

SEND IN YOUR BACK DUES AND RENEWAL FOR OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT

# ALABAMA BAPTIST

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## PARAGRAPHS

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### DO IT NOW.

If you have paid up to January 1st, and want your paper stopped, please drop us a postal card.

If your time expires January 1st and you haven't paid up and want your paper stopped, send us what you owe and we will stop it.

If you have paid up to January 1st and want the paper to come on during 1907, you needn't write us as we will take pleasure in continuing to send it and let you pay for it some time during the year.

If you are able to pay for your paper in advance, you will help us greatly by sending in \$2.00 as early as possible.

We need \$5,000 on January 1st. Our subscribers owe it to us. If you are in arrears we beg you to make a special effort to pay what you owe. If you can't pay all send a part and let's start 1907 on a new basis.

At the home of the pastor, by Rev. L. S. Foster, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 11, 1906, Dr. C. L. Cork and Miss Sallie Patrick were married. Both of Tuscaloosa county. Many friends wish the happy couple bon voyage over the sea of life.

Beulah, Forest, New Hope and Grant's Creek churches are or will be pastorless by January next. We desire a good, strong, active, young man without a family, as at this time a home for a family is hard to reach. Write to J. M. Smith, Snoddy, Ala.

Don't get mad with us just because we want a little cash for furnishing you with religious literature for months and years. It is curious how some people pay their tailor, shoemaker, grocer, etc., as a matter of course, but kick if they have to pay for their religious paper. We are not mad, but just think some folks are mighty queer.

We have our new church completed at Moundville and worshiped in it last Sunday first time. We have denied ourselves to build this church, but we think we have the prettiest church in Hale county. The Cahaba association meets with us next September. We want to arrange to entertain them royally and want you to be sure to be with us.—W. P. Phifer.

By an oversight somewhere last year and the year before the minutes of the association failed to give Pinson church credit for missions (except the Ladies' Aid Society). I haven't the figures before me. They are not large, but are up to the average, all things considered, I am sure. In justice to the good people of Pinson, please give space and oblige, Z. S. Wyatt.

In the city of Mobile at the residence of Mr. E. B. Lyman, Mr. R. W. Brown and Miss M. W. Churchill were married December 7, 1906. Mr. Brown is a young man of sterling worth. Mrs. Brown (nee Miss Churchill) is a fine Christian character and an earnest, faithful worker in church and Sunday school. They are both Baptists and start out in life with bright prospects.—C. H. Morgan.



AND the angel said unto them, Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all the people: for there is born unto you this day in the city of David a Saviour, who is Christ, the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, And on earth peace, good will among men.

Brother W. D. Powell has been the preacher at the Liberty College chapel for the past week, and a great week it was. He preached at 8 a. m. and 7 p. m. each day. The student body has been greatly blessed, many souls saved and a deeper consecration. Sunday the meetings were held in the Baptist church and the morning service was enriched by a great mission collection amounting to \$1,053.55; no high pressure methods either. This is more than double any former year for our church. The young ladies in the College Home gave over \$50. It seemed that every one wanted a part in it. Our school is the first in Kentucky to adopt this plan, but the results were glorious. We have a missionary meeting on Friday night in each month. May those who read this pray for us, and may we do our full duty. We give God the glory and praise. Fraternal-ly, J. Henry Burnett, Glasgow, Ky.

What has become of the committee appointed at the last state convention to arrange for the encampment? Have they selected the place yet? Huntsville would like to be considered when it comes to deciding where it will be held. Our big Spring, the pride of Madison county, the unvarying flow of which is pure and clear, is a never ending source of comfort and joy to all the people. Hotel facilities here are unsurpassed, and places to accommodate large crowds numerous, besides on Monte Sano, three miles from the city, there is a beautiful hotel with charming environments. I can conceive of nothing that should prove more helpful and pleasurable than the encampment, especially for those who expect to take a summer outing. The committee should select the very best talent in the various professions to instruct, amuse and entertain the assembly, for many will attend to study and learn while recreating.—R. E. Pettus.

## PARAGRAPHS

SEND IN BACK DUES AND RENEWAL FOR OUR CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

### SEE THE LABEL.

Christmas is nearly here and soon the paper will bear the 1907 date and yet many good men and women who are abundantly able to pay their back dues have failed to do it, and thereby made it hard on us for the heavy expenses of conducting a religious paper pile up week by week. They must be met, and the only resources out of which they can be provided are in receipts for subscriptions and advertising. Look now at the little label on the first page and send us the amount which its figures suggest. It is a small matter to you to do this. To neglect it will be a source of embarrassment to friends who love you dearly and are trying honestly to serve you. The best time to send your renewal is right now before you forget it, and while you have the money. Don't wait until Christmas; you may be broke. Send it right along.

Your paper has grown in substantial reading matter and I hope you may continue its efficient editor. Wishing for you and yours a happy Christmas, I am yours fraternally, O. P. Bentley.

Our hearts are sad when we think of the continued illness of the wife of our dear brother, Rev. W. M. Olive, of East Lake. For several months she has been confined to her bed, and there is at present little hope of her recovery. May the Lord spare her the prayer of a friend.

Subscribers will please remit promptly for their payments which are due on the Howard endowment, as the money can not be collected from the Educational Society until the payments are made. The subscriptions and bonds do not count in collecting this sum, but we must certify to actual collection of money.—William A. Davis, Treasurer, Anniston, Ala.

I spent last Sunday at Bradford Mines and at Hopewell church, a few miles away, preaching at the former place in the morning and at the mines at night. This is the former home of Brother J. D. Dorman and Rev. I. W. Dorman, his father. This community is rapidly developing into one of the best mining districts in the county and this church is one of the best country churches in the county. I regret that I did not meet the pastor, Brother Ben Hughes, who is seriously ill at his home.—S. O. Y. Ray.

I will be in a meeting at Harpersville next week and go from here to Cooks Springs, then to Beatrice. Will be glad to go anywhere the brethren want me and hope they will not hesitate to send for me. Have been preaching day and night for twenty weeks. I expect to make my headquarters at Talladega in the near future and hope to be busy all the time. You may count on me doing something for the Alabama Baptist everywhere I go. Hope to put it in hundreds of homes during next year.—W. J. Ray.



### WHAT THE ANTI-SALOON LEAGUE OF ALABAMA WILL ASK OF THE NEXT LEGISLATURE.

#### A County Local Option Law.

Today the citizens of our counties have absolutely no means of preventing saloons from being established in their county, unless a special act is passed by the legislature, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in a certain county or counties. Such an action takes from the citizenship of a county all responsibility and places it upon the members of the legislature. We shall not ask the legislature to vote to close a single saloon, but we will ask them to give Alabama's citizens the right, both American and Democratic to protect their homes by popular vote on the question.

The proposed bill will not effect territory from which saloons are already excluded.

Our present no saloon territory is the result of years of effort on the part of its most substantial citizenship, and we feel confident that the legislature will not ask this territory to put up what it has already won as a stake to be gambled for.

#### What the Proposed Law Will Provide.

**Petition.**—On petition of a certain per cent of the qualified voters in any county where the sale of intoxicating liquors is authorized by law the probate judge must issue an order for an election to be held in the entire county, within forty days from the time petition was filed in his office.

**Election.**—The election is carried on by the regular election officials and is in every sense the same in power as a regular election of public officials.

**Result Against the Sale.**—If the result of this election shows a majority of votes against the sale of intoxicating liquors, then, at the expiration of the license year, all places in the county where intoxicating liquors are sold must close their doors and no more liquors may be sold at any place within that county for a period of two full years from the expiration of the license year, and thereafter, unless another petition has been filed and an election held, which results in a majority of the votes being cast for the sale of intoxicating liquors in that county. Such elections can not be held oftener than every two years.

**Results for the Sale.**—If the result is a majority for the sale of intoxicating liquors then each political subdivision in the county may protect itself from saloons by presenting to the authority to issue saloon licenses a petition signed by a certain per cent of the qualified voters of the community affected, asking such authority to not issue license or licenses, and such petition makes it mandatory that no license or licenses be issued. No saloon can be established or carried on at any point without first presenting with their application for license a petition signed by a certain per cent of the qualified voters of the territory where saloons are to be established. The names on such petitions shall be advertised for three successive weeks and no license can be issued until the end of the fourth week, during which time a counter petition may be filed and must be considered by the licensing authority, and if conforming to the law shall have power to destroy the petition and application for saloon licenses, and no such licenses may be granted.

#### Repeal of the Infamous Twenty Freeholders' Law.

The foregoing section of the proposed bill will repeal the infamous twenty freeholders' petition right to establish saloons, and will confer the right of local option by petition on every political subdivision of our Alabama counties. By this means a town in a county voting by a majority for the sale of liquors may establish its sale, but upon the other hand a town giving a majority against the sale in a county where the county has voted for the sale can protect itself and pre-

vent the sale of intoxicating liquors. It is a pure type of home rule on the liquor question. Provision is made that in a county voting for the sale of liquors this shall be an exclusive permission for saloons to open their doors, but on the contrary, if the people desire to establish a dispensary this can be done, and saloons excluded, thus giving the widest liberties to the people to decide this important question for themselves.

#### A Fair Proposition.

The foregoing outline of our proposed legislation indicates its fairness and only an extreme liquor partisan who believes that the liquor crowd should have all the liberties and rights and the moral temperance citizens none at all will find room to quibble or complain at the provisions set forth. The fiat has been issued by the citizenship of Alabama that they must have the right to decide this matter for themselves. The great Democratic party of Alabama, speaking authoritatively in its state platform declares, plank 24: "We favor laws establishing and governing the privilege of local option for the sale of intoxicating liquors in this state."

#### A Law Enforcement Measure.

Will be provided in the form of an anti-shipping bill, which will make it lawful for any person or persons, individual or corporation, public or private carrier to bring into or distribute in any county, district, precinct, town or city where the sale of intoxicating liquors has been prohibited whether by special act of the legislature or by vote of the people under the local option law, any spirituous, vinous, malt or other intoxicating liquors regardless of the name by which it may be called. Each package so delivered or distributed to constitute a separate offense, and the place of delivery of such liquors shall be held to be the place of sale.

#### A Call To Arms.

On January 7, 1907, the new legislature organizes, and very soon thereafter our bill will be introduced. We are counting upon the pastors in each community to act as a rallying force to enust the sympathy and active cooperation of every good citizen in your community. Write your representative and senator. Tell them you are ready to stand behind them in every righteous action. Have others write them. Five hundred to a thousand letters from any county in Alabama assuring our legislators that you are ready to back them up is a more powerful agent than all the bulldozing threats and hopey-smear'd temptations of the liquor crowd. Fight a good fight. Keep the faith!

BROOKS LAWRENCE,  
Superintendent.

#### SENT TO CLERKS AND PASTORS.

Dear Brother:

December is foreign mission month. Why not put \$10,000 in the Foreign Mission Board's Treasury this month, instead of putting it off until April? We can do it if we will. What an amount of interest on borrowing money it would save!

All the news from the Foreign field is encouraging. The board has sent out some of our brightest and best. Others are preparing to go, among them the beautiful daughter of our brother W. J. E. Cox, pastor of St. Francis street church, Mobile. She becomes the wife of young Dr. A. S. Taylor, who consecrates a splendid life, with the best equipment, to the medical mission work in China.

Only a little while ago, young brother Bouldin one of our Jackson County boys, with his Tennessee wife, left for Japan. God is honoring our State by making liberal offerings to support the Messengers He is sending forth.

Brother, please do not let December pass without a liberal offering from your Church and Sunday School. I

ask the reader of this to read it before the Church, and urge a liberal response.

Fraternally,  
W. B. CRUMPTON.

#### READ THIS STRONG LETTER.

My Dear Brother:

I feel grateful to God and the brethren for continued favors and evidence of growth in our Alabama work the past year. But I cannot be satisfied, nor should any of us be until we "awake in His likeness." The increased growth and liberality of our people from year to year fills my heart with thanksgiving; but we are not doing a tenth of what we can do. Alabama Baptists are rapidly growing in numbers, in intelligence and in wealth. Numbers of our people are now rich, many others are accumulating property, while most of the others are in comfortable circumstances. Our zeal for His cause and our contributions to maintain it are not nearly keeping pace with our material prosperity. I want to ask you to read carefully the enclosed trace "After the Association, what?"

It is a solemn question. We should not be satisfied for the next Association year to be no better than the one just closed. We have the making of the record largely in our own hands. "The good hand of our God" is promised to be with us if we put forth the effort.

I ask of you three things: Pray for me and the Mission cause. Write me occasionally, get literature and circulate among your people. Call the leaders of your church together and with them plan the year's work and press it to a finish.

Please do not treat the suggestion about the Schedule lightly. There is more promise in that to our Mission Cause and other benevolent interests than in any other scheme we have ever inaugurated. One pastor, whose people worship in a handsome, new building, thinks the cards look too common to be on the beautiful walls. That can be easily remedied by a little artistic device which will make them really attractive.

With a heart full of love for my brethren in the pastorate and for the churches of my Lord, I am, your brother in His blessed service.

W. B. CRUMPTON

#### AFTER THE ASSOCIATION, WHAT?

The associations for 1906 are over. To the Baptists these meetings ought to mean much. No other denomination has associations or anything akin to them; they are peculiarly Baptist institutions. They are meetings of great power. Here the representatives of the churches are enthused about the great enterprises of the denomination and go back to their churches all aglow with zeal. Here the plans are matured for the co-operative work of the next year. But too often the enthusiasm dies with the meeting of the association.

#### This Ought Not So To Be.

The association has no power to command and enforce obedience—all is voluntary, but there is so much good to come to the churches and to the cause at large by combined effort! The plans agreed upon at the association should be carried out. What will be done after the association? is the question we propound to the pastors.

Time and again these words occurred in the reports: "We commend to the churches the plan of the apportionment and the schedule suggested by the convention." Everywhere brethren shook the hand of the secretary and said: "God bless you, we will stand by your efforts." At one association a pastor asked me to stand up, while the brethren came forward and gave me their hands pledging

hearty co-operation. These expressions cheer my heart and compensate for all the hard travel, the late hours and sometimes sickness brought on by exposure.

#### God Bless the Pastors.

Here is what some of them said: "I began the Sunday after the association, and propose to keep every object before my people throughout the year." Another said: "I agree with our secretary that the new associational year begins when we turn our faces toward home after the association; and I began to formulate plans to do the work assigned me."

Another remarked: "Brother Crumpton, when the next associational year closes I am going to have in my hand twelve receipts from you for each of my churches. We go down among the regulars from this time forth."

I am now in the office

#### Planning Great Things.

What will the next year bring to us? Will the brethren help me to make it glorious? I can do but little without them.

Brethren, why not? If an amount was apportioned to your church it can be easily raised, if you begin now. If no amount was suggested, get the church to name an amount for the year. Nothing helps so much as to have a definite amount before you.

The Sunday after the association the new year begins. The schedule ought to be tacked up in every church. This keeps all our benevolences before the people and they have the opportunity to give regularly to each. The schedule, the pledge cards and the envelopes can be had free by writing to me.

W. B. CRUMPTON.

#### COLUMBIA, ALA.

On November 25th Rev. J. H. Riffe came to assist in a meeting at our church. The meeting continued for twelve days, with increased interest and encouraging results. Brother Riffe is a strong preacher, safe and sound. He has been employed for three-fourths of his time in Columbia Association, to do evangelistic work. We expect gratifying results.

Yesterday, December 9, was one of our best days. Large congregations at each service; one addition on profession of faith at the morning service. One hundred and sixteen in Sunday school.

At 3 o'clock we had a crowded house at which time sixteen were buried with Christ in baptism. Total additions during the meeting, twenty, making twenty-five since 1st of October. We have been here one and a half years and feel encouraged with the outlook. Last month the church voted to do away with the annual call and increased pastor's salary. For every encouragement the pastor is grateful to God and to the church. Truly Columbia Baptists are a goodly people to live among.—C. N. James, pastor.

#### FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING.

The fifth Sunday meeting of the second and third districts, consolidated, of the DeKalb county association will be held with the Baptist church of Corinth, Jackson county, Alabama, December 28, 29 and 30.

Friday: 11 a. m., introductory sermon, E. Upton J. Chadwick, 12:00, adjournment, 2:00 p. m., devotional exercises, S. C. Richard; 2:30 p. m., organization, 3 p. m., If the days of miracles are past, when did they pass and why? S. D. Killian.

Saturday—9:00 a. m., How are the dead raised up, and with what body do they come? W. P. Kelley, 11:00 a. m., missionary sermon, E. Crawford, 2:00 p. m., What are the most successful means of Satan in destroying the souls of men? Lowe.

Sunday—9:00 a. m., Does the church need a Sunday school? If so, how should engage therein?

K. W. WILLBANKS, Chairman.

PUPILS OF OTHER DAYS.

II.

Far different from the subject of a former sketch, Miss Leiter, Lady Curzon, was another pupil of mine in the Pinckney institute of Washington, a girl of marked beauty, the largest measure of vivacity, bright, cheerful and full of spirit. She was the daughter of an army officer of prominence. With all her brightness and spirit, she lacked character, the firmness to stand for the right, the power to mold her life according to a pure and high standard. Every charm of person and grace of manner, every womanly fascination may cause the possessor to bewitch the fancy and evoke admiration; but if she does not have the force of will and the power to resist the encroachments of evil, no beauty of face or grace of manner can compensate for the lack of character and the purpose to live in the manner of the true and noble.

The young woman of whom I write entered society a marked beauty, whose gifts won ready admiration and made her the object of immediate attention. Social life, with its allurements and temptations, with its whisper to yield now to this fashion, now to that fault, with the specious argument that it would be "all the same one hundred years hence," led the girl first to one false step, then to another. Tales were told of wine suppers at fashionable resorts; stories were circulated of fast life. She married, but it was not long before the inability to live a happy home life, the craving for excitement, the longing for ball room and waltz, the desire for artificial pleasures, if pleasure they be, brought discord into the home. First came disagreement, then bitter quarrels, then separation; at last the divorce court with its ruined character and wrecked life. And the end was not far off. The bright, happy girlhood, the beauty of other days, the grace and charm, were all sad memories that mocked the wretched end; and all because stability was lacking, because character was absent, because the image of our Savior was not stamped upon the soul of the poor, erring girl, the miserable, broken woman.

The French have a proverb which, translated, reads, "It is the first step that costs." With this poor girl, it was the first glass of wine offered by some man and drunk by herself; it was the first yielding to the call, low and stealthy, to walk just a pace from the narrow road of safety and of right; to forget for a short moment the voice of duty and to listen to the invitation of sin.

It may seem that I am "preaching" in this sketch, but if I may thus warn some pure, sweet girl whose future now is bright with promise of happy years and noble service, if I may speak just a word to some young sister now when it may help her even a little, I am more than willing to preach; and I would reckon myself most happy if the telling of this sad, simple tale of a ruined life, when all was so fair and bright in its spring time, shall prove a caution to some dear life which may be tempted and may cause her to feel with the great Roman poet, Juvenal, that "the only pathway of a tranquil life lies through virtue," and to remember the far nobler injunction, spoken by the master apostle, "Keep thyself pure."

In a previous article I made mention of Bishop William Pinckney, after whom the school in question was named. The cultured old gentleman was a writer of poetry and one day he gave me a copy of his book of poems, upon whose title page I read the words "Professor Andrew Montague, from his friend W. P."

Looking over the little book today I find several tender little poems, and one I may venture to copy marked "In Memoriam:"

"I saw thee in thy childhood, fresh and fair,  
A star that twinkled in life's morning sky,

Reflected in the waves that rippled by  
With not a cloud to hide thy beauty there.

I heard the echo on the pure, fresh air  
Of tiny footsteps as they lingered nigh,  
And caught the diamond in thy soft gray eye,  
Which did the hue of tender feeling wear;  
I saw thee when thou wert a blushing bride,  
Borne over the seas in classic grounds to roam;  
And as the moments sped on golden tide,  
I saw thee cast sweet glances back on home;  
And then I heard thy prayer, 'God's will be done,'  
And angels bore thee past the setting sun."

All these lines, except the last two, describe happily and well the sad life of which I have written in this sketch; and who can say that even in its sunset, cloud-darkened to our eyes, the same amazing grace that has spoken pardon to more than one poor sinner in the evening time of life may not have granted peace and hope to that erring one?

A. P. MONTAGUE.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

"What means this glory round our feet,"

The magi mused, "more bright than morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

"What means that star," the shepherds said,

"That brightens thro' the roq-glen?"

And angels, answering overhead,  
Sang: "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

All round about our feet shall shine  
A Light like that the wise men saw,  
If we our loving wills incline  
To that Sweet Life which is the Law.

So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And clasping kindly hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

And they who do their souls no wrong,  
But keep at eve the faith of morn,  
Shall daily hear the angel-song,  
"Today the Prince of Peace is born!"

—James Russell Lowell.

WM. WHITE ON SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus, whom science cast off as a myth, and Business sneered at as a mad man, is the herald of a kingdom coming. For men have not grown to their full stature in this world. The evolution of man still continues. The spiritual growth men have witnessed since the dawn of time has not stopped. And the joy that follows giving, which men know for an hour or a day or a week or a month, at Christmas time, some day the whole race must know for a thousand years and a day. The desire to make others happy by self-sacrifice is big in men. When the Christmas spirit releases it, the desire runs wild, like an unhooded schoolboy. There must have been a time in the world when every other good human instinct was caged by custom the year round and unleashed upon a holiday. There was a time when religion meant plety on Sunday and meanness six other days. Hence the fanaticism of the church in the days of the Inquisition, hence the mad zeal of the witch-baiting Puritans, hence the bigotry of defenders of the faith in the middle ages. There must have been a time when men vaguely felt the call of virtue in their hearts, and then after many foolish fast days, after centuries

of excesses of sackcloth and ashes, and after ages of flagellation, virtue rose and took a real part in human life.—American May.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.  
By May Eve.

The holly had never looked so beautiful with its crimson berries peeping out from the emerald background, nor had the mistletoe seemed so waxen as it gleamed down upon the happy group gathered that Christmastide, so at least thought Donald as he and Margaret arranged for trailing wreaths together that formed an arch from which a basket was suspended to receive the Christmas offerings.

"Under the mistletoe," said Donald, looking into a pair of beautiful eyes. "No wonder it has always been a favorite theme with poets," and lovers he might have added. "I do not ask the privilege accorded those who stand under its branches, but that in every after Christmastide we may stand as now under its boughs together and wear this little token this evening," he said handing her an exquisite waxen sprig of mistletoe.

Margaret hesitated.  
"I will not ask you to promise to wear it now. I only want you to keep it and let it speak for me."

Half reluctantly Margaret took it. Carrie Lane, divining the situation, extended her hand eagerly, "O, Margaret, that little bunch of mistletoe is just what we want for a finishing touch for our arch—lover's arch we call it—and 'Woe betide the damsel who is led beneath it!'"

"No, no," said Donald, "that is our luck piece. Do not give it, Miss Margaret," he added with more earnestness than the occasion seemed to demand.

"But I insist upon it," said Carrie, feeling sure that her surmise was correct.

Then Donald took it out of Margaret's hand and held it high above her head.

"All this ado about a little piece of mistletoe," said Carrie, laughing as she took her leave.

Then with an expression of deep earnestness that to an outsider seemed almost comical he returned it to Margaret.

Since leaving school two years before Margaret had devoted herself to art, which she had chosen as her life work, as her talent developed in that direction, and for weeks past she had been employed upon a picture that she had been engaged to paint, the proceeds of which she had decided to devote to the Christmas offering. The last finishing touches had been given to it and it had been sent to its destination, and as she received the reward of her labors her heart welled up in gratitude that she had been enabled to devote her talent to the Master's service. "Art was to have been my life work," she mused. "It seemed so beautiful to me, and yet—and yet—is not love better than art? If Donald had only consecrated his life to the work, if he were a full-hearted Christian and did not try to serve two masters! But can I not win him to a fuller service?" she thought as her eyes dwelt upon the sprig of mistletoe.

When she had dressed for the Christmas entertainment that evening she leaned upon her elbow upon the bureau, not heeding the beautiful face that the mirror gave back, but with her eyes and thoughts absorbed by the little waxen sprig of mistletoe that lay beside her. Presently there was a ring at the door, the color came to her face, then slowly she fastened the little waxen sprig upon her dark hair that seemed to gleam more brightly than all the stars of heaven as she entered the parlor door—at least Donald often told her so.

"Under the mistletoe," he said, claiming the privilege of a fiance. Then both were silent a few moments. "Margaret," he said presently, "I can call you so now. I have been thinking a great deal lately about your Christ-

mas offering, of how you had dedicated your talents to the Master's service while I was leading such a half-hearted life, and I have determined with his help to make an offering that will include all our offerings. I will this Christmas night first consecrate myself and with it all that I have and am.

The tears came to Margaret's eyes, but they were glad tears, and two happy, young, consecrated lives started afresh the pilgrim journey.—Epworth Era.

JUDSON COLLEGE.

Announcement as to Second Term.

During the first term of the 69th session the attendance at the Judson has been over 300, and we were obliged to decline to receive a large number who applied for admission. It is probable that we shall have a few vacancies after the Christmas holidays, which we shall have no trouble in filling; but we wish to give preference to Baptist girls from Alabama. It would therefore oblige us if parents who wish to enter their daughters will apply at once. The second term will begin January 26, 1907.  
ROBERT G. PATRICK, Pres.

Founders' Day at the Judson will be celebrated on January 9th, and it is expected that a large number of alumnae and former students will be present. The feature of the day will be an address by the Rev. J. S. Kirtley, D. D., pastor of the first Baptist church of Elgin, Ill. Friends of the institution are invited to the exercises. Dr. Kirtley is a brother of Miss Anne Kirtley, one of the Judson faculty, who is so loved and admired by Alabama Baptists.

FROM FAYETTEVILLE.

I am now giving the Fayetteville brethren and people one-fourth of my time and very likely will devote half my time to this field in the near future. I am well pleased with the work here, as the work seems to be in fairly good condition, and I am located only seven miles from my Union Springs church. The good people here know how to appreciate a pastor. As we came to our new field in the afternoon of the 5th, we were met at the station by a number of the brethren and sisters, who very cordially received us and directed us to the beautiful little parsonage situated very near the church. We found the home all neat and clean, and we were gratified to find flour, fresh meats, potatoes, fruits and other good things in the pantry; wood and kindling in the yard, chickens in the hen house and corn and hay in the barn. We feel very grateful to God and the good people of Fayetteville for the kindnesses shown us. We regret very much to leave our friends and good people of Goodwater. But humbly submit to the directions of the Holy Spirit. May God help pastor and people to search out and serve the great purpose in our united effort for the salvation of souls.

Brethren and friends seeking communication with me after this date will find my address as given above.

May God's spirit move mightily and powerfully upon the entire Baptist brotherhood this coming year, and unite them more firmly in one great effort for the advancement of Christ's kingdom. Fraternalty yours,

R. W. CARLISLE.

Brother C. G. German, having been called to the pastorate of the Shady Grove church, was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry by the Second Baptist church, Gadsden, on Sunday, December 2, 1906. J. W. Dunaway, chairman; D. P. Goodhue, secretary; J. G. Dickinson, J. M. Solley and J. C. Heptinstall constituted the presbytery. J. G. Dickinson delivered the sermon and offered prayer. J. C. Heptinstall presented the Bible and J. M. Solley delivered the charge. Brother J. H. Griffin was at the same time ordained a deacon.—D. P. Goodhue, secretary.

FRANK WILLIS BARNETT  
Editor and Proprietor.



J. W. HAMNER  
Corresponding Editor  
A. D. GLASS  
Field Editor

THE CHRISTMAS GOSPEL.

It is the gospel of joy: "Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people." Have we the joy? Are we sharing it with "all the people?"

It is the gospel of peace: "On earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased." Are we helping men and nations to experience peace?

It is the gospel of light: "The day-spring from on high shall visit us." It has visited us; some of our brothers in the dark regions of heathenism have not yet seen the light. Am I their brother?

It is the gospel of life: "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." How those who are living half lives, meager, starved lives, need the fulness and richness of life in Christ. It is the season of kindness.

It is the gospel of truth and love and righteousness, and every grace and virtue and blessing: No higher joy is possible to us than to tell the glad news to the millions who know it not.

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God" gives the key to the Christmas song. It is the song of the world's salvation; it is the song of missions. Is my life in key as its accompaniment?—Selected.

OUR COMMERCIALIZED CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the Decoration Day of a commercial age. Then, as no other day, we face with compassion those who have fallen in our battles for wealth.

For a moment we think of the thousands of children who have no share in that easy life we give our children, and must find the season's joy in the charity dinner. Along with the barter to which we have debased our giving within our circle of acquaintances, we play at extending the spirit of the day to those who are the pawns of our industrial game. The Salvation Army lass, standing cold and numb on the street corner, collecting funds for Christmas baskets for the poor, reminds us of the wreckage left in the wake of our prosperity.

We give a trifle to help the poor temper the bitterness of the year with a couple of hours' good eating. However sincere we may be in our efforts to spread Christmas cheer, our charity is none the less a testimony to our sense of the fact that peace and good will have not come upon the earth. Poverty and wretchedness are not to be offset by yearly gifts of baskets of food and outgrown clothes.

We ought to make the spasmodic kindness of Christmas one of the constant forces of our industrial world.

Equality and fraternity are born not of charity but of justice.

Instead of commercializing Christmas, we ought to Christianize commercialism. We do not pretend to be prophets, but we can all dare to hope. And this is what we hope:

That some day the strong will help and exploit the weak; that some day the strong will help and not exploit the weak; that some day fraternity will be more than a rhetorical flourish; that some day love will beget justice rather than charity.

And Christmas is the one day in the year that such venturesome hope seems more than a will-of-the-wisp.—Editorial in The World To-Day.

SANTA CLAUS QUESTION AGAIN.

The discussion over the advisability of introducing the Santa Claus idea into church entertainments is again in full blast. At Stroudsburg, Pa., it is said the Sunday school teachers have agreed to make no reference to Santa Claus on the ground that it is a pagan myth and that it is wrong to tell the children an untruth.

Rev. Dr. Cadman, a Congregational minister of Brooklyn, voices the other view that the Santa Claus myth is just the sort of parable with which Jesus taught many of his lessons. When children outgrow the story, he says, "they find the myth to have concealed the true moral of Christmas"—good will among men.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

We wish all of our readers a happy Christmas. As we look back over the year we thank God for His loving kindnesses, and deep down in our hearts feel grateful to every man and woman who has helped us in our work. If we have offended any we ask their forgiveness, for we hold no enmity toward any man, woman or child.

The Alabama Baptist, as heretofore, will issue no paper during Christmas week. The editors, printers and readers will have a holiday.

WITH JESUS' COMING.

A new, glad, glory light shining down upon men, a new brightness gleaming among the stars, a joyous burst of music with a new sweetness never heard before by human ears, a host of attendant angels drawing near; above, a Father's heart with a mother's face tenderly looking down; below, wondering, simple-hearted shepherds, a wayside inn, big-eyed cattle with sidewise gaze, a grave faced gentleman keeping love-guard, a holy young mother softly crooning, a little wondrous-faced babe in a manger, while all the world around lay wrapped in darkness and in sleep. So Jesus came to His race of men.

His coming touched the heavens into new glory, tuned the angel voices to new sweetness of music, revealed anew the reaching love of a Father's heart, kindled a new tenderness in a strong man's face, and a new strength of love in a pure woman's spirit, and hallowed the abode of man's dumb helpers.

So Jesus comes into the world of a man's life. Wherever a door swings for him Jesus comes in. His coming brings a new flood of light above, new music within, a new angel guard around, a new Father's face, a new purity of heart, a new strength of love, a new fellowship with nature, a new brotherliness with all men.—S. D. Gordon, in S. S. Times.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT.

The original Christmas gift to the world was a Person. God gave his only begotten Son. Christ came as the father's gift—the greatest and most blessed and the most far-reaching in its effects—beyond comparison or conception. This gift was a giving of self. God gave Himself. Jesus Christ gave Himself. And this self-giving is the best Christmas gift that we can make—to our family, our neighbors, our church, our community, our country, the world. This is the giving that the world needs. This is the giving that alone can extend the kingdom of God at home and abroad.

Christianity is personality. The Christian is the follower of a person—Jesus Christ. He is the representative of that supreme Personality, and more than that, in some degree the expression of it. As a loyal follower, the disciple must consecrate his personality to unselfish service even as the Master did. It is good that the emphasis is being laid so strongly today upon personal obligation, personal duty, personal responsibility. Money gifts are essential, but they can never take the place of self-giving, nor can they meet the gospel requirements. He who gives himself, in the Christ spirit, will give of his means. He who gives what he is will not fail to give what he has.

As the thought of what Christmas means comes over you, may that thought inspire to the seeking out of new ways in which during the coming year the power of a Christianized personality may be used more effectively. Have you ever really given yourself to missions? Study the need, the fields, the opportunities, your own possibilities and powers in the light of the Christ gift, and then answer that question. Self-giving is Christ-living.—Home Mission Journal.

CHRISTMAS REUNIONS.

How many families whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life are on this day reunited and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good will which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations and the rude traditions of existence provided for the blest and happy! How many old recollections and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken!—Charles Dickens.

NOTHING BUT THE BEST.

The gift of the Child was heaven's best gift to men. When God expressed his love he gave—the best! It would have been unworthy of the Father to give anything but the best. Second best will never do either in gifts, ideals or life. The struggle to do the best is the hardest struggle in the lives of us all. It is a sordid world, and the measure of things is not worth but profit. There are those who dream dreams and see visions, after the similitude of the prophet's foretelling, and these outlooks are ideals—of service, of life, of hope for the future. They will not permit of second best effort, or gifts, or methods. The question of immediate profit, present ease, or even expediency, can not be tolerated by him whose vision takes in the best—the best for God and the best for men. Such a life is the voluntary choice of a conflict—conflict with low ideals, selfish hearts, narrow-visioned men. It is acceptance of the way of the cross, and the rejection of the seemingly easier path of compromise, in the wilderness temptation. Yet it is the life nearest to the God-ideal as shadowed forth in Bethlehem, when the Father loved to the point of giving to the world his best. Brother mine: Hear the Christmas story, stand with bared head and humble heart with the company that surround the lowly manger! Hear thou the voice calling thee to the best things. Keep thy vision clear, thy purpose strong—for only the best is abiding and will have upon it the seal of God and the approval of the world—in the end—Service.

THE STORY IN SCRIPTURE AND SONG.

Many young people's societies desire to have a service of song which shall be especially appropriate to the Christmas season. A program has been suggested which will prove both interesting and inspiring. Let the numbers follow each other without announcement and without hesitation. If possible print the program on the blackboard. Most of the hymns suggested may be found in the various church hymnals; print the number after the hymn on the program in order that all may quickly find the place. Let the Scripture references be given to several members who will read them clearly and distinctly.

Prayer. Scripture Matthew 2:1-12. Song, "Joy to the World." Scripture, Luke 2:8-14. Song, "Jesus Was a Little Child." (Solo by Junior or boys' chorus.) Scripture, Mark 1:9-15. Song, "The Man of Galilee." (Solo.) Scripture, Matthew 21:6-11. Song "The Palms." (Solo.) Scripture, Luke 22:39-48. Song, "Tis Midnight." Scripture, Luke 23:33-38. Song, "All is o'er the Pain, the Sorrow." Scripture, John 20:1-3. Song, "Jesus Lives," or solo, "I know That My Redeemer Liveth." Scripture, Acts 1:9-11. Song, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." Closing prayer.—Service.

BORN IN US.

Christ was born in the place God had appointed. Through his prophets, centuries before, it had been said that Jesus would be born in Bethlehem. But all prophecy and fulfillment, the song of the angels and the message of peace, are meaningless unless Christ be born in the soul. He must be born in the heart, else the joy of the advent message will have no joy for thee!

"Though Christ a thousand times in Bethlehem be born,

If he's not born in thee, thy soul is still forlorn."

Our Christmas prayer, then, should be—

"Within us, Babe divine, be born, and make us thine, Within our souls reveal Thy love and power to heal: In us be born and make our hearts Thy cradle and Thy shrine."—Ex.

On that Christmas night God honored motherhood. The angels on their wings might have brought an infant Savior to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. But, no, motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed with Christian mothers to arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Do not you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated?—Talmadge in Sunday School Journal.

PARAGRAPHS

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,  
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
Forever and forevermore,  
The star—the star of Bethlehem!  
—Henry Kirk White.

Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given;  
and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and  
his name shall be called Wonderful Counsellor,  
The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince  
of Peace.—Isaiah 9:6.

How good it is for those who are bereaved and  
sorrowful that our Christian festivals point forward  
and upward as well as backward; that the eternal  
joy to which we are drawing ever nearer is linked  
to the earthly joy which has passed away.—Mrs.  
Charles.

Let no pleasure tempt thee, no profit allure thee,  
no ambition corrupt thee, no example sway thee, no  
persuasion move thee to do anything which thou  
knowest to be evil; so shall thou always live jollily,  
for a good conscience is a continual Christmas.—  
Benjamin Franklin.

We hardly deem it necessary to beg our readers  
not to forget the Orphans' Home during the coming  
week, for we are sure that pastors, Sunday school  
superintendents and the Ladies' Aid and Missionary  
Societies will see that the fatherless and moth-  
erless little ones are well provided for.

Sound over a.. waters, reach out from all lands,  
The chorus of voices, the clasp of hands;  
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the  
morn,  
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!  
—Whittier.

We wish to congratulate Drs. Frost and Van Ness  
on the literature they are now putting out through  
the Sunday School Board, Primary, Intermediate, Ad-  
vanced, Bible, Superintendents, B. Y. P. U.'s, Quar-  
terlies and the Teacher are all of a high order, and  
we think Southern Baptists ought to be proud of  
the series.

Scattered over Alabama are a number of godly old  
preachers who have worn out their lives in religious  
work and are quietly waiting for the summons from  
their Master to come up higher. Some we could  
name, but we won't, but brother, if one of these  
old soldiers of the cross happens to live in your  
town see to it that he is not forgotten at Christmas.

Remember it was Love that gave us Christmas.  
Let love perpetuate it, love prompt every motive of  
your heart, rule every action of your life, be in ev-  
ery impulse of your nature and season every word  
of your lips. Love is the greatest word in the vo-  
cabulary, its length, its breadth, its height and  
depth is unmeasurable; may it possess you fully  
and lead you wholly this Christmastide.—Dallas New  
Era.

We would greatly appreciate it if all our sub-  
scribers who are in arrears would pay up their  
subscriptions between now and the last of the  
month, and if those whose subscriptions expire dur-  
ing the month would send in their renewals. We  
should be pleased if they would not wait for the  
coming of the field agent, but remit us direct to the  
office, so that the field workers may have better  
opportunity to look up new subscribers.

The Baptist Courier says: "Brother H. C. Brab-  
ham, of Alabama, has been called to the pastorate of  
Mineral Spring, Salem and Brownsville churches,  
Marlboro county. His home will be at Blenheim,  
S. C. Brother Brabham is a native of this state and  
graduate of the seminary. He is a strong man and  
we are glad to welcome him back home. He comes  
to an excellent field; recently vacated by Brother A.  
T. Rogers." Yes, we are sorry to lose him.

The Baptist Press says: "Brother N. S. Jones,  
who recently came from Demopolis, Ala., to Clio  
and Judson, died of pneumonia at the Baptist parson-  
age at Clio on the morning of December 7th. He  
preached twice Sunday and was taken sick Monday  
morning. His remains were taken to Raleigh for  
burial. Brother Jones was a son-in-law of Brother  
Rufus Ford, the beloved Marion pastor, and was a  
gifted minister. It is peculiarly sad, this passing  
away of the new pastor in a new state. To the sor-  
rowing relatives we extend sympathy."

This sad news will carry sorrow into many homes  
in Alabama, where Brother Jones was loved and  
honored for his gentle ministrations. May the God  
of love and peace comfort the family.

THE LITTLE LORD JESUS.

Away in a manger,  
No crib for a bed,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Laid down his sweet head;  
The stars in the heaven  
Looked down where he lay,  
The little Lord Jesus  
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing,  
The baby awakes;  
But little Lord Jesus,  
No crying he makes.  
I love thee, Lord Jesus!  
Look down from the sky,  
And stay by my cradle  
Thy morning is nigh.  
—Martin Luther.

THE ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS.

Santa Claus is of German origin. This is true  
if only because that is the German name for St.  
Nicholas. That he is an old man is because in the  
ancient pagan feasts in celebration of the decay of  
the old year and the birth of the new an old man  
played the principal part. Among the Greeks and  
Romans it was Saturn, the father of all the gods,  
and among the Norsemen it was Thor, who was  
long bearded and white haired. That the saint is  
St. Nicholas is due to the fact that that venerable  
personage's feast day was celebrated at about that  
period. St. Nicholas was a bishop of Myra, who  
flourished early in the fourth century. He is the  
patron saint of children and schoolboys and hence  
it was natural that he should be a part of a celebra-  
tion when the children received gifts and when they  
were allowed to be "heard as well as seen."—New  
York Mail and Express.



Frank Willis Barnett, Jr., associate  
editor, begs to thank Santa Claus for  
bringing him a wee baby brother,  
Proctor Hawthorne, for a Christmas  
present, and to wish all his little  
cousins a merry Christmas and a hap-  
py New Year.

Thou, O God, art the Father of our Lord Jesus  
Christ. We bow before Thee in the Babe of Beth-  
lehem. In Christ we see Thee reconciling the world  
unto Thyself. In Him we behold the mystery re-  
vealed of power touched by the feeling of weakness.  
As at this time of the year Thou didst show Thy  
oneness with humanity, make us more human in our  
affections. As Thou didst unveil Thy Divinity, make  
us divine in our lives. Thou hast shared in the life  
of men; may we likewise have a part therein.  
Broaden the reach of these narrow minds of ours  
until they manifest their fellowship with Thee.  
Touch us with a new sense of the glory of life possi-  
ble for the lowest and most sinful; quicken us in a  
new shame for the actual lowliness of our own self-  
seeking. With the Fatherhood of God reveal the  
brotherhood of man. On this Christmas day bless  
the children home from school, brighten the gather-  
ings of united families and friends. With kind mes-  
sages to distant ones and joyful greetings to those  
at hand, may we mingle holy memories of our dead.  
Through Thy people manifest Thy love once again  
to the sick or hungering, the imprisoned or burden-  
ed the sorrowing or anxious, the wandering or lone-  
ly. In the name of Him who this day showed us He  
is one with man and Thee. Amen.—Selected.

PARAGRAPHS

With gentle deeds and kindly thoughts,  
And loving words withal,  
Welcome the merry Christmas in,  
And hear a brother's call.  
—Thackeray.

The man or woman who believes well is apt to  
work well; and faith is as much the key to happi-  
ness here as it is the key to happiness hereafter.—  
Donald G. Mitchell.

"Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good tidings  
of great joy which shall be to all the people; for  
there is born to you this day in the city of David a  
Savior, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2:10-11.

At Christmas be merry and thankful withal,  
And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the  
small.  
—Thomas Tussar.

Never make a poor present to a poor person be-  
cause he is poor, nor a rich present to a rich person  
because he is rich. The injury done your own char-  
acter will never be outbalanced by the pain or any  
labor it has cost you to pay so poor a compliment.

The poor will many a care forget,  
The debtor think not of his debt;  
But as they each enjoy their cheer,  
Wish it was Christmas all the year.  
—Thomas Miller.

Christmas! The day of days in the children's cal-  
endar! They claim it as their own, and yet it is  
not wholly theirs. The Christmas spirit reaches  
and touches even the most world-worn hearts, and  
under its gentle influence they grow tenderer to  
loved ones and warmer to all mankind.

It is often said that preachers' children are the  
worst. This may or may not be true, but it is a fact  
that generally they are quite numerous, and we all  
know that they are just like other children in want-  
ing to have a lot of toys and good things about  
Christmas time, and they ought to have them.

Christmas is the greatest day in all the year. Is  
there a feeling that there is getting to be too much  
of it? Not too much of it in the way of kindness  
and brotherly love, but in the way of worry and ex-  
pense. The weeks before it are full of feverish ex-  
citement, of nervous expectation, of perplexity; the  
days following it, of exhaustion.

We thank the Baptist Press for the following kind  
words and we are glad to be classed with the editor  
of the Baptist Reflector, that uncompromising en-  
emy of the liquor traffic:  
"Editor Frank Willis Barnett continues to deal  
sledge-hammer blows at the liquor traffic in Ala-  
bama—legalized home destroyer. May he at last  
succeed in crushing the damnable business! While  
all the Baptist editors fight the liquor business, Bar-  
nett and Folk are perhaps more combative than  
any others—save, of course, our fight against the  
"dispensary."—The Baptist Press.

The most popular of all Christmas hymns probably  
is "Hark! the herald-angels sing." This famous  
hymn was first published by Charles Wesley in 1739,  
when it began "Hark, how all the welkin rings."  
From that date it has appeared in various hymnals  
with alterations by various editors. In one version,  
indeed, the opening stanza contained but a single  
word to be found in the original, that word being the  
exclamatory "Hark." As first published this hymn  
consisted of ten stanzas of four lines each, but was  
subsequently reduced to eight, then six, and finally  
to three extended stanzas of eight lines each, with  
the refrain—

"Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born King."

Never was there such a birth before, there never  
can be such another. The child is to be called  
"Wonderful Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Ever-  
lasting Father, The Prince of Peace." And what he  
is called he is. He is wonderful in his person, be-  
ing God and man, in one Christ; wonderful in his  
work, by which myriads of sinners shall be saved;  
and wonderful in his grace, by which he stoops to  
bless the vilest of our race. He is the recognized  
and authorized Counsellor in heaven and in earth.  
He is the mighty God, being equal to the Father in  
nature, majesty and glory. He is Father of the  
everlasting age, which is for his glory and his peo-  
ple's perfect blessedness. He is the peaceful Prince,  
who made, reveals, imparts and maintains peace be-  
tween God and man.—Daily Bible Readings.

## CHRISTMAS TEXTS AND THEMES.

Tidings of Joy.—Isa. 12:2, 3; 52:9, 10; 61:1-3; —Pet. 1:8,9.

Tidings of salvation.—Isa. 52:7; Luke 3:4-6; Gal. 1:3-5; Tit. 2:11-14.

Tidings of Peace.—Luke 1:78-79; John 14:27; Acts 1:10; Rom. 5:1.

Immanuel.—God with us. Matt. 1:23; John 1:1-14; 2 Cor. 5:18-19; 1 Tim. 3:16.

The Sign of God's Love.—Jer. 31:3; John 3:16-17; Eph. 2:4-7; 1 John 4:9-10.

Freely ye have received, freely give.—Matt. 10:8; Rom. 1:14; 1 John 3:16-17; 4:11.

Divine Life Born Into the World.—"Made of the seed of David according to the flesh; declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of holiness by the resurrection from the dead."

The Complete Manifestation: "God, who at sundry times and in divers manners, spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken to us by his Son."—Heb. 1:1-2.

His Glorious Coming Commands Our Worship.—"We have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."—Matt. 2:2.

God's Love Made Visible.—"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."—Luke 2:29-30.

Life and Death the Servants of Our Redeemer.—"Arise and take the young child and his mother, and go into the land of Israel, for they are dead which sought the young child's life."—Matt. 2:20.

## CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS FROM GREAT MINDS.

## Immanuel.

Matt. 1:23.

What is it makes him dear to us today? What is it makes us never tire of hearing that old story of waiting shepherds and kneeling wise men, of the rough manger? It is this perfect merging of his lot in ours. What is it that in spite of all the changes still bids Hope look to him and Faith cling to him as firmly in these days as did the newer, simpler Hope and Faith of the first times? Not chiefly his wonder working power, dearer than his miracles is his cradle, for this is its lesson—that human life, though it begin in a manger and end on a cross, is full of God. For God is with us, not to save us from our human condition, but to fill that condition with a hope and promise it never knew before.—W. S. Rainford.

## The Angels and the Shepherds.

Luke 2:11.

Nothing more ethereal, nothing purer, nothing more beautiful can be conceived of than this whole angelic appearance and annunciation. Yet it was made to rule shepherds. It was made to the few and not to the many. It seems as though it was an overflow of heavenly joy meant for their own enjoying rather than as a composite message sent by the hands of many angels to the earth. The shepherd heard what was going on above. It was going on there for higher spectators, and for souls rejoicing among the blessed; but as it were it broke forth, and some of the strains fell on the earth, not like an anthem or chorus, but as here and there music is heard on a summer night, afar off, snatches being wafted to us, and then being hushed again by intervening noises or winds, so there seem to have been snatches of this celestial music—the annunciation. These snatches did not constitute the whole song of heavenly joy, but were a part of it.

The shepherds passed away. Nothing more is known of them. Their ministry was to be spectators and announciators, and having fulfilled their mission they sank out of view.—H. W. Beecher.

## A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

Luke 18:17; Isa. 11:6; Matt. 18:5.

And all over the world this Christmas morning there are men and women grown hard in the world's ways, who look down upon child faces while their hearts expand and grow generous, and they are drawn nearer to God by the innocence of their little ones. Oh, beautiful child faces, which work such miracles upon stony hearts. There are thousands of "Tiny Tims" and the Scrooges who have neglected any call of pity, until suddenly some child face looks up into theirs and wins them back to the ways of God, are without number.

Even the Dombey's, so much more difficult than the Scrooges, are brought by child-faces into the presence of heaven after every one supposed their hearts to have been long since petrified. And they look up at the last moment, and "thanking God for that older fashion yet of immortality," beg with the Master, "Look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged when the swift river bears us to the ocean."—Carl Christopher, in the Cosmopolitan.

## The Beloved.

1 Pet. 1:8.

The great peculiarity of Jesus is the intensity of the personal affection he has been able to inspire. The apostles give him one title which was his above all the other children of men, The Beloved. Christ has been and now is beloved as no other human being ever was. Tell a Hottentot or a Zulu the story of Socrates, and it excites no very deep emotion; but for eighteen hundred years Hottentots, Zulus, South Sea Islanders and Greenlanders, men and women and children in every land, have conceived such an ardent, passionate, personal love to Jesus of Nazareth that they have been ready to face torture and death for his sake. So felt the Christians of the first ages, and time does not cool the ardor. Jesus has been the one man of whom it has been possible to say to people of all times, ages and languages, "Whom not having seen ye love."—H. B. Stowe.

## Christianity and Children.

Zech. 8:5.

We were riding on between fertile fields of wheat and orchards of olive and mulberry trees, when suddenly we heard the sounds of high pitched children's voices. In an olive orchard by the road was a rousing, shouting crowd of Syrian children, having as jolly a time as you could wish to see. Swings were going, games were in progress, and it was such a scene of child-life as we had witnessed nowhere else in Syria. The children's sunshiny faces were the best of all, for they were genuinely happy, as God meant children to be, and not as most of the little sober-faced people in the Holy Land. For these were Christian children of the village of El Raney, and that explained all; you remember that when Jehovah is returned unto Zion, then "the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing." We persuaded them to get together in an effective group by the roadside and there we caught them with our cameras. Just then a white-turbaned candy man hove in sight and we gave him a franc to "set up" the entire crowd. \* \* \* "Have you noticed," said the doctor to me, "that not one of the children has asked for bakhsheesh! Let's get away before they do, so as to have one case on record." But we did not hurry and they did not ask. Christianity makes a difference.—C. G. Trumbull in the Sunday School Times.

## WHAT THE WISE MEN DID—AND WHAT THE WISE MEN OUGHT TO DO.

By Charles E. Jefferson.

It was long ago that certain wise men from the East cast their gold and frankincense and myrrh at the feet of

a baby in Bethlehem, and as the anniversary of that baby's birth approaches one can not help thinking what a different place to live in this world would be today if all the wise men both of the east and the west had during the last 1900 years cast their treasures at the feet of the Prince of Peace, instead of burning them up in the fierce furnace of war.

But at Christmas it is not well for one to bury himself in idle and doleful regrets, marring the melody of a musical day by the lugubrious refrain "It might have been." Rather should we gird up the loins of our mind and look hopefully into the future, confidently anticipating better things than any which have been because God is in heaven and all will yet be right with the world. Upon the shoulders of that baby born in Bethlehem the government of the world has been placed, and men in increasing numbers are coming from the east and west and north and south to cast their treasures at his feet.

It is a good thing to ponder in the light of the Christmas hearth the meaning of Christ's great title—"Prince of Peace." Christmas, as Charles Dickens long ago asserted, is a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time in the long calendar of the year when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely. It is then if ever that we can hear the angels singing, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." No matter how sour and grumpy we may have been during the year, his is a hard heart which can withstand the genial warmth of Christmas time. The baser feelings of the heart, its enmities and envyings and jealousies and hatreds, lie down and die when shone upon by the great light of Christmas day. All ill will and brutalism and cruelty become hateful and repulsive, and whatever gold and frankincense and myrrh we may carry in our heart is brought out and cast at the feet of love.

War is always terrible to one who clearly sees it, but never does it seem so barbarous and fiendish as when seen across the heavenly beauty of a baby's face. Christmas, like a strong limbed angel from the court of heaven, holds up before us on Christmas day the face of the Christ child, and with that face gazing into ours we shudder at the thought of blood shed and hate with an intense hatred inhumanity in all its forms. There is no humanizing, civilizing force under heaven comparable with the witchery of a baby's face. With the Christmas music ringing in our ears the ponderous and plausible arguments in favor of war, worn threadbare by the use of ages and even still repeated by those whose backs are turned to the light, sound very coarse and foolish. War is a tangle of discords and we can not easily bring ourselves to think of it on a day that breathes harmony and peace. Christmas is a home day, and one can not think of home and ponder what home means and does and promises without feeling his heart going out with a new intensity of passion against the demon whose special work it is to scatter households and leave the home in ruin.

Christmas is one of the mountain days of the year. Men see farther from the mountain top than they do from any point upon the plain or in the valley. It is what we think and feel in our luminous hours, when the soul is at its best, that it is safe to trust and follow. In our lower moods, when the heart grows dull and sordid, we are not shocked by anything, however horrible, and are capable of defending anything, however indefensible. It is surprising how far a human soul can climb. Blind today, it may see tomorrow; earthly and carnal this week, it may soar as on eagles' wings next week. One month may bear all the ice and snow of winter, while the next month may bring the perfume and the glory of the summer. It is what we feel and see in our radiant hours that proclaims the feelings and

the thoughts of God. What a man thinks of war on Christmas day surrounded by his family gives a surer revelation of what war really is than can be gotten from all the pictures of the artist and all the arguments of those who have opposed or defended it. There are moods in which men are ready to cast their gold at the feet of brute force. Such moods are induced oftentimes by the reading of literature lacking in all the elements of humanitarian feeling. There are men so constructed as to be apparently incapable of rising above the level of a slaughter house, and many of these men know how to wield a pen. By the necromancy of genius they blind the eyes of those who read them to the barbarism and hell of war, and so debauch the heart by their sophistry and specious pleading as to lead men to Caesar rather than to Christ. From this debasing and paralyzing atmosphere the world needs to escape with the clear air of Christmas day. From the dull-eyed, belligerent scribblers we must make our way to the Prince of Peace. When we see him the soul is ready to cast all its gold at his feet.

One can not think of peace without thinking of the great national armament under which Christendom is groaning. How do they look in the light of the Christmas glory? What sort of a decoration for Christmas does a battleship make? Does a shell remind one of the songs of the angels? Wise men long ago cast their gold at the feet of Jesus; wise men nowadays think it safer and wiser to cast the gold of the nations into military equipment. This enormous expenditure looks startling when we read of it on Christmas. If the supreme work for men and nations on this earth is to persuade men to sing the angel's song and to breathe the Christ-like spirit, it seems strange that no better use for our gold can be discovered than the building of battleships and cruisers. America is rich, but can she afford to spend \$100,000,000 every year on her navy? If history has anything certain to tell us it is that the foes of a republic are not to be met on the sea but on the land, and that the enemy most to be feared can not be reached by a shell. The enemies for which our battleships and cruisers are constructed are the creations of the feverish heart, chimeras of the imagination, hobgoblins of the fancy, phantasies emanating from excited brains; the enemies which our republic has just reason to fear are not on the sea, neither are they within the range of our longest ranged guns. With our great cities what they are we may well ponder the question at this Christmas season whether our gold and frankincense and myrrh might not be more wisely laid at the feet of His children, at the feet of the poor, at the feet of all those woes lie heavy on the heart of Christ. Russia might help us to decide which policy is that of wisdom. Russia for a generation has been building a navy. She laid her treasures at the feet of the god of war. The result is that her money lies at the bottom of the Sea of Japan while the proud dynasty of the Romanoffs crouches in terror before the frenzied wrath of a populace whose interests have been shamefully neglected and outrageously betrayed. We need only come to the light of the Christmas story to see how foolish and w'cked it is to squander money on guns instead of devoting it to the building of men.

Christmas will not come to us in vain if it induces us to ask ourselves in soberness at whose feet a nation should cast its gold and frankincense and myrrh, and if it awakens in our hearts the old dream which stirred the Hebrew prophet, the dream of a day long delayed but surely coming, when the instruments of slaughter shall be beaten into the implements of industry, and nation shall no longer lift the sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.—Selected.

## YULETIDE IN THE TENEMENTS.

## A Striking Picture of Poverty Reading More Like Fiction Than Truth.

Owen Kildare, the interpreter of the "other half," writing in The Housekeeper for December, makes a strong plea for a more personal touch in Christmas charity. The article is illustrated by numerous anecdotes from Mr. Kildare's own experience and the following is one of the most interesting:

Let me tell you the story of Rosie. She has always worked. Her father had been an "old clothes man," her mother had sold suspicious fruit on the street corner. Her housekeeping had begun when she was able to walk and when, at last, the parents died, Rosie had only the legacy of knowing how to work hard, long and uncomplainingly.

Her reputation as housekeeper was so established that immediately after the death of her father, a neighboring family asked for her services. And there again it was work and nothing but work. If it had only been that Rosie would have been fairly satisfied, but the new mistress, knowing the girl's isolated position, paid her mostly in abuse and cuffs. The years of her childhood flew by and Rosie had not even learned how to smile.

Just when it looked as if all her life would have to be spent in waiting on others from morning till late at night, a girl living in the same tenement house took pity on Rosie and advised her to look for a job "in the papers." It was the holiday season and the big stores were advertising for extra help.

After a few failures Rosie succeeded in being engaged in a large department store as assistant at the ribbon counter. The gay ribbons, never before beheld by the girl, enchanted her and made her inattentive to customers. Also her taste, absolutely uncultivated, frequently clashed with that of prospective buyers and the result of the first day's work was not satisfactory.

On the following morning Rosie was sent over to the doll department.

"You're no good here; you can't sell ribbons, it's an art," observed the superintendent. "But, almost anybody can sell dolls."

At the doll counter Rosie was to sell a bargain lot of dolls, reduced enormously "for today only."

The work was less complicated than the ribbons, but nevertheless Rosie hated it from the very beginning—there were too many children about. All Rosie knew about children or childhood were the memories of the kicking, unruly brats of her last task mistress, and she hated children. Personally, Rosie had never known a childhood.

So it was small wonder that the new salesgirl grew disgusted whenever the young brood went into ecstasies over some particularly pretty doll.

"Little fools," she muttered to herself, "making themselves believe them things are real. I never had a doll—and I don't want one."

Returning from her lunch, Rosie, in making her way through mountains of packing cases, almost stumbled over a little miss, soundly asleep in a corner, a doll tightly clasped in her arms. "Get up! Are you lost?" she asked gruffly, pulling the child to her feet. "I love my dollie," murmured the tot, still half asleep.

"Oh, stop that nonsense," commanded Rosie. "Where is your mother? Where do you live?"

"My mamma's dead and my daddie he died too," lisped the little child, smiling at the older girl.

Rosie was helpless, and taking the child along, she reported the case to the superintendent, who appointed her temporary guardian, as whoever had lost the child would most likely inquire for her at the doll counter.

The task was most unwelcome to

Rosie, but she had to obey and was forced to spend several hours with the child. Business was rushing, yet there were lulls in which the prattle of the child came to the ears of Rosie. First chiding the child for her chatter, Rosie after while listened to it secretly. It would have been a callous heart indeed that could have listened in vain to the sweet psalms of purity whispered by the little madonna of the dollies.

And with every new humming Rosie listened more greedily. More, suddenly she found her hand stroking the golden curls of the little woman. Just as Rosie began to croon in echo some of the child's phrases, the aunt came along and claimed the deserter with many thanks for the care given her.

The departure of the child left a void in Rosie's heart which had that afternoon for the first time felt itself stirred. She fell to brooding and reasoned that there must be many children who had been as unhappy as she had been, and that it was her duty to brighten their lives while she had the opportunity. In a word, a newer, brighter light flared up in Rosie's soul.

Shortly after the departure of the lost child business at the doll counter picked up considerably. The forelady felt very gratified and was about to congratulate Rosie when one of the cashiers called her attention to the fact that while many dolls were going out, very little money was coming in. It took the store detective only a few minutes to ferret the situation; Rosie was giving dolls away by the wholesale.

Detectives are neither alienists nor judges, they only judge by the facts, and the fact was that Rosie had disposed of many dolls without turning in the money for them. The tears of the girl, her evident derangement were nothing. No one had ever heard of a salesgirl who wanted to make little girls happy by presenting them with dolls of the firm.

Presently Rosie found herself in a cell in the police station. There is little sympathy in police routine and it never occurred to the sergeant that everything was not right with the prisoner. The sympathy afforded her was the mockery of the young policemen, who advised her to sober up before morning to tell a good story to the judge. Driven into frenzy by these cruel insinuations Rosie reached the limit of endurance and began to scream.

"Oh, shut up and don't holler," they laughed at her. "You won't get more than six months on the island."

But Rosie was past all reason and only whimpered for a dollie. "I want a dollie, too, I never had one."

Before the roar of the amused policemen had died away, another, older officer, came in, leading an old woman, weak and shaking. After seeing his charge into a cell he heard another plea for a doll by Rosie. Pushing the other's away from the cell the old officer peeped into Rosie's dark recess.

"I want a dollie, my dollie," begged the girl, provoking another shout of laughter.

"Did you hear that, McMasters?" howled the chorus. "Why don't you get her a dollie?"

McMasters turned on his fellow officers. "You're a fine lot of men," he began. "Can't you see the state the poor girl is in? It's fierce to have to serve with such a pack of rowdies. Go and take a sneak before you kill the poor creature."

They left him alone and McMasters heard again her plea for a dollie.

"You shall have one, you poor soul, you shall have one for your Christmas," he murmured and went out to buy her a doll.

The platoon in reserve made fun of McMasters when he returned with the doll, but he didn't mind them.

"Gee, a doll for a girl that's old enough to drive a truck," remarked one.

"Oh, you fool," exclaimed McMasters, indignantly. "What kind of men are you that you can't tell the differ-

ence between a drunken and a broken-hearted woman!"

As soon as Rosie had the doll in her arms she unconsciously repeated all the phrases of endearment learned from the lost little girl in the store. Then slowly she sang it to sleep and rocked it gently, until she, too, fell in a slumber.

Before going to court in the morning the police physician examined Rosie and found her sane, her previous state having been caused by hysterics. Still she had to go before the judge.

Her case looked very bad; the evidence was overwhelming. Just as the judge was about to commit her, McMasters stepped to the bar:

"Yer honer," he said, "if it pleases you, there is a man here from the store who is willing to drop the case against the girl, provided the loss is made good. As it happens, I am a lone man, all my folks is under the sod, and the little house in the Bronx is poorly empty. I have a few pennies to pay for the damages, and if it pleases you, the girl can find a home in my nouse as long as she likes it. And another thing, yer honner, my prisoner this morning is this old lady, who has been forsaken by her people and has no place to lay her auld gray head. If it pleases you, yer honner, let the old and the young woman come up to my house and I'll have a Christmas like I didn't have one in a good many years."

You could have heard a pin drop in that court room. At last the judge looked up and spoke to the policeman.

"McMasters, I want to shake hands with you. You are a good man and I am proud to know you. Let me wish you and your adopted family a very merry Christmas." And with that the judge pressed something into McMasters' hand.

And that happened on a Christmas morning in a police court in the great, selfish city of New York.

## FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Religion is a system of faith and worship, pious practice. We can not consider all religions of divine authority—Buddhist, Mohammed, Confucian and others; we can not think of those as being of divine authority; they are of heathen faith and practice, yet they are religions. Some of the strictest religionists are most untrue to our Christian faith. We define our faith as the Christian religion, the true and only God its author. It has life springing up into everlasting life, God its author, God its finisher.

When we have this relationship it creates in us a new creature, related in heart and mind, in life and work; it in bonds of peace, in love, in charity, spiritual relationship is unending, its foundation is God; its length is eternity. Suppose you drop a pebble in a well that has no bottom, how long will it take it to reach a terminus? Think of the depth. This measures the length of eternity, and the life of the soul also measures the length of eternity—the soul then has no ending and must exist somewhere.

Confucian, the moralist, based his faith on right living; faith is not of man's works, lest any man should boast.

What is faith then? A simple definition is, Man's hand stretched out to take what God offers him.

The Christian religion is the only religion that furnishes free faith. It is actually a gift, full and free. What is it then to you and to me?

What is the closest relationship? It is man's relationship to God. We are one in Christ Jesus. Can there be anything as close—the oneness?

Then the wealth of the Christian. All things are yours. We get these "all things" by inheritance through relationship, God's children, God's heirs. Then why not all take our part of the inheritance? It's mine, it's yours, simply by accepting it.—S. M. J., West End, Ala.

## B. Y. P. U. AT 27TH ST. CHURCH.

It may be interesting to some one who reads your good paper to know that we are not dead at the 27th Street Baptist church yet.

On Sunday evening last at 3:30 p. m. Rev. H. H. Friar, who has been supplying and working up our B. Y. P. U. interest, had Rev. W. W. Howard, of the 66th Street Baptist church, to organize our Union. It was a great treat to hear Brother Howard tell us of his experience in this great work among the young people of our land. He has unions in different states which bear record of his earnestness and consecration to this especial part of our church work.

After speaking to us on the responsibility assumed by each and every member of the organization, Brother Howard emphasized the necessity of prayerful consideration before signing the pledges, making it very plain that we must consider this as God's work always.

We were then led in prayer by Bro. Friar, who asked that the spirit of God should direct us in the work in hand in the session of officers and organization. After the usual preliminaries we then proceeded to organize. Names of fifteen active and three honorary members were at once given, and the names of nearly as many more who will join next meeting were given.

A full corps of officers were installed, all of good, sound timber. After extending Brother Howard a vote of thanks for his kind services we were dismissed in prayer by Brother E. L. Barton, of Howard college.

May God bless you and your paper is our wish.

Yours in God's work,  
27th St. Baptist Church B. Y. P. U.  
Per Miss Julia Wilson, corresponding secretary.

Program of Baptist Sunday school convention to be held at New Prospect church, near Marbury, Ala., December 29-30, 1906.

29th, 10 o'clock, devotional exercises, A. E. Davis; organization, enrollment of Sunday school. 1:30 o'clock, discussion day in Sunday School, Rev. J. A. Smith. How to interest and hold scholars, D. H. Marbury. 30th, 10 o'clock, devotional exercises, Rev. A. C. Yeagan. The Sunday school as a factor in church work, Dr. H. W. Caffey. 1:30, The duty of the church to S. S., W. A. Davis. The S. S. as a moral force, Rev. J. W. Jones. All Sunday schools in Unity association are requested to send delegates and to take part in the discussions.—W. L. Price.

A rousing welcome was given Rev. R. S. Gavin, the new pastor of the First Baptist church, on Sunday evening. Several of the members of the City Pastors' Association were present, having cut out the evening services at their churches, while the lecture room and auditorium were packed by the congregation.

Rev. Francis Tappay presided and introduced the Revs. H. C. Howard and Keener Matthews, who delivered addresses in turn, welcoming the new minister to the city. Mr. Tappay also delivered a brief address.

Mr. Gavin responded gracefully to the welcome words that had been spoken and delivered a powerful sermon, "How Good and How Pleasant It is for Brethren to Dwell Together in Unity."—Huntsville Mercury.

Town Creek, Ala., Nov. 13, 1906.  
Tennessee Valley Fertilizer Co., Florence, Ala.

Gentlemen: Our Union handled your fertilizer this year and it gave good satisfaction. My local was well pleased with it and say it paid them better than any fertilizer they have used in a long time and they want the same kind next year. Yours respectfully,  
T. W. KIDD,  
Local Business Agent.



SANTA'S SURPRISE.

Mary M. Currier, Wentworth, N. H.

Once upon a time Marcella and Bertram and Alice, who were very good, unselfish little children, were playing in the nursery.

All at once Marcella cried out: "Oh!" as though she had suddenly found something wonderful. Then she sat right down in the middle of the floor and would not say a word. You see she was waiting to get a little bit over her excitement, for always when she was very much excited about anything she talked so fast that nobody could understand a word she said, and so lots of time was lost, and everybody got all out of patience besides.

"No," she said, shaking her curly head at Bertram and Alice, "I haven't got ready. I can't talk yet. You must wait."

Of course, this only increased the other children's eagerness to hear what amazing thing she had thought of, and they had all they could do to contain themselves till she should be ready to explain.



At last Marcella got up and began to tell them what it was.

"You know," she said, "Santa Claus gives us beautiful things every year; he has every year since we were mites of babies, and just think of it! We haven't ever given him one single, little, tiny thing. What do you suppose he thinks of us? He must think we are the ungratefulest, impolitest children he ever saw. Perhaps he's disgusted already and won't come to bring us anything this year."

Alice was almost ready to cry at this suggestion. Was this the beautiful news that Marcella had to tell? "I said, 'thank you, Santa Claus,' last year," she said, protestingly, though very humbly.

"Oh, well, perhaps he'll come," said Marcella encouragingly, taking pity on the little troubled face. "I don't know but he'd be going to, anyway, even if we didn't thank him. He might think we were poor little children without any mother, and didn't know any better. But you don't know what I was thinking about. I think it would be just lovely to make a surprise for Santa Claus."

"Oh!" cried Bertram and Alice.

"You needn't give me any presents this year," continued Marcella. "And if you don't mind, I won't give you anything; and we'll spend that much of money for Santa Claus."

"Oh, yes!" cried Alice, hugging Marcella, but Bertram looked very dubious.

"I was going to give you a blue cow that gives real milk and—"

"You can give it to Santa Claus," said Alice, leaving off hugging Marcella, and beginning to hug Bertram.

"Please do, dear Bertram. I guess Santa has little children and he would like it real well."

"What was you going to give me?" asked Bertram.

"I hadn't quite decided, and I guess

now I won't tell you, because if I did it might make you feel bad not to get it."

"Well, then, I don't care so very much," said Bertram. "I will spend what was for us for Santa Claus. I guess what you was going to get for me wasn't anything I wanted very bad. Anyway," she added, solemnly, "if it was, papa will get it for me."

Then they began to plan about the Christmas surprise.

"Let's have a tree," said Bertram, "with candles and popcorn—"

"And gilt paper and candy," said Alice.

"And apples and oranges," said Marcella.

And each one said yes to the other's suggestion without knowing what it was, because his mind was so full of his own thoughts.

And so finally Christmas time came and the children's surprise was all ready for Santa Claus, and they themselves were all ready, snuggled up in a little sleepy heap by the fire.

How good the warm fire felt! And how cosy it was there by the hearth! And how sleepy they all did feel! They just could not keep awake; so off they went, fast asleep, all three of them.

And then Santa came in. Santa almost always does come when the children are asleep. But they see him just the same, and Marcella said, "There he is," very softly to the other children, and they all watched him together.

He filled all the stockings brimful and he left big packages lying here and there, on chairs, and on the floor, and on the table; and he didn't seem to see the tree at all. By and by, when he had put things almost everywhere else, he looked up at the tree, and taking still another bundle from his pack he stepped up to the tree and tied it on.

Marcella could keep still no longer. "Please don't put our presents there, Mr. Santa Claus," she said in her sweet little voice, "those things are all for you."

Santa dropped his arms down at his side with a funny, jerky motion and stood quite still, looking at her, his little bright eyes twinkling in his big round face.

"What's that?" said he.

"We meant the tree for a surprise to you, dear Santa," she said. "We are so grateful to you for what you have given us that we want to give you some pretty things this year."

"Don't you think the tree is pretty?" Santa turned around and looked at it critically.

"Yes," he said, "it's pretty, and you are dear, good, little children to trim it up so nicely for me. But I can't take it, really, for I've got no room at all for it. I'm all loaded down with presents for other children that are waiting for me, and I can't disappoint them."

"That's too bad," said Marcella. "Can't you come tomorrow night and get it after you have given your presents all away?"

Santa shook his head. "I can't come but just once in a year," he said.

At this Alice, who was the youngest of the three children, began to cry softly. "Was it any wonder?"

But the second tear hadn't got much more than started on its way down her plump cheek when Santa reached out his big arm and gathered the three children all in a bunch to his breast.

"Don't cry," he said, cheerily, "don't cry. I can carry away the best part of it all. I can take the love right snug in my heart and carry it just as easy as can be. That's what you really want me to take, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Marcella.

"Yes," said Alice.

"Yes," said Bertram. "But can't you take the blue cow, too? What you have left here must make lots of room in your pack."

"Look and see," chuckled Santa. They all looked into the great pack and it was full to overflowing. There



The Stockings by the Hearth.

Two thrilling moments fill the home with rapture and set the children on tiptoe in a flutter of enthusiasm and excitement. One is the moment when the stockings are hung in a row be-

was no room for much. "All I can take," said Santa. "That's all return for my gift. Any more must go."

He gave each of them a gift and before they could say gone.

Marcella gave a sigh. Then she said,

"You and Bertram, I got for Santa Claus. I almost felt bad not going to have them, you so well."

"You and Bertram can put on the tree for me, happily." "And Marcella blue cow after a while

side the hearth. They be too close together. Santa Claus be in corners when he opens his packages. There of things that are coming from heels to toe it bulge all the way



ing for; rubber boots; in fact there are no end of perfectly delightful treasures that come into the house on Christmas eve and are found by their new owners on Christmas morning. They are too large to fill a stocking, and therefore a little space must be left between the

stockings of the Mary; the stockings and those of her mother and mother's are always chosen that are fairly large. It's twenty-two, in age sister mentions with





THE FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

By Gen. Lew Wallace.

The night, like most nights of the winter season in the hill country was clear, crisp and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence; it was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gates, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked; at times he stopped, attracted by a stir among the sleeping herds, or a jackal's cry off on the mountain side. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for his dreamless sleep, with which labor blesses its wearied children! He moved toward the fire, but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white, like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view; he saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky; as he looked it became a splendor; then, in terror, he cried—

"Awake, awake!"  
Up sprang the dogs, and howling, ran away. The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand.

"What is it?" they asked in one voice.

"See!" cried the watchman, "the sky is on fire." Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes and dropped upon their knees; then as their souls shrank with fear they fell upon their faces, blind and fainting, and would have died, had not a voice said to them:

"Fear not!"  
And they listened.  
"Fear not; for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing more than human, and low and clear, penetrated all their being and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees and looking worshipfully, beheld in the center of a great glory the appearance of a man, clad in a robe intensely white; above its shoulders towered the tops of wings, shining and folded; a star over its forehead glowed with steady luster, brilliant as Hesperus; its hands were stretched towards them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful.

They had often heard, and in their simple way talked of angels, and they doubted not now, but said in their hearts. "The glory of God is about us, and this is he who of old came to the prophet by the river of Ulai."

Directly the angel continued:  
"For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord!"

Again there was a rest, while the words sunk into their minds.

"And this shall be a sign unto you," the annunciator said next. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The herald spoke not again; his good tidings were told; yet he stayed awhile. Suddenly the light of which he seemed the center turned roseate and began to tremble; then up far as the men could see there was flashing of white wings and coming and going of radiant forms and voices as of a multitude chanting in unison:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Not once the praise, but many times. Then the herald raised his eyes as seeking approval of one far off; his wings stirred and spread slowly and majestically, on their upper side white as snow, in the shadow vari-tinted, like mother of pearl; when they were expanded many cubits beyond his stature, he arose lightly and without effort floated out of view, taking the

for much as a pin. take love, you see. "That's all I want in my gift anyway. Now I sh of em a hearty kiss, they old wink he was ve disappointed little he sed ertra can have the or- r San Claus," she said. bad think you were em, you like them ertra can have what I e for anta," cried Alice, "Ma- Ma can have the er added Bertram.



heart. They must not ose to ether, lest San- a be- inconvenienced opens his pack and be- task. There are lots that into a stock- heel toe and make all way from ankle

to knee. But there are bigger things, such as skates, sleds, toy velocipedes, desks, lovely dolls that have crossed the ocean and know ever so much about Paris or Vienna, if they could only talk and tell their secrets; books that a boy has been long-



of and those of a diamond ring in the toe of her stocking last Christmas, and the children feel taller and prouder than their friends on the street because soon after the holidays Ethel is going to have a wedding day.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Woman's Home Companion for December.

a diamond ring in the toe of her stocking last Christmas, and the children feel taller and prouder than their friends on the street because soon after the holidays Ethel is going to have a wedding day.—Margaret E. Sangster, in the Woman's Home Companion for December.



light up with him. Long after he was gone, down from the sky fell the refrain in measure mellowed distance, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

When the shepherds came to their senses they stared at each other stupidly, until one of them said, "It was Gabriel, the Lord's messenger unto men."

None answered.  
"Christ the Lord is born; said he not so?"

Then another recovered his voice and replied, "That is what he said." "And did he not also say, in the city of David, which is our Bethlehem yonder? And that we should find Him a babe in swaddling clothes?"

"And lying in a manger?"  
The first speaker gazed into the fire thoughtfully, but at length said, like one possessed of a sudden resolve, "There is but one place in Bethlehem where there are mangers; but one, and that is in the cave near the old khan. Brethren, let us go and see this thing which has come to pass. Our priests and doctors have long time been looking for the Christ. Now He is born, and the Lord has given us a sign by which to know Him. Let us go up and worship Him."

"But the flocks!"  
"The Lord will take care of them. Let us make haste."  
Then they all arose and left the marah.

Around the mountain and through the town they passed and came to the gate of the khan, where there was a man on watch.

"What would you have?" he asked.  
"We have seen and heard great things tonight," they replied.

"Well, we too have seen great things, heard nothing. What did you hear?"

"Let us go down to the cave in the enclosure, that we may be sure; then we will tell you all. Come with us and see for yourself."

"It is a fool's errand."

"No, the Christ is born."  
"The Christ! How do you know?"  
"Let us go and see first."  
The man laughed scornfully.

"The Christ indeed! How are you to know Him?"

"He was born this night, and is now lying in a manger, so we were told; and there is but one place in Bethlehem with mangers."

"The cave."  
"Yes. Come with us."

They went through the court yard without notice, although there were some up even then talking about the wonderful light. The door of the cavern was open. A lantern was burning within, and they entered unceremoniously.

"I give you peace," the watchman said to Joseph and the Beth-Dagonite. "Here are people looking for a child born this night, whom they are to know by finding him in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger."

For a moment the face of the stolid Nazarene was moved; turning away, he said, "The child is here."

Continued on page 11



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CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING.

It is time for the Christmas plum pudding, which requires to be made long enough in advance of the holidays to allow for its proper "ripening." The secret of making a successful plum pudding will be found by following the English rule. After preparing the fruit and various ingredients, do not attempt to stir them together, but knead. After this is accomplished pack solidly in a mold, bowl or bag, which has been well buttered and dredged thickly with granulated sugar. Do not leave much room for the pudding to swell, as many puddings are ruined by the water boiling into the space left for it to swell in or even by the steam from the boiling water becoming condensed there. Now cover tightly. If a bowl is used, butter and sugar a large square of cloth in the center, tie over the mouth of the bowl, carry the ends of the cloth under the bowl, cross, bring back to the top and tie. Suspend in boiling water to cook, taking heed that the water is not allowed to stop boiling for a moment from the time the pudding goes in until it is done. If the water stops boiling the pudding will be soft and sticky, even if the boiling is speedily renewed. A large pudding requires nine or ten hours' boiling. A small one—and many housekeepers prefer to cook their puddings in several small bags or molds—will require not more than five. If the water boils away and requires replenishing, do so from the boiling tea kettle. After the pudding is done hang in a cool place until the day it is to be served. Then, still in its mould, plunge into boiling water again for an hour or two. Take out five minutes before serving, have ready some blanched and split almonds, stick around the edge of the pudding, put a sprig of holly in the top. Of course we expect all Christians if they have a plum pudding to see to it that it is a

**Temperance Plum Pudding.**

Mix thoroughly one-half pound of flour, one-half pound of raisins stoned and chopped, one-half pound of currants washed and dried, about one cupful of milk or enough to stir easily with a spoon, one-half pound of suet chopped fine and freed from strings, one teaspoonful of salt, four well beaten eggs, one-half nutmeg grated, and one teaspoonful ground cloves. Tie in a floured cloth and boil four hours. The water must be boiling hard when the pudding goes in and not be allowed to stop boiling until done. It will need two hours more steaming before dinner on Christmas day. The sauce for this pudding is made of four tablespoonfuls of butter, six tablespoonfuls of sugar and ten tablespoonfuls of cold water. Mix the sugar and water and heat, but not to boil. Stir in the butter and one tablespoonful of ground cinnamon and serve hot.

**Christmas Turkey, Plum Pudding and Mince Pie.**

The turkey as a Christmas dish was introduced into England in the sixteenth century and is therefore of less antiquity than the huge sirloin of beef or the mince pie. Mince pies were first shaped like a manger, as were

the Yule cakes given out by the bakers to their customers.

The plum porridge later developed into the plum pudding, which dates from 1675. At the old Christmas feasts peacocks and cranes formed some of the dishes.

The appearance of these great birds on the table was beautiful. Before being roasted, the peacock was carefully skinned, and after leaving the oven the bird was reclothed with its old plumage.

**Frozen Plum Pudding.**

To three-fourths quart of boiled custard add two tablespoonfuls melted chocolate, one teaspoonful stale crushed macaroon crumbs, one-half pint of the following mixed fruits; seeded Sultana raisins, candied cherries and ginger, all cut into small pieces. English currants; one-half teaspoonful pulverized cinnamon or one drop of oil of cinnamon diluted with one teaspoonful of alcohol and three drops of this used; one teaspoonful vanilla; freeze to a mush; then pack into a bomb mold and set in ice and salt for three hours. When unmolded on a chilled plate, surround with whipped cream. When packing the bomb smear the edges where joined with melted beef suet to prevent the salt water from oozing in. When ready to unmold, dip an instant in warm water, lift off the lower case first, then slip the cream ball onto the dish, which should be covered with a lace paper dolly to prevent the bomb from slipping about.

**TOASTS FOR THE TIMES.**

(Be sure and use water.)

The Pilgrim for December.

Toasts to the host:

An excellent man, for is not a man judged by the company he keeps?

A truer, nobler, trustier heart,  
More loving or more loyal, never beat  
Within a human breast. —Byron.

To those who know thee not, no words  
can paint!

And those who know thee, know all  
words are faint!

—Hannah More.

Success—there's nothing like it.

It's a winning of the game.

A toast to the man who shows that  
he can  
Do something worthy the name.

As half in shade and half in sun,

This world along its path advances,  
Oh! may that side the sun shines on  
Be all that ever meets thy glances!

Here's a health to thee and thine,  
Not forgetting me and mine;  
And when thee and thine  
Come to see me and mine,  
May me and mine make thee and thine  
As welcome as thee and thine  
Have ever made me and mine.

To a newly married host: We drink to the undying happiness of our host, the luckiest man in all the world. May he always know the bliss of a lover and never the cares of a husband; may his wedded state be an endless love story without a prosaic passage; may life now be a poem, a song, a jubilate with never a dirge between its morn and its midnight, and a long life to him. And may the happiness of the one who brings all these good things into his life be forever unclouded.

Of the many toasts to women perhaps these are the more popular:  
"Tis said women and music should never be dated.

Woman, the fairest work in all creation. The edition is large and no man should be without a copy.

If man has won fame in this world,  
A woman has helped him win it;  
If you will look up all the facts  
You'll find a woman in it.

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If you have never tried Dr. Blosser's discovery, and want to make a trial of it without cost, send your address to Dr. J. W. Blosser, 204 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., and a good, free trial treatment and also a beautiful illustrated booklet, "How I Cure Catarrh", will be sent you at once, free, showing you how you can cure yourself privately at home.

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**HANG UP THE BABY'S STOCKING.**

Hang up the baby's stocking  
Be sure you don't forget;  
For the dear little dimpled darling  
Has never seen Christmas yet.  
But I've told her all about it,  
And she opened her big blue eyes.  
I'm sure she understands it,  
She looks so funny and wise.

I know what we'll do for the baby,  
I've thought of the very best plan;  
We'll borrow a stocking of grandma,  
The longest that ever we can.  
We'll hang it close by brother's,  
Right here in the corner—so,  
And write a letter to Santa,  
And fasten it to the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking,  
That hangs in the corner here,  
You never have seen her, Santa,  
For she only came this year.  
But she's just the blissest baby,  
And now, before you go,  
Just cram her stocking, Santa,  
From the top clear down to the toe."

—Unknown.

**CHRISTMAS EVE.**

God bless the babies' stockings  
All over the land tonight!  
God bless the little children  
Asleep in the hearthfire's light.

May the baby hands be helpful,  
Let the baby feet tread sure,  
Keep the sweet eyes meet for heaven  
And the soft lips true and pure.

God bless the babies' stockings  
All over the land tonight;  
God keep the little children  
Asleep in the hearthfire's light.  
—Selected.

**MARRIED.**

At the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Thompson, Forest Home, Ala., their daughter, Miss Odie, was given in marriage to Mr. J. F. Hays on the night of December 18 at 7 p. m. The home was beautifully decorated and refreshments were served and all had a fine time. Miss Odie is a member of the Baptist church of Forest Home, and a consecrated Christian. Mr. Hays is a member of a Baptist church, not here. He is a young business man. May peace and prosperity attend them through life.—H. R. Schramb, Forest Home, Pastor.

Continued from Page 9.

They were led to one of the managers and there the child was. The lantern was brought and the shepherds stood by mute. The little one made no sign; it was as others just born.

"It is the Christ!" said a shepherd, at last.

"The Christ!" they all repeated, falling upon their knees in worship. One of them repeated several times over:

"It is the Lord, and His glory is above the earth and heaven."

And the simple men, never doubting, kissed the hem of the mother's robe, and with joyful faces departed. In the khan, to all the people aroused and pressing about them, they told their story; and through the town, and all the way back to the marsh, they chanted the refrain of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men!"  
—From Ben Hur.



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## A HUNDRED YEARS OF HISTORY.

1818—Morrison and Milne published the whole Bible in Chinese.  
 1830—First American missionaries, Bridgman and Abel of the Congregational church reach China.  
 1834—Death of Morrison. Six converts in all China.  
 1836—J. Lewis Shuck and his wife reach China. Henrietta Shuck first American woman missionary.  
 1842—Five ports open to foreigners.  
 1850—T'ai Ping rebellion; 20,000,000 Chinese lose their lives.  
 1845—Southern Baptist convention formed. J. L. Shuck becomes first missionary in China.  
 1847—Matthew T. Yates locates in Shanghai.  
 1856—R. H. Graves reaches Canton.  
 1860—Treaty of Tientsin; many privileges granted foreigners.  
 1860—Dr. Jesse B. Hartwell and J. J. Holmes open North China mission.  
 1860—160 Protestant missionaries; 960 converts in all China.  
 1877—473 missionaries; 13,035 communicants.  
 1890—1,296 missionaries; 37,287 communicants.  
 1900—2,800 missionaries; 100,000 communicants. Boxer outbreak.  
 1906—150,000 church members of all Protestant churches; 97 Southern Baptist missionaries; 119 native preachers and teachers; 1,003 baptisms; membership 5,049.  
 1907—The centennial of Morrison's arrival in China to be celebrated as the Chinese Protestant centenary year.—Our Mission Fields.

## AN HONORABLE HISTORY.

The story of Southern Baptist missions in China is long and inspiring. From the time of its organization this has been its chief field of our convention, and now we are reaping the harvest sown by years of faithful, unremitting toil. Many distinguished names have been and are upon our list, names of men and women who have added to the usual labors of missionaries, those even more difficult labors of writers and translators and missionary statesmen. R. H. Graves and Mrs. Graves, J. B. Hartwell, Z. E. Simmons and Mrs. Simmons, Miss Lottie Boon, Miss Lula Whilden, Rev. C. W. Pruitt, R. T. Bryan and Mrs. Bryan, have each given to China many years of service, this being Dr. Graves' fiftieth year. Since these went out a strong body of recruits have joined them and each year adds to the number. The last few years have been marked by steady expansion. First adding to our force a greater number of native assistants, trained carefully by the older missionaries. The debt we owe to native preachers and Bible women will never be told. Next in order of importance, the throwing of larger responsibility for self-support and church building on the native church. Following the growing necessities of each year, day schools have increased and boarding schools expanded. Then came the hospital, with its tender ministry for soul and body, while publication and the theological seminaries took form almost at the same time. For years printing and theological teaching has been going on, but the publication society at Canton and the theological seminary in Shanghai in which Northern and Southern Baptists united, are the late and notable expansions in these lines. As everybody knows, our missions are divided into four stations—South China, with Canton as the center; Central, with center at Shanghai; North China, with center at Ting Chow; and last in order the Interior China mission, in what was formerly the bitterest and fiercest province, Honan. But not content, our missionaries in North China are now looking to Manchuria and only wait our aid to make a beginning there also. From South to North all these missionaries cry to

## Woman's Work

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 (All contributions to this page should be sent to Mrs. D. M. Malone.)

us with one voice: "Haste, make haste! This is the day, this the moment in China." They repeat the dying words of Yates, "So much work to do, and I can not do it. God needs men."—Our Mission Fields.

## MARVELOUS CHANGES IN CHINA.

"It is certainly marvelous to note the number of changes that have taken place in China even in the past year: the macadamized pavement, the new shops all along the streets, instead of spreading their goods out on the ground as before; the first and only (I believe) woman's newspaper in the world, which shows better than anything else the new attitude toward women; the innumerable girls' schools; the popularity of lectures on western science or patriotic subjects; the reception into our homes of the sisters of the third prince, one a Mongolian princess herself, and that these ladies are willing to speak in our church at one of our lectures for women and to be called one with the church because of their efforts to instruct their countrywomen; the open attacks made in the newspapers against many of their superstitions and practices of worship in the various temples, and numerous other things quite as noticeable. Surely it is not only the opportunity of the church, but the strategic time, it seems, in China's history, when there is so much turning away from and rejecting of the old. Something new must enter in and take the place. It rests with the Christian church to say whether or not this shall be the Christian faith and life."

## A TIMELY TIME.

There was never such a work for the time nor such a time for the work. The opportunities and facilities offered to us make even such a task easy and such a load light, turning weights into wings and burdens into pinions to the willing soul. Knowing God's season, the fullness and fitness of his appointed time, it is also man's opportune hour, high time to awake out of sleep, and the world's critical hour of need and want. Dull and dead, indeed, must be he who sees not the signs of the times, hears not the voices that call and the signal that sounds. The captain of our salvation is blowing a blast on His bugle—everything echoes his command. Forward, why do we delay?

God leaves His church without excuse or even pretext, if missions be not prosecuted as a world-wide enterprise. In a sense never thought of when that promise was spoken, the Lord is with us—with us, unlocking the gates of hermit nations, battering down the walls of China—with us to unchain the human mind and reveal the secrets of nature. We may now go into all the world and to every man in his own tongue give the word of God.—A. T. Pierson.

## CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

Our sisters are trying this year to raise \$20,000 for the Christmas offering. From year to year these special gifts for the Lord's work have increased and we want a grand, united effort this year. Surely the 1,000,000 sisters in our convention can raise this amount. In what way could they more beautifully celebrate the Lord's coming to earth and also make a thank-offering for His manifold blessings as we close the old year? The Christmas offering will go for the work in China, which has so rapidly developed. It is marvelous what changes are going on in that country with its 400,000,000 inhabitants. Temples are being turned into schools; the idols burned; in some provinces the Bible is being taught to the children in the schools as a text book; newspapers are being established in cities and towns; telegraphic news from all over the world is being distributed all over the empire; China, long sleeping, is waking to find out that other nations are far ahead of her; railroads and telegraph lines are being built; mines are being opened; an edict has been proclaimed making the seventh day a holiday, and this day corresponds with our Sunday; the movement against foot binding has materialized into government action against this iniquitous custom; women so long bound not simply in their feet, but in mind and heart, are being liberated; the lifting up of woman means the lifting up of the whole empire; new ideas of freedom and of government are being introduced. The fact is that the changes are taking place so rapidly that what is written today will become ancient history in a short time. A new China is developing from the chrysalis of the past. It is the opportunity of the ages for Christians with this great nation. Surely our sisters are giving wisely when they invest in trying to win this people at this opportune time for God.

The Woman's Missionary Union has prepared excellent literature for special services to be held in connection with the offering in the Woman's missionary societies. This literature can be secured either from the state central committees or from the headquarters of the Union, at 301 N. Charles street, Baltimore, Md.

We are glad that the sisters are trying to enlist the young people to join with them in this Christmas offering. To make a great success of the movement this year let each sister see that her society makes a generous gift, and we ask the pastors and leading brethren to co-operate with the sisters in seeing that from every woman of every church shall come a generous gift for this great work. If any sister who reads this has no society in her church, we ask that she shall act as an agent for the Lord's work and secure a contribution and send it forward from her church. Let us do this work for the glory of our God. Yours fraternally,

R. J. WILLINGHAM,  
 Cor. Secy. F. M. U.  
 Richmond, Va.

## A CHRISTMAS APPEAL.

For the beginning of the twentieth century was left the breaking down of the wall of isolating prejudice which has kept a third of the human race forever treading in the grooves worn by long dead centuries.

"Do our papers overstate the wonderful changes taking place in China?" I asked Mr. E. F. Tatum, of Shanghai, a few weeks ago. "They could not," he replied. Then, after a pause he added, "I do not see what more God could do than He is doing to prepare China for the gospel."

The question asks itself, if God is so wonderfully doing His part, how are we, His servants, doing ours?

The motto of the Woman's Missionary Union is "Workers together with God." We pant as if our keeping step with Him required impossible and self-denying labor. Think of the infinite patience God must exercise to halt His purposes to our lagging steps.

He calls His church to immediate triumphant conquest in China. This is the quick step He has set for His host. "Steady progress" must give way to the "phenomenal advance," "a one-fourth increase" to "double the amount." Clearly this is His purpose concerning us.

The Christmas offering for work in China has become a loved part of the Union's effort. Steadily the gifts to it have risen year by year. Last year they were a little more than \$14,000. This year we have taken as our aim for this gift \$20,000.

In view of the almost unbelievable changes now opening China's most remote corner to the missionary; in view of the crowded churches, the overflowing schools the cry for medical missionaries, the eager demand for Christian literature, for this one year can we not put Christ first on our list of Christmas giving? There is little "change" even after all others are remembered.

"Oh, shame that we should even name it!" "We love Him because He first loved us." How can we do less than give Him first because He first gave Himself.

Special programs, called Our Own Missionaries, have been prepared for the Woman's and Young People's Societies. Many thousand offering envelopes, bearing the Chinese flag in colors, have been printed. Coupled with this offering in indissoluble bonds is the Week of Prayer for World-Wide Missions, the first week of the New Year. Programs for this week are also ready and will be, as the others, sent to all wishing them, either by the different state central committees or on application to the mission rooms, 301 N. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.

"Ask and ye shall receive;" "Give and it shall be given unto you." Such is the Christian law of giving and getting; of giving out and receiving again. Debtors as we are to God, yet He overwhelms us with gifts. For the Christmas of 1906 put Him first.

FANNIE E. S. HECK, Pres. W. M. U.  
 Raleigh, N. C.

If your society, Sunday school or church would like to use the Christmas literature and envelopes and has not been supplied write at once to the secretary of Alabama Central Committee, Mrs. D. M. Malone, stating the amounts needed, and she will gladly furnish you.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

"Christmas gifts for thee,  
 Grand and free!  
 Christmas gifts from the King of Love,  
 Brought from His royal home above,  
 Brought to thee in the far-off land,  
 Brought to thee by His own dear hand.  
 Promises held by Christ for thee,  
 Peace as a river flowing free,  
 Joy that in His own joy must live,  
 And love that Infinite Love can give.  
 Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts  
 Carols of praise for such Christmas gifts."

—F. B. Havergal.

# TORTURED BY ITCHING ECZEMA

Suffered Tremendous Itching Over  
Whole Body—Scratched Until  
Bled—Worse at Night, With  
Soreness and Excruciating Pains  
—A Western Lady's

## WONDERFUL CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"Last year at this time I suffered with a tremendous itching on my back, which grew worse and worse, until it spread over the whole body, and only my face and hands were free. For four months or so I suffered the torments of the damned, and I had to scratch, scratch, scratch, until I bled. At night when I went to bed things got worse, and I had at times to get up and scratch my body all over, until I was as sore as could be, and until I suffered excruciating pains. I did not know what it was, and resorted to a number of blood purifiers, using at times also Cuticura Soap. They told me then that I was suffering from eczema. Then I made up my mind that I would also use Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Resolvent. I used them according to instructions, and very soon indeed I was greatly relieved. I continued until well, and now I am ready to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any one who suffers as did your obedient servant. Mrs. Mary Metzger, Sweetwater, Okla., June 28, 1905."

## TORTURING, DISFIGURING Humors, Eczemas, and Itchings Cured by Cuticura

The agonizing itching and burning of the skin, as in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair and crusting of scalp, as in scalded head—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are such stands proven beyond all doubt.

Sold throughout the world. Cuticura Soap, 5c. Ointment, 5c. Resolvent, 5c. (in form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 5c. per vial of 50), may be had of all druggists. A single set often cures. Foster Drug and Chem. Corp., Sole Mfrs., Boston, Mass.

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JEWELRY**

Christmas Gold Ring \$1.00

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**LOOK OVER**

These suggestions you may see your Christmas gift here.

Thimbles, strong and good, with initials engraved, solid gold, \$3.50, silver top and gold bottom; \$1; all silver, 50c.

Cuff links, new style, solid gold, \$1.50, \$2.40 and \$3.50.

Scarf pins, pretty ones, set with stones, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2.

Brooches, ladies, solid gold and pearls, \$3, \$5 and \$8.

Baby pins, solid gold, in pairs, \$1.25, with stones, \$1.50.

Rings, solid gold, plain or carved band, small, \$1; large, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$4; stone set, small, \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50; large, \$2, \$3, \$4.90, \$5. Send for catalogue.

**C. S. Ruth & Son**  
15 Dexter Ave., Montgomery, Ala.

### ERNESTINE McCREARY.

At Evergreen in 1885, there came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest McCreary their first babe, and for her father she was called Ernestine. Here the twenty-one years of her life have been lived, and of them no one has aught but good to speak. In her a petite daintiness of person and modest, winsomeness of manner have combined to elicit the admiration of all; while the inner circle of those who knew her best were bound to her strongly by the real worth of her character. While yet a child she was baptized into the fellowship of the Evergreen Baptist church, and her walk has been in keeping with the nobility of her high calling. As a Sunday school pupil in the class of Mr. Finch, and afterwards of Mr. Farnham. She has been among the very first in faithfulness in attendance and diligence in preparation.

The school days of her childhood were spent in the state school at Evergreen and from it she became a full graduate in the class of 1903. It seems but yesterday that she called to us over the fence to come and see her graduating gown, just in from the dressmaker's, and the soft tones of her appreciative, "I am glad you think it is pretty," are all but still sounding in our ears.

A residence just over the fence, with constant passing-back and forth, brought every opportunity of knowing her well, and all fuller knowledge of her life was a call for a larger appreciation of the graces of her character.

Her devotion with its many kindly deeds to a little girl in that next door home will be remembered with tender affection through many years that are to come. Her daily calls over the yard fence were heard eagerly by the little one. May the influence of what she was live as a continual call from over the wall of the Beyond. With Ernestine for a year or more has there been noted an especial deepening of life. So much a home body, so industrious, so gentle, so much prized by her step-father, so much of a companion to her mother, it seems like an unconscious getting ready to flit away to the better land.

In October she went to the Judson for further studies, and it was from the dear old school that her spirit took its flight.

Of delicate build and frail of body she could not fight long when fever came. She believed that the end was coming and talked bravely to the watching mother. With her belonged the Christian's hope and she was not afraid to go. On November 27th she "slipped away to our lang home," and on the next day the earthly tabernacle was laid to rest in the cemetery at Evergreen. What she was at the Judson is attested by the many letters that have gone to the mother from the girls who loved her.

To her honored grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. B. H. Crumpton and Dr. and Mrs. J. A. McCreary, to her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Dunn; to her brothers, Ralph and Waddy; to her only sister, Marcella; to him to whom her heart had gone out, and to the many relatives and friends who mourn her loss, may the God of all comfort speak peace.

"More homelike seems the vast unknown"

Since she has entered there, To follow her were not so hard, Wherever she may fall."

"She can not be where God is not On any sea or shore; Whate'er betides, thy love abides, Our God, forevermore."

#### A FRIEND.

Evangelist Frank M. Wells, of Jackson, Tenn., has just closed an excellent meeting with the Baptist church of New Market, O. He goes to Amos, W. Va., December 13 to 23; Albemarle, N. C., Dec. 30; Penfield, N. Y., January 23.

# Holiday Goods

The L. J. & L. Christmas stocks are ready for inspection—richer, more varied and grander than ever before. We have arranged them for early display in the hope that you will rob Christmas of some of its terrors by buying as early as possible.

The Christmas rush will be in evidence this month as usual. And every man and woman who begins buying as early as possible, will help make the crowds smaller and their own shopping more satisfactory.

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Write On Freely  
Describing symptoms and stating age.  
We will send you FREE ADVICE, in plain, sealed envelope and a valuable book "HOME TREATMENT FOR WOMEN." Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., S 4

### 1907 JANUARY 1907

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
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13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
		29	30	31		



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ALABAMA

### CHRIST AND SCIENCE.

The Cole lectures for 1906, delivered before Vanderbilt University by Francis Henry Smith, professor in the University of Virginia. Published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, New York City.

The history of the human mind discovers two distinct orders of intelligence. The inferior order is unduly impressed by the differences exhibited by phenomena. The superior order displays the higher faculty of distinguishing vital resemblances. The differences between light and electricity are patent to the tyro in physics; the resemblances are evident only to the Faradays and the Maxwells.

This truth is strikingly illustrated by writers on Science and Religion. To some there appear only differences, discrepancies, conflict, warfare. To others "the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made." Such wisdom and insight are displayed in a remarkable degree by the distinguished professor of physics in the University of Virginia, in his recent Cole lectures before Vanderbilt University, which have just been published in book form by the Fleming H. Revell Company.

Christ and Science is the subject of these noteworthy addresses. They establish in a masterly manner the truth that the revelation of Christ in the Bible is in accord with the soundest science, both as to the fundamental truths and the moral qualities inculcated. To students of physical science, these addresses present a pregnant view of the most recent, as well as the most enduring achievements of the human mind. To students of religion they reveal the vital resemblances between the Christ of Scripture and the Christ clearly seen from the creation of the world in the things that are made. To all classes of readers, the second lecture brings a message of inestimable value; to the individual in his daily life as well as to the student of science in his laboratory. The paragraph on Faith is not the least suggestive and salient passage in this lecture. The fifth lecture, "Christ the Model for the Teacher of Science," and the concluding lecture, "The Great Teacher Himself," will be of special interest to teachers and students. They constitute a treatise on education of rare excellence. Schools and colleges, teachers and trustees, would do well to walk in the path here pointed out.

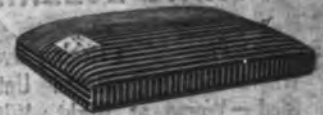
But no sketch or summary can give an adequate idea of the wisdom of insight and wealth of illustration displayed in this instructive and inspiring little volume. It should be in the hands of every student and in the library of every household.

Any review of this book would be incomplete without a word of its author. Few living men of science are so well qualified to speak on this high theme. A physicist from his youth up—for fifty-three years professor of natural philosophy in the University of Virginia—a devout disciple of the great teacher of Faraday and Clerk-Maxwell, Professor Smith is one who writes with authority. Rich in experience and wisdom, holding high rank in the world of science, and remembered with unflinching affection by thousands of youth who have sat at his feet, he delivers in this book a message of deep interest to an unusually large audience. Those who have had the privilege of sitting at the feet of this inspiring teacher, whose name has become a part of the fame of the University of Virginia, will see in the two concluding lectures an unconscious portrait of the teacher whom they will ever remember and revere.

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Don't let the Grip Devil grasp you, with GRIP-IT at only 25 cts. a box, in each box enough to cure three colds. If, however, you have neglected your colds until catarrh has attacked you, you have a malady worse than a cancer, and you need **PORTER'S CA-TARRH-O.**  
The sufferer, in the first stages of catarrh, can secure a half state of cleanliness by a frequent use of his handkerchief; but that dreadful "dropping down" into the throat finally sets in, and the victim is absolutely helpless; for he is often forced to swallow the same material as that which is discharged from the nose. These offensive mucous discharges are quickly relieved by **PORTER'S CA-TARRH-O.**  
A single box will cure all discharges, either outward through the nose or inward into the throat. Promptly relieves all sneezing, Hay Fever, and colds in the head. Contains no opiates or narcotics. It is simply antiseptic and curative. Price 50 cts.; send stamps if not kept by your dealer.  
**PORTER MEDICINE CO., Paris, Tenn.**

IN MEMORY.

On the morning of December 8th, just before dawn, God gave us a sweet flower in our home, a son, and then reached down His all-powerful hand and carried it home to heaven. The sweetest flowers we always pluck first. Should God be unlike us in this? In His all-wise counsel we submit our cares, our sorrows, our all. Before we had friends—yes, friends indeed, who from the other side of Jordan's silent waves encouraged our weary crafts onward. Now we have our own from yonder shore breathing through the spirit, "Mamma! Papa! struggle on, The wind and waves may be fighting you back, the stream may be running against your weary bark. Your star of hope may be dimmed by the worldly fog rising before you, but press on, the crown is worth the price twice over again. Come on home." Who knows but this is God's divine plan? Who knows but God has the right to claim His own as "unspotted from the world."

Mayhap He needs a new star in His crown, another angel to sing welcome to those workers in His vineyard who are day by day crossing the great river to rest in the shade of His wings. Who knows but God has a new harp of praise and needs this flower of our home to play in His celestial choir?  
Whate'er His purpose or will divine  
To bleed our souls with instant sorrow,  
We see Jesus, the true living vine  
Pointing us heavenward the bright tomorrow.  
In our sorrow we can only say:  
Goodby, sweet child, await our coming—  
Plead with Jesus for mamma and papa.—Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Leckie, Ft. Deposit, Ala.

IN MEMORIAM.

On the — day of October, 1906, there was taken from our midst one dearly beloved brother, D. C. Smith. Brother Smith was a member of Shiloh church at Graham, Ala., for many years, being made a deacon at the age of 27. He died at the age of 59 years.  
Resolved, first, That his death is a great loss to this church, he being one of our best Christian men in this community.  
2. That our community has lost one of its noblest citizens, a man of Christian benevolence and charity.  
Third, That we extend our sincerest, heartfelt sympathy to his bereaved family.  
We pray they will feel that it is not their loss, but heaven's gain.  
Committee on Resolutions.

KIND RESOLUTIONS.

Resolution adopted by the North Kentucky Baptist Pastors' Conference.  
Rev. J. D. Gwaltney, the pastor of Calvary Baptist church, of this city, who has so recently accepted a call to the First Baptist church, Talladega, Ala., is a brother beloved in the Lord. It is with deep regret that we see him go from our midst. The Lord has greatly blessed his labors in this city. He is a gentleman worthy of the name, a faithful Christian worker and an able minister of the gospel. Kentucky loses, Alabama gains. Therefore be it Resolved, 1, that North Kentucky Baptist pastors' conference loses its vice president and a loyal Christian brother.  
2. That we as a conference heartily indorse his work in our midst and commend him to the full confidence and esteem of all Alabama Baptists.  
3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent Brother Gwaltney and the Alabama Baptist for publication.  
— J. Clyde Turner, W. M. Wood, committee.

We want for our files copies of November 29th and December 20th, 1905. If you have them, please forward at once, as we wish to have them bound.



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# IT PAYS TO PAY UP BEFORE JANUARY

All subscribers who pay up to January, 1908, before January, 1907, will get a present. Send back dues and renewal by January 1st, if possible and get the pick



**OUR MASTER.**

"Immortal love, forever full,  
Forever flowing free;  
Forever shared, forever whole,  
A never ebbing sea!

Our outward lips confess the name,  
All other names above;  
Love only knows whence it came  
And comprehendeth love.

Blow, winds of God, awake and blow  
The mists of earth away!  
Shine out, O Light Divine, and show  
How wide and far we stray!

The heart must ring Thy Christmas bells,  
Thy inward altars raise;  
Its faith and hope Thy canticles,  
And its obedience praise."  
—J. G. Whittier.

"That the memory of the just is blessed" may be truly said of T. Stanley Burge, son of C. W. and M. E. Burge, who died the 6th day of December, 1896, aged thirty years. He was a loving son, a devoted husband and a good citizen, faithful and honorable in all his obligations. Reared in a Christian home he gave his heart to Jesus and was baptized and received into the fellowship of Midway church, Clarke county, in the year, 1895, as one of its best members. He was regular in attendance and faithful in service to his church, and he will be much missed. It can be truly said no young man in his community set a better example to others. We laid him to rest in the burial grounds of this church in the presence of a large gathering of friends to await the morning of the resurrection, feeling we had lost a friend and brother. May the God of all grace care for and protect his widow and little son.  
A FRIEND.

**HOLIDAY EXCURSION RATES VIA CENTRAL OF GEORGIA RAILWAY.**

Fare and one-third plus 25 cents round trip to all points east of the Mississippi and south of the Ohio and Potomac rivers, including St. Louis, Mo.; also to points in Western Passenger Association territory. Tickets on sale December 20 to 25, inclusive, December 30 and 31, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907; final limit January 7, 1907, minimum rate 50 cents.

For full information apply to nearest ticket agent.

Do you want to act as agent for the best medicine made for Fever or La Grippe? Send money order for \$4.00 and we will send express prepaid 12 bottles of Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic, with 200 pieces of advertising matter with your name on same.

Write the Johnson's Chill and Fever Tonic Co., Savannah, Ga.

**Excellent Facilities for Curing Cancer.**

We are curing Cancers, Tumors and Chronic Sores without the use of the knife or X-ray, and are endorsed by the Senate and Legislature of Virginia. If you are seeking cure come here and you will get it. We Guarantee Our Cures.

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WELLS OPEN BELLS  
SWEETENED, MORE DURABLE  
LOWER PRICE  
NOW PASSENGER SERVICE  
WELLS WET.

Program fifth Sunday meeting of Blount County Association, to be held with the Baptist church at Cleveland, Ala., December 28, 29, 30, 1906. Friday night, December 28th, 7 o'clock, preaching by Rev. S. F. Reid. Organization. Saturday, December 29, 9 a. m., prayer and prayer service by Rev. L. T. Pendley. 9:30 a. m., Best methods of enlisting the co-operation of the non-attending church members, and should they be retained in the church; by Revs. T. J. Chamblee and J. W. Crumly. 10 a. m., Loyalty to the church by Revs. F. Tidwell and J. C. Buckner. 11 a. m., preaching by Rev. W. T. Churchwell. Adjourn for dinner. 1:30 p. m., The Baptist position and work in the religious world, by Rev. W. J. Nash and Dr. W. M. Cole. 2:30 p. m., Why read our denominational literature, by Revs. J. S. Delatch and D. D. Head. Adjourn till 7 p. m. Preaching by Rev. S. J. Cox. Sunday, December 30, 9:30 p. m., Sunday school work by J. K. Nix and Clark Morris and others. 11 a. m., preaching by Dr. W. M. Cole. We hope the churches will all represent and take part in the discussions of these subjects is the wish of the executive committee.

At our prayer meeting the 8th of November, the West Huntsville Saints decided to hold a protracted meeting, which we began on Sunday, the 12th, with good interest and bright prospects. Brother J. R. Stodghill, of Albertville, came up on Monday to help us, which he did by preaching a series of excellent sermons. God blessed his gospel and many were saved. As results of the meeting we have received twenty-five members, eighteen by baptism, and the church was greatly revived. Thank God for His goodness and grace.—C. T. Campbell.

To many points South. Tickets on sale December 20th to 25th inclusive, December 30th, 31st and January 1st, with final limit of January 7th. For particulars call or write any ticket agent Q. & C. Route.

**FOREIGN MISSION MONTH.**

A note from Brother Crumpton says:

The churches are responding right along for Foreign Missions. The weather has been fine and the country churches have had good opportunity for calling on the people. I am distressed not to have a line from the large city churches. I fear some of them are letting this most beautiful weather of the very best months of the year slip by without collections. After Christmas, in the bad weather, maybe they will get busy. The Foreign Mission Board was never in more pressing need than now. I beg the pastors not to put off until April their collections, when they are so much needed right now.

**THAT APPEAL FOR THE STORM SUFFERERS.**

Ought to meet a prompt and hearty response. The people are discouraged. With their own homes destroyed, they can not be expected to do much for church building. One brother writes: "We are so grateful to God for good weather. If we had had rain the suffering would have been awful."

- Additional subscribers to the Howard College Endowment fund:
- R. S. Richardson, Albertville.....\$25
  - C. W. Pace, Roanoke . . . . . 25
  - C. B. Martin, Lineville . . . . . 10
  - J. R. Stitt, Wehadkee . . . . . 25
  - J. A. Wilson, Roanoke . . . . . 10
  - J. T. Yarbrough, Lamar . . . . . 10
  - W. C. Sewell . . . . . 10
  - Wedowee Church . . . . . 100
  - R. L. Boyd, Lineville . . . . . 10
  - G. D. Lovvorn, Newell . . . . . 10
  - Miss Stella Gladney, Roanoke . . . . . 25
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  - Dr. D. C. Burson, Atmore . . . . . 25
  - Judge M. F. Brooks, Brewton . . . . . 25
  - W. W. Lowrey, Atmore . . . . . 25
  - J. T. Lowrey, Atmore . . . . . 25
  - Rev. J. H. Wallace, Opelika . . . . . 1
  - Dr. J. D. Owen, Sr., Pollard . . . . . 25
  - Mrs. A. L. White, Fayette . . . . . 10
  - F. L. Hawkins, Luverne . . . . . 5
  - R. F. Hawkins, Luverne . . . . . 5
  - B. P. Floyd, Andalusia . . . . . 10
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  - Mark L. Black, Luverne . . . . . 25
  - J. D. Curtis, Atmore . . . . . 50
  - Mrs. E. L. Pipkin, Atmore . . . . . 5
  - N. P. Kerley, Atmore . . . . . 5
  - A. P. Smith, Atmore . . . . . 50
  - Mrs. A. P. Smith, Atmore . . . . . 10
  - H. H. Patterson, Atmore . . . . . 100
- A. P. MONTAGUE.

At a called conference December 13 at the Enterprise Baptist church Bro. F. J. Fleming, better known here as "Frank," was ordained to the full work of the gospel ministry. The presbytery was composed of Revs. H. H. Blackman, A. G. Mosley and R. M. Hunter. Many pointed questions were asked in the presence of the audience and correct answers given to the full satisfaction of both church and presbytery. Brother Fleming has been called to Deatsville and other churches, where he will make his home for a while. In this county he numbers his friends by the hundreds, who wish for him the greatest success. The prayers of many loved ones follow him to his new home.—R. M. Hunter.

**HELP THE STORM STRICKEN CHURCHES IN MOBILE ASSOCIATION.**

I wish I could help the brethren and sisters see the situation as it really is among the churches which suffered from the storm in this section. They were poor financially and weak numerically before the storm. Some of them were mission points, and the best of them could barely stand alone. And now their condition is pitiful beyond description. Their church buildings are utterly ruined or severely damaged. The membership is terribly demoralized because their individual property and in many cases their business have been entirely swept away. Many of them who prior to the storm were in real good circumstances are now reduced to abject poverty.

Oh, my brethren! you who know me, you with whom I have labored, listen to this appeal. I am wholly unable to find words adequate to express the real needs of this situation. I am not asking for help for my own church, we are able to help ourselves and others. All the churches in the city of Mobile are helping in this cause, but can not give the amount needed. We have also suffered. Why not set apart the fourth and fifth Sundays of this month for this cause? Men of Israel, help!

J. W. SANDLIN.

**DEWBERRY'S SCHOOL AGENCY.**  
This agency was established in 1892 and for nearly fourteen years has served teachers and schools in all parts of the South and Southwest. Schools desiring teachers, or teachers desiring positions should address R. A. Clayton, Mgr., Birmingham, Ala.

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**SPECIAL RATES VIA L. AND N.**  
The Louisville and Nashville railroad will sell special low round trip tickets to the West, Northwest and Southwest.

Winter tourist tickets on sale daily until April 30, 1907, final limit May 31st, to all winter resorts.

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