

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three

77th YEAR.

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The Interior, in speaking of the vicarious atonement, says: "Language is incapable of conveying any meaning unless both Old and New Testament teach vicarious salvation. It is the scarlet thread which runs through precept and ritual. No process of unraveling can dispense with it which does not destroy the fabric into which it is assiduously woven."

Dr. J. Q. A. HENRY, well known among Baptists in this country, has been for ten months in England conducting a temperance campaign. The *Canadian Baptist* says that he has during that time taken 40,000 total abstinence pledges, and that the influence of his meetings has been so great that England is roused as never before regarding the trade in strong drink.

Rev. MARTIN PETROCK, in the *Baptist Times and Freeman*, quotes from Addison's essay on the Waxwork Representation of the Religions of Great Britain, in which Addison thus paid his compliments to the Baptists: "Among the figures was one of a man looking with horror in his eyes, upon a silver basin filled with water." This, Addison says, was the Anabaptist.

Mr. PETROCK makes a good turn on Addison's wax works. He says that Addison well represented the Church of England as "an elderly woman of quality." And that while he represented the Episcopal, Catholic and Presbyterian churches as women, he made the Anabaptist a man. Thus showing that even in Addison's day, Baptists were known by the number of men who attended their churches.

CHARLES S. KAY says in the *Standard*, and pastors will do well to consider his words: "Devotional meetings often languish, and the participants do not know what is the matter with them. They are trying to live on the flippant, elementary hymnology of the high-pressure 'revival meetings,' and are discarding the time-tested, thoughtful, scripturally valid hymns, long proven to be better adapted to spiritual devotion service."

In an article in the *Morning Star*, Dr. O. E. Baker, a prominent Freewill Baptist preacher, says their churches receive sprinkled members from Pedobaptists, without baptizing them! Well, we never knew that before. We thought the influence of the regular Baptists had made the "Freewill" ones at least stand true to their views on baptism in this country. But it seems from his admission that open communion inevitably breaks down true baptism. He says also they lose greatly by their members joining the Congregationalists.

The Value of Definite Purpose.

BY REV. J. R. GAMBRILL, D. D.

I suppose every body knows how weakening it is to a sermon when a preacher is preaching just to preach, and has no definite purpose. This is the weakness of a great deal of our modern preaching. The time has come, the congregation has gathered, the appointment has been made, the man must preach, and,—he preaches.

In the same way most of the praying comes to nothing, the time for the prayer-meeting has come. A prayer-meeting cannot be held without prayer. Certain brethren are expected to pray. When called on they pray about pretty much every thing in general and nothing in particular. This fairly describes most of the praying that precedes the sermon, and most of all the praying that is done. Many have a beaten round to go. They make the circuit and come in at the same place in about the same time. It is perfunctory. If we study the Scriptural prayers, we see how definitely they were set out, like arrows aimed at a mark.

If we broaden these observations and apply the general lack of definiteness and purpose to human life, we are still much impressed with its undoing character. It lets all the twist out, loosens the harness in every place, puts on the fire dampers, slows up the machinery, or else makes a person a kind of perpetual motion, going hither and thither to the accomplishment of little that is worth living for. Paul's great life can be accounted for by considering his great purpose, "This one thing I do." That purpose held him in its grip always, and strung every nerve in his body.

All that I have said is true as applied to individuals. It is all equally true applied to aggregations of individuals. Take a church without a definite purpose worth while, and you have a sick church on your hands. Many of our churches are simply living to live. Church letters to associations reveal the real sources of weakness in the churches. One in Mississippi years ago, after the usual salutations, proceeded thus: State Missions, nothing; Foreign Missions, nothing; Home Missions, nothing; Ministerial Education, nothing; Pastor's salary, —; Baptisms, none. Blank all the way down, and closing with these words: "Pray for us, brethren, that we may hold out faithful unto the end." Many churches are thoroughly satisfied if they can keep up worship and round out a year every time without debt. Churches without a proper purpose are always limp and hard to keep up.

We may apply the same teaching to an association or to a convention, to a college, to any aggregation of people. The elevation of the life and the strength of the organization will depend upon the elevation and strength of the purpose.

I have said all this for the sake of saying some things I am well persuaded need to be said and "rubbed in." We have before us in the South this great question of eliciting, combining and directing denominational benevolence. I shall not in this article speak at any length of our shortcomings in this great undertaking, the definite thing for which the Southern Baptist Convention was formed. Most of your readers are sufficiently acquainted with the facts to be thoroughly persuaded that in the main we have failed. There is every reason to believe that not one Baptist in ten in the South is a contributor to Foreign Missions, for instance, yet Foreign Missions has a prominent place in the Southern Baptist Convention, and in all the state conventions, and

in nearly all the associations. There is something the matter, isn't there?

I suggest one radical weakness in the working arrangement of the Southern Baptist Convention. We have two Mission Boards. The secretaries of these Boards are very busy men. The success of the work, in the minds of the people, depends on how much each secretary gets and how it is put out and the results. In the Southern Baptist Convention the speeches for Foreign Missions are made for Foreign Missions, the speeches for Home Missions are made for Home Missions. It is the same way in the state conventions and in the associations, the secretaries are concerned, naturally and necessarily, to get money to carry on the operations of the Board. They are like quartermasters with an army to feed. They go where they can get what they need, get the most of it, get it the easiest and the quickest. Quartermasters are not agriculturalists, but back of the quartermasters are rows of men essential to the feeding of an army. They are the men who plant and cultivate and reap. Any man who is more concerned about milking his cow than he is about feeding her, will soon have a very sorry cow and little milk. That is what we have been doing, with nobody to blame in particular but everybody in general. The Committee on Co-operation have devised a simple programme with a view to facing the denomination toward the sources of supply. Perhaps a very much better one could have been devised. I do not dare to point out more than two things in the programme. I speak of the papers first. If the denominational papers will take up this matter of eliciting and combining in the same earnest way that political papers handle a great campaign to elect their man, we will get results. What I plead for is, that the papers shall have a definite purpose. Not missions in general, not Foreign Missions, not Home Missions, not State Missions, not Associational Missions to cover up the other question, but the definite thing of enlisting the pastors, the churches and the members in world-wide missions. I do know that if the papers will do this with tact and good judgment, that they will mightily help on the most needed movement among Southern Baptists. I cannot undertake to point out here how the papers may do it. There are many ways. I only plead that this shall be as to missions the paramount thing, and that the papers shall form a missionary policy around the Scriptural idea that everybody must give, and give as prospered. As certain as we are men, the papers can make it count if they will.

The next thing I speak for is the proper use of associational meetings. These have degenerated, in many cases, to popular assemblies to hear the visiting brethren speak. We can do better with them, and we ought. I raise the question for every thoughtful reader of your paper, whether it ought not to be possible to select a working committee in each association on co-operation that would reach every church in the body. Look at the advantage we have at an association. The body is close to the churches. You have messengers from the churches present, they bring letters with statistics. If the letters show that some churches have no Sunday-schools, you can find out why; if they do not give to missions, inquiry can be made into it. Would some get nervous and say they could attend to their own business? Maybe so, but when a church sends messengers with information, it opens the way for those interested to get correct information. Much more can be done in the association toward changing the present deplorable

condition of things than in any other way, in my humble judgment, but it will not be done at all unless there is a definite purpose in the body to bring it about. The length of this article will not permit me to elaborate. As to methods inside the body, common sense will have to direct. The Committee on Co-operation could enlist lay workers, could provide for rallies and visitations, and in many ways work toward the desired end. But it will never be done unless we actually aim to do it. Things of this sort never occur by spontaneous combustion.

What I want to see is the best time of the Southern Baptist Convention, year after year, given to this fundamental matter, the best time in the Baptist State Convention given to it, the best time in the associations given to it, with the secretaries, both general and state, co-operating. When a new church is brought into giving, it is like a new cow brought to the pail, it means much for all the Boards.

Dr. Blaikie on Mr. Spurgeon.

In an article contributed to the columns of the *New York Examiner* the Rev. Prof. W. Garden Blaikie, of Edinburgh, has this discriminating criticism of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon: "And now we come to good, honest, faithful Charles Spurgeon. Where shall we place him among the preachers of England? Not in any school or group that we know of, but just by himself. In every way Spurgeon was a wonder, but most of all as a preacher. To use the modern phrase, he beat the record. For of no other preacher was it ever true that, besides preaching to thousands with his voice every Sunday, he preached to a vastly larger congregation from week to week through the press, and that for a period of more than thirty years. Perhaps the first thing that accounts for his success was the remarkable way in which the great truths of the Gospel had become realities to himself, so that in his own life he was ever seeing their beauty, appreciating their blessedness, and realizing their power. Then there were his singularly clear and full views of actual human life—the temptations of men, their sins, their sorrows, their hopes, joys and fears; the excuses and subterfuges to which they resort when doing wrong or when declining the offer of the Gospel; the awful consequences of continuing in sin, and the glorious rewards of faith and obedience. Moreover, the great and constant tool with which he did his work was the glorious Gospel of the grace of God—a tool which he had a rare art of keeping sharp and keen, so that he never became formal, or commonplace, or dull, but was always fresh and vivid. This prolificness of view was the genius of Spurgeon; his mind knew nothing of rote; again and again he presented the same great truths, but always without monotony or repetition. It is the same sort of genius that we see in the great painters—in the cherub faces of Raphael's 'Ascension of the Virgin,' every face different from another. Lastly, there was the charm of homeliness in Spurgeon's preaching; homely illustration, homely application."—*New York Observer*.

Is this your conception of your life? Captured! Apprehended by Jesus Christ! Set apart for himself! Do you realize that you are bound by the most sacred fetters to your conqueror, and are following his chariot through the earth? Life would assume a new aspect if you realized this, and that all you, are in your person, and own in your property, has become Emanuel's.—F. B. Meyer.

The Heresy of the Universal Fatherhood.

BY A. B. WOODFIN.

The *Commonwealth*, of Philadelphia, in a recent editorial, pleads guilty to the charge brought against it by the *Western Recorder* and *The Word and Way* of advocating the universal Fatherhood of God, but complains that they should both characterize the doctrine as heresy. Of course the papers are fully competent to deal with that complaint; but it has set this writer to thinking, and he humbly craves a little space in the *Recorder* in which to "show his opinion." Whatever definitions of heresy may be given, the following dictum will hardly be questioned by any thoughtful Christian: Any doctrine, held and promulgated as a doctrine of the Scriptures, which is contrary to the Scriptures, and pervasive of their essential truth is heresy.

Does the doctrine in question answer to this description? Let us see.

I. The doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood is held and promulgated as a doctrine of the Scriptures. An eminent clergyman (Episcopal) of the South, is reported to have said in a certain sermon that the relation of Father is the *only* relation which God sustains to man. He is spoken of in the Scriptures as a King, but only figuratively. He is, forthwith, a *real* Father and a *metaphorical* King. A somewhat distinguished Baptist minister has said that "man, as man simply, is a child of God. The relationship is essential. God rules as King, but back of the King is the Father."

These are representative of a constantly increasing multitude who give adhesion to the doctrine. The leaven is rapidly extending in pulpit and pew. Many of the sermons and much of the religious literature of our time is permeated by it. All its adherents claim that the doctrine is Scriptural, and the more intelligent among them, that it is not only a *doctrine*, but the *doctrine* of the Scriptures—certainly of the New Testament Scriptures.

In their view the grand idea on which the mission of Christ was bottomed was that of restoring to men the lost conception of the Divine paternity. When pressed for the proof of this tremendous contention, instead of adducing numerous and incontestible passages from the evangelists in support of it as they would easily be able to do if it were true, they point us to a few utterly irrelevant texts in the prophecies and epistles, and treat us to some very bad exegesis of a lone parable of our Lord—that of the prodigal son. But still they hold and promulgate their doctrine as *Scriptural*.

II. The doctrine of the Fatherhood is contrary to the Scriptures. When we interrogate the Bible concerning it, the unequivocal response is: "It is not in me." The childship of the believer shines with sunlike brightness on many a page; but if there is a single passage which teaches the sonship of "man as man simply," either directly or by implication, unless subjected to torture, it has eluded the diligent search of this writer.

On the contrary, the teachings of the Scriptures with reference to the relations of "man as man simply," to God, are all against it. The Apostle John, who lay in Jesus' bosom, and who, we may reasonably suppose, knew better than any modern preacher or saint what was the regnant purpose and motive of His mission, uses the following language: "As many as received Him, He gave to them the right to become the children of God, to them that believe on His name." And then he adds, as indicating the process by which they become the children of God: "Who were born not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God."

Whose children men are before being born of God and thus becoming His children, we are clearly informed by the Master's own words. Speaking to the Jews (John 8), He says: "I speak what I have seen with my Father; so ye also do what ye have heard from your father." They said to Him: "We were not born of fornication; we have one father, God." Jesus said: "If God were your father,

you would love me. Ye are of your father, the Devil, and the desires of your father ye wish to do."

That no one may suppose that these utterances are incapable of general application, let us again turn to John (1 John 3:9, 10): "Whosoever is born of God doth not commit sin. . . . In this the children of God are manifest and the children of the devil."

Of numerous passages in the writings of Paul which show him to be in perfect accord with the above teachings, we select only one, in which he expressly and dogmatically denies the doctrine in question: "They which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God" (Rom. 9:8).

III. The doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood of God is pervasive of the essential truth of the Scriptures. First, it perverts the plain doctrine of the Scriptures regarding human depravity—a doctrine involving the postulate on which the atoning work of Christ, and the regenerating and sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit proceed. It calls men not to repentance for sin but to a realizing conception of an already existing and exalted relationship between them and God. Every pulpit where it obtains a foothold becomes, sooner or later, a fountain of "sentimental gush" concerning human dignity. Thus it puts man's salvation to hazard. "Man, as man simply" has sufficiently exalted conceptions of his dignity without any aid from the pulpit. It is hard to convince him of his depravity; but it is essential. The man who went down to his house justified, thought so poorly of his dignity that he would not lift an eye to heaven, but beat upon his heart, crying: "God be merciful to me, the sinner." Thus must it always be first the *misere* and then the *allelujah*. Second, it perverts the Bible doctrine of atonement by eliminating from the statement that vicious and substitutionary element which, according to the Scriptures, is its veritable essence. In every pulpit where this new gospel is proclaimed, the priestly work of Jesus will be belittled, and our great God and Saviour will dwindle into a mere *elder brother*, whose chief business is to make us realize our inherent and essential dignity and teach us how to wear it.

Lastly, it perverts the Bible doctrine of future retribution. Its inevitable tendency is to Universalism, all disclaimers to the contrary notwithstanding. Convince a man that by virtue of his natural birth he is a child of God, and you will find it next to impossible to convince him of the reality of future retribution. The apostle's logic is unanswerable: "Children of God: and if children, then heirs of God." An indissoluble bond unites sonship and heirship. God never disinherits His children. Talk to any man who believes himself a son of the Most High about the calamities that threaten him on account of his sins, and his answer will be: "If God is my Father, infinitely surpassing in love and goodness all earthly fathers, then surely His child, though imperfect and sinful, need not be afraid of Him." And he will have logic and Scripture on his side. Surely none of us who are loyal to inspiration need hesitate a moment to put upon the modern doctrine of the Universal Fatherhood the label—"writ large"—HERESY.

It is the bubbling stream which flows gently, the little rivulet which runs night and day by the farmhouse that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power of God there, as he pours it forth from the hollow of his hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent of the world; but the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets which water every farm and garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life.—Onward.

A noble nature can alone attract the noble and alone knows how to retain them.

How to be a Pastor.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

What is the chief object of the Christian ministry? It goes without saying that it is to win souls to Jesus Christ. The chief element of power with every true minister should be heart-power. The majority of all congregations—rich or poor—are reached not so much through the intellect as through the affections. This is an encouraging fact; for only one man in ten may have the talent to be a very great preacher; but all the other nine, if they love Christ and love human souls, can become great preachers. Nothing gives a pastor such heart-power as personal attentions to his people, for everybody loves to be noticed. Especially is personal sympathy welcome in seasons of trial. Let a pastor make himself at home in everybody's home; let him come often and visit their sick rooms, and kneel beside their empty crabs and their broken hearts and pray with them; let him go and see the business men when they have suffered reverses, and give them a word of cheer; let him recognize and speak kindly to the children, and he will weave a cord around the hearts of his people that will stand a prodigious pressure. His inferior sermons (for about every minister preaches such sometimes) will be kindly condoned, and he can launch the most shary and pungent truths at them from the pulpit, and they will not take offense. He will have won their hearts to himself, and that is a mighty step toward drawing them to the home of God and winning their souls to the Saviour. "A house-going minister," said Chalmers, "makes a church-going people."

The chief end of a minister's work must never be lost sight of. It is to awaken the careless, to warn the endangered, to comfort the sorrowing, to help the weak, and to edify believers; in short, it is to make bad people good, and good people better. Preaching strong Gospel sermons is one of the most effective means to this end. But it is not the only one. Outside of the pulpit every messenger of Christ can come to close quarters with the individual soul and preach eye to eye; no one can dodge such preaching, or go to sleep under it. If the shepherd can only save the sheep by going after the sheep, then woe be unto him if he neglect his duty! As many souls are won to Christ outside the pulpit as in the pulpit. Every discourse, too, can be made thoroughly practical and can be lodged more securely in the hearts of the people by constant and affectionate intercourse with them during the week. I am firmly persuaded that if many a minister would take part of the time he now spends in polishing his discourses, and devote it to pastoral visitation, he would have larger congregations and a far larger number of conversions to Christ. He would be a healthier man for the physical exercise; he would be a more fluent speaker from the practice he would gain in personal conversation; he would be a much more tender, eloquent, and heart-moving ambassador of Christ.

"How shall I become such a pastor?" To this question I would reply, Determine to become one, cost what it may. If you are shy and bashful, conquer your diffidence; a man has no business to be a shepherd if he is afraid of the sheep. If you are naturally reserved and reticent, unlock your lips. Go and talk with your people about anything or everything, until you get in touch with them; and then if you have any grace or "gumption" you can certainly manage to say something to them about the "one thing needful." It is not best that a minister should talk exclusively about things spiritual. Talk to them about their business, and show your interest in what they are doing. Encourage them to talk with you about your discourses; you will discover what shots strike and what are only blank cartridges. Watch your chance to put in a timely and loving word for your Master. You are Christ's man on Christ's business. If you can only gain your point by going often to the house, then go often. One soul won wins others. You can reach the parents sometimes by reaching the son or daughter. These per-

sonal conversations with individual souls will train you to be a closer, more suggestive and practical preacher. They will make you colloquial and simple and direct in the pulpit. Half of all the preaching is fired into the air. By knowing your auditors thoroughly, you can learn how to take aim. You will gather also most precious material for your sermons by going about among your people and finding out what they are doing, what they are thinking, what they are suffering, and what they need.

Resolve to devote a portion of every day to pastoral service. To visit a large congregation consumes a vast amount of time; but can you spend it more profitably elsewhere? Be on the lookout for sermon hints wherever you go; one hour with a live man may teach you more than two hours with a dead book. Do your book work and your Bible study in the forenoon, when your mind is fresh; devote your afternoons to making or receiving visits. Your evenings can be used for religious services and for some social recreations, and for occasional pastoral visits and for general reading. But be wise enough not to burn out your brains in writing sermons by lamplight. Morning is the time which God gives you for study.—N. Y. Advocate.

Reckoning with our Disabilities.

No man is a complete man in range and balance of tastes and powers. The words we use to imply breadth imply also limitation. We have eyes in the front of our heads and see in the direction toward which we are facing. No one, without conscious effort, sees all round the horizon. Some persons never recognize or allow for this. Their test of the true and beautiful is that which they themselves see where they are standing. They have never learned to allow for their disabilities—some of them have never come to the point where they confess, even to themselves, that they have disabilities. Good taste, in all departments, is their taste. Competent opinions, on any subject, are their opinions. Where their shadow falls is a perpetual dark.

Larger men know that they have limitations and study to offset them by a right use of the imagination and of sympathy. An editor may not be interested in articles on certain subjects, but if he is a good editor, he recognizes the fact that there are many among his readers who do not share his disability, and cheerfully and carefully caters to their taste with the best help he can get on subjects which to him make no appeal. The good housemother does not choose dishes merely on the ground that she herself likes them—she knows the tastes of her family, and tries to satisfy all alike in due proportion. The man who is stone-deaf never even in thought considers music absurd for those who profit by it. The man who is art-blind never calls those who gain intense enjoyment from beauty which he is incapable of seeing, fools. That would be to write himself down as a fool instead of accepting bravely the fact that he has limitations. And, of course, the lame man never makes harsh remarks about athletic sports.

We often cannot help our disabilities, but we can reckon with them and allow for them, and thereby save ourselves from the charge of wilful prejudice and foolish narrowness. And perhaps by study of the tastes of other men we may come to have some little insight into the causes of their broader pleasure, or even some share with them in what has been to us a desert of uninterest.—The Congregationalist.

A CHRISTIAN mother said she wanted her son to go to a dancing school because he was so awkward; she wanted him to be more graceful. Wanted him to get grace in his heels, you see, instead of his heart. After six weeks he had made such poor progress, she took him out in disgust and chided him. Said he: "I'm sorry, mother, I'm so stupid about it, but I can't seem to do any better. You see, it's one of the things I can't pray over."—Moody's Autobiography.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, AUG. 24.

REPORT OF THE SPIES.

Numbers 13:26-14:4.

MOTTO TEXT—"Blessed is the man that maketh the Lord his trust."—Ps. 40:4.

"And they went and came to Moses, and said unto him, The land which we have gone out to examine the promised land, there were twelve, one man from each tribe. Unto the wilderness of Paran to Kadesh."—Dr. Trumbull says the place in the wilderness of Paran which the Arabs now call "Ain Qadees," or the "Holy Well," is the Kadesh spoken of. The oasis is eleven days' journey from Mt. Sinai, and a large stream of pure water flows from a cliff, and it is several miles in extent. This place seems to have been a center for the Israelites during the thirty-eight after years in which they wandered in the wilderness. All the heads of the tribes representing the congregation had gathered with their twelve leaders to hear the report of the spies. These had gone as far as the valley of Eshcol, just north of Hebron, a valley famous for its fruit, especially its grapes. A bunch which they brought was so large that two men carried it on a pole.

"We came unto the land whicher thou sendest us, and surely it floweth with milk and honey; and this is the fruit of it."—Such was the description of the land as given by God to Moses from the burning bush. It was descriptive of a fertile land, a land of flowers and pastures and abundance. The spies brought specimens of other fruits as well as of grapes.

"Nevertheless the people be strong that dwell in the land."—They were not as strong as Egypt, and yet God has given his people the victory over Pharaoh and his army. These picked men of the tribes who had seen the wonders in Egypt two years before had no faith in God's power. "And moreover we saw the children of Anak there."—Anak had three sons, giants, who were bandits, and famous for their ferocity. Then the spies went on to name the different tribes who inhabited the land. The Amalokites they had already met in battle and defeated. The Hittites were a powerful people, extending their sway over many provinces. Sayer says they were "an ugly race, with yellow skins, receding foreheads and protruding upper jaws."

"And Caleb stilled the people before Moses."—Caleb was the representative of the tribe of Judah in the number of the spies. It is evident that the people broke into cowardly cries, which brave old Caleb stilled for the moment with his inspiring words. "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it."—An indeed they were. For there were 600,000 fighting men among them. And the inhabitants of the land were divided into tribes which had no coherence.

"But the men that went up with him"—Ten out of twelve of the spies, Joshua, who was the representative of Ephraim, sided with Caleb. "We be not able to go up against the people;

General Debility

Day in and out there is that feeling of weakness that makes a burden of itself. Food does not strengthen. Sleep does not refresh. It is hard to do, hard to bear, what should be easy.—vitality is on the ebb, and the whole system suffers. For this condition take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It vitalizes the blood, gives vigor and tone to all the organs and functions, and is positively unequalled for all run-down or debilitated conditions.

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for they are stronger than we."—Humanly speaking, this was false; and, in view of God's presence with them, it was false still. But cowardice leads to falsehood.

"The land, through which we have gone to search it, is a land that eateth up the inhabitants thereof."—It is generally thought they referred to the constant warfare among the tribes which kept their numbers reduced. It seems more probable that they meant the land was unhealthy. "And all the people we saw in it are men of great stature."—An exaggeration from their cowardice.

"And there we saw the giants, the sons of Anak, which come of the giants."—The word translated giants is Nephilim, and the reference is to the giants mentioned in Genesis 6:4. To connect the sons of Anak with those antediluvian giants made them seem all the more terrible. "And we were in our own sight as grasshoppers, and so we were in theirs."—Which shows how frightened they were, and how strongly determined to keep the people from taking Caleb's brave advice. They had apparently fought God altogether. And they had seen His wonders in Egypt!

"And all the congregation lifted up their voices and cried."—And there were 600,000 fighting men among them. "It was a sudden burst of cowardice and childishness—a whole army blubbering at the prospect of a battle."—Hamilton. How this scene must have wrung the heart of Moses. That the people should fall so just on the threshold of the promised land.

"And all the children of Israel murmured against Moses and against Aaron."—From mourning they go on to murmurs and then to open rebellion. They were murmuring against God, and they knew it, for Moses and Aaron were his agents, and only carried out his command. "Would God that we had died in the land of Egypt."—Which shows how little of reason there is in cowardice and unbelief. They were crying because of the danger of death before them, and wishing they had died as slaves rather than as freemen.

"Would God we had died in this wilderness."—And God in his just and holy wrath granted this prayer. That was their punishment—they died in the wilderness, the entire generation of them with the exception of Caleb and Joshua.

"And whosoever hath the Lord brought us into this land, to fall by the sword?"—They were so cowardly that they talked as if they were already in the land facing those terrible giants. With some sense of shame for their cowardice they laid their fears on their anachronisms for the women and children.

And then they broke into defiant rebellion. The pillar of fire was before their eyes, which guided their movements, and was the symbol of God's presence. Yet facing that, they resolved to choose another leader, knowing that Moses would not go back

with them, and return to the hard bondage of Pharaoh. Alas! what a weak and wicked creature man is! And how wonderful is the mercy of God to such a creature!

GLORY OF THE YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which you are living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might. Do not add act to act and day to day in perfect thoughtlessness, never asking yourself whether the growing time is leading. But at the same time, do not dare to be absorbed in your own life, so wrapped up in listening to the sound of your own hurrying wheels, that all this vast pathetic music made up of the mingled joy and sorrow of our fellowmen shall not find out your heart and claim it, and make you rejoice to give yourself up for them. And yet, all the while, keep the inward windows open. Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career or worthily serve God's other children unless he does both in the fear and love of God their Father. Be sure that ambition and charity will both grow mean unless they are both inspired and exalted by religion. Energy, love and faith—these make the perfect man. And Christ, who is the perfection of all them, gives them all three to any young man who, at the very outset of his life, gives himself to him. If there is any young man here who generously wants to live a whole life, wants to complete himself on every side, to him Christ the Lord stands ready to give these three, and to train them in him all together, till they make him the perfect man.—Phillips Brooks.

SUSPICION

Leads to the Bad Game.

The question of coffee disease or Postum health becomes of the greatest importance when we are thrown on our own resources. Many a woman when suddenly left without means of support can make a comfortable living if health remains.

A brave little woman out in Barnes, Kansas, says, "I feel that I owe you a letter for the good Postum Coffee has done me. For years I was a great sufferer with nervousness without ever suspecting the cause. Two years ago I came down with nervous prostration. My work was light but I could not do it, I could not even sew or read.

My sleep was broken and unrefreshing; I suffered intensely and it seemed only a matter of time till I must lose my reason.

My mental distress was as great as my physical, when one day a friend brought me a trial of Postum Coffee and urged me to try it instead of coffee for a few days, saying that Postum had cured her of liver trouble and sick headaches. I replied that I thought I could not give up coffee, I had always used it as a stimulant, however the Postum Food Coffee proved to be pleasing to the taste and I used it and was surprised to see that I was resting and getting better.

My husband bought several packages and insisted on me using it altogether. Gradually, but not the less surely, I fully recovered. I never used coffee afterward and when I was left a widow a year later I was able to open a dress-making shop and support myself and little girls." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

WOMEN STUDENTS FOR THE SEMINARY.

A committee appointed by the Board of Trustees of the Seminary reported the following resolutions, which were unanimously passed by the Board at its late meeting in Asheville:

Your committee appointed last year to report on the propriety of establishing, in connection with the Seminary, a training school for young women who feel called to become missionaries, beg leave to report:

1. That we find that there is a necessity, distinct and urgent for such a school for Southern Baptist women. This need has been apparent for some time, and has been constantly accentuated by the fact that many of our women have had to enter upon their work without preliminary training, and the further fact that others have had to go to Northern schools for that purpose. Truly we ought to have some arrangement of our own.

2. That after conference with the faculty of the Seminary we find that instruction well suited to the young women can be provided without expense to the Seminary.

3. That there are no dormitories or boarding arrangements for the young women at the Seminary, but that we are assured that economical arrangements can be made for their board in the neighborhood of the Seminary. If this plan should work satisfactorily, as we feel confident it will, we may hope that a suitable dormitory may be provided for the young women, and that the generosity of our people will also devise some method for their support while in this course of training.

4. That we commit this matter to the faculty of the Seminary, requesting that the matter be duly considered, that they undertake such work in this direction as seems wise to them, and that they report to the Trustees year by year as to the prospect and value of the work.

I wish to add that in accordance with the above instructions, and under the conditions set forth therein, the faculty are prepared to welcome any young women who desire to avail themselves of our courses of study. I shall be glad to receive letters from any such, and furnish all needed information.

E. Y. MULLIES, President.

DEAR RECORDER—Some people who have never been in the mountains often wonder at some of the peculiarities of the mountain people. It is true we have some peculiar people in the mountains, also some desperadoes, but, while this is the case, we have some as noble-hearted people as ever marked Kentucky soil.

The oldest Baptist in the mountains is Solomon Everidge, born March 25, 1822; has lived in three counties, and never moved. He was born in Perry county; lived there till Letcher was made and he was cut off to Letcher county, and lived in Letcher until he was cut off to Knott. Uncle Solomon is the father of thirteen children, and raised eleven. He has been a member of the Baptist church for 47 years. He never wore a red hunting shirt made of homespun linen. He is a member of the Baptist Sunday-school at Hindman, and is always in his place. He has never worn any glasses, and can see to read well.

He has four grandchildren in the United States Army in the Philippine Islands.

Hindman is in the heart of the mountains, and the Baptist interest is just getting a start. We have a Sunday-school with an average attendance of 75. We have no house, but are using every effort to build one. The Methodists have had a church-house and an organized church here for fourteen years, and have always controlled the Sunday-school till May, 1902, when the Baptists organized one. The Methodist Sunday-school has had an average attendance of forty since the Baptist organized. We are using the court-house, but we trust that we will be able to have our house by the first of the year. While we have the best Sunday-school in Hindman, we have some extra work in the country; we have three Sunday-schools with an average attendance of sixty each.

LAWIS LITTLE, Pastor Hindman Church.

SIMPSON ASSOCIATION.

The third session of Simpson Association, which was held with Whipoorwill church, July 29-30, was one of the most pleasant associations I ever attended.

The letters of this small association showed that 97 had been received by baptism and 88 by letter, while 52 had been dismissed by letter.

The letters showed that \$125.13 had been contributed to Foreign Missions; Home Missions, \$96.77; State Missions, \$76.02; District Missions, \$33.45; O. phans' Home, \$127.42; miscellaneous, \$318.93.

These figures, as compared with some of our associations, are small, but our association is small. But I am sure that every pastor in our association returned home at the close of the session more determined to work for missions than ever before in life.

Dr. W. P. Harvey's speech on Foreign Missions was one of the best I ever heard. Dr. J. G. Bow's speech on State Missions was earnest, pathetic and inspiring. When I hear such men as Drs. Harvey and Bow I wonder why any man who claims to be a Missionary Baptist should ever say or write anything which is calculated to hinder our mission work. And I wondered if there was a pastor in Simpson Association who did not feel determined to double, if possible, his mission collections in his churches this year.

At night following the first day, Dr. Bow preached an able and acceptable sermon to a good congregation.

On the second day J. N. Prestridge preached at the stand on the fundamental principles of the Gospel as held by Baptists. I did not hear the sermon, but heard it highly complimented.

The afternoon of the last day was devoted to Temperance, the Orphan's Home and Education, which questions were discussed by J. N. Prestridge, Edward Harrison, W. P. Harvey, J. W. Self and J. H. Fuqua.

To put it in a word, I regard it as one of the very best associations I ever attended in life. All was harmonious and inspiring from start to finish, and every pastor seemed to catch the inspiration, and determined to increase his work during the next associational year. My prayer is that our baptisms and mission collections will be doubled this year, and I think that in this I express the feeling of every pastor in this association.

A. MALONE.

Franklin, Ky.

THE SECOND COMMANDMENT.

A recent Sunday school lesson embraced a part of the ten commandments, and I have been wondering how many homes into which the lessons have gone were provided with pictures of Christ hanging upon the walls to look down upon the occupants while they were studying the second commandment.

Knowing that these pictures are in thousands of Christian homes, I have wondered what effect they produced on the minds of the children who looked upon them in connection with the study of the lesson; whether they discovered that the pictures and the commandment are in opposition to each other; I have wondered whether they found themselves inclined to revolt against the picture or against the commandment. And I have also wondered what effect the lesson has had toward breaking the mystic spell that seems to hang over the minds of Christian parents and prevent them from taking down and destroying those miserable caricatures of the Holy One of Israel.

Brother, is there anything about that smear of paste and paint hanging on your wall that is like your glorious Redeemer? Would you have your children believe that your Saviour is like that thing?

Suppose you had an exact likeness of the Lord as the men of Judea saw him traveling their highways, preaching on their mountain sides, teaching in their synagogues, or expiring on the cross, could it increase your faith in him, or intensify your love for him, to gaze upon it? No; it would only tend to degrade your present high and just conceptions of his exalted power and glory, and paralyze your faith in him.

Please be not offended by these strong words, though in using them I may seem to be as one coming into your home wielding the unsparing hammer of the iconoclast.

Do you know the history of that picture of a man with a horned or pointed something encircling his head, with his breast apparently torn open and a thing in the middle of it that seems to be intended to represent something burning and shooting out little flames of fire in every direction, or that appears to represent something like a human heart with an arrow shot through it? Have you heard about the origin of that thing, and how it came to be introduced into Christian homes? Please be kind enough to follow me a few minutes, and let us review its history.

About 250 years ago there was a young girl named Margaret Alarque; early in life she became the subject of a great religious fervor. She claimed to have visions of the mother of Jesus. She had suffered a severe illness, and believed that the Virgin Mary had restored her to health; she made solemn vows to her and adopted the name Mary in gratitude for her recovery. She endeavored to resist temptations to sensual pleasures, says the historian, "By inflicting on herself the severest discipline, such as long fasts, sharp flagellations, lying on thorns, etc."

As the years went by she grew dissatisfied with only visions of the Virgin. "She longed," says her historian, "to lavish her affections on the Redeemer himself, which she expressed in the most extravagant terms."

When she was about 28 years of age she became connected with a certain Jesuit priest, who was

accepted by her as her spiritual adviser.

She claimed to have some wonderful visions of the Saviour. As these visions relate directly to the pictures under consideration, I will quote the history as I find it word for word: "In a new vision she beheld the side of her Beloved opened, and saw his heart glowing like a sun, into which her own was absorbed. Down to her death, A. D. 1690, she felt the most violent burning pains in her side. In a second vision she saw her Beloved's heart burning like a furnace, into which were taken her own heart and that of her spiritual adviser" (the Jesuit priest). "In a third vision he enjoined the observance of a special Devotion of the Sacred Heart" by all Christians.

Her associate, La Colombiere, the Jesuit, made great effort to get the "Devotion of the Sacred Heart" introduced throughout the church. And after his death it was taken up by the whole society of the Jesuits, but such was the opposition against it from the Dominicans and others that it received no formal sanction whatever for nearly one hundred years.

It was not until a distance of two hundred years had intervened and lent enchantment to the so-called visions of Margaret Alarque that a Pope could be found who would command its universal observance by the church. At last the edict went forth from the head of the Roman Catholic church that on July 10, 1875, the whole world should give adoration to the "Sacred Heart." We have, therefore, the command of the Pope of Rome and the pictures on one side and the law of God, both in its letter and its spirit, on the other.

If any reader of this article should be skeptical in regard to the authority for the above historical statements, such one will please refer to Church History by Kuriz, Sec. 156, n. 6 and 188, n. 12. W. V. HARRILL, Hardinsburg, Ky.

"WE HAVE SINNED."

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D. D.

This was the honest and awful confession of one of the finest characters that has ever graced human history. Daniel was not a whit inferior to the noblest servant that has wrought for God and humanity. Excepting the Son of God, perhaps no one stands above him in purity of life, in unflinching integrity, unselfish devotion to truth and righteousness. The messenger that came from God with the answer to that wonderful prayer of his (Daniel 9) addressed him as "greatly beloved." A second time he is characterized as "a man greatly beloved." He was one to whose view God condescended to open the vision of the future. His faith was such as "obtained promises"; a definite setting forth of the times of the Messiah.

Such was the character of this holy man of God; and yet in that prayer that brought Israel out of captivity, as he was praying and confessing, he said, "We have sinned," with the emphasis on "we." "We have sinned, and have committed iniquity, and have done wickedly, and have rebelled, even by departing from thy precepts, and from thy judgments."

It is important to understand what Daniel meant by this confession. Was it "the editorial we," a polite way of castigating

others over his own shoulders? Was he simply voicing the sins of others, and in a delicate way calling their attention to their own wickedness and guilt? In answer to these questions, let it be remembered that this was not a public prayer, "eloquently delivered to a Boston audience," according to the conception of the reporter; neither to, nor in the presence of, any other audience. Daniel was alone with God—a good place to be, if we want answers to our prayers. He had "set his face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting, and sackcloth, and ashes." Nor was Daniel the man to make a pretense, to use a little fine rhetoric in the presence of the God with whom he had walked and communed for eighty years. He meant what he said, precisely, and nothing else.

Daniel had learned so much of the holy character of God, that he had come to a clear discovery of what sin was. If God has written for our instruction that "the heavens are not clean in his sight"; that "he putteth no trust in his saints," and that "his angels be charged with folly," what a spectacle must this world, drenched in blood, polluted with sin, and cursed with crime, present to the Holy One? How poor and imperfect a thing must the purest and best human life be under the divine scrutiny!

Daniel's discovery of the horrible nature of sin, and of its effects upon himself, and the people whom he loved, was the immediate and necessary result of his near approach to God in prayer. Whoever comes into the presence of God, the Holy One, will not find any soft words with which to apologize for iniquity. It was J. B. who said: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself

LEARN HOW

To Feed Yourself Rightly.

It is easy to use good food and get well and keep that way, but a person must go about it.

A lady says, "I had a dreadful time of it before I learned how to feed myself properly. I suffered with stomach trouble for about ten years and finally got so bad that terrible pains would set in, followed by nauseating sickness in the stomach and bowels.

Sometimes I would bloat up and would have to lie flat on my back. My stomach finally got so bad that it would throw up everything I ate and, of course, I lost weight and strength very rapidly. I became pale. Blood was out of order and I looked like a skeleton finally.

One day neuralgia set in the stomach and liver and I went right down to death's door. I got so bad that even warm water was thrown off the stomach which would hold absolutely nothing until I began taking Grape-Nuts in small quantities.

My father had been accustomed to Grape-Nuts and knew of the value of the food and began giving it to me. I immediately began to improve, and the stomach retained the food and digested it. I gradually grew well again and now I can eat a hearty dinner of almost anything. I have gained thirty pounds in weight. My brain is clear, skin beautifully white, and my eyes as bright as crystal where I used to be sallow and with lack luster eyes. I owe everything to Grape-Nuts. Please, do not publish my name." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

and repent in dust and ashes." The lack of the knowledge of God, and the consequent superficial view of sin, is the painful and dangerous condition that confronts the Church of Christ to day. So long as Job heard about God, he could say some very pippant things, he could entertain some very flitting notions concerning himself; but when his eyes were opened, when his perception of God's holy character was quickened, he cried out: "I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

Let us not misunderstand Daniel's confession, lest we lose the wholesome and important lesson which it has for us. His confession was personal. In immediate connection with that prayer, he records, "While I was speaking, and praying, and confessing my sins, and the sins of my people Israel," the answer came. There is no mistaking the personal nature of his confession.

Our sense of the abhorrent nature of sin is often dulled by our contact with it. The very atmosphere is charged with its deadening and corrupting influence. The public conscience has been cast into a stupor by its bewildering influence. At ministrations of God, as God's people, we need such a sight of the holy character of God as changed Job's estimate of himself. We need the experience of the old prophet as he gives it in Isaiah 6:1-8. He "saw the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up." Some of our modern prophets of sweetness and light have not seen him on the throne. They do not believe he is there, hence have no confession to make. Isaiah saw him in the place of authority and power. He heard the burning ones (seraphim) crying: "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts; the whole earth is full of his glory." It was this near approach to God that made him cry out: "Woe is me! for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips: for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts."

To see him, therefore, by a realizing faith is the necessity of these times.—Herald and Presbyter.

THE PREACHING OF JOHN TAULER

A few observations first. John Tauler was born in Strasbourg in the year 1290, and died in the year 1361. Consequently his life, beautiful and sublime, covered something over one-half of the fourteenth century. Those who are familiar with this century need not be told that, while it was the century in and during which a good many good things came to life (John Wickliff, the first English Bible and John Huss, the century of Chaucer, Dante, Petrarch, Froissart and Boccaccio, the founders of modern literature) it was also the century of Edward III in England; not only so, but a century of lawlessness, rapacity, strife, corruption and superstition, and yet, with all, one of great movements toward popular freedom, religious liberty and the enlightenment and elevation of mankind. "It was the darkest hour of the night of the middle ages, but it heralded the dawn of our modern world."

Last, but by no means least, in this century, God gave to the world John Tauler, the influence of whose life and preaching still remains. He was one of the most popular preachers of his age, and a century in advance of his order (for he was a Dominican monk; he belonged to the Black

Friars) in intelligence and spirituality and purity.

The chief characteristic of Tauler's preaching and that which makes his sermons a precious heritage and treasure is the earnestness with which he seeks to form the pure and self denying life of Christ in the hearts of men. His sermons, while they might not now be considered doctrinal in the ordinary sense, would be considered philosophical and thoroughly permeated with the two great doctrines which comprised his theological system, i. e., sin and redemption. It seems that to him the essence of sin was selfishness and all selfishness was sin. Redemption, therefore, wasn't any mere deliverance of the soul from formal condemnation and eternal penalties, but an entire self abnegation and a union with Christ so real and profound as to constitute an actual substitution of God in the place of self by the power of the Holy Ghost. His sermons were practical, wise and simple. He preached once from Romans 13:2: "Now it is high time to wake out of sleep." An extract or two will suffice to illustrate simplicity, practicality and wisdom.

"Man, being in honor, understood it not, and is become like unto the beasts that perish. And hence it has come to pass that three feet have risen up against him, who, alas, on all sides have got the upper hand, and are railing in the boasts of the people—these are the world, the flesh and the devil. When these three have their will, that noble thing, the soul, is lost, on which God hath looked with such great love; for those in whom they obtain the mastery do most surely walk in a way that leadeth unto eternal death. How cruelly and perilously these three enemies now reign in numbers of men" (if he were living now, he would say in great multitudes of men) "both in the church and in the world, standing in God's place, is bewailed with bitter tears by the friends of God, who love him and seek his glory. For the everlasting injury of their fellow creatures is a sore grief to such men, inasmuch that their heart is ready to dry up in their body for anguish, when they see self-love so rooted in men's hearts that there be few left who wholly love God, and have no eye single to his glory."

"The devil's government leads to bitterness, to hatred and anger, to suspicion, to judging others, to revenge, to ill will, to discord. All his disciples are quarrelsome, unloving, envious of their neighbors. The will of our own flesh is set upon earthly pleasures, and sensual delights, and it craveth to have the best of everything and continually to find enjoyment in all things. How great is the mischief that springs from this! Untain people do not know. Especially those who are themselves blinded through it. By these three foes are nearly all men led astray to their eternal loss."

It is said that Luther wrote to his friend Spalatin: "If you enjoy pure and solid theology, read the sermons of John Tauler. Nor have I ever seen either in Latin or German a theology more healthful or more consonant with the Gospel."

In a future article we may have more to say about John Tauler, exclusive of preaching as a specialty. Fraternally,

JOHN N. BARBER.

Louisiana, Mo.

MAKE sure of being one with the Lord Jesus, then you may be glad when you see Him.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

BY ELIZABETH B. BROWNING.

Of all the thoughts of God, that are borne inward into souls' ears. Along the Psalmist's music deep? Now tell me if that any is For gifts or grace surpassing this— "He giveth his beloved sleep?"

What would we give to our beloved? The hero's heart to be unmoved, The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep, The patriot's heart to teach and rouse, The monarch's crown to light the brows? He giveth his beloved sleep.

What do we give to our beloved? A little faith all undisproved, A little dust to overstep, And bitter memories to make The whole earth blasted for our sake: He giveth his beloved sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say, Who have no time to harm away And dreams that through the eyelids sweep; But never doleful dream again Shall break the happy slumber when He giveth his beloved sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises! O men, with wailing in your voices! O delved gold, the wader's heap! O strife, O curse, that o'er us fall! God strikes a silence through you all. And giveth his beloved sleep.

And, friends, dear friends, when it shall be That this low breath is gone from me, And round my bier ye come to weep, Let One, most loving of you all, Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall! He giveth his beloved sleep." —Selected.

OUR PULPIT.

THE GOLDEN LAMPSTAND.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D.D.

"Thou shalt make a candlestick of pure gold."—Ex. 25:31.

If we could have followed the Jewish priest as he passed in his daily ministrations into the Inner Court, we should have seen that he first piled the incense on the altar which stood in its center, and then turned to trim the lamps of the golden candlestick which flanked it on one side. Of course, it was not a candlestick, as our versions misleadingly render the word. That was an article of furniture unknown in those days. It was a lampstand; from a central upright stem branched off on either side three arms decorated with what the Book calls "beaten work," and what we in modern jewellers' technicality call repousse work each of which bore on its top, like a flower on its stalk, a shallow cup filled with oil in which a wick floated. There were thus seven lamps in all, including that on the central stem. The material was costly, the work adorning it was artistic, the oil with which it was fed was carefully prepared, the number of its lamps expressed perfection, it was daily trimmed by the priest, and there, all through the night it burned, the one spot of light in a dark desert.

Now, we saw last Sunday that this Inner Court of the Tabernacle or Temple was intended, with its furniture, to be symbolical of the life of Israel, the priestly nation. The Altar of Incense, which was the main article of ecclesiastical equipment there, and stood in the central place, represented the life of Israel in its Godward aspect, as being a life of continual devotion. The Candlestick on the one hand, and the Table of Showbread on the other, were like-

wise symbolical of other aspects of the same life.

I have to deal this morning with the meaning and lessons of this golden lampstand, and it teaches us the office manwards of the church and

I.—OF THE INDIVIDUAL CHRISTIAN.

Let me just for a moment recall the various instances in which this symbol reappears in Scripture. We have, in the vision of the prophet who sustained and animated the spirits of Israel in their Restoration, the repetition of the emblem in the great golden candlestick which Zechariah saw, fed by two "olive trees," one on either side of it, and in the last book of Scripture we have that most significant and lovely variation of it, the reappearance, not of the one golden candlestick, or lampstand, but of seven.

The formal unity is at an end, but the seven constitute a better, more vital unity, because Christ is in the midst. We may learn the lesson that the Christian conception of the oneness of the church towers above the Jewish conception of the oneness of Israel by all the difference that there is between a mere mechanical, external unity, and a vital oneness—because all are partakers of the one Christ. I may recall, also, how our Lord, in that great programme of the Kingdom which Matthew has gathered together, in what we call "the Sermon on the Mount," immediately after the Beatitudes, goes on to speak of the office of His people under the two metaphors of "the salt of the earth," and "the light of the world," and immediately connects with the latter of the two, a reference to a lamp lit and set upon its stand; and clinches the whole by the exhortation, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

A remarkable and beautiful variation of that exhortation is found in one of the Apostolic writings, when Paul, instead of saying, "Ye are the light of the world," says, "Shine as lights in the world," and so gives us the individual, as well as the collective and ecclesiastical, aspect of these great functions. That is a hint that is very much needed. Christian people are quite willing to admit that the church, the abstraction, the generalization, is the light of the world. But they are woefully apt to slip their own necks out from under the yoke of the obligation, and to forget that the collective light is only the product of the millions of individual lights rushing together—just as in some gas-lights you have a whole series of minute punctures, each of which gives out its own little jet of radiance, and all run together in one brilliant circle. So do not let us escape the personal pressure of this office, and lay it all on the broad shoulders of that generalised personality "the church." But, since the collective light is but the product of the individual small shavings, let us take the two lessons: first, to contribute our part to the general lustre; second, be content with having our part lost in the general light.

But now let me turn for a little while to the more specific meaning of this symbol. The life which, by the central position of the Altar of Incense, was symbolised as being centrally, essentially, in its depths, and primarily, a life of habitual devotion and communion with God, in its manward aspect is a life

that shines "to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ,"

and that is the solemn obligation, the ideal function of the Christian church, and of each individual who professes to belong to it. Now, if you recur to our Lord's own application of this metaphor, to which I have already referred, you will see that the first and foremost way by which Christian communities and individuals discharge this function is by conduct. "Let your light so shine before men" that they may hear your eloquent proclamation of the Gospel? No! "Let your light so shine before men"—that you may convince the gainsayers by argument, or move the hard-hearted by appeals and exhortations; that you may preach and talk? No! "That they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

We may say of the Christian community, and of the Christian individual, with all reverence, what the Scripture in an infinitely deeper and more sacred sense says of Jesus Christ himself, "the life was the light." It is conduct, whereby most effectually, most universally, and with the least risk of rousing antagonism and hostile feelings, Christian people may shine as light in the world. For we all know how the inconsistencies of a Christian block the path of the Gospel far more than a hundred sermons or talks further it. We all know how there are people, plenty of them, who however illogically yet most naturally, compare our lives in their daily conduct, with our professed beliefs; and, saying to themselves: "I do not see that there is much difference between them and me," draw the conclusion that it matters very little whether a man is a Christian or not, seeing that the conduct of the men who profess to be so is little more radiant, bright with purity, and knowledge, and joy, than is the conduct of others. Dear brethren, you can do far more to help or hinder the spread of Christ's Kingdom by the way in which you do common things, side by side with men who are not partakers of the "like precious faith" with yourselves, than I or my fellow-preachers can do by all our words. It is all very well to lecture about the efficiency of a machine; let us see it at work, and that will convince people. We preach; but you preach far more eloquently, and far more effectively, by your lives. "In all labor," says the Book of Proverbs, "there is profit"—which we may divert from its original meaning to signify that in all Christian living there is force to attract—"but the talk of the lip tendeth only to poverty." Oh! if the Christian men and women of Manchester would live their Christianity, they would do more to convert the unconverted, and to draw in the outcasts, than all of us preachers can do. "From you," said the Apostle once, to a church very young, and just rescued from the evils of heathenism—"from you sounded out," as if blown from a trumpet, "the Word of the Lord, so that we need not to speak anything." Live the life, and thereby you diffuse the light.

Now need we forget that this most potent of all weapons is one that can be wielded by all Christian people. Our gifts differ. Some of us cannot speak for Jesus; some of us who think we can had often better hold our tongues. But we can all live like and for him. And this most

CATARRH



The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. True, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus.

Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the circulation all offensive matter, and when rich, pure blood is again coursing through the body the mucous membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected.

S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable blood purifier does not derange the Stomach and digestion, but the appetite and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical advice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

potent and universally diffused possibility is also the weapon that can be wielded with least risk of failure. There is a certain assumption, which it is difficult often to swallow, in a Christian man's addressing another on the understanding that he (the speaker) possesses something which the other lacks. By words we may often repel; and often find that the ears that we seek to enter with our message close themselves against us and are unwilling to hear. But there is no chance of offending anybody, or of repelling anybody, by living Christlike. We can all do that, and it is the largest contribution that any of us can make to the collective light which shines out from the Christian church.

But, brethren, we have to remember that there are dangers attending the life that reveals its hidden principles as being faith in Christ and obedience to him. Did you ever notice how, in the Sermon on the Mount, there are two sets of precepts which seem diametrically opposite to one another? There is a whole series of illustrations of the one commandment, "take heed that ye do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them," and then there is the precept, "let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works." So that whilst, on the one hand, there is to be the manifestation in daily conduct of the inner principles that animate us, on the other hand, if there comes in the least taint or trace of ostentation, everything is spoiled, and the light is darkness. The light of the sun makes all things visible and hides itself. We do not see the sunbeams, but we see what the sunbeams illuminate. It is the coarser kinds of light which are themselves separately visible, and they are so only because they have not power enough to make everything around them as brilliant as they themselves are. So our light is to be silent, our light is—if I might use such a phrase—to hide itself in "a glorious privacy," whilst it enables men to see even through our imperfect ministrations, the face of our Father in heaven.

But let me remind you that the same variation of our Lord's words to which I have already referred as bringing out the difference between the collective and the individual function, also brings out another difference, for Paul says: "Ye shine as lights in the world, holding forth the word of life." He slightly varies the metaphor. We are no longer regarded as being ourselves illuminants, but simply as being

placed. And that means that whilst the witness by life is the mightiest, the most universally possible, and the least likely to offend, there must also be, as occasion shall serve, without ostentation, without shamefaced reticence, the proclamation of the great Gospel which has made us lights in the world. And that is a function which every Christian man can discharge too, though I have just been saying that they cannot all preach and speak; for every Christian soul has some other soul to whom its word comes with a force that none other can have.

So the one office that is set forth here is the old familiar one, the obligation of which is fully recognized by us all, and pitifully ill-discharged by any of us, to shine by our daily life, and to shine by the actual communication by speech of the name that is above every name. That is the ideal; alas for the reality! "Ye are the light of the world." What kind of light do we—the Church of Christ that gathers here—raver out into the darkness of Manchester? Socially, intellectually, morally, in the civic life, in the national life, are Christian people in the van? They ought to be. There is a church clock in our city which has a glass dial that professes to be illuminated at night, so that the passer by may tell the hour; but it is generally burning so dimly that nobody can see on its grimy face what o'clock it is. That is like a great many of our churches, and I ask you to ask yourselves whether it is like you or not—a dark lantern, a most imperfectly illuminated dial, which gives no guidance and no information to anybody.

This golden lampstand teaches us—

II.—HOW THIS OFFICE IS TO BE DISCHARGED.

Remember simply these two points. If stood, as I have already said, on one side of the Altar of Incense which was central to everything. It was daily tended by a priest, and fed with fresh oil. Hence we may derive some important practical lessons. To begin with, we note that our light is a derived light, and therefore can only be kept bright when we keep close to the source from whence it is derived. "That was the true light, which coming into the world lighteth every man"—there is the source of all illumination, in Jesus Christ himself. He alone is the light, and as for all others we must say of them what was said of his

great forerunner, "Not that light, but sent to bear witness of that light;" and, again, he was a light kindled, and "therefore shining," and so his shining was but "for a season." But Jesus is forever the light of the world, and all our illumination comes from him. As Paul says, "Now are ye light in the Lord," therefore only in the measure in which we are "in the Lord," shall we be light. Keep near to him and you will shine; break the connection with him, and you are darkness, darkness for yourselves and darkness for the world. Switch off, and the light is darkness.

Change the metaphor, and instead of saying "derived light" say "reflected light." There is a pane of glass in a cottage, miles away across the moor. It was invisible a moment ago, and suddenly it gleams like a diamond. Why? The sun has struck it; and in a moment after it will be invisible again. As long as Jesus Christ is shining on my heart, so long, and not a moment longer, shall I give forth the light that will illumine the world. Astronomers have a contrivance by which they can keep a photographic film on which they are seeking to get the image of a star, moving along with the movement of the heavens, so that on the same spot the star shall always shine. We have to keep ourselves steady beneath the white beam from Jesus, and then we, too, shall be "light in the Lord."

Our light is *reflected* light. Daily came the priest, daily the oil that had been exhausted by shining was replenished. We all know what that oil means, and is; the Divine Spirit which comes into every heart which is open by faith in Christ, and which abides in every heart where there are desires, obedience, and the following of him; which can be quenched by my sin, by my negligence, by my ceasing to wish it, by my not using its gifts when I have them; which can be grieved by my inconsistencies, and the spots of darkness that so often take up more of the sphere of my life than the spots of illumination. But we can have as much of that oil of the Divine Spirit, the "unction from the Holy One," as we desire, and expect, and use. And unless we have, dear brethren, there is no shining for us. This generation in its abundant activities tends to a Christianity which has more sparkle than power, which is more surface than depth, which is so anxious to do service that it forgets the preliminary of all right service, patient, solitary, silent communion with God. Suffice the word of exhortation—let shining be second, let replenishing with the oil be first. First the Altar of Incense, then the Candlestick.

Will you let me add one word more, although your time is gone? This golden Lumpstart tells us of the fatal effect of

III.—NEGLECTING THE CHURCH'S AND THE INDIVIDUAL'S DUTY.

Where is the seven-branched candlestick of the second Temple? No one knows. Possibly, according to one statement, it

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lied at the bottom of the Mediterranean. Certainly we know that it is pictured on that sad panel in the conqueror's arch at Rome, and that it became a trophy of the insolent victor. It disappeared, and the Israel whom it vainly endeavored through the centuries to stir to a consciousness of its vocation, has never since had a gleam of light to ray out into the world. Where are the seven candlesticks, which made a blessed unity because Christ walked in their midst? Where are the churches of Ephesus, Smyrna, Philadelphia, Thyatira and the rest? Where they stood the mosque is reared, and from its minaret day by day rings out—not the proclamation of the Name, but—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The Pharos that ought to have shone out over stormy seas has been seized by wreckers, and its light is blinded, and false lights lure the mariner to the shoals and to shipwreck.

"Take heed lest he also spare not thee." Oh! brethren, is it not a bitter irony to call us lights of the world? Let us penitently recognize the inconsistencies of our lives, and the reticence of our speech; let us not lose sight of the high ideal, that we may the more penitently recognize the miserable falling short of our reality. And let us be thankful that the Priest is tending the lamps. "He will not quench the smoking wick," but will replenish it with oil, and fan the dying flame. Only let us not resist his ministrations, which are always gentle, even when he removes the charred blackness that hinder our being what we should be, and may be, if we will—lights of the world. "Arise! shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—Baptist Times and Freeman.

IS IT VERY REMARKABLE?

BY REV. A. G. DORRIS.

Some time ago I noticed in your columns the following: "The *Christian Standard* of December 7 has an able editorial against receiving 'pious unimmersed' persons into the Disciples' churches. There is a party among the Disciples who wish to do this. Is it not funny that the very people who make immersion necessary to remission of sins, should be the ones to drift toward omitting immersion altogether? For, as the *Standard* well argues, if unimmersed persons be received into their churches, since sprinkling and pouring are easier than immersion, they would ere long supplant it."

Now, we would ask, is the fact that some among the Disciples want to receive unimmersed persons into their churches so very remarkable? Of course, viewed from the standpoint of their position on baptism, that it is "for, in order to, the remission of past sins," and that dipping alone is baptism, it is a little funny. One might ask, Have they found another way of saving them, i. e., writing them in? Or, are they willing to receive the unsaved to membership among them if they can't get them to help propagate their principles? But it is difficult to see how one would seriously go about teaching immersion essential to remission of sins, and emphasizing the importance of remission, and at the same time refusing themselves to submit to immersion. They would, however be similar to a class of people who join the Pedobaptists (rationalists, rather), refusing to ac-

cept anything as baptism except believers' immersion, and give their lives, influence and talk to the pulling down of immersion, and building up of sprinkling and pouring and infant sprinkling instead thereof. A Baptist cannot see how they can do these things.

And yet, very likely, this same *Standard* man would readily enough receive these same "pious unimmersed persons" to the communion table in his church. And, possibly, the parties referred to are witnesses to the fact that their people habitually commune with the unimmersed, and invite the unimmersed to commune with them. Now, tell me, is it very remarkable that these parties, who have been all along used to communing with the unimmersed, and inviting the unimmersed to commune with them, should now advocate that they should be received, unimmersed as they are, to membership in their churches? For, if they can commune together, why cannot they live together? It seems to us that any argument that would justify or excuse the one practice, would equally justify or excuse the other.

Given open communion, and where do you find in religious thought a place for denominations? We had thought that denominations resulted from division in doctrine; that division was the expression of strongest dissent from said doctrine; that it was an expression of unwillingness to fellowship such doctrine; that such doctrine becomes a test of fellowship in the withdrawing body; that said body would be, logically, under necessity of excommunicating one of her own members for holding said doctrine; that division was the forming of a separate communion. Now, if they commune together, are they not one communion still? And if they can commune with the members of the churches from which they withdrew, cannot they just as well commune with their own members who may hold such doctrine? And if so, can they not just as well take back into their membership them from whom they withdrew? And if not, why not?

May we not ask, just what privilege does a person acquire by joining an open communion church that he did not have before joining—and especially if the church be the Disciples' church? He has the privilege of baptism and of communing without joining; and of communing without baptism or rantism, if he so chose. What privilege does he acquire by joining? His name written among them? But if he can have all the privilege without his name written among them, that those have who have their names so written, what need is there for this writing names? And what does excommunication from an open, unrestricted communion church take from the excommunicated person? And if all may commune, how can any be excommunicated?

Our mind may be obtuse, but we frankly confess that we cannot see how a doctrine that can be properly tolerated at a communion table in a body can be consistently rejected from the membership of said body. When we become able to recommend to Baptist churches communion with the sprinkled and poured upon, we will be able, at the same time, and for the same reason, to recommend the sprinkled and poured upon to membership in Baptist churches. You will find Scripture support for the one in

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the same chapter and next verse to that where you find support for the other. We think the parties nearer right than some of their leaders. And we think both are wrong.
Lafayette, Ky.

A DISREPUTABLE THING.

I hope that it is true of but very few persons that they will take private correspondence, which was designed by the writer to be strictly private, and cause it to be printed in a newspaper, to the discomfiture and damage of the author of the letter. Such a thing does occasionally occur, even among some who profess to be Christians.

Rev. L. S. Keyser, a prominent Lutheran minister, in a letter to the *Lutheran World*, states that a certain one "has made some public use of some private correspondence" of his, and further says: "Permit me to say that the notes I sent him, from one of which he quotes his reply, were private, and it never occurred to me that he would hold them up to public ridicule."

Many a man would prefer to have quite a sum of money picked from his pocket rather than have certain correspondence, which he designed to be kept strictly private, made public in a newspaper. It has always seemed to me that a public disclosure of a letter, or note, or document, which the writer wished to have kept secret, is one of the lowest and most contemptible things that one could be guilty of. I know of two or three editors of religious papers who have printed private letters, or the substance of them in some instances, and then when the writers of the letters protested against such treatment, the editors replied that the letters were "not marked private," which I regard as being a very lame excuse. Any man who is capable of rightly editing a newspaper should have sense enough to know by the general character of a letter to him, and also by the circumstances under which it was written, whether or not it should be made public. If the writer state some things that he would have no one know but the receiver of the letter, it is likely that the receiver can see that they ought to be kept private, without having that word

written and put before him. My opinion is that some editors and correspondents of papers, who make public use of private letters, do know that the writers would not want such publication, yet, for lack of principle, they will do this disreputable thing. An exposure of this practice is deserved by the wrong-doers.
G. H. WITHERS.

HINDUISM AND MOHAMMEDANISM.

The two great religions, Hinduism and Mohammedanism, though the antipodes each of the other in every other respect, agree in this one thing—in destroying the sense of personal responsibility. The philosophy of the Mohammedan is fatalism. He has emphasized the sovereignty of God until God has been lost and only sovereignty remains. Moral responsibility is gone. Adam is represented, when reprobated, by anybody for the sin in which he involved his race, as saying in reply, presumably with a shrug of his shoulders: "Why do you blame me? When it had been ordained ten thousand years before I was created that I should commit this sin, what could I do?" The Hindu philosophy reaches the same conclusion, because underlying everything else are the two great features of pantheism and the transmigration of souls. The Hindu's pantheism may approach theism or it may descend into polytheism, but still pantheism is there, overshadowing all. All is God; there is nothing but God; I myself am God; my deeds, so far as they exist at all, are practically God's deeds. Or you take the transmigration of souls with its doctrine of "karma," the deeds that follow me from my previous existence. I am what I am because I was what I was; I was what I was because I had been what I had been; and I had been what I had been because before that I had been something else. And so I do what I do because I am in the inexorable grasp of "karma." Then, too, the philosophy of the Hindu and the fatalism of the Mohammedan react upon and intensify one another, till there is nothing that you can call effective public opinion on any moral question.—R. V. O. A. K. Janvier.

EDITORIAL.

Those are strange words written in the twenty-seventh verse of the ninth chapter of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians: "Lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Evidently the apostle was anxious lest some fearful evil should befall him. What was it? Was he fearful that at last, after years of true service to God, he should fall away and perish forever? I cannot believe it. Always and everywhere Paul expressed his full assurance of everlasting salvation. To Timothy he wrote: "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." What, then, was he afraid of? It was, I believe, lest he should be laid aside as unfitted for the Master's use, unapproved by Him. This to him was a fearful position, and is for any Christian, to have to take. To be a "castaway" is for a Christian to be unapproved by Christ, and set aside as unfitted to be used in establishing His kingdom among men. What really constitutes a Christian? There are two things that must take place in the life of a man ere he is a Christian.

First, there must be a conviction of sin in the life interior and exterior. All men are sinners, but few of them realize the awful fact. The first thing in becoming a Christian is the realization of this fact. This consciousness fills the soul with sadness and fear. The second is regeneration by the Holy Spirit, leading to repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Upon yielding unto Him as a Saviour, there is communicated to the man hitherto "dead in trespasses and sins," spiritual life. Then the man made alive repents, that is, changes the whole purpose of his life from serving self to the service of God, and trusts in Christ as a personal Saviour. Such may be used by Christ in building up his kingdom. This is a glorious work, and only those "fitted for the Master's use" are employed in it. Some are used for a time and then laid aside. The fitness required is consecration to Him, a conscious yielding to Him of all we have and are, nothing withheld. It is a sad fact that all Christians are not used by Him. Some are simply born into the kingdom and are never used. They are untaught and undeveloped; and hence do nothing for his cause. For such the reward is indeed meagre—"saved as by fire." Some are used for a time and then are set aside unapproved. They lose their power to lead others to Christ, or to help other Christians to a higher spiritual life. Sad indeed are such "castaways," yet we have all seen them. Against such a condition Paul was fighting: "I keep my body under," he writes.

Reader, what is your condition? Are you now used as formerly, or are you a sad "castaway"? Return unto the Lord, and enter again into His service.

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND has spoken out to his Catholic brethren, congratulating them on the fact that the United States have sent a representative to the Vatican. He feels that to sell the lands of the friars for a big price to Congress, is a good thing for the Papacy, as indeed it will be if

American Protestants stand by supinely and see Congress buy them. He tells what we did not know before, that the Pope asked for a representative from this government sent to Rome. He says: "What stronger proof of fair-mindedness in the settlement of the religious question of the Philippines could the administration have given than to respond graciously to the wishes of the Vatican that a messenger from the American government should go to Rome to discuss matters directly with the Pope and his advisers? American Catholics should be forever most grateful for this. Other governments would have gone to work in their own way, without a word being said to the head of the church, or a counsel asked from him." And all Protestants should resent this thing of which the Archbishop boasts. It is a bitter humiliation that this Republic should do what the Protestant and Greek nations of Europe would not do. And the Catholics are right to be exultant.

The *New York Post* thus sums up briefly the boasting of the Archbishop, and we wish every Protestant in the land would read the summary:

We can but think that the Archbishop has unwittingly rubbed the wrong way some of the most violent religious prejudices of Protestant supporters of the Philippine policy. In order to reassure the Catholics, he reminds them how the Administration has "responded graciously to the wishes of the Vatican." Why, that is a veritable red rag—a shew-bread of the gown of the Scarlet Woman—waved in the face of those American denominations which have been bred in the belief that the Pope is the Man of Sin, that Son of Perdition. Fully as exasperating, we fear, will be the Archbishop's statement that no one who knows Meers, Taft and Root and Roosevelt could imagine either of them would "do ought to detach the inhabitants [of the Philippines] from the Catholic faith." What, then, is to be said to the Missionary Societies which have been enthusiastically sending men and money to Manila? The Rev. Dr. Brown, of the Presbyterian Board recently published a missionary report on the Philippines in which he spoke of the field there as one white for a Protestant harvest, the natives having only a "thin veneer" of Christianity, and being ready to repudiate their former religious teachers. Are our Protestant missionaries now to be told on the authority of a Catholic Archbishop, that their labors in the Philippines are distasteful to the Administration?

We are glad to see signs of awakening among Protestants. The *Congregationalist* now says, "Our government made a tactical mistake" when it sent Taft to Rome. The *New York Christian Advocate* has demurred from the beginning of the sending a representative to Rome, and the *Watchman*, most far-seeing of all, opposed the treaty with Spain because it was most shrewdly drawn in the interests of the Catholic church.

The Baptist *Commonwealth* talks as all Baptist papers ought to talk about this matter of putting millions into the Catholic treasury, to be used to advance the Catholic cause. Congress does not need the lands of the friars, never has gone into such business before, and has no constitutional authority for taking the money of the taxpayers to put into Papal coffers.

The *Commonwealth* says: "To Baptists the whole business of the Government's conference with the Pope about the friars in the Philippines is fraught with danger to the country. We have no confidence in anything proceeding from the Pope or the Roman Catholic church." Rome will feel puffed up that a representative of the United States has been to consult the

Pope. It will be an entering wedge, they will hope, for a papal legate to our government. * * * If politicians read church history much, they would not wonder that the church leaders do not think well of this movement. Better keep the eye of the law on the friars and put the money into schools for the Philippines."

There is no question of party politics in this matter. Senators of both parties voted for and voted against the treaty with Spain. Both parties are too ready to cater to the Catholic church, one with an eye on its Irish Catholic vote, and the other with an eye on its German and Polish Catholic vote. It is only when Protestants show they are awake and in deadly earnest that Congress can be trusted. How many years Congress catered to the Catholics in the matter of the Indian schools. But when Protestants roused themselves from their indifference, and showed they were in earnest, Congress yielded.

Asking the pope to remove the friars from the Philippines was a shrewd plan to reconcile Protestants to paying millions for their lands. That the pope will remove them, goes without saying. The pay he is offered is entirely too great an amount to be wisely refused. But he will substitute other friars of the very same orders—Jesuits, Franciscans, &c. And what difference does it make to Protestants what friars are in the island? What good will come to us from substituting others of the very same orders? A Jesuit is objectionable, no matter where he was born. He knows no country, only the head of his order.

Protestants are simple indeed if they can be persuaded to allow the paying of millions into the Catholic treasury by so transparent a device as removing some friars and substituting others of the same orders.

The idea seems to be taking possession of the minds of too many Professors in Colleges and Universities, that teaching is a secondary consideration. Their chief strength is to be given to making discoveries and contributions to the literature of their respective departments. Their salaries they regard rather in the light of pensions to support them while they add to their own fame by their writings.

It is well that scholars and scientific men, who rarely have much money of their own, should be pensioned, that they might have time to devote to their investigations and literary work. The fellowships in the universities in Europe were provided for just such cases. Universities in this country are becoming enormously wealthy, and could well afford a system of fellowship for scholarly men who wished to devote themselves to scientific work.

But the Professor's chair is not the place for such men. The business of the professor is to teach, not to investigate and make reputation for himself by writing learned essays. The student is the one to be considered, not the teacher's fame and scholarship. The strength and time of the professor must be given to his classes, not to original work in his department.

If a college needs a professor of mathematics, that man must be chosen who can teach mathematics to the students, not the man who has made himself famous by his learned disquisitions on the fourth dimension. The probability is that such a man

would make a very poor teacher. Instructing boys, drilling them, would seem to him intolerable drudgery, and the time he spent in the work for which he was paid would seem wasted.

Because a man knows mathematics thoroughly, because he is a most distinguished scholar and has made brilliant demonstrations, is no reason he is even a passable teacher. Teachers, like poets, are born, and not made. A true teacher is one who can make boys study and think; who can explain clearly; who can gauge the mental capacity of each of his students, in order that he may give each his proper instruction. And these qualifications may be lacking in a great scholar.

The teacher must, of course, have sufficient scholarship to teach what his students must learn. Beyond that, his knowledge is a matter of indifference, and his ability to teach the great thing. The idea that professors are to give their strength to investigation and literary work instead of to teaching, is infecting Trustees of universities as well as Professors. When a chair is vacant, instead of considering carefully where the best teacher can be found, the Trustees strive to get some man who has distinguished himself in that department, although he may be as incapable of making boys study and think as a wooden statue would be. The Trustees pride themselves on securing a more distinguished scholar than some other college has. They expect his reputation to be a "drawing card" to fill the class-rooms with students.

The students are told what a great thing it is to be enrolled among those who have set at the feet of the great man with a forest of letters after his name, whose learned volumes would fill a library. Thus the interest of the student, which ought to be the one consideration, is sacrificed to the desire to advertise the university, and to get large numbers of students.

Let the heavily-endowed universities have their "stars," but let them be fellows, and not professors. And let it be understood that the heart and mind and strength of the professors shall be given to the work of teaching. Let them study nothing during term time beyond that which they need in the class-room, and let them write nothing. The vacation months they can fill with such work, if they choose. But let the professor's chairs be occupied by great teachers, and not by distinguished investigators.

The *Congregationalist* says the announcements in the English papers that ministers are going on their summer vacation, are often followed by the statement, "No letters will be forwarded." Ministers whose names are widely known receive great numbers of letters, from writers whom they do not know, in regard to the business of the writer. Each one seems to think that the preacher has nothing to do but to attend to the writer's business.

A PASTOR was called to a leading Presbyterian church near Chicago, because he "knew the Bible thoroughly." The *Interior* cannot decide whether to rejoice that "a Presbyterian congregation is so endowed with sacred common sense," or to mourn that "such an endorsement could be a distinctive mark for one man among his brethren." That is indeed cause for mourning.

Editorial Varieties

How far human credulity and gullibility will go is illustrated when a Christian Scientist dies. One would think the death of a leader would excite the curiosity of the others. Not so here. The report that he had failed to "obtain a demonstration."

It really is the study of the frisky mosquito seems to be moving from being a "bad" to insanity. Here is a colonial solemnly assuring us that mosquitoes are partial to blue. How does he know? The mosquito does his best work and sings his most triumphant song in the dark. He can see in the dark, but how can he distinguish colors?

Rev. Dr. Bates said to his Methodist brethren in Boston words which will do good to others also. He said: "When you lower your standard to save young people for Methodism, you make a mistake. There is not a heathen people in the world that permits prostitution to flourish. It is only Christian nations that allow it."

In the hocus-fanciful sermon in one of the leading universities, the speaker said: "To find real happiness, we must descend to the animal kingdom, and there the happiest animal is the oyster, satily encoined between his two shells." How did the speaker learn the feelings of the oyster? Did he ever hear of pearls and how they are made?

The twentieth century grey is very much "up-to-date." A band of them are traveling in an automobile of the gasolene type which looks very much like a trolley car. It is divided into three rooms, and is built especially for them. And so the old romances of our youth are whirled away. We suppose the greyey woman will tell fortune by telephone after this.

A French doctor who has worked in the hospital for fifteen years, says that 25 per cent of the patients inherited vitiated constitutions from alcoholic parents. And he does not believe that a drunkard can have sound children. He had examined several thousand and had not found one. Could a stronger temperance appeal be made than this quiet statement of facts by a doctor of experience?

George W. Childs, proprietor of the *Leader* (Philadelphia) was a most benevolent man. Rebecca Davis, in the *Congregationalist*, gives many instances of his kindness. Once he employed a man who was out of a situation, and paid him a fine salary, to ride on all the street cars in Philadelphia and find out how many of the drivers had overcoats from alcoholic parents. And he does not believe that a drunkard can have sound children. He had examined several thousand and had not found one. Could a stronger temperance appeal be made than this quiet statement of facts by a doctor of experience?

Time was when the only "habbit" against which men had to be warned were the alcohol and the opium habit. But cocaine came as bad a habit, and one more quietly destructive. Bromidia and trienaal and other claim many victims also. And the latest evil of this kind is of amphet smoking, which is on the increase abroad. It endures the victims, causing apathy and muscular weakness.

Of the making of monuments in those days, there is no end. The statue of Paris have united to erect a statue of Urban Dubois. The strange thing about it is that Dubois was his reputation as a chef not in his own city, but as cook for the Emperor of Germany. The incident shows, as numerous articles in papers could not, the dying-out of French anger against Germany.

Scotland is a cool country but a healthy one, if we may judge by the long life of the presbyters. Few less than sixty Scottish ministers have completed fifty years of service. Rev. Dr. Frew was ordained in 1841, and Rev. John Duncan in 1822. Dr. Jameson was ordained in 1808, and is pastor still of his first church. Dr. Fraser, of Colvend, who was ordained in 1844, has recently asked for a colleague.

The *London Baptist* says the villages of Wick, near Bristol, had the oldest cemetery in England. Her name is Martha Jefferson and the family Bible shows she was born on May 6, 1818. She has occupied her present position since 1822. We think she is not only the oldest in England, but that no section of equal age could be found in the world, though some may equal her length of service.

Another case of heroism is worth mere room in the paper than a murder. Miss Mary Williams was a passenger on board the *Walla Walla* in its collision on the Pacific coast. She saw that all the women were placed in the boat, and, when they were safe, sprang into the cutter from the sinking ship. She stayed to a small raft for two hours when she was rescued. The Royal Humane Society has awarded her their medal.

Dr. A. W. Schaeffer spent his youth in Turkey where his father was a missionary. He tells of a man with very odd notions, who then visited him and had an extraordinary and would persist in preaching before he knew the language, in spite of the advice of the missionaries. But in his first effort, he made a mistake that taught him a lesson his own common sense needed. His introduction to the Turkish word and prayer, "Mashallah" of "no." The truthful heaver thought it an unnecessary prayer for the speaker.

AMONG THE Churches

LOUISVILLE.

Walnut-st.—Brother J. B. Moody preached on "A Wake, Zion," at both services. Bro. Moody is visiting his son at Favea Valley and resting.

Broadway.—Bro. Thomas preached on "Go work in my vineyard." No night services.

Obesant-st.—Pastor Weaver discussed on "Laying the nation working a weight of glory." Evangelistic meeting at night. Five by letter since last report.

East.—Bro. McEroy preached in the morning on "B. Jones," and Bro. G. W. Hill preached at night on "Simon Peter's fall and restoration."

Franklin-st.—Pastor J. F. Jenkins preached on "Offering of praise into the Lord," and on "The R. of kneeling Day." One baptized.

Twenty-sixth and Market.—Pastor Reid preached on "Thy will be done," and on "Condition of the heathen." Baptists one.

Twenty-second and Walnut.—Bro. A. T. Wolford preached at both hours. Pastor Deant is on his vacation in Tennessee.

Highland.—Bro. William M. Bruce preached in the morning on "The duty of a Christian life." No night services.

Logan-st.—Pastor Tralle preached on "Power for service," preached at night on "Individual responsibility." Six by baptism and six by letter and eight baptized. Large congregations. Meetings continue.

Parkland.—Pastor Taylor preached on "Go ye therefore and teach all nations," and on "Man's loss by rejecting salvation." One by letter.

Third-ave.—Brother T. L. Smith preached at both hours. Pastor Allen is away.

Oakdale.—Pastor Hill preached on "Confession of Sin," and Bro. C. U. McElroy preached at night. One by baptism.

McFerran Memorial.—Bro. R. A. Mansell preached on "The Crucifixion of Christ," and on "Prayer a necessity." Good congregations.

German.—Pastor Janzen preached on "Divine Inauguration," and on "A great surprise."

Jacob's Addition.—Brother C. B. Abbott preached in the evening on "Hell."

Hope Rescued Mission.—Pastor Bruce preached in the evening. Good attendance during the week.

Marydale.—Brother W. L. Naff preached on "Excuses."

THE STATE.

Pastor R. A. LaRue writes: "Have just closed an eight days' meeting with Sulphur Spring church. Was assisted by Elder T. E. Riskey, of Princeton, Ky. Seven joined the church, others by letter. Brother Riskey greatly endeared himself to pastor and people, and the church was strengthened by his faithful, Gospel preaching."

Pastor E. F. Wright writes: "Franklin Association will meet August 20 with Mt. Pleasant church, four miles north of Frankfort. Visitors from a distance coming over the L. & N. or C. & O. will get off at Frankfort. Any one coming over the F. & O. will stop at Steamtown. If notice is sent Mr. Howard Steadman, Forks of Elkhorn, Ky., persons coming by rail will meet at the train. Come to see us, Brother Editor."

Bro. R. T. Braner writes under date of Aug. 7: "I was surprised to find nothing in the Recorder this week about the Blackford Association, which met last week. I presume the Recorder editor who is present will report it. One thing is acted there, at least, is highly important, and must not fall of publication. Mr. J. M. Deschamps and the ladies followed him, constituting the majority of the Blackford Baptist church, as heretofore existing, was left out for having departed from the faith, and the minority recognized as the church, since they still stand on the faith on which the church was constituted."

Pastor T. J. Davall writes: "The church at Buck Grove, Meade county, has just had a very precious revival. The pastor began the work at the regular appointment on Saturday, but the third Sunday in July. Two additions on Saturday and 3 on Sun-

day from meetings held elsewhere by the pastor. The beloved pastor of Sonora and Glend churches, Elder J. H. Hunt, came Monday night and did the preaching at both hours. Bro. H. depends on the Gospel, believing it to be the power of God unto salvation." There was a Jewess converted. It was a struggle to take the weight of a father's wrath. She wrote him that she had done so, contrary to expectation, received a reply of approval. We felt that God removes difficulties for his children, if only they will do what he tells them. At another service, while singing very softly "Almost persuaded," there was a deep feeling manifest in heaviness of soul for the lost. It seemed hearts were breaking with anxiety. A deep silence hung over the audience, some one came forward for prayer, when sobe of joy were heard in the congregation. The song continued, and singing the next verse, another came, then another and another till the front row was full and the whole house was in tears. At was a joy to be there. We felt the promise, Lo, I am with you." We had but one regret, viz. that the beloved Judson C. Willett, the former pastor, now in the city, was not present to see the scene. How much of the success of the meeting is due to his faithful seeding, eternity alone will show. There were in all 45 additions, 25 by baptism. This brings the Buck Grove membership to about 325. This make my field number about 650 members."

Pastor E. Lee Smith writes from Ewing: "Our protracted meeting closed August 8. The meeting began July 25. Rev. Earle D. Sims, of Louisville, did the preaching. July 25 he lectured on his trip around the world. July 24 he lectured again on China. He spent six years in China. These lectures were grand help to the church and community. I wish every church in the South could hear these grand lectures. Our protracted services were a blessing to our church and community. There were 35 additions to the church, 17 by baptism. There were five others that professed faith in Christ that did not join. We trust they will soon come into the church. We had large crowds and good interest. Every one was benefited. I wish to thank those who attended those that did not take a stand for Christ said the meeting was a blessing to all. Bro. Sims is a good man and a good Baptist. May God bless him and his work and at last give him a rich reward."

Pastor R. L. Brandenburg writes from Irvine: "I have just closed a two-weeks' meeting with my church at Cow Creek, Estill county. Had Bro. R. L. Baker, Sunday-school teacher, with me to do the preaching, and to do that was a great loss does not half way express it. Bro. Baker preached the good old doctrine of grace, and God blessed it to the conversion of souls. Fourteen were converted, 10 of which were received by baptism, and the church greatly strengthened and built up spiritually. We believe the seed is sown from which we still expect to reap a bountiful harvest."

Pastor J. T. Turpin writes: "We have just closed a ten days' meeting with my church at Irvine, Ga. Bro. J. B. Gaston, Eminence, promised us, at the General Association at London, to aid in the meeting, and would expect no remuneration whatever for his services. He came at the appointed time, and I unobtrusively say that I have never heard the Gospel preached in a more simple and forcible manner. He showed the people how sin ruined the soul, and how we must be saved through the merits of Christ alone. While there were only two received upon a profession of faith in Christ for baptism, yet I am confident that the little church and the community at large had been greatly benefited by the meeting. There were several things that worked directly against the interest of the meeting; besides, this has always been a most difficult place to keep up a religious interest; but my own faith and the recent meeting has been so helpful to our people, and impressed the community so favorably, that a brighter day for God's cause at this place is near at hand. My first year as pastor is coming to a close, and all things considered we have had a prosperous year. We have had 25 additions during the year, and others are expected to come in soon."

Pastor W. J. Finkert writes: "Just closed a two weeks' meeting with the Mt. Pleasant church. In which the number of baptisms, 17. Elizabeth Holton, did the preaching, to the delight of all, both saint and sinner. Results, 17 additions, 15 by baptism and 1 by relation."

Pastor Robert H. Tandy writes: "Our people at Burgin are rejoicing over one of the best meetings the church has had for some time. Bro. F. E. Burroughs, of New Liberty, was with us ten days, and did the preaching. His splendid sermons, characterized by such freshness of thought and such sympathetic earnestness, were greatly appreciated by our people. There were 23 additions to the church, 19 of whom were by baptism. The church is greatly revived, and we are planning for larger things."

OTHER STATES.

Pastor A. Y. Napier writes from Auburn, Ala.: "Kentucky gave Alabama a great gift in H. C. Hines, pastor at Roanoke, this state. There he has done a noble work, and built one of our most beautiful churches. It was my joy to have him work with me recently in a protracted service. Large congregations hung upon his words, and God made his preaching a blessing. There were 53 additions to our fellowship, 34 being by baptism. We are grateful to the Governor of every good gift."

Pastor W. J. Durham writes from Marble Falls, Texas: "I am serving the church at this place and at Burnet, giving all my time to the two churches. I have recently held a great revival meeting in my Burnet church. There were 33 additions to the church, 17 did all the preaching. It was largely doctrinal."

Pastor C. G. Wells, of Spencer, N. C., has accepted a call to Laurensburg, N. C.

C. A. G. Thomas, Jr., son of Pastor C. A. G. Thomas, of Sanford, N. C., died August 1.

Pastor W. H. Dodd, of Olive Branch, Charlotte, N. C., died August 6, Miss Jessie Maloney.

Brother Todder, pastor at Shiloh, Texas, has closed a gracious meeting. Thirty-eight added to the church, 33 by baptism. Shiloh is a strong country church.

Spie Rock, Texas, a mission station, has been wonderfully blessed in its meetings. Two churches, one at Spie Rock, Texas, and a mission station, has had a precious meeting resulting in 16 additions to the church.

Bro. W. R. Covington, pastor at Moffat, Texas, was blessed in a meeting at his church. Twenty-eight additions, 22 by baptism, and the church greatly revived.

The meeting at Marquer, Texas, in which Bro. J. J. Pipkin did the preaching resulted in 26 additions, 14 by baptism.

The meeting at Lucas, Texas, resulted in 47 additions to the church, 13 of whom were from the Methodists and Presbyterians.

The meeting at Palestine, Miss., closed with 11 received for baptism.

Pastor G. B. Butler says: "God has greatly blessed the Hamburg (Miss.) saints. Twenty-six have followed Christ in baptism, and 15 received by letter and 10 to the church stronger than ever in its history."

Twenty-two received for baptism and 4 restored as the result of a meeting at Hespith, Miss.

Pastor J. J. Walker, Hebron, Miss., has closed a meeting—"one of the best in the history of the church." Twenty-six added.

A meeting at Billington church, Texas, resulted in 15 additions to the church, 14 by baptism. Bro. J. M. Dawson, Baylor University did the preaching.

MARRIED.

On Sunday evening, Aug. 31, at 8 o'clock, in Ford Park Baptist Church, in Union county, Ky., Miss Rebecca Hoyt to Mr. Robert H. Jones, of Morganfield, Ky. Miss Hoyt is a daughter of Mr. Peter and Sarah Hoyt, of Union co. Ed. T. C. CARTER, Marlon, Ky.

A TELEPHONE message from the Infirmary, as we go to press, said that Dr. Warder was improving as rapidly as could be expected. He has had no heat for weeks, but his bowels are so sensitive it will be a week before he can sit up.

The Combination Oil Cure for Cancer Was originated and perfected by Dr. D. M. Bye. It is soothing and balmy and gives relief from unceasing pain. It has cured more cases than all other treatments combined. Those interested, who desire free booklets telling about the treatment of cancer, time and expense by addressing the Home Office—DR. D. M. BYE CO. P. O. Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

Our colored brethren will hold their thirty-fourth annual session of their General Association at August 13th, in the Washington-street Baptist church, so long pastored by the well-known leader, G. W. Dupes, who was for fourteen years moderator of the General Association. Our colored brethren estimate their membership in Kentucky at seventy-five thousand, with hundreds of churches and nearly one thousand ministers. Their principal school, State University, is located in this city. They have other schools at Cadis, Hopkinsville, London, Danville and other places—all doing efficient work. Their mission work is conducted on the co-operative plan in connection with white Baptists, North and South. Last year's meeting at Versailles was the banner meeting of their history, over \$3,000 in cash being reported for Educational Missions. \$3,500 is the amount for which Moderator John H. Frank of this city is now appealing. His paper, The Moderator, has created widespread interest in the forthcoming session.

We certainly cherish the hope that our colored brethren may realize their expectation at Paducah this week.

Colored Baptists claim a membership in the United States of 1,800,000. Among this vast number, Kentucky colored Baptists occupy much prominence for the reason that among them are found men, preachers and teachers, of ability, not a few of whom are well known to us. We know of Kentucky's educational missionary needs. We ask our brethren throughout the states of the South to pray for us.

TEMPERANCE IN OWEN.

A glorious victory for right in Owen county. On August 2 we had a battle to the close that had been raging for several weeks, with the Christian people on one side and the whisky men on the other; one party armed with money and whisky, the other side armed with the sword of the Spirit and the prayers of God's people going up from every church and every Christian home for protection, and while we were fighting at the people the women were holding a prayer-meeting at one of the churches. Our hardest fight was in the town of Owen, where the whisky men had asked for a separate missionary society. We had our own forces whose equal would be hard to find. Bro. Mitchell, our pastor, was on the ground early and worked in such a way as to give the enemy no advantage, and all the other preachers, including the colored preacher, and many private members worked as though our lives depended on the result. When the vote of the town was announced, giving us 31 majority, and the whisky men were run through another mill, and so on down to the plains where this same water is distributed in irrigation. The climate is so dry that as the population increases, the water supply, which already is scarce, becomes more and more of a problem.

The churches in all this region are generally weak, though there are a few strong ones. There are plenty of "straw" church members at large, however, a Presbyterian pastor in Denver says that there are more Presbyterians in this continent than inside their churches. It is likely the same is true of other denominations. The Christian Scientists seem to be doing more here than any other sect, and they are building magnificent temples in a and commentary on the intelligence of the age that this should flourish among educated people. Denominational lines are somewhat loosely drawn here. It is apt to be the case in new countries, though there are many good solid Christians to be found.

I have spoken of the Baptist Woman's College. The valuable property was secured, and now it remains to raise \$20,000 more to finish the building and get them ready for occupancy. The Rev. W. T. Jordan and Judge McNeal have this matter in hand. Pastor Jordan has gone to Seattle for his vacation.

Perhaps the hardest worked pastor in Denver is the Rev. John Graves, pastor of Galilee Baptist church. His church, which is not strong except in faith, carries on eight missions, and he preaches on an average one sermon a day throughout the year. He preaches with great vigor, the old-fashioned Gospel of grace and glory, and God is greatly blessing his labors.

Dr. Voshurg, pastor of the First church, is expected back from Europe in September, and the Rev. A. Shaw of Brookline, Mass., supplying the pulpit most acceptably.

T. T. EATON.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The summer climate of Colorado has this year been alarming. A few days the people who live here thought it was "hot," "dreadful hot," and yet I was not uncomfortable, and did not need an umbrella while walking in the sunshine. It was a dry heat, that seemed to burn the pavement where it struck you without wetting you. It was like standing near a hot stove. In Louisville, Chicago, St. Louis, New York and Boston the heat went and smothered you. If you attempt to write, it can soon in a labor of perspiration, and you need to spend your energies in keeping cool.

There has been great uneasiness out here on account of a threatened greater famine. At the rate the people of Denver were going the supply of water would be exhausted in thirty days, and so proclamation was issued forbidding the watering of lawns except between 6 p. m. and 8 p. m. and economy of water in other ways was urged. But two days ago there came a heavy and general rain that relieved all apprehensions.

Denver is a city of beautiful residences and low rental lots. The city is one-fourth smaller than Louisville in population, and yet it covers a much larger area. Like Louisville, the residences stand to themselves with grass plots of varying sizes, and these plots are kept fresh and green. Then there are lawns, and flower trees along each street in the residential portions of the city.

There is a great deal of new building going on, though the brick masons get from \$6 to \$6 a day for their work. In Colorado Springs just now the masons get \$12 a day, and they are generally high out here. Miners get from \$8 a day upwards. Household servants get from \$15 to \$20 a month.

Mining is the chief interest. Nearly all the fortunes made out here are made in this way. In the gold belt, the sides of the mountains look like pepper boxes, punctured as they are with holes men have dug in search for precious metal. Some of the mines are worked by hand, some by horse power and some by steam. In the streams the placer miners still make it pay them to work, though the nuggets have all been picked up long ago. The sand in the streets of Denver contains gold, and the boys get some of it, though not in quantities worth noting.

The chief problem in Colorado and, indeed, in all this region, is the water problem. More and more attention is being paid to agriculture, and arid lands are being reclaimed by irrigation. To provide water to develop all the mining and agriculture, the mountain streams are made to do service in handling gold ore. The milling ore is crushed in the stamp mill and the water is passed through the mill. A little farther down the same water is run through another mill, and so on down to the plains where this same water is distributed in irrigation. The climate is so dry that as the population increases, the water supply, which already is scarce, becomes more and more of a problem.

The churches in all this region are generally weak, though there are a few strong ones. There are plenty of "straw" church members at large, however, a Presbyterian pastor in Denver says that there are more Presbyterians in this continent than inside their churches. It is likely the same is true of other denominations. The Christian Scientists seem to be doing more here than any other sect, and they are building magnificent temples in a and commentary on the intelligence of the age that this should flourish among educated people. Denominational lines are somewhat loosely drawn here. It is apt to be the case in new countries, though there are many good solid Christians to be found.

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T. T. EATON.

SEVEN HILLS CHAUTAUQUA.

Three cheers are due the officers and the participating people of Owensboro for the great Chautauqua that they organized. The programme was of unusual interest from day to day, and all lectures of the highest class. The lecturers were peers in their different lines of work, and the large audience showed their hearty appreciation by stout applause.

Supt. Archer showed his tact and capability in managing affairs on the Chautauqua grounds, and arranging the programme. Every convenience was done for on the grounds, and Chautauqua closed August 13th, and was throughout one of increasing interest.

H. C. MCGILL.

DEAR RECORDER:—

I regret to notice the death of my friend, Bro. W. H. Chambers, of New Liberty, Ky. I have held two meetings in New Haven, and two times resided at Bro. Chambers'. It was a lovely family. He was a good man, and the life of the Baptist church there. I condole with the stricken family, and commend to the mercies of God the soul for which the husband and father loved so much. May God comfort them.

J. M. WEAVER.

FAMILY CIRCLE.

STORIES FOR YOUTH AND OLD.

"OH, WHERE CAN BE MY BOY?"

BY E. M. WOODWARD.

"Oh, where can be my boy? The anxious mother cried; My only darling boy, My hope, my joy and pride."

"Oh, what can make him stay? For it is getting late; The clock upon the mantle Is pointing up to eight."

But you that darling boy Came not her heart to cheer; And in her room alone, She drops the steepest tear.

For, oh, that mother's heart Was anxious for her boy; She heard the leaves that rustled That tender heart beguiled.

And, oh, that mother's fear Was realized so soon; Her boy had been enticed Into the vile saloon.

That lovely boy did not A moment stop to think He'd break his mother's heart By Satan's deadly trick.

But he continues on Regardless of the cost, And the poor mother now Groves for her boy as lost. Tangier, Ky.

"AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?"

BY HELEN H. BLAKE.

The sun was just dropping behind a huge bank of clouds in the west. It was late in the fall, and in the region of country northwest of us, which an Arctic climate holds benumbed for four or five months of the year, every sunny day that comes at that season is one more reprieve from the dreary winter. Rash life in winter in any of our northwestern states involves hardships that few people who have not experienced them ever dreamed of. Those who have had such trials sympathizing to a great extent with the Pilgrims in their first experience on the inhospitable shores of New England.

"Seems to me, John, I can just see them poor creatures getting out of the boat in that frosty cold weather, an' nothurs to north to go—had to build a log hut to live in. I think they were a dreadful brave people."

"Who're you talkin' about, Hannah?"

"I was just thinkin' about the Pilgrims."

"O, them people that settled Massachusetts! P'rhaps 'twasn't a cold day when they landed. Besides, they came over here to get their own way; lots of people are brave enough for that."

"You're always runnin' people down, John. I'm sure I'd like to know why you come way out here to this forlorn place—it's like the last end of nowhere—unless 'twas to have your own way. And you had a good business in the East, too. Folks might say hard things of you if they tried."

"What's that to me, I'd like to know? I'll go where I can run the business I want to without being meddled with all the time."

"But there's no law in Connecticut 'gainst keepin' a saloon if you kept your license paid up."

"No more there is'n, but I'd rather fight the law than have a dozen of these women cranks naggin' at me all the time."

"I don't know sometimes but they're right, though, if they are cranks," said the woman a little solemnly. "It don't seem to me, when I think of it, as though we had any right to sell 'em the rum that's a mortal sure death to 'em in the long run."

She smiled rather defiantly, like a person who sets from a resolve to do something totally at variance with his whole previous course of conduct, and who feels at the same time a little ashamed to let his change of opinion be known. Her husband turned to look at her curiously. She went on with her work without heeding him. Presently he walked across the room and stood before her.

"Other people's children, yes; but how about your own? Maybe you'd better be lookin' after your own."

"What'd ye mean by that?" demanded the man fiercely. "I ain't got but one, an' 'd ye think Mary Ann'll take to drink? Not much; she'd be much like her old father for that."

His face softened as he spoke of his child. Then he turned away, went out of the door and down towards the barn where some of the stock was housed for the winter. Far away above the prairie he saw a horseman coming. "Some one by the mail," he said to himself. "But Hannah's in there; she'll tend to him till I get through."

He went on to the barn, thinking of the child of whom he had spoken—Mary Ann—the one thing that he loved. He recalled the time when she had first begun to notice him; when she had first said: "Dada," all the years when he had carried her round in his arms; when she had called him "dada" when he was at work; all through her girlhood when she had been so much to him; up to the time of her marriage, his thoughts traveled. She had been away from home now for two years, and the house had never been the same since. It is true she lived on the next ranch, but that was a distance of ten miles, poor little gal!

"Poor little Mary Ann, poor little gal!" he muttered to himself. "I must go over an' see her to-morrow. I thought she'd be glad to see me; she didn't look so happy the last time I was there. If I thought that fellow was usin' her bad I'd—I'd—yes, I'd kill him sure."

Meantime, the horseman John had seen away in the distance had arrived, tied his horse and disappeared within the house. He was in the rough ranch dress, but his voice when he spoke and his words betrayed the gentleman.

"Good-day, Mrs. Simpson. Isn't it good that winter holds off so long?"

"Y' know you don't take nothin' to the rough, do you?" she replied. "I don't like it, but that's not to be thought of."

"No, and it's coming soon, too. It will be a tough night to-night unless I know you don't take nothin' to the rough, do you?" she replied. "I don't like it, but that's not to be thought of."

"Here's your mail, sir; an' what'll you have to drink?"

"Nothing, thank you," was the grumpy reply. The woman reddened as she said: "I know you don't take nothin' to the rough, do you?" she replied. "I don't like it, but that's not to be thought of."

"That's all right Mrs. Simpson. I know you wouldn't tempt me. I do need the stuff, you see; and as I know 'm better without it, I don't take it."

Hannah said nothing. The man started toward the door, but turned before he reached it, and spoke.

"When have you seen your daughter, Mrs. Simpson?"

"I must be goin' on two weeks now, sir, since John was over there. An' I ain't seen her for longer yet. And somehow she don't find time to come here. A married woman's time ain't her own always, you know."

"I saw her as I came by this afternoon, and she looked—" the man hesitated—"rather lonely. Why don't you go and see her often?"

"She ain't sick, is she?" asked the man anxiously.

"She didn't look well," replied the man gravely.

"That fellow that came out here last spring; I've forgot his name. I see he's an' miles tother side o' Mary Ann's."

"I know, Robinson; you mean; he was here yesterday. Nice kind of fellow, I guess, though I couldn't never get no money out of him for liquor. He giv' me a lecture w'en he first come out for sellin' liquor, but he hasn't never meddled with me since, an' I don't know as I bear him any grudge."

"I thought he'd say 'yer you?'"

"I don't know. He preached a regular sermon; took for his text: 'Am I my brother's keeper?' an' at the end he said he bow'd I like to have some o' sellin' liquor to my gal, and see her drinkin' herself to death."

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while when she was very restless to see her laugh an' cry. "Mow, dada." But when I put her at the bar to sell it, told her very decided: "You mustn't never take a drop yourself, little gal," an' she promised not to. 'Twasn't right to serve her so; 'twas too hard on her. Just to learn her to like the stuff, an' then put her to give it to every one else, an' not take it herself. But I asked her pardon for it that time 'fore we put her out o' sight, an' 're sure as you stand there, I heered her say—just with her own voice: 'Forgive me, father? Why, of course, you didn't know what you was doin'.' An' I didn't then," he concluded with emphasis.

"An' what's more I wouldn't believe what was told me."

"One change in John's establishment was apparent to some of his customers. After his daughter's death his stock of liquors suddenly gave out. From the day his child was brought home dead, and his wife suddenly closed the bar, not another drop of liquor was sold. To the first man who asked if he could have some, John said simply:

"No, sir, you can't."

"To Robinson only and to Hannah, did he vouchsafe any explanation of his intentions."

"Guess I'll try to look after somebody else's children a little, now I can't see after my own any more."

"The words ended in a husky voice, and John suddenly bent his head and sobbed, as only a man can sob, and then only when his heart is broken.—N. Y. Observer.

HOW COWSLIP SAVED HIM.

In the highlands of Scotland it is a kindly custom to give names to the cows as well as to other animals. A farmer had had three cows, but as they all three had names. The Red cow was Cowslip, the dun was Bell, and the black was Meadow-Sweets.

The cows knew their names like three children, and would come when called.

"O' day," the boy tells us, "I was not with them, but had been given a holiday and gone up on the side of the hills. I climbed until I was so high that I got dazed, and lost my footing upon the rocks, and came tumbling down and snappin' my ankle, so I could not move."

"It was very lonesome there. It seemed to me that it was hours that I lay there, hithering along among the broken. I thought how night would come and nobody would know where I was. I could not move for the anguish in my foot. It was no use to call, for there was naught in sight save the crows, skirting against the sky. My heart was fit to break, for I was not to be seen."

"I thought as loud as I could, Cowslip! Cowslip! When she heard her name she left off grazing and listened."

"I called again and again. What did she do? She just came rolling up and up—till she reached me. Those hill cattle are rare climbers."

"She made a great ado over me; licked me with her rough, warm tongue, and was as pleased and soothed as though she saw her own folk. Then, like a Christian, she set up a moan and moaned—so long and so loud that they heard her in the vale below."

"To hear a cow moaning like that they knew meant that she was in trouble. So they came searching and seeking. They could see her red and white body though they could not see me. So they found me, and it was Cowslip that saved my life."—Ex.

PENALTY OF FAME.

No famous man was ever more desirous of avoiding the empty stare of sightseers than the poet Tennyson. A friend who was walking with him at Farringford says that while they were going along one of the beautiful roads they saw a vehicle approaching, full of tourists. His face to the bank and began prodding violently with his stick.

"Are they looking?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let them look, then!" and they did look, although they saw nothing but the broad back of his cap and the flap of his ample wide-awake.

LIGHT AND DARK.

Day and night, sunshine and shadow are not more different from each other than a healthy and a sickly woman. The healthy woman carries light and sunshine with her wherever she goes. The woman who suffers from ill-health casts a shadow on her own happiness and the happiness of others. She cannot help it. Those who suffer can not smile and sing.



Ill-health in woman is generally traceable to disease of the delicate womanly organism. Many women have been restored to happiness by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, dries weakening drains, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong, sick women well.

"I feel it my duty to inform you that I had been a sufferer for many years from nervousness with all its symptoms and complications," writes Mrs. W. Fisher of 241 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y. "I was constantly going to a physician or purchasing medicine for this or that complaint as my troubles became unbearable. In the spring of 1897 my husband introduced me to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking one bottle and following your advice I was so encouraged that I took five more bottles of Favorite Prescription and then I did not take any more for several weeks. As I felt so much better, but still I was not completely cured. I commenced taking it again and felt that I was improving faster than at first. I am now well and strong, and I have a good color in my face; have also gained about ten pounds in weight and use thousands of compliments for the wonderful medicine."

"The dealer who offers a substitute for 'Favorite Prescription' does so to gain the little more profit paid on the sale of less meritorious medicines. His profit is your loss, therefore accept no substitute. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser in full size on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper-covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y."

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Children's Corner.

JAMIE'S COLLECTOR.

It was warm and Jamie was tired. He had been riding on his bicycle all the afternoon, and now he was sitting in the vine-covered arbor on the lawn, waiting for the clock to strike half-past eight, which was bed-time.

But presently, as he leaned back with his eyes half-shut, he heard steps coming nearer, and when he opened his eyes he saw a queer little man standing before him.

The little old man had a large knap-sack strapped on his back and carried a bulky parcel in one hand. He nodded to Jamie and said: "Good evening!" Then he sat down and took off his hat and fanned himself with it, as if he felt quite at home.

"Are you a peddler?" asked Jamie, after waiting some moments for the old man to speak.

But the old fellow smiled at this question and shook his head.

"I'll tell you my business," he said, briskly; "I'm a collector."

"What do you collect?" inquired Jamie, "postage-stamps or coins or autographs? I've tried collecting all those things myself and I would like to see your collection ever so much."

The old man smiled again. Then he said: "No, I don't collect things of that sort; I am a collector of waste."

"A collector of waste!" said Jamie, much puzzled. "Why, I never heard of such a collection before. I don't understand what you mean by waste. Where do you find it and what is it like?"

"That is just what I'm going to tell you," said the old man, as he unstrapped his heavy knap-sack and laid it down. "The world is full of waste collectors like myself, only you have never been favored with the sight of one before. We go about collecting everything that human beings waste—time, opportunities, money, happiness. All these things we gather up from day to day, and sometimes our loads are frightfully heavy, I can tell you. Look at this knap-sack and this parcel—all collected to-day!"

"Dear me!" said Jamie; "I wish you would show me some of the things you have there. Couldn't you do it?"

"If I show you anything, I will show you your own waste, for you've given me lots of work to-day collecting it," replied the old man.

"I'd like to know what I've wasted to-day!" exclaimed Jamie indignantly. "Now that's nonsense!"

"Is it, hey?" said the old man, with a keen look. "Well, then, I'll prove that it's true, and I'll make you own it, too, before I go. I have not time to open my knap-sack now, but I will read

from my memorandum-book the list of all you've wasted to-day." And he took out a small book and turned the leaves, saying:—"Jamie—yes, here is your account; now listen: In the first place, you wasted thirteen minutes this morning lying in bed after you were called and told to get up. Then when you were only half-dressed, you wasted eight minutes more looking out of the window at two dogs that were fighting. So much before breakfast. In school you lost ten minutes of the study hour drawing pictures in your copy book, and you wasted eleven minutes more over that newspaper you carried to school. When you came home, instead of going directly to your room to wash your face and hands and brush your hair as your mother requested, you spent nine minutes grumbling on the stairs before you obeyed her. You stopped in the street to talk to Tommy Rose and wasted twelve minutes of your music-lesson time, besides—"

"Oh, stop! Do stop!" cried Jamie, interrupting the old man. "Don't tell me any more about the time I've wasted, please."

"Well, I'll tell you about the other things, then; your wasted opportunities, for example. You saw a bird's nest robbed to-day and never said a word, when you might have saved it. When you saw that little boy drop his marbles, you only laughed at him when you might have helped to pick them up. You let your sister take that long, hot walk to the postoffice this afternoon, when you could have gone there so easily on your bicycle. There was another wasted opportunity when you were so inattentive to your history lesson in school. You flew into a passion, too, because your shoe string was in a knot—wasted opportunity of self-control. You forgot to rise and offer your mother a chair when she enters the room—wasted opportunity to be polite. You bought chewing-gum after resolving never to buy it again—wasted money and wasted good resolution. But I have read enough to prove what I said. Take pains, my dear boy. It is in your power to lighten my daily load very much. But, hark! your mother is calling you; don't waste a moment, I beg. Good-night!"

Jamie sprang from his seat and ran towards the house. The old man had vanished.—The Outlook.

A rook, lame, weak-minded man worked twelve hours daily in a close hot room as a saddler's apprentice. He had heard a minister say that the humblest work could be performed to God's praise, but he had never understood the meaning of his words.

One day he looked out of the window and saw a runaway horse passing by drawing a wagon in which sat a pale, frightened woman and her child. A gentleman ran up to it from the pave-

ment, caught and held the bridle till the horse stopped, and mother and child were saved.

Then the poor old cobbler thought: What if the bridle on that horse had not been sewed well or poor thread had been used? The bridle would have broken and three human beings would have been made unhappy. Who knows but what I sewed that bridle!

Filled with this thought, he performed his work with special diligence and faithfulness after this time.—Lutheran.

DILLY DALLY.

Dilly Dally was almost seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name!

"O, Dilly Dally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocery's, and get this full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

The molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it, and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His troubles came afterward. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow-breast, and heard a sweet note that made him stop and see what the leaves hid. That took a minute.

"Oh, I must hurry!" he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger.

It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O, Dilly Dally," said his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party; and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake and give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

"Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O, Dilly Dally," said his mother, sorrowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dilly Dally says he is going to. How do you suppose he is going to do it?—Sunbeam

THE LITTLE KITTEN'S RESCUER.

Not long ago an Englishman went to a neighboring stream to drown a kitten. His dog followed him and when the kitten was thrown into the water, the dog rushed in to rescue it. He carried it up onto the bank and wagged his tail proudly, as much as to say: "Wasn't that brave of me?"

The man hadn't the heart to scold the dog and he did not want to drown the kitten, but he had so many cats at home he did not know what to do with them, and he felt that he could not keep another. So he threw the kitten into the water again—and again the dog swam in after it.

When the man threw the kit-

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WHITE PLAINS, GA., JUNE 12, 1902.
 Rev. W. P. Harvey, Louisville, Ky.
 DEAR BROTHER—Your publication, "The Lord's Supper," has been received. I read it through at a sitting. You present the matter very clearly and conclusively. The condemnation of Baptists for their communion practice comes either from ignorance or a perverse determination to damage our standing before the world.
 Yours fraternally,
 J. H. KILPATRICK.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., JUNE 11, 1902.
 Rev. W. P. Harvey, D.D., Louisville, Ky.
 MY DEAR BROTHER—I have read your pamphlet on "The Lord's Supper" with great interest. The discussion is thorough, candid and kindly. The authorities you quote are widely and wisely chosen, and substantiate your position at every point. Its circulation will shed light and do good.
 Sincerely yours,
 HENRY M. KING.

Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky.

ten in the third time, the dog, as resolute to save the little helpless life as the man was to destroy it, swam with it to the other side of the pool, ran all the way home with it and deposited it before the kitchen fire. From that time the dog kept constant watch over the kitten. The two were inseparable, even sharing the same bed.

THE BELL OF JUSTICE.
 A beautiful little story is told which is well worth repeating here. In one of the old cities of Italy, so the story goes, the king had a bell hung up in a tower in one of the public squares, and called it the "Bell of Justice," and commanded that any one who had been wronged should go and ring the bell, and so call the judge of the city to come and see that justice was done. In the course of time, the end of the bell-rope rotted away, so a wild vine was tied to it to lengthen it.

One day an old and starving horse that had been turned out by its cruel owner to die, wandered into the tower, and in trying to eat the vine rang the bell to which it was attached. When the judge of the city came to see who had rung the bell, he found this old horse. Then the judge sent for the owner of the poor horse and ordered that, since this animal, which had been so wronged, had rung the "Bell of Justice," he should have justice done to him. He commanded the owner, therefore, to take the horse home and to feed and care for him as long as he should live.—Apples of Gold.

RIGHTHOUSNESS is peace and it is peace because it is the work of God in man.

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 Every day during the months of September and October, 1902, the UNION PACIFIC will sell one-way settlers tickets at the following rates:
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NOTES BY THE WAY.

"I'm overjoyed to find that you are nothing but a poor, meak, down-trodden editor, after all, and not a ravening wild beast of a contributor." is the way a letter which passed through the United States mails not long ago, began. It was from an editor to a brother in trade, and it was not meant for sarcasm. "I don't know who ever said that Cain was an editor," said a weary individual in a stuffy editorial den, the other day, "but I know that he has passed on his course to us, for the world thinks of us as against every man and every man against us. Just look at me now, mark my flaming eye, my flashing, forked tail, my restless, cloven hoof, and the sulphurous breathings from my inflated nostrils. Can I help being blood-thirsty? Have I any semblance of the human, that I should be expected to see man without hungering to devour him? Look there!" pointing to the floor of the wee den, "there are some four score manuscripts, all 'unavailable.' I have been reading since early morning, wrestling with tissue paper and pale ink, with unintelligible writing and typewriting that was worse, with unnumbered pages, put together in the wrong order so the owner could tell when they came back whether I had read them or not, and with pages carefully muddled together, for the same reason; with manuscripts rolled, and manuscripts written on both sides of paper; with spelling and punctuation and paragraphing left to the imaginative powers of the reader, and with explanatory notes accompanying some contributions, and threatening notes accompanying others. I am not tired although it is ninety in the shade, and I have not had any lunch. I have kept count, and there have been just twenty-four people in my office since ten o'clock, but that is a mere bagatelle. I have had five calls for 'copy' from the composing room, have stopped twice to correct some proof, and three times to sign letters. Four people have called me to the telephone, and not one of my twenty-four callers stayed less than five minutes. Please don't think I am complaining of this ordinary day, nor imagine for a moment that my eyes are tired, or that my head aches, or that I envy the office crew. On the other hand I consider myself a very spritied and enviable being and as soon as I have dictated answers to these ten letters I shall go home, at the ridiculous hour of four o'clock. Contributor number one wishes to know what was the matter with her 'piece' that I returned week before last. She thinks I print lots that are not half so good. If I remember rightly her piece was a recipe for cleaning carpet, and I never used a recipe in my life. Contributor number two wishes me to know that I have had an article of hers for eleven days and she thinks it just as well to inform me that she has heard that I am a robber and a pirate and that if I try to steal any of her productions I shall be prosecuted, for her brother-in-law is a lawyer. Number three writes ironically to say the despatch with which her efforts are returned to her indicates very clearly that they are never read. Number four is a man and he wants to know the nature of the grudge against him, that his things should be sent back when other magazines just as good as ours take them gladly. Number five had a manuscript accepted three weeks ago, and wishes to know the date of its publication, and number six is preparing a paper on Browning for her sewing circle and wishes any information I can give her, also to know if I would like the paper for my magazine after it has been read in Podunk. Number seven thinks that her story was probably returned to her because we did not know who she was, so she sends it again with reference to her pastor and the bank

in her native town. Number eight is another man, who says that he does not believe my assurance that I never saw his poem on 'Beautiful Snow,' but that he believes I intend to keep it and publish it as my own (!) and number nine is both abusive and derisive, and refers with evident satisfaction to various geniuses who suffered at editors hands but were subsequently justified at the bar of public opinion. Number ten says the crops are so poor that if I don't take her story she will not have anything to give the missionary box, this year, and in proof of her charitable record in the times past she refers me to the fact that she was for two terms Recording Secretary of the White Ribbon Sewing Society. Numbers eleven to one thousand and ten, are the letters I should like to have from the hundreds of contributors on whom I have spent hours on hours of my busy days, answering their queries, soothing their disappointments, suggesting aids, offering sympathy, wishing success, and urging encouragement, for all of which I so seldom get so much as a postal card of thanks.—Interior.

COLD BATHING.

Extracts from the History of Cold Bathing, by Sir John Floyer, of Litchfield, Kt., October 6, 1703. (Fellow of the College of Physicians, London.)

"Baptismal immersion continued till the beginning of the last century" (1600). No subject can give a clearer evidence now easily new opinions can change the best and ancient practice, both in religion and physic, than this, for the logical notion about the form and the essence of baptism inclined the age under King James I. to an indifference as to dipping or sprinkling, which he ordered to be so expressed in the catechism; but this gave too much encouragement to the Puritans' sprinkling; and about the Restoration (1660) the words 'dipping or sprinkling' were left out of the catechism.

The "Directory" condemns the baptizing in the place of Fountains as superstitious, and ordered baptism in the middle of the congregation, and sets little value on the outward baptism, but declares pouring or sprinkling of water sufficient for a sign or seal of the covenant. To these two reasons I impute the disuse of immersion, which was the ancient constitution of the Church of England when the Rubric expressly commands the manner of dipping.

"But by way of caution I must promise that I will not concern myself in any theological disputes whether immersion be essential to baptism, or whether it be in the power of the church to alter it; neither will I determine against the validity of baptism by aspersion, these disputes being beside my purpose, for all that I shall aim at is to show that IMMERSION was generally practiced by the ancients, and that in this church it continued in use till the beginning of the last age (1600). Anciently the Holy Walls were resorted to and their virtues imputed to some saint, which the last age did not credit, and therefore rejected, with the opinion of the virtue of the saint, the Baptismal IMMERSION also."

"I hope to procure the approbation of your honorable and learned society, which would much contribute to the reviving both the sacred and medicinal immersion."

"The Romans had both their religious ceremonies and their physic from the Grecians—the Greeks commonly practiced cold immersion." The Gauls, from

whom our Britons sprang, had their sacred fountains dedicated to saints. Many of our English springs were dedicated to saints."

"In Tavernier's Travels 'tis observed 'that the Christians of Bulgaria in Asia, who anciently lived near the Jordan, never baptize but in rivers, where they plunge the candidate all over in the water, and every year the disciples of St. John celebrate the feast for five days, during which time they baptise according to the baptism of St. John.' Tavernier also says 'that the Armenians plunge candidates for baptism into rivers at Christmas. The King of Persia is oft present at this ceremony performed at Christmas near Tapanah.'" "Our Highlanders dip at baptism. The Welsh have more lately left immersion; for some middle aged persons have told me that they could remember their dipping in baptism."

"The church of Rome hath drawn short compendiums of both sacraments. In the Eucharist they use only water as fittest for procession and adoration, in baptism, instead of the immersion they introduced aspersion, which may be more commonly practiced in all places than the immersion. The first converters of our nation used immersion in the baptism of the Saxons. St. Chad's Bath, near Litchfield, is deep enough for immersion, and conveniently near the church."

"I do appeal to you as persons well versed in the ancient history and canons and ceremonies of the Church of England, that immersion continued till about the year 1600, and from thence, I shall infer that if God and the church thought the practice innocent for 1600 years, it must be accorded an unreasonable nicety in this present age to scruple immersion. He designed immersion as a baptismal rite for the representation of the washing away all original sin. That it was the general practice of the Primitive church to baptize their converts in fountains, ponds, rivers, and after that manner all nations, whether Northern or Southern, received the baptismal ablution. The Holy Scriptures inform us that St. John baptized in Jordan; Paul baptized Lydia in a river, and Phillip baptized the eunuch in water, of whom it is writ that they went down both into the water."

E. O. WHITE.

Toronto, Can.

NOTE—A copy in good condition of this rare old book is to be bought for \$2. It should find a place in a Baptist library.

THE will of God is like a rope thrown to us as we struggle among the untamed waves. To remain "independent" is to refuse all succor, all salvation; it is to wander without a compass and without a chart through the fury of the storm. To obey is to seize the rope, to face the blast, to brave the storm, to advance against the confederate waves, to let one's self be irresistibly drawn toward the invisible harbor where our Heavenly Father awaits us. Obedience is duty under all its forms. Obedience is faith and resignation. Obedience has for its watchword, "May thy will be done;" which means, "I will fulfill it when I am strong; I will accept it when I am weak."—Wilfred Monod.

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LIBERTY ASSOCIATION.

This association met August 6-7 with the Glasgow Baptist church, J. W. Loving, pastor. The meeting was called to order by the moderator, Judge S. E. Jones promptly at 10 A. M.

After the letters from the churches were read by Bro. J. L. Bryan and J. P. Brooks, Bro. Loving moved that Bro. J. H. Burnett cast a single ballot for Judge S. E. Jones for moderator, which was promptly done.

Bro. N. G. Terry, a veteran of the cross, made a motion that Bro. C. H. Hatchett be elected clerk by acclamation, and it was done.

The association was especially honored by the presence of three brethren, viz: Eli Owen, who has attended 59 sessions of the association; N. G. Terry, who has been a constant attendant for 50 years, and who was for many years moderator of the body, and Judge David Falkner, who rounded up 64 years' attendance at this meeting.

The report on State Missions was read, and Bro. J. G. Bow made a stirring speech, making use of his new map showing our mission stations.

The reports on Foreign, Home and District Missions were read and discussed together, and the great subject of missions was fully discussed, about six hours being given to that subject. Bro. J. H. Burnett, President of Liberty College, made a rousing speech, and was followed by Bro. G. H. Dorris, B. F. Page, W. F. Jagers, J. E. Page, J. H. Grimes, W. H. Smith, B. W. Garr, J. W. Loving, W. J. Levi, Henry Page and others, closing with an earnest appeal from our honored brother, N. G. Terry, urging them all to put their shoulders to the wheel and give whatever is possible to this grandest and noblest of all causes—missions.

The annual sermon was preached by Bro. W. H. Smith. Subject: "The great commission." While the total was not as large as the brethren wished, yet there was a decided increase in missions. The attendance was good and the attention splendid. It was a good meeting, and I deemed it a pleasure to be there.

There were two new churches admitted into the association—Glasgow Junction church, which has built and paid for a new house during the year, and Pleasant Valley, which has a house under construction now.

The next session will be held with Lone Oak church, that being the centennial celebration of that church. Bro. J. H. Burnett was chosen to preach the sermon.

Bro. J. U. Rogers, of Glasgow, was chosen messenger to the Southern Baptist Convention. Bro. Jas. Chenaunt was present and took great interest in the meeting. Bro. Elisha Dickey was an efficient member of the Entertainment Committee.

It was my pleasure to represent the WESTERN RECORDER, which is very popular in the association. J. HENRY BURNETT, Louisville, Ky.

"The world rules through pride, outward and inward. How many are members of this devil's order! They desire to be and appear somewhat, while their sins and infirmities are not to be numbered."

Princeton, Ky.

T. E. RICHY.

TAKE life all through, its adversity as well as its prosperity, its sickness as well as its health, its loss of its rights as well as its enjoyment of them, and we shall find that no natural sweetness of temper, much less any acquired philosophical equanimity, is equal to the support of a uniform habit of kindness. Nevertheless, with the help of grace, the habit of saying kind words is quickly formed, and when once formed is not speedily lost.

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ARCHAEOLOGICAL TESTIMONY TO THE BIBLE.

The critics are constantly discounting Bible history and thereby catering to the already skeptical spirit all too prevalent in the land. For instance, the story of Israel's oppression in Egypt has been denied as unhistorical, the claim being made that there was no such oppression. The Bible account says that the Egyptians "did set over them taskmasters to afflict them with their burdens. And they built for Pharaoh treasure cities, Pithom and Raamses." Further on it is said: "Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people, and their officers, saying, Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves. And the tale of bricks, which they did make heretofore, ye shall lay upon them; ye shall not diminish ought thereof."

The archeologists within a recent period have unearthed in Egypt these very "treasure cities" thirty-two centuries after they were built. The lower layers of bricks show good workmanship well made with straw. Then came layers of bricks having poorer straw, thus pointing to the time when the poor Israelites had to collect their own straw in whatever way they could. Then came other layers of bricks having no straw at all, showing they were made when even what straw these poor serfs had gave out.

Thus, as Dr. Schuchert says: "We read of sermons in stones. But here we have sermons in bricks and they preach to us this truth, that the Word of God is true, and that the history it records is reliable."

But that is only one of a vast number of unearthed testimonials to the authenticity of the Biblical story. And what makes the archeological proofs the more valuable is the fact that not one inscription yet discovered contradicts God's Word. Of the large number already found, all confirm the truth of the divine Word. Certainly this is a cause for rejoicing in all lovers of God's Word, while it is a source of great mortification to the carping critics. Let God be praised for it.

Princeton, Ky.

T. E. RICHY.

COME, take that task of yours which you have been hesitating before and shrinking and walking around and on this very day lift it up and do it.—Phillips Brooks.

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THE FARM
 KENTUCKY TRADE ITEMS.

The prospect is for an unusually large corn crop.
 Corn has been contracted for in some parts of the State at \$2.50 per barrel.
 Jake Graves, of Fayette county, sold 800 export cattle to Jonas Weil at 6 1/2 cts.
 Henry Smith, of Bourbon county, sold 90 export cattle, 1,400 lbs., at 6 1/2 cts.
 Floyd Congleton sold for September delivery to L. Bridgforth 15 feeders at 4 1/2 cts.—Mt. Sterling Advertiser.
 Total sales of tobacco in this market last week were 2,515 hhds., against 1,914 hhds. on corresponding week of last year.

One Robertson county farmer is making his bees pay, having sold 1,500 pounds of honey this season.
 I. C. Vanmeter, of Bourbon county, sold to Stm and Jonas Weil for Nelson Morris 75 export cattle, to go August 15th, at \$4.80.

Henry Ellis, of Henry county, sold 27 lambs to A. L. Hall, of Shelbyville, last week that averaged 100 lbs., for \$4.10 per 100.

Mr. Wm. Walters, of South Union, Ky., recently sold 40 head of cattle to Mr. Chas. Smith, of Bowling Green. They ran extra fine lot, averaging near 1,400 lbs., and brought the handsome sum of \$3,500.

J. C. Gentry & Bros. sold to D. B. Ghisham, of Mercer county, 100 bushels of seed wheat at 90 cents a bushel. They have also sold 90 bushels to W. T. Robinson and 85 bushels to J. G. Cecil at the same price.

J. B. Wilson & Bro. bought last week about 6,000 bushels of bluegrass seed at 72 cents per bushel; of Brooks Clay about 1,000 bushels; of Ase Bush, 1,500 bushels; of Ben Woodford, 3,000 bushels, and of John Woodford, 500 bushels.—Paris Kentuckian.

J. E. Wilson has sold to A. B. Rathbone 1,100-pound feeding cattle at 5 cents. John Young sold to Greene & Lyman 23 head of 1,300-pound cattle at 5 cts. straight. W. A. Sutton has sold to Lucien Bridgforth, buyer for Nelson Morris & Co., thirty 1,350-pound cattle, 20 at 6 1/2 cts. and 10 at 6 cents.—Mt. Sterling Gazette.

Mr. Carey Ward, of Newton, sold at the Richmond Fair last week a 3-year-old colt by Highland Denmark at \$260. Mr. Jno. Fagan, of this place, sold to Mort Nichols a bay 4-year-old for \$275. M. D. Martin, Jr., of Pointdexter, sold to Mode Nichols his 3-year-old sorrel mare at \$400.—Cynthiana Log Cabin.

Breakinridge county apple orchards are able this season to cope with any in Kentucky. Mr. Julius Dutechke, of Holt, has gathered and sold up to last week 240 barrels and 94 baskets of Early Harvest. For the best he received \$3 per barrel; for the suited, \$1.75. Mr. Dutechke thus realizes \$1,000 for his early crop.

Kentucky produces more tobacco than any other State in the Union. There are 264,677 farms, of which 93,584 made tobacco reports. They comprise 264,505 acres, and produce 314,289,050 pounds, valued at \$19,541,903, which was 23 per cent. of the production of the entire country in 1900, when the census was taken. The average yield per acre was 317 pounds, or 643.19. The total production of the United States was 983,505,000 pounds, valued at \$65,903,000. On Carolina and Virginia follow Kentucky in rank.

HOW I WORK MY GARDEN.

BY I S A.

My garden used to be plowed after the customary fashion of the village folks. But the plowman was always loath to take directions or suggestions from me. He would bring in two horses under the supposition that it was difficult land to plow, cut a wide furrow only half turned over, leaving the weeds pathetically sticking their heads out for a breath of air, and the ends of the garden where he turned his horses round would be trodden by them as hard as the highway, necessitating an additional somebody to dig it up. He was always the same plowman, no matter how called, and his name was Tradition. What had always been the way, was the way. The plow invariably slipped over the hard places and avoided the big stones, but turned up the yellow subsoil where there was no resistance. It pruned the roots of the trees and bushes without mercy; the horses took largesse of every tender stem within reach, and the plowman often of any root of value he had upturned; whatever came in the way of the trio was destroyed. For plowing there must needs be a clear field.

There are advantages in digging. Who digs will remove stones and weeds, not bury them, lest that involve greater labor later on, and the ground once more cleared gives hope for something better. These were foolish notions to the plowman. Stones were of value in holding the heat of the sun, in preventing the escape of moisture, and in keeping the soil loose and open; the ground would bake and crack if they were removed and, besides, no one could clear the ground of stones by removing them, for below the thin top soil it was all stones, and cultivation would work them to the surface. What good then in trying? And why be so foolish as to remove weeds when their decay would furnish food for plants?

Such counsels were well enough applied to a field. I wanted a garden. Through several years past I have been having the stones removed. There are nearly as many now as when I began, but they are in different places. After the largest ones had been carted away, permanent paths were excavated and filled with stones, the fences were banked with them, the berry patch was mulched with them. The plowman's argument for the stones coincided with my observation of nature's methods with her fruits, for in the wild berry and plum patches the best fruits came from the stoniest ground.

So I went out to dig, and the hens followed, for they knew the meaning of a spading fork. The plot of ground was large, as was my ambition; but I was small. With the stones in part removed, I thought I could say it. But how to get the largest crop with the least tillage called for invention. Plainly there must be space between the rows of things planted, and these would naturally be paths, and paths need not be dug—should not be, indeed. Was ever anything so uncomfortable to be walked over as a plowed field?

And how far apart need the rows be? Even with the paths subtracted, it would take an indefinite time to dig it; so I began early, weeks before the plowman would make himself visible, and while the snowdrifts yet lingered along the fences. The soil was gravel and sand and

stones, and it seemed reasonable to plant deep lest a drouth destroy. So I dug out trenches about a foot wide and eight or nine inches deep; in these I put the fertilizer and mixed it in with the soil. Every four feet across a four-rod strip I prepared such trenches, while the neighbors openly or secretly derided me, and the men tried to advise, and the women pitted. It was delightful to be out-of-doors, and the ways were much too sloppy for walking, so I took the digging simply as a constitutional, and enjoyed it. The hens, believing me to be working entirely in their interests, scratched the earth back into the trenches about as fast as I dug it out. They thus destroyed all worms and insect larvae, and were of great assistance in fling and mixing the soil, as well as furthering my enjoyment by increasing exercise.

At the end of a week, I had five four-rod rows planted and covered with brush to keep off the fowls. In this way, and at about the same rate, I dug the plot and planted it all in early peas. It is to be noted that when my neighbors began to make preparations for plowing, my earliest peas were in blossom.—Home and Flowers.

RECIPES.

I give this week for a useful and economical family soup and an excellent method of preserving eggs, which are so plentiful at this time of year, for the winter season.

TOMATO SOUP.

Melt four ounces of butter in a saucepan. Then slice ten tomatoes, three carrots, and three onions; place them in the butter, and let it simmer for a quarter of an hour. Then add two quarts of good stock, made previously from beef bones, pepper, salt, and a handful of savory herbs. Boil very gently for forty minutes. Take out the herbs and strain the liquor through a wire sieve. Serve very hot with crostons and mint.

HOW TO PRESERVE NEW-LAID EGGS.

Pour into a deep stone bread pan six quarts of lime, three-quarters of a pound of common salt, and one-and-a-half ounces of cream of tartar. Then pour in two gallons of cold water and stir it all well together. After leaving it to stand for twenty-four hours, it is quite ready to receive the eggs, which must be placed gently in, taking care that they are quite covered by the water. No eggs must be put in which are cracked or not new laid. This quantity will be found sufficient for about one hundred and thirty eggs, and will preserve them safely for six months. As the water will evaporate a little, more must be poured in now and again to keep the eggs covered. It must be previously boiled and permitted to get cold, when a little salt must be added before putting it in the pan. The latter should be kept in a cool, dry place, and on no account be disturbed. If this recipe is carefully followed, a bad egg will be rarely found after the six months of keeping.

HOW TO TEST A FRESH EGG.

There are two infallible methods of finding out if an egg is fresh. One way is to see if it will float or stand up in water. Another is to hold it up before a light. If the egg is fresh, the shell will have an almost transparent appearance.

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Items of Interest.

NEWS FROM THE WORLD OVER.

There has been another terrible mine disaster, this time in Australia. An explosion occurred in the Mount Kimbla coal mine at Wollongong, a transport forty miles from Sydney. Thirty-seven dead bodies have been taken out; 121 men were rescued, but the work of rescue was much hampered by the after-damp. It does seem that it is time for the governments to show more alertness in protecting miners.

Lieut. Hilderbrand, of the German army, killed his opponent in a duel. He was tried and condemned, but the Emperor pardoned him, and nothing the Emperor has done has so stirred the wrath of the German people. The Emperor, pardoned by the number of diktors whom this Emperor has had imprisoned, says plainly: "The stability of the monarchy has been shaken by this pardon, which is inappreciable to the people's sense of justice, and which contrasts so far from the ideal of the Christian conscience of the people is disgusted."

Official reports to St. Petersburg continue to tell of the rapid spread of cholera throughout all Manchuria. Russians and other Europeans are dying, as well as the Chinese, and the death toll is mounting. The reports from other places show the disease has spread over the greater part of Manchuria.

In a fight with the Philippines at Bayan, Mindanao, Second Lieutenant Albert B. Jordan, of the Twenty-seventh Infantry, was killed. He was a young man, only 21 years old, and he was killed in a war which is entirely over. The cholera is thought to be diminishing both in the provinces and in Manila, though the type is still very virulent.

The New York Times says the Jews still have an aversion against the "Israelite lands." There is no question of that. If the Jews accept, and it is almost sure he will, those millions will be a great thing for papal war against Protestants. The only reason which any papers of any shade object for buying the lands is that the Philippines do not like the Jews, and that a number of synagogues, headed by a leading rabbi, wishes to get hold of the lands. Whether either of these reasons is true or false, the idea of putting millions into the Jews' treasury is outrageous.

The Japanese at Korea, in honor of their ally, gave an entertainment to the British sailors on the British ships in the harbor. The British insisted that professional Japanese women of the town should be present, but the Japanese Japanese politely refused. Thereafter the British sailors made a riot, and for three hours smashed Japanese property. Japan must be proud of her alliance with England.

The jingo press of England represented the Boers as hurrying for King Edward. The London Daily News, the Liberal paper, did not believe such reports, and now publishes what a Boer wrote of their feelings: "We most yield before a superior power, which made war on us unjustly. No longer free burghers, but English slaves. It is almost impossible to believe. Sorrow is the expression on the face of every burgher here. We are still before God. He has ordered this in his all-wise counsel, and he will give us strength to bear whatever further is ordained for us."

Judge Cole, of the District Court in Washington City, evidently has not the fear of the foreign vote before his eyes. Some weeks since he refused naturalization papers to an Italian who had not read English, and has recently refused them to a German for the same reason.

The Russian Government has ordered an entire locomotive plant from Philadelphia, workmen and all. It is to have a capacity of building two hundred locomotives a year. It will be placed in Nizni Novgorod, where Russia already has a large car factory.

The United States troops have arrested in Arizona a remarkable young woman named Teresa Urrea. Seven years ago she began to work miraculous cures, as she claimed, among the Yaguas, a tribe of Aztecs, who live in superstition. She has led two or three revolts in Mexico against the government. Once Diaz banished her, and she came into the United States to live, only to lead a force across the river again. Now the United States troops have arrested her. There is much disturbance on the border on account of her.

A careful analysis of the death rate, published by the Knowledge, in London, shows that the decline in the rate is entirely among children. It is increasing among their parents. Between 6 and 20 the rate has increased 1 per cent, between 20 and 40 the increase is 1 1/2 per cent. Modern sanitary improvement saves the lives of children, but the strain of modern life increases the death rate of older folk.

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DEATHS.

For names of subscribers see insertion columns. Notice of 25 words free. We charge one cent a word for all over 25 words, inserted in advance. Over 25 words, we will not know at once what the charge will be. Under the heavy accompaniment of the text, I will be brought 1 cent to 25 words.

PETTUS.

Another of the Remond's Old Guard has passed away. Judge W. H. Pettus died June 26, 1892, at his home in Somerset, Ky. He had been a reader and warm friend of the Recorder for fifty years. He was born in Garrard county, Ky., September 2, 1817. His parents were Richard G. and Nancy Adams Pettus. The Judge was a student of Georgetown College. In 1848 he removed to Putnam county, where he resided till his death. He was admitted to the bar in 1841. He was successively County Judge, a member of the State Legislature and a member of the First Railroad Commission.

In 1850 he married Miss Elizabeth K. Hutchison, who bore him eight children. In 1878 he married a second wife, Mary B. Milton, who has a son, Eben M. Pettus, now grown. He joined the Drake's Creek Baptist church, Garrard county, in the seventeenth year of his age. He had been a member of the Somerset Baptist church longer than any one living at the time of his death. The court adjourned in honor of him. The Judge and the bar attended the funeral services at the Baptist church, which were conducted by the Rev. W. A. Rogers, and Rev. Harvey Gies, of the Presbyterian church. Touching respect was paid to his honor and memory by all classes of citizens in Somerset. A. B. C.

EDWARDS.

Katli Edwards was an ordinary young man. He was born in Walton, Ky., on August 7, 1832. With his mother and brother he came to Louisville on June 8, 1850. Soon thereafter he engaged in business and, with his mother and brother, joined Chestnut-street Baptist church. It is a beautiful charity that the good qualities of the dead and only leads their virtues, but the life of Katli Edwards needs no such generosity. The truth, alone, is highest praise. One who knew him from his infancy says: "If ever he did a wrong he did not know it." It is a great pity that since we have known him. As a son and brother; as a church member and a Christian, he was first amongst the best, and best amongst the first. His earnest talks and prayers in the meetings of the church, the Sunday school and the Young People's Society will long linger in our memories. Perhaps he was too good for earth, and so God took him. Without a farewell and without a cry of pain he took the only road God has laid out from earth to heaven. We call that death, but to such as he death means life.

What if the call came early? Is it not gain to die? What if the obit that holds the anchor yields? Will not the bark then gladly ride the billows? What if the eagle leaves its nest? Will not the soaring bird then free? What if the gardener cuts the flower? Shall it not bloom still better in his care? With prayers for those most dear to him, that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" may soften this affliction to them, we solemnly bid his memory in tenderness and tears, looking forward to the time when we shall again see him where tears-all tears—are wiped away.

THOMAS HARRIS, Bapt. Minister, Hopkins, Pa., Dec.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and that the said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every one of CHENEY'S that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

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Snyker:—"No; but rheumatism cured me of Christian Science."—Judge.

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- Intimations of Death.—Thomas a Kempis.
- Ince.—Auguste Evans.
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