

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three

7th

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In his annual letter to the Congregational churches, Dr. Bradford, the Moderator of the National Council, says: "Education is common among our people. We have hospitality for all that literature, art and science have achieved; but the desire and the power to persuade men to accept the Gospel as the only salvation for this life as well as that which is to come, are strangely absent." These are terrible words, and we fear they have application far beyond the bounds of the Congregationalists.

In summing up the year 1903 in England, the London *Daily News* speaks of the resignation of Dr. MacLaren after fifty years' pastorate, and pays him this deserved tribute: "He has served as a model of all that the generations of preachers, he has served his church with an unshakable faith, and with rare spiritual gifts."

When MacLaren first began preaching, Dr. Gregory, the great Methodist editor, wrote to a friend a letter which has recently been published in his recollections: "Did I ever tell you of a magnificent young Baptist minister here named Alexander MacLaren? He is, on the whole, the finest man I know."

Men do not like to be told of their sinfulness. But the ambassadors of God are not sent to tell men what they like to hear, but the message which God sends. And that tells men they are lost and helpless sinners, sure to go to hell unless they repent.

Men can be saved by character—but the character must have been absolutely perfect from the first moment of life. Any sin, even the least sin of omission is fatal. The man who has not loved God expressly every moment of his conscious life must have a Saviour to die in his stead. Hence the claim that any man can be saved by character is false, he who trusts to it will be eternally lost.

The *Recorder* says truly: "Spectacularities in worship may catch the eye and thrill the fancy, as do the floating signs surrounding the coming of a circus; but the effect upon the mind and heart is to distract attention from the real substance and meaning of worship."

There are too many who can credit by the wording in the words of the *Comedian* before to regard to a man in that kind. It says that "in love on the imperfections of professing Christians till he could not stand the strain." We hope those who are always hearing an old imperfection will take warning.

The Ills and Pleasures of Old Age.

BY J. M. WEAVER.

David when drawing near to old age and looking back upon his life recognizes the fact that God had been with and blessed him amid all of its stormy scenes. Looking forward to his few remaining years he utters the pathetic words recorded in Ps. 71:18, "Now also when I am old and grey headed, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." In the ninth verse he had just written: "Cast me not off in the time of old age; forsake me not when my strength faileth." He was anxious also to bear fruit in old age to the glory of God among men: "Until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to every one that is to come." Our years, my readers, pass along rapidly and old age hastens on to each of us. Some of us are already old and all of us are hastening on to that period. Hence have thought it not inappropriate, in this paper, to call to your minds the thoughts concerning old age. I propose to notice some of the ills and pleasures naturally found in connection with this period. I myself, now an old man "living on borrowed time," can write somewhat from experience and observation. The Psalmist says: "The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." He recognizes the fact, and many of us have discovered it, that there are ills naturally attaching to old age, they belong to it of necessity. One of these is the decay of our physical man. As the years go by our "clay houses," in which we dwell, weaken and decay. All the bodily organs begin to lose their power and elasticity. The senses, through which the spirit comes in contact with the material world, all begin to fail. The eyes grow dim and we are compelled to aid them with glasses; the ears become dull and heavy, needing the use of a trumpet; the taste loses its keenness. The pleasures of the appetite, to a great extent, leave us. Youthful elasticity and buoyancy give place to feebleness and depression. The body is bowed and the shrunken limbs tremble under us, the "grasshopper becomes a burden." Sadly old Barzilla the Gileadite expresses this condition in his answer to David's invitation to go with him: "Now Barzilla was a very aged man, even fourscore years old; and he had provided the king with maintenance while he lay at Mahanaim; for he was a very great man. And the king said unto Barzilla, Come thou over with me, and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem. And Barzilla said unto the king, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old; and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king. Thy servant will go a little way over Jordan with the king; and why should the king recompense me with such a reward? Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and my mother." These are very pathetic words pointing out one of the ills of old age.

Graciously and beautifully does Solomon describe this period: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,

while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened, and the doors shall be shut in the streets, when the sound of the grinding is low, and he shall rise up at the voice of the bird, and all the daughters of music shall be brought low; also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way, and the almond tree shall flourish, and the grasshopper shall be a burden, and desire shall fail: because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets; or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it."

Thus we see the sorrowful evils that come to the body in old age.

Another ill is the loss of the friends and associates of our youth. There is a small per cent of mankind that reach old age ere death arrests them. Most people die in childhood and youth. Hence those who reach it find that most of their friends have dropped out by the way. Often father and mother, brothers and sisters are dead. The near friends with whom we took sweet counsel have "passed over the river." The young have grown up about us and cannot be unto us as the friends of our youth.

In a long pastorate of near forty years in one church I find myself almost alone. Thus of necessity a sense of loneliness creeps upon us and we sigh for the associates of the past. Sometimes with Byron we cry:

"In earlier days, and calmer hours,
When heart with heart delights to bleed,
Where blooms my native valley's bowers,
I had—ah! have I now?—a friend?"

Again, often the apparent neglect of the young chill the aged. It is not pleasant for the young to curb themselves so as to associate with and enjoy the society of the old. The old recognize this fact and are frequently depressed thereby. Then the ability to work for the Master fails us. The devotional meetings of the brethren, once so greatly enjoyed, have to be given up and public worship, once so sweet, cannot be attended: "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." The aged minister misses his pulpit and the aged hearer his pew. These four evils are inseparable from old age. The young should recognize these things and be especially kind in their treatment of the aged, remembering that they also are approaching the time when they will need sympathy.

But there are also many pleasures of old age. "God is love" and in His merciful kindness makes provision for all classes of His people. He does not cut off nor forsake His people even in their old age. He promises that: "As thy days so shall thy strength be." But this is true only of the children of God. The impatient sinner in his old age is comfortless. As age advances earth recedes and all of its pleasures depart one by one and he is left desolate. Such may say of earth as Cardinal Wolsey said of his king: "Had I served my God as I have the world He would not have left me in my grey hairs."

One of the greatest pleasures of old age is the conscious possession of a developed spiritual nature. During all the years of youth and manhood he has been under the moulding influences of the Holy Spirit, and hence in age he is in possession and enjoyment of all the Christian graces; love, joy, peace, etc., fully developed. The world cannot give these nor can it take them away. As worldly pleasures cease to please these spiritual pleasures become more and more joyous and satisfying. The Word of God deeply studied now becomes sweeter and sweeter and prayer and praise more entrancing. As the material world is shut out the glories of the spiritual world come into the soul and "heaven comes down the soul to greet." As the natural life grows feeble and loses its charm the spiritual life increases in power and bursts into beauty and glory.

Another pleasure is the conscious communion with God, Father, Son and Spirit in its fulness. Often in life's beginning and middle this sweet communion is interrupted and the world in its cares and fascinations clouds the mind. But now all this is past. The spiritually developed aged child of God sits a hour by hour looking into the world of light and in anticipation enjoys all of its glories. This spiritual realm now becomes more real than the world about us. The soul now dwells in the land of Beulah, of which Bunyan sung so sweetly, where the skies are ever bright and the birds are ever singing.

Another pleasure is that the time between our entrance upon our heavenly inheritance is now so short. From childhood until now the trials may have been many and severe, but now all the storms are hushed and the tempests ceased to rage.

In quietness and calm we are only waiting to hear the welcome summons of our Father: "Come up higher." We look over the dark river and see the spires and domes of the celestial city and behold the hands of loved ones in eagerness beckoning us to their embrace. And "some sweet day" we hear the call of God and earth is left and we enter the Beautiful City to go out no more forever! Yes, these are the pleasures of old age God gives to His people, and they more than compensate for all of its ills. Reader, are you an aged Christian? I congratulate you! Are you young? Seek the Savior early if you would enjoy old age and then dwell with Him forever. Not to do so is an infinite mistake which can never be rectified.

ISAAC dwelt there, and made the well of the living and all-seeing God his constant source of supply. The usual tamer of a man's life, the dwelling of his soul, is the true test of his state. Let us learn to live in the presence of the living God. Let us pray the Holy Spirit that this day, and every other day, we may feel, "Thou God see me." May the Lord Jehovah be as a well to us, delightful, comforting, unfailing, springing up unto eternal life. The bottle of the creature cracks and dries up, but the well of the Creator never fails. Happy is 's who dwells at the well, and so has abundant and constant supplies near at hand! Glorious Lord, constrain us that we may never leave Thee, but dwell by the well of the living God!—Birmingham.

FARRIS says not, "I see that it is good for me, and so God must have sent it," but, "God sent it, and so it must be good for me."—Phillips Brooks.



By SAM.

I am very much pleased with the spirit of this questioner, because he shows such desire that the church should do what is right, but its candlestick should be removed out of its place. It is a pleasure to find those who thus fear and reverence the Lord. The brother requested that I answer the question in the next issue of the Recorder. That I cannot do, even if the questions are sent to me promptly. But I always answer as quickly as possible questions in regard to church action or discipline and those to which a speedy answer is requested.

The brother says some of the brethren in his church are dram drinkers, though they never become intoxicated. When they have been reconverted with they have justified themselves by quoting the Scripture which says not that which entered into a man defileth him, but that which proceedeth out of his mouth. And I am asked what the church should do with them.

I reckon such a meaning was never read into our Lord's words before. It would be as sensible and no more trifling with the Scriptures to say it is a sin to take an emetic because what comes out of the mouth defileth a man. The same silly reasoning would excuse a man from drinking to drunkenness or for committing suicide by taking poison. Neither the mouth which swallows nor the nerves which are influenced by alcohol are guilty. The guilt is in the heart—in the soul which chooses to take the intoxicant or the poison. In all sin the body is merely the instrument of the guilty heart. As for the members, unless they get drunk, the church cannot discipline them. I do not mean unless they admit they have been drunk, a man may be very drunk, and yet insist that he was never under the influence of liquor in his life. If some one has knowledge of the fact of their drunkenness, the church can act. But I can find no Scripture which authorizes a church to excommunicate a man who takes a drink. I have been an ardent advocate of temperance from my youth. When I was younger and more given to thinking myself wiser than God, I used to regret that the Bible was not more emphatic against taking a drop of wine or spirits. I thought it would have been a great improvement in the Scriptures. But I have learned more reverence for the wisdom of God, and have lost my wicked idea that I knew better than He what would do good.

But the Bible does lay down precepts which should lead earnest Christians in three days to cease from all drinking. Paul said: "Wherefore if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world stand, lest I make my brother to offend." He also mentions wine drinking as one of the things it was good not to do, if it caused a brother to stumble. But he does not say that a man should be cut off from fellowship who persists in eating meat.

In three days of drinking, when it is becoming a serious question if the white race can endure if some stop is not put to drinking, men who care for the lives and souls of their brothers as they should care will not drink. They may not get drunk themselves, but the weak brother does not intend to get drunk when he follows their example of taking a drink. But the appetite gets hold of him, and he goes on to a drunkard's grave. Those dram-drinking Christians see all around them the terrible results of liquor drinking, and they by their action, make themselves a party to the evil.

I have known many moderate drinkers among church members, though I am glad to say the number is less than it was years ago. Some of them have been among my best friends. But they were never among

the most godly of the church, never men to whom a dying man would turn for prayer. When wicked men, as they often do, said with emphasis: "Such and such men are Christians whose religion we believe in," their names were never among those called. And the after-lives of some of their wives—and alas! that I should say it—of a few of their daughters, ought to have drawn tears of blood from their eyes.

The church, as a church, can do nothing, and berating them from the pulpit will only do harm. Their brethren can labor with them privately, and can pray to God to open their eyes to their duty to the tempted and the weak. If in any way they can be brought to live nearer to God, they will cease. He that loves God must love his fellow-men.

I do not run a literary bureau to answer all kinds of questions. I propose to confine myself to religious and Baptist ones. But, I suppose this question was thought at least to have a religious cast, as Patrick was a famous missionary. "Was not St. Patrick an Irishman? I have been told that he was not and I always supposed that he was. If not why do the Irish claim him?" The Irish have a right to claim him as Ireland was the chosen field of his labors, but he was Scotch by birth, having been born near Edinburg. The Irish as a people have the best claim to him, but not as Catholics, for a Catholic he never was.

When the Roman legions conquered Britain, they did not conquer Ireland, which was then a powerful kingdom, as kingdoms went in those days. About the close of the fourth century the reigning Irish king resolved to free Britain from the Roman yoke. He gathered his armies and went over the channel. He proved himself a great general and drove the Romans out of England and Scotland. Then he went on to attack them in Gaul, which is now France. What success he met there I do not know, but it was not long before he was murdered and his army went back to Ireland.

Among the prisoners whom they carried back was the Scotch lad Patrick. For seven years he was a slave in Ireland, being either a shepherd or a swineherd. Then he had an opportunity to escape and went back to his home in Scotland. Soon afterwards he had a dream in which a man of Ireland beckoned to him. Patrick took this as a call from God to labor in Ireland. He went to France and studied to fit himself for his life work and then went to Ireland. In order to get a hearing at Tara's Hill he did something—put out a sacred fire, though I am probably wrong about that. Yes, I am wrong. He lit a forbidden fire. He was arrested and carried before the assembly. He preached a strong sermon by which many prominent persons were converted, and his own release secured. And thus he became the apostle of Ireland.

The things which we prize most are not those we have gathered as one plucks flowers on a summer hillside from the gardens of ease and worldly pleasure. They are the things that have become ours through pain, struggle, self-denial and tears. The lessons learned with the greatest difficulty are the ones that are most of us in value and profit. Out of the hardest experiences of struggle and sacrifice we get the qualities that are the brightest ornaments of our character and the noblest elements of our strength. The lessons through which now we see deepest into heaven are salt tears. The treasures we hold now with firmest grasp once seemed marred things, unseemly, unlovely—things we shrunk from receiving. The points in our past which now appear to have been fullest of outcome of good for our life, are those which at the time seemed God's strange ways with us.—J. R. Miller.

Tongue cannot describe the love of Christ; finite minds cannot conceive of it; and those who know most of it can only say with inspiration that it "passeth knowledge."—Payson.

Gratitude and Courage.

That Christian most fears the future who least appreciates the past. For years it had been a dream of Paul's life that he should preach the gospel in Rome. But his youth was already far behind him; and middle life was lengthening out its shadows before he came to the place where he felt himself to be in the mighty current of the nations which set toward the imperial hills. There by the ancient and venerable Forum of Appius, which for four centuries and more had been an outpost of the great metropolis, Paul realized, by his meeting with fellow Christians who had come to the head of the great Pontine canal to welcome him, that he would soon see the capital of the world. And here, just where we might have expected his prospects to have been as terrifying as his reminiscences were depressing, "he thanked God and took courage."

Viewed by the natural eye, there would have seemed a little cause for thankfulness as inducement to confidence. He had hoped to spend his best days in this center of commercial, legislative and military activity; but he was already "such a one as Paul the aged." His best days had been consumed settling petty disputes among men who were the brethren of his Lord according to the flesh; trying to broaden their vision, deepen their sense of responsibility and elevate their spiritual affections. He had been spurred in Jerusalem, mobbed at Ephesus and imprisoned at Philippi. And at last, barely surviving a winter shipwreck, he, weighted with fetters, was approaching Rome.

If there seemed little in his past to excite grateful emotions, there was less in his future to kindle bright anticipations. Could he have come to the court of Caesar in his youthful enthusiasm, with the honors of the schools still green upon his brows; could he have presented the new faith with all his native eloquence before "it was everywhere spoken against," it must have been that some Roman Dionysius would listen to the truth. But now! A man of gray hairs, a prisoner, the advocate of a prejudiced cause, what was there in all this to light his eye with hope, or lift his voice in song?

Yet it was there, with the old and mystic East forever left, the new and mighty West opening, howbeit unwillingly, its gates to him, that he, Paul, the apostle of the truth, gave thanks to God for all the ways in which he had been led, and for the opportunities to which, however late, he had attained. If he had been thrust into dungeons, he could honestly say he had never sought admittance at king's palaces. If the task that loomed before him was Herculean, he had never expected arbors of ease or gardens of delight. Ardours of the past had been, it repaid God's presence; and threatening as the future might be, there was deep within his soul the sweet consciousness of a love which surpassed the love of women.

The source of the believer's gratitude and of his courage is the same—the unalterable purpose of the Most High God to the world in Christ Jesus. That for which Paul thanked God as he stood at the Appii Forum with his face turned toward the city of the Seven Hills, was not the shower of stones at Lystra, or the blows of the knout at Philippi, or the winter's sleet on Malta's shore. It was the remembrance of the youthful Timothy who at the first named city gave his heart to Christ; of the jailer who opened his own doors to his prisoners as guests and submitted the same night to holy baptism; of courteous treatment received from Malta's governor which spoke a softened heart and a mind open to the truth.

Why should he not take courage? He had not left his God behind him at Patroli. The thundering mobs that shouted in the circus in Rome were not such citizens as would condemn the groves where met the philosophers of Athens; but the God who could not see a swearing gladiator could not see a swearing Epicurean. The least as well as the mightiest act of grace required omnipotence.—Interior.

The Conditions of God's Promise.

BY REV. GEORGE HAWES FERRIS.

Every promise of God is upon a condition. So far as I have been able to observe there is not one recorded which has not attached to it some form of condition upon which the blessing will be granted. It is not always expressed in a hypothesis beginning with the conditional particle "if" or its correlatives. Frequently it is expressed by the state in which it is declared the prospective recipient must be. For example, in the promise, "To him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life," the condition is implied in "overcometh." In other cases the condition lies in the imperative which precedes the promise, thus: "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," the condition of opening being the knocking. In this manner it will doubtless be found that every blessing has its condition.

These conditions are not limitations. When Christ says, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," he does not mean thereby that only they shall be received who come, although that is true. No one is prevented from coming; therefore no one is prevented from being accepted. The force of this hypothesis is rather that coming is an assurance of not being cast out. The condition is the guarantee that the blessing will be rendered. I am assured by my act of coming that I will be received. By this view the condition if the promise becomes to me a signet ring, upon presentation of which the King will acknowledge my right to enter. By meeting the condition I am placing myself in a position where God cannot, for the honor of his name, refuse to receive me. "If" is the key to the storehouse of blessing.

The reason for imposing conditions is to test for us the reality of our desire. God knows whether we are sincere, but he applies a test which makes it patent to our own understanding. If we are ready to meet the conditions we know that our desire is sufficient to be gratified. For the real test of a wish is not in accepting. Any one is ready to receive, whether he wants or not. Readiness to accept is not a proof of desire. The person who really wishes an object will be willing to meet all reasonable requirements to procure it; and the stronger the desire, the greater conditions will he be willing to meet. I cannot be sure that I am sincere until I am ready to fulfill the requirements. The test by imposing conditions is not for the instruction of God, but it is for our own that we may know whether we really wish God to bless us.

Every promise has its appropriate stipulation. The condition marks the stream of the blessing. For instance, "Blessed are they which hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." In the condition of famine there can be no more acceptable gift than food and drink. God suits his blessing with such precision that they fit the very need for which given. Not only are they adapted to the state indicated in the condition, but they are not suitable for any other. Righteousness paths the taste of one who has no desire for it, and therefore God satisfies only those whose hearts yearn to be holy. When we fulfil a condition we are given the blessing that is most suitable.

On the other hand, this very circumstance stimulates an appreciation of the particular gifts. When we meet the requirements we bring ourselves into the state in which alone we are capable of estimating and cherishing the value of the endowment. Can the Divine presence gratify a disobedient and unfaithful heart? Only a loyal and loving soul can cherish the residence of God. Therefore the promise, "my father will love him, and my will come and make me abide with him," is made upon the one condition which will inspire an appreciation, namely: "If a man love me (and if he will keep my words) no other attitude of the heart can render us appreciative of the Father's indwelling as can love and obedience."—Frosty Trial.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

MATTHEW 4:1-11.

THE FIRST TEMPTATION.

The life of Nazareth was ended. The saw and plane had given vigor to the body, the study of the prophets had given longings to his soul. The parted waters of the Jordan had made for him a momentary grave. A voice from heaven had ratified the consecration and given him his commission. In startling tones his herald had proclaimed his coming. What more remained? Was he not ready for his work? No a myriad of thoughts, like the rush of many waters, flooded his soul. He could not return to Nazareth. He must be alone with nature and with nature's God. He must have time and place to think. The wilderness would give him these. He sought its solitude. This was impulsive. Perhaps he did not know that here he was "led up by the Spirit," but how else does the Spirit lead than by good impulses.

Then began the mystery of mysteries, equalled only by the mystery of his entire life, the mystery of the temptation. Can God be tempted? The universal answer to this question would be, no. Then was not Jesus God? Hear him once say "The Father and I are one." Hear him again, "The Father is greater than I." And again, "No one knoweth that, only the Father." One thing is plain, God cannot be tempted. This too, is plain, Jesus was tempted.

With the water dripping from his shoulders as he emerged from Jordan did Jesus know he was the Christ? If so, how had that knowledge come to him? Was it when he bent over the adze and drawing knife? Had Mary told him that dread secret that only she and Joseph knew and she had never dared reveal to blighted eyes, shoulders shrugged, or smiles of ridicule? Had he learned it from the Rabbin where he and other boys were claimed together in the school? Impossible. For when with strange words and strange pretensions he reappeared in Nazareth the question was, Is not this the son of Joseph, are not his brothers and his sisters with us here? Had he obtained that knowledge from above? We have no record of it. Then what? We are forced to the conclusion that in Nazareth and in the Jordan he did not know himself. But now tumultuous feelings gathered in his soul. It was as though the light were breaking in the distant sky. There were creepings of a dawn which argued strongly of a coming sun but the sun had not yet risen.

Before that sunrise there must be a test of him on whom that sun should burst. He must abide the test and he must conquer in it if he were the Christ, and that was the temptation of the wilderness to which the spirit led him. It was grand, it was magnificent.

There are three temptations named. Skillfully they were devised. Others, doubtless the wilderness beheld, but only these are mentioned.

In the sublimest uplifts of a human soul we can understand forgetfulness of nature's claims but nowhere these assert themselves and to the weakness of a forty days of fast what can be more alluring to the famished than the hope of food?

We speak of Jesus as the man of Nazareth. If he were that and nothing more the contest would have ended here.

Strange that there should be a likeness with the tempter and the

tempted, but I think there was. To one the sunburst had not come. He doubted. The other said *If thou be the son of God*. Uncertainty surrounded both. Both doubted.

Why Satan thought Jesus was divine we are not told. Evidently he did but was not certain of it. He wishes to find out and thus come the following temptations.

FIRST TEMPTATION.

The first temptation was for food. You and I who never felt the pangs of hunger cannot understand them. From tales of shipwreck where sailors have cast lots to see who should become a food for others, we can imagine them. A week or so ago the papers said a band of starving Indians slew a squaw that other Indians might live and history tells us that in the siege of Jerusalem a woman killed her child and ate him.

Such tales of horror picture to us plainly what must have been the pain that Jesus suffered and what must have been the crave for food. It was thus in weakness and in pain the tempter came to him.

Here is food in plenty all around you—if you say so. Nay but the word and if you be the Son of God, these stones shall turn to bread. Say it. Why not?

Well, why not? Why should he not have said it?

1st. Heading his life thereafter we find he never did a miracle to help himself.

2nd. While in itself we see no wrong in his use of power, if he had it, he was waiting for his Father to work out for him the problems that were agitating him. Feeling the lappings of a tide from distant shores he waited for its food.

SECOND TEMPTATION.

In the second temptation "The devil taketh him into the Holy City and setteth him on a pinnacle of the temple and saith unto him *if thou be the Son of God cast thyself down for it is written He shall give his angels charge concerning thee and in their hands they shall bear thee up lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.*"

Was this a bodily removal from the wilderness or was it the conception of a strong imagination equal in vividness to reality? Whichever it was, it seems to have been real to the weak and hungry man.

And what a strong temptation! Was he indeed the Messiah? Then what an opportunity to convince the world—casting himself from some lofty height upheld by angels or floating down to earth with the lightness of a feather! How convincing! What a world of time and effort that would save. But no, he would not. He would not presume. If he were the Messiah, time would tell. He would not boldly thrust himself upon the promise of the Father (ill the Father so directed. So Satan failed again.

THIRD TEMPTATION.

The third temptation is that which stronger than any other, still appeals to man. The dazzling lust of power that made an Alexander weep for other worlds to conquer; that sped the march of Genghis Khan and almost placed the crown of Europe on the Czar.

"All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." And that is just what man has always done. They worship wealth or fame, they bend the knee before the altar of ambition.

But beyond all this, susceptible as man has always been, to love of power, how apt was this temptation to the man of Nazareth just now. Was he struggling with the half belief that he was the long expected one? Then what was that one to do? What should be his mission? Were not thrones to bow and nations yield and scepters fall before him? Surely this must be Messiah's work. The hated Roman must be driven out. The glory of Messiah's reign must far surpass the reign of Solomon. This was the teaching of the schools. Doubtless it had been whispered in his ears by Mary. And every heart beat of his boyhood and every throbb of growing manhood had responded to that patriotic cry, as the proud legions of despotic power swept by upon the highway that skirted the foothills of his home. If to man in general such offered power is seductive, what must it have been to him who was just then struggling with a whirl of hope, of duty and of possibility. We cannot do justice to this temptation. We cannot measure it. Neither observation or experience afford an aid. The prophets and the miracles—were they centering in him? Was he the man? Hunger? What was that? Man might be strong enough to starve and die of hunger. Cast himself down from some pinnacle of height? What great man would not despise the thought of the spectacular, even though some good might come from it.

This was the greatest of the three temptations. Curious to remember that what the devil offered, the Christ is fast acquiring. In the end, if not before, the tempter was discovered, was sharply reprimanded and dismissed. God give us power to do the same when he approaches us.

The mystery of the temptation is only one of the many mysteries of that strange life which began in Bethlehem and ended on the cross. We cannot understand it. A heathen poet being asked by Hiero, King of Syracuse, what is God, asked for two days to think of it. At the end of these he asked for four more days. At the end thereof he asked for eight. And so each time he doubted. The King, surprised by such behavior, demanded what was meant by it. Simonides replied, "The more I think of God, the less I understand him." But the puzzle of the life of Jesus, is a greater puzzle than the life of God.

Yes, the man of Nazareth was God, but habited in flesh. With one hand holding still to heaven, the other, clinging hard to earth. To bring sinful earth to heaven, it was needful he should know the burdens of the one to lift it to the purity and goodness of the other. This he undertook to do. To do this it was needful he should feel the pressure of temptation, and he felt it.

It is hard to think that Jesus was tempted to do wrong. And it is hard to think of him inclined to murder or to steal, but men are often so inclined and if "in all points he was tempted as we are," if this be true, I think that there was no temptation you and I have ever known, or mankind at its worst has ever met that he escaped. Only unlike us, he never yielded.

A child in a western state tempted to wander far from the paternal roof was suddenly struck blind. Filled with dismay and wringing his hands in agony he exclaimed, Oh, dear, dear light, what shall I do without you. Groping his way as best he could

DOCTORS ENDORSE SWAMP-ROOT

For Uric Acid, Kidney and Bladder Troubles.



A. J. HAILE, M. D.

East Atlanta, Ga., March 1st, 1901

DR. KILMER & CO., Banghamton, N. Y.

My habit or inclination to have never been cured by any other means, therefore, when I learned of the ingredients of which you sent all doors to me it seems as if I should make an exception in the case of Dr. Kilmer's

The mild and extraordinary effect of the uric acid remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful power of the most distressing cases.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

NOTE.—If you are sick or feel badly, begin taking the famous new discovery, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are getting better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root Free by Mail.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women who owe their good health, in fact their very lives, to the great curative properties of Swamp-Root. In writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Banghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the 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, Banghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

DEAR RECORDER:

I notice with great joy the beginning of a personal workers class in the Seminary, under that hustler, W. O. Carver. I have longed for this department in our school ever since I attended Moody's Personal Workers Classes in Chicago. If the professor will only require certain hours per week of actual field work, with reports of the work. Sending an expert to examine the reported conversions, to see if they are genuine, as is done in the Chicago school, I am sure the results will be blessed.

I meet many cultured strong pastors, who do not understand this personal work with individuals. We are in a commercial age. I want to hand work in the order of the day. Right here is the secret of the early retiring of our older ministers. Though able in the pulpit, they have never learned the secret of personal work with men. As a result some pastor near by

Swamp-Root. My experience, so far as I have tested it in my practice, forces me to the conclusion that it is a remedy of the greatest value in all uric acid, kidney, liver, bladder and other inflammatory conditions of the genito-urinary tract. I now take pleasure in prescribing Swamp-Root in all such cases with a feeling of assurance that my patients will derive great benefit from its use. I shall continue to prescribe it in all other cases in my practice with the expectation of the best results.

Very truly yours,
A. J. Haile, M. D.

GENTLEMEN—I have prescribed that wonderful remedy for kidney complaint, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, with most beneficial effect and know of many cases by its use. These patients had kidney trouble, as diagnosed by other physicians, and treated without benefit. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root effected a cure. I am a liberal medic and accept of nothing wherever I find it. In a recent case of kidney complaint under treatment with unsatisfactory results I turn to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with most satisfying results. I shall continue to prescribe it and from personal observation state that Swamp-Root has the curative properties, Truly yours,
J. Denton, M. D.

274 5th St., Borough of Brooklyn, N. Y.

The mild and extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney, liver and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful power of the most distressing cases.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for most sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

We often see a friend, a relative, or an acquaintance apparently well, but in a few days we may be grieved to learn of their severe illness, or sudden death, caused by that fatal type of kidney trouble—Bright's Disease.

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who is up to it gets the people and the church must seek a man who will get them or arrange for a church funeral. The church is rightly placed ahead of the man and he is retired to save the church. Let these older brethren become active personal workers, and the young preacher could not touch their field. They already have the hearts of the people. Fellow laborers for souls, let us learn to diagnose our cases and from God's Word provide the medicine they need. Fishing for men is a great art. Happy the man who understands his fish and how to cut bait to suit him. A red worm, though good for perch, is not the best bait for trout or suckers. What will draw one will often repel another. Study men! Study men!! Study men!!!

Your scribe has just closed a much enjoyed meeting with the Bishop of South Carrollton, Ky., C. E. Hutchinson, and his people there. I presume he will report the meeting. I found him an excellent co-laborer, and trust God will permit us to labor together again. I go next to Red Hill church in Daviess county.

Yours for Him,
E. B. FARRAR.

In the artistic window back of the pulpit and baptistry of Dallasburg Baptist church may be seen a good likeness of Elder Lewis Alexander, and below the picture the following inscription: "Elder Lewis Dewey Alexander, our first pastor, died 1863. He rests from his labors, but his works follow him." H.

When answering advertisements please mention the Western Recorder.

HE KNOWS
 "Dear Lord, I cannot say
 Why I had not perceived you.
 But this I know—
 This cross must needs be,
 This death not willingly
 Afflict me so.

"Dear Lord, I do not know
 Why I am tempted so.
 But thou cannot tell;
 If it shall give me strength,
 Make me like Christ at length,
 Then all is well.

"In trial or in loss,
 In toil or heavy cross,
 Whate'er my way,
 Lord, I would walk with thee,
 Until thy face I see
 In cloudless day."
 —Selected.

Our Pulpit.
 OBSERVING THE KING'S
 WORD.

BY C. H. SPENCER.

"Now the men did diligently ob-
 serve whether anything would
 come from him; and did hastily
 catch it."—1 Kings 22:33.

You know the circumstances to
 which these words refer. The
 famous Syrian king had been ut-
 terly defeated, and his army de-
 stroyed. He himself had fled into
 an inner chamber in desperate
 fear of his life, but being in-
 formed that the kings of Israel
 were merciful, he sent certain of
 his attendants, with sackcloth on
 their loins, and ropes about their
 necks, in humbled fashion to beg
 that he might be spared. When
 they came in before Ahab, and
 began to plead with him for
 Ben-hadad, they watched every
 word that the king uttered:
 "The men did diligently observe
 whether any thing would come
 from him; and the moment he
 said, 'He is my brother,' they
 caught at the expression directly.
 They were in such anxiety about
 their king that even half a word,
 that indicated tenderness and
 mercy, brought joy to their hearts.

I think that this narrative con-
 tains a great deal of instruction
 for those who desire to be recog-
 nized to God. If, dear friend, you
 are conscious of your guilt, and
 are afraid of being destroyed on
 account of it, the wisest thing
 that you can do is to come before
 the Lord in the attitude of submis-
 sion. These men put sackcloth
 upon their loins, and ropes upon
 their necks, to show that they
 deserved to die; and you must, spir-
 itually, do the same. Go to God,
 and humbly confess your trans-
 gressions; own that you are ab-
 solutely in his hands, and that,
 if he destroys you, he will be just.
 If he calls you to account for
 all your iniquities, and even casts
 you into hell, you cannot impugn
 the justice of his decision. Yet,
 while you do that, imitate these
 messengers of Ben-hadad when
 they came to Ahab: "The men did
 diligently observe whether any
 thing would come from him, and
 did hastily catch it."

My first observation, in turn-
 ing this incident to a spiritual
 use, is that it is a pity that awak-
 ened sinners do not copy the ex-
 ample of these men.

For, first, there is far too little
 diligent observation of what God
 says in his Word. Dear friend,
 if you want to have pardon of
 your sin, and deliverance from its
 consequences, it is God alone who
 can do this for you. Therefore,
 you ought to endeavor to know

all that is to be known about God
 in order that, if there be anything
 encouraging and hopeful to one
 in your circumstances, you may
 know it. Hence, every anxious in-
 quirer ought to be a diligent
 searcher. If I did not know the
 way of salvation, I would read
 that blessed Book from morning
 till night; and if I had read it
 through, and yet had not found a
 verse that spoke peace to my soul,
 I would resolve to read each chap-
 ter, over and over again, with this
 constant prayer to God, "Lord,
 show me something that will meet
 my case—some kind assuring
 word from thine own inspired
 Book that may remove my fears,
 and give me peace." How can
 some of you, who may say that you
 are seeking the Lord, be at all
 surprised if you do not find him,
 as you are neglecting the diligent
 searching of his Word? I pray
 you to read it through and
 through, again and again, and try
 if you cannot find a sentence,
 somewhere or other that will
 breathe comfort to your troubled
 heart. For remember that all
 your hope lies there; within the
 covers of this Book is "the glorious
 gospel of the blessed God;"
 therefore, be you well acquainted
 with it, and diligently observe if
 anything has come from the lips
 of the Lord which may bring del-
 iverance to you.

The same thing ought to be
 done when you are hearing the
 gospel preached; for God has been
 pleased, in order that his truth
 may be brought home to your
 hearts, to choose certain of his
 servants to speak his Word; and,
 so far as they speak in accord-
 ance with his mind and will, they
 speak for God to you. It is a
 blessed thing when we have hear-
 ers who diligently observe what
 is said there in the sermon,
 that will meet their case, and
 remove their distress. I know
 some congregations where they
 are diligently observing whether
 there is fine oratory. I bless God
 that I hate oratory from my very
 soul. To speak his truth clearly,
 and simply, is all I aim at; so,
 if you want the beauties of rhet-
 oric, you must seek them else-
 where. There are some preachers
 who are always looking out for
 scraps of poetry, or something
 quaint or curious that they can
 weave into their discourse, but
 all this is as the chaff to the
 wheat. The sincere seeker after
 truth continually prays, "Lord,
 give me something that I may lay
 hold of. Give me a safe anchor-
 age for my worm-driven vessel.
 I am in sore trouble of soul; be
 pleased, O God, to breathe peace
 to my heart through something
 that the preacher shall say under
 the gracious guidance of thy Holy
 Spirit!" I do not think there
 will be much preaching in vain
 when hearers do diligently ob-
 serve what comes from the preach-
 er's lips, in the hope that, by
 God's grace, it may be blessed to
 them.

Then, again, dear friends, while
 there is too little of diligent ob-
 servation of what God has said,
 there is also far too little of hastily
 catching at the Word. These
 messengers of Ben-hadad were in-
 stantly listening to all that Ahab
 said; so that, as soon as he ut-
 tered the one word that gave them
 a ray of hope, they "did hastily
 catch it." Oh, how I long that
 poor troubled hearts may hastily
 catch at any word of encourage-
 ment that is either recorded in
 the Bible, or spoken by God's
 sent servant! How many encour-
 agements some of you have missed
 through inattention! Sweet prom-

ises have been as near to you as
 the key was to Christian when he
 was in Doubting Castle, yet you
 have not perceived them. You
 have been hungering while the
 bread was waiting for you upon
 the table. Some of you have been
 thirsting, as Hagar did in the wil-
 derness when there was a well
 of water close beside her, but she
 did not know of it. There are
 sweet words, that have set other
 souls at liberty, and I trust will
 yet bring you liberty; they have
 been sounding in your ears again
 and again, yet, for want of hastily
 catching at them, you have
 missed the comfort they are in-
 tended to convey to you.

I know some who, instead of
 hastily catching at comforts, are
 always catching at difficulties.
 They seem to spend a great part
 of their time trying to find out
 why they should not be saved;
 and they have discovered quite a
 number of arguments to prove
 that there is no hope of salvation
 for them. How do I know that
 they act thus? Why, because I
 have had plenty of practical ex-
 perience of it when trying to guide
 them to the Lord Jesus Christ.
 They will argue this way, and
 that way, and fifty ways; and
 when you have answered all their
 fifty arguments, they just go and
 discover more. There seems to
 be no end to their ingenuity in
 finding stern sentences and threat-
 ening passages and doctrines that
 appear to look black upon them.
 Well, dear friend, if this is what
 you have been doing, will you not
 turn your ingenuity into another
 direction, and, as you read a chap-
 ter, will you not say, "If there
 is anything here that I can catch
 at, I will do so?" And when you
 are listening to a sermon, say,
 "If there is anything that I can
 lay hold of, I will do so." Say,
 especially, "Lord, Jesus, if there
 is anything in thy revealed Word
 —if there is one text, or half a
 text, that would suit a poor sin-
 ner like me—I will not lose it for
 want of grasping it; but, right or
 wrong, I will have it. I will catch
 at it; if, peradventure, it may
 bring me peace and pardon."

My second observation is this—
 It is very strange that sinners
 act thus, for it is not consistent
 with the usual ways of mankind.

We have a proverb which says
 that "drowning men catch at
 straws." So they do; and when
 a man is in peril, he will usually
 grasp at anything that seems to
 offer him a hope of escape. How
 is it, then, that, with a Bible full
 of promises, and a gospel full
 of encouragements, the mass of peo-
 ple with troubled consciences do
 not at once catch at what God
 says? There is another proverb
 of ours which says that "the wish
 is father to the thought." Some-
 times, a man wishes for a thing
 so long that, at last, he believes
 it is really his; but how strange
 it is that, in spiritual things, men
 wish, and wish, and wish—or say
 that they do—and yet they do not
 believe that it is as they wish!
 The more they wish, the further
 they seem to be from the blessing
 they desire to possess. Alas! how
 many of you there are who tor-
 torture yourselves needlessly—who
 seem to prefer to be troubled
 rather than be at peace—who see
 the table of mercy spread before
 you, yet choose to remain hungry,
 who behold the rippling rills of
 the water of life leaping at your
 feet, yet will not stoop and drink!

How odd is it that, in other things
 men should, in their time of trou-
 ble, snatch at anything that seems
 likely to help them—that they
 should be ready enough to lay

hold on any sort of comfort that
 is dangled before them, and so
 are often deceived, and yet, when
 their trouble arises from things
 that concern their soul, they do
 not catch at the real consolation
 which God offers them? I have
 often noticed, when a person is
 pleading with me for something
 he wants—it is but a very simple
 illustration of something far
 greater—how ready he is to lay
 hold of even half a promise. A
 man asks me to preach in the
 country, and I say, "I really can-
 not; it is quite impossible." But
 he keeps on begging me to go, and
 gets me to say I would if I could,
 and then he interprets that to
 mean that I shall go, yet I never
 said anything of the kind; and
 then, some time afterwards, he
 writes to say that I promised to
 preach for him, which I never did,
 but he tries to make it out some-
 how that I did. And I expect
 that you find it the same when
 people are begging of you; they
 will, if they can, get the word of
 hope from you, and then they lay
 hold upon it, and tell you that
 you said so-and-so; yet, when we
 come to deal with God, we will
 not believe the promises which he
 has really made to us; some of us
 seem to be always ready to believe
 anything against ourselves even
 though it is not true. It is
 strange that, if we want favor
 from men, we will plead with
 them, and twist their words in
 our own favor, yet, when we come
 to deal with God, and everything
 is clearly in favor of the coming,
 seeking, believing sinner, we so
 often twist it round the other way,
 instead of catching at what God
 has really said.

This is the more strange, too,
 because you can continually see
 how sinners catch at everything
 else. See how they cling to their
 own righteousness. A thousand
 tons of it are not worth a farth-
 ing; it is neither fit for the land
 nor yet for the dunghill, yet they
 prize it as if it was a heap of di-
 amonds. See what confidence many
 put in utterly worthless forms
 and ceremonies. And that so-
 called "priest" with the cross on
 his back—they are foolish enough
 to trust in him, and believe that
 he can do something or other for
 their soul's salvation. Anybody
 who chooses to deceive them will
 find them ready to become his
 dupes; yet, when God comes to
 them, with his exceeding great
 and precious promises, they do
 not catch at them, but rather
 turn aside from them. Many, as
 it were, take the pope up in their
 arms, triple crown and all; yet,
 when the Lord Jesus Christ passes
 by, they hardly put out their lit-
 tle finger to touch the hem of his
 garment. They seem as if they
 could trust even the devil sooner
 than they could trust their God;
 for they hope to find pleasure in
 sin, which is trusting the deceit-
 fulness of Satan; yet, when God
 himself promises them eternal life
 through believing in his own dear
 Son, they turn their backs upon
 him, and say, "It is too good to
 be true; it cannot be possible;"
 or find some other pretext for not
 catching hold of the gracious
 promise of God.

I remind you also that you are
 still on praying ground. There
 are still many precious promises
 that you can claim; such as this,
 "He that seeketh Godeth; and to
 him that seeketh, it shall be op-
 ened." Your Lord has told you
 to pray, and not to faint; surely
 God has not set up his mercy-seat
 in order that you may come to
 it, and yet be refused? Do you
 lie that he bids you pray, all the

while knowing in his heart that
 he never means to hear you? Do
 you think you would, ever and
 over again in God's Word, be en-
 couraged to seek his face, if he
 had determined that he would never
 show that face to you? I cannot
 believe such a thing. On the
 contrary, I think that your poor
 troubled heart ought to say, "As
 the Lord bids me pray, he must
 mean to hear me." It seems clear
 enough to my mind that it must
 be so; I trust it will be equally
 clear to you. Go and use the
 throne of grace, and I feel sure
 that you will not use it in vain.

See, next, if you cannot catch
 at this great truth—God has given
 Jesus Christ to die for sinners.
 You are a sinner, so catch at this
 glorious fact: "He gave himself
 for our sins." If it had said that
 he gave himself for our righteous-
 ness, it would not have helped us;
 but it is most cheering for us to
 learn that he gave himself for our
 sins. Did Jesus really die for sin-
 ful men, and because of their sins?
 Then there is hope for me, a
 guilty man in whom sins abound,
 for it is "a faithful saying, and
 worthy of all acceptance, that
 'Christ Jesus came into the world
 to save sinners.'" If the Lord had
 meant to destroy thee, he would
 never have sent his Son to die,
 or sent to thee an invitation to
 come to him, for God takes no de-
 light in tantalizing his creatures
 by setting before them that which
 encourages their hope only to
 plunge them afterwards into deep-
 er despair. Are you even now de-
 spairing of salvation? Then, I
 urge you to say, with Job,
 "Though he slay me, yet will I
 trust in him." If not a single
 ray of hope comes to you, yet
 grasp the cross; and you shall
 never perish, for his own declara-
 tion is, "Him that cometh to me,
 I will in no wise cast out."

There is another truth that I
 think some of you might catch
 at; it is this one: "God saw com-
 mandment all men everywhere to
 repent." This was the message
 that our Lord Jesus Christ him-
 self preached, "Repent ye, for
 the kingdom of heaven is at hand."
 You know that there is such a
 thing as saying that which is
 false by an indirect action as well
 as by direct speech. Suppose, for
 instance, that some one had of-
 fended you, and that you should
 propose to him that he should
 confess the wrong that he did to
 you, if you were earnestly to ex-
 hort him to come and be at peace
 with you, suppose that, when he
 had done so, you were to say to
 him, "Now you have humbled
 yourself, and confessed the wrong
 that you did to me; but I will never
 forgive you," you would have
 grossly deceived him, and acted
 a lie, if you had not actually ut-
 tered it; because, in the very fact
 of your asking him to acknowl-
 edge the wrong, there was, by im-
 plication, an assurance from you
 that you meant to forgive him. In
 like manner, I look upon the
 preaching of the duty of repent-
 ance, and the command to repent,
 as containing within themselves
 the assurance that whosoever re-
 pents shall find free forgiveness
 at the hand of God.

Then, again, what can be the
 meaning of that other command,
 "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ
 and thou shalt be saved," except
 that if, as a guilty sinner, I come
 and trust in Christ, I shall be
 saved? It is, even so, indeed, I
 am saved as soon as ever I do be-
 lieve in Jesus. "But," says some
 one, "suppose that I have no right
 to do that." That cannot be; it
 has never happened yet, and it

never shall. At any rate, if I were in your place, I would not ask any question about the matter, but I would come to Christ because he commands me to come to him, and threatens me with terrible punishment if I do not come. Can you not catch at that?

I do not know where you poor troubled, conscience-smitten souls are sitting—I feel sure that there are some of you here—but, wherever you are, it seems to me that I cannot do better than to say to you that the whole Bible is full of promises for you to catch at. I pray you lay hold of them. Do not read the Bible through those dark spectacles that you are so fond of wearing, trying to find out all the threatenings there are in it; but read it in a very humble spirit, yet resolving, "If there is any encouragement for such a poor seeking soul as I am, I will find it. O God the Holy Ghost, help me to find it! If the Lord has spoken any word that can cheer me, I will not miss it for lack of believing it, for I will believe everything that he has said, since I know that he cannot lie. If I perish, I will perish with my finger on his promise; and I will say to him, 'Thou hast said this, O Lord; now fulfill thy promise to me, for I do trust thee to save even me according to thy Word.'" Gracious Spirit, lead many to come to this resolution, and thou shalt have the praise!

I close with this last remark. Those messengers from Ben-hadad might have believed better of Ahab than would have been true, but you cannot believe better of God than will be true. I will give you a challenge. There is no saint here who can out-believe God. You know that God never out-promised himself yet. Some people do; they say they will do wonderful things, but they promise what they cannot perform, or they find it inconvenient to fulfill their pledged word. That never yet happened to the God of heaven and earth; he has never out-promised himself. There have been some men who have believed great things of God; and have gone a long way in believing, but there has never lived any man who has out-believed God. Come now, and put him to the test; believe that he can blot out your sin before you leave this place. Trust his Son to do it, and it shall be done. Believe that he will make a new man of you, creating you anew in Christ Jesus, and it shall be done. Believe that he will fill your heart with abounding comfort and overflowing zeal, whereas, aforesaid, you have been depending, and well-nigh despairing; and it shall be done. Believe that he will keep you from falling

all your life, and present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy; and it shall be done. Believe that he will be with you in life, and with you in death, and with you at the judgment-seat, and with you to all eternity; and it shall be done. You may open your mouth wide, but he will fill it; and when he has filled it, there will be as much more left for others as they will be able to receive. In the name of God, I challenge you to out-believe that Jesus can save me, and that he can save me now.

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin Hath like a mountain rose; I know his courts, I'll enter in. Whatever may oppose."

"I'll to the gracious King approach. Whose sceptre pardon gives; Perhaps he may command my touch, And then the suppliant lives."

He does command thy touch, so stretch out thy finger. Trust him, and thou art saved. Thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee, because thou hast believed on the name of the only-begotten Son of God. Go in peace, for Jesus Christ hath made thee whole. The Lord be with thee! Amen and Amen.

FORGIVING ONE'S ENEMIES.

In plain and simple language our Lord Jesus Christ lays upon his followers the duty of forgiving their enemies. He does not simply commend this course as a beautiful and praiseworthy, but directs us to do this very thing. He enforces this commandment by his own example, and permits us to see this spirit in operation when on the cross he prays: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." We bow in reverence before that wonderful example, but we must not forget that an example is to be followed, and that he himself has spoken the words that direct us: "Forgive your enemies."

We may sometimes be confused by this requirement. An enemy is one who has injured us or who has the disposition to injure us. It may not be possible for us to change his disposition, but we can keep from cherishing a corresponding spirit. It may be that we may not succeed in bringing about peaceable relations between ourselves and our enemy, but we can keep from cherishing feelings in our own hearts that are displeasing to God.

The best people in the world have enemies. Christ, the prophets, the apostles, the martyrs, and all their successors have had enemies. Enmity has been shown in many ways, to the extent of bodily injury, destruction of property, and even death itself. And yet the Gospel precept has been that these enemies shall be forgiven. Christ and the martyrs could die with forgiveness in their hearts to those who were torturing their bodies. How much more should we be willing to forgive those who do us the smaller injuries which hurt and sting, but do not kill. Forgiveness of enemies does not ignore moral distinctions. It does not say that wrong is right. It does not say there is no call for repentance. It does not apologize, palliate or excuse wrong-doing. It does take the position of personal readiness to be at peace with the enemy in the event of his repentance. There is a willingness to be reconciled, and in friendly relations. There is the absence of hatred, malice, bitterness, desire for

retaliation. Thus far goes the child of God. God can not go farther in all cases.

In the mind and heart of God there is the desire for the repentance and the restoration of the sinner. He would rather he would turn to him and live. He even sends his Son and his spirit to win the sinner to repentance. When he comes back he is forgiven, welcomed and restored. Until he does come back in repentance even God's love does not avail.

We are to do all we can to break down the enmity that is in the hearts of those who are our enemies. But if we can do no more we can cherish kind feelings, and have such a disposition as shall not drive the peace of God from our hearts.—Herald and Presbyter.

REMEMBER your life is to be a singing life. This world is God's grand cathedral for you. You are to be one of God's choristers, and there is to be a continual praise and thanksgiving going up from your heart, with which God shall be continually well pleased. And there should be not only the offering of the lips, but the surrender of the life with joy. Yes, with joy, and not with constraint. Every faculty of our nature should be presented to Him in gladness of service, for the Lord Jehovah is my song, as well as my strength.—Hay Aitken.

DEATHS.

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

HOPKINS.

Pleasant H. Hopkins was born July 28, 1823, two miles north of Albany, now Clinton county, Ky. Died on the same farm he was born on the 26th day of November, 1903, aged 80 years, 3 months and 9 days. He joined the Seventy-six Baptist church, and was baptized by Eld. W. A. Cooper the 5th day of September, 1841, ordained to the office of deacon, July, 1850, and served actively 29 years, and held the office until his death. He was an earnest Christian and never missed his church meeting willingly, and urged others to their duty in this respect. He usually took the lead in the church's business, and his counsel was usually sought in such matters. Bro. Hopkins was elected clerk of Stockton Valley Baptist Association in 1855, and with one exception when unavoxably absent, was annually chosen for 45 years. He was the best disciplinarian in the Association, prompt to time, faithful in business, conservative in his views and always labored for peace and prosperity in the body he served. He served as County Judge of "Harrison" county for 17 years, and filled the office faithfully, keeping in view the interests of the county and using economy in the expenditure of the public money. He was a leader in benevolent enterprises and improved tools and machinery among the farmers, and also owned and reared mills in the county. In private life, he married Adaline Bryson, Jan. 9, 1845, to whom six children were born, three sons and three daughters, five of whom are now living. One son lives in Texas and is a Baptist minister. Bro. Hopkins was a devoted husband and an affectionate father. He attended High School, a prominent Baptist Assembly, even its existence to him. He subscribed, paid for and read the WESTERN RECORDER more than forty years, and he said that it had helped him to modify his views on the mission question and had been beneficial to him in the divine life. He would speak a good word for the paper to his brethren and encouraged them to subscribe for the paper. In his death the church lost a devoted member, the family a kind, faithful father, and the county an upright and public-spirited citizen.—J. F. Buzard.

LAMB.

On the morning of January 6, 1904, at her home, 1077 West Chestnut Street, Louisville, Mo., Francis Milton Lamb, widow of J. H. Lamb, was called suddenly away. Mrs. Lamb was Miss Prou-

CLOAK CLEARANCE SALE. In this great sale, nothing is reserved. Our determination to carry nothing over is sacrificing many garments at one-half to one-third their real value. Ladies' \$16.50 and \$17.50 \$6.75 Ladies' \$12.50 and \$14.50 \$5.75 Ladies' \$19.98 Coats for \$9.98 Ladies' \$10 Coats for \$3.90 Children's \$9.98 and \$12.98 \$4.98 Children's \$10 to \$14.98 \$7.98 Misses \$4.98 Coats for \$2.98 Misses' \$9.98 Coats for \$3.90 These garments will not last long at these prices. If you want to be fitted, don't wait until the sizes are too broken; come now.

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Miss Black, daughter of J. A. and Nancy Davis Black, and was a native of Jefferson county, Ky. Left a widow when quite young, with four small children, they became her trust, to which she was faithful in every sense of the word, and "her children arise up and call her blessed." Apparently in her usual health on retiring, she awakened her family at 2:30 in the morning, saying her breath was short, and in a few minutes after passed quietly, painlessly into the beyond to receive her Lord's "Well Done," thou has been faithful.—Enter thou into the joys of thy Lord.

RANDALL.

Roswell York Randall, born at Kenton, Ky., near the Baptist church on Dry Creek, Jan. 18, 1820; he was married to Martha Jane Witz, of Burlington, Ky., Sept. 10, 1850. He survived his wife and two children, leaving his seven grandchildren to mourn his death. He was religiously inclined all his life, and until late years rarely failed to attend services on the Sabbath. He accepted his Redeemer through the Ballittsburg Baptist church, Kentucky, and was a member there until his death, which occurred Dec. 31, 1903.—Wm. Randall.

BUNCH.

The Rochester Baptist church is sadly bereft in the death of Bro. Leonard Bunch. He was every true, faithful, generous, affectionate, and cheerful, and zealous in every good work. But we remember that "our light afflictions, which are but a moment here, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." And though we may not see it now, yet "all things work together for good to them that love God."

SCOTT'S EMULSION is for babies and children who are thin and pale when they ought to be fat and ruddy; for men and women who are weak and delicate when they ought to be strong and hearty—for all who are not getting proper nourishment from their food. Poor blood, thin body, open the door for disease. Scott's Emulsion bars the way. Makes the blood richer, produces healthy flesh and above all provides nourishment. We'll send you a sample free upon request. SCOTT & BOWNE, 99 Pearl Street, New York.

Editorial

AVARICE and covetousness are the two exceeding prevalent in our churches to-day. Covetousness is said to be the sin of old age, but alas! it is not confined to any age. It is detestable in its character as the cause of the Masses and robs Him of His dues. Paul tells us that, "The love of, not money, is the root of all evil." Solomon says, "Money is a delusion," and again, "Money answereth to all things." Milton says, "Money brings honor, friends, conquest and realm." Hence money is a good thing to possess. Without it churches, states nor families could be sustained. "A moneyless man" is out of place in society and is debarred from many privileges. But when men love money for itself, set their hearts upon it, are covetous, then all kinds of evil spring up in their souls and lives. This love of money destroys all patriotism. The love of one's country is a noble virtue and highly commendable. But this base passion often destroys this love and leads to the loss of one's country. Through its influence Benedict Arnold sold his country and basely became a traitor. During our late war many men by its love were led to desert their government and rob its soldiers by selling "shoddy clothing." Thus they were led to steal from the men fighting for their country. It has led many to steal from the poor Indians that which the government had given them. To-day how much will through its influence is found in official positions? In Post Office and the Navy are found wholesale bribery and stealing. In religious matters even in the church it leads to hypocrisy and base actions. Through its influence Judas Iscariot, one of the chosen apostles of Christ, sold his Lord for "thirty pieces of silver." By its evil power Ananias and Sapphira "kept back a part of the price" and thus attempted to deceive God and their fellow disciples. Many now in our churches by it are kept from contributing to the cause of God according to their ability. Such, as Peter said, are "lying to the Holy Ghost" and injuring the cause they profess to love. It leads men to engage in business unholily and injurious to their fellowmen. Were it not for this distilleries for the manufacture and sale of liquors would not exist. Often those who engage in this nefarious business hate and are ashamed of it, yet because of the money in it they continue in it though they know that it ruins men body and soul, for time and eternity. Places of gambling are opened and kept open against law and public opinion because of this love of money. The fact is it leads to utter selfishness. When the heart is loving money all the finer sensibilities of the soul are dried up. It makes one unsympathetic and discourteous. It pulls one up with pride and renders him heartless. The poor appeal to him in vain. When it has wrought its worst the result is the miser of all men most miserable and disgusting. Of him Pollok says: "He set among his bags, and, with a look which hell might be ashamed of, down the poor, away, unmoved, and midst abundance died—Bored of woe!—died of utter woe." The end of such is ruin forever, for in his love he has forgotten God, his Maker, and is forgotten of Him. Let us guard our-

selves well that we do not fall under this fearful curse. We have seen this verse quoted with great approval by writers who ought to be acquainted with the Bible: "If Jesus Christ is a man, And only a man, I say, That of all mankind I cleave to him, And to him will I cleave away. But if Jesus Christ is God, And the only God, I swear, I will follow him through heaven and hell, The earth, the sea, the air." If Jesus Christ was man and only man no honorable man would cleave to him. If he were only man, he was the most blasphemous of men, and utterly lacking in gratitude, as Charles Kingsley has pointed out. No matter what kindness was shown him by his disciples, no matter what devotion they showed, he expressed no gratitude, took everything calmly, as his right. As he was God, this lack of gratitude was infinitely right. God cannot be grateful to his creatures; when the archangel has done all that he can to God's glory, he has done only his duty. And the best man is but an unprofitable servant. Our Lord called attention to the fact that he expressed no gratitude, when he spoke of the master coming in to supper and telling the servant to gird himself and wait upon him, adding: "Doth he thank that servant because he did the things that were commanded him? I trow not." Now a man who never expresses or feels gratitude for kindness and devotion to a master whom no one can love or reverence. Therefore if Christ were only man, his character had a fatal flaw. But for him to have expressed gratitude would have been to deny his Deity. As incarnate God our Lord's character was infinitely perfect; but not as a mere man. If he were only man his blasphemy was awful and he deserved death by the law of Moses. The Jews were right in saying that he made himself equal with God. "I and my Father are one." "Before Abraham was, I am." The Gospels are full of such assertions. If he were only man, his conceit was never equalled; it amounted to insanity. A man who should make such claims for himself as this for example, "And I, if I be lifted up will draw all men unto me," would excite the contempt of rational men, often though, like Schweinfurth, Dawie, he could make many followers among the credulous and the hysterical. There is no alternative. Either Jesus of Nazareth was God manifest in the flesh, or he was a blasphemous impostor who deserved death. There is much talk of our Lord in these days which is insulting in its patronizing praise. He accepts no tribute which denies his divinity and his atonement. The evolutionists have claimed that man, gradually developing from the ape or the "missing link" worshipped idols and afterwards rose to the conception of one God. The Bible asserts that originally man was a monotheist, knowing of the one great God and afterwards became an idolater; led away by the sinful nature within him. As in so many other cases, the spade comes to the defense of the Bible. Dr. Wallis Budge, one of the leading explorers of Egypt, has been engaged in reading the records of the most ancient of the Egyptians. In these he finds the

people believed in one God, self-existent, life-giving, omnipotent. In a hymn to Ham they declared that God cannot be figured in stone, that his dwelling place could not be found out, and that all blessings flowed from him. Dr. Budge declares that the religion of those earliest Egyptians resembled that of the Hebrews, and he quotes largely from their writers in proof of it. The spade has already shown that the oldest Egyptians had the highest civilization. Now it shows that the Bible story that all men had originally a knowledge of the great God and only adopted idolatry as they degenerated, is true. The spade has been a great factor in making evolution only a discredited guess of scientists of the second rank. Far the greatest men, like Virchow and Kelvin never accepted Darwin's views. Yet these cold facts will not prevent the next Sophomore whose assurance is only equalled by his ignorance from asserting that evolution is established. Very the last days of Rome he upon us. And after—what? Some months ago one of the "smarts" set at Newport gave a dinner at which a monkey was the guest of honour. This piece of Roman decadence has been imitated and improved upon in Paris, but alas! by an American woman. We get the facts from the London Daily News. Mrs. William Tillinghast Bull of New York City issued cards to an entertainment, inviting the guests to meet "Mr. Consul." The highest in society were invited, among them the Princess Eulalia, sister of the King of Spain, and princes and nobles galore. When Mr. Consul's carriage arrived he came into the room on the arm of the hostess, and to the amazement of many, the gentleman in whose honour the entertainment was given was a big ape! The newspapers described his dress in full. He had white gloves on his hands and white gloves on his feet. His vest was fastened with gold buttons. There were other degenerates present besides the hostess. One Prince said when he greeted the guest of the evening, "I am enchanted to have this opportunity of welcoming you, Mr. Consul. We greet you as a dear friend and kinsman." A relationship a self-respecting monkey would repudiate. Mr. Consul was invited to entertain the company with his music on the piano. He played, the News says, "with great verve, and the audience applauded loudly the simian discord." Gibbon tells us of a Roman Emperor who made his horse the proconsul of a province. How long before another Gibbon may be needed to write of the "Decline and Fall" of another mighty civilization? We have been much interested in reading an account of the first Scotch Baptist church of which there is any authentic history. Having begun with a young carpenter and a band of fishermen, our denomination has often had a humble beginning. But in Scotland the first church had a nobelman for a preacher, and worshipped in a castle. Sir William Sinclair was descended from the family who were lords of the famous Roslin near Edinburgh, and who moved North when the title was made Earl of Orkney and Caithness. The title Earl of Caithness was an old one dating back to the fifteenth cen-

tury. Sir William had distinguished himself in the army and was famous as a swordsmen. He soon gave up the army and went to live in the castle on his Kilmorie estate. He was brought to repentance and faith by reading the verse, "For you see your calling brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called." After he had found peace in believing, he was led by his study of Scriptures to Baptist views, and he went all the way to London to be baptized. On his return, upon New Year's day, he began preaching in a large room in his castle. The text of his first sermon was Rev. 5:5. He was a very earnest preacher and his whole heart was given to the work of saving souls. Soon the Spirit had converted many and they were constituted into a Baptist church. This was in the year 1750. For fourteen years he was pastor of this church which continued to meet in his castle. Sometimes he travelled through the country preaching the Gospel. His noble relatives were indignant and he suffered much from persecution. But persecution had long been the lot of Baptists, and Sir William rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer for his Lord. The church has had an unbroken existence. After Sir William's death they left the castle and worshipped in another building which has been destroyed. They now have a church in sight of the old castle. On the first day of the year, the anniversary of Sir William's first sermon, the church has always held a memorial service, at which the hymns which he wrote are sung. Dr. T. L. CUYLER celebrated his 82nd birthday by preaching to the Lafayette Avenue church of which he was pastor for fifty years. The Canadian Baptist says of him: "Dr. Cuyler belongs to the entire Christian world. His words have gone out over all the earth and his counsels are treasured wherever the English language is spoken." Dr. Cuyler is the greatest writer of short religious articles living, and instead of weakening, his articles are abler and more helpful than ever. We extend heartfelt sympathy to Dr. W. Pope Younan in the loss of his beloved wife. They have had a long life of happiness together, for she was the wife of his youth, and she has been a helpmeet indeed. Although she had not been in good health for years, being a sufferer from asthma, her death came suddenly. She died in their home near Columbia, Mo. A true wife; a true mother; a true Christian has gone to her reward. BRO. JAMES R. HILLMAN, of Trezevant, Tenn., sends us \$5 to move his subscription up, and adds, "I can't do without the Recorder, for I believe it the best paper in the world." An unusually large number of our subscribers have since January 1, paid for two, two and one-half and three years in advance. We are grateful to our friends for this token of their love and confidence. Among the Old Guard whose prayers are a great blessing and safeguard of the Recorder is Bro. T. R. Foxworthy, of Oak's Creek. He writes, "I have enjoyed your paper as long as any of your subscribers." May God add many years to the noble life he has lived so long.

Editorial

Our lives are the little garden plots in which it is our privilege to drop seeds. We shall have to eat the fruits of the seeds which we are planting these days.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

We clip the following from The Baptist Herald of February 4: "It looks as if the Baptist Agent may make something out of our Fan-Baptist line. If so, we shall rejoice. We have a natural personal pride in this project, and after ten years of patient instruction on the part of the Baltimore Herald it is gratifying to find that the idea has taken hold of our friends and of many others."

Many a man is thought to be concealed and despised secretly because he is so full of himself that he talks of himself and his designs to a varying extent. If one could only learn not to talk of himself what a great and valuable lesson it would be! This would not give a man the great grace of humility. That is the gift of the Holy Spirit and is not known to anyone who does not know himself. Keeping silence about one's self will prevent one from being despised or concealed; and that is a great thing.

The Congregationalist tells of a Western minister who used to preach a sermon before an Eastern college. Before preaching he consulted some of the students in regard to his sermon and received this advice from different ones: "Cut out all slang;" "Make no allusion to football;" "Give no illustration from recent seasons;" "Stick to your job and preach the Gospel."

Count Von Waldreue is the head of the German army, and is personally much loved by the Emperor. He is blessed with a wife who is one with him in devotion to the Lord. They have family prayers, grace at their meals, and never receive nor pay visits on Sunday. The Count rises early and reads his Bible, and often what she has read is the subject of conversation at the breakfast table.

A correspondent of the Herald and Prophet spent a Sunday in Edinburgh, and was very much pleased with the Scotch city. He said there were no rail-roads there, the streets being locked. There were no boys crying Gum Sunday papers, for there were none. The streets were full of people going to church. There were so many men so women in the congregation, and everybody sang. The worship was simple, deliberate and very reverent. Edinburgh is blessed above many cities.

Prof. T. W. Davis quotes from a letter which he received some time before his death from the great scholar of whom our Baptist brethren were so fond, by whom he was known as "Bro. Cuyler." He writes to Dr. Angus in regard to the Himmelman and is replied: "No doubt the modern Himmelman are not numerous, nor is baptism with them an avowal of spiritual, personal religion. Himmelman himself, however, was an intellectual and more evangelical than his modern countrymen."

Dr. T. L. Cuyler in writing of the "new revival" of which we have heard so much, says there is no more life made of flesh than to produce converts. "God is always present in our midst into his secret councils. His kingdom cometh not with observation, or by sounding of trumpets." In too much of the talk of the "new revival" the spirituality of the Holy Spirit is entirely denied.

Scientists and physicians are showing a disposition to take us back to the days of our fathers, and to continue from which we imagined we had "progressed." Nothing is now recommended by some doctors for nervous patients. One physician says he has cured several nervous patients by telling them that they have a day. Their hitting was one success why our grandfathers had no nerves.

The New York Advocate came a little puzzled over the state of affairs in the Western States of Ohio. This was settled by the fact that the Western States and Canada, and in the grand Puritan stock west of New England. Yet a correspondent comes the Advocate that women suffragists, spiritualists, spiritual mediums and all sorts of advanced people abound and there is no divorce to every eleven marriages.

We think we can explain this state of affairs. The Western States are the hotbed of the original idealists. It was the kingdom of Joshua Giddings. Because in their opinion the Bible mentioned slavery, every man who goes out to live in the West is a great idealist. The wild delusions of the spiritualists followed.

AMONG THE Churches.

LOUISVILLE.

Walnut St.—Pastor delayed en route home, and Bro. J. S. Comper preached both hours.

Brunswick—Pastor Jones preached both hours. Two added by letter.

East—Pastor Gill spoke morning and evening.

Franklin St.—Pastor Jenkins preached in the morning and Bro. Prestidge at night.

Highland—Pastor Dawes preached at both services. This was the end of Bro. Dawes sixth year as pastor, his longest pastorate; he is deeply imbedded in the hearts of his people.

Parkland—Bro. W. O. Carver preached at 11 a. m. Pastor Taylor at night.

Meffran—Pastor Hamilton spoke at both hours. One baptized and two added by letter.

Southgate—Pastor at home and preached at both services. Two for baptism.

Thirty-sixth and Grand—Pastor Foster spoke at night. One for baptism.

Twenty-second and Walnut—Bro. Cree, the pastor preached at both hours. Three received for baptism, five by letter and five baptized.

Twenty-sixth and Market—Bro. Bruce preached.

VanBuren St.—Pastor Hall spoke at both services.

Chesnut St.—Pastor Weaver preached on "Lord's Supper" and on "Religious meditation." Good Sunday School. Two added by letter.

Pewee Valley.—Pastor Bennett preached at 11 a. m.

Glewin.—Pastor Watts preached.

East Meade.—Pastor Leonard preached twice.

Third Ave.—Pastor Allen preached.

Clifton—Pastor Foster preached morning and evening.

Ormsley Ave.—Pastor Kennedy spoke at night.

Hope Avenue Mission.—Bro. Bruce reports a good day. Also services at the Work House.

Bro. Sandlin preached one of his biggest sermons to the Beaugres (colored) church Sunday.

Portland Ave.—Pastor Longrier preached at both services.

Hamwood.—Pastor Althoff preached. Four added by letter.

Vote of thanks passed for acting mayor North for his efforts to exterminate gambling from the city.

German.—Pastor Jansen preached at both hours on "Building of the church of Christ" and on "Christian confirmation."

Outback.—Pastor Mohler preached on "Folly of seeking our own choice" and on "Second coming of Christ."

At Patterson, Mo., Pastor Turnage closed his meeting with sixteen additions to the church.

Cared to Stay Cared.

Mrs. B. T. Roberts, Chairman, La., sent a postal card request for a double bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People... (text continues with details of the testimonial)

SEMINARY NOTES.

The enrollment of students this session has reached beyond the number of last year already. Counting the students who are studying with us, there are over 300. The men alone number 268.

W. J. Rutherford spent last week in West Virginia, where he was invited to visit a field meeting a pastor. We commend Bro. R. in the highest terms.

G. T. Lumpkin, of Virginia, was the leader of our mid-week prayer meeting, and E. L. Morgan of the Volunteer Band.

A. J. Foster and his wife enjoyed a magnificent pounding given by his generous people of Thirty-sixth and Grand St. church recently.

H. R. Smith has been holding a meeting of several days near Dapout, Ind.

The new mission for the colored people was opened last Sunday with a good beginning. Bro. Lockett, of Texas, and his co-workers have entered upon this task with zeal and hopefulness.

Our sick this week are numerous, but not serious. Several have had a touch with the gripe. Booth, Bouldin, Dickens, Johns and Sproules have all been on this list.

Brethren James Wiant and J. B. Martin took a few days rest after examination weeks were over.

The success of our recent entertainment in New York Hall was largely due to the use of the Stereopticon and beautiful views given by our fellow-student, U. N. Clutton.

E. D. Morgan was appointed by the class in Pastoral Theology to organize the band of workers for the new Fourth Avenue Mission near the River. Supt. Bruce of the Hope Remon, has oversight of this mission, and will employ about thirty students to work there.

New students are being cautioned about the weather conditions in Louisville. It is best to wear wraps and overcoats until about April, on account of such sudden changes.

THE STATE.

Pastor Walter L. Brock writes: "Recently Bro. O. M. Huey, of Stanford, helped us in a meeting at Mt. Vernon, resulting in eight additions to the church. Immediately following Bro. J. A. Taylor of the Parkland church, Louisville, began a meeting at London, which resulted in seventeen additions to the church. The preaching in each case was sound and the results will be permanent."

Pastor J. M. McFarland writes from Monticello: "I have closed a five weeks meeting with my church here and God has wonderfully blessed us. Forty-two were added to the church. The interest in the meetings was widespread and greater results may be looked for in the future, as the outcome of this meeting. Bro. Clark was with me the last two weeks and rendered very efficient service by his powerful gospel sermons and personal work at which he excels. The church is happy and abounding in the love of the Lord against the mighty, and much is due to their personal efforts and sacrifices. It is delightful to labor among such brethren and sisters."

Bro. T. T. Martin writes from Covington: "We are having a gracious time now. Yesterday was one of the great days of my life. In the afternoon I spoke to women only, and hundreds were turned away and literally hundreds of other every available seat was taken, closed while I preached for nearly two hours. Love to all. Pray for the Bolton meeting."

Pastor E. W. Oakley writes: "We have just closed a very interesting meeting at Sixty Creek. Eleven additions in all, nine of them for baptism. Eld. L. P. Drake, of Centertown, did the preaching, which was much appreciated by all who heard him."

OTHER STATES.

Bro. R. T. Maybough writes from Lewis, Tex.: "Brother, after a pleasant trip to Kentucky and my home I am in a mission field twenty-five by fifty miles, with no other Baptist preacher. But the hearty welcome I have by this people increases my faith in being held in place. See which I beg the prayers of every reader of the Western Recorder for the help of the Lord from Bartlesville to Lecky, Okla. May the blessing of God rest on the work in Kentucky."

Bro. Fred D. Hale writes from Flint, Mich.: "Am here with Pastor E. F.

Curry in a gracious revival. Have two million signatures in Michigan—Am Arden, with Bro. T. W. Young, and at Sargher, with Bro. R. F. Toler, after which, on March 10th, I begin my permanent work as pastor of the First Baptist church, Wilmington, N. C."

Bro. C. R. Coleman writes: "I closed a series of meetings with the First Baptist church at Portland, Kas. January 21st, resulting in four conversions and two additions to the church. Many that had been backsliders were reclaimed. The church, which had been without a pastor for several months, was greatly revived. Truly the Lord blessed the people. To whom be all the glory."

Pastor Albert R. Bond writes: "Please change my paper from Louisville, Ky., to the Harbinger, Am., Cincinnati, Ohio. Have begun the pastorate of the Price Hill Baptist church."

Bro. W. J. Mahoney, who recently left Kentucky to become pastor at Vicksburg, Miss., says, in a private letter: "The Lord is blessing me in my work; increasing congregations, growing S. S.; one addition by baptism last night." We have heard that the superintendent of the S. S. Bro. H. H. Harris, is one of God's anointed, thoroughly consecrated, workaholic and all to the service of the Lord. We know he has recently ordered over \$35,000 worth of Bibles of the Baptist Book Concern, and presented them to the Sunday School. With such a co-laborer, Bro. Mahoney should, under God, accomplish great things in this field.

Pastor Virginia of the Swedish church, Kansas City, Mo., is rejoicing over the twenty-four received for baptism as the result of their meeting.

What Sulphur Does

For the Human Body in Health and Disease.

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

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

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

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

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value of this form of sulphur in restoring and maintaining bodily vigor and health; Calcium acts directly on the liver, the excretory organs, the lungs, expels any uric acid from the blood by the prompt elimination of waste material.

Our grandmothers know this when they dozed us up with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary doses of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and caused complications with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Strout's Calcium Tablets are undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cause constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

Dr. E. M. Wilkins while experimenting with sulphur remedies soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and general trouble, especially any when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Strout's Calcium Tablets. In patients suffering from bile and phlegm and even deep seated rheumatism, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and relieve in ten or fifteen days, leaving the clear skin and smooth. Although Strout's Calcium Tablets is a proprietary article, and sold by druggists, and for that reason believed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing else so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all cases of bile and phlegm. This is the best of all, superior and so-called 'blood-purifiers.'" Will find in Strout's Calcium Tablets a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

Brother J. W. Hinchman, a student of the Bible school, added Pastor F. Kinross, of Buckhannon, Mo., a meeting resulting in twenty-three additions; sixteen received for baptism.

DEAR READER:

The noble people of the Forks of Dix River Baptist church have again remembered their pastor and his wife. This time a handsome lot of solid silverware. Such expressions of tender regard bring much sunshine into a pastor's home. A grand old church with a great history and still doing much for God's glory. With God's help we shall report a great year's work.

W. M. STALLINGS.

Marion, Ky.

THE QUESTION STATED.

Who will answer? Is it proper for a person to belong to more than one church at the same time? By church here, we mean to more than one religious society or denomination. Do you say how foolish to ask such a question. It is a common thing for members of the so-called open communion churches or societies to partake of the communions at each other's churches at the time of such service. It is answered, thus they can do without necessarily joining each other's church. I found a man once who seemed a devoted member who told me that he belonged to three different churches, and if he could afford it he would join more he thought it was not only Christian and brotherly to do so. But it would serve greatly to unite all Christians in one common brotherhood, and the strife among different religious persuasions would cease.

I know a prominent Baptist minister pastor of a very prominent influential Baptist church. Pastor would go into the episcopal service and take the communion with them.

The members give to you are by no means isolated. The other one was prominently a member of the Christian (Campbellite) church. Is it at all proper or justifiable or reasonable for persons, belonging at least to the Regular Baptist church or to a Baptist church to allow at its communion and there to partake of the consecrated emblems, persons who are members of other religious bodies? We say that it is entirely out of order for a Baptist church to tolerate at its sacramental service, and partake therein, any person who, at the time, is a member of another religious body. We think that any Baptist church guilty of such practice should be ruled out of the association. We have a table where those who serve the world have no right to eat.

Baptists certainly, of all people on earth have no need to go down to Egypt for strength, or stay upon horses. To keep the ordinances as delivered is the best. (Elder) J. H. AUSTIN, Gibson, Ind.

NOTICE TO OUR READERS.

We wish to call the attention of every reader of the Western Recorder to the advertisement of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, which appears in this issue, on page 12. We have every assurance that the Dr. Blosser Company, 112 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga., who are advertising this remedy, are men of such character that their claims for this remedy and their promises may be relied upon in every particular.

As they offer an absolutely free trial sample of the Catarrh Cure it is certainly well worth the while of every sufferer to write to them and give their remedy a trial, at least to this extent. Their willingness to submit the remedy to this test before selling it is a demonstration of their faith in it. It is evident that unless the remedy was a good one they could not afford to make this offer.

In reading your subscription add \$1.50 and get the elegant Teacher's Bible.

The first thing you are to do when you are upon your knees is to shut your eyes and, with short silence, let your mind and place itself in the presence of God; that is, you are to use this or some better method to separate yourself from common thoughts and cares, your heart as sensible as you can of the divine presence.—Andrew Murray.

A London clergyman was speaking before a man and, and used this expression: "You, friend, you know that when you are at sea in a storm, the first thing you do is to anchor." A half-conscious man roared and the clergyman knew he had made a mistake. A listener came to his aid and asked him if he had ever been at sea. The minister replied: "Yes, only when I was delivering that address."

We know in the dearest relations of human life how one little grave will bring the household closer together, in

an almost impossible nearness. So to know Christ, is to know him in the fellowship of his sufferings. And the more you bravely for those who do, and they count the cost well worth paying.—Robert Nicoll.

You need God in the very things that seem to separate you from him. You must seek him in the very places where the misery of life seems to be that he is not. You must question the standard paths for streams of water.—Phillip Brooks.

Shaving. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap before and after shaving and the face will not break out. Glenn's Sulphur Soap makes the skin smooth, and is the finest toilet, bath, shampoo and shaving soap on the market. Be sure and get the genuine Glenn's Sulphur Soap. 25c a cake at drug stores or mailed for 30c by The Chas. N. Crittenden Co., 115 Fulton Street, New York.

MEXICAN DOYLIES. This is one of our most attractive offerings. Genuine pure linen hand-made Mexican Doilies with drawn work center and seven or eight Terrific Wheels. These measure full six inches, and come in square or round shapes. All illustrated above. Our special bargain price is 25c. 50c HOSIERY at 25c. Women's fancy imported Lisle Hosiery in a variety of beautiful patterns, including fancy tops with lace ankles, silk embroidered ankles, silk cloths, black all over lace, lace ankles, fancy stripes and many other charming novelties. Regular price, 50c. Special, 25c. SPECIAL NOTE—These goods will be sent postpaid to any section of the United States. When ordering address Day's Co.

Norman Straus & Sons Co. LOUISVILLE, KY. THE SOUTH'S GREATEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE.

Total Abstinents. Insured in the Total Abstinence Department of SECURITY MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, receive larger dividends in the ratio that the mortality of the department may be lower than the general mortality of the company. Policy may be registered by the State of New York, thereby guaranteeing by a special deposit with the State the full reserve value. Those insured in this department are entitled to an endowment issued by National Total Abstinence League (Incorporated by State of New York) which will largely increase surplus earnings. For particulars or Special Agents' proposition, address: LEVI I. HOAG, Manager, 140-141 Times Bldg., 41 Park Row, NEW YORK.

CHRISTOPHOROS. A Modern "Pilgrims Progress." By "Virginia," a well-known Southern preacher and writer of many books, under this new departure of "Virginia," and changing the Bible into the story form, portrays the common struggle with doubt, and makes the Divine way to peace and self-control. "Yes, you may only when I was delivering that address." 12 mo., cloth; only 75 cts. postpaid. 25th 100th St., New York. Sold by Rev. E. Andrews; 53 condensed sermons by this author's well-known. 12 mo., 25¢ paper. 50 condensed sermons. J. B. EARLE & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Family Circle.

Special for the Viewers and Club.

SMALL I NEVER MET A BROTHERKIND!

Small I ever be a druggist, Like the watchful one we meet, Reading, shopping, tottering, chattering.

Reading, looking in the street? Will the boys all stop their playing, Run in fright when I come near?

Had I never touch the poison, Then I'll never need to fear.

Small I ever be a druggist, With a long, distinguished name; Shaking faces the good and honest In disease or in distress.

Face so blooded, clothes all ragged, Out of office, out of town? Had I never touch the poison, So will never know its woe.

Small I ever be a druggist? Can it, will it ever be? Yet the druggist you I pity Once were little boys like me!

Boys who never dreamed that sometime They should bear a druggist's name; Boys I'll never touch the poison, Then, I cannot feel their shame.

Small I ever be a druggist? Never! By God's helping grace In the noble ranks of dispensary I will fill a foremost place.

I will bring a fountain of beauty, I shall, porter, gin or beer, I shall never touch these poisons, They shall never need to fear.

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would not keep her. She was a change of Emma's kind, who was going to Providence on her own, but he had been only to show her the way to the street where Cousin Mary Olive lived, and she had to find the shop alone. But that was easy—under that it was to find someone to open the door, with each hand going, roughly—rumped all fashion, because when she opened the door she did open it and Cousin Mary Olive came hurrying out from an inner room. She smiled, but Polly tried to remember that people sometimes come only to accuse them on one-nighting and the essence of her death like rusty heated plates.

"I am Polly Whitcomb and I can pretty sure look the business lamp," said Polly.

"You had better be if you are going to live with me!" said Cousin Mary Olive promptly. "But you are too small for a counter! Now will you look behind a counter!"

"Perhaps I shall go," said Polly happily.

"The folk like crying, but she kept back the tears and used her eyes to look about her, which is always the better way. And she saw that it was a pleasant, old-fashioned house behind the shop, and in the garden the grass was every bit as green and the sky was just blue as it was on Dumping Hill. And she said to herself that of course one could be happy where the grass was green and the sky was blue. And when you have found that out you are really getting on."

"I did not get to the city to be with my brother Babes at the hospital over there I thought," said Cousin Mary Olive when she had read a letter at the breakfast table, the next morning. "I want to have a week to show you how to keep a shop before I let you have the business lamp. You will know how to do it without any training. If you have a business bump you can, and if you haven't, why I shall find it out and you can go back to Dumping Hill. Hannah Shan, who washes and cleans for me, will do the housework and keep with you night and night you shall be doing the housework. You may go ahead and buy the shop just as if it was your own. My customers are all good, honest people, anyway, and I don't keep anything to excite children."

"The notion," said Polly, with a little heart of her by the window, "the little girl's sister said, 'she has had such a story to that!'"

Her eyes looked up at her little customer and her face was pale and drawn with pain, and Polly, as she said afterwards to Miss Dinmore, simply couldn't stand it. When she heard the girl to her she said gently, "Take care! you may have her for your own."

"Cousin Mary never said that a doll should not be given away over her counter," she told Miss Dinmore.

"O, you foolish child! You have spoiled your chance!" cried the dresser. "Miss Till would have liked to have it."

"Happiness."

What is your opinion of happiness? What are the conditions upon which you think it depends? Money, love, health—some out of ten persons would say. Reverse the order of the three and you'll have them as they should be. You cannot be happy if your health is bad. Neither can you these around you. Ever notice how greedily a man or woman who has dyspepsia or any form of stomach trouble? They cannot help it. Don't judge him to be healthy. You cannot expect to find a sunny disposition when you are in a guttering way the body, mind and nerves.

Some of them try to get good—try hard, but finally give up in despair. Veronal Palmetto (formerly known as Veronal Raw Palmetto Berry Wine) has cured more of these people to health and happiness than any other remedy on earth.

It is a purely vegetable remedy which acts on the cause of the trouble at the very start. It is a positive and permanent cure for ailments of stomach, liver, lungs, kidneys, heart and blood. It is a natural, safe, health-preserving, thoroughly and with no shock to the nervous system. We want you to try this grand remedy of our company. Write for a free sample bottle to us. Only one bottle is needed. Learn the pleasant truth. It will do, before you say. We know that it will do, before you say. We do so. We take this bit of advice from our customers in St. Andrew, Vermont. Remedy Co., 641 Green Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

On sale at leading drug stores.

put the doll, and took a long, wretched look at it. When Miss Dinmore, the dresser, came in she said she was so glad to see her smiling that it was too important a matter to keep to one's self."

"I will buy it if I was you; it is very cheap at thirty-five cents, and it would save you to dress it. Come into my house, after you come to-night, and I will show you how to dress it."

"I have a whole heap up in my attic," said the dresser.

That was one of the nights when Polly slept at once and she spent a delightful evening picking over the pieces of silk in Miss Dinmore's great, rainbow-colored bag. She drew the doll on a cushion; there was the beautiful dress of pink silk with tiny ruffles. The minister's wife at Dumping Hill had shown her how to dress a shopkeeper.

The shopkeeper was so pretty, with her laced-up, puffy skirts and a pink hat upon her yellow hair, that Polly couldn't get the picture of it out of her mind for the children to see. Cousin Mary Olive had not said that she would not have a doll in her window, but only she would not have one sold over her counter. She had told Polly to keep the store just as if it were her own! And Miss Dinmore would then she should not be the best of the newly little shopkeeper. She said to herself that she should not mind smothering her purple pig bank when the dresser came again, the doll had been such a comfort.

It was hard to have to say to visiting friends that she had no doll, but she could so easily dress another one—or even one again—for the Dumping Hill girls when the pig bank was broken! But there was a queer and cheering thing about the crowd at the window and the coming of the minister. They brought a certain picture of the doll. Polly was kept as busy that she scarcely had time to breathe. Trade increased so that little Miss Dinmore came in to help in the evening when her poor spotlight would not allow her to see.

She felt that she wouldn't doubt that she had a business bump when she saw the money drawer! Miss Dinmore said.

But one day—the day before Cousin Mary Olive was to return—Polly did a very unbusinesslike thing. A little lame girl came in for the third time to see the doll.

"I can't get her by the window," the little girl's sister said, "she has had such a story to that!"

Her eyes looked up at her little customer and her face was pale and drawn with pain, and Polly, as she said afterwards to Miss Dinmore, simply couldn't stand it. When she heard the girl to her she said gently, "Take care! you may have her for your own."

"Cousin Mary never said that a doll should not be given away over her counter," she told Miss Dinmore.

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On sale at leading drug stores.

have a doll dressed so that it would draw custom like that one. But to give it to the child! Why, her mother was Abby Frogg and she had been so kind to her! They were great friends and it had made her add and cream, O, what will she say when she finds out what you have done?"

Poor Polly dreamed that night that she was out back to Dumping Hill, and the minister's wife said, "The business lamp!" every time she thought of her. And when she awoke she felt the twins had turned into wooden dolls and couldn't speak to her!

But bright days came after dark nights and had dreams do not come true. Miss Till arose before the very next day and she looked into the money drawer the very first thing. And she also looked never dare to do. And she said with tears that she knew Cousin Mary Olive had forgiven her, because she had given her little girl that beautiful doll; and it would seem like heaven if they could go back to the old times and be friends.

And Cousin Mary Olive cried and kissed her.

Polly slipped out of the shop then because she thought she might be in the way. When the visitor had gone Cousin Mary Olive, with her eyes all smothered and her face looking young and bright, said, "Polly in her arms and kissed her. She told her that she had found out that something that had happened but life had been all a mistake, and it was Polly who had not done things right!"

"A kind heart is ever better than a business bump!" she said. The gray parrot, on his perch in the sitting-room, kept repeating that, and Polly heard it that night in a heavy dream.

Cousin Mary Olive paid for the doll when the dresser came again, and ordered a dozen more dolls for Polly to dress for the shop; and more than a dozen—enough to go "round"—for her to use in the Dumping Hill children.—Copyrighted.

NUMBER ONE.

"Let's keep at the head," said James to Miss Dinmore. "There we can crowd in and get out."

"I'm afraid we're too late to get very good ones," said Paul.

"Yes, all because we had to wait for Van and Laura. If I could have had my way I would have come on long ago."

"Then they couldn't have joined the party," said Polly. "You would have been sorry for that."

James did not trouble himself to say whether or no his sorrow would have been very deep.

Reaching the hall in which the entertainment was to be given, they found, as had been feared, that it was already full. There was little outlook for seats for a party of eight.

"A few seats all at this side," said an usher.

"I look out for number one," said James, as he joined in a scramble made for them by two or three young people who had closely followed their party.

One of the latter stood near Uncle Harmon who was securing the party. "There," he continued, "they'll probably have to stand up the whole time, just because Uncle Harmon didn't crowd in and get seats."

But just then he saw that the ushers were carrying chairs to the front. Again Uncle Harmon did not crowd his way, but waited to take his share with twenty or thirty others. And Paul, that stumpy blackhead of a Paul, James naturally eyed him as he watched, gave way to others until every seat was occupied.

"They've got the best seats in the house," said James to himself. "I wish I'd stayed with the others."

Paul stood for most of the evening, for the remainder of the time passing through on the edge of a seat. But he enjoyed everything with the enjoyment which belongs with a heart free from selfishness, and thus able heartily to rejoice in the success of others. He had been directed through the stage and in exchanging smiles of sympathetic delight in what was going on with his well-kept countenance.

"It's been a tip-top, number one show, hasn't it?" he cried with a beaming face as he rejoined the others. "You know, 'Eminence' there hasn't been much number one in it for me, 'was the grunting answer.—Sydney Dwyer in New York Observer."

CANCER CURED BY ANOINTING WITH OIL.

A combination of soothing and balmic oils has been discovered which readily cures all forms of cancer and tumor. It is safe and sure and may be used at home without pain or disfigurement. Readers should write for free books to the originators, whose home office address is Dr. D. M. Brix Co., Drawer 605, Indianapolis, Ind.

It is said that when Edward VI. came to be crowned, they carried before him three words to indicate his sovereignty over the three kingdoms—England, Scotland and Ireland. But the young king halted and said, "There is one sword lacking." "What is it, your majesty?" "The Bible; that book is the Sword of the Spirit, and is to be preferred before these swords." And the king was right. The Bible is to be preferred before the sword of steel for better, every right, and settling every controversy. But it has a mission greater in peace than in war, and more effective use may be made of it among friends than between enemies. The Spirit not only determined the nature of this great weapon, but has provided directions pertaining to the use of it. The wrath of man usually determines the time for using the sword of steel, but the love of God chooses ways and means and moments for the use of the Sword of the Spirit.

Little self-denial, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silver threads of gold which when woven together, gleam out brightly in the pattern of life.—Canon Farrar.

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Little Ones.
A THANKSGIVING FOR ONE.

Such a funny little polypoly Polly as she was; with her big chin-blue eyes that were forever seeing something to wonder about, and round red cheeks that always grew redder when anybody spoke to her, and her crinkly flaxen hair that never would stay in place. Such a queer little dumpling of a Polly! All the same, she liked nice things to eat as well as any one could and when, once upon a time, somebody gave her the menasles just in season for Thanksgiving Day, she felt dreadfully about it and cried as hard as she knew how, because she could not have any turkey, pudding, nor mince pie for dinner—nothing at all but oatmeal gruel!

But crying didn't help the menasles a mite, as of course Polly knew that it wouldn't, but she couldn't help helped crying if she wanted to, and she didn't want to. "Most anybody'd cry, I wouldn't wonder," she said, a day or two after, when the menasles had begun to go away again, "not to have a mite of any Thanksgiving for dinner—not any pie, nor any cran-berry sauce, nor any—O dear!"

"Well, well, said Polly's mother, laughing. "I guess we'll have another Thanksgiving Day right off."

"Oh, can we?" cried Polly, brightening up.

"Not unless the Governor says so," answered her father, with a twinkle. "The Governor makes Thanksgiving Days, Polyanthus." "Where does he live?" asked Polly, with the earnestness that was funny.

Everybody laughed. "At the capital," said Polly's Uncle Ben Davis. "Do you know where that is?"

"I guess I do," said Polly; and she asked no more questions.

But what do you guess that this funny Polly did? By and by when she felt quite like herself again, she borrowed pencil and paper and shut herself up in her own little room and wrote a letter that looked very much like this:

DEAR MISTER GUVNER will you please make ANOTHER thanksgiving Day because I had THE MENASLES the Last One.

POLLY PINKHAM.
Then she folded the letter and put it in an envelope, with one of her chromo cards, and sealed it, and took two cents out of her bank for the postage and ran away to the post-office as fast as she could run.

Mr. Wiley kept the post-office; and if Mr. Wiley had been behind the glass boxes that day, I don't believe that Polly's letter ever would have gone out of Tinkerville. But Mr. Wiley's niece was there. She read the address on the envelope that Polly handed in and her eyes danced. It looked so funny:

MISTER GUVNER at the CAPITAL.

One or two questions brought out the whole story.

"The Governor shall have your letter, Polly," rejoined Miss Molly said, with a laugh, as she stamped it and wrote the postmark as plain as could be. And so he did. For, not quite a week later, a letter came in the mail to Polly—a great, white letter with a picture in one corner that made Polly's father open his eyes. "Why, it's the State's arms," said he. "What

under the sun?"—
But I think that he suspected. Oh, how red Polly's cheeks were and how her small fingers trembled when she tore open the letter! It was printed so that she could read it herself, all but the long words:

Dear Miss Polly: Your letter received. I am very sorry if you were so ill as not to be able to eat any Thanksgiving dinner. It was quite too bad. I hereby appoint a special Thanksgiving Day for you, next Thursday, December 9, which I trust may be kept with due form. Your friend and well-wisher,

ANDREW COLBURN.
"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Polly, hopping on one foot. "Will you, mother? "Oh, mother, will you? I wrote to him myself! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Did you ever?" cried Polly's mother. Why, Polly Pinkham!" But Polly's father slapped his knee and laughed.

"Good for Governor Colburn! I'll vote for him as long as he wants a vote. And Polly shall have a special Thanksgiving worth telling of—so she shall."

And she did have, the very best that she ever remembered.—
Youth's Companion.

HIS NICKNAME.

What do you suppose my Uncle Bob called me last week? Why, just "Sand," nothing more nor nothing less. And that isn't the worst of it—or the best of it, I don't know which yet. Everybody in the house calls me "Sand," and it has spread out to the street, and over to the school. It's "Sand" here and "Sand" there and "Sand" yonder, till you can't rest. Father and mother look sort of pleased, like it was something nice; and if it is, why, I don't mind.

They say it means I've got sand, grit—not afraid, you know. That's the best of it. But there's Aunt Mayme (be sure it's spelled "ye") who teaches me etiquette—she says the name is horribly vulgar; and Tom—he's my brother, you know—he says it's just short for "Sandy," and that's the color of my hair. Brothers like Tom, and aunts like Aunt Mayme, can't always be depended on, though.

Maybe I'd better tell the whole story and let you see for yourself. First, though, I want to say, I was scared. Whew! I shivered so that when Tom heard the next morning, he declared all my jacket buttons had been shaken loose. They hadn't, of course; for they came loose playing ball the day before. But Tom was nearer right than he knew. When I think it out square to myself, I'm most sure that Tom's and Aunt Mayme's fun hits me closer than father's and mother's praise.

You see, it was this way: Father and Tom were off on business, to be gone all night, and mother was sick with a headache. That left only me in the house to look after things. It seemed nice till I went upstairs to bed; then it grew awfully dark and lonesome. But I pulled the clothes up tight over my face and tried not to think, for if there's one thing in this world I'm afraid of it's the dark. And I'm getting too big to be afraid of the dark, too! that's the worst of it.

Well, some time in the night came a loud barking from Towser—just like somebody scolding somebody else for forgetting—and I knew in a flash what it meant. I'd forgotten to leave the wood-house door open for him to go in,

First, I slid lower down in the bed and thought to myself I wouldn't, though I knew all the time I would, for I couldn't go to sleep if I left Towser out in the cold that way. So, after a while I shut my teeth hard and crawled out, pretty scared and shaky, for it was awful dark, and got into my clothes the best I could.

I felt my way out into the hall and down to the back door: But when I put my hand on the door to open it, I almost yelled right out, for there, just as plain as plain could be, I heard somebody trying to get in. If it hadn't been for mother being sick, and father and Tom being away, I'd have scuttled up the stairs quicker than I ever came down. But that wouldn't do for the man of the house. No, sir; not if I died.

I was too scared to think much, so I just opened the door and yelled "boo!" loud as I could. And, well, sir! you should have seen those fellows tumble down the steps for there were two—and across the yard and over the back fence, dropping their tools, and old Towser square on their heels, snapping and barking. And I wouldn't wonder if he nipped them once or twice, for they yelled as if he did.

The next day father and Tom came home, and Uncle Bob came over from his store. Uncle Bob said the tools were a burglar's kit—if you know what that is—and father looked at me like he does when he's pleased. Tom, he just laughed. But I know Tom and he knows me. So, although I'm willing to own Tom hits it pretty close about shaking buttons off, and Towser did lots more than I, still I don't mind the name much, especially the way Uncle Bob says it.—The Morning Star.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON HORNETS.

The *Epworth Herald* prints an essay on hornets that claims to have been written by a boy. It sounds a little odd in its statements, but we give it to you on trust:

A hornet is the smartest bug that flies anywhere. He comes when he pleases, and goes when he gets ready. One way a hornet shows his smartness is by attending to his own business, and making everything who interferes with him wish they had done the same thing.

When a hornet stings a fellow he knows it, and never stops talking about it as long as his friends will listen to him. One day a hornet stung my pa (my pa is a preacher) on the nose, and he did not do any pastoral visiting for a month without talking about that hornet.

Another way a hornet shows his smartness is by not procrastinating. If he has any business with you he will attend to it at once, and then leave you to think it over to yourself. He don't do like the mosquito, who comes fooling around for half an hour singing, "Consin, cousin," and then when he has bled you all he can, dash away yelling, "No kin." A hornet never bleeds you; but if he sticks you, you will go off on a swell.

I don't know anything more about hornets, only that Josh Billings says: "A hornet is an infamable (Josh was a poor speller) boxer, sudden in his impressions, and rather hasty in his conclusions, or end."

In this life there is but one sure happiness—to live for others.—
Leo Tolstoj.

You Still Have Time

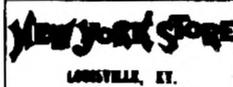
to feast upon some of the good things offered in our Clearance Sale, but we would advise that you do not hesitate too long. Good things are going out every day, and this sale will soon be a thing of the past.

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Choice of a lot of about 45 Ladies' Sew Tailor Suits, made with blouse or plain cut coat, satin lined; material of plain chevrons or fancy mixtures. They range in price from \$22.50 to \$77.00. Clearance Sale Price..... **\$10.95**
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NEWS AND NOTES FROM THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

Every man of the wandering spirit will at times long for new scenes. Florida, or "The Land of Flowers," will furnish many of them. To me the pleasure of visiting there was somewhat delayed. But so it came under the most favorable circumstances I will not complain. Some two weeks ago I landed in Jacksonville, and for days have been rambling over her sandy plains and under her sunny skies.

Of the resources of this State much might be said. The tropical fruits alone make her famous. But these notes are not material in their nature—I speak of the higher things.

And first, I would mention the educational spirit of the people. In many of the small towns there are schools of high grade as well as in the large cities. This, to me, is a very encouraging truth! If it is true. "The education forms the common mind."

A Baptist here feels very much at home, and Baptist are the people down here. They have a fine church, and a good pastor. His name is Rev. Mr. Oaten. If you are a Baptist and are coming to Florida, don't fail to visit DeLand. Of course the educational spirit is par excellence here, but I found it at other places also.

But the thing I would emphasize in this rambling letter is a Florida Baptist. I came especially to see him, my destination being, first of all, Kissimmee, where the State convention was held on January thirteenth and on a few days. Being delayed in Jacksonville by sickness, I did not arrive till the meeting was about over, it closing two days earlier than I expected. Then from some personal friends and the secretary I gather a few notes which I give: A Baptist in Florida is a Baptist sound to the core. I liked that. He not only believes but works. Hence he is growing in numbers a mile in status. There are about 24,000 white Baptists, and a preacher's wife told me that in preparation to the State's population they were strong. One thing is sure, the two hundred men and women who came to Kissimmee were on the Lord's side for work. You could see that at short observation. These Baptists—only 24,000—raised about \$25,000 for missions; that beats Kentucky at the same ratio. Then there was the spirit of enlargement in the air.

The convention was well attended, and one of the best ever held in the State. The visitor was there—that noble secretary trio—Frost, Williamson and Gray. Stillman of genetic proportions was easily seen. Dr. Pitt of the Religious Herald and this scribe were the only visiting men of the

"quill." Just here let me mention the fact that Florida has two Baptist papers, The Southern Baptist and The Florida Baptist Witness. The first of these is edited by Rev. J. B. Haily, formerly of Mayfield, Ky. The second, long edited by Rev. J. C. Porter, has been bought out by Mr. Nealson and Dr. W. A. Hobson. It will henceforth be published at Jacksonville. Both of these are respectable Baptist sheets.

NOTES AND COMMENT. Rev. Dr. Chandonin, the venerable, was unable to attend. Hon. S. B. Rogers, a layman, was elected Moderator. Wit and wisdom marked his railing.

Dr. W. A. Hobson preached the sermon. It goes without saying it was a sermon. This man is doing a fine work at Jacksonville. The First church is one of the handsomest in the South.

In the quaint "old city," St. Augustine, the Baptist are at work. True they are all here, but God is with the right and the true. At present the Catholics are far in the lead. My stay here was most delightful.

H. T. MURRELLMAN. St. Augustine, Fla.

Professor J. H. Fuqua, Sr., formerly the popular chairman of the Faculty of Bethel College and for over twenty-five years Professor of Mathematics of Bethel College, was elected, last November, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Kentucky. He has moved his family to Frankfort, where correspondents will hereafter address him. H.

SURE The Robust Physique Can Stand More Coffee Than a Weak One.

A young Virginian says: "Having a naturally robust constitution far above the average and not having a nervous temperament, my system was able to resist the inroads upon it by the use of coffee for some years but finally the strain began to tell. "For ten years I have been employed as telegraph operator and typewriter by a railroad in this section and until two years ago I had used coffee continually from the time I was eight years old, nearly 20 years. "The work of operating the telegraph key is a great strain upon the nerves and after the day's work was over I would feel nervous, irritable, run down and to ward the last suffered greatly from insomnia and neuralgia. As I never indulged in intoxicating liquors, drugs or tobacco in any form I came to the conclusion that coffee and tea were causing the gradual break-down of my nervous system and having read an article in the Medical Magazine on the composition of coffee and its toxic effect upon the system, I was fully convinced that coffee was the cause of my trouble. "Seeing Postum spoken of as not having any of the deteriorating effects of coffee I decided to give up the stimulant and give Postum a trial. The result was agreeably surprising. After a time my nerves became wonderfully strong. I can do all my work at the telegraph key and typewriter with far greater ease than ever before. My weight has increased 35 pounds, my general health keeping pace with it, and I am a new man and a better one. Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason. Look in each plug for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

CRUSHES OUT THE LIFE

The most insidious and repulsive of all living things is the serpent, and the vilest and most degrading of all human diseases is Contagious Blood Poison. The serpent sinks its fangs into the flesh and almost instantly the poison passes through the entire body. Contagious Blood Poison, beginning with a little ulcer, soon contaminates every drop of blood and spreads throughout the whole system. Painful swellings appear in the groin, a red rash and copper colored spots break out on the body, the mouth and throat become ulcerated, and the hair and eye brows fall out; but these symptoms are mild compared to the wretchedness and suffering that come in the latter stages of the disease when it attacks the bones and more vital parts of the body. It is then that Contagious Blood Poison is seen in all its hideousness. The deep eating abscesses and sickening ulcers and tumors show the whole system is corrupted and poisoned, and unless relief comes soon this serpent disease tightens its coils and crushes out the life. The only antidote for the awful virus is S. S. S. It is nature's remedy, composed entirely of vegetable ingredients. S. S. S. destroys every vestige of the poison, purifies the blood and removes all danger of transmitting the awful taint to others. Nothing else will do this. Strong mineral remedies, like mercury and potash, dry up the sores and drive in the disease, but do not cure permanently. Send for our home treatment book and write us if in need of medical advice or special information. This will cost you nothing.

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action has continued until the present time. On the evening of November the 19th the young people gave pastor and wife a reception in the beautiful home of Dr. W. A. Crockett, and the entire church was invited. A most enjoyable time was spent. These good and noble people know how to welcome a pastor. There have been ten additions to the church, and we are looking and praying for a great year in 1904.

As the Racoon grows older it gets better. Yours with best wishes, THOS. M. GREEN, Montgomery City, Mo.

WATER VALLEY, MISS.

We are pleased to record noble work of Panter W. Jan. Robinson at Water Valley church. He was student in our Seminary, and afterwards pastor in Nashville.

The increase in membership, 78; contributions to Home Mission Board, \$183; contributions to Foreign Mission Board, \$958; contributions to State Missions, \$268; contributions to Ministerial Relief, \$109; contributions to education, \$176; contributions to Orphanage, \$689. \$2,695, in addition to pastor's salary and church expenses is a fine showing and speaks well for church and pastor. H.

A FINE SERVICE. Dr. A. B. Blythe, of Glasgow, Ky., has just returned from a visit to the West. He says that he never saw so many people as he did in the West. When answering advertisements please mention the Western Recorder.

HYMN-BOOK COMMISSION.

The Sunday School Board has announced the intention of preparing a hymn-book designed especially to meet the needs of our Southern Baptist churches. Dr. Lansing Burrows was charged by the Board with the work of compiling the book. He made his own draft of selections and submitted these to a number of brethren in different parts of the country, then he made a number of changes in deference to expressed views of various critics. The Board then invited a "commission" consisting of brethren W. E. Hatcher, A. C. Davidson, W. W. Landrum, G. W. Truett, S. M. Brown and E. C. Dargan, to meet at the Board's rooms at Nashville and go carefully over the manuscript with Dr. Burrows. To the regret of all Drs. Hatcher and Truett were not able to attend, but the Board, and the other members of the commission, counted themselves fortunate in securing the valuable services of Dr. John G. Purser of Atlanta, who came in Dr. Hatcher's place and rendered most efficient and judicious help.

The commission was called to order by Professor Moore, of Vanderbilt University, a Baptist, of course, and a member of the Board who had been requested to preside, being chairman of the Board's book committee. Brother Moore presided to the very great satisfaction of the commission, but he had his kind hands full sometimes keeping us all from talking at once!

We met Tuesday morning, February 2nd, and worked together three days—and busy days they were. We went earnestly over the admirable work of Dr. Burrows. Of course we did not always agree with him, nor could we be always unanimous in the choices that prevailed. But we had thorough accord on the main principles by which we were led. Dr. Burrows himself stated these in his opening remarks and several others reiterated them in varying modes of expression from time to time.

We endeavored to recognize the variety of tastes and associations prevalent among our people and so not to be too rathless. We tried to hold the just balance between the new and the old. The younger generation will find many of the more popular and catchy modern songs, but the elders will find in large numbers those old favorites (both hymns and melodies) which are dear to their ears and hearts. Many of the old airs which had grown to be traditional among us of the South have been harmonized and inserted. Another point was as to the character of the music. We tried hard to avoid the extremes of the difficult and so-called "classic" music on the one hand and the popular light music on the other. Both sorts will be found in the book. It is a compromise, as all such books must be. My opinion is that we shall have a very serviceable book, containing that comparatively small number of really indispensable hymns with their appropriate tunes which are generally recognized as indispensable and a considerable variety of the other sorts, as indicated.

It was a joy to work together with such a body of brethren and for such a purpose. And while there was the frankness and expression of differences of judgment, and earnest effort to carry points, there was the most delightful brotherliness throughout. This will be a Baptist book indeed, for it will represent independence of judgment, differences in taste, sub-

mission to the majority, and brotherly love.

It was a delight to see the fine quarters of our Board at Nashville, and observe the tokens of thrift. It pained us that our dear Brother Frost was not well, and could not even be with us the last day. But all hope that a short rest will set him on his feet again. His hospitality and that of big-hearted Dr. Burrows obtain a grateful memory.

E. C. DARGAN.

DEAR RECORDER:

By request of Pastor Fred W. Wittenbraker, I, on last Saturday and Sunday occupied his pulpit at Sinking Fork church, six miles from Hopkinsville. The weather was very cold and roads were bad. As a result, the congregations were not large, but the order and interest were excellent. Bro. W. has a strong hold upon his people, and an open field is before him, with hope for large results. Among the members in attendance was the venerable Elder J. U. Spurlin, who, in the days gone, served this church forty years as pastor. Bro. H. B. Withers, the hospitality of whose family I have often enjoyed and whose pastor I once was for two years at Lanesco, is preaching some at destitute points in Christian county. He and his good wife and children belong to the excellent of earth.

Bro. Wittenbraker's wife, thirty-five years ago, was a school girl of mine in McLena county when I was a young man and she a little girl. So, she claimed me as guest during this visit. We kept late hours each night talking about the loved ones of the long ago. It was a sweet communion we had. But, how and we felt as we called to memory the names of so very many who have crossed over the river and left us never to return! Could we bear the thought of never meeting again? And yet how very many there be that treat such matters with utter indifference. God pity them! T. E. HENRY, Princeton, Ky.

MINISTERS' MEETING.

Themes for ministers' meeting to be held at Pleasant Hill Baptist church, Logan county, Kentucky, at 10 o'clock Friday before the 5th Sunday in May, 1904:

1. Explain those passages of Scripture that seem to teach apostasy.—F. M. Welborn.
2. Is the Baptist position on the communion question Scriptural.—A. C. Dorris.
3. What is Scriptural baptism.—J. P. Cleaver.
4. The characteristics of a true church.—J. E. Baggett.
5. Do the Scriptures authorize women to preach the Gospel?—J. E. Kenerly.
6. The advantages of a sound religious newspaper in the family.—W. M. Hall.
7. The qualifications of a good Baptist minister.—Elmer Bruce.
8. How to make a good Sunday School.—M. M. Hall.
9. Give the Bible signs of Jesus' second advent.—E. C. Slaughter.
10. Duties of parents to their children.—A. B. Dorris.
11. Importance of sacred music in worship.—Wat Gilliam.
12. What makes a good prayer meeting.—J. F. Sawyer, John Mansfield.
13. Hindrances to Baptist success.—T. T. Powell.
14. Importance of Bible study.—Josh Minton.

J. F. Cummings, A. B. Dorris, J. E. Baggett, Committee.

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I was afflicted with Rheumatism for many years, especially during the winter months. I could not sleep at night on account of the pain, which centered in my back and left leg. I tried all the remedies I could get, but they did me no good. I was 70 years old and my system, according to them, was entirely worn out. I decided to try Vitae-Ore. I had a small drug store at home, but nothing helped me. I saw some papers in a newspaper which promised that the Vitae-Ore would cure me. I bought a package, but this hope was not gratified, as I thought nothing could help me. Then I gave all thought of a cure, thinking that the doctors were right and that I was entirely worn out. One day I read the VITAE-ORE advertisement in one leading church paper, and sent for a package on trial as advertised. After five days I returned the paper, and said that if it had, in that short time, done me so much good, that I was entirely willing to pay the money. After using two packages I was entirely cured. My nervous system is now so wonderfully improved and strengthened that I can work with as much force and vigor as I could twenty or twenty-five years ago. VITAE-ORE has caused an entire change in my entire system. I make a new man of me. I wanted to wait with my report until I was fully convinced that the benefit is entire and permanent, and I write at this time without the least indecision from the fact that I have used the medicine. I have used the medicine of God and the wonderful VITAE-ORE medicine, as well as the advertisement in our church paper. I hope that VITAE-ORE will continue to do a good work for all ailing mankind. REV. JOHN PUGH, Terre Haute, Ind.

This offer will challenge the attention and consideration, and afterward the gratitude of every living person who desires better health, or who suffers pain, ills and diseases which have defied the medical art, and grow worse with age. We care not for your skepticism, but ask only your investigation, and at our expense, regardless of what the ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL CO. Recorder Bldg. Chicago.

We have expected an obituary notice of brother W. W. Edwards, who died in Harrodsburg the 8th of last month. He was about 60 years old. When young he was converted and joined our church at Salvia. He has been one of the most active spirits in fitting up the new meeting house and in the support of the cause generally. For many years he has been teller of First National Bank. The saying that "everybody liked him," comes as near being true in his case as it ever does with any noble character. He was by nature a model gentleman, modest and unassuming; genial and charming in all his bearing towards others. As a friend and companion all who came in contact with him loved him. He was a devoted husband, and a loving father. To mourn him be leaves hosts of friends, a wife and daughter, one-in-law and grandchildren.

May all follow his example and reach the rest that remains for the people of God.

The ministers meeting of Logan County Association, held with New Hope Baptist church, Todd county, Ky., including the 5th Sunday in January was a very interesting and profitable meeting, notwithstanding the cold weather the attendance was fair, and the attention of the audience was unusually good. The brethren were earnest in the discussion, and we hope much good will be done. Bro. F. M. Welborn preached an excellent sermon on Sunday to an appreciative audience. The writer extends thanks to the church and community for their hospitality during the time he was with them. J. W. BOGGS.

Rev. E. H. Tandy, the popular pastor of Salvia and Burgin Bap-

tist churches resigns to accept care of First Baptist church, Florence, Ala. He is a graduate of Georgetown College and of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and by native ability and a manly presence he is qualified for great usefulness in the cause of Christ. Burgin and Salvia with great reluctance give him up, and we sympathize with them and congratulate Alabama on securing him. He loves his native state, but moves because he believes he will have a wider field for usefulness. H.

Elder L. B. Chilton read a paper at the Fifth Sunday meeting at Sulphur. He has been a church member for fifty-eight years, and a subscriber and constant reader of the Western Recorder for 66 years. Time has not kindly with him, and he seems free from the infirmities of age. H.

TO MAKE HENS LAY.

Many people complain that they cannot get their hens to lay in winter. One very strong complaint comes to us from one of our subscribers. To aid such we give the experience of one who resides in the cold climate of South Dakota.

The Farm

S. K. Hodgkin bought the past week a car load of eggs, 100 to 220 lbs., at 3 3/4 to 4 c.—Winchester Democrat.

S. K. Hodgkin bought the past week of Phil Rutledge, five extra hollers, 965 lbs., at \$3.85.—Winchester Democrat.

Miller Ward bought of O. P. Clay, 200 dozen of fadder at 20 cents per stock.—Bourbon News.

Mr. W. H. Edwards, Jr., bought 53 common cures from Mr. Joe C. Grady, at \$3.50 a head.—Woodford Sun.

A larger acreage of tobacco will be put out this coming season in Mason county than for many years.

W. H. Lillard sold to R. H. Goss, 23 yearling steers at 3 3/4 cents.—Carpenter & Son purchased of D. N. Prewitt last week 17 butcher hogs at 7 1/2 cents.—Danville Advocate.

Samuel Combs slaughtered a hog recently that weighed 700 lbs., gross out of which he rendered 27 gallons of lard—211 lbs.—and did not trim his meat close. It was a Poland China.—Carrollton News.

How to raise chickens will be taught at the University of Missouri. The curators have decided to offer a full course in poultry raising. The poultry business has become one of the leading industries in Missouri, the annual income being estimated at over \$10,000,000.

Frank List, a Chatham farmer has delivered to T. H. Gray, the Continental agent at Augusta, his crop of 21,000 pounds of tobacco at 10 cents.—He paid out \$200 for help in raising the crop, but sold during the time \$200 worth of hay and other products, leaving his tobacco crop of \$2,100 clear for his year's work.

A law that is needed more than anything else, and one by which shippers of live stock will be benefited and save much stock, is one compelling railroads to furnish water and shade at the stock pens along their lines. As it is now, many hogs succumb to the ravages of the heat in summer and from lack of water, during their confinement awaiting transportation.—Jennamine News.

We actually heard a man say that he had started a plow to turn over the sod last Friday, but he didn't keep it going long. Allen Keal delivered his crop of tobacco, grown on twelve acres. It weighed out 17,685 pounds, and at ten cents straight brought the snug sum of \$1,768.50. That does pretty well for a bad year like 1923.—Flemingsburg Times-Democrat.

The 1923 tobacco crop in Woodford county is proving to be very short. Growers estimated that it would weigh much lighter than the 1922 crop and the weights are falling fully 20 per cent lower than the conservative estimates. As an example Mr. Charles Nuckels raised 52,700 pounds of tobacco in 1923 on a field of 24 acres that last season produced only 33,975. Other instances are cited where the difference is almost as great.—Woodford Sun.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

a frozen comb might about as well be killed, unless she be a valuable one whose eggs will make good hatchlings in the spring.

We feed our cattle for beef, and our hogs for lean or fat; we feed cows for milk or butter. Then why not discriminate in feeding our poultry too?

If thought were used more we should find our parsons growing fat. Lean hens and hogs may be desirable, but a fat pocketbook never fails of appreciation, and the need of strenuous labor is decreasing.—Country Gentleman.

HOUSEHOLD HELPS.

There are many housekeepers who never seem to have time to read or rest. If they would sit down a few minutes every day and plan their work they would be surprised at the amount of time saved by so doing. While every housekeeper must evolve certain rules from her own experience, there are a few general helps or suggestions that might be applied by all. There is no part of the household where the old adage, "a place for everything, and everything in its place," is worth as much if it is lived up to, as in the kitchen. Keep coffee, tea, spices, rice and other groceries in boxes and cans with lids, which should be closed to keep out the dust, and label each one so there will be no delay in finding any article wanted.

Provide shades with spring rollers for every window in the kitchen. It will make the room much more comfortable if the light can be regulated to suit your convenience.

Try putting a little powdered borax in the water in which the clothes are boiled, and notice how it whitens them. German housewives always use it, and they are noted for the remarkable whiteness of their household linen.

Pie plates, pudding dishes and other cooking utensils in which food has been baked need to be soaked a while before they are washed, and a little salt added to the water will remove stains and makes brighter.

Save the drippings from beef, ham or other meat, keep them covered to keep out the dust and use them instead of lard or butter. Half drippings and half butter make excellent shortening for cookies or gingerbread.

There should be a box or drawer for paper bags and wrapping tissue that will be found useful if you save them. A number of holders for handling hot kettles and frying pans may be made when you have a little leisure time, and will be found very convenient.

Save the pieces of toilet soap that are too small to use until you have a pound of them. Cover them with boiling water and set them on the back of the stove where they will melt slowly. When all have dissolved, add two ounces of powdered borax, stir it up and after it has stood five minutes longer, pour it into a dish or oblong tin pan and when it is cold cut in two bars. You will find no finer toilet soap than this.

If you wish to stain a kitchen floor walnut color, get asphaltum in liquid form and thin it with turpentine until it spreads smoothly. Apply with a large brush.—E. J. C., in Farmer's Home Journal.

According to the experimenter at the West Virginia Experiment Station the way to get eggs with rich yellow yolks is to feed yellow corn. Wheat, oats and white corn produce light-colored yolks.

2000 Pigs for 1924... advertisement for piglets.

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Items of Interest

What the World Does.

Mr. W. C. Whitney has died in New York City, aged 62. He was taken ill on Friday night with appendicitis and died on Saturday.

All eleven o'clock on Sunday morning the bells out in the Catholic dry dock house of Hunt & Co. in the heart of the business portion of Baltimore.

The New York Advocate publishes an account of centenarians whose age is not well established. Some are always mentioned in its accounts of them.

Congress has appropriated \$250,000 for investigations of the cotton boll weevil which has wrought such destruction in the South.

The Catholics have not had a cathedral in London since the Reformation. But last year they began one which they have just completed.

Brooks has told his film friends, and is going on a trip to Australia. He says he will return in June.

Don "general education," don "modern program" give no wisdom to man?

The Menzies Renaissance gives the following account of the concentration camp in Albany: "The people of each town are crowded together within the walls of one kilometer."

The New York Independent is a leading Republican paper it is true, but it cannot control the Republicans of Kentucky. It tells the "White Republicans of Kentucky" that if they are not pleased with Roosevelt...

Dear Recorder:

I am glad to tell you that the Baptist cause in Cythiana is moving upward and onward. I believe we have one of the best Young People's Unions in the State according to the numerical strength of our church.

THOMAS H. PLEMMONS.

DEAR RECORDER:

I began a meeting with South Carrollton church January 24, commencing three weeks, conducted by Rev. E. B. Farrar, the newly appointed missionary of our congregation, and as a result of the meeting our church was brought to 216 again, and twenty eight

were added to the church; twelve by letter and sixteen by baptism. South Carrollton is one of our oldest churches in Davies County Association, and was for many years the strongest. When I took charge of the church in July, 1902, they had been without a pastor for more than two years and were ready to be buried.

At the close of the meeting Bro. Farrar took up a collection for the expense of the meeting for missionary work, and about \$150 was raised. Bro. Farrar is the right man in the right place. During the three months he has been missionary for our association about seventy-five members have been added to our churches and one church organized, and several churches greatly strengthened.

Yours in Christ, C. E. HUTCHINSON, Central City.

A GOOD RECORD.

I see in the Recorder of January 7, 1904, that F. M. Agnew, M. D., writes under the head of "Editorial Varieties" and says, "Have you any clerks of Baptist Association in the South or elsewhere with a continued service of thirty-five years?"

EXTRAORDINARY MERIT

Physicians are slow to take up new and untried remedies, until their value has been established by actual experiment, and they are generally skeptical of the many new preparations constantly appearing and for which extravagant claims are made.



A new preparation for the cure of catarrh has attracted much attention in the past few months and has met with great favor from the medical profession not only because it is remarkably successful in the cure of catarrh, but also because it is not a violent and mercurial; anyone using it knows just what he is taking into his system.

It is composed of blood root which acts on the blood and mucous membrane, hydrates for same purpose to clear the mucus from head and throat, and rid the system of excretory organs.

All of these intemperate remedies are combined in the form of a pleasant-tasting tablet or lozenge, and are sold by druggists under name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets, and many recent tests in chronic catarrh cases have established its merit beyond any doubt.

Dr. O'Fall says: "I have cured many cases of catarrh of stomach in past few months by the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets alone without the use of any other remedy, and especially useful in cases of indigestion and vomiting, the usual headache, coughing and expectoration, or flatulence and emptying to stomach contents."

Wendell Phillips once spoke those magnificent sentences in his oration on "Public Opinion": "They tell us that this heart of mine, which beats so unintermittently in the bosom, if its force could be directed against a granite pillar, would wear it to dust in the course of a man's life. . . . You may build your Capital of granite, and pile it high on the Rocky Mountains; if it is founded on or mixed up with iniquity the pulse of a girl will in time beat it down."

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various goods like Choice to prime ship steers, Medium to good ship steers, etc.

Table with market prices for sheep and lambs, Good to extra ship, sheep, Fair to good, etc.

Table with market prices for new crops, Following is the report of sales for week and year ending Feb. 4, 1904.

Table with market prices for cotton, Total sales of new crop to date: 1904, 12,602; 1903, 33,103; 1902, 24,373.

Table with market prices for wheat, Rejections this week: 1904, 475; 1903, 661; 1902, 705.

Table with market prices for flour, Receipts this week: 1904, 2,063; 1903, 2,852; 1902, 3,265.

Table with market prices for corn, Receipts Jan. 1 to date: 1904, 16,743; 1903, 16,000; 1902, 17,411.

Table with market prices for various other goods like Trunk, Trunk, second, Cottons large, etc.

Advertisement for a product, possibly a watch or clock, with a picture of a hand holding a device and text: "For 44 Years" and "Warranted to keep for 44 years".

Advertisement for a business or educational institution, mentioning "Check-off Catalogue" and "Practical Business".

Large advertisement for Laughlin Fountain Pen, featuring a picture of the pen and text: "Laughlin Fountain Pen", "S1.00", "Laughlin Mfg. Co.", "41 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich."