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WESTERN RECORDER.
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...kisses. He would not anticipate such risks, though others had well so must come; and now he is astonished, prostrated, dismayed, despairing.
"Our boy is ruined—ruined as per se. He had spent all." The boardings of his father's industry, the benefactions of his father's kindness, all gone. O! was it for this that that father had toiled and saved and gave to his beloved son? Fathers, can you not do something better for your sons than earn or bequeath money for them to squander?

But this was the least of the evils our boy now suffered. He was raised in a reputation. Scorned for his folly by those whom he had led and fed in his prodigality, he is shunned, too, by the virtuous and good. Confidence in his integrity and capacity are lost. The prudent parent fears the contagion of his example and influence, and cautions his children to keep clear of such a godless wreck. He is a beacon on a rocky shore, to warn off sailors from the breakers. Bunyan was first awakened by hearing a mother forbid her son to associate with him. How humiliating to be set up as an example of one to be shunned and shunned. And are there not among you some against whose influence an anxious mother might well guard her boy?

He is ruined in character. Not only in what he seems, but in what he is, is the prodigal degraded. His soul is stained by vices, his affections are debased, his passions inflamed; he has cultivated all rude and vicious propensities and strangled, drowned out all the gentle and pure qualities of his nature, his riotous and criminal indulgences have made him a nuisance and pest upon earth; he is unfit to live, and how much more unfit to die.

What a contrast between last week and this? Then reveling in all the

...new could purchase: carousing, shouting, drinking, dancing, as though this was to last forever; this week glad to gnaw a beggar's crust and steal into a shed or hedge row for a sleeping place. Such quick contrasts of condition are often seen in this age of the world. But, O, how faintly do such sudden falls illustrate the ruin and beggary which overtake every impetuous sinner who dies amidst them. While he is singing "peace, peace, sudden destruction cometh." While he is flouting himself, "to-morrow shall be as this day and more abundant," a stern voice proclaims, "Thou fool! this night thy soul shall be required of thee." Yesterday the Clooprats barge with silken sails and silver oars and velvet cushions, last night the stings of the spade, to-day the plunge into the billows of perdition. Last night the glare of a thousand lamps lighting up a Belshazzar palace, to-day groping in the "black-out" of darkness. It seems as though this earth were a prodigal world—a younger brother among the stars—breaking away from the bright circle and straining gravitation itself to escape the wise and safe control of the Father and Preserver of all.

Now, taking this part of the parable as type and illustration, let us consider the ruin which sin certainly works out for all who persist in its indulgence.
First.—Ruin is the necessary result of sin. When the prodigal begins his reckless career—outers with trembling steps the vestibule of vice—virtue turns pale and shudders as she forecasts the end. Now she raises her voice in warning and numbers a thousand experiments of this sort that have terminated in irreparable disaster, to restrain and reclaim the rash boy. And as with bold steps he presses on, snapping one after another the cords which conscience and early training, fear and the Spirit of God, had fastened about him, surrounding and emboldening himself in a throng of godless companions, hope dies out and only watches for the destruction which only

Omnipotence can prevent. She sees that the chances of return to virtue are only as one in a thousand.
There is a whirlpool on the coast of Norway called the maelstrom, or grinding waters. At certain states of tides and winds it is not an alarmingly dangerous place. Ships can pass right over it safely. But at other times, in other condition of tides and winds, the stoutest bark, caught in circling swirls, is whirled round and round, each circle drawing it nearer and nearer to the crater of the vortex into which the fatal vessel sinks and is beaten into splinters, which are hurled out again upon the beach. Rmorous waves have been seeking in and beat to death by the battering surges. Imagine a boy gleefully sliding the maelstrom in a little ship on the smooth sea, a little beyond the outer circles of the whirlpool. He does not seem to be in much danger. Spectators may laugh at his sportiveness and admire his jocular dexterity as he whirls his little boat over the placid sea, and gay companions may cheer and encourage him by their own example and rivalry. They all seem bent on trying how near the verge of the gulfstream they may venture. A few, who, having witnessed former wrecks, dread the peril, shout a warning. But they are laughed at for their unbecoming timidity. Youth sports on, and inevitably nears the outer treacherous whirl. "Danger, young man!" cries out an anxious observer. "Thou art getting into danger, my son!" wails a weeping mother. "No danger!" shouts the thoughtless crowd, and "No danger!" responds the venturesome boy. Another hour passes, and the boat is gracefully swooping in large circles round and round the yet distant vortex. But the waters are so smooth and beautiful, and the movement is so gentle and graceful—the very poetry of nature—that the danger is not

...disturb him. And there are boats inside of his, and boats around and following him—a whole gay regatta—and he is in no more peril than the rest. A little longer and he is within the suction of the whirlpool. Even while singing no danger, and his comrades all in chorus no danger, while the thoughtful woe and the fools laugh at his daring, he has gotten where he can hardly come out. The narrowing circles with ever rapid velocity, bear him to the central vortex, and with resistless force, he hangs one agonizing instant upon the curl of the staves, plunges down, and no remnant of the wreck remains to be discovered by barmen search. Down in those boiling depths lie thousands who have so sported before him, and thousands more are following hard after to the same horrible doom.
The mouth of hell is the moral maelstrom of this world, and every day multitudes are sailing in. One by one they are plunging down the terrible abyss. A hundred have gone down since you passed within these doors. Young man, you are in spiral whir! Great God! is there no help? None. None from the arm of man. But there is a hand stretched down from above the seething billows. It is the spike-pointed hand of Jesus. Perhaps you may reach it yet. O, struggle to grasp that hand and be saved! Do you still hesitate? Do you beg for yet a little delay? O, my God! so may they all, crying back to our warning, "Time enough yet," and wondering that cry is changed to "It is too late; it is forever too late!" My young friend, footing carefully, gloomily around the treacherous circles of sin, forget not, O, forget not that the awful maelstrom is drawing you nearer and nearer to its remorseless gulf with every passing hour.

Second.—For the sinner's ruin no one is to blame but himself. When our prodigal sat by the wayside ragged and hungry, and gloomily pondered the past and sought for the reason of this terrible change in his fortunes, he could truly charge the blame only on his own follies and crimes. Ho

...might cross the companions who cheated him, the pretended friends who led him on, the "bad luck" that warped his wishes. He might even blame his kind father for not controlling him more resolutely, and preventing by his authority and force the wreck he had foretold. But all this would have been miserable folly.
"Let every sinner rise in some such way to shift of the blame of his ruin from himself. It is the fault of circumstances and associations which have environed him. Untrustworthy companions have brought him to this. Had it not been for others he might have remained safe and happy. Perhaps he even charges the blame to God, and implicitly asks, Why did not God use his power to prevent the catastrophe by force?" Why did not he back the course of evil, the way of which he foreknew? And this, too, after all the pleadings of a Father's love, after all the means employed to hold him back from the fearful doom. God does not treat intelligent creatures as if they were senseless machines. He addresses them as free to be governed by reason, by motive, and when these fail he exerts no physical force to coerce them away from the wrong they choose. Neither God nor man forced the prodigal into his revellies. He chose. And neither God nor man can force you into vice or into hell. You choose them. A Christian poet, gazing into the dark future with eye illumined by the light of God's word, thus emphasizes the awful truth:

"Thou woe that ended not, and pain That sleepeth, and ceases that never wane, And ever fell, but not in man's right hand, And ever and resistance and despair, I stand and watch, and see in thy thirty life, Proceeding from the use of herbage, and And as I stand, I have seen things more And the world, the resurrection, and cure, And ever vainly seek, for other death, And the shining from stars, respending, spoke The shining from stars, respending, spoke

...Third.—The ruin of the godless is aggravated by the very means employed to prevent it. You are not surprised to see the son of an ignorant criminal, trained to vice, become a criminal or a beggar. But this young outcast would have memories to recall like these: "I was once a beloved young person. I was tenderly brought up. I had a kind father and loving mother who taught and cared for me. From what a happy happy time to what a horrible death have I fallen!" The higher the education, the deeper and heavier the fall. So, reckless boy, will you remember all that you once were, all that you might have been, and those reflections, will add so many keener agonies to your ruin. "My God!" said a young man to me once, in a sober interval, "that I should ever come to this! I, who had so good a home, and never knew what want meant!" And to what had he come? His parents had been rich. They had given him a liberal collegiate education. They had started him in an honorable, lucrative profession. He had promising talents and prospects. And now in rags he crept along the markets and picked up the offal and garbage from under the stalls to mitigate the cravings of hunger. If he had always lived upon the refuse of the market, his misery would not have been so acute, his sense of degradation so pungent, nor his guilt so gross.

Some of you have good opportunities and advantages now. How are you using them? Throwing them all away? Flinging yourself into their evil influence and control? Then when the rushing rain overwhelms you will bitter memories.

You are now depending upon for joy and contentment can not last. One who knew well and wrote down his own bitter experience, said:

"Nothing but the grace of God can arrest and repair the ruin which vice causes. Some have spoken out their experiences this side of eternity. Villiers, the second Duke of Buckingham, who had sacrificed his character, passion and health and squandered an immense fortune by a few years of riot and debauchery, thus wrote to a friend from his death chamber: "To what a situation am I reduced! From my rank I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end; instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, haunted by remorse, despised by my country, and I fear forsaken by my God."
Lord Byron, after a life of sensuality and libertinism, said, toward its close: "I measure I have known in every form in which it can present itself to mortals. Hardly arrived at manhood, I had attained a zenith of fame. Few have lived faster than I have. I am, literally speaking, an old young man. I have traveled, satisfied my curiosity, lost every illusion. I have exhausted all the nectar contained in the cup of life, and it is time to throw away the dregs."

Among the last lines he wrote were:

"My days are in the yellow leaf,
The flower, the fruit, the life is gone!
The worm, the canker and the grief
Are mine alone."
Of such examples, history and biography, written and unwritten, are full.

Young man! shall you be of the number of those blighted, blasted ones? That you will be possible:

appeals, harden your soul in iniquity and despise all reclaiming and purifying influences a little longer, the probability will pass into certainty. In a little while the question will be forever settled, whether you shall walk with the lost, or sing with the ransomed.
The Philadelphia correspondent of the Standard has the following striking remarks about old men who are young: "To grow old gracefully is a difficult feat. To grow old prematurely is not uncommon. There is no surer sign of old age than when men begin to talk of what they did forty years ago. We have in mind two men. Neither is young. Both have long ways before the public. One talks all ways of the past; the other, always of the future. The first implies that he has no present worth mentioning, and no future to awaken hope and inspire enthusiasm. The other is full of broad plans, high hopes, and noble ambitions. He is young, the other is old. No man is old while the heart is young. Gray hairs do not make a man old while his heart is warm and his mind active. It sometimes said that cholerae do not like old men. Better say they do not like dead men. If men will keep up their work they will be fresh in thought, and their gray hairs will be a crown of glory to them. The moment a man has ceased to grow, that moment he has begun to die. He may not be buried for some time; he may be awhile more occupied mechanically, but he is a dead man."

BAPTISTS IN SWEDEN.—We learn that there are now, after the lapse of twenty-five years since the work of Baptists began in Sweden, 128 chapels that have cost them \$500,000. This is an average of \$20,000 per year. In addition to their contributions for the support and enlargement of their own work, they are taxed for the support of the Lutheran State church, \$20,000 yearly, or one dollar per member. How hard it would seem for the Baptists in this country, if we were taxed \$20,000 per year, for the support of other than our own churches.—National Baptist.

The "Watch-tower" man of the Watchman says: "Philadelphia is the Baptist center of this country. It has won this honorable distinction. Boston is a Baptist center; Chicago is a Baptist center; Philadelphia is the Baptist center. It has more than fifty Baptist churches, many of which are large and influential, with elegant meeting-houses, and nearly all, if not quite all, are entirely clear from debt. Some of the best men we have ever had in this country have been settled in that city. We have only to mention the names of Morgan Edwards, William Rogers, William Staughton, Henry Holcombe, William T. Brantley, John L. Dagg, Joseph Kennard, George B. Ide, and many others dead and living. These men laid deep and strong foundations. The city is so large, the churches are so far apart, that they do not conflict in any way. The rivalry between them is not the rivalry that takes place in the country do the churches of the denomination present such a bold, unbroken front, and stand together so entirely, as in the city of William Penn. (To some extent this is owing to the moulding influence and guiding care of the Publication Society.)"

At the opening meeting, for the season, of the New York Sunday-school Association, at which Dr. John Hall presided, the Rev. Dr. Taylor spoke on the Balaika Centennial Celebration in England, and the lessons to be learned from it. After referring to the lack of unanimity between the Institute of the Establishment and the Sunday-school Union, he said that while, so far as regards the external arrangements of Sunday-school work, he did not think that Great Britain had anything to teach America, yet we in America might learn something from our friends on the other side as to

There is a danger, in the very excellence of our machinery, that the end should be lost in our elaboration of the means. The great purpose of the Sunday-school is teaching. In teaching the lesson, it is not necessary to go into every minute detail of geography and antiquity. Too much attention to external detail will leave the class in the condition of the gentlemen in London, who went to church to hear of the way to heaven, but returned saying that he had only learned the way from Jericho to Jerusalem. There is no need of concentration that teaching may be efficient. We should focus the lesson into one or two points, and teach them as their burning brightness upon their children, so that they can not fail to see them. Superintendents should try to give the teachers as much time as possible to go through the lessons thoroughly with their classes. Sometimes, what with opening and closing exercises, the great lesson itself is elbowed into a corner. It is not enough, however, that the lesson should be understood; the Sunday-school instructor should be brought to bear upon the home life of children. For this purpose many means may be used; among others the Sunday-school library is not the least efficient. The teacher should acquaint himself with the books which the children read, and so be able to speak to them about, and interest them in, those books. While many Sunday-school libraries need to be improved, the teacher will generally find the library a great help. If properly used, there is no objection to the children's use of fiction, provided the underlying principles upon which it is based are true, and the lesson is not the lesson in itself. No objection need be taken to the novel that gives a true portrait of human character under such circumstances as it is wholesome for young people to know and understand, and the great majority of novels in our Sunday-school libraries belong to this class. It is desirable that there should be in the Sunday-school library books of biography and history, written in as charming a fashion as possible, and interesting. By the use of these and similar means, the teacher will send the teachings of the Sunday-school into the homes of the children.—S. & T. Times.

The Family Circle.

WHEN THE WOODS TURN BROWN.

How will it be when the roses fade? Of the garden and out of the shade? When the fresh stock makes a great-voice wild...

Then, as we lay One ear to Earth's lips, we shall hear her say: "In the dark I am seeking new hope for my sons!"

New Things.

First, a new creature. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature, created in Christ unto good works." Eph. 2:10. No good works can be performed except by new creatures.

Second, a new commandment is given to all who are the worshippers of God. Why do not many observe this new precept? They are not new creatures.

Third, but as none but new creatures dwell in God, we see that unless we live in him again he can not see the kingdom of God, that he has prepared righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.

Fourth, when made new creatures, born again, the law of God is in our mind, and written in our hearts.

Fifth, they are promised a new name. Jesus is now in possession of this new name. Rev. 2:12. He received this wonderful name when he entered within the veil.

Sixth, this brings us to Jerusalem, a new city, a heavenly Jerusalem, an ever enduring structure, ranged up by eternal power and wisdom, fortified and adorned by the glories of the Deity.

Seventh, those who in the days of their flesh were made new creatures and entered the new-born family of God, and continue to serve God in newness of spirit, followed the Lamb in all his appointed ways.

Eighth, when God makes all things new we shall have new hearts and a new earth. The Tabernacle of God shall be with men. His name shall be in his servants' forehead.

A Taste for Reading.

It always awakens a feeling of kindly interest in the future of the children of a family, when I can notice in the sitting-room even a dozen, if no more, well selected books, and can gather from the conversation of the parents that they have not only cultivated in the children a taste for general reading, but that they endeavor to lead the evening breeze chat out of the usual channels of general and often burlesque neighborhood gossip.

group reads some choice and favorite passage aloud while the others listen. But the vision is alike to all who ever so recall the too fleeting days of their childhood, and long for the old scenes and joys which bid us to the old home and fireside, and yet fill us with painful regret that they are gone—gone forever!

One brief word more: mothers, fathers, make the home in which you are rearing your children bright and sweet. Seek to fill their lives with strong, serving influences for good. Cultivate within them a love for the true, the beautiful and the good.

Innovations in Jewish Worship.

We have already referred to the fear among the conservative Jews that their religious faith and fervor are being weakened, and are likely to be lost through the growing spirit in favor of innovation upon the ancient ceremonial of worship—such as choirs, the partial use of the English language, and the mingling of sexes in the congregation.

Our Little Folks.

GRANDFATHER'S GARRET. The kitchen lads with an advent device. For 'tis their pumpkin-pie, cake and pud-ding are made; I like the old granddaddy the best and the store-house.

There are two kinds of girls; one is the girl that appears best abroad—the girl that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc.

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A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!!! Benson's Porous Plaster. Beware of imitations. A little boy was on a ship with a company of wicked men. He was a pious, praying boy. The sailors wanted to teach him to drink, chew and swear.

A BAPTIST man's Dilemma. In a Galat, Oct., owns a monkey named "Dot," which was brought from Deccan, India. Recently it had been suffering from toothache for several days.

A Child's Ward in Secession.

An English clergyman says: "Very interesting a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent to fetch his father from a public house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to take some beer."

A Child's Details of Home. A little brother and sister were talking about home and their love for it. "I wouldn't swap my home for any other in the world," said the sister.

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