

ALABAMA BAPTIST.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE"

TERMS CASH: \$1.50 A YEAR.

ORGAN OF THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1894.

NUMBER 4.

VOL. 21

Some of our exchanges are wrestling with this question: "Is not a legible handwriting as obligatory upon all persons in civilized society as good manners are? Has any one any more right to make his writing a cause of trial, vexation and weariness to his fellowmen than he has to make his personal presence, offensive and burdensome?"

The Burman Bible, printed in Rangoon cost four rupees, or \$1.44 a copy. The Missionary Union, availing itself of modern processes of photo engraving, has had each page of this Burman Bible photographed on a reduced scale, and plates made from these by means of which a Burman Bible can now be printed in Boston, so as to be sold for one rupee, and the New Testament for about eighteen cents. This is a triumph of modern science which will be a great blessing to Burma.—*Helping Hand.*

Noise and bustle and stir are not the surest indications of work in progress. One grasshopper on a fence will make more noise than a dozen oxen grazing in a field. The grasshopper has his place in the world, but he is good for nothing in a yoke. So there are noisier bustlers among men, who seem to have no mission except to din the ears; yet they may have a place in the grand economy of life, while the more efficient workers are toiling in thoughtful silence.—*S. S. Times.*

It is said that the Christians of Ceylon have four methods for giving to the support of the gospel: First, the tithes of their earnings; second, the offering of the trees—the setting apart by each of a coconut tree, the produce of which they secretly devote to benevolent purposes; third, the offering of labor—devoting a certain amount of time to the interest of the church; fourth, they reserve a handful of rice from every day's meal.

According to the character of Christ. It was one of the objects of his coming into the world, that we should have before us, in our own nature, a model of perfect love to God and man. How vain for men to claim a complete sanctification when their characters would suffer so much in comparison with the character of Christ! Sanctification to be in accordance with his character, must not be predicated upon religious ecstasies, nor upon a long face, nor upon finding fault upon the religion of other people. There must be something more like Christ than any of that.—*Rev. E. J. Foster, in Baptist Courier.*

A young lady, asked by her friend, to explain what is meant by devotional reading of the Bible, made answer, as follows: "Yesterday morning I received a letter from one to whom I have given my heart and devoted my life. I freely confess to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the apostle by frequent reading of his epistle. It was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to the one who wrote it. To read the Bible with the same motive, is to read it devotionally, and to one who reads it in the same spirit, it is, indeed, a love letter.—*The United Presbyterian.*

You read in the book of Deuteronomy about the eagle stirring up her nest, spreading her wings, taking her young and bearing them on her wings. You know the habits of the eagle; she trains her young fledglings to fly; as they nestle down upon the soft lining of the nest she plants a thorn in the side of the nest to make them move about; if this will not do she crowds them out of the nest and off the edge of the cliff and lets them fall; but the mother bird watches and spreads out her great paternal wings beneath them, and receives the little trembling birds and bears them back to the eyrie rocks. That is the way God does with his children if he lets them fall he still watches that they do not fall beyond all recovery.—*Dr. A. T. Pierson.*

Trip Notes.

I spent a Sunday at Brewton, one of the live towns on the L. & N. railroad. When you think of it, this road has quite a number of live towns on it. It has a way of helping the people to build up their places. A railroad can either build up or ruin a town. It is strange that all do not adopt the policy of the L. & N., and help the people. A year or two since I saw in one of the depots of this I saw in one of the depots of this

road a placard inviting persons along its line having property to sell, to give a description of it to an official of the road, and it would be advertised through the North and West free of charge. A moment's reflection will convince any one that it was the finest kind of business sense on the part of the road.

When the business men of Brewton began to consider the question of truck farming, and organized the Fruit Growers' Association, the road met them half way, and gave them every encouragement. Through the enterprise did not pan out the first year as they hoped it would, they are not discouraged, but have taken a step farther and organized a cannery factory. The bad policy of "carrying all the eggs in one basket," is impressing our people everywhere as never before.

THE CHURCH

At Brewton does not realize its strength. It ought to stand far up toward the head of the class. Numerically and financially it is a strong church. They are working now in a frame building with Masonic Hall over head. This has served their purpose very well in the past, but they will soon come out of that. The Methodists have erected a handsome brick structure, and the Baptists will soon follow suit. Bro. B. H. Crampton, their pastor, gives only half his time to the church. Bro. M. F. Brooks is superintendent of the Sunday school, Miss Nannie Granberry has charge of the Sunbeams. They are doing a fine work. In the Children's corner will be found a letter they received lately from a German missionary and his wife in Texas, to whom they sent a box of clothing. I hope the children will read it.

What this young woman is doing can be done by others. They say that there is more missionary spirit in these children and their teacher than there is in the church. But this will not be the case long. The Sunday-school will take mission collections the first Sunday in each month, just as the church does, and the Sunbeams have engaged to distribute the envelopes. More of the members will read the ALABAMA BAPTIST from this on, and that will cause the mission spirit to grow.

ELIM

Church, twenty miles away, is another of Bro. O's churches. Last year was a prosperous year with them. Besides paying \$50 to the Centennial and meeting all their obligations to the association, they increased the pastor's salary and had a great revival with many additions to the membership.

MY VISIT TO BREWTON

I greatly enjoyed. Besides the pleasure of a visit to the home of my relatives, the three services on Sunday at the church were made especially pleasant, because the Spirit seemed to be with us.

W. B. C.

Have You Read It?

It is told of Franklin that at one time in Paris he was greatly ridiculed for his love of the Bible, and that he made up his mind to find out how many of the scoffers had read it. He informed one of the learned societies, of which he was a member, that he had come across a story in pastoral life in ancient times that appeared to him very beautiful, but he would like the judgment of the society upon it. On the evening appointed Franklin had a reader of timely edification read to them the book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another rose to express gratification and admiration, and the desire that the manuscript should be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and is part of the Bible."—*Ram's Horn.*

Over Forty Years in China.

VI.

FIRST VISIT TO THE HOMELAND.

How to gain access to the ears and hearts of the people and lead them to Christ—how to build up churches of living stones after the New Testament pattern, was our study by day and by night. Released from the environments of our native country, we endeavored to work under our new and peculiar circumstances without introducing unnecessary foreign customs. In short, we tried to make the New Testament Christianity our model rather than its modern type—yet, without yielding any essential article of faith and practice as held by our Baptist churches, fully believing these to be in accordance with the divine teachings. We presented Christ as the only way of salvation to our servants, to all who came to our house for whatever purpose, to those who assembled in the chapels, and to those we visited in their homes. In our daily walks for exercise we frequently wended our way to some village or cluster of farm houses where we found opportunities for offering the gospel. Such were mainly our methods of labor.

After our severe illness in 1855, we made a trip for recuperation to the neighboring city of Ningpo. Among the various missionaries stationed there, several belonged to the Northern Baptist Board, with all of whom we formed warm and lasting friendships. At Ningpo we had opportunities for seeing many phases of mission work, and for taking counsel on difficult points connected with it. It is always helpful to look around upon the methods of others. This was especially so in those early experimental days when the great question was how to do it.

In the summer of 1857, it was decided that Bro. Yates and family should go home on furlough. They had been on the field ten years, and the Board had invited them to return for a much needed rest. Before they sailed, Dr. Burton strongly advised that on account of my weak condition, I should accompany them. Mr. C. being in less need of a change of climate, it was determined that he should remain for a year in charge of the church left pastored by Bro. Y's absence, before joining me in America.

On the first of September the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. and Annie Yates and myself, set sail on board the ship Ariel, Capt. Cutler, bound for New York. Friends had previously said to us: "Are you not afraid to set out now in the very height of the typhoon season?" But our passage was engaged,—the time of sailing was not under our control; and so committing ourselves to God, we started on what proved to be the Ariel's last voyage. We learned afterwards that at our departure the barometer was indicating the approach of a typhoon. When about one hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai, the weather became so threatening that our captain anchored under shelter of a group of islands called "The Saddles." While here I embraced an opportunity for sending Mr. C. a note, informing him of our detention. After a few days the captain weighed anchor, hoping to reach the open sea or a more secure refuge, before the approaching storm should reach us. But in a few hours it burst upon us with ever increasing fury, so filling the sails and tightening the ropes that it became difficult to manage the ship. With as much sail up as safety would section, the vessel, almost on her beam ends, ploughed through the raging sea with terrific velocity. The tension was so great that my whole frame became rigid. I could only wedge myself in between the berth and the wash stand, holding on to them with clenched hands and awaiting I knew not what. After some hours of this race for life, we anchored in a channel among the Chusan Islands, where for awhile we felt secure. The physical relief experienced upon the lowering of the

sails and the casting of the anchors was wonderful.

But our sense of safety was of short duration. As in all cyclones, the wind soon veered around to another quarter, and we were exposed to all its fury. By nightfall it was found that our anchors were insufficient to hold the ship, and that she was drifting along the channel toward a perpendicular projection of rocks from the adjacent islands. The captain thereupon decided to clear the ship of her masts. The rigging on the weather side was first cut loose, and as the sailors' axes struck the masts they all three snapped off like pipe stems and fell into the water, though still attached to the ship by the lee rigging. When this was severed the masts, yards and their appurtenances floated away beyond our vision. All night the storm raged with unabated fury. With ship head to the wind, the great waves struck her prow with such violence as to come dashing over the cabin in the stern. The roar was fearful. On deck no command could be heard unless shouted into the ears at the top of one's voice. The next day the storm seemed even to grow worse, and it was discovered that some of our anchors having "parted cable," we were again drifting towards the rocks. Early in the afternoon it was announced that "a dismasted junk at the mercy of the waves" was bearing right down upon us. A collision, which seemed inevitable, would be certain destruction to both vessels. Earnest, silent prayer went up from us while the sailors "played out a hawser" to the stern to change, if possible, the position of our ship. She veered a little in answer to the effort and the junk passed by, missing us only a few yards. The appeals, "save, save, save!" from the poor helpless junkmen wrung our hearts with pity while thanking God for our own deliverance. The rain, spray and low-hanging clouds made it so dark that even at mid-day we could see but a few rods, yet we felt sure the unfortunate junk was soon dashed to pieces against the shore towards which she was rapidly driven.

We drifted at every flood tide, and at night the captain, full of anxiety, ordered the steward to place beside each of the passengers ropes with slip knots, that when the ship should strike the rocks we might lash ourselves to some plank or article of furniture as a last hope. We were told that as the tide was just beginning to ebb, we were safe for the next six hours until the flood tide. The carpenter then said he "would turn in, as he would as soon go down in his bunk as anywhere else." The steward replied: "I will sit up, for if we go down I wish to see it."

We were exceedingly weary. Knowing of the six hour's respite we lay down upon the cabin floor, wedging ourselves securely between table legs and sofas, with our "earrings" (as the sailors called the noosed ropes) beside us, and committing ourselves into the hands of a faithful God who was through the night, all unconscious of what was going on. At daylight the steward came down exclaiming: "The days of miracles are not over; we have drifted beyond the rocks and are safe!"

In the afternoon the wind began to abate, the clouds to part, and at last a ray of the setting sun streamed through the cabin window. It seemed like the return of some long lost friend. Mrs. Yates and I looked at each other and burst into tears. Extemporizing an arrangement called "scissors" for carrying sail we "shipped" our last anchor and headed for the open sea. Having nothing to steady her the ship rolled heavily, but securing ourselves firmly in our berths, we again slept all night. What a contrast greeted our eyes next morning when we went on deck! The sea where we had been during the storm was brown and thick with the mud from the great Yang-tze river ploughed up from the bottom of the shallow channel, the heavens were black with wild

scudding clouds and everything around was forbidding in the extreme. But now all these were gone and we were safe in the open sea. Not a cloud was discernible, and the bluest of seas laughed back at the bluest of skies. Our hearts with rejoicing nature went up in gratitude to God who had heard our prayers and spared His servants for further work in His vineyard.

Before breakfast a barque was sighted and our captain bore down towards her as well as he could. The barque, seeing our disabled condition and flag of distress also "trimmed" for us. She proved to be a Siamese man-of-war, short of provisions, bound for Shanghai. She was requested to take the Ariel's passengers on board and have a tug sent out to tow the junk into port. As there was still a heavy "well" it was dangerous to approach very near, and the transfer had to be made over a considerable distance. It was unsafe for the four passengers to go all at once on the little boat—so two trips were necessary. As the frail boat moved away with the Yates family all on the ship watched it anxiously. Sometimes the great waves would hide it from view for a painfully long time, raising fears that it was swamped. But she went bravely on until she reached the barque and the passengers were, though with much difficulty, taken on board. On the second trip, besides me, she carried sundry stores. Little did we then suppose that we should be ten days on this barque, and that she would again run short of supplies. But her Siamese crew was so inefficient that the English captain felt under the necessity of carrying but a little sail, as in case of sudden squalls no one could be induced to go aloft. We were land-locked in the Chusan archipelago for several days, constantly threatened by a fleet of fishing junks which, whenever suitable prey offered, were ready to turn pirates. Had we run aground, or from other causes become helpless, we should certainly have fallen into their hands.

As we approached Shanghai we saw a steam tug going out to sea. Next day in returning she passed us in the river towing the dismasted Ariel, and our captain saluted them by dipping his flag. During the typhoon Mr. C. had suffered agonies of anxiety. He could hardly hope that we had escaped the storm, and as it raged and howled around his now lonely dwelling, every blast sent a fresh dagger through his heart. He had not yet received my note from the "Saddles," and therefore knew nothing of our condition. The wind blowing up the river caused the water to overflow both banks, and flood the streets of Shanghai, as well as the fields back of our house.

After our transfer, Capt. Cutler in the Ariel made his way slowly towards Shanghai. Having reached the mouth of the Yang Tze he anchored with one of his guns, got into his "long boat" with his crew, rowed up the river through many difficulties and delays. On reaching the city he was met by Mr. C. and Co's shore, and being asked "What is the matter?" replied in surprise, "Where are my passengers? have they not arrived? and have they not told you of our trouble?" But nothing had been heard of us, for we were at that time land locked among the islands. He could only tell our friends that he had placed us on board of a Siamese barque, but had forgotten to ask her name. Soon came news that a Siamese vessel had been wrecked off Ningpo, and all on board had been drowned or murdered by pirates. We were supposed to be among the unfortunate victims—thus giving Mr. C. several days of a fresh kind of agony. The tug with the Ariel in tow reached Shanghai a few hours before us, and Mr. C. was in the act of reading a note from the editor of the North China Herald informing him of our safety, when the Yates family and I knocked at his gate. Great anxiety had been felt by all our friends, foreign and native, and during the

next few days many were the visits of congratulation and thanksgiving for our deliverance.

But the necessity for the trip home still remained, and we again sailed for New York, Nov. 17th, on the clipper ship Nabob. This time Mr. C. accompanied me beyond the mouth of the river, and returned to Shanghai with the pilot. A gale was blowing, and I noticed when he sailed away that the pilot's boat stood almost on her beam ends. I should probably have felt no great uneasiness about the matter had I not overheard our captain say: "Look at that foolhardy pilot how he crowds on sail in such a wind!" I thus knew that even old seamen thought there was danger, and I could not learn for many months whether that boat and its one lone passenger finally reached port in safety!

Our voyage was to me a weary, uneventful one of one hundred and twelve days. On arriving in New York early in March, I found letters awaiting me from Shanghai. They had gone via the Red Sea and England, which at that time required two or three months and forty-five cents postage.

After our departure Mr. C. devoted himself earnestly to his missionary work. A number were baptized and good progress was made in the infant church. It was, however, deemed advisable for him to make a trip to the United States now rather than wait till his health should be too much prostrated by the climate. So on the 13th of August he sailed on the Lizzie Jarvis, for Puget's Sound, arriving at Port Townsend in sixty days. After a stay here of seven days, he took steamer for San Francisco, and thence via Panama and Cuba for New Orleans, reaching me near Starkville, Miss., late in November. His last letters had been sent by mistake to "Oak Grove," instead of Hickory Grove, and I therefore had failed to receive them. I only knew through the secretary of the board, that he had sailed for Puget's Sound, and his arrival found me still in the dark regarding his movements.

Our main object while in the United States was to recuperate and return as soon as possible to our work in China. Opportunities were continually embraced to present the needs of our field to churches and individuals in our favored land. We spent some time in Tennessee and then went to Richmond, Va., for medical treatment. While there we attended the Southern Baptist Convention, which met in that city May, 1859.

In December of that year we proceeded via Cuba and Panama to San Francisco, hoping to find a vessel going direct to Shanghai, and avoid the long sea voyage by which we had first gone to China. We also visited Bro. Shuck, who was then at Sacramento, laboring for the Chinese, in addition to his care of an American congregation. Mr. C. accepted a call to supply a little church at Lone City, situated among the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

On our way to Hong Kong in April on the ship Oracle, touched at Honolulu and made the voyage in forty-nine days. After three days steaming, we landed at Shanghai, taking our friends by surprise, as news of our sailing had not reached them. Bro. Yates and family had arrived two months before us, having come by the old route around the Cape of Good Hope. During our absence Mr. and Mrs. Cabanis, greatly to our regret, had left for the United States, but the Holmes and Hartwell families had been added to the mission.

The "John Brown raid" took place just before we left the South, and the political horizon looked dark; but we little thought that this was the precursor of the bloody, fratricidal war which soon afterwards burst upon our country. M. F. CRAWFORD.

Tung Chow, China, June 30, '83.

Religion must have its source in the heart. A religion of the intellect only is not worth much in the sight of God.

Central Committee.

PRAYER CARD—JANUARY.

China—"Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." Missionaries, 36; native assistants, 20; stations, 46; churches, 11; membership, 938; baptisms, 75; schools, 11; scholars, 360. Contributions, \$1,722.89.

Study Topics.—Xavier and the success and results of the Jesuit missions. Robt. Morrison and the value of his work. The China Inland mission. Our missionary women, the necessity of their work. Our new laborers for this field.

"Go to those who want you, but especially to those who want you worst." John Wesley worked upon that rule, and commended it to his preachers. It has higher authority than the example of Wesley. Christ went about doing good. He came to seek and save those that were lost. The deeper the sorrow, the darker the sin, the stronger the appeal to the heart of Christ. There are over 300,000,000 of souls in China that have never heard of Christ. There are about 500 missionaries preaching to the millions. There are over 60,000,000 of souls in the United States, with nearly 80,000 preachers to proclaim the gospel to them. This gives one preacher in China for every 600,000 souls, and in the United States one preacher for every 700 souls.

God always makes an opportunity with a sufficiency. The church was never richer, as the world counts riches, than she is to-day. She has men enough and money enough to break the bread of life to every man, woman and child on earth in ten years, and yet there are hundreds of millions who do not know that Jesus Christ came.

Romanism is at its worst in the countries of South America. Its blight all over those fair regions has been terrible. The despotic rule of the hierarchy has kept the people in the bonds of superstition and in the darkness of ignorance. We of the North American continent have an object lesson before us in the South, of what our destiny would have been had our lot been cast under the power and influence of Romanism rather than the evangelical form of Christianity.

The development in the North has been along the lines of freedom, intelligence and morality, under the enlightened training of a spiritual and Biblical form of Christianity. The result in the South has been marred and shadowed by priestly tyranny, gross ignorance, and defective morality, combined with superstitious bigotry and the lowest form of external and hollow ceremonialism. The spirit of the inquisition still hides in the Papal system of South America. The blind intolerance of medieval Romanism still fights for supremacy, and the battle of the age for liberty of conscience is yet to be fought and won in a large portion of the southern continent.

It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that "woman is the cornerstone of heathenism." Notwithstanding their degradation, heathen mothers have immense power over their sons. The fear of a heathen mother is a terrible thing. Chinamen from listening to the claims of the gospel; and an intelligent Hindu exclaims: "It is the women who maintain the system of Hinduism."

"There is no difference between him and the book," was the testimony given by native friends to the fidelity and consistency of a young Chinese Christian who did while engaged in missionary work.

In the midst of a famine, a Hindoo said to the native Christians who were starving, "If you will renounce Christ I will give you all the grain you need." Not one accepted the offer.

A Chinese who had been for thirty-nine years the slave of opium-smoking gave up the practice, and his reform seemed likely to be permanent. When asked how he had broken off the terrible habit, he replied: "I used my two knees."

Professor Everett, of Harvard University, says: "Not until rich men come to understand that they do not own their wealth, but owe

it, will the curse be taken off riches, and wealth in the hands of the individual be made a blessing to the world, and not an instrument of oppression."

"I have bank stocks, railroad stocks, and United States bonds," says a wealthy Christian. "These all draw interest seven days in the week. One of these days is the Lord's Day. So one-seventh of my income I devote to benevolent purposes."

One of our missionaries, returned from India, who attended the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, thus writes of it: "The missionaries do not object to the comparison of Christianity with heathenism at any time and in any place, but they do object to the comparison of a muzzled Christianity with a white washed heathenism."

Mrs. W. A. Davis, of Anniston, resigns the office of vice-President of the new association, Calhoun. The Davis family have been long noted for loyalty and effective service to the denomination in this state.

The Central Committee are glad to report that Mrs. A. D. Smith, of Anniston has consented to succeed Mrs. Davis as vice-President of our work in the Calhoun Association.

Hard Times A Blessing.

The "uses of adversity" are practical as well as "sweet." The American people, unconsciously it may be, are accustomed to a degree of luxury unknown in other lands. A period of ceaseless growth and development, such as we have enjoyed, brings prosperity to every class. It has been gravely asserted that this country, though in its youth a land of plenty, is fast settling down to the condition in which we now see older nations—the bulk of the wealth in a few hands, and the "common people" a struggling herd, unused to anything but the mere necessities of existence. The logic of history shows that there is an element of probability in this unpleasant prognostication, and that the danger is palpable, even though it may be remote. At all events, we may not consider the prevailing depression an unmixed evil. It is well, sometimes, for a people to be forced to practice economy, so that all may learn the value not only of a dollar but of a penny. Unbroken prosperity, whether of an individual or a nation, is productive of evil. The uses of adversity are to teach lessons of retrenchment and economy, and the result is to restore the balance and re-adjust the items of earnings and expenses.—*Blue and Gray for January.*

The Jerusalem of To-day.

The present population of Jerusalem is not far from 40,000, and more than half are Jews. They live in a separate quarter of their own, as do the various divisions of Christians, as the Armenians, the Greeks and the Protestants. All these quarters are densely built, with narrow and irregular lanes for streets, but the prevailing prosperity does not seem to reach the abodes of the Hebrews. The indications are all of extreme poverty. A synagogue was pointed out showing that it was the gift of a Paris Rothschild, but its mean surroundings bore no suggestion of critical refinement in the congregation.

The articles of food set out for sale in the petty little shops were often squalid and repulsive. We came so often upon spoiled salt fish among the stores exposed by the vendors, that we concluded it must form a regular element of diet in the quarter. There was no visible sign of industry by which the people might earn their living, and no one need be surprised to learn that in various parts of the world the well-to-do and charitable Jews are regularly called upon to contribute to the support of their pauper brethren in Jerusalem.—*Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, who dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those who dare mispend it, are desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

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Noise and bustle and stir are not the surest indications of work in progress. One grasshopper on a fence will make more noise than a dozen oxen grazing in a field. The grasshopper has his place in the world, but he is good for nothing in a yoke. So there are noisier bustlers among men, who seem to have no mission except to din the ears; yet they may have a place in the grand economy of life, while the more efficient workers are toiling in thoughtful silence.—*S. S. Times.*

It is said that the Christians of Ceylon have four methods for giving to the support of the gospel: First, the tithes of their earnings; second, the offering of the trees—the setting apart by each of a coconut tree, the produce of which they sacrificially devote to benevolent purposes; third, the offering of labor—devoting a certain amount of time to the interest of the church; fourth, they reserve a handful of rice from every day's meal.

Sanctification must be in accordance with the character of Christ. It was one of the objects of his coming into the world, that we should have before us, in our own nature, a model of perfect love to God and man. How vain for men to claim a complete sanctification when their characters would suffer so much in comparison with the character of Christ! Sanctification to be in accordance with his character, must not be predicated upon religious ecstasies, nor upon a long face, nor upon finding fault upon the religion of other people. There must be something more like Christ than any of that.—*Rev. E. J. Forster, in Baptist Courier.*

A young lady, asked by her friend, to explain what is meant by devotional reading of the Bible, made answer, as follows: "Yesterday morning I received a letter from one to whom I have given my heart and devoted my life. I freely confess to you that I have read that letter five times, not because I did not understand it at the first reading, nor because I expected to commend myself to the author by frequent reading of his epistle. It was not with me a question of duty, but simply one of pleasure. I read it because I am devoted to the one who wrote it. To read the Bible with the same motive, is to read it devotionally, and to one who reads it in the same spirit, it is, indeed, a love letter.—*The United Presbyterian.*

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I spent a Sunday at Brewton, one of the live towns on the L. & N. railroad. When you think of it, this road has quite a number of live towns on it. It has a way of helping the people to build up their places. A railroad can either build up or ruin a town. It is strange that all do not adopt the policy of the L. & N., and help the people. A year or two since I saw in one of the depots of this road a placard inviting persons along its line having property to sell, to give a description of it to an official of the road, and it would be advertised through the North and West free of charge. A moment's reflection will convince any one that it was the finest kind of business sense on the part of the road.

When the business men of Brewton began to consider the question of truck farming, and organized the Fruit Growers' Association, the road met them halfway, and gave them every encouragement. Through the enterprise did not pan out the first year as they hoped it would, they are not discouraged, but have taken a step farther and organized a canning factory. The bad policy of "carrying all the eggs in one basket," is impressing our people everywhere as never before.

Cotton is the idol of most Southern people; down here it is timbre the people up to the importance of developing new industries. If the panic does this for us, Brewton is wonderfully blessed with overflowing wells of pure water, and the deepest is not more than sixty feet. They have several good schools. I visited the institute of Prof. Sanders and addressed the students. This brother and his wife have made for themselves a fine reputation as teachers.

THE CHURCH

At Brewton does not realize its strength. It ought to stand far up toward the head of the class. Numerically and financially it is a strong church. They are worshipping now in a frame building with Masonic Hall over head. This has served their purpose very well in the past, but they will soon come out of that. The Methodists have erected a handsome brick structure, and the Baptists will soon follow suit. Bro. B. H. Crampton, their pastor, gives only half his time to the church. Bro. M. F. Brooks is superintendent of the Sunday school, Miss Nannie Granberry has charge of the Sunbeams. They are doing a fine work. In the Children's corner will be found a letter they received lately from a German missionary and his wife in Texas, to whom they sent a box of clothing. I hope the children will read it.

What this young woman is doing can be done by others. They say that there is more missionary spirit in these children and their teacher than there is in the church. But this will not be the case long. The Sunday school will take mission collections the first Sunday in each month, just as the church does, and the Sunbeams have engaged to distribute the envelopes. More of the members will read the ALABAMA BAPTIST from this on, and that will cause the mission spirit to grow.

ELIM

Church, twenty miles away, is another of Bro. C's churches. Last year was a prosperous year with them. Besides paying \$50 to the Centennial and meeting all their obligations to the association, they increased the pastor's salary and had a great revival with many additions to the membership.

MY VISIT TO BREWTON

I greatly enjoyed. Besides the pleasure of a visit to the home of my relatives, the three services on Sunday at the church were made especially pleasant, because the Spirit seemed to be with us.

W. B. C.

Have You Read It?

It is told of Franklin that at one time in Paris he was greatly ridiculed for his love of the Bible, and that he made up his mind to find out how many of the scoffers had read it. He informed one of the learned societies, of which he was a member, that he had come across a story in pastoral life in ancient times that appeared to him very beautiful, but he would like the judgment of the society upon it. On the evening appointed Franklin had a reader of finely modulated voice read to them the book of Ruth. They were in ecstasies over it, and one after another rose to express gratification and admiration, and the desire that the manuscript should be printed. "It is printed," said Franklin, "and is part of the Bible."—*Ram's Horn.*

Over Forty Years in China.

VI.
FIRST VISIT TO THE HOMELAND.

How to gain access to the ears and hearts of the people and lead them to Christ—how to build up churches of living stones after the New Testament pattern, was our study by day and by night. Released from the environments of our native country, we endeavored to work under our new and peculiar circumstances without introducing unnecessary foreign customs. In short, we tried to make the New Testament Christianity our model rather than its modern type,—yet, without yielding any essential article of faith and practice as held by our Baptist churches, fully believing these to be in accordance with the divine teachings. We presented Christ as the only way of salvation to our servants, to all who came to our house for whatever purpose, to those who assembled in the chapels, and to those we visited in their homes. In our daily walks for exercise we frequently wended our way to some village or cluster of farm houses where we found opportunities for offering the gospel. Such were mainly our methods of labor.

After our severe illness in 1855, we made a trip for recuperation to the neighboring city of Ningpo. Among the various missionaries stationed there, several belonged to the Northern Baptist Board, with all of whom we formed warm and lasting friendships. At Ningpo we had opportunities for seeing many phases of mission work, and for taking counsel on difficult points connected with it. It is always helpful to look around upon the methods of others. This was especially so in those early experimental days when the great question was how to do it.

In the summer of 1857, it was decided that Bro. Yates and family should go home on furlough. They had been on the field ten years, and the Board had invited them to return for a much needed rest. Before they sailed, Dr. Burton strongly advised that on account of my weak condition, I should accompany them. Mr. C. being in less need of a change of climate, it was determined that he should remain for a year in charge of the church left pastorless by Bro. Y's absence, before joining me in America.

On the first of September the party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. and Annie Yates and myself, set sail on board the ship Ariel, Capt. Cutler, bound for New York. Friends had previously said to us: "Are you not afraid to set out now in the very height of the typhoon season?" But our passage was engaged,—the time of sailing was not under our control; and so committing ourselves to God, we started on what proved to be the Ariel's last voyage. We learned afterwards that at our departure the barometer was indicating the approach of a typhoon. When about one hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai, the weather became so threatening that our captain anchored under shelter of a group of islands called "The Saddles."

While here I embraced an opportunity for sending Mr. C. a note, informing him of our detention. After a few days the captain weighed anchor, hoping to reach the open sea or a more secure refuge, before the approaching storm should reach us. But in a few hours it burst upon us with ever increasing fury, so filling the sails and tightening the ropes that it became difficult to manage the ship. With as much sail up as safety would sanction, the vessel, almost on her beam ends, ploughed through the raging sea with terrific velocity. The tension was so great that my whole frame became rigid. I could only wedge myself in between the berth and the wash stand, holding on to them with clenched hands and awaiting I knew not what. After some hours of this race for life, we anchored in a channel among the Chusan Islands, where for awhile we felt secure. The physical relief experienced upon the lowering of the

sails and the casting of the anchors was wonderful.

But our sense of safety was of short duration. As in all cyclones, the wind soon veered around to another quarter, and we were exposed to all its fury. By nightfall it was found that our anchors were insufficient to hold the ship, and that she was drifting along the channel toward a perpendicular projection of rocks from the adjacent islands. The captain thereupon decided to clear the ship of her masts. The rigging on the weather side was first cut loose, and as the sailors' axes struck the masts they like three snapped off like pipe stems and fell into the water, though still attached to the ship by the lee rigging. When this was severed the masts, yards and their appurtenances floated away beyond our vision. All night the storm raged with unabated fury. With ship's head to the wind, the great waves struck her prow with such violence as to come dashing over the cabin in the stern. The roar was fearful. On deck no command could be heard unless shouted into the ears at the top of one's voice. The next day the storm seemed even to grow worse, and it was discovered that some of our anchors having "parted cable," we were again drifting towards the rocks. Early in the afternoon it was announced that "a dismasted junk at the mercy of the waves" was bearing right down upon us. A collision, which seemed inevitable, would be certain destruction to both vessels. Earnest, silent prayer went up from us while the sailors "played out a hawser" to the stern to change, if possible, the position of our ship. She veered a little in answer to the effort and the junk passed by, missing us only a few yards. The appealing cry "save, save, save!" from the poor helpless junkmen wrung our hearts with pity while thanking God for our own deliverance. The rain, spray and low horizon made it so dark that even at mid-day we could see but a few rods, yet we felt sure the unfortunate junk was soon dashed to pieces against the shore towards which she was rapidly driven.

We drifted at every flood tide, and at night the captain, full of anxiety, ordered the steward to place beside each of the passengers ropes with slip knots, that when the ship should strike the rocks we might lash ourselves to some plank or article of furniture as a last hope. We were told that as the tide was just beginning to ebb, we were safe for the next six hours until the flood tide. The carpenter then said he "would turn in, as he would as soon go down in his bunk as anywhere else." The steward replied: "I will sit up, for if we go down I wish to see it."

We were exceedingly weary. Knowing of the six hour's respite we lay down upon the cabin floor, wedging ourselves securely between table legs and sofas, with our "earrings" (as the sailors called the noosed ropes) beside us, and committing ourselves into the hands of a faithful God. We slept through the night, all unconscious of what was going on. At daylight the steward came down exclaiming: "The days of miracles are not over; we have drifted beyond the rocks and are safe!"

In the afternoon the wind began to abate, the clouds to part, and at last a ray of the setting sun streamed through the cabin window. It seemed like the return of some long lost friend. Mrs. Yates and I looked at each other and burst into tears. Extemporizing an arrangement called "scissors" for carrying sail we "shipped" our last anchor and headed for the open sea. Having nothing to steady her the ship rolled heavily, but securing ourselves firmly in our berths, we again slept all night. What a contrast greeted our eyes next morning when we went on deck! The sea where we had been during the storm was brown and thick with the mud from the great Yang-tze river ploughed up from the bottom of the shallow channel, the heavens were black with wild

scudding clouds and everything around was forbidding in the extreme. But now all these were gone and we were safe in the open sea. Not a cloud was discernible, and the bluest of seas laughed back at the bluest of skies. Our hearts with rejoicing nature went up in gratitude to God who had heard our prayers and spared His servants for further work in His vineyard.

Before breakfast a barque was sighted and our captain bore down towards her as well as he could. The barque, seeing our disabled condition and flag of distress also "trimmed" for us. She proved to be a Siamese man-of-war, short of provisions, bound for Shanghai. She was requested to take the Ariel's passengers on board and have a tug sent out to tow the junk into port. As there was still a heavy "swell" it was dangerous to approach very near, and the transfer had to be made over a considerable distance. It was unsafe for the four passengers to go all at once on the little boat—so two trips were necessary. As the frail boat moved away with the Yates family all on the ship watched it anxiously. Sometimes the great waves would hide it from view for a painfully long time, raising fears that it was swamped. But she went bravely on until she reached the barque and the passengers were, though with much difficulty, taken on board. On the second trip, besides me, she carried sundry stores. Little did we then suppose that we should be ten days on this barque, and that she would again run short of supplies. But her Siamese crew was so inefficient that the English captain felt under the necessity of carrying but little sail, as in case of sudden squalls no one could be induced to go aloft. We were land-locked in the Chusan archipelago for several days, constantly threatened by a fleet of fishing junks which, when suitably prey offered, were ready to turn pirates. Had we run aground, or from other causes become helpless, we should certainly have fallen into their hands. As we approached Shanghai we saw a steam tug going out to sea. Next day in returning she passed us in the river towing the dismasted Ariel, and our captain saluted them by dipping his flag. During the typhoon Mr. C. had suffered agonies of anxiety. He could hardly hope that we had escaped the storm, and as it raged and howled around his now lonely dwelling, every blast sent a fresh dagger through his heart. He had not yet received my note from the "Saddles," and therefore knew nothing of our condition. The wind blowing up the river caused the water to overflow both banks, and flood the streets of Shanghai, as well as the fields back of our house.

After our transfer, Capt. Cutler in the Ariel made his way slowly towards Shanghai. Having reached the mouth of the Yang Tze he anchored with one of his guns, got into his "long boat" with a crew, rowed up the river through difficulties and delays. On reaching Hong-Kong he called on Mr. C's store, and being asked "What is the matter?" replied in surprise, "Where are my passengers? have they not arrived?" and have they not told you of our trouble?" But nothing had been heard of us, for we were at that time land-locked among the islands. He could only tell our friends that he had placed us on board of a Siamese barque, but had forgotten to ask her name. Soon came news that a Siamese vessel had been wrecked off Ningpo, and all on board had been drowned or murdered by pirates. We were supposed to be among the unfortunate victims—thus giving Mr. C. several days of a fresh kind of agony. The tug with the Ariel in tow reached Shanghai a few hours before us, and Mr. C. was in the act of reading a note from the editor of the North China Herald informing him of our safety, when the Yates family and I knocked at his gate. Great anxiety had been felt by all our friends, foreign and native, and during the

next few days many were the visits of congratulation and thanks giving for our deliverance.

But the necessity for the trip home still remained, and we again sailed for New York, Nov. 17th, on the clipper ship Nabob. This time Mr. C. accompanied me beyond the mouth of the river, and returned to Shanghai with the pilot. A gale was blowing, and I noticed when he sailed away that the pilot's boat stood almost on her beam ends. I should probably have felt no great uneasiness about the matter had I not overheard our captain say: "Look at that foolhardy pilot how he crowds on sail in such a wind!" I thus knew that even old seamen thought there was danger, and I could not learn for many months whether that boat and its one lone passenger finally reached port in safety!

Our voyage was to me a weary, uneventful one of one hundred and twelve days. On arriving in New York early in March, I found letters awaiting me from Shanghai. They had gone via the Red Sea and England, which at that time required two or three months and forty-five cents postage.

After our departure Mr. C. devoted himself earnestly to his missionary work. A number were baptized and good progress was made in the infant church. It was, however, deemed advisable for him to make a trip to the United States now rather than wait till his health should be too much prostrated by the climate. So on the 13th of August he sailed on the Lizzie Jarvis, for Puget's Sound, arriving at Port Townsend in sixty days. After a stay here of seventeen days, he took steamer for San Francisco, and thence via Panama and Cuba for New Orleans, reaching me near Starkville, Miss., late in November. His last letters had been sent by mistake to "Oak Grove," instead of Hickory Grove, and I therefore had failed to receive them. I only knew through the secretary of the board, that he had sailed for Puget's Sound, and his arrival found me still in the dark regarding his movements.

Our main object while in the United States was to recuperate and return as soon as possible to our work in China. Opportunities were continually embraced to present the needs of our field to churches and individuals in our favored land. We spent some time in Tennessee and then went to Richmond, Va., for medical treatment. While there we attended the Southern Baptist Convention, which met in that city May, 1859.

In December of that year we proceeded via Cuba and Panama to San Francisco, hoping to find a vessel going direct to Shanghai, and avoid the long sea voyage by which we had first gone to China. We also visited Bro. Shuck, who was then at Sacramento, laboring for the Chinese, in addition to his care of an American congregation. Mr. C. accepted a call to supply a little church at Lone City, situated among the foot hills of the Sierra Nevada mountains.

On leaving San Francisco for Shanghai, we sailed for Hong-Kong in April on the ship Oracle, touched at Honolulu and made the voyage in forty-nine days. After three days steaming, we landed at Shanghai, taking our friends by surprise, as news of our sailing had not reached them. Bro. Yates and family had arrived two months before us, having come by the old route around the Cape of Good Hope. During our absence Mr. and Mrs. Cabanis, greatly to our regret, had left for the United States, but the Holmes and Hartwell families had been added to the mission.

The "John Brown raid" took place just before we left the South, and the political horizon looked dark; but we little thought that this was the precursor of the bloody, fratricidal war which soon afterwards burst upon our country.

M. F. CRAWFORD.
Tung Chow, China, June 30, '93.

Religion must have its source in the heart. A religion of the intellect only is not worth much in the sight of God.

Central Committee.

PRAYER CARD—JANUARY.

China.—"Ask of me and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance." Missionaries, 36; native assistants, 26; stations, 46; churches, 11; membership, 938; baptisms, 75; schools, 11; scholars, 360. Contributions, \$1,722.89.

Study Topics.—Xavier and the success and results of the Jesuit mission. Robt. Morrison and the value of his work. The China Inland mission. Our missionary women, the necessity of their work. Our new laborers for this field.

"Go to those who want you, but especially to those who want you worst." John Wesley worked upon that rule, and commended it to his preachers. It has higher authority than the example of Wesley. Christ went about doing good. He came to seek and save those that were lost. The deeper the sorrow, the darker the sin, the stronger the appeal to the heart of Christ. There are over 300,000,000 of souls in China that have never heard of Christ. There are about 500 missionaries preaching to the millions. There are over 60,000,000 of souls in the United States, with nearly 80,000 preachers to proclaim the gospel to them. This gives one preacher in China for every 600,000 souls, and in the United States one preacher for every 700 souls.

God always matches an opportunity with a sufficiency. The church was never richer, than she is to-day. She has men enough and money enough to break the bread of life to every man, woman and child on earth in ten years, and yet there are hundreds of millions who do not know that Jesus Christ came.

Romanism is at its worst in the countries of South America. Its blight all over those fair regions has been terrible. The despotic rule of the hierarchy has kept the people in the bonds of superstition and in the darkness of ignorance. We of the North American continent have an object lesson before us in the South, of what our destiny would have been had our lot been cast under the power and influence of Romanism rather than the evangelical form of Christianity. The development in the North has been along the lines of freedom, intelligence and morality, under the enlightened training of a spiritual and Biblical form of Christianity. The result in the South has been marred and shadowed by priestly tyranny, gross ignorance, and defective morality, combined with superstitious bigotry and the lowest form of external and hollow ceremonialism. The spirit of the inquisition still hides in the Papal system of South America. The blind intolerance of medieval Romanism still fights for supremacy, and the battle of the age for liberty of conscience is yet to be fought and won in a large portion of the southern continent.

It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that "woman is the cornerstone of heathenism." Notwithstanding their degradation, heathen mothers have immense power over their sons. The fear of a Chinaman from listening to the claims of the gospel; and an intelligent Hindu exclaims: "It is the women who maintain the system of Hinduism."

"There is no difference between him and the book," was the testimony given by native friends to the fidelity and consistency of a young Chinese Christian who did while engaged in missionary work.

In the midst of a famine, a Hindoo said to the native Christians who were starving, "If you will renounce Christ I will give you all the grain you need." Not one accepted the offer.

A Chinese who had been for thirty-nine years the slave of opium-smoking gave up the practice, and his reform seemed likely to be permanent. When asked how he had broken off the terrible habit, he replied: "I used my two knees."

Professor Everett, of Harvard University, says: "Not until rich men come to understand that they do not own their wealth, but owe

it, will the curse be taken off riches, and wealth in the hands of the individual be made a blessing to the world, and not an instrument of oppression."

"I have bank stocks, railroad stocks, and United States bonds." These all draw interest seven days in the week. One of these days is the Lord's Day. So one-seventh of my income I devote to benevolent purposes."

One of our missionaries, returned from India, who attended the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, thus writes of it: "The missionaries do not object to the comparison of Christianity with heathenism at any time and in any place, but they do object to the comparison of a muscled Christianity with a white washed heathenism."

Mrs. W. A. Davis, of Aniston, resigns the office of vice-President of the new association, Calhoun. The Davis family have been long noted for loyalty and effective service to the denomination in this state.

The Central Committee are glad to report that Mrs. A. D. Smith, of Aniston has consented to succeed Mrs. Davis as vice-President of our work in the Calhoun Association.

Hard Times A Blessing.

The "uses of adversity" are practical as well as "sweet." The American people, unconsciously it may be, are accustomed to a degree of luxury unknown in other lands. A period of ceaseless growth and development, such as we have enjoyed, brings prosperity to every class. It has been gravely asserted that this country, though in its youth a land of plenty for all, must in its maturity settle down to the condition in which we now see older nations—the bulk of the wealth in a few hands, and the "common people" a struggling herd, unused to anything but the mere necessities of existence. The logic of history shows that there is an element of probability in this unpleasant prognostication, and that the danger is palpable, even though it may be remote. At all events, we may not consider the prevailing depression an unmitigated evil. It is well, sometimes, for a people to be forced to practice economy, so that all may learn the value not only of a dollar but of a penny. Unbroken prosperity, whether of an individual or a nation, is productive of evil. The uses of adversity are to teach lessons of retrenchment and economy, and the result is to restore the balance and re-adjust the items of earnings and expenses.—*Blue and Gray for January.*

The Jerusalem of To-day.

The present population of Jerusalem is not far from 40,000, and more than half are Jews. They live in a separate quarter of their own, as do the various divisions of Christians, as the Armenians, the Greeks and the Protestants. All these quarters are densely built, with narrow and irregular lanes for streets, but the prevailing prosperity does not seem to reach the abodes of the Hebrews. The indications are all of extreme poverty. A synagogue was pointed out showing that it was the gift of a Paris Rothschild, but its mean appearance and unattractive surroundings bore no suggestion of critical refinement in the congregation.

The articles of food set out for sale in the petty little shops were often squalid and repulsive. We came so often upon spoiled salt fish among the stores exposed by the vendors, that we concluded it must form a regular element of diet in the quarter. There was no visible sign of industry by which the people might earn their living, and no one need be surprised to learn that in various parts of the world the well-to-do and charitable Jews are regularly called upon to contribute to the support of their pauper brethren in Jerusalem.—*Charles A. Dana in McClure's Magazine.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Those, therefore, who dare lose a day, are dangerously prodigal; those who dare mispend it, are desperate.—*Bishop Hall.*

Alabama Baptist

Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 22, 1934.

We are being some of our best preachers from the state. If rumors are to be credited, we may lose others soon.

Rockefeller, besides \$500,000 recently given to Chicago University, has added \$50,000 for the library. Thank the Lord for rich men whose wealth is consecrated to the cause of Christ. Oh, for some rich Baptist to help us with our college in Alabama.

We believe that a good many deacons are thinking seriously about going to work in earnest to give their pastors a better support this year. It can be done, brother, and God has appointed the deacons "over this business." Where people haven't the money, take whatever they have.

THE BAPTIST of Baltimore, comes out in a new dress, 16 pages. It is one of the brightest papers that come to our office. We are looking forward to the time when we will be able to put on new clothes. Our subscribers are treating us like Christians; they are paying up. If they keep on at the rate they are going now, we will soon delight them with a handsome new suit.

One of the most puzzling questions to an earnest pastor is, how to settle calls to new fields. If he is useful where he is, and the church is taking care of him, why break up old ties and run away to a new field? He doesn't want to be a "set fast" on the church, he deems being a "rolling stone," and he is afraid he may make a mistake to go. Well, brother, you and God alone can settle it.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST emerges from the ashes of its recent fire bright and glowing. Accept congratulations, dear brethren.—Religious Herald, Richmond.

Thank you, brethren. When our eye fell upon that fraternal paragraph we were looking over the Herald and admiring its fine mechanical and mental make-up. It may be, too, that we were indulging a little envious feeling, but we will not talk about that.

BROTHER WHITTE is in the field for the endowment of Howard College, and brother S. W. Averett is working at the Judson debt. Let the friends of the schools who have a mind to work write to these brethren, giving them a word of cheer. We are ready to receive the contributions of Judson girls, old and young, to pay one of the bonds (\$1,000) by the July convention. Let her hear from you, sisters.

This darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without honestly earning it.—Horace Greeley.

It is right hard to say that Mr. Greeley did not utter the truth, but yet it would be a wider truth to say that the darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he yields to the persuasion of the evil one that there are more pleasure and profit in an immoral and dishonest life generally than in a life that is ordered in all things by the Word of God.

The Southern Baptist Convention meets in May. What a splendid showing the Baptists of Alabama made last year at Nashville! We were all proud of it. How will we feel about our contributions to home and foreign missions when we meet in Dallas, Texas, this year? Come, brethren, let's not allow the figures to be less than last year. Let everybody help right now, with all their might. God is with us, and we are sure of it. We are his stewards; let us be faithful to our trust.

A clergyman at Rockford, Illinois. The scandalized town learned that he preached in a borrowed coat and from a borrowed book, and these grumblers allege that the poor parson was in debt, too. No wonder the town was so scandalized. It is no wonder that the preacher would carry on so. It was indeed scandalous to an extreme. We haven't heard whether these shocked people took up a collection to buy him a coat and a Bible, pay his debts and feed his hungry, starving children. Perhaps they did not. The people up in Illinois do some queer things sometimes. But, whether in Illinois or Alabama, a preacher with the power of Paul and the anction of the good John, whom the Savior loved, could not possibly be of any service to folks who allowed him to preach in a borrowed coat and from a borrowed book. There are congregations in Alabama and Georgia like the one at Rockford.—*Religious Times*.

The humor in the foregoing will do to laugh at, although it is a serious subject. But there is sound philosophy, or may be it would be better to say good sense, in the suggestion that when a church allows its pastor to come to the point where he is forced to borrow clothing and a Bible, he can do that church no good. It is not the man for whom the church is organized.

We were over at Marion last week. Already the plans over there are planning for the big convention to meet in July. They know that everybody will want to go to Marion; that is, all first-class Baptists, and they have put the big pot on already, with the little one close by. All the first-class churches are represented, and the pastor's expense paid. Of course the churches—the first-class ones—are going to take regular collections for state missions from now on till the convention, so that the missionaries of the board can all be paid. "What a gathering that will be," if all our hopes are realized.

The rich North and the poor South are both in need of money. The executive committee of the Missionary Union have issued a statement, addressed to the pastors and churches, setting forth the present deplorable financial condition of the society. Only \$62,178.80 have been received in the first eight months of the year, to December 1, whereas \$141,537.53 were received at the same time last year, and \$146,618.60 the year before. This shows that for some reason the receipts of the Union have fallen off more than one-half in the first three-fourths of the financial year, which closes on March 31.

REV. A. W. CHAMBERS, D.D., died at his home at Montgomery City, Missouri, on the 18th day of December, S. C. was born in Darlington district, S. C., in 1812. In early life he was baptized at Augusta by Dr. Mallary, and soon entered the ministry. He came to Alabama in the days of his vigorous manhood, and for a number of years was a co-laborer with Rev. J. H. DeVette and others of the generation that has now nearly passed away. He did his part in putting the Howard and the Judson on a firm foundation, and in otherwise enlarging the borders and strengthening the stakes of the Baptist Zion. He was the author of two books, "Catechetical Instruction" and "God's Ministry," which were an important contribution to Baptist literature. There are not many persons now living to whom Dr. Chambers ministered as a pastor in this state, but it may be that a few still remember him as a preacher of much more than average ability.

Owing to the confusion of removing the offices we neglected to speak of the sore affliction of our brother John Huey, of East Lake, in the death of his noble boy Robert. He graduated at the Howard only a few years ago, and had entered upon the practice of law with bright prospects. An obituary, written by his friend and schoolmate, appears this week. May the Lord deal tenderly with the bereaved father and family.

Soon after writing the foregoing lines, we opened a letter which contained the sad announcement that Miss Mittie Huey, a sister of the young friend of whom we were speaking, died at the residence of her father at East Lake on Monday, Jan. 15. She was a Judson girl, being a student there a few years ago, while her brother Robert was at the Howard. She was a very attractive and handsome young lady, these qualities being combined with a beautiful character and disposition. She had been in feeble health for some time, being afflicted with the same fatal disease that carried off her brother. The death of a brother and sister, both being young people, is particularly sad, especially when they die within two weeks of each other. Again we invoke an abundant supply of the comforting grace of God for those who mourn.

BE CONTENT.

Genuine happiness comes with contentment, when that contentment is in accordance with the will and purposes of God. "Be content with such things as you have"—is the counsel of the apostle Paul. "Be content with your wages," Paul writing to the church at Philippi expressing his gratitude for the liberality which they showed to him while in prison, said "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content;" and to Timothy he repeats the same idea when he says, "And having food and raiment, let us be therewith content." The great central thought which should govern, is expressed in the word of the apostle, "But godliness with contentment is great gain," evidencing this truth, that there must be a submission, a resignation to our condition through the spirit of godliness.

When we place God's will above our will, seek His guidance, and in faith trust His goodness, and wisdom, surrendering all to him, then cometh contentment, for godliness preceded it. Had Jonah obeyed the divine command he would have escaped the sea. Fearful, and given to undue self consideration, both an evidence of weakness, and running counter to God's purposes, he was met with God's power and overruling providence, and forced to carry out the mission with which he was charged.

While contentment comes always through obedience to divine will,

discontent, unhappiness, result from taking matters in our own hands, utterly disregarding the plans and purposes plainly marked out by God, substituting ours instead. Unrest is the burden that causes so much depression and relaxation of spirit.

When matters do not go as we purposed, or result as we expected, then we become unreasonable in our demands. If we cannot get front places in life, which perhaps we do not deserve, we are ready to lay the failure at the door of some designing enemy. The place a man thinks he ought to have is one thing, and the place he is fitted for is quite another. High aspiration in a good cause is commendable, but qualifications in all callings are matters to be carefully and judiciously weighed.

Water will find its level, and so will character. Joseph in prison laid the foundation for his future success and promotion. David herding sheep exemplified what true courage would bring. Ruth gleaning in the barley fields of Boaz, taught the world the definition of true devotion. Under the direction and will of God these worthies were content with their lot.

Paul and Silas bound with chains and singing in prison at midnight gave the highest evidence of contentment. Whenever we find ourselves, whether in adversity or prosperity, joy or sorrow, doing the will of the Master, there will be contentment sweetened by obedience. Serving God is the only source of true happiness and contentment.

EVERGREEN CHURCH AND THE ORPHAN'S HOME.

On last Sunday we had the pleasure of worshipping with the church at Evergreen, and lectured for them, as they are now without a pastor. At the conclusion of the morning service a conference was held, and after arranging some financial matters, which paid every debt the church owed, they proceeded to the call of a pastor, which resulted in the unanimous selection of Rev. W. D. Hubbard, who is now a student in the Seminary at Louisville. The call is to go into effect the first of June, if it is accepted. Everybody seemed perfectly satisfied with the selection.

This is one of the most progressive churches in the state perhaps. Its membership is active and earnest. Judging from what we saw at Sunday-school, we would say that more than one-half of the members attend the school. Wherever you find that to be the case, you will be sure to find a working and devoted membership.

Evergreen is one of the intelligent, refined and delightful towns of the state, the very place for the home for the orphan. We visited this institution, and were highly pleased with the arrangements. The house is one of those old time brick mansions with ten rooms, and an excellent kitchen, such as only rich people could have before the war. We found Mrs. Ansley, the matron, at her post. All the children came into the reception room to see us, and as we sat there with those little orphans standing all around our chair, and leaning on it, we thought what a blessing to them, that the good brethren and sisters have determined to care for them. There are 23 now in the home, 12 boys and 11 girls; three of them under five years of age. There are from one family five sisters, the eldest of whom is 13, the youngest 7. They are from Covington county, and are the grand children of old father Geo. W. Klerce, an old pioneer preacher. They are all pretty and bright, and present a handsome appearance. Both father and mother are dead. John Shackleton, a boy of ten, holds the post of honor. Mrs. Ansley one day said to the children that there was a place always left for them. At once all the children exclaimed, "You will have to give it to John." This was quite a compliment to the little fellow.

The post of honor is to get up at day break every morning and ring the rising bell. He has held the place for a month and has not failed one morning to be on time.

Sister Ansley reads the Scriptures and has prayer every night, and otherwise instructs the children in the social and religious duties of life. All go to Sunday-school except the smallest ones. Six are going to the city school. All look healthy and neat and cleanly, and seem to be cheerful and contented. In conclusion, we would say to our readers, help these orphans by sustaining the Home. If you could look in upon that Home, see those children, and then hear the story of their homes before they came, and their loneliness in their helpless orphanage, your hearts would be touched, and your purse strings would be loosed, and your donations would be given freely and liberally. We beseech you, brethren, not to forget the duty we owe to this Home. When Bro. Stewart, the agent, calls on you, tell him at once, "Yes, I will help."

He who loves "one church just as well as another" pretty sure to be of no particular use to any.

FIELD NOTES.

The children will be specially interested in the letter published this week in regard to Helen Keller.

Our friends have been very kind, and have sent us as many copies as we need of the issue of Dec. 21. We return thanks to all.

Newton Standard: Rev. R. T. Jones filled the pulpit at the Baptist church last Sunday and Sunday night with two very fine discourses.

W. Wilkes: In "our departed dead," please read with a comma, as my pen put it, and not a period, as the type has it, after the word "unsurpassed."

The honor roll is not yet complete, but Bro. D. S. Hogue, of Scott's Station, adds his name to the list. He has five dollars, and his figures are moved forward three and a half years.

Bro. D. O. Baird writes us a very cordial letter in sending his subscription, but he did not give his postoffice, so we cannot give him credit on the book. Drop us a postal card, brother.

We have no more damaged books to send out. The Colportage Board has some good doctrinal tracts which will be sent for the amount of the postage on the books we offered, if brethren wish them.

J. G. Lowrey, Clanton: Had splendid services at Verbena Saturday, Sunday and also at night. Collected for state missions from church \$4.50, from Sunbeams \$1.00. The Ladies Aid Society sent \$5.00 for Japan mission, Christmas offering.

Bro. W. C. Jordan, of Midway, is traveling for a building and loan association, and it is quite natural for him to try to build up the ALABAMA BAPTIST. He brought his own renewal and three others, the other day, and was not satisfied with that.

A brother writes: "The scorched edges of the paper remind me that I am in arrears, and here is the money." A few others have been reminded in the same way, but a good many have not yet taken the hint. We have still more of that scorched paper on hand.

Eutaw Whig: The Baptist church here, we are glad to say, is increasing in numbers and influence. At the time the present pastor, Rev. J. G. Apey, took charge of it the membership was quite small, probably about half a dozen; now it numbers about thirty.

Rev. Robert Jones has resigned the presidency of Blount college, at Bangor. He says he will engage in evangelistic and educational work in South Alabama and Florida, and will do what he can for the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Listen to him, brethren, whenever he talks about this paper, or any other good thing.

Hall correspondent Tuscaloosa Gazette: Rev. M. M. Williams, of Coaling, occupied the Baptist pulpit last Sunday, and preached an excellent sermon. The Baptist Sunday school was re-organized Sunday, and with a new corps of officers and teachers, we expect to apply ourselves to the great work with fresh energy.

Bro. S. P. Fowlkes, of Birmingham, did not send five dollars to pay his subscription three and a half years in advance, but he rustled around and found a new subscriber, and that was doing just about as well. Bro. F. is a business man, but he finds time to act as superintendent of the Southside Sabbath-school, and help this paper, and also to do good in other ways.

Dr. J. M. Warrick died at his home in Choctaw county, near Laney, on January 6th, aged about 82 years. He leaves a widow and a large family of children and grandchildren and many friends to mourn his loss. Besides being a physician, he had been a Baptist preacher most of his life.

Some news of kind to the Industrial Academy at Healing Springs. He married in Chambers county.

Geo. E. Brewer, Alexander City: The prospect seems brightening here. Yesterday the congregations were good, the Sabbath school also. Some fears were entertained as to finances, owing to the depressed condition, but the results were an agreeable surprise.—Bro. Maxwell resigned the superintendency of the Sabbath school a few Sundays since, and Bro. Geo. Sorrells was elected to the place. He starts off well, and will doubtless improve; for such is the usual result to one whose heart is in it.

We have not had in a long time a more pleasant evidence of friendship than is shown by this note from our young friend, Miss Ella Hughes, of Bynum. If the sweet girls are working for the Baptist, we can see success already. Dear Editor:—Since I read of your misfortune (burning out), I have been trying to get some subscribers, who should have been done before, for so few copies come to our church. Enclosed find money for one subscription. Will continue to work for the dear old Baptist. Long may it prosper; we could not be without it. I wish all the girls would try for subscribers. Tell them all to try. The little friend of the

J. W. Stewart, Evergreen: My note last week was intended to correct the report in the Advertiser to the effect that the first payment on the Orphanage was promptly met, but by leaving out a word "not" it confirmed it. There are \$232.66 to be paid out yet. It must be done by the last of this month.—One of the little boys in the Home has been quite sick this week, but is up now. Our largest boy has been plowing, while I and the smaller ones have been rebuilding fences and planting the garden. Those attending the academy are getting along well.

Bro. G. E. Hicks, who wrote from Brewton, but forgot to mention his post office, apologizes for neglect in paying his subscription, and sends five dollars to soothe our feelings. It had the desired effect—his apology is accepted, and he is placed on the honor roll. Sister M. L. Clay, of Selma, did not need to make apologies, but sent five dollars. And Sister Martha Matthews, of Roanoke, gives pastor Smith the money to pay her subscription for a year from next July.

Both these good women desired to help the paper out of the smoke. Bro. Hicks has a name from Brewton, and now it is our time to apologize. We did not mention Sister J. M. Hicks at the proper time, and do so right now. Her five dollars were handed in some time ago.

J. N. Smoke, Huckabee: Christmas has come and gone, and many pastors were encouraged by nice gifts from their people as evidences of their appreciation. And while my people were enjoying their good things, some of the good brethren and sisters of Bethesda church remembered their pastor and family by sending them a box of good things. May the Lord bless them abundantly! We are getting along smoothly. We have entered upon the duties of 1894. Let us try to be more faithful this year than last, redeeming the time. May God turn the minds and hearts of his people more to himself, and may they think less of politics. Let us remember that it is God's hand that leads in the path of righteousness, and the arm of the Lord alone can redeem his people.

W. J. D. Upshaw, Lineville: Milltown church is happy. Last Sunday was a bright day with the saints there. These brethren, as many know, had the misfortune to have their beautiful church building wrecked some years ago by a cyclone. In their disheartened condition they undertook to rebuild on the same foundation, which they did with great sacrifice and self denial. On my first visit among that noble little band I found that they owed over \$200 on their new church, and were worshipping in the academy, with but very little accommodation. But with only two or three earnest appeals by way of sermons, first at their hearts and second at their purses, we raised every dollar of the money, and more than we asked for, to pay off the indebtedness. May God be praised.

Rev. Z. D. Roby, pastor of the Baptist church in this city, held roll call Sunday morning, and several people seemed surprised to know that they were members of the church. Dr. Roby conducted the interesting services very beautifully, and his address to all the members, though short, was full of sound and wholesome advice. The Baptist church of Opelika has a large number of members, and Dr. Roby counseled them in a model manner after roll call. After roll call sacrament was partaken of, and the services as a whole were indeed beautiful and beneficial to those who are endeavoring to follow as near as possible in the footsteps of the Saviour.—*Opelika News*.

Perhaps it would be well for some other churches to get Dr. Roby to conduct a roll call for them. He appears to be a man for getting rid of the "roll call" and for strengthening the church that remain.

A great deal depends upon the kind of pastor a church has, in more ways than one. What is on our mind just now is the fact that there are some communities in the state that are made up very largely of Baptists, and they have a large church, but the ALABAMA BAPTIST has not one reader among them. There are other communities in which the Baptists are few in number and the church is small, but almost every Baptist family takes this paper.

We know just how to account for the difference. In the one case the pastor cares nothing about the paper; he doesn't take it himself, and he does not ask his members to take it. In the other case, the pastor is a friend of the paper, and he makes friends of his people to it. And not only does the pastor of the small church receive a better support, but all our denominational enterprises receive larger contributions than do from the larger church. Investigate this matter, and see if this statement is not true in at least eight cases out of ten.

One of our subscribers away up in East Alabama fingered long over an unpaid subscription, but finally made up his mind that he would send it at

once. It made him feel good, and after buying the money order he sat down to write, and bubbled over in this style: *Mr. Editor:* Enclosed you will find my subscription for the ALABAMA BAPTIST. Yes, yes, I know that obedience to duty is better than the sacrifice of a conscientious neglect of it. Your reduction of price resulted in a very pleasant disappointment on my part. It spreads over my soul like a beverage of good wine.—The spiritual status of this church is well expressed in our colored brother's minstrelsy, "I'm sometimes up and sometimes down; sometimes smile, but often frown." Financially typified, it would sell for about 40 cents on the dollar. Many of our members regretted the necessity of giving up Bro. S., but felt ashamed to elect him after having failed to pay for past services. However, our new pastor, Bro. H., comes well recommended; and it does seem, if we intend to make much progress, we had better be in some haste about it.

Sidney Catts, Fort Deposit: This has been a happy week at the parsonage here. For a good while we have needed a good fence. Under the supervision of that prince of good workers, Bro. C. A. Gunn, the money was raised; and last Sunday we asked how many brethren would send hands, and they responded grandly by sending ten hands. These were governed by brethren Sherman Bishop, Willie Rice, Jr., and Bro. Gunn. Bro. J. Skinner made our gates free for nothing, and they are good ones. And at the end of two days we had a brand new fence around the front yard, back yard, garden and patch. I want to thank these three brethren, for I really feel like a new man, for no longer do I hear the cry, "The calf has knocked the pailing off and got with the cow," nor, "Oh, run! the hogs are in the potato bank." I had to exclaim like a young brother did on Thanksgiving day, "I am so glad I am living but I am almost dead." Come down, brother editor, and see our new fence, and what a band of workers we have down here.

The East Decatur Baptist church, of which Rev. J. W. Sandlin is the successful pastor, took a collection for the benefit of the ALABAMA BAPTIST, and the pastor set it to us with a very kind and graceful note. The act of the church was intended as a practical expression of a desire to help the paper through the fire. This touches us in a tender place, and we deeply appreciate the sympathetic interest manifested by that church, and all the more as the members are not rich in this world's goods. But we must say that we accept the money only as pay for our work. Now let the church name a member—a poor widow, we would say, but yet leave the selection to the church—whom it thinks worthy, and we will send the ALABAMA BAPTIST to the one indicated for one year, sharing the expense ourselves. The remainder of the money will be used as a part of a poor widow's fund—such as we had last year—by which, through the kindness of some of our subscribers, we were enabled to send the paper to a number of poor widows. One of these—the widow of an old preacher—has just written us that she is not able to take the paper, but would be glad to have it. Now, with the foundation laid by the East Decatur church, we feel sure that she and the others will receive the paper another year, because we know by experience that there are a number of kind-hearted readers of this paper who will contribute all the way from ten cents to a dollar, or even more, to the subscription fund for poor widows. They will think not only of them, but of their children who need the paper. Remember that we bear a full share of the expense. Send what you feel able to give, brethren and sisters. It is a part of our religion.

Perse.
The following note was left over last week.
I spent last Sunday with Bro. Bradley and his interesting little church at Perse, and was so favorably impressed with what I saw and heard that I give you a few lines for the BAPTIST; I had been invited by the pastor and church to assist in the ordination of two deacons. Two influential brethren had been elected, and were set apart for their work at the morning service. They have a good Sunday-school and good congregation; they have their prayer-meeting Sunday afternoon. I had the pleasure of meeting with them, and to my surprise and gratification found over a hundred persons present. The interest was so apparent in all the services that it was a real pleasure to preach morning and night. They have spent about \$200 on their house, and are getting nicely fixed up. It appears to me that the little assistance our board has given at that point has been money well spent. The Lord has used it and Bro. Bradley for great good to that church and community. G. W. DALRY.
Union Springs, Jan. 15.

Little Meanness—MRS. LITTLE-NESS.
A thoughtless sneer, a derisive smile, an idle word where prayer is needed, may do untold harm. Let all public spirited citizens and big souled Christians send personal feeling to the rear. Let the voice of criticism be hushed. Brother, be one of the world's builders. They are a noble lot, and they are all too few. Silence for the time every objection. What an hour is this to haggle over details! Wake up. One of the great pillars of the state is in danger, the school of your churches is almost at the door of death!

ALMOST, BUT NOT THERE.
Nor will it ever reach such extremities. It has survived the shock of war, outlived the calamity of envy, come unharmed through deeper poverty than this, passed without a stain on its escutcheon through the petty ambition of little men who struggled for supremacy within its walls—all this and more, because it is endowed with the rich affections of a quarter of a million of loyal hearts.

For the Alabama Baptist Howard College Endowment.

L. O. DAWSON.

(Continued from last week.)

ONE MAN.

It ought not to be hard to find one man in all this great company who, rich in purse, will be broad enough in brain and great enough in soul to rise to the needs of the hour and stand in the breach till the danger is passed. What a service to render one's church, state and nation! Our brethren in the North give thousands and millions to their schools. They see the need of education and its value to their sons. We of the South are poor, but isn't it also true that we have not yet learned the value of colleges and how to endow them? The mites of widows will not avail us here. We need the might of those who know how to make and give princely sums. There are men among us who alone could give the \$25,000. Let them do it and dare the rest of us to the condition of paying the debt. In twelve months Howard College will be speeding on its blessed mission in "a flowing sea, and a wind that follows after." Try it, brother! Dare us. Generations wait to call you blessed for such a deed.

OLD HOWARD BOYS.

Must stand to their guns in this struggle. I said as much to a class-mate. "Yes," he replied, "but most of our fellows are boys yet!" Why should only our younger sons take interest in the welfare of the Howard? Ye men of the olden time, fall in! The call comes to you loud and clear. Strike now, or never!

YOUNGER OLD HOWARD BOYS!

Hands all round, fellows; hands all round! You ought to have a deeper interest here than all others. Not that they are less anxious than you, but because if you will not help your alma mater, you can't ask it of others. If it be your verdict that the school is not worth a sacrifice, why ask others to make it? Some of you count your incomes by thousands. Let the institution that made such incomes possible receive something of the blessing it bestowed. Some of you count your earnings by hundreds, fifties, tens. Give to Howard College till you bleed, and out of the ground made rich by your blood will spring a race of men who will keep your memory in deathless song.

BAPTISTS IN GENERAL.

No Baptist in the state can shirk the duty of this important hour. Some argue against denominational education, some against State. We may as well end the argument at once. Both are here, and here to stay. It remains for us to make these schools what they ought to be. One of them is in imminent danger. A careless thinker is he who cannot see the value of that school to his State, and a poorly informed Baptist, too, who does not know its worth to his church. The world looks on. Love to God and man, future growth, self-respect, church pride (and Paul was not above appealing to it), all demand the service of every Baptist. Shall we be humiliated by the fact that though we have the power to build a great school, we yet have failed because we could not hold together? or would sweet learning's sake? or because we were too ignorant to appreciate the worth of knowledge to our people?

SOME GOOD WOMAN IN PARTICULAR.

I believe there is some woman (or may be women) who for the love of Christ, or for the sake of her sons, or for the sake of other women's sons, and what they may be worth to hers, will pour the riches of her purse and prayers upon the head of this noble institution. Sister, even marble shafts are gnawed away by the tooth of time, but a monument like this, of one two, five, ten or twenty-five thousand dollars in memory of some loved one, would perpetuate both that name and yours for generations after the most imposing pile had returned to shapeless dust. Such gifts are deathless, and will call to mind the past long after your fond heart has ceased to mourn or beat.

LITTLE MEANNESS—MRS. LITTLE-NESS.

A thoughtless sneer, a derisive smile, an idle word where prayer is needed, may do untold harm. Let all public spirited citizens and big souled Christians send personal feeling to the rear. Let the voice of criticism be hushed. Brother, be one of the world's builders. They are a noble lot, and they are all too few. Silence for the time every objection. What an hour is this to haggle over details! Wake up. One of the great pillars of the state is in danger, the school of your churches is almost at the door of death!

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GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

Evil is never good, but out of evil good may come. There were divisions among us which years of prosperity could not have healed. If the desperate case of this child of our care has brought us together, we may well thank God and take courage. Once thoroughly united, the endowment of a college will be child's play, and the sweep of our onward march will challenge the admiration of the world.

A Vigorous Old Church.

While other brethren are praising their churches, let me say that Mt. Gilead church, Lowndes county, is unequaled by any country church in the state. This church was constituted in the year 1823, and the light has been burning there these many years. Elder May was the first pastor. After him came Elders Harrell, Trowell, Harris, and later on came P. H. Lundy, E. B. Hardy, T. M. Bailey, W. C. Cleveland, B. H. Crampton, Geo. W. McQueen, E. F. Baber, E. McPherson, J. M. Smoke, J. J. D. Renfro, S. J. Catts, and the writer. During the year just closed the church has increased in all the important points of real strength. Many things are developing to encourage the hearts of pastor and people. Congregations are growing in interest and attendance, and a new interest seems to have taken hold of every department of church work. During the past twelve months, the church raised more money for all purposes, notwithstanding the hard times, than it has for many years. The statistics show that the church gave about \$4.00 per member for missions, during the year, and paid the pastor more than they promised, and paid it monthly.

Fifteen were received into the church by baptism, and two by letter during the year.

The pastor and family have recently been kindly remembered by the Mt. Gilead flock. We received butter, eggs, chickens, ham, potatoes, canned fruit and many other good things; but this is simply a continuation of thoughtfulness manifested many times and in many ways. The new year opens with good promise for us.

W. J. ELLIOTT.

Montgomery.

At Eufaula.

Bro. S. G. Robertson, of Eufaula, in sending his subscription, gives us the following notes. He evidently is pleased with Dias's way of using the plural for men and women:

"I was glad to see in the list published by Bro. Stewart of the contributions to the Orphan's Home, that the Eufaula church is the largest contributor. This, together with the money raised for missions at home and abroad, will run us close up to one thousand dollars since last June, when Bro. Bow took charge of the church. We include the building of our missionary chapel, where we have a Sabbath school every Sunday evening numbering from 100 to 140 at each session; also a prayer meeting every week that is well attended by the operatives at the cotton mills. A new cotton mill in progress of building will add to our numbers at the chapel. In six months the results of this mission have been simply marvelous. Our Bro. Bow and the good "women" deserve credit. The "women" of our church first begun the work, then the "mens" followed. Now the "mens" are leading and the "women" are following cheerfully."

Secular Notes.

Florence county is afflicted with a gripe.

Mr. Waller, who recently died near Notasulga, said he was 115 years of age.

The school teachers of the state have been paid off, and are reasonably happy.

Mrs. Moore, mother of the sheriff of Tuscaloosa county, died recently aged 94.

Leads of the Watson estate, near Rollins, Greene county, recently sold for \$5.05 per acre.

Reports are common that the farmers have begun early and with unusual energy to make another crop.

It is expected that two of the furnaces at Sheffield will go in blast soon, and thus give work to many hands.

It is thought that the lower house of congress will pass the bill which levies a tax on all incomes over \$4,000.

J. X. Foster, in Chambers county, shot and killed H. Clay Hudson, and then killed a negro who witnessed it—all about a fence line.

Mr. Carnegie, the great iron manufacturer of Pennsylvania, is giving \$5,000 each working day for two months to help care for the poor of Pittsburgh.

Gen. W. H. Forney, who has been so long and so favorably known as among the leading public men in Alabama, died recently at his home in Jacksonville.

Many Colored county negroes are going to Texas. Many Arkansians are preparing to start to Liberia. Whether they will ever get there is another thing.

Cards have been out for some time announcing the marriage of a daughter of Gov. Jones, of this state, to a son of ex-Governor Holt, of North Carolina, to take place in Montgomery, Jan. 24.

Seneca, whether hereditary or acquired, is thoroughly expelled from the blood of Hood's Saraparma, the great blood purifier.

is endorsed, advocated, used and sold by the
Animals, The Highest Authority.
77 COLLEGE PLACE, NEW YORK

