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WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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is left for a distinguished layman who loves the truth to say the severest yet of that Educational Trust set up at Chicago. After quoting from official notices at the Convention Judge E. Lewis says: "A man who has any real faith in specific Christian truths will as well try to walk on a basket full of eggs without breaking one as attempt to pierce through the mazes of this Religious Trust, and yet preserve his Christian integrity."

years ago the *Interior* of Chicago editorially that Chicago University is not a Baptist institution, but would be entered at the Bureau of Education in Washington as un denominational. We read the *Interior's* words and when the editor of the statement was denied we wrote to the *Interior* asking its authority. The editor promptly sent us a note he had received from Dr. T. W. Goodspeed answering the fact. Dr. Goodspeed's position as an official of the University made authority unquestionable.

Independent has another editorial that the Baptists. As the *Word* and *Post* says what the *Independent* does not say about the Baptists would fill a volume. The most remarkable assertion is that the Baptists of the South have divided into two denominations. We suspect the wish is father of the thought, and this wonderful editorial was written inspired by the same man who wrote the editorial in the *New York Evening Post* in which Southern Baptists are vilified, and our noble Kerfoot in particular, were aspersed.

among the things for which in our hearts we thank God is that He gave the talents, Henry G. Weston, and has kept the strength of body and mind unimpaired with age. We thanked Him again when we read Dr. Weston's letter to the *Chicago Record* thanking it for the editorial on the day and Confirmation day in Baptist papers. Of course it is not called "confirmation day," but a new name does not change the nature of a thing.

Weston says: "The text on the day before Easter in many of our Bibles ought to be, 'And so we came to the tide in many respects is rising against spiritual Christianity, when it reaches its height Baptists necessarily suffer more than any other denomination.'"

New York Christian Advocate says it finds evidences among the more influential of their laity of a growing distaste of the silver-tongued preacher who is so erratic, and who seldom builds up his church." The reason why there is so much that silver-tongued men may be doing is that they are flattered.

Higher Criticism.

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D.D.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable."
Dr. Nathaniel West, by a careful examination of the idiom in this verse as it appears in other parts of the New Testament, has proved that the translation of the King James version, and not the Revision, is correct. In the light of the other passages the Greek compels us to read it: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God," and Timothy, to whom Paul was writing, knew with every learned Jew what "All Scripture" meant. It was the canon of the Old Testament substantially as we have it to-day.

"The Higher Criticism," says Dr. W. Henry Green, "is an inquiry into the origin and character of the writings to which it is applied. It seeks to ascertain by all available means the author by whom, the time at which, the circumstances under which, and the design with which they were produced. Such investigation, rightly conducted, must prove a most important aid to the understanding and just appreciation of the writings in question."

"The books of the Bible have nothing to fear from such investigation, however searching and thorough, and however fearlessly pursued. They can only result in establishing more firmly the truth of the claims which the Bible makes for itself in every particular."

And yet Dr. Green is compelled to say "the higher criticism has been of late so associated with extravagant theorizing, and with insidious attacks upon the genuineness and the credibility of the Books of the Bible, that the very term has become an offense to serious minds. It has come to be considered one of the most dangerous forms of infidelity, and in itself very hostile to revealed truth. Nor has the use made of it by those who, while claiming to be evangelical critics, accept and defend the revolutionary conclusions of the anti-supernaturalists tended to remove the discredit into which it has fallen."

We have tried honestly and fairly to investigate the claims of these higher critics, and to study the processes by which they have come to their conclusions, and we are compelled to say that we believe their claims are myths, and their conclusions are myths which are eating away the texture of faith and character.

MYTH NO. 1.—A critic can tell by the literary style of portions of the Scripture that they were written by certain persons whom he has never seen, and of whom he has never heard nor even read in history. The style of the Junius Letters did not reveal their author to the critics of that day, though he was a contemporary. They made their guesses differing one from another, but no one could positively ascertain. An American firm published an anonymous book some years ago, which had been written by an author of national fame, and the public were invited to guess from the style of the book the author's name. The literary world sent in their guesses, most of which were wide of the mark. And yet learned men seriously claim that they can decide as to the authorship of chapters, paragraphs, sentences and words simply on the ground of literary style.

MYTH NO. 2.—It is claimed that evolution compels us to believe that certain parts of the Bible were written at a later

date than is claimed by orthodox believers. The theory of evolution is a pagan and not a Biblical conception. It is supported by fancy and not fact. It is imagination run wild. It is a myth born in the brains of scientific men who have a craze for generalization. Paul met it in the Greek philosophy of his day. It was one of the high things that exalted themselves against the knowledge of God, and was used then as now by the opponents of Christianity as an engine against revealed truth. One is not surprised, however, that men who make such absurd claims for their delicate and subtle discernments of style, should accept as established science a myth of Greek speculation, for they show a marvelous credulity in reference to everything except the Bible.

MYTH NO. 3.—The Pentateuch or Hexateuch may be divided into two distinct documents written by two distinct authors, one of whom used the word Elohim in referring to God, and the other the word Jehovah. The originator of this myth was Jean Astruc, born in 1684, "a French physician of considerable learning but profligate life." He wrote a treatise entitled "Conjectures concerning the Original Memoranda which it appears Moses used to compose the Book of Genesis." He believed that Moses was the author of Genesis, though he used material that was written by others. Dr. Eichhorn, of Gottingen, adopted this theory and added many original guesses to the guesses of Astruc. The profligate French physician has the honor of being the father of the modern destructive higher critic movement, unless you choose to trace its fatherhood through his bad character back to the one who, in the Garden of Eden, said to the woman in disregard of God's word, "Ye shall not surely die." When a writer to-day uses in the same article or book in referring to God the word "Almighty," "Creator," or "Father," no one suspects that two men were authors of the article or book. But because the word "Elohim," which refers to God as the Almighty Creator, and the word "Jehovah," which refers to Him as the covenant-keeping God, were used in Genesis, it is inferred that two authors must have written the book. It is strange that Jean Astruc and his followers did not have discernment enough to see that the same man may use the word "Elohim" in referring to God as Creator, and "Jehovah" in referring to Him as the covenant-keeping God.

If these wild and fanciful speculations were kept within the brains of scholars, or locked in dusty books, read only by the learned, it would not be worth our while to preach a sermon on the subject. But they have been popularized, magazines and even the daily press are full of them. What are the results?

These myths are myths which eat up the doctrines of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, and, weakening faith, tend to destroy belief in their credibility and authority. The style of the Holy Spirit is not considered. The fact that He could, if He would, impress the writer to use one set of words in one place and another set in another place is not thought of. The natural and oftentimes unnatural are made to crowd out the supernatural. It is hard to believe that the Holy Spirit had anything to do with such a hodge-podge composition.

These myths are myths which eat away faith in the miraculous. God is driven out of His world, while His servants, natural laws are, deified. He is made the subject of His subjects. God is forbidden

to work directly for the accomplishment of His purposes. The miraculous, which is simply another word for God's direct active agency in the world, must give way to the slow workings of the pagan theory of evolution.

These myths are myths which insidiously destroy faith in the Divinity of Christ. No one can continue to worship very long the Lord Jesus Christ after he has been led to believe that, though Jesus said Moses wrote of Him, Moses really had nothing to do with the writing of the Pentateuch. To say that Christ knew better, but did not choose to inform the people, is little better than to say that He was ignorant of the facts. When I was a theological student at Greenville, South Carolina, Dr. C. H. Toy, a Professor in the Seminary, had just accepted these views. We were not surprised at the result. He went from an Evangelical church into the Unitarian church, and it is reported that he has now left all churches, and is as thoroughly pagan in his philosophy as Herbert Spencer, Darwin or Huxley could wish him to be. Those who hold that Moses did not write the Pentateuch will sooner or later be with Professor Toy, if they allow the logic of their position full sway.

These myths are myths which have eaten away the faith of our teachers in higher institutions of learning, and have made some of them centres of unbelief. The Pilatium which in the presence of him who is the truth still asks, "What is truth?" is prevalent, and as a result our colleges are turning out many Pilates with their interrogation points of unbelief, rather than Peter with their periods of faith. The dread of dogmatism is almost hysterical. To believe and assert with the assurance of Peter at the Pentecost is had in intellectual form. It is rather a sign of mental strength to doubt the old truth, though it may be as clear as the sun in the heavens, while any little flickering taper that appears to be new is welcomed. It is in the atmosphere that we must be friendly to error, however damning. A man who does not hesitate to assert that Jesus Christ was the illegitimate son of Mary, is invited to hold devotional services in a university chapel. It is even reported that the President of the Board of Trustees and another official of the board connected with this university are infidels. We are rather shocked, but not much surprised, that a professor in this university should have said in substance, "If I were the devil, and as wise as the devil is reputed to be, I would establish this institution." There is, of course, an orthodox department and orthodox literature are furnished to those who want it. This harmonizes with the modern idea of syndication. I believe that the higher critic craze, with the atmosphere that it makes, is responsible for such a condition of things.

May God help us to cast down imagination and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, "and to bring into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," believing in our heart of hearts that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

SOSLY and with clear eyes believe in your own time and place. There is not, there never has been, a better time or a better place to live in. Only with this belief can you believe in hope.—Brooks.

Truth, Its Acquisition and Communication.

BY REV. W. C. TYBEE.

Truth, in its last analysis, is simple reality. A very broad and comprehensive term, to be sure, embracing all actual existence, events, facts and relations. Whatever is real in history, is historical truth, whatever is real in nature is natural truth, and whatever is really right and good is moral truth. Wisdom is the knowledge of this reality, the realization of truth. Ignorance is the lack of such knowledge and error is the misconception or misunderstanding of reality. The search for truth has engaged the earnest, patient and persistent effort of men through all ages. Much of this great hidden world of reality has already become known to men by discovery or revelation, but with all its accumulation of knowledge the world has still only picked up a few shells on the beach, while the great and measureless ocean stretches out before us, because the volume of truth is infinite. This search for reality or truth is man's noblest and most important vocation, for morality and the attainment of real success and happiness and the true end and ideal of life consists in personal surrender and obedience to the truth and conformity of our character and conduct to that which is real. As we discover truth we learn how to live, we find out what we ought to be and what we ought to do. No truth is unimportant. The knowledge of everything that is real is valuable. Truth is harmonious; there is unity and concord in all that is real. Apparent inconsistencies and contradictions result from ignorance or misconception of truth. For behind all reality is the one true God, in whom all that is real converges and from whom all truth emanates. In general, we may say there are two realms or spheres of truth, the natural and spiritual. All reality in the natural realm is found out by experience, investigation and experiment, and all reality in the spiritual sphere is communicated to us by revelation.

Reason is the organ by which we perceive truth in the one, and faith is the organ by which we perceive truth in the other. But for the perception of natural truth by reason, and of spiritual truth by faith, certain qualities and conditions are essential. We will not, and indeed cannot, correctly see and realize truth unless these qualities and conditions exist in us, although we may have many other qualifications and make the most earnest efforts. There must be in us a genuine love and reverence for truth, a cheerful surrender, and complete submission to it. She is a queen who will unveil her face and reveal her features only to sincere worshippers, but never to those who seek the vision from mere curiosity, and for vanity's sake. In sincerity is a preference of that which is false to that which is real; prejudice is a reluctance to admit the real and rebellion against truth; fear misunderstands and undervalues truth, and selfishness ranks other things higher than truth. So insincerity, prejudice, fear and selfishness unfits us for the clear and correct perception of truth. They indicate a diseased condition of the optic nerve of the soul. When the mind is affected by these, our vision is impaired, if not destroyed, and we have delusion and distortion of sight, if not total blindness. It is truth within us that perceives truth without us. "If, therefore, thine eye be single thy whole body shall be full of light. But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness." Intellectual capacity, educational advantages, patient study for the acquisition of wisdom or the knowledge of truth, but more than all of these, this reality and truth within us is essential, for without it we can never have a true and real vision of reality without us. A strong mind, thorough education, complete apparatus, and patient industry is not a complete equipment for the scientist searching for natural truth, for without truth within him no telescope or microscope, however powerful and perfect, can give him a clear and correct vision of the realities of nature and the proper understanding of their true relations and real significance. And even now is this true, of him who with the organ of faith is seeking to discover the great spiritual realities which God has revealed to us in his Word. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Without which (holiness) no man shall see the Lord." The Bible is a revelation of God and our relations to him. It reveals facts, events and existences which we could never have discovered by reason. It is by faith that we acquire a knowledge and realizing sense of these realities, but only when there is truth within us, when we

sincerely love and reverence truth for its own sake, and are willing to conform our own life to it. Scholarship and brain power alone cannot enable us to properly understand and truly realize the contents of the Bible. It is a sealed book to the most learned and intellectual unless there is sincere reverence and humble loyalty to the truth in their hearts. Many people are totally blind who have well-formed eyes with all necessary parts and lacking only the seeing power. So many have everything else that is necessary for the correct interpretation of God's Word, but they cannot understand and realize its truth because they lack the seeing power of inward truth. Some of this class have claimed to understand the Bible, and have undertaken to teach it, but they have been blind leaders of the blind. Who can tell how much harm has been done, how many heresies have originated, how many souls have been lost, and how much the world has suffered because men have not realized that this important quality of the heart is absolutely essential for the correct interpretation and full realization of the truths of God's Word, and that nothing can take its place or compensate for it. If we would know the Bible, let us always remember that the qualities of the heart and its attitude toward truth is just as important as the power of the mind and its cultivation. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and he will show them his covenant." The meek will be guide in judgment, and the meek will he teach his way."

To acquire wisdom or the knowledge of the truth is a very great privilege and an inestimable blessing. To communicate the wisdom we have acquired is a sacred duty which we owe to God and men. To learn and teach is life's great mission, whatever may be our vocation. Humanity has no greater need than the need of truth, and all her greatest evils come from ignorance or the lack of the knowledge of truth. So he is the world's greatest benefactor and most worthy of honor who adds most to the common stock of truth. Inward sincerity and genuine love of truth is essential for the acquisition of wisdom, as we have seen. For its successful communication love is the essential qualification. There are many motives which might prompt us to interpret to others what we have learned, and we might have a variety of reasons for attempting to get others to accept our teaching and subscribe to our doctrines and when necessary to give up their opposing opinions. A desire to lead and control, an ambition to be thought wise and a fondness for victory, might account for such efforts. Impatience and irritation, caused by the error of others, may make us eager to communicate the truth and remove provoking ignorance, simply because it does provoke us. Such motives as these may sometimes make men zealous in their efforts to teach what they believe to be the truth, and, as a rule, when these are the motives the effort is to force the truth on people, and those who will not accept the teaching are ridiculed, treated with contempt and regarded as enemies. Such efforts to teach the truth always and utterly fail. If our teaching is accepted, and the truth we present is received, real love must move us. It is only when truth is seen in the light of love that it appears beautiful and attractive, and love is the only messenger to which the heart will open its door when it comes to bring some new truth. Let us remember that we will be heard and believed only when we "speak the truth in love." Even the most unwelcome truths, when dissolved in love, will be gladly received. A desire to have our way and to carry our point will call forth suspicion and rebellion against any truth we present, but a real and unselfish desire to help and bless will give it cheerful admission.

It is the sun that makes the shadows possible, beloved, do not forget that! So shalt thou learn the first of all the needed lessons for dark days! When it is midnight even, the sun has not gone out; the dark, old earth has rolled its own bulk between its face and the sun; it is dark because it is in its own shadow. How often, O my soul, hast thou turned thy back upon God, and mourned because thou wert in the darkness! Turn thee to the Light, my soul! Thy sun shall not go down, however dark the clouds above thee! Nay, as the moon and earth light each other because they face a common sun, so shalt thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need, and thou thyself shalt see God's light in their face when come thy hour of darkness!—W. E. Barton.

The invitation to lean upon the Lord is for the weary and not for the lazy.

The Nature of True Zeal.

Zeal, in the first place, is not noise. Noise is never a criterion for efficiency. The brass drum makes the most noise, but the sword wins the battle. Goliath thunders the loudest, but David wins. The braggart putting on his armour boasts himself with a loud note of confidence, yet only until his voice is hushed in death which comes from the keen spear thrust of the quiet man who thereafter joyously puts his armor off. Foes are not frightened by mere fury of war cry, but by heavy onset of solid legions. Yet many Christian workers have overlooked this principle, and have sought to shout rather than to pray the kingdom in. But lung power is not unction, nor is a human perspiration quite the equivalent of a divine inspiration.

Zeal is not sentimentalism. It is not the talking about good things so everlastingly that no time is left for the doing of them, nor is it either the cause or product of the profuse moralizings of those unobscured disciples whose piety is more driven than deed. Gush is not Gospel. Garrulousness is not godliness. There is a time to speak, with a swift urgency and steady flow of words earnest with a more than a prophet's meanings; but a verbiage that is not vital with a breath of heavenly inspiration is no evidence of either piety or sense. Zeal often uses language, and seeks for itself impassioned expression; but zeal is more than a meretricious mannerism, a simulated fervency, or a weak sentimentalism.

Zeal is not fuss. If it were we would be justified in remarking that there was already a vast deal of it in the world. But fidget and bustle are not "Christian evidences." They testify to no real strength behind them; they do not help things on. Flutter and flurry advance few fortunes. Calmness, coolness and consideration are the true counsellors of conduct. Mere excitement may sometimes serve as the temporary stimulant of endeavor, and thus at certain crises precipitate an initiation of this or that enterprise; but it is rarely that excitement allows of the exercise of the best judgment, or the laying of the deepest, most far-reaching plans. Nervous impatience, feverish fussiness, irregularity of action disqualify for success. Longfellow sings of

"The great wheel which toils amid the hurry
And rushing of the flume,"

—yet it is not the foam and spray which turn the wheel, but the deep, silently rushing currents that grasp it from underneath. Effervescence is not efficiency.

Again, zeal is not worry. The daily occupation of some good people is worrying. If they were paid a dime for every time they worried they would by this time be millionaires. When such dear souls arrive in heaven—that restful land where no worry is—we presume that they will —miss something. But what believers should feel is that worry means three things—weariness, waste and work. Of course, it means weariness. It is hard work to worry. It is tiresome to be over-anxious. Undue solitude loads still heavier burdens upon the back of the pilgrim already weary with his earthly journeying. Worry takes out of the soul something that it gives not back. It is a bankrupt borrower, and tendeth to poverty of health. It has become a truism to remark that hard work, but worry, kills half the people that die. So worry is waste. It is prodigal of the life forces, weakening the man even while he lives. It squanders opportunity, and then buys it back again at exorbitant rates of mental and physical interest. And thus, too, worry means work—additional work. The time dissipated through over-anxiousness must be made up in some way; and so the runner on life's railway pulls the throttle wider open, and with a spasmodic effort seeks to overtake the vanished value, while all the time the physical machine is being rusted and racked at a most impudent rate. If the work left awhile undone because of the dissipating influence of worry be finally accomplished it is effected at a severe ultimate cost in vitality and vigor.

What, then is zeal? It is earnestness, energy and efficiency. Zeal is earnest enthusiasm. The map of the world has been changed because of the people who are in earnest. Earnestness is generated by the influence of right beliefs, and the exhibition of urgent motives for action. It is born of high thoughts as to God and compassionate thoughts as to man. So earnestness comes energy. It does not take things all out in feeling, but exhibits a strong desire to put principles into practice. Many obstacles to the progress of the right will be encountered in this vil

world, however, and so zeal will be called upon to exercise a steady energy which comes to a "patient continuance in well-doing." Hence results efficiency. Zeal is power directed to right ends, by intelligent methods, and with practical results. Zeal is the thing that does it. It is constructive, contributory to the best life of the world—the zeal of the trowel as well as of the sword. Hence zeal leaves solid results of itself in the thought and life of its times. Christian zeal is all these things; and it is all this for Christ.—N. Y. Observer.

Slippery Places.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A state of confidence is always a state of danger. We always feel uneasy for those who prattle boastfully of their spiritual attainments. Spurgeon used to say that he was always afraid of "perfect people." Such are apt to grow presumptuous, and to say to themselves, "Why afraid? Not I." Other people may fall; they, so Simon Peter felt, and yet he was very disciple to stammer out a shameful denial of his Master. During my long pastoral experience I used to feel a certain apprehension about those converts who made (on entering the church) a very bright and fluent profession, in which little word "I" was painfully prominent. One of these became early backsliders when they reached a slippery place. John Bunyan makes "Mr. Fearing" and "Miss Much-afraid" to reach heaven at last, although they had a very poor opinion of themselves. They walked humbly before God, if they did not do any shouting. "Mr. Presumption" was left lying by the road to the Celestial City with a pair of fetters on his heels.

Discontent sometimes breeds spiritual danger. When a minister begins to worry about his lot of labor and imagines that he was cut out for a larger place and larger salary and a better lot, he is getting on rather an icy bit of ice. He is tempted to self-advertising and to put himself "into the market" and to upset the balance by a foolish striving to get what God has not yet sent him. Into such discontented, worrying hearts how gently the Spirit whispers, "Seekest thou great things thyself? seek them not."

pecuniary prosperity is often a slippery place for a professing Christian. How many a man grows poorer in grace while he is growing richer in gold! There are indeed many followers of Christ whom God can trust with large incomes without any shrinkage of their piety; nay, to use their wealth as a means of grace to themselves as well as to others. A swelling in wealth swells pride and social ambitions; the result is such a man rises in financial prosperity, but he leans over like a tower whose altitude is great for the breadth of its base. He gets heavy. Every Christian who is prosperous in business, or is promoted into a higher position to pray every day, "Lord, let not my foot grow dizzy! If my foot beginneth to slip, Thy mercy hold me up!"

In these days thousands in our churches are in terrible danger from sinful conformities to the world. A luxurious style of living—of pleasure with accompaniments of dissipation—habitual play-going, and kindred self-indulgences, are apt to be fatal to spiritual growth. I do not know of any Christians who manage to stand up straight when they get on such slippery places. It is apt to trip them up. In fact a professional minister of Jesus Christ always ventures to get when he tries to see how far he can get yet save a respectable Christian character. When he is away from home and says to himself "Nobody knows me here," or when he slips up any sin and says to himself, "Oh, once," he is setting his foot on a glare of ice. God never promises his protecting arm to backsliders. One of the most lamentable defections I ever knew was that of an ex-church officer who tampered with a trust and promised himself that he would repurchase the dollar before anybody found it out.—Rev.

EVERY one of us casts a shadow. That about us a sort of penumbra—a strange, imperceptible something—which we call personal magnetism, which has its effect on every other life that it falls. It goes with us wherever we go, and not something we can have when we walk away aside a garment. It is something that pours out from our life, like light from a candle, like heat from flame, like perfume from a flower. J. R. Miller.

The Doctrine of the Atonement in Baptist Congress.

BY H. R. WOMACK, D.D.

I quote: "The scenery is changed from the realm of juristic abstractions to the realm of life and conscience. The Vital Moral theory regards reconciliation as a moral process of saving men from sinning, and lifting them up into a realm of righteousness. It sees in the tender affection of the Father an effort to win the love and obedience, the sympathy and filial confidence of his sorrowful children."

I.—His Objections.

1. Legal satisfaction for sin. He says the true theory of the atonement "regards reconciliation as a moral process of saving men from sinning." There is no legal satisfaction for sin in that.

2. Vicarious suffering for sin. He says men are saved "from sinning" by "a moral process." There is no vicarious suffering for sin in "a moral process."

3. Real atonement for sin. 1. By paying the debt of the sinner. (2) By enduring the suffering of the sinner. (3) By suffering in the place of the sinner, or in any other way by which a real atonement for sin may be made. For, he says, men are "saved from sinning, and I suppose he means" in this there is no atonement at all; no paying the debt of the sinner, no endurance of suffering due the sinner, no suffering penalty in the place of the sinner, no vindication of the sin and the justice of God. It is very clear that there is no real atonement; in fact, an atonement is unnecessary, since men are already God's children, and are "saved from sinning" by a "moral process."

4. "Juristic abstractions." Yes, sir; he objects to them! And, what a pity that he recognized them, and that he, frightened, turned and fled! It is not known how many of these "juristic abstractions" our brother found. But he found a few, and, judging from the speed and the height of his flight from the section where he found them, the number of them must have been small! So far as I know, he is running from "juristic abstractions" yet!

II.—His Improvements.

Our brother does well. He tears down one and proceeds to erect another; he rejects the Christian doctrine of atonement that is accepted among us, and offers us another which he thinks is better to take its place. The tremendous mistake he makes is this: The house he tears down has real atonement for human sin in it; one he erects in its place has in it no atonement for human sin. I here mention some changes in the situation and some corrections concerning the doctrine which I find in our brother's address.

How they are:

1. A change of "scenery." He informs us that the "scenery" is changed. I do not know whether he did this thing, I do not know whether he changed his "scenery" or not. I do not know when the change was done, nor why it was done. But he tells us that it has been done. I am strongly tempted to ask: "How did they manage to change the scenery?" I know that it is quite proper that "scenery" be changed sometimes! A change of scenery, you know, is said to be good for one's health! Theatrical people know all about the importance of changing the scenery, and they change it. And now some one has been thoughtful enough and wise enough to change the "scenery" of the great Christian doctrine of the atonement.

2. A change from a "region" to a "realm." Let us look at that! That "scenery" changed from a "region" to a "realm!" That change may be an "overstating blessing to the human race!" It removes all difficulties in the way of a clear understanding of the Bible doctrine of atonement! It looks like it might mean something that is of great importance to men. I do not stop just now to observe that this change of the "scenery" from a "region" to a "realm" was made at a tremendous cost, and that those who made this change are under the most serious obligation to explain why such change was made.

3. A change from "juristic abstractions." That is like it might be a good thing to change something from. Those who did the changing thought so, I suppose, else they would not have made the change. It is a "region," you understand—a "region of juristic abstractions." Now, regarding the definition short, "juristic" may be said to mean law, and "abstractions" may be said to mean mental processes. The "scenery" of this way: The scenery is changed from the region of law, in which region the mind exercises itself in an orderly way. It is not easily seen why anything should be changed from such a "region" as that. But the change has been made. The drawbacks of that change must depend upon the nature of the "realm" into which the transition is made. We must, therefore, find

out something about that "realm" into which these persons have carried that "scenery." What kind of a "realm" is it? Here it is:

4. A change into the realm of "life and conscience." That is the kind of a "realm" it is. Just think of it: A change from the "region" of juristic abstractions into the realm of "life and conscience!" This change must involve some very great issues. Again I am tempted to ask, who could have made that great change? Can any one fail to see the world of good that must come to mankind, all because some one gathered up the "scenery" of the atonement and took it out of the "region" of juristic abstractions, and, carrying it on, landed it safely in the glorious "realm of life and conscience!" A monument to that man! This "realm of life and conscience" needs no explanation; every one knows just what it is at the first thought! Every living human being has life, you know. Yes, you know where life is. Yes, well, nearly every living human being, and every one, has conscience, you know. Yes, well, there is life and there is conscience. Yes, now, right along there, somewhere, the "realm of life and conscience" is located. Nothing is more easily found! One important feature of this "realm" is, there is no "law" in it, and when people get into it they do not have to think; for this "realm" is far removed from the "region of juristic abstractions."

5. A change in the doctrines of grace. I might say that our brother revolutionizes the whole system of Bible doctrine. And I might add, that this is nothing new at all. This thing has been done several times before this. Pelagius, Arius, Laetius and Faustus Socinus, Grotius, Edward Irving and Horace Bushnell did the same thing. Our brother, I suppose, does not think he has made a discovery of any kind; but after looking over the matter, concludes that these men, whose names I have just now mentioned, were right, and that what is called Orthodox Theology is wrong. The changes in the doctrines of sin and grace, which our brother suggests for Baptists to accept, include the following specifications:

(1) Salvation is "a moral process." Campbellites, Socinians, Bushnellians, Irvingians, all moralists, must agree to this.

(2) Salvation is a saving "from sinning." Baptists think salvation comes in another way and means a different thing.

(3) Salvation is by "obedience." Yes; Irving, Bushnell, Catholics, all Socinians, including Campbellites, are about a unit with our brother. He has not found something that is new; he is not alone. He says the Father approaches tenderly and tries to win the sinner's obedience. I have heard saved people telling about their being saved, and they all seemed to think that they were not saved by "a moral process," that they were not saved from "sinning" merely, and that "obedience" was not the thing required of them; they thought and felt that they were condemned, and deserved to be damned, but in the nick of time they were saved by the grace of God. But our brother thinks it was by "obedience."

(4) Salvation does not require regeneration. Of course not. It comes by a "moral process," and consists in "obedience."

(5) Total depravity is not a fact. Certainly not. A "moral process" saves men. "Obedience" is the thing. In Adam's fall, we fell not all. The fact is, Adam did not fall, he just "wobbled" a little and came near injuring his prospects. No; he did not fall at all, and, hence, he did not propagate a fallen nature. Any one can see that, who leaves Paul and a large part of the Bible out of the account.

(6) Sinners are God's "children." This is the "universal Fatherhood of God." I suppose. Then, of course, Adam did not fall, sinners are not "children of wrath," and are not dead in trespasses and in sins, regeneration is not necessary, and he did not fall at all, and, hence, he did not propagate a fallen nature. Any one can see that, who leaves Paul and a large part of the Bible out of the account.

My aim was to present, in the third place, some of the theological results that follow from the doctrine of the whole commercial idea of the atonement which our brother makes, but this article is too long now. The third point may come in another article. Greenville, Texas.

The "beast" described in Rev. 13:11-18 has been identified with many organizations, and a few persons like Napoleon I, but it will be surprising if some students of the Book of Revelation do not identify this "beast" with the industrial monopoly, that may be the evolution of the "trusts." The 16th verse is significant: "And he causeth all both small and great, rich and poor, and bond, to receive a mark in their right hand, or in their foreheads, and that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name." It is not easy to see how a prophecy of commercial monopoly could have been more accurately expressed than in such words as these. And the strange thing about it is that in a book in which the whole commercial idea is so lacking as in the Revelation, the forbidding to buy or sell, the entire prohibition of trade except at the will of the "beast" should be seized upon as the distinctive mark of this baleful power.—Watchman.

Verily, verily, ye err, ye people of Cologne, if ye believe that your glorious cathedral, your golden tower and your ceaseless music of bells can be of use to you for holiness; if you despise the grace of God which is offered in his Word and are unthankful for his mercies; for the churches make no one holy, but Jesus, God-fearing people hallow the churches.—John Tauler.

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.

BOOKS.

The Turk and His Lost Provinces. William Elvrow Curtis. \$2 net. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York.

Whoever would understand the Eastern Question should read this book. The author has traveled extensively in Turkey, and has used his eye well. He is a man of keen insight, and he tells a straightforward story. The misrule, the cruelty, the craft and deception, the dishonesty of officials, and all the black story of the Turk, is graphically told, and a multitude of facts are given such as cannot be found elsewhere. Mr. Curtis thinks things cannot go on much longer without a general European war; he is well known, only the jealousy of the Powers keeps the Sultan on his throne. Russia would go to the relief of the oppressed members of the Greek church, but England and Germany will not allow it, lest Russia should get a footing on the Mediterranean. Germany, our author thinks, is more responsible than any other power for the continued reign of the Sultan.

The misgovernment of the Sultan and his fierce atrocities are graphically described, and they stagger belief, unless the reader is well enough informed to be prepared to believe what the author says. For our part, we have not the slightest doubt of the accuracy of the picture. It fits exactly what the writer saw and heard when traveling in the Turkish empire. If the outside world only knew the facts, the present conditions would not long be tolerated. Bulgaria, Servia, Bosnia and Greece are described and their recent history is sketched. The reader rejoices these regions have been freed from Moslem rule, and longs that Macedonia, Armenia and the rest may be delivered. The kidnapping of Miss Stone is explained.

Mr. Curtis is master of a style at once easy and vigorous, and his descriptions are vivid, while his conclusions are just. A knowledge of the Turkish situation is indispensable to a right understanding of European politics, and this is the best book to convey the needed information.

Studios of Familiar Hymns. Louis F. Benson, D.D. \$1.50. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia.

The frontispiece is a fac simile of the title page of the first edition of Isaac Watts' "Hymns." It is a quaint and curious relic. Other fac similes are given, e.g., the original publication of "How firm a foundation," &c. Along with each hymn discussed is an interesting account of its origin and sketch of its author. The hymns thus treated are:

- O Little Town of Bethlehem. Stand up, stand up for Jesus. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord. Lord, with glowing heart, I praise thee. From Greenland's icy mountains. My faith looks up to thee. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. My country, 'tis of thee. Oward, Christian soldier. Nearer, my God, to Thee. When I survey the wondrous cross. O still in accents sweet and strong. Jesus Christ is risen to-day. A mighty fortress is our God. Abide with me, fast falls the eventide. God bless our native land. Father of mercies, in thy word. O day of rest and gladness. Take my life and let it be. I would not live away, I ask not to stay. O help us, Lord, each hour of need. Shepherd of tender youth. Thine forever! God of love. Standing on the morning. It is a book of unusual interest and value.

Stephen Greene. Memories of His Life. Resolutions, Addresses and Other Tributes of Affection. Benjamin A. Greene. Printed for Private Distribution. R. R. Donnelly & Sons, Chicago.

This certainly is a model memorial volume. We have combined tender affection, high appreciation, rare taste, keen insight and wealth of learning. The ancestral line, the heredity, the youth and education, his success in business, his Christian, civic and home life—all these are most interestingly told. When a boy of seven he entered some resolutions in his diary, the first of which was "I will regard my Christian character, duties and allegiance to Christ in all things my first and paramount business." That was the key-note of his life. He died at his home in Newton Centre, Mass., Nov. 7th, 1901.

The tributes to his memory are from President Wood of Newton Seminary, President Faunce of Brown, Dr. Burr, his pastor, Dr. Morehouse, Dr. Barnes and others, all of them tenderly eloquent resolutions and letters from all parts of the

country close the tasteful volume, and bear testimony to the greatness of the man and to the widespread grief caused by his death.

Life Secrets. Henry Foster, M.D. Compiled and arranged by Theodora Crosby Bliss. \$1.00 net. Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago and New York.

Dr. Foster became famous as the founder and head of Clifton Springs Sanitarium. He was a devout Christian, and he exerted a blessed influence for spirituality. This book is composed of his meditations gathered and arranged under the following heads: Prayers, God Revealed, The Holy Spirit, The Bible, Life Training, Heart vs. Head, Transformed Lives, Christian Living, Guidance, Service, Nature Lessons, Little Secrets. His opening meditation shows the character of the book, viz.: "The law of prayer exercised in obedience to God's will, towers above all the forces of the universe; towers above all human strength and wisdom, plans and purposes, putting them all to naught."

The Kewick Movement: In Precept and Practice. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. 55 cents. Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

Dr. Pierson writes most sympathetically of the Kewick movement, which has attracted so much attention recently. He gives its history—starting with Mr. and Mrs. R. Peursall Smith—its purpose and spirit, its growth, its teaching and its method. More complete consideration and truer obedience to Christ are the avowed aims of the movement. It is one phase of the "higher life" movement. Those who would fully understand the movement, should read Dr. E. H. Johnson's book, but this little manual will suffice for the ordinary reader.

MAGAZINES.

The Treasury for May has the following contents: In Christ's Stead, Rev. Henry Spellmeyer, D.D.; The Seven Cardinal Virtues, James Stalker, D.D.; Hearing and Earing, Rev. George H. Hubbard; Sermon by Illustrations: True Living is Giving; Outlines and Leading Thoughts of Perseus: A Christian, Rev. F. Goodwin; Removing the Grave Clothes, Rev. George Adams, Ph.D.; Positive and Negative Religion, Rev. H. H. Beatty; Sons of God, Rev. Samuel T. Harding; Moral and Mental Insanity, Rev. Dwight Mallory Pratt, D.D.; The Rock Foundation of the Bible, Rev. John E. E. Stuebel; Editorial: Movements Among the Churches, Rev. Charles H. Small, E. Treat & Co., Publishers, 241-243 West 23rd Street, New York. Yearly in advance, \$2.00; single copy, 20 cents.

The Pilgrim for May has the following contents: Men and Matters of Moment, Willis J. Abbott; The Most Reverend John Ireland, D.D., Maurice Frances Egan; A Bit of Button, Richard Henry Post; Between Two Worlds, Curtis Dunham; The Old-Time Journalist, James L. Ford; Interior Decoration, James W. Pattison; A Digger in Bohemia, Myrtle Reed; The Muhrom, Barry Fann; Does a College Education Pay? Arthur McEwan; Tolstol's Drama—"Resurrection," Bolton Hall; Physical Culture for Women, Mrs. Rose Edson-Helme; "That Beautiful Realm Called Home," Isabel McDougall; Wedding Etiquette and Finery, Betty Stacey; Novelties in Needlework, Lillian M. Siegfried; With the American Club Woman, Bertha Demaris Knobe; Hints for Right Living, Julia Holmes Smith, M.D.; The St. Charles Flats, Jason Grenell; The Home Table, Dorothy Ray.

Lippincott's Magazine for May has the following contents: The Love of Monsieur, George Gibbs; Our Color-Bearer, Helen M. Richardson; Snow in May, Mildred I. McNeal; I Go A-Maying, Dr. Charles C. Abbott; Five Poems of the Spring, Bliss Carmon; Ananias, of Bethan, Elsie M. Stewart; The Story of a Settee, Cy Warman; After Rain, Frank Walcott Hutt; His Matine Girl, E. MacCauley; The Coal Miner, Aloysius Coll; Caitlin Dhu, Seumas MacManus; Fruitful, Francis Howard Williams; The Winnings of Margaret Mervin, Clifford Howard; The Fleet, Frank H. Sweet; How Putz Lost His Job, Montgomery B. Corse; Patience, Carrie Blake Morgan; Pasquale, Frederick Tyndler; The Great Marvin Dana; That Other Expedition, Jerome Case Bull; Certainty, Charles Hanson Towne.

Jon's triumphant assertion of his confidence in God is deservedly ranked as the most important passage in all his discourses.

The flukes of his anchor have taken hold of the immovable Rock of Ages; and the rage of the tempest, and the dashing waves and the heaving reef, cannot tear his vessel from its moorings. Held by the strong grasp of the invisible, he can defy all that is visible, and on the surface; and Satan's most furious assaults have no greater to dislodge him, or unsettle his well grounded persuasion.

My Redeemer shall arise last. Job and his friends had been contending first. My Redeemer shall arise last; and he shall enter latest on the scene. And he shall settle the matter unresisted, in his own way. And this shall be the final settlement of this much disputed case. And none shall come after him to change what he has done.

Abraham saw Christ's day; and Job rejoiced to see Christ's day; and he was glad. It was the seed of Abraham to whom the "Father of the faithful" looked forward. It was his divine Redeemer that clad the believing soul of the man of Uz.—William Henry Green.

HELP us to reach out past the things we can not understand, to the God we trust. We thank thee for the passing of what changes, and the changelessness of that which passes not.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

**Sunday-School
& Lessons**

SUNDAY, MAY 17.

PAUL BEFORE FELIX.

Acts 24:10-26.

Motto Text—"I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."—Ps. 23:4.

Paul is in Caesarea where Lysias had sent him when told of the plot to kill him. He was brought before Felix for trial. The high priest, Ananias, had come down to appear against Paul, bringing with him a professional advocate, Tertullus, to speak for him. Tertullus made a shrewd speech showing that he was well acquainted with the best method to influence Felix against the prisoner. The lesson begins with Paul's reply.

"Forasmuch as I know that thou hast been of many years a judge unto this nation."—Six or seven years, much longer than usual, and long enough to have learned all about the Jewish religion. Paul says "nation" instead of people as Felix was a foreigner. He answered cheerfully, knowing he had a judge who understood. Another reason of his readiness was that Felix could easily learn the truth of his words. He had only been in Jerusalem a few days, for it was twelve since he came to the city, and five of these had been spent in prison in Caesarea. His object in going to Jerusalem was not to raise a tumult, but to worship God in the temple.

"And they neither found me in the temple disputing with any man; neither raising up the people."—He answers with a broad and positive denial of the charges which Tertullus had made, and which the Jews had affirmed. It would not have been wrong to have disputed, but, as a matter of fact, he was not doing it. "Neither in the synagogue nor in the city."—The latter means in the streets of the city. There were many synagogues in Jerusalem. Thus he makes a sweeping denial covering all the ground. And he desires them to prove the charge brought against him.

There was a tumult from which Lysias and his soldiers had rescued him. But his enemies had raised it themselves, and they charged him with their own offense. He goes on to tell the whole truth to the Roman judge. "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy."—Tertullus had said he was a ring leader of the sect of the Nazarenes. The word translated heresy means a sect. He admits that he worshipped as they said but goes on to give three reasons why he should not be considered a heretic. He worshipped the God of his fathers, the same God whom they worshipped. And he believed the Scriptures which they accepted. He was no higher critic. He believed all things contained in the law, that is, the books of Moses and the prophets.

"And hope towards God."—In reference to God founded on his promises. "Which they themselves also allow."—The great bulk of his people were Pharisees, and it is probable the accusers were nearly all of this sect. And the Pharisees believed in the resurrection of the dead. "That there shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust."

**That
Tired Feeling**

is a Common Spring Trouble.

It's a sign that the blood is deficient in vitality, just as pimples and other eruptions are signs that the blood is impure.

It's a warning, too, which only the hazardous fail to heed.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla
and Pills**

Remove it, give new life, new courage, strength and animation. They cleanse the blood and clear the complexion.

Accept no substitute. "I felt tired all the time and could not sleep. After taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a while I could sleep well and the tired feeling had gone. This great medicine has also cured me of scrofula." Mrs. C. M. Root, Gilsum, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

The wicked are to be raised to be punished just as surely as the righteous are to be rewarded.

"And herein do I exercise myself."—Herein means therefore. Paul did not forget the judgment day. Do we remember it always, and try to act in every thing as we shall wish we had acted when we stand before the Judgment Bar? He disciplined himself. "To have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men."—Paul had to discipline himself to keep from offences. None of us can hope to go to heaven on flowery beds of ease. All sins are sins against God, but some are also against our fellow-men.

"Now after many years."—He had made a brief visit four years before, a longer one eight years before, but he had lived elsewhere twenty-one years. "I came to bring aims to my nation."—Beautiful gratitude these rulers of the Jews were showing him. He had taken collections in the Gentile churches for the poor saints in Jerusalem. "And offerings."—The offerings he made in the temple for the six men and himself are meant, it may be more. This was what he was doing, not raising insurrection nor blaspheming the temple.

"Whereupon certain Jews from Asia."—They were from Ephesus, and recognized him. They found him performing his vows in the temple with no crowd gathered about him and no tumult. They raised the tumult themselves. As they were the eye-witnesses of his conduct, justice required they should have been present to testify in regard to him. They were wise to stay away, for it would have been shown in the trial that they had done what they had accused Paul of doing.

The men who were present did not see Paul in the temple, but they could speak as regard to what happened in the Sanhedrim. He had there avowed his belief in the resurrection of the dead, and this had caused division in the assembly, the Pharisees, who were the large majority, taking his part and saying he had done nothing. It is probable many of those same men were among his accusers. And thus Paul reminds them very courteously, but with great skill, that when he was tried in their own court for this same offense, they themselves had declared, "We find no fault with this man," yet here they were among his accusers! They had been so earnest in taking his side they

"strove" with the Sadducees, and their strife became so serious, the Roman soldiers interfered. There would be no trouble in Felix getting proof of this favorable action towards Paul.

"And when Felix heard these things, having more perfect knowledge of that way."—Of the Christian faith. He knew more than Paul's prosecutors thought he did. It was Paul's unsupported word against that of the high priest, Ananias, and other dignitaries of the Jewish nation. Felix evidently believed Paul told the truth, but he did not wish to offend the high priest by taking the unsupported word of the prisoner against his. So he postponed the case until he could have the testimony of Lysias, the Roman commander, who would know all. When Lysias had testified he would give his decision.

"And he commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty."—Have indulgence. He was not chained to the soldier, and his friends were allowed to care for him. Luke, Paul's physician, was with him, and it is thought Luke took advantage of his leisure to write his Gospel. Paul was a feeble, sickly man, given to doing the work of three men, and God gave him rest by putting him in prison—the only place he would rest.

"And after certain days when Felix came with his wife Drusilla."—Felix may have been absent from the city, or it may mean he came into his judgment hall with Drusilla, who was anxious to see and hear Paul, widely known as a ringleader of the Nazarenes. Two more wicked people than Felix and Drusilla could hardly have been found even in that age of awful wickedness. Drusilla was the daughter of the first Herod Agrippa, and had all the wickedness, the talent and the beauty of her race.

"And as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come."—He was faithful to these high placed criminals. He talked to them not of their vices, but of the virtues which they did

not have, and the Judgment which awaits those without these virtues. Drusilla was a Jewess, and knew all this. But she was the more hardened sinner of the two. Before the awful picture of the Judgment to come the man, though a heathen, trembled; she did not. How many sinners when brought face to face thus with the Judgment Bar of God, have answered as Felix answered? And to how many, as to him, did the convenient season never come?

A bad man himself, and accustomed to receive bribes, he hoped that Paul would bribe him in order to secure his release. He sent for Paul often and talked with him in order to give an opportunity to receive the bribe. How little he appreciated the character of the man with whom he had to deal!

**BAPTISTS AND THE
VATICAN.**

BY LIDA B. ROBERTSON

"This is claimed to be the only likeness of Christ," came a voice through the darkness, as we, a delightful party of invited guests, sat in a beautiful home viewing stereoscopic reproductions of twelve masterpieces of painting called "masterpieces of the world." "It is said to be taken from Tiberias Casar's intaglio ring, and is the only genuine picture of Christ," stated the lecturer.

That revelation which is felt, but unspoken, fell upon us all. I recoiled in painful spiritual wonder how even distorted religious mania could desire such a hideous guess-work materialism of the Son of God. When the repulsive, grotesque face, with its flat, receding forehead, thick lips and flowing locks, was cast upon the canvas, it elicited the audible query all over the dark room: "Who is it? who is it?"—and when told who it was it shocked us. It truly verified the weakness of "the flesh" to clutch at materialisms to impersonate divine truth. The entire New Testament is a record of Christ's deeds and soul-teachings. Not one word whatsoever mentions his physical appearance, showing conclusively that it was not his outer man that is essential to impress him upon human hearts, but his inner truth and teachings; and it becomes a profound wonder how even the Vatican could desire and preserve such an enlarged caricature of the Divine One.

Eight of the twelve masterpieces are owned by the Vatican, and hang upon its sumptuous walls. I recognized the ones depicting Christ from the "copies" so profusely used in the Sunday-school literature of the Protestant world.

As I sat in the darkness and witnessed the pictures, panoramically pass before us, painful questionings and irreconcilable-ness throbbed my heart. Baptists through the ages have bled and died for the written Word dual with Holy Spirit as the God-given medium of inculcating eternal life to human souls, and wherein can we Scripturally justify any other method? Their repudiation of "teaching for doctrines the commandments of men" has subjected them down the stairway of the centuries to every conceivable brutality from the edicts sent forth from the Vatican; yet what are we Baptists of this generation doing?—following in the wake of the Vatican! Not only are we conforming to its pictorial materialisms to inculcate spiritual truth, but are using them

from its very walls. Vatican precedent accepted and practiced, and our Baptist young are being deplorably trained in it!

With these irreconcilable conclusions warm and fluttering in my heart, our Baptists gathered together next day in Convention at Asheville. And, to my painful observation, I spied the result of this materialism—departure from the primitive faith—in "crucifix buttons" of color-daub outline on the coat lapelles of our ministers, along with the badge of the marked "Delegate." And I keenly queried, wherein is there a iota of difference between a button bearing the crucifixion on it and "a crucifix" at the end of a rosary?

In Brazil, Mexico, Cuba, Italy at home, how shall we propagate our faith as diometrically distinctive from that of the Vatican, when we copy its *modus operandi* from its very scrolls? Had pictorial portraiture been an essential requisite to reach the Spirit, would not the Holy Spirit have endowed one of the Apostles as a master-artist to paint the Christ and the Apostles, and not have left it to the guess-work and imagination of Michael Angelo and others? If material portraiture was an essential to teach Christ to sinners, why did He emphasize it so twelve: "Ye are the light of the world," followed by the designation of what would make them so: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use and persecute; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven." Lay beside this declaration to the woman at the well: "God is a Spirit, and they that worship him worship him in spirit and in truth."

In our ill-gotten zeal to save people en masse, we have stumbled over Christ's example of personal method, and have fallen into reliance, the error of materialisms to reach the spiritually blind, thereby flinging away the divine method. Let every Baptist cling to and advocates its perpetuance read Zola's Rome, or his vivid, masterful pen-pictures, naked nymphs and voluptuous goddesses in art on the Vatican walls, and his superb portrayings of Jupiter, Apollo, Venus, Domitrix, Pan, Bacchus, Ariadne, Ganymede and Adonis trampling with the Crucified One and the Apostles. He says: "It is no man who has done this, but the delegate of God—the man in whose eyes of idolatrous Christians who in the living manifestation the Deity."

Nevertheless we Baptists copying his material precedents which have so utterly failed, our own regime to teach Christ. Faith and love are the ears with which "the flesh" must row across the sea of finite life to the land of the New Jerusalem. Neither faith nor love are tangible and cannot be conveyed to the mind by material pictures. The growth of the soul emanates from the inner battles to overcome evil that is within us by Divine help. Mere mental knowledge Bible characters conveyed by pictures from fine artists, even from the abode that has upon its wings of materialism, cannot reach the whole earth, can never be one iota of spiritual advancement, and the inexplicable wonder how Baptists can favor and do it.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

PRETTY CHECKS.

A Food that Flakes Girls Sweet to Look Upon.

The right food for young ladies is of the greatest importance to their looks, to say nothing of the health. Thin, sallow girls don't get the right food you may be absolutely certain. A Brooklyn girl says: "For a long time in spite of all I could do I was thin, skinny and nervous. My cheeks were so sunken my friends used to remark on how bad I looked. I couldn't seem to get strength from my food—meat, potatoes, bread, &c. So I tried various medicines without help."

"I often read about Grape-Nuts, but never tried the food until one day something impressed me that perhaps if I would eat Grape-Nuts for my nerves and brain I could digest and get the good of my food. So I started in. The food with cream was fascinating to my taste and I went in for it regularly twice a day."

Well I began to improve and now while on my third package I have changed so my friends congratulate me warmly, ask me what in the world I have taken, &c., &c. My cheeks are plump and rosy and I feel so strong and well. I sleep sound and it seems as though I couldn't get enough to eat. Thank you sincerely for making Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason for Grape-Nuts.

BARTOW, FLORIDA.

Western Recorder:
 Our past winter has been a very interesting one in fact, to a Kentuckian who has been here no longer than a few months. There appears to have been no winter at all. Two or three light frosts is about all the winter we experienced. The winter being a mild one, has greatly encouraged the orange-growers.

About the last of February we had the pleasure of attending a convocation at Tampa between Rev. J. H. Hall, of Kentucky, and Rev. J. C. King, of Wilmington, N. C. It is useless to tell the readers of the Recorder who Rev. J. N. Hall is, as everybody knows him, and that any Biblical question entrusted to his care will be well handled and cared for. Rev. Mr. King is a representative man of the Second Advent church. Bro. Hall thoroughly "over-hall-ed" every argument advanced by his opponent, and conquered the "King."

The Baptist cause throughout Florida is on the upgrade, and is making rapid progress along all lines of work. At our last state Convention it was agreed to enlarge our contributions to missions, which has already been done, and it is hoped the amounts designated will be fully reached by April 30th.

If papers will enable us to accomplish anything, we certainly will succeed, as we now have three in the State. It is a much easier problem to solve why Kentucky should have three Baptist papers, than it is why Florida should have three—Kentucky with its numerous host of Baptists, and Florida with less than thirty thousand.

The Southern Baptist, recently begun, and edited at Gainesville, Fla., has been launched, and is asking for its share of patronage throughout the State and South.

The Florida Baptist, which is edited at Wauchula, Fla., is plenty old now to be wearing long pants. It, too, is longing to be remembered by the brethren; and last year not least the Florida Baptist Witness, edited at Ocala, Fla., which has been the organ of the Baptists of this State for many years; and we are not the least encouraged but what it will continue to be for many years to come.

The South Florida Association, of which we have the honor to be a member, is the leading Association in the State in its contributions to missions. While we have about forty-six churches in this Association, but few of them are very strong financially. The first church at Tampa, who has for its pastor Rev. J. T. B. Anderson, is our strongest church; then the Bartow church, with this ascribe at the helm; Second church at Tampa, with Rev. C. H. Nash as its leader; Lakeland, with its energetic pastor, Rev. J. H. Tharp; Plant City, with Rev. W. H. Wemphill as pastor; Braidentown, with Rev. H. H. Norris, and a few of our country churches, compare favorably with some of our city churches as to wealth; but a large number of our churches are weak financially. At our fifth Sunday Convention meeting in March, it was expressed sentiment of this Association to put a colporteur in the field. This, we think, will be done, and we feel certain great results will result.

We have been on this field-fifty months as pastor. Our work has been on very nicely in every department. There have been 140 conversions since our coming. Last Sunday week we ordained 2 more members, and took a collection

for the Orphanage, as we now have under headway a building for a Baptist Orphans' Home at Arcadia, Fla., which we hope to have completed by next fall. This, we feel, is a move in the right direction, and the Baptists throughout the State are very enthusiastic over the enterprise. Brother Turnely, formerly of Fulton, Ky., is the beloved pastor at Arcadia. Though not in our Association, we welcome him to our State as a valuable acquisition to our ministry.

We don't want to forget to say, that the old true and tried Recorder is still a continued well come visitor to our home, and in our travels we find it is a welcome visitor to many other homes in Florida. It is no stranger away down here in "Dixie." God bless the Recorder and its noble and fearless editor, who has been in these many years, and is still accomplishing a noble work, a work that will stand when the foundations of the rock of Gibraltar shall give way and that rock has fallen. May the Lord spare him many years as editor of the Recorder, laden with its precious seeds of truth.

As our church, which is always doing good things, has decided to send its pastor to the Convention, we hope to meet many of our Old Kentucky friends there (D. V.)

S. G. MULLINS,
 Bartow, Fla.

MURRAY MISSIONARY INSTITUTE.

A most interesting and helpful missionary and doctrinal institute has just closed in our church in Murray. This has gotten to be an annual feature in our church work. Just before our offering for missions each year we have a two or three days' meeting for the stirring up of our people to greater endeavor and larger liberality in missions. None have surpassed in spiritual power and good to our cause the institute just closed. Not only has it greatly helped us, but it has been of great benefit to some of our pastors and workers in our Association. Pastor W. H. Ryals, of Paris, Tenn., preached the opening sermon on "Denominational Co-operation and Patriotism." Admirably and forcefully did he set forth the obligations upon all Baptists to love their own church, to be loyal in doctrine and practice, to co-operate in both church and denominational work.

Pastor Anderson, of Trenton, Tenn., thrilled our souls with his wonderfully strong and helpful discussion of "The Holy Spirit in Missions." We greatly regretted that he and Bro. Ryals could not be with us all the meeting. Secretary How was with us a part of the time and greatly edified and instructed our people by his earnest words in behalf of mountain missions and the Church Building Fund. West Kentucky Baptists are devoutly thankful that the Lord has spared him to us to continue his work in our midst.

Pastor P. E. Gatlin, of Madisonville, led in the discussion of "The Pastor as a Factor in Missions" and "The Outlook for Missions in our Home Churches." His practical, timely words to his fellow-pastors were helpful, especially along the line of the pastor practicing what he preached about giving to missions.

Dr. Harvey Hatcher came by to see us on his way to the West Tennessee Sunday School Convention, and while here told us many interesting things about the

mountain people. We always listen to Dr. Hatcher with interest and pleasure and hope the Lord will spare him yet many years to come to our meetings.

The (T) office editor, Bro. Scarborough, spoke to us on "The Doctrines of Baptism." In a clear, strong, lucid manner he showed that baptism set forth in beautiful symbol five things—death, life, authority, cleansing, salvation. Though called up rather unexpectedly, he also gave us a fine discussion of "The Divine Authority for Missions."

Bro. Penick, of Martin, Tenn., greatly loved by the Murray church for his labors with us in the past, was at his best in the discussion of "The Doctrine of the Lord's Supper." Rich, spiritual, inspiring, uplifting was his closing address on "Missions as a Means of Consecration." And then Dr. Harvey was here. Already we have been hearing of good results of both his addresses. On the "Origin and Continuity of the Churches of Christ" he has set a number of our people to thinking. We hope to do some baptizing as one result thereof. In his address on Home Missions he completely turned over some brethren who had been opposed to the work of our Home Board.

The coming of the brethren has already borne good fruit, and these are but the first fruits of an abundant harvest. We thank God and each of them for their coming. Bro. Bailey and Perryman were with us, but got away before we got to use them much. We were glad to have them for even the short time they were present.

Of our local pastors present we remember Bro. Castleberry, Green, Wells, Hargrove, Shelton, Beale, Houston, J. E. and C. L. Skinner. We were sorry that any of our pastors missed it. We trust all who came were edified and blessed.

H. B. TAYLOR.

Murray, Ky.

PROGRAMME.

The following is the programme of the Ministers' and Members' Meeting of the Ohio River Association, to meet with Sulphur Spring church, near Mexico, on the I. C. R. R., Crittenden county, Friday before the fifth Sunday in May:

Introductory Sermon.—W. G. Hughes.

What step should be taken with members who habitually absent themselves from religious service?—W. R. Gibbs.

The future condition of the wicked.—H. A. LaRue.

Importance of Doctrinal Teaching.—J. J. Franks.

Regeneration.—T. A. Conway.

Summers for Criticism.—G. S. Summers, E. M. Eaton.

Image of God in man (re-read)—J. S. Miller.

Should ministers of the Gospel perform the ceremony for divorced persons?—J. S. Henry.

Importance of ministerial support.—E. J. Blackburn.

Importance of a Sunday School to a church.—P. A. Clark.

T. A. CONWAY,
 W. G. HUGHES,
 J. S. HENRY,
 Committee.

THE SPREAD OF THE KINGDOM.

As announced last week, a missionary rally was held by the Cedar Creek (Jefferson county, Ky.) Baptist church, on Satur-

day and Sunday, April 25 and 26. Pastor S. C. Stephens took a number of brethren from the Seminar, including our quartette. He had carefully planned the meeting, and every detail was the subject of earnest prayer. Various phases of mission work were clearly and interestingly discussed by the brethren; many a point was securely lodged in the hearts of the people by the aid of a large new map in colors.

The following are some of the chief parts of the programme. A high standard was set in the very beginning by the pastor in the devotional exercises, and in the opening sermon on The New Testament Basis of Missions, by Bro. G. E. Benson, Missouri. He was followed by Bro. M. P. Jackson, Georgia, on the engaging topic of Japan and Its Needs. Deep interest was aroused by these brethren, and the tide rose higher as the Cry from Darkest Africa was set forth by Bro. T. V. McCaul, Virginia. Our Work in India was discussed by Bro. Chas. Walsh, Massachusetts, in a vigorous way. The Story of the Karens moved the hearts of the people as it was told by Bro. W. E. Wiant, Missouri, who expects to spend his life in Farther India. At night The Transformation of Hawaii was given by E. L. Morgan, and with a clear, succinct speech Bro. B. P. Roach, Tennessee, engaged our attention with China and her 400,000,000.

On Sunday morning each of the brethren discussed topics bearing on the Home, Church and Sunday School. One of the most striking of these was a heart talk by Bro. Paul Bagby, Virginia, on The Privileges and Duties of a Sunday School Teacher in Saving Souls. The climax of the meeting was a sermon by Dr. J. H. Sankey on The Oldest Thing in the World, or Missions in the Old Testament. The crowd was profoundly stirred by this truly great sermon. The deepest interest was shown by the ready response to the pastor's appeal for a collection, in which just twice the amount asked was given, viz., \$20.

The meeting was closed Sunday night by a sermon from the pastor, one of the most tender, loving appeals to the unconverted we have ever heard.

E. L. MORGAN.

SOUTH DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

During the last sitting of the South District Association, the Executive Board was instructed to secure a place of meeting for the next year. I, as Secretary of the Board, have given this matter special attention, and now have the pleasure of announcing that the Baptist church in Danville extends a cordial invitation, and requests the Association to convene with her on Tuesday, Aug. 18, 1903, at 10 a. m.

T. H. COLEMAN,
 Danville, Ky., April 30.

HARRODSBURG BAPTIST CHURCH ANNUAL.

Just from the press and prepared and published by the enterprising pastor, W. M. Wood. The church was constituted by Dr. Wm. Vaughn in 1839. In 64 years the church has been served by seventeen pastors. At present there are 316 members. They own the finest meeting house in any city of the size of Harrodsburg in Kentucky, for which they deserve great credit. This is appropriate. It was here the gospel was first

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND NEVER SUSPECT IT.



An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. E. Austin of New York City.

New York City, Nov. 9th, 1902.
 A little over a year ago I was taken with severe pains in my kidneys and bladder. They continued to give me trouble for over two months and I suffered untold misery. I became weak, emaciated and very much run down. I had great difficulty in retaining my urine, and was obliged to pass water very often night and day. After I had used a sample bottle of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which you so kindly sent me on my request, I experienced great relief. I immediately bought of my druggist two large bottles and continued taking it regularly. I am pleased to say that Swamp-Root cured me entirely. I can now stand on my feet all day without having any bad symptoms whatever. You are at liberty to use this testimonial letter if you wish.

Gratefully yours,
 Mrs. E. Austin,
 350 West 19th St.

The mild and prompt effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Recommended and taken by physicians, used in hospitals and endorsed by people of prominence everywhere. To prove what Swamp-Root will do for you a sample bottle will be sent absolutely free, by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and its wonderful cures. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and be sure to mention reading this generous offer in Louisville Western Recorder.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at the drug stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every box of the.

preached west of the Alleghany Mountains from a Baptist standpoint, in 1776, by Rev. Thos. Tinsley; so says Rev. Wm. Hickman in his Autobiography, who visited Kentucky that year on a tour of observation. After spending three months in Kentucky he returned to his home in Virginia, but eight years afterwards returned, settled and spent his life in Kentucky, preaching the gospel with great success. So Wm. Hickman was not the pioneer Baptist preacher in Kentucky, as many have claimed. W. P. H.

How FAR the Romanizers in the Episcopal church of England will go, is shown by an incident published in the Record. In a parish in the diocese of Salisbury a card was distributed by the preacher. On it was a picture of the Lord standing behind the communion table. But hold the picture up to the light and Romanish prayers to the Virgin Mary and angels were made visible.

A conscience void of offence before God and man is an inheritance for eternity.—Daniel Webster.

The humblest life, dedicated to God and his creatures become beautiful and memorable.—Mrs. E. J. Richmond.

A HYMN OF GRATITUDE.

BY J. H. NEWMAN.

I praise Thee, whil'd Thy providence In childhood fall I trace, For blessings given, ere dawning sense, Could seek or scan Thy grace.

Blessings in boyhood's marveling hour, Bright-dreams and fancies strange; Blessings, when reason's awful power Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door Unask'd, unhop'd, have come; And, choicer still, a countless store Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place I shrine those seasons sad, When, looking up, I saw Thy face In kind austereous clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear, Heart-pang, or throbbing brow; Sweet was the chastisement severe, And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide, Love-tokens in Thy stead, Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still, When self would swerve or stray, Shaping to truth the forward will Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove The lure of power or name; Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love, And faith in this world's shame. —Exchange.

Our Pulpit.

THE PROPHET IN PRAYER.

BY REV. J. W. CAMPBELL.

"I will not let thee go, except thou bless me."—Gen. 32:26.

"God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you."—1 Sam. 12:23.

May I venture to speak to-night principally to my brother ministers, and not as a censor, but as a brother, on the subject of The Prophet in Prayer.

In these two striking passages, the utterance of patriarch and prophet, we have a source of inspiration, a mark for our guidance, and a subject for heart-searching. Here are two strikingly contrasted crises of spiritual experience, the experience of the servant of God in all time. Let us compare them a little more closely.

The Prevailing Prayer of the Patriarch.

In the first the patriarch Jacob is before us, an erring sinner, suffering man. He has been for a generation an exile from his father's house, dwelling amongst strangers. He is the possessor of a heritage obtained by fraud, and it has profited him nothing. As George Eliot says, "It was not worth doing wrong for—nothing ever is in this world." After the lapse of so many years, one might have thought that his sin was expiated, and the very memory of it wiped out. We have no record of the way in which it affected himself; it is not recalled in the pages of the book in which we have read. Great changes have taken place since the sin was committed. Jacob is no longer alone. With his staff he passed over Jordan; now he has become two bands. He is returning to the land of his fathers, but right across his path comes a reminder of the day of his guilt. The shadow of retribution is over him; Esau, his brother, from whom he has nothing to expect but vengeance, is coming to meet him with a strength greater than his own. Then the memory of the past awakens in the breast of this man, and not for himself only is he anxious now. He could bear the worst that his brother

could inflict, were it not that he is father and master. He has a household to think of. Not to himself does he stand or fall; but if he is punished, some will be smitten whom he holds dearer than his own life. He tries every means to propitiate his brother. He has but little hope of succeeding, so he falls to praying. Alone he wrestles till the breaking of the day. But in that dark vigil Esau was vanquished before the meeting took place; the sinner became triumphant; he had saved not only himself, but those he prayed for when he prayed for himself; for true penitence, let me say, always contains an intercessory element. If a man prays for forgiveness for himself alone, and if selfishness be the most prominent feature in his prayer, his penitence is false. Jacob wrestled till the breaking of the day with breaking heart because of his dread for his own. He was thinking of the wife and the little ones behind him, and that was the reason he was so urgent, and beat against the breast of God, saying, "I will not let thee go except Thou bless me." And the blessing came; the sinful, suffering, erstwhile mean-spirited trickster becomes the prince who has power with God and with men, and has prevailed.

The Unavailing Prayer of the Prophet.

In sharp contrast with this is the case of the prophet Samuel. Here is one whose account of himself you have heard in the lesson we have read; who from his childhood upward had served the Lord. He has no interest of his own; the people of Israel have been his flock, his children, his very life. We see him now in the hour of his failure. All his efforts are fruitless; his entreaties have gone for nothing; his labors are returned upon him empty. A rebellious and ungrateful people stand upon the one side, and the prophet and his God stand upon the other. Now it is his duty, stern and hard, to denounce them and warn them of the terrors of the law. It is a sublime moment in his life, but it is a question whether the prophet saw its sublimity—has any prophet ever seen the sublimity of the supreme moment of his life? Here speaks one who had no interest of his own to serve. He had forgotten himself in solicitude for his people, and yet he had failed—failed. And as he warns them of a wrath to come, and they plead with him to entreat with God; "Pray for us that we die not," we can almost see his demeanor as he answers: "Pray for you? All my life has been given to you—I have labored for you, and labored in vain. But God forbid that I should cease to pray."

Here, then, in these two utterances we have compassed for us the extremes of experience, that experience of every servant of God, to whom souls are committed in trust. And I venture to say that you must be Jacob before you can be Samuel, and the prayer of penitence of the man who has got as low as he can in pleading with God for his own soul, is like unto the prayer of the prophet who stands between God and the souls of other men as a mediator. Here, then, we have two things: we have the Sinner become the Prince; we have the Mediatorship of the Prophet.

The greatest need of the present day is the need for

Stewards of the Mysteries of God.

We have ministers of Christ in abundance, faithful ministers, honest and true, but we have not many stewards of the deep things. We have practical men, public servants, leaders of thought, champions of the faith, but not many men with a vision of things unseen. We have been warned sometimes that the multitude is despoiling the house of God. The statistics published recently by the Daily News have alarmed many of you who worship in this place to-night. It may be that their significance is somewhat exaggerated; never-

theless, they give us cause for some searching of the heart. Can we be complacent if the great mass of our countrymen remain outside the radius of organized Christianity, and care nothing for public worship of the Lord's Day, or the message of him who preaches the good tidings of great joy? We occupy ourselves earnestly about other things, we must needs think about this thing.

Again, it is true that in many cases the pew sits in judgment on the pulpit, and we are warned that the day of the pulpit is over; that now the prophet speaks by the printed page rather than by the living word. If so, some of us are arraigned at the bar of God to-night. It ought never to be so. The living men speaking the living word will always take precedence of the printed page, unless that page be the Holy Book from which we have read our message of to-night.

Again, how often we ourselves have felt—I speak as a hearer now—when we have entered a place of worship, that the man in the pulpit might have been living on another planet; he never comes near to my life, he is speaking in an unknown tongue. He has nothing to give me, and yet he himself is hungry, and if he were in the pew he would know when the Bread of Life was given him to eat. How often it seems as though the preacher were trifling with the souls before him. His sermon has cost him infinite pains; how long it may have taken him to build it no one but himself can tell; and yet, somehow, when his sermon, built with so much labor, so much self-sacrificing toil, is presented to the people, they turn away indifferent. He does not speak with the prophet's voice who uses the words of Holy Writ.

How often it seems, again, as though those who are listening to us

Miss in Our Voice the Accent of Conviction.

I know of nothing more awful than the position of a preacher, who, for daily bread, declares Sunday after Sunday truths that do not spring out of the depths of his own experience; truths which he only half believes, or does not, perhaps, believe at all. I have been told that men are placed in this position, and one is almost compelled to believe it—that they go on talking when their own hearts are dry because of the wife and the children at home who must be fed. But if ever a man was placed in a Gethsemane, surely it is a man placed in a position like that.

Then, again, the

Note of Authority is Missing.

We want it back—the note of spiritual certainty. Was it not Dr. Clifford who said the shadow of the priest is upon the land? Why, Doctor? It is because the prophet is so seldom seen; and, brethren, it is indubitable that wherever the prophet stands, the priest has little power. Why do people turn to the priest? Why do we find it necessary to denounce priestcraft, and to try to stand between the children and the confessor who would claim their souls? It is because people long for the ring of certainty, for the voice of authority, and if the prophet is not there to give it in the accent of conviction, they will turn to the priest, with his spurious claims; but where the prophet stands forth with tongue and heart of fire, the priest they will not endure.

He only can Speak with Authority who Speaks from Experience.

Where can this accent of authority come from? It must come from the living experience of the prophet himself. When we dare to stand up to speak about the deep things of God, we must be sure that we know them, and to know them we must begin at the bottom and

not at the top. The true prophet will never dare to speak down. Having been down, he stays there in the valley of humiliation, that he may help souls who find themselves in the same place. How often it is that a man comes to us—shall I say often?—but how has it been when a man comes to us with broken heart, and a burden of guilt, and a lurid past, and an awful fact in his life with which he cannot deal? And we have nothing to tell him and nothing to give. "Oh," you say, "we have." But you have not; for he comes away again, and says you have not helped him. Speaking from experience, I can say with humiliation, no pain in my failure has been so great as the pain of failure to bind up a broken heart and to heal a moral wound. Was there something that one did not know? In Dr. Patbairn's last book, "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion," a profound but beautifully human book, such as only a spiritual scholar could write—there is an instance given of this. That great thinker and master of the Free Churches of this country, says he once knew a man of great promise, of unmistakable genius, of powers from which everybody expected much, who had acquitted himself to the satisfaction of his professors and his fellows in class before he went out to tell the great world the message of his Master. But the first time he stood up in the pulpit and, saw before him the men who were really living life, and the women who were bearing burdens, a sense of the overwhelming horror of it, of the little man can ever do to cope with the forces of evil, of the deep sorrow for which there appeared to be no remedy that he knew of, he was struck dumb, he had nothing to say; but he silently declared to God that if he escaped from that awful place, he would never lift up his voice again until he had some thing to tell about a mystery behind the mystery—good tidings of Salvation. And, brethren, he never did speak as a prophet again, silenced by the problem of human sorrow. When I read that passage I felt a great dread rip my heart; the dread lest one had been unfaithful, even unconsciously, by treading on the surface of things, unconscious of the depths below; and the question was asked and answered: Do I know the deep things of God, or am I only prattling about them, as I stand face to face with sinning, suffering men? We must know before conviction and authority become part of our message, and men are won.

And, brethren, we can only know by doing as Jacob did. We may have served for a generation, and thought we were doing well; that we could claim the promise of God to make us a multitude; but the day comes, perhaps, when we find ourselves stripped of illusions, and face to face with the bare facts of life. Then woe to our souls if we trifle! Would we deal with sinners, we must know something of the mystery of the Cross. It is not sympathy that is wanted in the pulpit; at any rate, not chiefly sympathy. Sympathy may be a counsel of despair. What is wanted is identity of experience with the men to whom you would speak. If a man comes with a burden of sin, are you a man who said, and knew what you meant when you said, "God, be merciful to me a sinner"? We may learn something from the sinner of the pulpit, and I fear often that the accent of conviction is wanting in the message of redemption, because the prophet has not been himself redeemed. Brethren, we have to get into the depths here, and it is only done in the vigil of the darkness, and by that wrestling in the breast of day. "God, be merciful to me a sinner!" sometimes means, "Go," show me my sin, and the way out, and then give me to point that way.

You may feel in that last in life, but try it you must before you will speak to sinful men with the power of a Spurgeon. We must get down before we get up, be like unto the sinner, that we may remain beside him all the days

of our life. Then it seems to me, brethren, that

The Note of Communion

is largely absent to-day. Our fathers had it—have we lost it? There was a time more fruitful in Christian efforts than to-day; there never was a time of greater activity, and there were there so many conventional demonstrations, federations, congresses, and whatnot. But there was an old type of evangelical life, a solitary and a self-sufficient type, which did not could not tell all it knew, no, not in the nearest and the dearest; a time when men waited upon God, not always being and beseeching, but communing. Our fathers may have been short of something, but they were right in that. To be powerful with God you must remain with Him. And to-day is the result of our activity commencing with the energy put forth? If it might pay us to withdraw from little of it, and get into the Holy Place and be alone till the breaking of the day, till we can wrench a blessing as it were from the upwelling hands of God. Sometimes God makes the giving of His greatest blessings hard, and when we have got them we are glad that it is so. Jacob wrestled as for life and death, praying for his own soul because he knew that with his personality he bound up the spiritual destiny of others. The worst punishment that ever befallen upon guilt is the punishment which borne by the innocent in the sight of the guilty. And no man falleth to himself; therefore, by what we are not suffering, as by what we are not doing into the Holy Place! With violence, heavenly violence, take the kingdom of force. "I will not let thee go except thou bless me."

The true Priest is always the Redeemer also.

The prophet's mediatorship is of several kinds. It is a loneliness. All prophets are lonely. There is something that an assembly will not do for you, brethren, not for any of you. You will go as lonely in the deepest things as you come here. If from the word of God is feebly spoken from this platform, never you are getting good, you never be able to tell to the preacher himself what good; you will feel as if he were thrust out of the opening and God laid a grip upon your soul. There is an immediacy in spiritual life if it is to have value, and that is purchased at a price.

Brethren, mark the contrast between Samuel and Jacob; Jacob stood before his people and the consequences of his sin; Samuel stood between his people and the consequences of theirs. Once you have known what true repentance means, when once the burden of sin is laid upon you, you will of play the part of Samuel, you will thrusting yourself between your people and their own sin, and the suffering that comes therefrom. Brethren, have the spirit of prophecy which never ceases in priesthood. Never be afraid of spurious priest; if you have the mediatorship of the prophet you will laid upon the altar of sacrifice, and not the cost for love of God and sympathy for men. As Samuel would so will you. For, if you have ever been into the Holy Place bearing your sins before God, you will know way again for sins that are not yours.

The Soul of Man the most Important Thing in the World.

What things matter most? Let the meetings show before Thursday comes. It is the souls of men that matter most. We shall to-morrow morning be discussing with reverence and heat the effect of the Educational Act upon the future of Nonconformity. Well, brethren, let me not diminish a jot or one tittle of your earnestness

know that you know what you mean your statement of terms. It is not a matter of formality that matters, Lord Rose notwithstanding. It is what the Free Federation might be broken into pieces, yet the work of God will go on. He does not need our organizations and institutions. The soul of a little child is of more importance than the great scheme of things and the number of them than any Council of State or international treaty. The things that matter are souls. But how do we know to-day what it is to travail for? We feel an interest in men, and an interest in sermons; we have a deal to say, and we say it with earnestness; but often it does not matter when the saying is over what the souls to whom it was said. O brethren, if we can just after England will be stirred to heart and enter before the twentieth century has gone far. We are pleading for a revival of spiritual religion in the national life. I care not what form it may take; I care not upon the prophet's prayer, the prophet's mediation, whether there be a revival at all.

Defeat that in Victory.

Some of you have read—perhaps all of you have read—Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame." The most harrowing scene in that book comes near the end, and I cannot without shame that I did not sleep for two nights after I had read it. It is the scene in which the most interesting character in the book, a fair young girl is put to death as a witch after she has just met and discovered her mother. It would be too long to quote; I shall not try. This fair young girl is the victim of the filthy brutes who takes away her life, though she is as pure as a lily. That worst of monarchs, that superstitious devil, Louis XI, gave order to the gallows. The officers of the so-called law came to seek her, and an old hag to whom she fled for refuge would have given her up with rancor and mocking laughter, but she discovered it was her own child longed for. Ah, how that mother changed! The divine in her woke up. Inch by inch, and foot by foot she fought for her daughter's life with talons—and with a tongue, with the storm of denunciation, and with the pleading eloquence of a martyr that melted the hearts of the executioners. And had it not been that her own life would have paid the forfeit, they would have let their victim die. But it was all in vain. The daughter was hung, and her mother perished at the foot of the scaffold. She won! "In death they were not divided."

Brethren, I may be speaking to a man who knows a little about what that means—one who has fought with death for his boy. You lost that battle; the Prince of Heaven prevailed against you, and your child is safe in the arms of Jesus. Can it teach you how to fight with hell for somebody else's boy? Ah the eloquence born of experience! If you have been near to the mouth of the pit of destruction yourself even in prayer; if you have wrestled till the break of day for the blessing without which prophecy is hypocrisy, you will know how to stand between God and your people, and plead for a life that is dearer to you than it is to themselves; and not to do it—not to do it in sin. There is the point where the prophet's labors stop—with the sermon? Why, they don't even begin there. The sermon is made in the secret place. With the labors? The labors are of no use without the prayers. If you are mighty in prayer God will take care of your people. Brethren, let us take care to pray in the Holy of Holies be familiar with God, and you will be fearless before men. The pew sits in judgment on you; man of authority, let the man tremble, let the prophet burn, sooth, declare the whole counsel of God as it

is given to you. Never trouble with self-pity or strike the plaintive note. You who come from the outposts, who know what it is to suffer where there is no brotherly sympathy to help you, you are not alone; for if men forget or never remember, still God is there—there. And when labor is fruitless, still there is prayer. God forbid that we should sin against the law; for when labor is vain we have ceased to pray.

O power to do! O bathed with! O prayer and action, ye are one. Who may not strive may yet fulfil. The harder task of standing still. And good but wished with God is done.

—The Baptist Times.

THE PASTOR'S RELATION TO CHURCH BENEVOLENCE.

BY PROF. J. A. LATHAM.

I recently heard a preacher say that he had known of men being regenerated from lives of drunkenness and from lives of lust; but whoever knew a man wholly given to goodness, greedily for gold, to become intelligently generous? I had not thought that the sin of covetousness was so much harder to contend against than the base ones mentioned above. I remember that the apostle ranks it with idolatry.

I know our Lord said: "Freely ye have received; freely give." I remember that the injunctions to generous, intelligent giving do greatly abound in both Old and New Testaments. Paul in his letter to the Philippians says: "Not because I desire a gift; but I desire fruit that may abound to your account." He sought the effect on the giver. He believed that Christ-likeness was fostered through giving in his name. In his second letter to the Corinthians he lays down this proposition: "He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully." Hence he says: "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver." Here, again we find him emphasizing the effect on the giver. Fellow-Christian, have you compared the number of times giving is commended with the number of times baptism is commanded?

Perhaps our brother, the preacher, was right. Humanly speaking, it may be easier to reach the man in the gutter, or the impure man, than the worshiper of gold. At any rate, while the church has millions in her secular efforts, her missionary enterprises are pleading for enough money to barely hold the fort. If God had not given his stewards the money they would not be responsible; but how many millions, think you, would cover the producing wealth of our own denomination in the United States to-day?

Is it not a fact that a little church of twenty members, by holding the Bible rule of paying the Lord one-tenth of their income can give a pastor as comfortable a support as they themselves enjoy, and pay for benevolence nearly as much as for home expenses? For if we add the incomes of ten and take one-tenth for the pastor and add the incomes of the other ten, and take one-tenth for benevolence, we solve the problem. But how much more easily these problems are solved on paper than in practice!

I have thought the pastor the most responsible person in the church for the benevolences. Surely, Hosea 4:9 may be read, like priest, like people, in this matter. Did you ever know a pastor to give at least one-tenth of his income, and at the same time intelligently and earnestly present the great missionary enterprises of the church without getting a fair response?

It is indeed remarkable the different results obtained by different pastors from the same field in this matter of giving. An increase of two or three

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\$2.45 For Ladies' lovely Black Chiffon Hats, in very stylish shape, trimmed with straw bands; worth \$3.50.

\$2.45 For Ladies' swell Tan Straw Turbans, with brim of stylish black straw, finished with brush; worth \$3.50.

\$4.75 For Ladies' lovely \$7.00 Large Straw Hats, handmade, in black and white, underlined with black plaited chiffon.

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hundred per cent. is not uncommon—nearly always due to the teaching and example of the pastor. The truth is, example is contagious. Men do not see their pastor loyally leading in a good cause without following. They do not see a man worth perhaps a fourth as much as they are give \$5, without being greatly stirred to give at least half as much.

I heard one of our missionary secretaries say, "I always notice an increase in the benevolences from the field where that man goes as pastor." If the pastor receives \$6000 "and parsonage," one-tenth of his income divided by four equals \$15. He can give pretty well to other causes than our four great ones, and yet have a liberal offering for each of them. Some pastors have said, "Every cent I collect to send away is so much out of my own pocket. I cannot afford it." The reverse is the rule. If a man wants to get let him give. The church that is taught to cultivate other fields as the Lord may lead, is the church that remembers the home field, including the pastor, nine times out of ten.

I verily believe no one thing would do more for our hungry missionary treasuries, than to have all our pastors take

the matter of giving prayerfully, enthusiastically in hand. The fact is, the poorest fields respond wonderfully when cultivated by faithful, consecrated pastors, who believe in the Lord's methods of doing business. I know one brother pastor in our Cedar Valley Association (Iowa) to secure over \$10 from a school-house congregation, a few miles out from his church, for foreign missions.

The truth is, the money is on our fields, in our churches. Our people take trips here and there at an expense of five, ten, twenty, or more, dollars. They use money in other ways with little stint. Much that is spent is the Lord's missionary money. We are his agents stationed (as part of our work) to collect this money in a way to bless the people while we fill the treasury.

A wise pastor ought to secure a letter-year's giving than any agent. He can protect his people from giving too much from impulse, on the one hand, and too little, from lack of principle, on the other.—Standard.

The man with his heart in the work does not get tired of the service. He may be worn, but not weary. Troubles may arise on every hand, but yet he is not in distress. He may be "perplexed,

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but is not in despair; "persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Such a one may hear about in his body the dying of the Lord, yet "for him to live is Christ."

The future is always dark to us. The shadows brood over it. A veil hides it from our sight. What is under the shadows, what is behind the veil, what is advancing out of the impervious mist, none of us can know. We have no anxious question to ask. This is enough for all that is coming: "The Lord's mercies are new every morning." Live a comfortable, happy and thankful life! Take up early today—be certain of this—that whatever it lays upon you to do or bear it will bring new mercies for new needs. —A. L. Stone.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

Editorial

We extend our greeting to the Southern Baptist Convention which opens to-morrow in Savannah, Georgia. It was held in Savannah in 1861, and was organized in Augusta in 1845. This is the 8th time the meeting has been held in Georgia. It has been in Kentucky six times, in Tennessee six, in Virginia five, in Texas four, in Alabama four, in North Carolina three, in Maryland three, in South Carolina three, in Louisiana two times, in Missouri, Mississippi, Arkansas and the District of Columbia one time each. In Florida none. Dr. W. R. Johnson was President for three sessions, Dr. R. B. C. Howell for four, Dr. Richard Fuller for two, Dr. P. H. Mell for fifteen, Dr. J. P. Boyce for nine, Judge Haralson for ten, Ex-Gov. Northern for three and Ex-Gov. Engle for one—may he long be the last. Secretaries Burrows and Gregory have held office for twenty-one years, and, of course, they will be unanimously re-elected.

We congratulate the Convention on the fine record of work done during the year. In many ways it has been the best year in the history of the Convention. Last year at Asheville the Baptists of the South were asked to give our Foreign Mission Board \$200,000, and they went beyond that. A telegram from Secretary McConnell tells us that the Home Board is out of debt. Kentucky gave \$10,591.21 to this Board. The Sunday School Board, too, reports its best year. Kentucky's contribution to foreign missions is the best ever known—\$23,241.77. We were asked for \$25,000, and we came very near it, much better than many expected. Now, dear Kentucky reader, think—if you, and others like you, had done a little better, the \$25,000 would have been reached and passed. Let us do better next year.

We earnestly hope that the meeting in Savannah will be a great blessing to that city as well as to the entire country. Half the Baptists of the world live in the territory of the Southern Baptist Convention, and that simple fact puts upon that body a grave responsibility. It is ours to "elicit combine and direct the energies" of half the entire denomination "in one sacred effort to the propagation of the gospel." Here is our great work. Let it be pushed with all possible energy. Let those who are opposed to our methods be convinced not only by argument but also, and chiefly, by seeing how well those methods work—in actual practice. Let those who are indifferent be reached with the needs and the claims of this work. And also, let those who have all along heartily supported the work increase their diligence, and their contributions. None of us are hurting ourselves giving and working for missions. There is abundant room for a great increase in the zeal of the most zealous. Instead of holding controversies with objectors, let us push the work. The best possible answer to objections is a noble record of work done. "Nothing succeeds like success," and God blesses earnest, consecrated effort more than He blesses elaborate argument and conclusive logic. One earnest prayer, one dollar given for missions, will do more to silence gain-sayers and to enlist the indifferent than will a whole dictionary

of denunciation flung at objectors. God grant that the great cause of missions may receive a mighty impulse at this meeting of the Convention.

"THE WESTERN RECORDER" wishes to know why we have not shown that the London Confession of 1644 teaches the present existence of the universal invisible church. We reply that we have already done so in an editorial of January 22, 1903. The opening clause of the section on the church of this confession is: "Jesus Christ hath here on earth a kingdom, which is his church, whom he hath purchased and redeemed to himself as a peculiar inheritance," etc. Here church is called kingdom. Can anybody say that any local church is the kingdom? Can anybody say that this confession by 'a kingdom; which is his church' means a local church? Clearly this is the general sense of church as it exists 'here on earth.' That is the proof and it is unanswerable."—Baptist Argus.

Here is a fine specimen of Argument. The Argus splits a sentence in twain, quoting only the first part and then puts on it a meaning flatly contradicted by the second part. Why did not our neighbor quote the entire sentence? We call for the full sentence, so the Argus renders may see the facts. Here is the entire article on the church in the 1644 Confession:

"XXXIII. Jesus Christ hath here on earth a spiritual kingdom, which is his church, whom he hath purchased and redeemed to himself as a peculiar inheritance; which church is a company of visible saints, called and separated from the world by the sword and spirit of God, to the visible profession of the faith of the gospel, being baptized into that faith, and joined to the Lord, and each to other, by mutual agreement of the ordinances commanded by Christ their head and king."

The italics are ours, and that is the part the Argus suppresses. With that language before his eyes our neighbor gravely asks: "Can any say that this confession by 'a kingdom which is his church' means a local church?" Yes, that is exactly what the Confession, in that same sentence, says it means, adding: "which church is a company of visible saints." Here then is the "unanswerable" "proof" of the Argus "that the London Confession of 1644 teaches the present existence of the universal invisible church." So according to our neighbor "a company of visible saints" means "the universal invisible church"!!! All the members of the only church known to this Confession are "on earth" are "visible saints" assembled in "a company," have made "visible profession of the faith," have been "baptized" and are observing the "ordinances." The members of "the universal invisible church" of the Argus, are very few of them on earth, they are not visible, they are not "a company," very few of them have made a "visible profession," very few have been baptized and they have no ordinances whatever. We call upon the Argus to quote that entire sentence from the London Confession and let its readers see the facts.

Our neighbor has freely claimed all the Baptists till Dr. Graves, as invisibilistic. We have vindicated from this charge the London Confession, the Philadelphia Confession, Dr. Broadus, Dr. Pen-

dleton and the writer. It is needless to take up in detail all the writers our neighbor has claimed, though should we do this the result would be the same. The above attempt to offer "proof" that is "unanswerable" that this London Confession teaches invisibilistic is a fair sample by which all the rest can be judged.

In this same issue our neighbor claims Prof. Thayer's N. T. Lexicon, as favoring invisibilistic, but the claim is without foundation. We have this Lexicon now open before us and here are the meanings given to ecclesia: "A gathering of citizens called out from their homes into some public place; an assembly." "1. an assembly of the people convened at the public place, &c." 2. the assembly of the Israelites, esp. when gathered for sacred purposes." 3. any gathering or throng of men assembled by chance or tumultuously." 4. in the Christian sense a. an assembly of Christians gathered for worship." b. a company of Christians." aa, those who anywhere, in city or village, constitute such a company and are united into one body." "bb. the whole body of Christians scattered throughout the earth, collectively, all who worship and honor God and Christ in whatever place they may be."

Dr. Thayer, being a Pedobaptist, wished to get in his conception of the universal visible church, but he was too good a scholar to put such a notion anywhere but at the tail end of his definitions. And he brought in "the universal visible" rather than "the universal invisible church."

The Baptist Courier publishes the following letter from Dr. Harper in reply to a letter from the editor asking about the reported effort to de-denominationalize the University of Chicago. It is simply fair that we should publish it.

"Mr. A. J. S. Thomas, Greenville, S. C.

MY DEAR SIR: Upon my return from a visit in Texas and Louisiana I find your letter of April 17th. Meanwhile my secretary has notified you of my absence from the city.

I write to say that suggestions have been made from time to time along the points which have been referred to in the WESTERN RECORDER article. These have never been official so far as I know. The trustees of the University of Chicago to-day have not thought of doing either of the things proposed in the article. I do not believe that either of the propositions referred to would be seriously considered at the present time, and if these propositions were placed before the Board to-day, as one of the trustees I should vote against both of them.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM R. HARPER.

The reader will note how guarded is Dr. Harper's language. He admits that what we published has been suggested "from time to time," only nothing "official" has been done about it. Our informant did not claim that anything "official" had been done, but on the contrary distinctly stated that the movement was still a secret. Dr. Harper says that the trustees "to-day" are not thinking of doing either of the things mentioned. He does not intimate that the trustees are opposed to doing them some other day. He does not believe that the propositions "would be seriously considered at the present time,"

and if they "were placed before the Board to-day" he would vote against them. He does not say that they would not be seriously considered in the future, nor does he say he is opposed to making the changes, only he would vote against making them "to-day." His very emphasis on "the present time" and "to-day" is suggestive.

Our informant is thoroughly reliable and is in a position to know what he is talking about. His purpose in giving us the information was that by publishing it before those who wanted the changes made were ready to have anything published, the movement might be checked. And just this appears to be the result. The publication has accomplished its purpose.

JOSEPH CROSS in his Memoir of Christmas Evans (p. 13) says: "In 1850 John Penry, an Episcopal minister, dissented from the established church and became a Baptist." We wish some of our historians would gather up the accounts of the Baptists in Britain in the 15th and 16th centuries especially, and give us all that is known concerning them. Those were days of fierce persecution, when Baptists had to hide and to avoid all records that might reveal their identity. Not till the Court of High Commission was abolished by Parliament in 1641, was it safe for a British Baptist to make himself known. After that date the material is abundant, but because of the fierce persecutions, material before that date, is more meagre.

We received some "Easter" literature from Boston recently and we noticed in it some quotations from Spurgeon. They would not quote what the great preacher said about Easter, for that would not suit them; but they quote some things he said about the resurrection. Little did Spurgeon dream that any of his utterances would ever be used to help out an Easter programme.

A BUFFALO preacher (denomination not stated) recently said that "people who sow seeds of dishonor are sure to reap a river of pain." The writer not a great while ago heard a Methodist Bishop in a set address say: "The thunder of Dewey's cannon has written a new chapter in the history of naval warfare." When the address was published, that metaphor was not edited out. Certainly it is as easy to reap a river as it is for thunder to write.

Dr. FURNISH (not a Baptist) has come out with new ethics. We have had "new" everything else, and, of course, the "new ethics" had to come too. Dr. F. takes the ground that boys ought to fight and that parents and teachers do wrong in telling boys not to fight. Of course if boys ought to fight, then men all the more should fight. Thus the "new ethics" is savagery under a new name.

It is all right to sneer at an error, for an error has no rights, but we should never sneer at a man. It is proper to ridicule error, and indeed that is the proper function of ridicule (if that be not true, what is ridicule for?) but it is never proper to ridicule a man. Sneers and ridicule do not belong in honorable controversy when aimed at people, but are all right when aimed at error, provided of course they be not scurrilous. This is a necessary distinction some brethren are too prone to overlook.

Editorial Varieties

Dr. W. C. Taylor, pastor of Oak Avenue Church, Indianapolis, and Lillian Alice Jones, of Suffolk, Va., to be married on the 14th inst. Dr. J. Taylor, of Norfolk, will officiate.

Mr. John Wananaker has put a tile in the Lal Bazar Baptist church in Calcutta, in memory of Adoniram Judson. This tablet was recently unveiled by the American Consul-General.

The invitation of Walnut Street church of this city for the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention for 1903, paying all the expenses of the officers of the Convention (transportation, etc.) attending upon the meeting.

A man once sought for words enough to express his gratitude. He does not take big words to express great ideas. The shortest word in language—"I"—expresses the idea that is biggest in most people's minds. It is the "I" and the "Not I"—the Eye of the Non-ego.

Secretary Bow is happy. His report for missions (Foreign, Home and Sea) for the month of April were \$11,570.75, the highest of any other month in the history of Kentucky Baptists. Last year the April report was \$8,843.19, which was a considerable advance over the year before. Dr. Bow a splendid secretary.

The town of Grand Forks, North Dakota, added prohibition and saloons. Arrests for drunkenness totaled from 143 to 16 a year. This disorderly conduct dropped from 73 to 11, and houses of prostitution from 86 to none. Yet some people claim to be in favor of morality in having saloons, in a town!!!

When she heard that there was a plan of removing the Seminary from Louisville to Atlanta—a Louisville young lady exclaimed, "Why, if they take the Seminary away, I won't have any brains. That is one function the Seminary performs that is not brought before the public. This young lady was greatly relieved to learn that the institution will remain in Louisville.

The writer had a pleasant visit Waddy last week, where he had a hearing for his lecture on his tour the West Indies. Bishop B. J. Jones is the beloved pastor, and our own in good condition. The writer, with Rev. B. F. Hungerford, shared the general hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. M. Waddy. She is a zealous Baptist, and he is a good Baptist brother law and a whole-souled Christian.

The Baptist Book Concern has issued two books at \$1.00 each, viz., Genesis of American Anti-Slavery, Dr. B. H. Carroll, Jr., and The Cry of the Kaiserin, a profusely illustrated account of the editor's tour in the West Indies, with Dr. Bergs's poetical notes. Dr. Carroll's book is a mass of information, and a most effective campaign document. It supplies a literature vacant, in our denominational press, and a place that should be filled.

The death of Dr. George Hana Roman removes one of the most prominent of this generation. He was well known and loved. As a preacher, author and as a man he has made an impression on his times, and he will be remembered by all who have written books that will live. The death of the great missionary Boardman the stepson of the greater missionary Judson, born on the foreign field of the equator, he belonged to the world, and he has been a man of wide sympathies, well as of rare piety. For a long time he had been in ill health, and his death comes not as a surprise. Many will remember his presentation to the Southern Baptist Convention at Asheville last year.

The Commonwealth cites the increased observance of Lent this year as a proof of the increase of piety in this country. It is just the opposite—it is a proof of the decay of piety. The less heathen people have the more readily they take to Lent, Easter, Good Friday, &c., &c. We are unwilling to believe there has been any marked increase in piety in this country. Religion is universally observed, everywhere, but it is essentially in a ratio. Where Lent is most observed, and strictly observed, as in Italy or Spain—there evangelical religion is in its lowest stage.

Family Circle.

Stories for the Young and Old.

THE NOISY SEVEN.

BY REV. GEORGE F. HUNTING, D.D. I wonder if he remembers, That good old man in heaven, The class in the old red schoolhouse, Known as the noisy seven? I wonder if he remembers How restless we used to be, Or thinks we forgot the lesson Of Christ and Gethsemane. I wish I could tell that story As he used to tell it then, I'm sure that with heaven's blessing I could reach the hearts of men. That voice, so touchingly tender, Comes down to me through the years; A pathos, which seems to mingle His own with the Saviour's tears. I often wish I could tell him, Though we caused him so much pain By our thoughtless, boyish frolic, His lessons were not in vain. I'd like to tell him how Harry, The merriest one of all, From the bloody field of Shiloh Went home, at the Master's call. I'd like to tell how Stephen, So brimming with spirit and fun, Now tells the heathen of China The tale of the crucified One. I'd like to tell how Joseph, And Philip, and Jack, and Jay, Are honored among the churches, The foremost men of their day. I'd like, yes, I'd like to tell him What his lessons did for me, And how I'm trying to follow That Christ of Gethsemane. Perhaps he knows it already, For Harry has told, may be, That we are all coming, coming, Through Christ of Gethsemane. How many leaders I know not, Will gather 'at last in heaven, The fruit of this faithful sowing, But the sheaves are surely seen.—Christian Observer.

A BLACK SHEEP.

BY ADELAIDE D. ROLLINSON.

It was a bright morning in October, with a cool, bracing wind blowing, and soft, fleecy clouds floating lazily in the blue sky, and as Nancy came leisurely down the steep hill-path, on her way to the spring, she swung her wooden bucket to and fro, and hummed a little tune in answer to the various bird calls in the thick bushes. "Hello, Nancy!" said a voice, just as she reached the spring, and a tall awkward youth suddenly emerged from a thicket of sumachs, and faced her in the path. His unexpected appearance so startled her that the song died in her throat, and, dropping the bucket, she turned around and was about to beat a hasty retreat when he laid a detaining hand on her shoulder. "Is it possible that you have forgotten me, Nancy Rosemary?" he exclaimed, in a tone of keen disappointment. And, removing his hand from her shoulder, he drew back and regarded her with mingled amusement and chagrin. She looked up at his sunburnt face, with its premature lines about the eyes and mouth, and then down at his shabby clothes, and shook her head. "I'm sure I don't remember you, whoever you are," she replied, with doubt and suspicion in her face and voice as she edged further away from him. "Don't remember Hal Gholson?" he said with a sudden smile that lighted up and altered his whole countenance. "Well, I certainly have changed in a year and a half!" The expression of doubt and perplexity in her eyes gradually gave place to one of surprise and relief. "So you are really Hal Gholson?" she said, advancing and giving him her hand. "But, dear me, how tall and lanky you have grown! Why, there's nothing a bit natural about you except your smile." "I'm very glad if it has helped to establish my identity," he remarked, as he picked up the bucket and set it on the mossy rim of the spring. "But what are you doing back here in the neighborhood looking for all the world like a common tramp?" inquired Nancy, with much concern. "Does your Uncle David know?" "I was just about to explain the situation," he interrupted, with a short,

mirthless laugh. "The fact is, I'm in trouble." "Oh! Hal, again!" she said reproachfully. "If you allude to my little scrapes in the past, let me assure you that they were nothing compared to my present trouble," he retorted bitterly. "What can you have done—" she began. "And I came down here and hid in these sumach bushes to watch and wait for a chance to speak with you," he went on, ignoring the interruption. "You see I haven't forgotten your old habit of coming down here to the spring every morning about this time." "Well!" "And I haven't forgotten another thing either, and that is that you always defended me when Uncle David and everybody else in the neighborhood called me 'The Black Sheep,' and predicted a big 'Y' for my career either in prison or on the gallows. So when Uncle David turned me from his door this morning, I determined to come to you, the only real friend I ever had in the world." "I'm sure the last report we had of you was a good one," said Nancy, with a sigh. "Your Uncle David told Aunt Hannah, only a few weeks ago, that he had heard in an indirect way that the firm was going to raise your salary the first of the year. He seemed greatly pleased at the good news, and remarked that with all your faults he had always found you truthful, and that maybe 'The Black Sheep' would turn out well, after all." "Very kind of him, I'm sure," retorted Hal, with a sneer. "You know it was his harshness and injustice that drove me from home; and now when I come back I am, metaphorically speaking, kicked out of the house for simply telling the truth, and unvarnished truth. Maybe if I had lied about the matter, he'd have believed me and taken me in." Nancy seated herself on an old log, and folded her hands with an air of gentle resignation. "I presume you'll explain what the trouble is in good time," she remarked with a smile. "You always did do everything in a roundabout way. I remember when we used to go to the singing school together over at Pleasure Ridge church, that you would persist in taking the longest and roughest road instead of the smooth, level pipe." "That was because I wanted to be with the prettiest girl in the neighborhood just as long as possible," he said, jiffing his dusty cap, and giving her an awkward bow. "Nonsense—it was only your way," she retorted. "And also to avoid going with your Uncle David, who invariably chose the pipe," she added, with a laugh. "Well, maybe you are right," Hal admitted, quite soberly. "I know I never found Uncle David a very desirable companion on any occasion, and particularly when—" "We are wasting time," she put in hastily. "Aunt Hannah will be wondering what in the world has become of me. Why not come up to the house with me? You can tell me your trouble on the way." "Thank you, but I have no desire to appear before your Aunt Hannah in my present condition. You know I was never a favorite of hers, and I'm thinking I'd meet with rather a frigid reception just now." "Then don't keep me much longer, or she'll be looking me up," said Nancy, somewhat impatiently. "Well, the long and short of the matter is that I have been discharged from the firm of Hazelwood & Co. for theft, and Uncle David has washed his hands of me forever." "But surely you are not guilty—" she began. "If I were, do you thing I'd be coming to you for advice?" he interrupted, hotly. "I thought you knew me better! And now let me tell you just how it happened," he continued, more calmly. "One day, about two weeks ago, Judge Pearson, a friend of Mr. Hazelwood's, came into the office and laid a folded bill on the desk, with the remark that it was the amount he had promised Mr. Hazelwood for some charitable purpose. Then he went out, adding as he left, that he would be back when he had some of the money. I was very busy at the time, and went on with my writing without even glancing at the money. And when Mr. Hazelwood came in, a half an hour later, I merely called his attention to it and went on with my work. When he picked it up he looked surprised, and remarked that it was only ten dollars, and the judge had promised fifty. Well, the judge came in, a few minutes later, and declared that it was a fifty dollar bill he had laid on the desk. He was quite positive about it. The bill and some small change, he said, was the only money he had about him, so he couldn't have made any mistake. Of course, I could say nothing except that I hadn't

touched the money, but as I had been entirely alone in the office from the moment it was put on the desk until Mr. Hazelwood came in, I knew from their faces that I was suspected of having substituted a ten dollar bill for the fifty. "Well, the upshot of the matter was that I was discharged that very evening. A year and a half of honest, faithful work and attention to my duties had no weight with them whatever." "Did they openly accuse you of theft," asked Nancy, in a sympathetic voice. "No; they merely informed me that my services were not needed any longer. But I knew why I was dismissed, and as I had no way of proving my innocence, there was nothing left for me to do but to go." "Well, I tramped the streets for nearly two weeks hunting for work. Then I paid my board and looked it back home." The rest you know. So you see I'm in a desperate strait unless you help me." "But what can I do?" inquired Nancy, somewhat hopelessly. "I ask only a small favor," he replied. "I have decided to go to Mayville. An old miller named Anderson, who knew father's lines there, and I believe he'd give me work if I only had a letter of recommendation from some one here in the neighborhood." "And you want me to write you one?" "Yes. Old Anderson has the reputation of being rather strict and disapproving, but I think I could get along with him. He surely can't be any worse than Uncle David." "When shall I write it—the letter, I mean?" asked Nancy, as she picked up her bucket and allowed him to fill it for her. "As soon as possible," was his answer. "Could you bring it to me in half an hour? You see, I don't want to tarry in the neighborhood any longer than I can help." "I'll do my best to be here with it in a half an hour," she promised. "Thank you," he said, in a tone of relief. "You'll find me here among the sumachs," he added, as she hurried away. (To be continued.)

THE PROFESSOR'S PATENT.

A LESSON FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS. It was dusk, and the day was raw and rainy, and when the fire in the library was lighted, as usual the children waited a story. Now, when the larder has been thoroughly investigated, the next three meals ordered, special dishes, planned to fit some finicky taste, the thousand and one duties of housekeeping, maneuvered into an orderly marching array, and the stockings for eight small feet darned a mother's mind is not usually in an imaginative and inventive state. It is rather more inclined to think of patches and mauls and puddings and pie than of fabrics and heroes. Now is a whole day long at an office, where one has been puzzling one's brain over legal or financial questions or trying to put sense into the heads of senseless clerks, any very good preparation for a session of weaving lively and interesting tales of adventure. So it looked rather as if the children were going to have a good night's story to-night. Mother tried it, thinking that the father was too tired to make the effort. "Come over here, chickies," she said, "and I'll try to think up a new story, since you're tired of all the books." Little Jim, the baby, crawled up on her lap, and the five-year-old, the six-year-old and the eight-year-old chicks squatted on the floor in the fire light. "Once upon a time"—the mother began—"once upon a time—there was a fairy named—Oh, dear, what new name can I have?" But no one of the chicks could help her, and while they waited for her to think about it the last few minutes before bed time grew fewer and fewer. "Do hurry, mother," they urged, "or there won't be time for the end." "Oh, do tell me a name for the fairy, and then maybe I can think of some thing for her to do," was the mother's appeal to the father, who was quietly laughing at her fallow. "Let me tell the story," the father said, and the three older chicks crawled across the room and knelt with elbows on his knees, looking up eagerly for the fine tale that was to come. "Once upon a time—many, many years ago, there lived a soldier who was very brave and noble, and one day his captain told him to go to go on an errand of—daring—to—"

camp, where there were many dangers to be braved." But the story did not grow very interesting as it progressed, and the boys, instead of staring with eager eyes on the story teller's face, were soon gazing into the fire, and little six year old was undressing her dolly for the night. The Professor walked in while the story was going on, and motioned to the father to go on—not to mind him. But when the chicks had said good night and the mother and the father and the Professor were seated comfortably around the dinner table, the Professor said: "Well, I'm an old bachelor and therefore not supposed to know what children like; but—bachelor or no—I'd be ashamed to tell a kid such an interesting old story as that one you were piecing together out of the rag-bag of your old history lesson. Those children of yours are not old enough to care for history; give them something they can understand—animals, other children or fairies—"

"It's fine to boast, but I'd like to see you tell them stories every night for a week and never repeat until they have almost forgotten they've ever heard the story. I'll give you the old book you were begging me for yesterday if you'll tell me how to do it." "I'll try it, and I'll bet I can do it," exclaimed the professor. So every evening at dusk for a week he happened in, and tried his patent device for story telling. "Children I want you to tell me the names of the three animals that begin with 'A,'" he began, and an ape, an antelope, and an alligator were suggested. The adventures of this ill-assorted trio were marvelous to the more marvelous and the more human their doings, the more delighted were the chicks. They thought of so many wonderful adventures to suggest that the story-teller had small work to keep things going until bed-time was called. "Oh, we don't want to go to bed," wailed three small voices, and a tinier one, very tiny, said: "I ain't a bit sleepy." "Well, just wait until to-morrow night; and while you are waiting think of three animals whose names begin with 'B,'" said the Professor, and unwillingly the four little pairs of feet were turned bedwards. The B's were almost as fortunate as the A's as they lasted almost through the story hour of the second day, and the C's served to wind it up and opened the ball on the third day. And when seven days had only about half exhausted the simple adventures of an ibis, an imp and an impolite dog," the answer the children had suggested the Professor did not have to ask for his ancient and honorable calf bound volume. "It's yours," the father cheerfully said. "You've solved the problem. The animals will last two weeks longer with care, and then perhaps a new lot can be invented." "You can begin the alphabet over again with the names of children," the Professor said, "and when they are exhausted perhaps some other idea will come to you to begin again at the beginning." "You've certainly saved the situation, and you ought to have a family of small chicks instead of being a lone bachelor!" and this, from the father, was the highest of praise.—Examiner.

VADIVELU'S LITTLE SERMON.

As in good King David's time, so now, people earnestly ask a believer, "Where is your God?" What would you answer, young Christian? Here is the reply of Vadivelu, a servant boy, a converted Hindoo: "My god can be seen by every one," said a Hindoo, who wanted to confuse and deride him; "for he is there at the end of the street. What is the use of a god you can't see?" Then the boy asked a question in turn: "Have you ever seen the tax collector?" "Yes, often," said the Hindoo. "The Governor?" "Well, rarely." "Have you ever seen the great queen Empress?" "No; why should a poor villager like me ever see her?" "Ah!" rejoined Vadivelu, triumphantly, "the little people you can see any day, but the great people seldom or never. We can see your gods on street corners, because they are such little ones; but Christ, our God, the great one, we can't see—because—We can't see him now, but those who love him here shall see him hereafter."—Ram's Horn.

"Works without faith are like a fish without water; it wants the element it should live in."—Witham.

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Little Ones.

AND THE SNOWBIRD.

BY STEPHEN WALSH.

... had fallen deep in the snow. A hard freeze had made it very slippery. It was an ideal time for the snowbirds to come; but far up in the air the wild animals and birds were waiting for their work. Their daily food to get, and the snowbirds, who had buried the seeds in the ground, were disappointed because they could not dig through the deep snow and ice to reach the seeds and berries had been covered with a thin layer of snow, and a few winter birds were seen among the snow-laden branches with drooping heads and drooping wings. One industrious little snowbird was hopping around on the crust of snow, pulling and tugging away at a berry bush it could find stick through the snow. But it seemed a little reward for its labors. It peck occasionally at the snow and pretend that it found a berry to eat.

... at a big crow. Food had been found for the crows, and this was nearly ready to fly away to a State, where snow and ice did everything. While it sat on the branch watching the tiny snowbird grow interested. In his mind it must have reasoned that a tiny mite of a bird to be so busy in this cold, desolate woods? It thought it would freeze and die! I wonder if it can get to eat?"

... snowbird continued working at his self-appointed task. It was busy at a protruding bush, which was full of dried berries and seeds. It had a prize would give it a berry, and leave something over for itself. A boy or girl finding a bird could not be made happy would the little hungry bird uncovering such a rich

... fate was against it, though it renewed the struggle with the branch would not move by position. Then with some sigh the snowbird turned for a few moments seemed gloomy and gloomy as the crow. "I thought," were the ideas through the crow's mind. "It is a mite even to move that it must suffer like the rest of us if my dinner depended upon the bottom of that branch. It takes me long to do it. I'd eat most in a few minutes."

... on the snowbird hopped under the tree, and turned its little head. There was something new in the little eyes, and the snowbird in silence, as saying to himself:

... little fellow, what do you suppose you would like to have that branch up? If you'll help me get a dinner I will help

... did not regard the crow as did not really expect help quarter; but in a short time and its feathers and hopped

... little fellow, I do feel sorry for you the crow. "You are such a fellow. Now, if I should—"

... snowbird had jumped up and to one of the neighboring branches. "I do believe," said Nell Willis, half laughing, half pouting, "that I shall have to make the greatest sacrifice of inclination after all. I've got my heart on a new suit this spring; it is an absolute necessity if I am to appear in public; and I was going to have it made—did ever you hear of such wild extrava-

But if there was only some corn or wheat on the branch!"

The lonely snowbird gave a plaintive peep, as if to call its mate, but there were none to respond, and somehow that faint call and its echo stirred the old crow. He flew directly from his perch, and dashed hard against the snow near the berry branch. The weight of his fall broke the icy covering, and then with a few scratches of his strong claws he scattered the snow in all directions. When he walked away a few feet the snowbird flew down again, and began to eat greedily of the seeds and berries. True to the little bird's instinct, the branch was loaded with seeds, and the crow actually enjoyed the bird's pleasure in eating them.

Finally, when the snowbird's hunger was satisfied, and it had flown away after thanking the crow in true bird language, the latter hopped to the hole, and said: "I may as well eat a few of the seeds, too. I don't like them, but they are better than nothing."

He fluttered around in the snow, and tore it up to the very bottom to get at the berries and seeds below. Then he suddenly grew excited and dug actively around until he reached the brown earth. In a few moments he was greedily eating sweet grains of corn and wheat which some campers in the woods must have left there the summer before. After eating like a glutton, the crow emerged from the hole in the snow, wiped his bill on his feathers, and said: "If I hadn't taken pity on that little snowbird and helped it, I might never have had that feast. If I see a bird in trouble again I'll not be so selfish, but fly to its assistance at once."—New York Advocate.

HOW NELL CONTRIBUTED TO BOTH CAUSES.

BY KATE S. GATES.

The Young Ladies' Mission Circle of the Park Street church was holding a special business meeting, and the subject under consideration was: Could they assume the support and education for one year of a girl in Japan? "We shall have to raise \$100 beside what we have in the treasury," said the President. "And the question is, can we do it?—It is quite an undertaking, and we must not pledge ourselves to do it unless we are sure that we can. What do you say?"

There was no answer from any one for a few minutes, the girls all apparently being busy with their own thoughts; then Nell Willis spoke, in her bright, determined way: "I believe that we can do it if we make up our minds to do it, and I wish we could raise as much of it as we can ourselves as possible. Fairs and such things are well enough, but we've had them of all sorts, and somehow I never feel as if I really gave anything that way. I think it would be nice to really do this ourselves. There are twenty members of the Circle, and if each could earn or save \$5 in some way, we should have the money without troubling anybody. That's my proposition."

"It's just like you, Nell," said Grace Potter, "and I like the plan. We shall all feel a more personal interest in the girl and the work, too. I will agree to try to do my part if the rest will."

There was a long and earnest discussion on the subject; but, finally, the girls unanimously voted to do it, and then followed a lively talk about ways and means.

One would save her share by wearing her last year's hat another season; another would save on horse car tickets; another would give up confectionery.

"I do believe," said Nell Willis, half laughing, half pouting, "that I shall have to make the greatest sacrifice of inclination after all. I've got my heart on a new suit this spring; it is an absolute necessity if I am to appear in public; and I was going to have it made—did ever you hear of such wild extrava-

grance! But, you know, I hate and despise sewing. Well, I'll make it myself, and the heaven shall have what I save, though she never will know what I've underworn for her sake."

"Maybe some of the rest of us will 'underwent' something about that time, Nell," said Grace. "I think I shall find it convenient to keep out of your way as much as possible while the dress is in process of construction, for, you know, you aren't over and above amiable at such times."

"I know; don't harrow my feelings by dwelling on the subject; but really, girls, you don't know how I am actually lotting on having one really pretty dress. I haven't felt that I could indulge in one for a long time, as you may know."

"There's my vacation all gone to misery," she thought dolefully, on her way home; "but, then, I'm willing to do it, and I will step into Miss Morley's to-night and tell her, so she won't save any time for me." But, somehow, Nell did not find it so easy to do her errand as she had anticipated. The little dressmaker seemed rather despondent.

"Tired, Miss Morley?" said Nell, brightly.

"No, not very; and that is not the worst of it," was the reply; and then the good little woman astonished herself and Nell by bursting into tears.

"Do, please, excuse me," she sobbed; "but somehow I feel all disengaged to-night. Times are hard, and folks economize by doing their own sewing all they can. I've lost two orders to-day. It is all right, of course; but it is a little hard on me."

"Dear me," thought Nell, in dismay; "whatever in the world am I going to do now? They say that duties never conflict; but it seems to me they come somewhere near it here—which shall it be, home or foreign missions? Oh, merry me," she exclaimed aloud; and then stopped in confusion, and got away as quickly as possible.

It had suddenly occurred to her that she might save enough to pay Miss Morley by buying a cheaper dress. "I'd kill two birds with one stone, wouldn't I—or dress, rather—and contribute to both causes? But oh, me, wouldn't it be hard for me to do it? It would do me good to mortify my flesh, I suppose anyway I must think it over."

Nobody knew anything about it, but Nellie fought the battle out with herself that night before she went to sleep—and conquered.

"When do you begin on your dress-making?" asked Grace one day. Nell's face flushed.

"I—wasn't equal to it after all," she said; "so I economized on the dress and hired it made after all."

Grace looked up in surprise. "Now see here, Nell Willis, that isn't like you, and you know it, so confess like a good child."

At first Nell would not tell; but finally Grace got the whole story.

"You dear old splendid," she said kissing her heartily. "I'll get mamma to send her some of her work, and I'll remember it myself. Dear me, how much a body has to think of to be sure and do right by everybody!"—National Baptist.

LITTLE Augusta was at the window.

"Oh, come quick, or you're missing it!" she called, excitedly, "he's running away!"

"What is it, dear?" asked her mother, seeing but a white horse.

"Why, there's a horse going down the street with nothing on but his tail!"

The invitation to lean upon the Lord is for the weary and not for the lazy.

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WHAT strange manners that author has," said the sensitive young woman.
"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "if you didn't know he was a literary lion, you might mistake him for an educated pig."
—Washington Star.

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DEATH OF A MISSIONARY.

The death from meningitis, brought on, it is feared from exposure, living in the unhealthy Chinese houses, of Bro. S. C. Williams, our noble, consecrated missionary to the Hakkos of South China, is a sad and serious loss to our South China Mission.

He was appointed by the Foreign Board as a missionary, Jan. 10th, 1900, and went out Feb. 27, 1900. The writer of this appreciation was among those who welcomed Bro. Williams to the foreign field.

the work he loved so well. "... the Harvest will thrust forth some one to take up the labors laid down by our beloved brother, and gather in the sheaves ripe already for harvest in the fields of the American Baptist South China Mission?"

Bro. Williams was a native of Virginia, but spent several years of his life in Texas. He took a course in the Seminary at Louisville, and while there was pastor at Sanders, Ky. Several of the Louisville churches remember his services to them with great pleasure.

Prayer will go up for this bereaved young wife and all their loved ones. Shall not we also earnestly pray that the Lord of

IN CONVENTION.

Teachers Learn Something Not in the Class Books.

A number of young women attending a teachers' convention at Oklahoma City some time ago learned a valuable lesson in hygiene through a sister teacher who says: "About a year ago I had my first attack of poor health and it seemed a terrible thing to me for I had always been so well and strong. My stomach distressed me terribly; it seemed like it was raw, especially after breakfast, and it would burn and hurt me so I could not rest. I was soon convinced that it was caused by coffee drinking and at the request of a friend I gave up coffee and began to use Postum Coffee.

"The change in my condition was something marvellous. I had actually given up teaching because the doctors were unable to help my stomach trouble but since I quit coffee and used Postum my troubles have disappeared and I have gone to teaching again.

"Some time ago I attended a convention at Oklahoma City and determined to have Postum at my boarding-house where there were eight other teachers, four of them suffering from coffee sickness. My landlady did not make the Postum right but I showed her how and we all found it delicious. We all drank it the rest of the time we were there and the young ladies in question felt much better and declared that their heads were much clearer and their general health much improved. I have their names if you care for them." Names furnished by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

EDWARD T. SNUGGS, Returned missionary from South China.

ORDINATION.

At the request of Olivet Baptist church, Howell, Ky., the New Harmony Baptist church, near Wheatcroft, Ky., set Bro. H. C. McGill apart to the full work of the Gospel ministry, April 20th, 1903.

The following brethren composed the presbytery: Elders M. E. Staley, V. J. Fox, J. C. Engle, H. C. Hopewell, W. B. Brooks, C. I. Gouch; Deacons D. M. Dodds, J. L. McGill, J. W. Collins, J. E. Hammack, Col. Hammack, J. T. Williams.

Rev. H. C. McGill related his Christian experience and call to the ministry, after which the examination was conducted by myself and the presbytery. Bro. McGill passed a most satisfactory examination, showing himself well up in the doctrines of God's word.

Eld. J. C. Engle led in prayer, which was followed by laying on of hands of the presbytery. Eld. H. C. Hopewell, in a few well chosen and earnest words delivered the charge. Eld. V. J. Fox presented the Bible with a speech full of good advice in regard to the inspired volume and the preacher's reverence for and use of its tenets.

Bro. McGill is a young man with bright promise, consecrated to his Master's service, full of love and zeal, sound in the faith, endowed with energy, and a bright intellect. We bespeak for him great things. He comes from a grand old church, scarcely excelled for spirituality, and one that has sent out more ministers of Christ than any other in all this part of God's vineyard.

Brethren, we feel you will stand by this young brother of ours, and make him a great messenger of God for good in your midst. Hold him up by your prayers, your sympathy, your constant helpfulness, and he will lead you into green pastures by the still waters, and God will bless you with him in glorifying Christ.

Kentucky goes forward in foreign missions. Receipts from the dear old state \$23,241.77. Other states ahead of her. Total receipts over \$200,000. Praise the Lord! Out of debt completely. E. E. BOWAR, Richmond Va., May 1, 1903.

ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?

If so then your system is out of balance, and there is a flaw somewhere in your constitution, and a possibility that you are losing health, too. The falling off in weight may be slight, but it makes a wonderful change in one's looks and feelings, and unless the building up process is begun in time, vitality and strength are soon gone and health quickly follows.

In S. S. S. will be found purifying and tonic properties combined, not only builds up weak constitutions, but searches out and destroys germs and poisons of every description and cleanses the system of all impurities, thus laying the foundation for a healthy, steady increase in weight and future good health.

Food may be bountiful and the appetite good, but still the system weakens and we remain poor in flesh unless what we eat is properly digested and turned into rich, pure blood. S. S. S. re-inforces the Stomach and aids the digestion and assimilation of food, and there is a rapid up-building of health and strength.

SSS

strong or well, and who are growing thinner and falling below their weight, should take a course of S. S. S. and build up again. It recognized everywhere as the leading blood purifier and the safest of all tonics.

HUBERT VREELAND, OF JEFFERSON COUNTY, Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor and Statistics.

THE MARKETS.

Table with multiple columns: LIVE STOCK, HOGS, SHEEP AND LAMBS, and various market prices for different types of livestock and goods.

MISSOURI LETTER.

God's Zion there? That is the thought which comes to the Christian. There are four denominations which hold services—Baptists, M. E., M. South, and Presbyterians. The population of the village, which is about 200, is composed largely of people from the Northern States.

The little flock of Baptists numbers about thirty, and are nearly all native North Carolinians. We have a very good Sunday School, but no preaching. The church is unable to pay the kind of pastor needed here. Bro. W. T. Potts is church clerk. If some graduate of the Seminary could give the summer to this field, surely it would be a sacrifice acceptable to the Lord. An earnest man would find so many opportunities for doing good. He would also find a welcome for the summer in the homes of refined Baptist people. O, that the Holy Spirit may guide us always, and that we may sing from the heart—

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, o'er plain or sea; I'll do what you want me to do, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be." The Lord bless the Recorder and all its readers.

A SUBSCRIBER.

ASSIGNMENTS

For Baptist Ministers' and Members Meeting, with Elk Lick church, Logan county, Ky., May 29-31, 1903:

Importance of Ministers' Meeting.—T. T. Powell. The Good the Colporter may Do.—John Bodine. Remedy for Spiritual Coldness.—D. P. Browning.

How to secure the attendance of church members at their meetings.—Wesley Purvis.

Bible Prerequisites to the Lord's Supper.—Elder Carlisle.

Hindrances to Ministerial Success.—J. P. Clevenger.

Show the harmony between 1 John 1:8 and 1 John 3:9.—W. M. Hall.

A Scriptural Church.—J. R. Kennerly.

The Influence of Baptist Principles upon the World.—G. H. Baker.

Why did not the Jews receive Christ?—E. W. Moss.

Is there need of a Logan County Baptist Association? If so, why? If not, why not?—A. B. Dorris, J. C. Thompson.

Our Resurrection Bodies.—M. M. Hall.

The Mission of John the Baptist.—F. M. Welborn.

Precious times of other days.—J. M. Newman.

Scriptural doctrine of Missions.—W. S. Ryland.

Church Sunday Schools.—Joe Moore.

Baptist Young People.—Emmett Johnson.

Bible Queries Considered. Public invited.

F. M. WELBORN, Mod. G. B. BROWNING, Clerk.

We hope such things as these will warn the Baptist brethren who for the sake of peace will allow their pastors to imitate the Catholics in their Easter and their Christmas. It is the thin edge of the wedge which is dangerous. The Episcopal laymen of England who have allowed such things to creep in by degrees are aroused now, but it is too late to prevent great harm.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

DEATHS.

For actual subscribers we insert an obituary notice of 100 words free. We charge one cent a word for all over 100 words, invariably in advance. Omit the word "and" and you know at once what the charge will be. Unless the money accompanies this notice, it will be brought down to

LOW.

On Friday morning, April 3, 1903, Rev. P. E. Low passed away at Clarkburg, Mo., after one week of illness. Pneumonia attacked both lungs, and baffled the skill of physicians, the efforts of faithful friends, and the loving ministrations of his wife, whose constant vigil and night through his entire sickness demonstrated her beautiful devotion to her stricken husband. Mr. Low was born in Logan county, Ky., near Auburn, Nov. 23, 1870. In his boyhood he had the benign influence of Christian parents. Very early in life a laudable ambition to achieve success awoke in his aspiring soul and he was ever anxious to conquer opposition and at last to reward him with the realization of his dreams, the fruition of his hopes and the actualizing of his ideal in the attainment of a classical education.

He attended the schools of Auburn and Bowling Green, Ky., and then took the A. B. course in William Jewell College, Liberty, Mo. He became a Christian in boyhood, and united with the Friendship Baptist church, near Auburn, Ky. Some years before going to college he was impressed with the duty of preaching the Gospel. He evinced the deepest piety and a burning zeal for the salvation of sinners. Hence to equip himself more thoroughly for his life work of proclaiming "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," he entered the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., in the fall of 1900. Through all his struggles for the accomplishment of his position, Mr. Low evinced indomitable energy, invincible pluck, fidelity to duty, and loyalty to Christian principle. He was licensed to preach by the Auburn Baptist church in September, 1897. The same church ordained him to the full ministry of the Gospel, June 18, 1901, Dr. W. S. Ryland of Russellville, Ky., preaching the sermon. In his examination by the ordaining presbytery his answers were intelligent, prompt and satisfactory. In January, 1902, Mr. Low was elected to a chair in the Clarkburg College, Clarkburg, Mo. By his thorough teaching, his executive ability and his wholesome influence over the pupils, he proved himself admirably adapted to instruct, mould and inspire the young. Mr. Low led to the marriage altar, December 30, 1902, Miss Nellie Burnett, eldest daughter of Rev. J. H. Burnett. How bright was his married life! He was a dutiful son, a devoted brother, an intelligent and progressive citizen, a loving husband, an accomplished scholar, an enthusiastic and consistent Christian. He leaves a father and mother, two brothers, one sister and an affectionate wife to mourn his death. We commend them to the grace of God. Our merciful heavenly Father "doeth all things well." It is a mysterious providence that deprives the young wife of the companionship of a husband who was loving and loyal and had just begun life with so much promise. The funeral was conducted in the college chapel at Clarkburg, Mo., by the pastor, and intimate friend, President Dillard, April 5th, in the presence of a multitude of sorrowing friends, pupils and teachers. The floral designs were beautiful, a tribute from Clarkburg and Glasgow. He was buried in the Clarkburg cemetery.

In the death of Mr. Low, society lost a shining ornament, the state an upright and patriotic citizen, the cause of education a worthy champion, and Christianity a noble exponent. His life was brief, but characterized by lofty purposes, uplifting ideals, unselfish service and Christian achievements. The end was triumphant and death only opened the portals into the realm of heavenly rest, cloudless skies, endless life and fadeless glory. His best of friends, his sorrowing parents, brothers and sisters and grief-stricken wife can think of friend, son, brother and husband as freed from suffering and sorrow, and embowered at the right hand of his risen and reigning Lord, whose he was and whom he served.

J. H. BURNETT.

DAY.

April 18 Bro. George Baldwin Day, of Waterford, Ky., died. Spencer county lost one of its most honored citizens and Plum Creek church one of her most faithful and beloved members. Bro. Day was 60 years of age, and had been a great power and help in his church and community. As a leading deacon he, in a most unobtrusive man-

ner, served his church nobly and well. It was his constant joy not only to tell his children and friends how they ought to live, but by his daily walk he showed them how to live to the glory of God. A devoted husband, a kind, loving father, a noble Christian was he. After the funeral services, conducted by Dr. Booth, the remains were laid away in the beautiful cemetery near Taylorsville.

EOWAN T. FOULSON, Pastor. Louisville, Ky., April 27, 1903.

LEXINGTON.

It was my pleasure to supply for Pastor W. D. Nowlin last Sunday at Upper Street, Lexington. Deacon J. R. Howard and the First church met me on my arrival and took me to his elegant home. Brother Howard and wife lived in Harrodsgate, and I was their pastor. I greatly enjoyed their hospitality. Brother Howard for many years has served Elkhorn Association as Moderator. Say Dr. Preston Blake of First church. Our churches in Lexington are in a prosperous condition. Dr. Nowlin's church are preparing to erect a handsome house of worship. H.

A CURE FOR THE TOBACCO HABIT.

Mrs. M. Hall, 2925 Eleventh Street, Des Moines, Ia., has discovered a harmless remedy for the tobacco habit. Her husband was cured by it after using tobacco for over thirty years. All desire for its use gone. Can be filled by any druggist. Mrs. Hall will gladly send prescription to any one enclosing stamped envelope.

TEACHERS WANTED.

We are compelled to have a few more qualified Teachers at once. More calls this year than ever before. Rates range from three hundred to three thousand. Write at once. Schools supplied with Teachers free of cost. Address with stamp, AMERICAN TEACHERS ASSOCIATION, J. L. Graham, L. L. D., Manager, Memphis, Tenn.

FIFTY YEARS OF PROSPERITY.

The C. S. Bell Company of Hillsboro, Ohio, have just celebrated the Fiftieth Anniversary of their Founding. Down all these years their Sweet Toned Steel Alloy Bells have been pealing out the prosperity of the concern. Their success lies in the fact that they conduct business on pure business principles, using fairness and honesty in dealing with their patrons. They have an enviable reputation for producing Bells whose durability and adaptation to climate bring orders from all over the World. It is not an uncommon thing to hear the peal of the Steel Alloy Bell in Alaska, Africa, China, Mexico and indeed throughout the civilized world. Here in our own land are found almost innumerable testimonials of the Bell themselves, which in their ringing foretell the continued success of the Steel Alloy Bell.

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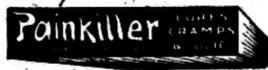
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On account of the Southern Baptist Convention. Tickets on sale May 4th to 7th, inclusive, good returning to May 20th, with provision for extension to June 1st. The SOUTHERN RAILWAY is the Direct Line, entering Savannah over its own rails and offering choice of routes: Either via Asheville and the Beautiful "Land of the Sky" Country, or via Chattanooga and Atlanta. Special Pullman Sleepers will be run through without change to Savannah on train leaving Louisville at 7:25 p. m., Tuesday, May 5th, arriving at Savannah at 8:30 p. m., May 6th, in connection with special train from Atlanta. Sleeping Car reservations should be made at once. Attractive Side Trips at very Low Rates.

Ask your Ticket Agent for tickets via SOUTHERN RAILWAY, or for complete detailed information, address: C. H. HUNGERFORD, District Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

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David's confidence in God. PSALMS XXII

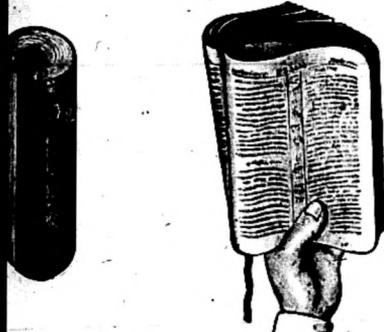
1. all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.
2. For he hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard.
3. My praise shall be of thee in the great congregation: I will pay my vows before them that fear him.

PSALM 22.
1 Ps. 22, 22.
2 Job. 21, 6.
3 Job. 20, 12.
4 John 8, 27.
5 Job. 6, 24.
6 Ps. 2, 8.
7 Ps. 17, 7, 8.
8 Psalm 21.
9 Zech. 12, 8, 9.
10 Mat. 6, 12.
11 Rev. 11, 12.
12 Isa. 26, 19.
PSALM 22.



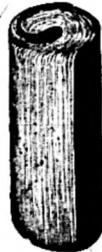
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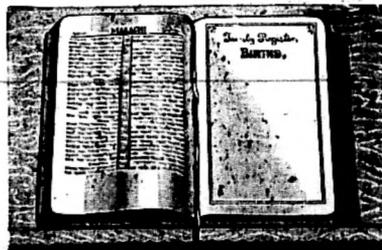
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Items of Interest

News the World Over.

When England and Japan, with a great flourish of trumpets, formed an alliance to forbid any dismemberment of China, our comment was, "And Russia smiled." Now Russia, with diplomatic words, has announced her intention of holding Manchuria, and required China not to allow any more open ports nor any more foreign consuls there.

England has a right to complain of the "closed door," but complaint would come with a bad grace from Germany and the United States. For they are high tariff countries, as they have a perfect right to be.

Mr. Bowen continues to show himself a man of unusual ability and resolution. England and Germany demanded that the Hague court should determine what amount Venezuela should pay them for the cost of the blockade.

The trouble in Macedonia is caused by the revolutionary committees who have set themselves to work to murder and burn in order to make the Turks punish severely in the hope that Europe will intervene to stop the Turkish atrocities.

When these anarchists began their work of bringing down Turkish severity on their own people, Russia and Austria united in urging certain reforms in Macedonia upon the Sultan. The Sultan promised readily to make them, and as they were needed reforms which would not undermine his authority, he is making honest efforts to keep his promise.

One of the worst signs of the times is the coolness with which men who ought to be honorable call on the officials not to obey the laws. Some of the papers are saying that if the Supreme Court maintains the anti-trust decision of the Circuit Court the Attorney General must not proceed against the trusts which have violated the law. This is anarchy in its worst form.

The whole east side of Turtle Mountain slid down into the valley overweighing the little mining town Frank. In some places the rock over the railroad

track was 150 feet deep. The opening into the mine was blocked, but 15 of the 17 miners at work succeeded in cutting their way out. Ninety-five persons were killed, mostly in their beds. There was no earthquake, but whether it was volcanic force or a mere landslide of enormous proportions is not known.

Paul. B. Du Chailin, the famous explorer and author, has died in St. Petersburg of paralysis. He was born in New Orleans in 1838. When quite young he was taken to Africa by his father, who was consul there. In 1855 he explored the territory lying on both sides of the equator, and traveled 8,000 miles where white man had never been.

The dedication of the World's Fair in honor of the Louisiana Purchase was upon the last day of April. There was the usual parade, and ceremonies in such cases. The two speakers were President Roosevelt and ex-President Cleveland. Both were received with great enthusiasm and made very fine speeches.

Advertisement for WEDDING SILVER. Includes an illustration of a woman and text: 'Nothing more appropriate, nothing more showy, nothing so thoroughly appropriate. Silver presents tender absence they are durable and useful remembrances. G. P. BARNE'S SILVERWARE'.

Mr. Hubert Vreeland of this county is a candidate for the nomination in the primary election Saturday May 9th, for the office of Commissioner of Agriculture, Labor and Statistics. This is an office in which all our people have a great interest, for the prosperity of the state depends in good measure on the intelligence and faithfulness with which this office is managed.

DEAR RECORDER: On last Saturday and Sunday I had the pleasure of preaching for Pastor Charles Gregston's Hurricane church, Trigg county, while he was away at Heberdsville, Henderson county. Hurricane people are warm-hearted and have some good workers among them.

T. E. RICHY.

Princeton, Ky.

IF YOUR PHYSICIAN

prescribes a milk diet, for its easy digestibility it will be well to use Borden's Patent Brand Sterilized Cream to get a rich, deliciously flavored milk food perfectly sterilized, according to latest sanitary methods.

Hon. E. W. Stephens, one of the leading citizens of Missouri, called on me in Moderator and has served several terms of the General Association of Missouri. He spends a few days sight seeing in the Bluegrass region.

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Fourth Quarterly Report of the W. M. U. of Kentucky.

Miss E. S. Broadus, President, 1319 Third Avenue; Mrs. B. G. Rice, Secretary and Treasurer, 1207 Garvin Place; S. E. Woody, Distribution of Literature, 600 W. Broadway; Mrs. W. H. Hancock, Boxes to Missionaries, 1517 Broad Street; Mrs. T. H. Whyne, Miss Lida Ramsey, Mrs. T. B. Duncan, Mrs. T. B. Linnell, Mrs. E. Rice, Mrs. W. S. Miller, Jr.

Table with columns: SOCIETIES, Foreign Mts., Home Missions, State Missions, Self Denial, Home Offering, Expense Fund. Lists various churches and societies with their respective financial contributions.

SUNDAY

Table with columns: SOCIETIES, Foreign Mts., Home Missions, State Missions, Self Denial, Home Offering, Expense Fund. Lists various churches and societies for Sunday contributions.

Kentucky Home: Bowling Green, \$25.00; Chestnut Street, \$61.15; Coleridge, \$2.00; Frankfort, \$5.00; Georgetown, Lexington, 1st Church, \$10.00; New Liberty, \$1.20; New Salem, \$10.00; North Fork, \$1.00; Pembroke, \$4.00; Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, \$5.00; Winchester, \$1.21. Total, \$94.34.

It is the "where I am" that makes heaven. The life after death might be none, through its very endlessness, a burden to our spirits, if it were not to be filled with the infinite variety and freshness of God's love. Some have shrunk from its very infinitude, because they have not realized what God's love can mean.

A WITNESS tells the story of the rose of Jericho-how it flourishes in lack of all things wherein plants delight-in the hot desert, in the rocky crevices, in the dusty wayside, in the rubbish. Even more, the fierce sirocco from its place and flings it far on the ocean, and there, driven by the wind and tossed by the salt waves, lives and grows. So should we any and all circumstances, we may be cast-in sorrow, in heart misfortune, in suffering. A life is in us, and we should be able. Christ is with us; nothing should be able to crush us. Live near the heart of the world's power will not be crushed, nor the world's darkness dim your light.-Ed.