

# ALABAMA BAPTIST.

ORGAN OF THE BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION.

VOL. 22.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

DECEMBER 12, 1895.

TERMS CASH: \$1.50 A YEAR.

NUMBER 50.

## ALABAMA BAPTIST.

Published Every Thursday by the ALABAMA BAPTIST COMPANY.

OFFICE: 716 TEXAS AVENUE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

TERMS: \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance. If not paid in 3 months, \$2.00. If not paid in 6 months, \$3.00. To Ministers in regular work.

THE LABEL.—The date on the label of your paper shows to what time you have paid. It serves as a receipt. If paper credit has not been given within two or three weeks from time of payment, notify us at once.

RULES.

THE ALABAMA BAPTIST is sent to subscribers under an explicit order is received by the publishers for its dissemination, and payment for arrangements made.

OBITUARIES.—Over 100 words in length are charged for the rate of 1 cent a word. Remember this when you send copy for publication. Count the words and send the money with the notice.

ANONYMOUS COMMUNICATIONS.—Will always find their way to the waste basket. The name of the author should be sent to the editor's care.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Do not use abbreviations; be extra careful in writing proper names; write with ink on one side of the paper; do not write copy intended for the editor and business items of the same sheet. Leave off personalities; condense.

CHANGES IN POST OFFICE.—When writing to have your paper changed, please state the post office at which you receive the paper, as well as the one to which you wish it changed.

STATEMENTS.—Will be sent to each subscriber when in arrears. This is business, and reasonable people will not object to it.

REMITTANCES.—Should be made by Postal or Express Money Order, Registered Letter, Express or Bank Check, payable to The Alabama Baptist Company.

ADVERTISERS.—Will find it to their interest to write for terms. This paper has a wide circulation in Alabama among the colored white Baptists.

Entered at the Post Office at Montgomery, Ala., as second class mail matter.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Getting into Politics.

Everywhere the liquor question is getting more and more into politics. In South Carolina, it is burning issue in the constitutional convention. In Georgia, the saloon keepers are trembling through fear that the present legislature may pass the anti-brotherhood bill that will wipe out every saloon in the state. In Ohio, Local Option was really the leading state issue in the late campaign. In Iowa, the winning candidate's silence on prohibition, and the proposed bill allowing the opening of breweries and distilleries, lowered his majority by thousands of votes. In New York, for the first time in years, the chief issue of the campaign was the liquor question, and it is likely to be the leading subject of debate in the legislature. In Massachusetts, this winter, the friends of the Norwegian bill will again try to capture the state legislature. In Kansas, an ex-chief justice and former prohibition leader has just declared that the present non-enforcement of prohibition by the Republicans cannot go on, but must end in submission, and possibly Local Option.

So everywhere, from Texas, which is getting great chunks of prohibition under Local Option, to New Hampshire, moving for more stringent enforcement of her prohibitory statutes. The liquor question is getting deeper and deeper into politics. The "conspiracy of silence" has not kept it out. It is bound to split the nation into two camps sooner or later, and disturb the dreams of the politician until it is settled, and settled right.—The Voice, Nov. 14.

"The liquor question in politics." Certainly it is, and here to stay until this whole land is freed from this giant curse; until Alabama, our own "here we rest," shall be freed from the power of the twenty petitioners who can foist a saloon on any community, regardless of the wishes of any number of citizens. By the way, it is not about time for the citizens of Alabama who have any respect for themselves to remove this very undemocratic and unchristian curse from our statutes, and give the majority of the people a right to say what they want? For my part, I think it about time for the Christian men of this state to not only abolish this abominable law (made in the interest of the saloon), but every law on the statutes of the state that in any sense legalizes the traffic. The people are ready for it, and if they were properly organized and directed the thing could be done, and done speedily. Why not make this the issue in the next election of state officers? Elect no man to office who is in favor of the traffic or drinks liquor—legislators, senators, governor, and congressmen. It can be done if every man will stand to his post.

Christian men of the state, and all lovers of the cause of God and humanity, let us make the fight for a sober citizenship and a state freed from the curse of the ages—the saloon.

S. O. Y. RAY.

## Much Ado About Nothing!

Editor Alabama Baptist: I have had considerable means of observation, and some experience. I was partially brought up in the "backwoods." I rode behind my parents to church, Saturday and Sunday, horseback, for miles. This was kept up for years, after I could ride alone. Our old pastor, J. M. Scott, made a place for himself, and kept it for forty years. No annual election; sound, strong thinker as he was, full of biblical knowledge, they would not have exchanged him for the greatest man in the country, albeit "seminal fardels" dangled at the end of his name. The old man preached always and everywhere. I never knew in years, to desert his pulpit for a time, in the sitting room, at the table or anywhere else—he thus preached from house to house without cant or hackneyed phrase. He had but one fault, he was wealthy he accepted nothing for his services, or if he did, turned it over to missions. If he had another, it was failure to approach us personally on the subject of salvation. I was used to family prayers every evening. Traveling preachers often stopped with us, preached all around in the neighborhood, in private houses, sat up experience to a late hour. Few of them talked to me personally, while I was starving for the bread of life; but I learned perfectly the faith of Baptists, Methodists and Presbyterians at an early age. At the communion I saw a type of the final separation of the just and unjust. At baptism, the ladies robed in white, I stood on the bank and would have given worlds to be one of the bloodwashed. I do not feel that I was inadequately instructed; nor need any be in the country. But the custom of attending Saturday or business meetings on the part of the young, is becoming obsolete. Let it be restored; let Christians talk religion at the fireside; let the ministers preach from house to house, privately or publicly, and with the addition of Sunday schools, we shall not hear so much of country destitution. We have preachers enough all over the state for pastors and evangelists, if the churches would do their best to support them, if they would study as some do, and the brethren would supplement their work by private prayer-meetings, and other meetings for converse upon the great salvation. Brethren, "for take not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." Would not the young thus be looked after about whom there is so much talk. Then let them stay at home, follow the plow, drive the plow, keep the house, instead of running off to see sights, and to propagate Christianity of which they know so little. The town is distressed about the country, when there is as much destitution and inadequate supply of instruction there as in the country. Aspiration in country or town, will find opportunity for more than the homely duties I have referred to. I have lived among wealthy planters and in the city; have sometimes had all and abundance. I have preached much in the country, a good deal without money and without price, sometimes walking to my appointments; I know the people, what I say and whereof I affirm. E. B. T.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Sheffield.

In looking over the pages of the ALABAMA BAPTIST I never see anything from this part of Alabama, and have hesitated to pen a few lines myself, for it seems to me the laymen should do that.

As to Furnace Hill church, it is trying hard to do its duty, in obedience to God's commands. The deacons and pastor are maturing plans by which to raise funds to build a church house. This church has had a hard struggle, and its pastor has been fighting a hard battle to overcome obstacles and to the path of its success. And by the grace of God they have so far overcome the enemy. The Sunday-school has a good attendance in the afternoon.

The first church is still without a pastor, but there are some good faithful workers who keep up the regular services; thus trying to hold all in full line of work.

It is a pity so many of our people think they are too poor to take our paper. If they would economize on cigars, tobacco, snuff and fancy dress goods for three or four months, they could pay for the ALABAMA BAPTIST; it would help them, their families and neighbors.

The close-fistedness of so many Baptists is a surprise to me, and it is a wonder God has blessed them as he has.

I ask the prayers of God's people for our success here.

Praying God to bless the efforts of the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

O. E. COMSTOCK, JR.

The Christian worker should have not only a mind for the work, but a mind that works.

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.

We are encamped to-night at Bania, ancient Cesarea, Philippi. At this place were built myth temples to the heathen myth Pan, deified man, Augustus Caesar, but when Christ near here declared himself the Son of God, the worship of both was doomed forever. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The fountain bubbles out at the foot of a lofty precipice. The water is cold and clear. Just above the spring is the Grotto of Pan, as large as an ordinary church building, while along the foot of the precipice are the remains of a number of ancient shrines bearing Greek inscriptions. Here are to be seen the ruins of this once splendid city. Here Herod Philip built a splendid temple to Augustus Caesar, and named the city after the Emperor and himself.

The moon is shining brightly, and it seems almost a sacrilege to spend time in sleep. It was near this spot that Peter made his great confession, recorded in Matthew

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.

We are encamped to-night at Bania, ancient Cesarea, Philippi. At this place were built myth temples to the heathen myth Pan, deified man, Augustus Caesar, but when Christ near here declared himself the Son of God, the worship of both was doomed forever. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The fountain bubbles out at the foot of a lofty precipice. The water is cold and clear. Just above the spring is the Grotto of Pan, as large as an ordinary church building, while along the foot of the precipice are the remains of a number of ancient shrines bearing Greek inscriptions. Here are to be seen the ruins of this once splendid city. Here Herod Philip built a splendid temple to Augustus Caesar, and named the city after the Emperor and himself.

The moon is shining brightly, and it seems almost a sacrilege to spend time in sleep. It was near this spot that Peter made his great confession, recorded in Matthew

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.

We are encamped to-night at Bania, ancient Cesarea, Philippi. At this place were built myth temples to the heathen myth Pan, deified man, Augustus Caesar, but when Christ near here declared himself the Son of God, the worship of both was doomed forever. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The fountain bubbles out at the foot of a lofty precipice. The water is cold and clear. Just above the spring is the Grotto of Pan, as large as an ordinary church building, while along the foot of the precipice are the remains of a number of ancient shrines bearing Greek inscriptions. Here are to be seen the ruins of this once splendid city. Here Herod Philip built a splendid temple to Augustus Caesar, and named the city after the Emperor and himself.

The moon is shining brightly, and it seems almost a sacrilege to spend time in sleep. It was near this spot that Peter made his great confession, recorded in Matthew

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.

We are encamped to-night at Bania, ancient Cesarea, Philippi. At this place were built myth temples to the heathen myth Pan, deified man, Augustus Caesar, but when Christ near here declared himself the Son of God, the worship of both was doomed forever. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The fountain bubbles out at the foot of a lofty precipice. The water is cold and clear. Just above the spring is the Grotto of Pan, as large as an ordinary church building, while along the foot of the precipice are the remains of a number of ancient shrines bearing Greek inscriptions. Here are to be seen the ruins of this once splendid city. Here Herod Philip built a splendid temple to Augustus Caesar, and named the city after the Emperor and himself.

The moon is shining brightly, and it seems almost a sacrilege to spend time in sleep. It was near this spot that Peter made his great confession, recorded in Matthew

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.

We are encamped to-night at Bania, ancient Cesarea, Philippi. At this place were built myth temples to the heathen myth Pan, deified man, Augustus Caesar, but when Christ near here declared himself the Son of God, the worship of both was doomed forever. This is one of the sources of the Jordan. The fountain bubbles out at the foot of a lofty precipice. The water is cold and clear. Just above the spring is the Grotto of Pan, as large as an ordinary church building, while along the foot of the precipice are the remains of a number of ancient shrines bearing Greek inscriptions. Here are to be seen the ruins of this once splendid city. Here Herod Philip built a splendid temple to Augustus Caesar, and named the city after the Emperor and himself.

The moon is shining brightly, and it seems almost a sacrilege to spend time in sleep. It was near this spot that Peter made his great confession, recorded in Matthew

## For the Alabama Baptist.

In Foreign Lands.

Letters from Dr. Hale—No. 7.

On Wednesday, Oct. 2nd, we left Damascus. Our cavalcade presented quite a martial appearance as we filed down the street, from our hotel. We have in our party 34 travelers, 3 dragmen, 6 cooks and waiters, 20 muleteers, 64 souls in all. Our horses and mules numbered 74.

Our first stop was on the bank of one of the beautiful branches of the Pharpar, a few miles west of the city. This spot is a very interesting one, because it is said to be the place where Paul coming from heaven and was converted. After lunch a number of us went to the traditional site of his conversion on top of the hill overlooking our camp. The view of Damascus is very fine, with its towering white domes, white residences and lofty minarets. On top of the hill is a sheep-fold with immense rock walls all about it. Near the sheepfold are the miserable habitations of the shepherds and their families. We paid them a visit, and it was a pitiable scene. We beheld a woman and a little child lying on the bare ground, while the aged wife lay sick of a fever. A donkey and a goat occupied the same filthy abode. It is difficult to realize the extreme squalor and poverty of these poor Syrian peasants.

Several years ago, while in the Theological Seminary, I heard Dr. Whittit say that a negro cabin was a palace compared to the homes of many of these people. That did not seem to me possible, but I now see that his statement was literally true.

Our afternoon ride was a long and dreary one, over a rocky plain, and skirting the mountains of Lebanon. We could see the snows upon the lofty brow of this famous range, but we travelled hour after hour and seemed to get no nearer to its base. At last as the sun went down, we turned a corner and saw our tents before us. We were greatly rejoiced. Our tents formed quite a village. There are seventeen of them, white as snow, besides the large saloon tent. Over this village had been sprung up as if by magic, floated the stars and stripes. When the pilgrims saw the emblem of their far away beloved land, a great shout arose, and we came into camp in a gallop.

The whole stillness was broken by the side of the road to see us pass. We were a circus, to them, and they were a circus, to us. We were surprised on entering our moving houses at their comfort and even elegance. There was a bed for each of the two persons occupying a tent, and the floor was covered with Turkish rugs. The tents are double roofed, beautifully hand-worked in different colors and figures, and our fare is equal to that of our finest hotels.

At daylight this morning, October 3d, we were aroused by a horrible din; bells began to ring, horses to blow, donkeys to bray, horses to neigh, and pandemonium seemed to have broken loose generally. We awoke and were all ready for breakfast at 5:45. Soon we were all mounted, the village turned out again to see the caravan move; tents were struck, and where a few minutes before had stood a little village, there was a deserted field.

Thursday, Oct. 3d, has been an eventful day. We have come through a part of the country infested with robbers, and have had some experience with them. In the morning, I with dragmen and behind with two of the elderly ladies, who cannot travel rapidly. About 100 yards before us, as we came down a rocky defile, four fascines met us. I went forward, and one of them thrusting a long horse pistol into my face, demanded money. The muzzle of that pistol looked to me as big as a railroad tunnel. Upon my refusal to give him any "backsheesh" he pulled the trigger. I presume there was no ball in the pistol, but a man had almost as well be killed by a bullet as frightened to death.

We met armed bands, and it was only the presence of our guards, armed "cap-a-pie" that prevented our being attacked.



# Alabama Baptist.

MONTGOMERY, DEC. 12, 1895.

## Directory for the Baptists of Alabama.

### OUR BOARDS.

The State Board of Missions, located in Montgomery, W. B. Crumpton, Corresponding Secretary, Montgomery, Ala. Book Department, J. B. Collier, Secretary, Montgomery, Ala. Geo. H. Eager, President, Montgomery, Ala. HARRIS AND OTHERS' POST-OFFICES. W. M. Harris, Greenville; G. W. Ellis, Theo. Welch, T. L. Jones, Geo. B. Eager, Judge Jas. Harrison, W. B. Davidson, Montgomery; A. J. Dickinson, H. S. D. Mallory, Selma; W. M. Burr, Dothan; J. A. French, Talladega; L. O. Dawson, Tuscaloosa; W. C. Cleveland, Columbia; P. T. Hale, Birmingham; W. C. Bledsoe, Montgomery; W. E. Hudson, Opelika; S. A. Adams, Jackson; M. F. Brooks, Brewton; N. C. Underwood, Clayton; J. P. Wood, Pratt; J. J. Taylor, Mobile.

ORPHAN'S HOME BOARD.—G. R. Farham, President, Evergreen; J. W. Stewart, Secretary and Treasurer, Evergreen; P. T. Hale, G. S. Anderson, J. W. Stewart, W. B. Crumpton, Z. D. Roby, J. C. Bush, Law Lamar, J. H. Curry, S. C. Clifton, C. S. Rabb, P. M. Bruner, C. L. Gaydon, Matron of Home, Mrs. Clara W. Anley, Evergreen.

WOMAN'S CENTRAL COMMITTEE.—Mrs. T. A. Hamilton, President, Birmingham; Mrs. G. H. Eager, Vice President, Montgomery; Mrs. L. C. Brown, Secretary, East Lake; Mrs. G. M. Morrow, Treas., Birmingham.

BAPTIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S UNION OF ALABAMA.—Prof. P. H. McCall, Auburn, President; W. D. Doolen, Birmingham, Secretary and Treasurer.

### OUR SCHOOLS.

Howard College, East Lake, Ala.—A. W. McGaha, President.

Female Normal Institute, Marion, Ala.—S. W. Averett, President.

### OUR PAPERS.

The ALA. BAPTIST, Montgomery, Ala.

### PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES on the International S. S. Lessons for 1896. Just in.

J. B. COLLIER, Sec. Book Dept.

REV. F. D. HAMILTON, of Powderly, presents this problem:

Will some of the brethren answer this: What will be done with a Baptist church that won't pay its pastor, and gets mad if a preacher tells them they ought to pay?

We are expecting that our three months subscribers, whose time expires first of January next, will send us a year's subscription before Christmas. Then they will begin with the first issue of the new year.

The history of the Baptist beginning at Birmingham, which is printed on the first page, will interest our readers. Bro. Hillier was himself the missionary of whom he speaks, but he does not plainly say so. The writer of this paragraph preached two or three sermons for the Baptists in the Presbyterian church.

There is some complaint from our subscribers of failure to receive Not by word.

as a Tonic and a which we personally know were correctly addressed and put into the postoffice have failed to reach their destination, we suppose there is need of a little shaking up among those who handle the mails.

The removal of Rev. W. M. Harris from Alabama is a serious loss to the Baptists of the state. It was unpleasant news when we learned that he had resigned his charge at Greenville to accept a pastorate at Galveston, Texas. He was just beginning to be recognized by the denomination as one of our best thinkers and ablest preachers, and his departure from us causes real regret. Personally we feel the loss, and wish he could have remained with us. We congratulate the Galveston church on having secured as strong a preacher as it has ever had.

A CLUB.—We have made an arrangement with the Ruebush-Kiefer Co., the well known music publishers, by which we can furnish the ALABAMA BAPTIST and the "Musical Million" to new subscribers for \$1.50, the price of this paper. The price of "Musical Million" is fifty cents a year. It is devoted principally to musical matters, and each issue contains one to three pieces of music, but there is also much interesting reading of literary and general character. We ask our readers to make it known to their musical friends who are not subscribers to the ALABAMA BAPTIST that they can get both papers for the price of this paper alone.

This sermon delivered by Rev. A. J. Dickinson, D. D., of Selma, in the First Baptist church, Montgomery, on last Thanksgiving day, is still fresh in the minds of those who heard it. The theme was "Christian Civics," or our duty to the State. It is a most searching assault on the dark ways and methods of the unscrupulous politician or political parties. We most heartily endorse it. We hope Dr. Dickinson may be invited to preach the same sermon in many of the pulpits of Alabama. It is a gospel sermon, pure and simple. There is no partisanship in it, no politics, so-called, but a manly vindication of right and justice. It sets forth the duty the citizen owes to his state, and also the duty he owes to his God. Such sermons from the pulpit will do great good.

## REV. WILLIAM CAREY BLEDSOE, D. D.

### OUR NEW SECRETARY.

Bro. Bledsoe was born October 11, 1847, near LaFayette, Chambers Co., Ala. He is the oldest son of Rev. John F. Bledsoe, deceased, who was long and favorably known in Alabama as a preacher and educator, and a descendant of the Virginia Bledsoes. The subject of this notice was attending a select school at Dalton, Ga., conducted by Rev. A. S. Worrell, when the war broke out and the school disbanded, most of the pupils joining the army; he returned to his father's home in LaFayette, Ala., and entered a printing office and learned the trade.

In 1864 he entered the Confederate army and served until the close of the war, surrendering with Lee at Appomattox. During a short furlough spent with the Bledsoes of Fluvanna Co., Va., he was converted and joined the Old Fluvanna Baptist church, under the preaching of Rev. W. E. Hatcher.

After the war he went into the newspaper business and with J. K. Spence founded the Greensboro Herald at Greensboro, Ga. In the winter of '66-'67 he entered the University of Mt. Lebanon, but after one session entered Georgetown College, Ky., and graduated with the class of 1868. He was ordained at the Baptist church at Georgetown, in the fall of '68 took charge of Cane Run church. Failing health forced him south and in 1871 he returned to the old home at LaFayette, Ala., where he has lived and labored since—the greater part of that time serving the Baptist church there, which pastorate he resigns to take charge of our mission work. In 1890 Howard College conferred on him the degree of D. D. Since 1889 has been Vice-President for Alabama of the Foreign Mission Board. He for several years served on the State Mission Board.

Dr. Bledsoe is a gentleman of fine address—modest, unassuming, and some might think very formal in his manners; this is not so; he is genial, social, possessing tender feelings and earnestness. No man in East Alabama is more loved and highly esteemed as a man and a preacher. Let the brethren give him their hearty support, and we have no doubt of his success.

### THE NEW PRESIDENT.

Rev. J. L. Thompson, the new president of the State Board of

Missions, is a man of some

parts of the State by having

successfully filled important pulpits

therein. He has appeared in print

but seldom, and then in the most

modest way. He has preferred to

do his work faithfully rather than

to be widely known. His aims

and ideas are practical rather than

showy, and as president of our

Board his efforts will be in the di-

rection of practical results. And

we believe he will succeed with

the help of the Board and the peo-

ple.

Bro. Thompson was reared in

Coosa county, and has been a coun-

ty, village and city pastor. He is

therefore acquainted with all classes

of our people. He is now pas-

tor of Clayton Street (formerly

West Montgomery) church, in this

city. Of course he will remain as

pastor, as there is no salary at-

tached to the responsible office to

which he has recently been elected.

Our brother was surprised at his

election as president of the Board,

and we hope he will also be sur-

prised at the liberal support given

the Board by the Baptists of the

State at large.

REV. R. G. PATRICK, the new

pastor at Marion, came and entered

upon his work very quietly and un-

ostentatiously; but his friends in

Kentucky are not content to let

him off so noiselessly. At a regu-

lar business meeting of the First

Baptist church of Owensboro resolu-

tions in regard to Bro. Patrick's

departure were adopted from which

we print this extract:

Resolved, That at no time in the

long history of the First Baptist

church at Owensboro has it had a

pastor who is so short a time more

endured himself to its people than

did Brother R. G. Patrick.

Coming among us as almost an

entire stranger, his devotion to the

work, his quick response to every

call of distress and bereavement, his

zeal in the interest of the church

and the cause of the Master, his able

and touching appeals from the pul-

pit, and his loving and tender sym-

pathies soon won for him the uni-

versal love and esteem of our peo-

ple.

And the Owensboro Baptist had

this editorial note:

"We learn, incidentally, that Bro.

Patrick, whom we all learned to

love, has received a welcome by his

members and friends in his new

field, not in words only, but sub-

stantial tokens, such as filling his

pantry with all sorts of good things,

repeating and otherwise improving

the paragon, etc. He is worthy

of such treatment, and will be to

the church a faithful and successful

pastor."

## SOME SERIOUS REFLECTIONS.

### Every business man, at times,

has much to disturb and cause him serious thought. It is not all sunshine; clouds will come. To educate and support a family gives many of us deep concern. Paul, writing to Timothy, uses these words: "But if any provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

But to the point. In last week's issue we made a strong appeal for aid. That appeal has been read, and now we give some of the results. One brother writes:

My Dear Brother: Thank you for your appeal. It reminded me that I was due you something, so I looked at the date on my paper, and to my utter astonishment I find I am due for two years and eight months. It is correct. How time flies! I remember when last I paid you, and your date corresponds. It has been my neglect. I beg your pardon for keeping you out of your just rights so long. It will not occur again. I send you back dues and for my renewal. I cannot do without the ALABAMA BAPTIST.

### Fraternally,

We appreciate such frank and honest letters. We know that brother—he is a true man, honest, and a genuine Christian. His fault was simply "neglect." Here is another:

ALA. BAPTIST: When I first read your appeal in last week's ALABAMA BAPTIST I was fretted, didn't like it, and came very near writing you to stop my paper, that I did not want to be dunned. But I began to seriously reflect about it, and I said to myself, I have been reading the ALABAMA BAPTIST for nearly two years, and have not paid a cent for it. Is this right? Is it just? Then I said to my wife, we must send the money for our paper. She asked me how much behind we were, and I told her two years. You ought to have seen how surprised she was; and then— but I won't say. Let me say this, however, you did right in making an earnest appeal. I now beg pardon for this delay. My family is attached to the paper, we must have it. For twelve years it has been coming to our home. I send—and our renewal. May God bless the editor.

### Fraternally,

A sober second thought often prevents wrong action. See what it did in this brother's case. He saw the honesty and necessity of our appeal. He felt the force of our needs, and he appreciated the fact that he did owe us a just debt, and he paid it, and renewed. "A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up strife."

Here is another:

Sir: "You will stop my paper. I don't like to be dunned. I don't like the paper, no how. You call for money too often. Everybody wants money. Preachers are getting so they won't preach without you pay them a big salary. Then you are all the time calling for mission money. It is money, money all the time. You can stop my paper." Respectfully,

This last brother is due the paper for over three years subscrip-

tion. He does not remit a cent. He is fully able to pay, and we propose to collect it. While others pay, he reads and keeps his money. This is not just to our paying subscribers, and we propose to remedy the wrong. We will stop his paper, but we will get back dues.

We give these letters as samples of a number we receive. There are very few, however, of the last class of subscribers, and we propose to make the number less. We regard a newspaper debt as binding as any other. When we consider the small amount expended, only \$1.50 a year for the paper, are not the cheer and blessings it brings to our homes far in excess of the price? We are doing our best to comply with the command which Paul gave to the Romans, "Owe no man anything." We want to "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

To "pay what thou owest." If you can, is a Christian duty. If any of our subscribers will write us that they are totally destitute and unable to pay, we will charitably consider their case, and look to their interest. To-day we are sending the paper to over 100 poor widows and destitute old ministers for the poor in this line?

This article has been written in love, fraternal love, that our readers may know some few of the difficulties an editor of a religious journal has to contend with. May God help us too to see each other's needs, and "do unto others as we would have them do unto us."

Baptist Sunday-schools will find the graded periodicals issued by the American Baptist Publication Society to be the most complete that are published. They are sound in doctrine, attractive in style, and of great excellence throughout. Superintendents who would be thoroughly equipped for the best work should not fail to order a sufficient supply for their schools.

## USING THE OFFICE OF DEACON.

### One of the most pressing needs

of the churches is the having of better deacons. This does not mean better men in the office, but more efficiency in the office. For the most part our deacons are good men—with here and there a rare exception which brings reproach on the office and bad repute to the cause.

But unfortunately piety does not always mean efficiency. It is in deed the first requirement, the crowning grace of all other graces, and the very fragrance of Christian character. There may not be much piety as there should be, but other things are fearfully wanting. Inefficiency and inactivity are everywhere prevalent, and the churches are suffering for it, and the cause of Christ at large necessarily suffers. There are many and noble exceptions, and for these we give all praise, but can nothing be done regarding others? According to the New Testament a church of Jesus Christ has two officers—pastor and deacons. There are only two, and we may be sure that the deacons, as well as the pastor, are intended to be a real force in church life and work. The office is filled but it is not used; it is not magnified. Much has been done for making the pastor more efficient in his work; and he has been much advanced, and the pastoral office has maintained its distinction. We need now to give our attention to the deacon—both the office and the man, not to find fault but to belittle, but to magnify the office and make the man more useful.

It is not easy to point out from the New Testament the duty of deacons. Their qualifications are named (Acts 6:1-7; 1 Tim. 3:7-13), but not so their duties, certainly not with so much specification and detail. The right men in the office, it is left largely to them as to how they shall use the office so as to make it best serve for honoring Christ in building his church and strengthening his cause.

There must be greater care in the selection of men to fill the office. They must be pious men, yet in addition must have other qualifications—must be selected on something besides their goodness. One may be disqualified for the office either by what he is, or what he lacks. Give him the consideration, but require something else.

Cannot something be done in the way of training men for the office of deacon? Why not encourage men to this as well as encourage them to the ministry and to the office of pastor? And why not put them in process of training as well for the one office as for the other? These questions are grave questions, and the condition of our churches presses for a wise answer. Meanwhile these deacons already in office by the vote of their churches, have on them a grave responsibility. The office, if used, is your glory; if not used, is your shame. Our candid judgment is that you should either surrender your trust or use the office for the good of the church and the glory of Christ. "They that have served in the office well, purchase to themselves a good degree, and great boldness in the faith which is in Christ Jesus."

A CALL to the ministry doesn't always come immediately, but often mediately. Some of our readers will recall hearing Dr. J. M. Frost say in one of our conventions that he used to think he would be meddling with God's work to ask a young man if he did not think it was his duty to preach the gospel, but that he didn't think so now; he was sure God sometimes, nay often, called men into the ministry through other men. In a letter lately received from a most consecrated and useful minister of the gospel, the following suggestive testimony is given:

"I know in my own case that for years after I had impressions of duty to preach I waited for our pastor to speak to me in regard to it, but in vain. At last one of God's chosen men came to our field, and it was not long before he came out to our house. I was not before he pressed this great question right home on me. As a result of his work along this line, the ministry, two of whom at least are doing noble service in the God will yet use me to his praise. How I long to see more young men laying their all on the altar for Christ. I have just had a long talk with two brethren from another field concerning this matter, and it lies heavily on my heart. Are we doing our duty by these young men about us? 'O that God would send laborers into this harvest!' We cry; and that is well enough. But is it not our privilege to look up recruits?"

Brothers, pastors of the Lord's flocks, we would repeat the question. Is it not our privilege to look up recruits?

## FIELD NOTES.

### S. Sullivan, Girard: Our

is going to work in earnest for our new pastor, Rev. B. B. Adams. Our church will always honor Bro. Carter for his faithful service here for seven years.

Rev. W. N. Huckabee and wife recently received a grateful acknowledgment of kindly appreciation from the people at Pineville. They desire to return sincere thanks for the ever abounding.

Brother Memorial church, at St. Louis, to its pastorate. He has not learned whether or not he accepts. The church has for sometime without a pas-

tor want your son or daughter to be instructed in a business course, short-hand and type-writing, without going out of the state? We will write you, and we will put you in correspondence with the president of a first class business college.

W. S. Brown, Florence: I leave tomorrow morning for a two week's tour. The first I have had in four years.—Bro. H. L. Martin is a power that will be felt in our land and for our denomination. He is consecrated, God is with him and blessing him. He is growing.

Do you want a Piano, Organ, or any other musical instrument or best music, or bicycle? Write to the ALABAMA BAPTIST, and we will put you in correspondence with a reliable house where you can get the best at the very cheapest rates. First class opportunity to get a Christmas present.

A Subscriber, Russellville: I am reading the ALABAMA BAPTIST. I like to read letters from different brethren. I have read some, recently, which were very enjoyable, but the one which caps the climax is Bro. W. R. Whately's on "B. Y. P. U.," in the paper of Nov. 28. I want to say he speaks my sentiments. Amen!

H. C. Hurley, Jasper, Dec. 7: Last Sunday was an interesting day in Zion here. We had good congregations, and took up a collection for the Orphan's Home, to which the people gave liberally. Our work is in a prosperous condition.—Bro. R. M. Hunter did a noble work in these parts, and all the people are very much attached to him.—This church has the reputation of being good to its pastors. I have one of the pleasantest fields in the land, and am happy in my work.

Rev. James Hilton, of Nauvoo, sends ten cents to Bro. Crumpton, and relates a touching little history connected with it. Our brother's little grandson, Jesse Hilton, aged six years, earned the money on Saturday by doing some work; the next day he was attacked with congestion of the lungs and died in a few hours. The little boy was not at the home of his grandfather, and the money was sent to him by a lady who suggested that it be sent to Bro. Crumpton to be consecrated to the Lord's use. Bro. C. appropriated it to Foreign missions.

"Echoes from a Recluse," is the title of a book by "Earnest Willie," (Will D. Upshaw) the young invalid, who has done so much to show how a christian sufferer may do the world good even when cut off from active life. Ex-Governor Northern, of Georgia, gives the book a warm and tasteful introductory note. The contents consist largely of letters to and from "Earnest Willie," but also of many articles which he has written for the press. They speak from the heart to the heart. The book would make an excellent Christmas present for a young person. It contains more than 700 pages, is prettily bound, and costs only \$1.50. Address the author at Atlanta.

W. R. Whately, Alexander City: W. E. Lloyd continues with us another year. His magnanimity of soul, profundity of thought, and largeness of Biblical conception furnish us a ballast for our ship of Zion that fortifies it steadily and surely against the wind storms and waves of the chafy theology so current in the impulse of modern religious thought. He has gained a hold on the church, and is exerting an influence that is deeply felt, for which we are all thankful.

A. J. Preston, Abbeville: Dr. A. L. Martin, the most loved and honored, as well as the most able preacher of the Judson association, will preach in the meeting house of the Abbeville Baptist church on December 25th. On that day our dear brother will be 71 years of age. For the last 30 years he has been contending earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints. He has chosen for his subject, "The Church of Christ," and we hope to see every preacher in the bounds of the association present that day. Come, brethren, and be with us, for you know that you will hear something good.—The program for our Baptist Rally will be found in this paper, which I hope you will read. We expect brethren Anderson, of Auburn, Shelton, of Montgomery, Moseley, of Geneva, Cawley, of Ft. Gaines, Ga., Deal and Simmons, of Ozark, Jones, Poyner, Callaway and Peters, of Newton, and other visiting brethren. All who will come will receive a hearty welcome. Come over, brethren, and let us have a glorious good time serving the Lord. Let us all come for the purpose of doing good and receiving good from others, and let us bless God for the privilege.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, generally known as "Earnest Willie," had an audience that was quite large for such weather at his entertainment in the lecture room of the First Baptist church on Monday night last. The program consisted of recitations and readings from his own book, interspersed with informal talks, and varied by the assistance of local talent. Miss Veni McDonald, of this city, who has contributed some very excellent poems to our columns, charmed the audience with an original recitation, almost perfect in conception and rendition, in which a partridge gives the history of his life and adventures. She has evidently lived among the birds. Miss Johnson sang a beautiful solo, as did also two young men whose names we did not learn. The pianist, too, is master of the instrument. Mr. Upshaw has been an invalid from early youth, and having thus been forced to commune much with his own heart, speaks tenderly and forcibly to the hearts of his hearers. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed.

For the Alabama Baptist.

In Bullock County.

Our esteemed and worthy brother and former pastor, Rev. J. M. Loflin, after serving us at Macedonia church for seven years, has severed his connection with us as pastor to go unto other fields. To say that he was much loved by all, but feebly expresses it. To say that his preaching of the gospel is with earnestness and power, is but to speak the truth. We are being served the present year by our young Bro. J. A. Jenkins. He rightly divides to us the bread of life with zeal and power. He is an earnest Christian and an efficient worker. He has been a licentiate for sometime, and at the request of this church he is to be ordained to the full work at his home church, on the first of January.

At our regular monthly meeting on last first Sunday we finished paying for our heater; after which our pastor appealed to us in the interest of the Orphanage, and secured in cash, subscriptions and valuables the amount of \$12.

The finance committee reported all subscribed to pastor's salary paid except about \$12, which amount they expect to get soon.

We have not done what we should for missions the present year. The finance committee will see on next first Sunday what we can do in this line. The Board may expect better things of us in the future. We are weak financially, but we are on rising ground, and expect to press onward and upward. Our pastor has promised us a visit from Bro. J. W. Stewart, and we expect an (S. O. Y.) Ray of light from Troy. Brethren, come and see us; we need you, and it would do us good. We especially request the brethren to visit our weak country churches and pray with and for us. Union Springs. D. A. C.

The Baptist Superintendent enters upon his thirteenth year with 1896. It has made an honorable record, and proved itself to be essential to every superintendent who would keep abreast with the times. Special attention is to be paid to blackboard lessons and outlines during the year. This feature alone makes it worth many times more than its price, twenty-five cents a year. Address 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., or either of the branches of the American Baptist Publication Society.

Brother Willie Moore, head of the Weather Bureau, at Chicago, recently came by the use of kites observers will be able to eliminate many of the errors in the forecasts, and effect a saving of \$100,000,000 annually to the country.

Cyrus W. Field was thirteen long years engaged in bringing the Atlantic cable to a successful completion. The final triumph amply repaid him for all his toils and sacrifices. The final chapters of Christian experience will be brighter because of past trials and conflicts. In due season we shall reap if we faint not.

Every human being has duties to be performed and therefore has need of cultivating the capacity for doing them, whether the sphere of action be the management of a household, the conduct of a trade or profession or the government of a nation.—Dr. Smiles.

The very corner-stone of an education intended to form great minds must be the recognition of the principle that the object is to call forth the greatest possible quantity of intellectual power and to inspire the intensest love of truth.—John Stuart Mill.

## something good.—The program

for our Baptist Rally will be found in this paper, which I hope you will read. We expect brethren

Anderson, of Auburn, Shelton, of Montgomery, Moseley, of Geneva,

Cawley, of Ft. Gaines, Ga., Deal and Simmons, of Ozark, Jones,

Poyner, Callaway and Peters, of Newton, and other visiting brethren.

All who will come will receive a hearty welcome. Come over, brethren, and let us have a glorious good time serving the

Lord. Let us all come for the purpose of doing good and receiving good from others, and let us bless God for the privilege.

Mr. Will D. Upshaw, generally known as "Earnest Willie," had an audience that was quite large for such weather at his entertainment in the lecture room of the First Baptist church on Monday night last. The program consisted of recitations and readings from his own book, interspersed with informal talks, and varied by the assistance of local talent. Miss Veni McDonald, of this city, who has contributed some very excellent poems to our columns, charmed the audience with an original recitation, almost perfect in conception and rendition, in which a partridge gives the history of his life and adventures. She has evidently lived among the birds. Miss Johnson sang a beautiful solo, as did also two young men whose names we did not learn. The pianist, too, is master of the instrument. Mr. Upshaw has been an invalid from early youth, and having thus been forced to commune much with his own heart, speaks tenderly and forcibly to the hearts of his hearers. The entertainment was greatly enjoyed.

For the Alabama Baptist.

In Bullock County.

Our esteemed and worthy brother and former pastor, Rev. J. M. Loflin, after serving us at Macedonia church for seven years, has severed his connection with us as pastor to go unto other fields. To say







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

## Royal Baking Powder

### ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Little Traveler.

A pale little lad in a west-bound train glanced wistfully toward a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes, though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him. "What's the trouble?" he asked. "Have you no lunch?" "Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot over there, and—and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said, gently, "and you have lost yours."

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I've never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up my lunch, gave this card to my neck. She told me to take it to the ladies on the car, and they would be kind to me; but didn't show it to any one yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words: "And whoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. "Then," he said, and made his way to the mother and her children. And presently little George felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear little fellow, begged him to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless George had no lack of "mothering."—Ex.

There is no fit search after truth which does not first of all begin to live the truth which is known.

Faith is the sacrifice of the understanding to God; repentance the sacrifice of the will.—Jeremy Taylor.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does man.—George MacDonald.

## A HELPLESS CRIPPLE

Restored to Perfect Health by the Use of the Electropole.

Skeptical Overcome—Would

as a Tonic and a

Preventive.

Last winter my daughter was attacked by the grippe, 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 the grippe, which cured 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 it is as valuable as time goes on. Given your able little book, "Poise," and common sense enough to put numbers or raise an umbrella, when it rains, and I think any disease can be anticipated and banished. I have recommended the Electropole to scores of my friends and acquaintances, and I am sure that you will have done the same. Very truly yours, HENRIETTA GATES, Venerable Archdeacon of West Missouri, Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 21, 1895.

HIS SECOND LETTER.

3429 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, HENRIETTA GATES, Venerable Archdeacon of West Missouri.

Rental terms, \$10 cash for four months, with privilege to purchase by paying \$7.50 additional at the expiration of four months.

Book of particulars free.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

W. H. JACKSON, T. P. A. Montgomery, Ala.

you don't have to suffer the pains of foot-binding, and I know the large girls are glad because the gentlemen fall in love with them, even if they don't have small feet.

Speaking of America makes me think to tell you that out on the river, not far from us, is an American steamer, and from it is floating the arms and stripes. You must know how I love to see it. I never go down that way without wanting to look for it. Sometimes it brings tears to my eyes, not because I am the least bit homesick, but because it seems to speak to me of the dear land I love so much—I never knew how much until now. When you have grown up and have gone far away from the home land, you will know what I mean. But there is one sweet thing that I love to tell over and over again, and Jesus is just as near to me in China as he was in North Carolina, and although you and I are seven thousand miles apart, he is just as near to me as he is to you. All the miles and miles of land and ocean have no power to take us away from him. Only sin can do that. Truly his plans are wonderful. Surely, "God is love." There is so much sin and suffering and sickness here that one's heart is made every day.

I saw a man lately who had been discharged from a family because he had the leprosy. I thought of the tale I heard of Jesus healing, and wished for a moment that he were here in the flesh. But this man has heard of Jesus and says that he believes in him, and if he does the leprosy will only be for this life, and there are so many here who have the dreadful leprosy of sin in their hearts, and I long to see them healed.

Now, I hope you won't think this letter is too sad. When I write I want to tell you about things just as they are, dark or bright. Not long ago I went to a Chinese feast—perhaps the next time I will tell you about that. And praying that the Lord will bless you all and help you to do something for him every day, I am

Your friend and missionary, LOTTIE W. PRICE, Shanghai, China, June 16, '95.

The Heart of America.

Southern People are American in Idea, Worshipful, Progressive and Patriotic.

Edward W. Bok pays a delightful and admiring tribute to the South and to the Southern people in December Ladies' Home Journal. Inspired by the management of the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, Ga., to keep the gates of the great exhibition closed on Sunday, in fact to have never seriously considered nor discussed opening them, Mr. Bok contends that the Southern idea in this matter of Sabbath observance, as it is in a great many other directions, is simply the pure, wholesome American idea. The most ideas upon which our government rests are Southern in origin.

They do not question Divine laws in the South; they accept and perpetuate them. Intellectual progress there goes hand in hand with the accepted beliefs of religion. The Southern mother does not explain the Bible to her children in the light of so-called "modern teachings"; she places it in their hands as her mother gave it to her. And with the fundamental principles of religion the Southern child is taught patriotism and a love of country; hence religion and patriotism stand side by side in the education of a Southern child. The Southern people believe in progress, but progress along healthy, rational lines. Theories which mentally upset find no sympathy with them. They are content to move slowly, but surely. And some day when the vast majority of us who live in other portions of this country get through with our camping-out civilization, when we drop our boastful manners, when we get old enough to understand that there is a stronghold of conservatism which stands between tyranny and anarchy, our eyes will turn toward the South. And we will see there a people who are American in ideas and in living; a people who are faithful, progressive, earnest, courageous and patriotic—a people who have made of their land, against defeat and prejudice, "the heart of America."

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Christmas Ladies' Home Journal by far surpasses, both in literary and artistic excellence, any previous issue of that popular magazine. Conspicuous among the contributions are Mr. President Harrison, who gives the introductory paper of the series he is preparing upon "This Country of Ours."

Mr. A. D. T. Whitney, in a "Friendly Letter to Girl Friends," sharply criticizes society for what it is, and shows its true mission to be a purpose, and a fitting page-mate to it is Lillian Bell's caustic analysis of "The Man Under Thirty-Five," a brilliantly witty paper. Edward W. Bok editorially discusses the South and Southern people. Dr. Parkhurst talks strongly in condemnation of "The Passion of Money-Getting"; Ezekiah Butterworth tells "How Longfellow Wrote His Best-Known Poems," and Robert J. Burdette humorously and pointedly treats of "Waiting Other People's Time." There are many other articles which will please people of various tastes. This indeed is a most attractive number of the journal, whose issues are always good. Published by the Curtis Publishing Co., 421 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Arena has reduced its price to twenty-five cents per copy with the December issue, and the current number which opens the new volume is exceptionally strong. Personal Recollections of Lowell, Emerson, Holmes, Whittier and Bryant, by such thinkers as Rev. Minot J. Savage, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Frank B. Sanborn, and Rev. John W. Chadwick, will prove exceedingly interesting to those interested in America's great poets. This symposium is illustrated with magnificent portraits of all the above named poets. Another very striking feature of this number which will interest scientific thinkers and especially physicians is from the pen of the eminent French author Henry Gaullier, entitled "The Wonders of Hypnotism As Recently Demonstrated by Leading French Scientists." Prof. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin, and Justice Walter Clark, L. L. D., argue in favor of Governmental control of the Telegraph. Prof. George D. Herron contributes an admirable paper on "The Opportunity of the Church in the Present Social Crisis." Will Allen Dromgoole opens a serial Tennessee life, which promises to be intensely interesting, and which will run during the next six issues of The Arena.

Passion of Money-Getting. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, in writing of "The Passion of Money-Making" in December Ladies' Home Journal says, concerning the prevalent idea regarding the value of an education to boys: "We are considering the effect which it is going to be had upon the boy by being led to feel that the value of his training, whether it be obtained in a business college or in any other kind of a college, is determined by the amount in cash, stocks and securities in which it may be expected ultimately to eventuate. That is an indirect, but none the less effective, way of telling the boy that money is so transcendently great a thing that the only value that anything else can have is its

## Sufferer Cured

Every season, from the time I was two years old, I suffered dreadfully from erysipelas, which kept moving worse until my hands were most useless. The bones softened so that they would bend, and several of my fingers are now crooked from this cause. On my hands I carry large scars, which, but for

AYER'S

Sarsaparilla, would be worse, provided I was alive and able to carry anything.

Eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla cured me, so that I have had no return of the disease for more than twenty years. The first bottle seemed to reach the seat of the disease, and a persistent use of it has effected the cure."—O. C. DAVIS, Automa, Wis.

AYER'S

THE ONLY WORLD-WIDE Sarsaparilla

AYER'S PILLS Promote Good Digestion.

Passion of Money-Getting. Rev. Charles H. Parkhurst, in writing of "The Passion of Money-Making" in December Ladies' Home Journal says, concerning the prevalent idea regarding the value of an education to boys: "We are considering the effect which it is going to be had upon the boy by being led to feel that the value of his training, whether it be obtained in a business college or in any other kind of a college, is determined by the amount in cash, stocks and securities in which it may be expected ultimately to eventuate. That is an indirect, but none the less effective, way of telling the boy that money is so transcendently great a thing that the only value that anything else can have is its

distressing diseases OF THE SKIN Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

## Asignificant Departure.

With a departure of another year when a review is made of the condition of affairs, it is only right that some thought be given to the physical body which enables everyone to battle with life's problem and figure for themselves the profit or loss on the trial balance sheet. Though the bank account may be large and each one's material gain may be great, it would not be surprising if it suddenly dawned upon many that good health has been greatly impoverished by the low condition of the blood. It is in this state that the lactic acid in the vital fluid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly the joints, making known the local manifestations of rheumatism. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla the great blood purifier, a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism.

Glad to be in America.

"I'm glad I live in America," said a pretty young woman, talking to a Philadelphia Inquirer reporter, "because I am never afraid to travel by myself. Last year I was in London, and went around with a friend, who is married, and we were spoken to in an insulting manner every time we

went out. Paris was still worse. People speak of the French politeness, but it is only a veneer. The men would get in front of us on every street corner and smirk and ogle and chatter like monkeys. I'm glad I didn't understand anything they said. There are no men like the American men, and I never was so fully able to appreciate it as I am, now I have seen those of other nations in their own lands. Besides, the girls are treated better here than anywhere else on earth, and I don't want to cross the ocean any more."

Distressing Diseases OF THE SKIN Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

CHAMBERLAIN'S

## Horse Flesh

is subject to injury or disease, which neglected, may result in serious loss.

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S

VOLCANIC

OIL LINIMENT

Cures Colic, Bots, Farcy, Spavin, Curbs, Charbon, Flesh Wounds, Galls, Sweeney, Lameness, Scratches and Mange.

AND EXTERNAL AILMENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SELMA - MARBLE - WORKS, SELMA, ALA.

J. N. MONTGOMERY & SON, Prop'rs.

Importers, Dealers in and Manufacturers of

Italian and American

Marble and Granite.

Monuments, Headstones, and

General Cemetery Work.

ALL KINDS OF IRON FENCES.

Write for prices and save agent's commission.

Reduction in Price.

ADVANCED QUARTERLY:

Club Price—Reduced to 2 1/4 cents per quarter; 9 cents per year.

BIBLE LESSONS:

Club Price—Reduced to 1 cent per quarter; 4 cents per year.

Two New Quarterlies.

Teacher's Edition of Senior Inductive Studies.

Teacher's Edition of Two Years with Jesus.

The Baptist Series of

Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers.

PRICE LIST.

Club prices of five or more copies to

Single copies

ADVANCED QUARTERLY

BIBLE LESSONS

Two New Quarterlies

Teacher's Edition of Senior Inductive Studies

Teacher's Edition of Two Years with Jesus

The Baptist Series of

Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers

PRICE LIST

Club prices of five or more copies to

Single copies

ADVANCED QUARTERLY

BIBLE LESSONS

Two New Quarterlies

Teacher's Edition of Senior Inductive Studies

Teacher's Edition of Two Years with Jesus

## Scientific American

Patents

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

For information and free literature write to the

Scientific American

Latest circulation of any scientific paper in the world, respectively illustrated. An illustration in each number is a valuable feature. Published weekly, except on Sundays, and on the 1st and 3rd of each month. Price, 10 cents per copy, 35 cents per year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

Horse Flesh

is subject to injury or disease, which neglected, may result in serious loss.

Dr. J. H. McLEAN'S

VOLCANIC

OIL LINIMENT

Cures Colic, Bots, Farcy, Spavin, Curbs, Charbon, Flesh Wounds, Galls, Sweeney, Lameness, Scratches and Mange.

AND EXTERNAL AILMENTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE AT 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 PER BOTTLE.

THE DR. J. H. McLEAN MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

SELMA - MARBLE - WORKS, SELMA, ALA.

J. N. MONTGOMERY & SON, Prop'rs.

Importers, Dealers in and Manufacturers of

Italian and American

Marble and Granite.

Monuments, Headstones, and

General Cemetery Work.

ALL KINDS OF IRON FENCES.

Write for prices and save agent's commission.

Reduction in Price.

ADVANCED QUARTERLY:

Club Price—Reduced to 2 1/4 cents per quarter; 9 cents per year.

BIBLE LESSONS:

Club Price—Reduced to 1 cent per quarter; 4 cents per year.

Two New Quarterlies.

Teacher's Edition of Senior Inductive Studies.

Teacher's Edition of Two Years with Jesus.

The Baptist Series of

Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers.

PRICE LIST.

Club prices of five or more copies to

Single copies

ADVANCED QUARTERLY

BIBLE LESSONS

Two New Quarterlies

Teacher's Edition of Senior Inductive Studies

Teacher's Edition of Two Years with Jesus

The Baptist Series of

Lesson Helps and Illustrated Papers

PRICE LIST

Club prices of five or more copies to