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## ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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a wide circulation in Alabama among the  
colored and white Baptists.

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ery, Ala., as second class mail matter.

Do noble deeds, not dream them  
all day long.

Take care of your secret life, let  
it be such that you will not be  
ashamed to read it at the last great  
day.—Spurgeon.

He that hath tasted of the bitter-  
ness of sin will fear to commit it,  
and he that hath felt the sweetness  
of mercy will fear to offend it.—  
Charnock.

The Word of God will stand a  
thousand readings, and he who has  
gone over it most frequently is the  
surest of finding new wonders  
there.—Hamilton.

No church ought to tell itself  
shamefully aggressive and evangelis-  
tical that does not do its best for the  
lost.

To lead a fallen man to his feet  
and lift him to a better life with-  
out reproaching him for his weak-  
ness, or abusing him for his sin, is  
Christlike. This is the way to win  
store one who has been a sinner, and  
to do as you would be done by.

Much charity that begins at home  
is too feeble to get out of doors.—  
Texas Siftings.

That is true, but you must not  
tell it to some church members, as  
it would destroy their favorite pre-  
text for refusing to give to missions.

If a young man does well, he will  
be pretty sure to induce others to  
do well. There is contagion in vir-  
tue as well as in vice.

And what influence the acts and  
words may have on others should  
be a constant thought with every  
young man. The same remark ap-  
plies to young women.

The greatest miracle that I know  
of is that of my conversion. I was  
dead and I live; I was blind and I  
see; I was a slave and I am free; I  
was an enemy of God and I love  
him. Praise the Bible, the source  
of Christians—these were to me  
a source of profound *gratitude*, while  
now it is the pleasure of the world  
that is a weariness to me, and piety  
is the source of all my joy.

Behold the miracle! and if God has  
been able to work that one, there are  
none of which he is not capable.  
—Vinet.

It is high time to awaken  
the world. We accomplish  
nothing while we sleep. If only  
some of us who would get rich, but  
it is all the other way. While we  
sleep weeds grow and thistles  
surround. Fires break out in the night,  
and while it is yet dark the thief  
gathers his harvest. Take out of  
the world all ill that happen in the  
night, and the newspapers  
would not have such tales of woe  
to tell. Let us awake, then, and put  
on the beautiful garments which be-  
long to the day.—Thos. Chalmers.

A member of the church who  
possesses considerable means gave  
but little towards church expenses.  
On this being referred to in a pub-  
lic meeting, he claimed that he was  
in favor of proportionate giving,  
and that he had given proportion-  
ately more than the others. After  
the others had expressed their  
amusement at this statement, he  
explained that he meant he had  
given more in proportion to the  
amount of religion he had than the  
others. This may be true. Is your  
giving in proportion to your means  
or your religion.—Biblical Recorder.

## For the Alabama Baptist. Forty-three Years in China— No. 9.

Removed to Tung Chow, Shantung Province.  
M. F. CRAWFORD.

Early in the summer of 1851 Mr.  
Crawford, who had never fully re-  
covered from the previous year's illness,  
began to show signs of general de-  
bility. The liver diseases so preva-  
lent in the climate at Shanghai  
were preying upon his system, and  
in July he was prostrated. Shortly  
afterwards I was taken with fever,  
and we were unable to help each  
other. Our physician peremptorily  
advised Mr. C's immediate  
departure to America or elsewhere.

Return to our home in the South,  
where civil war was raging and all  
her ports blockaded, was out of the  
question. Moreover, to leave  
Shanghai was to cut ourselves off  
from any reliable means of support.

The rent from our lands, though  
insufficient for our economical living  
at the present, was quite incal-  
culable, being dependent upon the  
movements of the Tai Ping rebels  
and consequent continuance of the  
inflated population and demand for  
real estate. The rebels were al-  
ready meeting with reverses, and  
with their collapse rents, especially  
those outside of the foreign settle-  
ments, where ours mostly lay, would  
fall to almost nothing. Such were  
the problems before our minds as  
we lay tossing upon our beds. In  
consultation with Bro. Yates on the  
situation it was decided that our  
mission dwelling should be rented  
out, and with the proceeds we  
should remove to Shantung without  
determining whether we should re-  
main there permanently or return  
after our restoration. There was  
no difficulty in finding a tenant,  
and the rent for the first year was  
about sufficient to pay the expenses  
of our removal, salary and house in  
Tung Chow. The next year it  
passed over to another occupant  
(at greatly reduced rates) who soon  
became bankrupt, and much of the  
money due on it remains to this day  
unpaid. We were too ill at the  
time of our departure to make defi-  
nite arrangements about anything.  
Leaving our furniture in the hands  
of our faithful cook with the instruc-  
tion to follow with it as soon as  
possible, we were carried on board  
Hamburg vessel, and sailed for  
Chefoo on August 12th, paying  
\$500 each for passage. We could  
say farewell only to those native  
Christians living in the city, while  
Mr. Ling and others in the

port, until we were again, and  
were greatly distressed in conse-  
quence. No steamers were then  
running up the coast, and our sail-  
ing vessel was ten days in making  
a voyage which is now done by  
steamers in two.

Once fairly out to sea, our health  
began to improve, and on reaching  
Chefoo we had ceased to regard  
ourselves as invalids. After a few  
days stay there, we proceeded to  
Tung Chow in a rude kind of mule  
palanquin, and so a novel mode of  
travel. The narrow, rocky road  
took us over hills and gulleys most  
of the way, often overlooking the  
islands and the blue waters of the  
gulf of Pechelo. It was like enter-  
ing a new world; the scenery was  
so varied and interesting, so differ-  
ent from the uninteresting plain  
around Shanghai. Most of the hills  
were terraced and under cultivation  
nearly to their summits, while the  
valleys were groaning under a luxu-  
riant harvest of millet, Indian  
corn, peas, hemp, potatoes, etc.  
The uncultivated parts of the moun-  
tains were in the main verdant with  
fresh grass and stunted pines, while  
trees of various kinds were to be  
seen along the streams and about  
the villages. The clear, bracing  
atmosphere, the ever varying scene-  
ry, the delicious fruits, joined with  
our rest from mental care, seemed  
to renew our youth and energies.

Arriving at Tung Chow August  
20th, the day after leaving Chefoo,  
we received a most cordial welcome  
from the Hartwells; also from Mrs.  
Holmes, who had removed from  
Chefoo the previous year. These  
two Presbyterian families then  
constituted the entire foreign com-  
munity of the place. We were the  
first of our Baptist friends for  
three months, spending much of  
our time, hammer in hand, geo-  
logizing among the hills around the  
city until our strength was fully  
restored.

In December, we rented tempo-  
rarily a house adjoining Mr. Hart-  
well's, which had been fitted up  
and occupied by the Presbyterian  
missionaries, and began the regular  
study of their dialect, which is a  
branch of the Northern Mandarin.  
By spring Mr. C. was able to be-  
gin preaching, and I to labor among  
the women in company with Mrs.  
Holmes.

As already stated, Mr. Hartwell,  
early in 1852, went to Shanghai for  
the purpose of becoming municipal  
interpreter during Mr. Yates' ab-  
sence in Europe. Mr. C. taking  
charge of the church and missionary  
work here, while he took charge  
there. Soon after this a dear friend  
of ours, Mrs. M. L. Wood, of the  
Southern Methodist mission, died  
in Shanghai, leaving her two little  
boys, Eddie, two, and a half year  
old, and Charlie six months old, to my  
care. This was of course a heavy  
burden, but we were fortunate in

securing a faithful nurse who fol-  
lowed them about everywhere and  
strictly obeyed injunctions—rare  
characteristics in a Chinese nurse.  
She was so untiring in her atten-  
dances upon them that Mr. C. named  
her "Charlie's shadow."

Our labors in Tung Chow began  
soon after China's war with Eng-  
land and France, while the people  
looked upon us with fear, suspicion  
and hatred. The leading men of  
the city had, in council assembled,  
decided to discourage all intercourse  
with the "outsiders," and to render  
our stay here as inconvenient and  
uncomfortable as possible. Reports  
were circulated that we were inim-  
ical to the government; that we  
were spies; that we had come to  
wean the allegiance of the people  
from their rulers to ours; that we  
would kidnap women and children  
to send off by the ship load to the  
"outside country;" that we could  
throw magic spells over the un-  
happy, especially children, to make  
them follow us and become Chris-  
tians. That we practiced various  
unknown "black arts," and were  
altogether exceedingly dangerous.  
Fortunately, it was only by degrees  
that we became aware of this state  
of things, or our bravery might  
have been put even more severely  
to the test than it was. Curiosity,  
in spite of all their fears, brought  
a great many to our houses. Love  
of money brought us servants and  
teachers, and these, who soon learned  
our manner of life and our mo-  
tives, were able to deny many of  
the slanders that were circulated  
regarding us. Besides, the Chinese  
always receive rumors with a grain  
of allowance. They understood  
the craftiness and untruthfulness of  
their people, and are, to some ex-  
tent, ready to see and judge for  
themselves. They found us willing  
to receive them into our houses—  
kind to them and their children.  
No authentic case of kidnapping,  
poisoning or bewitching could be  
proven. We walked about their  
streets, spoke their language,  
laughed and chatted like other peo-  
ple, and were soon recognized as  
"men of like passions as them-  
selves." All this time we were  
trying to visit them at their houses,  
were receiving them into ours, and  
were embracing every opportunity  
to teach them the word of life.

Every afternoon Mrs. Holmes  
and I started out on our visits, and  
the oft recurring question, "where  
shall we go to-day?" was some-  
times answered with difficulty. But  
every thing proved soon that we  
were not impostors or impostors.

We read to them, or told them of  
its contents according to circum-  
stances. Those disposed to learn  
we visited very frequently, teaching  
them the great principles of the  
gospel in the best way adapted to  
their needs and capacities.

(Concluded next week.)

## Only One Thing to Do.

The election has passed, and in  
some states the Prohibition Party  
has made handsome gains and in  
others suffered discouraging losses.  
The gains probably much more than  
counterbalance the losses. In any  
event, for those who have made  
gains and for those who have suf-  
fered losses, there is but one thing  
to be said, and that is: *Eyes front!*  
*Forward, march!*

We do not say this because it is  
usual to say something of this kind,  
but because there is nothing else to  
do! We do not worship any meth-  
od or party. We are not of that  
phlegmatic temperament that is un-  
affected by slow progress. We want  
to see results, and we want to  
adopt whatever method is best  
adapted to secure them. But there  
is absolutely nothing else to do but  
to push straight on, whether with  
the wind and tide or against them.

The saloon is still here, commit-  
ting the same atrocities as ever.  
License is still a "sin," and there  
is still but one party on American  
soil that dares to front the liquor  
power and tell God's own truth  
about it. There is no other course  
to go; there is no other course to  
steer. Whether the vote go up or  
down, here's three cheers to the  
Prohibition cause, and here's a re-  
newed pledge of faith to the Pro-  
hibition Party!

We can walk by faith, if it be so  
decreed, rather than by sight; but  
as God lives and reigns, we will  
not walk with the American gin-  
mill, if we have to walk alone until  
the crack of doom. We can fight  
on for 20 years without a victory, if  
it be necessary; but we will not for  
a single day join in legalizing the  
murder of children, the crushing of  
women's hearts, and the debauchery  
of our fellow men.

The duty of the year to come is  
precisely the same as the duty for  
the year that is past. It is the same  
for the Prohibitionists of New York  
as for the Prohibitionists of Colo-  
rado. Some one has said that any  
dead fish can swim down stream,  
but it takes a live fish to swim up  
stream. He might have added that  
only by constant effort can the live  
fish swim up stream, and that when  
that effort is suspended the live fish  
goes down stream as swiftly and  
surely as the dead fish. It is no  
time to indulge in regrets.

Close up ranks! Eyes front!  
Forward, march!—The Voice, New  
York.

## For the Alabama Baptist. "Drifting," but not "Apathic." L. O. DAWSON.

The union of all Christians into  
one body has been the unrealized  
dream of the church universal since  
Paul had to resist the Judaizers  
who dogged his steps from city to  
country, and from country to town.  
There have been times when prac-  
tically all Christians were in one  
body, but it was disunion in ability.  
Indeed, there is more of the "one  
family" spirit in a Christian-like  
agreement to disagree, yet love,  
than in the many efforts to unite,  
but still quarrel.

It is a fact that the lines of de-  
nominationalism were never more  
distinctly drawn than to-day, and  
yet there was never a time when  
Christian unity was so nearly com-  
plete. Unnatural union breeds the  
sharpest kind of warfare. Two  
cats, separately organized, may be  
friendly, and even love, but when  
they speak, by a juncture of their  
appendages, the result will be  
peace, but pieces. People who  
talk about organic union as if it  
will be accomplished before the  
millennium, have never read two  
books—History and Human nature;  
or if they have, the lessons of both  
have been lost upon them.

Those who cry for organic union  
are honest enough, but it is amaz-  
ing to see each brother insisting  
that the unity shall be upon his  
platform. The Catholic urges it at  
the point of the sword, and only  
the Episcopalian clamors for it on  
the ground of the "Historic Episco-  
pacy," and thinks you very stupid,  
"don't-cher-know," if you cannot  
see the enormous fairness of his  
proposition.

Mr. Alexander Campbell, separat-  
ing himself from the Christian  
world, immediately urged it to  
unite with him. The good people  
who have followed up his teach-  
ings have continued the cry, with  
the rather disheartening result that  
they have only succeeded in adding  
one more division—themselves—to  
the already greatly divided visible  
church. Their plea to unite on the  
Bible, so pleasing to Baptist ears,  
was found to mean on what they  
think the Bible teaches. Alas, and  
alack the day!

Union is in every way desirable,  
but it must be a genuine oneness  
coming from natural growth, and  
not from a surrender of honest con-  
victions.

Let us be content. Remember, most  
Christians are human.

One of the encouraging signs of  
the times is the steady approach of  
two bodies of Christians, viz: Bat-  
tists and—for the sake of distinc-  
tion and not in unkindness—I must  
call them Campbellites. The latter,  
good Christian people, starting out  
with the old, old Baptist slogan of  
"the Bible, and the Bible alone,"  
have rigidly adhered to that doc-  
trine. There is a vast variety of  
opinions among them, of course, al-  
most every shade of truth and er-  
ror. Fortunately, no authoritative  
body of their's ever gave to the  
world a formulated statement of  
what they thought the Bible taught,  
and so there was room left for drift-  
ing in every direction.

I say fortunately for starting  
with that headful heresy of the  
Catholics, that baptism is essential  
to salvation, had they clung to it,  
great mischief would have been  
brought in themselves and to the  
world. While they held to that  
they were vastly nearer to the Pope  
than to the Baptists. And this is  
still true of those who believe that  
doctrine now. A spiritual blessing  
coming from an outward ceremony  
is the opposite pole from the Apo-  
stle's doctrine of justification by  
faith.

The fierce spirit of controversy  
in which their church was born no  
doubt led them to insist on baptismal  
regeneration more than would  
otherwise have been done. The  
bitter resentment felt by the Bat-  
tists, whose churches were the  
special missionary ground of Mr.  
Campbell and his early followers,  
added strength to the convictions of  
the zealous proselytizers, and with  
commendable consistency they bat-  
tized all who "confessed Christ."

Immediately after the confession,  
day or night, lest they should die  
and be lost before the cleansing  
water was applied. But with the  
wholesome belief in the "abacate  
authority of their hearts, and with-  
out any formulated statement as to  
what they believed to be the teach-  
ings of that Bible, it is not strange  
that they should have receded from  
this extreme error of the Catholics  
toward the doctrines of grace. I  
say they, not meaning the whole  
body, for it is evident that a half  
million of minds would not all  
travel with the same speed, nor  
even in the same direction. Most  
of their preachers still preach the  
doctrine of baptismal regeneration,  
many in its most dangerous forms,  
but many in a modified way. Others  
hold it as a theory, but reject it  
in practice. I saw a curious exam-  
ple of this in "my old Kentucky  
home," near the Mouth of the Dis-  
ciples. I heard a friend preach a  
powerful sermon proving that with-  
out baptism a soul was lost. My  
good friends (and I have many

## For the Alabama Baptist. "Drifting," but not "Apathic." L. O. DAWSON.

dear ones) in the church to which  
he was preaching declared the ser-  
mon splendid in every way and un-  
answerable in its logic. At the  
close of it all, every one of us was  
rejoiced to see his wife, who had  
never before confessed Christ, unite  
with the church. Others joined  
during the meeting. But the won-  
derful part of it was, that after de-  
claring so earnestly that the person  
without baptism, especially when  
it was possible to baptize,  
would be lost, he *waited a week be-  
fore baptizing them*. A few years  
previous the church would have in-  
sisted upon the ordinance being ad-  
ministered before going home that  
night. The good wife might have  
been more dawned, and a  
trip to the creek was nothing com-  
pared to the risk of eternal death!  
How I loved those good people  
in Kentucky, and how very many  
of them whom I delighted to  
call "Christians." But there were  
only a few among them who would  
claim a belief that Methodists,  
Presbyterians, etc., would go to  
hell for lack of baptism. More  
when questioned about it would  
"hope to see them in heaven, but  
won't say," but the vast majority  
asserted that if the heart was right,  
men were safe regardless of bap-  
tism. It was delightful to hear  
these last, who recognized the simi-  
larity between themselves and the  
Baptists, rejoicing that the latter  
were "coming round to the Chris-  
tian church." God bless them!  
Just as we stand together on  
the great truth of the Bible? This  
is the heart of every system of re-  
ligion. "What must I do to be  
saved?" Standing together on that, all  
will follow in due time. Not  
that they agree with us now, but  
they will. Not because some set  
of fellows on either side will get  
together by "resolving" in con-  
ventions, etc., but because they ac-  
cept the Bible as supreme just as  
we have always done. There will be  
all sorts of tangents, and independ-  
ent lines among them, but in the  
end the vast majority will settle  
into open communion Baptists.  
The logic of the Bible will finally  
set them right on communion. Like  
all other denominations, they will  
at last take the Supper only with  
those whom they think have been  
properly baptized—and the union,  
as the Baptists are concerned,  
will be complete.

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Christians are human.

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Brooklyn cannot claim, as heretofore, to be called the "City of Churches," as that honor now belongs to Philadelphia.







