

ALABAMA BAPTIST.

"SPEAKING THE TRUTH IN LOVE."

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ALABAMA BAPTIST.

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100,000 white Baptists.

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ery, Ala., as second class mail matter.

CLIPPINGS FROM HERE AND THERE.

The best thing to do when we

make a mistake is to make it teach

us something.

The Baptists have opened their

first chapel in Switzerland, at Zu-

rich. It seats 650 people.

Holidays become holy days when

we make them the occasion for

brightening the lives of others.

We are sent into this world to

make it better and happier; and in

proportion as we do so we make

ourselves both.

The Jewish Year book estimates

that there are in the world about

11,000,000 of that race, more than

half being under Russian jurisdic-

tion.

We have two Theological Semi-

naries—Newton and Louisville, and

four colleges—Brown, Calhoun,

and others.

No one can be too careful that

he wrong not his fellowmen. He

may repent; the other may forgive;

but, when penitence and pardon

have done their utmost, still be-
yond, out of their reach, stands in-

jury unchanged and changeless.

—EX.

As ships meet at sea, a moment

together, when words of greeting

must be spoken, and then away fits

the deep, so men meet in this

world; and I think we should cross

no man's path without blessing him,

and if he needs, giving him sup-
plies.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Mr. E. N. Pochin died in England,

leaving a will which gave his estate

of \$400,000 to the British Foreign

Bible Society. He left three children

who were passed over in the will,

and after examining carefully into

the circumstances, and taking legal

advice, the society has decided to

give half to the heirs.—Western

Recorder.

God does not promise supplies

in advance. If we have only bread

for to-day, and are doing our duty

faithfully, we may trust him till to-

morrow for to-morrow's food. And

it surely comes, for God's word

fails not.—As the days come, each

one will bring with it its own little

basket, carrying a day's supplies,

but no more.—Dr. J. B. Miller.

H. Allen Tupper, jr., says:

"Since last Monday, 386 soldiers

have accepted Christ publicly as

their Savior in the large tent of the

Y. M. C. A. of the First Brigade,

On the Wing—No. 3.

W. F. RILEY.

I am sure that your readers will
not be uninterested in even a
scrappy letter about this great
world's center—London. It is the
pivot of Anglo-Saxon civilization
—the center of the world's thought.
Here have been set in motion the
agencies which have shaped the
destinies of the Saxon race. Lon-
don is the fountain source of all
that is great in the annals of Eng-
lish history. The great tragedies
of the British nation have been
acted out upon this spot. Revolu-
tions and upheavals there have
been many. They have shaken the
kingdom to its foundation many
times, but it has survived them all,
and is today the foremost of the
world's centers. It was London
before Christ was born. Old Wat-
ling street, which is today one of
the populous thoroughfares of Lon-
don, was made by the Romans un-
der Caesar.

But it is not about the London
of past ages that I desire so much
to write about as about the London
of today. The differences between
our own great metropolis across
the sea, and this, the center of the
world's greatest interest, are im-
mense. By nothing is one more
impressed who crosses the Atlantic
than by the differences in dress.

Essentially the same so far as gen-
eral custom is concerned, it is dif-
ferent in the minutest features. The
American gentleman is neat and
tidy. His garb conforms to his
person most nicely. Not so with
the London gentleman. Though he
may wear fine goods, and as a
rule does, his clothes hang about
him as if tossed on with a pitch-
fork. He has a passion for the
long frock or Prince Albert coat,
and it dangles and flaps about his
legs as if it were a robe. Indeed,
it is little short of a robe. His
trousers, as he calls them, are loose
and baggy, and want that symmet-
rical neatness which characterizes
the well-dressed gentleman of
America. The Englishman, too,
has a passion for the silk hat. The
majority of men met upon the
streets wear silk hats. This is true
of young and old, and not un-
frequently does one meet with
lads wearing the smaller silk hat.

Neckwear and shirt fronts of Eng-
lishmen are devoid of that finish and
symmetry of the American gentle-
man's garb. So different is the
dress of the English lad from that
of the American in tidiness and
finish, that one cannot fail to
notice upon the street. The English
windows abound in shoes for both
sexes, but they are shapeless and
clumsy as compared with the dainty
finishes of our footwear.

There are two ways of gaining
some idea of the immense popula-
tion of London. One is to mount
one of the double-decked "busses"
that roll in an unbroken line along
the principal streets, from which
elevation he can see the streaming
thousands coming and following;
and as he crosses the side streets he
can see yet other unnumbered thou-
sands in both directions as far as
the eye can reach. The currents of
population are so dense along the
streets and along the sidewalks that
policemen are stationed at the in-
tersection of all the principal thor-
oughfares to hold in check those of
one street and then of another so
that each may in turn have an op-
portunity to proceed. By a wave
of his hands he holds in check the
vehicles and things of one street
until the other can be delivered of its
jammed thousands. By this means
one street after another is disgorged,
and the great currents sweep on.

At each of these intersections is a
large lamp post fixed in the midst
of flagging stones in the shape of a
large diamond. Vehicles can not
roll upon these slightly elevated
streets, and upon these the foot pas-
senger may take refuge as he picks
his way on a run half way across
the street, while the surging and
grinding vehicles are passing and
mingling in every direction. So
soon as a rift in the struggling mass
presents itself the pedestrians make
a break for the opposite side, and
thus get across. Many thousands
cross in this way during the day,
and thus greatly relieve the crowded
streets.

The means of transportation
along the streets of London are
varied. One may ride on a double-
decked bus or within it, the dis-
tance of two miles for a penny.

These "busses" all move in the same
direction for a given side of the
street. They pass along the chief
streets every minute, and upon their
points are indicated the principal
points at which they touch. While
one line is rolling up one side the
street, another line is passing in
the opposite direction on the other.
These go at the rate of five or six
miles an hour. Then there are in-
numerable handcars drawn each
by a single horse with jingling bells
upon his bridle. One or two per-
sons may be accommodated in these.

The driver is perched high above
his vehicle in the rear, and dex-
terously guides his fleet horse in ser-
pentine dodges along the street.
The wheels of these are rimmed
with rubber, and they roll noise-
lessly and swiftly over the fine,
smooth streets. Then there is the
old-fashioned cab with four seats;

the electric carriage, that moves
with the whizzing noise so peculiar
to electric cars, and the under-
ground railway. New York runs
her electric cars through the air;
London burrows into the earth for
her trains of rapid transit.

One sees no such buildings in
London as he sees in New York.
In the latter place the buildings
climb toward the stars; in London
they bore toward the center of the
earth. In great business houses
they follow descending stairs down
in subterranean apartments, which
are constantly lighted by gas.

It is estimated that London has
a population of 6,000,000. It has
an army of 17,000 policemen. The
city is growing at the rate of 108
daily. One may estimate the fabu-
lous price of real estate in London
when he learns that as it is gener-
ally bought and sold here it is at
the rate of two million dollars per
acre. One can readily see from
what I have said how indispensable
the horse is to London. The city
is too crowded ever to admit of
electric or cable cars, or even ele-
vated railways. One bus line uses
14,000 horses and carries at the
rate of 9,000,000 annually. I could
furnish figures equally as appalling,
but must pass on to other matters.

I became deeply interested in the
matter and manner of municipal
government in London, and in a
casual conversation with an intelli-
gent Baptist clothier here, found
that he was a member of the city
council. He revealed to me the
enormity of the details of this mar-
vellous city. In its remotest quar-
ters I found everything moving
like a clock. Every break in the
most distant streets was cared for,
every gutter was kept clean, the
same order prevailed. This has
come with the growth of the great
city, and from a central council
committees and sub-committees and
committees look after these affairs.

I gained many new lessons in the
art of administration. In no one have I become
more interested than in this typical John
Bull of an Englishman—John Pig-
gott, the clothier. He told me
how he and a few others of his
kind had held steadfastly to the
literal interpretation of the mean-
ing of the Word of God. He is
what is known as a Particular Baptist—
rigid, firm, uncomquerable. I
told him that he was a Hard-shell.
Then, of course, had to explain
what a Hard-shell is. He agreed
that he was one when I told him
what we called Hard-shells. He was
of the opinion that all Ameri-

canists, and was surprised to learn
differently. One day this week I went
with our party to Windsor Castle,
the home of English sovereigns since
the days of William the Conqueror.
Tradition makes this seat of sov-
ereignty the headquarters of the
mythical King Arthur of the story
books, who is said to have rallied
his Knights of the Round Table on
Windsor Hill. Windsor Castle is
an immense structure, which has
been added to century after century
by the succeeding sovereigns of
England. The Norman Tower and
Gate still stand as the monuments
erected by William the Conqueror.

It is old and worn, beaten by
the rains and storms of nearly ten
centuries. Here lived the Edwards,
Henrys, Johns, Jameses, Charles,
Elizabeths, Annes, Williams and
Marys of English history. Here re-
sides within these grim and vener-
able walls Victoria. Could these
old blasted and crumbling walls
speak, how much could they not
tell of revolutions hatched, of in-
trigues formed, of diplomacy pro-
jected through the long, dreary
centuries of war and blood of one
thousand years.

The day on which I went to
Windsor, twenty miles away, hap-
pened to be a great state occasion.
The chief court of the castle and its
great arched wings were alive with
dignitaries and royalty. Generals,
lords, knights, dukes and mar-
quises were common spectacles.
Uniforms bedizened with stars and
brilliant with golden sash and
badges, flashed and glittered every-
where. Tossing plumes of red,
white and black waved over multi-
tudes of heads. I learned that some
fellow of the realm was being in-
vested with knighthood. Gaily
decked horses cantered and plunged
as they were driven here and there
by uniformed Jehus. The royal
bands played, and we common peo-
ple looked on in amazement and
listened with rapture. Court cere-
mony was at its height. Having
learned that the queen would pass
a certain way, I took my stand
against an iron fence to see her, and
though a red coat with measured
tread and musket erect, passed me
again and again, risked all and
stood fast. The boys joined me in
steadfast gaze. Finally a carriage
drawn by two prancing roans, driv-
en by red-coated drivers rolled into
the courtyard. A horseman fol-
lowed in full uniform. At last I
was rewarded by a sight of the
queen—an infirm old lady—with
her maids, who tottered down the
steps of a portion of the castle and
was helped into the carriage, while
fags, feathers and fannels were
packed about her until it seemed
that they would literally suffocate
the poor old woman. Crouched in
the corner of the open carriage with

just enough of her face out for her
to breathe, sat Queen Victoria who
was being drawn to her evening
meal. The coachman mounted the
box, the carriage rolled through the
court and under one of the arch-
ways and disappeared beyond the
gray walls of Windsor Castle.

A day or two later I applied at
the American Embassy for tickets
of admittance to the House of Com-
mons. The tickets were obtained
and I bled away to the House of
Parliament upon the Thames. I
passed four guards within the en-
closure, showed my ticket to each,
and was finally stopped; my ticket
was taken and I was told to await
its being signed by some official.
At last a uniformed officer handed
it to me, and pointing to me the
doors leading from the rotunda,
said, "That is your door, sir."

I thanked him and dashed toward the
door and followed along a passage
way, and at the end of the passage
I found a uniformed officer and show-
ing a ticket, I continued on and
went wing just where I was going,
turning now to the right and again
to the left, until I was confronted
by a wall, to the left of which was
a door way, and I was in the gal-
lery of the House of Commons.

I was much disappointed to find
it so small—a room of oblong pro-
portions—about seventy feet in
length and fifty in width. Beneath
sat the members of the House
on long, cushioned benches. The
members wore their hats, the speak-
ers and the three secretaries, wore
great grey wigs, the former sitting
in a large plain seat, while the three
were slightly in advance. The
speaker would call the names of the
members, and each one would rise
with papers in his hand, take off
his hat and say something about a
given measure and resume his seat.

Finally a debate sprang up between
two Irish members and the "Chan-
cellor of the Exchequer, Michael
Beach Hicks. These Irish members
were assaulting his administration
of educational affairs in Ireland,
and he was replying with vigor.
Many were the drawing "Ah's" and
"Ab's," which characterize
British oratory. There was none
of the rattling fusillade of Ameri-
can oratory. I thought that if they
could have a Tom Watsons and
Jerry Simons there, they would
find out what a breezy debate is.

On Sunday I went to hear Thom-
as Spurgeon. Whatever may be
said of Spurgeon's ability, and he
is not an able preacher, certain it is
that he has religion. He is a vigor-
ous, consecrated, plain spoken
Christ. His method is hortatory—
direct, pungent, forceful. He calls
things by their right names, but
never startles you with originality.
I have heard country preachers that
could surpass him, but then he is
the son of his father. To this fact
he is more indebted for his popu-
larity than to any considerable in-
dividual merit. When the work
which brought me to London is
done—day after to-morrow—I will,
God willing, cross the channel into
France.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Dr. Teague's Article.

I am preparing to start for a
meeting some distance away, but
must sit long enough to pen a re-
quest to all ministers who may have
failed to read carefully. Dr.
Teague's article, "In Relation to
the Ministry," to get the paper of
July 28 and read it immediately and
carefully. Those sentiments are
thoroughly Scriptural, profoundly
logical and supremely practical,
and more needed just in such times
as these than under ordinary con-
ditions. The pioneer Baptist fathers
believed, taught and exemplified
them. Dr. Teague, the few
surviving elderly ministers and
some truly loyal younger ones, yet
believe and act upon it, else one-
half of our pulpits would be vacat-
ed. I challenge any man who
desires comfort and independently de-
mands the literature required by
the age, to live in a vast majority
of country fields without semi-secu-
larization, so called.

Dr. Teague's communications
are always worth much. I never see
an article with his name or initials
that I do not read. The best ser-
mon I ever preached was suggested
by one sentence in one of his com-
munications. God spare him to a
grateful people.

B. H. CRUMPTON.

P. S. The other points of his
article are just as true and profit-
able, but no time to write more.

B. H. C.

Some of our Presbyterian brethren
seem to be opposed to having
in their new hymnal that sweet
spiritual hymn of Cowper's, "There
is a fountain filled with blood." Their
objection is that the scrip-
tures do not speak of "a fountain
filled with blood into which sinners
are plunged," and that this
figure suggests immersion. The
same reasoning would find much
more serious trouble with the third
chapter of Matthew, the first of
Mark, the eighth of Acts, the sixth
of Romans, as well as with some
other passages in the Bible. The
raising of objections is, by the way,
a much more serious thing than
most people think.—Baptist Coun-
cil.

For the Alabama Baptist.

Poston Paragaphs.

This has been the hardest year of
my life, so far. I have done more
work and received less money than
in any year preceding. I cannot
do anything for the Howard now,
but just as soon as the board settles
with me I will give the dead old
Howard \$50. If all the preachers
in the state would do as much ac-
cording to their ability you would
never hear of the debt of Howard
College again. I will also give
\$50 to relieve the State Board.
Brethren, let us get out of debt.

Let us do more, even if we talk
less.

I want to say a few words about
our State mission work.

There is a tendency all over the
state to turn to associational mis-
sion work. It is a mistake. When
I remember that Baptists are
eccentric in their form of church
government, that the churches have
representation in our associations,
and they know it. But in our con-
vention, if they have any representa-
tion they do not seem to know it.
We may criticize the churches all
we please for wanting to know
"What the money goes," but they
have a right to know. It is true
that they could know more about
where the money goes if they would
spend less time growing and more
time in trying to learn the truth.

I hear a great deal said occasion-
ally about how to reach the masses.
My observation has taught me that,
according to population, there are
about two Christians in the coun-
try to one in the towns and cities.
But it may be that those in the
towns and cities are enough better
than those in the country to make
up for lack of numbers; but it must
be admitted that those who go from
the cities to the country are not fair
samples, unless it can be made to
appear that the true spirit of Chris-
tianity is to play cards, dance and
drink.

The difference in a city Christian
and a country Christian is that the
city Christian gives his money to
the Lord and his time to the devil,
while the country Christian gives
his time to the Lord and his money
to the devil. Of course there are
exceptions to all rules.

It does seem to me that if our town
and city pastors would occasionally
let their people rest a day and go
out and help their country brother,
it would be pleasing in the sight of
the Lord. But don't go out with
a bouquet, but with the best gen-
tleman you have. Teach the
people to give their money to their
pastors.

Let us all as our duty to give
the mission cause and all other
benevolent enterprises. Then if
some of our deacons would go out
and be social, to say the least of it,
with our country brethren, it would
be duly appreciated. I find some
who are greatly in favor of mission
work if the other fellow will do
the work. Let us give, work and
pray, and pray, work and give.
Let us give our hard earnings, our
personal efforts and our earnest
prayer to the great work of evan-
gelizing the world.

A. J. PRESTON.

N. B. I shall try to attend the
following associations: Troy, Har-
ris, Salem, Judson, Newton Cen-
tennial, Alabama, Haw Ridge,
Sardis, Eufula, New Providence,
Columbia and Pea River.

A. J. P.

Transformed Sorrow.

BY REV. GEORGE COOPER, D.D.

Strange, even paradoxical, seem
these words of Christ, "Your sor-
row shall be turned into joy." What
was the cause of the one emo-
tion will reverse its action and be-
come the cause of the opposite.
What has been the occasion for
deep grief and hopeless despair be-
comes, slowly or suddenly, the oc-
casion of a joy which is beyond
violence, is independent of external
circumstances, is fed from springs
that never dry. Our purest and
nobler joys are transformed sor-
rows. How is the transformation
wrought?

Put God behind and above them.
On the other side of the cloud
there is always a bright light. How
often the cloud often makes
dark masses palpitate with gold-
en radiance. We are on the un-
der side, the dark side. Believe
that God, in wise, tender, loving
power, is behind and above the sor-
row. There is a divine purpose in
it. It was no haphazard blunder;
no unforeseen calamity. It is not
the black harvest of the seed of sin
sown in the past. It was not the
act of an angry tyrant. It was not
fate. God permitted it in love. It
may puzzle, may start questions,
may suggest doubts. But "Thou
didst it." We know him, though
we may not know what he does.
His character will explain and illu-
minate his dealings. To stand in the
darkness, and yet know that God is
in it as light, is faith's transfigura-
tion. Things which seem dark,
inexplicable, impossible even for
God to allow without suffering
wrong to himself, are really bright
with goodness. "I will sing unto
the Lord because he hath dealt lov-
ingly with me." The dark cloud
begins to brighten. The sorrow is
being changed.

Others may be helped by our sor-

rows. Suffering is for service, not
for selfish grief. Suffering is our
ordination to the ministry of help
and comfort. By trial we are fitted
to be the channels of God's mercy
to other souls. Will my experience
make clear to some poor sufferer
that a refuge God is in the time of
trouble? Will some mother be re-
conciled more sweetly to her child's
loss if she sees how my child's
death is making her finished life
more potent for good? Do my sor-
rows make me more luminous to
other children of sorrow? That is
the spirit of Christ. "For their sakes
I sanctify myself, that they also
may be sanctified in the truth." That
is the reason why he, the Man
of sorrows, was the most joyful of
men. "I rejoice in my sufferings
for you," said Paul. Because I
know they are for you makes me
rejoice in them. It is a high attain-
ment of faith and fortitude to try
to turn the pain to others' good.
But it is possible. The same spirit
that did it for Christ can do it for
us. Turn your sorrows into cur-
rents of sympathy for others, and
they will become streams of bless-
ing.

I am filling up the lacking mea-
sure of Christ's suffering. Perhaps
the words startle. Did Christ's suf-
fering have any lacking in them?
Do they receive any supplement?
No, indeed. But remember, what
Scripture teaches, that all the sorrows of Christ's own
are one great whole. They are all
his. They are felt and borne by
him. In all our afflictions he is af-
flicted. Community of life brings
community of sensation. He knows
their limit. Their fullness is clear
to him. What we suffer as his own
was lacking in his sufferings. It
was not possible that he should
have every single experience we
have. He never suffered as a pa-
tient. He left that for us. "Temp-
tation in all points," is not tempted
in all things. Many combinations
of circumstances common to us never
occurred in his life. Each sorrow
of each Christian heart is one drop
more added to the contents of the
measure that has to be filled up ere
the purposes of God are accom-
plished.

We are thy body, Lord, and what,
as man, thou dost not undergo,
Thy suffering members still supply.
To fill up what thou didst forego.
And so, oh, mystery of love!
Thy ours to prove by kindred mind
Thy deepest fellowship with thee,
And fill up that which is behind.

How long must we wait for that
transformation? We know not. It
says, "But, oh, how long!" and
sometimes! Be patient. He brings
eth out to light the shadow of
death." Even now he may be say-
ing, "Out of thy deepest darkness
let there be light, and thy sorrow
be turned in so joy."—Examiner.

Good can hardly fail to come out
of the discussion which has recently
risen in England, relative to the
evident decadence of Baptist prin-
ciples and practices in that coun-
try. Our English Baptist brethren
are coming to their senses—at least,
some of them are—and are begin-
ning to see that their indifference
to the baptism of their church mem-
bers is tending to the suppression
and the final abandonment of bap-
tism. English Baptists seem never
to have been fully awake to the vi-
tality of the question, though some
of them have stood, with a degree
of firmness, for the true faith and
the only consistent practice. When
unbaptized men may be not only
members, but officers in a "Bap-
tist" church, its Baptist character
must soon pass away. If the Bap-
tists do not care for their principles
and practice any more than to ad-
mit the unbaptized to their church-
es, and to the Lord's Supper, they
must not expect that others will
care for them and seek to promote
those principles. To receive un-
baptized persons to church mem-
bership is simply multiplying those
who practice baptism, and an
"open table" signifies an open
church door. It is utterly inconsis-
tent to admit to the Lord's table
those who could not be at the same
time enrolled in the church mem-
bership. And to admit the unbap-
tized to membership is to put bap-
tism and non-baptism upon the
same plane. To do that is to abo-
lish baptism and cast contempt upon
the command of the ascending
Lord.—Journal and Messenger.

Hearing Sermons.

An African preacher, speaking
from the words, "What is a man
profited if he shall gain the whole
world and lose his own soul?"
mentioned, among other things,
that many lost their souls by being
too charitable! Seeing the congre-
gation astonished beyond measure
at his saying this, he very emphati-
cally repeated it, and then proceed-
ed to explain his meaning. "Many
people," said he, "attend meeting
and hear the sermon; and when it

preached three-
helpful sermons.
Holy Ghost and
Albert Hask, of
e with me and
preaching. He
to be educa'ed
e. I baptized to-
arts, and there are
ho professed con-
m we hope will
church. I go in a
South Alabama
the Howard.
LLIN A. LOCKE.

meeting at the First
on, which closed
rything considered
s. Every member
e part in the ser-
d, and three joined
e evidence of the
of the meeting on
munity, is that after
ve the pastor a very
g. The good things
into the pastorium
d continued at in-
all the next day.
though they would
These tokens of
oving favor coming
and people, greatly
astor and make his
gift my hat and make
an earnest "God
all who participated
ness. Bro. J. R.
ith us three days.
gave us a call and
non. Bro. Sutton
s had good meet-
econd, and Third
on is in better con-
ed and happy. We
er things.
F. M. WOODS.

closed a good meet-
ope church, Pike
A. B. Metcalf, of
he preaching after
ay. His sermons
and so plain that a
d understand them.
irely upon the Holy
Metcalf is a sound
denominations love
y hear him preach.
in a cold condition
before the meeting
every male member
a public and testifi-
t. A very serious
n in the church for
between two of the
after the service.
Bro. Metcalf pro-
a hatchet buying
wo members met and
hearty handshaking
e old trouble for all
Such a revival was
ed in the community
en were received into
fourteen of them on
faith.
Metcalf is a safe preach-
tor to have in a pro-
g was true, the con-
ge and attentive, and
ope left in a live, ac-
d. W. C. AVANT.

church, at Stanton, has
meeting of eight days,
e had cause to rejoice
ful to the Lord for his
blessing.
Savell, of Selma, came
day after the fourth
remained until Satur-
e preached for us, and
ations gave him good
fany came forward for
considerable interest
The pastor baptized
ay morning; among
was Dr. C. N. Parnell.
e. One was received
ast night. Four were
er watchcare and one
fteen in all. I have
eople take such inter-
eting in a long time.
pirit of the Lord was
ro. Savell came among
ger, but endeared him-
and has left many be-
will be glad to see him
W. J. RUDDICK.

just closed a nine days'
Mud Creek church, near
Jefferson county. Bro.
East Lake, assisted
preaching. He was my
and the people have
dence in him, and his
re very acceptable to all.
from Oak Grove, was
d did some earnest work.
the teacher in the lit-
there, was of valuable
has an excellent school,
ng good work. Sister
y, from Pleasant Ridge
r Bessemer, visited the
nd rendered some fine
nbership, with but few
heartily responded to
arch in conference in
d me to appoint a com-
ve young sisters to col-
n money; they are hav-
necess. I am contem-
nmission rally at the next
eting of the church. The
are the names of the mis-
ttee: Sisters Ella Laird,
oodwin, Emma Parsons,
ustson and Lu Candie.

rch is greatly revived,
xt used indicates the sit-
the 133d Psalm.
ting closed at the water
h Sunday in July, with
ed and two joined by
y-six brethren and fifty-
gave the right hand of
There were between
o people to witness the
e the ALABAMA BA-
J. D. MARTIN.

