

# WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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## WESTERN RECORDER.

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If we never made mistakes, what vain and conceited creatures we would soon become. And what is worse, how soon we would make Self into a god.

The greatest and most subtle of all dangers is that of forgetting God. And this danger besets us most when everything seems prosperous.

In the dark little children cling tightly to their father's hand. Let this explain to us why our pathways lie so often through the darkness.

CHRIST is our sovereign Lord, the least of whose commands we must obey. And we must not even try to be absolute sovereign over any human being.

THERE is nothing more needed in days of bustling than meditation upon the Word of God. Does it not seem sometimes that a conversation has come up which cannot be had?

THE only thing which any of his creatures can claim of God as a right is justice. He is not under the slightest obligation to show mercy or grace even to Michael, the highest of his creatures.

PRaising God does not mean merely singing. We should praise him in our prayers. And praise does not mean thanking him for favours. It means rejoicing in what He is, and telling Him our joy.

THERE is nothing to be gained by minimizing sin. There is much greatly endangered by it. It is easier for a man to repent and believe who realizes that he is a great sinner. And his repentance goes deeper, his faith is stronger.

It makes one feel pessimistic to read such words as these in a grand and sound paper: "What Christ is to us we ought to be to others." Christ is our vicarious substitute to God, and no man can be that to his fellow.

THERE is nothing which makes one more miserable than a feeling of shame. And there is but one way to be secure from this, the way which the Psalmist had found: "Let my heart be sound in thy statutes; that I be not ashamed."

WHEN the proud dealt perversely with David without a cause, he went and meditated on God's precepts. That is a wise course for all of us. Meditation calms wrath, and facing God's precepts which we have broken makes us feel that we must not resent harshly the actions of our fellow-men.

AN aged saint asked his pastor to preach about his favourite angel, the one "who came down to Gethsemane," he said, "and strengthened my Lord to go through his agony for me, that he might go forward to the cross and finish my redemption there. I love him, and I often wonder what I shall say to him when I meet him first."

## PRESIDENT HARPER'S "METHOD."

BY WILLIAM ARHMORE, D. D.

NO. III.

The A Priori Method. This also President Harper rejects. In his definition of what constitutes a priori method are some things to which all will agree as being fair representation and some things which will be disputed. The a priori method is the old philosophic method of the past. A hypothesis was laid down, or certain principles assumed, or certain definitions fixed as the starting point of discovery. President Harper says that the persons who adopt the a priori method in seeking to know whether the sacred Scriptures are a revelation assume after this manner: There must be a God; his revelation must be according to certain preconceived notions we have formed according to our hypothesis. Knowing beforehand what it ought to be, we look to find it according to our expectations, and, if we cannot explain all the facts, it must be borne in mind that we poor, ignorant mortals have no business to suppose we can understand everything anyhow.

Now that the existence of a God is affirmed as an a priori conclusion is true, but it is not a mere hypothesis—it is a conclusion based on a rigid logical deduction in accord with the laws of necessary thought. In that, a priori thinkers do not start from a mere hypothesis; but in other matters, especially in those characteristically philosophic hypotheses are abundantly used as starting points, and often have to be abandoned. But the history of pure science also teems with hypotheses; in fact they do not seem to get along without them. Indeed, we expect President Harper, when he comes to his own scientific or inductive method, to be found using principles of both the traditional and the a priori methods. For how does he know that there is a revelation from God at all except by tradition? How does he allow Genesis a place in the Scripture canon at all except by tradition? And how does he explain what he considers the piecing together of parts but by hypothesis? What is all that system of redactors but a complex hypothesis?

However, the point now is that neither does the a priori method receive a fair statement at his hands, for it is a very crude thinker only that puts his hypothetical reasoning in that extreme and radical way indicated by President Harper, that a revelation from God must come in a certain way; and must be of a certain character, and must accord with his expectation; and that, coming from God, the utterance must be a final statement; and that if there are facts—things claiming to be facts—verifiable facts—which cannot be accounted for, and are, probably some of them, fictions or fables and contradictions, then the way to get around it is to say, "Well, the Bible is a mysterious book anyhow; it was never intended to be understood till the last day of all the world." President Harper then asks, "Is this satisfactory?" No! of course not; but now what careful thinker along what are called a priori lines will admit that as a correct portraiture? It is not a portraiture, it is a caricature. In their a priori reasoning they recognize a human element and a divine element as much as does President Harper. It may be that some of them while exalting the divine have not sufficiently estimated the human. President Harper might say that of them, but then they, on the other hand, may affirm of him that he exaggerates the human and depreciates the divine. Then who—when a pure matter of fact is the point at issue—who takes refuge in saying that the Bible is a mysterious book anyhow! There may be things he cannot explain, but when it is a

question of fact he says so, and prefers to leave the point in abeyance till he can get more light. In that he is thoroughly inductive and scientific. Least of all will he consent to have fathered off on him the view that it was never intended to be thoroughly understood until the last day of all the world! President Harper may know where to put his finger on such persons, but as for ourselves, we know not a single respectable exegete who would consent to have that coat put upon his back for a moment.

There is still another method of which President Harper makes no mention in his enumeration of agencies for the attainment of understanding in Biblical things and spiritual things. It is *The Method of Faith*—or *Faith as a method for the discovery of truth*. There is such a method. Let any one who wants to try it plant his theodolite on the third verse of the eleventh chapter of Hebrews: "By faith we understand." Then let him turn his telescope backwards and forwards, and note how far he can see either way into the depths of eternity. It is a genuine method—it builds on reliable testimony, it is, too, truly scientific, for it always claims to have a verifying test. But that is not the matter in hand, so we dismiss it, and come to President Harper's "Inductive Method."

As already stated, President Harper speaks of three different methods available in the treatment of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, the Traditional, the A Priori, and the Inductive. The first and second are considered trifles, and disposed of summarily. He does not favor them. He then comes to what he calls the Inductive Method, and proceeds to an assay of the historical and spiritual value of that portion of the book of Genesis in accordance therewith. There is another method which may be designated the Method of Faith which avails itself of the advantages of them all, and includes elements higher than those possessed by either of them, and which, after all, is the true Christian Method, rather than the Traditional, the A Priori, or the Inductive Methods, as outlined by himself, but that is not the subject of the articles, and so must be passed over.

The subject in hand is restated in the September number of the *Biblical World* (1894): "Here are eleven chapters, narrating in a certain form, with a certain spirit, certain facts. Some of us have believed these chapters to have had a supernatural origin. Some have thought them merely human productions. In both cases the belief has existed apart from any thorough study of the subject. What now shall we do to arrive at an intelligent and truthful view of the case? Is it not clear?"

Then follows his formulery of the Inductive Method:

- (1) "Examine every story here given in the strongest light we can find, comparing everything from which there is reasonable hope of securing help.
  - (2) "Note down the facts or considerations which seem to indicate a human origin.
  - (3) "Note down the facts or considerations which seem to indicate a divine origin.
  - (4) "Consider how both classes of facts may be harmonized, in other words, seek a theory which shall cover all these facts."
- First of all, a word in general. The Inductive Method, ever since the days of Bacon, has been the chief instrument in scientific research. Its value in certain lines of theological inquiry is questioned by no one. At the same time one must challenge its adequacy to measure the circumference of religious beliefs in all their fulness. In its application to Biblical study it is common now-a-days to speak of the Inductive Method as something new under the sun. This

is a mistake. The method is one initiated in the Word of God itself, and commended by Paul when he speaks of comparing spiritual things with spiritual. It was characteristic of the old Puritan divinity in all their preaching, it has been characteristic of our own accepted theologians in their various treatises, and it was one of the striking characteristics of the country preachers of our by-gone. Indeed, better illustrations of the inductive method of studying the Word of God than was presented by some of these same backwoods preachers cannot be found even in our day. They went through and through the pages of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation for kindred or related passages. They sought the "strongest light they could find," and "noted down all the facts and considerations," they compared things spiritual with spiritual, revelation with revelation, Scripture with Scripture, prophet with prophet, apostle with apostle, testament with testament, and then did not end, as a matter of course, with seeking a theory to harmonize different utterances, though they sometimes did that, but usually built up a structure of truth which has endured and will continue to endure.

### THE CLUB.

About the dearest pursuit in this world is the pursuit of pleasure. It very soon becomes tiresome and monotonous. It has to be paid for in the spot cash of dissatisfaction and discomfort. All around and in Chicago expensive pleasure factories have been established as social "clubs." These clubs are breaking up home life, and teaching the young people that home is a place to be avoided, except for eating and sleeping purposes. This breaks in upon home influences, and upon education, because it takes the attention of the young from their school work and from good parental influence. It breaks in upon religion because it saps church attendance, devotion, and Christian work and giving. It incites people, and especially young men, not only to seek pleasure as the chief good, but to pay more for it than they can afford to. Two dollars per week is a minimum figure of the cost—from that to ten dollars. We notice that the programme of a fine club, made up largely of church people, devotes one-third of the entertainment to card playing. It runs an exclusive line through good society, giving the "ins" overloads of amusement, and depriving the outs of any. Now what is a faithful minister and a faithful churchman to do about this? The politic seekers for popularity are afraid to open their heads on the subject. The whipped cream pulpits, dismayed by the harm, yet fear to speak. But there are always Christian stalwarts enough in every community to stand up for the home, the church, the truth, and for the rights of the future. Let them speak out, kindly, truthfully, manfully. They will find cordial response from two classes, the thoughtful of those who are in, and those who are not in, the clubs.

Dr. Hulbert, of the First Congregational church of Oak Park has met this question firmly and courageously, and yet with a fairness which appeals to all thoughtful minds. He proposes to the club to divide its time with the church, on the merits. His proposition is that the church is three times as valuable to the community as the club. No one will dispute that premise. Then the obvious proper distribution of time is three to one in favor of the church—two preaching services and one prayer-meeting, to one evening of amusement. That is not only equitable, but it is in line with getting the most satisfaction out of human life.—Interior.

KEEP thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.

For the Western Recorder.

CONSIDER THE RAVENS.

BY THE REV. E. T. HIBOOK, D.D.

It is easy enough to understand the main purpose for which Jesus cited the ravens, and directed his disciples to give them consideration. He had just spoken the impressive parable of the rich man who was tormented with the immensity of his wealth, and whose soul was required of him, while he was planning for larger barns to hold the overflow of the ever-increasing fruits of his fields. And this parable followed the position of one who had entreated him to intercede with his brother to divide the patrimony with him. Luke 12. The prevailing disposition of the human race, selfishly to accumulate worldly goods, beyond all reasonable necessity, and hoard unneeded bounties without grateful recognition of the beneficent source from which they came, and with no disposition to share the blessings with others in need. God's providential care over the works of his hands, the beasts and the birds, and even insensate nature, should teach his children, who are bound to him by other, more tender and more sacred ties, to trust him for all the emergencies of life. They may well believe that with proper care, prudence and industry, their real wants will be supplied. It is worse than unwise to consume one's spirit by anxious wearing care about tomorrow's wants. This would accomplish nothing. It would not guarantee the blessings desired; it would add nothing but grief and pain. A faithful use of the means in one's hands, and an humble trust in a gracious and munificent providence added, is all that can be done, and all that is needed to be done.

But, why consider the ravens? Why not consider the eagle, whose lofty sweep circles the heavens, whose undimmed gaze penetrates the sun? Why not consider the dove, whose timidity of nature, whose gentleness of spirit commands esteem and affection? Why not the sparrow, whose multiplicity and comparative uselessness, is almost beneath notice? As elsewhere he did cite this insignificant member of animated nature, to show the minute care of the Creator over all the works of his hands. We probably should not be justified in asserting that Jesus instanced the raven because of anything in its nature, or habits, which made the lesson be designed to teach specially impressive. But it raises the question. In a parallel passage in Matthew 7, he says: "Behold the fowls of the air." Harmonists consider the discourses as distinct, and spoken on different occasions, though the language is almost identical, and the main object of the discourses the same. If God makes provision for the less important parts of his creation, will he not much more care for his people who love and trust him? Whether he had any reason for specializing the bird of dark plumage and of harsh voice, as in the one case, rather than to generalize the race, we cannot certainly say. Either seems equally fitted to impress the lesson taught.

The raven is an uncanny bird, and has never been a favorite through all its generations. If the poet sang of him, it was in doleful strains. It is a bird of prey, is a voracious feeder, makes offensive of all its favorite food, and according to the Mosaic economy it was unclean, and therefore unfit to be eaten. Its dark plumage is not more sombre than its supposed mission, for the superstitious regard its note as ominous, portending sickness or death. The name of the raven (*corv*, black) has given it the title of "the bird of night," and the sinister expression of its countenance,—for birds also have an expressive countenance,—has not lessened the common expression against it; an expression of mingled intelligence, cunning and duplicity. It is destitute of social affinity, not living in flocks as many birds, but alone or in pairs; and some naturalists assert it to be wanting in parental affection, compelling its young to shift for itself as soon as able to leave the nest. To this fact, if it be a fact, the psalmist may have had reference, as illustrating the unmeasured beneficence of God, when he said, "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry"—which cry in want, forsaken of their parents.

Therefore, "Consider the ravens; for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feedeth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls?" In Matthew it is, not "God,"

but "your heavenly Father." Their "God," but *your* "heavenly Father." If God cares for, and makes provision for the fowls of the air, even the unlovely ravens, much more will not your heavenly Father take care of you, his children? With all his evil traits, the raven is not to blame for being a raven. The God who feedeth the fowls, made him what he is, and therefore provides for him while he fulfills his mission, without any responsibility as to the character which makes him unlovely to human kind. Nor can he change his nature any more than the leopard can change his spots. The infinitely beneficent God and Father is no respecter of persons. He does not discriminate against the raven and the vulture, the serpent and the tiger. He made them all, and made provision for them all. They all have their mission, however little known to us, and are doubtless performing it better than the majority of his intelligent human creatures. But for these intelligent human creatures, even the lowest and the worst, the ravens and the vultures, the serpents and the tigers, of the race, there is a place in the vast provision of the same gracious Providence. Countless multitudes of them, in both heathen and Christian lands, were born to a heritage of ignorance, infamy and crime, without their knowledge or consent. Before the birth they were degraded and impure, marred and blasted by forces which wrought for their ruin, through generations preceding, and for which they cannot be held responsible. And when with increasing years and dawning intelligence they come to know their misery they do not know how to escape it; or sadder still, do not care to escape it. The raven would be a raven still, could he be permitted to become a dove. Alas, who shall solve the dark problem! Who shall explain the deep mystery? We must wait till a clearer light shall shine, and trust him whose loving care provides for all. Consider the ravens, and be not over anxious about tomorrow.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D.D.

"Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?"—a question you might put to a child; the deepest question of all. This was profound, because love carries everything; it is a fire that burns up all the roots; it is a furnace that purges the gold of all its dross; it is an enthusiasm which means prophetic insight and sympathetic identification with all things pure, true and lovely. This is the question which ought to be put to men in connection with church life—Lovest thou the Son of God?

We are not made theologians. The theologians can be but few in number, as the poets are, and the philosophers, but we can answer the question as to our love. Where there is love there will be no difficulty in the progress of the Christian life; love sees in the darkness, walks over the water, turns the wilderness into a glowing garden burning with flowers that are not consumed; love is cast down but not destroyed, persecuted but not forsaken, in continual peril and yet in continual security. When there is more love there will be more progress. Love opens the door of every difficulty, and love makes Christian education a daily delight.

This was gracious as well as profound, because it excited hope. We sometimes ask a question, and convey the answer in the very tone of the inquiry, so that the interrogation becomes its own affirmative. Everything depends upon the tone in which a question is asked. Who can tell the music of the inquiry as addressed to Peter, "Lovest thou me?" Hidden in that inquiry was the answer—I know what the reply will be, for thy great heart is just a child's simple, honest love.

To say to a man, "Understandest what thou readest?" is to excite the hope that he may possibly understand it. Lovest thou the church of the living God? I have seen thee in the sanctuary sometimes; did thy being there signify that in thy poor heart there is some flame of love toward the Father? The very inquiry stirred the spirit into hopefulness. Give a man to understand that you despair of him, and he may despair of himself; but ask him a question which has the effect of opening a door and he might rise to the inquiry with a new energy and a new confidence.

This was practical as well as gracious and profound, because love is the true qualifica-

tion for labor. A man cannot labor for Christ if he does not love Christ. When love fails service goes down. But the heart will not confess this; the heart is fertile in inventions and excuses for the lapses of life. Why do you forsake the sanctuary now? Then will come a list of lies—accursed, unpardonable lies. Why do you not give so liberally now as you used to give? Then will come anything but a confession of the truth. What is the truth?—that love has gone down, the temperature of affection has rushed on its zero way.

When we fail in love we cannot attain to service; we cannot reply to Christian appeals; we cannot co-operate with energetic men—we complain that they are too enthusiastic, and wish to go too quickly for us; and we begin to think that something of another kind is needed; and thus we lie, not unto man, but unto God. Could we say, "Our love has changed; we do not love the Cross as we did, we are not drawn towards the Son of God as we once were," we should have at least a statement made credible by its obvious truth.

Peter gave a great heart-answer at the last, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee," and his voice trembled when he said this. It was a noble voice, was Peter's, accustomed to speak out in the open sea, and to give orders whilst the wind was raging; but when this inquiry touched his heart all that great voice shrank into a tearful whisper, and he said, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Right away down in the soul there is a true affection for Thee; outwardly there are many things to disprove my affection, but in the centre and the heart of things there is a real loyalty to Thee! Until we get a heart-testimony like that the church will hesitate and flounder, will aim at nothing, and will beat the air.—Preacher's Mag.

FELLOW-WORKERS WITH GOD.

There are many things that God does in which we can have no part. A child wished that he were a painter, that he might help God paint the clouds and skies and sunsets. God wants no help in this work. He wrought unhelped, by creature hand in making the worlds. In providence, too, he has no fellow-worker. No one assists him in keeping the stars in their orbits, in sending rain and dews and summer sunshine. No one helps him plant the roses and lilies.

But there are other things in which God permits us to be his coworkers. He calls us up close beside him, to work with him, doing a part while he does a part. A story is told of an artist who greatly desired to have a share in the decorating of a famous building. If he could not do it all, he asked that he might be permitted to paint one panel of one of the great doors. If this request could not be granted, he craved to be allowed at least to hold the brushes for the master who should do the work. If it was deemed such an honor to do even the smallest part on a building of only earthly glory, what an honor it is to work with Christ in the building of his great spiritual temple!

Yet this privilege is ours. We may not help God paint his clouds and sunsets, but we can put tints of immortal beauty upon human souls. In a certain sense we are fellow-workers with God in all the affairs of our lives. We often imagine that we are doing certain things without God's help. But we are not. A man makes great inventions, constructs wonderful machines, harnesses steam and electricity, and says, "See what I have done!" But who put into nature the mysterious forces and energies which he has made available for use? In their inventions and discoveries men only find the powers God stowed away ages ago. Men are only discoverers and adjusters. They run wires on poles or lay cables in the sea; but the currents which flash through them, carrying messages of business, commerce, joy, sorrow, come from God's reserves of energy. Men are working with God, and their part is small.

In spiritual life also it is true that we are fellow-workers with God. He calls us to stand beside him, and do a part while he does a part. When a mother, with a great joy in her heart, takes her babe into her arms and looks into its face, God says to her: "Take this child and nurse it for Me." It is God's child. He wants it trained, its powers developed, so that when at length the man stands before his tasks he may not fail, but may do them well. Yet God gives

into the mother's hands the duties of nursing the child for him, teaching it, putting into its heart gentle thoughts, wooing out the sweet love which sleeps there, and yet preparing the life for its work. Yet alone she cannot do anything. God and the mother are fellow-workers.

The teacher sits down with his class. The end of the teaching is the bringing of the scholars to Christ, the building up in them a Christian character, and the leading of them out into ways of usefulness and loving service. What is the teacher's part? He can make plain to his class the word and will of God, and he can also represent Christ to them, showing them glimpses of the divine compassion, truth, and love in his own life. But he cannot himself do what needs to be done in their young lives; only God can do that. But he works through the teacher. God and he are fellow-workers.

We are the chisel with which God carves his statues. Unquestionably we must do the work. Our hands must touch men's lives and beautify them. The mother, the teacher, the Christian friend, must carve and mould the life of the child into the beauty of the Lord. But the human worker is only the chisel. The sculptor needs his chisel, but the chisel can do nothing, produces no beauty, of itself. We must put ourselves into Christ's hand that he may use us.

There is a halloving influence in this thought that we are working beside God in what he is doing on immortal lives. Are we worthy to do it! Hawthorne, speaking of a block of marble and the possibilities of beauty which lay in it waiting to be brought out, said that the stone assumed a sacred character, and that no man should dare to touch it unless he felt within himself a consecration and priesthood. If this be true then it is only a block of marble that is to be wrought upon, how much more is it true of a human soul—a child's life, for example, laid in a mother's arms; any life laid in your hands or mine, that we may free the angel, which waits within it! It is a most sacred moment when a life is put before us to be touched by us.

Suppose that the mother—suppose that you or I—should not do the holy work well, and the life should be marred, stained, its development impaired, its power weakened; think of the sadness of the result. How sweet the mother must keep her own spirit, how gentle, how patient, how pure and true, while she is working with God in nursing her child for him! How heavenly must the teacher keep his temper, how quiet, how unselfish, how Christlike, when he is sitting beside the Master, working for him on the lives of the scholars! How softly we should all walk continually, with reverent, chastened, uplifted feeling and hallowed spirit, as we remember that we are fellow-workers with God!—The Moravian.

TIME TO STOP SCOLDING MARY.

The restless Peter, often impatiently impertinently himself, his brethren and his Lord, never has been held up as an example for the beloved John, leaning on his Master's breast. But since the acute activity in the home at Bethany has become chronic in the "institutional" church, over all the land, from press and pulpit, out from printed page, sermon, song and prayer rings the chiding: "Bid her therefore that she help Me."

We would not hinder or discourage any who are "careful and troubled about many things." By all means let them increase their cares and troubles to the extent of the good they thus can do. Our only purpose is to call attention to the pleasure and commendatory satisfaction expressed by Jesus because one whom he loved was found silently sitting, in listening, worshipping mood at his feet; and to suggest to Martha that after eighteen hundred years of fault-finding, out of charitable consideration for the happiness of the sister and that of their common Lord, it is time to stop scolding Mary.—L. D. P. in N. Y. Observer.

True goodness is like the glow-worm in this, that it shines most when no eyes, except those of Heaven, are upon it.—Hare.

God asks for the heart; his Gospel appeals to the heart; and the true preachers of the Gospel will aim to reach the heart rather than the head.

Two Booklets on Japan.

By H. H. Harris, D.D., LL.D.

It has been my privilege to read recently two small volumes that present incidentally many of the striking features, topographical, political, intellectual and religious, of that land of wonders...

"In the Land of the Sunrise: A Story of a Japanese Family and the Wonderful Land they Live In" (Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.) Dr. Robert N. Barrett has here put into less than 200 pages a vast amount of information gathered from many different sources...

In strong contrast as to structure and point of view is the other little book entitled "How I Became a Christian," by a Heanthen Convert, written in imperfect English, printed in Japan, and very kindly sent me by Dr. R. H. Graves...

His subsequent life is narrated in extracts from a diary, and some comments to explain and connect the entries quoted. These tell with apparent candor and sincerity the soul struggles of an eventful life...

licity in his racy account of his arrival in San Francisco, where he suffered from "pick pocketing;" his slip over at Chicago, enjoying the obsequious attention of a colored Methodist deacon, and having to pay for it, and other such incidents.

Arriving in the East he spends some months as attendant in an asylum for idiots, and learns much from the excellent superintendent and his charming wife, Unitarians both, gets a glimpse of "chivalric Christianity" on a brief visit with one of the assistant physicians, an Episcopalian, to his hospitable home in Dallas, Tex., but during all this time is reading ravenously all sorts of books, and getting more and more miserable.

The writer is evidently a keen observer both of events and of opinions; his own views indicated from time to time are, as befie the history of a struggle, immature, one-sided, wrong, his leading ideas of religious independence, very popular in Japan, is only partly right and certainly in danger of being pushed to a hurtful extreme.

LITERARY.

[Any book noticed in these columns can be had at publishers prices by ordering from Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.]

NEW BOOKS.

WASHINGTON, OR THE REVOLUTION: A Historical Drama. By Elmer Allen. Chicago. Published by F. Tennyson Neely. In two parts.

We have received the second part of this drama, each part consisting of five acts. The first part, from the Boston Massacre to the surrender of Burgoyne was published in July, and has already run through four editions.

MAGAZINES.

The New England Magazine for February has the following contents: The Passing of the New England Fisherman, Winthrop M. Compson; An Old-fashioned Valentine, Missa Irving; The Song, H. Martin Bell; Accented with Pleasure, Violate Hall; Memoirs of Bluenosed, Charlotte Lyon; John Rogers, the People's Sculptor, William Ordway Partridge; Home Culture for Americans, Norman Hapgood; The Eleventh Hour, Samuel Hoyt; Governor Winthrop's Homestead, Hamilton Andrews Hill; Ibsen at Home, Edgar O. Achorn; Possess also, Emma A. Opper; Lord Amberst (with portrait), Herbert B. Adams, Ph.D.; Completion, Frances Hastings; A New England Conscience; Annie Eliza Brand; Modern Providence, Robert Grievie. Warren F. Kellogg, publisher, 5 Park Square, Boston. \$3.00 a year.

PRESIDENT ANDREWS' History in Scribner's is drawing to a close. The eleventh instalment in the March number contains thirty-five illustrations, among them a most original and effective set of pen-and-ink pictures of the World's fair, and also contains interesting photographs of scenes in the Homestead riots and the convict troubles in Tennessee.

The Teacher, of our Sunday-school Board for March contains many good things, but the thing which is most interesting and valuable to the teacher, is Dr. Hatcher's "Man's Sinfulness." The Teacher is a publication in which we take great pride.

We are much obliged to Rand, McNally & Co., 166 Adams St., Chicago, for the copies made of Kentucky.

The crown of patience cannot be received when there has been no suffering; if it were given to suffer, thou wouldst be crowned.—Kempis.

What Thinkers Think.

GATHERED ALONG THE SHORES OF THOUGHT.

BY T. L. L.

The good begun by thee shall on never be—Wilcox.

He who possesses Him to whom all things belong possesseth all things.—Krummacher.

Let us be content in work to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it is little.—Elizabeth Browning.

Have a purpose in life, and having it, throw into your work such strength of mind and muscle as God has given you.—Carlyle.

To rejoice in the happiness of others is to make it our own; to produce it is to make it more than our own.—James.

Love those who humble and contradict you, for they are more useful to your perfection than those who flatter you.—Margaret May.

We ought not to acquiesce in the shadows which are only around us because we do not hear or learn if we do not need. God's call into the existence.—F. R. Havergal.

Nothing but the right can ever be expedient, since that can never be true expediency which would sacrifice a greater good to a less.—Whately.

Just in proportion as you gain a victory over the evil which will be come aware of in yourself, will your spiritual eyes be purged for a brighter perception of the Holy One.—Chan-ning.

Think of the day, the humbling, of feeling, overwhelming day, when the cup of cold water will appear as an ingradient in the everlasting glory.—James Hamilton, D.D.

And the inward voice was saying "Whatever thing thou dost. To the least of Mine and lowest, That thou doest unto Me"—Longfellow.

I look forward to the time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and as irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something when I am falling.—George Eliot.

As a founder, when he has cast a bell, does not at once give up the steep, but drifts to it with his hands to see if there be any flaw, so God tries His saints on earth before He takes them to heaven.—Howes.

"Be nothing for a man to hold up his head in a calm; but to maintain his post when all others have quitted their ground, and there to stand upright when other men are beaten down, this is divine and praiseworthy"—Seneca.

Give us a man, young or old, high or low, on whom we know we can thoroughly depend who will stand firm when others fall—the friend faithful and true, the adviser honest and fearless, the adversary just and chivalrous.—Arthur Penrhyn Stanley.

It is a fearful thought that we, as it were, exhale ourselves every breath we draw. A man's moral life is concentrated in every second of his life, it lives in the tips of his fingers, and the springs of his footsteps. A very little thing tries what a man is made of.—Cardinal Newman.

As violets crushed are sweet. As petals of the rose Shed fragrance on the wind That's o'er it roughly blows; As perfume from the lilies best Accords upon the air.

So from the chastened soul doth rise Incense of song and prayer.—Lydia T. Robinson.

A child desirous of presenting his father with a bouquet goes into the garden and gathers a lapful of flowers and weeds all mixed together. His mother selects, arranges and binds the flowers, and makes the gift acceptable. So Christ makes even our poor services acceptable to God as a sweet-smelling savor.—Ambrose.

Ye great men, spend not all your time in building castles in the air, or houses on the sand; but set your hands and feet to the building of the porch of Bethesda. It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christian man that receives all, and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces; or like unto a drowning man's hand that holds whatsoever it gets.—Dr. John Hall.

Mr. Gladstone sent the following sentence, about twenty years ago, to a correspondent who had asked for his favorite motto: "Early and provident care is the mother of safety.—Burke.

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MODERN JONAHS. Those who are spiritually asleep in the church are the last to think of a revival as being of any service to themselves. It is very well for sinners, but is an impertinence when pressed upon church members. Jonah could think of suicide or murder, but never of prayer, faith, confession, repentance and reformation. This cool survey of murder or suicide was appalling. And they in their bewilderment, tried all the harder to save him. They rowed hard to bring the boat to land, but could not. The weight of this backslider was sinking it all the time. Then they began to pray to Jonah's God. "We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's sake, and lay not on us innocent blood; for thou, O Lord, hast done as it pleased thee." Let us consider the conditions of soul-rotting in a revival of religion and the changes necessary to promote spiritual upbuilding. Jonah was, for the time, the worst sinner on ship-board, though a saved man, but asleep amidst peril to soul and body to a multitude for whom his own persecutions had made him responsible. His guilt was in being without the sensitibilities of moral life. He had run away from duty, and had run into a tornado, where he was the only representative of God's mercy. And he was not the last of his kind. Men are sleeping now as soundly amid infinite dangers. The Mediterranean could be dragged for its dead, but who can sound the depths of guilt of men sleeping themselves to death? Think of the ship laboring and going down, and the only follower of Jehovah asleep! Another surprising lesson here is how God wakes men out of guilty sleep, usually, by surprising providences. The ordinary means of the Gospel will not reach them. Jonah did not go to sleep in that ship. He was asleep when God gave him his commission. God, perhaps, let him run away, in mercy to wake him, that, like the New Testament prodigal, he might come to himself. He could not get awake in Judea, so he had to go to Tarshish. It took the storm and chill of a monsoon, and a submerging in a tumultuous sea, to do it, and unexpected missionaries—the sailors—warning and beseeching him. What a strange sight! A sea captain trying to arouse a sleepy preacher? One of the unmistakable signs of soul torpor is that a pastor can no more wake his people. They resist him and insult him, and find fault with his message. The prayer-meeting will not arouse them. Warmth prayers are like mustard blisters—at best only counter irritants. The spectacle of a dying world crying for help only provokes the retort, "I am not responsible for the heathen." Again, God must tax his ingenuity for a new way. Often he sends sickness, death, failures in business or financial dishonor, until pride's lofty crest lies low in the dust, as dissolute Bunyan was brought to himself by the rebukes of an abandoned woman, or of children, or by those who did not intend it—all the more puncturing because the persons giving the admonition had no personal intention in it. This brings into view the second step in a revived church, the clearing up and removal of cumberers. Those who endanger the lives of others must be thrown overboard. How? 1. By prayer, united, persistent, and effective prayer. 2. By counsel and remonstrance. 3. By raising expectation on the wings of hope. Hinders are in the church in every department of its work. They are in the pulpit, in the membership, among the deacons, among the communicants who partake of the emblems of the Lord's body. It was so at the founding of this sacrament. The Lord said sadly, "One of you shall betray me." And then he was thrown overboard. How? 1. By the searching question, "Is it I?" So it went around until it reached Judas, and he, for the guilty are the least confused, being saturated in hypocrisy, also said, "Is it I?" Stumbling blocks must be gotten out of the way by being put in the right way again. The sailors suggested this mode: "A wake and call upon your God." And the sea ceased her raging. The Presbyterian. GOD'S CONSTANT WITNESS. Skeptical souls have an unhappy habit of looking only on the dark side of human life. They utterly overlook the constantly unfolding manifestations of divine wisdom and goodness in nature and general history that steady, majestic sweep of events that invariably "makes for righteousness." I was very pleasantly impressed while, while reading Paul's appeal to those heathen at Syria, who because he had just miraculously healed a cripple, were inclined to worship him as a divinity. He adjures them not to do it, since he and his companion were only mortals like themselves, but to turn away from these vainly puerile (idolatries) and worship the living God, who, ever and everywhere, has left an indubitable witness of himself. In what form?—that of a miracle, like what he had just now performed? No, but in that "he sends down rain from heaven, gives us fruitful seasons, and thus fills our souls with food and gladness." Why is it that these atheistically inclined humanitarians are so unwill- ing to avert their gaze from the disasters that now and then seem to discredit the doctrine of a divine Providence, and instead direct it to this brighter, and certainly no less significant, phase of our human life.—Observer.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL  
Bible Lessons, 1896.

FIRST QUARTER  
SUNDAY, MARCH 8.

TRUE LOVE TO ONE'S NEIGH-  
BOUR.

Luke 10:25-37.

MOTTO TEXT.—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.—Luke 10:27.

Our Lord was now in Perea, the province beyond the Jordan. It extended from the Jabkok to the Red Sea, but was narrow. "And behold a certain lawyer."—One who devoted himself to studying and teaching the law of Moses. "And tempted him"—that is tried him to ascertain what his teaching was on points which were much discussed by the rabbis. He was not desirous of gaining eternal life himself as was the young ruler, but rather to test this new teacher to see if he taught the way of life truly. The Jews used the figure of their inheritance in Canaan to represent heavenly things just as we speak of the heavenly Canaan and the Jordan which must be crossed.

"What is written in the law? How readest thou?"—This man's business was to study the law, and he acknowledged the binding force of the law as the word of God and the rule for the lives of Israel. "And he answering, said."—He struck at once upon the commandment which answered his question. Devout Jews repeated the first part of his answer every day. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."—"Heart" is the more general term, it means the personality—the man. "And with all thy soul"—which means what is usually meant by heart—the affections. "And with all thy might."—This is the will which controls and directs all our actions. "And with all thy mind"—the intellectual faculties. This enumeration of the affections, the will and the intellect adds force and impressiveness to the command, showing clearly that the whole nature must love God first and above all. This command is found in Deut. 6:5.

To this the scribe adds Lev. 19:18, "And thy neighbor as thyself"—almost as difficult a thing for fallen man to do as is the loving God supremely. "Thou hast answered right; this do, and thou shalt live."—How he shall succeed in doing it, the Lord does not say. If the lawyer would honestly try to obey the commandment he would soon see the impossibility with his fallen nature. And the law would be a schoolmaster to bring him to the cross and the blood. For the carnal heart not only hates God, but is enmity to Him. And not till the Holy Spirit has given a new heart can any human being love God.

The lawyer had answered himself. He had shown that he knew what he must do. "But he willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neighbour?"—Had the lawyer desired eternal life, he would have acknowledged the impossibility of his obeying the commandment and asked how he could find strength to do it. But, as sinners always do, he tries to lay the blame upon the law of God. He cannot obey the commandment because it is so obscure. He does not know who is his neighbour whom he must love as himself! In the parable which follows it must not be forgotten that the Lord is answering this last question of the lawyer, not

the first one. No man can find eternal life by kindness to his neighbour—loving God with all his heart must be first.

Our Lord in effect says to him, "You, a lawyer, do not know who is meant by your neighbour, after all your study and teaching the law! But a Samaritan whom you would look down on knew by his own heart who was his neighbour."

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves."—Literally down, Jericho is much lower than Jerusalem, the distance being about twenty miles and the descent 3,500 feet. It was a rocky road, through a region little inhabited and was notoriously a dangerous road on account of the robbers who invested it. "Which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him and departed, leaving him half dead."

The Cambridge Bible says that an English Baronet, Sir Frederic Henneker, on that very road was stripped of his clothing and left entirely dead by Arab robbers.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest."—Jericho was a city of priests and Levites. About twelve thousand lived there and went up to Jerusalem to the temple in their courses. "He passed by on the other side."—A priest whose duty it was to succour the distressed, and the wounded man was one of his own countrymen. A Levite followed. He seems to have had a kinder heart than the selfish priest. For he did not pass by without stopping, but came and looked at the wounded man. His interest went no further, thoughtless saying to himself that the man was bound to die and there was no use in troubling himself to help him he passed on.

"But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed." He was on a longer journey than the priest and the Levite, and therefore could not stop as well as they could. The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, and were very indignant at the claim which the Samaritans made to have descended from Jacob. "Had compassion on him"—his compassion being so strong it led him to do all he could for the wounded man.

"Pouring in oil and wine"—which he had with him on his journey, and which, moreover, were considered the best of remedies. The wine was used to cleanse the wound and the oil to soothe. "And set him on his own beast and brought him to an inn."—Doing for him everything in his power without thinking of his own convenience.

In the morning he must go on his journey. The wounded man is now among those who were his fellow countrymen who were under more obligation to care for him than was the Samaritan. But the good man is thinking how much he can do for this stranger of a hostile race, not how little he can do. The inkeeper would be much surer to take care of the man if he was well paid for it.

"He took out two pence"—two Roman pence, which were worth seventeen cents each, but in purchasing power were equivalent to several dollars in these days. The man might still need care when this money was expended. It is probable he was in the habit of traveling that way and the inkeeper knew him. Though it may be he was on a trip from home and would return that way.

"Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?"

—The Samaritan, ignorant though he might be, looked down upon and derided by the Jews showed that he could understand who was meant by "neighbor," while the lawyer tried to excuse himself

upon the ground that he did not know whom the law meant!

The lawyer answered truthfully, though he could not bring himself to name the detested Samaritan, and said instead, "He that showed mercy on him."—Neighbour to all men, no matter of what nationality. Neighbour because one God has created us, and especially because God has commanded us to love them as ourselves.

"Go thou and do likewise."—There are thousands on thousands who to-day are half dead, having been wounded by idolatries, and ignorant of the one remedy for their healing. Because they are in India or Africa does not make them less our neighbours what a grain of sand is this little planet. What are you doing to save the souls of these wounded neighbours? Passing by on the other side! Saying with priest and Levite that no doubt some one will furnish the money to furnish the Gospel to them? What of our hopes for eternal life if we thus refuse to obey God's command to love our neighbours as ourselves!

FROM ITALY.

I have the pleasure of giving you below extracts from the letters of two of our Italian evangelists. Gravina and Altamura are towns of some 20,000 each near the Southern Adriatic into which the Gospel has lately been brought. Sig. Antonio Fiori writes from the former place under date of 30 December last, as follows:

"Our brethren go forward to the glory of God. Brothers and sisters progress constantly in the knowledge of the breadth and depth of the love of God in Christ Jesus. They are full of zeal for the Lord and assiduous at all the meetings of the week. Though they are unprovided with earthly goods, besides paying the rent of the locale and all the incidental expenses, they have contributed their voluntary mite for the fund of our Mission of Evangelization. Up to today this has amounted to 62.60 francs, which are deposited in the Post with a libretto made out in your name. I can send you this at once, unless you prefer to wait until the end of April, 1896, i. e., a complete year since the last report you desired from this church. The pressure of the Romish priests on the administrators of this town had seriously injured our dear brother Cressanza, head of the municipal guards; it had already been decreed inexorably to expel him from the corps of guards, so that with his numerous family he might die of hunger. But the Lord of Glory had encamped his angel round about our brother, so he has remained in office for two years more. The world is not worthy of the children of faith. (Hebrews 11:36, 38.) My continual prayer to the Lord for this brother is that he may be delivered from the snares of the enemies of the cross of Christ and may enter the work as a fit instrument in the hands of God for the salvation of many souls in these regions. His lively faith in Christ and his continually increasing zeal for the work are a pledge of the success of this saint of the Lord.

SAMPIERDARENA.

Meetings always attended. Baptized ten. Faithful catechumens six. Collected in eleven months £138. In this sum is reckoned the sale of several copies of the New Testament which Mr. Shaw sent me gratis. The collections have diminished, but the expense of the custodian is also diminished, as for several months the brethren have taken turns for this service. In a couple of months there will be no more expense for music, as a dear brother has begun to have a daughter, who has been baptized, taught to play. This family consisting of five, all converted, is an especially precious gift given us by God. The brethren belonging to different classes of society are animated by real zeal, charity and a spirit of self-sacrifice. I think the foundations of this young church are spiritually and materially solid. I hope in a few years it will relieve the mission of the expense of all the hall, this being the ambition of all the brethren.

ALTAMURA.

In this town persecution of the Gospel and its followers is still active: the old landlady who had decided to let us rent her house is already taken hold of by fear. She herself, on Saturday evening, while service was being held, saw and heard four or five men who were resolved to fire revolver shots at the windows of the hall which is used for the meetings! If they did not do it, it was precisely because they were not completely drunk. But I am certain they



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will do it, for in that place the priests as well as their blind followers are so evil as to be capable of anything to extinguish the lamp which the Lord has placed there. On Saturday morning, the Lord willing, I shall go to that town to speak with the constituted authorities, and I hope they will take serious measures to guarantee the children of God. It is not a case in which to shake off the dust of your feet (Matt. 10:14, etc.) for there are souls saved there and souls to be saved.

Sig. Colombo writes from Sampierdarena Dec. 27, 1895. This is also a new field for us, and is in part virgin soil.

"I wish to inform you succinctly of the results obtained so far in the three stations of this work, reserving to myself to give you further details in the future.

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GENOVA.

Meetings now very poorly attended. Baptized by me three, besides Signor Galassi, brother of the evangelist. Collected in six months £59. This station is passing through a crisis which I believe temporary, to which occur causes independent of me. The

situation of the hall is unfortunate, especially in winter; but the lowering of Via Minerva to the level of Piazza Paola da Novi has been begun and perhaps then the hall will be more central. Here collections every night may have driven away some, mostly evangelists!

TEGLIA.

is the station opened after your departure for America. The hand of God guided me to this village, and in a neighboring village (Bolzante) I found some English families that are employed in the steel works, who as soon as they learned that an evangelical hall had been opened in Teglia, surrounded me with their sympathy and help. The family of the head man, Mr. S., helps me greatly. I have a flourishing Sunday-school of English and Italian children. In the next Testimonio you will see an account of the Christmas tree for which about 200 francs was spent, contributed largely by the S family, who have also given a harmonium and 24 more chairs. Besides the harmonium and the tree I have collected in three months 125 francs. Miss S. plays on the harmonium. The priest makes violent war on me, so the meetings have become a little less attended by the workmen. But my special work is in the families, and I hope I have gained some Italian households. In eight months we shall have to give up the present hall through the intrigues of the priest, and if I cannot find another in Teglia I will seek one in Bolzante, where we have a good number of adherents (without counting the English families), which will increase in the future. The doctrine of baptism frankly witnessed to by me begins to make progress among these English who are all Congregationalists, some with Baptist relations.

The total of my collections, besides the harmonium, is £322. I sell fifty copies of Testimonies per month."

We have good news also from other stations, but this letter is long enough. Pray for us. Yours truly,  
GEO. B. TAYLOR.  
Rome, Italy, Jan. 16, 1896.

PURCHASE THE WORD.—PAUL.



LAST BUT NOT LEAST.

"Last but not least," as the shoemaker said while he mended his leather and waxed his shoes.  
 "If you'll make a boot or mend a shoe, that's the last but not least is certainly true."  
 "Last but not least," quoth the buckwheat when he was stamped up the back with a comical string.  
 "The last of the batch of to-day left for raising gives promise to-morrow, with 'lasses, worth praising."  
 "I'm last but not least," says the babe with a cry.  
 "I'm last but not least," to the soup says the pie.  
 "And I'm last but not least," remarked the sharp sine.  
 As the boy gave a bow and the wasp took to wing.  
 "I'm last but not least," said a plain golden head,  
 And slipped to its place on a fair maiden's head:  
 "For after the parties and many ice creams  
 A wedding alone will fulfill young love's dreams."  
 To youngsters and oldsters this merry old saw  
 Has teeth of keen wit and a blade of sound law,  
 And teaches that whether in fray or at feast,  
 Though you may be the last you should not be the least.  
 —HORACE W. BYRNES, in Independent.

OUR PULPIT.

REPENTANCE AFTER CONVERSION.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite spirit, O God, thou wilt not despise. — Psalm 51:17.

Perhaps you have the notion that repentance is a thing that happens at the commencement of the spiritual life, and has to be got through as one undergoes a certain operation, and there is an end of it. If so, you are greatly mistaken; repentance lives as long as faith. Towards faith I might almost call it a Siamese twin. We shall need to believe and to repent as long as we live. Perhaps also you have the idea that repentance is a bitter thing. It is sometimes bitter. "They shall be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born;" but that is not the kind of repentance that I am talking of now. Surely that bitterness is past, it was all over long ago; but this is a sweet bitterness which attends faith as long as ever we live, and becomes a source of tender joy. I do not know whether I shall quite convey my meaning to you; but I can assure you that the greatest joy I have ever known has not been when I have laughed, but when I have cried. The most intense happiness I have ever felt has not been when I have been exhilarated and full of spirits, but when I have leaned very low on the bosom of God, and felt it so sweet to be so low that one could scarcely be lower, and yet did not wish to be any higher. I quite agree with Mr. Rowland Hill, who said he supposed that there could be no tears of repentance in heaven, and that would be the only thing that he could almost regret, for sweet Sister Repentance is such charming company that we shall regret to part with her even at the gates of pearl. As we may have to part with her there, I want us to keep her company all the time this service lasts, and my object at this time is to ask you to bring to God, while we are here in this house of prayer, the sacrifices of a broken and a contrite spirit. I want you to indulge yourselves in this most rare and *recherché* delight of sorrow for unpardoned sin, but sorrow for pardoned sin, sorrow for that which is done with, sorrow for that which is forgiven, sorrow for that which will never condemn you, for it was laid on Christ long ago, and is put away forever. It

is this sweet sorrow that I want you to indulge. Up with the sluices, then, brethren and sisters, and let these sacred streams of sorrow flow forth.

I. And, first, let us consider what this sacrifice is. It is a broken spirit, a broken and a contrite heart. If you and I have a broken spirit, all idea of our own importance is gone. What is the use of a broken heart? Why, much the same as the use of a broken pot, or a broken jug, or a broken bottle! Men throw it out the dunghill. Hence David says, "A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise," as if he felt that everybody else would despise it. Now, do you feel that you are of no importance? Though you know that you are a child of God, do you feel that you would not give a penny for yourself? You would not wish to claim the first place; the rear rank suits you best, and you wonder that you are in the Lord's army in any rank at all. O brothers, I believe that the more God uses us, the less we shall think of ourselves; and the more he fills us with his Spirit, the more will our own spirit sink within us in utter amazement that he should ever make use of such broken vessels as we are! Well now, indulge that feeling of nothingness and unimportance; not only indulge it as a feeling, but go and act upon it, and be you in the midst of your brethren less than the least, humble yourselves in wonder that God should permit your name to stand on the roll of his elect at all. Admire the grace of God to you, and marvel at it in deep humiliation of spirit. That is part of the sacrifice that God will not despise.

Next, if you and I have a broken and a contrite heart, it means that frivolity and trifling have gone from us. There are some who are always trifling with spiritual things, but he who gets a broken heart has done with that sort of spirit. A broken heart is serious, and solemn, and in earnest. A broken heart never tries to play any tricks with God, and never shuffles texts as though even Scripture itself were meant only to be an opportunity for testing our wit. A broken spirit is tender, serious, weighed down with solemn considerations. Indulge that spirit now, be solemn before God, grasp eternal things; let slip these shadows; what are they worth? But set your soul on things divine and everlasting. Pursue that vein of thought, and so bring before God a broken and a contrite spirit.

Further, a broken spirit is one out of which hypocrisy has gone. That vessel, whole and sealed up, may contain the most precious oil of roses, or it may contain the foulest filth; I know not what is in it. But break it, and you will soon see. There is no hypocrisy about a broken heart. O brethren and sisters, be before men what you are before God! Seem to be what you really are. Make no pretences. I am afraid that we are all hypocrites in a measure; we both pray and preach above our own actual experience full often, and we perhaps think that we have more faith than we actually have, and more love than we have ever known. The Lord make us to have a broken heart that is revealed by being broken! You know now what was in that pot, for there it lies, broken to shivers; its contents are no longer concealed, they have all run out. Now, pour out your hearts before God as you sit there in your pews, and let him see what he really does see—all that is in your soul, for in your hidden parts he would have you to know wisdom. Reveal yourselves unto yourselves, and so reveal yourselves unto your God,

Once more, a broken spirit signifies that now all the secrets and essences have flowed out. You remember what happened when that holy woman broke that alabaster box; we read that "the house was filled with the odour of the ointment." A broken heart cannot keep secrets. Now is all revealed, now its essence goes forth. Far too much of our praying, and of our worship, is like closed-up boxes; you cannot tell what is in them. But it is not so with broken hearts; when broken hearts sing, they do sing. When broken hearts groan, they do groan. Broken hearts never play at repenting, nor play at believing. There is much of religion, nowadays, that is very superficial, it is all on the surface; a very small quantity of Gospel paint, with just a little varnish of profession, will go a very long way, and look very bright. But broken hearts are not like that; with broken hearts, the hymn is a real hymn, the prayer is a real prayer, the hearing of sermons is earnest work, and the preaching of them is the hardest work of all. Oh, what a mercy it would be if some of you were broken all to pieces! There are many flowers that will never yield their perfume till they are bruised. Even the generous grape, lets not its juice flow forth till it is trodden under foot of men. Breaking and bruising are fit treatment for the nature of men, especially for the new nature. When God has put sweetness into our hearts, it is then that breaking develops the sweetness. Oh, to worship God in spirit and in truth! One has well said, "No one ever worshipped God with his whole heart unless he worshipped him with a broken heart; and there never was a heart that was truly broken that did not thereby become a whole heart." The divided heart is not broken, but the broken heart is never divided. I know that I am talking in riddles, but the wise will understand me. To get unity of spirit, there must be contrition and brokenness of heart.

II. Now in the second place, let us offer the sacrifice. I have told you a little of what the sacrifice means, now we will try, as God shall help us, to bear our brokenness of heart before the Lord. Come, my brothers and sisters, let us mourn a while on account of our past sin; we will do so from several points of view.

First, let us deeply regret that we have sinned against so good a God. While I regarded God as a tyrant, I thought sin a trifle; but when I knew him to be my Father, then I mourned that I could ever have kicked against him. When I thought that God was hard, I found it easy to sin; but when I found God so kind, so good, so overflowing with compassion, I amote upon my breast to think that I could have rebelled against one who loved me so, and sought my good. Will you not now think of the goodness of God, brothers and sisters, and shall it not lead you to repentance? Shall we not feel within our hearts a burning indignation against sin, because it is committed against so holy, so good, so glorious a being as the infinitely-blessed God!

Let me help you again, and may the arrow pierce your very hearts this time! Let us mourn to think that we have offended against so excellent and admirable a law. If the law of God were like the laws of men, it might sometimes be a virtue to break it; but where a law is so balanced, so perfect, oh, how could we have run contrary to it! Brethren, the law of God, when it says to us, "Thou shalt not," only sets up a danger signal to tell us where it is injurious to go. And when the law says,

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"Thou shalt," it does but lift up a kindly hand to point out to us the best and safest path. There is nothing in the law of God that will rob you of happiness; it only denies you that which would cost you sorrow. We know that it is so, and therefore we stand here, and bow our head, and mourn that we should have been so foolish as to transgress, so wilfully and suicidally wicked as to do that evil thing which God hates and which so grievously injures us. We have nursed vipers when we have nursed sins, we have hatched the cockatrice's egg when we have thought upon iniquity; wherefore let us be truly sorry for our sin and for our folly.

You remember that I am talking to those of you who are saved, to those of you whose sins are forgiven. In my heart, I think that I can hear some others say, "Will you not let us join with you in repenting though we are not pardoned?" Bless your hearts, yes! God help you to join with us; and if you do, you will find pardon, too, for pardon comes in this way! A broken heart can never long be divided; from the broken Saviour. You shall have peace with him when you are at war with sin. But I am specially inviting the people of God now to sweetly grieve in this house of prayer, and offer the sacrifice of a contrite heart while they recollect that they have sinned against God's perfect law.

More than that—and this is a very tender point—let us grieve that we have sinned against a Saviour's love. I like that verse we sang just now—

"'Tis I have thus ungrateful been,  
 Yet, Jesus, pity take!  
 Oh spare and pardon me, my Lord,  
 For thy sweet mercy's sake!"

The greatest crime that was ever committed against high heaven was that crime of deicide, when men nailed the Son of God to the tree, and put him to death as a criminal. Where are the wretches who did this awful deed? They are here; I will not say that they are before us, for each one of us harbours one of them within his bosom. "'Tis I," "'Tis I have thus ungrateful been." How can I speak to you thus! Well, perhaps, all the better, because from my very heart I ask that we may stand together at the foot of the cross, and count the purple drops, and say, "These have washed away my sins, yet I helped to spill them. Those hands, those feet, have saved me, yet I nailed them there. That open side is the refuge of my guilty spirit, yet I made that fearful gash by my sin. It was my sin that slew my Saviour." O sin, thou thrice-accursed thing, away with thee! Away with thee! Come, let us be filled with mournful joy, with pleasurable sorrow, while we sit beneath the bloody tree and see what sin has done, and yet see how sin itself has been undone by him who died upon the cross on Calvary. Beloved, the more you love your Lord, the more you will hate sin.

Let me help you again, however, while I remind you, beloved, of our sins against the Holy Ghost. Oh, what do we not owe to the

Holy Spirit! I speak to you who know him. It is the Holy Ghost who quickened you, the Holy Ghost who convinced you of sin, the Holy Ghost who comforted you; and oh, how sweetly does that Divine Comforter still comfort! Yet we resisted him, and grieved him. Do you not remember, in your youthful days, how you strangled your convictions, how you held down conscience, and would not let it reprove you! That blessed Spirit, whom we vexed and spurned, might have left us, and gone his way, never to strive with us again; but he loved us so that he came and took up his abode with us, and now he dwelleth in us. Within the narrow cell of our poor heart he has condescended to find a temple for his perpetual indwelling. O my soul, how couldst thou ever grieve him! How couldst thou ever have resisted that best and tenderest Friend? I do not ask you to torture yourselves, but I do invite you, beloved, now to indulge the joyful grief of sweet heavenly penitence as you remember the love of the Spirit.

Let us go a step further, and set our sin in the light of God's countenance. I speak to you, beloved, who are God's elect. He loved you from before the foundation of the world, and yet you have sinned against him. He chose you from among men, of his own sovereign grace, and ordained you to belong to Christ, and gave you to Jesus to be his forever. Alas, you knew it not, and you continued to sin against this distinguishing and discriminating grace! Oh, that even the elect of God should have done this! See that you crucify the sin that suffered you to act so shamefully. Then in due time you were redeemed. For you, beloved, Jesus shed his precious blood; he shed it not for all men, but with a special view to the redemption of his elect. Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it. He hath redeemed us from among men. We have been the object of that special and peculiar redemption, yet against that dear Christ, who loved us, and gave himself for us, we rebelled and transgressed. Ordained to be of the blood-royal of heaven, and yet a rebel! Ordained on earth to have the love of God within your spirit, and in heaven to behold his face forever, ordained by divine decree to this high destiny, and yet for many a year a rebel, a willful rebel against such wondrous love as this! I do not know what to say to myself; I despise myself, I loathe myself, that I should thus have acted against such extraordinary love.

Then remember also that you are God's child, adopted into his family, his twice-born, divinely regenerated. You are an heir of God, a joint heir with Jesus Christ; and yet—and yet, you have acted so sinfully! O God, thou hast forgiven thy servants; but we have never forgiven ourselves, and we never mean to, we shall always mourn, even amid our joy for pardoned guilt, that we the favourites of heaven, should have grieved the Lord!

Besides, dear friends, think of the injury you have done to others

by your example. What a powerful preacher a mother is to her boy! What an influential preacher is a father to his son! What a mighty preacher one workman may be to another, especially if he is a man of stronger mind than his fellows! Whatever any of us do, we are sure to have some who will copy us; it cannot be avoided. You are all writing copies every day, even though you are not schoolmasters; and there are some who will learn either bad or good writing from you, for they will copy your handwriting; I mean, that they will imitate what they see in you. In years to come, when you have forgotten what you did, some may be following your former example. I would urge young men,—and I am glad to see a great many of them present,—to pray that they may begin life in such a way that they may not have much back reckoning. Suppose a man to be converted after his children are born, if those children have seen the father do wrong, they will perhaps remember the evil better than the good example of their converted father. When your children have once left your roof, what opportunities of influencing them might you have lost! Though you may yourselves be saved by faith in Christ, yet you cannot call back the boys and the girls from those sinful ways into which you yourself led them in the days of your ungodliness. This thought has a sharp sting in it for any who, by word or example, have taught others to do that which is evil in the sight of the Lord. If this is your case, beloved, while you praise God that he has forgiven your sin, yet mourn that you ever led any astray by your wrongdoing.

Let us sit and think this matter over, and begin to say, "Lord, we do present to thee a broken and contrite heart, mourning and lamenting, for if we are straightened we are straitened in ourselves, and not in thee. If we are mourning in darkness we ourselves made the darkness."

If we are desponding, we have in a large measure created the despondency. Lord, we grieve and sorrow for all this." Since I have been in this house to-night, I have heard of a dear brother, whose prayers I remember among the first I heard when I came to be pastor of this church. He has passed away to-day, and gone to his reward, an old man and full of years. That brother is where you and I will be very soon. Do not talk about years; they go so quickly, too. But the other day, a man of God sat at his table writing; he had dipped his pen in the ink, but he never laid it on the paper, for he fell asleep there and then, and he was gone home. We, too, shall soon pass away. "Perhaps in a few days I shall be among the angels,"—say that to yourself, my brother. "Perhaps in a few weeks I shall behold the face of him I love,"—say that, my sister. It will come true. Perhaps in a few years; nay, drop the "perhaps" now, and say, "Certainly, within a few years, I shall behold the beatific vision."

"Father, I long, I faint to see  
The place of thine abode."

I see myself walking over that street of gold that shines like glass. Earthly gold is dull, you cannot see into it. If you could, you would see the tears of the oppressed and sometimes the blood of crushed-down men in it; but the gold of heaven is good, and you can see into it, as you could into a sea of glass. I think I am walking there. I hardly know myself, and there I meet one another of you whom I knew here, and we go together down that golden street, and look in at the many mansions,

whence come out many to welcome us; and we tread our way into the centre, and we stand upon the glassy sea, into which all the streets seem to run; and as we look around, we see angels and elders bowing there before the throne of the infinite majesty, and we are there ourselves, and we bow with them; and when we lift up our eyes to that light we sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

Now I want you to think of your sins in the light of that glory. Oh, how could those who are predestinated to these heavenly seats ever have wandered into sin! What! Was it so that we, who were born to behold the face of God, ever loved the theatre, and all its abominations? What! Did we, who were ordained to be peers with cherubim and seraphim, ever love the race-course and all its gambling? What! Were we, whom God has made to be conformed to the image of his fraternal Son, ever seen to be drunken, and staggering through the streets, defiled with unchastity, or polluted with gluttony, or guilty of covetousness, or cursed with pride? What! We whom the Lord has loved with an everlasting love, and without whom Christ himself will not be content to reign in heaven, groveling in iniquity? Oh, I think these questions must have helped to make sin contemptible and loathsome! I point at it the finger of scorn. O dear children of God, scorn your sins, lament your sins, weep over your sins! Indulge that feeling, and God will accept it when it is mixed with faith in his dear Son; for "the sacrifice of God"—that is, all sorts of sacrifices put together, sin-offerings, burnt offerings, peace offerings, scape-goats, and all together—"the sacrifice of God are a broken spirit." One broken spirit is worth them all. "A broken and a contrite heart," though there be but one such, "O God, thou wilt not despise."

God bless you, beloved, for Jesus Christ's sake! Amen.

**WHAT IS WORLDLINESS?**

There is nothing harder to define than worldliness, and nothing that is easier to recognize. There is a vital distinction between godliness on the one hand, or likeness to God in thought and affection and life, and worldliness on the other, which means conformity to the ideas and ideals of the natural or unregenerate world.

We all know that there is an immeasurable difference between a dead soul and a living soul, or between one who is animated by the life-giving Spirit of God and the one who is living simply the life of the world. We know that one is alive and that the other is not. One is regenerate and the other is not. One is possessed of spiritual principle, enjoyment, purpose and peace, and the other is not. One believes, prays, hopes, rejoices, obeys and follows Christ, and the other does not. One has within him the power of the unseen world and the endless life, and the other has not. One is a renewed child of God, conscious of the divine acceptance, acknowledging the divine relationship, happy in the divine guidance and filled with a divine peace, while the other lives on without God in the world. The worldly man may in many ways resemble the godly man, but so, in many respects, does a dead man appear like one who is merely asleep. The sleeper may, temporarily, be quiet and inactive, but he is alive, a condition

which all the art and science in the world could not produce in the one who lies dead.

But if worldliness be hard to define, it is harder still to combat. It is manifest in every community, and every pastor has been led to weep over it, as it has partially thwarted his efforts to advance the interests of the kingdom of Christ. Happy is the church which has not in its membership some element which is dispersive of spirituality. Like Satan among the sons of God, it asserts itself during the very revival season, and, in some form or other, neutralizes the power of God's Spirit as he seeks to regenerate and sanctify human hearts. Argument does not destroy it, for it courts a war of words. Pleading does not affect it, for it is heartless. Denunciation only makes it thrive more vigorously. Discipline stirs up its carnal propensities. Where the love of the world is, in unchecked power, there the love of the Father is not, and where this divine love is not there is little to hope from. Most earnestly are we to seek and to pray that the divine life may enter and possess these hearts and drive out of them the overmastering power of the world.

Nothing is more important for the Christian than that he shall overcome the tendencies to worldly disposition and life in himself. If he be a real child of God, he is not under the dominion of sin. The power of it may be felt within him, impeding the processes of grace, but he is in sight of the final victory through Christ Jesus the Lord. Let us seek to live, repressing the fault-finding and divisive and bitter spirit which plays such havoc in the church so often; let us live above the shallowness of irreverence and thoughtlessness and neglect of duty.

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LOUISVILLE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1906.

LETTERS from Egypt, the Holy Land, the Turkish Empire, the scenes of Armenian massacres, Greece, Italy and other points, by Rev. T. T. Eaton, D.D., LL.D., editor of the Western Recorder. Dr. Eaton, leading a party of fifty tourists, left New York on Feb. 19th for a four months' tour. From March 1st to Sept. 1st we will publish his letters that will be noted for ability, accuracy and originality, affording a great feast to the readers of the Recorder. Let all ministers and all subscribers make it known that for one dollar we will send the Recorder to all who are not now subscribers for six months, and at the expiration of time paper will be discontinued unless renewed. W. P. HARVEY, Business Manager.

HAD Moses continued the son of Pharaoh's daughter, and ascended the throne of Egypt, all which would have been known of him in a few years after death would have been forgotten. And now, at the end of thousands of years, some savant would have spelled out his name among the other Pharaohs, perhaps, and some other savant disputed the reading, and there would have been an end. Who cares to-day for the names of the kings of the different dynasties of Egypt? What is known of them but their names? A little interest centres around one mummy found some little time ago. Why? Because it is thought to be the body of a king connected with Moses.

Moses stepped down from Egypt's throne into obscurity to share the fate of some runaway slaves escaping into the desert. He gave up position and the hope of glory for the reproach of Christ. And he rules the world to-day, as no monarch ever ruled it. Till the end of time he shall be one of the rulers of earth. All codes of civilized nations show the influence of his laws; his name is a household word among the nations. What would not a Pharaoh have given for such unending power and glory!

Man cannot forget Moses. They may love and reverence, they may hate and vilify, but they cannot free themselves from the grasp of that mighty hand. They cry through succeeding generations, "Away with Moses;" they shout to their fellows, "We have upset Moses." The shout dies on their lips and the lips crumble to dust, but the power of Moses abides. The Pharaohs are forgotten, and fallen Egypt is the vilest among nations, as the prophet foretold. But there is only one other thing as alive to-day as Moses' power, and that is the great, hot heart of Paul.

God gives grandly, like a God. No man ever gave to him and did not receive a hundred fold in return. Moses surrendered the highest of all earthly positions, the throne of the ruling empire, for God's sake. And even so far as this world is concerned, how grandly God rewarded him! Who would not to-day rather have been Moses—leaving heaven out of the question—than the Pharaoh who took the throne he abandoned? Whatever the Egyptian courtiers of that day may have thought, which of these two men occupied

the highest place—the Pharaoh on the throne, or the wanderer in the desert?

Moses never thought of fame. His one thought was to glorify God. Yet he has to-day the proudest position on earth. Men cannot tell what is the highest position, nor how they can win the most undying fame. If they make these an object of pursuit, they will fail miserably.

But do their duty with an eye single to pleasing God, indifferent to the world's plaudits, or the world's criticism, and they shall have the reward they seek—the approbation of God. And thrown in, but as the dust of the balance in comparison, may be such immortality and such power as never entered their hearts to conceive.

After all, there is but one lofty position in God's universe, that which comes from doing one's duty fearlessly, tirelessly, with the one desire of pleasing God. And he who is as faithful as was Moses shall stand Moses' peer, though his name may never go sounding down the ages with that of the mighty Hebrew.

We see the demand made in various directions that the Boards run their business on business principles, and do not go into debt.

To this, so far as relates to the Foreign Board, two answers can be made. Let the churches set them the example, and conduct their business of collecting funds for missions on business principles. If the Foreign Board knew just how much it is going to receive in the year, it could make its arrangements accordingly. But not having divine insight into the future, the best they can do is to judge the future by the past.

If the churches at the beginning of the year, or of the Convention year, would get all their members to subscribe what they will give during the year, and let the Board know then upon how much they can count, the churches would be doing business in a business way, and might insist on the Board confining itself to that sum, so soon as it was practicable. But unbusinesslike ways on the part of the contributors naturally will force similar ways upon the Boards.

Again, the Foreign Board is not doing business in an unbusinesslike way when it goes into debt. A merchant will borrow money in bank to carry on his business when he knows he holds the notes of good men which fall due before the day on which he must meet his own. Now the churches have a great way of putting off taking their mission collections till the last, sending in more money in March and April than in other months. The Board feels that the churches will make good the usual amount, and acts accordingly as any sensible business man would. Of course, such a man would regret the necessity of paying out interest on his own note in bank. And so do the Boards.

There is a third answer to be made. The Foreign Board, if it did not go into debt, would be forced to call missionaries back from distant stations. This would require very heavy expenses, and there would be more muttering than there is, as one man expressed it, that "the missionaries won't stay put, but are eternally on the pad coming back to this country." It would be also a heavy loss of time, if they ever went back.

Now a business firm of wholesale merchants, whose business depends on drummers, does not call all its drummers in, if one year's balance shows loss. That would be suicidal business.

Of course, if it was known that

the churches had definitely made up their minds to reduce their subscriptions permanently, it would be business sense for the Board to recall the necessary number of missionaries. But when the probability—and it ought to be the certainty—is that the contributions will increase and go on increasing, it is only business common sense for the Board to borrow the money, and not go to the heavy expense of bringing the missionaries home.

In view of the fact that some of our statesmen (I) are inclined to make the United States a sort of paternal protector for the South American republics, it is well to keep in mind just the kind of people for whom the country would become responsible if this new extension of the Monroe policy was adopted.

Rev. D. C. Montgomery is a missionary in Colombia, where a mission is tolerated under very restricted conditions. He writes to the Herald & Presbyterian an incident which came under his personal observation, and of the truth of which there can be no question.

The priests in the city of Barranquilla on certain days carry around the streets a little image which they call the child Jesus. They go into the houses and request the occupants to kiss the image. On Saturday, December 28, in their rounds they went into the house of a poor woman who is a Protestant. They asked her to kiss the image. She refused.

Thereupon they became very abusive. But the woman stood firm in her refusal, and requested them to leave her house. They complied, but went to the city authorities and complained against her.

These officials, and not an irresponsible mob, arrested the woman for the crime of refusing to kiss the image and put her in jail for ten days!

The indignant missionaries who are barely tolerated themselves, could do nothing to secure the release of the woman. For Catholicism is the state religion, no other faith is recognized or has any standing whatever. But Protestants are a little better off in Colombia than they are in Peru or Venezuela, the most bigotted of them all. Chili is well-governed, and is the only so-called republic in South America in which life and property and conscience are safe.

Mr. D. L. Moody, in his speech at his mother's funeral, after telling how she was left a widow without means and with nine children, said: "How she did marshal us to attend church. Going to church was not a debatable question. Many a time I have been to church barefooted, carrying my shoes in my hand to save the wear till I got nearly to the church, and then putting them on."

Going to church ought never to be a debatable question in a family where there are pious parents. Our mother believed as Mrs. Moody did on this point. She made going to church a privilege which we were to enjoy when we were old enough to "behave." Going was a proof of being, as it were, "grown up," past babyish things, an assuming of the *loga virilis*. The desire of staying at home never once found place in our hearts. No one stayed at home except babies who did not know how to behave. Whether we would have been required to go, we never knew. The possibility of staying at home never occurred to us.

One of the saddest sights is a city congregation with only here and there a child. All children old enough to behave ought to go to church first, and when they are

old enough to go to both without being too much fatigued, to Sunday-school.

Glancing around the congregation one morning before the services began, and noticing with sorrowful apprehension for the future the feewness of the children, our eyes fell on a beautiful picture. On one bench sat Brother Clancy and his entire family, his wife and three little boys. The youngest, seemingly about five, sat in his father's lap. The eldest sat between his parents, and the second son leaned his head against the shoulder of his pretty little mother with an air at the same time of dependence and of affectionate protection.

It was the only entire family in the church, at least of an entire family sitting together. There was only one child as young as the smallest boy in the range of our vision.

The behaviour of those children was a rebuke to some older folks. There was not a whisper during the singing even. During the sermon they sat reverent and attentive with their eyes fixed on the preacher. We confess that our attention wandered badly, for we could not help stealing many looks at that family group. The oldest son had been in Sunday-school, the others were learning the important lesson that the church must be first and the Sunday-school second.

Time was when such family groups were frequent in our churches. May the time speedily come again when they will be even more frequent. There was never a day when there was more need of emphasis upon the family as a unit. There was never greater need of training children from their earliest remembrance of being in the habit of regular attendance on the preaching of the Word. Or all pious families it ought to be said as it was said of Mrs. Moody's, "Going to church was not a debatable question."

Rev. J. M. SAVAGE, the Unitarian, says: "When Christianity through these great world representatives did consent to sit down in the Parliament of Religions on equal terms, it gave up, whether it meant to or not, any logical right hereafter to claim that it is the only divine religion in the world." Mr. Savage's logic is right. The trouble is with his facts.

"Christianity" had nothing to do with the sitting down in that Parliament. "Christianity" has no accredited representatives, and no vote was taken upon the subject. And if a vote had been taken, it would have bound nobody except the voters. It would have bound them logically; but the probability is they would not have stayed bound. Logic ought to rule in this world, perhaps, but it doesn't. Men are often better than their logic; sometimes worse.

Millions of Christians will deny with emphasis that they had any representative there authorized to act or to speak for them. They have repudiated the whole thing in disgust. It is strange that Mr. Savage is ignorant of this fact.

News of the death of Deacon John L. Martin has reached us. He died in Nevada, Mo., surrounded by his family and friends, at the ripe age of seventy-eight. Early in life he was converted and became a member of Unity Baptist church, Mercer county, Ky., of which he was an honored deacon until thirteen years ago he moved to Missouri. He was one of the most intelligent and consistent Baptists. He leaves a devoted Christian wife and a large family of children, and in their grief they all hope to meet him in heaven.

Editorial Varieties.

One of the latest "socialists" is a political one and also a secret one. It is the "P. A.," which means "The Patriots of America," and its object is to establish the free coinage of silver at 16 to 1.

Recently in Seoul, Korea, a Pedobaptist minister sprinkled a baby and its great-great-grandmother. The parents, grandparents and great-grandparents were all members of the church. This seems a unique incident.

The New York Tribune does not speak too strongly when it says: "The liquor traffic is to-day the heaviest clog upon the progress and the deepest disgrace of the nineteenth century." The awful work in Armenia is not such a disgrace to the century.

It was a very good turn which was made upon some of the "better elements" who were abusing the staked aldermen of a city when a political editor retorted: "Let us not forget that there would be no bad aldermen if bad aldermen were not elected. Aldermen do not elect themselves."

We regret very much giving Bro. E. Y. Mullins up from his work in our Foreign Mission cause. But we are rejoiced to think that such a man is to preach at Newton Centre, Mass., where the Theological Seminary of our New England brethren is situated. He will be a power for good at that important centre.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry is a Methodist, but he is clear-sighted enough to see and frank enough to say that the Confession of Faith which the Baptists in London adopted 200 years ago is the clearest and most comprehensive summary of all the precious truths of the Gospel. Every Baptist ought to have that Confession, which is called the Philadelphia Confession in this country, in his house. It only costs 10 cents.

President Kruger of the Transvaal Republic is said to be about the ugliest man now living. But he was not chosen to his position for his good looks. He is brave, simple, honourable and a man of great ability. He was once a seaway in New York City and went as a cabin boy to Africa. Although he is seventy, he is as vigorous in mind and body as ever. His mother died in Philadelphia in 1860, aged 103.

As the paper is published in Northern Michigan, whose climate is severe, let us hope the delinquent subscribers will hasten to settle. An editor up there received as a New Year's present a pair of cut buttons, and thanks his unknown friend thus: "May the choicest blessings fall upon your head, and I'll keep hammering at those delinquent subscribers till I'm able to get a shirt to wear them on."

The Journal and Messenger says of one: "The 'be good' motto, which is so common, may be plainly contradicted at any time." If this is true about which we express no opinion—it will account for the fact that when some one quotes from his utterances, even giving chapter and page, some one else, instead of being offended, says that it is impossible because in talking to one he said thus and so.

Inquiry has been made in regard to religion among the students in Virginia colleges. In the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee, Roanoke, Randolph-Macon, Hampton-Sidney Virginia Military Institute and the Agricultural and Mechanical College, the number of students who profess no more than half the number of students. Had Richmond College been included, no doubt the ratio would have been greater.

A few weeks ago, Dr. T. L. Cuyler was sick on a Saturday and the doctor wished him to go to bed. He refused to do so, saying that on April 1st, he would have completed fifty years in the ministry during all that time he had never spent a Sunday in bed, and he would not intend, if he could help it, possibly, to break his record now. Death—may it be many years away—will find that soldier fighting at his post.

The Commonwealth tells a story which may well make many of us hang our heads in shame. In a village in Burma, the rats had destroyed the rice crop, the dependence of the people. Yet when the missionary came to the village, a deacon brought a large offering to help carry the Gospel to the Karens. Seeing the destruction, the missionary objected to taking the money, but the deacon insisted on his taking it all, saying: "We can live on rats, but the Karens can't get along without the Gospel."

The Interior has a subscriber who has paid in advance to the year 1903. It does not say whether he is a young man or an old man who intends to leave the paper as a legacy to his children. We have no subscriber paid further than to the end of the century. Now that there are so many companies of subscribers, trustees and executors, a man might secure his paper to his descendants till the end of time by leaving in his will \$40 in the hands of a company of that kind, the interest of which is to pay for the paper.

In a report from the Missionary Union, signed by the two Secretaries and the Treasurer, published in the Economist, this is the state of affairs laid before our Northern brethren: "The financial situation of the Missionary Union remains unchanged. On Feb. 1, the amount needed before March 31, to close the year, was \$62,119.10. If the donations continue to fall off, as they did in January and in the same proportion as during the preceding two months of the year, the debt of the Union, on April 1, will be about \$69,000."

Among the Churches.

LOUISVILLE.

Walnut Street—Bro W. H. Whitall preached in the morning and Bro. C. M. Thompson at night. One received by letter. Church called a council to examine Bro. J. B. Bozeman for ordination. Broadway—Pastor Pickard preached. Chestnut-st.—Pastor Weaver preached. One baptized—a Catholic. East—Pastor Christian preached. McFerran Memorial—Bro. E. C. Dargan preached. Twenty-second and Walnut—Pastor Hunt preached. Four received by letter. Franklin-st.—Pastor H. C. Roberts preached. One received for baptism, one baptized and one received by letter. Highlands—Pastor Dawes preached. Logan-st.—Pastor Ewing preached. One received for baptism. Commenced a meeting. Parkland—Pastor Nowlin preached. Portland Avenue—Pastor Irvine preached. Southgate-street—Pastor McFarland preached. Two received by letter. Third Av.—Pastor Taylor preached. Eight received for baptism and four baptized. Meeting closed. Twenty-five received as a result of the meeting. City Mission—Usual services during the week. Bro. Richardson preached at night. The Point—in Sunday-school 139. Revival spirit continues. Bro. Masters preached at night. Eleventh and Market—in Sunday-school 215. Fine service at night. Highland Park—Pastor Burroughs preached. Clifton—Pastor Roddy preached. A new mission established with fine prospects. Bagdad—Bro J. W. Warden preached morals and evening.

SEMINARY NOTES.

Evangelist J. B. Shelton addressed the Walnut-street Euphon Society Friday afternoon on "Baptist History." Pastor Ewing and his Logan-street church are being added this week to a series of meetings by F. W. Eberhardt, pastor at Midway. Dr. Kerfoot made a flying trip to Frankfort last week to see about his new mission the present statute regarding prohibition. Brethren E. S. Reeves of South Carolina and T. S. Wright of North Carolina have been summoned home within the last few days on account of the sickness of loved ones. Missionary McCloy spoke to the Broadway Baptist Foreign Sunday-school on the "Chinese New Year" Sunday afternoon. He spoke in Chinese and his little daughter sang a song in Chinese. Of the \$300 asked from the Baptists of Kentucky to send for Bro. Yohannan's wife, \$225 has been secured; and \$75 is yet needed. Money is coming in by every mail in the West, and in Chicago, one who can do so help in this good cause and that at once, as the money will be sent off soon. Bro. J. B. Bozeman has been called to the Kershaw church in South Carolina. He was ordained by a council so located by the city pastors at Walnut Street on Wednesday morning, and he leaves for his work this morning. Supplies for Sunday: J. S. Norris, Meadow Home; R. G. Kendrick, Jr., East Hickman; Dr. Whitlitt and C. M. Thompson, Walnut Street; Dr. E. C. Dargan, McFerran.

THE STATE.

Bro. W. J. Couch writes from Pembroke: "I have just closed a meeting at this, one of the most difficult fields in Kentucky, with 8 additions and more to follow, and church much revived and strengthened." Pastor A. N. Whittinghill writes from Bowling Green: "I failed to give notice of the meeting with my church at Hays, which I held in December, 1895. It resulted in 18 additions, 15 were baptized and 1 stands approved. Much of the best part of the young members was developed during the meeting. The pastor did all the preaching. At Old Union, since the few days' meeting held last October, assisted by Rev. E. V. Baldy, we have baptized three, two of whom the writer baptized last Sunday morning, and upon the whole, last Sunday was a happy day with us at Old Union, and our work in this promising field is doing fairly well, for which we bless God." Pastor H. H. Hibbs writes from Middlesboro: "I have had the honor of celebrating a delightful baptism in our church here, and yesterday I baptized one and have four other candidates waiting for baptism as a result of the meeting Bro. Perryman held for us in December. We had splendid congregations and a good meeting, and I greatly enjoyed Bro. Perryman's preaching and his society in my home." Pastor T. E. Richey writes: "I filled my regular appointment with Grand Rivers church yesterday, and feel encouraged over the prospects. Two were received for membership, with the understanding that they are to bring letters from their respective churches, when they will be recognized in full fellowship here. I think a number of others will very soon unite with this church by letter. This is as I ought to be, as they live here and cannot co-operate with this church well otherwise. Nor can they discharge their obligations to the churches where their membership now is. Christians should have membership where they live." OTHER STATES. Twenty-four have been added to the Emden church, Missouri, in a meeting in which the church was greatly revived. A two weeks' meeting in the Hill Creek church, Amberst, Va., closed with 25 professions of religion, a number of additions to the church not stated. The Macedonia church, Bullock county, Ala., has set apart Bro. Arthur Jenkins to the full work of the Gospel ministry. The Revere church, Clark county, Mo., has set apart its new house for the worship of God. The Carrollton church, Missouri, has set apart Bro. F. E. Calvert to the full work of the Gospel ministry. The Merit church, Texas, has set apart Bro. M. L. Jones to the full work of the Gospel ministry. A month's meeting in the Macedonia church, Missouri, closed with 30 professions of religion, 25 baptisms, 4 conversions, 3 received by letter and 3 awaiting baptism. An 18 days' meeting with the Pilot Grove church, Davies county, Mo., closed with 17 additions to the fellowship of the church. Fifty-one have been added to the fellowship of the Fifth-street church, Hannibal, Mo. The Jonesboro church, Georgia, has set apart Bro. Lamar Sims to the full work of the Gospel ministry. The meeting in the Marshall church, Missouri, closed with 35 additions to the church. Elder O. E. Newman held a meeting in the Spickardville church, Missouri, of which he is pastor. It closed with 16 additions, all by experience and baptism, several heads of families being in the number. Pastor J. J. Willett writes: "On the 18th of February our church at Pleasant View, Ohio, closed a very interesting meeting of three weeks' duration. Our people realized much of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the meeting. The church was greatly revived and ten souls were saved. Six received baptism and four await the ordinance of baptism. We had the assistance of Bro. D. B. Record, a former pastor, whose presence was a great treat to his many friends." Pastor R. Jenkins writes from Appleton City, Mo.: "We have just closed a series of meetings at Appleton City church, Mo. The preaching by Bro. Robert Lawler was very effective. The church was greatly revived. There were 16 additions to the church." A meeting in the Zion church, Scotland county, Mo., closed with 32 additions, 26 by baptism. A four weeks' meeting in the New London church, Missouri, closed with 20 additions to the fellowship of the church. A church has been organized at Pleasant Hill, Maries county, Mo. A meeting in the Pine Dale church, Reynolds County Association, closed with 12 professions of faith and 10 additions to the church. A two weeks' meeting in the Pleasant Valley church, Missouri, closed with 15 professions of religion and 17 additions to the fellowship of the church. A meeting of three weeks in the Gentryville church, Missouri, closed with 13 additions to the fellowship, 7 by baptism. Elder P. H. Taylor assisted Pastor Ball in a meeting in the Little Sugar Lake church, Missouri, 28 were added to the church, and 23 nearly all of these were heads of families, the church is greatly strengthened. A fifteen days' meeting in the Le-Belle church, Missouri, closed with 37 professions of religion, 36 approved for baptism, 2 added by relation and one by letter. A good meeting in the New Hope church, Audrain county, Mo., lasted for nearly three weeks and closed with 31 additions to the church. The Plette Island church, Missouri,

has set apart its new house for the worship of God. During a recent meeting in the church, 19 were added, all by experience and baptism. The Waldron church, Missouri, has set apart Bro. P. F. Harmon to the full work of the Gospel ministry. The Fredericktown church, Missouri, has set apart its new house for the worship of God. A church has been constituted at Wilson, Kansas. A meeting in the Lenoir church, North Carolina, closed with 90 professions of religion and 26 baptisms. Five others were received by letter. Elder L. P. Smith was greatly blessed in a meeting held with his Shelby church, Missouri, which closed with 30 additions to the fellowship, many of them men of prominence. The Carrollton church, Mississippi, has set apart its new house for the worship of God. A church has been constituted at White Sulphur, Ark. The Webster church, Kansas, has set apart Bro. D. P. Crandall to the full work of the Gospel ministry. A meeting in the Grapeland church, North Carolina, closed with 30 professions of religion and 26 baptisms. The Cleburne church, Texas, has set apart Bro. J. F. Little to the full work of the Gospel ministry. A church of 17 members has been constituted at Swansboro, N. C. This town is one hundred years old and has never been occupied by Blacks. The Bethany church, Florida, has set apart Bro. Edward Todd to the full work of the Gospel ministry. Pastor M. P. Hunt, of Twenty-second and Walnut-street, Louisville, reports a good meeting at Bloomfield, Ind., where he assisted Pastor J. R. Cobb for three weeks. There were some 25 conversions and some 20 accessions to the church. A meeting in the King's Creek church, North Carolina, closed with 8 baptisms and 1 restoration. A meeting in the Brody Creek church, North Carolina, closed with 20 professions of religion, number of additions not given in the report. A meeting in the Lakeland church, Florida, closed with 12 additions to the fellowship, 7 by baptism and 10 by letter. The Friends' church, South Carolina, has set apart Bro. B. G. Truluck to the full work of the Gospel ministry. The Cedar Grove church, North Carolina, has set apart Bro. W. C. Parker to the full work of the Gospel ministry. Elder John Youngblood held a meeting in a schoolhouse, seven miles south of California, which closed with 16 professions of religion. These will, nearly all, be baptized into the fellowship of the California church. A nine days' meeting in the Wilson church, Missouri, resulted in 12 additions, all by experience and baptism.

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THE big meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. and its imitators do not come off till July. Yet we are receiving, and some of the papers are already publishing, announcements, etc. The inducements in the way of cheap excursions to various points around the meeting places have not yet begun, but will soon appear.

I FIND much pleasure in reading your columns from week to week. Through you I can keep in touch with the brethren who were my class mates in other years at the seminary. It would afford me great pleasure to look in on the new busy three hundred and more. There would be some notable changes to observe, which have taken place since I left the school, nearly four years ago. Dr. Broadus was then there, but he is gone now. When I first learned of his death, I was much moved to lay my laurel upon his grave through your columns; but since the many who, with me, loved him tenderly and filled your columns with expressions of sorrow, at his death, and with loving tributes to his memory, I delayed the attempt at expressing my deep sorrow which I felt. I would like to call the attention of any who may read these lines to at least one of my most noble traits of character of this great man, e. g. Dr. Broadus was a dear lover of young men, and lost no opportunity to encourage and to put the forward in any task in which they were making an honest effort to succeed. If he could see but the flickering flame, or a spark of hope in a student he guarded it with jealous care, if, perchance, he might see it extinguished, he would do his best to kindle it. Would it not be wise on the part of all men to deal with young men as he was wont to do?

Then, too, the beautiful Norton Hall has been erected since I was there, and other professional schools added to the faculty. Truly God is fostering and bringing to pass the conceptions of the founders of the institution. I will soon finish the third year of

my pastoral care having preached for Sharon and Colosse churches in this, King William county, Virginia. Recently I offered my resignation of the care of these churches, but my people said unanimously that I must not think of leaving them, so, perhaps I shall remain with them a while longer. I have enjoyed many kindnesses at their hands, and have received many marks of the divine favor in my pastoral work. With the best of wishes for the future of your great paper, and wishing the "Hapless Pilgrimage" a happy trip and a safe return, I remain Fraternally yours, B. C. James

DEAR RECORDER—The work of death has commenced in my family after thirty-two years, and caused the wife and mother of six daughters and two sons to depart to the unseen world on the night of Feb. 17, 1896. Oh how sad the change! How dark the hours! How desolate the home, when the great one of it leaves forever. Measles is holding the children down who never knew what it was to see no mother. I ask my many brethren of long association to pray our heavenly Father's smiles to brighten up my path and fit me for my place. F. M. WELBORN, Auburn, Ky., Feb. 20, 1896.

Next Quarter's Order.

We are now sending out the order blanks for the next Quarter's orders, and very earnestly ask that you will put the literature of the Southern Baptist Convention into your school if you have not done so heretofore. This is one of the mediums through which the Southern Baptist Convention is aiming to train up the children and young people in the great enterprises which it is undertaking. The Sunday-School Board does not ask that you help us with money gifts; the only way you can help is by ordering your literature and supplies for your Sunday-school from us. Through your kindness heretofore shown, the Board has become a great and growing power, and every order you send increases its powers for usefulness in the work of the Southern Baptist Convention. Be sure to make all drafts, checks, money orders payable simply to the Baptist Sunday-School Board, Nashville, Tenn. Samples sent free on application. J. M. PROSS, Nashville, Tenn.

PROGRAMME.

The following is the programme of the Ministers' and Deacons' Meeting of the S. B. Convention, to be held with the Smithfield Baptist church, March 27-29, 1896. Sermon—W. C. Pierce; alternate, T. A. Johnson. Obstacles to church discipline—J. H. Tharp, R. M. Priest. Instruments of music in our Churches—L. M. Theobald, J. M. Eaton. Origin of the Deaconship—H. B. Taylor, D. N. Porter. Design of the Ordinances: (1) of baptism; Jeff. D. Ray, L. S. Chilton; (2) of the Lord's Supper, J. S. Gatt, W. W. White. Our obligation to the Heathen—J. T. Sampson, Thos. A. Johnson. Inadequacy of the world to Christianity—W. C. Pierce, W. W. Force. Sunday-school work: (1) need of it in the churches, Amos Stout, Albert Lee; (2) duty of church-members to attend the Sunday-school, J. M. Fowler, J. T. Wilson. When was the New Testament church constituted?—Walter Arnold, J. S. Satchwell.

Not a Patent Medicine. Dyspepsia is largely of nervous origin showing exhaustion of the nerve centers. Hence the value of a nerve tonic, such as especially one containing phosphorus to reach the brain and spinal cord. Over forty thousand physicians are successfully prescribing Freligh's Tonic. A Phosphorized Cerebro-Spinal. In such cases, and relief is almost immediate. Regular bottle \$1.00. 100 doses. All druggists concentrated, prompt, powerful. Sample by mail, 25 cents. Descriptive pamphlet, full directions, testimonials, etc., mailed to any address. I. O. Woodruff & Co., Manufacturing Chemists, 100-108 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK CITY. Formula on Every Bottle.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. There is great danger in heart disease. It ends life as suddenly as the guillotine. Thousands have it who never suspect it. The victim is generally forewarned but fails to heed it. Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure will cure it. All druggists sell it. Free book, "New and Starting Facts," at druggists or Dr. Miles' Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DEAR RECORDER: I leave for the South to-night and expect to be gone until April and perhaps longer. My church not only grants me a two months' vacation, but supplies the pulpit every Sunday and covers the cost of my expenses. How will that do as a pattern to some churches that don't know how a thing ought to be done? These are noble people here, and I pray that God may speedily restore me to health and make me worthy of the many kindnesses. With best wishes for the RECORDER, Yours sincerely, WM J. WILLIAMS, Russellville, Ky., Feb. 20, 1896.

REV. T. S. McCull, President of Bethel Female College, honored our office with a call. He is a man of ability and culture, and for five years has had one of the best schools for young ladies in the state. His leave expires in June and he will not renew it. This will afford a first-class opportunity for some first-class institution to secure a man of large experience and success.

OVER the triple doorways of the Cathedral of Milan there are three inscriptions spanning the splendid archway. Over one is carved a beautiful wreath of roses and underneath is the legend: "All that which pleases is but for a moment." Over another is sculptured a cross, and there are the words: "All that which troubles is but for a moment." But underneath the great central entrance of the main aisle is the inscription, "That only is important which is eternal." If we realize this, we will not live for the moment.

I HAVE heard that in the deserts, when the caravans are in want of water, they are accustomed to send on a camel, with its rider, in advance; then, another; then, another. As soon as the first man finds water, he shouts aloud, "Come!" The second repeats the cry, and the third, and the whole caravan echoes with the word, "Come!" C. H. Spurgeon

COMPLETELY BROKEN DOWN

Medicines Did no Good—Advised by Friends to Try the



Follows! Directions Strictly and Began to Improve at Once—Acts Like a Charm on Children.

Some two years ago I was completely broken down with nervous prostration, indigestion and diseases peculiar to women. Medicine did me no good, and I was falling rapidly. I was advised by a friend to try the Electro-poise, and since beginning its use I have never taken a dose of medicine. I followed directions strictly and began to improve at once, and can now eat and sleep well. My indigestion is better than it ever was. I have a large family, have treated all manner of diseases, among them fevers, colds, influenza, whooping cough, pneumonia, cholera infantum, boils, bruises and severe case of tetter. On Infant children it acts like a charm. No amount of money could induce me to part with the Electro-poise. If you deem it profitable to use this wonderful, you can do so. Very respectfully, MRS. JOE ANDERSON, Bridge, Tenn., June 25, 1895. DuBOIS & WEBB, 513 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE DEAREST ONE IN ALL THE EARTH.

"The way of that better life, Which gently trends this earthly stage."

Mother: In line or language there is no other Word that tells so clear a story, Of life and love and living glory, Like that sweet word, So often heard, And yet so little known, Until into our soul-life flows, As that which names the precious one Who only knows her duty done, When she has folded to her breast Her offspring for a longer or less; She who has fought the prize to win, For a noble life and entering in Through the gates of heaven, My promisee.

AN INCURABLE ROMANCE.

BY EDITH FERUGON BLACK.

It was five o'clock at the Home for Incurables. The hot summer day had drawn to a close in a stifling dampness which made the consumptive patients gasp for fresh air.

Upstairs, on the second story, Sunshine Swift was singing. No one knew her by any other name. Miss Vanderpool, one of the lady visitors from the North Side, had given it to her, and some among patients or nurses ever dreamed of questioning the appropriateness of the title.

Her little wheeled chair was welcomed in every room. The doctor boy waited for it at the different landings—and all the inmates of the Home tried to express, in a clumsy way, their sense of appreciation.

"You're a rose among thorns, a lily among the weeds," cried Miss Vanderpool, despairingly; "you are wasting your fragrance on the desert air and blushing unseen among these worthy commonplaces. Come live with me and you shall have fame and delight, your soul shall revel in pretty things and—with ready tact—your voice shall support you. Come flood my life with your brightness and keep me ashamed of myself. I will be mother and sister and friend to you—little Sunshine, let me take you home!"

mark, "there's a better time in the near future." Have you the pleasure of Mr. Milson's acquaintance? I shall be glad to introduce you when and as you like it, if you so elect." He sank wearily into a chair in the reception room, a deadly pallor overpread his face.

"I think not. I have never lived to eat," you will pardon me if it hardly seems worth while now to 'eat to live.' If you will allow me, I will go direct to my room. My luggage? Oh, yes, I brought it all with me. I travel light, except the burden of this fleshly frame, which proves a sorry hamper. I have not a word that is good, but it lies below."

"Alone at last!" John Hatherton laid himself back on the couch with a long-drawn sigh.

"So this is the finale! Verily one may not tell the end from the beginning. People talk glibly enough about 'home deferred'; what do they say when hope is dead? Nothing now for me but the 'hic jacet.' Well, it's only a question of time; every one comes to it, on—ly—they have their life first!"

A sharp spasm of pain crossed his face, and a gray, cold, gray look which had alarmed the Superintendent settled down upon it again. He lay motionless. The evening closed in rapidly, and the rain began to patter against the window. It was the dreariest time of the day at the Home for Incurables.

"He lifted his hands and looked at them attentively. "Poor old hands! You've had to give up the fight, after all, and now you have done the best you hadn't been so empty. Strange how things are fixed! So many fellows made perfect idols of who care nothing for the oddling, and I— if I could even be sure that she was in her grave!"

"A great bitterness swept over his face, and silence fell through the little chamber. Suddenly he sprang to his feet and stood transfixed.

"The voice, clear and true as a bird's, filled the long corridor and floated up and up, till it reached the patients on the fourth story. Then it ceased, and there was a sound of retreating wheels as the chair moved rapidly along the hall.

"I hope you will be able to sleep," said the Superintendent. She was taking the door in the corner of her nightgown. "I have ordered some hot tea for you; it will be brought immediately, and you must try and take a little of it to please me. The voice you heard? Oh! that was our little Sunshine. It is a good name, for she is as swift as the light and full of cheer, though she has not been able to walk for thirteen years."

The next day dawned brilliant. The rain had washed the sun's face so clear that the earth was bathed in its smile, and the inmates surmised out of their rooms with a sense of fresh vigor and

met each other pleasantly in the halls. The patient in Number 7 forgot to help the little drummer, who tried to earn a few dollars when her hands weren't too bad to sew, and the men gathered in the parlor to discuss the Silver question and wonder what the President was going to do.

"There's one God over all," said Sunshine Swift from the doorway. "What's up with the fellow from Michigan?" whispered Jonas Smallhope to his neighbor; "he looks as if he'd seen a ghost."

"Sunshine," said the Superintendent, passing a loving hand over the brown curls which fell thick over the broad white forehead, "will you go and sing in Number 13? It's the new patient from Michigan—and he has asked for you."

He was lying with his head buried in the sofa pillow when she entered the room and made no attempt to greet her; but she was used to that. Patients all day felt badly when they first came to the Home of Incurables. She only gave him a pitying look, and began to sing her favorite hymn, softly as a mother croons her lullabies. She forgot herself after a while, and sang on, her eyes smiling at the sky which showed through the trees as they swayed their branches in at the open window.

John Hatherton turned his head and lay watching the pure, delicately outlined profile with burning eyes. How sweet the singing was!

"Now earthily joy is craved, Beauty's grace and rest, Now thus alone I seek, Utter what is best."

He stretched out his thin hands to her passionately. "Hertha, my darling, do you mean that, heart true?" She turned her head quickly, the long dark eyes wide and gleaming, a startled, quivering gasp on her lips the first time in her brave young life, fainted roundly away.

"Pound! After all these years—and in the Home for Incurables!" She came to herself slowly, on the sofa where he had laid her. The curved lashes quivered on the pale cheeks, and she looked up into the haggard, earnest face that was bending over her. "Oh, my darling, my darling, God has let me see you before I die!" His hands were tightly clinched, and the veins on his temples stood out like shipwrecks. As he spoke his permission words to the patient from Michigan, with so much as a finger, the woman he had loved and lost.

"The light of a great joy crept into her eyes, the color rose softly in her cheeks, and with a tenderness which might well have been a calmer man, he laid them around his neck.

With the straightforwardness which was a part of their natures, they made the necessary explanations to the Superintendent.

"We had been friends all our lives, and in the spring we were to have been married. John had to go away on business, and was brought from a carriage and became—what I am. I wrote and told him he was free, but that letter was never answered. I wrote again, and then—I thought him dead. We moved to New York; there was nothing to keep us in Havorthill—and then to Rochester. We had hardly got settled before my mother died, and then—there was nothing left—and I came here."

"The Superintendent knelt beside the chair and took her in her arms. "You grand little hero! And you have kept this hidden away in your heart and made us believe you had no more care than a bird!" Her voice broke; she looked questioning at the patient from Michigan. "My business called me to a place out of reach of a railway. We had to stage it a good part of the way and then we took to horseback. There was only one mail all the time I was there; the mail car on the Union Pacific had been robbed. The letters, I am sure, must have been lost then. I grew sick with waiting, and had a bad attack of malarial fever. They carried me down the mountain for treatment, and no—I missed the second letter. As soon as I could crawl I came back, but never—"

thing was gone, and the home had a little to let in at the window. I followed them to New York, and then—well—New York is a large city. I lost trace of them. I have been looking for them ever since."

"A silence that could be felt fell through the room. The Superintendent cried softly behind her handkerchief. "It's a dark outlook," said Jonas Smallhope, with a dismal shake of his head. "Things look bad for the country, and I don't see any way of bettering them."

"You will pardon me, Madam, if, under the circumstances, I ask you to be lenient in your discipline and allow us as much time together as possible. It is not likely," with a rare smile, "that I shall interfere with the rules for very long."

"I have tried to be a mother to our little girl for thirteen years. Now I have two children."

There is an air of subdued festivity about the Home for Incurables. For weeks the patients had been in a flutter of excitement. It is not often in this prosaic world that a first-class romance is vouchsafed even to the happy people who never need to say "I am sick." They felt themselves favored of the gods, and talked in consequential tones of "our wedding," and what the bride would wear. The patient of it did not overtake him; it might have done. They were used to sad things in the Home for Incurables.

"Forgive me," John Hatherton had said, simply; "but I cannot bear out of my sight for a moment. Let us be the best of friends. The only name I leave her the name I have been keeping for her all these years."

"Oh, my little Hartha, if I had only known in time! Surely there is medical skill somewhere in this wide world to set you free!" and she would make amends with her hands. "Let us leave the 'might have been,' dear, in the hands of the King, and think of the 'shall be' that is waiting for us on the other shore. There is no time to be lost, and the time grows quiet again. When he slept she always slipped away to cheer up some of her old friends who missed her.

"For better or worse, for richer for poorer, till death us do part." The clergyman stood beside the bed. The Superintendent and Miss Vanderpool, with Dr. Bruce and the nurses, were gathered about him; a little nearer the door stood the patients. Every one looked at the bride and groom; they looked only at each other. "I do," she repeated the solemn vow. The bride hesitated just for a moment. "For better or worse, for richer for poorer—for ever and ever!"

"God bless you, my little Sunshine," Miss Vanderpool cried, softly, as she kissed her good-bye, "and make you very happy! You deserve to be."

"I don't deserve it, dear; but I am very happy."

After they had gone she turned toward her husband, a strange, exultant ring in her voice.

"Now, my darling, I will never love you—never, any more!"

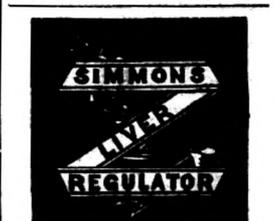
The evening drew on. Dr. Bruce and the Superintendent toyed with their dessert in their cosy dining-room. "Those two blessed children!" The Superintendent pushed away her pudding untasted. "Do you know, Doctor, it is like a glimpse of Paradise in No. 13 to-night."

Dr. Bruce sighed. At that moment he carried the patient from Michigan. A nurse knooed at the door hurriedly. Dr. Bruce sprang up. "John Hatherton dying! You're crazy, man! Why, he's likely to linger for months!" then he dashed up the stairs.

Who could tell how it was? Some stay valved out of order. Some missing of connections amidst the mysteriously of breathing pauses which we call human life. The golden bowl fast looting from the fountain; the silver cord just on the point to break. "You can do nothing!" The bride of three hours asked the question in her sweet, clear tones. "Well," said Dr. Bruce, the break of a great tenderness in his voice. "Then leave him to me!" The words rang out sharp and imperative like a battle order. Her face had a rare ex-

[Continued on through page.]

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pression. She seemed to tower above him in the splendor of her calm. He noticed, with a start, how ethereal she looked. He took her hand in his strong ones, which trembled; she gave her other to the Superintendent with her old winning smile that they had been used to for thirteen years. "I want to thank you both for all your kindness." Her eyes rested on the Superintendent's face. "You have been like a mother to me, you and dear Miss Vanderpool. For that I can never thank you." Then they went out as she bade them and left her alone with her love and her pain.

When the morning broke, they opened the door softly and looked in. The patient from Michigan lay in the happy slumber that never wakes to care. With her face close beside his, holding his hand in hers on which the wedding ring gleamed, his wife had kept her promise—she would never leave him any more.

Miss Vanderpool looked through blinding tears at the beautiful, radiant face. She lit a cluster of orange blossoms among the shimmering folds of the creamy silk which had been her wedding present, and kissed with a lingering reverence the rapturously smiling mouth. "My precious little Sunshine," she whispered; "you have gone at last where there are no shadows." Her lips parted.

### THE HERO OF KHARTOUM.

BY REV. W. STUART.

On Thursday evening, January 9th, the citizens of Nutley mustered in goodly numbers at the School Hall, and were afforded a rare treat in listening to Colonel Prout's able and appreciative lecture—sketches of Gordon, the hero of the Crimea, of China, of the Soudan, of every where, in fact, where hard knocks were going, and where only his invincible pluck was able to pull through. Much of the glamour that surrounds, as with a halo of romance, the memory of this paladin of modern chivalry, is dissipated on a near view, such as is afforded us by his friend and intimate, and sometimes associate in command, the speaker of the evening. Strange, occult and magical influences have been almost universally attributed to the man; such was his mastery of other men, so unobtrusively did the death on anger, wherever his little bit of a cane pointed. In reality he was one of the simplest souls alive, and did but what he felt was laid on him to do. Duty bade him lead his men to his death, without flinching, and when honor bade him die with the people that trusted him, rather than fly when the chance opened, he knew not better than obey duty's call, and bide the event.

Here, then, is a character far removed from the popular ideal,—that of the successful hustler, the man whose aspirations are for self-aggrandizement,—for getting on and up in the world. Gordon had no use for money. His personal needs, so far as all he earned he gave away to the more needy ones about him. Not once or twice, but many times Fortune flung her choicest favors at his feet. He would not stoop to lift them, even to secure the means of independence. He was, and chose to remain, a bachelor; lived on his pay, and made it do. Like Thackeray's Colonel Newcome, he counted on the Soldiers' Hospital as a last resort to lie by in, and answer "Adieu" to the Great Master's call. Such men, however, can seldom find leisure, even to die, like other men. There were 40,000 souls cooped up in Khartoum, all looking to him for rescue. Some one must risk it. He needed not. He was well out of it; and at home, it is to be feared, he was. Yet he goes, open-eyed to his death; for he well knew—no one better—the all but absolute impossibility of ever coming back alive out of that maelstrom of horrors. But, bound by his code of duty, simple and unwavering, he set his foot on the path, and he won—the death of the hero, the martyr, on a self-chosen field of honor. You see, he had learned in the school of One of whom it was said with a sneer, "He saved others: Himself He cannot save." Gordon was a simple Christian soldier; what other could he do?

That was a fine touch of the lecturer when he painted in sharp contrast Gordon and Napoleon; the heroic humility of the one, as contrasted with the colossal egotism of the other. Think of Napoleon's "Theatrical brig at the Battle of the Pyramids"—"Forty centuries are looking down on us to-day." Then how he deceived and deceived the army that trusted and fought for him, when he hid his brighter laurels. He leaves it to die as it may in the sands of the desert, or under Syrian suns, if the hapless invaders were not first poisoned in hospital

as a war measure. All this while the conqueror pursues at home his mad career of ambition. That was never a Gordon's way. If his men were caught in a trap he would spring it, or perish with them.

All the valor is not on one side, as the lecturer took pains to show. Nothing finer could be than his description of the Arabs breaking the British square at the battle of El-Tibi; and how, the soldiers turning inward to face the rushing foe, and finding their own officers in the new line of fire, hear the gallant fellow's command to "Fire!" The men obey; the officers fall amid the enemy; but the army is saved! As a companion picture, take this: The old sheik riding to death, chanting the Koran—flag in one hand, book in the other—now he plants the flag inside the British square, then falls dead beside it.

Gordon's fine sensitiveness, even amid the stern exaction of military duty, was illustrated, among many other instances quoted, by his saying of a lad slain for standing loyal to the Mahdi: "This shall not go unavenged." It was none of his doing. But the innocent have to suffer for the guilty and Gordon was no exception.

The deep damnation of his taking of can never be condoned by an indignant Christendom. Even the prestige of the Grand Old Man of England has seriously suffered by the assertion of the son of this God's hero in his dire need.

The quiet, easy mastery of his subject shown by the lecturer, and his fine, thoroughbred military style were quite a revelation, the audience listening on his words from first to last with breathless interest. There is nothing so telling as the quiet utterance of the veteran, pointing to the battle-picture, and saying, "I was there."—Christian Intelligencer.

### CANCER OF THE BREAST.

The letter of Sister Billings should be read by all suffering ones. So many women are dying of this terrible disease. Reader, cut this out and send it to any similarly afflicted. For free book, giving prices of the oil and particulars, address Dr. Hyo, Indianapolis, Ind.

DEAR DOCTOR: It is with a heart of gratitude to you and to the Dear Father above that I have the pleasure of informing you of the complete removal of that cancerous growth, which had for six years been preying on my system. When I commenced your treatment on June the 6th, the hard bench on my breast could scarcely be covered by a pet bowl, my body was much bloated, and I could only take liquid or the softest of solid food. On December the 6th the last of the fungus growth came out, my body has resumed its normal condition, and I can do anything I wish with relief and pleasure. My physician says, "It is wonderful." My neighbors say, "It seems a miracle." Words cannot express my gratitude, but I will, whenever and wherever I may, proclaim the good news. Truly and gratefully yours,

MRS. NANCY F. BILLINGS.

### THE OLD HYMN.

A boy in Scotland learned to sing the old psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fire-side. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country, and was taken captive by the "Turks" and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother. One evening some sailors on board an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" some floating to them over the moonlit waves. At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves they manned a boat, and pushed off to the shore. They found the captive and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.—Ex.

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All notices intended for this department should be addressed to the editor, and all notices should be sent to Western Recorder, Louisville, Ky.

Bro. J. N. Hall, My Esteemed Brother:—I write to say to you that I admire the work you are doing for our cause, both through the Western Recorder and every other way. Your picture of the country preachers was not overdrawn, and I do hope what you are doing will bring about a great change in the way our country preachers are regarded by some. There was one of these brethren at our association last fall, and he took pains to tell us that the people were very ignorant in regard to our denominational interests, and proposed to take a vote as to how many knew where the state board of missions was located. Now, some of our country brethren happened to be in the same class in college with this brother, and knew him to be a very dull student, both in Mathematics and Latin, and it did seem a little strange that a few years in a city pulpit (and it is not in the First church either,) would endow him with such profound wisdom as to know where the state board was located! Our state board of missions is not giving the denomination in the state the information necessary to make us as intelligent on the lines of mission work as we ought to be. We need to know just what the boards are doing, who they are employing, and what they are paying. Will you please publish through the Recorder the Post-office address of Bro. Crawford, and Bostick, and how I may send them some help! The Lord bless you my brother. Fraternally,

W. N. HUCKABEE. Pine Apple, Ala., Feb. 12, 1896.

You may address with a five cent stamp Dr. T. P. Crawford, and Eld. G. P. Bostick, Gospel Mission Box, Shanghai, China. Get a draft on New York for the amount you wish to send, and the five cents postage is all it will cost you to send your money to the workers on the field.

At the Baptist church next Sunday evening, an address "From the Cradle to the Grogshop" (Humorous Illustrated) will be given. Mrs. Jeffrey, wife of the pastor, will assist in the exercises with appropriate recitations. Regular service in the morning on the first Sunday evening of each month there will be no services on account of Union Temperance Meeting.—Council Grove Courier, Kansas.

Some one sends me the above item marked for my special attention, and I don't know whether they, he, she or it, expected me to comment on it favorably or otherwise. I will venture to say that a Sunday performance with humorous illustrations has not been the custom in the keeping of the Lord's day where I have been raised. Nor is it the custom for the pastor's wife to assist in the show, before mixed assemblies. If that is allowable in Kansas it is because there is some difference between the pastors there and here. I don't know how the trip is made from the "cradle to the grogshop" and can't tell if the illustrations are likely to be "humorous", but I think it is a thing too solemn for much humor if the specimens of grogshop travelers I have met in life are any criterion by which to judge. Better preach the Gospel of temperance to the people, as a matter of truth and Bible teaching, and save the "humorous" things for the week-day entertainments.

The following is a note of warning from the Christian Standard, of Cincinnati, as to the multiplicity of societies in Campbellite

churches. It has special significance because that paper has been the foremost one in the Campbellite fold in advocating heretofore the aggressive organization of all the auxiliaries that could be suggested as a means of greater aggressiveness in preaching to the people. But there is danger ahead, and the Standard can see it, and it wisely calls a halt, and suggests caution. Who can tell what will be the result of the multiplication of so many societies that are separate from the churches, and that will have a measure of independent action, and may lead us into such compromises as will be ruinous. But here is the note:

Still another stream is traceable in the matter of the multiplicity and complexity of organizations within the church. May they not become, little by little; insensibly and unintentionally the means of dangerous ecclesiastical power, as organizations in the past? Not necessarily so, of course; but they are a means of power, and it is worth while to inquire as to their tendency. May they not become the means of organizing sectarian alliances, which shall little by little rob us of a very desirable aggressiveness, and ultimately our reason for being. It is a part of wisdom to be watchful, and to measure everything by the spirit and the authority of Christ?

By reference to the Kentucky barrel of the Texas Baptist Standard and shot gun I see that we are to have another attempt to foist upon the Baptists of Kentucky the "Young People's" foolishness at the Bowling Green meeting in June. It was so effectually "eat down upon" at the last meeting at Paducah that it does seem to me that any other wisdom but that which belongs to foolish children would let it stay down. I suppose we will always have foolish white haired children with those idiosyncrasies and we shall have to be forbearing, while we proceed to chastise them in love, and for their good. It is only a part of the Baptist brotherhood of Kentucky that need to take an annual outing for the purpose of riding a bicycle and show their attachment to the "Department of the Green" while they wave their minute salutes, and about for the southern auxiliary that was established in Georgia. Outsiders need not suppose that this thing is common to all the Baptists in the state. It is just a few of the white haired young folks that are not satisfied with the range of work afforded in the church.

I see that two Campbellite churches one at Cleveland, Ohio, and the other at Indianapolis, Ind., have adopted as an item of their faith the doctrine that pious unimmersed people are good enough to be in a church, and they are therefore receiving them. The Gospel Advocate very properly alleges that this is the logical result of the teachings of that liberalism that puts all denominations together on a common level in Endeavor Societies and Young Men's Associations. Quite naturally it might be asked why such people might not be together in a church for Christian work, as well as in a society. If the fellowship is a proper one for a society, and for a little while; why is it not proper for a church, and for all time? Liberalism means the abandonment of church life. When we get ready to see the church die we can just join one of those liberal societies, and if all follow suit, the work will be done.

THEY have a Catholic priest at Lansing, Mich. who has been ousted by the sheriff because of his insolence in bossing his parishioners. If the rights of the people were duly considered there would be several of these kid-gloved gentry peeping through prison bars on account of their presumptions and crimes.

Pro. J. J. Posten says that he knows why I am so earnest in the defense of country preachers. It is because it has been my lot to preach to churches that were located in places where the land was so poor that the white clover grew so low the honey bees had to get on their knees to get the honey out of the blossom. That's about right, but the honey they got was rich and pure, and the city lads were everlastingly publishing us because we would't give them all of it. In fact, the city preachers love to call for the honey that the country preachers and churches get by hard digging and close nipping and lots of knee service.

I HAVE received a fresh lot of Magnetic Inhalers that are put up in the popular aluminum cases, and I will send one to any address for 50 cents, and to any preacher for thirty cents. They are the finest cures for catarrh and colds, with hoarseness and other throat troubles that have ever been discovered. I will send them by mail on receipt of orders. Stamps taken as cash. Address J. N. Hall, Fulton, Ky.

I JUDGE from the way the daily papers talk about the trouble with Bro. Fred Hale and the liquor selling members of his Owensboro church that the papers are on the liquor sellers' side, as usual. I never knew a daily paper that was not on the side of liquor, the Catholics and the devil. I don't know why this is so, but I guess that class of folks pay more money for patronage than white folks do, and get more of it.

I SEE that the papers are talking big about the A. P. A.'s of Louisville interfering with the imprisonment of a girl in a convent. For my part I glory in their spunk.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has been reported that one Rev. J. N. Prestridge, President of Williamsburg Institute has been advocating alien immersion and free communion; and Whereas, Resolutions were passed last June in West Ky., protesting against such, and were refused publication in the Recorder for want of proof, and Whereas, The clear proof is now before us that it is true, therefore be it resolved

- 1. That we the ministers of West Ky. and West Tenn. Baptist Institute do enter our protest against such practices,
2. That we protest against men holding such views, being teachers or principals in our denominational institutions of learning.
3. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Western Recorder for publication.

The above resolutions were unanimously adopted at Wingo, Ky., Jan. 23rd, 1896, 18 ministers present. W. F. LOWE, Graves County Association; W. H. WILLIAMS, West Kentucky Association; T. B. ROUSE, West Union Association; W. H. ADAMS, Blood River Association; T. F. MOORE, Beulah Association; Committee.

THE MODERN WAY.

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches, and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

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COLLIER, Chicago.
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American Baptist Publication Society.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

Notwithstanding the destructive fire of February 2, which swept away all our stock, including the PERIODICALS of the Second Quarter, we are fully prepared to fill all orders. Every issue has been reprinted and will be mailed as usual.

There will be no delay. Order Early.

PRICE LIST.

Table with columns for Club prices of five or more copies to one address, Single copies, and prices for various series like International, Inductive, and Illustrated Papers.

Philadelphia. Boston. New York. Chicago. St. Louis. Dallas. Atlanta.

MT. TORZAH.

We, the committee appointed to draft and present resolutions expressive of the sense of the people on the occasion of the resignation of Pastor T. J. Sanders, beg leave to report.

1. That in consideration of the fact that Bro. T. J. Sanders has for over a quarter of a century faithfully, punctually, promptly and efficiently performed the duties incumbent upon him as pastor, his resignation is accepted at his special request with reluctance and regret. Bro. Sanders professed faith in Christ in 1854, joined this church same year, was licensed to preach in 1867, ordained by this church in 1869, was unanimously called to the care of the church at the same time, and has served ever since.

2. That during his pastorate he has baptized 390 into this church, received 78 by letter, and has never held a protracted meeting without baptizing some. During his long pastorate he has never missed but two meetings, and by appreciation of his services this church has paid him over \$3,000 as salary, and collected for missions and benevolence over \$500. During the time he assisted in helping to build a new house of worship, and one new church has been constituted out of the members from this church, and there is only three members remaining that constituted the church when he commenced preaching.

considered that he has greatly endeared himself to all.

4. That his uniform attendance on time at the opening hours of services in sunshine and in storm, in summer and in winter, in heat and in cold, challenges our admiration and appreciation of the sterling virtues that characterize him in this regard.

5. That his systematic order of exercises and his tact in enforcing observance thereof is worthy of all commendation. That his plans in encouraging the members of the church to give to the different benevolent and charitable objects fostered by the denomination has served to develop this Christian grace in the children that will go sounding down the ages to the glory of God.

6. That a copy be furnished Bro. Sanders and be spread on the minutes of the church, and that a copy be sent to the Western Recorder, Baptist Reeper and Baptist and Reflector.

- C. C. RAY,
REV. R. W. MICHAEL,
J. F. COLE,
W. M. B. ARNOLD,
W. H. PITT,
W. J. F. AKIN,
W. J. FEATHERSTON,
J. G. AKIN,
Committee.

Tatumville, Tenn.

VIGILANCE is in watching opportunity; tact and daring in seizing upon opportunity; force and persistence in crowding opportunity to the utmost of possible achievement.—Austin Phelps.





Items of Interest.

Mexico is no more pressed than was Canada at Secretary Olney's... declaration that on this continent the United States are practically sovereign and their flag is law.

During last summer three separate counts of the herd of seals in Behring Sea were made by Government officials. On July 25th there were 220,000 on the Pribilof islands, and it is thought at the close of the season there were only 170,000.

The blue books of the British Government give the reports of the consulates which investigated the murders at Sausons and also the reports of the consuls. These confirm the awful horrors of the murders, but show that the numbers killed were greatly exaggerated.

Senator Thurston made a most graceful speech declaring war on Great Britain. In it he said he would vote for the Monroe doctrine "though it might preclude the coming of a mighty conflict whose conclusion should leave me without a son, as the last great conflict left me without a wife."

One of the great dilemmas recently sent out a number of sermons to go up and down the state and get the people laughing and crying. The people liked and what they did not like in the paper. To the great surprise of the editor the greatest number found fault with the number of pictures.

Dr. Kitasato of Japan claims to have discovered an antitoxine serum which will cure or prevent cholera, another which will do the same for that worst of all plagues the "black death" and a third which will cure leprosy.

Sixteen free silver Senators who have cooperated with the Republican party have signed a paper signifying that they will vote for no tariff bill until silver is coined free at the rate of 160 to 100.

Both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, the head of the Liberal party, have declared to the Parliament that "the proposal which at the will of an arbitrator might bind over 40,000 British subjects to Venezuela could not be accepted."

From every part of the world come news of new discoveries in regard to the rays of Prof. Roentgen. It is reported that Professors Melletian and Wright, of Toronto University, have discovered a way to take instantaneous photographs of bones and things which these rays pass through.

It is learned from London that if Venezuela does not apologize and make amends for the attack on the British police in Guiana by the fact that this month the English fleet will be dispatched to Venezuela. That country had agreed to do what England demanded when Cleveland's message made Venezuela think she could insult England with impunity.

Dr. Cyrus Edson has been testing a cure which he thinks he has discovered for consumption. His success has been such that he is offering it to the profession to be tested generally by them. Out of 216 persons on whom he has tried it, 215 have been helped by it.

On the Leigh Valley Railroad near Wilkesbarre an engineer by his coolness and bravery when he saw the track was sinking into a coal mine saved the lives of all the passengers on the train and lost his own. The fireman had his skull fractured and may die.

This is one of the things which is well worth knowing and remembering if true. An English surgeon makes a balsam of equal parts of wintergreen and olive oil. He applies it to the part affected in rheumatism covering with flannel and oil silk, and he says the pain is relieved in from four to six hours.

DEATHS.

For actual subscribers we insert an obituary notice of 100 words free. No charge for a word for all over 100 words, invariably in advance. Count the words and you know at once what the charge will be.

WOOLDRIDGE.

Mrs. Annie Buckner Wooldrige, wife of Mr. Joseph Carter Wooldrige, a prominent citizen of Hopkinsville, died at her home in that place Sept. 8, 1905. A lovely Christian and beauty she has a reward for her youth and beauty she gave her life to Christ. Her church and friends will miss her from their midst, though they feel it is well with her that God has given his beloved sleep and she will awake in the resurrection morn. In deep grief and sorrow she was ready to give a reason of the hope within. I believe her strength of character came from a calm abiding trust. We who knew and loved her knew her to be a queen on earth, and can well understand that she who gave her had need of her in that better land.

DOUGLAR.

Whereas, It has pleased an Allwise God to remove our beloved brother J. D. Douglass, who died Sunday, Jan. 19, 1906. Resolved, That I extend to his bereaved wife our sister our heartfelt sympathy, and that we remember her and her family in our prayers at a throne of grace that they may find grace and strength in this hour of great affliction.

MARTIN.

Bro. John N. Martin was born in Shelby county Ky., Sept. 8, 1828; died Dec. 11, 1905. He was married to Elizabeth Ann Thurston Feb. 4, 1852. He joined the Baptist church in Shelbyville in 1852, moved to Henry county in 1857 and put his letter in the Hillsborough Baptist church with his wife. They remained members of that church till death claimed them both.

THE warm loves and fears that sweep over us as clouds must bend with God to attain their perfection. That which is so beautiful and attractive must be succeeded by what is more beautiful and attractive, and so on forever.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf? Call on or send stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing, by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Gardner, Room 12, Hammond Building, Corner Fourth and Vine, Cincinnati.

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Items of Interest.

Judge John E. Grace, of the Courts of Appeals, died suddenly in Frankfort on the 25th.

The dynamite war against cocaine broke out again in Madrid last week. Four bombs exploded in different parts of the garden of the Royal Palace.

Eight cars loaded with dynamite for use in the mines exploded at a depot in the suburbs of Johannesburg, Africa, on the 19th.

Among the dead of the week past are Giuseppe Castellani, of Curran, Ontario, aged 19; Thomas Hinkley, the animal painter, who died at Milan, Italy, aged 81; Judge Alexander Davis, who died in St. Louis, aged 72.

A young seamstress in Berlin was the first who was saved by the X rays which photograph bones and metal through flesh.

The Armenians at Zetoun who though hardly pressed, had succeeded in holding their position against the attacks of the Turkish army, have surrendered under the most solemn promises of protection.

Of course the daily newspapers know all about diplomatic matters, but it would be interesting to know the results of the negotiations which have been going on in regard to the present status of the Venezuelan matter.

One extreme is that Lord Salisbury with the meekness of Uriah Heep has agreed to appear "before" the Commission whose appointment was an insult to his nation, and also has signified his willingness to eat his words, surrendering to Olney's dictation.

Another extreme is that Olney has apologized in a way for his declaration to Britain that the United States is sovereign over British territory on this continent.

There was another earthquake in Cuba, on the 17th of the month. This time it was felt at Santiago de Cuba, and was preceded by rumbling in the earth which terrified the inhabitants more than the earthquake itself did.

The Confederate Museum, the White House of the Confederacy, on the corner of Twelfth and Clay streets, Richmond, Va., was opened on Washington's birthday.

the tender mercies of Mr. Bassett when he shall have finished securing the corpses of Bayard and Talbert. Gen. Johnson said: "All true men and women for all time will never believe that 'we thought we were right,' but they will know, as we know, that we were right, immortally right and that the conqueror was wrong, eternally wrong."

FOR INDIGESTION USE HOSKOPF'S ACID PHOSPHATE. Dr. J. C. Roberts, Pulaski, Tenn., says: "I regard it a very valuable aid in treating all cases of dyspeptic troubles, gravel and torpid liver."

WHAT the Brahmins and Buddhists need is a faith that will give them "the new birth." A faithful Christian missionary cannot say other to them than what Christ said to Nicodemus.

CERTAINLY in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but, passing it over, he is superior; for it is the prince's part to pardon.—Bacon.

ALMOST every man who is afflicted with Bright's disease, or any other disease of the kidneys, is in a state of nervous exhaustion.

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are likely to tell them, the heathen—if the gentlemen will still allow the term—will hardly be able to distinguish Christ from Brahms or Buddha.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath, that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1894.

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Remainder of the lot of odds and ends in Boys' fine All-wool Cashmere and Scotch; sizes 12 to 16 but not all sizes in any one pattern; regular at \$10, \$11 and \$12—BLUE TAGGED. \$4.48
One lot of Men's Clay Worsted, Hairline Cashmere, Pincheck Scotch and Wide White Blue and Black Charcoal Suits, Sacks and Trousers; all the new goods regular prices \$10 and \$12—BLUE TAGGED. \$7.48
One lot made up from the finest Men's Suits in the house imported Trousers, Unfinished Worsteds, and Soft-faced English Cashmere, Single and Double-breasted, Long Sacks and Casaway Products; all this season's importations, regular \$20 and \$22 values—BLUE TAGGED. \$12.48

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THE MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns listing market prices for various goods including cattle, sheep, hogs, and tobacco. Includes sub-sections like 'Report for the Week Ending Saturday, Feb. 22, 1896' and 'LEAF TOBACCO MARKET'.