January 6, 1898 er obligations old preachers ist blace. Not sent the needs COURIER as my ed to address e that I write e on year, but eval of them to nny of the appeals. But THE dass and I want to ve written a letter to the that did not bring one to twenty dollars for ving to aid. These lething more than prolonged adble charity, and yet I get then In addition to all these letter. ports of receipts, for which I The Country should make a resume the cost would be sixty name of the veterans, I want;

not only to write more about ming 1895, but to write also of may increst and help, and be, the readers of these e was a tine article I dught to cony to some fellow who styles of The Courses that there is a reason of S. I stands for a llow crippled in the are too'r of Arts me. If "S." mself, and this that he is too
comove out. Is "" in vith
she ereliet? Fray can blin
us see him. There

to Tan Country people and to

put the can preach, and ad a man to come to me this e, and ask me if I would accept Now, when it comes to that, is it nere are not too many preachers? e sen ce in the neighborhood of it alore nentioned and referred

He is a boo by four man, by ten job. Tell "S. Wethere hat kind. The Lord's people x dollars for two dollar shoes dollars for seventy-five dollar 3. mildly and in a sweet tone Some preachers can't preach, nen who are crying out that of "him." I've switched now I'm on the side of the seen the patience and long-Sumter saints and sinners for s, I am beginning to change people are the very best people sorry for some of them when t they have to put up with in ning. "S." has warmed over ven the bones have dissolved, on the war-path lamenting to people because they don't rush When I was at college in fellow in our mess call up a whim a bone, say, "Take this im I want a fresh bone; I had Ask "S." to try something eachers who believe that we lextra-nor are we so fewtoo many on the market. are the men who do to be silenced, and THE off. Expose him to the see the kind of fellow itable traitor in the a—well, I just

than to say there are

other self respecting He is a dangerous Some Thoughts on Prohibition.

HE STRONGEST argument I know of for prohibition is the number of good men who favois but good men are not always practical, and I think that in this case they do not take into consideration the "powers that " be," important factors in the case, that must be considered. I might explain my idea by paraphrasing the Scotch proverb, "The best had plans of men and mice, gang aft aglee," to "the plans of best men gang aft aglee." Men do not always succeed because they are good. Some of the best Christians fail as preachers, i.e. their efforts are not blessed of God. Not because they are not earnest, humble, consecrated Christians, but because flievyage not practical. They ignore their environment, the laws of society ordained of God of circumstances, habits, wishes or rights of more fellows, and hence as the days of miracles are past, and God dees not suspend, by set uside, the working of these laws, they fail. Prohibition has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. It does not prohibit, and I do not believe that it will in South Carolina for the following reasons: The advocates of liscense are citizens with rights that other citizens, i.e. Christians et it, are bound to respect. You may bring the maxim of common law, "that no man has a right to enforce his rights to the injury of his neighto enforce his rights to the injury of his neighbor, against the liquor men, but you must make it work both ways: Grant that there is a majority in the State in rayor of prohibition. Majorins must respect the rights of imporities, or very soon change places with them. No practical man will say that prohibition will stop whickey drinking entirely, so it resolves itself into a question of degree, or "which system will accomplish the most good." When that is an swered, you have the one blessed of God. You may reason ever so eleverly about principle, and reach logical conclusions, but after all, it is the work of finite minds, of fallible beings, and may be at fault. Practical results must be the final be at fault. Practical results must be the for the successful means are the ones blessed test, for the succession means are the property spoken of a the voice of the people which is the voice of Gov.?" Then take the system on which you can unite the people; prohibition will divide them.

T. J. Hamlin.

James Island, S. C. gar

Heard but Saw Not.

COME years ago, when the Baptist State Convention met in Spartanburg, I sat in the church feeling extremely solitary. Doubtless the laughing sunbeams were playing on the windows of that splendid house, but I saw them not. I felt how lonely is a crowd when one imagines that none thinks or cares for him. Dark amid the blaze of day, it seemed that the cheery heard around were all for others. While I was thus musing the choir began to sing the good old hymn, "How firm a foundation ye saints of the Lord" to the tune of the Portuguese hymn. As the song went on my soul was lifted within me. But when I heard the word, "I'll sanctify to thee thy deepest distress," it seemed that my heart was comforted beyond articulate expression. How often have I listened to the peal of the grand organ, yet never heard I one whose strains so fill-ed me before. I have listened to some of the finest voices on earth, but oh, that sweet soprano. nnest voices on earth, but on, that sweet soprano. I know not who she was, it matters not, she was then my consoling angel. Her sweet voice rang out so clear and glorious above the rest, "I'll sanctify to thee, I'll sanctify to thee, thy deepest distress." Dear readers, years have passed away since then, but still I sometimes hear that melodious voice, singing those self-same words. How little thought she how much she was doing for a pilgrim on the earth. There are times in a pilgrim on the earth. There are times in our lives when our best work is unseen, unknown to all but him who sees and blesses from above. It needs not that I draw the lesson from this little incident, but surely in heaven I may again hear that sweet soprano singing to the glory of the Lord. One kind word, one tender expression, yes, one song, as it rises from a heart that sings may bless and refresh some wayworn traveler. Often is it that the face betrays not the aching of the heart within; your very smile may send gladness to that heart. I said that I saw not the sunshine, but in my bosom the beams of a holier luminary found their way through the lowering clouds when the delightful voice carrolled, "I'll sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.'

15th November, 1835. BY W. H. ROBERT.

HAT day, the third Sunday of November was, a beautiful and bright day at it er

The church was a large ore, composed of three or four hundred members, at least three four ha

of whom were slaves.

Rev. Joseph T. Robert, M. D., was the young and active paster. Col. A. C. L. Benjamin Boulet and my father Clames The Robert. R. Bostick and my father James 1850 L. were the deacons. There towart is the clerk of the church.

The house of worship was a pory most and well-armycd building, cos in anolubling fifteen thousand dollars. It is a wooden to fifteen thousand dollars. ture, erected by skilled contractors in on North. It rested on a brief foundation and had a ir or entrance floored with brick, about 12 fee wide, and had in its front four immense buck to uning three feet in diameter. These supported a pretty steeple, on which there was a lightning rod, and it had painted upon it a pretty clock face on each of its four sides. The noise was—herdes this brick porch—60x45 feet, and had a gallery on three sides, for the accommodation of the colored three sides, for the accommodation of the colored people. The whole house was very nicely celled and painted and had the very finest of Venetian blinds. The pulpit was beautifully arranged shighthat a man could stand below it while conducing the prayer meeting services. There was aloset under it, in which was kept the communion service and the books of the church. There was belonging to the church a courle of sermon books, from which one of the members invariably read a sermon to the congregation when no preache present. Joseph G. Lawton used to read until he become a minister of the gospel. Then he bert G. Norton was the plain and forcible inder.

The church generally managed to have a paston and so these books were only necessary when the

and so these books were only necessary when the

pastor was unavoidably absent.

The building was really one of the finest and best arranged houses of worship among the Bartists in South Carolina. We had the B. Y. (led by Joseph J. Law on an understood for the Bartists and South Carolina. We had the B. Y. Daugnons.

Mosse Esther, Elizabeth, Phœbe, Jane, Mary Marthe, Sarah. These, with the daughters of Mar Sarah (Robert) Lawton, and the day liters of the RA Jatedon, Bostick and Maner fam formed as noble a set of Christian young people ever met together. None more zealous and com

est can be found anywhere, even now.

The members of the Black Swamp church at Robertville, having discovered that I had love for God's people, and for his hook and service, concluded that I was one of God's children. Feeling that I had love the brothroot it that he wenty were that I did love the brethred "their heavenly ways and all their songs of praise," and that I had passed from death unto life, I was received as candidate for baptism. During the services on that day from my dear brother he pointed out these two distinct duties of the converted soul:

(1). To say each day, "Lord! what wilt thou have me do?

(2). That the life motto of the child of God is "To live is Christ."

After the sermon I, with other candidates for baptism, fell into line along the side of the meeting house, with the church led by the pastor. They all were led by my mother in the singing. The pastor gave out the hymn (two lines at a time, us was customary then.)

We all joined in singing:

Children of the Heavenly King, As you journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's wondrous praise, Glorious in his works and ways.

This song being concluded, during our long quar ter-mile walk, we sung further:

In all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints, I'll gladly go with you!

Through duties and through trials, too, 'Pll go at his command, Hinder me not, for I am bound; To my Immanuel's land.

We both then went down into the water, and he (my brother) baptized me, using these words "In obedience to the command of my Lord and Master, and upon the profession of your faith in I baptize thee, my brother, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Chost."

Coming up out of the water he prayed, and we

all went on our way rejoicing. Whitaker, Miss., Dec. 12, 189