

A correspondent says: I heard a discussion two hours long on the 4th Sabbath of March on the subject of who John the Baptist was, and the preacher made him out a prophet sent to initiate Christ into his priestly office, which he did by washing him in the river Jordan, not baptizing, but washing according to Jewish customs, and that was the last of John's ministry. He never baptized or washed any one else after Christ. That was the last act he did and Christ went into the temple and entered into his priestly office for ancient geography showed that the temple was close by Jordan when John was baptizing or washing. 2. What Christ did. He wrought miracles and changed the ordinances of the church, they being organized in the house of Abraham, and so the discussion ended.

How exceedingly anxious some people are to inflict a second martyrdom on the harbinger Baptist! Verily if he were now on the earth, preaching repentance, and baptizing in the yellow Yarkin (as he did in the Jordan) those who confessed their sins and brought forth fruits meet for repentance, these people would hardly wait for a dancing damsel to demand his head. They neglect the preaching of the gospel to denounce him as not a christian, but merely a Hebrew churchman, and his baptism as not a christian, but a mere Hebrew baptism. Now one, more daring than the rest, wastes a golden opportunity, for preaching repentance and faith in rapid declamation against Christ's Forerunner, and calls him a mere Hebrew washer! God, the Creator, Preserver and Savior of prophets, priests and kings, must be washed in a river by a creature as a preparation for a Jewish priesthood. Away with such heaven insulting impudence! Civilized people ought to be ashamed to listen at such stuff, and a large and respectable denomination ought to be ashamed of such a preacher.

John the Baptist preached that Jesus was the Christ, and baptized in Jordan those who repented and confessed their sins. This ordinance commemorates the death, burial and resurrection of the sinner's Savior, and is the sinner's public profession of death to sin, resurrection to newness of life, and consecration to the service of an ascended Mediator. Mark calls the preaching and the baptism administered by John, "The beginning of the gospel of Jesus the son of God." John's baptism was christian baptism, his life was christian life, because it related to, looked towards, and prepared the way for Christ. But our preacher locates the temple on the Jordan. If Jerusalem was close by the Jordan, the certain man, who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, ought to have gone down from Jericho to Jerusalem. But the preacher seems to know less (if possible) about geography than he does about the Bible.

The Language of Modern Greeks. If one of the mummies in a museum should step out of his case and proceed to blow the fire or sweep the room, the attendants would have something such a surprise as many western scholars feel who on visiting Greece discover how much vitality is shown by its so-called dead language. An American professor, who has just spent a week here, said "I shall never forget the thrill that I felt at the railroad depot when I first used the classic tongue in calling for my ticket." For although the moderns do not talk exactly ancient Greek, yet the language has been so far restored by the persistent labors of the learned that the style of newspapers, of addresses and of polite conversation differs from that of the writers of the New Testament scarcely more than they differ from Homer. And when disposed to be a little pedantic, the scholars have no difficulty in expressing themselves in very respectable classic language.

The process of restoring the language has been a curious one. In the revival of literature and general education among the Greeks, their scholars observed that a multitude of Italian and Turkish words were current among the people which had displaced old Greek words. In such cases they began to use the old word and to proscribe the common one as vulgar. Where the foreign word had no equivalent, a new word was sometimes formed from a classic root in accordance with established analogies. Words that had lost letters or syllables, they began to pronounce in full. These efforts of the learned were heartily seconded by teachers throughout the nation. The young were taught to use the forms of nouns found in ancient authors rather than those in common use. To restore the old fashions was felt to be a patriotic duty. The great public questions of the past fifty years have been questions of philology. The mummied nouns have become lively again, but the verbs remain in their casements still. The future and perfect tenses are formed by means of auxiliaries, and both tenses and moods are regulated by new rules. The further revival of archaic forms seems very unlikely in view of the considerable body of literature which now exists in modern Greek.

The work of reform may be illustrated by a single example. The Greeks at first called a steamboat by its Italian name *vapori*. The learned men said "No, call it *atmoplocon*," a literal translation of steamboat, the first part being the same word that appears in atmospheres. Other pedants said, "Oh no! a steamboat must mean a boat made of steam; call it *atmokineton*, moved by steam." All these words were used here thirteen years ago, the last one being clumsy, least of all, and *vapori* has most frequently. Now *atmoplocon* has tri-

umphed and *vapori* is generally felt to be a foreign word.

There are a good many ancient words in common use with new meanings, and these are generally tolerated. The popular word for horse is "the irrational," for wine "the mixture," for small-pox "the blessing," and for moon "the little light." For bread they use the word which in John's gospel is translated "the sop," while the word there used for the bread which Christ gave to his disciples is retained chiefly for the bread of the communion table. The latter word is used too in the compounds that mean baker and bakery, as one can see in the signs along the streets. In truth the sign boards are generally written in ancient Greek.

The church worship has always been conducted in the ancient language, the Greek Scriptures being read every Sabbath and in frequent week-day services. This practice has tended to preserve the language from entire extinction, and has given to the modern style a closer resemblance to the style of the New Testament, than to that which prevailed in heathen Greece even in later times.

The modern Greek pronunciation differs from all the systems known in America and differs also, it is believed, in several important particulars from the ancient pronunciation. Of the seven vowels three are pronounced as e in the word equal, and the same sound is given three diphthongs. So that from the sound alone one cannot tell in which of six ways to write a word that contains an e. Furthermore no distinction is now made between the long and the short o, between the rough and the smooth breathing, nor between the different accents. It is singular that with all their attempts to regulate the language, the reformers have not tried to restore a more discriminating pronunciation.

The process of purification is most complete at Athens, the capital, and the seat of the University. Among the country people, and still more among the Greek of Turkey, the mixed language of a century ago still retains its hold. And curiously enough in Attica itself the majority of the people outside of the cities of Athens and Piræus do not speak any sort of Greek. The peasantry of Attica are Albanian immigrants from the North who retain their language and seem to feel more as Greek subjects than as Greek citizens. Indeed there are houses even in the city of Athens, as an educated Albanian tells me, where his language is commonly used.

The Greek nation as a whole accepts the purified language and receives with it one benefit at least. The body of the people have an easier access to the wealth of their ancient literature. The youth who has a good common-school education needs only a little guidance to read the classic authors. The foreign scholar too visits here is thankful that the language of Sophocles and Plato is still spoken by cultivated men and has a chance of living to the end of the world. The changes which it has undergone have given it in some respects a simpler form, one more adapted common use.

But it must be admitted that the language no longer retains the wonderful and unparalleled beauty which it had two thousand years ago. It has lost it, the well worn silver has lost the brilliant, and delicate finish with which it came fresh from mint. The precision with which the ancient Greek discriminates between different shades of thought has made it one of the most precious means of educating the thoughts of men. It is not in only its flexibility and in its beauty, but also in its educational value that it surpasses every other language ancient or modern. Every twenty or thirty years a cry is raised against devoting so much time in college to the study of Greek, but after a little discussion the testimony, which cultivated men give to its value, maintains it in its well deserved position. Perhaps Providence ordained the development of the Greek language expressly for its educational benefit in later times, or perhaps some would claim that in anticipation of the coming of the Savior of mankind the most perfect language was created that the world has ever seen in which the glad tidings of great joy should be recorded; for it was in Greek that Christ's message was published to the world. But which ever was the principal design of Providence, it is certainly by no means improbable to human view that, to the end of time, the Greek language will continue to be an important branch of the best education, as well as the especial delight of men of culture.

PIREUS, Greece, March 9th, 1872.

I am glad I am able to be out in my field of labor once more. I have been suffering for some weeks with my throat. I send you ten names. I am preaching to three churches as pastor, viz: Liberty, Reids X Roads and Pine. I am also preaching to some stations where I hope to constitute churches. If there will be room for me, I will come to the convention.

H. ALLISON.

Elder Allison baptized 37 persons during his visit to Transylvania.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR.—The price of the BIBLICAL RECORDER is two dollars a year, unimistakably and invariably. Surely this is cheap enough. The club system is discontinued, because so many good people misconstrued and misunderstood the terms. Proper credit is given for any sum received.

The Drunkard and his Goat. BY JULIAN H. PICOOT.

We often hear the question asked; "did you ever know of an established drunkard cured of his habit?" There are instances on record, but they are indeed few; it is a sore task to conquer such a habit; a task far too sore for the unassisted strength of man, and can only be accomplished by a strong and determined resolution, aided by prayers to God and our Savior for help—those earnest, sincere, and persevering prayers which the repentant and returning sinner never yet offered up in vain. In all evil habits, especially in that of drinking, the first struggle against them is the worst; for there is not only the habit of the mind to be conquered, but the habit of the body. The whole frame of man becomes weakened; he cannot eat, or hold his hand steady, till he has thrown into his diseased vitiated stomach a dose of the same devil's elixir that has caused his ruin. This fallacious stimulus has for a time the desired effect; there is a short-lived artificial spring given to his poor dozed-out worn-out nerves. While this lasts his hand becomes steady; but in a few hours all his miserable feelings return, and with them all his miserable cravings, again to be relieved by the same deadly means, till at length some terrible and loathsome disease carries him off to his grave of shame. It is the observation of all medical men, that the diseases and accidents of drunkards are far more painful and difficult to cure than any others; and can it be wondered at, that flesh and blood completely impregnated with alcohol should be more apt to become inflamed with fever, than that which is nourished by the natural food and drink of man. We foolishly call this odious palating vice beastly. It no doubt lays immortal man lower than the beasts; but it is slandering the beasts; it would be slandering a sow to compare her to a drunkard. Our story is of a Scotchman, who was a very clever fellow, and an excellent carpenter. By thrift and industry he succeeded admirably in providing for his family, large though it was. But like many another, he could not ride the tidal wave of prosperity, let alone abide the blows of adversity, but must betake himself to drinking. Until then he had been an affectionate husband and kind father, and rejoiced to see his children well clothed and well-fed; but how can a man, who has with his own hands destroyed his reason, and set a fire raging through his veins, answer for what he will do, when frenzied by drink. He began to neglect his work, and as such a course soon meets its reward, his customers, some in anger, some in regret, all left him, and got their work done elsewhere. Of course, poverty followed with all its grim attendants. When he went home, hungry and ragged children met him there, and also a sad and often an angry wife, who had no food to give to him or them. Knowing and feeling in every fibre of his heart and conscience that he had been acting like a monster, of necessity he was furious at her, and often concluded his visit by beating the woman so beloved in the days of his well doing. Providence so arranged it, that he had a tame goat, which was much attached to him, and followed him drunk or sober, wherever he went. Did he go to the rum-shop, well there went Nanny too: if beastly drunk, he lay all night in the gutter, exposed to the freezing wind and pelting rain, Nanny crept close to his side, and by her heat, kept him, no doubt, from freezing. Lower and lower he kept sinking, until no reputable man would associate with him. Upon one occasion the poor inebriate was unable even in a crowded bar-room to get any one to take a drink with him. Being determined to have company, he procured a gill and kneeling down, proposed to Nanny to join him in a glass. To be sure the poor dumb creature could not abide the potency even of its fiery breath, let alone the taste of the liquid fire, and indignantly refused. Seized with a drunken whim, he grasped the poor beast, and poured the whiskey down its throat. This cruel trick was followed by snorting, stamping, butting, and every other expression of anger; but in a short time it began to reel, and stagger, and fall, and our Scotchman roared with laughter at the glorious exploit of making the goat drunk. Next morning, as usual, he repaired to the same shop, the goat at his heels, but the *beast* stopped at the outside of the door, and farther it would not budge. Vain were his efforts to entice Nanny; at every invitation she shook her head, and manifested a dogged resolution not to obey. The man was smitten to the heart by this simple incident, and silently turned from the door with his conscience roused from its torpor, and armed against him with a thousand daggers. Mattering to himself, "Am I, made in the image of the living God, re-proved in my evil ways by a poor dumb beast, to which he denied that reason, which I have so brutally abused?" he went home to his bed, and there he lay for a day and night without food or drink, in agonies of deep and fervent prayer to God, and his prayer was heard. Next day he arose and went to his work. He trembled at the sight of a dram shop, and prayed he might be reserved and preserved from the temptation. He was found steadily at his work: no longer a red-nosed, ragged blackguard blustering and swearing, but clothed and in his right mind. And now his *little* ones, instead of being lean, sallow, ragged and miserable, were fat, and rosy, and merry.

And in a short time his business returned, his health became good, his spirits good, he had peace in his heart and peace in his home, and penury and poverty and weeping and gloom had disappeared. His children were no longer afraid of him, and the roses bloomed once more on the cheeks of his now beloved wife. "God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform."

DEAR RECORDER:—In reading this week's RECORDER I was well pleased with Bro. N. B. C.'s article. He hit the nail plump on the head when he said the towns had been neglected &c., and I will ask why is it so? Is it because the Baptists are afraid to come in contact with any other denomination? I hope not. I do hope that every missionary Baptist minister will turn to bro. N. B. C.'s article in the RECORDER of April 3rd, and see if all can not be profited by it; and if you have been remiss in your plans in disseminating the truths of the gospel, go to work as bro. N. B. C. says. I am one who happens to live in one of the towns that bro. N. B. C. mentions. I will make this offer and who of my brethren, in the other towns and places mentioned, will say come minister or missionary, my home is offered at any time to receive you and such as I have, give I unto you. Well, bro. N. B. C. give us a call on Tuesday after the 3rd Sunday in this month. May the Lord direct us all how we may best promote His cause.

ALFRED HOLLAND, Winston, N. C. April 3d, 1872.

News From Delaware.

DEAR BRO. MILLS:—Why don't you send me the RECORDER? I mail my paper to your office regularly, and I know you appreciate it, or you would not have published in the RECORDER, a year or more ago, that, The Baptist Visitor of Delaware is one of the soundest sheets published in our nation. Some how or other the Visitor has slipped off of your exchange list twice. Put me on again, and then if the RECORDER intermits its visits, I will see what the subscription price will do to insure its arrival. I was hard on your heels the other day in Philadelphia, and regret that I missed you. The Baptist Visitor is doing well. Will you let me say to your readers that Rev. J. M. Pendleton, D. D. is associate editor. The first page is his department. Each number contains one of his admirable short sermons, and several brief, but pointed editorials, with J. M. P. attached—just such a we used to see in the old Tennessee Baptist, of anti-bellum times.

The history of the Baptist cause in Delaware, is a sad record. Antinomianism has been the bane of our progress. But Black-Rockism has had its day, and is well nigh dead in Delaware. A few grasps more and—"died of the dry rot"—will be an appropriate tomb-stone in inscription. There is dawning a brighter day for New Testament Baptists in Delaware. We have four prosperous churches in Wilmington. The old First church has come back to missionary faith and zeal. Your correspondent is general missionary in the State, and his labors have been greatly blessed. The Methodists hold sway, and contest every inch of ground, but their influence is waning. Some of them are dreadfully afflicted with hydrophobia, but "the voice of God on Baptism" is a never failing remedy, and many are reading the recipe and following the directions of the Master. A little over one year ago, I baptized a whole church—pastor and all. They have since built, dedicated and paid for one of the neatest gothic chapels I have ever seen in the country, and are at work like beavers.

This is the second church the Lord has permitted me to baptize. The other was a colored Methodist church in Maryland. The pastor invited me to preach for him and he selected my text. It was Rom. vi: 3-4. I preached. The next Lord's day I baptized the pastor and eleven of his best members. He was ordained and baptized the balance.

I meet with many in the Pædobaptist churches with unquiet consciences on the subject of baptism. They sometimes seek me or send for me and commit themselves. When they do this they might as well get their baptizing clothes in order; for we are going into the water certain. God, by his word has prepared the way for Baptists in this State. Delaware is a ripe harvest for a Baptist sycoph.

Wyoming College has passed into our hands and is now under Baptist auspices. We got for \$4500 a property worth at the lowest calculation \$10,000. The building is new, neat and commodious—with Chapel, recitation rooms and study hall, all furnished, surrounded by ample grounds—4 acres, planted in shade trees and evergreens. The Institution is chartered, and our school is in successful operation. One year ago the Lord blessed the pupils with a gracious revival of religion, and the baptisms that followed came near breaking us up; but we have rallied, and the Lord has continued to bless us. We expect to constitute a church here in two weeks. This village is three miles South of Dover—the capital.

We owe \$2000 on school and church property. Would that some of your readers could feel it in their hearts to aid us. If we could lift the two thousand, we could then raise a shout of victory.

Let me say to your readers, that even a mite of aid, enclosed in an envelope to the subscriber, would give us heart and hope. O that Baptists abroad knew how it is with us in Delaware. They would

hasten to our relief. Read the enclosed circular and say a word in our behalf. I want to attend the S. B. Convention. When does it meet? Tell my dear friend and brother, Dr. Pritchard to take my name and prepare for me a plate and bed—also the name of Rev. A. F. Shanafelt, Chester Pa. He is a good brother and wants to see something of Southern Baptists. I am a Virginian and am proud to tell it. Rev. Addison Hall was my father in the gospel. You may hear from me again. O. F. HILPPO, Wyoming, Kent Co., Delaware.

The Southern Baptist Convention.

I wish to say two or three things about the approaching session of the Convention. 1. By all means send your names before the Convention meets. I made the same request when the State Convention last met in Raleigh, and but few brethren responded. It is an absolute necessity that we have your names in order to assign you homes before the session of the body. If you make up your minds to come but a few days before, still we say, send us your names, if it be but a few days before you start from home. 2. The Convention was invited to this State for the benefit especially of N. C. Baptists, and we hope a large number of our brethren will attend. 3. If you can, procure return tickets. Some of the Rail Road Companies propose to sell return tickets, and some will allow you return free of charge on the Convention certificate, but it will save trouble and make the thing sure to buy return tickets, if you can possibly procure them. 4. I have received many letters from persons in this and other States, stating that they prefer to pay their board while here at hotels and boarding houses, and asking if any reduction will be made on the usual rates of board. To these inquiries, I have to say that the hotels and boarding houses will take persons attending the Convention, and endorsed by the committee on hospitality at reduced rates—one hotel at \$2 per day—another at \$1.50 per day, provided a certain number are entertained—and the boarding houses will entertain at \$1.00 a day. 5. The Raleigh Baptist church proposes to entertain all who will come but at a price for their own expenses, it will be better for them to write to me before they come, that rooms may be secured for them, and we probably can make better terms for them, than they can make for themselves. Letters from brethren who expect to attend are coming in from many States, and we expect a large assembly of the saints.

T. H. PRITCHARD.

DEAR RECORDER:—Will you let a few lines from me, who would write plainly upon an important subject, go before your readers? The subject of Catholicism, has been manfully handled, by our brother O. H. P. in a former number of the RECORDER: we carefully examined the argument, and objected to nothing, only that it looked like the man that circumnavigated the earth to tell us what was in the nut shell. Do we need a syllogism, or abstract reasoning to prove to us that whatever will turn currents of misery upon the world should be avoided as the deadliest enemy. It can be said and proved that what is commonly practised by the Catholics is nothing more than a juggle or a puzzle. One of their members (a lady about forty years old) died in our immediate neighborhood; last year, the priest was sent for, who lived just by the same as she was breathing her last: a lady member of the Baptist Church was present to witness the grand tragedy of getting the soul on safe—a little salt petre water was brought (as she stated) as anointing oil and sprinkled over the body, as it lay making its last throes for life. Prayer books were handed to all the members present—all knelt around the bed, and read the prayer. What benefit in such procedure? What imposition upon the unthinking! A lady of respectability made herself quite amusing one day, at our house, in relating what her eyes had witnessed, at a communion at the church, in the neighborhood. Said she, "I did not know there was such a people in this world: why the priest went to the table, took a tumbler, filled it full of wine, held it up at arm length, repeated words the best she could understand was tooth, fader, tader, and put it on the table, got upon his knees a short time—rose and went over the same ceremony—then drank the wine himself; the thing was repeated a second time and two glasses were drank, enough she thought to make any person drunk." The same story was told us by a man a respectable member of the Presbyterian Church; he was asked what he thought of it—his answer was "the whole looked like a piece of tom-foolery." I had thought it was more like a juggle, a puzzle, or an imposition upon the unthinking. What we have seen, we know. Nothing in his life is more wicked than for a man to put on great sanctity all the week, visit a grogery kept by one of his own members, drink and encourage others to drink, until Sabbath, then to the confessional, (as we have seen them on the way) to get all made right before Sunday ends. The confessional must be attended. Things we had read and heard of in early life induced us to believe that injustice was done that people called Catholic, until being an eye witness, to excite feelings of horror. We now are satisfied that if the principles of the mystery of iniquity, should happen to prevail, this country is doomed to share the fate of those of Europe, which have by the same been drenched in blood. Another puzzle we will see none in going to the confessional; each one must have their hour, men, women, young women, each alone not two and two; because there are secrets, that must be kept—the priests are an holy order of beings, they never marry, but as one of their members argued one day in our company, that they were married to the church, and of course all females in the church were legally their wives; we have seen them with their pet dogs, when we thought it would look much better to have their children to pet. Is any one so unwise as to think that there is holiness in a life of the kind. Let Kerwin speak in his letters to John Huges of New York. When have we ever known squads of Catholic priests going through this or any country with a cargo of Bibles distributed to the poor, and needy; we have been with them and heard them talk, and seen their acts, but never heard the first one speak any thing encouraging to Sabbath school, Bible classes, or Bible reading, but to the reverse; with that we have seen, the grogery and dog-drinking encouraged. In conclusion, I will here ask a few questions to be answered by the thinking part of the country. Is Catholicism not the mother of harlots as spoken of in Revelations? Is it not a curse to the world, dangerous to all civil government, and a destroyer of every good. Should not all Catholic converts be subject to investigation by the law of the lands? Let others may think that I am following the tracks of bro. O. H. P. to tell that I know there is a deadly evil in the land, and must be exterminated, or we will feel to the soul of us, I will close.

Is it important that the smallest fly-speck be daily washed from the remotest corner of your windows; that every grain of dust be brushed from your closets and shelves, while your minds are allowed to become incrustated with rust and dust of years of neglect, and the disease of many of your highest powers? Is it not sacrificing the greater to the less?—Mother's Journal.

A New York Merchant advertised a vacant clerkship with a salary of \$900, and in a few hours had 67 applicants for the place. Another advertised a salary of \$800, and had 288 applicants. The world is full of work.

Wake Forest College. BY JULIAN H. PICOOT. Green with the robe of time, Spotted from shame or crime, Thou dost remain. Noble with the length of days, Hailed by the voice of praise, Crowned the martyr's sacrifice, Free from all stain. Proudly still look to thee, Where'er their path may be, Wholly thy name shall be, Proudly thy name shall be, Free from reproach or blame, Cherish thy noble fame—Gallantly won. O'er all their homes afar, Like an unsetting star, Thy light does shine, Cleared by his guiding ray, Through all the lengthen'd way, "Mother!" they come to say—"Hail to thy shrine." Yet many noble sons, Brave and true hearted ones, Hear not thy call: O'er the rough road of life, Bid the martyr's sacrifice, Fell they with honor rise, Blest in their fall. Some with their armor on, And while life's noontide sun Shines on their native land, Some on a foreign strand, Some of the martyr's band—Called to Heaven's day. May they who yet remain, Keep ever free from stain, 'Tis armor they wore, And in their heart of hearts, Mother of noble arts! May thy pure name impart Strength evermore. As they recall the dead, Let one pure vow be said, Nobly to live. While thym to a I voice, Bidding their hearts rejoice, Minds them how high the choice, Life to retrieve. Still through the coming time, Stand thou in strength sublime, O'er all the martyr's name; Bright as in thy youth, Bearing the lamp of truth, Strong, undist all joy or ruth, In thy pure name.

A Pastor's Reply. Sent to a brother who had made him a present of a Bible. MY BIBLE. O how I love this precious word, Which God to man has given! It shines upon the christian's road, And lights the road to heaven. More precious than Ophir's gold, With fame and honor given, Its priceless worth has never been told, 'Twill be revealed in heaven. Here Jesus speaks in accents sweet, And every word is living, He sits upon the heavenly seat, Salvation freely giving. Let times and seasons come and go, And ocean's waves keep roaring, 'Tis here the truth of knowledge grow, And streams of life are flowing. Then to this word I will repair, When storm and tempest driven, A sure support against despair, When hope from man is driven. Yes, we will prize this precious word, Which God to us has given; 'Twill shine upon the christian road, And lead us home to heaven. J. O.

TWO ORGANS A DISADVANTAGE.—The Christian Era says: The Boston North S. S. Convention by vote requested the Christian Era and the Watchman & Reflector to publish the Essay read at the meeting two weeks ago. As it was an excellent paper we are willing to do it, and the author was ready to furnish the copy for both papers. But the Watchman refused to publish it, if it was to be published also in the Christian Era; hence the author thought it best to withhold it from both papers.

What is the best title for our work? The Bible-school is best. It is descriptive, and it is every way worthy of the work it describes. Many oppose the term "Sunday," as of heathen origin. Others oppose "Sabbath," as of Jewish origin. Still others oppose both terms, and prefer "First-day." But we have yet to find a person not favorable to the title, "Bible-school."—S. S. Times.

The receipts of the Foreign Mission Board during February were Arkansas, 12; North Carolina, 608.27; Maryland, 131; South Carolina, 182.66; Mississippi, 54.35; Tennessee, 13.25; Louisiana, 5; Virginia, 147; Missouri, 96; Kentucky, 375; Georgia, 186.15; Florida, 5; Alabama, 25.51. Grand total for February, \$1,751.45. For the encouragement of our people, we give the items of the contributions from North Carolina: A sister Baptist, 1; Tarboro' ch. per Rev. G. W. Green, 5; Cashie ch., per A. R. Thompson, for Yates' chapel, 5; Leaksville, per M. G. D., for Yates' chapel, 10; Franklin ch., for Yates' chapel, 24.11; Franklin colored ch., do. 8.84; Carleton Creek ch., for Yates' chapel, 10.25; do., for Yates' chapel, 5; Rev. J. D. Huffman, Cor. Sec. for Yates' chapel, 279.40; for Yates' chapel, 140.78; Catawba Assoc., for Yates' chapel, 27.50; First ch. Wilmington, Yates' chapel, 10.95; Raleigh Assoc., for Yates' chapel, 8; Mrs. L. B. Higgin, Yates' chapel, 1; Wake Forest ch., for Yates' chapel, (Nov. 2.50); do., for Yates' chapel, 1; Yates' Miss. (Nov. 2.50); do., for Yates' chapel, 1; Yates' Miss. (Nov. 2.50); do., for Yates' chapel, 1; Sister Sidney Lee, for Yates' chapel, 1; Yates' chapel, 1; unknown names, Tennessee, 13.25; Wake Forest ch., for Yates' chapel, (Jan. 9); Miss C. Lilly for Yates' chapel, 1; Agnes P. Riddick, for Yates' chapel, 5. Total for February, 608.27.

The annual session of the Georgia Baptist State Convention will be held with the First Baptist church, Macon, beginning on Friday, April 26th. The Introductory Sermon will be preached by Rev. T. E. Skinner, D. D., of Columbus, or by Rev. F. H. Ivey, of Athens, as alternate; the Edification Sermon, by Rev. L. R. Gwainney, of Rome, or by his alternate, Rev. G. A. Lofton, of Dalton.

EXPLANATORY.—It seems to be necessary to state that Dr. Hooper's last letter to Elder Jordan was accompanied by a private note which valued his contributions at \$3 a column, that being the price paid him by the Religious Herald, which accepts whatever he writes. We could not afford to pay that price, and returned his article that he might have the full benefit of its market value. While on this subject, we will add that we esteem Dr. Hooper highly as a pious and learned man. But it has been our disagreeable duty to prove that he is not a sound Baptist, nor a safe denominational leader. Yet we have not advised his exclusion from fellowship. In spite of all his objections to us, he desires to walk with us and work with us. His age, his wisdom and his many christian virtues entitle him to uniform kindness and distinguished consideration. Serus in celum redit.

We were pleased to see that Rabbi Felesenthal was present last Sunday evening to hear Dr. Thomas review his sermon on the wandering Jew, and that after the discourse the Jewish Rabbi and the Baptist divine, being introduced, complimented each the other's effort.—Chicago Patriot.