

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

74th YEAR.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1899.

NUMBER 52.

WESTERN RECORDER.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN.

(INCORPORATED.)

OFFICE,

648 Fourth Ave., Opposite the New Postoffice

One copy one year (in advance) \$1.00
After three months 50c
After six months 1.00

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EMOTION never makes a strong character. Men must have convictions as firm as a rock upon which to build their characters.

The *New York Observer* says: "Palm Sunday was observed with special services in many churches of all denominations in this city and its vicinity. The custom of blessing and distributing the palms is spreading beyond the pale of the Roman Catholic church." And so we go towards Rome.

In answer to the charge that Baptists stand only upon the quantity of water, Mr. Greenough said: "If Christ had told me to give a bathful of cold water to a disciple, I should not have tried to satisfy myself by giving a cupful, still less should I have been disposed to 'make fun of' those who insisted upon the larger quantity."

The *Christian Herald*, of Detroit, one of the very best of our Baptist papers, says: "The best way to prevent improper divorces is to have a law that divorced persons cannot marry again." All over the country thinking people who have watched the downward course of this divorce matter are coming more and more to the South Carolina idea.

PROF. T. M. LINDSEY, Presbyterian Professor of Church History in Scotland, in a paper read before a Presbyterian meeting, said, "Our Baptist brethren are the lineal descendants" of the Anabaptists of Germany, who were the immediate descendants of the Old Evangelicals before the Reformation. He said those old Anabaptists were not the ignorant fanatics as represented by their enemies, but gentle, pious men of rare scholarship.

Is SAUL among the prophets? Here is the *Christian Register*, the ablest of the Unitarian papers, in the face of the sneers against creeds and theology which have occupied a large part of the Unitarian utterances, says, "As a result of many years' experience and observation, including personal acquaintance with three-quarters of the Unitarian churches in the United States, we are ready to maintain the assertion that theology, which is *orderly thought about God*, has been too much neglected, and, in many cases, has been the direct cause of the failure of many missionary enterprises. He who has no thought of God which he can put into words cannot pray and seldom really preach. He may write essays and give lectures, but lectures and essays serve a transient purpose. They are not substitutes for the knowledge and belief about God which inspire every sermon, hymn and prayer in any real service of worship."

LOOK OUT FOR THE LITTLES.

BY REV. THEODORE L. OUYLER, D.D.

Our Master put his measurement of what we esteem little things in his familiar parable of the mustard seed. That tiniest of all seeds was the prophecy of a tree large enough to invite the birds to come and sing in its branches. Never despise the day of small things; the Holy Spirit does not do it, for he often uses the humblest means to effect results that reach out into eternity. Many of the best Christian lives have had their origin in a single text of Scripture, or a single sentence spoken, or a single letter written, or the reading of a brief tract. One sentence seems to have brought Peter and John to quit their nets and to follow the Christ. One sentence converted the jailer of Philippi.

As the Hudson is the outcome of a little spring upon an Adirondack mountain side, so many rich and bountiful lives can be traced back to the influence of a few words spoken "in season." Lord Teignmouth, the President of the British and Foreign Bible Society, used to say that he got his first impulse to a life of Christian philanthropy from the two words, "Be useful," which were impressed on him in his youth. Certainly the wonderful career of Spurgeon grew out of that simple exhortation, "Look to Jesus Christ and be saved," which an humble Methodist preacher fairly hammered into him on a certain stormy Sunday morning in an obscure chapel in Colchester.

The soul-winning Christians are those who know how to drop mustard-seeds when the opportunity offers. I often cite Harlan Page as a master workman in that line; for he had a fixed rule never to be with any one for a few minutes without saying something to do that person good. Probably many seeds of truth which he scattered came to nothing; but many others took root and sprouted. He came early to church one evening, and found a stranger sitting there waiting for the service. He politely spoke to him, and in a few frank, kind words urged the stranger to accept the Saviour. That brief talk was the means of the man's conversion; he said that "Christians had always kept him at arm's length" before. Such statements ought to make us all ashamed of ourselves that we lose thousands of opportunities to reach and move those who may be in the very mood to be influenced. Lose no opportunity; never despise the day of small things! Revivals in churches often start with a single man or woman; the first one that gladdened my early ministry clearly began from the faithful talk of a young girl to the son of one of my church elders. One live coal can kindle a great flame; a spark will suffice when blown upon by the Holy Spirit.

There is another side to this important matter. As the usefulness of a Christian grows out of many small deeds well done, and timely words well spoken, so the influence of a multitude of professors of religion is terribly poisoned by what are regarded as little sins. A false measurement is put on that word *sin*. It does not mean only huge offenses like drunkenness or profanity; theft, adultery, perjury or manslaughter; it means anything that violates conscience, mars the beauty of character, or weakens spiritual influence. The foxes that nibble the grapevines may be small animals, but the damage is great. The word in the Bible which is translated "sin," signifies to miss your mark or miss your aim. If you fail to hit the mark of absolute right, a miss is as good as a mile. And then,

what if you miss heaven?

We cannot remember too often those pungent words of Dr. Alexander MacLaren that "The worst and most fatal sins may be the small continuous vices which root underground, and honey-comb the soul. Many a man who thinks himself a Christian is in more danger from the daily commission—for example—of small pieces of sharp practice in his business than ever David was at his worst. White ants pick a carcass clean sooner than a lion will." Alas! What great sinners we may be in small things! Little irritations of heart and speech, little mean nesses in dealings, little tricks and insincerities, little jealousies and spites, little neglects of kind acts that we ought to do—all these are the little foxes that make wretched havoc with the vines. Instead, therefore, of trying to whitewash faults by calling them "weaknesses" and "infirmities," we ought to label them by their true name, of vices and sins. Everything that is not right is wrong; and a Christian's sins are doubly mischievous.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

"A WHAT IS NO LET."

I forget where I first happened across these words, or first heard the explanation, but they have ever seemed to me fraught with a message for Christian workers.

First, take the word "let;" you will find the meaning in Romans 1:18 (A. V.), where the Apostle writes: "Now I would not have you, ignorant, brethren, that oftentimes I proposed to come unto you but was let hitherto." There you find the word "let;" as meaning hindrance. So a what is no hindrance.

The phrase as a whole forms an old pastoral proverb. Watch the haymaker at his work. At first the sharp scythe sweeps a clean circle, as the grass falls readily before it; but by and by the circle is not so cleanly swept, nor does the grass fall so evenly, while it is easy to see the arms of the mower are growing weary. The reason is that the scythe has become blunted, and the blade jags as it comes in contact with the grass. Then it is that the man pauses in his work, uprears his scythe, and whets the blade; and then to work again, with renewed vigor and cheerful song. So it comes to pass that the pause in his work necessary to sharpen the scythe was not time lost; though it might seem a hindrance it was in reality none, for the sharpened blade does its work the more quickly, and the apparent loss of time is soon made good.

Hence the proverb, "A what is no let." Do not the quaint words then come to us with a welcome note in these days of frequent discouragements, like a moorland breath to the heated brow of a long-travelled man? Where is the worker in the Master's vineyard whose work knows no hindrance? Who has never said: "I purposed to do this or that, but was let hitherto?" Where is the pastor who frets not under some impediment, which, if taken away, he believes would materially increase his usefulness? Where is the Sabbath-school teacher who has no complaint to make? And is there a single believer who has never said: "If I had fewer temptations, I should have more 'perfections' or, 'If my sphere were not so limited, I could do more for the Master.'"

My brothers, the most limited sphere is unlimited in its possibilities, and the seeming hindrance over which you mourn may, after all, be God's time of whetting the divinely-ordained pause which precedes the quickened activities of your

soul. One wonders sometimes if the great missionary apostle, as he sat in his own hired house—chained to the stolid Roman soldier—ever questioned himself thus: "Why, when I am so desirous to preach the Gospel among men, and gain the world for Christ, am I kept chained in this dark room? Might I not do far more good in the world outside?" But the grand epistles written during that incarceration in Rome answer all such questions—amply prove that in Paul's case a what was no let, and justify the words written long before, that "All things work together for good to them that love God."

John Bunyan was cramped and confined in the filthy gaol on Bedford Bridge, yet out of the gaol came forth "The Pilgrim's Progress," a treasured book in many a home. And may it not be so with you? That extended illness, which kept you tossing in feverish irritation on your bed just when your work seemed to be on the verge of success; that cruel bereavement which robbed your home and your heart of its most cherished counselor in the hour of your greatest need; that great disappointment which chilled your energies and threatened to shatter your faith, in the noonday of your life? Yes, even these things may be to your advantage in the future, may be of the grace and the love of God.

How runs the Master's promise—so often overlooked, yet so often fulfilled? "In this world ye shall have tribulation." An old sufferer, whose infirmity caused him to pass years in a recumbent position, used to say that "God had placed him on his back that he might look upward," for it was not until that great pause came into his life that he learned to value his soul. And how many Christians, looking back upon their lives of light and shade, chequered joys and manifold sorrows, have come at last to thank Heaven for the very troubles at which once they murmured. Can we escape trouble or flee sorrow? We cannot, but we can, by the help of God, overcome them.—Baptist Times.

THE Canadian ferryboat Niagara, which plies daily between Buffalo and Fort Erie, Ontario, recently became embedded in a great field of ice at about the center of the stream. Her engines were powerless to propel her against the ice-floe. The current at that point was exceedingly swift, and the momentum of the ice-field carried the boat with it in spite of all that could be done with her engines. The passengers, realizing their situation, were horror-stricken with the fear of being carried over the falls and the more imminent danger of being dashed against a pier of the international bridge. The calls of the ferry-whistle started fire-tugs from the shore to their rescue. Finally, by great exertion, the officers and crew managed to work the boat free from the ice-floe and reach a dock on the American shore. That boat, helpless in the grip of the ice, floating toward destruction, is a fair illustration of the condition of a man or a woman that has been caught in the meshes of sin until they can no longer have full use of the machinery of the human will. Unless they are aroused to escape, the deadly current will drift them to certain ruin.—Humilitic Review.

Make your sermon search somebody's heart if you want it to be effective. If it gets no further than the mind it may satisfy, but it will not inspire; but to make it a heart-searcher it must have its origin in the heart.

OIL AND WATER CONVENTION.

BY REV. W. M. HARRIS.

I was sitting in a reading room of a public library in a distant city, and had just finished reading .007, that story in which Rudyard Kipling makes locomotives talk to each other so intelligently. I yawned, threw the book on the table, remarked aloud to myself (there being no one else in the room) upon the absurdity of making inanimate things carry on a conversation, and, picking up my hat, was in the act of leaving, when I was arrested by a remark addressed by the Water Cooler to the Oil Can:

"Oil, we are living in a most liberal age."

"Sure!" said the can of oil in a soft, lubricated voice.

"The most liberal age the world has ever seen."

"And no mistake," assented the oil.

"An age in which narrowness and bigotry are being relegated to the rear."

"Exactly!" with evident relish.

"Now," continued the Water Cooler,

"don't you think it is time you and I were settling our differences and beginning to mix a little better than we have been doing?"

"This was getting interesting; I resumed my seat."

"I don't know," said the can of oil, slowly and thoughtfully, but kindly;

"What set you to thinking about it?"

"Why, not long ago I was in a room where a certain board of Y. M. C. A. directors met, and they had before them the request of some Christian Scientists to be allowed to use the Y. M. C. A. lecture room for the purpose of giving some public Christian Science lectures."

"Well?"

"Well, there was one rather stern-looking director who objected."

"And what did he say?"

"He asked if the Christian Scientists did not deny the existence of sin, and consequently the atonement and regeneration; (I thought I never heard anything more ridiculous than this cooler of water stating a theological argument) and if the Y. M. C. A. was not evangelical and did not stand for all these?"

"And what were the answers to his inquiries?"

"Oh! they were answered in the affirmative, of course, for the Y. M. C. A. does stand for these doctrines as fundamental to Christianity."

"And then?"

"Then the director said: 'I am opposed to letting out our hall for the purpose of aiding in the dissemination of this foolishness, and the attempted overthrow of vital principles which we represent.'"

"Well!" said the can of oil.

"Then," continued the cooler, "a number of voices exclaimed: 'Oh! it doesn't matter. Why, man, you are so narrow and bigoted. This is an age of breadth, freedom and tolerance, when people of all creeds mix and stand on the common ground of love and sympathy.' 'What are principles? Bah!' and they snowed him under."

"Granted the request?"

"With a whoop."

"And so that set you to thinking about our differences?" said the can of oil meditatively.

"And these things have set you to thinking about the union of oil and water?"

"Yes! I think we ought to be ashamed of ourselves, and I propose that in future, whenever we are brought in contact with each other, instead of making medieval donkeys of ourselves, we proceed to mix."

"Bravo! Agreed!" exclaimed the can of oil; and thus these bigots of old fell in with the spirit of the age.

I arose again to go.

A thought occurred to me: I seized the tumbler that was near the water cooler and drew it half full of water. I then walked across the room to the oil can, poured some oil on the (recently) troubled water, and placed the glass containing the oil and water on the table.

They did not mix!

The medieval donkeys.

I went down the stairs thinking; and

this is what I thought: "To put emphasis on what a man is rather than on what he thinks is right; and the union of those who agree on vital questions is desirable; but to go too far in the right direction is wrong."

As I stepped out on the pavement, people stared at me because I could not repress a broad grin which was due to my recalling at that moment what a negro once said about his dog which was, at his command, chasing a hog from the field: "Dat dog had gone too far in the right direction." Galveston, Texas.

CONSUMING ONE'S OWN SMOKE.

BY FRISCOLLA LEONARD.

When we have been up in the mountains, or by the lake shores, or out anywhere in clear air and under a wide sky, we notice afresh the smokiness of the city. The tiny black particles that ceaselessly settle everywhere, the soot-stains on the otherwise magnificent buildings, the dull haze always clouding the atmosphere, the eternal vigilance that is the price of cleanliness—all these we have to get accustomed to know, and we are disagreeably conscious of them. We remember all the devices that are talked about for consuming the smoke before it rises out of the myriad chimneys around us, and we wonder why the city is willing, year after year, to remain under a self-created cloud.

It ought to help us, however, to realize our own shortcomings, in a similar way, in the moral world. Then perhaps we would learn the full force of that homely bit of wisdom—"Consume your own smoke." Over and over again, in our daily experience, and that of our neighbors, this advice applies. For, just as the factory and the engine must infallibly produce smoke from the coal they consume, so all workers in this world of circumstance find it impossible to accomplish their tasks without an accompanying result—a by-product, so to speak—of irritation, fatigue and discouragement.

Every bit of work has its resultant bit of "smoke" and the worker's atmosphere is apt to become charged with it after a while. Sometimes it is sarcharged. Who does not know men who are always irritable and women who are always nervous? There are homes where the cloud of smoke is well nigh choking, and rarely lifts. There are class-rooms where teacher and scholars alike breathe with difficulty, and churches where pastor and people are both uncomfortable in the acrid air. And a great many people are so sure that it is necessary to have smoke where work is performed that they can not believe that the consumption of it is possible.

It is, though. And, by a paradox, the more we consume, the better our work is for it. If we can burn up our own smoke—any factory-owner can tell us that—we actually save fuel. Once out in the air, it is good for nothing—a positive nuisance—but caught before it leaves the furnace, it augments the fire. If we can control our nerves, we will gain strength in our work. If we can curb our irritable temper, the force of them, otherwise uselessly expended, tells in the daily power available for tasks. To consume our own smoke is a positive blessing to ourselves.

And then how it clears the atmosphere! What fres breaths these around us draw who have been sitting in the cloud of our "blues," our "nerves," our "dyspepsia," and our "overwork!" How bright the air of home becomes, and how much less dingy and discouraging life looks, when the smoke is out of the way! It is worth the effort, it is worth the vigilance, it is worth the patience to stop the open chimneys of our discontent and our fatigue, and keep it all to ourselves.

Some people do. And they are not the slowest or the least successful workers, either. As a matter of fact, they accomplish more than most of us, and yet their skies are clear and their outlook wide. They haven't always the pleasant tasks or the easiest circumstances—indeed, some of us, in their places, would be tilling in an atmosphere as black as Erebus

—but they have learned the simple and sufficient secret of consuming, instead of spreading, the uncomfortable by-products of their energy. And when we resolve to emulate their example and learn that secret too, we shall find that our relatives, our friends, our homes and our churches will rise up with a long breath of refreshment and relief, and call us blessed!—Interior.

GOOD HEARING AS A DUTY.

It is the duty of men to be not only hearers, but also good hearers of the Word of God. The respect due to the exalted dignity of the Creator demands that when He speaks, either directly or through a human representative, men should use every effort to arrive at an understanding of the divine thought and accord the heavenly message all due regard. And, in particular, the principles which govern a proper reception of the Word as it is publicly presented in the sanctuary should be carefully studied and observed.

In the first place, good hearing begins at home. To speak after the manner of the Hibernian, a man must hear a discourse before he hears it, that is, he must get himself into the spirit of it before he knows what it is to be. No church attendant ought to know precisely what his pastor is going to say on any particular morning at church, even when the subject is announced beforehand, though there are congregations unfortunately provided with repetitious ministers, so that they are able to prophesy with measurable exactness exactly how the dominie will handle his topic from firstly to fourteenthly.

Whatever be the manner of treatment of sacred themes, by a particular minister, however, the hearer is or should be assured that the themes will be sacred, and seriously handled; and therefore he is not left in the dark as to the proper preparation of mind, which should be in himself before he crosses the threshold of the sanctuary. He is to get himself in good condition to hear a good discourse. He should be in the spirit of worship before the first notes of the solemn doxology roll forth on the quivering air, and come to the sanctuary with his mind already attuned to holy themes, by some prior Sabbath morning meditation on the Word. In cases where Sabbath-school, or a short prayer-meeting, is held before the service, this sort of pre-sanctuary hearing will be greatly assisted.

Indeed, we may go further back and hold that the foundations of a close attention and profitable reception of the Word preached on Sunday are laid in a moderation of demeanor, and a good sleep Saturday night. In the old days, Sunday began Saturday evening, and though Grandmother took up her knitting, or Grandfather visited the apple barrel Sunday evening to make up for such early Saturday piety, the custom was not without its great advantages in tuning up the mind to the proper pitch for sanctuary devotions. To-day, and to say, many church-members go to the other extreme. Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Ashkelon (for the simple reason that the Philistines are aware of it already), but ones have been known, where people more progressive at suchre than in spirituality, have even trespassed on the early borders of Sabbath morning with their recreations. That is, it is past midnight before the last card has been gathered up, and the last bit of ice cream malded in the saucer. Of course, such pleasure-seekers do not make ideal hearers. Others may not dissipate Saturday evening, yet rest and struggle during the week under a stress of commercial or professional competition (for which society at large is largely to blame) as to accumulate by the end of the week such an amount of tire that some of the weariness goes over into Sunday. And though by an effort of will such spirit-drifts may rouse themselves to close attention at the morning service, yet when evening comes they are "too tired," they say, to go to church, or if present, punctuate each verse of Scripture with a wink of weariness, and the best periods of the preacher with a nod which he would fain (did he

not know how sleepy they were?) construe into a token of approval.

There is no cure for this state of things, so long as the reflux wave of a week's residuary tire rolls in upon a congregation every Sabbath evening with the regularity of the tides of the Atlantic. The remedy lies deeper than with individuals. Society must be reformed, the business competitions must be moderated, men must not be so madly eager in their pursuit of the things that perish. Then will they take time, as the week-days draw to a close to regard, as a liberal Christian and not a legalistic Jewish sense, the "preparation of the Sabbath," and, making a clearing round Sunday, fence it behind and before with a careful piety, which says to the world: "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther. Let my religious hours alone."

The good hearer again, must be the numerous hearer. There must be many of him: he must be a collective noun, involving a good-sized audience. The inspirational effect on the preacher of such an auditory is very great. Each additional face looking up at the man on the platform renders the sermon just so much the more telling. If the pulpit has a value to the pew, there is also this value of the pew to the pulpit. Henry Ward Beecher said that he could preach to five or six people as well as to a thousand or more, but he was an exception. The average preacher is greatly sensitive to the more or less, both as to quantity and quality, in his congregation.

Furthermore, the good hearer will be the prayerful hearer. Prayer helps everything. Nothing goes well, and some things do not go at all without it. The preacher needs it for himself, the hearer needs it for himself, each needs it for the other. That sermon will mean most, carry furthest and come nearest to the heart that is saturated from both the pew and pulpit ends, with the spirit of prayer. And the prayer should follow as well as precede the discourse. If when the congregation is dismissed the preacher kneels by himself in importunate prayer for a blessing on the word thus spoken, why should not the pious laymen do as much upon reaching his own home?—New York Observer.

UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD.

See how intolerant religion is. She starts with what men have declared to be impossible. She refuses to bring down her standards. She insists that men must come up to her. No man is thoroughly religious, she declares, unless he does this which it seems so hard to do, unless he goes through this world untainted, as the sunbeam goes through the mist. Religion refuses to be degraded into a mere means for fulfilling the purposes of man's selfishness. She proclaims absolute standards, and will not lower them. She will not say to any man, weak and compromising with the world, "Well, your case is a hard one, and for you I waive a part of my demands. For you religion shall mean not to do this sin or that sin. These other sins, in consideration of your feebleness and temptations, I give you leave to do." Before every man, in the very thickest of the world's contagions, she stands and says with her unwavering voice, "Come out. Be separate. Keep yourself unspotted from the world."

There is something sublime in this unspottedness. It almost proves that our religion is divine, when it undertakes for man so divine a task. It could not sustain itself in its great claim to be from God unless it took this high and godlike ground, that whosoever named the name of Christ must depart from iniquity. My dear friends, our religion is not true unless it have this power in it. Unless the statesman taking it to Congress, the merchant taking it into business, the man or woman carrying it with them wherever they go in all their ordinary occupations and amusements, do indeed find it the power of purity and strength. We must bring our faith to this test. Unless our Christianity does this for us, it is not the true religion that the Lord Jesus came to reveal and bestow.—Phillips Brooks.

HISTORY OF WALNUT-ST. BAPTIST CHURCH

BY T. T. MAYON, D.D., LL.D.

[Prepared for recent Jubilee Meeting.]

III.

DR. LORIMER CALLED.

It was July 18th, 1861, that the committee to find a pastor reported that they had "had some correspondence with Bro. Lorimer, and would recommend that an effort be made to obtain his services for three months."

"Resolved, That we invite Bro. Geo. C. Lorimer to occupy our pulpit until the first of January next (1862), at a salary of seventy-five dollars per month, commencing with the commencement of his labors here."

"Bro. Lorimer returned to the chair, and responded favorably to the wishes of the church."

On the 6th of December he was called to the pastorate and accepted, to begin Jan. 1st, 1862. At this meeting the church was informed as reported as \$6,111, of which "between \$600 and \$700 was due to the sexton."

The public school buildings being taken for military hospitals, the basement of the church was granted (Oct. 19, 1862), to the School Board for school purposes.

At the February meeting, 1863, the pastor's salary was "increased \$200 to \$1,500, the sexton's \$20 and the organist's \$25, if the members of the church can raise the necessary means to pay these amounts."

On the 30th of February, 1863, Deacon Van Buskirk died, and a tablet was put in the gallery to his memory. The Bible in the pulpit—the first Bible in the city—was dedicated by him and bears his name.

In September, 1863, there were reported 446 members, and Bro. Geo. W. Guirey was ordained to the ministry, the salary being \$1,500, and his salary was increased by \$300, and this was followed by a revival in which 58 new members were received.

A committee was appointed in February, 1864, on establishing a church library as "a means of instruction to the members of this church."

The finances of the church had always been a source of great trouble and care, but at the December meeting, in 1864, the finance committee report that the church finances "have prospered as well as they could possibly have prospered."

I have noted the fact that I was unable to find records of the First church previous to 1844, or of the 2nd church previous to 1848. An item of June 28th, 1855, serves to explain this. We read: "The committee to collect old records reported that they had found one book and that it was in the library room of the church, but could find none of the books of the 1st church, and but one of the books of the 2nd church, and knew of no way to find any others."

There has always been a great demand for the use of this building for various purposes. The first was for a school, in May, 1862. By request of the Western Primitivists the use of this building was offered to them for the purpose of celebrating St. John's day, with the understanding that no instrumental music be used except the organ, and no singing except sacred hymns, and in approval of Bro. Arthur Peiser, the pastor, the following resolution was passed and they proceeded for the closing of the

church in time for Sabbath services." The number of members reported September, 1865, was 511, and the financial statement for the end of the year was \$719.74, though the year began so well in that regard.

It was not till April, 1866, that Dr. and Mrs. Lorimer could get letters of dismission from the 1st church in Paducah, where he had been pastor since 1861. This was because the church had held no meetings since 1861. The letter states that "Our beloved pastor, Rev. Geo. C. Lorimer, and his equally beloved wife, were removed from us as years ago without their consent or our own."

At the September meeting the Chestnut-street church was "invited to canvass this church \$10,000 to assist in enlarging their church," though just how much was raised we are not informed.

GREAT REVIVAL.

Beginning in February, 1867, and lasting till in May, there was a great revival, resulting in over 200 additions to the church. The number of members reported that year to the association was 798. After the great increase of 1867, resulting from the revival, the minister laid an address before the church urging that the four white Baptist churches, exclusive of the German church, were inadequate, and that a new church ought to be organized, "centrally located and equally as attractive as those of other denominations."

On the 1st of November Dr. Lorimer resigned again, but the church voted him an indefinite leave of absence, and urged him to rest and recuperate at their expense.

The music question kept looming up, for we find Dr. Caldwell in March, 1868, moving "that a committee consisting of Bro's. Par, J. Lawrence Smith, Miles, Crighton and Sedler be appointed to make such arrangements as they can to develop the best church music, having an eye to combining choir and congregational singing."

MRS. WOODBURY.

In Dr. Lorimer's Bible class there was a bright young lady who often plied him with hard questions. One Sunday he came to her saying he had found something for her to do. Whereupon he led her to the infant class room and asked her to take the place of the mother, thus finding fitting occupation for her mental activities, and relieving him of her questions.

It was in April, 1868, that a resolution was passed thanking "Sister Lucy G. Tucker" for "the beautiful silver plate added to the communion service."

J. G. Mathers, J. Lawrence Smith, J. D. McFerran, Henry C. Hamilton, S. O. Long, W. H. Dix, W. B. Caldwell and J. D. Allen were made a committee on church extension, and they bought a lot on Cable Street, where the present church stands.

Dr. Lorimer's resignation took effect April 1st, 1868, and he removed to Albany, N. Y., to take pastoral care of the First Baptist church there. On the 26th Dr. A. T. Spalding was called from Missouri to the pastorate of the church September 11th following. The church then had 761 members.

THE ORPHANS' HOME.

Among the objects fostered by the Ladies' Aid Society, organized in 1859, was the Orphan's Home. Mrs. Mary M. Weller, the first president, had been instrumental in helping some orphaned child, and then began the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Louisville Baptist Home. Dr. Lorimer had discovered among his converts a young lady who seemed to him specially fitted to care for orphans, and he suggested to the church that she should be the (old woman) Walnut Street, which had been

rented by Bro. Wm. L. Weller, whose warm heart was yearning for the orphans, and where the father orphans then under the care of the church were placed. This young lady still serves as matron of the Home, and has served through all its history—Miss Mary Hollingsworth. The success of the Home was assured when on Dec. 5th, 1858, Dr. Spalding received from Mrs. J. Lawrence Smith, proposing to give the lot 200 feet square on the corner of First and St. Catharine Sts., along with \$5,000 in money, for permanent quarters for the Home. Some \$17,000 more was secured, and the work went bravely on. The first Board of Managers consisted of J. D. Burton, Arthur Peter, W. B. Caldwell, G. W. Phillips, Theodore Harris and J. Lawrence Smith. The last named was President until his death, when he was succeeded by Dr. W. B. Caldwell, at whose death the present incumbent, Dr. J. B. Marvin, took office.

BROADWAY CHURCH ORGANIZED.

Meantime the work of erecting a magnificent church edifice on Broadway street, directly forward, and on May 15th, 1870, it was decided to organize a church to occupy the home. The Broadway Baptist church was organized May 19th, 1870, in the lecture-room of Walnut-street church. The new church assumed all outstanding debts against the new building, and undertook to finish the same. It was estimated that it would cost an amount about equal to what would be required to repair and put in order the old church.

Dr. W. M. Pratt supplied the pulpit most acceptably—a man to whom the Baptists of Kentucky and the West are greatly indebted—till Dr. M. B. Wharton, who was called Jan. 25d, 1873, entered upon his labors at the beginning of the next April. The subject of the removal of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary from Greenville, S. C., was then agitated, and the committee on location and site of the Seminary took an active part in securing the location of the Seminary here, raising \$45,000 for the purpose.

The music and the finances of the church continued to cause anxiety and to awaken discussion. At the close of 1873 the finance committee reported "with regret" a deficit of \$1,300 in the current expenses, which they said was "not so much as feared by the members, which was largely increased afterwards."

A SUBSCRIBER writes that he counts it one of his greatest pleasures for thanking that he "never could get away from the Herald and Presbyter." When he went to college his mother sent it to him. When he married, his father subscribed in his name and paid for it while he lived.

ABOUT all we must obey. We must not be satisfied with looking into the perfect law; we must continue therein. It is not the heaver that forgets, but the deer that worketh, who is blessed in his doing. God's Spirit testifies us by the revealing truth. If we obey, he reveals more. If we refuse, he takes from us what we know. The accumulation of neglected commands gathers over our eyes as scales. From the moccasins and swamps of our disobediences the mist arise that obscure our vision above and the overcasting hills.—Exchange.

LITERARY. All the Books noticed in this column will be sent at publishers' prices by the Baptist Book Concern, postpaid to any address, on receipt of price.

BOOKS.

A CHOICE CHRISTMAS GIFT.—In the selection of a choice Christmas gift, or an addition to one's own library, both elegance and usefulness will be found combined in WESTERN'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, which is the last of the various revisions and enlargements of the original "Webster." The International represents fifty times the amount of literary labor that was expended upon the earliest edition, and is, without question, the most complete and reliable work of the kind ever published in a single volume.

BY THE CLERICAL TIER. By Jessie Mackregor Shaw. 1890, cloth, pp. 316. Price, 51c. The Union Press, Philadelphia, 1122 Chestnut Street.

The story begins with a mystery. A devoted wife finds that her husband, whom she always regarded as the soul of honor, had deceived her. He had lied in fact. If not in words, by keeping from her all knowledge that he had been married to another woman. This was in fact the case, when he had escaped from Andersonville. A son of this former marriage, unknown to the father, came to his home and sought recognition. Then the secret was out, and must be explained to the families on both sides—rather awkward, but accomplished through the tact of the wife. Little Amy is the gem of the collection—a child whose words and quaint words of trust in God find their way into human hearts with a message as if from heaven. The story abounds in startling incidents and surprises. Its characters are numerous and diverse. Malignity plots mischief, but is circumvented. Faith in God triumphs, and it appears that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

THE BIRCHON'S SHADOW. By I. T. Thurston. 16mo. 291 pp. Chicago and New York: Fleming H. Revell Co. Price, 41c.

One thing we are sadly aware of—if this book had not proved so interesting yesterday morning when it was getting dusky, our eyes would be feeling better to-day.

Perhaps it is not entirely true to life, perhaps a real boy would have had more backsets in his upward course. But there is nothing here which could not have happened to any warm-hearted boy, and he escaped from his afflictions. And we know the book is wholesome in its tendencies. That it is interesting, our smarting eyes bear witness to.

THE CRY FROM THE SEA AND THE ANSWER FROM THE SHORE. By Rev. Thomas S. Treanor, M.A. New York: F. H. Revell Co. 51c.

The Goodwin Sands are dangerous reefs off the South coast of England, in Dover Sound. Because of the immense amount of shipping which passes here, and the dangerous character of the reefs, very many good ships and smaller boats have been lost. This book is a sea-story of these sands, with many wrecks and dangers, and much heroism. Beyond this, however, it is a story of religious work among the sailors by a chaplain to a seaman's mission. Those who desire illustrations for religious teaching from the sea and shipwrecks, can find them here, and the book has the advantage of being true, so that illustrations from it are far safer to use than current stories, some of which appear ridiculous to real sailors. The narratives in this book are the real thing.

MISSIONS IN EDEN. By Mrs. Crosby H. Wheeler. New York and Chicago: F. H. Revell Co. Price 41c.

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet," but this book under a more suitable title would be sweeter. We expected to find a dissertation on Adam and Eve or on the animals in Paradise, or else an account of missionary work among some uncivilized people in their honeymoon. We found a well-written, interesting and valuable book upon life in the Valley of the Euphrates, and of mission work done there.

The author went out as a Congregational missionary in 1857, and has labored in that field for forty years, and is a woman of brain and culture, who has seen clearly, who knows whereof she affirms and who writes well.

THE true happiness of man consists of being united to God, and his only misery is being separated from him.—Plato.

Securing Subscriptions

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The Saturday Evening Post

is not like securing subscriptions to any other publications. If you have been unsuccessful with other publications, it was not necessarily your fault. It does not prove that you can not be very successful with better publications.

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nomination and it permits of a reply only in the broadest terms. Were I to specify what I consider loyalty to the Baptist denomination, my answer would necessarily be somewhat different from the one herein given. Denominations are supposed to be founded upon certain definite principles, and the chief object of their existence is the incarnation, manifestation, and propagation of these principles. Loyalty to the denomination is, therefore, faithfulness, allegiance, and constancy to the maintenance of the fundamental principles, which the denomination represents. Denominational loyalty therefore excludes all that is directly and indirectly opposed to the essential principles whose maintenance gave the denomination its origin, and its right of existence."

Rev. T. T. Eaton, D.D., editor of the *WESTERN RECORDER*, says: "Denominational loyalty includes the hearty acceptance and bold advocacy of the faith of the denomination, and also the hearty support of the enterprises to which the denomination is committed. Denominational loyalty excludes whatever is antagonistic to the above. Any opposition to the faith or work of the denomination is inconsistent with denominational loyalty. A man may offer friendly criticism and seek to improve the methods of denominational work, but his aim must be to help and not to hinder."

From these definitions which are certainly broad and comprehensive enough, I reach several conclusions. And,

1. There are some fundamental principles for which each denomination stands that are not open to discussion in that denomination itself. Dr. MacArthur has very wisely said that a denomination has "definite principles" and the chief object of the denomination is "the incarnation, manifestation and propagation of these principles." For example, the Baptist denomination holds to certain fundamental principles and so far as Baptists are concerned these principles are closed questions. A man who believes these fundamental propositions is a Baptist, if he does not believe them he is not a Baptist. I apprehend that it is a fundamental Baptist principle that the Bible is the Word of God and that it does not merely contain the Word of God, and that the Bible is the only rule of faith and practice. The voluntary principle is the heart of the Baptist system. Absolute

freedom of conscience is the inherent right of every man. Baptists require a converted or regenerated membership in the churches and that a public profession of faith shall precede baptism. The immersion in water of a believer in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit has been from the days of Christ a Baptist peculiarity. Baptists believe that a Church of Christ is an organized body of baptized believers voluntarily associated together for the administration of the ordinances and the promulgation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. They further believe that every congregation is free and independent of every other congregation and that the only Scriptural officers are bishops or elders and deacons. These are Baptist tenets and all Baptists believe them. One Baptist might use different words in stating these tenets from another, but all alike believe in the principles here stated. A man who believes these truths can write Baptist with a big B., and when he speaks of these principles he always uses the falling inflection. While Baptists have no written creed that is authoritative, or even one that has been universally accepted by the churches, it is nevertheless true that they stand for great principles and that loyalty would demand an acceptance of these principles.

2. But loyalty demands something more than a cold acceptance of certain fundamental propositions. Loyalty requires love and that a man shall faithfully and boldly advocate the faith of the denomination. Faith without works is dead being alone. Loyalty demands the best affections and if necessary that the heart's blood shall be offered as a sacrifice. When one's faith is attacked wisdom might demand a dignified silence; but there might be occasions when silence would be criminal and mark one as a coward or a traitor. There might be occasions when a public debate under favorable circumstances and conducted in the right spirit would be a great blessing to the cause. The Baptist press has been a mighty power in setting forth our peculiar doctrines, and while perfection has not been reached in this line and we cannot always commend the good taste of some writers, yet it is undeniably true that the press has generally been loyal to the truth and has done much for the furtherance of the Gospel. Writers of books and pamphlets on distinctive Baptist principles have been greatly blessed of God. The writer knows one book alone that in the last ten years has brought more than twenty ministers into the Baptist denomination. Loyalty demands that New Testament truth, which is Baptist truth, should be preached in all of its fullness from all our pulpits. I am not intimating that we should turn all of our pulpits, newspapers and books into huge debating societies and that controversy should run away with common sense. One of the wisest pastors of my acquaintance rarely preaches a set sermon on baptism, but he constantly practices sprinkling—that is to say he sprinkles baptism into many of his sermons; and as a result he dips a great number of converts. Loyalty and love are closely akin, and this love makes a man faithful to his denomination especially under trying circumstances.

3. Loyalty demands the deepest and fullest investigation of truth and the frank acceptance of all truth. Prove all

things and hold fast that which is good. Bound by no iron clad creeds, enthralled by no traditions and old wives' fables, responsible at the bar of no court or potentate for ecclesiastical opinions, under no obligation to conform to any creed, a Baptist church is the freest body on earth. It is in a position to welcome all truth and light, and Baptists have nothing to fear from investigations. The trowel and the spade have only made clearer the declarations of Scripture. The violent assaults of infidelity and the ruthless searchings of critics have only gone to show how impregnable the Rock of the Holy Scripture really is. The searchings of the historical spirit have revealed the monuments erected to immersion in all ages and beside all waters; and as historical enquiry has swept the cobwebs and accumulated dust of ages off of the pages of the past we have been led to see and to rejoice in the history of Baptist people as never before. Baptists have often been the pioneers, and have dared to walk in untrodden paths. When all the world was opposed, in the face of the most bitter and relentless persecutions, they dared to advocate in Germany, England and America, their doctrine of civil and religious liberty. Through Carey they became the forerunner in missionary work and all the Christian world has followed in their footsteps. Through Thomas Hughes they organized the first Bible society in the world. I cite one example more, through the American Baptist Publication Society they originated colportage work. A people who in every age have stood for the freest investigation and untrammelled liberty of thought, who have died to give this right to every man, surely would put no barriers around honest investigation. There are things new and old being brought out of the storehouse and Baptists are taking no mean part in such enterprises.

We do not promise to believe every man's vagaries which he puts forth in the name of science or religion, we will not assume responsibility for every idiot who thinks he is a wise man, we will not promise to follow every jack-o'-lantern into every dark and misty swamp, we do not promise to heed the cry of every man who says lo! here is the kingdom of God and there is the kingdom of God, nevertheless we do believe in the honest investigation of truth. If a man has any light in him let it shine, if he knows any truth let him tell it. For the most part, Baptists are conservative, the voice of a stranger they will not follow. When the denomination deliberates on a measure, and it generally takes time to deliberate, their conclusions are likely to contain the truth. I think I can say, therefore, that I never heard of a Baptist, who did not believe in the most searching investigation after truth and then the frankest expression of the conclusions. Such a man will never be molested or made afraid.

4. Denominational loyalty permits a man to criticize the methods of denominational work provided that such a criticism is calculated to help and not to hinder the work of the denomination. There may arise occasions when a denominational enterprise or institution is not fulfilling its mission either through defective methods or for other reasons; changes of method may be required to meet new or constantly varying conditions; or even the abandonment of an en-

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terprise may be for the highest good of the denomination. All of these are not matters of faith but of policy and methods. Such policies and methods may be constantly open to criticism and a man may do his highest duty in a friendly criticism upon such things. Loyalty may demand that he shall criticize them. Of course friction is not desirable, it is generally very undesirable, and criticism is not pleasant, but the good of the denomination is above every man and above every institution. But if such criticism is to carry out personal spite and spleen, is captious and harmful, to tear down rather than to build up, then there is no language too severe to condemn it.

5. If a man should find himself out of harmony with the fundamental positions of the denomination to which he belongs, then it is his duty honestly and frankly to withdraw from such a denomination. While such a course might sever the ties of a lifetime for such a man we could only hold the highest regard and respect. He has only acted as a Christian gentleman would be supposed to do, and manifested the courage of his convictions which all men admire. There are two rights which must always be respected: First, the rights of the individual and, secondly, the rights of the denomination. The individual has a right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience, and if he does not worship God he is responsible at the bar of no man's judgment but to God alone. If a man conscientiously holds doctrines he has a right to promulgate them to the best of his ability. But he must

be honest. He must furnish his own platform if he is out of accord with his denomination. He has no right to use the pulpit of a church, or a professor's chair, to promulgate doctrines which his denomination does not believe. Such a pulpit or professorship was founded by the denomination for a specific purpose and to teach specific doctrines, and common honesty demands that the pulpit and the professorship shall not be used to overturn the very purpose for which it was founded. Loyalty on the part of the denomination would demand if such a man will not go out that should be put out. This of course is an extreme case and Christian forbearance and charity and good sense usually find some other solution when such unhappy cases arise.

These are some of the views which this writer holds on denominational loyalty. He has been for many years a Baptist, not a Landmarker, not an Anti-Landmarker, but a Baptist without prefixes or suffixes. The Lord has been good to our denomination. He has led us in ways that have been sometimes dark and sometimes there was light; but if it has been dark, the pillar of fire went before us to give us light, and the pillar of cloud went before us by day to show us the way. There is a great future before us if we will follow God. Let us not become proud and boastful, let us not be blinded by worldly prosperity, and let us seize every opportunity and open door for good.

TRIBUNALS fall to the ground with the peace they are no longer able to uphold.

"NEARER HOME"

BY PROVERB GARY.

One sweet solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er;
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever have been before:
Nearer my Father's house
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;
Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown.
But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly the other side
Break on a shore of light.
O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink,
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think:
Father, perfect my trust,
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet are firmly set
On the rocks of a living faith!

OUR PULPIT.

THE LAW'S FAILURE AND FULFILLMENT.

BY O. H. SPURGEON.

For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.—Romans 8:3, 4.

The law of God is perfect. You cannot add anything to it, nor take anything from it without spoiling it. If you will read the ten commands, and understand them in their spiritual meaning, you will find that they are far-reaching, and that they deal with every sin. I noticed some time ago that a learned prelate said that he could not find any commandment against gambling. Where were his eyes? Is it not plainly written, "Thou shalt not covet?" What is gambling but covetousness in action? Most manifestly the gambler desires his neighbor's goods, and his desire gives vent to the vice which the law of God quite plainly condemns. Depend upon it, there is nothing wrong but the law condemns it, and there is nothing right but the law approves it. The Decalogue is an absolutely perfect law.

But there are some things which the law cannot do. It cannot produce a new heart in a sinner. I cannot save a lost soul. It cannot justify a guilty person. It cannot draw a wanderer back to God. The law, as originally given to Adam, a perfect man, had he carried it out, would have glorified God, and would have produced in him a perfect life. But we are not in the same position towards God as Adam was, and we are not free from the taint of evil as he was. We have fallen, and there is now in our nature that which Paul calls "the flesh," which lusteth to envy and turneth aside from God. This has made the law weak for the accomplishment of God's purpose of justification or salvation. The law of England, where it is true and good, protects honest men, and deters many from committing crime; but it is practically powerless in the case of some habitual criminals who seem to have inherited the tendency to criminality. The defect is not in the law, but in the person with whom it has to deal; so the law of God becomes weak

through our weakness. There are some who cling to the law, and expect to be saved by their own doings; but they are leaning on a broken reed. To free from guilt and condemnation is what the law cannot do, not on account of any fault in itself, but because it is weak through our flesh.

What, then, is the purpose and limit of the law? It sets before us a straight path. Right up the mountain side I see the way to the summit. But I have fallen into an abyss; I am bruised and broken; I cannot stir an inch. What is the use of a straight road to me? Here I must lie, at the bottom of the crevasse, and perish unless something more than a straight road is shown to me. The way is before me, but I am weak and cannot stir. The law tells us what we ought to do, but that does not enable us to do it. Still, it is useful to know the way in which we should go, for that will show us how far we have fallen, cause us to be discontented with our present state and prepare us to accept help, if help should come. The law can do that.

The law is also very useful because it shows us our deflections and stains. It is like the looking-glass which my lady holds up to her face that she may see if there be any spot on it. But she cannot wash her face with the looking-glass. When the mirror has done its utmost, there are the stains all the same. It cannot take away a single spot; it can only show where it is. And the law, though it reveals our sin, our shortcomings, our transgression, cannot remove the sin or the transgression. It is weak for that purpose, because it was never intended to accomplish such an end.

The law also serves another purpose; it upbraids us for our sin. Did you never feel its ten-thumbed lash coming upon the back of your conscience? What furrows these ploughers make! "Condemn him," says the whole ten-throated law. The first commandment says, "Condemn him: he has broken me;" and the second commandment says, "Condemn him: he has broken me;" and the third says, "Condemn him: he has broken me." Not one of them is silent, all clamor for their due; and if you know your own heart truly, you confess that not one charges you falsely, seeing that hate is murder, and the thought of folly, sin. When conscience is really awake what pain, what anguish the law will bring to the spirit! But it cannot heal you. It cannot speak peace to you. It cannot forgive you. To convince and to condemn is all the law can do. It is too weak to save even one poor sinner.

Again, the law can tell you what you ought to do, but it gives no inclination to do the right. On the contrary, without any blame to the law, it often creates inclination to do otherwise. Paul says, "I was alive without the law once: but when the commandment came sin revived and I died." There are some things men would not think of doing if they were not forbidden, but the very forbidding of them makes some desire to do them. Many a thing which is commanded we might have freely done if it had been left to our own choice, but such is the perversity of our nature, that being commanded to do it, straightway we refuse. We kick against the commandment. The law does not sweetly incline us to holiness, but, through the weakness, or, rather, wickedness of our flesh, it often stirs up the

obstinate and rebellious propensities which are in our nature. Certainly the law does not incline us to righteousness, but "sin, taking occasion by the commandment," works in us all manner of evil.

The law is weak in another way. It does not lend us any aid towards the fulfilment of the commands. It says, "This do and thou shalt live. Make the bricks; make the bricks;" but it gives us no straw wherewith to make them, nor can we find any in all the land; so we are worse off than Israel in Egypt. The law in and of itself does not contribute to our obedience to its commands; nor does it restrain us when we go astray. It thunders out, "Thou shalt not kill;" but when the heart darts its thought of bitterness, or the hand raises the assassin's knife, it does not hinder; it looks on cold and unmoved. It aids us not in any way; it does not, because it cannot. Only grace can do that. We have to look to another source for help in holiness.

And when we have broken the law it brings no remedy. Of mercy the law knows nothing. Thou hast broken the law; there is the penalty, and thou must bear it. Through having committed sin thou hast brought upon thyself a grievous malady. The law points out the malady, but it never brings any medicine with which to cure it. It pours in no oil and wine; it is no good Samaritan. It is not the law's business to do that. When Her Majesty's judge is on the bench his business there is to administer the law, and to see that the rules of the nation are carried out fairly and justly. He does not sit there to provide for the poor or to help the sick, but to judge men and condemn the guilty. This is all that the law was meant to do. In that it is weak through our flesh, there are some things which the law cannot do.

Hear these words: "For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending"—listen!—"God sending," not God waiting till we went to him; but, seeing our misery and helplessness, he sends.

Read on farther. "God sending"—an angel? An archangel? No! "God sending his own Son." Hear this. He sends his Son. The case was so desperate that only God himself could meet it. Well, Jesus Christ, God's own Son, is very God of very God; and he can do it. But shall he leave heaven? Shall he come down to earth? Will he be a servant? Will he who can command so humble himself as to be sent? Will he, before whom angels bow with veiled faces, go on an errand down to earth? It is even so: "God sending his own Son." He had but one, his only begotten; but he determined to have many, and so he sent his one Son that he might in "bringing many sons unto glory" show to all worlds the riches of his love and grace. From all eternity the Son was in the bosom of the Father, and no less than he shall be chosen to be an ambassador of peace to the sons of men.

But Paul puts it in a way which increases the wonder. God not only deigns to send his Son, but he sends him in the likeness of sinful flesh. Christ did not come in sinful flesh, but he came in the likeness of sinful flesh. His flesh was like sinful flesh, but it was not sinful flesh. It was real flesh, but it was not sinful flesh. It was the likeness of sinful flesh; for, as you looked upon him, you could not tell him from anyone else. That marvellous prophecy of Isaiah was fulfilled: "No hawk

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Mention this paper.

no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." He was "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." This was the likeness of sinful flesh which he assumed—to be poor, to be hungry, to be thirsty, to be despised, to be rejected, to be friendless, to be forsaken, to be betrayed, to be scourged, to be put to death. Yes, it was necessary that he should be "numbered with the transgressors," though himself without fault. "God sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh."
There is in the world this strange thing called sin: a discord which mars the harmony of God's universe, a blight which makes evil that which God at first pronounced to be "very good." Sin! we cannot get away from it; we know more of it than of our most familiar friend; it meets us everywhere, and in everything. Sin! it is the history of humanity. It is the history of the Bible; for why else was it written? It is the history of this building; why else was it built? It is the history of the ordinances of worship; why else were they instituted? Best of all, it is the history of the Christ of God.
I must ask you to notice the marginal reading here: "by a

sacrifice for sin." The Revised Version has it: "God, sending his own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh and as an offering for sin, condemned sin in the flesh." He sends him to be a sacrifice for sin. Christ came here to be offered up as a sin-offering. Our sin was laid on him; and when God came to visit sin he found it laid on Christ, and he smote it there. There God cursed the evil thing; for Christ "was made a curse for us." Yes, he killed it; for Christ drank of the cup of death, even as we read, "that he by the grace of God should taste death for every man." Wonderful is this doctrine! In that the law was weak through the flesh and could not save us, God sent his own Son to be incarnate here in the likeness of sinful flesh, to be offered up as a sacrifice, to be presented as an atonement for human guilt: "For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God." He hath once suffered, "to declare at this time God's righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus."
II. Now I am going to show you, in a few words, what is, through this, God's glorious achievement. The result is "that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who

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walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." This righteousness is fulfilled in two ways.

First, in Christ the righteousness of the law is fulfilled. It is vindicated.

This is how the matter stood. God has justly annexed a penalty to sin. It is right that the offender should be punished. I, guilty by God's law, am condemned to punishment. But I am one with Christ. Christ is my Adam. He stands for me. I am a member of his body, joined to him in mystical, yet real, union. He comes in and answers for me; takes the sin as though he had committed it, though he could never commit sin; bares his neck to the axe, and suffers what I ought to have suffered, or suffers what is more than equivalent thereunto; and so God's law is vindicated. I have died, for I am one with Christ, and he died for me, and I have died in him. I have borne the wrath of God, for I am one with him, and he bore the wrath of God for me. Thus the righteousness of the law is fulfilled in every believer, because his accepted Substitute and Surety has borne the punishment. The two doctrines of "substitution" and "union to Christ" must always go together. The second explains the first, and the first becomes possible because of the second. Christ's death was a substitution for me because in the covenant of grace I am united to him by bonds which can never be broken.

"Then there is an end of the law," says one. Stay, the law has one great demand—obedience! If a man disobeys, and is punished, he does not thereby escape from the duty of obedience. The law is still upon him, saying, Obey, obey! "Oh, but I have been punished for past offences." Even so; but you still are bound to obey. The law is always our creditor for a perfect obedience. Where, then, have we this? I answer, Christ fulfilled the law. There never was such a law-fulfiller as he. He did it willingly; he did it from his heart. "Lo, I come," he said, "in the volume of the Book it is written of me, I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." He did it scrupulously. In him was no sin. "I do always those things that please him," said he of his Father. He was perfect. He kept the law in every jot and tittle. There would not have been such obedience rendered to the law even by sinless Adam as the Christ rendered to it. Adam had not the quality of being which would have rendered him capable of offering such an overflowing obedience as Christ rendered. Christ is God, and if he becomes obedient to the law, if he is born under the law, comes under it and carries it out, the

law receives from such a person, so marvelously constituted, a higher fulfillment than it could have received from any mere man. I take, to-day, the perfect obedience of my Lord, and appropriate it by faith to myself and him, "The Lord of my righteousness." I do not presume to be doing, for it is written, "I will be called, the Lord our righteousness," and "Of him are righteousness and wisdom, and rightness and sanctification, and redemption." In Christ Jesus you have done for you what the law could never have done. The righteousness of the law has been fulfilled in you. You have borne the penalty, you have obeyed the law in the person of your Covenant Head and Representative.

Now I take the words in the second and inferior sense, which is still very precious. The righteousness of the law is fulfilled in the Christian by the grace of God. When we believe in Christ we not only receive pardon, but we also receive renewal. I am told that the teaching of certain people, nowadays, is that the believer only gets pardon to begin with, and a long time afterwards he gets the clean heart. But I say, on the authority of God's Word, that no man is pardoned unless he has a clean heart. God gives the clean heart at the time he gives the pardon. You must never divide the renewing of the Holy Ghost from the pardon of sin. They go together, and he that receives the pardon of sin receives a new birth, and is made a new creature in Christ Jesus there and then. The work of regeneration and the act of faith which brings justification to the penitent sinner are simultaneous, and must in the nature of the case be so.

Once more, what the law could never do—for it never made a man even wish to be holy, much less made him live a holy life—Christ, by coming in the likeness of sinful flesh has done; for there is that in every believer which will be perfect holiness before long. Absolute obedience is observed in heaven. We shall, by-and-by break through all the encumbrances of the old life, and come into the land of the hereafter, where, saith the Christ who has done all for them, "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy." Up yonder the life that is in every palm-bearer is the life that he had here below. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" that is, he hath it here, and in heaven it will be the same life, and it will be that same life developed; and when developed it will be absolute perfection; not perfection in name, nor perfection in measure, but perfection absolute and fully developed. We shall be absolutely free from every disobedience, and absolutely perfect in every good work, doing God's will and delighting to do it, world without end.

In the third place, I would have you remember that this righteousness is fulfilled through the Lord Jesus Christ. We fulfill the law, but not in any strength which the law gives to us, nor in any power of our own. The obedience to the law is fulfilled in us out of gratitude to Christ for what he has done for us. We flee away from sin out of hatred of the things that nailed Christ to the cross, and put him to death. What the law could not do, the dying Christ has done. His sacrifice makes us hate evil. Naming the name of Christ, we "depart from

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- 50c For Ladies' well-known Onolta Union Suits, Jersey Ribbed, glove fitting, silver or ecru, the neck silk taped and crochet finish.
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iniquity;" for we realize that it was not Roman soldiers and rabble Jews alone who nailed him to the tree, but it was our sins that did it. Those little sins of ours were like thorns in his blessed brow; those ordinary commonplace sins were like nails in his hands and feet; that giant sin was like a spear to pierce his side. And yet—

"His love to man, so sorely tried, Proved stronger than the grave; The very spear that pierced his side Drew forth the blood to save."

O ye, who have long toiled in the vain endeavour to give up your sins, come and look at the cross to-day! See there what your sins have done, and learn to hate them with a perfect hatred. See how sin stooped to the meanness of betrayal, and killed the Prince of life, who went amongst man healing and helping them, doing nought but good. Your instinct rises against oppressors; will you not seek to throw off the chains of the sin which wrought so cruel a deed that day at Calvary? Sin is your enemy. To you who believe in Christ, I would say—Remember that on the cross you were crucified; for when Christ died, you died,

Now, say to yourself, that if sin that day crucified you, then to-day you will crucify sin. "I am crucified with Christ," saith Paul; "nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me." Thus, because God sent his Son, and condemned sin in the flesh, we condemn it, too. His death becomes to us the gate of life.

More than that; not only do we seek to avoid the evil because of the sacrifice of Christ; but gratitude to him incites us to the good. Shall he do all this for me, and I do nothing for him? Shall he die for me, and shall I henceforth not live for him? If he gave his life for me, then I will give my life to him. He has bought it; he deserves it; and he shall have it.

To crown all, this righteousness is fulfilled in the energy of the Spirit: "in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." God not only works for us, but he also works in us, "both to will and to do of his good pleasure." The Spirit applies the work of Christ to the

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Men's Gloves.

- 39c For Men's Dogskin Gloves, lamb's wool lining, extra well made, worth 75c pair.
- 63c For a pair of Men's Gloves, goat-skin back, genuine buck palms; worth \$1.
- 75c For Men's Scotch Astrakhan Gloves, heavy Mocha or dog-skin palms; worth \$1 pair.

Men's Underwear.

- 30c For Men's extra heavy Random Fleece-lined Shirts or Drawers; the shirt silk-bound neck and front, pearl buttons; the drawers extra well-stayed and finished.
- 75c For Men's Jersey Ribbed Woolen Undershirts or Drawers; the shirt silk-bound neck and front, pearl buttons; the drawers large gusset; both garments have covered seams throughout.

soul, since it is because of the work of Christ the Spirit is given, while both are to the praise of the Father. "It needs the three Persons of the Trinity to fill up the triangular heart of man," as one of the Puritans puts it. Why should not every one whom I address receive, by the Spirit, this new life at this moment? Then it will grow, for we "walk after the Spirit;" we do not stand still. As we obey the law of God, we shall receive more and more of his power; for it is written of the Holy Ghost that he is "given to them that obey him."

I have now set before you God's glorious method and achievement. May you accept the one and have your part in the other! Sin is condemned and righteousness fulfilled for every one that believeth. That is what the Christ has done by coming here below. Blessed be his name! Amen.

Nor in the contemplation, but in the active, lies hope; not in rapture, but in reality, lies true life; not in the realms of the ideals, but among tangible things is man's sanctification wrought.

EDITORIAL.

TILL JANUARY 1900 FREE.

To every new subscriber who will send us \$2.00 we will send the Western Recorder till January 1, 1901, throwing in the time between when the money is received and the 1st of January, 1900, free. To new subscribers only we offer the Recorder for the balance of the Nineteenth Century for \$2.00.

A REMARKABLE instance of the ease with which a popular idol tumbles has been furnished in the case of Admiral Dewey. Only a few weeks ago all the American people went wild over him. They rushed by the ten thousands to do him honor. He was the universal hero. All lips were loud in his praise. Then came a lull. The Admiral married a Roman Catholic lady. He moved into the house presented to him by over 40,000 Americans. When the house was bought he asked for the furniture in it. The owner said that some of the pieces he highly prized, but since it was Admiral Dewey, the furniture might go. The newly married pair had hardly occupied the house before the furniture was carted off to be sold at auction. The previous owner heard of it, and rushed to the rescue of the furniture. Then the Admiral made over the property to his new wife. This was the signal for a storm. Here came indignant letters from contributors, demanding their money back. Columns in the daily papers were filled with indignant remonstrances. Admiral Dewey's picture was publicly hissed. It was one chorus of denunciation from all quarters, until the doughty Admiral complained that he had no friends, and nobody defended him. This wail from the quondam hero brought some to his defence, and invitations for him to visit some cities were renewed.

The whole incident is instructive and funny. Dewey is as great a man now as he was before, of course, and as worthy of honor. He has shown a weakness and has done a foolish thing in this instance; but there is no just occasion for the sharp denunciation that has been heaped upon him. When an old man marries a young wife he is liable to make a fool of himself about her, and due allowance should be made for him. His being a great man does not save him from this danger of folly. Josh Billings says: "I never knew a second wife who was not boss of the situation." Especially so when she is young and pretty, while the husband is old. Dewey has had the misfortune to be a widower and to marry again just at this juncture. Had the first Mrs. Dewey lived on, her distinguished husband's fame would have blazed on in its full glory without a cloud or a stain.

Mrs. Dewey has been led by the popular clamor to make the property over to Admiral Dewey's son, reserving a life interest in it herself. We warn our gentlemen readers, when they find themselves famous and greatly honored by the people, do not venture to marry just then.

WHILE in Dallas the writer had the pleasure and privilege of visiting the Buckner Orphans' Home, founded and presided

over by Dr. R. O. Buckner. It is located six miles from Dallas, and is in the midst of a farm which is cultivated by the boys of the Home. The boys and the girls occupy separate buildings, which are solid and commodious. There are also a school building and an infirmary which are of wood, the others being brick.

In December, 1877, Dr. Buckner, then editor of the Texas Baptist, addressed a series of letters to the Baptist deacons, and which led to holding a Deacons' Convention in Paris, where it was resolved to establish an Orphans' Home. The site was secured, and the Home was dedicated in September, 1880, since which time it has constantly increased in influence and usefulness. The first opening, however, was in a rented cottage in Dallas, with three orphans cared for. There are now over 800 inmates in the Home, and the annual expense is, in round numbers, \$25,000. The boys and girls receive good training in the Home. They are taught to work as well as to study books, and they form a large and a happy family. Many of the girls have married farmers in the neighborhood, who are among the most valued supporters of the Home.

The institution has a strong hold on the hearts of the Baptists of Texas, as well as of the entire community of Dallas. Mr. J. S. Armstrong, who is in the front rank of business men in the West, kindly drove the writer to the Home, and he spoke of the interest in the institution felt by the business men of Dallas, which finds frequent expression in generous gifts.

"The health of the children has ever been remarkably good, and the death rate has been very low. They are a happy lot, and they cannot understand why people who come to see them, cry over them.

The Rev. B. F. Hyde writes from Kirbytown, Ky:

We have a Northern M. E. preacher down here, who says the Baptists made them a Bible so as to prove immersion, but got ashamed of it and quit publishing it, and have hid all they could of what was published. E. A. and John A. Broadus was one of the translators, and two other Baptists.

That Methodist preacher has things badly mixed. The American Bible Union issued a version of the New Testament, translating, instead of transferring, baptizo, and this was the work of scholars of different denominations. After the Union turned its work over to the American Baptist Publication Society, Drs. John A. Broadus, Alvah Hovey and Henry G. Weston were engaged to revise this version of the New Testament, which they did. They never got ashamed of their work, nor have any Baptists, to our knowledge, anywhere been ashamed of it. The version is still published. There has been no hiding any copies. The Baptist Book Concern, of this city, will gladly furnish that Methodist preacher all the copies he is prepared to pay for. It is a very fine version, in many ways superior to the Revised Version.

THE Christian Guide rings out clear on baptism's being essential to salvation. In commenting on something in the Western Recorder, our neighbor says:

All regenerated people are saved from their past sins, so there could be no possible use of baptizing a regenerate person. Baptism is a part of the process of regeneration. A man can be regenerated, according to Baptist doctrine, without baptism.

Here is simon pure Campbellism, and we congratulate our

neighbor on coming out so squarely. "Baptism is a part of the process of regeneration," and a man cannot be regenerated without it. This consigns to the outer darkness all Presbyterians, Methodists and others who have not been baptized, and who the Guide does not believe have been baptized, because the Guide holds that only immersion is the valid act for baptism. Yet the Guide would gladly welcome these unregenerate Presbyterians and Methodists to the Lord's Table. Truly "the legs of the lame are not equal."

The Guide goes on to say that, since Baptists believe men can be saved without baptism, while we do not admit into our churches men who are not baptized—"it is easier to get to heaven than to get into the Baptist church."

We take it the Guide believes that infants, dying in infancy, go to heaven. And yet the Guide would not consent to receiving infants into the churches of the Disciples. So, by the same token, it is easier to go to heaven than it is to get into a Disciples' church.

We are reminded of a dialogue the writer once had with a Presbyterian preacher. He said, "You Baptists believe infants dying in infancy are saved, and yet you will not admit them into your churches. You thus say that what is good enough for heaven is not good enough for a Baptist church." The reply, of course, was easy: "You Presbyterians believe infants dying in infancy are saved, and yet you will not admit them to your communion table. You thus say that what is good enough for heaven is not good enough for a Presbyterian communion table."

But there are two serious errors underlying this position of the Guide, 1st. That we work in order to get saved, which makes salvation rest on our own works instead of on Christ's work in our behalf. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast."

2nd. That we must do only what is necessary to get to heaven, and whatever is not essential to salvation may be omitted. This does away with all obedience and with all love in the service of God. We are to do whatever God tells us, because He says so, and without regard to what we are to make by it. Only that is obedience. The man who tries to serve God "with an eye to the main chance," is working along purely selfish lines, and however hard he may work, it is all in vain. "Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned and have not love, it profiteth me nothing."

NOW THAT the county election commissioners have completed their work and sent the results up to the State commissioners, it only remains for these last to act, to close the worst campaign and election we have ever had in Kentucky. The canvass has been marked by bitterness and vituperation beyond anything we have known. Not only have candidates been denounced, which was perhaps to be expected, but the abuse has extended to include many of our best citizens who were not directly involved. When a man is a candidate, his fitness for the office is before the voters, and it is proper that his character and record should be investigated. This, of course, should be done in perfect fairness, and indiscriminate abuse

should not be indulged in, even in such a case.

In this canvass, however, early in the action, Dr. Kerfoot was viciously and venomously assailed, and then at the time of the election the Courier-Journal went so far as to denounce the Honest Election League of this city as follows: "It remains for good citizens to determine whether we live under a government of law or are the prey of mercenary bands of marauders and murderers masquerading as an Honest Election League, but in reality under the orders of a notorious dive-keeper and corruptionist." And who are these "marauders and murderers?" Among them are such men as Judges A. P. Humphrey, John Sikes, H. W. Bruce, W. O. Harris, Messrs. James P. Helm, Geo. C. Norton, Thos. H. Hayes, Andrew Cowan, O. W. Gheens, J. W. Bowles, John B. McFerran, J. T. O'Neal, W. O. Priest, W. R. Bellnap, R. A. Robinson and others like them.

These are but samples of the denunciations that have been launched at many of our best citizens and they show to what depths many people have descended. And now that it is over, let us hope the lesson will not be lost upon the people. An object lesson has been placed before us which should prevent the recurrence of any such state of things, during the lifetime of those now living. Such things ought not to happen. Let us hope for better things in the future.

DR. RICHARD S. STORRS has resigned the care of the Pilgrim church, Brooklyn, after a pastorate of 58 years. He never had any other pastorate, and the church never had any other pastor. He will probably be remembered as the most prominent figure among the Congregationalists.

Dr. Henry J. VanDyke has resigned the Brick Presbyterian church in New York, without fixing any date for the resignation to take effect. He resigns with the understanding that he will get his successor settled before he himself leaves. This is a new idea. He has secured the call of Dr. Maltbie Babcock, of Baltimore, who will soon take charge. Then Dr. VanDyke will accept a professorship in Princeton. He did not propose to leave his church pastorless.

Generally when pastors resign, they leave the church outright, and nothing is done in regard to a successor until the pastor's resignation has taken effect and he is gone. We wonder if Dr. VanDyke will introduce a new fashion in this regard. There is something to be said in favor of such an arrangement, where it is agreeable all around, but there are cases in which it would not be likely to work well. The Methodists twit us with the number of our pastorless churches, and with the length of time some of them go without pastors. The VanDyke method would take away this reproach, certainly, in whatever other trouble it might involve us. The matter is worth thinking about.

WHAT shall we do for the evangelization of the cities? The first thing is for every Christian to do his duty, love mercy and walk humbly with his God. When every professing Christian in a city has done those three things, then there will be little need to ask what to do next.

In the nature of the soul is the compensation for the inequalities of condition.—Emerson.

Editorial Varieties

J. H. Eaton, Esq., son of the editor of the Recorder, leaves this week for Denver, Colorado, where he will practice his profession.

Dean Farrer deeply laments that the great religious teachers in England have passed away and that none have arisen to take their places.

The whole world, Christian and heathen, asks for rest, and the heathen part of it has ceased to expect rest until death brings it to them.—Rev. J. G. Greenbough.

Chaplain F. M. Wells, of the First Tennessee Regiment, has returned from the Philippines and his address will be 36 Madison Street, Memphis, Tenn. He has prepared a lecture on the Philippines.

The New York Independent speaks of Dr. George Deane Boardman as "the ex-President of the Chicago Theological Seminary." When was he President of that institution?

"Never too old to learn." Odo learned Greek when he was eighty years of age; Socrates, when old, learned to play on musical instruments; Plutarch was past seventy when he began to study Latin; Dryden was sixty-eight when he began his translation of the Iliad; and Dr. Henry Johnson learned Dutch only a little while before his death.

Mrs. Eliza N. Tyler, renewing her subscription, says: "God bless the Recorder. I have been an interested reader of the advocate for truth and right for 25 years, in the home of my childhood and since in my own home." We most highly appreciate such testimonials. No man has greater reason to be proud of its continuance than has the Western Recorder. Its Old Guard are a noble band.

We were glad to receive visits from Dr. C. A. G. Thomas, of North Carolina and from Dr. O. A. Williams, of Minneapolis. Dr. Williams was a classmate of the editor at Hamilton, N. Y., in 1836-41. He is now on a tour of inspection among the schools in the South, aided by the American Baptist Home Mission Society. He preached with great acceptance at Walnut-street church Sunday morning.

The First Baptist church in Cambridge, Mass., has called Dr. Wayland Hoyt, and the Congregationalist congratulates them on calling a man 41 years old. Why not, pray? preacher at 41 is more affluent for good than the same man at 61. Dr. Hoyt gives promise of active service for a long pastorate. The writer once in Cambridge, Mass., saw Dr. Hoyt preach who was 30 years old. He was a most efficient man, too.

Prof. J. W. McGarvey puts a poe to the higher critics when he says: "I should like for the Oracle, in its oracular wisdom, to mention one of the leading conclusions of this kind of criticism which originated with a believing school of men. That is a home question and it cannot be answered. The fact is the 'higher criticism' was conceived in unbelief and brought forth in infidelity."

While in Texarkana, the writer looked in on the colored Baptist Arkansas State Convention. He was greatly pleased with what he saw. They were gathering up money for education and the responses were many and generous. There were many well-ordered men present and the speeches showed real power and ability. They evidently understood their business. We congratulate the colored Baptists of Arkansas on their Convention.

Dr. M. E. Wharton, of Baltimore, has recently baptized into the fellowship of the Brantley church, of that city, the Rev. Henry J. Koehler, a Capuchin monk. He has been contemplating this step for some time, as he has been studying the basis of the Roman Catholic doctrine of Pagan infidelity, auricular confession, transubstantiation and Romish superstitions. He is a finely educated man and a good speaker. We hope he will be abundantly useful among us.

On his return from Dallas, the writer stopped at Sulphur Springs and at Texarkana to lecture on "Poor Kim." At Sulphur Springs the Baptists have just finished a magnificent house of worship that would be an honor to any city. The Rev. Geo. Foster Merrill is greatly prospered in his ministry and he has a strong hold on the hearts of the people. At Texarkana the Baptists of the First church will soon complete an elegant house of worship, which they have long needed. Foster Freeman is doing a noble work. At Sulphur Springs we met true yokefellows. At both places the writer had a fine hearing.

It was the writer's privilege to be entertained while in Dallas at the elegant and hospitable home of Judge and Mrs. John L. Henry. They are old Tennessee friends. Judge Henry went to Texas to practice law and shortly after fell ill. He became Judge of the Supreme Court. Mrs. Henry belongs to the great Tennessee family which has long been an honor to the State. A most welcome guest. (The Judge is a great lawyer, but Mrs. Henry surpasses him in social and domestic graces. Mrs. Henry is a most excellent and religious lady. She is all the heart of the Old South and one of the daughters of the American Revolution for the good she has done to the oppressed people of the South.)

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ONLY.

BY HILDIE LEE FITZGERALD.

Only a word, a little word, Spoken in kindness here, May cheer the heart of a weary one, Whose path is lone and drear, May ring through the corridors of time, Like a tender, thrilling song, And lift the soul above the mist Of doubt and fear and wrong.

MISS SOPHRONIA'S BONNET.

BY ADELAIDE D. BOLSTON.

"But it's perfectly hideous," declared Betty, looking across at the queer piece of head-gear on the bed. Miss Sophronia shut her lips tightly together and went on with her mending without so much as a glance at the girl's troubled face.

"I just couldn't wear such a hat as that to school," continued Betty with a little break in her clear, sweet voice. "Why, those girls and boys would tease me to death, and Miss Morrison would think I'd gone daft."

"Elizabeth Reed," said Miss Sophronia, sternly, "I wore that hat when I was about your age, and nobody dared to make fun of it."

"But that was years and years ago when such scoop-like affairs were in fashion," said Betty, tearfully. "Aunt Sophronia—with a bequeathing glance at the grim, unrelenting face—"you were a girl yourself once."

"Yes, but, thank goodness, not a bit like the girls of these fast and degenerate days!" put in Miss Sophronia, sharply, and with a complacent expression in her keen black eyes. "I wear a sensible bonnet, and wasn't pert to my elders. And I look good care of my things too. That hat yonder proves it. Just look at them trimmings! Why, they're most as bright as they were when I put 'em away in that cedar chest."

"I wish they had mistreated Betty, looking scornfully through her ears at the offending hat, with its gaudy yellow ribbons and impossible purple roses.

"Beggars can't be choosers," quoted Miss Sophronia in a tone that brought a flush of wounded pride to the girl's cheeks. "Beggars are dependent on me for everything you wear."

"I'm not likely to forget it when you remind me of it every day," retorted Betty, with sudden bitterness. "I can wear my old sunbonnet," she added in an altered voice. "It's more suitable."

"Don't dictate to me!" interrupted Miss Sophronia. "That hat may be a little old-fashioned, but it's every bit as good as the hat you threw in the river yesterday."

"I didn't throw it into the river. I told you that the wind blew it off my head."

"It amounts to the same thing. The hat's gone, and all on account of your carelessness. If you'd a-tied it on instead of lettin' the strings dangle down your back you wouldn't a-lost it."

"I saw a redbird sitting on a bush and ran to catch it," began Betty, but an expression in Miss Sophronia's eyes silenced her.

"I've put up with your carelessness long enough," said the latter, with a peculiar twist of her hard mouth. "You get worse and worse every day instead of better, and it's time to teach you a lesson."

"Do you mean you are going to make me wear that old hat just to punish me for losing mine?" demanded Betty, as calmly as she could.

"Oh, Aunt Sophronia," she said eagerly, "if you'd let me wear that sunbonnet."

"You must be crazy!" ejaculated Miss Sophronia. "Why, you wouldn't know it loose from a week! No, you'll wear just what I've told you. As I said a minute ago, beggars can't be choosers."

Betty turned and compelled herself to look at the hat again.

"If I could call the shape and take of those horrid roses I wouldn't mind wearing it," she said in a voice that ought to have softened Miss Sophronia. But it didn't. It only seemed to make her more obdurate than ever.

"There's been enough argument on the subject," she remarked as she folded her work and put it away. "You'll have to wear that hat yonder, and wear it just as it is too. I ain't milliner enough to alter its shape, and neither are you. And the trimmings will have to stay as they are too. And now, I hope I've made my meanin' plain enough."

Quite convinced that further pleading or expostulations would be useless, Betty took up the hat gingerly, and, with a little sigh, went off to her room and to bed.

But not a sleep. Or, at least, not for many hours. Painfully sensitive to ridicule she found it impossible to keep her thoughts from straying to the ugly old hat hanging on a peg in a dark corner of the room, and to the inevitable consequence of wearing it to school on the morrow. For of course the girls would laugh. And she couldn't blame them either. She, herself, would laugh to see that antiquated affair perched on the head of any one else. And the boys! Oh, dear, how they would roar at sight of it! And, likely as not, they would sit at the very first opportunity and read it to pieces, or else use it as a football until it was reduced to a shapeless mass of straw. She almost hoped they would. But, no, that would only make matters worse, for Miss Sophronia would be certain to find something else equally as ugly and antiquated in the old chest up in the attic and compel her to wear it. So, after all, there was nothing to do but to accept her punishment as meekly and quietly as possible. And, being a sensible girl, this, after much thought, she decided to do.

And having reached this passive state of mind she was at length able to sleep.

But in the morning shame and dread and indignation were strong within her when she reluctantly went to school, wearing the much-despised hat. When putting it on she had carefully refrained from glancing at herself in her mirror, but she knew just how ridiculous it made her appear; and even the consciousness that her dark blue eyes, with the sea-fitting collar, were quite as stylish as any worn by her schoolmates did not help to raise her drooping spirits.

Fortunately she saw no one and met no one on the way. But when she entered the school-room a perfect storm of laughter greeted her.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Frank Somers, a tall boy of sixteen, and he lifted a pair of imaginary spectacles to his eyes and adjusted them on his nose. "I was sure Mrs. Noah was dead, but I find that I was mistaken!"

Betty's face flushed, then paled. This from the boy who had been her best friend and comrade for two years!

"Purple roses! and in winter too!" said an ill-natured-looking girl holding up her hands in a pretended ecstasy of admiration. "Oh! Betty, where did you get them?"

"That's why they're purple roses—they grew in winter along with purple noses," remarked Irvin Lee, the rhytmaster and would-be-poet of the school.

These and other equally rude remarks reached her from all points of the yard, but she walked on as though she did not hear them. In the entry she hung the much-ridiculed object in an obscure corner, and the girl quietly took her seat in the school-room.

But this was merely the beginning of her trouble. For a week the girls greeted her every morning with the same teasing questions, and the boys allowed their sense of the ludicrous to lead them into certain rude remarks that under any other circumstances they would have had polite enough to have refrained from making. Yet never to one of them did she explain her reason for wearing the ugly old hat, though repeatedly asked to do so.

Perhaps it was the manner in which she was questioned that made her so stubbornly silent. At any rate, she gave them no satisfactory information, but continued to wear the ancient head-gear in spite of the boys' repeated threats to destroy it.

But at last in some way the truth was learned. Then those of the girls who had been the most persistent in their teasing were the first to apologize and to offer her their sympathy.

Some of the boys, however, were more indignant. "The idea of a girl your age submitting tamely to such punishment!" sneered Frank Somers. "I thought you had too much spirit."

"And I thought you were a gentlemanly boy until a few days ago," interposed Betty with cutting scorn.

And, remembering his rudeness, Frank turned crimson with shame and left her.

After this little flash of resentment poor Betty grew more dejected than ever. And as if in keeping with her gloomy spirit, the winter term of the old hat happened more limply than usual over her pretty face.

Yet quite unknown to her she had a strong sympathizer nearer home in the person of Miss Martha Trueheart, her next-door neighbor. Miss Martha was a widow of an uncertain age, though not too old to remember that she had once been young. Her first glimpse of Betty's fresh young face under the gaudy old hat had brought a puzzled look into her own kindly face, then upon her a flash of anger came into her eyes.

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[Continued next week.]

DISCOVERED THROUGH A CHILD.

Perhaps some of our young travelers will be encouraged to use their bright eyes more constantly by this story of how a little girl by her intelligence observed the bearing of an older lad to begin a series of important discoveries.

When Sir Humphrey Davy was a boy about sixteen, a little girl came to him in great excitement:

"Humphrey, do you see by those two pieces of cane make a tiny spark of light when I rub them together?"

Humphrey was a studious boy, who spent hours in thinking out scientific problems. He peered the child's curiously head, and said:

"I do not know, dear. Let us see if they really do make a light, and then we will try it out on why."

Humphrey soon found that the little girl was right; the pieces of cane, if rubbed together quickly, did give a tiny light. Then he set to work to find out the reason, and after some time came to the discovery of the power of his little friend, and his own kindness to her in not impatiently telling her not to "worry," as so many might have done. Humphrey Davy made the first of his interesting discoveries. Ever ready to learn and grasp the outer shell of things which protects the inside from insects, and also helps the fruit-lacking leaves to stand upright.

IT CAN'T BE DONE.

No One Can Remain Well, No Chronic Disease Can Be Cured Unless the Stomach is First Made Strong and Vigorous.

This is plain because every organ in the body depends on the stomach for its nourishment. Nerve, bone, sinew, blood are made from the food which the stomach converts to our use.

How useless to treat disease with this, that and the other remedy and neglect the most important of all, the stomach.

The earliest symptoms of indigestion are sour risings, bad taste in the mouth, gas in stomach and bowels, palpitation, all gaseous feeling, faintness, headache, constipation; later come loss of flesh, consumption, liver and heart troubles, kidney diseases, nervous prostration, all of which are the indirect result of poor nutrition.

Any person suffering from indigestion should make it a practice to take after each meal one of Stewart's Dyspepsia Tablets, allowing it to dissolve in the mouth and thus mingle with the saliva and enter the stomach in the most natural way. These Tablets are highly recommended by Dr. Jamieson because they are composed of the natural digestive acids and fruit essences which assist the stomach in digesting all wholesome food before it has time to ferment and sour.

Stewart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists, full sized packages at 50 cents. They are also sold in small packages for invalids and children. A book on stomach diseases and thousands of testimonials of genuine cures sent free by addressing F. A. Stewart Co., Marshall, Mich.

We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor rest it here, And count it joy that even we May suffer, serve, or wait for Thee; Whose will be done.

—J. G. Whitaker.

"JONESBY."

BY GARRIE CLARK NOTTINGHAM.

Everybody had always called him "Dad," or "Dearest," or "Mamma's Darling," or "Papa's Boy," or something of the kind. The boys asked his name he answered, "Ralph Holbrook Jones, Jr.," with a very important air.

But he had had a birthday and was six years old. He had been graduated from the kindergarten and received a miniature diploma with a ribbon round it. This diploma told how much he knew about color and form and other lovely things taught at kindergarten.

Now he was to start in school, and thought it high time people began to call him "Jonesy."

Charlie simply shouted, and said that he wouldn't do anything of the kind. Charlie was thirteen, and apt to be careless of a "fellow's" feelings.

Mamma, now, was different. You might have thought that she'd been a teaching sort, but grandma told him the way she acted. She'd call him "Jonesy," of course, if he liked it. She did not "darling" on it and try to kiss him; but he told her that he didn't want any more of that.

Papa began to say something of a teaching sort, but grandma told him she thought he ought to keep still, and papa stopped at once. He always obeyed grandma promptly. He said that was the way all boys should treat their mothers.

Papa's grandma's boy, you know, is a teaching sort, but whatever his name was, thought that was queer. There was another case just like it, though, in the same neighborhood. Ray Hammond's grandmother's boy was a grown-up man, too.

It took this boy, said he call him "Jonesy," a long time to prepare for school that morning. But after a while he was all ready. Mamma tightened a buckle on one of his leggings, tucked his mittens up his sleeves and turned his reefer collar up around the back of his head. Then she shook hands with him very gravely and said, "Good-bye, Jonesy!" while papa coughed behind his newspaper.

Grandma was embroidering, and she had a red velvet before she thought. Charlie stood on the stairs and held his sides and just yelled, "Ho, ho, ho!" Charlie is so boisterous sometimes. Mamma says so.

The teacher treated Jonesy just as she did the other boys. He could not have told what he expected, but something different. She told him to enter his name and that the word on the blackboard was "Boy." She told him to study it carefully, and then to try to write it in the same way on his slate. She wanted him to know that the boy next time he saw him.

But Jonesy looked at the word long and hard. It wasn't at all like the boy he could make out of the red and blue letters on his blocks. He had heard about boys across the ocean who didn't look nor talk as he did, nor wear the sort of clothes, nor eat the same kind of food as he was eating. He wondered if this meant one of those boys.

He tried to write something like it on his slate, but made such a crooked, wabbly boy that it was certainly very discouraging.

He tried it again, and leaned so far over that his nose almost touched the pencil. It was warm in the school-room, and his head drooped lower and lower, till after awhile his cheek rested on the boy on the slate, and Jonesy was fast asleep.

When the teacher talked up and down the aisles, looking at the slates, she smiled when she saw what had happened to Jonesy.

She put her hand on his head and called, "Wake up, little boy, wake up!"

And Jonesy said right out loud: "Go 'way, Trower; you're too rough! Mamma, I want a cookie, please!"

And all those children, who had been going to school two or three months and knew everything, laughed as hard as they could. Then Jonesy began to cry, and he had to cry sometimes before he was six years old.

The teacher didn't scold him at all. She just took him by the hand and led him out into the cloak-room. Then she helped him into his leggings and shoes and took her way home, and tucked his mittens up his sleeves just as his mother always did.

She patted him on the shoulder as if he were a very little boy, and told him that she thought he'd been all over the world, and that the first day, and to come home to her, and that she was looking better.

Jonesy cried all the way home. When he got there mamma gathered him up in her arms. Grandma gave him a peppermint, and Nory brought in a fresh raspberry tart.

THE REAL QUESTION.

The real question of disease is not "Is it cured?" If you or anyone dear to you is losing strength and energy and vitality, if you are wise you will not spend a week time trying to get out just what means to call the disease by.

It is almost impossible to drive a line between debility and weakness merge into consumption. Your trouble may not be consumption to-day, but you don't know what it may become to-morrow. Hundreds of people have been restored to health and condition by Dr. Pierce's marvelous "Golden Medical Discovery" after the most reputable physicians had pronounced them

consumptive beyond hope.

Were they in consumption? You don't know; nobody can ever know; but that is not the question. The important point is that they were hopelessly ill but that matchless "Discovery" restored and saved them.

"I was not able to do hardly any work at all," says Jennie Duggan, of Vancouver, B. C. "I had pain in my left side and back and had all the time I tried your medicine and it helped me. Last spring I had a bad cough; I got so bad I had to be in bed all the time."

"My husband thought I had consumption. He wanted me to get a doctor, but I told him I was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and had taken one bottle. The cough was stopped and I have had no more of it returning. Your medicine is the best I have ever taken."

Write to Dr. R. V. Pierce. He will send you good fatherly, professional advice in a plain sealed envelope absolutely free. His thirty years experience as chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel, at Buffalo, N. Y., has made him an expert in chronic diseases.

Reduced Rates Via "Air Line" (L. E. & St. L. C. R. R.) Account Thanksgiving Day One fare for the round-trip. Tickets on sale November 25th and 26th, good returning to and including December 1st.

Low Rates by the Menos Route. For Thanksgiving Holidays, the Menos Route will sell round-trip tickets to points within one hundred and fifty miles from St. Louis, Mo., good returning to and including December 1st.

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Mamma looked at him as much as a infant; then she kissed him. She looked at him another minute; then she hugged him tight, and called him her precious treasure. A lot of other nice things she used to say when he was a little boy. And Johnny began to feel better.

After awhile Ray Hammond came over and called him "Bud," and gave him half his doughnut, just exactly as if nothing had happened.

Grandma told him it would be hours and hours before it was time to go to school again. And Ralph Hubbard Jones, Jr., sometimes called "Bud," "Dearest," "Mamma's Darling," "Papa's Boy," but more recently known as "Johnny," smiled once more just as he used to smile before he was six years old.—St. Nicholas.

THE DISASTER AT DARJEELING, INDIA.

(The following letter has been received from Mrs. D. H. Lee of Calcutta, India, six of whose children were killed in the awful disaster that recently occurred at Darjeeling.)

You will have heard ere this of the terrible landslide at Darjeeling, and how buried by it is all the earthly light and joy of our home. Our six children—four girls and two boys—were living in a beautiful two-storied stone building on the side of the mountain, just near our Methodist school, where they attended as day scholars.

We were buying property here in Calcutta, and repairing and altering the house to suit our work. Vida, our eldest daughter, aged seventeen years, was taking care of her brother and sister in the beautiful hill station until we could get settled.

On Sunday night, Sept. 25, the house and all our darlings were buried under the mountain, and we would never have known the story of their triumph had not our boy Wilbur been left to tell us. He had been thrown overboard, and after the mountain side, and knew nothing until toward morning he came to himself, and in the awful darkness saw a light in a house not far away. He tried to reach it, but sank back fainting. In the morning some kind friends discovered him, and after much difficulty reached and rescued him, and everything possible was done to warm and save him. After a two days' terrible journey of walking, riding and climbing we reached him in time to clasp him again in our arms, and to tell him of my precious mamma. I am so glad you came!

He then told us about that night. There had been a terrible storm and downpour of rain, lasting two days. They had spent Sunday indoors, a few slips falling during the day. About 10 o'clock in the night the storm increased, and the earth and great boulders began to roll down the hill, and the children felt they were not safe. They tried to escape, but found the road destroyed and the way cut off on both sides—water rushing down the mountain side like the Ohio River, as Wilbur described it.

Vida led the children out, but was met with falling earth and stone and insupportable debris. In the pitch darkness and the roaring rain and through the sound of the cyclone she felt she could not keep the children together. "I cannot let you get separated. I promised papa I would take care of Esther," she said, "so we will go back to the house, seeing God wishes to save us, he can save us together; if not, he will take us together."

They returned, and made a fire in the upper room, where they dried their clothes and prayed, asking God to deliver them, if it was his will, and if not, to make them ready for whatever might come. While praying the corner of the room gave way, and they felt the house was going. Vida stood up and said, "Children, the house is going to fall, and we will all come to heaven." Wilbur said: "O mamma, if you could only have seen Vida's face—how it shone, and how beautiful she looked as she talked to us! All fear was taken away. We just felt like we were on the train coming into Calcutta to you. We were so happy. We all said 'Thank you, God, for what you have done for us.'"

They were only here, to go with us to heaven, how nice it would be! Vida took them into the room at the other end of the house, and made them kneel in prayer, our little youngest girl with her feet tucked under her, and a good cry came. Wilbur was lying on his back, with the lamp in his hand, just in time to see the wall fall in, and he knew nothing more until he came to himself in the darkness. Our hope is that the others know nothing more beautiful. Robert was converted when but five years of age, and had

just a few weeks ago found Jesus in their little home prayer-meeting, always held on Sunday evening. They were all musicians. Vida played so sweetly on the guitar; Lois was our organist. Wilbur and Herbert had their violins. So you can imagine the awful silence in our home, and how our hearts ache without them. Lois' body was found, and she and Wilbur lie in the center with the children who were killed the same night in the school. Vida, with the three youngest, God buried, and are safe until the triumph of God shall rend the mountain and even the sea shall give up her dead; God is our refuge. We find there all we need. He lifts us up above this

world's storms, and heaven and our loved ones seem all about us. So we are not robbed of their love and help even here, and God's love was never so great. Praise his name.—New York Christian Advocate.

If we would please God, we must watch every stroke and touch upon the canvas of our lives; we may not think we can lay it on with a trowel and get success. We ought to live as miniature painters work, for they watch every line and tint.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Prayer's Greatest Obstacle is Indeed a "Balm in Gilead" for all afflictions to which an ointment is applicable. A positive specific for pain.

A GREAT surgeon stood before his class to perform a certain operation which the elaborate mechanism and minute knowledge of modern science had only recently made possible. With strong and gentle hand he did his work successfully so far as his part of the terrible business went; and then he turned to his pupils and said: "Two years ago, a safe and simple operation might have cured this disease. Six years ago, a wise way of life might have prevented it. We have done our best as the case now stands, but nature will have her word to say. She does not always consent to the repeal of her capital sentences." Next day the patient died.

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This Company can produce copper as cheaply as any in the world.
COPPER MINING IS THE SAFEST AND MOST PROFITABLE OF ALL INDUSTRIES.

Calumet and Hecla ore averages 4 1-2 per cent. copper. It has paid \$62,850,000 dividends
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THE AVERAGE OF BOSTON & TEXAS ORE IS OVER 50 PER CENT., and of copper marls and clays from 5 to 10 per cent. Both the ore, marl and clay are within a few feet of the surface of the ground, so that the expense of mining and hoisting is minimized. A party of New England capitalists who have just returned from an examination of the mines in conjunction with one of the ablest mining engineers in the country, report the property to be one of the largest and best in America, and to contain inexhaustible quantities of rich copper deposits.

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LITERARY.

[All the books noticed in this column will be sent at publishers' prices by the Baptist Book Concern, postpaid to any address, on receipt of price.]

BOOKS.

"ELVIRA HOPKINS OF TOMPKINS CORNERS. By Isora Chandler, author of 'A Dog of Constantinople,' 'Anthe,' 'Three of Us,' etc. One volume; binding, cloth; pages, 196; cover designed by author; price, 75 cents, post-paid. Wilbur B. Ketcham, publisher, 7 and 9 West Eighteenth street, New York.

The book purports to be written by the "comfortably-off maiden woman" whom the author has sketched upon the cover, and whose kindly eyes gleam at us from over her spectacles. It is written in the quaint country dialect of Central New York, and furnishes a continual series of pictures to the mind of the reader. Elvira Hopkins finds herself in many exciting situations, in all of which she is supported by her female Sancho Panzas—Martha Ann, a typical shrewd country woman, whose sharp little eyes pierce the pretense which often deceives her gentler mistresses, and whose ready bowl of "yarret" or of ginger tea, "so warm in the stomach," is, in her mind, a panacea for all troubles, whether of church or society. There are some things which Elvira says with which we do not agree, but that did not prevent our enjoying the homely wit and terse epigrams of the book.

Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York, announce that they will publish next month the only authorized American edition of The Expositor's Bible in 26 volumes. Thousands of preachers, teachers and Bible students will realize the importance of this announcement. The nature of The Expositor's Bible is indicated by its name. It is not a work on practical homiletics, such as the Pulpit Commentary, or the Homiletic Commentary; but it is a commentary that expounds the Word of God. This colossal work of 21,500 crown octavo pages consists of expository lectures on all the books of the Bible, by the foremost preachers and theo-

gians of the day. "This series is planned," says the London British Weekly, "so as to give all the good of a scientific commentary without the padding, technicality and detail that have made the commentator's name a proverb for dreaminess in the world of literature. In every book of the Bible the rich, fertile and perpetually significant portions are selected and continuously analyzed, illustrated and explained by interpreters who are scholarly and yet interesting."

MAGAZINES.

Many physicians are among the subscribers of the Recorder, and they all are progressive men. That does not mean they run after new fads, but that they test new things cautiously while holding fast to that which is good. All of them take some medical publication of course, and all of them wish the very best, and then as many others that are good as they can afford.

We asked three leading medical men in this city what medical publication they considered the very best. They replied the Journal of the American Medical Association. We sent for a copy of it. It is a weekly of 100 pages, with articles by distinguished men on what seems to our ignorance almost every possible disease. Here are some of the subjects which the general public can understand, and in which all of us are interested, either for ourselves or our friends: Nature and Treatment of Outbreaks of Cancer; Rheumatoid Arthritis (the rheumatism which enlarges the joints); Operation for Gout; Excessive Perspiration of the Feet; Heart Disease; Best Cure for Consumption; Treatment of Yellow Fever; Epidemic Cerebro-spinal Meningitis; Infant Nursing and Digestion. Now those subjects cover only about one-tenth, if that, of the contents. Send 10 cents for sample copy to Journal of American Medical Association, 61 Market street, Chicago, Ill.

The following are the contents of The Pulpit, a magazine of sermons, for November: Social Problems of Our Country, by the Right Reverend Henry O. Potter; Satan in the Cities, by Rev. P. S. Hanson, D.D.; The Inscription on the Cross, by Rev. W. F. Ganaganus, D.D.; The Value of the Bible, by Rev. Hiram L. Ridenour, A. M.; Encouragement to Work for and Among Young Men, by Rev. J. W. Meminger; The Greater Communion—A Communion Sermon—by Rev. Spencer B. Meeker, D.D.; Departed Blessedness, by Rev. Madison O. Peters, D.D.; The Victor's Crown, by Rev. Alexander MacLaren, D.D.; The American Sheaf—A Thanksgiving Sermon—by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.; Angel Visits and How to Secure Them, by Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D.; A Sermon on the Tongue. G. Holsappel, editor and publisher, Cleons, Pa. \$1 per year.

Woman in more Obedience in this section of the country than all other classes and is to be commended. For a great many years she has been the most devoted and obedient of all classes, and by her example has led the way in every thing that is good and noble. She has been the most obedient of all classes, and by her example has led the way in every thing that is good and noble.

For gold must be tried by fire, As a heart must be tried by pain! —A. A. Freese.

ATLANTA, GA.

While in Atlanta last week I had the pleasure of meeting D. W. Gwin, D.D., formerly pastor at Mt. Sterling, Ky. From him I learned that our Baptist cause is in a prosperous condition in that city.

I called on the editors of the Christian Index, Drs. Bell and VanNess, and found them in elegant quarters in the Anstell business block. They very kindly assisted me in my efforts to advance the advertising interest of the Western Recorder.

I called at the American Baptist Publication Society Branch in their large new store on Whitehall street. In the absence of the genial and popular manager, Bro. Paxon, I met brethren Howard Cole and Dr. Harvey Hatcher. We observed the evidence of enterprise and prosperity. Their trade is continually on the increase.

Atlanta is one of the great business centers of the South. It is also a great educational center. The Atlanta Constitution is one of the great daily newspapers of the South, and devoted to the upbuilding of the city and the development of the South.

I met Bro. Bernard, financial agent of Mercer University, and Bro. Ragdale, who were in attendance on the quarterly meeting of the Executive Mission Board of the Georgia Baptist Convention.

The Legislature was in session, and the bill known as the Willingham Prohibition Bill was attracting great attention. Representative men and women of Atlanta and from all over the State were eagerly watching the result of the vote which was to be taken next day. The liquor interest was stubbornly contesting, and doing all in their power to defeat the bill. W. P. H.

Nearly two years ago, we called to the pastorate of our church Rev. J. W. Vallandigham. Through his ceaseless energy, untiring zeal and devoted Christian work, God has greatly blessed us.

At our last meeting we finished paying the debt that has for years been so heavily burdening us. Since coming to us Brother Vallandigham has succeeded in collecting from the membership a sum sufficient to finish cancelling the mortgage. Now we are enjoying the greatest prosperity ever known in the history of the church. The prayer-meeting and Sunday-school are in a prosperous condition and we feel that we have much for which to be thankful to the "Giver of every good and perfect gift" and by no means least among his gifts to us is that of the services of our zealous Christian pastor. E. P. THOMAS, G. G. FAIR, J. P. SANDERFUR, Deacons.

Hartford, Ky., Nov. 18, 1899.

SISTER MARY HOLLINGSWORTH has mailed appeals throughout the State for help for the orphans under her care. In our Thanksgiving let us remember the Orphan's Home.

PASTOR J. W. VALLANDIGHAM, of Letchfield and Hartford, while in the city, called at our office in company with his wife. He reports his churches in a prosperous condition. The \$1,000 debt on the Hartford church for fifteen years has all been paid.

Twilight is like death; the dark portion of night comes upon us, to open again in the glorious morning of immortality.

WHITESON'S

S. E. Cor. Fourth and Market, Louisville, Ky.

Clothing Only

For Men, Boys and Children.

Three big floors. Nothing but Clothing.

We know you can't buy reliable and stylish clothing from any other concern in Kentucky at prices less than we ask—it can't be made. Ingeniously worded advertisements often convey another idea, but the proof is in the wearing. We guarantee every garment which leaves this house and cheerfully refund your money if you want it.

Men's Suits and Overcoats.

\$7.50 Here's a chance to get a good suit for little money. Double-breasted and single-breasted Black Coats from All-wool Cheviots and a variety of other seasonable fabrics substantially trimmed, artistically cut. Others will ask you \$10 for these suits.

\$10.00 An elegant line of Men's All-wool Cheviots—plain colorings, stripes and the Oxford mixtures that are so popular and attractive; single and double-breasted Vests; trousers shapely of course. Others will ask you \$12.

\$7.50 Overcoats that throw down the gauntlet to the proudest achievements of the first custom tailor—\$7.50 for a Top Coat that would be headline at a legitimate price at \$10. Broad across the shoulders, full in the back; fine Italian lining. Any size.

\$10.00 Overcoats that come to you fresh from the market. Fine silk and the price—just something to think about—\$10 for a Top Coat that would bring \$15 away from here. A smart, natty coat with "single" written in its every line. Lined all through with seal, warm and durable lining.

Boy's and Children's Suits and Overcoats.

\$5 Suits at \$2.50 in BOY'S SUITS—Blue and black Cheviots, fancy all-wool Scotch, double-breasted coats, edges and seams fine stitched, well lined, and pants made with extra stay tape; Whiteson's guarantee goes with each one. Sizes 8 to 14. We offer in this department suits from \$1 to \$10.

\$5 Suits at \$2.50 in TOP COATS FOR LITTLE BOYS—All-wool Herringbone and Oxford gray Melton, full box backs, lap seams and French facing, lined with good cloth. Whiteson's guarantee goes with each one. Sizes 2 to 10. We have others up to \$5.00.

Refer to this paper.

There is Comfort in Carpets.

Secure a nice Carpet from us now and be warm and comfortable all through the winter. McKnight's Carpets have the reputation of giving the best of maintenance and comfort. Many of our new designs and colorings are confined to us for Louisville and the South.

Ingrains, Brussels, Axminsters, Wiltons and Velvet Carpets.

Our stock is now replete and we can please all.

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Dealers in Carpets and Draperies.

225 Fourth Avenue and 250-250 W. Main Street, Louisville, Ky.

Advertisement for Laths, Doors, Sash, Blinds, LUMBER, W. J. Hughes & Sons Co., 108 and 110th St., Louisville, Ky.

Don't fail to read our Freshman Offer on the 10th page.

NEW LIFE AND HOPE

is found in a New Scientific Discovery—The Wonderful Kava-Kava Syrup.

Sufferers from Stomachs of the Kidneys and Bladder, Bright's Disease, Rheumatism, Gravel, Pain in the Back, Dropsy, etc., will upon Request be mailed

A LARGE TRIAL CASE FREE.

Rev. A. C. Darling, Minister of the Gospel, under date of May 20th, writes from his home at North Constantia, Oswego county, New York: I have been troubled with Kidney and kindred diseases for sixteen years, and tried all I could get without relief. Two and a half years ago I was taken with a severe attack of La Grippe, which turned to pneumonia. At that time my Liver, Kidneys, Heart and Urinary Organs all combined in what to me seemed their last attack. My confidence in man and medicine had gone. My hope



had vanished, and all that was left me was a dreary life and certain death. At last I heard of Alkavis, and as a last resort I commenced taking it. At that time I was using the vessel as often as sixteen times in one night, without sleep or rest. In a short time my ailment, and I could sleep all night as soundly as a baby, which I had not done in sixteen years before. What I know it has done for me, I firmly believe it will do for all who will give Alkavis a fair trial. I most gladly recommend Alkavis.

Sincerely yours,

(Rev.) A. C. DARLING.

The venerable Mr. Joseph W. Whitten, of Wolfboro, N. H., at eighty-five years of age, also testifies to the powers of Alkavis in curing severe Kidney and bladder disorders, Dropsy and Rheumatism. Hundreds of others give similar testimony. Many ladies also in testifying to the wonderful curative powers of Alkavis in Kidney and allied diseases, and other troublesome affections peculiar to womanhood, which cannot with propriety be described here.

That you may judge of the value of this Great Discovery for yourself, we will send you one Large Case by mail Free, only asking that when cured yourself you will recommend it to others. It is a Sure Specific Cure and can not fail. Address: The Church Kidney Cure Company, No. 408 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

SOMERSET.

I went to Somerset last Thursday to attend the New Era Institute. We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Deacon Porter, a worthy son of Dr. D. N. Porter, of Eminence.

Bro. Borum, the able and efficient pastor, took charge of me and kindly took me to see my old friend, Judge Pettus, who we found slightly indisposed on account of the infirmities of age. We also visited the family of Judge Ourd and others.

Bro. Borum is in the midst of an interesting meeting. He is aided by Bro. W. W. Smith, of Virginia. There have been 18 additions already, and a fine prospect for many more. During Bro. Borum's pastorate over 100 have been added to the church. The debt which he found hanging over the church has all been paid and the finances are in good condition, and brotherly love and harmony prevail. The pastor has agreeably surprised himself and the community by raising \$2,000 for a parsonage that is now in process of completion. In missions the church is giving four times as much as it gave formerly.

We heard and were pleased with Bro. Smith's preaching,

There was one profession, and several manifested an increasing interest in the meeting. At the close the pastor baptised three happy converts.

I enjoyed the hospitality of Bro. Borum and his noble wife, the daughter of Col. Fontaine, of Texas, and grand-daughter of Dr. J. L. Burrows, of blessed memory. It is claimed that with all of the high qualifications of the husband for his work, that he is greatly indebted to his wife, who is a model wife for a pastor to have. Bro. Borum preaches on an average five sermons a week. On Tuesday evening he preaches at the mission chapel in South Somerset. The Sunday-school and prayer-meetings are largely attended. W. P. H.

GOOD MEETINGS.

Our Merciful Heavenly Father has been sending "showers of blessings." I have been preaching for the Orinda (Tenn.) Baptist church twelve years, and have held three protracted meetings there, doing the preaching myself. In one of these meetings I had 26 additions, in another 27 additions and in the last 38 additions. Our meeting began there Monday night after the third Sunday in October and continued till the fifth Sunday night, the pastor doing all the preaching. The church nobly and efficiently assisted, and the Lord gave us a glorious meeting. The church was greatly strengthened, between 30 and 40 professed faith in Christ, 33 joined the church and 30 were baptized in Red river in the apostolic manner in the presence of a great multitude on the afternoon of the fifth Sunday. This noble church showed their appreciation of their pastor by liberally compensating him for his services in the meeting. The writer has been unanimously called for the thirteenth time by this excellent church that has so many choice spirits in it.

I went from Orinda to Dripping Springs to assist Bro. A. H. Rather in a meeting that began on the last Sunday in October and continued fifteen days. It was a wonderful meeting. The throng of people were immense, the attention and order good and the result glorious. There were 52 professions, 54 additions and 47 for baptism. I could not stay till the meeting closed, but their beloved pastor and his noble church continued the meeting. Bro. Rather is doing a good work in his two Kentucky churches—Forest Grove and Dripping Springs. Both have called him again, the latter indefinitely. The Lord was very merciful to us at Dripping Springs in giving a great revival. The writer enjoyed his stay among these fine people. He has known them from his boyhood, and it was a great joy to him to try to preach to them the "glorious Gospel of the blessed God." This excellent church, under the leadership of Pastor A. H. Rather, are agitating the question of building a larger house. They have a bright future.

From Dripping Springs the writer went to Tompkinsville by invitation. There was a glorious revival among God's people, and there were some professions. The congregations grew so large that we moved into the court-house. The Lord greatly blessed the community, and the Baptists cooperating with their faithful and consecrated pastor, Bro. W. J. Levi, will build a new church-house next spring, Providence willing.

Bro. Editor, Liberty College is doing finely. We have a fine lot of boarders, and our numbers are

being constantly swollen by new pupils. We have a corps of first-class teachers, and they are doing splendid work. We are ready and anxious for the Educational Committee to visit us and examine our work. We ask the prayers of God's people that our gracious Heavenly Father may bless and lead us by his Holy Spirit. J. E. BURNETT.

Glasgow, Ky.

WORKING THE MINISTERS.

BY REV. J. L. SCOTT.

The ministers, as a class, are badly worked. Not in the active sense altogether but rather in the passive. Every clergyman has his own story to relate, his own experience with the itinerant adventurer who has tried to "work" him and perhaps succeeded. The ingenuity shown by these professionals is something sublime. Their efforts, if rightly expended, would easily place them among the business princes of the country. One of the sharpest I ever met operated in Philadelphia something over a year ago. He was non-sectarian and applied his forces without partiality. I never met a more social brother or one whose friendship was based on a shorter acquaintance. He came into my study like a gale of wind. "How do you do, doctor, how do you do? I am so glad to see you; was afraid you might be out. My name is Johnson. I live just by and have decided to unite with your church. Have you heard from Dr. Blank, of Washington?" I meekly told him no. "That is strange. He was to send Mrs. Johnson's letter and mine direct to you. Oh, well, possibly he is waiting for a meeting of the session." I recall wondering to myself what this fellow wanted and asked him his occupation. "An engineer at the Reading Terminal. Good job, three dollars a day and no lost time." Again I wondered just where the African had located himself in that pile of wood. Presently he said, "Since you ask me I might as well confess I was laid aside yesterday. The other day I wanted a dollar or two, so I pawned my watch for two dollars and a half and attempted to run by the fireman's time. The result was I detained the New York Express three minutes and was laid aside until the end of the month, that is if I cannot get my watch back." In that event he could have his engine by three o'clock that day. The African's feature began to be visible. I offered to accompany him to his superintendent. He was rejoiced at the proposition. Would go down to the house and inform his wife, to return in thirty minutes. That was the last I saw of Mr. Johnson. The next Monday I related my experience to a coterie of friends and among them the Rev. Dr. Brown. The Thursday following he called upon the good doctor and told upon the good doctor and told the same story. Dr. Brown was interested and, excusing himself for a moment, went out to see what he could do. He soon returned and beguiled the time by asking how the kingdom was prospering in Washington. The engineer was enthusiastic; he saw a brilliant future for all churches and especially for Dr. Brown's. The next caller was an officer. He came in response to the doctor's message, and the engineer was politely invited to view the interior of the magistrate's quarters at the city hall. This was a surprise. He was now dealing with the magistrate and not with visionary church sessions. His wife was sent for, and moved by her pleadings, to-

gether with the pitiful promises of the prisoner, Dr. Brown asked for his release. That rascal in other instances had been more successful. One minister gave him two dollars and reported to his session at their communion meeting that he was expecting a gentleman and his wife from Washington. He also related the peculiar circumstance under which they were coming. Another pastor, as he listened to his story was moved to compassion and gave him his watch until such time as he could redeem his own. Neither church reported an accession of "two by letter," but the good people of the latter replaced their pastor's loss by a general subscription. Why should one adopt as a business the credulity or soft heartedness of the clergy? It would seem that the harvest was scarcely worth the reaping. Another famous ministerial "worker" called upon me last spring. His line was usually along that of the "minister's son," but to me he was the prodigal on his way home. He couldn't wait for the prospective feast so he proposed to slay the fatted calf on the way. Some time I may ask the readers of *The Journal* in to the festivities, but not to-day.—The Presbyterian Journal.

Last Sunday I had the pleasure of hearing Evangelist T. T. Martin at Twenty-second and Walnut-street, where he is aiding Pastor M. P. Hunt in a protracted meeting. The following is a brief outline of his sermon from the text, Rom. 10:1-4:

It is terrible to realize that so many careless and wicked will be lost, but God's Word teaches that many who "have a zeal of God" will be lost.

1. Paul states that the mistake of Israel was in "going about to establish their own righteousness," and not "submitting themselves to the righteousness of God." People think they will not be lost because they have never done much harm; but the man who burns down one house is as certainly guilty as the one who burns down ten houses. A man says, "I think I will be saved if I do the best I can." No one, save our Saviour, ever did the best he could; yet even if one had he is still guilty if he has ever broken a law of God. "Cursed is every one that continueth not in all the things written in the Book of the Law to do them." The horse-thief who says, "I have done the best I can; I have fought against stealing horses all I could, and have only yielded one time," will surely be sent to prison. Others say, "If one is honest in his belief surely he will be saved." Honesty of belief cannot change God's plans. The boy who is honest in his belief that the gun isn't loaded will as surely be killed by the bullet as if he were not honest in his belief. The mother who is honest in her belief that she is giving the child medicine, and yet really gives poison, will surely lose her child. But you say, "My conscience is clear." A clear conscience is no title to heaven. The devout Catholic goes from confessional with a clear conscience; the Chinaman rises from praying to his idol with a clear conscience. Whatever your theory, he who is "going about to establish his own righteousness" is deluded and lost, whether it be by church membership, baptism, a good life or a praying life.

2. Paul says: "They being ignorant of God's righteousness," "This is the name whereby he shall be called the Lord our righteousness" (Jeremiah 23:6).

Work and Worry

Wreck the Health of Many a Housewife—The Story of One Woman's Trials and Her Strange Case.

From the Post, Columbus City, Ind.

The every day drudgery of the housewife is extremely wearying upon her sensitive and frail nature.

Many are prematurely broken down in health, their cherished hopes blasted, their home-life unhappy because of the constant care and worry of housework.

That house is indeed fortunate in which the wife is in perfect health and able to do her own work, in fact such a home is a rarity.

Mrs. George Heaton, who lives near Columbus City, Ind., says:

"During the early part of the winter of 1895 we had a great deal of sickness in the family, and it being impossible to find a suitable girl to do my housework, I had to do considerable extra. My daughter and two sons were confined to their beds with the grip."

"I had a great many clothes to wash, and I did the washing in the summer kitchen, adjoining our regular one, without any fire."

"As a result I was attacked with acute rheumatism. At first I did not give much heed to it. I kept growing worse, however, and in the course of two or three months I was unable to do any work. My condition was such that I had recovered sufficiently to get along very well with the housework."

"One night my husband was gone from home over night on business, and my daughter being overburdened with work, I concluded to milk the cows, which I did much against her wishes. My limbs were so badly affected that I could hardly get to the barnyard, and my hands and fingers were in such a condition that it was with great difficulty that I used them."

"It was worse than ever after this, and I was confined to my bed for more than ten weeks."

"It seemed that every muscle in my body pained me, and my condition was a critical one. The physician failed to benefit me, and I became discouraged."

"I was just about to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which I did with wonderful results. They began helping me at once, and when I had taken five boxes I was cured."

"My appetite is again good, lost flesh has been restored. I spent the summer in the best of health, and can now do as much work as ever. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People to a number of my neighbors, who are also using them with satisfactory results."

"At drug stores direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50."

"Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." But the new theology preacher sneers at the imputed righteousness of Christ as "putting on another man's coat in order to fool the gate keeper."

"Going to heaven in another man's coat." Yes, even so, "going to heaven in another man's coat, but it is either that or to go to hell in your own coat, and there is no other choice."

8. But notice, he says, "Christ is the end of the law." The believer is no more under the law; hence he cannot be condemned by the law. "Sin is not imputed where there is no law." "But," says the objector, "that is dangerous." So is every real blessing, electricity, gas, fire, water, etc. But not to the real believer, for when he realizes that Christ suffered the full penalty of the law for him the new motive of love will control his life. The right before our Lord's crucifixion he held up a cup of wine and said, "This is my blood, which is shed for many for the remission of sins." Then he said, "If ye love me keep my commandments;" not to keep them from fear of hell, nor in order to be saved, but "if ye love me." "If a man love me he will keep my words."

H.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Medicines. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first onset symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days all the worst thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent on request.

Ten Days Treatment Furnished Free by Mail. No. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Dr. J. C. Williams, Schenectady, N. Y.

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(Avoid Substitutes)

Cleanses and Heals all Inflamed Surfaces, Cures Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh and

Relieves Pain

HOOPING-COUGH CROUP.
Roche's Herbal Embrocation.
The celebrated and efficient English Cure without internal medicine. Proprietors, W. Edwards & Son, 200 Victoria St., London, England. Wholesale of S. FURBER & Co., 30 N. William Street, New York.

GERMAN BANK,
First and Market St., LOUISVILLE, KY.
CAPITAL, \$200,000
RESERVE, \$200,000
General Banking & Savings Bank.
INTEREST PAID ON TIME DEPOSITS.
P. VIOLINI, PRESIDENT.

VIRGINIA - BRISTOL.
SOUTHWEST VIRGINIA INSTITUTE,
Under Control of Baptists of Virginia.
A School for the Higher Education of Young Women.
Faculty composed of members of the Baptist Church.
The Institute is situated in the beautiful town of Bristol, Virginia, on the banks of the Clinch River, and is surrounded by the most fertile and beautiful scenery in the State. The Institute is under the control of the Baptist Church of Virginia, and is open to all young women of the South and West. For further particulars, apply to the Secretary, Mrs. J. W. Farris, Bristol, Va.

POSITION! Deposit in bank full position in account, or give notes. Our three bank deposit books, either any time; catalogue free. S. Lewis, Louisville, Tenn. (Business, 822 1/2 W. Broadway's PRACTICAL BUSINESS Catalogue, Post Office, and Telephone, Va. 1899.)
S. LEWIS, Louisville, Tenn. (Business, 822 1/2 W. Broadway, and Telephone, Va. 1899.)
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THE FARM
KENTUCKY TRADE ITEMS.

The Interior-Journal notes the sales of 2,200 turkeys at 6c per pound.

At Hinton's sale in Bourbon 500 barrels of corn in the crib brought \$1.90 to \$2.

A Mercer county man has a Poland China hog, three years old, that weighs over a thousand pounds.

O. F. Nagle, of Lexington, sold to Dr. C. W. Crawley, of St. Louis, the celebrated saddle horse, Frenchman, for \$8,500.

Underwood Bros. sold to Hudson & Page, of Adair, two hornless bull calves at \$40, and to J. L. Beck one at \$50.

S. C. Carpenter, of Millersburg, sold a pair of fancy premium show horses to J. A. McGoodwin, of Franklin, for \$1,200.

J. W. Thomas, Jr., bought of Matt. Turney his crop of tobacco, 12,000 pounds, at 11c.—Paris Democrat.

At a public sale in Bourbon county last week 400 bushels of wheat sold for 85c per bushel, and a lot of hemp seed sold at 95c.

The Harrodsburg Democrat notes the sales of 90 barrels of corn at \$1.75 per barrel; 24 long yearling mules at \$64, and 20 at \$70.

Cholera in chickens is caused by overcrowding, keeping too many in one place, bad sanitary arrangements, unwholesome food and water and overfeeding.

Oneal Bros. sold recently to S. Weil 25 head of 1,025-lb. feeders at \$4.10. J. A. Cohen bought of G. B. Moseley for Col. S. L. Woodrige, 10 head of extra good yearling cattle, 707 1/2 lbs., at \$4.25.—Woodford Sun.

The first crop of new tobacco to be shipped from Clark county was sold at a Louisville warehouse. It was the property of Mr. J. W. Burtin, and sold as follows: \$5.65, \$7.40, \$7.90, \$8.10, \$8.40, \$10.75, \$11.25, \$11.75 and \$18.

The Harrodsburg Democrat notes the sales of ten common mule colts at \$21 each; several large lots of corn at \$1.50 per barrel; 100 good ewes at \$5 each; 75 steers, wt. 800 lbs., at 4 1/2c; 70 fat hogs at \$8.90.

W. B. Kidd bought of James Thompson 68 head of 1,850-lb. export cattle at \$5.10 per hundred. J. Sullivan purchased 12 head of cattle of Wm. Ardery, average weight 1,400 pounds, at \$4.90 per 100. He also shipped 9 car loads yesterday.—Paris Kentuckian.

M. J. Farris, of Boyle county, sold to Simon Weil 285 fat cattle at \$4.50 to \$5, to go about December 1. Mr. Farris also sold to Hudson Bros. a bunch of army mules at \$58; to a Pennsylvania buyer another bunch at \$68, and to Lee & Knox 5 mules at \$95.

About 8,000 cattle at Mt. Sterling last week, the best selling at 4 1/2c; yearlings 4 1/2 to 4 3/4c; heifers 3 to 3 1/2c. Work mules, good ones from 15 to 18 hands high, were in great demand, and brought good prices, from \$75 to \$120.

There were at Stanford last week, says the Interior Journal, about 700 cattle, but hardly half sold. Some extra good yearlings brought 4 1/2c, but the raling prices were \$3 to 4c; heifers were sold at \$ to 4 1/2c; butcher cattle brought \$ 1/2 to \$c.

WHY KEEP SHEEP?

This question, which is a very important one for farmers to consider, Mr. C. A. Howland thus answers in the *Shepherd's Bulletin*:

"I believe that the farmer should have nearly everything on the farm, and if one thing is not in good demand another thing will be. Then what kind of stock shall we keep in order to make it profitable for the labor and capital invested in said stock? All sheepmen will say that sheep are the best stock to raise. The sheep will not only return to the owner a fair profit for his capital and labor, but will, at the same time, enrich the farm on which they run, and make that farm more valuable for the raising of any kind of crops. I do not wish to be unfair to the other stock; I do not wish to say, as a great many men who raise a particular kind of stock say, that the kind of stock they fancy is the only one to raise. I know that sheep have their drawbacks as well as any other kind of stock. For forty years I have been handling stock, and for these forty consecutive years I have had nothing but good luck with sheep.

"Sheep and cattle stand nearer together than any kinds of stock we have. I am going to make a comparison between these two kinds of stock, and I want to be fair about it. Now, take the cow. My idea of a good cow is some good beef breed, preferably a shorthorn cow. Then take eight good ewes of any good breed. The cow will drop one calf in the year. I can keep the eight ewes for what I can keep the one cow. The calf would be worth from \$6 to \$8 when ready for the butcher. Take the eight ewes, and they have raised eight lambs; they are worth \$4 to \$5 a piece when ready for the butcher. In this case you have \$20 on the side of the sheep. If you raise the calf to a yearling he is worth from \$20 to \$25. The eight lambs as yearlings would be worth \$40. You will say that after you have sold the calf you have the milk. Suppose you milk the cow for 150 days. You have the work of milking to do, and, on the other hand, I have the eight fleeces, or the sixteen, as the case may be, to offset your milk. The fleeces are no trouble to raise, but you have to work with the milk every day.

"Then I want the stock that will make my ground worth more money. I am satisfied that at the end of the year I will have \$40 more from the sheep, and with less labor. Still, sheep and cattle should be always kept on the farm; you need them both. They are both good fertilizers, but cattle are harder to fence against."

A NOVEL AND DELICIOUS CAKE.

I want to tell about a most delicious cake concoction I have lately encountered for the first time, it was a revelation of what a cake can be, and good enough to venture giving for the benefit of those who have not met with it as yet. It is just the right thing for serving at this season at a luncheon or a high tea, or as an accompaniment to iced tea, or coffee, or, in fact, whatever cake would be grateful. It certainly is a dream of a cake!

The first requisite is a ring cake-mould like a ring jelly-mould, but the centre hole must not be too large and the tin must be rather deep so that the cake will stand high on the plate on which it is served. The mixture for the cake may be made from any good rich chocolate cake receipt—we all have our particular

favorites, and they are all alike in general principles consisting of a good sponge cake mixture, with melted chocolate added towards the end of the stirring to give the necessary flavor and richness. When the cake is baked, it is turned out as soon as possible on the platter or plate on which it is served, and then covered with a rich chocolate icing, the soft kind which penetrates into the cake as well as covering the outside. And then comes the finishing touch that gives this especial delicacy its character, which is sweetened whipped cream that fills the hole inside of the ring of cake. While simple enough to make and prepare, the combination of the hot rich chocolate cake and the whipped cream is really ideal, and I most certainly advise any one who has not tasted it already to try it. I know whoever does will want to do so a second time.—Harper's Bazar.

HOW TO TELL HIS AGE.

Before we can determine the age of a horse by the teeth, it is necessary that we have a general understanding of the form and structure of the teeth. The horse has two sets, the temporary and the permanent. The temporary teeth of both upper and lower jaws begin to fall out at about the age of three years; first the two centre incisors of the lower and upper jaws, the next adjoining one on each side come out at about four, and the corner incisors fall out at five. Now the permanent teeth fill these places as fast as made vacant. These permanent teeth in the crown have a depression or cup three lines deep, or one-fourth of an inch. But the cups of the upper incisors are six lines, or one-half an inch deep. The teeth wear off with a certain rate of regularity one-twelfth of an inch a year; therefore, the lower two middle would be worn smooth at the age of six, the next two at the age of seven and the lower corner ones at the age of eight. The upper incisors are six lines deep, and therefore the upper two middle incisors would be worn off smooth at the age of nine, the next adjoining one at ten and the upper corner ones at the age of eleven. Thus all are smooth at the age of twelve. After the age of twelve there is no certain rule that will apply.—American Agriculturist.

White silk handkerchiefs should be washed in castile soap and warm water, and afterward thoroughly rinsed.

Do not compel a child to eat that against which its palate protests; it is an unkindness, and may produce evil results.

Add a few drops of vinegar to the water in which eggs are poached, and they will set more quickly and perfectly.

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Items of Interest. NEWS THE WORLD OVER.

Only two deaths could have brought a greater loss to science than that of Sir William Dawson...

A group of statutory, "The Triumph of Liberty," was unveiled by President Loubet in Paris...

The papers were still speaking of the burning at sea of the steamer Patria when they were called on to chronicle the burning of the steamship Olinda...

It is a slender ray that the Boers have for while men "taxation without representation" any more than the United States and all other countries have that...

Lady Salisbury, wife of the Earl of Salisbury, Prime Minister of England, died in London on the 15th...

Dr. Richard H. Storrs resigns as pastor of the Congregational Church of the Pilgrims in Brooklyn...

Clarence K. Greathouse from this state has died at Seoul, Korea. He was born near Versailles in 1857...

Admiral Dewey was secretly married till he made over his home given him by the people of the United States to his already very wealthy wife...

The people of New York City have been giving money to perpetuate the Dewey Memorial as the will bequeathed...

Vice-President Garret A. Hobart died at his home in Passaic, N. J., on the 14th. He had been in bed health for some time...

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DEATHS.

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GARNETT. Prof. Virgil A. Garnett died suddenly at his home in Pembroke, Ky., Nov. 11, 1899. He was born Feb. 10, 1837...

Prof. Garnett was a fine classical scholar, had a large select library, a wonderfully tactful memory...

We laid his body to rest in our beautiful little cemetery in hope of the resurrection. We had no children and his devoted wife is at home...

HEIATT. Mrs. Rebecca L. Heiatt, wife of M. P. Heiatt, passed from earthly care and labor to a Christian's reward Oct. 2, 1899...

The deceased joined the Baptist church at Christiansburg in 1860 and was received by letter into the church's Branch church in 1861. In January, 1899, she and her husband united with the Baptist church at Shelbyville...

She was a devoted wife, an affectionate mother, a true friend and an earnest Christian. Her influence was exerted for good and she will be sadly missed in the home, in the church and in the community.

"We shall sleep, but not forever, There shall be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part, no never On the resurrection morn."

AULICK. Elder Henry P. Aulick, son of Brother Charles Louis and Sister Agnes Aulick, departed this life Nov. 4, 1899, aged 33 years, 1 month and 8 days...

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