

VOLUME XLVII.

WESTERN RECORDER.

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enlarge his goodness. We want to make the best of the man in that solemn hour. We feel that goodness is the great thing for a human being when he has gone out of our view into the world again.

without coaching your thought and feeling in words. We need the form of expression, though we utter the words. We need to have the words in order to give clearness and form to our thoughts, and beauty to our sentiment; and it is good, even when alone, in how solemn tones to speak aloud one's private prayer.

Steady school children are to be drawn to our public worship. We are often told, and well told, that the preacher must try to make his sermons more attractive to children; and so he must. But let us also make our worship more impressive, and make our children feel that it is their duty to attend.

Discontinued Propaganda. In a recent ministers' meeting, the question for discussion was on the best method of propagating our religious sentiment. It is our opinion, founded on pretty wide and accurate observation, that our pastors do not preach enough on these subjects.

Sabbath Rest. I wish all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in tending off the six days from the seventh. In anchoring the business ships of your daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the bow of the Sabbath, until Monday morning comes again.

THESE TABLETS. The date on the label of your paper shows to what time you have paid. It serves both as a receipt and a request for payment.

Our Faithful.

Spiritual Worship.

God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth. Jesus was tired. He had been for long months engaged in active efforts to save men's souls—to lift men out of their sluggishness and worldliness toward God.

And then think of his love and mercy. He hates sin. O, we know not how to hate sin as the holy God must hate it! And yet how he loves the sinner! How he longs to save him!

But we ought to worship God not only because it is due to him, but because it is good for us. Only the worship of God can satisfy the highest and noblest aspirations of our nature.

And I add that the worship of God nourishes the deepest root of morality. Man can not live upon mere ideas of expediency and utility. The root of morality is the sentiment of moral obligation.

It is easy to talk nonsense on the subject of church music; but I think we sometimes forget in our time that there is a distinction between secular and sacred music—a distinction not easy to define, but easy enough to comprehend by one who is cultivated and has an ear for music and a heart for devotion—a distinction that ought always to be most heedfully regarded.

Our beautiful church music I delight in; but we must learn to use it as a help to devotion, or else we are using it wrong and it will do us harm.

I have heard people say sometimes, "I don't believe in the religion of the negroes. I go to their place of worship, and I find they work themselves into a mere animal excitement. They sway their bodies and parade around the room and shake hands with one another and shout and embrace each other, and work upon mere animal excitement, but there is no religion in that."

When was there ever any perfect worship? Once there was. There was a little obscure town; and there was a lowly mechanic who spent his Sabbath in that town, quietly, unpretendingly, and unnoticed, and who used to go on the Sabbath to the synagogue.

He paid perfect worship; and on his day, there has never been any perfect worship in this world. Shall there be any perfect worship here for us then, dear hearers, who are so long toward God and worship him in true spirit?

Without perfection; and God help us that we may strive to worship here as best we can, in the hope that at last we shall worship perfectly there.—National Baptist.

It is hard to get people to admit that they are sinners. I preached once in the Tombs in New York. I stood on an iron bridge and spoke to three or four hundred prisoners in their cells. They could hear me, but I could not see any of them.

It is the high court of the Prince of Peace.—From Third Church Members, by ANNA WARREN.

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and yet he saw in her potential for good, germs that might be developed into true piety.

Beautiful and wonderful it is to see how admirably our Lord led the casual conversation with a stranger so as to introduce the profoundest spiritual truths. I know no art of social life more needed to be cultivated in our time and country than that of the art of skillfully introducing religion into general conversation.

That we should render to God worship is due to him. If we were but unconcerned spectators of the glorious God and his wonderful work, it ought to draw out our hearts in admiration and adoration and loving worship.

Especially ought we to adore the holiness of God. There is not a human heart that does not somehow, sometimes, love goodness. Find me the most wicked man, and there are times when that man admires goodness. Yes, I fancy that there are times when he hopes that, somehow or other, he may yet be good himself.

in a beautiful style as he ought to do, and you may have excited in you a more aesthetic sentiment, which has no more real worship in it than the poor negro's animal excitement.

I think that in most of our churches that have no set ritual, no fixed form of worship, there is a disposition to undervalue the importance of public worship, to think only of the preaching. I notice that in those churches, not only our own, but those like it that have no special form of worship, they always give notice for preaching and not for worship.

I turn to the question, How should we worship God? The spiritual worship the text points out to us as essentially independent of localities. Time was when it was not so; when the best worship that was to be expected in the world depended upon holy places and impressive rites.

When a man we love has died, we are prone to exaggerate in our funeral discourse, in our inscription on tomb stones and in the eulogistic eulogize what? We seldom exaggerate as much in speaking of a man's talents, or learning, or possessions, or influence, but we are always ready to

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them already added to the Lord." While, as yet, care seems to have been the work of sowing rather than reaping, yet we are determined and hopeful, encouraged by the promise of him who is his word has said, "He that sows seed and reaps, bringing forth abundant fruit, and his seed will not cease to bring forth, bringing his sheaves with him."

M. W. DICKEY.

In a few weeks representatives of the Baptist Brotherhood of Kentucky will meet in our annual gathering. Many of us are looking forward with fond anticipation to the cordial greetings of beloved friends and brethren not seen for a long twelve-month. Let us not, in enjoying the expected reunion, lose sight of the sacred duties to be discharged. Let us not neglect to ask divine wisdom to guide all our deliberations to the glory and the advancement of his cause. Perhaps nothing will more aid us in realizing an answer to this prayer, even now ascending from many a noble-hearted Christian to the throne of sovereign grace, than for us carefully to recall the past meetings of our General Association, improve upon all that has contributed to their success, and avoid all that has in any way caused unpleasant feeling or called forth unkind words. The word that heads this article, it seems to me, has been more prolific of objectionable expressions than any other that is named among us. In the earnest hope of contributing, at least to some extent in avoiding, all that may have seemed acrimonious in our recent annual discussions, this article is penned. My endeavor, then, will be to present a few leading thoughts wherein we can all unite.

1. Our agents are men we all love for their work's sake. About this there is, there can be, no discussion. Patient in meeting, me, alas! they must, the many rebuffs of the covetous, persevering in their efforts, despite of weather, afflictions and misfortunes, faithful to their trusts under circumstances often calculated to appall the most valiant, who can know them and not love them? 2. The work is one that must be done. Whether we agree with our Executive Board in thinking "it would be well to disperse with collecting agents, if this could be done" (Min. 1886, p. 15), or whether we believe with others of our wise and good brethren that God has ordained to carry on the missionary work through their labor—we have no right to dispute with their service even if we could—nearly it can not be questioned that their work is an indispensable necessity at this time. That this is true, arises from three facts: 1st. An agent is more successful in collecting money from a church than the pastor can be. Of course there are noted exceptions to this, but it is true generally. 2d. Many of our pastors will not even attempt to do the collecting of funds for mission work. Some because they believe the agent God's only authorized minister. Some because they are not willing to make this part of their pastoral work while we have agents appointed for the purpose. Others—I say it not antipathy—because they take no interest in the work and even dislike to see an agent in their churches. Facts are stubborn things, and while such facts exist we can not do without collecting agents.

3. The general tenor of the New Testament, perhaps also the plain examples therein, justifies their employment. The churches must send ministers to the world. Acts 13:1, 13:3. But it takes money to send them, and it takes money to be collected before it can be used. Whoever collects it is an agent, whether that be his principal work or only an incidental part thereof. It seems that when Paul went to Corinth, Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia to him to supply his needs (Acts 18:5; 2 Cor. 11:9); bringing, no doubt, wages from the Macedonian churches to him. (1b v. 8.) They probably went from Berea back to Philippi as collecting agents and now come to Corinth with the fruits of their labor. Much money might be sent through spiritual warrants for their employment. 4. Inversing the case, realizing the need of their services, and that the New Testament justifies their employment, what can be done to render their work more successful? If

any of our work advances, the financial part must first advance. A few thoughts just here, 1. As to the number employed or to be employed. Let us meet and exchange ideas on this point without questioning one another's motives, or sneering at each the humblest and most ignorant. If Bro. A. thinks we have too many, let us patiently hear his reasons, then kindly discuss them. For my part, I do not believe we have a fourth as many as we need. Let us awake our churches to the importance of the work and their ability to accomplish it. This one done, perhaps then pastors can be persuaded that it is their right and duty to collect contributions and thus dispense with agents altogether. 2. May it not be profitable for us to interchange opinions as to whether each separate work shall have its separate agent, or agents? or whether it would not be well to district the State, my ten districts, and have one agent in each to collect a general fund for division among the several objects to be fostered? May it not be that this would tend to bring the agent and his work closer to the hearts of the people? The closer he can get, the more cheerfully will he more liberally will the money come. In this way, perhaps, every church able to give at all may be visited every year, and, knowing that one visit is to be expected that year, nothing would be held back for the next agent, as is now often done. 3. Above all let us have, and express the greatest confidence in, our agents. Let not the agent nor his self-appointed champion be suspicious of any that may inquire for facts, or suggest what seems to him an improvement in our financial system, a system that, industriously pursued by able and efficient men, has not reached the majority of our membership nor developed the financial ability of our denomination. Let not the rural pastor be too keenly sensitive to any seeming lack of courtesy on the part of our able men. Nor intrusively do country preachers say, after an association has adjourned, "I did want to say just a few words and meet while just before I was reading the act met and confused by the hitting sarcasm of Dr. Brightblada." May be the Doctor does handle very sharp tools, but I am sure his heart is as kind as a woman's, and he is going to take soothing eyes to Shelbyville instead of his lancet, so, my good country brother, let us lay aside our great dread of the dear, good Doctor. Now that he knows how it hurts as poor fellows to be scolded and cursed, he will in future take us up in his kindly knee and with soft words and sweet smile will coax us to telling him all that we say, and will perform the job so scientifically and lovingly that we will feel like begging him every time we meet him! And now, dear Doctor, let me whisper in your ear this secret: No plan can please the country churches, nor reach their pockets, that gives sore heads or sore hearts to their pastors. Get the usually quiet country pastor who sits in silence, year after year, listening to your words of wisdom, get him to love you and to love the cause for which you plead, then your consideration shows his brother from the black jack hills that he has in "fear and much trembling"—certainly "not in words of man's wisdom"—tried to present his views. Get him pleased with this display of Christian courtesy, and when the agent goes to his field he will find a sweet pasture.

J. H. FOLLIOWAY.  
Big City, Ky., April 19th.

Woman's Mission to Women—Breadway Baptist Church.

Our society met in full force, April 5th, ready for every good word and work." Good words did fall upon our ears, in the report of Mrs. Dawes, who informed us of the organization of two juvenile mission bands, under the guidance of Mrs. Marvin and Mrs. Dawes. "They who are planted in the house of the Lord" shall become goodly trees, and they who are early trained to work for the Master shall certainly become "workmen who need not be ashamed."

Mrs. Russell read a very interesting tract upon Woman in Burma, written by Mrs. Rose H. Adams, a devoted missionary who has resolutely put thousands of miles between herself and kindred, in order "to tell about a perfect religion and a Savior who can save every woman."

As Mrs. Adams repeats to these poor, subject women, "the old, old story," the story so full of love, so full of mercy, they gather closely and eagerly around her, whispering to each other, "Did you ever hear of anything so sweet?" "O, can it be true?" Thank God, upon some of these six-dimmed minds the cheering light of the gospel has dawned; the Spirit has convulsed some of them that "it is true." They are still "in" in the sight of man, still dead to drudgery, but the drudgery is lightened and the degradation soothed by the love of the Savior "shed abroad in the heart."

Mrs. Cross read a selection from *Woman's Work for Women* on the "Spiritual Aspects of Our Work." The writer earnestly appeals to woman as to "divest herself of her selfish excitements," and to believe that the poor heathen woman anxiously awaiting—"her problems, without sorrow—death, and so life; the precious to Christ as the most favored daughter of fortune; that the little daughter, whose birth is benighted as a rare calamity, is one of His "little ones," the "hairs" of whose "head are numbered" just as accurately as our own cherished darlings." The writer says, "the one thing for which our missionaries plead is prayer"; not prayers that Dr. Bushnell calls "dumb-bell exercises, very good as to exercise, but not to be answered," but earnest, believing "prayer from the depths." These prayers, "trusting hearts, have made women realize her solemn responsibility, and "this deep stirring of the heart has led to that organized effort which is making this work the wonder of the age." When the prayers of God's people shall ascend as the heart of one man, then will faithful, earnest hands move in active union, and earth's grand jubilee will soon dawn.

Hope to greet a still larger number of consecrated women at our next meeting, May 3d. REDONNETY.

Mrs. F. A. DEBERRY,  
Commanding Secretary.

Who can estimate the influence for good? A few months ago I solicited a family, the heads of which are members of our church, to take the Recorder. They hesitated for a while on the ground of inability. In a few words I presented the advantages of a weekly religious paper, and told them that the Recorder would cost them less than five cents per week. They concluded to take it, and now there is not a family in all the country that appreciates the weekly visits of the WESTERN RECORDER more than this one. Even the children await its coming with eager delight. Already the mother is looking to arrangements to pay for the paper another year.

MORAL.—1. Many who think they are unable, are fully able to take a religious paper; and they can not make a better investment. 2. They will never know how much they are losing as long as they deprive themselves of this medium of communication. 3. A word of encouragement from pastor or friend may often be the means of introducing this much-needed help into families where it will go good for generations to come.

Sharonburg, Ky., April 19th. J. K. N.

Florida Letter.  
In accordance with my promise, and thinking some of my friends would like to hear something from me in my new home, I send you this letter.

It would hardly be considered a letter from Florida unless there was something said about the products of the country. The freeze of December seems to have weakened the faith of many of the Middle Florida people in the successful cultivation of the orange in this section, and the La Cote pear is being looked to as the paying fruit crop, though some are still giving attention to the orange. The freeze did a vast deal of damage here, as it did in other parts of the State, but scarcely threw a damper over the order of some, who flatter themselves that there will not be another such winter in their life-time; but, with others, I fully agree that this winter has decided the "orange belt," and that they can not look to oranges as a profitable crop in Middle Florida: it is too far north. This is not the first time the orange trees have been blasted, such having been

the case once before within the memory of some of the older citizens.

The La Cote pear seems to be the paying fruit crop in this section. A number of young orchards are set out and doing finely. I am told the largest tree, about twelve miles north of here, bore thirty bushels last year, selling at 94 per bushel. Such yields leave the orange far in the background.

Regarding and all kinds of farming are far behind this year, April 19th being the first real spring day we have had, such weather as we should have had six weeks ago. But, notwithstanding the uncommonly late spring, we have had from our gardens new potatoes, onions, peas, lettuce, and strawberries. Don't you wish you had some?

But something as to the spiritual features of Florida. There is great destitution. Only seven churches in the State have preaching every Sunday, and four of them have Wm. Wagnall as pastors. Bro's Wagnall, Williams, Hill, and the writer, preach about twice as many as have preaching a month, or none. There are about 125 white churches in the State. I have not yet learned much about the colored churches, except that there are in the neighborhood of 90 churches in the State.

I learn from the last number of the *Christian Index*, that at St. Marks, Fernandina, Tampa, St. Augustine, Bronson, and other places, there are some to hold up the standard of King Immanuel. Fernandina and Tampa, each, has a good house of worship, and presents an inviting field. At each of these places there are a few of "that sect everywhere spoken against," but they want leaders. O that some young brethren with consecrated hearts, willing to make sacrifices for the "truth's sake," would come and enter some of these fields, now ready for the harvest.

Florida is a great field for missionary work. The people have not been trained to give to missions, so to support their ministry. The Baptists that are here need training and developing. At the last meeting of the Florida Baptist State Convention a State Mission Board was appointed, which held its first session here on March 28th. Steps were taken to aid two or three promising fields. We hope for good results from this step in the right direction. We hope by the aid of the Master to develop a missionary spirit in the "Land of Flowers." But for containing so much of your valuable space at one time, I would give your readers something as to the cause in the town of Madison, but will reserve that for another season. C. C. GREEN.

From Georgia.  
We have an interesting revival in progress in the city of Macon. Dr. E. W. Warren is preaching some powerful revival sermons, and is assisted by Dr. Battle, Rev. James McBride and Rev. J. R. Williamson. There is not much excitement; but a good many young people have been converted, very few of whom are young men. About two dozen have joined the church by experience, of whom more than half have been baptized.

Our college, Mercer University, is in a flourishing condition, under the presidency of Dr. A. J. Batte. The State Convention will meet the last week in this month, when I will give a full account of Georgia matters. Macon, Ga., April 19th.

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C. B. SEYMOUR, Attorney at Law, 107 West Green St., Cor. Fifth and 10th Streets, Louisville, Ky.

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The Family Circle.

ALONE.

BY SYDNEY WOOD.

Alone, when first I could no longer cry
To view a world in dumb surprise:
Alone, a vessel on the troubled sea
To seek for a lonely shore.

Alone, I pass along the crowded street
Which echoes 'neath a thousand feet.
Alone, O God! amid the human tide
Which presses me on every side.

Alone, I see the crowd of men and women
The lowly life which we dwell.
Alone, in battle with such numbers here
The laurel is left, but passed in pain.

Alone, the 'Time's' hat feeling measureless
Our souls grow poor and increase.
Alone we walk, in turn, beneath the sun;
Our souls rise to meet their God.

Alone, we stand in our most secret ways
Reverent at our Maker's throne.
Alone, O God, who see us with thoughts scarce
Revealed before that awful throne!

Alone, when trembling on the verge of hell
Beset by our own mortal sin.
Alone, O God! we cry, let this not be
Our torment through eternity!

Alone, O bliss! that thou art known!
I am no more alone!
A father's love is now mine own.
I am no more alone!

Ring out, sweet bells, a joyous chime,
An anthem loud in jubilee.
I am no more alone!
I am no more alone!

Oh sing with rapture joy and mirth,
I am no more alone!
Another soul is here to earth.
I am no more alone!

What matters now life's toil and care,
I am no more alone!
I have a friend beyond compare,
I am no more alone!

And what, O death! canst thou bring me!
I am no more alone!
And what! O grave! thy victory!
I am no more alone!

thing you must remember, your daughter is growing very rapidly and some of her ailments are due to her awkward change of position. Nature suggests these movements as essential and reproving. Seriously, I would be more careful, if I were in your place, about wounding her by too constant criticism. As she emerges from the chrysalis of her present awkwardness, many things will arrange themselves and many little ungraceful habits will drop away. Do not let Maria have the memory of an unhappy childhood.

Are not many who have laid upon them the responsibility of caring for young people making the mistake of Mrs. Ames? In their anxiety to do the very best things for their children, and to have them excel in everything which is desirable, they keep up an incessant monotony of depreciation and reproach. Meanwhile the boys and girls burdened with multiplied tasks, soul and body receptive together and both developing every day, are perhaps petulant and fractious, as they will not be in a foreign way when the forces of their nature are more harmoniously adjusted. Perhaps they lack grace of movement and ease of manner. They are quite probably conceited and vain, or, it may be, touchy and self. Be patient and watchful, and always tenderly loving, dear mothers, and your reward will come by-and-by when the husks of the present bore all away from the ripening fruit.—MARGARET SAMUELS, in Christian Intelligencer.

"Don't Take My Cross."
At a meeting in the London Home of Industry, Rev. W. Haslam related the following incident:
A Christian man, who had formerly been an earnest worker for Christ, had become engrossed in worldly pursuits and forsaken his wife and children. One night he dreamed that he had been caught up to heaven, and that he was to see some of the marvelous things in that home of God. Among other things he was taken into a magnificent chamber—the crown-room of heaven. Here the angel who was his guide pointed out one after another of the beautiful crowns, and told him who they were intended for, mentioning the names of various friends of his own well-known for their Christian labors. Every one seemed shining in splendor and beauty, but the man in his dream was impressed by one crown in the center which the angel passed by. He ventured to ask, "Whose crown is this?" but the angel paid no heed to his inquiry.

As he passed on the longing grew more intense to know more about that one crown, and again he ventured to ask, "Whose is that crown?" Still the angel paid no heed, but went on to speak of other crowns. The man's whole soul was filled by an eager desire to know about that one crown, and at last, when stood still and implored the angel to tell him whose crown it was. A look of intense pity passed over the angel's face as he dropped the rod with which he had been pointing out the other crowns, and said, "It was thy crown, but it is thine no longer." In the agony of this revelation the man awoke from his sleep, and sprang out of bed, full on his knees, and cried out, "Lord, don't take my crown!" There and then he reviewed his past life, saw the danger of his cold and careless state, and, confessing all before God, received pardon and blessing, and was brought back to his communion with God. From that time he continued an earnest and faithful laborer for the Lord.

The Youth's Companion.
A Boston correspondent of the Liberator at Charlotte has this to say of one of the best family papers on this side of the water. Youth's Companion is one of the literary phenomena of our age. Started more than a half century ago by the father of N. P. Willis, it was a welcome visitor in many households when the hierarchy provided for children was scanty and of inferior quality. Purchased about twenty years ago by the present proprietor, one of our best Baptists, whose modesty is so extensive that he is known on the paper only by a pseudonym, it entered at once on a new career. Its size has more than doubled, and its circulation has gone up steadily from four thousand to over two hundred thousand. Baptists are proud to have a paper in the marvelous success of the Youth's Companion.

Immerse the Old and Baby Baptism.

Dr. Howard Malcom gave, a few years since, the following description of a baptism that he witnessed at Milan, Italy:
"When I was visiting portions of Europe in 1830, I went to Milan, Italy, to see the Duomo or Cathedral, sacred only to St. Peter's in Rome. While surveying the vast interior, I noticed a small party entering the principal door. They proceeded to something at one side which looked like a high-post bedstead, with crimson curtains. As they approached it, it was rolled out on wheels, and I saw that it was a beautiful baptistry made of marble, holding water about a foot deep, and of the size used in America for adult baptisms.

I approached the party, which stood at one side, while a handsome priest stood at the other. When he had recited the appointed liturgy, he stretched out his hands toward one of the babes. The lady standing by the side, unfastened its dress at the neck, and with one skillful effort, removed all its clothing, leaving it wrapped round and round with a swaddling cloth from head to foot. The priest received it, and taking his place at the side of the bed, he carefully lowered the child into the water, with the appropriate form of words. "I stood at the end of the baptistry, and not one of the little ones made any outcry, and, of course, they could not kick.
"As the party was dispersing, I respectfully approached the priest, and inquired if he spoke French. He answered in the affirmative. I then told him that I admired his form and his skill in baptizing children; that I was an ecclesiastical man from America, and that I was not aware that the Church of Rome practiced immersion. He said that immersion was the only mode of baptism at the beginning; and it continued till the Roman hierarchy in the third century (it was many centuries later) introduced sprinkling; but Milan continued the original practice till that time.—Young Reporter.

In the Cliff.
It was on the Alleghenies, I believe. The train came rolling on swiftly, like some ferocious animal, ready to leap to seize two little children playing upon the track. On one side huge rocks made an impassable barrier; on the other was a fearful precipice. The eldest, a little girl, looked with horrified eyes at the approaching monster (dead, it seemed to her). But as she passed on a step or two, God be praised! she saw a cleft in a rock, made by blasting. Pressing her brother into one aperture, she quickly sprang to the other; and as the cars flew past, some of the inmates heard a sweet voice say, "Cling close to the rock, Johnny, cling close to the rock." And did the child obey his thoughtful little sister? Ah, yes. He clung very closely, and the thundering carriage passed on without harming them.

How blessed would we all be if we would obey our Elder Brother's call as quickly and unhesitatingly as this we boy obeyed his sister?
But no, we sometimes forget the Cliff in the Rock. We will not always seek the "sheltering arm." We rather struggle alone, fight our own battles, until we stumble and fall, and place our own powerlessness. Then we remember the "cliff." And falling to it, we are safe, no enemies can bruise us, and no arrows can enter our hearts.

If our days were all evening, we would give but little thought to the Rock. Our Heavenly Father surely knows what every sailor knows, that a dead calm is frequently the precursor of a terrible storm. Like the ebb and flow of the tide, the shadows and sunshine alternate. Do we think when we sit the public bench that the tide will not come again? Ah, no! humming over the sands, rolling up to the rocks, bathing every foot, on it comes with its refreshing waves. In trouble it is always best to remember that, as there is no perfect landscape without its shadow, there is also no perfect character without its sorrow. Only hopefully, prayerfully, wait a little while, cling close to the Rock, and the tide will come in time.

—A. G. of Am., cited for us, in Let us see the world in Thee, —Banner Standard, in Christian Intelligencer.

The Son of Man did not come to destroy man's life, but to save them.

The Son of Man.

God will accept one gift from man. He does not want man's first gift to be his riches, nor will he accept them first. He does not want our works, for they are sins. He wants our hearts! "My son, give me thine heart," he says to every child of man. Everything else we can give him will be too imperfect for his acceptance. Nothing broken will he receive except a broken heart. "A broken and contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." When the Macedonians made contributions to the Apostle Paul, he says they "first gave their souls to the Lord." (2 Cor. 8:5.) Similar to this was the gift of a little Sunday-school girl, who brought to a friend a very beautiful bouquet of flowers. "And why do you bring me these?" asked the gentleman. "Because I love you," she answered quickly. "And do you bring any gifts to Jesus?" he again asked. "O, I give myself to him," was the quick response. That was a beautiful answer, and that is just what we wish every reader of this would do who has not done so.

That God might win our hearts, he has given us an unspeakably great gift, even his only begotten Son, who is now preparing a place for his people which we may share with him, "when he shall come to be glorified in his saints, and to be admired in all them that believe in that day," and in many other ways has manifested his love to us. Will we not then make to him this most reasonable of all gifts, presenting our bodies as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God?

Our Little Folks.

AN EVENING OCCUPATION.

Leaving matters of serious import,
When thy mother sees that thy vision aches,
Keep them quiet and win some sleep
In this device, ever to please.
"Father your baptism" around the lamp,
Give them envelopes, paper and ink,
Everything save the postage stamp
Ready for letters, and let them think
That they would wish to say to you
If they were ever far from home.
And give them hints of the way to do,
If ever that lonely time shall come.

Teach them how they should write a letter,
'Twill be their shield and best to write it.
Note their mistakes and tell them better—
'Twill be some trouble, but 'twill be right if it
Is done as they should say, and best to write it.
Be glad to be cheered by letters from absent ones,
Holding together, though far apart.
Remember and those dearly cherished ones.—Brev.

Be Careful What You Fill up With.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.
"Will," said his father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"
"Yes sir."
"Was there anything that happened?"
"None, don't know, sir."
The father knew, if his son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but he had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said:
"Empty those apples and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips. And now," he continued, "put those apples back into the basket."
When half the apples were replaced, the son said:
"Father, they'll roll off. I can't put in any more."
"Put them in, I tell you."
"Put them in, I can't put them in."
"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips and then fill it with apples? You said you didn't know how you fell behind at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket, it will hold not much more than so much; and here you have been the past month filling it up with rubbish."
The boy turned on his heel and whistled, and said:
"Whew! I see the point."—Sunday School Visitor.

It is told of Howland Hill that, entering the house of one of his congenitors and seeing a child on a rocking-horse, he exclaimed: "Dear me! how wondrously like some Christians!" There is motion, but no progress. In this time of almost ceaseless activities, both in the world and in the church, would it not be worth while to pause a moment to consider whether a good deal of what we term Christian work is not motion with but little or no progress?—Baptist Weekly.

Book.

Charlie Campbell had a brother, Walter, and two sisters, Amy and Maria.
Charlie was not always so considerate for his brother as he ought to have been, and both of them tried the tempers of their sisters in a variety of ways.
The sisters, in their turn, were often forgetful of the law of kindness, and clouds gathered where only sunshine should have been. As Mr. Campbell was from home all day, the management of the children chiefly fell upon their mamma; and although she did her utmost to govern them wisely and to promote their happiness, she did not always find these so gentle and loving as she wished them to be.

Sometimes Walter wanted Charlie's nannies when he was playing with them himself, or Charlie wanted Walter's horse, and it was no uncommon thing for Amy and Maria's tempers to be sorely tried by the rough way in which their brothers handled their beautiful war dolls.

What was their poor mother to do? On Sunday evening, it was the custom of the Campbells to have a little sacred concert; Mr. Campbell played the harmonium, and Mrs. Campbell sang, the children joining in as well as they were able. The last hymn sung on Sunday evening was "Scatter Seeds of Kindness," and it came to Mrs. Campbell's aid the following morning when her children were not very amiable. In a gentle tone she said, "Remember when I was a little girl, let us scatter seeds of kindness." "O, yes," said Charlie, "that's a good idea, mamma, I'll begin to-day." "And I'll be glad to," said Amy. Walter and Maria did not say anything but looked at their mamma, wondering what it all meant.

After the children had returned from school, Charlie was playing with his Noah's Ark, when Walter wanted it. Charlie was just about to say, "No, you shan't," when a better feeling prevailed, and he said, "Yes, Walter, you shall have it, we must scatter seeds of kindness." And away he went to find amusement in looking at the pictures in a volume given to him by his father a few days before.

Walter was as happy as a king, and Charlie had the pleasure of making him so, while even little Maria began to see the meaning of what mamma had said.

For some days after, if you had visited their home, you might almost have fancied yourself in a seedman's shop; the children were so often talking about "seeds of kindness." One morning, while they were all seated at breakfast, Charlie said, "Mamma, I think we will soon have quite a nice garden." Mrs. Campbell did not understand him at first, and replied, "What do you mean, Charlie? Even the snowdrops have not come into flower yet."

"Well, ma," said Charlie, "we've been scattering such a lot of 'seeds of kindness,' and they are beginning to come up." Mrs. Campbell looked at her husband and said, "What do you think of that, papa?"
Mr. Campbell could not help laughing, he was so delighted; the others all chimed in, and even the linnet in its cage chirped for joy.—Early Days.

A Bird-catching Cat.

On the plains of Nevada, a mile from any house, a gentleman noticed a cat, a huge one. It lay on its back, its feet up, and it was apparently dead. Around it, looking suspiciously, was a flock of small birds. Just as he was thinking how much easier it would be for the animal to feign death and catch a bird by deceiving it than by slipping up to it, he was astonished to see the cat suddenly roll over and grab one of the feathered tribe that was very near. The other birds flew away a hundred yards or so and alighted. The cat only made one or two mouthfuls of the game and then crept around to the windward of the birds, laid itself out again, and once more successfully played the dead dog.

Dancing.—A Roman Catholic bishop of New York, in conversation with a lady of the Protestant Episcopal church, recently stated that he was of the work of the confessional revealed the fact that nineteen out of every twenty women who fall on trace the beginning of their sad state to the modern dance.

Learn to Utter Strings.

One story of the eccentric Stephen Girard says that he once tested the quality of a boy who applied for a situation, by giving him a match loaded at both ends, and ordering him to light it. The boy struck the match, and after it had burned about half its length, threw it away. Girard dismissed him because he did not save the other end for future use. The boy's failure to notice that the match was a double-ended one was natural enough, considering how matches are generally made; but haste and heedlessness (a habit of careless observation) are responsible for a greater part of the waste of property in the world.

Said one of the most successful merchants of Cleveland, Ohio, to a lad who was opening a parcel, "Young man, untie the strings—do not cut them."

It was the first remark that he had made to a new employee. It was the first lesson the lad had to learn, and it involved the principles of success or failure in his business career. Pointing to the well-dressed man behind the counter, he said: "There is a man who always brings out his scissors and cuts the strings of the packages in three or four places. He is a good salesman, but he will never be anything more. I presume he lives from hand to mouth, and is more or less in debt. The trouble with him is that he was never taught to save."

"I told the boy just now to untie the string, not so much for the value of the string, as to teach him that everything is to be saved and nothing wasted. If the idea can be firmly impressed upon the mind of a beginner in life that nothing was made to be wasted, you have laid the foundation of success."

"I wouldn't wonder if I would have done the same way with the match," said Johnny. "But I mean to be on the lookout now." "Yes," replied Aunt Mary, "on the lookout is a good watchword for us all. On the lookout to see what we can do to help some one, on the lookout to learn something. I wonder how many are on the lookout?"

The Kingdom Come.

"Mamma," said Harry, a few nights after he sang about the "precious name" of Jesus, "Willie Anderson's papa went to see Gen. Garfield made President. He said there were thousands and thousands of people there, and he had such fun. Wouldn't I like to be one of the President's boys? One of them is just my age."
"Would that become of papa and mamma if you belonged to a president?" began his mother, but Harry interrupted her.
"I don't mean that. I don't want to belong to any one but papa and you, but it must be nice to be the son of a king or a president."
"You can be a king's son now," said his mother, kissing him. "If we love Jesus we are the children of the King of heaven, and we shall reign with Christ, when he comes in answer to your prayer. 'Thy kingdom come.'"

"When will the kingdom come?" asked Harry, starting up, "and how will it be?"
"We are not sure how or when it will come," replied his mother, "but we must pray all the time that it may come soon. In the meantime, Harry, has it come in your heart? That is the first thing to think about. Do you love him, and want to do what he tells you? If you do, then he is your King."

"I guess I do," said Harry, soberly. His mother said nothing more, but before he got into bed she read to him from the Book of Revelation about the great throne with the rainbow round about it, "in sight like unto an emerald," on which sits the glorious King, who bends every day to listen to the voices of the little children saying "Our Father which art in heaven."—N. B., in Christian Intelligencer.

This condition of the poor fellows who work in Cincinnati breweries is indeed sad. They are not only underpaid, but, if we may believe those who spoke at a late meeting of their association, otherwise abused. One speaker said, "Formerly journeymen brewers were allowed to drink as much of their employers' beer as they wished, but now they were limited to eighteen glasses each per day."—Journal & Messenger.



News in General.

Paris, Apr. 12.—The official vote on the proposition to subscribe \$100,000 to the Frankfurt, Georgetown and Paris railroad is as follows: 1,284 against, 1,263 for. From this it shows it would appear that the proposition had carried by a majority of 21 votes, but the law passed by the all-wise Legislature in Kentucky compels a majority of votes outside of the city to be in favor of it, and consequently the project is defeated by 303 votes. The road will not be constructed, and will not be a doubtful finally secure the appropriations.

St. Orleans, Apr. 12.—The Fine City Court decides the drummers' license ordinance unconstitutional.

Norfolk, Va., Apr. 12.—The Greenback railway has just been opened to the Ohio and Mississippi at this point. Our people are abouting wildly. Trains will commence running regularly in a few days.

Columbus, Apr. 12.—Gov. Foster today appointed Joshua K. Brown, of Cambridge, as Supervisor of Public Printing.

The committee of the Legislature held a meeting this morning and decided to recommend that an appropriation of \$25,000 be made to enable Ohio to be represented at the coming Yorktown celebration.

Chicago, Apr. 12.—The Tribune's interviewers to-day stated that the wages of mechanics, artisans and day laborers will be twenty per cent. higher the coming season than last, and that the price of building material may be ten per cent. higher.

Mobile, Apr. 12.—R. G. Dun & Co. report for the three months ending March 31st, 535 failures in the Southern States for \$3,000,000. Fifty-eight in Alabama and Mississippi for \$1,800,000. The South exceeding many previous years, \$3,500,000. The same amount purchased in the past year. They think the present mode of cotton culture little profitable to producers.

The Deveres and Rio Grand railroads will soon have 2,500 tons of steel rails delivered at New Orleans. They will be taken thence to St. Louis by barges and then shipped over land to the line of construction. These facts show the great connection on the Gulf coast with the Mexican and Territorial railway systems.

Information from Lexington, Ky., says that Mr. Huntington, of the Chesapeake and Ohio, has purchased ground in that city and will immediately construct a large and extensive. He proposes to furnish the Bluegrass metropolis with coal all the year round at ten cents per bushel. To do this the Big Sandy will, of course, be pressed into service.

Plain City, O., April 10.—An attempt was made to-night to steal the body of the daughter of Russell O'Hare, in the cemetery here, in consequence of an explosion of a large Howell torpedo almost entirely overhauled the grave, and injured or demoralized the onlookers so that they abandoned the work without the body.

Greenfield, Ind., April 10.—The wheat crop in this section of the country has not been injured to a large extent by the late heavy rain and weather, and the indications now are that we will have one of the largest wheat crops known for years.

Paris, Ky., April 10.—A negro boy, Green Duncanson, while fooling with a pistol this morning, accidentally discharged it, the ball entering his left eye, but he could not recover. He had stolen the money and purchased the pistol.

Nicholasville, Ky., April 10.—Ezra Seiffert, Warren, and Albert Hines, and G. S. Edwards, of Allegheny, Ohio, all prominent and wealthy men, arrived here to-day for the purpose of purchasing the stock and a large section of the new road. The arrival has caused much excitement in stock and real estate circles.

Tulsa, O., April 10.—The Toledo Loan Association, after a long and arduous session, decided to disband. The organization has not been very successful.

minion stations there are now forty-five, scattered all over France. Bible study is engaged in three evenings of each week.

Danvers, Oct. 14.—Col. A. J. Sargent, Paymaster of the United States Army, who has just returned from White River Agency, says he thinks a Ute war almost certain.

Concord, April 14.—At a meeting of freight agents here to-day, representing the connections of the Louisville and Nashville road, it was agreed to re-establish the old rates to Charleston and other ports in the Southeast, which amounts to an increase of about forty per cent.

London, April 11.—A dispatch from Paris to-day says: For the first time since the report was brought to the notice of the managers of Col. Flatters' expedition of exploration for trans-Saharan Railway on the 20th of February is confirmed. Every Frenchman connected with the expedition, including Col. Flatters and Mangier and several subordinate officers, was killed. The men of the expedition made a heroic stand, and fought desperately for their lives, being only overcome at last by the overpowering numbers of the tribesmen.

The statement that there were no Frenchmen connected with the expedition is repeated.

A telegram from Algeria states that 8,000 French soldiers have landed at Beni-El-Oued, (Central) in Tunisia, and the Bey a letter declaring that he refused to allow Tunisian troops to join the French in order to punish the tribes would be taken as an act of defiance.

A dispatch from Berlin says Germany, it is rumored, will support France in the annexation of Tunis.

Paris, April 11.—A dispatch from Tunis asserts Italian emissaries have gone to the frontier, and openly promise the aid of the Italian Army.

Intelligence from Tunis states that the Bey has decided to refuse to cooperate with the French troops, and is determined to act independently on his own side of the frontier. The Bey has sent a protest to the Foreign Consul at Tunis, accusing France of violating his rights as well as those of the Porte and friendly powers.

The Italian Government declined to accede to the request forwarded through its Consul at Tunis for the dispatch of a squadron of Tunisian waters. It is reported that the Turkish Consul at Tunis, who is residing in Italy, and who is declared the enemy of France, has been invited to come to Tunis. The strength of the grand vizier is estimated at from 15,000 to 20,000.

Constantinople, April 11.—The British Ambassador has informed the Porte he holds it responsible for the capture of the British steamer, and has demanded the ransom demanded by the brigands.

Constantinople, April 12.—Early this week a considerable number of houses have been again in Sego. Forty-two houses remain habitable in the whole island. Forty-five villages are totally deserted, and the population in many localities has absolutely disappeared.

London, April 15.—The Times, in its financial article says: We believe in a new practically decided that England shall be represented at the Monetary Conference, but with all due precautions against our being committed to any proposal.

Liverpool, April 14.—The British authorities have made arrangements to seize in future copies of the New York Irish World in transit between Liverpool and the Continent as treasonable.

All the nihilists, except Hestia Hoffman, who is excommunicated, and whose connection will be delayed until after her confinement, were banded at 9 o'clock Friday morning in Simons Square, St. Petersburg.

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