

ALABAMA

OFFICE OF THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

VOL. 21

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY

BURNED OUT.

For the second time in its history the Alabama Baptist has had its office destroyed by fire.

About 1 o'clock Sunday morning, Dec. 24th, fire broke out in the adjoining building, and in spite of the efforts of the fire department much property was destroyed. Our office was insured for a small amount, but not enough to cover our losses. We were fortunate to save our subscription books. We are forced to issue only a half sheet this week. This is on some of the paper that passed through the flames. We are figuring on a new outfit, and hope the paper will soon appear in an entirely new dress. We appeal to our subscribers for help in this our time of need.

Some brethren can vary conveniently on the subject of a great help to us. Five dollars will pay for three years and a half. Let all who are in arrears send in their remittances promptly. Don't wait, brethren, till we send you a statement; this will be annoying to you and costly to us. We beg the preachers to help us now by acting as agents to collect what is due us, and secure new subscribers. We need money now, and we believe our readers will supply it. We have nobody else to rely upon.

1894.

In the providence and goodness of God, we have been permitted to see the close of the old year and the dawn of the new. Surely his goodness and mercy hath followed us, and his protecting hand hath shielded us. How grateful and how thankful we ought to be. As we look back and consider the days that have passed, and recount our deeds and measure our works, how few can say with an approving conscience, "I have done my whole duty."

Sins of omission and sins of commission seem trooping in upon us, and we involuntarily exclaim, "I have been weighed in the balances and found wanting." Brother, what have you done during the past year for missions? What have you done

paid your contribution to the pastor's salary, not the amount you may have set apart, but the share God's word commands? Have you attended your church meetings regularly, and engaged actively in church work? Have you held daily prayer around the family altar, with your loved ones? Have you ministered to the poor in any way whatsoever? Do you visit the sick, the afflicted and disconsolate? Do you require your children to attend Sabbath-school, and do you go with them? Have you put on the whole armor of God? Have you gone to him and said, "Lord, what wilt thou have me do?" or like the old prophet, faithful in purpose, say, "Now, Lord, send me!" If you have not done these things, so far as you were able, then you are not conscious of the fact that you have come short of your Christian duty?

Now that a new year has just begun, it would be a wise thing for us all to plan for the future. You are not slow to arrange for your merchandise, your farming, your business, whatever it may be. If we are not careful and persevering in our temporal matters, "which perish with the using," ought we not to be much more so in spiritual matters which are eternal?

God helps those who help themselves, and his kindness go out to the earnest seeker after truth, and who is earnestly endeavoring to do his will. As we enter upon the new year, with its possibilities and its hopes, let us do so with a fixed and steady purpose to do more for the cause of the Master than ever before. Let us resolve, God being our helper, that we will faithfully try to lead souls to Christ; that we will stand by our pastor, follow his lead, hold up their hands, and point the setting sun in the path of God that shall bring the sun of the world. Do these things, and the blessings of the Lord will be upon us, and our joy will be beyond measure when we shall come to the close of the year.

There may be some irregularly attending on the next few issues of the paper, owing to a contingency of things. It is our intention to issue it as our regular issue in January, and to be distributed, knowing that we are doing all we can to get it out. It is our intention to issue it as our regular issue in January, and to be distributed, knowing that we are doing all we can to get it out.

OUR BAPTIST WOMEN AND THE JUDSON.

Who was it said at the convention "As to the Judson, the women of Alabama can pay the debt and enjoy it, before we can get half through talking about the Howard?" Somebody said it, we think it was Dr. Roby.

From the last issue of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, it would seem that they have started the ball to rolling. They propose by May 1st to gather in contributions sufficient to pay one of the Judson bonds (\$1,000). We hear that they are planning still, and we would not be surprised any day to hear of larger plans. Why should the women who know and love the Judson limit themselves to \$1,000? By penitent efforts their loving hands can lay upon the altar double that amount by the July convention. Let us work with them in this movement among the friends of the grand old school. Let every one lend a cheerful hand, and the result will not be disappointing.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

If we will encourage the children they will take care of the orphans. The following letter dated at Hall, Ala., Dec. 25, and addressed to Bro. Stewart, speaks for itself:

Evergreen, Ala.: This is Christmas day and my birthday. I am four years old. I have a papa and mamma to care for me. My papa is a Baptist. I have two dollars, given me to-day as a birthday present, which I send you to help pay for the Baptist Orphanage, so the little boys and girls who are not blessed as I am, may have a home.

Yours truly,
EDGAR PHIPPS.

OWING to the burning of our outfit and stock of paper on hand, we can only issue a half sheet this week. We have to make new arrangements for printing the paper, and it will take us several days to get a supply of material. For this issue we have to use some of the damaged paper. Our loss cannot be fully estimated; it is serious one to us financially. When you consider the fact that we have just passed through one of the hardest years ever known, to newspapers, you will readily understand with what crushing effect our losses fall upon us. While we are in trouble we are not discouraged, and shall continue after this issue to send the ALABAMA BAPTIST to our subscribers as heretofore. If the friends of the paper will renew or order, and use their efforts to secure new subscribers, all will be well. We appeal to you brethren, not to treat this matter lightly, but to come to our relief in this our time of need.

A TELEGRAM to the daily papers says that a charity ball was to be given in Knoxville, Tenn., the object being to raise money for the poor. The pastors of the city denounced from their pulpits that method of raising money for such an object. One of the projectors of the ball proposed to one of the pastors that he would give one thousand dollars to the poor, if the preacher would raise a like sum. The money was in hand by ten o'clock next morning.

Our country preachers are in trouble. We are getting letters from them constantly telling of their agonizing situation. Their salaries have not been paid. One certain deacon in each church who will take his wages in the home of the people and get from them farm products for the pastor, can raise three times the amount the church is due the pastor. The people would be glad to contribute in this way, and it would be the same as money to the pastor. It only needs somebody to attend to it. Let us hear from the deacons. Will they do it?

We were delighted to have Dr. R. E. Riley with us several days during the holidays. He is looking well; in fact, he is almost fat. He likes Georgia and his work. He is hard at work on the history of the Baptist in Alabama, and the object of his visit to the state at this time was to gather additional information. We had the pleasure of hearing some of the chapters read and to examine the name of his manuscript. He is certainly making his progress and is going to give us a charming biography. We have asked him to give us his publications in the ALABAMA BAPTIST some of the interesting material he has gathered and to let him send it to us.

There is a robber that takes not only men's homes, their farms, their bank accounts, their reputations and their friends, but their manhood as well; which robs women not only of all the caution and comforts of life, but of their womanhood as well; and which robs innocent little children of their childhood before they are out of their first swelling bloom. Who is that robber? There is hardly any reason to name him. Describe him, and the civilized world recognizes him at once as the drink traffic. The greatest Robber on Earth. There isn't a man that all the other robbers can put that this robber of robbers is not suffering to die upon the gallows. He is the only one that is not suffering to die upon the gallows. He is the only one that is not suffering to die upon the gallows.

FIELD NOTES.

Rev. J. R. Small has returned from Beards to Carroll county. Correspondents will be glad to hear from him.

Bro. D. D. Lucas writes us that his present home is regarded as a paper, but forgot to mention his former address. What was it?

The Huntsville Baptists are rather late, but when they did get up they went to work at the house. The letter from Bro. Patten tells more of their activity.

The church which does not maintain a higher standard of morals in its teaching and life than that of the surrounding community, ought to go out of the business of house keeping.

Baptists are Calvinists. Baptists were Baptists before Calvin was born. If Calvin agreed with us on some things, so much the better for Calvin; but it is improper to say that Baptists are followers of Calvin.

J. E. Bell, pastor, Georgia: The Georgian Baptist church has just enjoyed a sweet refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Bro. W. D. Gay did the preaching. God blessed his word to the salvation of many souls. Eleven were received upon profession of faith in Christ.

Some of the articles which our brethren had written for our columns were already in type, and would soon have been given to our readers, and others were on file where the printers could lay hands on them. But the fire, water and falling timbers changed everything, and the brethren must write again.

It is mighty hard for the pastor to preach a good sermon when he has to look into the faces of men whose bills he cannot meet, for the reason that his salary is behind. The sense of an unpaid debt is a withering curse to the energetic and spirit of a man sensitive to his honor.

Rev. J. R. Small writes us that he is very feeble, broken down with catarrh and bronchitis. He has been unable to preach for the last fifteen months. I know the Lord doesn't need me to preach, but what a privilege I am enjoying. I desire sympathy and prayer. I am 43 years old. We hardly know whether to mention it or not, but there may be no harm in telling that Dr. Taylor, pastor of the St. Francis Street church, in Mobile, has been called to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church at Greenville, S. C. That is a very desirable church but we do not know what Dr. Taylor will say to the invitation, as he already labors with a first class church.

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to become independent of...
Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate...
In a divided church we see the energy which was meant to subdue the world...
Prevention is Better...
Where Christ brings his...
For Malaria, Liver Trouble, or Indigestion, use BROWN'S IRON BITTERS...
The Index says, and its words should be pondered by all: "It is not merely that constitute force and make history, it is the kind of man. The Baptists of to-day may be more numerous than their fathers, but less a people of power. Do we weigh as well as we count?"

ATTENTION, PLEASE

Business letters for Secretary Crumpton should be addressed to him at Montgomery, and not at Mobile. It will save delay and trouble.

What has become of the weather prophets who predicted the most awful winter ever heard of? December was to be especially cold. We wonder if anybody ever saw a finer fall and winter than we have had thus far.

Read a letter in another column from our evangelist, Ray. He proposes to organize a Missionary Baptist church in Greensboro. According to Dr. Strong's idea, this ought not to be done. The town ought to be left in the hands of our Podo-Baptist brethren.

Mrs. Annie Judson Bullock sends six dollars for the chapel in Japan. She knows Mrs. McCollum. She thinks the Judson girls could do a great deal if their preachers would advise them.

Gov. Mitchell, of Florida, has the cordial sympathy of every right thinking man and woman in the country in the firm stand he has taken against the prize fight, which the Duval Athletic Club are trying to have take place near Jacksonville, or somewhere else in Florida.

Our old friend and brother, W. N. Chandois, "Uncle Shad," as he is familiarly called, is writing a series of articles for the Baptist and Reformer on "Man Who Helped Me."

Bro. W. E. Ivay has resigned his position in the Scottsboro College, and will enter the pastorate. Here is a chance for some good church or churches in Alabama to secure a good preacher and a fine worker.

Bro. Hickman and his wife were raised in the Sunday-school of the First church, Meridian, Miss., under his princely superintendence, L. A. Dunca. No wonder he is an enthusiast on that subject.

The term "consecration" is frequently used in urging Christians to come up to the help of the Lord in redeeming the world. We fear that very few have taken the time and pains to analyze and define the true significance of consecration.

Every man who has a heart to sympathize with the poor ought to thank God for the miller who we have had thus far. The miller is the black belt especially, many whites and blacks in our area are in destitute circumstances.

The new era is to be accompanied by a blotting out of denominational lines and sinking denominational differences out of sight, etc.

Not a word about people from loyalty to Christ's law, endeavoring to come together on the Scriptures, but brushing away their differences as you would a cobweb, he brings them together in a great operative society, working for the salvation of men.

England pays \$30,000,000 a year to support the Church of England, and the people are getting tired of it. The Archbishop of Canterbury gets a much larger salary than the President of the United States receives.

GOOD WORK FOR SUNDAY

The Texas Baptist Standard gets of the following: "The Alabama Baptist in the Standard as you brethren."

A good brother asked the editor of the Standard last Sunday at church if it was any harm to him to pay his subscription to the Standard on Sunday.

Every agency in the moral and spiritual realm, authorized by God, has but one aim and purpose in view, and that is the salvation of souls.

Christian, what did you do for the Master's cause during the past year? Did you endeavor to lead any soul to Christ, by any act, or word, or deed?

The following letter from Bro. Burns is a ray of sunlight in the darkness of the hard times. What a struggle they have had at Tusculum!

BRO. WHITTLE IN THE FIELD

In our last issue we announced the action of the Board of Trustees of Howard College in appointing Bro. W. A. Whittle as agent of the college to begin the work of endowment.

Everybody agreed that the school needed an endowment, but there were difficulties in the way which seemed insurmountable. Now, in the hardest year of its history, the work begins, and the agent is planning his campaign.

Some will say the trustees ought to have waited longer, "other some" will say something else. But to our mind the Board has done what ought to have been done ten years ago.

The boys he will put in the college who would not go there otherwise, will be worth to the college more than all his expenses. Besides, he will help the Judson, the Mission Cause, Ministerial Education, the paper, and every other enterprise of the denomination.

Here is an incident from one of the New York courts: A man who had been summoned to serve as a juror asked to be excused, saying: "I will neither swear nor affirm."

FIELD NOTES.

Prof. Giles, of Howard College, recently preached two sermons for the Baptists of Calera. Of course they were good.

Will the brethren who are discussing the young people's movement tell our readers what they mean by "federation"? There seems to be a difference of opinion as to the meaning.

Rev. A. J. Preston requests us to send his paper to Decatur instead of Russellville. That means that he has gone to work as pastor at Decatur.

Rev. J. W. Hamner has removed from Tusculum to Seale. He will preach in the church there, and two or three others, as heretofore announced.

The Woman's Central Committee column does not appear in its usual place this week. One of the incidents of the confusion from the fire.

Bro. Skinner's note indicates that he is off for his new home in Texas. We wish him all manner of success, but rather think he will long to return to Alabama.

J. R. McLendon: After a continuous pastoral service of more than twenty years, Eld. B. A. Jackson has resigned the care of the Ruler Baptist church, flamer, Ala.

Deacon Bruner, of Evergreen, spent all day Monday in the city without calling at this office. Perhaps he didn't know that he was doing wrong, so we'll let it pass this time.

As we have received but few requests to change the address of papers received by our preachers, we conclude that few of them have changed homes even though they may have changed churches.

Some one at Huntsville sends us two dollars in response to a statement sent, but there is not a word or mark indicating from whom it comes.

When you visit the city you can easily find the office of the ALABAMA BAPTIST and of the State Board of Missions. They are on Dexter Avenue, over Stoelker's jewelry store.

Bro. W. G. Robertson, of Carrollton, sends us a new subscriber. He also sends his own renewal, and adds: "Mine is not due yet, but bearing of your misfortune, I know that you would need assistance, so I send it in advance."

Our state exchanges failed this week to supply us with the usual amount of news for our column of Field Notes. Perhaps the preachers and churches have been so quiet since Christmas that the newspaper men could make no news out of anything they said or did.

Secretary Crumpton has a very pretty Collection Callendar, which he will send to all who will send him three cents to pay postage. It will supply you with collection envelopes, the day of the month, and suggestions as to what shall be the object of your contributions for each month.

Troy Democrat, Rev. and Mrs. T. H. Stott left Alabama last Wednesday for Thomas, Ga., where the former will take charge of the Baptist church at that place, having accepted his pastorate some two months ago. Their departure will be the cause of real regret on the part of hundreds of friends, relatives and Christian people belonging to the Baptist denomination.

H. K. Schramm, Phenix City: Our church is getting on well; we received 5 by letter and 2 under watch-care of the church yesterday. Our congregations are fine. Our church took up a collection for the Orphan's Home night and morning, and our Sunday-school gave their collection yesterday morning. Twenty rose for prayer last night.

THE WIDOW OF A BAPTIST PREACHER

The widow of a Baptist preacher sends as much money as she feels able to pay on her subscription, and says: "I hope all your subscribers will respond to your call now, as you are so much in need." That is quite a general sentiment among the good sisters, and some of the brethren also show a practical interest in the paper, for all which we return thanks.

We have on hand a few copies of "What Baptists Believe," which we have heretofore offered as a premium to subscribers. The binding was injured by water at the time of the fire in our office, and we will send them as long as they last to those who will send us five cents to pay postage.

Yes, the philosopher of Badger's Cove was right. "The years they go by like a whirlwind," and seems like every one just gets a more upon it to beat the year that's done. I remember when a year ahead was most too far to see; an "everlasting" happiness was just an apple tree, with all a boy could grab at before the dawg got him, backed up by the farmer with backshot in his eye.

It is wise sometimes to commune with the past. The treasury of experience has jewels of unsearchable value. Disaster has its lessons. Toils, yearnings, heartaches may be only growing pains.

Gone is 1893, with all its duties and privileges. The mistakes of the year—the unkind words that have smitten loving hearts; the wrongful deeds that have wounded the Saviour, the sinful thoughts that marred the soul—cannot be recalled and rectified. What is written is written. The book has been shut, and so it must remain until the Lamb shall loose the seals before the thrones.

Many an eye wet with tears gazes backward upon experiences which the old year claimed and kept.

Loved years vanished and sweet voices ceased; and if other forms and other voices came, they did not take the place of those that were gone. "Nature repairs her ravages; repairs them with sunshine and human toil; repairs them, but not all. The upturned trees are never rooted again, and beneath their fresh verdure the hills bear the marks of their past rending."

A flood of sunshine, with only the shadow of a cloud here and there, fell upon some. Health and friends remained. Hopes were realized, and plans fulfilled. Business prospered. Grace abounded. And here at the close of the year the various threads in the great warp of history are caught up in the weaver's hand, tangled and crossed for a few moments' contemplation; but each thread carries its own color over into the pattern of the new year to be woven into designs of beauty or ugliness, according to the state of the weaver's heart.

What shall the new year bring? Certainly it will bring to some a summons from which there shall be no appeal.

Every year: And the loved leave vacant places. But the morning, that climbs higher every year. And the truest life draws nigher every year. Earth's hold on us grows lighter every year. And the dawn is immortal brighter every year.

Here is the morning mail—only one delivery to-day. Among other things, here is a letter. It comes like a beam of sunlight. It is what Dr. Robert Ryland calls a "streak of fat."

It runs: "Greeting to our beloved pastor—May you live to be one hundred and twenty-five, and have your eye not dim nor your natural force abated. May the spirit of Elijah rest upon you; in double portion, and God's richest blessings attend you. Often while listening to your voice in prayer, I feel that God is really in his holy temple as he was with Adam in the garden. Your words strengthen and help me on my journey of life, and make me feel like taking hold anew for the work of our God. Sometimes the burdens of life seem too heavy for my strength, but grace is given to bear them. I remember that a soldier must not be a coward, so I press on hoping to win through him who loved me and gave himself for me. My prayer is that you and yours may be richly blessed in body, mind and spirit."

Well, no matter who wrote it, his heart seems to be right. He is old! The journey of which he speaks must be short. The end drawn nigh. But it is written: "To your old age, I am he; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you. I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and deliver you." Is he young? It is said: "I write unto you, young men, be-

TRIP NOTES.

I made my first trip over the Abbeville Southern Railroad. Reaching Abbeville at 9:30 p. m. and leaving at 4 a. m., I could see nothing of the country over which the road is built; but having traveled through it before the railroad was thought of, I risk nothing in saying it is one of the prettiest regions of the state.

Abbeville is the county seat of Henry county, in the south-east corner of the state. It is high and dry, and the people boast of its healthfulness. The town and country around are largely Baptist. The church has no pastor now, but steps are being taken which may supply them right soon.

The town is looking up, and if the people are wise, it will become the centre of religious and educational influence for all that section. No liquor is now sold in the town, but doubtless the liquor advocates will gain recruits as the town grows; they are always on the alert to sow the tares while good men sleep, and some fine morning the people who are for purity and righteousness will wake up to find the saloon fastened on them, and it is sure to sneak in under the guise of public benefaction.

My trip was a pleasant one, though the congregations were not as large as they should have been. The children's service in the afternoon was an occasion of great enjoyment to us all.

Good crops have been made in all this section, and the people are in independent circumstances. An old gentleman, who is a farmer, with whom I rode a short distance, expressed it thus: "Yes, we have a good country, the best of people, fertile lands, good health and plenty to eat. Why, sir, there are just lots of men about here who don't care a snap about the price of cotton. They don't owe anything, and they can keep their cotton as long as they please, and they have plenty to eat." Why this kind of speech cannot be made of every section of the state is unaccountable. There is no section where it may not be so, if the people will it.

When men are figuring on the most prosperous county in the state, they had better keep their eyes on Henry, for it will stand near up to the front from now on.

I enjoyed a short visit to dear old brother Martin. He has fought the Lord's battles for many long years, and is now confidently waiting on the border land. His "good Betsy," as he called his wife, God took from him not many months ago. Without a murmur, but with resignation to the Master's will, he joyfully looks forward to a happy re-union. Through the winter he will stay close in doors, and in the spring, if the Lord will, take the field as evangelist for his association. His most earnest prayer now is that this brilliant son, who has lately come out on the Lord's side, may throw aside his law books and enter the ranks of the ministry. As the years go by and men tell of the past, many a staunch Baptist in this region will say: "I was made a Baptist by reading my New Testament and hearing Dr. Martin expound Christ's law."

I was kindly entertained while at Abbeville at the homes of Bro. J. E. Ward, the representative of the county in the last House, and Mr. R. J. Reynolds, who has been honored several times by his fellow citizens with a seat in the Legislature.

Bro. Ward was instrumental in getting the Agricultural School located here. It has quite a large attendance from the surrounding country. As soon as the town has a little breathing spell from the great burden they took upon

THE WIDOW OF A BAPTIST PREACHER

cause you are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."

For this year resolve: 1. To continue all the good work of the past year. "Let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Those who love the hymn, "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me," will be interested to know something of the man who wrote it. His name was August Toplady, and he was a native of Devon, England. When about sixteen years of age he went on a visit to Ireland, and while there he one day strolled into a barn, where an illiterate layman was preaching. The homely, but earnest sermon, made a deep impression on Toplady, and from that day he was a Christian whose life was "hid with Christ in God."

Speaking to a friend he said: "Oh, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul—they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy Heaven already within my soul."—The Baptist Courier.

Autauga farmers are well supplied with meat. Last year was the worst for business men in many years. In addition to the rebellion, they now have yellow fever at Rio Janeiro. Eight out of 12 prisoners in Abbeville jail saved out last week. The grand jury of Blount made a favorable report of the morals of the county.

Many manufacturing establishments which closed last summer are opening again. Colbert county has recently sold \$100,000 of bonds at par, and intends to have good roads. The tariff question is difficult to get before Congress, many congress men being afraid of it.

A new paper called The Democrat has been started at Laverne, the county seat of Crenshaw. Dr. J. H. Blue, a well known physician of Montgomery, committed suicide last Monday night. The governor has appointed Elijah Moore sheriff of Tuscaloosa county, the former sheriff having died. The Uniontown Herald says the farmers are at work on the new crop, and that it will be made cheap. Congressman Oates has introduced a bill to coin all the silver bullion now owned by the United States. The Polak Company, the large and well known dry goods firm of Montgomery, has failed. Dull times the cause. Prendergrast, who murdered Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has been condemned to hang, and his lawyers have appealed. Mrs. Lease has been removed from the State Board of Charities by the Governor of Kansas, but refuses to give up the office. Joe Chaney, who is in jail at Centre, Cherokee county, weighs only 150 pounds, but he breaks chains and locks and wrenches iron bars from the windows. Shelby county will hold an election on the first Monday in February to decide the location of the county seat. Calera offers to build the court house and jail if they are located there. Dan McGuire, an old negro of Pike county, heard in Troy that his old mistress had come from Georgia on a visit at a neighboring town, and he took the first train to go to see her, carrying a five dollar gold piece as a present. The Northport (Tuscaloosa county) Breze makes the same report that is made all over the state, of the large quantity of meat which the farmers have put away this winter. The supply of provisions is much larger than in previous years. Eugene Walker, returning to his home in Walker county from a term of service in the United States army, was murdered and robbed near Birmingham last Saturday. His cousin, Eugene Byars, a tough character, is in jail accused of the crime. The 15 year old daughter of Mr. Jack McCoy, of Henry county, was burned to death by her clothes taking fire while burning trash alone in the field. The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a security for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it has cured.

SECULAR NOTES.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HOW TO SUCCEED

And Make a Regular Head at the Flow.

For two years I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my legs, hips, feet and ankles, and also troubled with kidney affection which produced constant pains in my back and groin, that I could not work at all. In November, 1892, I purchased an Electropoise from you. I have been so greatly relieved by its use that I have done a good year's work and have made a regular head at the flow.

D. A. BRYANT.
Haynesville, Ala., Aug. 1, 1893.

A DOUBLE REMEDY

Not worse, but better than disease, because Electropoise cures Permanently.

I have been using the Electropoise for about eight months, and I very willingly add my testimonial to that of the many others who have been benefited by its use. I have experienced good results in both chronic and acute diseases, and have the utmost confidence in its cure of all forms of disease much quicker than it can be done with medicine. I find it to be a double remedy, as it not only cures the disease, but at the same time it works out of the system all the bad effects of strong medicines previously taken. With best wishes for the Electropoise, yours truly,

Miss J. J. Cassatt.
Dothan, Ala., Nov. 24, 1892.

SUCH RESULTS

WORTHY OF NOTING—A WONDERFUL RELIEF.

On May 18th I purchased of you an Electropoise. At the time I was suffering with my right arm, caused by a fall. My arm was almost useless; could do nothing with it without great pain. I have also suffered from the effects of influenza, which I had over two years ago. Felt weak after any small exertion. I now have but slight pain in my arm; gaining in strength all the time. I have also been afflicted with diarrhoea for over two years. The use of the Poise has also relieved me of that affliction. I have not taken any medicine since using the Poise. Unless I could receive it, nothing could buy my Electropoise. Respectfully,

J. J. Wilson,
Indian St., Memphis, Tenn.,
April 8, 1893.

FROM M. F. HAVRY

After having used the Electropoise for the past year, I consider it the greatest discovery of the age. I have used it for a kidney trouble, and afterwards for a dislocated ankle. I think it has cured my kidneys, and in the case of the dislocated ankle I believe I could not have gotten along without it. The use of the Electropoise indeed a flow of secretion to the joint. As a consequence, the ankle has worked without friction. W. P. MAURY,
Gleason, Tenn., May 8, 1893.

For a fifty page book, just issued, and mailed free on application, giving full particulars as regards the Electropoise, write to

DeBos & Wms.,
Cole building, Nashville, Tenn., or
1119 1/2 First Ave., Birmingham, Ala.

STOP STRUGGLING

These words of wisdom can be taken to heart by people all over the State. With meat and corn at home the man who raises cotton is better prepared to stand a low price for it than one who pays for everything that is consumed on his place. An abundance of food for family and stock ought to be the first consideration on every farm in Alabama.

STOP STRUGGLING

We have read of a man who thought he could not live unless he kept himself alive. He was afraid his breath would stop if he did not keep it going by his own efforts, and he tried so hard to keep breathing that he nearly strangled in the effort. His family in great alarm called in a physician, who, seeing at once the difficulty, called upon him peremptorily to stop trying to breathe. "I shall die if I do," gasped the poor man. "Die, then," exclaimed the doctor, "but stop!" The poor man, overcome by the word of authority, obeyed, and the moment he stopped trying to breathe, his breath came easily and without effort.

STOP STRUGGLING

So it is with many souls who are pent up for perfect love. They are in a terrible struggle, "trying to believe," as though it were a difficult thing to believe that God is true. They need some authoritative voice to cry, "Stop trying to believe." Believe, simply believe, and the victory is yours on the instant.—Selected.

Young Housekeeper: We cannot afford fish at your prices. They cost too much. Fishman: I have several dozen oysters, max'am, left over from April, marked down fifty per cent. Young Housekeeper: Oh, good. Send them. Fishman: Is it in kind of oysters?

Table of Kitchen Weights and Measures.

Four teaspoonfuls of liquid—one tablespoonful. Four tablespoonfuls of liquid—one wine-glassful, or one-half gill. Eight tablespoonfuls, or two wine-glassfuls of liquid—one cupful or one tumblerful. One cupful of liquid—two gills or one-half pint. Two pint—one quart. Four quarts one gallon. One tablespoonful of butter—one ounce. One lightly rounded tablespoonful of Cottole—one ounce. One rounded tablespoonful of flour—one-half ounce. One cup of butter—one-half pound. One rounded cup of Cottole—one-half pound. One rounded cup of flour—one quarter pound. Four cups of flour—one corn-meal—one pound. Butter the size of a walnut—one ounce. Ten eggs—one pound. Two cups of granulated sugar—one pound. Two and one-half cups of pulverized sugar—one pound. Two cups of brown sugar—thirteen ounces.—The Cottage Hearth.

Home Supplies.

Marshall county contains some as fine land as can be found in the State. It is in the northern portion of Alabama, and the Tennessee river courses along a large part of its territory. Out of the cotton belt, it is adapted to wheat and grain of all kinds, and ought to be a splendid stock-raising country. The Marshall County News, published at Albertville, a thriving town, reads a lecture to its county men in these words.

With a soil that will produce anything needful to man, we purchase our flour in St. Louis, our apples from the North and our sugar in the South. With millions of tons of coal beneath our feet, we send to the Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee for fuel. With abundance of timber growing in eight of our doors, we use axe handles and plow stocks carved out of the stately forests of Tennessee and Kentucky, while the cotton that whitens our hill-sides will not pay the expense of raising and gathering it. We buy all things we need on a credit and cling to cotton with a deathly grasp. We must change our way of living, vary our products and strive to live at home and upon our resources. Why not have a market for our timber, our coal and our farm products? How many of our farmers have tried fruit growing as a business? Our own Southern manhood should exert itself and develop the resources of this country. Let us cease to be the dupes of Northern capitalists and be independent. Let our farmers raise their own meat and flour, and let cotton alone. Who wants to raise a product the price of which is controlled by a lot of unscrupulous money hoarders and gamblers? Let's live at home and have our "hog and hominy."

These words of wisdom can be taken to heart by people all over the State. With meat and corn at home the man who raises cotton is better prepared to stand a low price for it than one who pays for everything that is consumed on his place. An abundance of food for family and stock ought to be the first consideration on every farm in Alabama.

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Romanism and Morals.

There is one peculiar fact about Catholicism. Wherever it prevails you observe a low state of morals. Marital ties are lightly. Fornication and adultery are common. The Sabbath has been changed from a holy day to a holiday. Gambling is fashionable. Saloons are numerous and prosperous. Whether Dr. Burchard's remark was true or not, there is no question of the fact that rum and Romanism go together. Indeed, the very stronghold of rum in this country is Romanism. Wherever you find a saloon keeper you find one who is in sympathy with Romanism, if not an actual communicant. Wherever you find a Catholic you find one who is in sympathy with the saloon. Were it not for Romanism we believe that rum could be banished from our land. Does it seem strange that Romanism should ever be found to be the ally of fornicators, Sabbath breakers, gamblers, saloon-keepers and such like? The effect is no greater than the cause. The cause is a cold formalism, a dead ritualism—the idea that if you belong to the church you will be saved, no matter what you do, and if you do not belong to the church you cannot be saved, no matter what you do. Given this idea and there is no telling to what depths of immorality it may lead. No wonder the priests of such a church are, many of them, corrupt. No wonder a low state of morality prevails among the people who come under its influence. But it is none the less a painful fact, and none the less a powerful one which those who would fight vice in all its forms must consider, that the ally and the stronghold of every species of immorality in our country is the Roman Catholic church—explain it as you may.

When Time is Out.

We continue to get letters from brethren saying "Enclosed please find \$—, and unless I renew, discontinue my paper when time is out." Brethren, you do not know how impracticable it is for us to know "when your time is out." Had we only one label to examine, as every subscriber has only one, the work would be easy. We therefore rely on our subscribers to notify us to stop their paper after they have paid all arrears and given us due notice in writing. It costs them only one cent, and a moment's work. It would take a large force of clerks to examine the labels on our large list so as to discontinue the paper at the expiration of time. One brother writes enclosing his subscription and says: "I send you \$1.50 for the paper for 1894, but understand if you continue to send the paper after my time is out without notifying me of the same, I will utterly refuse to pay for it. Not only that, but I will never sign for it again if I live in Texas 50 years. Don't forget." Now, this is a very valuable subscriber. He keeps his figures up a year ahead. We ask him, and we ask all to have mercy upon the poor clerks. How can they keep watch of this one name among the thousands that they handle daily so as to remember and "not forget" it way next year in '94? Then the clerks may die and other men will be in their places. Do not our intelligent readers understand that because of this very difficulty, it has become a rule of the postoffice department, that papers sent to subscribers are considered acceptable as long as the subscriber chooses to receive them, and longer too, unless all arrears are paid, and our valuable subscriber quoted above has paid, and would pay to the end. May we not ask him and other subscribers to do us this favor? Keep his eye on the label. We place it before his eyes every week. It costs us great labor. He can't pick up his paper without seeing it. He has got only one to look after. We have 15,000 every week to look after, and could no more keep up with them than the farmer can watch the seeds that he sows, or the grains the locks that he gins. We do not blame the reader, he does not understand it. He does not remember that we are running a paper factory, and that we send out 15,000 actual sheets every week; that these are sent out by machinery; that the labels are put on by a mailing machine; that they all have to be put on in one day; that it would require a miracle of oversight and postal care to get a considerable number of sheets to know each name, whose

Mourning Dresses.

The practice of putting on more garments, as an exhibition of grief for the death of friends, is so general that those who neglect the custom attract notice by their singularity. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, an attempt was made by some excellent clergymen and leaders of public opinion to subvert this custom, and with some success. But the change did not last long, and the practice of putting on mourning is now as general as ever before. But there are really very serious objections to it. It is often a heavy burden on the bereaved. Mourning dresses are more expensive than others, and when the head of the family is cut off, it is a severe tax upon the diminished resources of the household to add to the expenses of sickness and burial an entire outfit of black for the family. With those to whom the expense is not an important consideration, the confusion and incongruity of turning the house of death into a milliner's shop, and breaking up the hours that should be sacred to solace and grief by talk about dress, is exceedingly unpleasant to the bereaved. Besides, what is the significance of a mourning dress? It is worn to express grief; but is it necessary to parade our grief before the world? And is grief the only feeling of the Christian over the grave of the departed? Yet we put nothing upon our garments to signify Christian faith, hope and consolation. We only a dreary waste of black, expressive of unmitigated, hopeless, inconsolable sorrow. For this reason it would seem that if we are to wear any peculiar costume to signify that we have been bereaved, unmitigated black is most inappropriate, and fails entirely to express the emotions with which the Christian contemplates the death of a friend. Custom requires of a man only the wearing of a "wee-wee" of crape above the hair—why should not a similar emblem of sorrow answer every purpose in the dress of a woman? A band of crape, perhaps, across the forehead and a cloud of black lace resting upon and half covering the more cheerful colors of the trimming? "Deep mourning," as it is called, does not express the Christian view of faith. It is in fact too dismal and hopeless for any form that has ever been taken by the religious element. It is of evil tendency by continually reminding the mourner of his sorrow, and never suggesting hope or consolation. Why then should it be worn? The heart does not need to aggravate its grief by continual mementos of it, and the truly bereaved never desire to make an ostentatious display of their sorrow; on what account, then, can the wearing of mourning be justified?—Springfield Republican.

Rev. E. W. Longfellow, at the North Dakota Convention, read a paper on systematic giving. In substance, he said: "Systematic giving is giving according to some predetermined plan. It is giving carefully, prayerfully and proportionately. It includes at least three things: (1) Careful forethought regarding the grounds of obligation for one's giving; (2) Pains-taking and prayerful study of the objects to which one gives; (3) The giving of a fixed proportion of one's income. It is one of the most important of all christian duties. It is clearly taught in the word of God. Systematic giving is common sense. It has taught us its value by its results. We want more systematic giving for the sake of persisting souls."

Pastoral Calls—"A Here Travesty."

A writer in the Living Church tells of a clergyman whose people complained that he did not "drop in oftener in a social way." On being informed of this he entered the following Monday morning upon a course of house to house visitation. It is true this was washingday, but he did not mind it. He promptly adapted himself to circumstances. Entering a house, he began talking about soap, and ammonia, and pickpoinners, and tired laundresses. It was delightful. On Tuesday he resumed his rounds. Now he discoursed on beeswax, smoothing irons, shirt fronts, the consumption of fuel and the everlasting raking at the fire. He grew in favor. On Wednesday he continued ringing bells and rapping at doors. He threw out wise suggestions about the work basket and spoke of stocking darning. He showed a charming familiarity with needles, scissors and thimbles. He made

A DEEP AND LASTING IMPRESSION.

On Thursday, nothing daunted, and moved by a noble ambition to elevate the flock, he spent the entire day commenting upon pleasures derived from formal calls, evening parties and dramatic entertainments. It tired him, but he would not give up. Friday found him taking up the merits of furniture polish, the advantages of salt over tea leaves for cleaning carpets, describing different methods of dusting and the wholesome effects of exposing mattresses to the sunlight. He kept growing in favor. On Saturday morning he hurried through breakfast, and, after consulting the list of names, he informed his wife that he would not return home until late in the evening, and again renewed his pilgrimage. Some families who did not keep cooks were at work in their kitchen. He insisted upon going there so as not to disturb their plans. He fascinated them with his knowledge of culinary science. He discussed the relative merits of baking powders, told how to make ice cream without eggs, brown bread without yeast, and delicious jelly from dried apples. He expressed a hope that they never fried fish without flouring. He abominated hot lemon pie; the urgent invitation of a newly married experimentalist he consented to eat a piece, and suffered for two days afterwards in consequence. On Sabbath morning the church was filled with people, but

Talked Too Much.

The story is told of a parrot which was left by her mistress on a perch in the yard for an hour's sunning. In a spirit of mischief Polly began hissing the dog which was stretched on the grass near by. The poor pup felt in duty bound to obey the command, and because there was nothing else in sight he snatched the defenseless parrot from her perch and well nigh robed her of feathers and of life. When the good woman came out she was horrified to find her favorite pet in such a plight. In grief she asked Polly what was the matter, and the bird replied in subdued penitence, "Oh, I talked too much." An oft open mouth is the broad road to a good many troubles for people as well as for parrots. If speech is silver, for once at least we are in favor of repeal, let us by all means guard the supply of gold. The divine art of speech making has its perils. No gift of God offers more of good when well used; but like all great gifts its benefits are matched by equally great dangers.—Central Baptist.

Rev. George C. Lorimer, D. D.

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And they all dead did lie!
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Such disabled vessels, coffins merely of what was once life, radiant with youthful hope and beauty, are all about us. They are borne on the currents of evil, driven by the gusts of passion, and cross our path in the day, collide with us in the night, and are a constant peril to the unsuspecting and unguarded.

Manifold are the forces that are multiplying them. Low theatres and lower saloons, gambling resorts and race courses, fashionable society with its gilded vices, and teeming slums with their undisguised dissipation, all take a hand in disfiguring what God has made, and in destroying what was designed originally to be a sublime cartoon of his moral majesty. The prophet Joel pronounces a curse on those who have "cast lots for God's people, and have given a boy for a harlot, and sold a girl for wine that they might drink."

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I remember a man who had once struggled. My acquaintance with him was caused by my hearing that he had at one sitting swallowed an entire bottle of brandy with suicidal intent, and was near unto death. It was pitiable to see him, more to hear him. He told me that he had reformed more than once, had even assisted in meetings for the redemption of ruined men, and had derided the pious gentlemen who, on the platform talked so sagaciously about overcoming bad habits, when they had few, if any, susceptibilities to temptation. Almost fiercely he turned on me and said: "There is my son, a mere child. Now is the time to save him. I am too old."

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Common People.

Some one remarked in the hearing of Abraham Lincoln, when he was president of the United States, that he was quite a common looking man. "Friend," he replied, gently, "the Lord loves common looking people best. That is why he has made so many of them." We read that the "common people" heard Jesus gladly. He made his teaching so plain and attractive to them that the uneducated masses fully understood, and appreciated it accordingly. Never, however, did the Savior speak of his brothers and sisters as common people. He knew not only what was in man generally, but what was in each individual. He does not think of men in masses and crowds, but as individuals, each having a precious soul with joys and sorrows all his own, and a most interesting and quite unique life history. "What God hath cleansed call not thou common." If there are any "common people," it is the thoughtless ones who use this phrase when speaking of others.—California Advocate.

For Revenue Only.

One of the latest and most ingenious devices proposed as a source of revenue is a tax upon all bachelors over a certain age. The proposal comes from a woman, and may be actuated by motives more personal than patriotic, but we esteem it worthy the consideration of the people. To fill the treasury and at the same time effect a great social reform is a masterpiece of statesmanship.

Why Not?

Why should we use foreign words when we have English words that answer every purpose? Why should we say "per capita" when we might just as well say "each" or "apiece"? Why should we say employee, which is simply the French equivalent of employed? Why should we not say the employed on the Lehigh Valley, or an employed, as well as to say and employee?—Ex.

REAL MERIT

Is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it is manifested every day in the remarkable cures this medicine accomplishes. Druggists say: Who would sell a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla to a new customer we are sure to see him back in a few weeks after more—proving that the good results from a trial bottle continue in its use. This positive merit Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses by virtue of the Peculiar Combination, Proportion and Process used in its preparation, and by which all the remedial value of the ingredients used is retained. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Peculiar to itself and absolutely unequalled in its power as a blood purifier, and as a tonic for building up the weak and

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Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair.

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