

# WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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## WESTERN RECORDER.

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ANY law is bad which takes the responsibility from the person upon whom it ought to rest. It has been said the whole object of human government is to put responsibility where it belongs and hold it there, allowing no shirking.

SPURGEON has been dead six years, but he lives in his great work. The Theologische Rundschau of Germany recently said that his books are spreading more and more in Germany, and added that Spurgeon was listened to with pleasure both by the illiterate and the cultured.

MAX MULLER is a Darwinian, and this makes these words from him seem strange: "I have always held that it would be a miserable universe without eternal punishment. Every act, good or evil, must carry its consequences, and the fact that our punishment will go on forever seems to me to be a proof of the everlasting love of God."

THE statistics of the Protestant Episcopal church in the United States show a sad increase of apostates in the last five years. There are over one hundred churches which have daily mass, 423 use the mixed chalice, and 194 have altar lights. And so they go towards Rome, and other churches follow in their footsteps with their observance of Easter, etc.

SENEX SMITH says truly: "Too much of what we call religious experience to-day is superficial and emotional. We need such an awakening as that at Northampton when Jonathan Edwards preached from the text, 'Their feet shall slide in due time.'" When preachers preach such sermons and spend as much time in their closets as Jonathan Edwards did, we may look for such awakenings.

STILL another difficulty in the way of innovation confronts us in the multiplying of societies and agencies connected with the churches for doing the work proper to the church. Societies of different kinds within the membership may not be an unmitigated evil, but they do have a certain disintegrating tendency, and may lower somewhat the conception of the church as a unit attending to its own affairs and marking out its own work.—Dr. E. C. Dargan.

In a meeting of the members of the Plymouth church, Brooklyn, to protest against the annexation of Hawaii, the oligarchy who have seized the government were denounced as "among highway robbers." But it must not be forgotten that the godly men who went there as missionaries are dead, and are not responsible for their sons. To try to excuse these sons in face of the fact that they had managed to secure possession of the greater part of the land of the island even before they seized the government, is up-hill work.

## RESISTING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY REV. E. T. HISCOX, D. D.

It pertains to the ministry of the Spirit, the taking of the things of Christ and showing them to men; revealing him who is the propitiator for our sins, and the only mediator between God and men, in all his fullness of grace and truth as the only and the all sufficient Savior of the lost. Through his teaching alone men are convinced of sin, righteousness and judgment—enabled to see, and, what is more, to feel their sinful estate, and to fly to Christ as their only hope and refuge. Through the same divine helper the convicted sinner is enabled to accept of Christ to the saving of the soul, and believing on him to become justified and sanctified and meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. The Spirit is given to lead men into all truth and make the atonement of Christ effectual to their salvation. But men possess a freedom of will and the fatal ability to withstand the force of truth and to resist the gracious leadings of the Spirit, to their own final condemnation.

When Stephen was arraigned before the Jewish Council on criminal charges, he was allowed the privilege of pleading in his own defense (Acts 7), his character being given in a single line, "a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." His address was somewhat long, and showed him a master of sacred oratory and of his nation's history. He began with the covenant of God with "our father Abraham," and followed the history down to Moses and his prophecy of the Messiah, through the history of the "fathers" down to the building of the temple by Solomon, nobly vindicating his right to be called a true son of Abraham. He fully realized the promise of Jesus to his disciples when brought before kings and rulers for his sake; "but when they shall lead and deliver you up, take no thought beforehand what ye shall speak, neither shall ye premeditate; but whatsoever shall be given you in that hour, that speak ye: for it is not ye that speak, but the Holy Ghost" (Mark 13:11). This promise was fully verified to Stephen. He said not a word in his own defense, not a word to disprove or to deny the false and unjust charges brought against him by some foreign Jews whom he had silenced in a public discussion. He had reported him as speaking blasphemous words against Moses, and against God, and also against the temple, and against the law. Indirectly his address disproved all this, because of the veneration with which he spoke of all these, although he cited their own Scriptures to show that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands." It seems probable that at this point he was interrupted by some vindictive remark against himself, at which his address suddenly changed, and he made a just but bitter charge against his accusers and judges: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears; ye do always resist the Holy Ghost; as your fathers did, so do ye." He added that their fathers had persecuted the prophets and slain those who showed the coming of the "Just One," of which "Just One" they themselves had now become "the betrayers and murderers." And as to the law given by the ministry of angels, they had not kept it. This ended his address, and sealed his fate. They were out to the heart, gnashed upon him with their teeth like infuriated beasts of prey, dragged him out and stoned him to death. It mattered not to their wild passion that "all in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

"Ye stiff-necked"—obstinate, wilful, perverse and heedless in wrong-doing. "Ye do always resist"—not literally in every case and on every possible occasion, par-

haps, but usually habitually, a common course of life, a national trait of character. "Resist the Holy Ghost"—not simply human friends, wise counsellors, or powerful antagonists, but God! The Holy Spirit, through whom alone Christ could avail them as a mediator; by whom alone they could be sealed unto redemption. The accusation was a terrible one—terrible because it was true. They were obstinately set against the Lord and against his anointed. This word "resist" is a very strong one in the original, and found nowhere else used in the New Testament. It means to strike against, strive against, rush upon, oppose by force, violently to antagonize. But the fearful significance of this declaration to those who read the history of Stephen lies in the fact that they themselves, too, may resist the Holy Spirit and seal their own doom. Certainly by persistently resisting his ministry this result must follow. It is only fair to say that a given case of resistance may, like other sins, be forgiven, though ever perilous. It is by no means certain that some who heard Stephen before the council and gnashed on him in their wild fury were afterwards converted. We know that Saul of Tarsus, who kept the cast-off garments of those who stoned him, and thereby became a partaker of their crime, was himself smitten down on his way to Damascus. Doubtless he heard Stephen's address before the council, saw the light upon his face, but cried out against him. And those Jews who, with inveterate envy and hatred, followed Paul with persecution wherever he went on his mission of truth, only did what he had done in persecuting the saints, even unto strange cities resisting the Holy Spirit; he was brought to repentance. So were others snatched as brands from the burning; others still resisted unto the end and perished.

It is manifest that the Holy Spirit was with men before the Pentecost, was with "the church in the wilderness," was with the saints and the fathers of the old dispensation, inasmuch as they resisted, which wickedness their posterity imitated. Their persecution of the prophets and slaying of those who foretold the coming of the Just One, their rejection of God's law and rebellion against his divinely-appointed leaders, was all resisting, violently opposing the Holy Spirit. Indeed, it may be said that every act of intentional and known disobedience to divine authority was with them, and is with us, a resistance of the Holy Spirit. For the same principle, if not the same methods, prevails now as then in the dealings of God with men.

And this is the application of the sharp rebuke of Stephen, so far as we are concerned. We, too, may—and doubtless do—resist the Spirit, who so tender and loving ministry would lead us not only to Christ, but into full possession of his abiding grace, his fellowship, and gracious conformity to his image and likeness. That so few of his disciples are so little like their Divine Master in spirit, in conduct, in manner of life, is because they resist the Spirit, consciously or carelessly. It is his work to mould and fashion all who bear his name more and more into that heavenly likeness. But like stubborn clay in the potter's hand, resisting the artist's delicate touch, the vessel is marred, and fails of life, beauty and fitness for the master's use. The fault, not of the potter, but of the clay. The carnal, selfish, careless lives which so many professing Christians are living, according to the rudiments of this world, and not after Christ, is all resisting the Spirit, living, so far as can be seen, just as other worldly people do. Neither virtue nor piety is the result of compulsion. The Spirit, though sovereign, recognizes the freedom of the human will. It is not too much to say that very many of God's people are resisting the Spirit by withholding their best affec-

tion and best service from him and his cause, and living unto themselves in the enjoyment of the life that now is.

If so much can of truth be said of those who claim to be in Christ, what must be said of the many who do not even pretend to have accepted him as their Savior. They know they need him; they mean some time to have him; they would not die without him; often the truth alarms them and the Spirit woos and would win them, but they resist—resist without any adequate sense of the sin they are thus committing, or the peril they are thus exposing themselves to by their perversity.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

## "THOU DIDST IT."

God did it, and therefore I know that infinite love did it. That is a piece of knowledge worth having, indeed. Surely, when we reach that, we find the rock yielding water. Ah! we have to creep back for rest into the shadow of love, after all. There is a solution of mystery and sorrow which is not logic. Just what it is, just how it is, you and I can no more tell than we could tell how a child is comforted, even before it has told its sorrows, by the mere pressure of its mother's arms.

Logic! How grimly these mighty mysteries smile at logic! Men start with the facts and conditions of their earthly existence, with the things which they see and know, and draw their straight, logical lines, and think they keep on, in undeviating course, straight up to the region of the divine counsels; and they seem to forget that, just as a star beam is turned from its direct line by passing into another atmosphere, so the line of their human logic may be strangely refracted when it passes out of the denser atmosphere of man's thought into the high, clear region of the divine thought. No; the way to love is not the logician's way. No man ever reasoned himself to God; no man ever reasoned himself into submission under God's strokes, or into restfulness amid his mysteries. The child's way is the only way—going direct to him who did it, and resting in silence, if need be, on his divine heart.

How this truth gathers power when we go to Christ with it! How it kindles under his touch! God did it; and I look up into that face of unspeaking love, with its thorn-marked brow, and say, "Thou didst it." He that hath seen thee hath seen the Father. I am in sorrow; the sorrow is driven home by a pierced hand; Thou didst it. I am in darkness; the key to the mystery is in the same hand. The hand is closed; it will not surrender the key; but Thou didst it; and if I may only hold that hand, no matter for the key. The pierced hand tells me of the loving heart behind the hand; and if love hath done it, let me be silent and content.—Exchange.

God even seems to break our lives sometimes, that they may become truly useful. At least he can use broken lives in his service just as well as the whole; indeed, it appears as if men can never do much for God till they are "broken vessels." He chooses the weak things of this world, that no flesh may glory.

We ought, therefore, never to be afraid of God's providence when they seem to break up our lives and crush out byways, and even to turn us away from our chosen paths of usefulness and service. When he shuts one door it is because he has another standing open for our feet. When he breaks our lives to pieces it is because they will do more for his glory and the world's good, broken and shattered, than whole.—The Presbyterian.

To be a Christian is to obey Christ, no matter how you feel.—Henry Ward Beecher.

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI."

These words appear as a motto on the private seal of Matthew T. Yates, one of the greatest missionaries the Southern Baptist Convention has ever had on the foreign field. I saw them first on an old envelope which he had used and stamped with sealing-wax, and which bore fifteen cents postage, post-marked Shanghai, China, June 1, 1881, and addressed to Rev. James P. Boyce, D.D., Louisville, Ky. From this red wax copy the seal will be reproduced and printed on the title page of the Story of Yates, written by Dr. Chas. E. Taylor of Wake Forest College, and now in course of publication by the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention.

This motto was the key-note of his life. I spent five hours one night in this book, from seven to twelve o'clock, and seldom have had any book so to sweep my mind and heart. It held me as under a charm, giving a kind of transfiguration experience. In nothing was Yates a whit behind Judson, in some things possibly his superior. What a heart-beat can be felt throughout the book, and that too whether author or subject be speaking. It would be worth all that its publication would cost to have one thousand pastors give the book an honest, earnest, straightforward reading. It is a contribution to missions of the most effective kind and would almost revolutionize their hearts.

Dr. Yates had a very lofty conception of the work to which he gave his life and was full of wisdom in the administration of his high calling. At one time he expressed the wish, and the whole earnestness of his great nature seemed crowded into the wish, that he would cease thinking of missions as "a charity to the poor heathen," but rather as giving the Gospel to the world in obedience to the Lord Jesus. A Sunday-school sent money directly to him. He writes a kind letter in acknowledgment of the gift, but sets out the inexpediency of sending money to him on the mission field and commends the wisdom of sending through the foreign board at Richmond, composed of men well known and honored. He speaks with grateful kindness of two associations which had said to him, "Yates, go down in the well and we will hold the ropes," and kept their promise for a season, but he says there were two objections to this in his own mind—"they were paying it to me and not paying it to missions," and then at the most critical point, "they let go the rope and it came tumbling down on our head."

Giving for the spread of the Gospel and not as a charity; giving to missions and not to an individual is certainly a larger conception. Making our gifts not to, but through an abiding agency, centering and aggregating our gifts where the gifts of the Baptist churches of the South are being centered and aggregated, is safer, wiser and more effective of wider reach, more enduring in its influence and continuity. The gift of one may fail, but the work will go on in the gifts of others. One may die, but the consecrated lives of others will continue the work which he helped to start and for whose consummation he has so often prayed.

Dr. Yates had immense heart-power in his religion, but head-power as well. This head is needed in the work quite as much as the former—heart-power perhaps for driving and head-power for guiding; both consecrated to the Lord Jesus and under the power of the Holy Spirit. Oh, how our churches do need this last in the administration of the affairs of the Lord's house, and in devising ways and means for preaching the Gospel to the world!

This double quality in his character shows itself in almost the first thing in which he comes to view in his young life. When a boy at college, freed from his country home, he cleared out the inside of a hollow oak tree and there built him an altar for daily worship. His was a constructive piety—reaching out, planning, putting things together, bringing things to pass, showing everywhere tact and wisdom, and yet underlying and pervading all the richest experiences of grace. The robustness of his piety almost startles you as its warmth always delights you.

*Esse quam videri*—this was the heart-beat of his life. You never cease to feel it, as when you walk the deck of a proud steamer you hear the thump and pump of the great

engine out of sight, and yet driving her out, upon the highways of the sea. It was present in his praying, in his preaching, even in his exchanging telegrams with the Southern Baptist Convention; in his work on the foreign field, in his report to the brethren at home,—always and everywhere the same—*esse quam videri*, "I'd rather be than seem." J. M. FROST.

Nashville, Tenn.

THE HOLINESS OF GOD.

BY REV. E. W. HUNT.

We are forced to the same conclusion again if we inquire what seems to be God's chief anxiety as manifested in the course of history. Is it to avoid pain or to promote righteousness? Is it to smooth a pleasant path for his people or to perfect holiness in his fear? The history of the people of his choice leaves no doubt as to the answer. Blind Zedekiah knew. The captives of Babylon could tell. Secular history gives the same reply. The records of Rome and of France are only an elaboration of the words of the Psalmist, put in the negative form: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." The records of nature inscribed in the rocks are recognized as the story of a painful progress toward perfection. The poet complains of the apparent recklessness of life that is manifested in nature:

So careful of the type! but, no;  
See crises, 'A thousand types are gone;  
I care for nothing; all shall go!

The conclusion is wrong. The God of nature cares for something more than he cares for present ease and comfort. If we ask, is holiness or happiness the ultimate purpose of God? we may safely say, both; but he is too wise to suppose that either can be secured without the other. The only way to bring happiness to his children is to bring them to holiness first. If their holiness is secured, their happiness is insured. Reason, revelation and experience unite in urging upon us that in our thought of God and in our representation of him to others the place of supremacy must be given to his glorious holiness.

If this view be correct, two duties of prime importance are before us as God's ministers. The first is, by every means within our power to elevate our own thought of God. We need especially to seek a more adequate conception of his holiness. We are accustomed to speak of the inferiority of the religious conceptions of the Hebrews; but the most casual examination of their writings will impress us with this fact, that in appreciation of this fundamental attribute of God their spiritual leaders were far in advance of us. If I were to specify the means which we must use in order to reach a worthier thought of God's holiness, the first would be, repeated and daily reading of their words. The most effective expressions descriptive of the perfections of God's character and the words most worthy of his praise were uttered by the psalmists and prophets of the Hebrews. They are still our vocabulary of praise and worship. We need more of that thought of God that cries out "in the daytime and in the night season," as the Psalmist did: "But thou art holy, O thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel."

The great need of the popular thought of our day is to be imbued with the feeling of God's holiness. Our theology needs it. The false major premise that God is love only, yoked to the false minor premise that love will never inflict suffering, draws the conclusion that the doctrine of penalty is untrue. As this doctrine is so plainly taught in the Scriptures, the further inference is easy that the Scriptures need not to be interpreted anew, in the light of the "Christianian consciousness." These premises need to be re-examined. The holiness of God is supreme and expresses his supreme purpose for us. Only shortsighted and selfish human love would suggest the suppression of this supreme demand. Of course, the atonement seems an artificial device and Calvary a woful exaggeration, if there has never entered into our experience a sense of the holiness of God. But with that as a background, the whole life of Jesus stands out in richer meaning. Salvation means more when it means salvation because of such holiness and salvation to such holiness.

Our preaching needs it. The hearts of our hearers are not prepared for the message. We complain that we often seem to be talking against a stone wall of indifference. There is no foundation for personal religion but the sense of dependence and need. Before the message of mercy will sound sweet, there must be conviction of sin, and there is no more direct road to this end than the preaching of the holiness of God. The best way to convince an amateur that he cannot paint is to place a sample of real art beside his work. Naval experts are trying to find a point which will render a warship invisible under the searchlight of the enemy. Let them see how conspicuous they look under the searchlight of God's holiness. The awful contrast had precisely this effect upon Job: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." When Peter recognized the Lord on the lake of Genesareth, he exclaimed: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord." When men think more of God, they will think less of themselves.

Our worship needs it. That men do not worship at all is because they have no true appreciation of God's character. No man utters the thin and ragged excuse that "Sunday is the only day I have for an outing" who has ever had a glimpse of the holiness of God. That Christian people come to worship in so thoughtless and careless a spirit is due to the same lack. If they were going to meet the Governor of the State, they would go with more alertness of mind and more anticipation of interest. "Where are you going to church to-day?" "I am going to hear Dr. Apollon. Where are you going?" "I think I shall go to Mr. Up-to-date's church. Miss High C is going to sing there to-day." These familiar friends are not proposing to "worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." That is not in their thoughts. The distinct irreverence of coming to the house of God a half hour late, through sheer laziness or carelessness, would be impossible to one whose heart and mind were imbued with a sense of the holiness of God. Such a spirit of worship bowed the heart of the author of these lines:

Sinful I am; how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of the holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that throne appear?  
Yet there are hands stretched out to draw me near.

O, great Absolver! grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
That in the Father's court my glorious dress  
May be the garment of thy righteousness.

Our social life needs it. The prevailing disregard for law is the evidence of this need. The officers who are sworn to enforce the law are asking the people what laws they want enforced. The result is increasing disregard for all law. Nothing will do so much to tone up the social conscience, to buttress the threatened stability of society, to make men regardful of each other's rights and true to the sense of duty, as a new proclamation of the holiness of God. The password of the age is convenience. It needs to be character. The first object of search in our time is heaven, here or elsewhere; we must "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." The heart of a man is not right before God until his most hearty desire is for holiness. Not until then can we join the song of praise of the Psalmist and "give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness." The whole earth will never be full of his glory until it abounds with unanimous emphasis: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts."—Journal and Messenger.

ANY life is endurable which may be regarded as a life of service. To live in sorrow, poverty or undesired reproach for love's sake is not only endurable, it may be enjoyable; and that which would be intolerable to selfishness is easy to self-devotion. The springs of enjoyment are within the soul and freshen whatever levels they may flow across and whatever steepes they may descend. It is more blessed to give than to receive indeed, for what capacity for happiness would that soul have which was incapable of giving or restrained the wish and thought!

The first freedom is freedom from sin.—Martin Luther.

WRONG PREACHING.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Don't tell me any of your doubts; I have enough of my own; tell me something to confirm me." This well-known remark of Goethe is well worth heeding by the ministers of Jesus Christ in these days. The air is pretty well charged with skepticism already, and the only antidote is positive Heaven-sent truth vindicated by actual experience. Certainly there is not such a superabundance of faith in God's Word that any minister can run the risk of reducing it by a reckless style of "Biblical criticism." Preaching ought to confirm faith—never unsettle it.

The same mischief that is wrought in the pulpit is often wrought in these days by the pen. My attention has been called lately to an elaborate work on the New Testament by an able and erudite Professor in one of the Theological Seminaries. The writer abounds in doubts. He mingles doubts and denials. He denies that the Apostle Peter ever wrote the Epistles attributed to him, or that the Apostle John wrote the Fourth Gospel. He doubts the entire historical accuracy of the "Acts of the Apostles"; and is not by any means sure that the crucified body of our blessed Lord ever actually rose again from the sepulchre! These and many other specimens of the new school of so-called "higher criticism" are calculated to give an inexperienced young minister an aque fit. Twenty years ago Doctor McCosh said to me, "the fight that is coming on is, whether we have got any Bible." Let any minister ascend his pulpit with his perfect faith in THE BOOK unsettled, and he is likely to unsettle the faith of half his congregation.

Amid all the confident boastings of the school of conjectural criticism, I am tempted to ask—were such masters in Israel as Luther, Calvin, Knox and Chalmers—such masters as Edwards, and Candlish, and the Alexanders, and Skinner, and Hodge, and MacLaren, and Spurgeon ignoramuses! Did they regard as veritably inspired revelations by the Holy Spirit what are now "proved" (?) to be myths or sacred legends, or untrustworthy *dicta*? Has it been reserved for such colossal discoverers as Wellhausen and Knaben and Driver to flood the world with the first real knowledge of what the Bible is and how it is to be understood! One thing that puzzles me is that the teachings of all those ignoramuses wrought such mighty results, and have been attended by such signal testimonies of the divine blessing! Myriads of souls have been converted by their teachings; while the teachings of the modern *illuminati* only seem to unsettle faith and are as barren of spiritual results as the east wind! What minister would prepare himself for a revival in his church by praying that God would open his eyes to see that part of his Bible is only a myth, and that even the resurrection of his Lord was a very doubtful matter! Christ bade his disciples pray, "increase our faith." The prayer of this new school of critics is—"increase our doubts!"

Not only is there an increasing effort to unsettle the popular faith in the infallibility and divine authority of God's holy Word; there is a growing tendency to a cheap disparagement of all "creeds." The older the creed the more it is disparaged. Now a creed is supposed to be an expression of such a revealed truth as a good man believes honestly and builds on. It is his soul's working theory. Living, working, growing churches have creeds, and profit by them. Four score years ago the Unitarian, President Kirkland of Harvard University, gave at a public dinner this toast: "Unitarianism—the anti-sacramental sect, whose creed consists in not believing." This witty toast tells the real secret of the feeble growth of Unitarianism; lacking a positive faith, it lacks push and aggressive power. The cheap denouncers of creeds and confessions of faith are especially fond of assailing the Calvinistic system of doctrine. Let me suggest to all my young brethren that if they hope to convert sinners and edify Christians they must take a strong and unhesitating grasp of God's Word, and have a clear, well-defined system of Biblical theology. Your business is not to unsettle faith, but to strengthen it.—Evangelist.



DR. WHITSITT DENIES SOME MORE.

I read Dr. Whitsitt's article in last week's WESTERN RECORDER, which is made up of denials without a semblance of proof.

The bad names called in Dr. Whitsitt's article belong to him, and not to myself. Dr. Whitsitt says if my proof is correct he is a "falsifier," and appeals frantically to "the sense of justice that everywhere prevails among Baptists."

Dr. Whitsitt says: "By such jugglery as he employs with the editorial 'we,' it might be possible to prove that I had written half the editorial articles that have appeared in the Independent since its foundation."

I have at no time affirmed that Dr. W. had the Independent editorials before him when he wrote his book. If he wrote the editorials, as I charge, of course he used the notes he had gathered, and when he came to write his book he would naturally use these same notes.

Neither did I say that Dr. Whitsitt was an open communionist. I said he declared that the Philadelphia Confession was an open communion document, and thus furnished proofs for the open communionists.

JOHN T. CHRISTIAN.

BOWLING GREEN.

Thinking some news items from this section would be of interest to your many readers, I will give you a few in brief. It is gratifying indeed to speak of our Baptist churches in Bowling Green being more united and in a better spiritual frame for work than for many years.

The First church, under the leadership of our much beloved pastor, E. V. Baldy, have been enabled, by divine aid, to adjust some matters of long standing, placing the membership in a better attitude and more in touch with

the spirit of love which adorns the Christian life, and make conspicuous for Christ.

Prayer service at the Second Baptist church last night. One received by letter and two forward for prayer. Pray for us.

Bro. G. Dockery, of Cave City, has accepted Bethany, Scottville and New Middleton churches, and will locate in our city in the near future. Come, my brother, we will give you and family a cordial greeting.

I accepted the care of the Hartsville Baptist church, Tennessee, as pastor at her regular conference on the fourth Sunday in February, for one-fourth of my time. The church is in a healthy condition, with a noble band of workers. One addition by letter.

Bro. Burts was called to the care of the Gallatin church, made vacant by the resignation of Bro. R. N. Barrett, formerly of the Seminary. Long live the RECORDER. E. H. BROOKSHIER.

DEAR RECORDER—I have just closed a series of meetings with Dr. J. W. Loving at Campbellsville. It was in every respect a glorious meeting. Visible results: A revived church, 10 backsliders restored and 32 additions to the membership of the church.

It has rarely been my good fortune to have been associated with a pastor and his worthy wife who are held in such high esteem by their church and community. Dr. Loving is justly proud of his people, and they very rightly love both halves of himself.

A WORKERS' CONVENTION OF THE SOUTHERN B. Y. P. U.

NORFOLK, VA., MAY 5TH, 1898.

The Southern B. Y. P. U., will hold a Workers' Convention in Norfolk, Va., May 5th, 1898 from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.

Please remember, 1st. That it will be a workers' convention; 2nd. That delegates and visitors pay their way for that day; 3rd. That the Convention opens promptly at 10 A. M.; 4th. That Railroads give a rate of one fare for the round trip. Further announcements will be made later.

On behalf of the Board of Managers, B. D. GRAY, Chairman Executive Committee. Birmingham, Ala.

I would not give much for your religion unless it can be seen. Lamps do not talk, but they do shine. A light-house sounds no drum, it beats no gong; and yet, far over the waters its friendly spark is seen by the mariner. So let your actions shine out your religion. Let the main sermon of your life be illustrated by all your conduct, and it shall not fail to be illustrious.—C. H. Spurgeon.

It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.—Horace Mann.

ALL LIARS.

John tells us, in Rev. 21:8, he heard a voice out of Heaven proclaiming that murderers, sorcerers, idolaters, etc. and "all liars," should "have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone."

This is a proclamation from the throne of God. Of course, every word in it is divinely chosen and full of meaning. We ask, therefore, why the adjective "all" is prefixed to liars and to liars only. Will not all murderers be punished, not only those who do murderous deeds, but who cherish murderous thoughts? John says, in his first Epistle, "He that hateth his brother is a murderer; and no murderer has eternal life abiding in him." And Paul says that covetousness is idolatry. Why not emphasize the length and breadth of the other forms of transgression as well as that of falsehood? The reason evidently is this sin is the most prevalent and yet the least appreciated of any in the dark catalogue.

The author of the 18th Psalm cries, "I said in my haste, all men are liars." And a good old Puritan, commenting on the statement, declares that the longer the psalmist pondered that hasty statement, the deeper would be his conviction of its truth. In heathen lands lying is universal. And the lands that are called civilized and Christian are full of false pretenses, business misrepresentations, polite exaggerations, political clapnetts, etc. Nobody pretends to tell the absolute truth under all circumstances. The advertiser publishes that he has the best and cheapest goods in the market, when he knows better and so do all his readers. The Christian lady tells her visitor that she is delighted to see her, when she is really annoyed by the interruption. The stump-speaker and the campaign editor manipulate figures, which they say cannot lie, so as to make people believe that a deficit is a surplus. The real estate agent announces that the property, which he offers for sale is "The biggest bargain on earth." The mother deceives her children. The parishioners take taffy to their pastor. In society the polished lie, the cordial greeting that conceals the bitterness of envy, is considered good form. The man who should conscientiously heed Paul's exhortation in Eph. 4:25, "Speak every man truth with his neighbor," would soon find himself a "persona non grata."

All these departures from the divine standard of absolute veracity are so common that we fail to realize their guilt. We talk about "white lies" and harmless deceptions, and say, if it's the business way, and everybody does so, until our consciences are seared. It is to meet this insidious influence of "the father of lies" that the declaration in "Rev. 21:8 is so emphatic, and that in the list of those without in Rev. 22:15 it is said, "Whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." The partaker is as bad as the thief. The hearer of the liar and the slanderer who fails to rebuke him shares in his condemnation.

John says in his first Epistle 2:21: "No lie is of the truth." The gulf between falsehood and veracity is as deep and fixed as that between Abraham and Dives, of which we read in Luke 16:23. It can be crossed now on the bridge of repentance. But if we die as liars, impenitent and unpardoned, our place will be without with murderers and idolaters. Then let us as Christians be watchful and prayerful. Let us always try to speak "the truth in love," to be honest in word and deed, to

walk in the light, the light of absolute veracity, that we may be welcomed as children of the light into that golden city into which can enter nothing "that defileth . . . or maketh a lie (Rev. 21:27).—C. E. B., in Herald and Presbyter.

ORDINATION.

On Saturday before the third Sunday in February, at the Forks of Dix River, a council was called of the following brethren to assist in the ordination of John F. Marsee and David Swope to the office of deacons: Dr. Wm. Shalton, President of the Stanford Female College, Rev. T. H. Campbell, pastor at Lancaster, Deacons John F. Holtzclaw and W. T. B. White, of Proachersville, and Deacon G. S. Gains, of Lancaster. Dr. Shelton preached a grand sermon from 1 Tim. 3:9: "Holding the mystery of the faith in a pure conscience," which was heartily received by the congregation. Bro. Campbell interrogated the candidates on the leading doctrines of the Bible; Bro. W. T. B. White offered the ordination prayer, after which the church extended to the candidates the hand of fellowship. We feel the services made a good impression on all present. Bro. J. M. Bruce was with us on Sunday and preached an excellent sermon. Our church is moving along as well as we could expect. The congregations are good every Sunday. Yours fraternally, W. M. KUTKENDALL.

THEY RIDICULE IT.

MANY PEOPLE RIDICULE THE IDEA OF AN ABSOLUTE CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH TROUBLES.

Indisels, However, is Not Argument and Facts are Silbberst Things.

Stomach troubles are so common and in many cases so obstinate to cure that people are apt to look with suspicion on any remedy claiming to be a radical, permanent cure for dyspepsia and indigestion. Many such pride themselves on never being humbugged especially on medicines.

This fear of being humbugged may be carried too far, in fact, that many persons suffer for years with weak digestion, rather than risk a little time and money in faithfully testing the claims of a preparation so reliable and universally used as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Now Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are vastly different in one important respect from ordinary proprietary medicines for the reason that they are not a secret patent medicine, no secret is made of their ingredients, but analysis shows them to contain the natural digestive ferments, pure aseptic pepsin, the digestive acids, Golden Seal, bismuth, hydrastis and nux. They are not cathartic, neither do they act powerfully on any organ, but they cure indigestion on the common sense plan of digesting the food eaten promptly, thoroughly before it has time to ferment, sour and cause the mischief. This is the only secret of their success.

Cathartic pills never have and never can cure indigestion and stomach troubles because they act entirely upon the bowels, whereas the whole trouble is really in the stomach.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, taken after meals, digest the food. This is all there is to it. Food not digested or half digested is poison, as it creates gas, acidity, headache, palpitation of the heart, loss of flesh and appetite, and many other troubles which are often called by some other name.

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N. B. Be sure to get Hood's because

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are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DAYTON KY.

The hearts of the members of the First Baptist church are heavy and their cheeks are not yet dry. Our pastor, Rev. Preston Blake, has accepted a call to a larger field, (Lexington, Ky.,) and we are almost disconsolate. Bro. Blake's life and work among this people has been perfect.

When he came here, almost six years ago, we were worshipping in our old church building with a seating capacity of about 250, which was seldom crowded until he came; in a short time we were compelled to build a new church which has a seating capacity of 375 in auditorium and 325 in Sunday-school room, which thrown together seats 700. We thought this church would serve us at least ten or twelve years, but soon the auditorium was too small and almost every Sunday the two rooms have to be thrown open to accommodate the audience. Last Sunday night one hundred chairs in addition had to be placed in the aisles, 850 people were present to hear his farewell sermon. I speak of this to show how much he is loved and esteemed by the citizens of this community as well as the members of the church. He has done a noble work among us, his genial manners and godly bearing has endeared him to all. Professors and non-professors alike love and revere him. Our church has been a unit in his support. We offered him an increase in salary to stay with us, but it is not money it is love he is seeking for his hire; he goes to a greater field. He will do a great work in Lexington. He has our prayers and blessings. May He who took him from us, send us one whom we can love and trust as we do Bro. Blake, and who will continue the good work so well done by our late pastor, and gather the harvest from the good seed sown by him. To such an one we speak the same support and the same love.

Yours Respectfully, C. B. SCHOOFFIELD, Moderator. Dayton, Ky., March 4, 1898.

ILLINOIS LETTER.

It may give consolation to some hearts for me to say a word through the WESTERN RECORDER. I want to speak of God's grace in our church. The grace that saves sinners and sustains Christians has much abounded. We have held meetings in the First Baptist church for some four weeks. More than 300 souls have been converted. Up to date 152 have been added to our Baptist church. Something over 100 have gone into the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. The end is not reached. I am still preaching and baptizing, and new converts are coming to us day by day. Dr. Fred Hale was with us for almost three weeks, and you know what that means. He helped us some eight years ago at O'Connell, Ky., in a fine meeting, but he is a mightier man to-day than he was then. Through his brave preaching of the old Gospel our whole city has been moved. All the churches have been lifted away from card-playing, dancing, gambling and such like, and now they stand committed against these things. The entire religious atmosphere has been purified and a real Pentecost has come. We now have a membership of more than 700, and one of the strongest churches in the state outside of Chicago. I have rejoiced in seeing the church more than doubled in the past six years in membership, as well as being doubled in many other directions.

In this part of the state the Lord is wonderfully blessing the churches in great revivals. I am vain enough to think one cause of the great work of grace that we now have in this section is because we have stood by the old Book and proclaimed the plain Gospel of the Son of God. We have had to put the sword to "higher criticism," and as the result God is blessing the churches and saving sinners by the hundreds. Those parts of the state where this so-called "higher criticism" is rampant the churches are dying with the dry rot of formalism, and sinners, with their intellectual culture, are going to Hell by the wholesale. During the winter there have been over a thousand conversions in and around our association, where our men stand faithfully for the old story of Jesus and his love.

Allow me to say that I get no paper that comes so close to my heart as the dear old WESTERN RECORDER. It was my father's paper when I was a tot forty years ago in my old Kentucky home. God bless you and all its readers. J. J. PORTER.

Jerseyville, Ill. YESTERDAY was an enjoyable day with us at Friendship church. The pastor preached two sermons. The morning subject was "Bible Sanctification," which seemed to be deeply enjoyed. We were then dismissed, but only repaired to a fine birthday dinner prepared for Bro. John F. Sallin, one of our stand-by deacons. Uncle John had a large crowd, composed of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren and visitors, all being present except Phoebe, of Diamond Springs, Kas., and one grandchild. Uncle John was seventy-two years old yesterday, and is enjoying reasonable health, and with the exception of being perfectly gray, seems almost as young as any of us. He has attended every church meeting this winter.

We are moving slow at Friendship, but we hope for greater things in the future. Since the first of October we have received eight accessions to the church. We have our house work under good

headway, and hope soon to have it completed.

We enjoy the weekly visits of the RECORDER, and wish it continued success. Pray for us. L. L. KYLE, Pastor. Edenton, Ky., March 7.

THE MEANEST MAN.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL J. ROGERS.

The most repulsive picture of my college days was that of a filthy and brutal drunkard whose first name was Theodore. It was asserted that he was named after our college president, the saintly Theodore Frelinghuysen, of blessed memory. No artist ever painted a picture of this emblem of vice, and he was anything but the gift of God to the city, but his picture abides in my memory, and after forty years is still teaching a most impressive lesson.

A few weeks ago there came to me, by the words of another, a picture fully as repulsive, and this may be named the picture of the meanest man. Hereafter, in memory's art gallery, these two pictures will hang side by side. The meanest man I have ever seen, and I do not even know his name or present place of residence. He is supposed to be yet in the flesh, for such men have not enough of the soul or spirit to hasten their departure from the lower life. He claimed to be a Christian man and to love God's house. Some years ago he drifted west from New England, coming on a railroad pass or upon a very cheap excursion. He tarried in Minneapolis for ten years and then returned to his eastern home. One of his old neighbors, who had never been west and had vague notions about our civilization, asked him about the churches of this city, intimating that he suppose they were poor and weak.

In substance, his answer was as follows: "Churches! I should say we had churches out west and good ones too, large and strong, and just like those in New England! They have many eloquent preachers and fine music, and the people are friendly and sociable. If you ever go to Minneapolis be sure and go to the—Congregational church. That church is all right, and they will take good care of you and make you feel at home. I went to meeting there for ten years and had a good seat, and attended all their picnics and social meetings, and it did not cost me a red cent."

These words were reported to a member of that church who about that time was visiting relatives in the town where that mean man lived. In these words he had painted his own picture, and he cannot complain if it shall hereafter be hung in the same light as that of the besotted Theodore.

It is not likely, however, that he will ever see his own likeness, for such men do not take religious papers, only when distributed without cost in the churches. The work of developing such a man, or rather the process of shriveling his soul, must have begun many generations ago. Probably some of his grandfathers helped carry on the slave trade, while others kept the store and sold rum by the quart. However developed, he has painted his own portrait, and the writer of these lines takes no special delight in the exhibition. It would be far more pleasant to give you a picture of one of the noblest and best of men.

For the sake of an impressive lesson, the meanest man is set before you. Have you ever seen him? Does he attend your place of worship? If so, did you ever hear of him renting a pew or putting his name to a subscription?

Have you noted his over-pious and meditative expression when the deacons are taking up the collection? He seems to say "do not disturb my holy worship." He is often a religious tramp, going where he thinks the Gospel sound will be the richest, where there is some peculiar theme advertised. If he settles down to one place it will be where he can get a seat without cost. He is, then, what we may call a bargain counter Christian, and he is always kicking on the bargains. He grumbles about his seat and about the music, and especially about the sermons. A woman of this class gave a penny at the service, and then found fault with the sermon. Her child, wiser than the woman, said, "What could you expect, mamma, for a cent!"

In a recent religious census of this city, scores of names of persons, clerk and deacon did not know, were put down as members or adherents of Plymouth church. Some of them probably have letters ten years old from eastern churches. Many of them are near relatives of the meanest man, and some of this family are in all our churches. They do their utmost in starving out ministers, and because of their meanness all our missionary work is crippled. At least one-fourth of those who claim to be interested in churches follow, in a certain degree, the example of the meanest man. They have no lack of money for food and clothing, but they fold their arms and let the other three-fourths pay for their spiritual food.

The testimony of the foreign missionary is that the heathen are more likely to read the Bible if they buy it than if it be given them. If there could be some scheme discovered by which the pockets of these thousands of mean souls could be reached, all our churches would get a blessing, and the mean man would get the greatest blessing.—Christian Intelligence.

DEAR RECORDER.—On the night of February 15, Dr. G. W. Perryman gave his excellent lecture on "Wanted—A Man" in the chapel of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky. He is a former student of whom Bethel is proud. He has occupied some of the prominent pastorates of the state, and is now pastor of the First Baptist church in Cincinnati. He has been there more than a year, and his congregations have been increasing from the first. In his lecture he gave us a treat in showing us the different kinds of men and women we have in the world, and he did not leave out the "peculiar" children. His lecture was very beneficial to his large audience as well as entertaining. I have heard many complimenting the lecture very highly. His many friends here were glad to see him and to hear of his great success.

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PROGRAMME. The following is the programme of the Bible Institute to be held with Brandenburg church Thursday and Friday, March 24 and 25: THURSDAY, MARCH 24. 10 A. M.—Devotional exercises—M. W. Whyne. The rich man and Lazarus—T. J. Duvall and D. F. Shacklett. How far should we extend denominational affiliation?—B. F. Hagan and John S. Willett. Adjournment. 1:30 P. M.—Devotional exercises—W. P. Carver. Deacons—(1) Their qualifications—J. J. Willett and C. M. Buchanan. (2) Their duties—T. A. Robertson and Wm. Cowley. Adjournment. 7 P. M.—Sermon on Bible sanctification—J. C. Willett, followed by discussion led by H. P. Coffman. FRIDAY, MARCH 25. 9:30 A. M.—Devotional exercises—J. C. Argabright. Foreign Missions—J. O. Willett. Home Missions—J. P. Jenkins. Relation of the Sunday school to the church—W. H. Bruner and E. K. Shultz. Adjournment at pleasure.

FROM TENNESSEE. Our school here, the South West Virginia Institute, has changed presidents. Prof. S. D. Jones, for nine years in charge, at the last meeting of our Board handed in his resignation which was accepted. The Board after prayerful consideration, elected Prof. J. W. Conger, of Arkadelphia, Ark., to succeed President Jones. President Conger is here and has accepted the presidency. Under him its future is assured. He comes with ripe experience, and the finest commendations I ever saw. Ex-Governor Eagle, Senator Jones, of his own State, and President Whitman of Columbian College Washington, all give him strong words of praise. "The present standard of the college shall not be lowered," says Bro. Conger. I never saw our people more enthusiastic in all my life. Our finances are in such shape now as to insure, beyond question, this valuable property worth \$100,000 in the hands of the South. The trustees are elected each year by the General Association of Virginia. Hence it is in the strictest sense a Baptist school. Our church work is moving along nicely, and some of us still love to read the RECORDER. M. E. BROADUS, Pastor. Britol-Va., Tenn., March 9, 1904.

DEAR RECORDER.—During the last month I have had the pleasure of being in two good revivals. I assisted Bro. J. F. Wenchill in a two-weeks' meeting at Tobinsport, Ind., in which there were twenty-four accessions—eighteen by experience and baptism and six by restoration. The church at Tobinsport is doing a glorious good work, and the membership is largely composed of people from Kentucky. This being the case I almost forgot that I was in Indiana. The church is sound in doctrine, and this is more than can be said of many of our Indiana churches. This is doubtless due to the leadership of Bro. Wenchill, Bruner, Rutledge and other noble men who have been her unshrinkers. I have just closed a two-weeks' meeting with the church at Cannonville, Ind., in which there were twenty-seven additions—nineteen by experience and baptism, six by lotter and two by restoration. To God be all the glory. Z. FERRELL. Hawesville, Ky., March 7. BRANDENBURG. Our work here is moving along well. We are having valuable additions at almost every service. During the last month we have received five by letter. We are making some much-needed improvements to our house. Our Sunday-school is doing nicely under the efficient management of Superintendent Prof. A. C. Burton, who is also President of the Brandenburg Normal School, and a very valuable man to our denomination as well. Irvington church has extended a call to Bro. E. K. Shultz for half his time. Bro. Shultz is a licentiate of our church, and is a very promising young man, and that church has called for his ordination. On Thursday, March 24, there will begin a Bible institute of Salem Association with our church which will continue over Sunday. Come out Bro. Editor, and let us have some of your good things. The RECORDER is growing stronger day by day both in its make up and in the hearts of Baptists. J. P. JENKINS. West Point, March 8. RECENTLY an avoyasser for a paper called on a lady to subscribe. She said: "I do not want your paper because I am a Baptist; I take the WESTERN RECORDER." GOOD hearts cannot be so solititous for anything under heaven as for removing those impediments which lie between them and their Savior.—Bishop Hall.

BY FAITH I AM ABLE.

BY JOHN MACLEOD, D. D.

"Lift up your hearts." Alas! O Lord, I cannot Lift up aright my burdened heart to Thee, Thou knowest, Lord, the care that presses on it, The chains that bind it, struggling to be free. O Love divine! Thy promise comes to cheer me; A Voice of pity! blessing and thrice blest; "Come unto Me, ye laden hearts and weary, Take up My yoke, trust Me, I pledge you rest." I dare not waver, by such grace invited, I yield to Thee my heart, I close the strife. Lift Thou my heart until, with Thine united, I taste anew the joy of endless life.

OUR PULPIT.

THOMAS, THE DOUBTER.

A Defense.

BY REV. E. J. STOBO, JR. B. TH.

Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came.—John 20:24.

Poor Thomas has been treated with scanty courtesy by many a Bible student. He has been criticized and condemned, when, if his character had been understood, the one incident which mars his life would have faded away before the splendor of his personality. In some respects he rivals the beloved disciple, in others he outstrips impulsive Peter. Unfortunately the materials from which to construct a study of his character are very scarce, most of them being found in the fourth Gospel, and even here only six references are made respecting him. It is a beautiful thought that the loving heart of John, the youngest of the apostles, understood the grave, taciturn, somewhat gloomy nature of Thomas, and that when the beloved disciple came to write his Gospel, in order that the character of his fellow-apostle might appear in its true colors, here and there he lingers a little to paint the grandeur of soul seen in this much-censured companion of our Lord. I shall endeavor to gather up these scattered references, and by fitting them together give you a picture, imperfect it is true, of this strongly marked personality. And first we shall consider Thomas as

I. AN EXAMPLE OF DEVOTED LOVE.

We know nothing of Thomas until Christ enters upon the last six months of his ministry on earth. Of course we have a record of his appointment as an apostle, but for two years and a half this disciple is unnoticed by the writers of our Lord's history. We have reason to believe, however, that he was a fisherman, for in John 21 we find him, in company with six others, dragging the sea of Galilee for fish. Probably he was a companion of the sons of Zebedee, and John having known him as a fisherman, having caught glimpses of his soul when they sat during the long night upon the sea waiting for their nets to fill with the finny inhabitants of the deep, was in a position to enter into the thoughts of his old-time friend when they left the Galilean lake to become followers of the Nazarene. This seems to be the more evident from the fact that in the fourteenth chapter of John the objection raised by Thomas to Christ's statement that he was going away, is followed by a question from Philip who was of Bethsaida, the city of Andrew and Peter. In such a case friends from the same town help each other in the discussion. It is probable that

Peter, John, James, Andrew, Philip and Thomas were all from the same city of Bethsaida, and were all fishermen. What honor was placed upon that little town! Think of the men that it gave to Christ and the world. Peter, the apostle of the circumcision; John, the writer of what is known as "the heart of the Gospel," of the three spiritual epistles, and of the mysterious Apocalypse; of James the martyr; Andrew, the discoverer of Peter, and Philip, the discoverer of Nathanael. It is very evident that there was a rugged independence of character about the inhabitants of Bethsaida. Every one of these disciples has some trait of character peculiar to himself, and Thomas is no exception. He is an example of devoted love. We must not forget that

1. The possibilities of his nature were recognized by Christ.

The heart of the Lord Jesus Christ longed for sympathy, and it is not surprising that he soon sought Bethsaida. John and Andrew were his first disciples, and his heart was speedily knit to them; Peter, the impulsive, hot-headed, loving follower came next; James, who afterward wanted to rain fire upon a village of the Samaritans because they would not receive Christ, quickly followed; Philip's eager love is seen in his answer to Nathanael, "Come and see." There was in Bethsaida genuine, warm-hearted love that claimed Christ at once. Was Thomas any exception? I think not. He is a big, solid man, his face is all bronzed by the sea; he is very slow of movement and of thought, but his soul is genuine. He does not make many protestations of love, but Jesus looks into those eyes, which, like a faithful dog's, follow his every movement with dumb affection, and he determines "That man is faithful; he is a true disciple." And Thomas never failed him. If he seems to waver, his head and not his heart is at fault.

When we leave the realm of the imaginary and come to the record we find in John 11 that

2. The love of Thomas was a love true to the death.

Christ a few months before had been in Jerusalem at the Feast of Tabernacles. His teaching from the first had been opposed by the Pharisees, but now Sadducees and Pharisees unite in an effort to destroy him. He is compelled to withdraw to Galilee. Even here Pharisaic hatred seeks him out, and he is now in the Province of Perea beyond Jordan. Word is brought to him that Lazarus of Bethany is sick. Two days go by and Jesus says to his disciples, "Let us go into Judea again." "What Lord! Go into Judea again! Do you forget that the Jews a little while ago sought to stone you? It is madness to court death thus." Jesus replies "Lazarus is fallen asleep. I go that I may wake him out of sleep." The disciples say "If he sleeps he shall do well." Christ replies, "Lazarus is dead. Let us go to him." "Go to him Lord! What is the use of running into danger thus! Think of the hatred of the priests and rulers. Your life will be the penalty of such a course." Then Thomas rises to the height of moral grandeur. Turning to his fellow-disciples he says, "Let us go with him that we may die with him." True not only during the days of popularity, true not only when it is pleasant, and safe to be a disciple, but true when the clouds have settled down, and darkness, shame, sorrow, death threaten his Master. Well done, Thomas! Further

3. His was a love that counted not his life dear unto himself.

"Let us go with him that we may die with him." Thomas was

a nature that always exaggerated difficulties. There seemed to him to be not a ray of hope for the Master and his followers in this trip to Jerusalem. He looked forward to seeing Christ seized and slain, and the disciples must share a like fate. There was just a tinge of melancholy in his nature. But notice how this slow, melancholy man towers like a giant amongst his brethren. "Let us go that we may die with him." He is ready to go to the cannon's mouth for the sake of Christ. Love would take him to certain death. Isn't he a grand man! If we had only this incident to offset his doubts, it would be sufficient. God make us more like Thomas in loving devotion!

Let us turn now to another phase of his character. Thomas is

II. AN EXAMPLE OF DISTRESSING DOUBT.

I have already spoken of his melancholy nature. Have you ever noticed that fishermen are just a little inclined to be melancholy? It is quite natural. Hour after hour these men sit in silence in their boats. The monotonous rise and fall of the waves alone breaks the silence. The work is hard, the dangers numerous, the rewards often very small. The sad and lonely murmur of the sea echoes in their souls, for a man is made largely by his surroundings. I do not consider Thomas to have been a great thinker. On the contrary I think all the evidence goes to prove that

1. He was slow to receive a new idea.

When our Lord is making his farewell address, and comforts his disciples by speaking of the Father's house with its many mansions, and tells them that they know where he is going and the way thither, Thomas says, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" Poor Thomas! How often in the long nights he had sat in his fishing skiff and gazed into the shining heavens. Into the profound depths of the firmament he had looked, but they told no secret. God's dwelling place was hidden among these clouds. Darkness was his habitation. And now Christ says, "I go to my Father's house!" As the questionings of these nights are stirred afresh by the words of Christ, the longing of his heart finds expression in the inquiry, "Lord, we know not whither thou goest, and how can we know the way?" The thoughts of the past hold him in their grip. He cannot see the shining track to the City of the King. He is slow to comprehend the words, "If I go and prepare a place for you, I come again to receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." The longing of his soul is to be with Christ, but the darkness and mystery of the way to the Father's house overwhelm him. "How can we know the way?" "Thomas, I am the way." You would have thought that these words would have rung in Thomas' heart and throbbed in his brain during the days that followed. He stood by the cross and heard the words, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," yet he does not seem to have thought of that memorable address. The night of Friday passes slowly; Saturday with its Passover services succeeds; the morning of the first of the week has come round. Thomas' heart breaks over the death of his Lord, is roused by Peter and John, who tell him that they have seen the Lord's empty tomb. The women declare that two angels have said that he is risen; Mary Magdalene says that she has seen and talked with him. Thomas is deaf to everything. How can a spirit

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come from that far away, mysterious, abode, enter his former dwelling and move once more amongst men? Thomas cannot understand it, and therefore the message confirmed by the open grave and the testimony of Mary Magdalene, does not cheer the hour of his sorrow. The darkness deepens about him.

2. His doubts separate him from the disciples.

The first day of the week is full of gloomy questionings. Can it be true that Jesus is alive? Would Peter and John deceive? Is Mary Magdalene to be relied upon? Oh, if he could only know something about that blue sky which stretches deeper and deeper in the mystery! I can fancy that Philip or John try to get out to meeting that night, but the despondent disciple will not go. In his loneliness and sorrow he tries to think it all out, while his fellow-disciples are having a glorious meeting in that upper room. Peter, poor, sinning, impulsive Peter, tells, with streaming eyes, that he has seen the Lord and that his denial in the court of the High Priest's house has been forgiven, and eager questions are asked about the Master. Every heart is stirred. The door opens and in come other two brethren. "Have you heard the news, men? The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared to Simon!" "Why we have just seen him ourselves. We were going over the hills to Emmaus when a stranger began talking to us. He had a wondrous knowledge of the Scriptures, and we began to understand the meaning of Christ's death. We talked for a long time and the sun was beginning to set when we arrived at the inn. Our hearts were knit to him, and we asked him to stay with us. At supper he blessed the bread, and suddenly we saw what had puzzled us before: 'It was Jesus.' Hear the cries of joy. The resurrection is a fact. Mary has seen him, Peter has seen him, Cleophas has seen him. 'The Lord is risen indeed!' And now Jesus stands before them and says, 'Peace be unto you!' and a hush falls upon the company. They think him a spirit, but Jesus shows them his hands and his feet, and eats a piece of honeycomb. Hallelujah! 'It is the Lord!'"

When the meeting is over, I can fancy that a lot of the brethren would go off to see Thomas. What a gloomy face he wears! "Brother Thomas, you missed a grand meeting to-night. Peter, here, told us how he had seen the Lord, and Cleophas told us how he had met him on the Emmaus road. And, Thomas, Jesus himself was in that meeting." And so they talk to him, but it's of no use. "I tell you," says Thomas, "it is impossible. He has been dead three days, and he could not come from that dark sky." They have to leave him. I can fancy that they come round next day to see him, and the next, and the next, but

3. His doubts made him unreasonable.

He would not accept the testimony of others, that Jesus was alive. His heart was longing for the same Christ that he knew, the Christ of the pierced head and

wounded side. "I tell you, Peter, I love him as much as any of you, and I do want him back." You cannot understand how my soul craves his presence, but unless I see the point of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." He is an honest doubter, and vexed with himself that he does doubt, and so the poor fellow is left to think and mourn.

A whole week has passed since Jesus appeared, and the other disciples are getting ready for meeting when John says, "Don't wait for me. I'm going out on an errand," and away he speeds to see Thomas. The melancholy disciple, who has always loved this boyish apostle, brightens up at the sight of John. "Come along, Thomas. It's nearly time for meeting. You're going to come with me to-night," and Thomas, to his surprise, is on his way to the upper room. That is the first step in dispelling doubt. I tell you, my brother, you need the presence of your brethren when you are cast down. The healthy soul is the social soul. The despondent soul is the solitary soul. Don't sit alone and mope. Go out and meet with your brethren.

This leads me to speak of Thomas as

III. AN EXAMPLE OF SUBLIME SPIRITUAL PERCEPTION.

Thomas reaches the upper room, and the brethren very wisely say nothing. There is a quiet whisper amongst them: "Isn't it good to see Brother Thomas back! Who brought him?" "John." Amid the singing Jesus suddenly appears. His words, "Peace be unto you," fall upon the ears of Thomas like notes of the sweetest music. "Where's Thomas?" And poor Thomas stands out. "I didn't see you at the last meeting, Thomas. I know that you have been troubled about the resurrection. Reach hither thy finger and see my hands; and reach hither thy hand and put it into my side, and be not faithless but believing." I do not read that Thomas did as suggested. If he had been so coarse, vulgar, rude, as to prod these wounds with his exploring fingers, the disciples would have hissed him out of the room. The condescension of Christ overwhelmed him. As the train running through a tunnel suddenly emerges from the darkness into the clear sunshine, so Thomas, in a single instant, left behind him the gloomy shadows and entered midday glory. "My Lord and my God!" This is the mountain peak of apostolic confession. Peter had called him the Messiah, the Son of God, but Thomas called him God. The words of Thomas ring out like the clear notes of a bell in some high steeple. Gabriel, before the throne, could have given no better testimony. The soul's eye caught the divinity of Christ like a flash, and the acknowledged great is made reverently, contentedly, joyously, "My Lord and my God." This is the rock upon which Unitarianism splits. Christ received the homage. If he had been only an honest man, he could not; but the Word, which was in the beginning with God and was God, is acknowledged as God by an apostolic voice,

and the confession is not reproved. Thomas fell into deeper gloom, but he rose to more glorious brightness than any of his companions.

The life of Thomas teaches us a lesson. Spiritual mysteries cannot be reasoned out. Faith is not in the fingers and brain. Faith is an open eye and heart, inward throbbing, a vision, a personal experience. You must meet these mysteries with heart-belief.

"Blessed are they that have not seen and yet believe." Thomas did not believe in the reality of Christ's bodily presence; we are apt to distrust the reality of his spiritual. Christ is here, here always. Livingstone, writing home from Africa, adapted the words of the May Queen, and said:

I shall look upon your face; Though I cannot speak a word, I shall hearken what you say, And be often, often, with you, when you think I'm far away.

In a fuller sense the Master looks into our hearts and homes to-day. He sees our hopes and our doubts. He is ready to relieve. Only trust. "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."—The Canada Baptist.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF CHRIST TO THE BELIEVER.

In 1 Peter 2:7 we read of the preciousness of Christ to the believer, and the experience of every Christian will verify the statement of the Apostle. To the unregenerate Christ is "a stone of stumbling and a rock of offense," but unto the believer he is precious. He is precious to the believer in the hour of conversation. When we were brought under conviction for sin, and made to feel that we were wrong and that God was in the right, all was dark, and we were in the valley of despair, but the Sun of Righteousness soon arose with healing in his wings, despair gave place to hope, sorrow to joy, and Jesus became unspeakably precious to our souls.

He became "the fairest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely," the very "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." His very name was music to our ears. Then he is precious to us in the time of temptation. Sin troubles every child of God. Satan is constantly tempting us to stray. How sweet to remember that we have a High Priest who is not above us, but who can be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, having been tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin, and who is able to help those who are tempted. Truly, "He knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust."

He is precious to the believer in the day of affliction and bereavement. We must all walk in the desolating track of disappointment, disease and death; but the believer has Christ with him, and the sweet assurance that "the Judge of all the earth will do right." We stand by the open grave of some loved one with tearful eyes and bleeding hearts, but Jesus comes with tender voice, saying, "Peace, be still." "Let not your heart be troubled." "I am the resurrection and the life." "If any man believe in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

Not with the unbeliever. He must bear his grief alone. In 1879 I myself stood over the lifeless form of my brother with no Savior at his side. Listen to his wall of despair: "Life is a dark and gloomy vale between the ice-cold peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond their heights: all is dark. We lift our wailing voices in the silence of the night and hear no answer but the echo of our bitter cry."

The believer can look up through his tears and say: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." Then Christ is precious to the believer in the hour of death. Death is called the King of Terrors, and yet we must all meet him. We must all lie down together in the dust, and there our bodies shall sleep "till time's last thunder shakes the world." The believer shall die in peace, for Christ will comfort him with his presence. The dying saint can exclaim with Wesley, "The best of all, God is with us!" He who walks with the believer through all the chequered scenes of life will not forsake us when we die.

But the preciousness of Christ only begins on earth. The chief attraction of heaven will be Christ. There he will be more precious than the golden streets, or the crystal river, or the gates of pearl. His praise shall be upon our lips through all eternity. "Unto you which believe he is precious." Jesus, precious Jesus.

"I'll speak the honors of thy name With my last laboring breath, And dying, clasp thee in my arms, The antidote of death.

"Weak is the effort of my heart, And cold my warmest thought, But when I see thee as thou art, I'll praise thee as I ought."

W. M. STALLINGS. Springfield, Ky.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

In the center of a great city, shut away from outward strife, lived an invalid Christian lady who had been for a long time quietly waiting the summons to depart hence. Calling one day to express sympathy and invoke the divine blessing, under such protracted and painful illness, the theme of conversation naturally turned to the holy Sabbath, just at hand. She remarked, "I have had a blessed preparation for this holy day in a new and wonderful sight of Jesus. His name, his truth, and his atoning work have been filling my soul with inexpressible delight. I verily believe that there is no one who could repeat greater songs than those which I sang in my heart during the hours of the past night. This is my preparation for the holy Sabbath day."

What thoughts crowded upon us as we left that secluded chamber of suffering! She needs not, we thought, any special earthly ministries to calm the anxieties of weary hours. All through the night vigils her soul has been filled with thanksgiving melodies. They had come unbidden. Her meditations had been sweet. She could but see how God had cared for her during all the days and nights; how her earthly friendships had been most precious, and how the promises of the word had never failed.

In what did her happiness consist? Very clearly in the bountiful provision which the Gospel affords. As she pondered upon the faithfulness of her Lord holy songs filled her soul. The gathering memories of other years filled her with joy, for she saw in them all nothing but infinite care for her good. How the Lord had taught her the value of his word through affliction—the excellency of the Saviour's love, the preciousness of Christian fellowship, and the certainty of heavenly communion with loved ones in the hereafter. What a preparation for the holy Sabbath was these songs of the night—songs that faith in Jesus alone can inspire!—N. Y. Advocate.

Let the sermon thou hast heard be converted into prayer.—John Bunyan.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

The Committee on Entertainment, Wm. T. Anderson, Chairman, and Wm. N. Grubb, Secretary, for the Southern Baptist Convention, which is to meet in Norfolk May 5, makes the following announcements: (1.) Homes will be provided only for duly accredited delegates bearing proper credentials. (2.) All requests for homes must be made to Mr. Wm. T. Anderson, Chairman, Norfolk, Va., before April 25. (3.) No assignments of homes will be made after that date.

Dr. O. F. Gregory, one of the Secretaries of the Southern Baptist Convention, says that "the Southeastern Passenger Association has granted a rate of one fare for the round-trip to the Convention at Norfolk. This practically settles the rate in the South. All other roads will fall into line." The Southern Railway has also decided to grant the same rate. The railroads have nearly always been especially kind to Southern Baptists. We hope that the cheap rates will insure a large attendance.

SOUTHERN BAPTIST CONVENTION.

We have letters from brethren of different states in the bounds of the Convention, asking if we are going to make an offer similar to those made before, to aid them to the Convention to meet in Norfolk next May, by securing a liberal commission for new subscribers for the WESTERN RECORDER. In regard to this we have not concluded to make a general offer, but we ask those who desire to make an effort to write us, telling us the cost of ticket from their homes and return, and they will hear from us promptly. W. P. HARVEY.

REV. A. P. COPELAND.

DEAR RECORDER:—I learn that our brother, A. P. Copeland, now of Lyoo, Miss., intends coming to Southern Kentucky and Middle Tennessee to engage in evangelistic work for the greater part of the remaining year, and to make his home permanently in Kentucky. Churches needing his services will be fortunate to get them. He is a forcible and strong preacher, a sound Baptist, and a man of fine intellectual attainments. J. H. BURNAM.

Fayetteville, Tenn.

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Colored Dress Goods. The variety we offer in beautiful Spring Goods is a surprise to all. 25c For All wool Mixtures in all the new spring shades. 45c For golden brown Italian Serge, 4 1/2 inches wide, splendid quality, worth 60c per yard.

Regarding Ladies' and Children's Hosiery. 25c For your choice of twenty-five styles of pretty new up-to-date Ladies' Hosiery—black, tan and colors, worth 35c. 35c For superior quality Ladies' Hosiery, 50c styles, in drop stitch, Harvard stripes, boot patterns, spliced heel and toe.

Our Glove Store. Needs no introduction, as a sale of our Kid Gloves means a steady customer afterwards. 73c For Ladies' two clasp good quality Kid Gloves, in tan, red, green, worth \$1.00. \$1.25 For a superior quality Ladies' Kid Gloves, 5-book, in black and all shades.

Our Linen Store. Never were such values shown in our recent purchase of the towels at about the price you pay for cheap ones. Value to housekeepers. 80c For genuine All- linen Huck Towels, with colored borders and fringed ends, 15c value. 25c For an extra heavy white Doubleback Towel, size 22x4, with beautiful colored borders and heavy knotted fringe, worth 60c.

New Veilings. A special inducement to the wearers of these becoming nets. 14c For Fish Net Veiling, in black only, the latest meshes, worth 25c. 45c For Ladies' extra quality white wash Net Veils, beautifully embroidered edge and figure, worth 60c.

All Mail Orders Promptly Filled. Samples Sent When Requested. 12c For an All- Linen Huck Towel, 15x27 with colored borders and fringed ends, worth 15c. 29c For a superior quality All- Linen White Bath Handker Towel, size 16x16 with knotted fringe and colored borders, worth 40c.

FOR ONLY 35 CENTS We will put in your home DR. CHRISTIAN'S book 'DID THEY DIP?' We can furnish you any book published. Baptist Book Concern, Louisville.

WESTERN RECORDER. LOUISVILLE.

THURSDAY ..... MARCH 17, 1898

For weeks the American people have been in a state of expectant anxiety in regard to war with Spain. Every day the papers have held out the idea that war was imminent. Possibly some of the paper managers wanted to sell more copies of their journals, and have sought to stimulate the excitement. But even when calmly told, the events are well calculated to arouse excitement. The blowing up of the battleship, Maine, in circumstances suggesting suspicion of treachery, following closely on the retirement of the late Spanish ambassador, followed by great activity in our navy and the appropriation of fifty million dollars for immediate use in preparing for emergencies - these things may well excite the people. We still hope there will be no war. We see no good to come from a war between the United States and Spain. Cuba will be free? Yes, but Cuba can be freed without our fighting Spain. If we go into war we will soon take Cuba - but we do not want Cuba. If we take the time necessary our country can raise a force strong enough to get and take possession of Spain - but what do we want with Spain? We cannot think of adding Spain to our territory, and we do not want any such colony as it would make. We would not be able to get out of the Spanish enough money to pay for our war against them, because they have a hard time to get money to carry on their government as the case now stands. How could they pay us a large indemnity? We would gain no prestige by whipping Spain, for it goes without saying that Spain is no match for the United States. Seventy millions ought easily to overcome eighteen millions of people.

Yet Spain would annoy us a good deal while we were getting ready to strike the telling blows, for we are unprepared for war. Our coast defenses are in bad condition, our navy is small, considering the great extent of our sea coast to defend. In some instances during the war a single corps was larger than in our entire army now. It takes time to make an army, and more time to make a navy, and in the meantime our commerce would be destroyed, American securities held abroad would be sent home for sale, business - except along military and naval lines - would be paralyzed, and we would have another installment of hard times, ending with an increased burden of national debt.

But high above all these considerations rise the moral elements in the problem. War is a curse. We should all pray and labor for the time when men shall "learn war to know it" - when "the sword shall be beaten into the ploughshare and the spear into the pruning hook." If the present excitement shall result in putting the United States in a position to maintain the peace of the world, then the excitement will not be in vain. We hope for this result, and also that the agitation will hasten the freedom of Cuba. And when Cuba is free, we ought to have an hundred missionaries ready to enter the island at once. In the meantime, let us send food and clothing to the wretched and starving people there, whose worldly goods have been destroyed by the Spaniards. Miss Ward tells in the *Spaniards* of many cases she recently saw at the Cuban town of Jaruco, and among others the following:

Another case was that of a good-looking, refined woman, perhaps thirty-five years of age, dressed in neat but

shabby black, with the saddest eyes I ever saw. She said that two years ago she and her husband were in good circumstances, owing a small plantation upon which they employed six men their wages. A few days after Masco's raid the Spanish soldiers came in hot pursuit, and inquired which way the rebels had taken. They did not know, being out of the line of Masco's march, and therefore could give no information. Believing that they were lying to screen their friends, the Spaniards killed her husband before her eyes, and the six other men on the plantation, and burnt all their buildings to the ground. Her only daughter, fifteen years old, was shot while attempting to shield the father, and the baby in her arms received a bullet wound in the back, which crippled it for life. She has her land - and nothing else but her sorrow, and is now among the hungry Reconcentrados.

The Spiritualists bear off the palm for making excessive claims. They claimed the great spread of theirism over the United States and over the world. They actually went so far as to claim twenty million adherents in the United States alone. They did make a good deal of noise, and they got themselves talked about in the papers a great deal. But one cannot judge of the power of a sect any more than of a man, by the noise it makes and the amount said about it in the papers. Indeed, in the case of a man, and especially in that of a preacher, people begin to suspect something is wrong when they see a great deal in the papers about him. We have noticed that when the papers have a great deal to say about a preacher it is not long till he moves. There must be some weakness where so much newspaper bolstering is needed.

This is well illustrated in the case of the Spiritualists. It took a great deal of whistling and shouting to keep their courage up. People did not believe there were half, or even a tenth, as many Spiritualists in the country as the claim affirmed. But when the U. S. Census revealed the facts, the figures were far below what any one supposed. Instead of 20,000,000 Spiritualists in the land, there were but 45,030. So they claimed 400 times as many as they really had! This beats anything in the way of claiming we have ever known; and so we say the Spiritualists bear off the palm in the matter of excessive claims.

The bigotry of those who call themselves "liberals" surpasses any other bigotry we find. Dr. Jno. W. Cladwick, the well-known Unitarian divine, certainly has had abundant opportunity to learn about the "liberals," and he cannot be charged with any prejudice against them. Yet he says: "For myself, I have found much more narrowness and bigotry among extremely radical people than among orthodox." Others have observed the same thing. When a man begins to prate about his "liberal views," watch him and you will see an exhibition of narrowness and bigotry. Leigh Hunt condemned "the illiberality of liberals and the sectarianism of anti-sectarians."

"For broader truths the liberal thinker pleads. He rails at narrow bigots and their creeds; Yet proves himself, it ofttime doth befall, The most intolerant bigot of them all."

Our neighbor, the *Christian Observer*, corrects its mistake in regard to the alleged utterance of Dr. Henson in favor of open communion; but it proceeds to criticize him for requiring prerequisites for admission to the Lord's Supper which are not required for admission to Heaven. It is claimed that since he admits true believers who are Presbyterians, Methodists or Episcopalians are saved, without baptism, he should welcome

them to the Lord's Supper. The *Observer* cannot bear the idea of refusing admission to the Lord's Supper to those who are admitted to Heaven.

This is an old objection which is urged over and over again, as if there were some sense in it. But the absurdest thing about it is that those who make this objection to the Baptists do exactly the same thing themselves. The *Christian Observer* requires prerequisites for the Lord's Supper which it admits are not required for Heaven. We say of the editor of the *Observer* exactly what he says of Dr. Henson, viz: "But he would have us understand that his own standard is so different from that in the New Jerusalem that he is constrained to forbid them [i. e., those lacking the prerequisites he lays down - Ed.] to come to the table of the Lord."

This is precisely what the editor of the *Observer* does. He believes Quakers are saved, and yet he would not invite Quakers to the Lord's Supper. He believes infants are saved, and yet he would not allow them to come to the Lord's Supper. Infants are admitted to Heaven, but they cannot be admitted to the Presbyterians communion table, although they have received what the Presbyterians regard as valid baptism.

Of course the Presbyterians are right in refusing the Lord's Supper to infants, and we are sorry they do not also refuse baptism (as they understand it) to them also. There is every whit as much ground for infant communion as there is for infant baptism. Every argument that can be brought in favor of the latter is equally an argument in favor of the former. Every argument against the former is equally an argument against the latter.

But there is a *novelty* that is refreshing in Presbyterians complaining that Baptists require conditions for admission to the Lord's Supper which they acknowledge are not necessary for admission to Heaven, when the Presbyterians themselves do exactly that same thing. It is right funny.

Of course, who shall or shall not be admitted to the Lord's Supper, is to be settled solely by the New Testament. And Baptists require nothing which the scholarship of the world does not admit the New Testament requires.

"WHAT to do with heresy?" is a subject that is being discussed in some of the papers. The only thing to do with it is to reject it with emphasis, and to so teach the truth that people will be freed from all danger of heresy. A curious notion seems to pervade some people that somehow or in some way heresy is sacred, that the man who condemns heresy is somehow to blame, and that it is a sign of breadth and progress to be very kindly affectioned toward heresy. A falsehood has no rights that anybody is bound to respect. Truth alone is sacred. Let us love the truth and hate error. There is no danger of loving truth too well or of hating error too intensely. We read of the heavenly city (Rev. 22:15), "For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." We have no more right to love a lie than we have to make one. The man who loves heresy in religion (for every heresy is a lie about God) is charged with "whoremongers and murderers." Let no tenderheart be shown to heresy. No man can really love truth without hating heresy, since a love of the true necessarily involves a hatred of the false.

While heresy is to be hated, heretics are to be loved. We should seek earnestly and kindly to save them from their heresy by giving them the truth. But if the heretic prove obstinate, if he be devoted to his heresy, he is to be rejected. The Holy Spirit tells us (Titus 3:10), "A man that is an heretic, after the first and second admonition reject." Again the Holy Spirit, speaking of the orthodox faith says (II John 10:11): "If there come any unto you, and bring not into your house, neither bid him God-speed; for he that biddeth him God-speed is partaker of his evil deeds."

We have not been discussing what is heresy, but how heresy, recognized as such, should be regarded. Many of the most precious truths have been regarded by many people as heresies. What is orthodox and what is heresy must be determined by the Bible. Orthodoxy is to be loved, cherished and advocated, while heresy is to be hated, banished and opposed. Men can compromise interests and policies, but they must not compromise truth. Truth brooks no contradiction and endures no stain. It is the truth that makes us free, and to give it up for the sake of heresy, is not progress, but decay. One hears many sneers and flings at the "heresy-hunters," and no man hates another as the heretic hates the "heresy-hunter." We have observed this so long that whenever we hear a man rail out against "heresy-hunters" we immediately have a suspicion that he is cherishing some heresy he does not wish exposed. Let us all be truth-hunters and heresy-haters.

When the *Baptist Banner* began to be published, Mr. John Clark, of Taylorsville, Ky., became a subscriber. Through the seventy-two years of the publication of the *Banner* and its successor, the *WESTERN RECORDER*, the name of John Clark has remained on the list. He passed away years ago but the family have continued the paper he loved in his name. Miss Sue Clark now receives the paper but it goes to the address of John Clark as it has ever done. There is something beautiful in this, and it gives us great pleasure to record the fact.

Dr. HARVEY reports that he had a fine time at the Editor's meeting at Asheville, N. C., last week. The editor regretted his inability to be present, but his paper on the functions of a religious paper was read by Dr. Harvey. The meeting wound up with an elegant banquet. Dr. J. S. Felix and the Baptists of Asheville showed the visitors every attention, and the railroads gave them every courtesy. These annual gatherings are very pleasant and let us hope, profitable as well. There were a good many conspicuous absences. Dr. Harvey gives his report this week, on another page.

DR. LORIMER delivers the Gay Lectures in Norton Hall, March 29th, 30th, and 31st as we have previously announced. The lectures will be published as a tract, we understand, and they are sure to be worth studying and preserving.

BUSINESS - the most brilliant living writer, is still able to take his daily walks. He receives visits and directs his business affairs. He spends much time in reading. We hope he will write yet more. He says things when he writes.

SOLOMON bids us "buy the truth," but doth not tell what it must cost, because we must get it, though it be never so dear. - Thomas Brooks.

Editorial Varieties.

"They have a post office in Georgia named 'Pay Up.' We suggest to diligent subscribers to religious papers to move there.

The output of mineral wealth in Colorado during 1897 was \$14,000,000. This certainly is mineral prosperity. Would that we had spiritual prosperity in equal measure.

"Historically Baptists are not Protestants; they never were organically in the Roman church, and never have obtained so gross an a body against its grievous errors." - MacArthur.

"Once a friend of mine and I agreed that 'it would be worth while for each of us to tell the other his faults.'"

"How did it work?"

"We haven't spoken for nine years." - Chicago Record.

The Anti Spiritualist Society has been organized. The headquarters are in Dayton, O., and the Rev. J. N. Becker, D.D., is President. The Spiritualists celebrate their 50th anniversary in Rochester, N. Y., June 1 st, next. They began there with the Fox sisters, who have since renounced spiritualism and confessed the trick.

Since the loss of the Maine, the United States has only ten first-class battleships. There are also two armored cruisers, one ram, six double turret monitors, thirteen (old) single turret monitors, sixteen unarmored steel vessels, eighteen gun boats and twenty-three torpedo boats. There are also six old iron and ten old wooden vessels. The British navy is about five times as strong as ours, while ours is twice as strong as that of Spain.

A brother writes to ask whether Matthew Henry's Commentary is not "out of date." He had been told that later works had superseded Matthew Henry. One might as well ask if Shakespeare is not out of date, and whether later works had not superseded the great master. On the day before the Judgment Day, if a man wanted to get a commentary, he would do well to get Matthew Henry.

The Congressionalists spend \$100,000 a year in educating 1,000 Negro students at Tuskegee, Ala. Baptists spend \$125,000 a year in educating 8,000 Negro students at different institutions in the South. Thus the money goes farthest in the hands of Baptists. Let those willing to help educate Negroes note this fact. The State University here in Louisville is doing a good work for the Negroes, and it deserves our aid from heaven.

The Rev. Dr. David Morton died in Louisville last week and his body was carried to Russellville for burial. Bishop Hargrove preached the funeral sermon in Louisville, and many ministers took part. Dr. Morton had charge of the Methodist church extension work and he was very efficient in it. He was universally beloved. He was a fine specimen of the old time Methodist preacher, of rare gifts and graces. His death is a loss to our common Christianity.

The editor ran down to his native town, Murfreesboro, Tenn., and lectured last Friday night on "The Turk at Home." He had a good hearing and a pleasant trip. The Baptist veteran, E. L. Jordan, Esq., has not yet recovered from the effects of a recent fall. He is 82 years of age and he takes the liveliest interest in denominational affairs. (The visitor enjoyed the handsome hospitality of J. R. Hale, Esq., and his charming family. Pastor Hailley is preaching and working with his characteristic faithfulness and power.

A business man told us recently that he had "heard two good sermons on Sunday" and that he hoped he had "religion enough on hand to run" him for the week. We do not think the supply a man lays in on Sunday will last him through the week. He needs a fresh supply every day. We need a supply that can catch up on Sundays. Just as a man cannot eat enough to last him a week, he cannot take in at one time enough grace to do him a week. "Give us this day our daily bread."

The *Religious Herald* proposes a settlement of the current controversy, and it is seconded by the *Baptist Courier*. The proposition is that all who wish Dr. Whitsett to resign shall themselves resign. This is so simple that the wonder is no one thought of it before. To be sure, the example of Dr. W. is against the proposition, and robes it of much of the force it might otherwise have. But still it is worth thinking about. If all who object to Dr. W. would only take themselves out of the way, then he and his partisans could have their way in peace. But the better is, the Baptists of the South generally think that they have a right to their opinions, and that they have a right to be heard.

Among the many contributions received for the debt on the funeral church, some are very interesting. One of the contributors is the venerable Dr. Robert Hylton. When the matter was mentioned Dr. H. sent a contribution. Now he sends another with the authorization. "Don't let that church be said." We do not think it will be said. Bro. Hylton has been diligent and faithful and he is within about \$2,000 securing the \$10,000 necessary. Although the time is short and the last part of the amount is, as is always the case, the hardest to raise, yet we believe it will be raised, and a new career will be opened to our Gory church.



FAMILY CIRCLE.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O, Mary, so glad call the cattle home. And call the cattle home. And call the cattle home. Across the sands of Dee!"

THANKSGIVING FOR ONE.

BY MABEL GIFFORD.

"I tell you what, I am going to have a splendid Thanksgiving at my house this year." "No, Burton Folsom, standing up his full height, and quite looking over his companion's head."

"What do you have, Ben?" "Oh—anything—same's other days." "Don't you have any Thanksgiving at your house, Ben?" "No, no Thanksgiving to speak of."

having a better time than himself. Even Ben, who had no Thanksgiving at home and no skates and no cousins, was enjoying himself immensely; and Oscar, who had lent his skates and was leading the fire, seemed in the most festive of spirits.

"Ben is the best fellow out," he said. "Ben is a good boy," replied Mrs. Folsom. "This has been the jolliest day!" said Burton; "it has been a better Thanksgiving than yesterday."

Thursday, March 17, 1898. The cold chills of fear run up and down the back of the bravest man when he looks down the barrel of a death-dealing Winchester. Every hour and every minute when the face of a man who means "shoot."



Every hour and every minute when the face of a man who means "shoot." "I've been thinking about it," she said. "If we only knew a way to earn a little money, I think we could say aside to bury it, but it wouldn't be right to take it, for then somebody else would have to pay our funeral expenses; and as for eating less than we do now, that is impossible, for we would get sick, and other people would have to take care of us."

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THE OPTUM AND MORPHINE HABIT. "What We May Do to Be Saved" is a little book, giving full particulars of a reliable cure. Free by mail. L. E. Stephens, Dept. B, 125 Nassau, N.Y.

Southern Baptists' Notes to Norfolk, Va., Convention, May 1898. Southern Baptists should know that the Chesapeake & Ohio is the only line to Norfolk, Va., combining every desirable feature of an attractive route.

NOW IN THE WHEELS OF DEATH FOR FOUR WEEKS. Withdrawing October 20, 1897, the Western Railroad, in connection with the "Santa Fe" Railway, will resume the line of Vestedville.

LEXINGTON SHORT-LINE. Solid vestibule trains daily. Lv Louisville 8:00am, Arr Louisville 10:00am, Lv Louisville 11:00am, Arr Louisville 12:00pm, Lv Louisville 1:00pm, Arr Louisville 2:00pm, Lv Louisville 3:00pm, Arr Louisville 4:00pm, Lv Louisville 5:00pm, Arr Louisville 6:00pm.





HOW TO PRAY.

COLLECTED BY E. HEZ. SWEM.

Dr. J. C. Hiden says: "Our prayer meetings are poor, dull, thinly attended and powerless, when we have no closets. If you have been alone with God, pleading with Him, and then turn your footsteps towards the meeting of the Lord's people, your very countenance will tell of the preparation for the public gathering. When Moses had been alone with Jehovah on the mount, and then came down to the people, his face shone with a radiance which was not of earth—a reflection of the glory of God." These are weighty sentences. Our spiritual weapons are forged and burnished only at the mercy seat. Not without reason did the Apostle exhort: "Be urgent in prayer;" "Pray without ceasing."—Baptist Record.

In every instance the man who prevails in prayer is the man who is alone with God as he prays; Abraham leaves Sarah behind when he pleads with him for Sodom; and if he fails, it is because he ceases to ask before God ceases to grant. Moses is by himself beside the bush in the wilderness. Joshua is alone when the Lord comes to him as an armed man. Gideon and Jephthah are by themselves when commissioned to save Israel. Once does Elijah raise a child from the dead, and Elisha does the same, and in each case not even the mothers come in, while the prophet, alone with God, asks and receives.

So of Ezekiel, so of Daniel. Although others are present, Saul, journeying to Damascus, is alone with Christ after that he breaks upon him. Cornelius is praying by himself when the angel flashes upon his solitude; nor is any one with Peter upon the housetop when he is prepared to go to the Gentiles for the first time. One John is alone in the wilderness, another John is by himself in Patmos, when nearest God. It is when alone under his fig-tree, in prayer, that Jesus sees Nathaniel. All religious biography, our own closest communion and success with God, show what Christ means, when, as if it were the only way to pray, he says, "And thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which sees in secret, shall reward thee openly."—Wm. M. Baker.

"Always at our best" should be our motto. Not one of us should ever take one backward step. Few Christians can say they have never declined in spirituality. Not many can say, "I am nearer Christ to-day than ever before in my life." Yet that is our constant privilege. Grace is sufficient. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work."

That we may move steadily forward no means of grace can be more helpful and necessary than private prayer. One who has promised that our Father which sees in secret shall reward us openly. He also set the example, spending whole nights alone in prayer. It is the only way in which we can acquaint ourselves with God. We can not love deeply people whom we meet only in public. For the building up of a true, enduring friendship, there must be hours of the free interchanges of thought when no others are present.

No wonder some care so little for Christ. They spend so little

time alone with Him. A few hints may be helpful.

1. Form a habit of praying regularly at least three times a day, so that when the time comes for private prayer your soul will turn as naturally toward the exercise as your appetite takes you to the table when the dinner-hour arrives.

2. Pray while you pray, and do not indulge in religious reverie, fancying that that is prayer. If you watch yourself, you will find it easy to say over the most earnest forms of prayer, and even moan and groan them out, while your mind is wandering like the fool's eyes, to the ends of the earth. It is not the quantity, but the quality that counts. Otherwise, Mohammedans and Romanists would be prime saints.

3. Be definite. "When I was in the army," said an old general, "the man who came to headquarters for something and knew what he wanted, and asked for it in straight, honest English, got a favorable answer if his request was at all reasonable. But woe to the one who came mumbling something over about something he didn't exactly know what. We generally sent him off about his business on the double quick." Definite requests bring definite answers.

4. Depend on the Spirit's help. Ask Him to lead your thought while you pray. "He helpeth our infirmities." We are sure to get what He leads us to ask for, if we only believe.

5. Give Him a chance to answer when you call. We sing, "Talk with us, Lord thyself reveal." And, "With Thee conversing we forget All time and toil and care."

What kind of a conversation would that be in which one did all the talking? The crowning success of prayer is to listen well. What God says to us helps a thousand-fold more than what we say to Him. When you ask Him for something, do not run on and on and on, arguing the case, but look and listen intently, and you will be sure to get an answer.

Have you heard the story of the old negro who led his master to Christ, and who showed his convert, a few months later, why he had grown lukewarm? It seems as I remember it, that at first they often went to pray together in the grove; but after awhile the master began to grow careless, and when he asked the old negro about it, the answer was a look at the path to the place of prayer, which was overgrown with weeds. We must not let the weeds grow in the path to our place of private prayer.—Christian Witness.

DEAR RECORDER:— Hoping to hear from many of my old acquaintances and friends, I write a few lines. I was a student at Georgetown, Ky., in the year 1868, if my memory serves me rightly, rooming with my brother, M. M. Riley, now of Greenville (S. C.) Female Seminary, Bro. Pettie Harris, and many I could mention, besides a large acquaintance outside of the school. I remember those days

proved my time to greater advantage. I have been from Kentucky eleven years, and for two years back and forward, but there has been many a change since then with me. Where I could once remember pedigree of stock and was considerable of a trader and dealer, but alas! even in the last three years my theme has been quite a change. Though when I professed faith in Christ, in the spring of 1865, while preparing corn land with my brother, I thought then I surely never would see another sorrow; but alas! many

heavy battlements of warfare have come upon me, but never in my life did I have any desire to return to the world, though at many times I might have been too much after the worldly lusts.

Business prospered for many years, and our children grew up around us, 4 in number. Three out of four professed faith in Christ at home, when they were not under any protracted meeting, my wife made a profession when a girl and our fourth child at the age of 13, while we thought we were living very happily in Christ, being very regular in attending services. We went through a three years' drought, from 1890-94, with much loss of property and many disadvantages, as we thought.

In the latter part of 1893 I went to the Indian Territory, wife and children following in the spring of 1894; there the remainder of the stock bade us adieu. Then wife and I were considerably afflicted bodily, though through all this we seemed to be considerably revived religiously, and while there I did more in the cause of Christ than I had ever done before, notwithstanding about eight years of my life I was a Sabbath-school superintendent.

In January, 1896, we felt it our duty to return to this place, having some interests here and having a great many warm friends; but feeling, perhaps, we had a work to do here for our Master, where we had spent several years; so now for the last nine months I have been going out as I imagine Philip did, though not as good a man nor as able, yet believe we have a duty.

Last August I went to Wheatley, Ky., to see my father, S. H. Riley, Sr., on what was supposed to be his death bed, but he is still lingering, and is in his 87th year. While there I met many relatives and friends, and was at Concord Association. I spoke a few words at that association, and asked the prayers of all Christian people to remember us out in this land, for the happiest moments of my life have been in the realization of prayer.

I have just returned from a trip over six counties, traveling in a private conveyance over 325 miles, collecting in part for my employer C. Smith, in the lumber business, and holding a service, and as many as four in some towns, as I passed around, trying to do all I could in the Master's cause, besides talking with many men and families that never hear the Gospel. My labor is my dependence for my support. I was much surprised at the destitution of the cause of Christ on my trip. In passing eight Baptist churches only two have pastors, and many, many families never hear the Gospel. I ventured to Lane, an appointment of 35 miles, for three Sundays in March, at the wickedest place I was ever in, and saw while there two girls arrested for disturbing services at the Methodist church the week before. I had good attention while there, and was enough encouraged to try to go back once a month, and hold a meeting with them in May with a helper. S. H. RILEY, JR. San Antonio, Texas.

Bride and lilies may teach us confidence in God's Providence to meet our daily needs of temporal blessings. Towers and fortresses may teach us of God's protection against our enemies. Pastures and flocks may teach us of God's provision for the spiritual needs of His children. But the harvest-field and the battle ground teach us of God's presence with us in work and in warfare. Let us realize God in every changing event of life, and learn by knowing Him that all "our expectation is for Him."

A SUCCESSFUL EVANGELIST

Rev. W. A. Dunnett, a Man Whose Good Work Is Widely Known—He Relates Events in His Career of General Interest.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Throughout Canada, from the western boundary of Ontario to the Atlantic Coast, there is no name more widely known in temperance and evangelistic work than that of the Rev. W. A. Dunnett. Mr. Dunnett has been a Grand Vice-Councilor of Ontario and Quebec in the Royal Templars, and so popular is he among the members of the order that in Montreal there is a Royal Templars council named "Dunnett Council" in his honor. For more than ten years Mr. Dunnett has been going from place to place pursuing his good work, sometimes assisting resident ministers, sometimes conducting a series of gospel temperance meetings independently, but always laboring for the good of his fellow men. While in Smith's Falls a few months ago in connection with his work, he dropped into the Record office for a little visit with the editor. During the conversation the Record ventured to remark that his duties entailed an enormous amount of hard work. To this Mr. Dunnett assented, but added that in his present physical condition he was equal to any amount of hard work. But it was not always so, he said, and then he gave the writer the following little personal history, with permission to make it public. He said that when he was thirteen years he had been greatly troubled with a pain in the region of the heart, from which he was unable to get any relief. At times it was a dull, heavy pain, at others sharp and severe. Occasionally it forced him to his knees in agonies, and at times it made it difficult to move. His trouble was always visible to the neighbors, and he was frequently asked what services he would give out and doctors had to be called in to attend him. This occurred to him in the Young Men's Union; the Baptist Church, Woodstock, Ont.; the Methodist Church, Charlton Place, Ont. On another occasion while preaching to an audience of 1,500 people in the Franklin Street Congregational Church, at Manchester, N. H. Five doctors

had arrived and were in attendance before he regained consciousness. In all these cities and towns the newspapers freely mentioned his affliction at the time. Mr. Dunnett said he had consulted many physicians, though he said, to be entirely fair, he had never been any great length of time under treatment by any one doctor because of his itinerant mode of life. In the early part of the summer of 1880, while in Brockville assisting the pastor of the Wall Street Methodist Church in evangelistic services, he was speaking of his trouble to a friend who urged him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and next day presented him with a dozen boxes. "I took the pills," said Mr. Dunnett, "and I declare to you I am a well man to-day. I used to worry a great deal over the pain about my heart, but that is all gone now, and I feel like a new man." All this the reverend gentleman told in a simple conversational way, and when it was suggested that he let it be known, he rather demurred, because, as he put it, "I am almost afraid to say I am cured, and yet there is no man enjoying better health to-day than I do."

At that time, as Mr. Dunnett's request, his statement only published locally, but now writing under the date of Jan. 31, from Pittsburgh, Pa., where he has been conducting a very successful series of evangelistic meetings, he says: "I had back from writing in regard to my health, it was suggested that I be forgotten, but because it seemed too good to be true that the old time pain had gone. I cannot say whether or no I ever return, but I can certainly say it has not troubled me for months, and I am in better health than I have been for years. I have not been able to lose weight, I would prefer not to say anything about my appetite, like the poor, it is ever with me. Yes, I attribute my good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you have my consent to use the fact."

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### COTTON CROP RETURNS AND BY-PRODUCTS.

Cotton was formerly thought to be king of all crops, but it has wofully fallen from its former prominence, and now is of quite inferior importance among national farm products. It is a striking feature of southern agriculture that the first value of cotton to the farmer is but a comparatively small part of its value after it has left his hands, and that it is subject to a vast amount of expense in its disposal in the markets of the world. Its first value is, however, a very important matter, for it brings in to the grower considerably more than all the gold products of the world, for what is sent to foreign countries alone (leaving a very large amount to be distributed among the factories engaged in manufacture at home) is worth 200 millions of dollars. The crop is remarkable for the amount of labor spent upon it beyond that which comes into the hands of growers themselves. Indeed, this income to the southern farmers is not quite half of its ultimate value.

### The Farm.

A. W. Robinson sold 670 bushels of wheat at \$1.—Jessemine Journal.

The lamb crop in Woodford county will be small, says the Midway Clipper.

The Glasgow Times reports sales of 75 cattle, 1,100 cattle, at 44c, and 52 stock hogs at 3.16.

Boyle county growers are preparing to put in a bigger crop of tobacco.

Mr. R. E. Early, of Woodford county, will plant 900 acres of hemp this year.

The Woodford Sun says that John Ball has sold his hemp crop at \$4 per hundred, delivered at Nicholasville.

John D. Harris, of Madison, sold to Louisville parties 50,000 pounds of tobacco at an average of 74c.

The Richmond Register reports a gray-brown turkey weighing 49 pounds, and says it could have been forced to 55 pounds.

Best cattle sold at Paris last week at 4 to 5c. Thirty 1,000 pound steers brought \$43.75. Best males sold at \$150 to \$125 per head.

William Cooper, of Pulaski, sold at Lancaster last week 55 steers which averaged 900 pounds at \$40. He sold a lot of common heifers at 3c.

At the sale of McIntyre & McClintock, in Bourbon county, mules brought \$75 to \$150; milch cows from \$30 to \$50, and sheep from \$3 to \$5.

Hon. Lucas Moore, Commissioner of Agriculture, says that the Kentucky wheat crop will be good this year except in the western part of the State. A large acreage of tobacco will be planted.

Geo. C. Graddy, a well-known wheat buyer of Woodford county, is buying all the wheat crops of 1898 that he can at 75c per bushel. Last week he bought the crops from 1,645 acres in Woodford and Scott counties.

Forty dozen of eggs will bring more money than a load of hay, which requires a great deal of labor to produce and a good-sized patch of ground to grow, besides lots of sweat. Study the egg question, says an exchange.

English Anderson, of this county, sold to Columbus and George Thompson of Clark 12 very fine Short Horn cows and heifers at a good price. Short Horn cattle are looking up in price considerably.—Mt. Sterling Sentinel-Democrat.

Indications of a big tobacco crop are unmistakable. More plant beds are being burned and more inquiry for tobacco seed are being made than in many years. Indeed, farmers who have discarded tobacco raising for several years are turning their attention to a revival of that industry.—Warren County Courier.

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the oil has been extracted. Taking out the weight of the oil from the quantity of seed crushed in the mills, there is about one-half million tons of the meal left to be accounted for. Some of this is used for fertilizing southern crops; the bulk is used for feeding cattle; a large quantity is exported; and all the money thus made goes to the actual value of this great crop, which, however, is no longer a king, except like some other things now dethroned. It is a remarkable fact, showing the rapid extension of the use of this cottensed meal, that I was the first who used it for feeding cows in the North. A shipper of the meal to England applied to a New York agent to find a home market for it. The agent came to me (I then being actively engaged in dairy farming) to test the value of it, and after feeding a few bags I reported in favor of it, finding it not only exceedingly nutritious, but tending to improve the quality of the butter made. Some meal had been used before this, as I afterwards learned in the South, but not, as I believe, in the North. For each ton of seed there is left 750 lbs. of the meal, and the value of all of it is to be added to this great staple crop.—H. STEWART, in Country Gentleman.

We masculines have yet to learn that the kitchen is the most important end of the household. If that go wrong the whole establishment is wrong. It decides the health of the household, and health settles almost everything. Heavy bread, too great frequency of plum pudding, mingling of lemonade and custards, unamiable beef, have decided the fate of sermons, legislative bills, and the destiny of empires.

### HOW SOME OF OUR READERS CAN MAKE MONEY.

Last month I cleared after paying all expenses, \$395.85; the month previous \$260 and have at same time attended to other duties. I believe any energetic person can do equally as well, as I have had very little experience. The Dish Washer is just lovely, and every family wants one, which makes selling very easy. I do no canvassing. People hear about the Dish Washer, and come or send for one. It is strange that a good, cheap washer has never been put on the market. The Iron City Dish Washer fills this bill. With it you can wash and dry the dishes for a family of ten in two minutes without wetting the hands. As soon as people see the washer work, they want one. You can make money and make it quicker than with any other household article on the market. I feel convinced that any lady or gentleman can make from \$10 to \$14 per day around home. My sister and brother have started in the business and are doing splendid. You can get full particulars by addressing the Iron City Dish Washer Company, Station A, Pittsburgh, Pa. They help you get started, then you can make money awfully fast.

Mrs. W. H.—

ANNOUNCEMENT.

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Items of Interest.

A hurricane in the South Pacific sank the French gunboat Loyalty. One officer and fifteen men were swept off from another French vessel and drowned. New Caledonia was devastated.

The Baptist Outlook publishes an extract from a letter written by Dr. Van Ouden, Baptist pastor at Spokane. He writes: "You should very earnestly warn your readers against the Klondike excitement which is largely created by the transportation companies."

Presidents are high and mighty in South America. Senator Cuestas, acting President in Uruguay, gave the Congress twenty-four hours in which to promise a vote for him as President at the coming election.

Senator Pettigrew made a strong speech against the annexation of Hawaii. He said the Dole government was the result of a conspiracy on the part of the United States Minister and a few in Honolulu, and it does not represent the people of Hawaii.

A correspondent of the New York Evening Post writes sarcastic over the only dry dock of any size on the Atlantic coast, which is at Fort Rye, S. C. He said its location, according to the maps, is admirable, but unfortunately ships have to sail in winter and not across the bar, where the big tide is only 18 or 27 feet in the bar, and the big ships would need a dredge to help them over.

This honesty is the best policy has received a fresh illustration at Hong Kong, according to Consul W. H. Wood. A good apparatus from the United States could not be sold, could not be given away, according to the importers, because it came from the United States, although there was a lively demand for it.

The Russian Minister to the United States has been raised to the rank of Ambassador and the United States Minister to Russia will be raised accordingly. An ambassador is regarded as the direct representative of his sovereign, and on all occasions of State is entitled to the same consideration the sovereign himself would receive.

The English papers are demanding that no other nation be allowed to annex any land anywhere on the globe, because English trade must not be shut out. This is cool, to say the least of it, and will probably have as much effect on the rest of the world as Chautau's lordly order to the sea.

The reindeer and Laplanders arrived duly in New York City on their way to the Klondike to carry the provisions sent by the Government. But it has been decided no relief is needed, and the reindeer will be sold. It seems a pity they should not be sent to Alaska where they are very much needed. We suppose the Laplanders will be sent home.

The number of disasters at sea is appalling. The steamer Kensington reached Philadelphia having on board the crew of the British battleship who were released from their sinking ship off the banks of Newfoundland. A fire on the British armored cruiser Australia would have caused an explosion but for the prompt flooding of the shell room.

The Journal and Messenger says that the United States pension list exceeds all Germany's army cost by more than \$6,000,000 a year, and all that France's cost by \$600,000,000. It is to be hoped that the United States will not engage in any war until the pension list is smaller, and as all hope the old soldiers will live to good old age, that will be many years in the future.

Prince George of Greece explains the reason of his objection to the Greek navy in the Turkish war was the lack of ammunition. Greece had none on hand when the war began, and she is still so.

Hilbert, the Imperial Railway Commissioner, has made a report in regard to the Siberian railway. He says it will be opened in sections length next summer, and that the time from Petersburg to Vladivostok will be ten days. Extensive rolling stock from the United States will be largely employed.

The Chair is not a more absolute ruler than the French Prime Minister. M. Fereux, the publisher of the paper containing Solo's protest had been imprisoned and Solo, M. Leblanc, his lawyer, had been suspended from the bar, and Professor Ormaux of the Polytechnic School had been refused for signing a statement favorable to Solo.

DEATHS.

For actual subscribers per-there is an ordinary notice of 100 words long. We charge one cent a word for all over 100 words, payable in advance. Count the words, and we will tell you once what the charge will be. Unless the money accompanies the notice, it will be brought down to 100 words.

COLE.

Died, March 4, 1898, at his home near Brownboro, Oldham county, Ky., Bro. Jas. H. Cole in his 74th year. He died on the farm where he was born, hence another of Oldham's land-marked in gone. He was married about thirty-five years ago to Johanna Smith, the sister of Bro. Isaac Clay Smith. She and their two children, Bro. Wallace Cole and Sister Lullie Hewitt survive him. About fifteen years ago he professed religion and joined Harro's Creek Baptist church, of which he remained a member until his death. The occasion in which he was held was fully shown by the large congregation who attended the funeral, conducted by the writer on the 6th inst. at the church. May the good Lord comfort the dear wife and children and enable them to realize that their "loss is his gain."

LaGrange, Ky. J. T. SAMPOON.

HILL.

Whereas, our much esteemed brother, Jesse S. Hill, was lately taken from our midst by death, be it Resolved, That we as members of Central City Baptist church truly deplore his decease and realize that we sustain a serious loss by death of one so eminently kind and useful; that such were his amiable habits and exemplary course as to endear him to every one, in all relations, as a companion, as a teacher, as a reader and as an officer.

Resolved, That we extend sympathy to the bereaved family of our departed brother, and that a copy of these resolutions be preserved with records of the church and also published in the WESTERN RECORDER.

Done in session of the body Feb. 18, 1898.

WAGGENER.

Mrs. Elizabeth Waggener was born in Warren county, Ky., July 21, 1834, and departed this life Feb. 24, 1898, making the days of her pilgrimage here on earth 63 years, 7 months and 3 days. She was the mother of eleven children, three boys and eight girls, whom she leaves to mourn their great and irreparable loss. She gave her heart to God in her youth, when she was but thirteen years of age.

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