WESTERN RECORDER.

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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at owner's expense and risk.

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THE strike of miners in the mines belonging to the Reading Railroad Company has at last been ended. The miners have given up their effort to force the company to take back the discharged railroad men, and the company agrees to leave the question of the miners' own wages to arbitration, provided they shall not be asked to pay more than other companies in competition with them are paying. It is understood that the Reading Company would, at any time, have been ready to make such an agreement, but the miners refused to give up their efforts for the discharged railroad men, and President Corbin refused emphatically to take back those men in any circumstances. We are glad the trouble is ended, for the increased price of anthracite coal has borne heavily upon the poor in the Eastern cities.

THE physicians, with, we think, one exception, who are in attendance upon the Crown Prince of Germany, have decided that his disease is not cancer, but is an inflammation of the membrane that surrounds the cartilages of the larynx. Such inflammation is very dangerous, but is not necessarily fatal. We learn from *The Examiner* that there is a German governmental official who had just such an attack some years ago. Tracheotomy was resorted to, and he wore a tube in his throat for about two years. He has since entirely recovered. The general impression is, however, that the medical man who insists the disease is cancerous, is right. If wishing him to be wrong would disprove his view of the disease, it would be thoroughly disproved.

SMALL-POX, in its worst form, has been doing its deadly work in Havana for some months, and thousands have died. It small-pox is to take up in the winter, and with added virulence, the deadly work of the yellow fever in summer, Havana will be an undesirable place of residence. Add to these the frequency of earthquakes and tornadoes which abound in those beautiful West India islands, the prosaness of their people or "revolutionize," which means kill any one whom you happen to meet without wasting time and breath in inquiring too closely into his opinions, and no one need long for the sunshine and beauty of Cuba. The musquitoes not having frost to contend with are persistent instead of annuals; and there is one disease still vigorous who boast of having the blood of Columbus in their veins.

For the Western Recorder.]

HOW TO LISTEN WELL.

BY JOHN A. BROADUS, D.D., LL.D.

A former article considered the importance of listening well to preaching. It ascertain that one person read the article, as a most excellent Christian woman shortly after expressed a wish to see the promised sequel on the subject above stated. Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well; and when a thing is in a very high degree worth doing, we ought to shrink from no pains that may contribute to doing it really well. Now we saw before that very much depends, for preacher and hearer, for self and others, for time and eternity, upon good listening.

So far as possible, prepare beforehand for listening well. What this may involve, as regards the time of reading Saturday night, and the time of rising and breakfasting on Sunday morning, we will not attempt to detail; though these considerations are quite important. The kind of conversation and reading in which one engages between breakfast and the hour of public worship, will powerfully affect the preparation for taking part in worship, and for listening aright to religious discourse. If the Sunday newspaper is taken in, it will be greatly better to leave it unread until Monday; for its contents and tone necessarily involve very little that is earnestly religious, seeing that otherwise it would not be acceptable to the great majority of those who read it. Besides the Bible, and the great variety of very interesting and distinctively religious biographies and other books, at least some of the religious newspapers, if read on Sunday morning or afternoon, will be a good preparation for listening to a sermon. And then to teach or learn in the Sunday-school—nothing could prepare better.

Find in the church as good a position for listening as may be in your power. Some of our costliest houses of worship were apparently built with exclusive reference to architectural effect, the building committee and the architect desiring to produce an ornament to the city, and the proper design of such a building, as a place in which words of worship and instruction may be advantageously heard, and never will have men which has not faults. Do not for granted that what the preacher is all exactly so. Consider attentively how far you can accept and hope to fit by his observations upon this or other point. Bring to bear your knowledge of Scripture truth, of human nature and of human life, take hold with especial vigor of upon those thoughts which are true and wholesome.

Listen with a view to im[illegible] sonal application. Many people hear a sermon as a sea-sick passenger looks through the dining room window, at meal-time. He sees an ample [illegible] which many are enjoying with [illegible] but he feels a lack of appetite, perhaps even a positive aversion, and [illegible] looks on from a distance, quite ready to leave away as soon as practicable. Remember that the gospel banquet is spread for *you*, and give yourself every chance to enjoy it with profit. The preacher must try to point his applications, but always the best application is that which each hearer makes for himself. "If the cap fits you, then wear it;" and try on every cap as it comes, and keep asking yourself whether this or that thought does not come home to you. There is no selfishness in thus your appropriating every point in the discourse will not withhold it from others, but will in fact even help them to make a like appropriation. Daniel Webster once said: "When a man preaches to me, I like for him to make it a personal matter;" and he repeated it again and again, "a personal matter, a personal matter." Very true, such must the preacher try to make it for every hearer, and so should every hearer try to make it for himself. You will never hear a sermon so weak and poor, but that with a due spirit of self-application you may be benefitted by the hearing.

Both beforehand, and during the sermon, and afterwards, *pray* for the blessing of God's Spirit, that you may be enabled to hear with careful attention, with solemn reverence, with personal application, with permanent profit. You will agree that the preacher ought to pray much, both before, and during and after the sermon; and why not hearer likewise? The old [illegible] discourse, that the brethren should pray for them. Many a time how some preacher shrinks from saying this, lest it should degenerate into formality, or offend as a mannerism, but the strong desire is in his heart that he may be helped through the prayers of his hearers. And as to yourself, this may be asserted with great confidence; no one ever hears a sermon in a prayerful frame, without some religious benefit.

Listen with the intention of remembering. Our faculties are closely connected in their action; indeed, what we call faculties must mean only the one mind acting in different ways and upon different objects. It is certain that you can remember much better what at the moment you intend to remember. The definite volition helps the memory to grasp the thought in permanent fashion. We who read so much, and hear so much, are in great danger of forgetting, that whatever is really worth hearing or reading, is worth remembering. The momentary impression of argument, or statement, or loving appeal, will somewhat affect our character and life, even though promptly forgotten; but how much better the result, how much more practically formative and permanently effective, if the memory be aroused to seize at least the main points of discussion, and this or that special lesson, and hold them fast for future and repeated reflection.

SIDNEY SMITH'S PHILOSOPHY.

Sidney Smith was a true philosopher, not only in his writings but in his daily life as well. He believed in making the best of circumstances whatever they might be, and of seeing the right side in thereof. He was one, he imagined, if there was none. It did not please him to live in so quiet and primitive and uneventful a place as Heellington, and yet he determined to be content and happy even there. He wrote to Lady Holland, in 1809, stating how he was trying to reconcile himself to his new surroundings, assuming it more manly [illegible] to pretend he is thrown away in a country, or to send up complaints by the post of being desolate, etc., etc. "It be my lot to crawl," is his sensible declaration, "I will crawl contentedly; to fly, I will fly with alacrity; but, as long as I can avoid it, I will never be unhappy. If, with a pleasant wife, the children, a good house and farm, many books, and many friends who wish me well, I can not be happy, I am a very [illegible] fellow, and what becomes of me is of very little consequence."

For the Western Recorder.]

DIVORCE AND REMARRIAGE.

The Plain English of what the Bible Teaches on this Subject—Such Remarriage Justified on One Ground Alone.

BY F. H. KERFOOT, D.D.

In interpreting the New Testament laws of Divorce and Remarriage, we must proceed exactly as in the interpretation of other laws. We must take them all together, and we must give to each the force that it is entitled to in *connection with the others*. First now, some of the passages, if taken by themselves, would lead to the conclusion that under no circumstances can a divorced person remarry, without being guilty of adultery. Forexample: "And he saith unto them, Whosoever shall put away his wife and marrieth another, committeth adultery against her; and if she herself shall put away her husband and marrieth another, she committeth adultery." Again: "He that marrieth one that is put away from a husband committeth adultery." Now, if nothing in but this had been written, it would be clear as day, that every divorced person who remarries, man or woman, is guilty of adultery, and the new marriage relation would be a constant state of adultery to both parties that live in it. But there is found among the laws of this subject a qualifying clause. Jesus himself shows that there is one reason, or ground, which will justify divorce, and allow remarriage. He says to another place: "I say unto you, Whosoever shall put away his wife *except for fornication*, and shall marry another, committeth adultery." Here the lawgiver very clearly says, that, if the separation is on account of fornication, there is freedom in at least one of the parties to remarry. Any court, and any judicial mind, would hold that, if a statute says it is unlawful to marry again, except when there has been fornication, it is exactly equivalent to saying that where one party has been guilty of fornication, the other party has a right to separation, and the right to remarry. The same applies to the woman as well as to the man. It is the mean quibbling to deny that this is the meaning of the law. And when we see that, according to New Testament law, there is one ground, and one only, on which, and on which alone, divorce is allowed, and that, according to New Testament law, there is one ground, and one far, *only one*, that allows of divorce and remarriage.

1. Are there any other modifications to this general statement, that one who has separated and remarries, is an adulterer? There certainly is no other in the *Gospels*, as can be plainly seen by reference to the passages quoted in a former article. There is not even a hint of any other ground that allows remarriage.

If we take up now the first passage on this subject in the *Epistles*, that in Romans 7:2, 3, we see that it does not in any way modify the Gospel law, where both parties are still living. It only recognizes the Old Testament law, that one party might remarry *after the other had died*. If not interpreted in the light of Christ's language in the Gospels, this passage would even forbid remarriage on any account whatever, where *both* parties are still alive. It says, in so many words: "If, while the one party live, the other be joined to another, it is adultery." Nothing but the principle of interpreting Scripture by Scripture could cause this passage to allow remarriage on any pretext whatever. But inasmuch as there is another passage which allows remarriage on *one ground*, this passage, of course, has to be interpreted in the light of that. Divorced persons stand, then, to say the least, as little chance for remarriage under this language of Paul as they do under that of Christ. It is important to notice this, because it is the language of Paul farther on that has been used by some Protestants for lifting the floodgates to divorce laws.

This brings us to the only remaining passage that can be thought of as modifying the restrictions of Christ's legislation as to this subject. That is the passage in 1 Corinthians 7:10-15. Here Paul says: "If an unbelieving husband or wife will not live with the other, let such a one depart, the other brother or sister is not under bondage in such a case. God hath called us in peace." Here we find a very important modification put upon the law of the marriage relation. It is a provision made in the New Testament for a certain kind of separation between husband and wife. It says that under a certain condition, there may be a separation. And it gives as the ground for the separation, the fact that "God calls his people to live in peace," and not in forced relations. This is a very interesting passage in the consideration of a certain kind of divorce question—what is called in law "divorce from bed and board." The only bearing it has upon the question we are now considering, is as to whether it gives any sanction *to the remarriage of a separated* or divorced person. Upon this point it gives us no hint—not even the slightest, of any right of a person to marry again after such separation. It provides only for a separation. It states that the innocent party—the one trying to live as a Christian, "is not under *bondage* in such cases." Here the question is not even raised of an *absolute dissolution* of the marriage bonds. The question is simply as to what one may do in case *the other party will not live with him*.

Paul says, in such a case the innocent party may let the guilty party go, and still feel that no Christian obligation has been violated. "If two can not be agreed sufficiently to walk together, then they must walk apart." This is all that can be gotten out of this language by any fair interpretation of it. It is a miserable perversion of the language to make it mean that either party is free to marry on a mere plea of desertion. The context shows this. The ground on which the separation is allowed, is that God has called his people "*to live in peace*:" and the thought is, "If an unbelieving husband, or wife, makes this impossible,—if such a one *will* desert the other, then the Christian is clear of sin in God's sight." But that Paul had no idea of intimating a right of either to remarry, is clear from the language in verse 11: "But and if she depart," that is, if there is a separation, "let her remain unmarried; or else be reconciled to her husband." Then in the same verse he puts the husband under a similar obligation.

Could Paul make a plain, positive statement like this, about *all sorts* of separations, and then turn right around in the next few verses and, without any explanation whatever, state exactly the opposite? To try to make Paul here sanction remarriage of divorced persons, is to wrest the Scriptures, to put Paul against Paul both here and in Romans 7:2, and to put Paul against Christ; in a word, to make the Bible teach anything or nothing, just as one pleases.

In another article, this interpretation of the New Testament law will be briefly confirmed by standard authority; and the question will be answered as to the [illegible]

For the Western Recorder.]

UNION MEETINGS.

BY A.

I have never believed in "union" meetings, and now I believe in them less than ever. I have been attending a union meeting, and the very best possible of its kind, conducted by Mr. Moody, and the result is, my faith in such meetings has gone far below zero.

Not my faith in Mr. Moody himself, observe. That went from zero to 212° when I had heard him preach three times. The impression received from reports of his work elsewhere was that he preached too much what is called the "Y. M. C. A." religion. That is making religion mostly a resolve to do better: telling sinners to follow Jesus with their old unregenerated hearts. That sort of preaching with repentance, and guilt and the law of God and the wrath of God left out which fills the churches with unconverted people. If any one doubts the harm which has been done by such preaching, let him consider for a moment the fact that statistics show more than half of those who join the Baptist churches are excluded afterwards. Add to these those who are not excluded, but in whose piety no one has any confidence, and is not the record appalling?

But Mr. Moody preaches the gospel with all the whole circle of Calvinistic truth. He makes men know they are guilty sinners, ruined and helpless, before a holy God, deserving and richly deserving his wrath, and having not a shadow of claim on his mercy. He emphasizes conviction for sin by the Holy Spirit. He says the trouble with a great many who come into the inquiry meeting is that they have not been convicted of sin. He says it is a waste of time to preach the gospel to such men. They must hear the law *first*. They must be shown their own guilty and lost condition, and the character of the just and holy God who requires perfect holiness in any creature who shall stand in his presence. And when they are all broken down with a sense of sin, then is time to show them the remedy for sin. That was the substance of the remarks he made one evening in telling Christians how to deal with inquirers.

I was *delighted* with Mr. Moody; if I knew of any stronger word to use I would use it. There are five hundred things about his preaching which deserve confmendation. So far as I could judge, the secret of Mr. Moody's power lay in five things. First and chiefly, in his earnestness. His whole heart is in his work, and this gives him power with man, and what is far more important, power with God. He has wonderful executive ability, and is a born leader of men. He has wonderful tact and common sense. He has as wonderful dramatic ability. He can relate the Scripture histories in such a vivid way as to make the scenes pass before your eyes. And last, and by no means least, he attends to the ventilation of the building. Once or twice the Tabernacle was too warm, but he never allowed the air in it to get foul. His audiences are not stupefied by carbonic acid gas till an angel from heaven could scarcely arouse them.

Mr. Moody has not the conceit to believe he can interest people who are breathing confined air. Nor does he believe the Holy Ghost would hold him guiltless if he allows his temples to be injured by breathing bad air in a meeting of which he has control. And if that immense building in the dead of winter could be made comfortably warm, and yet the windows be opened from the top, there is no excuse for any church's not being properly ventilated.

Some of these qualities were born in Mr. Moody, and any attempt to imitate them on the part of the ministers who heard him, will result in dismal or ludicrous failure. And the trouble is, too, many will be inclined to imitate those very things, and not the others. All preachers could have his earnestness if they only would. For the Holy Spirit is no respecter of persons, and can be found of them who diligently seek him. Let every minister who heard Mr. Moody resolve with that Spirit's help, without which resolves are mere farces, to emulate Mr. Moody's earnestness and zeal in the salvation of souls.

Every preacher can imitate Mr. Moody's faithfulness to the lungs and blood of his audience. Some ministers may be too self-absorbed to consider the comfort of the people, but the Lord will give them grace to overcome that sin if they ask Him. Then, while tact and common-sense are to some extent natural gifts, they can be cultivated. Let every preacher endeavor to increase his powers in these directions.

But Mr. Moody's executive ability [illegible] shortcomings. He will simply make a scape of himself if he [illegible] are poor things, even in laces and pinchbeck jewelry.

But the danger is just there. The very things which were native to the man are the very things some will be in danger of trying to imitate. Moreover, even if preachers generally could imitate Moody's dramatic ability, and "modernize" the Scripture stories as he does, it would be a great evil. Such treatment of the Bible *may* do occasionally in the hands of Mr. Moody, but for you, I should not be willing to attend a church whose pastor was in the habit of talking so. It would destroy the general reverence for the Bible and tend to a flippant use of it. And this generation does by no means need to have its reverence diminished. It will do for Mr. Moody to talk of Zacchaeus sending "checks" around Jericho the next morning after Jesus' visit to his house; but it will not do for ordinary men to show such ignorance of the "banking system" of those days.

As an exegete, Mr. Moody is nowhere. He dwelt at length one evening upon the fact that in several cases men are said to have worshiped Jesus during his ministry as proof of his divinity. He mentioned the case in which the sailors in the boat "worshiped" him, and the Syro-Phoenician woman. But the servant who owed ten thousand talents is said to have "worshiped" his lord. Worship in its old meaning meant to do obeisance as to a king merely, as I thought every Sunday-school scholar knew.

While it would be well for every one to hear this prince of preachers and evangelists, yet it is extremely doubtful, in view of Mr. Moody's evident, and in him entirely excusable, lack of exegetical ability and knowledge, whether it would be by any means a good thing for a student of Georgetown College, to attend his Summer Bible School.

But there is no question at all about the injury which any summer school will do to a student who has been really a hard student for ten months. What he needs is air and exercise in the country and no harder study than reading general literature or an occasional review of what he has already done. Therefore we hope the suggestion made in the Georgetown letter of sending a student to Moody's Summer School will not be carried out.

Having written so much of Moody what I started to say about "union" meetings must be left till next week.

WESTERN RECORDER

THURSDAY.....MARCH 1, 1888.

ANOTHER YEAR.

I know not what the year may bring,
Nor know what the year may take,
But take or bring whate'er it may,
I know that there can come no day
In which I may not joy and sing.
"The Lord, my God, will not forsake."

His promise stands forever sure;
'Did changing scenes unchanging He
Whatever else may pass away,
Upon his word my faith I'll stay;
His mercy must for aye endure,
And that is joy enough for me.

Should care to mine arise of health,
Or poverty or loss of friends,
Since the dear Lord of all is mine,
My soul shall never more repine;
For happiness comes not of wealth,
Nor joy on earthly source depends.

With God's forgiveness for the past
And with his grace for days to store,
Though short or long those days may be,
The future hath no dread for me;
He will be with me in the last,
He love be mine forevermore.

Come base or honorable, good or ill,
All things are under his control;
The boundless universe is his care,
I none the less his every share,
And all things serve to work his will
For the best welfare of my soul.

So I will start my way with song,
And bless God's name from day to day;
Sing when the sky is clear and bright,
Sing 'mid the darkness of the night;
Through all I will his praise prolong,
And pralding pass from earth away.

—*New York Observer.*

Our Pulpit.

The Hairs of Your Head Numbered.

A SERMON BY C. H. SPURGEON.

But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.—Matthew 10:30.

It is most delightful to see *how familiarly* our Lord Jesus talked with his disciples. He was very great, and yet he was among them as one that serveth; he was very wise, and he was gentle as a nurse with her children; he was very holy, and far above their sinful infirmities, but he condescended to men of low estate; he was their Master and Lord, and yet their friend and servant. Now, in this chapter, if you will read it at home, you will see *how wisely* the Lord Jesus deals with their fears. He is afraid lest they should be afraid; anxious that they should not be anxious; so he talks to them as a very tender friend would talk to some very nervous person—some weak-minded brother or sister—and he speaks in such a way that if they were not comforted, surely they must have wilfully resolved to put comfort from them. Brethren, admire the tenderness of our Lord Jesus, and imitate it. Let us try to be equally kind to our fellow-Christians: let us never [illegible] to show off, or to make ourselves [illegible] anybody, or to exhibit our [illegible] skill, for that will grieve the [illegible] little ones, and make them shrink into self-upbraidings. Let us consider their weakness, and the help that we can render them; their sorrow, and the comfort that we can afford them. Jesus was himself a Comforter, or he could not have spoken of "another Comforter;" and so let us be comforters in our measure, treading in his steps.

Thinking over these words, they seem to have in them four things at least, and we may take four views of their meaning and the first is, *fore-ordination*: "The very hairs of your head *have been* all numbered." You will find that to be a more accurate version of the text than that which is before us. The verb is not in the present, but in the pluperfect tense. The very hairs of your head have been all numbered before worlds were made.

Most Christian people believe in the providence of God, but all Christian people are not prepared to follow out the truth which that involves. They appear to believe that there is a providence overruling, but they seem to have forgotten that there always was such a providence, and that providence must be, after all, a matter of divine foresight. God must have foreseen, or he could not have provided, for "providence" is, after all, but the Latin for foresight; and the provision which God makes is but the result of his vision beforehand of such and such and such a thing as needful to us. Foresight must essentially belong to any true and real providence.

How far does God's foresight extend? It extends, we believe, *to the entire man and all about him*. God ordained of old when we should be born, and where, and who our parents should be, and what our lot in infancy, and what our path in youth, and what our position in manhood. From the first to the last it has all happened according to the divine purpose, even as it was ordained by the divine will. Not only his man, but all that concerns the man is foreordained of the Lord: "the very hairs of your head," that is to say, all that which has anything to do with you, which comes into any kind of contact with you, and is in any sense part and parcel of yourself, is under the divine foresight and predestination. Everything is in the divine purpose, and has been ordered by the divine wisdom: all the events of your life—the greater certainly, the smaller with equal certainty. It is impossible to draw a line in providence, and say this is arranged by providence, and that is not. It must take everything in its sweep, all that happens; it determines not only the movement of a star, but the blowing of a grain of dust along the public road. All this, from the very nature of the thing, is clear. God's providence knows nothing of things so little as to be beneath its notice, nothing of things so great as to be beyond its control. Nothing is too little or too great for God to rule and overrule.

All that a man undergoes is ordained of heaven; the hairs of your head, should they turn white in a single night by grief, will not do so without divine permission. Should you be spared till every hair constitutes a part of the crown of glory of your old age, you shall not be older than God wills. You shall neither die before your time, nor live beyond it. All that concerns you, I say, from first to last, all that is of you, and in you, and around you—

"All shall come, and last, and end,
As shall please your heavenly Friend."

"The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

And this is what I call your attention to: what is the source of this numbering? It is not that they are all numbered by some recording angel who is set to do the work. It may be so, but that is not the thing we have to consider to-night. This numbering is done by your Father, who is in heaven. The ordinances that rule your life are in his hand: unto him belong the issues from death; and this makes it to be such a happy fact. Fate is hard and cruel; but predestination is fatherly, and wise, and kind. The agents of providence are always high and terrible; but they are full of eyes, those eyes look with the clear sight of wisdom, and righteousness, and love, and they look towards the good of them that love God, and are called according to his purpose. Terrible, indeed, it is to think of things so fixed by an eternal plan; but the terror is taken from it when we feel that we are children of this great Father, and that he wills nothing but what shall, in the end, work out our conformity to the image of his Son, and display the glory of his own righteousness, and grace, and truth.

Dear friend, perhaps you are blind: You will feel sweet content in the dark when you can say, "This blindness was determined by my tender and loving Father; I know it was so, since the very hairs of my head are all numbered." Or it may be that you have from childhood been the subject of another physical infirmity, which has caused you great loss and pain, and even now it is threatening to bring you suddenly to the grave. Had this cross been laid upon you by an enemy, you might have complained, but it has been ordained for you by him who can not be unkind or unjust: therefore say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." We are taught to pray, "Thy will be done." Dare we contradict our own prayers by kicking against that will? Job glorified God, and yet he spake no more than he should have done when he said, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." I always admire in Job his ascribing all his afflictions to the Lord; because apparently it was the Sabeans that took away his oxen and asses; it was the Chaldeans that took away his camels; it was the wind from the wilderness, raised by the devil, that took away his children. Job does not care so much for Sabeans, and Chaldeans, and devils, as to mention them; but he cries, looking to the First Cause of all events, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When we can get at the back of visible things, and see, not merely the puppets, but the strings that move them, then we come near to wisdom. Wicked beings act according to their own free-will, and therefore the whole of the moral evil of their doings rests wholly and solely with themselves; but the great God, somehow, mysteriously, quite clear of all complicity with human sin, effects his own purposes, which are always good and right. He is who from evil, either real or seeming, still produceth good, and better still and better still, in infinite progression. When, I say, we get to this First Force, and real source of power, then we get where we learn wisdom, and we are helped in the struggle of life. When we see that all things are arranged by him who ordereth all things according to the counsel of his own will, then we bow our heads and worship.

The practical outcome of all this, to every Christian, should be just this: "If it be so, that all things in my life are ordered of God, even to the hairs of my head, then let me learn *submission*; let me bow before the Supreme Will which ought to have its way. Though it cost me many a tear, and many a pang, yet will I never be content until I can say, 'Father, thy will be done.'" Human nature prompts us to pray that, if it be possible, the bitter cup may pass away from us; but the divine nature, which God has put into his true children, helps them still to struggle after full submission, till at last they are conquerors over themselves, and God is glorified in the temple of their being. I am sure, my brothers, our happiness lies very much in our complete submission to the Lord our God. If you can not bring your estate to your mind, bring your mind to your estate. The old proverb bids us cut our coat according to our cloth, and he that can clothe his mind with the garments which Providence allots him, needs not to envy my Lord Mayor in his robes. Joy lies more in the mind than in the place or the possession. He that hath enough, though he hath but a few shillings a week, hath more than the possessor of millions. He that is content is the truly rich man; your money-grubber is always poor, how can he be otherwise—poor in the worst sense of the word? O it is a blessed thing when one can think of all the events of providence that God is ordering them all; then we dissolve of our own will into the sweetness of God's will, and our sorrow is at an end!

This, I think, should, in addition to teaching us submission, always give us such a degree of *consolation* in the time of trouble that we even rise into something like joy. I was reading to-day of old Mr. Dodd, who is a person the Puritans are always quoting—a man who did not write books, but he seems to have said things with which other people made their books attractive. This old Mr. Dodd, it is said, had a great trouble, a bodily complaint I will not mention, but it is one of the most painful a man can suffer from; and when he was told that this had come upon him, and that it was incurable, the old man shed a few natural tears at the great and excruciating pain; but at last he said: "This is evidently from God, and God never sent me anything but it was for my good, therefore let us kneel down together, and thank God for this." It was well said of the old man, and it was well done of him that he thanked God most heartily. Ayes, let us kneel down together, and thank God for our trouble! Is it consumption, a dying child, a farm that does not pay, a business that is gradually leaking away?—let us firmly believe that our God has never sent us anything, but what he meant good by it; therefore, let us kneel down, and thank God with all our hearts. If your child should come to you and say, "Father, I thank you for the rod; I know it has been for my good," you would feel it was time to have done correcting him. Evidently he is not so dull and foolish as to need a sharp awakening by chastisement. He sees the evil of his disobedience, and the necessity of chastisement, and now he can be left to follow out the lessons he has learned. When you and I begin to be familiar with affliction, and to thank God for it, we are pretty nearly getting through it. I believe, myself, that there is a period often set to the sorrows of saints, and that the period is often coincident with their perfect acquiescence in them. When they are content to have all things as God wills, God will be content to let them have it much as they will. When two wills run together, our will and God's will, then we shall find a sweet double stream of silver peace flowing throughout the rest of our lives. Therefore, let us come to this—if even the very hairs of our head are all numbered, everything is really ordained of the Most High concerning his people, let us rejoice in the divine appointment, and take it as it comes, and praise his name, whether our allotment be rough or smooth, bitter or sweet. Let us cheerfully say, "If the Lord wills it, and we will it, too; if he hath purposed it, even so let it be; since all things work together for good to them that love God, even to them that are called according to his purpose."

I shall not plunge into the slough of difficulties which some of you are in by saying, "This is the way: I dip over the mire with the ninth feet of faith. I shall not discuss how foreordination can be shown to be consistent with the responsibility of man, and the free-will of man, and all that. I believe in the responsibility of man, and the free-will of man, as much as I believe in predestination. I believe in the responsibility of man as much as you do, and I believe in the free-agency of man as much as anybody living. How can I believe both doctrines? I evidently can believe them both for I do believe them. I have learned this: that the man whose creed is consistent in the judgment of others usually has a very scanty, poverty-stricken creed; and a good deal of it is rather theory than revelation. When you come to make up your theology into a system, you are very apt to act like a builder, who fills in between the great stones mortar of his own mixing. I am content to pile up the unhewn stones, and to put in no cement of my own. I will not shape truth, much less add to it. "If thou lift up thy tool upon it, thou hast polluted it. He who takes truth as he finds it in the inspired Book has enough material, and it is all sound. I believe that all the contradictions in Scripture are only apparent ones. I can not expect to understand the mysteries of God, either do I wish to do so. If I understood God, he could not be the true God. A doctrine which I can not fully grasp is a truth which is intended to grasp me. When I can not climb, I kneel. Where I can not build an observatory, I set up an altar. A great stone which I can not lift serves me for a pillar, upon which I pour the oil of gratitude, and adore the Lord my God. How idle it is to dream of our ever running parallel in understanding with the infinite God! His knowledge is too wonderful for us; it is too high, we can not attain to it. Have you never heard of the inquisitive boy who had been forbidden to go into his father's study. He tried the door, but it was fastened; all proper and safe entrance was out of the question. But he could not be content till he had satisfied his curiosity, and therefore he climbed up to the window. To his father's horror, up two stories high, stood his little boy, looking in upon him, and crying with childish pride, "Father, I can see you." What a position of danger for the child! He must be got down, and taught not to climb there again. Shall we imitate this childish folly? Brethren, I will not attempt it. I do not want to endanger my soul, and perhaps even my reasoning powers, by straining after the unknowable. Poor child that I am, I would rather love God and wonder at him, than regard him with cold, intellectual apprehensions, and dream that I know him altogether. I pray to grow in the knowledge of that which the Lord reveals: and I pray for grace to limit my curiosity by the boundaries of his revelation; surely these are far enough apart for the largest researches. As for the difficulty before us, I do not understand it; and what good would it be to me if I did understand it? I know that whatever a man does that is wrong he does it of his own free-will; and all the sin in the world I believe to be caused by the willful and censurable choice of the transgressor; but I know that, at the same time, there is a grasp of foresight and predestination so comprehensive that everything accords with the divine foreknowledge and predestination. Let our hair grow as it will, or let us pluck out what hairs we please, let nothing interfere with our absolute property in that matter: and yet the hairs of our head are all numbered. So much for foresight.

II. Now, secondly, here is KNOWLEDGE—God's intimate knowledge of his people. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Observe what a full knowledge God has of each one of his children. If there were nobody else in the world except you, and God had nothing else to do but to think of you, and there were no objects of his attention beyond yourself, and his eternal mind had no object of consideration but you only, the Lord would not then know more about you than he does now. The omniscience of God is concentrated upon every single being, and yet it is not divided by the multiplicity of its objects; it is not the less upon any single one because there are so many. How it should astonish us, that the Lord knows us at this moment so intimately as to count every hair of our heads! The knowledge which the Lord has concerning his people is most minute, and takes in those small matters which men set down as unconsidered trifles. He knows what you and I hardly wish to know: he knows that which we may be content to leave unknown: "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Do you not think that a charmingly tender knowledge is intended when we are told that the Lord counts the very hairs of our heads? It seems to mean, that he knew how it would grieve you—as it would, in a very, very, very intimate, tender, and affectionate knowledge of us; and the fact that the Lord thus graciously looks upon us should fill us with joy.

This careful, tender knowledge on God's part is constant. He knows the number of the hairs of our head to-day, to-morrow, and all the days: he without ceasing watches all the processes which in the least manner affect our lives. So intimate is his knowledge of us, that our lying down and our rising, our thoughts and our ways are all continually before him. And what are we to learn from this? Does it not make life a solemn business? Who will dare to trifle with the Lord God so near? What manner of persons ought we to be when we know that God is observing us, and noting every movement of our being? What care there should be as to our feeling, our thinking, our resolving, our desiring, our doing, and our speaking, when everything is minutely known to God, even to the counting of the very hairs on our head! What perfect consecration we ought to maintain! If God so values me, so knows me, that he counts the very hairs of my head, ought I not to give to God my whole self even to the minutest detail? Should I not give him, not merely my head, but my hair, as that penitent woman did who unbound her tresses that she might make a towel of them, wherewith to wipe the feet that she had washed with her tears? Ought we not to consecrate to God the very least things as well as the great things? Is it not written, "Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God?" "Ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price:" and when the inventory is taken, the Lord did not leave a hair of your head out of the catalogue. Certainly he has not left your hair to lay of you Christian women, where will to indulge your vanity and pride; it is every tress of it your Lord's. He does not leave to you men even a part of your talent, of your mind, or of your body, your whole self is altogether his, and it takes stock of it, and expects you to include it in your practical consecration. He observes what you do with little things: he notes even those minor matters which seem too inconsiderable to come under rule at all. We are under law to Christ, and that law covers the whole man.

This persuasion will help us to feel that the Lord will deliver us out of all difficulties, for he knows the way out of every labyrinth, he perceives the answer of every enigma. If he counts the very hairs of your head, depend upon it he has a high discretion for greater things, and a matchless pilotage whereby, through waves, and rocks, and quicksands, he will gently steer your way, and bring you to the desired haven.

There is so much comfort in this doctrine of the infinite knowledge of God that I wish every poor sinner here would remember that God knows all about him, and consequently can deal with all his sins and fears. If you want mercy, come to the Lord at once; he knows your way. he knows your position, he knows your broken heart, he knows your weary struggles, he knows what you can not express. The whole of the wrong you have wrought, and the whole of the right you desire, he perceives; for "the very hairs of your head are all numbered."

IV. Lastly, here is PRESERVATION. See how carefully God intends to preserve his own people, since he begins by counting the hairs of their heads. I say it, for there is Scripture at the back of my assertion, that none of the people of God shall suffer, in the long run, the smallest loss. "There shall not a hair of your head perish," said Christ to his believing people. If I were to lose a hair from my head I should not know it—should you? But God would know if his servants lost a hair of their heads, and he makes the promise to them of such complete protection that there shall not a hair of their head perish. Remember that other text, "The Lord keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken." Now, a Christian may break the bones of his body, but in a real and spiritual sense he is free from such danger, God will keep him—ay, keep him to all eternity! "There shall not a hoof be left behind," said Moses to Pharaoh, and there shall not a bone, nor a piece of a bone of the ransomed be left in the dominion of death and the grave. When the trumpet shall sound, the whole of redeemed manhood shall start into life. When Peter came out of prison, the angel smote him, and his chains fell off, and he came out of prison, but he did not quit till he had put on his sandals. He did not leave even a pair of old shoes for Herod and his jailors. So shall it be with the children of God at last: "from beds of dust and silent clay," when the angel's trumpet shall ring out, they shall arise, and they shall leave nothing behind; they shall not leave an essential particle in the tomb. They shall rise, body, soul and spirit completely redeemed of the Lord. "The very hairs of your head are all numbered." Christ knows what he has bought, and he will have it: even to the last atom he will have that which he has purchased. He will preserve his people in their entirety, and present them "without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing."

Observe that, in the close neighborhood of the text, we read of persecution. Beloved, if persecution should come it can not really harm you. The three Hebrew children, when they came out of the fire, were not scorched or singed; there was not the smell of fire upon their hats, their hosen, or their hair. When God's people pass through the fires of persecution, they shall not be losers; they shall go through the fires altogether unharmed; nay, they shall win martyr's palm and crown, which shall make them glorious forever, even if they die in the flames. Therefore, fear nothing. Nothing shall by any means harm you; in the end, your sufferings shall be your enrichment. Though you count not your lives dear unto you, precious shall your blood be in his sight.

As for you who are not in Christ, I feel for you a great sorrow, because you can not partake in the joy of this preservation. As for the righteous, the stars in their courses fight for them, and the beasts of the field are in league with them. But as for *you*, earth groans to bear the weight of such a sinner, and the elements are impatient to avenge the quarrel of God's covenant by destroying you. All things work together to bring upon you the justice which you provoke. Flee! Flee! Flee! You have but one friend left: flee to him! That friend, "the Friend of Sinners," entreats you to come to him. Hear him as he cries in tenderest accents, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Come to Jesus; come at once, for his dear love's sake! Amen.

DECIMAL UNITS.

As the metric system of weights and measures grows in universal favor, the need of a uniform decimal currency and of a decimal system of time measurement is becoming generally felt. Most countries already possess some form of decimal money, and even England is waking up to the advantages of decimal units. A recent scheme for decimalizing the pound sterling was well supported, the plan being to adopt the mill as the unit and divide the sovereign into 1,000 mills, thus making the half-sovereign equal 500 mills, the crown 250, the double florin 200, the half-crown 125, the florin 100, the shilling 50, and the sixpence 25. In Wiesbaden a step in decimal time-keeping has been taken. A new clock divides the day into ten hours, the hour into ten decades, the decade into ten minutes, the minute into ten seconds, and the second into ten rays. Similar units take the place of the usual degrees, minutes and seconds in the division of the circle.

DEVISE not evil against thy neighbor.

Correspondence.

OUR FOREIGN LETTER.

Editor Western Recorder:

From Tiberias to Nazareth is seven hours' travel. Our way lay across a rocky, hilly country. The sun was hot. The heat seemed to have positive weight. After five and a half hours in this scorching sun we halted for lunch at Cana. This is now a ruined village of only a few hundred inhabitants, but it is not without interest to the Christian traveler.

Before reaching Cana we saw a flock of wild gazelles dashing across the field. This is thought to be the corn field referred to in Matt. 12:1: "And at that time Jesus went on the Sabbath day through the corn."

The day was far spent when my eyes first fell upon Nazareth, nestling on the southern slope of a high hill. The lower part of the city extends down into the valley, and is half hidden amid pomegranates, orange trees, olive groves and vineyards. Nazareth is a holy city; it was the childhood home of the Savior. Here is where Luke says "he was brought up" (4:16).

So these valleys were spread out and these hills were lifted up to form a playground for the Royal Child. Here he studied nature in all its loveliness and manifold variety. One who visits Nazareth can well imagine that in spring time Jesus would pluck the rosebuds and orange blossoms and weave them into bouquets for his mother. We know he loved flowers. Of course the youthful Christ would often climb to the top of the hill back behind the city. From here his view of the country would be something like the catechism definition of infinitude—"without bounds or limits." Looking toward the west he could see Mt. Carmel and the surging waters of the Mediterranean; northward he could see Mt. Hermon, where a few years later he was to meet Moses and Elijah from the other world and there be transfigured before his disciples; towards the rising sun he could see Mt. Tabor and the hills jutting up beyond the sea of Galilee. Turning from the East he could see almost as far south as Jerusalem itself. When I stood on this hill myself and looked around me, I said: "Truly, this is a good place to be brought up."

Afterwards when Christ preached in Nazareth, they that heard him "were filled with wrath, and rose up, and thrust him out of the city, and led him to the brow of the hill whereon their city was built, that they might cast him down headlong. But he, passing through the midst of them, went his way." (Luke 4:29, 30.)

I visited the place, where, tradition says, Joseph and Mary lived. It is a plain grotto hewn in the rock near the center of the city.

The "Virgin's Fountain," the only water supply these people have, is named for Mary. During all hours of the day and far into the night one sees scores and scores of women and children with jugs and goat skins crowding around this spring for water. It is a great privilege to be here and see these things that were once so familiar to the Savior; to mingle and talk with these people who live and dress and think now just as their ancestors did in the time of Christ. It is almost like being introduced into the family and becoming acquainted with the homelife of Jesus.

At present Nazareth has 10,000 or 12,000 inhabitants. The houses are small, ugly and ancient. The streets are narrow, crooked and filthy. When one views this aspect of the city, one is naturally reminded of Nathaniel's question: "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" (John 1:46.)

The English and the Presbyterian churches have missions here; the former is in a flourishing condition, but the latter is at a standstill, because of some trouble with the Turkish government. The English have an orphans' home here, in which they feed, clothe and educate one hundred girls; as some go out others come in. Some of these girls are bright and beautiful. By invitation of the school master I made them a ten-minutes' talk and sang some for them. I turn they sang the following song, which touched me deeply:

"We are little Nazareth children,
And our Savior placed our home
'Mid the olive trees and vineyards
Of His earthly childhood's home.

"For the Lord who loves the children,
And was glad to hear their praise,
Cares that Nazareth children know him,
Do his will and choose his ways.

"Cares that they should keep in memory
All that sacred life spent here,
Try to heart to walk beside him,
Safe and happy in his fear.

"And we know that he is coming,
Every knee to him shall bow,
And the joyous shouts to meet him
Shall begin in Nazareth now.

"Jesus, Savior, dwell within us,
Make a temple of each heart,
Pure and loving, true and holy,
For thy service set apart."

W. A. WHITTLE.

A CURIOUS DISCOVERY.—In the tartar of teeth from skeletons of the stone age Mr. Charters White, of the Odontological Society of Great Britain, has found specimens of the food eaten by our prehistoric ancestors 3,000 years or more ago. The fragments identified include portions of corn husks, spiral vessels from vegetables, starch husks, fruit cells, the point of a fish's tooth, and bits of wool, feathers and cartilage.

LEVERING MISSION MANUAL LABOR SCHOOL.

Editor Western Recorder:

I give you a few items concerning Christian work here and elsewhere among the Creeks and Seminoles.

I have been employed as principal teacher here under the supervision of our worthy superintendent, Brother J. O. Wright, succeeding to Major Vore, deceased, since the first of September, and I have enjoyed my work very much.

We have an average attendance of one hundred or more boys and girls, ranging in age from five to twenty or more. Probably the majority of them have some white blood in their veins, but the Indian blood generally predominates. In natural intelligence they compare favorably with the generality of white children, but in physical strength they hardly equal them. At the mission is a Baptist church composed of students. Its members now in attendance consist of four boys and nineteen girls. Many who become members do not hold out faithfully after leaving school, and being thus in many cases removed from religious influence. Many others, however, hold fast to their faith in Christ, and one former student has recently undertaken the work of the ministry, and already exhibited considerable efficiency. The pastor of the church at the mission is Bro. Wesley Smith, a full-blood Indian. Bro. Smith did voluntary missionary work here for a long time prior to the organization of the church in 1885. He has been the pastor ever since, and is evidently held in high estimation by the children. One hundred and nine students have been baptized here since the establishment of the mission in 1881. So far only two have been baptized this year.

According to the minutes of the Muscogee (Angliee) Creek and Seminole Association there are in the Creek and Seminole country thirty Baptist churches with thirty-one ordained ministers and a total membership of 1,111. The association employs one home missionary, Rev. Wm. Connor, of Sesakwa. I know of no white Baptist minister actively engaged in preaching among these Indians.

Our cattle, of which we have a considerable herd, are doing well, and are an item of no little importance in the economy of the mission. We expect to complete a very substantial log shop building in a few weeks. We need some tools for blacksmithing, wagon work, etc. Can not the Baptists of Kentucky help us some in this particular? We have the rails made and hauled to fence in a large additional amount of pasture land.

The Indians appear to feel keenly their inferiority to the whites. The more enlightened cherish a hope that by means of education their people will be made competent to hold their own beside the whites. Yours fraternally,

C. W. WIMAN.

Wetumka, Indian Territory, Feb. 15, 1888.

For the Western Recorder.

THE RIDING OF HIS FACE.

How often does the Christian go for days and even weeks under a cloud of darkness because he will not repent of his sins! The Lord never hides his face from his children unless they offend him in some way, either, by doing that which is wrong or by leaving undone that which he commands.

When Jesus says "Watch;" he means watch every moment. We must keep close to Him as the little child to its mother, if we would have him help us up immediately when we fall. Just as soon as we discover that the joys of his salvation are gone from us we should begin a rigid self-examination. Where have I sinned? Have I spoken an unkind word? Have I omitted some duty or neglected some kind act, or have I been rebellious against the Lord in the depths of my heart? If we can not find the sin, then we should ask the Lord to show us wherein we have offended him, at the same time humbly confessing that we desire to give up every sin and to follow only that which is pleasing in his sight. He flies to our relief so soon as he sees that we are really sorry and resolved never to commit that sin again. O what a gracious and forgiving Master we have to serve!

T.

BUT LITTLE INFLUENCE WITH SMOKERS.

When Father White went to light his pipe, turning to me, he said, "Will you smoke, Bro. Cabaniss?"

"No, I thank you, Bro. White, I belong to the church."

"Well, how is it, you have so little influence in your church? Three fourths of your brethren smoke and refuse to follow your example."

"Depraved appetites and perverse human nature, Bro. White, is the only way I can account for it."

"Well, Bro. Cabaniss, I hope you are not like the dog in the manger. If you can't smoke yourself, you won't try to keep others from it who can and like it?"

"No, so, Bro. White, my Bible teaches me that religion does not consist in meats and drinks; and knowing how hard it is to correct depraved appetites, I don't waste my time trying to correct them unless they are really vicious, injure others and demoralize society as in the case of the appetite for whisky."

"Well, well, you and I won't fall out, then."

A. B. CABANISS.

For the Western Recorder.

THAT SERMON.

I do not see the necessity for any apology for the publication of that sermon of the editor in the columns of his own paper. It was good, it was timely, and suited to readers of the RECORDER as well as to the congregation who heard it.

It is true the editor may have had a feeling of delicacy about the matter, and hence hesitate about publishing it. But his readers expect what are known, I believe, as "leading editorials," and why not put one of his sermons as such occasionally? I can see no valid objection.

That sermon is sound in doctrine, eminently Christian in spirit, and calculated to do much good wherever the RECORDER is read. Especially was it fit at the close of the Moody meetings that the editor should be heard from on our distinctive doctrines. There are some good brethren who can not see how a Baptist minister can "be ready for *every* good work" without a surrender of his Baptist faith. It was known that the editor had taken a lively participation in Mr. Moody's meetings with the ministers of other denominations, and some good brethren may possibly have thought that he had, at least, compromised Baptist faith and principles.

I thank God that fidelity to the whole truth does not require that we oppose or deny any part of that truth.

Zion, Ky. J. S. SOLOMON.

FORDSVILLE BAPTIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Fordsville Baptist Sunday-school was organized on Sunday, May 2, 1886, and has met regularly every Sunday since except the fifth Sunday in July, 1887, at which time the school was dismissed for the dedication of Pleasant Grove church; but the lesson for this day was not lost, as it was recited with the next lesson. The school had been conducted through the spring and summer for two or three years previous to the above date, but would suspend through the winter. The weather has never been too bad for us to meet. Our school now bears the name of an "Evergreen Sunday-school," and we trust it will ever retain this name.

The record for the first quarter was not preserved, so our roll begins with July 4, 1886. Care has been taken to record all names that have been in the school from the first to the present date. There are 189 that have been in the school from the first to the present.

At this point we wish to commend all for the good order and good behavior during the entire school. We have not had occasion to personally reprove any member for bad conduct. Have not heard of a single scholar giving any teacher any special trouble. We attribute our success in this a great deal to the example set by the older ones. Good order is the secret of success in any organization or society. Paul says, "Let all things be done decently and in order," so let us ever be found in perfect order.

Since the organization of the school there have been twenty of our members added to the church—fifteen by baptism and five by letter. Whether our school has been instrumental in bringing them into the church we can not say. However, we trust that the lessons and instructions that have been offered in our school have made some good and lasting impressions upon all. If we should fail to implant some good thoughts upon the hearts of the rising generation as well as the older ones, our work will be in vain. Our work is to learn and to teach the Word of God, from which we gather information that will prepare us for the life beyond the grave.

We must not fail to mention one of the greatest blessings we have been favored with. That is, our lives have all been spared. Of the 189 enrolled we have all of some families and a part of many others. Some of our number are now in other States. Death has been all around us and in our midst, and yet not a single one of us has been called from this life. Is it not enough to fill our hearts with gratitude and to cause us to lift our voices to God in praise for this great blessing? "Praise ye the Lord; O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good; for his mercy endureth forever." (Psa. 106:1.)

MORRIS WILSON, Superintendent.
CECIL E. LLOYD, Secretary.

January 2, 1888.

"EVERYTHING," says Epictetus, "has two handles; one by which it can be borne, the other by which it can not. If your brother be unjust do not take up the matter by that handle—the handle of his injustice—for that handle is the one by which it can not be taken up; but rather by the handle that he is your brother and brought up with you; and then you will be taking it up as it can be borne."

THE earth, like a bird's cage, is covered with darkness every day, in order that we may catch with more ease the strains of the higher, grander melodies. Thoughts which, in the glare of noon, seem but smoke and mist, stand out in the night with all the force of a brilliant, flaming light.—*Jean Paul Richter.*

THE *Pacific Baptist* says: "We know of a Baptist pastor in Washington Territory whose rule is to commit to memory ten verses of Scripture daily. Would not some such practice be a good one for other ministers?"

The Sunday-School.

INTERNATIONAL

BIBLE LESSONS, 1888.

FIRST QUARTER.

Sunday, March 11.

CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM.

Matthew 21:1-16.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Mark 11:1-17; Luke 19:28-46; John 12:12-15.

MOTTO TEXT.—Blessed be he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Psa. 118:26.

Jesus and his disciples were on their way from Jericho to Jerusalem. "And when they drew nigh unto Jerusalem, and were come to Bethphage unto the Mount of Olives." We learn from the Talmud that Bethphage was very near Jerusalem and even joined to the city. Bethany was two miles from the city. The Catholic church, in its efforts to establish days and seasons for observance, has decided that this entrance of Jesus into Jerusalem was upon Sunday. The day of the week can not be accurately decided, but the probability is that it was Monday. "Jesus, after having passed Saturday (Sabbath) in the house of Zacchæus at Jericho, went up the next day (Sunday) to Bethany, and it was on the evening of the same day that the banquet was offered to him which is related in John 12. The next day (Monday) the solemn entrance into Jerusalem took place" (Godet). The day of the week is a matter of no importance; but if we attempt to see "days and seasons" which the Holy Spirit has not made known to us, and observe them, we are guilty of willworship, a thing which God detests.

"The village over against you"—probably Bethphage; but if Bethphage was the name of the district, as some think, then the village is unknown. "An ass tied and a colt with her." It was the colt which Jesus rode. The mother was merely led along, probably in front of the colt, to make it move quietly. "The Lord hath need of him." We suppose the owner knew Jesus. Another evidence of Jesus' omniscience that he knew what the owner would do. "Spoken by the prophet."—The quotation is from Zechariah 9:9, a passage which the Jews regarded as referring to the Messiah. "Daughter of Zion"—Jerusalem. The kings in the East were accustomed to ride horses in war, and asses in time of peace. (1 Kings 1:33.)

Jesus had, up to this time, carefully avoided any public display, and had promptly withdrawn from the multitudes whenever they attempted to make any demonstration. Now, as he goes to his death, he comes to Jerusalem as a King. No wonder all the city was moved and asked, "Who is this?" "And put on them their clothes."—In imitation of the magnificent robes with which the asses to be ridden by monarchs were often covered. The loose outer garments are meant. Jesus prizes far more the coarser garments spread for him by loving hands than the most splendid cloths in kings' palaces.

"And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way"—Pilgrims who were coming up to Jerusalem to the Passover. Some of them pulled the leaves and small branches from the trees and strewed them in the way also. Both were done to honor Jesus as the King of Zion. John tells us that when the multitudes who were already gone into the city heard of his coming, they took palm branches and went out to meet him. As they came up with the procession, they would turn and go back to Jerusalem with them, marching thus in front of Jesus.

"Hosanna," a Hebrew word, meaning, "save now!" "O save!" (Broadus). "He that cometh in the name of the Lord"—a quotation from Psa. 118:26. Psa. 113-118 were called by the Jews "the great Hallel," and were sung at the Passover (Godet). "This is Jesus the prophet of Nazareth of Galilee."—From this answer of the multitude we gather that they were mostly Galileans come up to the feast. For the Jews of Judea said, "Out of Galilee cometh no prophet."

As we study this scene the shadow of Calvary falls over it and saddens it. The knowledge of how soon that same multitude will be crying, "Crucify him," or keeping a cowardly silence also saddens us. How short-lived is popular enthusiasm, even when sincere! In Whittier's great picture of the crucifixion a traveler riding by on the highway stops a moment to look at the crucified men, and his ass is eating a withered palm leaf. But there was no shadow on the hearts of those multitudes as they sang their hosannas. They were rejoicing in the coming of the Son of David, and would have been as hurrahed any one told them of how soon they would act so basely, as was Peter when they told foretold his denial.

But the heart of Jesus was not deceived. He alone in that great throng was sad. He knew the shameful death which lay before him, but his sadness was not for himself. Luke tells us that when he drew near the city and looked down upon it from the mountain side he sobbed aloud. What a solemn hush must have fallen upon the rejoicing crowds! He wept for Jerusalem and the woes which should befall it for her sins. Jerusalem suffered no more than she richly deserved, especially for the crucifixion of Jesus, but Jesus weeps in deepest pity and longing love over his people. He had infinite power to have rescued Jerusalem had he so willed; he loved the city so he sobbed aloud; strong young man as he was, from whom even the pangs of crucifixion could wring neither tear nor groan; and yet he would not interfere with the course of justice. After that, how can any sane man suppose God's love will ever interfere with his justice? V. 12. In the early part of his ministry (John 2:13-22) Jesus had cleansed the temple. But he had been gone from Jerusalem and the abuses had crept back again. Outside reformation needs to be done again and again. Eternal vigilance is the price of everything worth having. This was not in the Holy house; Jesus not being a Levite, never entered that. It was in the court of the Gentiles, the outermost of the courts which surrounded the building. Within was the court of Israel, with a portion of it separated off as the court of the women. Both these instances show Jesus' power over men.

"Tables of the money-changers."—Only the Jewish coins were put into the treasury of the temple, and the Jews from foreign countries needed to have the money they brought with them changed. It would be well for all of us to consider what good excuses those men could have made for their buying and selling there. It was exclusively the religious purposes for the convenience of the worshipers. They only sold things for sacrifices. It would be well to compare the excuses which those men could have made, with the excuses which *are* made in these days for all the many ways in which churches and Sunday-schools attempt to make money. And to remember what Jesus thought of that "buying and selling for religious purposes." Has he changed his views of such things since he ascended?

"It is written, My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." (Isa. 56:7 and Jer. 7:11.) This comes home to our hearts individually. Our churches do not correspond to the temple, but to the synagogues. We are the temple of the Holy Ghost ourselves. Let us never forget, then, that even the outer court of our souls, the part which we give up to secular business, must be "a house of prayer." And that if it is not, it is sure to become "a den of thieves."

"The children crying in the temple" "the boys," as says the Greek. "Those boys had heard the cry of Hosanna to the Son of David,' the day before. Now observing the authority with which he cleansed the temple and healed the blind and lame, they recalled that cry and were loudly repeating it even in the temple. The older people who had said the same on the Mount of Olives and in the streets of the city might have shrunk from making the bold proclamation in this most public place, and in the very face of their religious rulers" (Broadus). But the boys would not understand, as the rulers did, the opposition of the rulers to Jesus and to prophecy, casting out of the synagogue had no terrors. Children are quick to hear and to repeat what their elders say. It is well for them when what they have heard are hosannas.

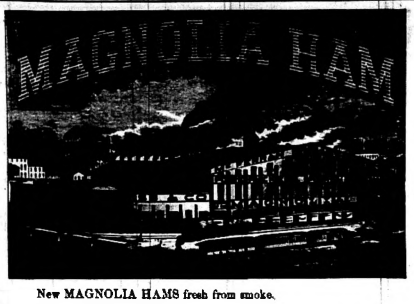
"Yea, have ye never read, Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise?" (Psa. 8:2.) Jesus quotes from the Septuagint. Children were considered sucklings to three years of age. "He who delights in the songs of angels is pleased to honor himself in the eyes of his enemies by the praises of little children. What a contrast between the glory above the heavens and the mouths of babes and sucklings! Yet by both the name of God is made excellent" (Spurgeon).

HOPE, BUT NOT PRESUMPTION.

One of the chains which Satan binds around the souls of those who would escape his toils is to make them believe that there is no hope. So the Israelites said, "There is no hope; I have loved strangers, and after strangers will I go." But for this God rebuked them. And there is hope for every sinner who will truly and earnestly repent of his sin, and who intends to lead a new life. Some of the noblest and purest servants of God and of the church have been recruited from the ranks of those who had sinned time without number, and in some cases had fallen more than once after professing faith in Jesus Christ.

While the above is true, a mere sentimental profession is of no value. A thoroughly converted sinner is at first always very humble. He does not seek publicity, but must be urged forward. The wretch who on Tuesday was an abandoned sinner, and on Wednesday was converted, and on Thursday begins to lecture the church and denounce those who have borne the burden and heat of the day as Pharisees, and who glories in telling the story of his life, and paints with a kind of loving enthusiasm the mire of the pit from which he was dug, and whose eye sparkles and frame dilates itself in the description of his abominations, had better be kept on probation twelve months instead of six.

There is hope for every repentant sinner, and all such should be encouraged; but at the slightest manifestation of presumption they should be warned and instructed. If it be done in the spirit of meekness, and they receive it well, it is "an excellent oil which shall not break their heads;" but if they become angry, it is a test which reveals the fact that they are still "in the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity."—*Christian Advocate.*



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T. T. EATON, Editor.
W. P. HARVEY, Business Manager.
T. E. TILLER, Assistant Editor.

LOUISVILLE:

THURSDAY ..... MARCH 1, 1888.

THE GOVERNOR'S VETO.

Our brethren in Shelby county applied to the Legislature for a charter for a home for aged and infirm ministers and their families in the Shelby County Association. The bill passed the Legislature, but the Governor vetoed it. One would wonder what objections the Governor had to allowing the Baptists of Shelby county to provide for their infirm preachers and their families; but in his veto message he enlightens us. The chief objection urged was that the charter provided for exempting from taxation the property of the Home. This, the Governor holds, is to tax all the rest of the people for the benefit of this institution, and he declares that similar exemptions granted to benevolent institutions in the past were all wrong. So our Governor is in favor of taxing the benevolence of the people in order to save the State from extra burdens. Every benevolent institution exempted from taxation is just so much added to the taxation of the State at large, and therefore such institutions shall receive no word of encouragement from the State. This is the Governor's doctrine put into plain English, and it is a remarkable doctrine. It is emphatically "penny wise and pound foolish" statesmanship. The benevolence of a people is the most important factor in their prosperity. A community of misers would not be prosperous. We need public-spirited men who care for the welfare of others and who are willing to spend their money to promote that welfare. There are too few of such men among us, and to discourage the few we have is most suicidal policy. Kentucky has often been charged with being lacking in public spirit, and we are sorry that our chief magistrate has furnished additional ground for the charge.

As to the extra burden put upon the State by these benevolent institutions the Governor is entirely mistaken. The law provides for the care of infirm and helpless citizens at public expense. Every such citizen provided for by the benevolence of the people is just so much relief to the tax payers. Not long ago our Orphans' Home in Louisville sent to all the county almshouses and took out all the children who were connected with Baptist families and provided for them. The tax-payers of Kentucky saved more by this single action than the taxes of the Home would have amounted to in a hundred years.

Our brethren in Shelby county propose to provide for a certain class of infirm and helpless citizens. They propose to invest their capital and to pay the current expenses of the institution, asking only to be relieved of taxation on the capital they have invested for the benefit of the public. But no, they shall not be allowed to do this. If they give their capital for benevolence they shall be required to pay taxes on it just as if they had kept it for their private use.

The Governor refers, objectingly, to the fact that the proposed institution is intended for only a certain class of the community. That makes no difference. It proposes to care for infirm and helpless citizens, who, in the absence of any other provision, must be cared for wholly by taxing the people. All benevolent institutions are for certain classes. The Masonic Widows and Orphans Home in this city is for a certain class, so are blind asylums, and deaf and dumb institutes, and insane asylums, etc., etc. And the thing to do is to encourage private benevolence to provide for class after class till all the needy classes are provided for.

If the State furnished all these institutions, the capital in them would not be taxed, why then should it be taxed when furnished by private benevolence? Besides, if the State supplied the need, not only the capital invested, but all the current expenses must be raised by taxation. If, therefore, private benevolence will supply the capital and also pay the running expenses, it is a small matter that the capital should be exempt from taxation.

It is a pleasant thing that the Anniversary of the Missionary Union, Home Mission Society and Publication Society, are to be held in Washington City this year. And to enable brethren to attend both meetings, the date has been fixed just after the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in Richmond. Rates will be made with the railroads to include both meetings. We again express the hope that delegates and visitors from the Southwest will come by way of Louisville.

The Northwest not only has a great quantity of weather, but it indulges in queer mixtures of the same. On Feb. 9, at Moorhead, Minn., the thermometer was forty degrees below zero. At Helena, Mon., directly west, the citizens were enjoying life with a temperature of forty-six degrees above zero. Verily, its weather is the greatest curiosity in the Northwest, but it is not a curiosity which will be apt to attract strangers.

Wrong begets a himself of a false gift is like clouds and wind without rain.

GOOD PRESBYTERIAN READING.

In the *Christian Observer* of last week Dr. D. F. Frierson fills nearly a column of fine print with objections to the WESTERN RECORDER. And what, reader, do you think it is all about? Why, we believe that only immersion is taught in the Bible for baptism. This is our offense. Among other things Dr. Frierson says:

> If there is a solitary "positive utterance" or "express command" or "single act" in the Old or New Testament for immersion, we "Presbyterians" have not found it. And we make bold to say that Presbyterians have not found it, it is not likely that it is there.
>
> Well, well; yes, yes—what! We would like to ask Dr. Frierson whether he ever heard of John Calvin, Richard Baxter, Dr. Doddridge, Mackraight, George Campbell, Thomas Chalmers, Albert Barnes and Philip Schaff? Also does he know of such Presbyterian works as "Annotations of the (Westminster) Assembly of Divines," and the Edinburgh Encyclopedia?
>
> These are supposed to be the leading Presbyterian authorities on religious questions, and they have certainly found immersion taught in the Bible, and they frankly bear their testimony. If Dr. Frierson, in the face of this, insists that "Presbyterians" have not found immersion in the Bible, and thus virtually denies that these men, who have made the Presbyterian Church the power it is in the world, are to be regarded as Presbyterians at all, we respectfully ask him to name the men who have been and are leaders among his people. If we can not accept the statements of these eminent "Presbyterians," as to what Presbyterians have found in Scripture, whose statements shall we take? It is Dr. Frierson, against the brilliant array of great names given above, and we must be excused for believing them. We agree that it would be very remarkable if anything was taught in the Bible and no Presbyterian had found it out. Yes, "if Presbyterians have not found it, it is not likely it is there."

But here is what the leading Presbyterian scholars of the world say on the subject:

> The very word *baptize*, however, signifies to immerse, and it is certain that immersion was the practice of the ancient church. (Calvin's Institutes, vol. iii., p. 36.)
>
> The original meaning of the word baptism is immersion, and though we regard it as a point of indifference whether the ordinance be administered by immersion or sprinkling, yet we deem it not unlikely that the prevalent style of the administration in the apostles' days was by an actual submerging of the whole body under water. . . Jesus Christ by his baptism meant that our baptism should be immersion under the surface of the ground, whence He soon emerged again by His resurrection. We, by being baptized into His death, are conjoined to have made a similar transition. In the act of descending under the water of baptism to have resigned as old life, and in the act of ascending to emerge into a second or new life. (Thomas Chalmers' Lectures on Romans, p. 132.)
>
> Buried with Him by baptism. In this phrase the apostle seemeth to allude to the ancient manner of baptisms, which was to dip the parties baptized, and as it were to bury them under the water for a while and then to draw them out and lift them up to represent the burial of our old man and our resurrection to newness of life. (Annotations of the Westminster Assembly of Divines on Rom. v.—A. London Ed., 1658.)
>
> Therefore we are buried, &c. It is altogether probable that the apostle in this place had allusion to the custom of baptizing by immersion. (Albert Barnes' Com. on Romans, p. 137.)
>
> It seems the part of candor to confess that here is an allusion to the manner of baptizing by immersion. (Doddridge, Exposition on Romans, on vi. 4.)
>
> Jesus submitted to be baptized—that is, buried in water—by John, and to be raised out of it again as an emblem of His future death and resurrection. (Macknight's Apostolic Epistles, note on Rom., 6.)
>
> The word *baptizo* which is used in sacred authors and in classical, signifies to dip, to plunge, to immerse; and was rendered by Tertullian, the oldest of the Latin fathers, *tingere*, the term used for dyeing, which may be by immersion. It is always construed suitably to this meaning. (George Campbell, on Gospels, Vol. ii., p. 25.)
>
> Immersion, and not sprinkling, was unquestionably the original normal form of baptism. This is shown by the very meaning of the Greek word, *baptize, baptisma*, and the analogy of the baptism of John, which was performed in the Jordan . . . by the New Testament comparisons of baptism with the passage through the Red Sea (1 Cor., 10:2), with the flood (1 Pet., 3:21), with a bath (Eph., 5:26; Titus, 3:5), with a burial and resurrection (Rom., 6:4; Col., 2:12); finally, by the general usage of ecclesiastical antiquity, which was always immersion. (Philip Schaff, Hist. Apostolic Church, p. 505.)
>
> We grant that baptism then (in primitive terms) was by washing the whole body. In our baptism we are dipped under the water, as signifying our death, profession that we He was buried for sin, so we are dead and buried to sin. (Richard Baxter, on Matt., 3:5.)
>
> Baptism in the apostolic age was performed by immersion. That writer insinuates that the Greek verb *baptizo*, as well as its Hebrew synonym *tva*, sometimes denotes sprinkling, but the various passages to which they appeal will lead every candid mind to a different conclusion. The circumstances recorded concerning the first administration of baptism are likewise incompatible with sprinkling. Had a small quantity of water been sufficient, the inspired historian would never have said that John baptized in the river Jordan and in Enon, because there was much much water there. The administrations and the nature of baptism are always described as descending into the water and again ascending out of it. When Paul affirms that we are buried with Christ in baptism and raised again, he not only alludes to immersion, but upon any other supposition there would be no propriety in the metaphor which he employs. We are likewise said to be saved die baptism, the washing, or by the bath, of regeneration, where there is a manifest reference to baptism performed by immersion. (Edinburgh Encyclopedia, Vol. III., p. 256.)

We "Presbyterians" have not found it.

Not only have the Presbyterians named found it, but many others like Dr. Alexander Carson have found it, and have obeyed the command to be baptised and have been active in showing it to the world. Yes, many Presbyterians have found it, and it is not impossible that Dr. Frierson may find it if he will study the subject as Calvin, Chalmers, Schaff and others have done.

WILLIAM THE BAPTIST'S AUNT.

For a good while the Presbyterians have been circulating a little book against the Baptists called "William the Baptist." The story is of William Meadows, a young man reared under Baptist influences, who married a Presbyterian lady and settled in a town in Arkansas. William was so loud and persistent in advocating Baptist views that he was called "William the Baptist." His Presbyterian wife was a model, of course. William interviews alternately the Presbyterian and the Baptist pastors in the town, the former telling a man of ability and of fine spirit, and the latter narrow, ignorant and bigoted. Whatever is Presbyterian in the book is all that it should be, while all that is Baptist is objectionable. Of course, William is convinced and joins the Presbyterian church.

Such is the book. It has been widely circulated, and has done harm, being written with ingenuity and plausibility.

"A Baptist Woman" has written a reply. She takes up the story where the Presbyterian minister who wrote the book left it off, and writes a sequel. A Baptist aunt of William visits him, and the points of difference between the Baptists and Presbyterians again come up for discussion. This aunt shows the sophistry of the arguments which convinced William, and the result is that the Presbyterian minister, with William and his wife, all join the Baptists. The work is admirably done, and the reply is complete. It is a first-rate pamphlet to put in the hands of Pedobaptists who are willing to look at the questions involved. The price is ten cents, and is for sale by C. T. Dearing & Co., Northwest corner of Third and Jefferson streets, Louisville, Ky.

It is hard to catch "A. B. C." napping, but occasionally even Homer nods. When we received his last interesting letter in regard to Union City we were a little surprised that he said so much of the negro Baptist church and so little of the white, but concluded that there were some circumstances connected with the church which caused him thus to call especial attention to it. Printer and proof-reader were both surprised, rubbed their eyes and took another look at the manuscript. But there it was in our good brother's handwriting, which is so legible it makes him a favorite with editors and printers. We have received a postal from Dr. Singleary correcting "A. B. C.'s" mistake. It is the white church of which Elder R. W. Norton is the pastor. The negroes have a good church, of which Elder R. F. Stone is pastor.

EDITORIAL VARIETIES.

In our notice last week of "The Religious Affections of Scotland," we got one or two points wrong. The price is two dollars, and Mr. Thomas L. Clarke is agent, and he lives at No. 1,100 Fifth-ath street.

Dr. Edward Judson has received from Mr. John D. Rockefeller a subscription of $10,000 for the Judson Memorial church, in New York, provided $250,000 is raised for this object in the next six months. It will be raised.

We had a pleasant call Friday from Rev. E. L. Jordan, of Murfreesboro, Tenn. He has long been one of the chief pillars of the Baptists in Tennessee. His time and thought and money have been freely given to the Master's service.

Mr. Sigmund Bagowsky, the converted Jewish rabbi who was baptized recently into the fellowship of Walnut-street church, in this city, is tarrying in the Jews in Cincinnati and proving to them that Jesus Christ is the Messiah.

Dr. Whitsitt's new book is now on sale at Dearing's. The title is "The Origin of the Disciples of Christ" (Campbellites). A contribution to the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Campbell. This book will be widely read, and it will make a deep impression.

Rev. W. W. Cleveland died in Washington last Thursday. He was one of the world's great philanthropists. He gave away more than $100,000, besides innumerable private charities. He lived a long, useful, and, therefore, happy life. Though not a Baptist, he gave our denomination over $500,000. He was ever hearty, kind, and accessible. His presence was a benediction, and his memory is precious.

Quite a sensation has been caused by the conversion of Mr. Reuben Dailey, the indefatigable editor of the *Jeffersonville Evening News*. For years he has been antagonistic, and active as an infidel, renting halls and bringing infidel lecturers to Jeffersonville at his own expense. The Christians are rejoicing that this enemy of the faith is converted, and will now strive to build up what he lately sought to destroy.

We are pained to learn of the death of Dr. Walter B. Brooks, professor in Madison University, Hamilton, N. Y. Dr. Brooks would have been near, if not beyond, the allotted threescore and ten years, but he did not seem to be an old man. He was pastor of the church in Hamilton, and was just before he accepted the chair of geology, botany, and zoology in Madison University. But, although a man of science, he continued to preach the gospel. He began preaching at Smith's Valley, where there was no church, and by his faithful labors he gathered quite a church; and, besides, by his own generosity and that of his family, he had built a beautiful house of worship there. On Sunday, February 5th, just as he had finished his sermon he exclaimed, "I have a stroke," and fell unconscious in his pulpit. He never rallied, and died on Wednesday. It was a fitting end to a noble life to die thus at his post with his armor on. His sermons were models of beautiful, polished, and elegant English. Had his delivery been equal to his composition he would have been among the foremost pulpit orators. Not that his delivery was bad, but it did not equal his composition. He was also a superior teacher; but he was, above all, a grand specimen of a Christian gentleman.

A BIT of Chinese philosophy runs as follows: "Observe not the strangers in thy melon patch too closely. Inattention is often the highest form of civility."

AMONG THE CHURCHES.

Louisville.

Walnut-street—The pastor preached. Large congregation. Sunday-school, 500. Seven additions and seven baptisms. Since January 1st there have been sixty-seven additions, and on the November 1st Dr. Broadus will preach next Sunday. Three new deacons ordained.

Broadway—Pastor Tupper preached morning and night to large congregations. Crowded Sunday-school, and several professions of faith after the pastor's chalk sermon. Four additions to the church, and five baptised at night. Col. Bell's Bible-class numbered sixty. Pastor Tupper commences a series of lectures on Bible doctrines next Wednesday night. The Broadway church, with the aid of representatives of the other churches, ordained Rev. A. V. Sizemore, as pastor of California Mission, Sunday afternoon.

Chestnut-street—The pastor preached. Dr. Smith preached during the week and went home Saturday. Nineteen additions and eleven baptized. Meeting closed. Between forty and fifty have joined since January 1st.

Eastern—Rev. P. T. Hale preached during the week. Twenty-four additions. Meeting continues this week. The largest Sunday-school ever had.

Twenty-second and Walnut—Pastor preached during the week. Forty six additions, making just 100 during the meeting, and 145 since January 1st. Present number, 865. Overflowed Sunday night. Seven new deacons ordained. Pastor Hale goes to Frankfort today.

Portland—Pastor preached in morning. No meeting at night. Five additions.

Parkland—Pastor preached. Meeting closed. Fifteen additions. Baptistery soon to be finished.

Calvary-street—Pastor preached at 11 a. m. Good Sunday-school.

The State.

Dr. Whitsitt preached at New Liberty last Sunday.

Rev. J. C. Burkholder is pushing the work at New Haven.

The church at La Grange has called Rev. W. S. Sydnor.

Rev. E. S. Alderman is making a fine impression upon his new charge at Paris.

Rev. W. Wood has been called to New Providence, Trimble county, for one-fourth of his time.

There are ten Gospel Missions now doing a great work in Louisville, where ten years ago there was none.

Pastor John D. Jordan, at Elkton, is in mourning with Bro. Ben Boone and wife over the death of their little Mary.

Dr. Chapman is entirely well at last, and is ready for active service. He should not be allowed to remain idle long.

An interesting series of meetings is in progress in our church in Frankfort. Pastor Bagby is aided by Rev. Fred D. Hale.

Bro. J. G. Row preached at Russellville on the second Sunday. John D. Jordan, of Bethel College, filled Bro. R.'s pulpit at Pembroke.

Russellville and Richmond, Upper-street Lexington and Mount Sterling churches are looking for pastors, and they are looking in all directions.

Rev. C. H. Nash is much pleased with Cloverbottom, and Bardstown is equally pleased with him. A handsome new parsonage is a very pleasing thing to a pastor.

Dr. Warder and the business manager of the RECORDER spent Sunday at Mt. Sterling. Our church there is one of the best in the State, and is still without a pastor.

Rev. J. M. Fowler has taken the care of our church at Christiansburg for half his time. He accepts Buffalo Lick for the other half. These are two very important churches.

Deacon M. W. Sherrill, of Walnut-street church, formerly proprietor of the RECORDER, was married on Tuesday of last week to Mrs. Pipes, of Natchez, Miss. We offer the congratulations of the RECORDER.

Rev. J. N. Bowling accepts the call to Crab Orchard for half his time. He will continue to give the other half to the church at Middlesburg. For about a year the church at Crab Orchard was without a pastor.

Bro. R. J. Bassett, of Leitchfield, writes: "How would it do to change the RECORDER pages to a smaller size and have more of them? Many subscribers could have them bound? At present, I can not preserve them in any shape." We are glad Bro. Bassett thinks his copies of the RECORDER are worth preserving. We will duly consider the matter.

Rev. E. Y. Mullins, our efficient pastor at Harrodsburg, must not accept the call to San Antonio, Texas, and leave Kentucky. To be sure, he came to Kentucky from Texas, but he has been hereditary enough to be a native, and we are not willing to give him up. He got his "better half" in Kentucky, and we hereby appoint her a committee to see that he stays. Antonio and all other calls outside of the State are declined.

Rev. W. T. Jolly, of Ashland, says that his canvass with Dr. Warder among the people of Louisville was very pleasant; that men, both professed Christians, listened, and though already taxed heavily, gave cheerfully and liberally in aid of his work. He puts the Baptists of Louisville in the front rank. Dr. Warder reports that when the last of the needed $500 was raised, Bro. Jolly became so jolly that he actually threw his hat in the air. A great load was lifted from the mind and heart of this faithful servant of God. The new church building at Ashland will soon be dedicated.

Other States.

Brother H. Cordell has been ordained by the Wilson Creek Baptist church, Texas.

The North Danville (Va.) Baptist church is in the midst of a glorious meeting.

The *Baptist Banner* of Mt. Vernon, Ill., has been merged into the *American Baptist*.

The Trenton and Edgefield Baptist churches, South Carolina, have called Bro. J. Bell, of Texas.

Bro. C. Cohen, of North Carolina, has accepted the pastorate of the church at Sanford, Fla.

Bro. C. N. Donaldson has taken charge of the church at Smithfield, Va., amid general rejoicing.

The South Mecon church, Georgia, has sold its house to the negroes, and will soon build a new one.

Bro. J. J. Cole has recently baptized twenty-two into the fellowship of the Little Doe church in Tennessee.

Since Dr. McArthur has been pastor of the Calvary church, New York, he has baptized nearly 700 Pedobaptists.

Bro. A. J. Wharton has been much blessed in Weatherford, Texas. There have been thirty-three conversions and many baptisms.

Bro. Wm. Ellyson, son of our well known brother, H. K. Ellyson, was elected President of the Virginia Laymen's Conference.

Bro. B. W. N. Sims has resigned at Waxahachie, Texas, where he has done a fine work, and gone to take charge of the church at Gainesville.

The Metropolitan Baptist church, the only white Baptist one in the northeastern section of Washington City, has just put up a fine new building.

Bro. J. N. Hart is having a gracious revival in his church at Morrilton, Ark. Three were baptized last Sunday night, two received by letter and two approved for baptism.

Some months since Bro. J. A. Leslie, of Tarboro, N. C., had the misfortune to break his ankle. He has been confined to his bed or compelled to go on crutches for several months, but we are glad to learn that he has entirely recovered.

On Jan. 21st a Baptist church was constituted at Greenwood, Ala. It began with twenty-two members, and as it is in the midst of a community of well-to-do planters, the *Alabama Baptist* thinks it will soon become a strong church.

Twelve years ago when Bro. J. E. Bell went to Brewton, Ala., there were six bar-rooms and no churches in that place. Now there are five white and two negro churches and no bar-rooms. Bro. Bell has reason to thank God and take courage.

There have been many gracious revivals among our brethren in Missouri. At Salisbury there have been twenty additions to the church, at the Richland church, thirty additions, and over fifty stand approved for baptism at the Sixth church in St. Louis.

The new boarding house at Richmond College was opened for use on last Saturday, as we learn from that bright and delightful little paper, the *Baltimore Baptist*. The students celebrated the occasion in true college style, to which many of their friends were invited.

Bro. T. S. Allen writes to the *Texas Baptist and Herald* an interesting account of his missionary tour in Jasper county. There is but one ordained minister in that county, and he is teaching school. Wherever Bro. Allen preached many asked the great question, "What shall we do to be saved?"

We learn from the *Arkansas Baptist* that the Forrest City church ordained Bro. W. H. Osborne to the ministry. Bro. J. P. Eagle was presiding officer of the presbytery which ordained Bro. Osborne. The candidate was subjected to a very rigid examination in regard to the distinctive doctrines of Baptists and proved to be sound in the core. All honor to that faithful presbytery.

The First Baptist church of Eureka Springs, Ark., were so much pleased with Elder Judson Taylor, who went to the Springs last summer for his health, that they gave him a unanimous call, which he has accepted. Major Penn and his family are now members of this church. Major Penn, in a meeting held with it last August, received seventy-five into its fellowship. This is a prosperous and pleasing church.

We have received a pleasant, breezy letter from Bro. S. Wright, of Kansas City, which we have enjoyed so much, we would be glad if the state of our crowded columns would allow our making extensive extracts. He sends money for his own subscription and for his brother-in-law, Mr. Sligo, who is an old Kentuckian, who loved the RECORDER when it was the *Baptist Banner*, and published by John L. Waller of blessed memory. Bro. Wright is a Kentuckian, and like all true sons of our State, loves her fondly, no matter how far they wander and how long they have been from home. Wright has charge of the Wright House in Kansas City, and we know that must be a pleasant home for travelers, as it has a whole-souled Kentuckian for a proprietor and a Kentucky lady, all of whom are famous housekeepers to preside over it. He writes that the Calvary Baptist church, which Bro. Sligo is pastor, in Kansas, has had a gracious revival resulting in some thirty or thirty five additions. On last Sunday ten joined, five of whom were baptized.

SEMINARY NOTES.

Bro. A. U. Boone has been called to Leitchfield. Bro'n Reynolds and Dickerson are building a meeting at the Twentieth and Grayson Mission. . . . . Bro. W. L. Lemon has just closed a meeting with the Germantown Mission, which resulted in thirty conversions. Bro. L. has also been elected superintendent of the Broadway and Campbell-street Mission. . . . Bro. J. W. Loving resigned at New Castle Sunday. He will at once enter upon the work at New Liberty. . . . Bro. E. G. Shouse's meeting at Centerville, Ind., resulted in twenty-four additions to the church by baptism and three by relation. . . . On last Sunday Bro. J. T. Tucker united in marriage Mr. Joshua Bell and Miss Carrie Jones, in the neighborhood of the Cedar Creek church. . . . . Bro. A. C. Watkins held a three weeks' meeting at Mitchell, Ind., in which there were twenty additions to the church. He was aided for a few days by Bro. V. H. Cowsert. Bro. J. O. Burroughs has also recently held a meeting with his church at Wort, Ind., in which there were seventeen conversions. . . . . Preaching as follows: Gilbert Dobbs, at New Albany; William Shelton, at Cedar Creek; R. G. Patrick, at the Forks of Elkhorn; A. U. Boone, at North Vernon; B. D. Ragsdale, at Twentieth and Main; J. J. Farmer, at Germantown; P. I. Lipsey, at Third-street, and T. E. Jasper, at Westport.

THE faculty and students of the Seminary are delighted with their new quarters. The new building is a manificent edifice.

TIDINGS FROM OUR FOREIGN FIELDS.

Africa.

Bro. Eubank has been alone at Lagos since his return, in the early fall, Bro. David having gone to the interior. He has begun preaching in the Yoruba tongue, which, strange to say, is a more difficult task than to preach in Chinese. Read the mission's appeal for helpers in the March number of the *Journal*. Two men are needed at once.

Bro. David appeals for a sanitarium on the coast, a few miles from Lagos—a place of recruiting for our weary and sick missionaries. Mercantile establishments, the government, and other mission societies have them, and they seem to be a necessity. The cost is small.

Bro. Smith has just closed his third year of service in Africa. He reports eleven baptisms during his and Bro. David's recent visit to Ogbomoshaw. "More men" is his cry, too. Where are they?

Brazil.

Bro. Soper, since his recovery from small-pox, has been recruiting his strength at Sao Paulo. With restored health, though with hearts saddened by the loss of their only child, he and his wife are looking forward hopefully to the year to come.

Bro. Daniel, impressed by the need of his presence at Bahia, returned there; but very soon "bri-ber!" attacked him again, showing conclusively that he can not work in that locality. He reports good congregations and much interest. Twenty-four baptisms in that city and twenty or more at Pernambuco and Maceio show that the good seed is bearing fruit. Bro. Taylor will return to Bahia in the early summer, accompanied by Bro. Barker.

Bro. Bagby reports good congregations and several inquirers.

China.

Dr. Graves has promised to furnish the *Journal* some sketches of Chinese life—one of these is in the March number.

Miss Emma Young reports a year's work which gives some little idea of a missionary's constancy in labor. Her is a part of her work: Superintending four day schools, to which two others were added on Mrs. Graves' departure; directing the work of four Bible women in the city and one in the country, and conducting a weekly meeting for women. By way of variety, she has translated Bunyan's Holy War into the Cantonese dialect, and visited many homes. But she is happy in her new house, and full of hope for the new year.

Many friends will be glad to know that Bro. E. Z. Simmons will soon have his long-wished for chapel in Canton.

Miss Stein tells it thus, on New Year's Day, one woman and two girls were baptized at our chapel in Canton. She gives a very interesting account of a woman who had attempted suicide, but was saved. She hopes the woman is now a believer in Jesus. Her visit to this woman led the way to the opening of a Sunday-school for children.

"My work is too great for me. One of three things *must* happen—the work *must* suffer, or I *must* break down, or the *Board must send me help*. The field is white unto the harvest. For the sake of our Savior, I plead for another missionary to be sent at once."—*R. T. Bryan, Chinkiang.* The Board will send at once any approved man. May the Lord give him to us.

Bro. Pruitt has had a most delightful visit in Pingtu and in the vicinity, of which he gives a most interesting account in the *Journal*. Two men for North China!

Mexico.

Rev. H. R. Moseley, now at the Seminary, will go to Mexico at the end of the Seminary session.

Bro. Powell writes, February third: "Less than two weeks ago, I baptized in Saltillo; came to Patos, where I baptized two believers and left five to be baptized on my return; and now, returning from Musquiz, where I baptized three; found a great awakening at Sabinas, and baptized two." And so it goes on. February 7th he says: "My little boy is better." May God restore him fully to health.

The Mayor of Zacatecas forbids Bro. McCormick's going with the public baths for baptisms. He has ten candidates to baptize and no place in which to do it. He will build a baptistery at once. He ought to have a good church at once, and some rich Baptist ought to consecrate enough of his wealth to the Lord to build it.

Italy.

Miss Mary A. Taylor, Rome, informs us of the death of Mrs. Di Pillo, "the first person who was baptized in our Rome chapel." Her death was full of peace, and all her family are mourning, not as those who have no hope.

Dr. George B. Taylor, in a letter full of interest, tells of the Sunday-schools of some of our churches in Italy, records the opening of a new locale in Rosereale, and the persecutions that are following there, announces the death of one of the pillars of the church at Milan, and, after touching on the "Pope's Jubilee," promises some more thoughts after awhile. Those who read this letter will wish to see others soon.

MANY Christians do greatly wrong themselves with a dull and heavy kind of sullenness, who, not suffering themselves to delight in any worldly thing, are thereupon oftimes so heartless that they delight in nothing.—*Bishop Hall.*

WESTERN RECORDER.

THURSDAY.....MARCH 1, 1888.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Correspondence of the Western Recorder.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17, 1888.

The week's work in Congress, so far, makes a poor showing. Both the Senate and House have accomplished less than usual. The District of Columbia has had much attention than any other section of the Substitutionals, and several bills of local interest have been passed. There has been no lack of interesting debate, however, in both ends of the Capitol.

A quarple of Territories are knocking loudly for admission to the sisterhood of States, and an enabling act will soon be reported, which will probably be passed before the session ends. An "enabling act" does not enable, strictly speaking. As Mr. Springer says (he is the Chairman of the Committee on Territories), it is simply an act of encouragement. After such encouragement, the Territory forms a State Constitution, constructs the machinery for State government, prepares for admission into the Union as a State and demands it.

The aspirants alluded to are Dakota, Montana, Washington and New Mexico. I did not mention Utah, who did not wait for Congress to give her the initiative. The people of Utah held their Territorial Convention, adopted a State Constitution, and now demand admission to the Union. This they had a right to do, Chairman Springer says; only they will have to pay all of their own expenses, whereas, if they had waited for Congress to pass an enabling act, the United States Treasury would have paid all of their expenses.

The Blaine letter of declination created quite a stir in political circles here. Interest in it was particularly intense in the Senate, for quite a number of the Senators have had the Presidential bee buzzing around them. Senators Hawley, Sherman, Allison and a few others were even congratulated, laughingly, that the path to the Presidential nomination had been so happily opened to them.

General Sheridan's most intimate friends here take special pains to represent him as entirely free from the Presidential mania. They say that the measure of his ambition is filled with the office he now holds, and that he has no intention of plunging into political strife. If true, the pathway is still more open to those who are willing to endure the wear and tear of mind and body, the vexation of spirit and sickness of soul that must come to every man who allows the buzzing insect to enter his ear, for "Little Phil" would make a popular candidate.

The Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association have been holding a convention in this city for the past three days and the meeting attracted prominent educators here from all parts of the United States. The daily sessions and the subjects discussed have been highly entertaining to all persons interested in educational matters.

Sunday last was an unusually busy day among the temperance workers of Washington. Large meetings were held and stirring addresses were made in different parts of the city. Notable among the speeches made for prohibition were those of Congressmen Cutcheon, of Missouri, and E. B. Taylor, of Ohio.

A Washingtonian says that some of the bills pending in Congress in relation to the District of Columbia are calculated to create the impression that parents in this city desire the Federal Government to take charge of their children. He was alluding particularly to a bill introduced by Senator Chace, of Rhode Island, providing that tobacco shall not be sold in any form to residents of the District who are under sixteen years of age.

The Blair Educational bill, which has had such a long and tempestuous voyage through the Senate, has at last passed that body again by a vote of 39 to 29. The bill has occupied much valuable time during three Congresses, and has gained no converts in the Senate wing. A comparison of this last vote with that of two years ago shows that the longer the measure has been thought of and talked of, the weaker it has grown. Every Senator who voted against it before voted against it on this last occasion, while some, including Senators Kenna, Blackburn, Voorhees and Spooner, who were in favor of it two years ago, voted against it on Wednesday. It is believed by many that the bill will stand no chance of getting safely through the House.

Senator Blair himself made the closing speech on his cherished measure, and in it attacked the Jesuits for their opposition to the common-school system.

THE recently published life of Rev. John Murker, a Scotch minister, says: "He preached a Christ for every sinner out of hell, and a hell for every sinner out of Christ." A pithy way of putting the whole Scripture truth, in its milder and sterner aspect.

HAPPY is the man that feareth always; but he that hardeneth his heart shall fall into mischief.

LETTER FROM BRO. WHARTON.

Editor Western Recorder:

I claim the privilege of a little space to speak to some friends of mine who are your readers. As the small-pox has driven people out of California, and wood and water so scarce, the interest of those who dwell in cold regions, and whose faces are turned to sunnier lands has greatly increased in the direction of Florida. Ponce de Leon sought the spring of eternal youth, in the land of flowers; but if he had been seeking rest, and the best climate on earth, I think his highest expectations would have been met. After a long and dusty ride in the cars, it was pleasant to look out on the orange-groves and pretty scenery along the St. Johns, and to enjoy the sweet days in South Florida. My only sister, Mrs. Dr. Lowry, who lived for many years in your State, is now settled in Bartow. The Doctor sought the very best part of the State, and I am much pleased with his choice. You can raise almost anything you please in that region, the society is good, the church and school privileges all that could be desired. Though Bartow is only about four years old, it has grown to be a large town, and its business and dwelling-houses are large and handsome, and give evidence that the builders believe in the permanency and growth of their town. I asked one of the druggists about the health of the place. "Well," said he, "if prescriptions don't come in any faster in the other drug-stores than they do here, I pity them." The fact is, there is little or no sickness.

The hotels all through the State are first-class, in style and price. The finest I have ever seen is the Ponce de Leon, of St. Augustine. In some of the rooms it costs you forty dollars a day. I only staid there a few minutes. It was as much as my purse could stand.

The Sub-tropical Exposition, at Jacksonville, attracts people from every section. While I write this, all Jacksonville is astir over the coming of the President and his party from Washington. The building contains the products of the different counties, and they have everything, from the chufa to the cocoa-nut, from the grape-vine to the cypress; all fruits, flowers, grain, wood; everything you could think of, and more besides. Each county has a representative there to show you around and tell you all about the wonders of his land.

The Baptists are prospering, and well they may, for if the Lord ever prepared a State for us, it is Florida. You can hardly turn around without stepping into a flowing stream or a lovely lake, and yet they want pastors here. At several important places they have no pastor; and at Punta Gorda, on Charlotte Harbor Bay, there is not even a church of any kind.

But I only ask you for a little space, and will be thankful if you indulge me so far. With love to your readers and my best wishes for your own prosperity,

H. M. WHARTON.

Montgomery, Ala., Feb. 21, 1888.

FROM REV. J. S. FELIX.

Editor Western Recorder:

Your business manager, the rotund brother, has asked me to write a letter giving the news from here. The Baptist cause in this city is in a hopeful state. We enter on the new year with courage. Rev. B. F. Swindler is now pastor at Walnut-street, and things have brightened wonderfully since January 1st, the time of his coming. He is a man of brains, of great common sense, and ranks among our very best preachers. He is encouraged and his brethren are encouraged, and the situation gives satisfaction to all their friends.

On the night of the 20th of this month, there will be a mass-meeting of all the Baptists of the city, held with his church, to consider our duty to the whole field as it now presents itself. Such meetings have done great good in the past.

The First church is moving steadily on. The following is a partial statement of her work last year, complete as these items; but others might be given: Received by baptism sixty-four; by letter, fifteen; by restoration, four; under watch-care, four; total, eighty-seven. We lost by letter, death and exclusion, thirty-seven. We gave to missions, $408.68; to ministerial education, $110; to build churches, $65.93; to additional building for Orphans' Home, $56; for support of Orphans' Home, $34, and a large box of useful articles. We are praying for a much larger blessing this year.

During the first Sabbath in February, the church licensed Bro. Eddie T. Moberley to preach. He is now at Russellville at college. He is a godly, consecrated young man, of fine promise. There are several other young men in the church deeply concerned as to whether they should not take the same step. Bro. Moberley said his first convictions on the subject were received in our young men's prayer-meeting. These meetings have been productive of great good.

During the last of January I held a fifteen days' meeting with the church at Cairo, Ill. It was a meeting of great power. There were about fifty applicants for membership; forty of them had been accepted when I left.

In this church they have a committee on membership. All who wish to unite with them have to go before their committee. They have found it necessary to adopt this place. The congregations were very large, and on the last night of my stay the house was packed almost to suffocation. I met some of the noblest brethren and sisters there it has ever been my pleasure to know. Bro. R. N. McNemer, a Kentucky boy, is the pastor. It was delightful to see how he had drawn the people to him. He has a field of great promise, and I believe will have great success, as he loves the work, and is giving soul and body to it. Cairo is a thriving city, variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand people, a railroad center, a great business place, and but for the low ground, would have been long ago a great city. I think that difficulty will yet be overcome.

J. S. FELIX.

Owensboro, Ky., February 24, 1888.

FROM MOUNT VERNON, ILL.

Editor Western Recorder:

There have been many art and many pen pictures of the cyclone at Mount Vernon, Ill. Put all these together, and then one will form but a faint idea of the dismal scene. When we see how complete a ruin has come to so many buildings, and how their material has been scattered far and wide, we are amazed that more people were not killed, though so many have perished. The death-list will not be much below fifty, and may go beyond that.

Our church is among the ruins, being swept away to the floor. Bro. Throgmorton and family had a marvelous deliverance. Parsonage and all were under the same roof. All is lost. The church has had a hard struggle for life; but after years of effort, it was free of debt, and had purchased new seats and paid for them. But all is gone. The homes, if not the earthly hopes of many of our brethren are gone, and several of them are numbered with the dead.

We rejoice to know that generous people from different States have come up to relieve their present necessities. But they have no place to meet, no place to worship God. Every public hall in town is gone. There is no church that they may get. How many of my Kentucky brethren are willing to give $5 each? how many $1 each? How many of our Kentucky churches will take a collection? how many circulate a subscription to help these our worthy, suffering brethren, to build a house to worship in? I know them well; I know their need, having been their pastor for more than three years.

Send help to me at Anna, Ill., or to W. P. Throgmorton, Mount Vernon, Ill.

J. J. MIDKIFF.

Mt. Vernon, Ill., February 25, 1888.

MR. SPURGEON AND THE BAPTIST UNION.

Editor Western Recorder:

Now, that Mr. Spurgeon has explained his own position and that of the Baptist Union, the great and good man will be more thoroughly appreciated than ever before. My opinion of him, always exalted, is now more so. When Mr. Spurgeon's withdrawal from the Baptist Union was first announced, the action was thought to be so significant that it was noticed by almost every newspaper in the land. Some Pedo-baptist papers made the announcement with an air of congratulation, and in such language as to make the impression that the great London preacher had left the Baptist denomination. Now that it is known that he has not, does not Christian candor demand that the papers be as prompt and active in stating the truth and in correcting false impressions as they were in making them? How many have and how many will state the facts as they are? I am not a prophet, but I venture this prediction: The action of Mr. Spurgeon and the Baptist Union, and the agitation which will follow, will ultimately result in strengthening the Baptist cause in Europe and in bringing them and the American Baptists closer together than they have ever been.

J. K. NUNNELLEY.

February 24, 1888.

[For the Western Recorder.]

LITERARY SCRAPS.

John Milton spelled we, she, he, me, etc., when he wished them to be emphasized, with a double *e*, as wee, shee, hee, mee, etc.—*Dr. John Brown, in Spare Hours*, vol. II, p. 347.

"The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell," afterwards Mrs. Milton, 1645, uses this phrase, p. 164: "Mrs. Agnew translated to us portions of Thuanus his Historie," etc. This shows us how the possessive *s* originated. In my boyhood it was quite usual to see on the blank-leaf of a book the inscription, "John Smith his book." This was afterwards shortened by the elision of *hi* into "John Smith's book." Trench, in his "English, Past and Present," p. 241, endeavors to show that such is not the origin of the apostrophe *s*, but that it "is in fact the one remnant of flexion surviving in the singular number of our English nouns." *King* (*e. g.*) was the nominative, *kings* was the genitive or possessive, as shown by the *s*, and that the apostrophe (') was afterwards used to distinguish it from the plural, *kings*. If this is the true explanation of the matter, it is strange that so many writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, who ought to have known better, should have expressed the possessive by the word *his*.

The book named above uses the word *oxiced*, as equivalent to *disposed* or *inclined*, as: "I was xviced to complain of," etc. It also has the word *worsening*; *e. g.*: "Is my Taste better, or my Temper, *worsening?*" Both words have dropped out of our language.

B. R.

Lexington, Ky.

IS PREACHING NOT WORSHIP?

Of course not. If the assumptions of many writers on this subject are to be accepted as the truth. I have observed numerous articles, editorial and magazine, in which such assumptions are strongly made. They do not take the trouble to prove the point; they simply take it as unquestionable, and argue from it that we ought to have less preaching and more worship. I should think so, if preaching be not worship what business has it in a house of worship on the day of worship? It becomes an impertinence and a desecration, and should be discontinued at once.

If any one doubts the fact of such representations let him look into the September number of the *Homiletic Review*, and read a sermon on the "Church for the Times." The third quality of such a church is said to be that "its services emphasize the element of worship." "The services of most Protestant churches . . . minify and subordinate the features of worship and give countenance to the idea that the sermon is the chief and only really important feature." I have quoted enough to show that this discourse sharply discriminates preaching from worship, and implies that the sermon has usurped a place in sanctuary services which does not belong to it. Such views from our Episcopal brethren would be neither surprising nor alarming, but to meet with them from the pastors of non-liturgical churches, and the editors of religious papers belonging to those denominations which use the simplest forms, is somewhat disconcerting, and seems to demand discussion and reply.

Is it possible that we and our Protestant fathers have made such a serious mistake as to make that the chief feature of our worship which is not worship at all, but something alien and inferior? Our fathers were intelligent men; they were most anxious to "worship in spirit and in truth;" they studied their Bibles most reverently, and they made more of the sermon than we do. What long sermons they preached! They must have supposed it to be worship. And Paul, when he preached at Troas, so long that Eutychus got asleep and fell from the window—did not Paul suppose he was honoring the Lord's day and honoring God by his sermon? Is it possible that so great a mistake has been made from first to last, by the most enlightened and holy of God's ministers, as to substitute for worship that which is not worship, and so dishonor God, and rob men of that which is both their chief duty and their greatest privilege?

What, then, is worship? "The act of paying divine honors to the Supreme Being; religious reverence and homage; adoration." This is the definition of Webster. The services of Protestant churches may be divided into two parts. We honor God by speaking to him, and listening while he speaks to us. Which of these acts honors God the more, and is, therefore, in the highest sense worship? Listening, by all means. When God would honor his Son honored, he said, "Hear ye him!" It is far more reverential to listen to another than to speak to him ourselves. Listening is deferring to his wisdom; speaking seems like asserting our own.

The sermon, if it have any place in worship at all, belongs to this part of the worship which seems its very noblest act. In praise and in prayer we speak to God; in the Scripture-reading and the sermon God speaks to us. If the sermon can be defended as a part of public worship it must be upon this ground, that the minister voices the mind and heart of God to the people. If he does not do this, he has no business to speak at all; if he does do this, in listening to the sermon the people are worshiping God truly and grandly.

It may seem preposterous to those who have been accustomed to take low views of the sermon to accord it this high place. It may even seem ludicrous thus to characterize some of the poor sermons which they have heard. Doubtless there are many sermons not worthy of the name; much preaching is not preaching at all. But, then, if it must be granted that this part of public service often falls pitifully below its ideal, so also does the other part. Who believes that all the prayer and praise are really prayer and praise, or anything better than a wearisome formalism? To a non-ritualist the gallop which is so often heard in liturgical churches, the breakneck race between minister and congregation to keep up with each other, seems a painful parody upon real worship. Let it be granted, then, that only real prayer and praise deserve the commendations of those who emphasize this part of the service; we have only to show that the true sermon is the voice of God to the people.

What is the view of the sermon taken in the New Testament? Many texts at once recur to the mind which range themselves in support of the position that the preacher is the "voice of God" to the people. Such certainly was he who cries "preaching in the wilderness of Judea," and such pre-eminently He who "went about preaching," of whom elsewhere we are told that "God hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son." Paul had no other idea of himself when he said that his own preaching had been "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," nor of preachers generally when he said that "the preaching of the cross is, to them that perish, foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God." Could our idea of the sermon as God's thought voiced to men be more explicitly stated than when Paul says of himself and his associates: "We are ambassadors for Christ; as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."

There can be no doubt in view of these Scriptures that the ancient preaching had a legitimate place in the worship of God. To hear it was to honor God in the best possible way. How about the modern sermon? The sermon that is but an exposition and enforcement of some inspired passage? The sermon preached by a minister of Christ as truly called and qualified for his office as was Paul himself? The sermon for whose utterance the preacher has prepared himself by lying low before God and listening to hear what his Lord hath to say unto him? Let the pulpit mountebank be discredited to the uttermost. I have nothing to say for the men who multiply "words without knowledge," or who speak with what some consider the "tongues of angels," but without love. But when a servant of God prepares for the pulpit, as Canon Wilberforce says his honored father did, is he not a modern prophet? I mean prophet in the strict sense, one who speaks for God.

We can not mend public services by increasing the human element at the expense of the divine. We are worshiping most devoutly when we say with the child Samuel: "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" Praise and prayer are as likely to be poorly done as preaching, and an increase of formal praise and parrot-like prayer is not a promising improvement of public service. What is wanted is improvement at all points; more real speaking to God and more real voicing of God to men, and consequent listening to the divine message. But if the view which I have taken be correct, it is time that the advocates of more ritual in public religious services should learn that they are "darkening counsel," and that preaching is as much worship as praise and prayer, and worship in the highest sense.

C. E. Smith, in Independent.

A BROTHER in Texas sends us this letter from Dr. Spalding to the *Christian Index*, published eighteen years ago. He says he thinks the Baptists of Kentucky will enjoy reading it, and we think so, too. We publish it with pleasure:

LETTER FROM LOUISVILLE, KY.

Dear Index: Your readers will doubtless rejoice with us when they know that on yesterday, March 21, 1870, we were permitted of God to "break the ground" for the foundation of our "Louisville Baptist Orphans' Home."

One of the three most estimable daughters of the late Hon. James Guthrie, Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, donated the lot (200x200), and $5,000 cash toward a house to cost $20,000. Her two sisters, Mrs. Caperton and Mrs. W. B. Caldwell, increased the amount to $10,000. It then required but little effort to procure the balance. The full amount being secured, yesterday the work began. The four prominent features of the occasion were these: The heavens and the earth seemed to smile out in gladness on us; the Baptist pastors, with their flocks, were gathered there ready to renew that desert song: "Spring up, O Well;" a fine address was given by Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, who is the President, under the charter, of the organization, under whose auspices this enterprise is to be carried forward; and lastly, the ground was formally broken by "good old Aunt Peggy Mauzey." This devoted Christian woman is more than eighty years of age, has been identified with the Baptists of this city from the beginning, and is known through all Kentucky, and the regions beyond as the counterpart of those olden saints of whom we read that "left alone, they set their hope on God and continue in supplications and prayers night and day; over threescore years of age, well reported of for good works, having lodged strangers, relieved the afflicted, and diligently followed every good work." Then three other aged workers in the vineyard of the Lord—two of whom are over "threescore and ten"—Mrs. Tryon, Mrs. Biggert, and Mrs. Creighton, followed by Mrs. Arthur Peter, who is President of the Board of Managers, came forward and aided in digging the foundation of this house for the Lord's poor. One of the liberal contributors to the work is our beloved brother, Dr. G. W. Burton, well known to all the lovers of the Chinese Mission. Another is George W. Norton, Jr., of our Southern Baptist Convention, soon to assemble in this city. Others, donors of like sums of $1,000, if as generally known, would be also as truly appreciated.

The present building now begun, is to be forty-eight by eighty feet. It will constitute only one wing of the structure some day to be built. It will accommodate eighty children. Another wing will be added in the future, and then the central building—the whole to accommodate 300 children. This charity is designed specially for the orphans of the Baptists of Kentucky.

A. T. S.

TIMELY WORDS.

More and more there is growing up a disposition among parents to permit all matters of religious observance to be with their offspring mere matters of choice or preference. You child must learn French and German and drawing; but he shall learn catechism and his Bible lesson, and a reverent observant of the Lord's day, if he chooses, and not otherwise.

A more dismal and irrational folly it is not easy to conceive of. I do not say there may not have been folly in another, and opposite, direction. I am not unmindful that religious teaching has been sometimes made a dreary and intolerable burden. But surely we can correct one excess—not, I apprehend, very frequent or harmful—without straightway flying to an opposite and worse one. And so I plead with you who are parents, to train your children in ways of reverent familiarity with God's Word, God's house and day.

Let them understand that something higher than your taste, or preference, makes these things sacred and binding, and constrains you to imbue them with their spirit. And that they may do this the more effectually, give them, I entreat you, that mightiest teaching, which consists in your consistent and devout example.—*Bishop H. C. Potter.*

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for March contains: Blucher Unhorsed at Ligny; The Campaign of Waterloo, I, by John C. Ropes; The Yellow Elms, by Bessie Chandler; The Nixie, by Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson; A Shelf of Old Books—Leigh Hunt—by Mrs. James T. Fields; The Electric Motor and its Applications, by Franklin Leonard Pope; Natural Selection, a romance of Chelsea Village and East Hampton Town, by H. C. Bunner; Storm and Calm, by C. P. Cranch; Mendelssohn's Letters to Moscheles, by William F. Apthorp; The Day of the Cyclone, by Octave Thanet; Ashcake, by Thomas Nelson Page; First Harvests, by F. J. Stimson; The Tragedy—song, by Charles Edwin Markham; Beggars, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

"BISMARCK" is the subject of a brief, but timely paper which appears in the March *Century*. The author (the article is anonymous), is of the opinion that so long as Bismarck is chancellor—that is, so long as he lives, for no new Kaiser will be likely to take the responsibility of displacing him—things will probably continue to run in the accustomed course. The question is, what will there to replace Bismarck when he, too, disappears? There is no minister living whose measures have been so often defeated in parliament as Bismarck's; but as he is responsible only to the King and Kaiser, the German Parliament can not drive him from office by any direct or implied vote of want of confidence. Two portraits accompany the paper in the *Century*, one of them an engraving of the bust by Roth.

TO BE good and do good are the two objects set before the Christian—to develop a perfect character by rendering a perfect service. True Christian culture leads to and expresses itself in service, while faithful and loving service is the very best means of Christian culture.—*H. Gladden.*

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WESTERN RECORDER

THURSDAY.....MARCH 1. 1888.

The Family Circle.

"I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES UNTO THE HILLS."

When petty cares my heart oppress
With all their weary bitterness,
And all myspirit seems growing
A home where low sad sirens dwell,
Where envy lurks, suspicions swell,
I lift my eyes unto the hills
And dream of wild flowers blowing!

Of happy fields where golden-rod
And sweet pea sisters sway and nod
'Mid graceful, waving grasses;
Where tender leaves are floated down,
And dozy clouds are lightly blown,
And care and doubt are put to rout
By every breath that passes.

Once more I breathe, my soul expands,
And stretches upward yearning hands
With love and longing glowing;
It clips the deepest mountain height,
Beyond the clouds that dim our sight,
And reaches the eternal hills,
Where flowers for aye are blowing.

O loiters on life's arid plain,
Beset by disappointment's pain
Whose heart-springs ever flowing
Lift up your eyes, your help is there,
Where all is strong and pure and fair;
For God's own thought in crystalized
In every wild flower blowing.

GREAT MEN AND THEIR MOTHERS.

The world owes much to its great men; what does it not owe to its mothers? A recent writer has remarked that "most of the world's greatest men have been peculiar worshipers of their mothers. They felt that they owed most to their mothers." And Coleridge, in a similar spirit, tells us that every face of a genius has something of a woman in it; to which we may add that every great character has a strong, pure, womanly element, breathing of mother's tenderness and mother's love. The man who has been blest with a good mother—and surely the contrary is the exception—goes through life with one hallowed spot in his heart, which no after experience can stain; no biting cares, no bitter disappointment, no anguish can overshadow that man's memory of his mother. Be he high or low, clever or illiterate, that memory is the purest thing in his heart—that love the most wholesome and heavenly.

We all of us can better conceive what God's love is, by thinking of our mothers. Does he not say himself: "As one whom a mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Of all earthly influences a mother's is the strongest, for it is exerted the earliest, and her mission, therefore, is the most important. "Her price is far above rubies!" "Her children rise up and call her blessed." We read in Proverbs that "there is a generation that curseth their father, and does not bless their mother." What worse charge could be brought against a people? And again, "A foolish man despiseth his mother." And when the Psalmist wishes to express in strong language his misery, he says, "I went heavily as one that mourneth for his mother," knowing that no words could better convey a sense of desolation and grief. Scripture is full of similar touching allusion, as when the whole strength of Hannah's love for Samuel is told in these words: "His mother made him a little coat." Many of us, indeed, have proved all that we now are, mentally and physically, to the early care of our mothers, and how reverently now do we call them blessed.

But perhaps there are some who have owed as much as the most grateful to motherly tenderness and self-sacrifice, but who repay it with ingratitude and forgetfulness. How can it see men sleep with quiet consciences? Such sons are not only "the heaviness of their mothers," they are a disgrace to humanity, and every man's honor is outraged in them. The truest and best of our heroes, men whose actions live among us, and whose names are household words, are the men who ever spoke tenderly of their mothers—the men who, always remembering themselves as sons, regarding all womanhood as blest in its office of maternity.

Has not the weak, unhappy Edgar Allen Poe won the hearts of all mothers by the beautiful sonnet in which he says:

"I feel that in the heavens above
The angels whispering to one another,
Can find among their burning words of love
None so divine as thou—as thou!"

—*Baptist World.*

THE MANAGEMENT OF SICK CHILDREN.

The vicissitudes necessarily incident to an out-door and primitive mode of life are never the first causes of any disease, though they may sometimes betray its presence. Bronchitis, now-a-days perhaps the most frequent of all infantile diseases, makes no exception to this rule: a draught of cold air may reveal the latent progress of the disorder, but its cause is long antecedent in a vitiated and over heated atmosphere, and its proper remedy ventilation and a mild, phlegm-loosening (saccharine) diet, warm sweet milk, sweet oatmeal porridge or honey-water. Select an airy bed-room, and do not be afraid to open the windows; among the children of the Indian tribes, who brave in open tents, the terrible winters of the Hudson Bay territory, bronchitis, croup and diphtheria are wholly unknown; and what we call "taking cold" might often be more correctly described as taking hot; glowing stoves, and even open fires, in a night nursery greatly aggravate the pernicious effects of an impure atmosphere. The first paroxysm of croup can be promptly relieved by very simple remedies. Fresh air and a rapid backward and forward movement of the arms, coupled in urgent cases with the application of a flesh brush or piece of flannel to the neck and upper part of the chest. Paregoric and poppy syrup stop the cough by lethargizing the irritability and thus preventing the discharge of the phlegm till its accumulation produces a second and far more dangerous paroxysm. These second attacks of croup (after the administration of palliatives) are generally the fatal ones. When the child is convalescing, let him beware of stimulating food and over-heated rooms. Do not give aperient medicines; costiveness, as an after effect of plentiful affections, will soon yield to fresh air and a vegetable diet.—*Dr. Fritz Oswald, in Popular Science Monthly.*

A QUAINT LITTLE SERMON.

Mr. Harvey was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farmhouse, and at the same time a boy ten or twelve years came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy, respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and, therefore, he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says no matter how small a favor it may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favor. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with thought of doing good to others; and a moisture gathered into his own as a moment later he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly.—*Youth's Companion.*

Our Little Folks.

JACK FROST'S LITTLE SISTER.

This morning when all the rest had gone down,
I stood by the window to see
The beautiful pictures which there in the night
Jack Frost had been making for me.

There were mountains and wind mills and bridges and oaks,
Some queer looking houses and trees,
A hammock that swung by itself in the air,
And a giant cut off at the knees.

Then there was a steeple so crooked and high,
I was thinking it surely must fall,
When right down below it I happened to spy
The loveliest thing of them all—

The cutest and cunningest dear little girl,
I looked at her hard as I could:
And she stood there as dainty and looked back at me,
In a little white sister and hood.

"Good morning," I whispered, for all in a flash
I knew 'twas Jack Frost's little sister;
I was so glad to have her come visiting me,
I reached up quite softly and kissed her.

There!—can you believe it?—the darling was gone—
Killed dead in that one little minute!
I never once dreamed that a kiss would do that,
Nor could there be any harm in it.

But I am so sorry! for though I have looked
Fifty times at that window since then,
Half hoping to see her once more, yet I know
She can never come back again.

And it may be foolish, but all through the day
I have felt—and I know that I should—
Just as if I had killed her, that dear baby girl
In a little white sister and hood.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A LITTLE VALENTINE.

It was the dreariest, rainiest day of the whole winter. The morning had been snowy, and everybody had made plans for sleighing or coasting, or snow balling, when suddenly it changed its mind and began to rain, a heavy, monotonous down-pour that very soon put a different face on the matter. Everything looked forlorn. The streets were ankle-deep in slush; the trees stood black and dripping against the gloomy sky, and even the irrepressible sparrows had retired in disgust.

But there were two people who were entirely oblivious of the storm. One was Aunt Kate, on her comfortable lounge, deep in a delightful new book; the other was Helen, having a glorious rummage in Aunt Kate's "piece-box." Her mother had gone away for a few days, and Aunt Kate had really not known what to do with the restless little girl, till she had suddenly thought of the big box. And a happy thought it had proved. Helen had found treasures galore; silks and ribbons, muslins and laces, feathers and flowers. Why, if Aunt Kate gave her half the pile she had laid aside, the whole doll family would "come out," indeed. It had been, "O, Auntie, may I have this?" and "O-o-o, how lovely! Please can I have that?" till in despair Aunt Kate had bidden her put all she wanted into one heap to be pronounced upon at the end. And now just as the dreary day was darkening into night, Helen had reached the bottom of the trunk and looked at everything to her heart's content, except into the little white box that lay under the whole. She gave an ecstatic little cry as she opened this, and Aunt Kate looked up, smiling. "Well, what now?" she said. "Why, valentines!" cried Helen. "Be-yoo-tiful valentines! O, Auntie, where did they come from?"

"O—sent me when I was young—ages ago," said Aunt Kate, who wasn't so very ancient, after all.

Helen was turning them over with eager little fingers. These were most charming of all. Such gold and silver filagree, such beautiful embossed paper, such lace work, such flowers and charming little cupids, doves, hearts and darts and all the rest of it. Why, there were lots of them, little and big. She looked up imploringly. She really couldn't speak.

Aunt Kate laughed. "Why, yes, child, take them if you want them—foolish things! But what on earth will you do with them? cut them up?"

Cut them up! Helen looked aghast. Indeed she wouldn't. She should send them, every one.

"Nonsense, child!" Aunt Kate said. "Send them where? Such senseless things!"

"They're lovely!" cried Helen, indignantly. "Didn't you think so when you got 'em? I know who'll think they're beautiful!"

"Well, who then?"

Helen nodded in a determined fashion. "You know 'Paradise Row,' don't you? that horrid little poor street, where there's such lots of ragged little boys and girls. They'll like 'em. I could put them in a bag, just like a postman, and give one to every little girl on the street—far as they'll go. Can't give little boys any, won't be enough, and anyway, poor little girls look forlorner'n boys. When is it time to send valentines, Auntie?"

So Auntie looked at her calendar and told Helen the day after to-morrow would be Valentine's Day, and then she bundled up Helen's pile of treasures, which the child had quite forgotten, and told her to run off with them, while she herself put away the rest before dark.

But before Valentine's Day came, Helen had thought of some one else to whom she wanted to send a valentine. This was old Mr. Granger up at the corner of Hyde street. "He's forlorner than those children," she reasoned, which might have surprised Mr. Granger if he knew, for he lived in by far the finest house in the town, and could have bought out Helen's papa a dozen times over. "He must be awful lonesome, nobody but that butler man to talk to. Nobody to eat dinner with, nor to give him presents Christmases nor birthdays, nor any times. He looks like a nice old man, and I'm awful sorry for him. And this is such a pretty little valentine. It says, 'I think of thee,' and that's what I do, and I want him to have it. Perhaps 'twill make him feel better."

Valentine's Day came, bright and clear, and Helen was out early with her little bag. "I'm the valentine postman," she announced, when, in answer to her first knock in "Paradise Row," a frowzy-looking woman appeared, wiping the suds from her hands on her soiled apron.

"How many little girls are there in this house, please? Four, you said? and then she put four pretty little valentines in the astonished woman's hands, and smiled cooddingly at her. "One apiece," she said, brightly. "Good bye;" and on she went to the next house.

And all along the street delighted children first stared in wonder at the valentines, and then crowded to the windows to stare at the little "postman" till she was out of sight. "Paradise Row" didn't know what to make of it.

At the last house Helen knocked in vain. Just as she was turning away, in doubt what to do, a ragged little boy sauntered up.

"Taint no use knocking there," he volunteered. Nobody's to home but Polly, an' she can't come."

"Who's Polly?" queried Miss Helen, "and why can't she?"

"She can't," answered the boy. "She's lame. Open the door if yer wanter see her."

Helen opened the door a little way and peeped in. It opened into a narrow hall, not very clean, so she stepped inside and knocked at an inner door. A faint, sharp voice called, "Come in," and opening the door Helen found Polly, the thinnest child she ever saw, who sat close to the feeble fire, wrapped in an old shawl, and who looked up with a bit of a nod, saying, "Ma's out," but then smiled a little when she saw only Helen.

"O, are you sick?" cried that little maid, impulsively. "I'm so sorry. I didn't want anybody. I—I only brought you a valentine," taking out the biggest and prettiest of all she had.

"O my!" cried Polly, in her sharp little voice, "ain't it pretty!" Her eyes danced and the thin cheeks flushed. It was pretty to see her pleasure.

Then Helen stayed a few minutes and learned that Polly had fallen down stairs two years ago, and never walked since; that she hadn't any brothers or sisters, and her mother "went out to day's work." But there were two more little girls in the house. "And isn't that funny," said Helen, "for I've just got two valentines left. You give'em each one, please. And good bye, Polly. I'll come and see you again some day." And the mail being exhausted, the "valentine postman" started for home in high glee to tell Aunt Kate about it.

She hadn't told anybody about Mr. Granger's valentine, which she had delivered first of all, rigging at the door like a real postman. So it came to pass when that stately old gentleman came down to breakfast, there beside his plate lay the little embossed envelope—he was the only one honored with an envelope—addressed in a child's scrawling hand. He stared at it in amazement, which increased as he opened it and drew out the little valentine. "Where did this absurd thing come from?" he demanded, almost angrily.

"Little girl left it, sir," answered the dignified Robert, hiding a smile. "Said she was the valentine postman, sir."

"Humph?" Mr. Granger coughed a little. "What child was it?"

"Don't know, sir. Lives down on the next street, believe, sir," and then, as his master addressed himself to his breakfast, the discreet Robert hastened to serve him, as if valentines were an every-day occurrence.

As Mr. Granger went down town after breakfast, it chanced that he met little Miss Helen on her homeward way, and something in the quick, inquiring little glance she gave him made him suddenly stop as he passed, and say: "Did you send me a valentine this morning, little girl?"

"Yes, please," said Helen, shyly, smiling and dimpling. "Wasn't it a pretty one?"

Mr. Granger smiled, too. "O yes! Of course, of course! Very Pretty!" he said. "But how came you to send it to me?"

"Why," said Helen, "because you live all alone—and I was sorry. And—and—I thought you'd like it. Didn't you?" with sudden doubt, her face clouding.

"It was very nice, indeed," said Mr. Granger, promptly. "Very nice, indeed, and I am much obliged to you. Did you send anybody else any?"

"O yes!" Miss Helen grew talkative at once, trotting along by his side as if she were his little grand-daughter, and telling him of her adventures in Paradise Row. "It's so nice to do things for people all your own self, you know," she wound up. "And they were so pleased, you can't think, especially Polly."

Then Mr. Granger wanted to know who Polly was, so Helen told him, and then, as they reached the corner where she turned to go home, he said, with a queer little twinkle in his eye, "So you thought those little girls and I were the most forlorn people you knew, did you? I hope they are as much obliged as I am." And then he bade her a very polite good morning and was gone.

But the little valentine preached a sermon to him that morning. He had given a great deal of money to charitable objects in his day, but never yet had he done anything for them "his own self." Was it too late? And this child had actually pitied him, and tried to make him happier out of her little treasures, these her tender heart!

A week or two after this Mr. Granger's carriage came to the door one day, and that gentleman invited little Miss Helen to go with him to call on Polly. Miss Helen was very happy and chattered away so fast she never noticed whither they went, till the carriage stopped before a big brick building, set in a wide grassy yard. "Why, she don't live here," cried Helen; but Mr. Granger only smiled and led her in. And it was the children's hospital. And there, in a cunning little room, in a clean white bed, they found Polly. She was very glad to see Helen, and when Mr. Granger left them together a while she told how good he was—how he had sent her here to stay till she was cured. ("They say I shall get quite, quite well," she said, gladly, and how he had given her that new chair, so comfortable, as good as a bed, and she sat up in it every day. And everybody was good to her, and she was so happy here.

"What made you think to be so good to Polly?" asked Helen, in the carriage going home, and old Mr. Granger said, "A little valentine."—*Ruth Hayes, in New York Observer.*

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WESTERN RECORDER

THURSDAY. MARCH 1, 1888.

Farm and Household.

Kentucky Items.

Robert Adair, Stony Point, shipped three turkeys, Barlings, whose aggregate weight was sixty-four pounds.

Owing to the large quantity of tobacco that will be planted this year in the Bluegrass region, it is probable that the acreage of hemp will be considerably reduced.

Mr. Jesse Ryan, living near Windom, raised, sold and delivered 30,000 pounds of tobacco from ten measured acres of land. He got $17 per hundred, or $1.417 for the crop.—*Midway Clipper.*

The Lexington *Gazette* says: "The hemp crop of 1887 is estimated at about three-fifths of a crop for the State, and about three-fourths of an average crop of this county. There is every probability that prices of this staple will advance."

W. T. Robinson has sold twenty-three head of small mule colts, for $55 per head, to W. H. Barr, Dowling Green, Ky. F. P. James sold to O. S. Smith, of Lindville, Tenn., last week, eighteen yearling mules at $80 per head.—*Hardinsburg Democrat.*

The public sale of Shorthorns of Charles E. Butler and Dr. A. Gratz, of Paris, was held Wednesday. Fourteen, belonging to Mr. Butler, averaged $107, the highest price being $405 for Wild Eyes Duchess 10th. Mr. Gratz sold twenty, five head at an average price of $110.

Mr. S. T. Cobb sold one carload of fancy yearling mules to Fry and Yokly, of Tennessee, at $107.50 per head, last week. The Richmond Elevator Company sold, last week, to Messrs. Forman, Chenault & Co., 10,000 bushels of wheat at 90 cents per bushel. This is the remainder of the 32,000 bushels purchased last fall.—*Richmond Climax.*

Sylvia's Chicken Farm.

"Yes," said Mrs. Sylvia Bentley to her aunt, Mrs. Jessup, "I am going into business. That startles you, I see, but you don't know how many hours I lay awake at night wondering in what way I could invest my money so it would yield a sufficient income to support us all. I made up my mind that the first principles of money-making in business is to provide something people must have, at no matter what cost, and that would be on the market all the year round. The only thing I could think of was eggs. People will have puddings, cakes, custards and omelets, whether eggs are fifteen or forty cents a dozen. So, I have bought a little farm, and am going into the poultry business with all possible speed."

"Sylvia! what a venture."

"Nothing venture, nothing have, you know, Aunt Mary. I had to do something. It is a very small farm—only seven acres—and the house is not at all pretentious," with a faint smile, "but there is a good deal of fruit on the place, and we can raise all our own vegetables. Ernest and the children can attend to the garden while I devote myself to my poultry. It will cost us only half as much to live in the country as to live here. In fact, I am lighter of heart than for a long time. I gave one thousand dollars cash for the place, so I have enough left to take care of us until our business begins to pay. You must not discourage me, Aunt Mary, for I am full of hope."

"Discourage you!" reiterated Mrs. Jessup, as she arose, impulsively, and threw her arms around Sylvia's slender figure. "I would not do so for the world. I think you are a brave, noble woman, my dear, and something tells me you will succeed in your undertaking."

There were many who did not share Mrs. Jessup's opinion, but Aunt Mary proved a true prophet. Sylvia's whole heart was in her work, and she was not easily discouraged nor cast down. She did not attempt any fancy breeds of poultry, but bought common hens, fed them well, watched over them, and studied faithfully a standard work on poultry-raising. The result was that her business began to pay almost immediately. It was in the beginning of February that she bought the farm, and she started with two hundred fowls, for which she paid fifty dollars. In March and April she sold a large number of eggs. After that time she used all that she collected for setting purposes, and raised nearly four hundred chickens during the summer and early fall. There were losses, of course, and occasionally she made mistakes, but experience is an excellent teacher, and in a years time she understood her business. At the end of two years she had no more fears of the future. She was enjoying an income ample for the support of her family, and had invested in a horse and wagon, several hogs and two cows. Her health had improved wonderfully, too. Sighs was no longer pale and weary-looking.

"In fact, Aunt Mary," said Sylvia, one day, when Mrs. Jessup drove out to see her, and they were talking over some improvements to be made to the house, "I have much to be thankful for, and am very happy. There never was an investment that turned out better for all concerned than mine."

"Because there never was a truer, better woman at the helm of any domestic ship than Sylvia Bentley," said Aunt Mary, as she kissed her. "That is the secret of your success, my dear."—*Exchange.*

TEA should be made by placing the leaves in a well-scalded teapot, pouring boiling water directly upon them, and drinking as soon as the leaves have fully unrolled.

Dark Stables.

Dark stables are an abomination and should not be tolerated. There is no necessity to sacrifice comfort, either in winter or summer, to secure enough light. A horse's eyes are enlarged—the pupil of the eye is—by being kept in a dark stable; he has a harness put on to him and suddenly brought out into the bright, glaring sunlight, which contracts the pupil so suddenly as to cause extreme pain. By persevering in this very foolish and injudicious, as well as cruel practice, the nerves of the eye become impaired, and, if continued long enough, loss of sight will ensue. To see how very painful it is to face a bright light after having been in the dark take a walk some dark night for a short time, till the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, then drop suddenly into some well-lighted room, and you will be scarcely able to see for a few moments in the sudden light. You know how painful it is to yourself, then why have your horses repeatedly to bear such unnecessary pain? A dark stable is invariably a damp one, and such stables we are not willing to put either a valuable working or driving horse in. Give good ventilation, let the sunshine and the air have a chance to effect an entrance, and your stables will be purer and more healthy than if you take such pains to exclude them and the good influence they invariably bring.

Gilt-Edged Butter.

A lady of large experience in butter-making contributes the following to the *Jersey Bulletin*: "I never permit a drop of water to enter my cream or touch my butter at any stage of the process of butter-making. I am well aware that this is in opposition to all the recent theories of butter manufacture, but in the course of my life-observations I have always found that one ounce of practical experience was worth a pound of theory unsupported by facts; yes, a ton of some theories I have seen promulgated in the dairy business. While I do not wish to antagonize the rule and practice of any butter-maker, nor yet run counter to the opinions of those who favor the washing of butter, I must say that in my judgment washing butter spoils it. There is a certain flavor, aroma, 'bouquet,' call it by what name you will; that is always lost when butter comes in contact with water. My mother was an old-time butter-maker, living fifty-two miles from Philadelphia; her butter always commanded a few cents more per pound than the regular market price, as well for its delicate flavor as for its superior keeping qualities, and on no consideration would she ever allow water to enter its preparation, averring that it destroyed some subtle characteristic in the taste of the butter that nothing could restore. Following her example, I have endeavored, as nearly as possible, to conform to her methods, and find that my butter will keep perfectly sweet from May until April following, with no other precaution than a layer of salt an inch in thickness over the cloth that covers the butter in the stone jar in which it is packed."

Watering Window Plants.

It is often a mystery to people to tell when a plant requires watering, and whilst many plants are starved for want of water, many a plant is killed outright by giving it too much. When a plant looks sickly, you are apt to think that it is water that it wants, when it is water that is killing it, and the plant is really being killed with kindness. The way to tell if a plant needs watering is to tap the pot with the knuckles; if it rings out it requires water; if it gives out only a dull, heavy sound, then it is clear the ground is saturated already, and will not require any for a day at least. Again, if the surface looks dry, just move the soil with your finger, and if it is almost dry underneath it requires water; if it is wet do not give any, but wait a day or so. Watering is a most important point in plant-growing, and has to be learned chiefly by experience, different plants requiring different treatment; but in a short time you will be able to tell at a glance if the plant requires watering. The very best of all is rain-water, but if you have a supply of water from the tap only, let it stand in the open air for a few hours, or pour it from one jug into another five or six times, which will aerate it. Be very careful by adding a little warm water or otherwise to make the water you use for your plants about the same temperature as the room in which they live, and in watering give each plant a good soaking, and see that it runs out of the bottom of the pot; but do not let the water stay long in the saucer which the plant stands in, or it will rot the lower roots. If it is thought that the water escapes between the pot and soil, which it will do if the soil is once allowed to get dust dry, it will be a good plan to stand the plant in a bucket of water just enough to cover the pot for ten minutes or so, when it will be all right again. About once in three weeks it will be a good thing to put a small piece of lime about the size of a walnut into the water for the plants; it will sweeten the soil and strengthen the plant and make leaves look a brighter green, as a sign of health.—*Northwest Farmer.*

A Use for Tobacco.

H. D. Ament, of Marshall, Mo., writes to the Paris *Kentuckian* as follows: "I see you want to know a remedy for scab in sheep. Tobacco boiled is the best remedy known. Use about ten pounds to the barrel of water. Use no arsenic, as it results fatally in a great many cases. I have had some experience with scab here in Missouri."

Cattle, Dairy and Meat Export.

As long ago as July, 1883, a State Department circular was sent to our Consuls abroad, covering a series of inquiries designed to elicit information for the benefit of our stockbreeders and dairy farmers, in their efforts to improve our native stock, and to develop a foreign market for our surplus cattle and cattle products. The reports received in answer to that circular have now been given to the public in a thick volume of 855 pages, containing 369 full-page illustrations, as an Executive Document ordered to be printed by the House of Representatives. The document, we presume, can be obtained of the government printer, like other government publications, at a small advance upon cost price.

Secretary Bayard, in his preface to the consular reports, points out the fact that the United Kingdom offers the principal market for the consumption of our cattle products, including butter and cheese, while other countries present but limited fields, and he suggests that we should direct our best efforts toward fulfilling all the conditions by which this market is governed. "We have done much," says Mr. Bayard, "to control the supply of the British market, but we have, in our anxiety to reach voluminous results, neglected many details, to our loss and the advantage of those countries which have established themselves in British esteem, and which command a successful trade in the British market by extreme care and attention in the preparation of their products."—*Selected.*

Why They Are Called Tumblers.

Max Muller was giving a luncheon in this delicious room to the charming and talented Princess Alice, the wife of the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, and second daughter of Queen Victoria. There were not a dozen guests beside the princess and her husband; and a very agreeable luncheon we had, with pleasant talk on all kinds of interesting subjects. But what excited the curiosity of all the strangers present was a set of the most attractive little round bowls of ancient silver about the size of a large orange. They were brought around, according to the custom of the place, filled to the brim with the famous ale brewed in the college. These, we were told, were "tumblers," and we were speedily shown how they got their name—a fitting lesson for the guests of a philologist!

When one of these little bowls was empty it was placed upon the table, mouth downward. Instantly—so perfect was its balance—it flew back into its proper position, as if asking to be filled again. No matter how it was treated—trundled along the floor—balanced carefully on its side—dropped suddenly upon the soft, thick carpet—up it rolled again and settled itself, with a few gentle shakings and swaying, into its place, like one of those India rubber tumbling dolls your baby brothers and sisters delight in.

This, then, was the origin of our word "tumbler," at first made of silver, as are these All Souls' tumblers. Then, when glass became common, the round glasses that stood on a flat base superseded the exquisitely balanced silver spheres, and stole their name so successfully that you have to go to All Souls' and a few other old houses to see the real thing.—*Wide Awake.*

A Weak Place Exposed.

Dr. W. F. Hutchinson, in *The American Magazine* for February, says: "It is ours to warn, and with warning give counsel that shall protect. Between a man's coat-collar and hat-brim there lies a space of neck that modern hirsute fashion has left bare—exposed to chilly winds, uncovered to cold. If collar be upturned, some help is found, but merciless draughts still play at will about one of life's centers. For beneath this exposed skin lies what anatomists call the cerebro-spinal axis—which is the center of animal as the front brain is the center of intellectual life—whence proceed the nerves that govern heart and lungs; among others, the pneumogastric and spinal accessory. So, in place of most injudicious exposure, it would logically seem that extra effort should be made to guard this sensitive area."

THE *Stockman and Farmer* says the most delicious morsel to a little chick is a worm, and it is amusing to watch the eagerness with which he will scramble for one when some other chick has it. But, as worms are scarce, it is well to supply them animal food artificially. Meat, if lean, either raw or cooked, is good for them. A piece of beefsteak, the size of a walnut, if chopped up into very small parts—the smaller the better—will furnish a very desirable meal for a dozen or more chicks, and such food should be given every day or two. Cooked meat, especially if it divides readily into fibers resembling small earthworms, is very tempting to them, and we have seen chicks that seemed utterly discouraged with the things of this world again take a live interest in it when such food was placed before them. Do not give much fat meat. It is muscle, bone, and feather-making material that they need, and fat meat supplies none of them. Lean meat contains them all.

Good furniture polish: Melt together two ounces beeswax, one ounce turpentine, and one dram powdered resin. Rub on when cold, and polish with a cloth.

TO PRESERVE flowers, wreaths, crosses, etc., dip them in melted paraffine, including the ends of the stems.

Married.

Marriage notices free to actual subscribers and their immediate families; to others, 10c., to be paid in advance.

HAMPTON—TUCKER—Married, February 15, 1888, by Rev. W. M. Blackwelder, at the house of the bride's mother, Mrs. Lovie Tucker, Crossroads, Shelby county, Ky., Mr. T. W. HAMPTON, of Clark county, Ky., to Miss NANNIE TUCKER.

Deaths.

For actual subscribers we insert an obituary notice of 100 words free. We charge 5c. per word for every over 100 words, invariably in advance. Count the words and you know at once what the charge will be. Unless the money accompanies the notice, it will be brought down to 100 words.

OBITUARY.

BRASHEAR.—MRS. AMELIA BRASHEAR, wife of Samuel Brashear, was born October 27, 1808, and died January 22, 1888—a bride of two months. For some days before her death her vision was darkened, but as her life ebbed away she stretched her feeble arms towards heaven and exclaimed: "Jesus is coming for me; the darkness is gone." During her sickness she was continually exhorting her friends, and especially her stricken husband. She leaves a host of relatives and friends to mourn her departure. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. William Head.

REV. YOUNGER WITHERSPOON.

This beloved brother was born July 14, 1803, and died February 18, 1888, so that he lacked only a few months of being eighty-five years old. Not many live so long. The great majority die before the Scriptural limit—"threescore years and ten"—is reached.

It has been my pleasure to know Bro. Witherspoon for more than forty years. It was in the year 1837 that he made a public confession of his faith in Christ and became a member of the Rock Spring Baptist church, Warren county, Ky. It is said that in relating his "experience" to the church he interpreted the relation with exhortations to sinners to repent. It may well be supposed, therefore, that it was not long before he was licensed to preach the gospel. His ordination occurred September 9, 1839. From that time he was a laborious minister of Christ, and he loved his work. "The hand of the Lord" was with him and gave him great success. Many were converted under his ministry, whom he gladly led into the baptismal waters and afterward taught to abound in the work of the Lord.

His ministerial life, with the exception of a short residence in California, was spent in Kentucky. He acted as pastor till a few years ago, when he decided that his advanced age required that this form of labor should cease. He, however, continued to preach as he had opportunity, and he diffused a savor of godliness wherever he went. His son writes me that "he died as he had lived for the last fifty years. His friends will know what this means. It indicates that in his death, as in his life, he trusted in Christ for salvation. He often preached the power of Christ's love to extract the sting of death, and in faith that power was exemplified. Farewell for a little while, brother of my soul. Thou art resting from thy labors and thy works are following thee. J. H. C.

Bowling Green, Ky.

OBITUARY.

MASON.—After a painful and protracted illness MRS. SARAH N. MASON departed this life, in Christian county, Ky., January 12, 1888. The deceased was the daughter of Nicholas M. and Sarah Bullock, of Jackson county, born in Todd county, Ky., September 12, 1815. When seventeen years of age she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus, and was baptized by Elder Jack Scott into the fellowship of Lebanon Baptist church, near Trenton, in Todd county, Ky. For many years, and up to the time of her death, she was a consistent and highly-esteemed member of Locust Grove church, Christian county, Ky. In January, 1835, she was married to W. H. Mason, Sr., deceased.

Her sister leaves three sons, all church-members, and a number of grandchildren, by whom she is held in sacred memory as a saint of God. Blest in this life with an abundance of this world's goods, she was charitable and generous toward the needy. These kindly services were done in such a quiet and unpretentious manner that they were not generally known. We rejoice in believing they are not forgotten by Him for whose sake they were rendered.

Sister Mason was ever modest and retiring in her disposition; her child and most lovely trait was her Christ-like *gentleness*. She lived a pure, peaceful, well-balanced Christian life. Her composure did not forsake her when she was told that the Messenger, Death, was approaching. Though in great weakness from suffering, she talked to her children with remarkable self control, and exhorted them to be ready when their summons should come. So peaceful was her end the moment of her departure could scarcely be marked.

While her body rests beside her loved ones in her own garden, her soul for her said to her, "Come up higher," and she has passed through the gate into the City of God. She is "ever with the Lord."

"Rob'd in whiteness,
Clad in brightness."

PASTOR.

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WESTERN RECORDER

THURSDAY.....MARCH 1, 1888.

For the Western Recorder.

THE SCRIPTURES RELIED ON FOR INFANT BAPTISM.

BY REV. R. T. BRUMS, PELLVILLE, KY.

Pædobaptists refer to some passages of Scripture in which baptism is not mentioned, to prove their practice constructively. I propose to examine them:

1. They refer to 1 Cor. 7:14: "For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the husband: else were your children unclean; but now are they holy." I specially ask the reader to take his New Testament and read the whole passage, from the 10th to the 17th verse, inclusive. Bear in mind (1), the word rendered children, is, in John 8:39, applied to the Jews who said: "Abraham is our father," and who sought to kill Jesus. It is also rendered children in Rom. 8:16 and in Gal. 4:28. The foregoing are three out of perhaps a hundred instances in which this word, in the singular or plural, is rendered child or son in the sense of descendant, thus showing that infants are no more referred to than adults, by its use.

(2) If infants alone were referred to, the passage would not teach infant baptism. The children sustain no other relation to the church or its ordinances than that sustained by the unbelieving husband or wife. If therefore, the children are to be baptized because of such holiness as this, why may not the unbelieving, but sanctified, consort, through whose sanctification they get their holiness, be baptized too? If the unbelieving husband's sanctification is sufficient to give his children a title to baptism, why do not our Pædobaptist brethren baptize him too? Some of them would think of such a thing. Hence, the argument from this passage proves too much, and, therefore, proves nothing for them. I need not stop to give an exposition of this passage here. It is sufficient for my present purpose that it does not prove infant baptism.

2. Our brethren quote Matt. 19:13-16: "Then were brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them. But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence." It is true, Pædobaptists usually quote only the 14th verse; but I prefer that the reader shall see the whole connection. I ask him also to stop just here and read and compare with this, Mark 10:13-16 and Luke 18:15-17. Here little children are mentioned, and not baptism. They never are mentioned in the same connection in the Word of God. What were these children brought to Jesus for? The record answers: "That he should put the hands on them and pray." What did the Savior do? "And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence." We, Baptists habitually take children in our arms, often put our hands on them, and still more frequently pray for them. "But," one asks, "do you do it as a church ordinance?" No, sir; no more than Jesus did: but we are ready to do so when you prove that he did it thus. We "receive" little children just like Jesus did, without baptizing them into any church relation.

Reader, do you believe the disciples would have rebuked them for bringing little children to Christ (Matt. 19:13), if they had been accustomed to seeing them baptized? Do you believe that baptizing them brings them to Christ? Do you believe it saves them? I certainly do not; but I believe every one of them that dies in infancy is saved without it. But is objected that Matt. 19:14 says: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Hence, they ought to be baptized. I will let the great Presbyterian, Dr. Barnes, answer this. He says: "He does not say *of those infants*, but of such persons as *resembled* them, or *were like* them in temper, was the kingdom of heaven made up" (*In Sherwood on this place.*)

Here another objection is presented. Pædobaptists sometimes say: "If you baptize believers because they are like infants, why not baptize infants because they are like believers? Are not infants as much like believers as believers are like infants?" I answer: 1. We do not baptize believers because they are like infants, but because Christ commands it. When you show us a command from him to baptize infants we will do that too. 2. Infants are not like believers in the one essential point that entitles the latter to baptism. They have not died to sin and been made alive to righteousness, and, therefore, baptism, which is designed to represent that fact, as well as to declare the faith of the recipient in the burial and resurrection of Christ, would declare a falsehood if performed in their case.

3. Reference is often made to 1 Cor. 10:1-4: "Moreover, brethren, I would not that ye should be ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud, and all passed through the sea; and were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea; and did all eat the same spiritual meat; and did all drink the same spiritual drink; for they drank of that spiritual rock that followed them; and that rock was Christ." It is figuratively called a baptism—1. Because, "in the cloud and in the sea," they were figuratively immersed; and, 2. Because the Israelites referred to thereby showed their faith in the divine appointment and leadership of Moses, as Christians, in baptism, declare their faith in Christ. Of this faith, however, infants are incapable, and, therefore, ought not to be baptized.

But it is urged that their children were with them, and were, therefore, baptized. I reply: Yes; their children, and much more besides, were with them. "And a mixed multitude went up also with them; and flocks, and herds, and very much cattle." (Exodus 12:38.) These "flocks and herds, even very much cattle," were as truly with them and as certainly baptized, and knew as much about the design of it as the babes did; and we have just as much authority for baptizing the one as the other. In fact, there is no authority in this passage for baptizing anybody. It has no reference to Christian baptism, and no one ever was authorized to baptize "unto Moses."

In failing to find infant baptism in the New Testament, I have not been more unfortunate than Pædobaptists themselves. Dr. William Wall, on the first page of the preface to his "History of Infant Baptism," says: "Among all the persons that are recorded as baptized by the apostles, there is no express mention of any infant."

Bishop M. J. Spaulding says: "Again, the vast majority of Protestants admit the validity and lawfulness of infant baptism, though the Bible certainly contains nothing from which alone it can be conclusively inferred: especially if you admit the generally-received Protestant notion that baptism is not necessary to salvation." (*Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity*," p. 395.)

This is in keeping with the question on page 10 of the "Poor Man's Catechism" of the Roman Catholic church: "How do we know infants are to be baptized, but by tradition?"

Dr. Woods, who was for a long time Professor Stuart's colleague in Andover Seminary, says: "It is a plain case, that there is no express precept respecting infant baptism in our Sacred writings. The proof, then, that infant baptism is a divine institution, must be made out in some other way." (*Lectures on Infant Baptism*, p. 81.)

Now, reader, you have it. It is not in the Bible, and Dr. Woods does not believe in the authority of tradition; yet it "*must be made out*" that it is "a divine institution." How is this to be done? Perhaps we shall see hereafter. We Baptists would think it about time to give it up. But, as Mr. Beecher said, it is *useful*. It holds their children in the strong bonds of prejudice after they are grown up, and keeps some of them from joining the Baptists.

THE POWER OF SONG.

More than a hundred years have passed since a young man in England, who belonged to a pious family, but was himself far from God, was to find God by strange means. He had been the child of many prayers, but to all the entreaties of his pious mother and others he answered by inwardly resolving not to become a Christian. When he and his mother were on a visit to Ireland, on the Lord's day they went to a place where a good man was going to preach. He was very earnest in his sermon, and put the question to the unsaved present, whether they would give themselves to Christ or remain rebels? Every time the young man said in his own heart, "I will not yield, I will not yield." His heart was hardened against God's grace. At the close of the sermon it seemed to be harder than ever it had been. When the sermon was finished the minister gave out a hymn. It begins:

"Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore."

The congregation, stirred by the earnest sermon, sang the hymn with their whole heart, and what a sermon could not do, the singing of the hymn did. It broke the hard, unyielding heart. He found God and gave himself to him. He lived to be an honored preacher of the gospel. He was Augustus Toplady, the author of the great hymn:

"Rock of ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in thee."

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LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 23, 1888.

During the bulletin week ending today our tobacco market has shown more spirit and activity, with a stronger competition for nearly all sorts, and better prices all around. Burleys have been in decidedly better demand, and brought higher prices than for the past three weeks. There is an increasing demand for good, rich dark leaf, measuring from twenty-six inches upward. Green River sizes are holding a firm position. Nondescript leaf and lugs, and trash, are most neglected.

	Hds.
Sales for 1888 to this date	17,332
Sales for 1887 to same date	20,220
Sales for week ending this date	1,081
Sales for same week last year	3,808
Receipts this year to date	17,057
Receipts last year to same date	16,072
Receipts for the week ending to-day	1,000
Receipts for the same week in 1887	3,304
Rejections past week	417

QUOTATIONS.

	Dark.
Dark trash	$ 2 25@ 3 00
Colory trash	3 25@ 4 00
Dark common lugs	3 00@ 3 75
Colory common lugs	3 75@ 4 50
Medium to good lugs	4 75@ 5 00
Rich good heavy lugs	5 00@ 6 00
Common dark leaf	5 75@ 6 50
Medium dark leaf	6 50@ 7 00
Good rich dark leaf	6 50@10 00
Tinged to fire reddled lugs	10 00@12 00
Wrappers	12 00@16 50
	Burley.
Dark frozen trash	1 00@ 1 50
Dark clean trash	2 00@ 2 50
Colory and bright trash	10 00@13 50
Dark lugs	8 00@ 9 50
Bright lugs	11 00@15 50
Common red leaf	15 00@17 00
Medium red leaf	17 00@18 00
Good to fine leaf	18 00@22 00
Fine bright leaf	18 00@24 00
Wrappers	20 00@25 00

All colory sorts sell for the outside figures.

LIVE STOCK.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Feb. 27, 1888.

CATTLE—Receipts 700 head, which were light for the demand, as the demand was good for good stock of all descriptions. The market opened and closed active and higher. The best quality of fat butchers' selling at $4.00@4.25, the outside price being paid for strictly choice stock. Feeding and grazing cattle were more active, and buyers of this class bought freely at the close. The pens were well cleared. Prospects good.

HOGS—Receipts 841 head, which were mostly of light, mixed packing; good, smooth heavy 200 pounds and up selling from $5.00@5.05. There was a fair local demand for good hogs, and more of this class could have been sold if here. The market closed steady, with all the offerings disposed of.

SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts light. Demand moderately fair and prices remain about the same, with no change to note at the close. The pens were cleared at the quotations.

QUOTATIONS.

CATTLE—Good to extra shipping	$ 3 85@ 4 00
Light shipping	3 60@ 3 75
Good to extra oxen	3 50@3 75
Common and rough oxen	2 00@3 00
Bulls	2 25@3 25
Light stockers	2 25@2 75
Feeders	3 00@3 75
Best butchers	3 00@3 25
Medium to good butchers	2 50@2 75
Common to medium butchers	2 50@2 00
Thin, rough steers, poor cows and scalawags	1 50@2 25
HOGS—Choice packing and butchers	5 00@5 05
Fair to good butchers	4 90@5 00
Light to medium butchers	4 75@5 00
Shoats	4 75@4 90
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Fair to good shipping	4 00@4 50
Common to medium	3 00@3 50
Extra lambs	5 00@5 25
Common to medium lambs	3 50@4 75

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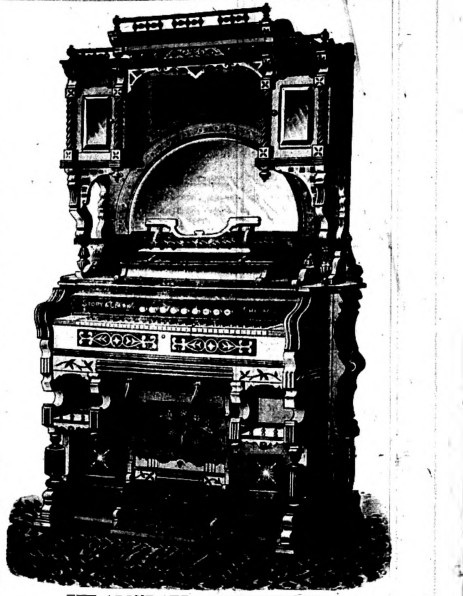

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