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Handwritten things will drop out as the hand goes upon the larger duty or the greater ending, just as the hand that reaches out to grasp the great strong oak lets go its hold on the blade of grass it had gathered. Phillips Brooks.

Handwritten of theatre going a secular per not famous for its orthodox says: the emotion does not expend itself on ion, the last state of the man experience it is worse than the first." This is of listening to the best of plays. It is inherent evil connected with the man.

Handwritten the Episcopal church Congress England, Mr. A. Riley advocated use of images in the worship, stating they were a "help to devotion." That was Jacobson's opinion. He made the golden calves intended them as symbols of the power God, and not as images of other gods. What God thought of them is so plain-written that Mr. Riley, though a fool, did not have erred therein.

Handwritten the friend of images had the advantage of some of his brethren who opened them and yet had pictures in their robes. The images are no worse, and more Catholic and heathen. It was said that many of the audience sympathized with Mr. Riley. But Prebendary Webb-Peploe made a strong speech in which he said all such things should have place in the Protestant church of England.

Handwritten the trouble in the Church of England at the last two prime ministers have Baptists, and have appointed men who were of the apist wing of the church high positions. But Balfour, the present Prime Minister is a Presbyterian, and sympathies may reasonably be expected to be with the evangelical wing of the church. Lord Beaconsfield was the last Prime Minister who was an evangelical Anglican. He was indignant when the rector began calling the contribution offering, "in a silly and unscriptural manner" of the Catholics.

Handwritten the falling off in the Theological seminaries meant decrease in any denomination it would in the Presbyterian, for they insist more rigidly on theologically trained ministers. Rev. Mr. Helliwell, in a Presbyterian, proves that the decrease shows that their preachers are more generally giving the Seminaries the go-by. He said the students in the Seminaries decreased at quite large rates, he shows by statistics of ordinations, etc., a gain of 49 ministers in the last six years. This is a gratifying fact to those Presbyterians who have been troubled by reports of their decrease.

"The Sum of Holy Scripture."

BY JOHN T. CHRISTIAN, D. D., LL. D.

We have already seen in former articles that this important book was written in Dutch before Luther's Reformation, as early as 1523; and that it was translated into English before the English Reformation in 1528 or 9, by Simon Fish. The book, furthermore, teaches believers' baptism by immersion alone, and is utterly opposed to the practice of infant baptism. The book also clearly teaches other distinctive principles which were the tenets of the later Anabaptists. This book would, therefore, prove beyond any question that there were persons who held Baptist sentiments both on the Continent and in England before the Reformation. There must have been many such persons, as this book had an enormous circulation for those times.

Without repeating the statements made in the first of these articles, we give much additional information. We have already seen that the book was repeatedly published in England for a period of some fifty years, and we have given dates and references to libraries where copies can be found.

No sooner had the book appeared in English than Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, in a Council called for the purpose, condemned it in the most violent language. A long statement was prepared, and the Archbishop required that it should be read by the clergy throughout the country from their pulpits. Such was the profound impression made upon the Catholic church of England by this Baptist book before the English Reformation.

What is more to the purpose, there were Baptist men who were willing to die, and did die, for the principles it inculcated.

Simon Fish, the translator of "The Sum of Scripture," was one of these. He was attacked by no less a man than Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, and through his imprisonment died of the plague. His wife was also "grievously suspected" of heresy, and was sorely persecuted. After the death of Simon Fish she married a prominent man by the name of James Bainham. The sufferings of Bainham were terrible. Sir Thomas More threw him in prison at his own house in Chelsea, and whipped him at a tree in his garden, called the tree of Truth, and afterwards sent him to the Tower to be racked. Sir Thomas More himself being present. In this manner he was made lame. When his own wife would not accuse him, and tell where his books were hid, she was sent to the Fleet and their goods confiscated.

After they had thus practiced what they could against him by tortures and torments, he was brought before John Stokesley, Bishop of London, December, 1531, in the town of Chelsea, and examined on many things. We shall give only two items, namely:

"V. That he should say and affirm, that the truth of the Holy Scripture had been hid, and appeared not these eight hundred years, neither was known before now."

This would have been an excellent opportunity for James Bainham to have said there were no immersed believers in England before this, but he only replied that they had been more active these "six years." His words were:

"Lo this he said, that he meant no otherwise, but that the truth of Holy Scrip-

ture was never, these eight hundred years past, so plainly and expressly declared unto the people, as it had been within these six years."

He also declared his faith in believers' baptism. Touching the sacrament of baptism, his words were these:

"IX. That as many as repent, and do on them Christ, shall be saved; that is, as many as die concerning sin, shall live by faith with Christ. Therefore it is not we that live after that, but Christ in us. And so, whether we live or die, we are God's by adoption, and not by the water only, but by water and faith, that is, by keeping the promise made. For ye are kept by grace and faith, saith St. Paul, and that not of yourselves, for it is the gift of God."

They must have been active work going of among these Baptists of England since 1525, if we are to believe James Bainham. He was burned to death in Smithfield the last day of April, 1532. This Master Bainham, during his imprisonment, was very cruelly handled; for almost the space of a fortnight he lay in the bishop's guard house in the stocks, with irons upon his legs. Then he was carried to the Lord Chancellor's, and there chained to a post two nights; then he was carried to Fulham, where he was cruelly handled for the space of a week; then to the Tower, where he lay for a fortnight, scourged with whips, to make him revoke his opinions. From thence he was carried to Barking, then to Chelsea, then condemned, and so to Newgate to be burned.

Here were these martyrs expressly connected with the book "The Sum of Scripture," and that book utterly repudiates infant baptism and advocates only believers' baptism by dipping.

Bishop Stokely also abjured Henry Feldon, A. D. 1531, for having in English a copy of "The Sum of Scripture."

Bishop Stokely also abjured Walter Kiry, servant, A. D. 1531, for having and using after the King's proclamation "The Sum of Scripture."

We have thus given an account of five martyrs who laid down their lives in England for believers' baptism by dipping. How many more there were of these faithful men and women, who loved the Lord unto death, we do not now know.

The influence of "The Sum of Scripture," however, must have been tremendous. This is seen in the following years in at least three directions—

1. The constant decrees of the church and King and bishops against the books and translations put forth by the Anabaptists; and

2. The publishing in 1537, a book which was agreed to in council three years before, called, "The Institution of a Christian Man" (B. M. 3932, e. 30). This was doubtless intended as an antidote to "The Sum of Scripture," and was certainly aimed at the Anabaptists.

3. In 1546, for the second time, "The Sum of Scripture" was condemned by the authorities of the church (Fox, Book of Martyrs, vol. 2, p. 685). The condemnation of Archbishop Warham was reaffirmed. This only made the Baptists more active. Three new editions of "The Sum of Scripture" immediately appeared, namely, in 1547, 1548 (B. M., 4401, b. 2), and 1550 (B. M., C. 53, a. 19). The church regarded this book which taught believers' dipping as dangerous, the Baptists regarded it as fully representing their opinions and constantly republished it. If dipping had not been the act of baptism among the Baptists of this time

in England, they would not have been so industrious in circulating a book which taught no other form of baptism.

We shall give one more example which will show the powerful impression "The Sum of Scripture" made upon the Anabaptists, and this example also shows that the Anabaptists of England, in the reign of Edward VI., were in the practice of dipping. Giles van Bellan was put to death because he was a Baptist. In his last confession on the subject of baptism he used precisely the words the bishops had condemned in "The Sum of Scripture." These words were: "That no man can make any water holier than God makes it; therefore, the water in the font, nor the water in the church, is holier than the water in the river; for the water in the river is as holy as the water in the fonts, if a man be baptized in it, and the words of baptism be spoken over him" (Evans, Early English Baptists, vol. 1, page 81).

This passage is directly from "The Sum of Scripture," where the candidate was declared to be dipped in a river, and indeed the words here speak of the baptism in the font, in the river, in the water. But Giles van Bellan left nothing to infer even, for he at once expressed his opinion as to the form of baptism, for he immediately adds: "That every man may baptize in water as well as a priest" (Ibid., p. 81). There can be no doubt that this Baptist believed in dipping.

We have, therefore, demonstrated that the Baptists of England, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., were in the practice of dipping. This demonstration comes, not through their enemies, but in the very words of the Baptists themselves. They printed and reprinted this declaration in this most widely circulated book, they were condemned for believers' immersion alone by their enemies in two councils or convocations, and many of these Baptists made this declaration a part of their dying confessions. These Baptists were therefore dippers.

Handwritten Have you ever thought what a change it would make if you believed with all your heart and soul and strength and mind that God is? This one belief would alter everything. Some may even think that it would change too much; if we realized God as he really is, we could think of nothing else. This I do not admit. The thought of God should be to the best of our thinking, like the sky to other objects of the landscape—always there, blue, serene, unifying. In his presence, constantly and steadily realized, everything would find its right place; it would be easy to do right and difficult to do wrong. In fact, the problem of life would be solved.—James Stalker.

Handwritten GETTING Christ into the people will solve the problem of getting people into the church.—E. S. ALL our hard experiences are not failures; they are discipline to fit us for something higher. Ambition thwarted, expectation disappointed, the friend snatched from our side, the death that daily confronts us with its inexorable claims, are so many John the Baptists pointing to our King. Take that thwarted ambition of years, recognize its selfishness, and offer through the experience, in its full pain and humiliation, Whittier's prayer, Change the dreams of me and mine To the truth of thee and thine.—Dr. George A. Gordon.

Handwritten It is the lives like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage. No man or woman of the humbled sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of that goodness.—Phillips Brooks.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

By Senec.

"Should a Baptist church exclude a member whom they received without a letter, knowing that he had been excluded from another church, and knowing all the circumstances after he has been an active, useful member for five or six years?"

The church did wrong in all probability in receiving the member who had been excluded from a sister church. It certainly did wrong if it received him without having conferred with the other church, learned all its reasons for its actions and tried to have the brother restored to that church. It is possible that the church did this, and learned that the brother had been unjustly treated. Churches are not infallible. Once in a thousand times a man may have been wronged by his exclusion. In that case, if the injustice to him was clearly established, and patient and loving effort could not induce the first church to do justice, the second might rightly receive him.

But if the church did not take this course and treated her sister church so badly as to receive an excluded member without conference with her, she ought to repent of her behaviour. But the only thing open for her to do is to acknowledge her wrong doing and apologize to the other church. She ought not to exclude the brother unless he has done something deserving discipline since he was received, or, as I said, she learns that he deceived her at the time.

"A member of the church for six months had refused to attend the worship or to contribute anything for the expenses. His excuse was that he had sufficient evidence that the pastor is not leading an exemplary Christian life." I am asked if the church has a right to exclude the brother? Of course. A member has no right to refuse to contribute to the expenses of the church nor to absent himself from worship in this manner. So long as he is a member of the church, no church which has any self-respect and honors its Lord ought to permit such conduct.

What is meant by "not leading an exemplary Christian life" I do not know. I heard of a brother once who insisted that his pastor did not lead such a life because he played croquet, and he thought all games were wrong. This man may judge his pastor by his own prejudices and predilections and not by the standard of the Scriptures.

But it is possible, I am sorry to say, that the pastor is not leading a Christian life. If this is true, and the brother has indeed sufficient evidence, it is his duty to lay this evidence before the deacons. If they examine into the matter they may find that the pastor has been misrepresented to the brother. In that case if the offended brother is regenerated he will be deeply penitent that he should have taken up a railing accusation against his pastor when he had no positive proof.

If the deacons find the evidence is sufficient, their action will be based on the enormity of the offense. They will bring formal charge against the pastor before the church and have him deposed and expelled, if his guilt is such as calls for such action. Or they will see him privately, talk to him lovingly and sadly of his wrong doing, and pray with him.

It is conceivable that there may be a case in which the deacons and the church are so devoted to the pastor that no proof of his sin will have any effect on them. In that case the brother should call for his letter and join the nearest church. He has no right to continue a member of the church and refuse to contribute to its expenses and to attend its meetings.

"What ought to be done with a deacon of a Baptist church who signs a petition for a distiller to sell whiskey, and is continuously doing it?" I do not exactly understand this question. Distillers, I thought, sell to the retail trade and can

do so without any petitions of any kind. I think the petition must be for establishing a retail liquor house of some kind in the town. It is hard to write temperately and justly in regard to any man for whom I have such thorough contempt as I have for a Baptist deacon who would do such a thing as that. Whatever his professions of love to his Lord, it is very evident that he does not love his neighbor at all. And a man who assists in anything which does deadly harm to his neighbor's soul, body and estate may claim to love God supremely, but no one in heaven, earth or hell will believe him. That is strong language, you say? I wish I knew how to make it stronger. Certainly the church ought to ask him to resign as deacon, and ought to depose him formally from the office, if he refuses. But he ought not to be excluded from the fellowship of the church. I suppose no one has any confidence in his regeneration. But you can not exclude a man because you have no faith in his religion. For no infallible man is in any church who can decide upon a brother's conversion. Still I am afraid if I were present in church meeting and some one should move his exclusion, I would vote for it.

However, signing a petition for a saloon is not the unpardonable sin, and the brother is not beyond the reach of mercy. After he has been deposed from the deaconate, let his brethren pray earnestly to God for him, and labor with him to make him see the error of his way. But all direct laboring with him must be done wisely and lovingly.

The Human Minister

Being a Few Remarks by His Wife.

"But I am merely mortal," expostulated the minister; "I never pretended to be anything else."

"We pretended," I went on, unheeding the interruption, "and so it becomes your business to live up to your pretensions, and to lay aside all human failings as unbecoming the cloth. It's poor logic, but it's lay logic, and so I have decided that it's my duty to insist upon your immediate improvement, so that by example you may mightily influence your ministerial brethren. Now don't make any objections for they will be useless. A minister is below an angel and above a man and if Mahomet's coffin must hang eternally in air, it must at least hang with grace and confidence.

Every brand of minister has been in this house in three months, successful and unsuccessful, rich and poor (as we gauge poverty and riches) home foreign, evangelistic, retired, professorial and tentative.

They talk about themselves constantly (don't interrupt—you've said so yourself) and they dearly love a listening ear into which they may relate whether they "treated it" from this point or from that, exegetically, homiletically, expository, anecdotally, sacerdotally or tea-totally—"it" being the sermon. They want to know on the way home from church what is your "candid opinion." When they have invoked the lightning and taken shelter under a tree they object to being struck. They don't really want to know what you think; they want to know that you think as they think, which you seldom do!

They all want to move; they don't all say so, of course, but they all want to hear of vacant churches where the trustees are warranted sound and kind, never needing the whip, and where the deacons are merciful and mild; in short, where the happy family can live in harmony without having to "renew the lamb" more than once in ten years.

They are not always seeking money, although being only human, they feel the responsibility of the future of wife and children heavily at times, and often long for the mere human chance of laying by a little for a dark day. It isn't money that makes them want to move, but usually a desire to shift the deacons to other shoulders and to lay the trustees down altogether. (Now this desire to escape from the ungenerous criticism some men have to bear is a little human failing to be severely dealt with. You must learn to be utterly unmoved by bee-stings. Just brush the bees off and wear a smiling face.)

Lastly—I am preaching at you in points, none of you (not even you) are overburdened with humility. Some of the great men in the church were humble, some of them so humble; some of the unknown men are truly modest. But for the most part, all of you are filled with a sense of your own merit, which you know to be unaccomplished. You regard no pupil as a "new star" too large or a few feet too high. Being constantly before the public you must not fall into the human weakness of caring too much or too little

what the public thinks. Being constantly talked to and talked at and talked over and talked about, you must choose your propositions and refuse to be talked around, talked up, talked down or talked out. Difficult and dangerous grammatical and ecclesiastical task!

Other men might fail and be forgiven, but you are a minister. Being constantly thinking sermons you must learn that out of the abundance of the heart the lips should keep silence; being constantly and foolishly flattered you may never-the-less be guiltless of conceit.

Is this too much to ask? Not at all; you are a minister, and we are pretending that you are more than mortal.—Congregationalist.

That Good Part.

The story of Mary and Martha is familiar to every reader of the New Testament. Martha was cumbered with a burden of anxiety about temporal things. Mary was cumbered with a burden of anxiety about spiritual things. Martha discerned the life of the body and sought to make ample provision for it. Mary discerned the life of the soul, and sought to make ample provision for it. Jesus said, "Mary hath chosen that good part." No one can have the good part without choosing it. It will never come to him by accident or by birth or by the influence of others. It is not enough to believe in it. It is not enough to desire it. It is not enough to seek it. One must deliberately choose it as his permanent portion. He must choose it before every worldly good and above everything else.

Other things are good. Martha was interested in good things. The life of the body is good. The care of the body is good. The intellectual life is good. Education is good. Friends are good. They will do much to smooth the rough places in the journey of life. Money will stand one in good stead in many an emergency. None of these things are to be despised. We sympathize with Martha. We are much like her. The mistake she made was in failing to estimate good things in their true order and proportion. Had she appreciated the spiritual food which Jesus imparted to all those who sat at His feet she would almost have forgotten the daily meal. The best way to get the good things of this life is to seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. Lay fast hold on that good part and all other things will come in their order. To grasp greedily after temporal things and forget spiritual good is to lose both. He that will save his life shall lose it. Martha did not get the real good of the temporal things on which her mind was fixed.

To choose that good part is a duty. Duty is the highest motive. When one is confronted by duty he can not get around it nor get away from it. If he shall turn to the right hand it is there. If he shall turn to the left hand, lo, it is there. If he shall turn about and run away it will go before him. If he shall take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the earth it will still stand before him. If he shall cover himself with a mountain of worldly care and toil, stern duty will still stare him in the face. To seek God, to choose the spiritual life, is a duty. God's claim on us is more sacred than that of father or mother. The law which requires the son to honor his father is not more binding than the law that requires everyone to choose the spiritual life. No one can evade or attempt to evade this duty without covering his soul with shame.

It is best for this life. Some seek one kind of preparation for life, and some another. The only adequate preparation is Christ. In Him there is salvation from sin and all the evils that sin brings in its train. In Him there are unsearchable riches. In Him there is wisdom. He is the best Friend. He is the only safe Guide. "In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." In Him we have all things; and without Him we have nothing.

It is a good part because it saves from future misery and brings the soul to everlasting glory.—New York Advocate.

It is a spiritual separateness which the child of God must cultivate. The fundamental distinction must lie at the heart. It must be a difference in a Christian's loves from the loves that govern the man of the world. Out of Christ the natural man is controlled by his love of money, reputation, pleasure, or ease. But in Christ the regenerated man finds himself more and more—if he is living in any faithfulness to his Master—under the dominion of a great longing to be like Christ—to be good before all else. Therefore it is a wise selection of topic passages which links with the verses in II. Corinthians that say "Come ye out from among them and be ye separate," these other verses in I. John that say, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."—Sel.

The Wind Was Contrary.

The disciples had just witnessed the miracle of feeding five thousand men. They no doubt were filled with enthusiasm, and united with the multitude in the movement to take Jesus by storm. When he told them to embark in their ship, and to go over to the other side of the lake, it is strange that they hesitated, and even protested. Matthew tells us that he "constrained them" (chapter 14, verse 22). The most discouraging fact was that he evidently did not intend to sail with them. Where was he going? They had been with him, day and night, for many months. He was no practically saying, "You go to your homes in Capernaum. I don't want you as disciples any longer!" The more we think about it the greater is our sympathy with the reluctance of the twelve. But they obeyed. It was only six miles to Capernaum, and they could easily row there, under ordinary conditions, by 9 o'clock. Now, however, a contrary wind arose. It seemed to say, "The Master was mistaken. The divine Father, who Son he claims to be, evidently does not want to go to do what that Son has told you to. He is trying to drive you back." Here was a new trial of the faith. Why that adverse wind? Why was God apparently, working against the will and command of Jesus? Did not that wind mean that they should go back and take care of their boats, whose mistaken enthusiasm had led him to tempt them away? If such thoughts did not arise suggestively in their minds, no doubt Satan would suggest them. Yet they rowed on against the storm for six or eight hours, and at 3 o'clock the morning they were still nearly two miles from Capernaum. How weary they were. How sorely tempted to complain of the Master, who had constrained them. And yet they rowed on.

If they had known where Jesus was, and what he was doing, they would have been comforted. While they toiled on the sea he prayed on a mountain. But they were anxious about him as well as about themselves, and yet they rowed on. And then at 3 o'clock in the morning he came to them, walking on the sea. And then they understood that the contrary wind and all the toil and anxiety of that long night were to prepare the way for a new revelation of the power and love of their Master. He knew where they were all the time. He watched them while they prayed. He came to them just when their strength had failed, just when they needed him most—mighty to comfort and to save.

We all need the lesson of that night some of the sea of Galilee. Often, when we are trying to do the best to obey God, we encounter obstacles that have sent or permitted to come. Why does seem to work against us when we are working for him? Is it not, as in the case of those disciples, to develop in us a nobler faith, and to enable to give us fuller demonstrations of his care and love? As Christ was on the mountain that night praying to his Father, and yet watching his disciples and sympathizing with them as fully as he was beside them in the boat, even so he is for us now, though he is in the midst of a throne.

I read, the other day, of a tornado which roofed a church while full of worshippers. Many of them were injured and their place of worship dedicated to God, was made a wreck. Did send that tornado? And did he send it in love or in love? Was it not to test and purify the faith of his people? Peter tells us that the of our faith is "found unto praise, honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ" (I. Peter 1:7). Did he not find it so that night on the sea?—C. E. B. in Herald and Presbyter.

OVERULED FOR GOOD.—The very things have seemed most unfavorable to God's work often turned out for their good. What was the "persecution which arose about Stephen" to the church of Christ? "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere, preaching the Word." What harm did the imprisonment of St. Paul? It gave him time to write some of those epistles, which are now read all over the world. What real harm did the persecutions of Mary do to the cause of the English nation? The blood of the martyrs became seed of the church. What harm does persecution do the people of God at this very day? It drives them nearer to Christ. It only makes them cling more closely to the throne of grace, the Bible, and prayer. Let all true Christians do these things to heart, and take courage. There is a world where all things are ordered in a hand of perfect wisdom, and where all things are working together continually for the good of the body of Christ.—J. C. Kyle.

Alien Immersion.

BY REV. J. W. PORTER.

term "alien" in this connection is, to say the least, significant. As related to baptism, been used to designate all baptisms, other than those of their own denomination. The very name then would imply presumptive proof against their validity, and place the burden of proof upon those who favor them. This is further true from the fact that an overwhelming portion of Southern Baptists, have from time immemorial, and do refuse to accept of these baptisms as valid. Baptists, any custom or practice that is not Scripturally accepted, is presumed to be until the contrary is proven. Let us then in mind that the burden of proof rests upon those who favor the acceptance of alien immersion, as they do, a lone some minority of the assembly body of Southern Baptists. If these baptisms have been rightly denominated, and presumably they are, or the term would long ago been discarded, they are alien and not Scriptural baptism. The Bible unambiguously teaches that there is one baptism, and at any baptism that is not Scriptural, it is not baptism. It is axiomatic to state that a thing is alien to a certain thing is not equal to the thing. The sponsors then for this practice re-christen it, or repudiate it altogether—after a consummation devoutly to be wished. It will be conceded by all that have been called and named by other than a Baptist minister as baptisms. The Baptists, we believe, have no Scripturally ordained ministry, one of the duties of this ministry is to baptize those who apply for membership in our churches, and can give satisfactory evidence of repentance and faith. This ministry, as has proved amply adequate, has been ministered by those who have been accepted by their churches. We have our own churches and our own, and no organic connection with any religious body on earth; then whence the duty for departing from regularly constituted authority, and to accept that which is alien to it, when it is no better than a question? Is it wisdom for the church, indeed to the candidate, to receive him on terms, that will forever carry with it a question? Granted, for the sake of argument, such a baptism will pass muster, would we separate organization, with principles that exclude from all other baptisms, as we are used upon it. Would it not be better to baptize a person twice, than to take desperate measures on his having never been baptized? If we receive the baptisms of other denominations, do not also receive their ordinations, when their members come to us? Surely their ordinations are of less importance than their baptism. We are yet to hear of a Baptist church or conference, accepting a minister of another denomination (the ordination conferred by his church. If baptism is baptism at all, it is genuine and equal, and therefore on a perfect equality basis. Alien baptism is as good as ours, or it is not. There are no degrees in baptism, it is either baptism or it is not baptism at all, and it is or it is not baptism at all, and not allow their ministers to do all of our baptism for us? In the judgment of the writer, is an act, authorized by a Scriptural church; as there can be no such thing as an unscriptural church, the question from a Baptist point, ought to be of easy solution. The command to baptize was given to the churches, by a Scriptural church. If this is not true, the command to baptize was given to all the churches of Christ, and if given to all the churches of Christ, why should the advocates of this practice take from their members a duty and a privilege which Christ has conferred upon them? If they monopolize the right to baptize in their churches, not allowing their members to form a rite, which according to their own constitution was committed to them. According to contention, the very fact of being a Christian, itself confers sufficient authority to baptize anywhere, who can give a satisfactory evidence of grace. If the command to baptize is given to the churches, and delegated to a specified class, there is no escape from the above conclusion. If anyone but the churches has authority to baptize, from whence does such authority must come through the church, or from the Bible or by special direct revelation. If one will claim that God has given authority to baptize apart from church authority, we challenge his claim and call loudly for Scriptural evidence. If this is not true, then without church authority, be received by our churches, and if not, why not? Would such a man be from heaven or earth—appropriate the name of John's baptism. His authority must be from God or man, if from God produce the evidence that it is worthless. The command to churches is to "keep the ordinances blameless, then must not the churches be in control of or which they are solely responsible? The acceptance of alien immersion is further complicated as it comes in irreconcilable conflict with the accepted doctrine of restricted communion. The doctrine of so-called close communion is with the Baptists, a closed question. We believe that we do not do the immersion of the church, and therefore any teaching contrary to the accepted truth, is either untrue, or renders the church a false church. One or the other is true. Admittedly our strongest argument for restricted communion is, that baptism is a prerequisite to the Lord's table. How can we keep one from the Lord's table, be-

cause he is, in our judgment, unbaptized; and then receive him into the same church upon the same baptism that he had when he offered himself at the table. Is the Lord's supper a higher privilege than the Lord's table? Is the table greater than the whole? To successfully maintain alien immersion we must then reconstruct our invitation to the Lord's table, and make it something after this fashion: "All immersed believers of any faith or order, in or out of any church, are cordially invited to remain and participate with us." It is a notable fact, which evidences a logical connection, that a large number of those who hold to alien immersion, likewise hold to open communion, and in sections where alien immersions are received, the sentiment for open communion is always strong. If the foregoing statement is called in question the proof will be gladly furnished. It is not surprising to believe that alien immersions are Scriptural, we agree with most of those who administer them. For example, the far larger portion of the Peilo-Baptist ministers who perform these sporadic instances of immersion, claim that Christ was not immersed, and do all within their power to dissuade the candidate from being immersed. They acknowledge the lack of Scriptural authority for baptism, and in refusing them, we only accept their baptism at their own valuation, of which, charity, at least, would constitute them the best judges. No one has a right to ask me to value his baptism more highly, than he himself esteems it. We would not allow one of our ministers to baptize who did not believe in, and preach against immersion. Where should charity begin, and how far? But it is claimed that if we deny the validity of alien baptism, we are logically driven to deny that the churches that administered these baptisms are Scripturally instituted and organized. This is exactly what the writer does deny, and that too in the most emphatic form. How, for instance, can two churches, widely differing in doctrinal opinions, and government, administer the same Scriptural ordinance for both, and the same sacrament for their antithetical faith and practice? This would be to make Christ, the Head of the churches a contradiction and the author of confusion, and afford an illustrious example of a "house divided against itself." Is it conceivable that Christ would call one man to preach that there is one baptism, and another one to preach that there are three baptisms, or three forms of a form? Did He call one to preach apostasy and another to preach final perseverance? Did He call one to sprinkle babies and another to denounce it as unscriptural and unreasonable, and therefore wholly execrable? Reason repudiates it as unreasonable and unthinkable. You may tell a thousand untruths concerning a given occurrence, but if the truth is told concerning it, you are shut up to one version. Truth is a unit, absolute and indivisible, and can never have but one version. The very existence of a church presupposes a Scriptural origin, a pure gospel and the "keeping of the ordinances blameless." If these alien organizations have these requirements, and their government, are equal to the same things are only, and alone, equal to each other. It will not do to reply that while they do not teach the truth concerning a given subject, but that they have enough of it, to entitle them to the name of Scriptural churches. The writer would like to ask how much of truth a church may have to be called Scriptural, and how much of error it must hold to become unscriptural. It appears to the writer that one drop of poison is quite enough to spoil an entire glass of water, or one fly a whole pie. Is there a Baptist who believes that the Baptist churches teach anything but the truth? If so, will he kindly point where the error is. The writer will assume the task of doing so for his Peilo-Baptist friends, and for the sake of the nation. The only similarity between Baptist and other churches is in practice, and not in faith and doctrine. In practice we may both be much alike some kind and genial sceptic. We shall do well to give heed to the Word: "Now I beseech you, brethren, to mark them which cause divisions and offenses, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned and avoid them"—why not their baptism also? But it is urged that if a man honestly believes that he is baptized, and is baptized according to the Scriptural mode, that it is sufficient to constitute baptism. According to the same parity of reasoning if one had applied to Bob Ingersoll, believing him to be a preacher, and had been immersed by him, he would have been a valid baptism. Along the same line of logic, the man that honestly reads the Bible, believing in universal salvation, ought to be saved without repentance and faith. It is urged that should a man purchase marriage license from one who had no authority to issue them, that his intention would govern, and the man would be held to account as legal. This is true, but it is only true by special enactment, and if the law laid down certain conditions necessary to a legal marriage, and did not supplement this by special legislation or judicial construction, such license would not constitute authority for marriage. The Bible has no supplemental legislation, and no extra judicial construction for civil purposes. For example, should a merchant purchase license to do business from a wrong party, it would not give him a right to do business, however honest he might have been. Ignorance is no excuse in natural law or grace. It is further claimed by the advocates of alien immersion that if we reject it we are driven to establish church succession, and hence that we, if any, could ever be sure of their baptism. This claim is but an ingenious attempt to vitiate an argument by making it prove too much. The rejection of alien immersion does not depend upon church succession in any way. One who desires a thing should seek it at the right source. The man who seeks baptism ought to apply at the

right source. The man who seeks baptism ought to apply at the right place, that is a Baptist church, and then should he have any doubts as to his baptism, he would at least have the consolation of knowing that he used due diligence, applied at the right place, and has behind him the approval of his church. It will not suffice to make hypothetical cases of a far-off missionary and no church. It will be time to meet these cases when they arise. The writer has baptized many, and has yet to hear of one, baptized by himself, or any other Baptist preacher who has doubted his baptism. To the contrary he has known many, upon their own motion, to repudiate their Peilo-Baptist immersion, and demand Baptist baptism. Many others, like the disciples at Ephesus, coming to a knowledge of the real design of baptism, have, upon their own initiative, sought to be re-immersed. Surely where it is so easy to have the best, it is impolitic, unwise and unscriptural to confer that which is inferior, and to accept that which is the act of a church, which by their own act they have repudiated. The writer is of the opinion that there is vast difference between having saving faith and being in "the faith," "once for all delivered to the saints"—and a long time ago. The revised version emphasizes the distinction, and it is well to maintain that which is just and in our treatment of the practices of others. He it understood that the author of this paper is fully aware that the views herein set forth may, more or less, justly entitle him to the name of "landmark," but, if so, his shame is his glory. He is "narrow" and trying to walk in that narrow way, spoken of by the master, especially paid for by narrow people. Truth can never be broader than its own limitations. We have never aspired to be broad enough to enter the "Broad way," that has a somewhat uncomfortable termination. Landmarks are indispensable to the welfare of any community, and so, too, are the spiritual landmarks of the church, the Zion. Heed the injunction, "Remove not the ancient landmarks." The modern spiritual definition of charity can never be synonymous with truth, without vitiating eternal verities. Africa. Those who have heard the addresses of Rev. C. B. Antisdel, will read with still greater sympathy and sorrow the following words just received from Brother Joseph Clark, of Ikoko Station, far up the Congo: "I suppose the king of Belgium is responsible for the terrible slaughter which is going on among the natives. Were it not for the assurance that God reigns we should give up the work in despair. I think the policy of the state agents is very shortsighted, but present gain, no matter at what future loss, is the dominant idea. In these wars upon the villages, women and children suffer with the men. Up till recently, possibly going on now, native soldiers were sent out alone to bring back human hands (right hands) as proof that they had killed people. I have seen what I felt certain were the hands of women, and without question, the hands of little children not over three to five years old. Worse still, I have seen bodies from which the hands had been cut while still alive as proved by the bleeding from arteries—blood having been sent by the heart's action about four feet away from the body. And if more were needed to show the awful way in which this work was done, I have seen a little girl of probably less than three years, and a little boy of say four years, whose right hands were cut off while they were otherwise unharmed, and they left to die from the amputated arm. By our help both these little children were sent home a few months ago but gradually sank and died. She had been about three days uncaared for in the bush beside her dead mother and a little brother (both shot by soldiers) and her system had received an awful shock. The boy attends school here now. "A short time ago when I was away from home, one of the state soldiers caught a woman not far from Ikoko who belonged to a rebellious town. He took her prisoner unharmed, as the woman made no resistance. He then stood her up on the beach not far from our mission station, and shot her. This is not an exaggerated story told by the natives to us. My wife and her brother went to the place where the deed had been done and saw the body; saw that the hands had been tied and that they had been cut off as proof of a "good deed done." And more, they saw that a string, or native rope, had been tied around the woman, and it evidently had been held by some one to prevent her running away when the soldier was to shoot her. "Another day a missionary was telling some men and women of God's love, when a soldier came up and found fault with an old man regarding the quality or quantity of rubber he had brought. He took his rifle and shot the man dead ere the missionary could say a word in protest. It is this treatment at the hands of native soldiers more than the rubber tax, that has at last forced the natives, in despair, to turn and fight the state. They used to be afraid of guns, but now they find that for bush fighting bows and arrows are nearly as good as guns, and they are determined to fight. With the force on the lake (about 180 soldiers) I feel sure the state can not compel submission while the people hold together. Some of the state agents are very mild with the people in comparison with others. Of course they compel the people to do what they are told but they manage it without bloodshed." Many indeed think of being happy with God in Heaven, but the being happy in God on earth never enters into their thought.—John Wesley.

The Sermon Harvey Didn't Hear.

A well known clergyman has made it his custom for a number of years past, to spend a greater part of each summer season in the Adirondacks. For nearly all of this period it has been a plan of his family to intrust their comfort to one faithful guide, Harvey by name. Ever since the chapel was built near the preacher's camp, it has been his habit to preach there several times each season. One day last summer he said to Harvey: "I never see you at church. How is it that you never come? You would be welcome. Come next Sunday." "Well, you see, sir"—and Harvey seemed in a half-apologetic mood for his neglect—"you see, sir, I don't have very much time, and—ah—those things—church services, and so on—are matters which do not interest or concern me. I fear, sir, I am a man of the world, rather than a man of the church." "Will you not come and hear me next Sunday morning?" There must have been considerable earnestness in the preacher's words, for Harvey promised. From here the story is told in the clergyman's own words: "I went to work on that sermon. It was to be for him, and him alone. I was determined to touch his heart. He was a brave, manly fellow, good and kind in his home, and well worthy of any sermon which might be given in his behalf. But the word came Tuesday that he was ill—very ill, as I found on going to his home. I was never permitted to see him alive again, for on Wednesday night his life went out. "Saturday morning came, and I was asked to conduct the funeral services; but I had to decline from shame. I had known Harvey for ten or a dozen years, and had been then a week before he died the first time in my entire life that I had spoken to him of higher and better things than this world and this life afford. And even then I had only asked him to come to church, to hear a sermon which I was to preach. On Sunday morning I preached that sermon—my sermon to Harvey—but the words were spoken too late. He was not there in the churchyard, and I had neglected a great and a vital opportunity.—Sunday school Times. NOW, IS THE DAY OF SALVATION.—Canon Wilberforce tells a pathetic story illustrating the force of the little word "now." It was of a miner who, hearing the Gospel preached, determined that if the promised blessing of immediate salvation were indeed true, he would not leave the presence of the minister who was declaring it until assured of its possession by himself. He waited, consequently, after the meeting, to speak with the minister, and in his untoward way, said: "Didn't ye say I could have the blessin' now?" "Yes, my friend." "Then pray with me, for I'm not gona' wait 'till it's over." And they did pray, these two men, until the weeping miner heard silent words of comfort and cheer. "I've got it now!" cried the miner, his face reflecting the joy within; "I've got it now!" The next day a frightful accident occurred at the mines. The same minister was called to the scene, and among the men, dead and dying, was the quivering, almost breathless, body of the man who, only the night before, his hope and bravery, came to him to know if salvation could really be had now for the asking. There was but a fleeting moment of recognition between the two ere the miner's soul took flight, but in that moment he had time to say, in response to the minister's sympathy: "Oh, I don't mind, for I've got it."—Herald and Presbyter.

Literary. All the Books noticed in these columns will be sent at publishers' prices by the Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., postpaid to any address, upon receipt of the price. MAGAZINES. Seven important men are discussed in the February number of The Cosmopolitan: "The Young Napoleon," by Field-marshal Viscount Walsley; "Leo Tolstoy: An Interpretation Done in Little," by Elbert Hubbard; August Belmont, by R. H. Graves; Henry M. Whitney, by A. E. MacFarlane; "The Triumphal Tour of Adolf Lorenz," by John Brisbane Walker; William McKinley, by H. R. Knapp; and "President McKinley's Tours," by W. W. Price.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

From St. Pierre we sailed to St. Vincent, passing Nevis, famous as the birth place of Alexander Hamilton and as the place where Lord Nelson was and won Mrs. Nesbit, whom he so shamefully abandoned. A little farther on is St. Lucia, off which Rodney defeated the Grasse and established British supremacy over the seas, and saved England's pride from the loss of her American colonies. Strange as it now seems England is a far greater store by these West Indian islands belonging to her than by the thirteen colonies that became the United States. Now these islands are commercially in decay and can be made prosperous only by annexing them to the United States. But before we consider taking possession, let us see what we can do with Porto Rico.

St. Vincent is the southernmost point of our cruise, only 180 miles from South America, and almost a night of Tobago—Robinson Crusoe's island. Here is the great volcano Soufriere—sister of Pelee—which last May burst forth and isolated one third of the island—killing 8,000 people. It happened no large city was near, as in the case of Pelee, and hence the loss of life was much less, but the eruption and the devastation were well nigh as great. Soufriere made an explosion only the day before we reached the island, which we were sorry to miss seeing. Then just two days after we were at St. Pierre, Pelee made a terrible explosion which blew 800 feet off one side of the crater, and which would have frightened us had we been near. Both these volcanoes, however, behaved as well as an active volcano can be expected to behave while we were near.

Kingstown, St. Vincent, is an interesting old town, and here is the finest botanic garden I ever saw. It is kept up by the government. All the trees of the region are gathered here and they grow in their majesty. Many kinds of palms, the royal, the cocconut, the traveler, the caryota, &c., &c., &c. Then here is the teak; the pepper, the coffee, the breadfruit, the nutmeg, the India rubber, &c., &c., &c. The cocoa tree—whence we get chocolate—is a beauty when hanging full of ripe fruit as we saw several we saw. Here, too, our cotton grows to be a tree, bearing the same bolls, only smaller and sweeter. Perhaps the strangest tree is the cannon ball tree, which grows large balls the size of a 12 or 18 pounder, and when one of these balls ripens and drops it bursts with a loud explosion.

Here in St. Vincent is one of the colonies of the Carib Indians, the remnant of a mighty race. Gen. Atkinson and I drove over the mountain to their village and were richly repaid. All along we met native women going to market with heavy baskets filled with fruits, vegetables, charcoal, &c., &c. These baskets were heavy but the women walked jauntily under them, holding themselves erect, and walking with a peculiar swinging motion. They carry these burdens from three to twelve miles, and in case their wares fall short of the usual weight; these women make up the difference with stones. We met several men, and they were walking leisurely and bearing no burden. We accosted them and tried to shame them into relieving some of these women of their loads, but the men and women only laughed at the suggestion. On the way we found a

Negro woman—nearly all these people are Negroes—who had quadruplets. They were between three and four years old, and I got a kodak shot at the mother and these four children, and then gave her a shilling. The Negroes here are very prolific, while the whites are moving away more and more. The Caribs are a very interesting people. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday was a Carib. Columbus and others represented them as a very kindly disposed and industrious people, while yet brave in war. They resisted the Spanish for a century. Their ideas have a peculiar interest. They called the fingers "the hand's babies," the wife was "the heart," their worst denunciation was "you are no good," and the rainbow was "God's plume." They believed brave men go to a happy land after death while cowards go to a land of deserts and rugged mountains. Their chief industries now are filling the soil and weaving baskets. All tourists want to secure these baskets.

In these islands there are a good many Hindoos, brought here for labor, and they retain all their peculiarities of dress and ornament. Some of them have rings in their noses, and they wear the shortest pants I ever saw—terminating eight or nine inches above the knees.

In some of these islands there are some Baptists. I could hear of none in Martinique, however. In Antigua I hired a man to take me to the home of a "Baptist preacher," but getting there I found him a Seventh Day Advent preacher. Yet we had a pleasant visit. The English Wesleyans have long had missions in these islands and they were long prosperous, but now they share the general depression. The Methodist pastor at Kingstown, St. Vincent, belongs to the "Council" of the island. There are eight members, four elected by the people and four appointed by the governor. The four chosen by the people are mere figure heads, having no right to introduce any measures. The people are heavily taxed to pay big salaries to useless officials appointed by the British crown. The main use the British have for these islands is the offices for younger sons and for favorites, who are thus provided for. This state of things, however, can not last. Something will be done. The people all, save the salaried officials, desire annexation to the United States. But whether we want them, is a question still to be settled. We certainly do not propose to fight for them. If we take them they must come to us, as many think they will do ere long. Certainly they afford a fine field for the winter tourist. Yet even January here is as hot as July in Kentucky. When you come this way be sure to bring your thinnest summer clothes.

Fraternally, etc., T. T. EATON.

BE CONSISTENT.

NEWELL DWIGHT HILLS.

You will not join a church because of inconsistent church members! Consistency, then, is the word you wish to emphasize. Very well. Here is the world of trade and commerce. To-morrow, merchants will adulterate their goods, traders will tamper with their weights, milkmen will water their milk, drapers will sell cotton for silk, clerks will steal money from the bank, and the whole kingdom of trade stands for hypocrites and lies. Since you do not care to

associate with hypocrites, withdraw from business, and pledge yourself never again to enter the kingdom of commerce. If inconsistent members keep you out of the church, why do not inconsistent members keep you out of business? Here is the kingdom of law: To-morrow lawyers will be tricksters. They will suborn witnesses. They will conceal evidence. They will deal in subterfuges. But because some lawyers are unprofessional, will that compel you to stand aloof from the study of jurisprudence? Here is the kingdom of love and marriage. To-morrow some man will play false to his marriage vow, and some woman will profane the holiest sanctities, and those who have solemnly pledged themselves to the law of love will stand forth clothed with hypocrisy as with a garment. But does their inconsistency mean that you can never find your home, and that you can never stand at a marriage altar, and never swear fealty in the name of an eternal friendship? Why, there are spots on the sun, but we need the sun for harvest. To be consistent, you must give up the Venus de Milo, because there is a flaw in the marble. We must pull down the Parthenon, because there are black stains on the columns. Now, something is wrong in the maff who refuses allegiance to the church because of inconsistency, but turns around and gives allegiance to a hundred other institutions, in the very face of greater inconsistencies.

The time has gone forever for men to plead the bigotry and bad lives of the unworthy disciples of a Master who confessedly is wor-

thy. Peter and Judas were not Christian and misrepresented their Master. But in that hour of misrepresentation they ceased to be disciples and became hypocrites. Let all those who dislike hypocrisy leave immediately the company of Judas and Peter with his denial and join the ranks of the other ten.

There are many poor pupils in schools and colleges, but when you find some youth who is far from being the ideal scholar, do not rail against the college and the university. The poorer the scholar the more necessary the maintenance of the school in which he studies. If men in the church are sinful and weak and full of error, it is the more necessary to strengthen the church, that manhood later may be strengthened. Unconsciously, he who urges the inconsistency of Christians and rails against their errors, has forged a weapon that turns against himself.

How ungenerous are all these excuses, as well as how wicked! We live in God's world. He hath fitted up this world-house as no prince hath ever fitted up the halls of a palace. We breathe His air, are warmed by His sun, we feed upon His harvests, we are pilgrims who stoop and drink at His fountains. The angel of His providence goes before us to prepare life's way; the angel of His mercy follows after us to recover us from our transgressions. And how shall men meet such overflowing generosity save with instant obedience? What mark across the page or memory so black as the mark of ingratitude?

A CORKER But Not Much of a Pastor.

There was an old clergyman in Central New York State some years ago who was a very powerful speaker but whose private life was by no means exemplary. Some of the more outspoken of his parishioners were in the habit of remonstrating with him regularly about this and his reply invariably was "Don't do as I do, do as I tell you to do."

It is so with a great many physicians. There are hundreds of medical men who fully understand the folly of drinking coffee and tea, who tell their patients not to drink either, yet who use one or the other themselves. But sometimes it knocks even the doctor out and he has to quit Old King Coffee. A physician of Waseja, Minn., says: "I was a liberal user of coffee from my youth and my health broke down while at college in 1880, at 25 years of age, but I continued to use coffee until 1898 although I was nervous and suffered constantly from a condition known as diabetes insipidus, a condition that is well-known to be due to nervousness. My weight was below par and no diet or tonic medicines were sufficient to restore my vitality and strength.

"In 1898 I became suspicious of coffee and I broke off the habit by taking up Postum. Since that time my nerves have become strong and well and my weight has increased about 30 pounds. Well boiled it is a delicious, healthful drink, heavy with strength and muscle making qualities." Name furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Even if your physician does drink coffee, you had better do as he tells you to do. Give Postum a trial. That's the easy way to shake off coffee and get well and keep well.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER TROUBLES PROMPTLY CURED.

A Sample Bottle Sent FREE by Mail.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in promptly curing kidney, bladder and uric acid troubles, rheumatism and pain in the back. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp Root is not recommended for everything, but if you have kidney, liver, bladder or uric acid trouble you will find it just the remedy you need.

If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty cent and one-dollar sizes. You may have a sample bottle of this great kidney remedy, Swamp Root, and a book that tells all about it and its great cures, both sent absolutely free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing, be sure to mention that you read this generous offer in the Louisville Western Recorder. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

PROGRAMME.

The following is the programme of the fifth Sunday meeting of the Salem Association, to be held with Strithton Baptist church March 27-29, 1903:

- FRIDAY, 10 A. M. Devotional Exercises, J. W. Hickerson. The History of Revivals, J. W. Downer. Various Kinds of Baptisms, J. T. Bowden, J. S. Willett. The Bible Doctrine of Sin, T. J. Duval. Partial or General Atonement, W. H. Bruner, C. M. Buchanan. What are the churches doing towards raising the amounts requested by the Association for missions this year? J. T. Lewis, L. C. Argabright. A Christian's financial obligation, D. F. Shacklett, J. J. Willett. What is the proper relation of the individual church to the kingdom of God? J. L. Hart. Sermon on Missions, J. J. Willett.

SUNDAY.

- How can the church member support the Sunday School? Sunday School Lesson, How best conducted? J. B. Henderson, C. E. Burnell. Sermon, Preacher selected later. J. W. Downer, J. T. Bowden, T. J. Duval. Committee. Yours fraternally, T. J. Duval, Nolm, Ky., Feb. 15, 1903.

It was my pleasure recently to meet Rev. J. M. Fowler, formerly pastor at Sulphur and other churches, in White Run, Sulphur and Concord Associations in Kentucky. He now lives at Pleasant Ridge, Ohio, and is pastor at Newtontville, Ohio, and Licking church, near Fort Thomas, near Newport, Ky. He is doing fine work, and we wish him great success. H.

SHELBYVILLE, KY.

It was my pleasure to visit the home of Brother John A. Middleton, known as the Maple Grove Stock Farm, on Saturday before the 2nd Sunday in this month, to preach for Rev. Henry McDonald, D. D., the beloved pastor, on Sunday morning. The many friends of Bro. Middleton will be glad to learn that he is convalescent and gradually regaining his normal health.

I greatly enjoyed seeing the noted stable of trotting bred harness horses, owned and bred by Jno. A. Middleton and Son, and to be sold by Trauter Kenney Co., at their auction sale on 25th and 26th of March, 1903, at Lexington, Ky. It is with much reluctance that John A. Middleton and Son give up this branch of their business, that for sixteen years they have found so pleasant and profitable. It is done only to lessen the responsibility and business care of the senior member of the firm. The offering consists of 42 head of choice bred trotters. This will afford buyers an opportunity to secure stallions, brood mares and youngsters of the most desirable speed producing blood lines at their own prices, as every animal will pass under the hammer without reserve.

The firm has made annual sales in New York, Chicago, Lexington, etc., of many horses, bred by them, and of the number thus sold have never had a reserve or by bid on a single animal. Neither have they ever had a buyer claim any misrepresentation or throw a horse back on their hands. This consignment will go to the highest and best bidder, as all others have gone.

Any one wanting a catalogue of this sale will be supplied by writing Jno. A. Middleton & Son, Shelbyville, Ky. W. P. HARVEY.

LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant
soul,
Not hastening to, nor turning from, the
goal;
Not mourning for the things that dis-
appear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with
a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with
cheer:

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Through rough or smooth, the journey
will be joy;
Still seeking what I sought when but a
boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a
crown,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's
zeal,
Because the road's last turn will be the
best.

—Henry Van Dyke, in The Outlook.

Our Pulpit.

THE SADDEST CRY FROM THE CROSS.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani! that is to say, My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"—Matthew xxvii:46.

During the time that "Moses kept the flock of Jethro, his father-in-law," he "came to the mountain of God, even to Horeb," and there he saw a strange sight—a bush that burned with fire, and yet was not consumed. Then Moses, apparently constrained by curiosity, was drawing near, in order to examine this phenomenon, when he heard God's voice say to him, "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." We also may well feel, as we think of our Lord Jesus in his agony, that the voice of God speaks to us from the cross, and says, "Curiously—bold, daring, prying intellect—draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is the very Holy of Holies, unto which no man may come except as the Spirit of God shall conduct him thither."

I think I can understand the words, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" as they are written by David in the 22nd Psalm; but the same words, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" when uttered by Jesus on the cross, I can not comprehend, so I shall not pretend to be able to explain them. There is no plummet that can fathom this deep; there is no eagle's eye that can penetrate the mystery that surrounds this strange question. I have read that, once upon a time, Martin Luther sat him down in his study to consider this text. Hour after hour, that mighty man of God sat still; and those who waited on him came into the room, again and again, and he was so absorbed in his meditation that they almost thought he was a corpse. He moved neither hand nor foot, and neither ate nor drank; but sat with his eyes wide open, like one in a trance, thinking over those wondrous words, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And when, after many long hours, in which he seemed to be utterly lost to everything that went on around him, he rose from his chair, someone heard him say, "God forsaking God? No man can understand that;" and so he went his way. I do not marvel that our text presented itself to the mind of Luther in that light. It is said that he looked like a man who had been down a deep mine, and who had come up again to the light. I feel more like one who has not

been down the mine, but who has looked into it—or like one who has been part of the way down, and shuddered as he passed through the murky darkness, and who would not dare to go much lower, for this cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani!" is a tremendous deep; no man will ever be able to fathom it.

So I am not going to try to explain it; but, first, to utter some thoughts about it; and then, secondly, to draw some lessons from it. We may find many practical uses for things which are beyond the grasp of our minds, and this saying of our Lord may be of great service to us even though we can not comprehend it.

I. First, then, let me utter some thoughts about this strange question: "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Jesus was accustomed to address God as his Father. If you turn to his many prayers, you will find him almost invariably—if not invariably—speaking to God as his Father. And, truly, he stands in that relationship both as God and as man. Yet, in this instance, he does not say, "Father;" but "My God, My God." Was it that he had any doubt about his Sonship? Assuredly not; Satan had assailed him in the wilderness with the insinuation, "If thou be the Son of God," but Christ had put him to the rout; and I feel persuaded that Satan had not gained any advantage over him, even on the cross, which could have made him doubt whether he was the Son of God or not.

I think that our Saviour was speaking then as man, and that this is the reason why he cried, "My God, my God," rather than "My Father." I think he must have been speaking as man; as I can scarcely bring my mind to the point of conceiving that God the Son would say to God the Father, "My God, My God." There is such a wonderful blending of the human and the Divine in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ that, though it may not be absolutely accurate to ascribe to the Deity some things in the life of Christ, yet is he so completely God and man that, often, Scripture does speak of things that must belong to the humanity only as if they belonged to the Godhead. For instance, in his charge to the Ephesian elders, the apostle Paul said, "Feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood;"—an incorrect expression, if judged according to the rule of the logician; but accurate enough according to the Scriptural method of using words in their proper sense. Yet I do think that we must draw a distinction between the Divinity and the humanity here. As the Lord Jesus said, "My God, My God," it was because it was his humanity that was mainly to be considered just then.

And O my brethren, does it not show us what a real man the Christ of God was, that he could be forsaken of his God? We might have supposed that, Christ being Emmanuel—God with us—the Godhead and the manhood being indissolubly united in one person, it would have been impossible for him to be forsaken of God. We might also have inferred, for the same reason, that it would have been impossible for him to have been scourged, and spit upon, and especially that it would not have been possible for him to die. Yet all these things were made, not only possible, but also sacredly certain. In order to complete the redemption of his chosen people, it was necessary for him to be both God's well-beloved Son, and to be forsaken of his Father; he could truly say, as his saints also have sometimes had to say, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Formented and forsaken by a lover, behold your Brother in adversity! Behold the One who has gone wherever you may have to go, who has suffered more than you can ever suffer, and who has taken his part in the direst calamity that ever happened to human nature, so that he had to cry out, in the agony of his soul, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

What was this forsaking? We are

trying to come a little closer to this burning yet unconsumed bush—with our shoes off our feet, I hope, all the while—and in this spirit we ask, "What was this forsaking?" A devout writer says that it was horror at the sight of human misery. He affirms, what is quite true, that our Lord Jesus Christ saw all that man had to suffer because of sin; that he perceived the total sum of the miseries brought by sin upon all the past, present and future generations of the human race—and that he must have had a holy horror as he thought of all the woes of man, caused by sin, in this life, and in that which is to come—and being completely one with man, he spoke in the name of man, and said, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" That is all true, yet that explanation will not suffice, my brethren; because our Saviour did not say; "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken man?" but, "Why hast thou forsaken me?" This forsaking was something personal to himself.

The only solution of the mystery is this, Jesus Christ was forsaken of God because we deserved to be forsaken of God. He was there, on the cross, in our room, and place, and stead; and as the sinner, by reason of his sin, deserves not to enjoy the favour of God, so Jesus Christ, standing in the place of the sinner, and enduring that which would vindicate the justice of God, had to come under the cloud, as the sinner must have come, if Christ had not taken his place. But, then, since he has come under it, let us recollect that he was thus left of God that you and I, who believe in him, might never be left of God. Since, he, for a little while, was separated from his Father, we may boldly cry, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" and, with the apostle Paul, we may confidently affirm that nothing in the whole universe "shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Before I leave this point, let me say that the doctrine of substitution is the key to all the sufferings of Christ. I do not know how many theories have been invented to explain away the death of Christ. The modern doctrine of the apostles of "culture" is, that Jesus Christ did something or other, which in some way or other, was in some degree or other, connected with our salvation; but it is my firm belief that every theory concerning the death of Christ, which can only be understood by the highly cultured, must be false. "That is strong language," says someone. Perhaps it is, but it is true. I am quite sure that the religion of Jesus Christ was never intended for the highly-cultured only, or even for them in particular. Christ's testimony concerning his own ministry was, "The poor have the gospel preached to them;" so, if you bring me a gospel which can only be understood by gentlemen who have passed through Oxford or Cambridge University, I know that it can not be the gospel of Christ. He meant the good news of salvation to be proclaimed to the poorest of the poor; in fact, the gospel is intended for humanity in general; so, if you can not make me understand it, or if, when I do understand it, it does not tell me how to deliver its message in such plain language that the poorest man can comprehend it, I tell you, sirs, that your new-fangled gospel is a lie, and I will stick to the old one, which a man, only a little above an idiot in intellect, can understand. I cling to the old gospel for this, among many other reasons, that all the modern gospels, that leave out the great central truth of substitution, prevent the message from being of any use to the great mass of mankind. If those other gospels, which are not really gospels, please your taste and fancy, and suit the views of Quarterly Reviews, and eloquent orators and lecturers, there are the poor people in our streets, and the millions of working-men, the vast multitudes who can not comprehend anything that is highly metaphysical; and you can not

surprise me that our Lord Jesus Christ sent, as his message to the whole world, a metaphysical mystery that would need volume upon volume before it could even be stated. I am persuaded that he gave us a rough and ready gospel like this, "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost;" or this, "With his stripes we are healed;" or this, "The chastisement of our peace was upon him;" or this, "He died the Just for the unjust to bring us to God." Do not try to go beyond this gospel, brethren; you will get into the mud if you do. But it is safe standing here; and standing here, I can comprehend how our Lord Jesus took the sinner's place, and passing under the sentence which the sinner deserved, or under a sentence which was tantamount thereto, could cry, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

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II. Now, in closing, I am going to draw a few lessons from this utterance of Christ.

The first lesson is, Behold how he loved us! When Christ stood and wept at the grave of Lazarus, the Jews said, "Behold how he loved him!" But on the cross he did not weep, he bled; and he not merely bled, he died; and, before he died, his spirit sank within him, for he was forsaken of his God. Was there ever any other love like this—that the Prince of life and glory should condescend to this shame and death?

Then, next, brothers and sisters, as he suffered so much for us, let us be ready to suffer anything for his sake. Let us be willing even to lose all the joy of religion, if that would glorify God, I do not know that it would; but I think the spirit of Christ ought to carry us even as far as Moses went, when he pleaded for the guilty nation of Israel, and was willing to have his own name blotted out of the book of life rather than that God's name should be dishonoured. We have never had to go so far as that, and we never shall; yet let us be willing to part with our last penny for Christ's name's sake, if he requires it. Let us be willing to lose our reputation. Ah, it is a difficult thing to give that up! Some of us, when we first came into public notice, and found our words picked to pieces, and our character slandered, felt it rather hard. We have got used to it now; but it was very trying at first. But, oh! if one had to be called a devil—if one had to go through this world, and to be spat upon by every passer-by—still, if it were endured for Christ's sake, remembering how he was forsaken of God for us, we ought to take up even that cross with thankfulness that we were permitted to bear it.

Another lesson is that, if ever you and I should feel that we are forsaken of God—if we should get into this state in any way, remember that we are only where Christ has been before us. If ever, in our direst extremity, we should be compelled to cry, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" we shall have gone down so deeper than Christ himself went. He knows that feeling, and that state of heart, for he has felt the same. This fact should depress greatly to cheer you. Your deep temptation is not a proof of reprobation; that is evident, for Christ himself endured—even more. A man may say, "I can not be a child of God, or else I should not feel as

I do." Ah! you do not know what children of God may feel; your thoughts pass through their minds times of storm and doubt. A preacher was standing by the side of one of his members who had been thirty years in gloom of soul. The old minister expected that the man would get peace as last, for he had been a genuine Christian, and had been joined in his Saviour; but, for years or more, he had fallen into gloom. The minister was trying to say a word of comfort to him, but he said, "Ah, sir! but what can you say to a man who is dying, and yet who that God has forsaken him?" The man replied, "But what became of Man who died, whom God did not forsake? Where is He now?" The man caught at that, and said, "His glory, and I shall be with him; he will be with him where he is." And light came to the dying man who had been so long in the dark; he was glad that he should be where Christ was at the right hand of the Father, his brothers and sisters, that you will get down so low as that, beseech you, if you ever with any others who are there, be rough with them. Some of the minded people are very apt to be upon nervous folk, and to say, should not get into that state we are liable to speak harshly to who are very depressed in spirit, say to them, "Really, you ought to yourself out of such a state." I none of you will ever have such a experience of this depression of spirit have had; yet I have learnt from the very tender with all followers. The Lord have mercy on them, them out of the Slough of Despair if he does not, they will sink in mire, where there is no standing.

I pray God specially to bless the inference from our text. There is for you, brother, or sister, if you this condition. Christ came there, and he will be with you in it; and all, you are not forsaken as he is, you sure of that. With you, forsaking is only in the apprehension, is had enough, but it is not a fact, for "the Lord will not forsake people," nor cast away even one of whom he has chosen.

I will tell you what is a most awful thing even than crying out, "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?" If you are afraid that God left you, and the sweet stand of brow in very terror, and if you seems to long for death rather than in such a state as that, you are in the worst possible condition. If you ask, "Is there anything worse than that?" Yes, I will tell you much worse than that; that is, without God, and not to care about to be living, like some whom I am addressing, without God, and hope, yet that never concerning all. I can pity the agony of the one who can not bear to be without God, but at the same time, I am glad that he feels such agony as that that proves to me that his soul is in peril. But those, whom I feel

with fear and trembling, are the men who make a profession of religion, yet who never have any communion with God, and, all the while, are quite happy about it—or backsliders, who have gone away from God, and yet seem perfectly at ease. You, worshippers, who are quite satisfied with the things of this world, and have no longings for the world that is to come, I wish you had got as far as to be unhappy; I wish you had got as far as to be in agony, for that is the road to heavenly joy. It was thus that Christ died for us, and it is by such a path as this, that many a soul is first led into the experience of his saving power. Brethren, weep not for those of us who sometimes have to cry out in anguish of soul; mourn not for us who are cast down because we can not live without Christ. You see that our Lord has made us covet the highest blessings; our heads have been so often on his bosom that, if they are not always there, we keep on crying till we get back to that blessed position again. This is a sweet sorrow; may we have more and more of it! But, oh! I pray you, pity those who never sit at the bread of heaven—never drank of the water of life—never knew the sweetness of the kisses of Christ's mouth—and never knew what it was to have a heaven begun below in the enjoyment of fellowship with him. In such cases, your pity is indeed required.

I have finished when I have just said this—as you come to the table of your Lord, come, brothers and sisters, with this cry of Christ ringing in your ears, to make you love him more than ever; and, as you eat the bread, and drink the wine, do it all out of fervent love to him; and the Lord bless you, for his name's sake! Amen.

PREDESTINATION.

This is an old, trite, hashed and rehashed subject, yet it lives and deeply concerns the souls of men; and is not understood because of the many errors that have gathered about it.

It is claimed that God can not fore-ordain or pre-ordain a purpose, because He is at all times present. He simply is, therefore there are no years in the future for Him to appoint a time for action. But, as there is no direction in space, the many myriads of ams, with their satellites that deck the starry vault of heaven, are perious from which and by which the astronomer measures the distance of the heavenly bodies. So God fixes periods in His eternal and continual existence from which he says I will, an of expression in Scripture, "I'll thou know that the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whom He will." Dan. 4:32. "I will be gracious, and shew mercy upon whom I will shew mercy." Ezo. 33:19. So God has a will that signifies a determined purpose. I will. And these determined purposes relate, not only to temporal matters, but, also, to matters eternal. "Who was verily fore-ordained before the foundation of the world." 1 Pet. 1:20. Peter, after addressing himself to various people, he calls them the elect according to the fore-knowledge of God. 1 Peter 2:6. Isa. 43:1. Is "mine elect."

These references are sufficient to show that, Fore-who he did foreknow, He also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son that he might be the first born among many brethren. Rom. 8:29. "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Eph. 1:5.

These quotations are sufficient to show that God designs, purposes and fore-ordains and predestinates given laws and condition of things for the establishment of the proposed end. And that these laws and conditions are irrevocable and unchangeable. This proposition is well sustained by Scripture.

Accordingly, "I will have mercy upon whom I will have mercy," and those, by the grace of God, are those who are conformed to the image of his Son, and pre-destined to be upon the right hand; and those who are not so conformed are pre-

destined to be on the left hand at the final judgment.

What appears to be an error is the great expansion of predestination to every minute detail of life. This must be counted in place of God's observance and of his providential care of his elect. "Are not five sparrows sold and not one forgotten before the Father." There is ample Scripture to establish the belief in the overruling and providential care of those who love the Lord. (And Satan will be vigilant in caring for his own.)

"In each event of life, how clear Thy ruling hand I see." Man also has a will to be harmonized with that of God's. This is to be accomplished by the grace of God, influence of the Holy Spirit and faith in the atonement of Jesus: By these influences associated with those of gathering ourselves together in social worship, speaking of one to another as to the blessings of our salvation, and of the brotherhood in Jesus and of the dealings of God with our souls. By these influences we grow in grace, in favor of God, and are conformed to the image of his Son; and he the first born among many brethren, and we, as the elect of God, are "joint heirs with Christ."

To form an image in our mind as to what God is, ought, or should be, is worshipping a God of our own mental creation, and is presumptive idolatry. The Psalmist, after pointing out the exaltation of the Lord, exclaims, "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him and the son of man, that Thou visitest him!" So small is man as regard the Lord; yet he essays to supersede and dictate as to what he should be. O! presumptive man; hard-hearted, stiff-necked, rebellious man. But "the Lord is nigh unto them that are of broken heart and such as be of contrite spirit." For these receive the Lord into their souls without any conditions whatever, lovingly and trustingly. "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted." Isa. 61:1.

Conformation to the image of Jesus can not be obtained through self-righteousness and good works, as these are more allied to arrogance than to meekness, a broken heart and a contrite spirit. The sinner can not in one hand hold his self-righteousness and good works and reach Jesus with the other. It is a chasm he can not span. "The carnal mind is at enmity against God; not subject to the Son of God, neither indeed can be." Rom. 1:7.

Conformation to the image of Jesus is the basis of our salvation, and none other. Of good works Jesus says: "Many will say unto me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?"

"And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." (Mat. 7:22-23).

Although there is much other Scripture against the efficacy of good works, this saying of Jesus is quite sufficient argument, as he denounces them as "ye that work iniquity." Let none be deceived by misinterpretation of Scripture and the devices of Satan.

T. L. Dix, M. D.
Holy Springs, Miss.

SHOULD BAPTIST CHURCHES DISBAND.

BY O. P. EACHES.

Many large teachings, all evangelical Christians hold in common, the fundamentals of our Christian faith are affirmed in nearly all Protestant pulpits. The existence of God, the deity of Jesus, the personality of the Holy Spirit, the need of forgiveness and a change in the governing disposition, the authority of the New Testament, a future life, these and other large beliefs, are the joint property of all intelligent believers. The Baptist churches stand for all these and also for certain well defined New Testament teachings

that are denied, or depreciated or ignored by other Protestant bodies. No denomination should be founded on fads or freak ideas. Mere methods of working or questions of aesthetics should not divide fellow Christians. Do the Baptist churches maintain principles that are worth standing out for? Are the ruling ideas of the Baptist churches of such importance that their suppression would impair Christ's teachings and injure the cause of a spiritual Christianity?

The name assumed by our Baptist fathers, "Congregation of Baptized Believers" was a confession of faith and a protest. It was the affirmation that the church must be a spiritual body, that the Christian life is begun apart from baptism, that a New Testament baptism must be adhered to.

For centuries a clear witness has been borne that the act of baptism must not usurp the place of the Holy Spirit, that Christianity is a spiritual religion not begotten or maintained in any mechanical way. There is need to-day that to all professing Christians, the Roman Catholics and fellow Protestants alike, there must be the continued testimony that baptism is not a regenerating ordinance.

The position of the Catholic church is plain and outspoken. The *Catholic Review* states—"Unbaptized, these little ones go into darkness; but baptized, they rejoice in the presence of God forever." It is the undisguised affirmation of this large church that, although baptism there comes a spiritual life into the soul—it is a regenerative power. A few drops of water, from the tip of the fingers, and through them and upon them eternal destinies hang. Heaven and hell, and eternity depend, not upon personal devotions, but upon a few muttered words and a teaspoonful of water. Under this conception of things, Christianity is a mere mechanical thing and we wonder what kind of a God must have founded this system of salvation.

When we turn to organized Protestantism we find a close kinship to Romish views and practices. In the prayer book of the Church of England and of the Episcopal church are these words, after the application of a few drops of water to an unconscious child: "Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this child is regenerate and grafted into the body of Christ's church, let us give thanks unto Almighty God for these benefits." Millions of people are taught, in these words, that the act of baptism effects a change in spiritual character and destiny. Membership in the church and eternal salvation have been secured for the child by a mechanical, outward, physical act. Fittingly might the Bishop of Liverpool declare: "Myriads of church members throughout the land know nothing of the work of the Holy Spirit in their hearts." Independent of the personal character of the minister, independent of the personal character of the recipient, salvation and eternal life are commodities dealt in by a great church organization. That people by the hundred thousand, who hear this creed solemnly affirmed, should lay a false stress on baptism is a thing not to be wondered at. Nor does the Episcopal church stand alone in teaching baptismal regeneration. The Lutheran Synod in 1891, adopted as its up-to-date belief and working creed, the following statement concerning the efficacy of baptism: "Baptism seals to us and bestows upon us eternal life, because with it the new spiritual life in covenant with God has its beginning." This is the balddest Romanism in the utterance of a Protestant church. There is no place here for repentance, faith, character, voluntariness—heaven is bestowed in a magical way. "This confession throws not light, but darkness upon the mind and upon the New Testament.

Even our Presbyterian friends have in their Westminster Confession the roots of a baptismal regeneration. It affirms that baptism must be applied to infants. If it should be questioned why baptism should be administered to unconscious persons the answer is found in Chapter

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28-6, where it is declared that grace is actually conferred in baptism though the efficacy of it is delayed until riper years. Here again the Romish conception of an opus operatum, a spiritual result from a mechanical act, is declared. The confession has been revised so that reprobation has been stricken out, but the traces of baptismal regeneration remain. In the *Presbyterian Interior* was lately found this poetical assertion of a salvation mediated through baptism:

A sacred rite of Gospel grace; wherein It is declared that by the Spirit's power The soul from its deep primal stain Is cleansed.

In Jamieson Brown and Fausset's widely circulated commentary are these words in explanation of Titus 3:5: "They are presumed to be then regenerated; baptism is the proximate instrument of salvation." Thousands of people who ask this commentary for light and guidance in the way to eternal life are pointed to a mechanical, physical method of salvation.

In recent years in a county seat in New Jersey, the pastor of a large and influential Peo-Baptist church baptized the dead body of a young man and the dead body of an infant—because he arrived too late to baptize them while living. If this had taken place in Spain or in the Philippines by the hands of a Spanish priest it would seem entirely fitting. There is in every community a wide-spread feeling on the part of church members that without baptism the safety of a departed child is not assured.

The mission of Baptist churches is not yet accomplished. It has a protest to raise, a teaching to give, until all assertions of a baptismal regeneration are driven away from the creeds and practices of our fellow Protestant bodies. Christianity must have at its centre a saving Christ, not a priest whose fingertips create eternal life and change character. A salvation through water perverts the very nature of Christianity, reducing it from its high level as a spiritual force into a mechanical system of salvation through touch. Quakerism is an error at one extreme, denying the existence of any water baptism as a Scripture command. High churchism and ritualism constitute an error at the other extreme, making almost everything depend upon a water baptism, through whose touch eternal life springs up in the soul. Of the two, Quakerism is to be vastly preferred. It does give room for God's grace, for dependence upon spiritual realities, it exalts the spiritual, it minimizes the material. Between the two stand the Baptist churches. They affirm as a mouthpiece for the New Testament, that salvation is altogether a matter be-

tween the soul and Jesus Christ. Parents and church and baptism have nothing to do with it. When a soul trusts in Jesus Christ, then comes baptism as a confession, a pledge, an act of obedience and loyalty to Christ. Until Christ is permitted to have his own way in reference to the act and subject of baptism, until baptism is referred to its rightful place in the Christian system, until that time Baptist churches should not disband.—Baptist Commonwealth.

How it would revolutionize life if we could agree to have one day a year for murmuring and complaining, for letting out the floods of pent up annoyances and grudges and slights, and be thankful the rest of the time! How much better than to try to be thankful one day by law and grumble by impulse for three hundred and sixty-four. Let to-day sound a thankful note to ring through the year.—Malthus D. Babcock.

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Editorial

OUR "Gospel Mission" brethren have been called "Hard Shells," and they have denied the justice of the appellation. Certain it is that all the objections they have urged against the Boards have been urged by the "Hard Shells," and with more vigor, long ago. This fact is clearly brought out in the admirable book of Dr. B. H. Carroll, Jr., soon to be issued, in which he gives the history of Hardshellism. But there is an important difference between the two, which should be borne in mind. The "Hardshells" did nothing in the way of missions, while the "Gospel Missioners" are doing something, not much—to be sure—but something. And herein lies our hope. If they will but push their mission work they will soon gravitate into practical methods, and so will come in line with the rest of us. Thus they will work out their own salvation. The necessity for system does not strongly assert itself when the work is small, but as the work enlarges this necessity becomes more and more imperative.

Those of us who support our organized work should not allow ourselves to become so narrow minded as to assume the infallibility of our organizations, to denounce as an enemy of the work any man who has a criticism to offer. It is by no means certain that we have reached finality in our methods, and we should give heed to whatever suggestion promises the betterment of these methods. Of course we must be careful to keep within Scriptural lines, but what should go without saying among Baptists. It is, however, as plain to us as anything can be, that the proper course for all friends of the work, in the present conditions, is to heartily support the Boards. Perfection is not secured by haggling but by going forward. Thus whatever defects may exist in our methods will best become apparent and will be most easily eliminated.

We venture to point out one radical defect in the methods of our "Gospel Mission" brethren, from which our organized work is free. We tell the facts as we personally know them, without giving names of persons or places. A man (not from the South), started a mission exactly on the "Gospel Mission" plan. He had no use for Boards. His appeal was directly to the churches. He was a man of fine presence and of fluent talk. He visited churches (not in the South) and got them enlisted in his work and they contributed to his support. By correspondence and by personal visits he enlisted other churches. He made acknowledgment to each church of all the money received from them. He made glowing reports of his work. No church, however, knew what the other churches were doing or anything about the work done except what this missionary told them. He went on thus for years, collecting, as estimated, \$8,000 to \$10,000 a year. Finally a suspicion arose that the work was not as represented and an informal investigation revealed that the man had done hardly any mission work at all, but had simply "worked" the churches. Then they dropped him, and not only was their money wasted, but the missionary zeal of the contributing churches was almost killed.

Now we would be very sorry to give any occasion for casting suspicion on any good man, and we would not for a moment intimate that all the "Gospel Mission" missionaries are not good men, but we are speaking of the system, and certainly the "Gospel Mission" system does give opportunity to just such performances, which are impossible under the Board system. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and the case described is taken from real life, and like cases may arise in future, with the opportunity furnished. When people are asked to contribute money every practicable guarantee should be given that their money will not be wasted. It is not to be expected that the Boards will in any way fetter the benevolence of the brethren, or prevent the undertaking of good work of which the Boards are not in a position to take charge. For example, neither the State nor the District nor the Home Board was in a condition to undertake the Hope Rescue Mission in Louisville. So those who favored this work undertook it independently of these Boards, and a committee are managing it. The Foreign Mission Board do not see their way to start a mission in Palestine, and Bro. Jureldini and his wife are laboring in Beirut and are helped by those who wish that work done. And that work is strongly commended by various brethren who have visited Beirut, the last one being Dr. Geo. B. Eager. Then the Foreign Board can not now undertake a mission in Persia, and here is Bro. Yohann anxious to carry the pure gospel to his native land, and many are anxious he should go. President Theodore Harris (Louisville Banking Co., Fifth and Market streets), has consented to act as treasurer, and it is hoped Bro. Yohann can ere long go to Persia. But in neither of these instances is there the slightest opposition to the Boards. Indeed, the hope is that ere long the Foreign Board will be able to add these missions to their list. And so it will ever be. Brethren will see opportunities to do good and will do it, apart from our regular organized work, and yet in perfect harmony with that work. Nobody wants the Boards to absorb all the benevolence of our people. While machinery is needed and should not only be had but should be made as effective as possible, yet the denomination should never itself become a machine. Organization, while indispensable, should never interfere with liberty.

By all means let the "Gospel Missioners" press their mission work without antagonizing the work of the Boards, and thus they can free themselves from the reproach of "Hard Shellism," and at the same time will come more and more into line with their brethren.

Why should they oppose the Boards? If their way is better, let them prove it by practical demonstration. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

It is a source of great pride to the Methodists that they succeeded in raising \$20,000,000 for their Twentieth Century Fund. To us the chief glory in this achievement is the fact that it came from more than 3,000,000 contributors. Our need for more contributors to our mission work is greater than our need for larger contributions, though both needs are great just now.

When all treasures are tried, truth is the best.—William Langland.

DR. CURRY DEAD.

The sad news comes to us that Dr. J. L. M. Curry died of Bright's disease in Asheville, N. C., on Thursday of last week, after being confined to his bed for two weeks. Dr. Curry has been for half a century a prominent figure in both church and state. A native of Lincoln county, Georgia; when thirteen years old, he moved to Alabama, with which state he was identified until after the war when he removed to Virginia. In 1843 he graduated at Mercer, and in 1845 he finished his law course at Harvard. He served with Hay's Texas Rangers in the Mexican war. Then he represented Talladega county in the Alabama legislature. Next he went to Congress for two terms, and was the youngest of the Congressmen. His speech on the admission of Kansas as a State established his reputation as an orator. He was appointed by Alabama as a deputy to the Southern Convention which met in Montgomery in February, 1861, and the address sent out by that body was from his pen. He represented Alabama in the first Confederate Congress. Then he entered the army and served as a colonel under Joseph E. Johnston.

At the close of the war he became President of Howard College, and in 1868 became professor in Richmond College, Va. It was largely due to his efforts and influence that this institution secured its endowment. He succeeded Dr. Barnas Sears as agent of the Peabody Fund and later was made agent of the Slater Fund also. In these positions he has rendered incalculable service to the cause of education in the South. During Cleveland's first term Dr. Curry was United States Minister to Spain and he was the special representative of this country at the recent coronation of the young Spanish king.

Dr. Curry was so zealous a Christian that during the war he preached to the men of his regiment and was very active in religious work. Often he preached and always with great acceptance, but he never was pastor. For a while he supplied the pulpit of the First Baptist church of Richmond, but he never considered himself regularly in the ministry. He was always in great demand for addresses at the general denominational gatherings. Never can the writer forget the stirring speech of this mighty orator before the Southern Baptist Convention in St. Louis, when we entered Rome with our mission work.

Dr. Curry also is famous as an author, and he has done work which will last, and ought to last. His "Constitutional Government in Spain, his life of Gladstone, his Southern States of the American Union in their Relation to the Constitution and the Resulting Union, and his Establishment and Disestablishment, are the best books on those topics. He was a man of rare culture, and his mind was enriched by much travel, wide reading and familiar intercourse with the world's best minds. He was a typical Southern gentleman of the old school, and yet he was in full touch with the thought and activity of the times. His death leaves a large space vacant. At the age of 77, he finished his work and went to his rest.

It is a very cheap thing to tabulate views and to label them to suit you. It is easy to label your notions "Baptist," but unless they are really Baptist, the people will look under the label and judge for themselves.

The claim that the doctrine of the "universal invisible church" is any part of the Baptist faith, is utterly empty and vain. Indeed, so far from that, the conception is essentially Pseudo-Baptist. The "universal invisible church" is the counterpart of the "universal visible church," and those who believe in the one, to be consistent, should believe also in the other. The evangelical Pseudo-Baptists—who reject the Roman Catholic doctrine of the "universal visible church," have their own doctrine on the subject, and hold that all the bodies of professing Christians are "branches" of this "universal visible church," which is composed of all professing Christians in the aggregate. Neither the "universal visible" nor the "universal invisible" church is any part of Baptist doctrine. The claims made along that line are without foundation, as we have already shown in some leading instances and as it is easy to show in the others.

EDITOR WESTERN RECORDER:—How is it that a Protestant church is soliciting and receiving appropriation from the government, as you will see from enclosed clipping from Courier-Journal, February 1, 1902. Please give us a squib on it through columns of your paper. A READER.

On reaching home the editor found the above note in his mail. The clipping from the Courier-Journal was a dispatch from Washington stating, among other things, that a bill had been passed in Congress "appropriating \$500 for the relief of the Christian church of Henderson, Ky."

We agree with "A Reader" that an explanation is in order. What business has Congress to appropriate money "for the relief" of any church? Will not some of our brethren in Henderson, or others who know about the matter give us the facts? We do not propose to sit quietly and have public money appropriated to sectarian uses in Kentucky, and hence we call for an explanation.

The bequest of Mrs. Rebecca P. Bartlett of \$60,000 for the endowment of a chair in the Seminary in honor of her brother, Dr. Porter, entitles Tennessee to six more members on the Board of Trustees, Kentucky, Georgia and South Carolina have gone to the limit and each has eleven trustees. Texas has only two, while Arkansas, Louisiana and Florida have none. If all the quotas of the States were full, there would be 170 trustees, or if the Northern and Western States be included—and there is nothing in the charter that excludes them—the number might be 484. It has not been the custom to choose trustees from any except Southern States and the District of Columbia. New York on the basis of contributions, would be entitled to representation on the Board.

We have been asked whether the trustees will elect a new professor for this Porter chair. We do not know what they will do; but we suppose they will simply designate one of the present faculty as the Porter professor.

The Baptist and Reflector tells us of a glorious temperance revival in Tennessee. The Adams law is working well and now there is a movement to secure its benefits for cities of over 5,000 population, to which the law at present does not apply. Let the secret rallying of the liquor dealers be the signal for the rallying of the friends of temperance and home,

Editorial Varieties

It is funny to see how brethren who vaunted the sweetness of spirit and proscription and boycotting.

The Christian Pilot is a new, clean, bright and breezy, started by the Rev. Love at Hendersonville, N. C. We are our best wishes.

We are glad Dr. Wm. Lunford had to remain in Bowling Green. And that church show their appreciation by his salary fifty per cent. He has a church and they have a great preacher.

Some curious complaints are given this generation. Somebody said that C. H. Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, Hugh H. Hughes and General Booth were the "Four" of modern English evangelism. "Big Four," indeed!!!!

We have received a copy of the Program of the Baptist Congress. The price 30 cents. We notice that the sales reports for the year amounted to \$70.50. Evidently the Baptists of the try care very little for this "Congress."

Dr. Geo. H. Simmons, of Peoria, Ill., made a discovery from which he expects great things. It is a substitute for opium. We have had no opportunity to test it, so we have no opinion of its merits, but will be glad if Dr. S.'s findings have realized.

Dr. J. S. Coleman celebrates his 70th birthday and the close of the 50th year his ministry at Beaver Dam, Ky., on 23d inst. We extend congratulations, and wish his health were fully restored. He has a mighty power for good, and we find, has done a great work.

We congratulate our loved and best friend, Dr. Buckner, of Texas, on the celebration of his 70th birthday. It was gala day at the Orphan's Home. This institution is Dr. Buckner's monument. Both it and he are credited in the hearts of the people. Dr. Buckner is one of Western Kentucky's Old Guards.

In the ladies parlor of the new West Street church, at 5:30 p. m. on February 10th, it was the pleasure of the singing union in matrimony Mr. Richard F. Shaw and Miss Maude Coffey, both of Mottville Ky. The happy pair were accompanied relatives and friends, and they wait their joy rejoicing.

The Arkansas Baptist publishes from editor of the WESTERN RECORDER a note which was published some time ago by syndicate of daily papers in all parts of country. The editor is glad to have papers make free use of what he gives the public, but proper credit should be given, as is not done in this case.

We have received two neat and well written tracts written by Dr. J. M. Frost, "Sunday School Problem and What to Do with It," and "A Word and a Prayer with These men of Faith," the Sunday School Periodicals issued by the Southern Baptist Convention. As no price is asked we suppose the tracts are for free distribution. You can get them by writing Dr. J. M. Frost, Sunday School Board, P. O. Nashville, Tenn.

The Examiner of week before last had its first page a large and handsome one of the new Walnut Street church of this city and farther on it had a pleasant and complimentary account of the church and pastor, with also a picture of the latter. The writer passed through New York on his way to the West Indies, he called the Examiner office and regretted not meeting Conant and Calvert, the able and scholarly editors.

On Wednesday of last week the distinguished name to President Gray by Mr. John D. Rockefeller that the latter give \$25,000 for the additional endowment of Georgetown College provided \$100,000 more is secured by the first of next year. While the time is short, yet if the hospitals will take hold it can easily be done. It simply means that we must give \$100,000 to Georgetown College by the end of this year. Dr. Gray will once set about raising this money. We believe he will meet with prompt and hearty response.

We are deeply pained to receive a telegram announcing the death Sunday morning of Mrs. James T. Eagle, and we tender sincere condolence to our honored friend in this sore bereavement. Mrs. Eagle was one of the brightest, fairest, gentlest and most devoted of mothers. She had had a great sorrow for many months. Eagle brought her to Louisville to fall for special treatment and they were some weeks here, but all in vain. The only thing which could be of relief. And now a telegram stated she has fallen asleep in Jesus. Her life was beautiful and death triumphant. Many thanks for the "Examiner" for Kentucky, which had been a great sufferer for many months. Eagle brought her to Louisville to fall for special treatment and they were some weeks here, but all in vain. The only thing which could be of relief. And now a telegram stated she has fallen asleep in Jesus. Her life was beautiful and death triumphant. Many thanks for the "Examiner" for Kentucky, which had been a great sufferer for many months.

Family Circle.

Stories for the Young and Old.
AN OLD-FASHIONED WOMAN.

No clever, brilliant thinker, she, With college record and degree, She was not known the path of fame, The world has never heard her name; She walks in old, long-trodden ways, The valleys of the yesterdays.

Home is her kingdom, love is her dower— She seeks no other wand or power To make home sweet, bring heaven near, To win a smile and wipe a tear, And do her duty day by day In her own quiet place and way.

Around her childish hearts are twined, As round some reverend saint entwined, And following hers the childish feet Are led to ideals true and sweet, And find all purity and good In her divinest motherhood.

She keeps her faith unshadowed still— God rules the world in good and ill; Men in her creed are brave and true, And women pure as pearls of dew. And life for her is high and grand, By work and glad endeavor spanned.

This old earth's a brighter place For all the sunshines of her face; Her very smile is happiness thrown, And hearts are happier where she goes, A gentle, clear-eyed messenger To whisper love—thank God for her! —L. M. Montgomery, in "The Congressionalist."

THEY-GO-SHOPPING.

BY GRACE E. RICHMOND.

Well, yes, I've been shopping! I know now what it means. If I'd guessed what I was in for—but of course you can't know till you've tried it, though I might have been warned by some of the things in the funny papers.

You see, I'm in a strange city, in a house where there aren't any other fellows—well, after about five days of it, you get as near worn out as you ever were in your life. I've played baseball all day long—short-stop at that—and haven't been one-tenth as tired as I was when we finally pulled up for luncheon this noon. Oh, *skew-it-to-it*. But there wasn't any way out of it, that I could see, when it was sprung on me. At the breakfast table Aunt Sophronia said: "Shhoope we go down-town shopping this morning, girls. I've one or two little errands, and Jessica has a fitting. You might see about your hat, too, Estelle."

Then she looked across at me. "Perhaps you would like to go with us, Tom," she said. "I know shopping is not much in a boy's line, but we might see something to amuse you. I really don't think of any other plan for you this morning. So sorry the Wendell boys are away during your visit! They would have been so glad to take you about it." "O, no, I'm sure," I said. Estelle in her sweetest way, and gave me a sisterly look across the table, which meant, "Answer, quick!"

So I mumbled something. I'd been through the library and used up every book in it a boy could possibly care for. There was a regular woman's library, many hours' mostly books on art, and French grammars, and books on how to live without wearing out your nervous system, and that sort of thing. Not even a real jolly American history, with pictures, among 'em. There never had been a boy in the house, I should judge. And there wasn't a thing to do.

So Aunt Sophronia ordered up the horses, and she and Cousin Jessica and Estelle went up-stairs, and stayed an hour, and came down looking all smooth and dark and fine in their street clothes. Then we drove down-town. That wasn't so bad, except that they jabbered all the way about the things we were going to get. It didn't make much impression on me, only that Aunt Sophronia kept saying she certainly should not get gray for her new gowns, and they all kept agreeing with her that she shouldn't wear gray. I don't know why, except that she was too stout, or too pale, or something. I remembered this afterward.

When we got to the first place, they said they would go and look at silks. But they didn't; at least, not until I thought they had forgotten all about it. Just inside the door Cousin Jessica made a dash at a counter of muscades, and began to rave, in her soft, low-toned way over something. The other two came up, and said the things were perfectly dear, and asked the price.

I thought they were pretty dear when the girl said they were a dollar and a half, for all I could see was some bits of white stuff turned down over a ribbon.

But Aunt Sophronia handled them over, and said they would be lovely on the girls, and asked if they had any other styles, and the prices of those, and so on and so on. And finally they laid them all down and went off without buying one.

Get what?—I looked to see if the girl seemed mad. She didn't, only bored. She'd been gazing at Cousin Jessica's hat all the time, anyhow; and, when our crowd moved off, she turned and said something to another girl, and the other girl nodded, and couldn't see much of anything about the hat. It was all black. Cousin Jessica always looks stunning, but I suppose that's because she's so pretty.

We went on along down the aisle, Aunt Sophronia in the lead. All at once Estelle said, "O auntie!" and Cousin Jessica said, "O, mother!" and they all pounced down on stools in front of a counter of thin stuffs, summer dresses, I suppose. What they wanted of those in February I couldn't see. I never get my outing shirts till warm weather. Aunt Sophronia satiated her eyes, and said, "These are the finest things. Mr. Bingham! Aren't they exquisite!" And then the solemn-looking man with spectacles began to take down more goods and open them up, and they all began to rave again—always in that same soft way women have that doesn't make anybody else and look at them very queerly.

They picked out half a dozen apiece, settled how each one ought to be trimmed and all. They made the most fuss over some sort of dull blue stuff that didn't look like anything in particular and cost a lot. They said what a stunning outing dress it would make. Finally Cousin Jessica asked for a sample of it. Then if they didn't all get up and move again! I think we'd been there three-quarters of an hour. Aunt Sophronia did say, "Thank you very much, Mr. Bingham," to the man. I didn't look to see how he looked. I suppose he was used to it, but I felt sort of sneaky myself.

We turned up a side aisle, and ran smack into a couple of ladies about Aunt Sophronia's and Cousin Jessica's age. They all stopped and began to chatter about everything under heaven, anybody'd have thought they hadn't another thing to do, any of them. I sat down by a counter, and swung my heels, and realized how sleepy I was, and wished I could be home, out on Remington hill, coasting. My, but I thought they'd never get through. They blocked up the aisle, too; people had to keep saying, "Excuse me," or go ramming by without saying anything, only looking out of sorts.

When they did get started, they'd only gone on ten or twelve feet before they spied some handkerchiefs—fifty-centers marked down to thirty-eight. They picked them all over, and then Aunt Sophronia said, "There is certainly some cotton in these, Jessica. I should not care to buy them. They might be nice to send to the hospital, in men's sizes." Then she started to buy half a dozen; but the clerks were all busy, and she said we wouldn't wait now, but we'd get them when we came out. We didn't though. They forgot, and I didn't remind them. No, we got to the silk counter then. My head pretty near ached, and I was awfully tired, but I got interested at last. It was seeing Aunt Sophronia buy gray when she'd said positively she wouldn't.

She asked for black and white; and the man showed her a lot of different ones. She clapped her hands, and alighted, and Cousin Jessica said, "Isn't that the sweetest thing?" and Estelle said, "How dear!"

And Aunt Sophronia said, "If I could only wear gray!" I thought she was going to cry. The man said this was a peculiar shade; people could wear it if they couldn't ordinarily wear gray. Cousin Jessica said, "O, I don't know, mother—it certainly is a lovely thing—I should almost think—" And Estelle said, "With your gray hair and your lovely complexion, auntie, I should really think—"

And Aunt Sophronia sighed again, and too stout, or too pale, or something. I remembered this afterward.

The young Jessica sent up-stairs somewhere for a dressmaker, and she came down and said the gray was a beautiful thing, and by putting a good deal of white with it and just a touch of some kind of blue she thought it would be becoming. Aunt Sophronia hesitated and hesitated, and the dressmaker said

it again about the touch of blue, and they kept saying, "touch of blue," and finally Aunt Sophronia, looking regularly unhappy and desperate, said she would have it.

Cousin Jessica turned around to me, and smiled in a pitying sort of way, and said: "You poor boy, this is dull enough for you, isn't it? Just come with me a minute."

And she took me down-stairs into the basement, where there was a soda-fountain, and treated me to a dandy chocolate ice-cream soda. She had an orange phosphate herself, and she said that shopping was a terrible bother, but it had to be done. I said it didn't seem to me they had done much of anything yet, and she laughed, and said she thought they were getting on pretty well for a few minutes, and a little braced after the crowd went into a millinery shop. This was the queerest place I ever saw. Instead of having a lot of hats around, there was hardly one of them. It was all mirrors and chairs and screens and band-ties, and tried them on very quiet, and the clerks trailed around over the soft floors as still as mice, and it seemed like a church or a library reading room.

Estelle said she wanted to look at hats, and a woman took them into a little bit of a room with more mirrors; and then she brought in a hat, one at a time, and tried them on Estelle's head. I sat just outside where I could see in. They were all awfully solemn over it. I couldn't think why. They seemed to feel it so important not to make a mistake. Estelle squirmed into every sort of position to see herself, and seemed terribly anxious about the side view of the side when I buy a hat, and I never saw a man wriggle around with a hand-glass to look at the back of his head, either. If it's all right in front, why

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," "tonic and cure-all," and mind you, this old-fashioned remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy was crude and unpalatable, and a large quantity had to be taken to get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial effects of sulphur in a palatable, concentrated form, so that a single grain is far more effective than a tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; sulphur acts directly on the liver, the excretory organs and purifies and softens the blood by the prompt elimination of excess material.

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary fowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and can not compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used. They are the natural antidotes for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that is most surprising to patient and physician alike.

Oh, *skew-it-to-it* but I got tiredest of all at that place. They were there an hour and ten minutes. And she didn't buy a hat. I think she bought a veil or something when she went out, but I was too disgusted to care.

I remembered that I wanted some neckties. I saw a furnisher's just across the street, and I said I'd step over and get them if the folks didn't mind. They said they were all ready to go home now, but I think she bought a veil or something when she went out, but I was too disgusted to care.

I was in that furnisher's just six minutes, went in and asked for the kind of tie I wanted. I knew well enough what it was, because I'd seen some that morning on some swell fellows. The man got out a box of them, and I took the top one in the box. Then he got out another box, and I took the next to the top one in that. The first was dark red and white, and the second was blue and white, with just a little bright red in it. I don't think I have such an awful fierce taste in ties, if I am only fifteen. The man asked if I needed anything in collars, and I said I didn't. I paid my money, and came out and hopped into the carriage.

Those women asked to see the ties; and when they saw them, they looked at each other and smiled; and I got hot around the ears, and Cousin Jessica said, "They're all right, Tom."

Anyhow, I didn't go in thinking I'd get anything in the world but a green necktie, and when you buy it first whack off the hat. All the way home Aunt Sophronia was as dismal as a northeast rainstorm because she'd bought that gray silk. There wasn't a thing the other two could say that would cheer her up, not even that about the "touch of blue. Just as we drove up to the house she said that she should telephone to the store at once that she'd decided not to take it.

Or, yes—I've been shopping. I know now why the men never go with their wives—or only once in a while—and why they look so sad when they do go. You'll never catch me that way again.—The Christian Endeavorist.

NEW SCHOLAR.

When Gracie got to Sabbath-school on that afternoon her teacher had not come yet. But the other girls were there, with their heads close to Gracie, talking busily. As soon as they saw Gracie they told her what had happened.

"Do you see that dreadful-looking, ragged girl down by the door? May be again at once. 'Well, what do you suppose Mr. Hart did? He came here to see and asked us if we wouldn't let her in our class. The idea!"

"'What did you tell him?' asked Gracie. "Lucy told him that our class had plenty of scholars, and we'd rather not. But I should think he'd know better. I should think he could see that we didn't suit together."

Gracie looked at her little neighbors, with their starched frocks and smooth hair and clean faces, and then at the girl by the door; they did not suit well together, it was true. But Gracie's face was grave.

"I don't believe Mr. Hart can find any class for her here," said Lucy. "She ought to go to another Sunday-school."

She stopped, but the faces were then looking at her, and she had to go on. "You couldn't send anybody away from Sunday-school, could you, any more than if it was heaven?"

Not one of the other little girls had any answer ready for this. And, taking courage from their silence, Gracie said: "Miss Barbara wouldn't like it, I know; nor God, either."

"I believe I'll go tell Mr. Hart we've changed our minds," said Lucy. "Shall I?" "Yes, do," said May. And in about one minute more the strange little scholar was being welcomed into the class as if she were a princess royal.



Of the periodic pain which every woman experiences with every month of the gentleness and kindness associated with womanhood, need almost a miracle. While in the woman rebels against what she as a natural necessity there is no who would not gladly be free from recurring period of pain. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong, women well, and gives them relief from disease. It establishes regular, dries weakening drains, heals irritation and ulceration and cures weakness. Sick women are invited to come to Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and confidential. Write without fear and fee to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. T. Dolan, of Madrid, writes: "I was cured of neuralgia by use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Dr. Pierce's medicines the best in the world." "Favorite Prescription" has cured many of thousands of women complete cure of womanly diseases, not except an unknown and substitute in its place. The sluggish liver made active use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets.

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Young People's Society of Friends. We are a new and interesting society for young people of all denominations. We meet every Sunday at 7:30 P.M. in the Church of the Redeemer, 100 West 10th Street, New York City. We have a large and interesting program of singing, prayer, and reading. We are a friendly and helpful society and we would like to have you with us. Write to the Secretary, Young People's Society of Friends, 100 West 10th Street, New York City.

Little Ones.

DOG STORIES.

The following stories are all from a wonderfully interesting book called "My Dog in the Northland." This is certainly a volume that every boy will want to read, describing, as it does, the various kinds of differing breeds that were the property of Rev. Egerton Young, a missionary in Alaska.

One of these dogs was Jack, a magnificent St. Bernard, which was thirty-three inches high at the shoulder and weighed nearly 300 pounds. He was wonderfully intelligent, on one occasion saving his master's life during a blizzard in which they were lost.

Whenever Mr. Young went, accompanied by Jack, the dog became a great favorite. Of one occasion, he writes: "When I started off with him on a railway journey, I always took him to the baggage-car and left him there, with orders there to remain until we reached our stopping place, and I would come for him. He well knew what was expected of him and cheerfully obeyed. At the different stations where we stopped for passengers or baggage, Jack would frequently jump out upon the platform, as if he never got left."

On one occasion he disobeyed his orders. A misplaced switch threw the engine and following cars off the track. The baggage car tumbled down the embankment, its door flew open and out ran Jack.

"We, of course, all sprang at once to my feet and rushed to the door. We were thankful to find it had not jammed, so we were able to get out very quickly. But before I had run many yards, there was Jack coming at all the speed imaginable. The instant he recognized me he gave a howl of delight, and leaping springing upon me, he threw his little forepaws around my neck and held me with a grip like a bear, while he nuzzled me repeatedly in dog fashion and gazed joyfully out his joy that I had escaped injury.

"When I could get him down and quiet he delight a little, he happened to see Mr. Young, and away he rushed for her, and again we had an exhibition of his delight that we had both fortunately escaped without injury. His remarkable conduct attracted much attention."

Jack's companion was a beautiful rough-bred Newfoundland named Cuffy. As might be expected from her origin, Cuffy was very fond of the water. The Mission Indians were accustomed to catch sturgeon and bring them to the pond near by, where they were secured and kept alive until needed for food. These sturgeon are very large fish, sometimes ten feet in length, and they greatly enjoyed plunging into the water and playing with them.

"There was an especially large one, that became quite friendly with Cuffy, and though the dog never seemed to understand how it was that the fish could get out of sight so quickly. One great trick Cuffy was to firmly seize hold of the great fish's tail. The instant the sturgeon would feel this it would quickly rise, dragging Cuffy completely out of sight. It would not be long before the spluttering and blowing, would come to the surface, and strike out for shore. As soon as the sturgeon was up and apparently looking for its old playmate, Cuffy would plunge in to renew this aquatic sport."

The most remarkable instances of which he did not say so in so many words. The dinner bell rang. "You stay here, Kitty, until you can see Bridget properly to put on your shoes," and her mother went down stairs. Kitty turned very red and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself! and how grieved her parents were to see so dear little Kitty in her

Straight as a surveyor's line would be the trail he would make, as with traces taut, and without a guide or another word from his driver, he gallantly dashed along."

He was especially sagacious in traveling over ice that was melting below, and was therefore dangerous, though the surface appeared firm. Voyageur would wind in and around these treacherous spots, but ever keep the goal in view.

On one occasion, the traveling party recognized the signs of an oncoming blizzard, and knew they must exert themselves to the utmost to reach shelter and save their lives. Down swept the furious storm, however, and as the whirling snow hid everything from sight, the sleds were lashed together and the men tied themselves on, while the lives of all depended on the courage and intelligence of Voyageur. We wish there were space to give this story in full; it is a most remarkable instance of brute triumph.

For hours, in the raging blizzard, the dog unhesitatingly led the way, until suddenly he stopped in his tracks and deliberately laid down. The men urged and coaxed, but he refused to move. Then (oh, that such things must be told) they beat him cruelly and kicked him brutally. It was noticed that he made no outcry, but took the terrible treatment in silence. Finally an experienced Indian guide was sent ahead, but he almost immediately returned.

"We are on the thin ice over the rapid current of the river," he shouted. "The dog has saved our lives!"

And so it proved. In the darkness they had reached the wide mouth of the Nelson river, while believing that they were still on the bosom of Lake Winnipeg. In this instance, the keenness of the dog had discovered the running water under the ice, and his prompt action had saved twenty lives.

KITTY AND "PLEASE."

Kitty had of late got a bad tone to her voice. It was a tone of command, very unbecoming a little girl. Instead of saying, "Will you be kind enough to do this or that?" or, "Please to do this?" or, "Will you?" in a gentle tone, she said, "Do this," or, "Do that," like a little tyrant. Her mother, as you may well think, was very sorry, and talked with her little girl about this new fault.

One day her shoe came off while she was playing. When it was near dinner-time she called Bridget to put it on. "Bridget," she said, "I want my shoe on. Put it on quick, for my pa will come soon."

Bridget was doing something else in the closet, and did not immediately come out.

"Bridget," she called again, "don't you hear me? Come and put my shoe on."

Her mother was in the next room, and overhearing her little daughter, said:

"Say 'please,' Kitty, and Bridget shall put your shoe on."

Kitty pouted, but did not speak. She took her shoe, sat down on the floor and tried to put it on herself, which was a very well had she not done it angrily, for children ought always to help themselves. Kitty tugged and tugged at her shoe, but her little, fat foot having grown fatter since the shoe was bought, it fitted very tight; in fact Kitty could not get the shoe on.

Soon she heard her papa's step in the entry, and began to cry.

"Bridget will help you, Kitty," said her mother looking into her chamber; "ask her, my child."

"But Kitty looked 'No, I shan't,' though she did not say so in so many words. The dinner bell rang.

"You stay here, Kitty, until you can see Bridget properly to put on your shoes," and her mother went down stairs.

Kitty turned very red and burst out into a hard, angry fit of crying. Then she got up, ran into a little dressing-room and shut the door. Oh, naughty, foolish Kitty! How much trouble she was making herself! and how grieved her parents were to see so dear little Kitty in her

own high chair at the table and for such a reason, too; that was the worst of it. By-and-by her papa came up-stairs, and not finding her in her mother's room went to the little room.

"Where is my Kitty?" he asked, in a sad, sorry tone.

The little girl jumped up from the corner, and going toward him, said: "Oh, papa, 'please' would not come out of my throat; it stayed there; it almost choked me; but it will now."

She took her father's hand, and, taking up the shoe, went to find Bridget, and when she found Bridget, she said:

"Please, Bridget, put my shoe on a naughty little girl's foot."

Bridget did it very willingly. Then she ran down stairs, and throwing her arms around her mother's neck, said, with a tear in her eye:

"Mamma, 'please' did stay in my throat so long that it felt big and almost choked me; but, mamma, it's out and I think it will come quick next time. Please kiss me, mamma. I'm very sorry."

Kitty did not get choked so again. She found it easy to say "please" afterwards; and "please" made the little girl a great many friends.—S. S. Visitor.

THE PIOUS CAPTAIN.

Captain H— was master of a whale ship sailing from a Long Island port. He made no pretensions to piety, but during one voyage, for some reason which he could not explain, he became strongly impressed with a sense of his duty, took a decided stand for Christ, and became a Christian. The next Sunday he called his crew together and conducted divine worship. The men said, "What's the matter with the captain! Nobody's been aboard to make him a Christian."

Not long after, one Sunday, several whales appeared in sight. There were other whaling vessels near them, and every other ship sent out boats' crews to take the whales. But Captain H— said, "This is Sunday. Not a boat leaves my vessel to-day." When he returned from that voyage he was met with a discharge by the owners. They wanted no such captain. When there were whales, whales must be taken, Sunday or not. After his return it transpired that in the town from which he had sailed, a number of the good Christian people in his absence had been thinking about Captain H—, and had made him the subject of special prayer. At that very time when they were praying he was converted, and the Sunday when he commenced having divine worship on shipboard was the next one after they had been offering special prayer for him. But now he was suffering for Christ's sake, and these Christian men, feeling that they had prayed him, into trouble, thought that they ought to pray him out of it. They also believed that prayer and works should go together. A number of them formed a sort of syndicate. They bought as fine a whaling ship as could be found in the United States, placed Captain H— in command of her, and he continued master of that ship as long as he wanted to go to sea; and was known as "the pious captain."

Although fidelity to principle is not often, perhaps, followed so promptly by recognition and reward as in this case, yet we may be sure that he who has the Christian manliness to set up to his convictions of duty, though it be apparently to his own loss, shall not lose his reward here or hereafter.—S. B., in Congregationalist.

MY JULIA.

My Julia was a sweet dolly. I had spent many happy days sewing her dresses and playing with her. Mostly she wore white and had a happy expression on her face.

I was absent from the house, jumping rope on the pavement one day, when a lady and her little daughter came to call on my mamma. During the call some one gave the child my Julia to play with. That was all right, of course; but when they were going away, the little girl

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cried to take my dolly along. My sister came out and found me, and asked if I would give the little visitor my Julia. Of course I said, "No, indeed!" But my sister coaxed me a great deal, and told me that the little visitor was crying very hard, and could not be comforted, and would not give dolly up. She told me, besides, that I was almost too big to play with dolls any longer.

So at that I consented to give my dear Julia to the spoiled child, who cried for what was not hers! When I went in, by and by, she was gone. None of the big people ever knew how lonely and unhappy I was without my precious doll.

It was a whole year before I saw the visitor again, for she did not live in the same city. When I saw her—it was in a shop—I walked up to her, and said: "How is Julia? Where is Julia?"

Will you believe it? She did not remember my Julia that she had cried to take away from me! I went home very sad and indignant. I thought a girl who could take my Julia and then lose her and forget all about her, must have a heart of stone.—Little Folks.

WORK OF THE LOWLY.

There lived in an English town a little old woman seventy years of age, poor and feeble. A sermon on foreign missions so fired her enthusiasm she went and offered herself as a missionary for Africa. The rector gently told her that her work was at home. She might pray for the cause and send her alms. So she began saving her pennies from her very scanty earnings, anxious to do something for the missionary work. In that same place there lived a rich young nobleman, who cared more for his dogs than for religious enterprises. He at length heard of the old lady and of her singular zeal and self-denial—for it became the talk of the community. He went to see her one day. He found her in tears, utterly disappointed and discouraged. She said that people only laughed at her, and that all she had gathered together as the fruit of so much pains amounted to but a few shillings. "My barley loaves are worthless," was her despairing cry. That very night she died. The next day found the young lord sitting silently and alone with his head bowed, held by his hands. The Spirit of God was moving on his heart. The result was that he that night wrote a letter offering himself as a missionary to Africa.

POSITIONS.

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through an arrangement with a great establishment we are able to make the following offer; it is only good for sixty days, do not forget that. If you are an old subscriber or new, we will send you \$2.25 can have success for one year, and our Family Magazine. This magazine is the great authority on the farm and it publishes good news, etc. It ought to be in the hands of every one who has a foot on ground on which he can plant flowers or vegetables. In fact every one who sends us can take his choice between two collections of seeds. For more than fifty years James Vick has sent his sons after him have had great reputation for sending out the best seeds. Their reputation is world-wide.

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In addition to the RECORDS, we will send you... we hope you will avail yourselves of this offer. Remember it is only for sixty days.

RECORDS: Saturday and Sunday was our church meeting here. We had a good meeting; we had two addresses; one by letter and one by voice. Brother J. W. Edwards, of Nashville, is our pastor. His text was II Timothy 2:15. The subject was "Holy Lives." Sunday was preached from Luke 13:1-5. Brother Edwards is in the place and the right man. He has been with us three years. We have seen him here things looked dark, but by the help of God we are going to victory. We have our church home under headway; we are putting on the rafters to-day. We have no place to hold our services only in a school house, but God has blessed us in our efforts as a people. We have a good Sunday School the year around, and prayer meeting every Wednesday night. We are taking this country for God and the Baptists, and no wonder when Brother Edwards is planting such books as the Little Baptist, Pilgrim's Progress and others, and the Western Messenger in homes of all the people, as we pray God's blessing and grace to guide us over the great sea of life.

Your brother in Christ, JOHN EAMES, Grove, Ky., Feb. 9, 1893.

Do thy part with industry, and the event with God.—Fellowship.

A PHYSICIAN'S OPINION.

The readers of this paper will remember reading in a December number an answer from Senex to a query, "Is it right to advertise secret nostrums in religious papers?" I agree with him that there may be some of these secret nostrums, that in certain cases possess real merit, but if contra-indicated may do positive harm. How can the patient know when they are contra-indicated when they are "good for everything?" Drugs are powerful to do either good or harm, and when used indiscriminately and without knowledge of its action and its indication in disease, oftener do harm than good. And while advertising these nostrums in a religious paper may cause one to find a beneficial remedy it may cause many others to try them to their detriment.

There is no medicinal agent known to secret nostrums that is not known to the medical profession. A great many secret nostrums are imitations of medicines used by the profession, while a greater number get their sale from advertising rather than their virtue. Any discoverer of a drug or combination of drugs, who wishes to benefit mankind by his discovery, will advertise his product to the profession rather than to the laity.

The advertisers of these nostrums in nearly, if not every case, claim more for their medicine (?) than it is possible for it to accomplish and it seems more than they expect it to accomplish. It seems that they would have the sufferers believe more than is true. Is it right for religious papers to aid in such deception?

W. J. SHACKLETTE, M. D. Stephensburg, Ky.

REVERENCE IN WORSHIP.

"God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him." By substituting the word "reverence" for the word "fear" in passages where the words may be used interchangeably, we will see how necessary reverence is in worship. "Unite my heart to reverence thy name," a good passage for us to use upon entering the house of God. "The Lord encampeth round about them that reverence him." "Great is his mercy toward them that reverence him." "Then they that revered, the Lord spake of one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard them." Again, "His salvation is nigh them that reverence him." These passages show the necessity and significance of what we are pleading for in public worship. Many of our churches are weak here. The primary object of the public service is to worship God, and to worship Him is to reverence Him. When this thought is fully embraced, it will purify our services of many weaknesses and dignify them with many a holy charm. God will not be regarded as One to be embraced and doted over, as one might treat a mere pet. There is a familiarity with God that is most hurtful to worship, as when we hear sometimes expressions of endearment applied to Him such as you would apply to a little child; a familiarity too often displayed when some good brother or sister takes a tone inappropriately intimate with the Lord. How all this gratifies upon the refined sensibilities of the reverent soul! How it weakens and cheapens our worship! Irreverence always puts too low an

estimate upon God and familiarizes that which is holy. When the Lord commanded the people to follow the ark to the Jordan, He said: "There shall be a space between you and it of about two thousand cubits by measure." The ark represented the throne of God, and the people were to keep a reverent distance from that throne. So when the Lord appeared to Moses in the burning bush, He said: "Draw not nigh higher." We sinful men must not be too familiar with the Lord, for He will vindicate His majesty as well as His justice. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

At whatever cost, let us have reverence in our worship. Discourage the careless, prayerless manner of the assembling congregation; refuse the cheap music and almost flippant hymns that are offered to us as aids to worship; rebuke the stiff necks and erect bodily posture of the people during public prayer.

If we could come to the place of worship with the proper reverence, it would fill the temple with the glory of the Most High, and this glory would win men to the sanctuary, and in such an environment, what minister could not preach like an evangel from heaven?—O. J. White, in the Treasury.

FINE CATTLE.

Maple Grove Herd of Jersey Cattle, owned by John A. Middleton, Shelbyville, Ky., was founded in 1877. A bull from the Centennial prize herd, and a daughter of the famous bull, Signal 1170, were bought. In 1881 a son of Imported Duke 76 was bought and put at head of herd. Many valuable animals have been added from time to time, always keeping in line with the best blood bred in this country or on the Island of Jersey. So that his present herd is not surpassed in breeding or individuality, as evidenced by the number of premiums taken by his herd at the various fairs in Kentucky.

Among the number of famous cows bred at Maple Grove, a typical Jersey cow, "Signal Maid," she was dropped in 1883. Dropped her first calf in 1886, and gave 73,447 pounds of milk in 3,132 days, an average of about 23 1/2 pounds per day. She dropped her 13th calf in August, 1899; continued in milk two years; was dried off in 1901. She is now drawing a pension from the Maple Grove Farm for work done, with all care necessary to make her comfortable, for faithful and profitable services rendered.

There are about 50 head in the Maple Grove herd, among them eight or ten imported Golden Lad heifers, bought at Cooper's sale in 1901 and 1902.

Mr. Middleton's herd was exhibited at State Fair at Louisville in 1902, and took a large share of the premiums. Nobleman's Lady Mary, his beautiful two-year-old heifer was an easy winner in her class, and was the sweepstake champion cow of the show. Forfarshire's Orford Queen took first as a yearling; Flying Fox's Pearl took second as a yearling; Lady Blanche Fox, another imported heifer, not in milk, took third place.

Nobleman's Lady Mary, in beautiful bloom, with her trim form, intelligent eye and perfect tremendous udder, was crowned the queen of the State exhibit, wearing the laurels over sweepstake cows from not only Kentucky, but Indiana and Missouri. This exhibit alone was worth crossing the continent to any Jersey fancier to

see. The milk and cream from this herd, handled by a competent man, is shipped daily to Louisville, under a certificate of purity and cleanliness of a competent veterinarian.

DEAR RECORDER:

I wish to ask the favor of you to have the address of my paper, the RECORDER, changed from Muskegee, I. T., back to my home, Danville, Ky., as I don't wish to lose its companionship for even a single issue, having been a continuous reader of its columns for over fifty years.

Now a word about the Baptist cause at Muskegee. I expected to find here only a mission station, supported by the Board, but not so, for there is a church of about two hundred as live and active Christian workers as you find anywhere; with a flourishing Sunday School of over a hundred, with teachers faithful and true; and their pastor, Brother Tanner, is a fine man, a fluent speaker, a student of the word. His church gave to missions last year three hundred and eighty dollars, and now are talking of a new church and parsonage. The University of Bacome is in a flourishing condition, full of scholars, with a live president, Dr. Scott, backed up by a full corps of good and faithful teachers, and there is now in progress a religious awakening among the students, and already a score of the students have been converted and application made to join the church in Muskegee, the University being three miles in the country, and a most beautiful place it is. Large improvements are now on hand to meet its pressing needs, led by Rockefeller's generous purse.

Now I close with kindest regards to all. Yours fraternally, J. A. SLAUGHTER, Muskegee, I. T.

SOMETIMES as you pass along a country road there is tossed up to you a most invigorating fragrance. You look all about you to see where this blessing comes from, and discover at last it is from the little mignonette hidden and out of sight so far as the eye can detect, but making itself felt by invigorating every passer-by. This is the picture for the Christian. "Pride likes to climb up, not as Zacchaeus to see Christ, but to be seen." Humility should ordinarily hide perfections. As the leaves of a tree cover and shade the fruit, and the hand of man must lift

CANCER.

Its Scientific Treatment and Cure. Dr. Charles Weber, of Cincinnati, O., has made the treatment of Cancer and Tumors a specialty for many years, using no knife or other severe measures. As an evidence of his success, he cites the names of a few reliable persons who have been cured by him: Mr. Ben Price, Cashier, Bank of Oxford, Oxford, Miss., cured of cancer of several years standing, involving left side of nose and extending into corner of eye. Mr. W. G. Brockway, Vice-Pres. and Treas., Southern Car and Foundry Co., Birmingham, Ala., cured of cancer on forehead. Mr. A. A. Olen, County Treasurer, Hartsville, Miss., cured of cancer on left cheek. Mrs. E. M. Swift, 1922 Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky., was cured of a large cancerous growth of left arm for which amputation of the arm had been advised. A line addressed to Dr. Charles Weber, 125 West Ninth Street, Cincinnati, O., will secure a free treatise on the subject.

Diamond Rings. C. P. BARNES' RINGS. Both Plain and Set have been the recognized standard in the South for 45 years. Our Diamonds are selected for their clear color and brilliancy. Our Settings are in most approved and prevailing styles. Tiffany, Hecker, etc. MEN'S RINGS. Fine for Business, Society, etc. Gold Setting like above cut, \$48, \$60, \$75. LADIES' RINGS. Plain or Channel Set. Gold Setting, selected clear, Brilliant Stones, \$10, \$20, and \$25. Rings made in any size. Initials engraved free. Send for Ring Catalog. Diamonds from \$10 to \$200. Rings, Pearls, etc. Brochures, etc. C. P. BARNES & CO., Jewelers and Watchmakers, 106-108 W. Market St., Louisville, Ky.

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Dr. Pentecost, to illustrate the value of persistence in Christian work, relates his conversation with a stone-mason, whom he saw trying to break a large stone with what seemed a very small hammer. "You never can do it," the preacher prophesied. "Sure, sir, that's all you know about breaking stones," replied Paddy, as he hammered away industriously. After hundreds of these peckings there came a slight crack. A few more, and the great stone fell apart. "Now," asked the Irishman, "would your honor tell me which one of those blows it was that broke the stone?" "Why, the last one, to be sure." "There you're wrong, sir. It was the first blow, and the last blow, and all the middle ones, sir."—Ex.

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The Farm
 and Household
 In Danville, Ky., a few days ago, Lett Sloan sold a two-year-old mule to D. N. Prewitt for \$181.

"BIG FOUR"
 The Best Line to Indianapolis, Peoria, Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, New York, Boston

Mr. R. A. Dodd, of Wilmore, shipped a car of fancy horses to Charlotte, N. C., Tuesday. He bought 10 horses in Washington county last week at \$80 to \$150.

C. S. Brent, of Paris, bought in Montgomery county, of Roy Morris about 10,000 pounds of hemp at \$5.50 per hundred.

Danville Advocate: W. F. DeLong has broken out 60 acres of hemp in the past month, which averaged 1,250 in one field of 15 acres and 1,180 in the other of 45 acres. Mr. DeLong raised 300 acres of the article this season and says it weighs above the average.

Bridgewater & O'Daniel, of Lebanon, Ky., sold recently to Monte Fox of Danville, Ky., eight cotton mules for \$155 per head.

C. S. Brent & Bro., bought of Theo. Robinson, of Winchester, his crop of 15,000 pounds of hemp, at \$5.50.—Paris News.

Missouri Pacific Railway
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 ST. LOUIS and Memphis
 FASTEST SCHEDULE TO ALL PORTS IN Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Oklahoma and Indian Territory, Colorado, Utah, Oregon, California, Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona.

Roy Beasley, of Stanford, Ky., sold to T. H. Smiley, of Lexington, Ky., seven harness horses, \$2,000 for the bunch. The horses were delivered last week.

Mr. R. E. Goddard, of near Burgin, has just finished breaking out his hemp crop of about 30,000 pounds, raised on about twenty acres of ground the past season, and which he can sell or has sold at \$5 per hundred.

Colley Bros. & Robertson, agents for W. S. Drye & Co., bought of Tandy & Price, a pair of five-year-old mules for \$300. Sam Lewis, who is a large produce dealer, stated that he is satisfied that Adair county realizes annually \$60,000 for poultry and eggs.—Adair News.

At Bradfordsville, Jack Wilson bought of Millard Thornton one coming 4-year-old saddle horse for \$107.50; John Rogers, of Pulaski, Tenn., bought of J. P. Fiddler 11 fat mules at \$100; also 14 yearling mules of H. T. Cortin for \$1,400. Mr. Gartin also sold two work mules to Ed. O'Daniel for \$285.

Dr. E. Salmon, Chief of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who superintended the fight against the foot and mouth epidemic in New England, says that about 3,000 animals have been slaughtered in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Vermont and New Hampshire, and that the indemnity the Government has paid the owners aggregates \$100,000.

In Murfreesboro, Tenn., recently Sam Ferrell sold a fine pair of mules to Col. Henry Hirsch. They were black mare mules, 16 1/2 hands high; weighed 2,780 pounds and were of perfect form and five years of age. The price received was \$400 for the pair.

Messrs. James, Ben F. and Ike Parrish, of Midway, Ky., sold their crops of tobacco, aggregating about 200,000 lbs., to Mr. V. F. Ziegler, of Versailles, Ky., at an average price of about seven cents pound.

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APPETIZING SOUPS.
 BY CARRIE MAY ABINTON.
 A famous cooking teacher and chemist insists that no dinner, however simple or frugal, is complete without a soup.
 A perfect soup must be appetizing, as well as nourishing. Soups when properly made are wholesome, easily digested, and inexpensive, and can be served for luncheon or supper on a cold day equally as well as for dinner.
 Some of the most delicious soups are now made from vegetable stock, which formerly our mothers and grandmothers considered meat broth the basis of all good soups.
 Milk Soup.—One cup of potatoes mashed and seasoned with salt, the yolks of three hard-boiled eggs mashed and made smooth with milk, one-fourth cup of butter, one quart of milk brought up to the boiling point, one large tablespoonful of flour. Stir quickly and strain.
 Cream of Celery Soup, No. 1.—Cook a pint of chopped or cut celery in water until tender, then rub through a sieve. Add one teaspoonful of salt, two even tablespoonfuls each of butter and flour rubbed smooth, and a pint of boiling milk, in which a slice of onion has been scalded.
 Cream of Celery Soup No. 2.—One pint of celery cut into inch pieces and cooked in a pint of water with a teaspoonful of salt until tender enough to rub through a colander or sieve. Place in a double boiler a pint of milk and half a teaspoonful of parsley. When it comes to a boil add the celery and let it simmer for ten or fifteen minutes, then add two even tablespoonfuls of butter and one teaspoonful of flour rubbed smooth. Boil for a few moments, strain, and serve.
 Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Boil slowly for forty minutes one large bunch of asparagus which has been cut into pieces, in one pint of water. At the end of this time remove the tips and press the rest through a colander. Place a quart of milk in a double kettle and when it boils stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour and one heaping tablespoonful of butter rubbed together until smooth. Stir until smooth and thick, then add the asparagus which was pressed through the colander, season with salt and pepper, heat, and add the asparagus tips, then serve at once, very hot.

Mrs. Rover's Normandy Soup.—One knuckle of veal, one quart of white button onions, four quarts of cold water, half a baker's five-cent loaf, one quart of cream, two tablespoonfuls of butter, salt and pepper to taste, two tablespoonfuls of flour. Place the veal in a soup kettle with the onions and water and let simmer slowly for two hours, then add the bread cut in slices. Let it simmer slowly for two hours longer. Remove the knuckle and press the ingredients through a sieve. Rub the flour and butter together until smooth and stir into the boiling soup, stirring constantly until it thickens. Add the cream, salt and pepper, and serve.
 Cream of Spinach Soup.—One-half peck of spinach washed and cooked in a cup of boiling water with one teaspoonful of salt for five minutes in a porcelain kettle; chop it and rub through a sieve. While it is being pressed through the sieve add to it one pint of chicken stock. Let a quart of milk come to a boil in a double kettle, add one teaspoonful of grated onion, a blade of mace, and a bay leaf. Rub smooth three tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter and stir them into the boiling milk; continue to stir until it is thick and smooth, add the spinach and rub through a pure sieve, return to the double boiler and bring to the boiling point; then serve.
 Cream of Chicken Soup.—Cook slowly on the back of the stove one quart of chicken broth and two heaping tablespoonfuls of rice (washed thoroughly) for half an hour. Mix together one tablespoonful of butter and three tablespoonfuls of sifted flour until smooth; stir this into the soup and continue to stir until thick and smooth, season with salt, and add one point of scalded new milk.—Good Housekeeping.

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 The Cincinnati, Wash. Agr., St. Louis, Mo. effect Oct. 1, 1902.

TO CURE EGG EATING.
 Almost every one has had trouble with hens eating eggs. Any one who has learned much from it will be glad to learn any way to prevent or cure it. A poultryman of experience says:
 There is nothing more provoking and more unprofitable than a flock of hens which have acquired the habit of eating their eggs. This is a habit more easily prevented than cured. Give the hens plenty of exercise with a variety of food. Gather the eggs frequently, provide sufficient nesting places and keep one or more porcelain eggs upon the floor of the house. Dark nests are advisable, and a meat diet is excellent.
 To cure the habit provide dark nests and add meat to the food. Remove the end from several eggs and pour out the contents. Make a mixture of flour, ground mustard and red pepper, adding a little water to hold the material together. Fill the shells and place upon the floor of the henhouse. The hens will make a wild scramble of these prepared eggs, will gobble down some of their contents, and will soon be gnawing with open beaks. Follow up this treatment until the hens refuse to touch an egg. It seems and perhaps is somewhat severe, but no permanent ill effects will follow. The hens will soon learn that eggs are not so palatable as they regarded them, and will desert form the bad habit. Positive cures have followed this method.—"Tri-State Farmer."

WASHINGTON EXPRESS DAILY.
 Only electric lighted train leaving Louisville in any direction. Through Pullman Ventilated Sleeping Car, Louisville to Washington, D. C., with electric lights.
 Leave Louisville 8:20 p.m.
 Arrive Washington 8:20 a.m.
 Arrive Baltimore 10:30 a.m.
 Arrive Philadelphia 11:30 a.m.
 Arrive Providence 12:30 p.m.
 Arrive Boston 1:30 p.m.
 Arrive Richmond, Va. 2:30 p.m.
 Arrive-Old Point Comfort 3:30 p.m.
 Arrive Norfolk 4:30 p.m.
 Returning arrives in Louisville, Ky. 10:30 p.m.

CHESAPEAKE & OHIO RAILWAY
 Leave Louisville 8:20 p.m.
 Arrive Washington 8:20 a.m.
 Arrive Baltimore 10:30 a.m.
 Arrive Philadelphia 11:30 a.m.
 Arrive Providence 12:30 p.m.
 Arrive Boston 1:30 p.m.
 Arrive Richmond, Va. 2:30 p.m.
 Arrive-Old Point Comfort 3:30 p.m.
 Arrive Norfolk 4:30 p.m.
 Returning arrives in Louisville, Ky. 10:30 p.m.

OLD RELIABLE
LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE RAILROAD.
BEST ROUTE FOR YOU
TRAINS SOUTH.
 Leave Louisville: 8:35am; 12:45 p.m.; 2:30pm; 9:25pm
 Arrive Louisville: 2:30am; 7:35am; 12:25pm; 7:30pm.
TRAINS NORTH.
 Leave Louisville: 3 a.m.; 8 a.m.; 12:45 p.m.; 2:30 p.m.
 Arrive Louisville: 11:27 a.m.; 2:10 p.m.; 8 p.m.
TRAINS JELLAGO AND SOUTH AST.
 Leave Louisville: 9:00 a.m. and 9:30 p.m.
 Arrive Louisville: 6:10 a.m. and 6:10 p.m.
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 Leave Louisville: 7:30am; 2:00pm; and 8:00pm; 4pm.
 Arrive Louisville: 5:10am; 12:30 noon and 5:30pm.
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 Two Fast Trains Daily Ventilated Throughout and Lighted by Gas.
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NEW HOT SPRINGS LINE VIA MEMPHIS.
 Through Memphis connections from Chicago, Cincinnati, Louisville or New Orleans to Hot Springs, Ark.
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 Particulars furnished by any Illinois Central Agent.
 J. E. Hanson, T. W. Burton,
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One advantage possessed by white fowls over dark ones, is in the matter of pin feathers. In drumming for market a pin feather will pass inspection in a white fowl, which would badly disfigure a dark one.
 Have a barrel or two handy in which to place the droppings. Sift a little coal ashes, or slacked lime in the barrel after each deposit, and keep in a dry place until you make garden in the spring.

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C. W. Anderson, of Stanford, Lincoln county, Ky., sold a pair of mules to Bowen Fox for \$225.
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Items of Interest

News the World Over

The Russian government is gradually weeding out all foreigners from the public services. They must either become Russian subjects or quit their posts...

We wonder what American University has not noticed the French critic, Jean Jusseau, according to his idea of his own demerit. He vents his wrath by saying that higher education in the United States is a farce...

We have spoken of the decline of the birth rate in England. And we are surprised to learn from the Watchman that in spite of the decline the rate in England is higher than it is in the United States.

We have all heard of and many have been ladies who have been enamelled, but here is a case of one who has been tattooed. Pearson's Magazine says a lady who grew tired of painting her face with paint which would wash off, went to Bolton, the famous tattoo expert.

There is a grapevine at Hampton Palace which is 154 years old. The grapes are the Hambro variety, and are kept exclusively for the royal table.

A firm which sells bottled grape juice called unfermented wine, has given out the report that grape juice will destroy the germs of typhoid fever. The Board of Health in Chicago thereupon made experiments, and found that fresh grape juice had no effect on germs of any kind.

"Not One Mouthful"

of table food should be given a child before it is one year old," says Dr. Holt. What substitute then? Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is absolutely the safest and best infant food obtainable.

unfermented wine, have greatly injured the sale of it instead of increasing it.

The Irish members of Parliament sustained the government on the Education Bill. It was understood, of course, that some sort of bargain had been made with them.

Two women have been hanged in London. They were "baby farmers," and they were the murderers of many babies. The Home Secretary was appealed to on the ground of their sex, but he refused to interfere, and with justice.

President Roosevelt has appointed Mr. John T. McDonough, of Albany, New York, Chief Justice of the Philippine Court. Mr. McDonough is a Catholic, yet we have seen no protests from the Protestant papers.

THE MARKETS.

LIVE STOCK.

Report for the week ending Feb. 11.

Table with columns for livestock types and prices. Includes CATTLE, HOGS, and SHEEP.

Total sales of new crop to date: 1903, 33,182; 1902, 24,375; 1901, 45,938.

Rejections this week: 1903, 661; 1902, 783; '01, 942.

Percentage of rejections to auction sales: 1903, 15; 1902, 21; 1901, 19.

Rejections Jan. 1 to date: 1903, 3,303; 1902, 4,835; 1901, 4,601.

RECIPIPTS.

Table with columns for livestock types and receipts. Includes HOGS, SHEEP AND LAMBS, and CATTLE.

LEAF TOBACCO.

Table with columns for tobacco types and prices. Includes BURLY-1901 CROP and DARK-1902 CROP.

Table with columns for tobacco types and prices. Includes BURLY-1901 CROP and DARK-1902 CROP.

We can best prove our thankfulness to the Almighty by the way in which we live on this earth and at this time each of us does his duty to his fellowmen.—Theodore Roosevelt.

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THEO. NOEL CO., Recorder Department, Chicago, Ill.

C. H. Nash, D. D., the able and popular pastor of Hopkinsville, came to the city to hear Dr. Truett. Like all who have heard Brother Truett, he is charmed with his manner of presenting the claims of the Gospel.

THE ART OF LETTING GO.

We held on to a great many things last year which we should have let go—shaken off entirely. In the first place we should expel from our minds completely the things which can not be helped—our past misfortunes, the trivial occurrences which have mortified or humiliated us.

hold on. Anything that can not help us to get on and up in the world; anything that is a drag, a stumbling block or a hindrance, should be expunged from our memory. Many people seem to take a positive pleasure in recalling past misfortunes, sufferings and failures.

The long history of Christian achievement teaches this, the power with men results only from power with God. They who seek the world for righteousness as such as know by experience the quiet of the inner chamber—Baines-Griffiths.

This promises in the Bible to prayer are not made to one but to the continued habit of prayer.—Edward Payson.

Trust pure in heart see God in every thing, and see Him everywhere; and they are supremely blessed.—J. G. Holland.

Every man's life is a fairy tale, written by God's fingers.—Hans Christian Andersen.

One of the first lessons in life is to learn to be absolute master of one's own mind, to clear it of