady agent for each city and large town in the state, who will represent the ALABAMA BAPTIST, both in soliciting subscriptions and advertisements. In this way we hope to reach every Baptist home.

Mrs. Florence I. Harris, wife of the late Dr. William Harris, of the First church of Montgomery, has kindly consented to take the agency for the city of Montgomery. And Mrs. Harris, wife of Rev. W. W. Harris, pastor of the Baptist church at Elyton, has accepted the agency for Jefferson county. Let us most earnestly ask the pastors of the churches in Jefferson county, and the city of Montgomery, to give these good sisters all the aid and encouragement they can. They will need your kindly assistance. Brethren, help us to circulate the paper. We are working as faithfully as we can to give you a good paper, a readable paper, a paper that will aid you and your people in keeping abreast of the times. We want to make it an educator in divine and temporal things. It is our purpose to secure agents in the other cities and towns just as soon as we can do so. We have concluded not to send out a special agent to travel over the state so, then, let us ask all who can do so to renew as your time expires. Don't say, "Stop my paper." No, no, no!

A FEW days ago it was our pleasure to visit our old home in Livingston. There were some pleasant associations connected with it, and some sadness. The familiar faces we so often met in days gone by were not there. The reaper had thrust in his sickle and harvested them home. Others, it seemed, were simply waiting to pass over the river. Then there were strange faces that we had not seen before; faces that told us that a new generation is coming upon the stage. While there we visited the sick and the widow, and talked with them of the trials of this life, and of the better land. We worshipped with the brethren at their Thursday night prayer meeting, which was a precious occasion. But it is not the old church house in which we worshipped for many years, but a new, beautiful building, thoroughly furnished, and so comfortable. Bro. S. O. Y. Ray led the meeting, giving us a most earnest, instructive, and persuasive exhortation. Pastor W. G. Curry is doing a fine work, is beloved by all, and especially his congregation. But the most attractive and encouraging feature is the devoted sisterhood of the church. These noble, godly Christian women, old and young, are all the time doing something for the cause of the Master. They are live, benevolent missionaries, and have the mind and spirit and love to work. We were glad to meet so many at the prayer meeting, and especially young folks. May God bless and prosper these good people.

OLD TIME RELIGION.

As the writer sits in the solitude of thought, memory roves back through the far past to the olden times when customs were simpler than they are now.

The plain preacher with his simple message, delivered sometimes with unwarranted fervor, was then the man respected above all others. His was the easiest seat in all the circle. For him was saved the rarest daintiness of the table. To him was accorded all honor and reverence. His sermons did not abound so much in studied tropes as in sturdy truths. He was not fastidious concerning their length. Short or long, he preached until he was through, and then sat down. To have questioned his right to choose the length of time in which to preach his sermons would have been thought next to blasphemy.

And then the people—how they sang! All sang, and with a relish. And how they listened! No carping critic, no deft suggester, no wriggling hypocrite, but the people were united any seat in the congregation. The sermon over, and the audience dismissed, hand-shaking and cheerful chat were in order. Everybody seemed anxious to speak to everybody else. The quiet smile that lit up the face of every one was the index of the under current of satisfaction that pervaded the crowd.

So it was in the Long Ago. And so it seems to us, it should be more than it is now. With no desire to be captious, we insist upon it that while we have made many and important advances, we have greatly lost in many other particulars. We need to-day, not the sermon of rhetorical finish so much as we need the pure meat of the gospel. We need not so much the strain after novelty, as we need to have proclaimed the plain, unvarnished truth of God. Our people need, our generation needs, the old gospel preached with primitive power, and with the characteristic plainness of the past. Our young people need a thorough indoctrination in the old truths of the Bible. Who hears sermons to-day upon the great cardinal principles of regeneration, sanctification and redemption? Who hears the power and personality of the Holy Ghost? the resurrection? and the terrors of the damned? Is the light waning? Is the pulpit no longer the tower whence the watchman sends forth his message of persuasion, of love, of warning?

With no desire to be censorious, we are forced to the conviction that much of the inertness and ungodliness that prevail in our churches to-day is largely due to the fact that our preachers are not sufficiently careful to teach men and women that they are lost.

The doors of our churches are thrown wide open, and the multitude marches in, much to the delight of the eager pastor, who wishes to report how his numbers swell. And thus it happens that the first time this ungodly, churchly multitude are in the least opposed in their views and ways, trouble is bred and the church is torn into tatters.

Have we overdrawn the picture? Will not the honest observer bear us out in the views expressed? If we have failed to present the situation correctly, it is because we have exercised moderation. And yet, it is true of all churches? Is it true of all the members of any church? We are glad to say it is not: for we have as excellent Christian types of character to-day as ever before existed. But, any candid observer who has crossed the boundary between the period of thirty years ago and this, will testify to the fact, that if we have, in some measure, advanced in church life, it has been largely by the sacrifice of the ungodly preaching and godly living of other days.

A PLEA FOR HOSPITALITY.

Hospitality is a Christian virtue. Like all other virtues, it is designed to accomplish a double good—one to the doer and another to the recipient. No nobler practical virtue exists than hospitality. It keeps alive a profound interest in our fellow man. It opens one's heart to one of the noblest instincts. It broadens our love for others. It cultivates a spirit of generosity. It softens, with a kindred touch, one's entire nature. In a busy, bustling age like ours, nothing is more needed than a genuine revival of the spirit of hospitality. A guest chamber should be provided in every home, not to be closed, for the must and dust to gather, but to be occupied by one, now and then, who may enjoy the hospitality of the home.

Our Southern country was once famed for the hospitality of its people; but it is evident that there has been a decided wane in this spirit. This is attributable to several causes. First, the decay of hospitality among our people is, in part, due to the decided change of conditions to which we have been subjected. In the far past, in the palmy days of yore, when the South was as famous for her plenty as she was for her hospitality, it was the delight of our people to lavish kindness upon their guests. The wayfarer man found a hospitable greeting at any home along his route of travel. The stranger was tenderly cared for, and sent on his way rejoicing, wherever it became necessary for him to halt for the night. But with the departure of Southern prosperity, there came a decline in Southern hospitality. The years of demoralization succeeding the war had a most benumbing effect upon the generous impulses of our people.

Another way of accounting for the decline of hospitality among us is, to refer it to the disorganization of domestic help. No more serious problem has confronted us than that of procuring competent servants. Generally they are inefficient and unreliable. They may desert you at the most inopportune time. They may do the worst, when you would like to have the best. These things have proved to be serious barriers to the Southern housekeeper.

Last of all, our people have lost much of the spirit of hospitality because of the introduction of other elements into our Southern society. In this we are desirous of not being misunderstood. We discriminate not against others in this last statement, but simply state a fact. All sections have suffered from the loss of the special designation of being quite a hospitable people. It is a natural consequence that the introduction of other elements of society would lead to the impairment of the custom in the South. But we are not inclined to think that any of these causes, or all of them, constitute a sufficient reason why a Christian custom should be suffered to decline. In spite of any and all of these, our homes should be made abodes of hospitality.

"SO BUILT WE THE WALL"

Religion, though essentially spiritual, cannot be divorced from material things. In the meeting house and its furniture, the pastor's home and the churchyard, the material symbols of spiritual things, is written the history of the religious thrift or negligence of God's people. We have a classic instance of this truth in the history of Israel. Jerusalem was ruled by the stranger. Huge gaps in her once massive wall, her great gates throne from their hinges and burned, and her streets echoing with the hum of a ruthless traffic even upon the Sabbath, told the sad story—Judaism was a flimsy lamp. The broken walls were a sign of spiritual apathy, and a Nehemiah, pointing to such desolation, might fitly cry, "Come, let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." The revival of religion in Israel then meant rebuilding the walls, putting up the gates, restoring and refurbishing the temple, as well as recovering their Sabbaths from desecration and renewing the worship of Jehovah. Rebuilding those walls—what did it not mean for Israel? what did it not mean for the spiritual interest of the world? The walls of Jerusalem rebuilt, the nation would rise from its ashes, the temple service would be restored, civil government maintained, safety secured to its citizens, their broken spirit revived, the Holy City, now in dust and desolation, would again become the favored shrine of a pure worship, and the law would go forth from Mount Zion, like the far reaching radiance of a lighthouse. So the faithful among the people seemed to view it, when they thronged the house tops of Jerusalem and welcomed with shouts of joy the divinely chosen leader who came to rebuild their walls. Hope revived as the glorious results of the proposed work were contemplated; they "had a mind to work," and in the end the testimony came from the lips of their heroic commander and minister, "So built we the wall."

But some one may say, those days are past; those walls and that temple have crumbled back to earth and lie covered with the dust of centuries. What have we to do with them? Be it so; but the graphic history of that rebuilding is fresh with immortal youth; it is fraught with immortal meaning. Rebuilding the walls of Jerusalem—it is a work to be done by the people of God in every age, in every community. It varies with the centuries, and with the different conditions of society, but at bottom it is ever the same, and our religious influence in the world will be determined, in no small degree, by the way in which we bear ourselves towards it, in performing or neglecting it.

The material things of God's house, literal walls of stone and mortar, are still to be looked after, and much depends upon their upbuilding and keeping. But the "wall" of these words stands for us as the speaking symbol of a diviner work ever remaining to be done. There are trowels and swords yet to be used, enemies to be watched and warded off, homes to be left in self-denying service, perilous places to stand in to do God's work, and oh! so much rubbish to be removed that the great divine cause for which we labor may prosper.

Let us bring the subject home. Do we as individuals and as God's people recognize that there is a work for us to do? "We returned, all of us, to the wall," says Nehemiah, "every one to his work." "So built we the wall." "All at it, and always at it"—the whole church and every member at work continually—that is the true ideal. "The Father worketh hitherto, and I work," said Jesus, expressing both a fact and a law of his life. And when on leaving his disciples he would give them in a nutshell the law of his kingdom, he gave it in that most significant parable, the key note of which is, "To every man his work."

"Go, labor on, spend and be spent; Thy joy to do the Father's will; It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?"

FIELD NOTES.

Remember, the ALABAMA BAPTIST and HOME and FARM one year for two dollars.

Rev. J. W. Sandlin has taken the place of Bro. Schramm as pastor of New Decatur Baptist church. Bro. Schramm has a high opinion of him. L. M. Bradley, married—In Brundage, at the residence of Dr. H. Foreman, at 9 p. m. Jan. 26, 1893. Prof. J. M. Sanders, of Luverne, and Miss Mollie E. Griffin.

Carrollton Alabamian: Eld. J. B. Small has accepted the call to the pastoral charge of Carrollton Baptist church. He will fill his first appointment on the fourth Sunday in February.

The Central Baptist church, of New Decatur, of which brother Blackwelder is pastor, has begun to issue a little monthly paper. So we learn from the secular paper of the town; we have not seen a copy.

W. T. Cobbs, married—Feb. 2d, at the residence of Bro. James McWilliams, Mr. Milton Stephenson to Miss Mary Carter, all of Danville, Ala. The writer officiated. May the blessing of God attend them through life.

The Warrior Index, of recent date, contained this item: "Dr. Wilkes preached two excellent sermons in the Baptist church here Sunday, to two large audiences." Bro. Wilkes appears to be like some trees in spreading out as he grows older.

The Talladega Mountain Home gave a synopsis of a recent sermon of Rev. J. A. French, and then said: "The speaker presented his subject with power, and at times he grew eloquent, and had the undivided attention of his hearers during the entire discourse."

On a recent Sunday, Bro. Blackwelder, at New Decatur, administered the ordinance of baptism. Service was admitted at night, so that the church and congregation might attend the union temperance meeting at another church. Bro. B. does not intend to fall to the rear in anything that promises good for humanity.

Bro. Culpepper, the Methodist evangelist, is having a wonderful meeting at Birmingham. The papers say that in some respects the meeting excels any that was ever held in that city. May great good be done. And why is it that Montgomery cannot, or does not have, a meeting of persuasive power, that shall shake the strongholds of sin?

Here is a card from Rev. A. J. Preston, which reads thus: "Please change my address from Perryville to Russellville." It was written at the latter place. That is all we know about it. Of course we conclude that he has moved from Perryville to Russellville, but whether he intends to preach, or build a furnace, he does not say. But here is a newspaper in which it is said that he has accepted the church there. Tell us about your work, brother Preston, and also what the Baptist outlook is up there.

We have had the pleasure of meeting in our office our young brother B. B. McLaren, a member of the Baptist church at Nantaula. He was elected superintendent of his Sunday school in his 17th year, and the school prospered under his administration. He is still in the same position; and although not yet a voter, he teaches a large literary school a few miles in the country. The Lord has a place, and the country has great need, for many more such young men.

There is as much difference in preachers as in anybody else. Bro. W. M. Blackwelder writes a card in short meter, as follows: "Please change the address of ALABAMA BAPTIST from Decatur to New Decatur." Some others would have said a good deal more than that; and in fact, we would have liked for brother B. to say a little more, if the change of address means anything more than a change of boarding place.

Bro. E. P. George, of Felix, Perry county, writes as follows: "I send you a few subscribers for your paper. I hope it will be satisfactory. I think every Baptist man and woman in the state ought to take the paper; it would help them temporally, financially and spiritually." Bro. George is not a preacher, but he is the son of a preacher, and he occupies a high place among the singers in the sanctuary. He also occupies a high place in the esteem and gratitude of the ALABAMA BAPTIST as to that list being "satisfactory," of course it is, and when you send it out it will be "satisfactory," too. To each one each week would have the same effect. We are not at all unreasonable, brother.

G. A. Chunn, Bangor, Feb. 6: Last Sunday was a day of rejoicing for the church and Sunday-school here. There were present in Sunday-school thirty-five; collection \$2. The Sunday school is under the able management of our worthy brother, J. F. Ray, who is doing a noble work in educating the young in the Bible, thereby implanting its truths in their minds, which we pray the Lord to carry to their hearts, that they may spring up into everlasting life. The morning and evening services were well attended, the writer preaching at both. The outlook for the Baptists here is very encouraging, having only one trouble in the way; that is, no house of worship of their own, but they expect to build a comfortable house in the near future.

We have seen in the newspapers recently a paragraph which says that our Senator Morgan can't make a speech of any force unless he has a good sum of money in his pocket. We have read something of the same kind about a preacher. We cannot vouch for the truth of the story in either case; but it is very easy to understand how a preacher's work in general will be improved if he has money in his pocket. It is frequently the case that a preacher has very little mental or spiritual liberty, because he is worried by the lack of money to meet his necessities. And sometimes, if he does not really need the money for present use, he is worried by seeing that the people are not mindful of their obligations. Yes, brethren, it is true that your pastor can preach better sermons if he is free from trouble about money. See to it that he has no distracting cares on account of your failure.

Rev. Jeff. Falkner has recently closed a meeting at Chapman, near Georgiana, during which a church consisting of ten members was organized, nine were added by baptism and three by letter. He was assisted in the organization service by brethren Joiner and A. T. Sims. Bro. Falkner continued the meeting for sometime after organizing the church, and although in his 82d year, preached fifteen or twenty sermons. All the services, except Sunday mornings, were opened with a short prayer meeting. The church has a good Sunday school and a weekly prayer meeting. The church building was built and equipped mostly by Bro. W. T. Smith, the wealthy Baptist mill owner. He has also built a church for the negroes. Bro. Falkner accepted a call to the pastorate of the church. Bro. Sawyer, formerly deacon and clerk of Parker Memorial church at Anniston, was placed in the same position in the new church, and Bro. Henderson, late of Georgiana, was selected as the other deacon. The future prospects of the church appear to be good.

Bro. Dickinson tells brethren Eager and Willis that they are a year behind time in the matter of Baptist history which they presented in our columns last week. As to the question of time, the congress itself was at least ten years behind the Alabama association. Fully that long ago—possibly longer—that grand old association began the work of compiling Baptist history so far as its own then extended bounds were concerned. Yes, it is about fifteen years since the first steps were taken in that body in the direction indicated. The Montgomery churches then belonged to that association, and their history, with that of several others in the association, was written up, and a few years ago was placed in the hands of Dr. J. I. Lamar, of Deatville (now temporarily residing at Troy). But go on, brethren, with the organization of the historical society—only be sure that you place in the lead brethren who have both the taste and the talent for the work that is to be done. There is other historical material already prepared, beside that we have mentioned.

We have received an account—too extended for publication—of the fifth Sunday meeting in the Cahaba association. It was held with Ocmulgee church, Perry county, beginning on Friday before the fifth Sunday in January. Bro. J. M. Waters was elected moderator, and J. G. Campbell, clerk. The subjects previously announced were discussed—at least, some of them were—among those that of the importance of each member contributing to the support of the church to which he belongs. (We would hope that all who heard the discussion were converted to sound practice in that matter.) Bro. Mize appears to have been the only minister present, and of course the preaching fell upon him. Saturday afternoon had been appointed as the time for ordaining two deacons, but there were not ministers enough present to perform the service; and it was therefore postponed until the 4th Sabbath in February. Only one of the speakers on the programme was present. Only five churches were represented. There is serious complaint that the preachers did not attend the meeting. But it was felt that they had a good meeting, anyhow. For the benefit of the preachers, as it appears, the next meeting will be held at Mars Hill church, four miles from Marion—time not given. The opinion is expressed that it is the duty of the preachers to go out and enlighten the people on such subjects as those discussed at the meeting.

When I have time I will tell what I know about lobbying with the legislature, and about legislators. I could write a chapter on politics and politicians, but I suppose it would not be proper to discuss that question in a religious newspaper. I have some very decided views, which I may some day express somewhere. I will venture this much now. The men who stand in the pulpits of the country have a solemn duty to perform.

It is their duty both to God and man, and to the state, to take a stand for right. They are moulders of public opinion on all questions of morals. Our people must be strengthened up on the moral side of politics—there is a moral side, and the preachers must look to that, and help save the country from anarchy and revolution. TROY.

I spent a Sunday with the Troy saints. This people are about as good church-goers as you will find in any of our cities. But like other folks, they turn out a little better when a new preacher is to be there, and they are anxious to see if he will do to become their pastor. So I had a good congregation to preach to, as the other man didn't come. They were disappointed, but I greatly sympathized with them; but it couldn't be helped. It is painful to hear these good people talk of the loss they have sustained in their pastor's removal, and some of them are a little rebellious. They think they will never be able to love another pastor and wife as they loved brother Purser and his wife. It must be a great pleasure to the retiring pastor to look back over the work he was enabled to accomplish here, and the warm affection in which he is held, now that he has gone from them.

The church is pursuing a very wise course in selecting his successor, and doubtless they will settle upon the right man. Troy is blessed with plenty of red liquor, having three saloons, which pay \$2.00 each for the privilege. The city is spending a part of this liquor money on a bored well. That is a good idea. The more liquor a town has, the more water is wanted. Let's see, how can we hitch that water enterprise on to the liquor traffic? Well, it will save money to the saloons. They will have water more convenient, and that will enable them to make two barrels of liquor out of one. When the town gets the water, they ought by all means to raise the liquor license; no doubt the saloon men will be glad to stand the increase. Diluting the liquor it will require more drinks to satisfy the drinker, and it will not kill as quickly as the real stuff, so the drinker's life will be prolonged to patronize the saloon. Why, it will pay the saloons a big percent to have more water.

Again, the water will be convenient for the poor drunkard to slake his burning thirst. And lastly, there is a woe pronounced in the Scriptures on the man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips—that means the saloon keeper. And another says no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven. So after the saloon keeper and the drunkard are judged of God and cast into hell, their prayer will be for some one to "dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

So we see that water has to do with liquor from the beginning to the end. God save the people of our high license towns from the debauching influence of the saloons. W. B. CRUMPTON.

The best test of the religion of Christ is shown in season of sorrow. Then it is that the true Christian displays patience, resignation and peace, while the man who has not the consolations of the gospel, is discontented, rebellious and miserable.

Trip Notes.

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Brother Dickinson makes two motions. Dr. Eager and brother Willis are just a year behind time. The last congress appointed Dr. D. I. Purser as chairman of a committee to draft constitution, by laws, articles of incorporation, etc., for an Alabama Baptist Historical Society, and instructed him to report at the meeting for this year. Now it seems that the mother, i. e. the congress, should be kept alive at least until its infant offspring becomes self-sufficient. Shall we let the congress die and the historical movement with it? I make a motion that the congress meet at East Lake, in the chapel of Howard College, on the first Tuesday in April, and that Drs. Riley, McGaha and Hale, of Birmingham, be authorized to promulgate a programme.

Now, all in favor of this motion will please attend. All opposed will please stay at home and say nothing. The motion is carried, and the brethren will act accordingly, and promulgate the programme in next week's ALABAMA BAPTIST. A. J. DICKINSON.

Selma, Feb. 2. I further move that Drs. Roby and Lloyd be appointed to draft constitution, by-laws, etc., for the Alabama Baptist Historical Society, since Dr. Purser has left the state. Unless objection be heard within two weeks, such will be the order, and the brethren will be requested to serve us as indicated. A. J. D.

Having noticed in our valuable paper of Jan. 12th an article headed "Our State Board Policy," I was constrained to say a little as endorsing the same, and also suggestive in that direction. I have been trying to preach the gospel in Alabama for a little more than twelve years, and all the while have been in sympathy with the state mission move, but at the same time have been almost powerless to give much aid in that direction, from this fact, that as all well know, the country people have been and are averse to town people, and as the board very prudently endeavored to concentrate its meagre funds in our growing towns, to have the gospel preached to the great masses of foreign population that was pouring in upon us, and hundreds of these without any knowledge of grace, this, you can plainly see, has raised a high wall between these perishing millions and the efforts of the board, with no other excuse than this, "the town people are able to run their own concern, and we are not going to give our scanty means to support any such policy." Thus, you see, the noble efforts of the board have been dwarfed on account of these inconsistencies.

I want just here to present this important thought, that for the most part this stubborn opposition originated in the fact that in many places in Alabama there are ministers who are unwilling to lead these misguided masses into the importance of giving liberally to supply the gospel, both at home and abroad. In many instances I have heard pastors of our country churches plainly and openly denounce any and all suggestions and movements in the direction of state missions. At this point let me say that out of 999 Baptist preachers in the state of Alabama, not more than 400 of that number ever present the cause of missions to their congregations. This is lamentable, but it is even so, hence another good reason for small mission collections.

In conclusion, I will say that I heartily endorse all the recent arrangements of the board, and believe its counsels to be timely and eminently safe; and further, I am of the opinion that if the suggestions mentioned in the article of Jan. 12th were put into speedy effect, the time will soon roll around when the treasury of the Lord would be filled almost to an overflowing, and men be educated, equipped and sent into every nook and corner of our state.

Brother Dickinson Makes Two Motions.

Dr. Eager and brother Willis are just a year behind time. The last congress appointed Dr. D. I. Purser as chairman of a committee to draft constitution, by laws, articles of incorporation, etc., for an Alabama Baptist Historical Society, and instructed him to report at the meeting for this year. Now it seems that the mother, i. e. the congress, should be kept alive at least until its infant offspring becomes self-sufficient. Shall we let the congress die and the historical movement with it? I make a motion that the congress meet at East Lake, in the chapel of Howard College, on the first Tuesday in April, and that Drs. Riley, McGaha and Hale, of Birmingham, be authorized to promulgate a programme.

Now, all in favor of this motion will please attend. All opposed will please stay at home and say nothing. The motion is carried, and the brethren will act accordingly, and promulgate the programme in next week's ALABAMA BAPTIST. A. J. DICKINSON.

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State Mission Work.

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Brethren, let us stand by the noble old Howard College, both with our means and influence, and encourage and aid the noble young men of our churches who are aspiring to climb higher in the ministry, both to the edifying and education of the present generation to higher, nobler, and grander things for our Christ and his glorious gospel. Well did Capt. Ward say that the education of our ministry went beyond everything else, for on this depends the future success of that gospel that first began to be preached at Jerusalem. May God bless his people, and the ALABAMA BAPTIST as well. J. B. SMALL.

Beards, Jan. 22d. Many a preacher waxes eloquent on sin at a distance, but is mute as a mouse concerning iniquities right before him.

The most troublesome church member is the man who is entirely satisfied with himself. From such, "good Lord deliver us."

God can only be God to those for whom he makes law.

The man who wants a great God must have a big Bible.

Deputy marshals destroyed a wild cat still in Pike county last week. The Cumberland Presbyterians recently closed a good meeting at Gadsden. Hon. J. N. Williams has been appointed to succeed the late Chancellor Foster. The legislature refused to pass the bill providing for a constitutional convention. Dr. T. C. Atkinson has removed with his family from Cherokee county to Texas. Albert Herzberg, of Gadsden, recently died of pneumonia, in Indian Territory. Both railroads at Opelika will now use the Columbus & Western passenger depot. Monroe county has a new jail, with which the editor of the county paper is pleased. Great preparations are making in Washington for the inauguration of Mr. Cleveland. The elegant residence of Capt. John A. Walker, at Eufaula, was destroyed by fire Feb. 3d. The legislature has passed a law prohibiting the sale or manufacture of cigarettes in the state. Mrs. Whitney, wife of Mr. Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy, died in New York a few days since. The legislature has passed a law taxing base-ball games where a fee is charged for seeing the game. It is thought that oats in Monroe county have recovered from the injury it flitted by the recent cold. A good many negroes are going from the region of Birmingham to Louisiana to work on plantations. Mr. W. C. Cox, for a long time superintendent of education for Macon county

REV. W. C. HEARN, D. D.,

Sowing and Reaping.

Of North Alabama Conference
Writes a Personal Letter.

TALLADEGA, ALA., Apr. 3, '92.
MR. J. E. DUBOIS,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sir: At our last interview I was suffering from sciatica, but on my return home I began the use of the Electropoise, which you so confidently recommended to me, and I am happy to report that there has been no recurrence of that torturing pain to date, although I began the use of that wonderful remedy more than two years ago. My general health is better than for six or seven years past. For producing tranquillity or relief from insomnia, I have tried nothing equal to it. My wife and myself use it with good results. With gratitude and assurance of high esteem, I am sincerely yours, etc.,

W. C. HEARN,
North Alabama Conference.

A Prosperous Man

Of Pike County and Some of His Opinions.

Mr. Thomas Haisten, of Buckhorn, Pike county, is one of the most prosperous and well-to-do citizens of the county, and all his neighbors consider that he is a man of exceptionally good sense and judgment.

In January, 1891, he was entirely crippled up with rheumatism, and could not walk without the aid of two sticks; and hearing of the Electropoise he procured one, and as he expressed it, "he has been up and going about ever since, without any sticks." He has also used the Electropoise in his family for the grippe, constipation, female complaints, chills and fever, typhoid fever and kidney complaints. He says he would not be without his instrument for any amount of money, and to show that he means what he says, he recently ordered from DuBois & Webb, of Birmingham, six pocket instruments, one of which he intends to present to each of his children, as he says he knows of nothing which will do them as much good for the amount of money invested.

In all Mr. Haisten has bought nine instruments, and he says they have all given splendid satisfaction.

A 50 page book just issued, will be mailed free on application; gives full particulars and testimonials.

DUBOIS & WEBB,
56 Cole Block, Nashville, Tenn.,
and 1911 1/2 First Ave.,
Birmingham, Ala.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY,
Best Copper and Tin Bell and Church Bells, PEALS AND CHIMES,
Pipes and Irons. Name this paper.

KNABE
PIANOS

The Recognized Standard of Modern Piano Manufacture.
BALTIMORE, NEW YORK,
22 & 24 E. Baltimore St. 148 Fifth Ave.
WASHINGTON, 817 Pennsylvania Ave.

FAVORITE SINGER.

\$25 High Arm
\$20 Low Arm

Every Machine has a drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, with nickel rings, and full set of Attachments, equal to any Singer Machine sold from \$40 to \$60 by any dealer. The High Arm Machine has a self-feeding needle and self-threading shuttle. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct of the Manufacturers and save agents' profits. Besides getting certificate of warranty for five years. Send for machine with name of a business man. We will ship one at once.

LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R.R.

THE GREAT THROUGH CAR ROUTE

DOUBLE DAILY LINE OF PULLMAN Palace Sleepers from Montgomery to Louisville and Cincinnati, Mobile and New Orleans, making direct connection for the North, East, West, and South. For information as to rates, routes, etc., see agent of the company or write to H. C. Piper, Pass. Agent, Montgomery, Ala.

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"Whatever a man sows that shall he also reap." That's my verse for this morning, mamma, but you don't need to explain that to me. Anybody knows what that means. If a man plants corn, corn will grow, and if he sows wheat, wheat will grow. "Yes," said Roy's mother, "but it means more than that, my son; we will talk about it after awhile. I wish you would run out to the orchard and get me a few of those sour apples."

"O, dear! I don't like to go way out there," said Roy, "my foot hurts me. Well it does," he added, as he saw signs of a smile on his mother's face. "Well," said she, "if you will watch little sister, I will go. I think it is a nice walk and if I were not in a hurry, would rather go than not, and would take baby with me."

"O, dear me, mamma, I can't watch her, she is such a bother; she gets into everything," whined Roy, with a scowl gathering on his forehead. "You see," said their mother, "how she tries to imitate you. You ought to be very careful how you act before her."

"She don't have to do everything I do," grumbled Roy. "No," said his mother, "and I think I shall see that she does not. I wish while I am out that you would arrange the papers and books on the table and see how nicely you can make the room look. I have so many things to do this morning."

"Well, mamma, I guess you think I can do everything. I don't know how to arrange the papers," and Roy threw himself on the lounge in deprecation at the great number of difficult tasks his mother had asked of him.

"What can I do with the child to cure him of his whining and grumbling?" Roy's mother asked herself as she walked toward the orchard. "I believe if he knew how it sounds, ah! perhaps that might do. I believe I will try it," she exclaimed suddenly.

When she returned to the house shortly after, she went directly to her mother's room. Nellie was there, and after a few moments' talk, grandma said:

"Well, perhaps you are right, Mary, but of course you won't expect me to help you. I could not bear to refuse to help a child anything he asked me. I guess I will take my work and go and spend the day with Julia. Don't punish the child too much, Mary; I don't think Roy is real well or he wouldn't be so pettish."

"I am afraid, mother, that Roy has had that for an excuse too long. I think he is more selfish than sick now. He expects everything done for him, and is seldom willing to do anything for any of us. I don't want to punish him, but I want to cure him of these bad habits. I have talked to him so much and it doesn't seem to do any good."

As Mrs. Lansing went back into the sitting room, Roy, with the frown all cleared away, said, "Say, mamma, I want to just go up to Harry Brown's a few minutes and see his bicycle."

"Why, how can you when your foot hurts you so much?" Roy's eyes dropped. "It don't hurt me quite so bad as it did," he said.

"No," said his mother, "you can't go. You must stay at home and rest your foot."

Presently Nellie came through the room. "Nellie, will you help me to make a ball?" asked Roy.

"Oh, dear," answered Nellie, "I haven't time to make a ball," and she hurried on through the room.

"Grandma will help me," he said to himself, and so he gave up his ball but he could have some help, and proceeded to amuse himself by teasing the kitten, and by being as disobedient to his sister as he imagined the others were to him. After a while he came out where his mother was baking. A smile came back to his face as he came up to the table.

"Oh, good; here is a turnover for me," and he started to take it.

"No," said his mother, "I don't like to go way out to the orchard and get apples to make a turnover for a little boy that can't do anything for anybody. I think pie is very good for people who have nothing to do. I am going to give this to the little boy who brings the meat to her room, but she had gone. And so he gave up his ball but he could have some help, and proceeded to amuse himself by teasing the kitten, and by being as disobedient to his sister as he imagined the others were to him. After a while he came out where his mother was baking. A smile came back to his face as he came up to the table.

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DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

The only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum.
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

heap by the door, at once asked what was the matter.

"Oh, I don't know," said Roy brookly, "everybody is cross to me, and I suppose I've been reaping."

"Weeping," said his father, "so I should say, but what's the trouble?"

"I said reaping," said Roy, but his father not being able to get a satisfactory reply, took him by the hand and led him to the house.

When his mother saw the tearful face, she held out her hands to him, and Roy coming close to her said:

"I don't like the reaping, mamma."

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Lansing, "I don't know."

"Don't you know my verse this morning?" said Roy. "Ain't this what you said it means?"

"Oh, I guess you have seen the meaning of the verse, my boy, though I did not think of explaining it to you in that way. I wanted to show you what a very bad habit you had."

"What a poor crop you were putting in," said Tom.

The smiling faces of all made Roy think that perhaps they did like him a little, and as the rest gathered around the table he whispered to his mother,

"I do like you, mamma, and I'm going to be better to you."

Even grandma admits that there is an improvement in Roy, and if a sharp answer arises to his lips sometimes or a grumbling one, it is only necessary say, "Whatsoever," and Roy keeps it back.

"Advice" to a Boy.

In one of the large railroad offices in this country is a comparatively young man, who is at the head of a large department. When he entered the service of the company, five years ago, he was green and awkward. He was given the poorest paid work in the department. The very first day of his employment by the company, a man who had been at work in the same room for six years approached him, and gave him a little advice. "Young fellow, I want to put a few words in your ear that will help you. This company is a soulless corporation, that regards its employees as so many machines. It makes no difference how hard you work, or how well. So you want to do just as little as possible and retain your job. That's my advice. This is a slave pen, and the man who works overtime or does any specially fine work wastes his strength. Don't you do it." The young man thought over the "advice," and after a quiet little struggle with himself, he decided to do the most and best he knew how, whether he received any more pay from the company or not.

At the end of the year the company raised his wages and advanced him to a more responsible position. In three years he was getting a third more salary than when he began, and in five years he was head clerk in the department; and the man who had conspired to give the greenhorn "advice" was working under him at the same figure that represented his salary eleven years before. This is not a story of a goody-goody little boy that died early, but of a live young man who exists in flesh and blood to day, and is ready to do the "advice" to other young men just beginning to work in the same way into business. And here it is: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."—Youth's Companion.

"That's Sensible."

In a Western city, in the upper room of a brick block, a man of thirty-five lay dying of consumption. I was called upon by a relative and asked to go and see him. I went the next day. A man with hollow cheeks, large, lustrous, black eyes, stretched out a bloodless hand, "Come nearer," he hoarsely whispered. I moved my chair up close to his bed.

"Will you tell me," he began, "why a gracious God permits the suffering of his creatures?"

The man had been an infidel and scoffer. That was what the relative had told me. I prayed to God. Then I turned to his question—the old question, never to be answered till we lose it ("in the shadows of the cross"—the question asked first on that morning in Galilee by Peter when he saw John following.

I pointed him to Jesus in Gethsemane. Though he was a Son, yet learned He *obedience* by the things which He suffered here."

I told him of Paul, whose "thorn" was not removed; and of those who "came out of great tribulation."

"That's sensible," he said. He turned toward me and again asked: "Where do you think we go immediately after death?"

Again I threw the light of the "lamp." "Thou shalt see the dust return to the earth as it was, and the Spirit shall return unto God, who gave it."

"To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." I have "a desire to depart and to be with Christ."

"That's sensible," he said. Turning toward the wall, he said, wearily, "I wouldn't like to be shut out when I get over there."

I answered, "You need not. 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' He is 'he' to save to the uttermost those that come unto God by Him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

"Blood of Jesus, His Son, cleanseth us from all sin."

I knelt and offered a short prayer. My last word to him was "Look unto Jesus."

A Parallel.

A fourteen-year-old boy, writing for the "Galveston Tribune," draws this parallel between a dog and a boy:

"You have heard it said that the more you whip a dog the better he will like you. This is a mistake. He only pretends to like you so that you will not beat him any more. Boys never like a parent who beats and bangs them, though they may pretend to. There is a good deal of a boy in a dog."

Laughter.

In his "Problems of Health," Dr. Green says that there is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the consciousness.

One of the principles of the central man is shaken to the innermost depths, send new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the person who indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on the particular mystic journey when the man is laughing from what it does at other times.

For this reason every good hearty laugh in which a person indulges tends to lengthen his life, conveying as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces.

A Pure Home.

There is nothing on earth for which one ought to be more thankful than for having been brought up in the atmosphere of a pure home. Such a home may be narrow and even hard, but it is a home. It is a home where the father and mother are united in love and respect, and where the children are brought up in the same spirit. It is a home where the father and mother are united in love and respect, and where the children are brought up in the same spirit.

Damaged.

A sign, advertising damaged goods of one kind and another for sale, is not an infrequent sight. In large letters, painted in striking colors, it is announced that certain articles, or the entire stock of some store, has been damaged by fire, water, etc., and must be "sold at a great sacrifice."

Things that are damaged, and hence have not their former value, are not limited to auction stores and houses where fire and water have made havoc. Men walk the streets of every city who do not need to have sign boards strapped to their shoulders announcing a damaged body and character—and therefore, that a great sacrifice of moral worth may be made.

Here is a young man with bloodshot eyes, bloated flesh and unsteady step, who has been burned out by fires of other temptations. To another, the strange and destructive fascination for gambling, which began with a game for the cigars or the drinks, or, alas, too often in the polite gambling in social life—which so-called society is horrified to have designated by its proper name—has been the agency through which a life has been made a shameful failure, ending in despair that generally finds relief in self-destruction.

And so we go on, naming the things that damage men—secret vices, unholiness, ambition, covetousness—all tending to rapidly weaken noble purposes; destroy not only reputation; that which a man is said to be—but undimmed character—that which is really in him. As a result of all the forces of sin that ruin men, we have but to look around us to see the "victims" of shame and contempt, and the harvest of hell that have grown from such a seed as this."

Housekeeper: How's this? You promised to saw some wood if I gave you a lunch.

Tramp: I recall no such promise, madam.

Housekeeper: The ideal I told you I'd give you a lunch if you saw some wood, and you agreed.

Tramp: Pardon me, madam. Your exact words were: 'I'll give you a lunch if you saw that wood over there by the gate.'

Housekeeper: Exactly. That's just what I said.

Tramp: Well, madam, I saw that wood over there by the gate, as I came in.

"I judge that you have not written much poetry," said the editor to his caller after examining his manuscript.

"No sir; but how did you know?"

"In these verses you speak of a maiden as sitting at her window. Now, in poems maidens never sit at anything so common as windows. They invariably use casements."

Gained 15 Pounds.

"I have been a great sufferer from Torpid Liver and Dyspepsia. Every thing I ate disagreed with me until I began taking

Tutt's Pills

I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds in weight."

W. C. HART, Columbus, O.

A Persistent Error.

The Journal and Messenger makes the following very just remark concerning the difficulty of dialoging a general impression: "There is an impression abroad that the Baptists of this country owe their origin to Roger Williams, and in an article on 'American Church History,' in the last number of the Independent, even the great church historian, Dr. Philip Schaff, after sketching the history of the denominations in this country, says: 'The two largest denominations, however, the Baptists and the Methodists, were from the start Anglo-American, and grew up simultaneously with the American colonies, the one through the labors of Roger Williams in Rhode Island, the other through the evangelistic fields of John Wesley and George Whitefield.' Surely, Dr. Schaff has not read carefully along Baptist lines, or he could not have made the mistake he does. He is affected by a sort of common report, and is in harmony with a good many Baptists who have never taken the trouble to correct a popular error. While it is true, probably, that Roger Williams was the founder of the First Baptist church of Providence, R. I., the oldest Baptist church in this country, it is not true that the Baptist denomination grew through his labors. It is a fact that he ever labored a week for the promotion and development of the Baptist denomination. For a few months, Williams might have been ranked among Baptists, but he soon withdrew from them that they never received from him any material benefit, more than did other citizens of the colony which he founded and which he earnestly labored to establish. Williams was a man of peculiar characteristics. He was very conscientious, was a profound thinker, and was the first to pronounce several great truths and principles, yet he was erratic and opinionated. We would not detract an iota from the honor due him, but we must stand for the truth concerning him and his times."

There are some people who are courteous to strangers, but rude and coarse toward their own wives and children. Such men are essentially small and tyrannical. The reason why they thus dispense with the amenities of life in their own homes is found in the fact that they can do so without suffering any immediate damage from their boorishness. Character comes out most strongly in uncontrolled actions. In his utmost soul, every man is what he would be in his outward conduct, if all social conventions and regulations were taken away from him.—Nashville Advocate.

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Dr. Pighead visits Mr. Coldham, the great pork manufacturer. "Well, my dear sir, I don't see that there is any thing radically wrong with you. Go to bed early, don't drink anything stronger than coffee, and you'll be all right in a week."

"What! Are you not going to give me any medicine?"

"Certainly not. You don't need it."

"But you get your money just the same."

"Yes, just so."

"Well, I don't think it is a square deal. S'posin you bleed me, put a mustard plaster on the back of my neck and gimme a dose of salts. Everybody that wrks for me's got to earn his salary."—London Tit Bits.

The cords of love are silent; and he who begins with setting before himself the largeness of Christ's gifts to him, will not fail in using these so as to increase them.—McLaren.

There are some people who think that sermons are the best which misuses them and hits all their neighbors.

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