

# ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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VOL. 22.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

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## The City of Light.

Sermon Preached by Rev. John Robertson  
in the City Temple, Glasgow.

"God, who is rich in mercy, for the  
great love wherewith He loved us, even  
when we were dead in sins, hath quick-  
ened us together with Christ."

What a text that is! It makes  
me feel as I have felt towards  
French pastries. It is almost a  
shame to stick a knife into them,  
and eat them. There are texts  
from which you back; you hardly  
like to treat them. Ah, but there  
is a text here, what there is not  
in French pastry.

FRENCH PASTRY  
is made up for outside show; it is  
all on the outside, and your teeth  
snap through it; it is all foam  
and froth.

This text is beautiful outside;

grand and solid and satisfying. It  
is one of the best texts in the Bible.  
"God, who is rich in mercy, for the  
great love wherewith He loved us."

It is a revelation about God. We  
need a revelation. You ask the  
men of science what God is? They  
never can describe our God. They  
turn on their microscopes, and  
bend over their telescopes, and  
poise, analyse and examine; and  
use the scalpel to display the in-  
tricacies of the various organisms;  
and all they can tell you about God  
is never enough to satisfy your  
craving about Him.

Herbert Spencer said the other  
day that God is the resultant of  
the six hundred million suns.  
And Comte, who leads by the ear  
the philosophers of to-day, in what  
they say about God, gives this as  
his definition: "The continual  
resultant of all the forces capable  
of concurring in the universal per-  
fection of the world." Where is  
my Lord? They have taken Him  
away.

When the scientists tell us, and  
tell us rightly, about God, they  
just seem to make Him out as a  
grocer, weighing worlds out as a  
grocer weighs sugar. I never can  
worship their God. He seems a  
heartless being, or if he have never  
found the beat of it; but God de-  
scribes Himself in this book as  
more of heart than anything else.  
God is love, if He be anything.  
He is the Father yearning over  
His lost children, "for His great  
love wherewith He loved us." What  
a definition of God! God is love.

You need to know his heart, you  
need to be in his company, before  
you realize what God is. You can  
make every glittering star in your  
firmament points of blood, if  
only you buy from the optician  
a little cold, crimson glass. You  
can go out when the world is all  
marshalled in light, and through  
the red glass, they will flow from  
you, as if drenched in blood. But  
man, it is the glass that does it.  
So when you take a guilty, un-  
reconciled heart, and look at God  
through it, He is all frown, He is  
all terror; but He is merciful—oh,  
so merciful, so loving. There is  
not a father in the world as loving  
as He is.

You know when a man does you  
a wrong he will put his own feel-  
ings of hatred on to you, though  
you are as innocent as a spring  
bird, though you do not cherish in  
your heart a single hard feeling  
about him. The man that would  
like to trip you up, and that hates  
you, just surrounds you with his  
own spleen, and gall, and bile.  
That is what surrounds God.  
Guilty sinners have given Him an  
atmosphere that does not belong to

Him. He is all love: His very  
judgment is love; His righteous-  
ness is love.

He has never said a word about  
my sin. I thought He would al-  
ways be speaking about it, but He  
has never mentioned it yet. I have  
been in His presence many a day,  
and He has never said a word about  
my sins yet. Oh, the marvelous  
love of God! Do not stay away  
from Him: He is rich in mercy.

You remember when Sir John  
Franklin was lost sight of, when  
the ships of the rescuers had  
ploughed their way through the  
ice of the Arctic regions to the  
North, how they put down at head-  
land after headland food and provi-  
sions; and engraved on a piece of  
brass placed at the top of the cairn,  
or pile of stones, were instructions,  
that so if these men were not  
found, and if they did ever wander  
southward they would come on the  
food, and on the directions, and  
would say, "Oh, our people have  
not forgotten us. Here is kind-  
ness in these cairns." They would  
have been lost in gratitude for this  
love of search and love of provi-  
sion.

Do you know, every day I stum-  
ble on a cairn of God's provision  
and love; and I say, "Oh, my  
Father, Thou hast not forgotten me."

He is full of love, and best of  
all, when I go to the Cross as a  
poor sinner, when I see His Son  
there dying for me, in my stead,  
the great Provision that emptied  
the locker of the universe, the treas-  
ury of heaven. God scooped out  
His stores when He gave us Christ.  
God gave us our Saviour; and  
there at the Cross, lost in wonder,  
adoring, I stand. Christ is the  
unspeakable gift of the unspeak-  
able love of the unspeakable loving  
God. He proves it "in His great  
love wherewith He loved us."

"When we were dead in sins,"  
the apostle does not hesitate to say.  
There was nothing in us to draw  
forth God's love. We were very  
unsightly.

We were dead in sin: clean  
gone; the last relic of beauty fled.  
Ah me for womanhood, sometimes  
in Piccadilly yonder in London,  
and in Glasgow nearer home, we  
look on the ruins of loveliness and  
purity, and womanliness. Oh, the  
hideousness, the ghastly, horrible  
banishing of all that was fair!  
Well, that was the state of your  
soul. The last trace of the image  
of God was obliterated; and you  
had become more like a fiend than  
an angel. You were a "child of  
wrath by nature." Do not think

about your state by nature. Do  
not think that I am going to com-  
pliment you. If you be an uncon-  
verted man, you are cousin and  
kin to the devil; though  
you are as religious as you may be,  
you are like hell than heaven by a  
thousand miles.

"Dead in sin," dead, putrid,  
rotten, that is the figure. Do not  
whittle it away. You may dress a  
corpse as you like, it will never  
make fresh the putrid mass of de-  
cadences of the various organisms;  
and all they can tell you about God  
is never enough to satisfy your  
craving about Him.

You remember that old tale of  
Rome. When the Sabines wanted  
to get into the city, when they  
were not able to scale the ramparts  
in their own strength, when at ev-  
ery gate there stood a giant, heroic  
Romans ready to do battle, they  
got the ear of the maiden Tarpeia,  
daughter of the keeper of one of  
the gates. She noticed the beauti-  
ful

on the left arms of the Sabine sol-  
diers, and, carried away by the  
lust of the eye, she said, I will  
take the gate, if you will under-  
stand to give me what is on the left  
arm of every Sabine soldier.  
They agreed to it; and she was to  
gather the gifts at the open gate.  
The gate was flung open by this  
maiden's treachery; and Tatius,  
the leader of the Sabines, took off  
his massive golden bracelet and  
hurled it at her; but he had more  
on his left arm than his bracelet;  
he had his heavy shield, the great  
weight of metal that was to pro-  
tect him from the darts of the foe-  
man; that, also, he flung at the  
traitress. Every Sabine soldier,  
following his example, emptied his  
left arm on the girl, till she was a  
bleeding, dying mass, beneath the  
weight of metal.

That is what the devil does.  
He bargains, and says, "I will give  
you pleasure in sin." That is al-  
ways what he says. "The golden  
bracelet you shall have. If you  
open your heart to me the result  
will be pleasure, and joy, and hap-  
piness and prosperity."

The tale of sin is always the  
promise of success; but never a  
great shield, the great heavy shield  
of death, from the infernal writ-  
ing of the devil. Is not that true  
hand, and there is more than plea-  
sure in it; there is more than be-  
sides, there is death.

Sin remains as a habit. Sin ex-  
ists. You talk to an old bus-driver,  
who has been fifty years or more  
on the box of a coach. When you

visit him, he holds up his poor  
hand, and it is just like the claw  
of a bird. You say to him, "John,  
your hands are strange. Is it the  
rheumatism has made them like  
that?"

"Oh no; it is the  
HOLDING OF THE REINS  
for so long."

He has held the reins so long  
that his very hands have kept in  
the position, and he cannot straight-  
en them.

That is a picture of sin when  
you drive to the devil. Why, some  
of you have not got straight in the  
hand yet. You are forgiven—  
Blessed be God! but the marks of  
the pit you will carry with you to  
the grave.

Away up in the hospital, yon-  
der, sometimes the patient is so low  
that they have an infusion of  
healthy blood into the poor, ema-  
cipated veins of the weak one.  
In the surrounding nurse—I have  
heard so—to allow the healthy  
blood of a healthy arm to be tapped  
and transmitted into the veins of  
the poor sick one.

That was what was the matter  
with me. I was beyond hope,  
without an infusion of the blood  
of God, the great healthy blood  
that flows through the veins of the  
universe. "Made partaker of the  
divine nature" is the Christian.  
Christ shed His life-blood for that  
purpose, and as His blood flows  
through the life of my soul, I live  
in him. The life that is at the  
throne of the universe is but the  
life that throbs in my redeemed  
soul.

I got my little boy during the  
extreme frost, trying to clear his  
bedroom window of the forests  
that covered the pane. He had got  
a new knife, and that knife had to  
try everything from knocking his  
little brother on the head, to notch-  
ing the furniture. That new knife  
was everything for the time being.

There was always a fine excuse for  
its use. Here is the obliteration of  
the pane of his little room from  
the frost forests. He sprang the  
blade open, and began to scrape  
away at the ferns and thick forests  
that lay on the glass.

How much progress did he  
make? None at all. There was  
more likelihood of breaking the  
pane than of clearing away the  
forests. I found him hard at work,  
and said, "My little boy, you are  
on the wrong tack. You will never  
scrape off what frost has painted  
on the window. Now I shall tell

you how to do it."

I saw not a drop of water in the  
"bright river Ilyos." This is a  
warning to the wholesale destruc-  
tion of our forests. The system of  
cultivating the soil is very primi-  
tive. The fashion of their plow-  
dicks back almost to the days of  
Homer. I saw only oxen hitched  
to the plows, and the old-fashioned  
ox goad is in continual use.

I notice no such poverty as one  
sees in the great cities of our own  
country, and in London. The land  
is divided up into small farms;  
many of them only an acre or two  
in extent. Twelve acres is a  
holding in Greece, and the farmer  
is an independent man.

These FROST FORESTS  
on the window pane.  
"How? With my knife?"  
"No, not with your knife. I  
will tell you how to do it. Just  
run down stairs for a box of  
matches."

The coal was set in the grate;  
and when he came with the box of  
matches, we soon had the fire roar-  
ing up the chimney.

There did not seem much dif-  
ference at first, and he may have  
got a little sceptical, but he had  
faith in his father; and soon the  
trees of the forest bowed their  
heads, and said, "Good-bye."  
They all fled, and the window pane  
became clear, because of interior  
heat, and the power of life in the  
flames.

Man, I will tell you how to get  
rid of your sin. Listen, poor soul,  
encrusted by the death of the devil.  
You may hammer away with  
resolutions and pledges, and refor-  
mation; they will never enable  
you to look out clearly from the  
window of your soul to your God  
in heaven. I will tell you what to  
do: get the "quickeners with  
Christ," get the fire of the love of  
God in Christ Jesus kindled in  
your heart. Get Christ's in-  
dwelling. His life and power,  
His blood, His spirit; and the win-  
dows will clear, so that you can  
see angels with their harps of gold  
in

THE CITY OF LIGHT.  
Man, get "quickeners with  
Christ," and all the incrustations  
of sin, the very decay of death and  
incipient damnation will flee; and  
you will be quickened and living,  
and clear in the vision of God,  
your heavenly Father.

For whatever happens to me each  
day is my daily bread, provided I  
do not refuse to take it from Thy  
hand, and so feed upon it.—Fene-  
lon.

Do not let any of us complain  
about our circumstances as making  
us evil. Let us manfully confess,  
one and all, that the evil lies in us,  
not in them.—F. D. Maurice.

Duty stands for the most part  
close at hand, unobscured, simple,  
immediate. If any man has the  
will to hear his voice, to him is his  
willing to enter and be his ready  
guest.—Francis Peabody.

We are never without help. We  
have no right to say of any good  
work, it is too hard for any good  
of any sorrow, it is too hard for  
me to bear, of any sinful habit, it  
is too hard for me to overcome.—  
Elizabeth Charles.

## In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 2.

Let me say a few words in the  
letter about the present condition  
of Greece. The modern kingdom  
of Greece was formed by the great  
powers in 1830; 34 years later, the  
Ionian Islands were added to it,  
and in 1881 Thessaly and a portion  
of Epirus were ceded to it by Tur-  
key at the bayonet's point. These  
are three main divisions of the  
country. The Mainland, the Pelopon-  
nesus, and the Islands. Its total  
superficial area is about 25,000  
square miles, half the size of Al-  
abama. For purposes of adminis-  
tration, to use our political lan-  
guage, Greece is divided into six-  
teen states. These, into counties,  
and the latter into townships. The  
population is about two and one-  
half millions, the men outnumber-  
ing the women by about one-third.  
One cause of the Greek race is  
the lack of Grecian prosperity is the  
burdensome national debt. This  
amounts to about \$80 per capita.  
Three kinds of money are in cir-  
culation, gold, silver and paper.  
The silver is at par with gold, but  
the paper money is depreciated  
about 40 per cent; however, it is  
commonly accepted by most of the  
small Greek traders at par.

The standing army of Greece  
numbers about 25,000 men. The  
fleet comprises 25 vessels, manned  
by 3,000 sailors, and carrying 250  
guns.

By far the greater part of the  
population is occupied in agricul-  
ture. In the valleys the land is  
very fertile, but the hills seem to  
be extremely barren. Long ago  
they were denuded of their forests,  
and the soil has washed into the  
plains below. In consequence of  
this wholesale destruction of the  
forests, many of the streams have  
dried up, and droughts are fre-  
quent.

I saw not a drop of water in the  
"bright river Ilyos." This is a  
warning to the wholesale destruc-  
tion of our forests. The system of  
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close at hand, unobscured, simple,  
immediate. If any man has the  
will to hear his voice, to him is his  
willing to enter and be his ready  
guest.—Francis Peabody.

We are never without help. We  
have no right to say of any good  
work, it is too hard for any good  
of any sorrow, it is too hard for  
me to bear, of any sinful habit, it  
is too hard for me to overcome.—  
Elizabeth Charles.

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shame to stick a knife into them,  
and eat them. There are texts  
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like to treat them. Ah, but there  
is a text here, what there is not  
in French pastry.

FRENCH PASTRY  
is made up for outside show; it is  
all on the outside, and your teeth  
snap through it; it is all foam  
and froth.

This text is beautiful outside;

grand and solid and satisfying. It  
is one of the best texts in the Bible.  
"God, who is rich in mercy, for the  
great love wherewith He loved us."

It is a revelation about God. We  
need a revelation. You ask the  
men of science what God is? They  
never can describe our God. They  
turn on their microscopes, and  
bend over their telescopes, and  
poise, analyse and examine; and  
use the scalpel to display the in-  
tricacies of the various organisms;  
and all they can tell you about God  
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day that God is the resultant of  
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And Comte, who leads by the ear  
the philosophers of to-day, in what  
they say about God, gives this as  
his definition: "The continual  
resultant of all the forces capable  
of concurring in the universal per-  
fection of the world." Where is  
my Lord? They have taken Him  
away.

When the scientists tell us, and  
tell us rightly, about God, they  
just seem to make Him out as a  
grocer, weighing worlds out as a  
grocer weighs sugar. I never can  
worship their God. He seems a  
heartless being, or if he have never  
found the beat of it; but God de-  
scribes Himself in this book as  
more of heart than anything else.  
God is love, if He be anything.  
He is the Father yearning over  
His lost children, "for His great  
love wherewith He loved us." What  
a definition of God! God is love.

You need to know his heart, you  
need to be in his company, before  
you realize what God is. You can  
make every glittering star in your  
firmament points of blood, if  
only you buy from the optician  
a little cold, crimson glass. You  
can go out when the world is all  
marshalled in light, and through  
the red glass, they will flow from  
you, as if drenched in blood. But  
man, it is the glass that does it.  
So when you take a guilty, un-  
reconciled heart, and look at God  
through it, He is all frown, He is  
all terror; but He is merciful—oh,  
so merciful, so loving. There is  
not a father in the world as loving  
as He is.

You know when a man does you  
a wrong he will put his own feel-  
ings of hatred on to you, though  
you are as innocent as a spring  
bird, though you do not cherish in  
your heart a single hard feeling  
about him. The man that would  
like to trip you up, and that hates  
you, just surrounds you with his  
own spleen, and gall, and bile.  
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work.

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credit has not been given within two or  
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THE ALABAMA BAPTIST is sent to  
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ceived by the publishers for its discontin-  
uance, and payment for arrears is made.

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are charged for at the rate of 1 cent a  
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the money with the notice.

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The name of the author should be sent for  
the editor's eye.

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proper names; write with ink on one side  
of the paper; do not write copy intended  
for the editor; if business, name on the  
same sheet. Leave off personalities; con-  
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able to The Alabama Baptist Company.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—Will find it to their in-  
terest to write for terms. This paper has  
a wide circulation in Alabama among the  
100,000 white Baptists.

Entered at the Post Office at Montgom-  
ery, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

## The City of Light.

Sermon Preached by Rev. John Robertson  
in the City Temple, Glasgow.

"God, who is rich in mercy, for the  
great love wherewith He loved us, even  
when we were dead in sins, hath quick-  
ened us together with Christ."

What a text that is! It makes  
me feel as I have felt towards  
French pastries. It is almost a  
shame to stick a knife into them,  
and eat them. There are texts  
from which you back; you hardly  
like to treat them. Ah, but there  
is a text here, what there is not  
in French pastry.

FRENCH PASTRY  
is made up for outside show; it is  
all on the outside, and your teeth  
snap through it; it is all foam  
and froth.

This text is beautiful outside;

grand and solid and satisfying. It  
is one of the best texts in the Bible.  
"God, who is rich in mercy, for the  
great love wherewith He loved us."



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# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## Hens in the Stables

Give every latitude to laying hens, but the stable is no place for them, nor for fowls of any kind. They defile the horse's food, the harness, the traps and everything they come near, and, worse still, they may infect the place with chicken lice, which make some horses nearly mad with irritation. Every horse suffers from these little mites. Should their presence be suspected, rub the horse with a rag, dipped in kerosene, cleanse the whole of the work with lime wash or carbolic, and keep the fowls away absolutely. Poultry are valuable in their place, but not in places outside their own domain, and horses are sufficiently useful to call for one's kindest care and consideration. Their lives should not be made miserable with hen-lice. Where vermin are very bad, and the stable is a close one, some charcoal or sulphur in an iron pot, and set fire to the sulphur. Of course, the horses must be removed before the fumigation is made.

## Pig Growing.

Pig growers have found out how well the swine industry goes along with dairying. The skim milk is found very profitable for pig feeding, when shorts, ground wheat, rye, barley or meal is mixed with it. For the rapid growth of pigs, shorts are, perhaps, best mixed with skim milk, and corn meal may be added when they grow toward maturity. Such breeding is the very best for rapid development and growth of the pig, both for early maturity and healthfulness. Besides, the very best quality of pork is made by such feeding. The experiment stations have very thoroughly demonstrated this. The rule is a pound to one and a half pounds of skim milk to a pound of shorts or other grain. With this kind of mixed farming, any farm may be made more profitable than by purely grain farming alone. The fertilizers from the dairy and the pens are rich returns to the farm, and for years past the product of both the dairy and the pig pen have been the most profitable. The two branches easily go hand in hand together.—Indiana Farmer.

## A HELPLESS CRIPPLE

Restored to Perfect Health by the Use of the Electropole.

Skepticism Overcome—Would Not be Without It—Uses It

convention "The Electropole" to which they are now

Preventive.

Last winter my daughter was attacked by a gripple, and through the ravages of this mysterious disease, reduced to a helpless cripple. From a bright, rosy, handsome child she became in three weeks so weak, emaciated, and in shape distorted, that words fail me to adequately describe her condition. By accident I learned of the Electropole. I purchased one—more through desperation to leave no means untried than through belief in its efficiency. I confess, I thought it something on the order of a liver pad, "made to sell," and a sort of mild humbug. It was with more than half-way skepticism I applied it in accordance with directions. Day by day, as I observed the marked improvement in my daughter, my doubts vanished. In eight weeks after the first application of the Poise my little girl was fully restored, enjoyed sound sleep, a good appetite, and is now in the possession of vigorous health; and as to her figure, there is no trace even that she had ever had the first stages of spinal curvature or a gripple, which causes it. I use the Poise in my family as a tonic and preventive. I would not be without it for any consideration. I feel that it has solved many a hygienic problem, and is to solve more as time goes on. Given your able little book, a "Poise," and common sense enough to put on rubbers or raise an umbrella when it rains, and I think any disease can be mitigated, and if taken in time, destroyed and banished. I have recommended the Electropole to many of my friends and always with success. I am glad to say where my advice has been followed and one purchased good results always come. Very faithfully yours,

HORATIO GATES,  
Venerable Archdeacon of West Missouri,  
Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21, 1893.

## HIS SECOND LETTER.

3322 Euclid avenue,  
Kansas City, Mo., July 10, 1894.

Dear Sir—Replying to your inquiry, would say that my opinion of the Electropole is as favorable as ever. It is a companion which improves upon acquaintance. Familiarity with it never breeds contempt. Yours truly,

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Rental terms, \$10 cash for four months, with privilege to purchase by paying \$17.50 additional at the expiration of four months.

Book of particulars free.

J. C. WELLS,  
221 Twenty-first Street,  
Birmingham, Ala.

## For the Alabama Baptist.

### In Rockford Sunday-School.

Editor Ala. Baptist: I send you the minute of Rockford Sunday-school for Sunday, the 10th inst. One month ago I appointed a committee of five from the primary class of the school to solicit contributions for the purchase of a barrel of flour for the Orphan's Home at Evergreen.

Nov. 10, 1895.—School opened with song by the school and prayer by Bro. Johnson. After good recitations, the chairman of the committee, Miss Madell McAllister, made her report as follows, addressing Bro. Whitley:

We, the committee appointed from the primary class of this Sabbath-school by our honored teacher, to solicit contributions for the purpose of buying flour to assist in feeding the dear little orphans who have found an asylum in the State Baptist Orphanage at Evergreen, now beg leave to submit our report and pay over the amount collected by us, with the request that you our honored pastor, will purchase the flour and ship it to Bro. Stewart, at Evergreen, in whom those beloved children have found so great a benefactor. And now we little children with our great esteem for the noble cause of our Lord and Savior, and with our little mites which are cheerfully given, hope in future to be able to put on the whole armor of God and discharge every duty incumbent upon us.

Madell McAllister.....\$1 30  
Eva Moore.....1 44  
Bessie Bentley.....1 07  
Minnie Radford.....1 26  
Birdie Massey.....36  
Vesta and Cathlene Jones.....30

Total.....\$5 73

The little girls on this committee are from four to ten years old. I also send to you two dollars for renewal of my subscription to the ALABAMA BAPTIST, for which you will please give me credit. My wife and I delight in reading it, and will try not to get in arrears with our subscription.

Your brother in Christ,  
W. T. JOHNSON.

Rockford.

The people of the United States use, on an average, 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of about 4,380,000,000 per annum.

Not one life insurance company is now doing business in Kansas. The statutory conditions are so onerous that all have withdrawn.

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## For the Alabama Baptist.

### Retribution.

Sometimes come great white day of days, we think. All things that puzzle us will be made plain. And we shall find again each broken link. That somehow we have lost from our life-chain.

Buried in dusk along the great highway, Somewhere they lie, awaiting the finder's hand. And they will all be gathered up some day. And we shall have again the perfect band.

By and by, somewhere, the good seed that we sow, Though long within the ground it may have lain, Will wake to life from its long sleep, and grow, And ripen for us into golden grain.

The good we do, the kindly word we've said, To those who heard and calmly went their way, Unheeding, will return to us, like bread Cast on the waters—after many days.

—Vern McDonald.

## The Made-Over Gown.

"How do I look, grandma?"

Grandma White now turned around and looked at shy little Ruth in her pink wool gown. "You look good enough to eat," she said, "just as pretty as a pink."

"Does the dress really look well?" asked Ruth, earnestly. "Wouldn't you know that it was Aunt Mary's old dress that she had made over twice for herself? And it's pieced and pieced. O you don't know!"

"Dear me! I never should dream of it. Your mother has pieced it so nicely it doesn't show at all."

"I'm so glad," sighed Ruth. "I wouldn't care if it wasn't for Belle Brooks, but she always has such nice clothes, and always makes fun of mine. The other girls laugh at the things she says, though sometimes they tell me afterward they are sorry."

"Never mind Belle Brooks," said grandma. "Be kind and pleasant to everyone, and pay no attention to rude speeches; that's the best way."

"I know it, and I try to do so; but when Belle says such things I can't help crying sometimes."

Grandma kissed the little girl goodbye. "I hope you'll have a good time at the party," she said.

When Ruth reached Mrs. Rand's where the party was, she was sent up stairs to take off her wraps; and there was Belle Brooks, a gay new silk gown, the only silk among all the girls. She did not speak to Ruth, or appear to notice her, but presently said loud enough for all to hear: "If I had to come to a party in my Aunt Mary's gown, I should expect they'd think I was Aunt Mary herself."

Some of the girls looked shocked, some laughed. Poor Ruth's cheeks flamed up as pink as her gown, and she went out of the room and upstairs.

Mrs. Rand was in the back parlor and heard Belle's cruel speech, and she did not know it. She came now, opened the parlor, and said very quietly and without looking at Belle, "If I had come to a party in a dress once worn by worms, I would try and not act so people would think I was a mean little worm myself." Then she went up stairs to find Ruth.

The girls all looked scared, and no one said anything. Belle's face was very red at first; then I think her good angel must have whispered to her, for she arose and went up stairs, too.

And I think they must have had a peace-making up there, for when the girls came down soon after the dance smiling, hand in hand.—The Mayflower.

## Poultry Pointers.

A handsome appearance is worth one or two cents per pound in selling poultry.

Short-legged fowls fatten quickly; long-legged ones are hard to fatten.

If the hens or pullets are thin, with pale combs, examine them carefully for lice.

When the fowls have a good range at this time, care must be taken not to over feed them, says the Germantown Telegraph.

Feed hens only as much as they will eat up clean at certain hours; otherwise they will get too fat.

If a pullet is hatched and does not get a good start, she will remain useless until nearly a year old.

Fowls should not be killed when they have full crops, or the flesh will turn blue and dark around the crop.

If given the choice, hens will always prefer bones broken up the size of grains of corn to ground bone or bone-meal.

Spring ducks are young ducks that are less than ten weeks old and weigh about seven or eight pounds per pair.

Sulphur and old tobacco leaves burned in the poultry house, with the house closed up tight, will clear it of red lice.

After a hen has produced thirty or forty eggs, the system becomes somewhat enfeebled, and the eggs often lack vitality.

The nests should always be so arranged that the hens can walk in upon them rather than be obliged to jump down upon them.

Lice will not remain on fowls that are frequently fed with sulphur, but care must be taken not to feed too much, nor in damp weather.

Short-cut straw is good for bedding in the coops and brooders, but should be changed sufficiently often to prevent its becoming too foul.

The new woman is pleased to reflect that there are, according to the census, a million and a half more men than women in the United States.

## Over Thirty Years

### Without Sicknes

Mr. H. W. FORTY, a well-known enterprising citizen of Byron, writes: "Before I paid much attention to regulating the bowels, I hardly knew a well day; but after using Ayer's Pills, the bowels are regular, and the efficacy of the medicine is manifest."

AYER'S PILLS. I have used one day's supply for over thirty years, and am now one of the healthiest men in the country.

that did not readily yield to remedy. My wife had been, for one, to our marriage, an invalid. She had a prejudice against cathartics, but as soon as she began to use Ayer's Pills her health was restored.

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