

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

80th YEAR

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In the *Journal and Messenger* Robert J. Burdette gives the reasons why he is a Baptist. The first one is, "My Welsh ancestors were Baptist preachers in Alt Fawr, County Carmathen, 1640. And there has been an unbroken line of Baptist preachers in the family down to this day."

"THE requirement to bring forth, therefore, fruits for repentance, does not mean, in future live in accordance with your profession, but, Produce, here and now, evidence that you have repented."—Weston.

THE Baptists and Free Will Baptists in the Maritime Provinces have united. The sad thing in this is the Free Will Baptists have not changed a hair's breadth. They are standing true to their principles. It is the Baptists who have drifted.

SOME years ago, to judge by the space given them in the secular press, Robert Colyer, of Chicago, and M. J. Savage, of Boston, were the greatest preachers in the country. Now the churches to which they preached have died, and Savage finds no church which wishes his ministry. Colyer is dead.

THE first shipment of 1,000 copies of the Old Testament in the Tagalog language—the language of the great body of Filipinos—was sold out in a short time. The *Philippine Christian Advocate* says 3,000 could have been sold in Manila alone.

THE object of God in the Old Dispensation was to show mercy, but mercy has no meaning to those who have no consciousness of guilt. Repentance must precede faith, for the Saviour cannot accept unless there be a conviction of the need of a Saviour."—Weston.

A WRITER in the *Chicago Standard* who wishes Baptists to adopt a new ordinance, a sort of waterless baby baptism which he calls the "dedication of infants," says some Baptists (!!) have tried it and it "early moved the child to consider himself a member of the household of faith." This entirely abandons the fundamental Baptist principle that only the regenerated who have repented and believed belong to the household of faith.

HERE is a definition of a man taken from a genuine little boy's composition which does not compare badly with Plato's: "Man is the only animal that can strike a light, and also he is the only animal that blows his nose."

Unitarianism

BY A. C. DIXON, D.D.

The proof is abundant that Unitarianism, ancient and modern, is a revolt against Christianity as taught by Christ and His Apostles. The Jewish Sanhedrim were Unitarians, and condemned Christ to death on the ground that He claimed to be divine. Saul of Tarsus persecuted Christians because they worshipped Christ as God. On the way to Damascus Saul was a full-fledged Unitarian, until he caught the vision of the risen and glorified Lord; from that time he was a worshipper of Christ. Celsus of the second century, Porphyry, of the third century, and Arius, of the fourth century all championed the revolt against Christianity, and were Unitarian in creed.

A glimpse at the history of Unitarianism in America may clarify our thinking at this time. On the 10th of June, 1785, the members of King's Chapel, Boston, by a majority vote of twenty against seven, struck from the order of services everything that taught or implied the doctrine of the Trinity, and thus began the first Unitarian church in America. The men who did much to establish Unitarianism, and then to unsettle it, were William Ellery Channing and Theodore Parker. Channing belonged at first to the class who believed that "Jesus was more than man; that He existed before the world; that He came from heaven to save the lost; that He still acts for our benefit, and is our intercessor with the Father." That Jesus was God, he denied, and refused Him worship. In 1819, at the ordination of Jared Sparks in Baltimore, Dr. Channing preached a sermon in which he spoke of blood atonement as a moral enormity, and inveighed against vicarious suffering, and the imputation of the righteousness of Christ. It was an echo of the old arguments of Porphyry in the third and Arius in the fourth century, and was just as much a revolt against primitive Christianity. Theodore Parker became much more radical than Channing. He flatly denied the supernatural, which Channing had admitted, and went so far in his denials of everything really Christian that the question was debated at length before the Boston Unitarian Association as to whether he should be expelled. Dr. Channing, though esteeming Theodore Parker as a friend, was frank enough to confess that he could hardly regard him as a Christian.

In 1805 Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was pastor of the Second church in Boston, resigned his charge because the membership of the church refused to discontinue or radically change the observance of the Lord's Supper. This was because the Lord's Supper had ceased to have any real meaning to Mr. Emerson, which, being interpreted means that he had given up, if he had ever held, the fact of man's sin and guilt, and the atonement of Christ through His suffering on the cross. This was in itself a revolt against Christianity as taught by Christ and the Apostles.

About twelve years ago, at the National Unitarian Conference some of the delegates led a revolt against even the name of Christian. Dr. Bellows offered to that Conference a resolution, in the preamble of which the expression "Christian labor and consecration" occurred, and some of

the speakers, conscious of the fact that Unitarianism was really a revolt against Christianity, and wishing to be honest and frank, made strenuous objections against the use of the word "Christian" at all. "May we not," it was asked, "conform religiously with Free-thinkers, or with the Jews?" A majority voted to retain the offensive word "Christian," and this produced a division in the Conference which resulted in the organization of the "Free Religious Association," the members of which refused to be called by the name of Christian.

The fact is, Unitarianism is not only a revolt against Christianity, but against reason. To assert that Jesus Christ is only a good man after we have heard Him say, "Before Abraham was, I am," "I and the Father are one," and after we have seen Him receive, without protest, the worship of His followers, is to place one in the position of having to prove that a good man can at the same time be a deceiver—a most unreasonable thing. The Unitarian claim that man has not fallen, and is not, therefore, depraved, is a revolt against the teachings of the Bible, the dictionary and the newspaper. Count the words in any dictionary, and you will find that a large per cent of them mean something that is bad, and words stand for what really exists. You have but to read the morning papers day after day to be convinced that depravity is in the land showing itself in murders, divorces and unmentionable crimes. The police courts, gaols, the penitentiaries and alms-houses, the lunatic asylums, the slums of alleys and avenues all go to prove that man is depraved and needs regeneration. To deny the facts, or plain inferences from these facts is truly unreasonable. Unitarianism is, therefore, weak at the very point where it believes itself strong. It has exalted reason without following the dictates of reason.

The Mocking Spirit.

In reading the story of Pentecost, we are startled at the unseemly exhibition of the mocking spirit by some of the hearers and beholders. "Mocking, they said, These men are full of new wine." And Peter, in rebuking them, said, "These men are not drunken, as ye suppose." Pentecost so stands apart by itself as a day of days, that we think of the spiritual power that dominated it as sufficient to expel everything out of harmony with itself. How was it that that which impressed the majority as being a marked display of the presence of God, to others could be compared to the incoherence and foolishness of drunken men?

Perhaps you have noticed something of the kind in seasons of marked revival. The presence of the Holy Spirit, and the striking conversions of old and young, have awakened the spirit of mockery, and have led some to say that the conversions were fraudulent, giving no evidence of the awful and gracious presence of God. How is it that the same facts which impress one man that God is verily in the community, turning minds and wills to himself, can impress another that God is not present, but that the simulations of spiritual exercises are really the ravings of drunkenness? What resemblance can there be between these two, which seem more remote than the poles from each other?

It is a matter worth every man's serious inquiry, whether he is doing anything to cultivate and strengthen in himself the mocking spirit. The habit of irrational doubt, of disputation, of sneering, may be cultivated, until nothing is deemed sacred or true. On the other hand, the spirit of reverence may be strengthened until it shows itself in all its beauty as one of the prime attractions of character. It is part of the faculty of spiritual insight, that enables one to determine the presence of spiritual qualities, whether in life or literature, or in the closer tokens of God's nearness. It is a blessed heritage for a child if he has learned the spirit and the habit of true reverence. He will not confound the intimations of God's presence with the displays of human blasphemy. He will know how to understand and interpret the signs of the Spirit.—*Examiner*.

The Missionary Spirit.

When we take up the reports of Christian men and women at work all over the world, and read of what they have been already privileged to do in the dissemination of the message of peace and salvation, we are at once constrained to acknowledge that the promise of Christ has, indeed, been signally verified. We might, indeed, have wished to see far greater results, and a bolder onslaught made upon those dark kingdoms which are still subject to the sovereignty of sin and Satan. But when we take into consideration the comparatively limited agency that has been at work we can only feel thankful for the many blessings which the world has received at the hands of a gracious God, and for the success which has been vouchsafed to the proclamation of the gospel. East and west, north and south, we see the standard of the cross displayed before the eyes of men. You may rest assured that if you cultivate a true and genuine taste for missionary work; if you are earnest in the desire that those truths upon which you rest all your hopes should be disseminated far and wide among the heathen nations of the earth; if your hearts yearn over the state of those who are living without God and without hope in the world; if thus you feel, I doubt not that your ardent longings to extend the kingdom of your Redeemer will prove of incalculable benefit to yourselves, and that while you desire to water the souls of others, your own souls will be abundantly watered of the Lord. And not only will you derive spiritual benefit to your own selves, but you will confer infinite blessings upon the church to which it is your privilege to be attached. It is the glory of the church of Christ to be a missionary church.—The Rev. R. Wheeler Rush, London.

It should be the high and holy ambition of every human being to make his life a success, and to secure the best results that can be obtained, as the result of his living in this world. We are to welcome the right influences into our lives, and we are to plant good influences in the lives of others. We are to get all the good and do all the good that is possible. We are to be positive and earnest in doing the will of God, and are to use all possible means for bringing about the kingdom and glory of God.—*Herald and Presbyter*.

The Decline in Singing.

"Until the last few years congregational singing was one of the conspicuous features of the life of every community in this country. From Maine to California, at least twice on Sunday, and usually at an evening service in the middle of the week, practically the whole population assembled in the churches, chiefly to sing. Those who could sing and those who thought they could sing were no more fond of lifting up their voices than were those who couldn't sing and knew it, but were grateful for the opportunity to indulge in their passion unnoted and unrebuked in the security of the chorus.

"All this is passing away (alas!)—not the love of doing a little singing, but the opportunity to do it. The knowing ones, and those who wish to be thought knowing, have frowned it down. The congregation must listen, not participate; the man or the woman who 'can't sing a little bit' yet yearns for the relief or stimulus of singing, must go to the woods or suppress the longing.

"It is a pity. Singing directly develops those qualities that lift the thoughts and heart from the ground and that lighten the burdens of life. The preacher who wants to pack his church will insist on congregational singing, and will encourage everybody to join in heartily. He will lose only the snicky—and the snicky wouldn't be happy even in Heaven."

These words by Mr. George Horace Lorimer, "Poor Richard, Junior," in a recent issue of "Old Ben Franklin's paper, *The Saturday Evening Post*, constitute a sermon, a much-needed sermon, but I wish to make them a "text" for a short "lay" sermon of "me own."

Not many years since while in attendance on a great meeting of Baptists in a Southern city it was announced that "Sister" or "Mrs." or "Miss" Somebody would sing a "solo." Unfortunately for me, it was not announced in what language the "solo" would be sung; for I and others, not knowing in what language to listen, failed utterly to hear a single word, and, not knowing the "tune," nor whether new or old, our "thoughts and hearts were not lifted up, nor the burdens of life made lighter." No edification came our way. We only "felt bad." Following this it was announced that a certain missionary would sing one of our dearest old hymns in Chinese. Whether or not it was listening in "Chinese," or knowing the old tune (and the words, in English, too,) we do not know, that our hearts and our thoughts were lifted up in solemn worship of Him to whom we would be "nearer;" and we found "relief in tears."

Some of us, and I believe many, would like to be spared, in our large gatherings, the modern "solo." If solos must be endured, let them be sung in plain "American," or let it be announced in what language, that we may know how to listen.

A GOOD LISTENER.

Formerly the parents acted for the children and selected for them the pastor whom they regarded as the wisest and most capable to instruct, guide and mould their hearts, minds and lives; but now the young too often select the pastor for the old. Immaturity takes the place of maturity, and experience and foresight defer to inexperience and precipitation. The minister who comes as a candidate for a vacant pulpit with a reputation for ability, prudence and success is set aside, though favored by the wise and cooler heads of the congregation, because "the young people do not seem to take to him." On the other hand, when one appears up on the scene with the ready address, the taking manner, the flaming and flattering speech which appeal strongly to impressive youth, he is called because of the youthful clamor on his behalf, although those who read underneath the surface have their doubts as to his competency for the position.—Presbyterian.

What a Pastor Sees of Christian Science.

BY H. D. JENKINS, D.D.

"Why don't you put into print your own experience with this thing?" was the question addressed to me recently by a Bible-class teacher who had been asked certain questions about Mrs. Eddy's cult the Sunday before. "We laymen see its beautiful edifices and hear its marvelous claims, but we know little or nothing as to its real history. Tell us what you have learned from actual contact with it, and it will help us." Perhaps so. But I have long since come to the conclusion that people who will not believe their own eyes and ears and nerves will not believe another's words. Nevertheless, a real experience, with nothing extenuated and nothing set down in malice, may help keep some young person from falling into the pit.

When the fad first began to attract attention, as in duty bound I set out to learn what this strange thing might be. I procured Mrs. Eddy's pretentious books upon "Science and Health, or Key to the Scriptures," and having been a student of philosophy for years, it did not take me long to discover that Mrs. Eddy had made the same blunder which every tyro in philosophy makes by assuming the non-existence of matter. This was her "great discovery." She was too ignorant ever to have heard of Berkeley; and to have read Turgot's History of Philosophy, in which her hypothesis is ridiculed a hundred years ago as "the first guess of every beginner," was beyond her powers. It was the same old "suicidal system," in which, if you grant the premises, you destroy the conclusion. So, after a little laugh, I dropped it, thinking people were too sensible, too well educated to be humbugged by it. But I was mistaken, as it proved.

I began to hear that this and that one had been infected with it, and an ubiquitous reporter asked me on the street one day why I did not "go for it" from the pulpit. I told him that "the people who accepted it were, as far as I knew them, good Christians, even if their creed was pagan; and I did not wish to root up the wheat with the tares. The next day a good parishoner, a widow, met me and said, "So you called me a pagan to the reporter yesterday?" "Quite the contrary," was my answer. "I said your creed was pagan, but you were not." "I am what my creed is," she hotly retorted. "I doubt it," said I. "Now let us look at the matter squarely. Does God love?" "Most assuredly," was the response, "that is the fundamental article of our creed." "Very good," I said, "that is Christian. Now let us take one step more. Is God a person?" "By no means," came the instant rejoinder. "Well, that is paganism," I said. "Will you as a next step kindly tell me how anything without personality loves?" That finished the conversation. She "had not got so far as that." And she never got much farther, because soon after that, having started a blister upon one heel by a long walk on a hot day, she repeated the walk the next day to prove that her heel itself was all in her imagination. Naturally she then had proud flesh in the sore. The third day, to make the evidence conclusive, she repeated her tramp, and she died of blood poisoning a week or two later.

About the same time I was called upon to bury a prominent business man who had been stricken suddenly, who died before he had time to arrange his affairs or even to tell his family in what condition they would be found. His widow, a "confirmed invalid for many years," whom he had carried to and from her lounge whenever she wished to be moved, was laid upon the sofa to listen to the services which I conducted. I remember that I said to myself at the time that the healthiest looking woman in the room was that same "confirmed invalid." Well, the investigation of his affairs after the funeral showed him hopelessly and irre-

trievably bankrupt. There was absolutely no one to whom the widow might turn for assistance. It was a case of either "fish or cut bait." Thereupon she was carried to the train. She was brought before a "healer," and, of course, came back inside of three weeks "well"! She is now, next to Mrs. Eddy, perhaps the most famous exponent of the new cult in the States. Had her husband left a fortune, she would probably be in bed yet. A great many people find they can walk when there is nobody ready to carry them.

A young couple whom I had married came to me three years later in great distress. Their only baby, a beautiful boy, had died. They were followers of Mrs. Eddy, and declined to talk about the case; but with tears implored me to officiate at the simple funeral. Of course, I assented. But I confess I was surprised upon going to their apartments to find nobody in the room where the little white casket lay. The mistress of the manse walking beside me, went to the bier and looked upon the lovely baby features. She turned to me with a start. "Father, it was a case of diphtheria, wasn't it?" "Certainly," I replied, "but you may stay. The family will not risk themselves in this room, but they are willing to expose us and our children." We called two weeks later to offer our condolences, and found the room recarpeted, repainted and repapered. The child had died without any physician's care, but after it was lost, while they would not acknowledge that it had died of an infectious disease, they would not occupy the rooms again until they had been completely renovated.

One of my neighbors recently went to attend Mrs. Eddy's "jubilee." He and his wife were full of joy. They had discovered the secret of immortal youth. They and the party with them had bought a diamond tiara for their "mother." The poor fellow left the diamond crown East but he brought his wife back—in a coffin. When any one asks me, "What do you think of Christian Science?" I answer, "Just what any man must think of it who has been burying its adult dupes and its infant victims for twenty-five years."

Just now there is a tendency upon the part of the people managing the affairs of the society, for it is a close corporation, and while everything is done in the name of the "discoverer," observant persons realize that there exists a secret cabinet which controls the policy of the whole order—there is a tendency to make it a sort of high-muck-a-much club, an effusive affair to which only the "illuminati" with plenty of cash and jewels shall be welcomed. The houses of worship are built with a view to social requirements, with spacious vestibules, commodious cloak-rooms and elegant parlors. The cost of these things is kept a profound secret. The "church" never passes the hat and never makes a report. It is given out that money flows like water. But personally, I happen to know from the bank that there is a bonded debt of \$125,000 upon one of these \$200,000 marble structures just approaching completion. The attendants in this "Church of Christ, Scientist," flatter themselves that they form an exclusive and learned coterie, whose social standing is attested by the number of carriages at the door. They do not realize, and probably never will realize, that every time an educated man reads "Church of Christ, Scientist," he has a little laugh over the pretentious and sham learning of its founder, who doesn't know a noun from an adjective when she sees it, not even when chiseled in marble.—N. Y. Observer.

It is a solemn thing to say to-morrow when God says to-day, for man's to-morrow and God's to-day never meet. The word that comes from the eternal throne is "now," and it is a man's own choice that fixes his doom.—Duncan Mathieson.

Tarry at a promise till God meets you there.—Selected.

The Sleep Sickness.

Nothing is apparently more beneficent than sleep, yet we have learned to-day from African explorers that it is a symptom of their most dreaded disease. It is this which is "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," and it is this which "knits up the raveled sleeve of care." It is, in its first and primal use, God's gift to his beloved. The weary look forward to it; the distressed pray for it, and he who feels its gentle touch rises afterward from his couch a new man.

But on the other hand, there is a sleep which is not medicinal but monitory. Life, in its larger meaning, is not sleep but waking. Action is not for sleep, but sleep for action. We do not live that we may sleep, but sleep that we may live. Physicians know that while the recovery of one patient depends upon their success in inducing sleep, in other cases, perhaps as many, recovery depends upon their ability to rouse the sick man from his lethargy. Without sleep a man becomes a mere nervous wreck, but under too profound a sleep a man may sink into the oblivion of the grave.

Our missionaries in Central Africa just now are greatly alarmed over the spread of what is there called "the sleep sickness." It has not been scientifically diagnosed as yet, but its one common and most evident symptom is a morbid tendency to sleep. Wherever this malady overtakes its victim, he falls asleep. He will sleep in the sun or in the shade; sleep in the night or in the day; sleep lying, sitting, standing or even walking. He has his fits and moments of waking, when he appears quite himself for a time; but when he seems almost to have recovered his normal condition of activity, he is straightway repossessed by drowsiness, and no effort of himself or his friends, however violent, can prevent his sinking into a stupor again. So gradually does this plague come on that for a while it seems to be but healthy sleep, a trifle inclined to excess; but in its later development it is first an evident disease, then an alarming illness, and at last an incurable and fatal malady. It spreads from man to man, from kraal to kraal and from tribe to tribe. Whole sections in Africa have been depopulated by it; and now when its first victims are noted in any locality, the whole village or town packs up and flies from the infected neighborhood, each man seeking to save his life by exile.

There was a time when the Christian church needed sleep; but now its sleep has become a disease—may we not say, a plague? Granted that our fathers were at times afraid to be assured of their salvation, to-day the world seems unwilling to wake up to face its peril. Sleep has taken possession of its tens of thousands. Pastors and evangelists labor in vain to get the multitude to realize the meaning of God's judgment against sin, and not a few professed expositors of the word strive to promote the drowsiness which they should disturb. Soul-sleep has become to the church not a sweet and gracious rest from fear, but a dull and apathetic acquiescence in sin. Sleep is not a medicine to-day, but a danger; and he who realizes that sleep may be and is an abnormal development as fatal as madness, needs to repeat from the pulpit and in the school the apostle's warning, "Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall shine upon thee."—Interior.

Reflect that it is only the fervent and diligent soul that is prepared for all duty and all events; that it is greater toil to resist evil habits and violent passions than to sweat at the hardest bodily labor; that he who is not careful to resist and subdue small sins will insensibly fall into greater, and that thou shalt always have joy in the evening if thou hast spent the day well.—Thomas a Kempis.

Subscribe for the Recorder.

The Layman and the Word.

BY HON. J. M. W. HALL.

An Address to the Baptist Social Union.

A layman, in estimating or deciding as to the value of the Bible, naturally studies the question from its practical side, largely. This is the atmosphere in which his thoughts move and his daily life-work is transacted. Books are valuable as they can be applied to life. The test a layman puts on a theory is not what scholars say of it or think of it; it is, simply, have you tried it, and what are the results? Laymen want something sure to rest upon in their religious life and thought. We come from the competition and strife and uncertainties of the marts of commerce; from the values constantly fluctuating; from problems that have relation to distant markets and uncertain crops; from financial questions that the shrewdest financiers stumble over, and as to the solution of which they are in the dark, and when we study or listen to religious truth we want something fixed and sure, like the north star, or like the sunrise, by which our ships find their way across trackless ocean, and by which we measure our time. We want no guessing when we come to the great problems of the future life and our relations to it here. We want no pilot to guide us who is not sure of his location. When it comes to guessing, a bright business man can guess quite as accurately as your most advanced liberal thinker or progressive theologian and scholar.

Have we a sure and unvarying standard? Outside the walls that surround the observatory in Greenwich, England, is the standard and fixed measure by which the inch and foot and yard are determined. If any one disputes the measure, here is the test to which any and all can go at any time. Styles may change, quality may deteriorate or improve, but never by the hair's breadth can the measure be altered. So in the layman's thought must the Bible remain a fixed and unvarying standard, and while more light may break out on old truths, it will only be to emphasize their value and power.

Where some of our modern religious thinkers have made a serious mistake is in supposing that to enlarge a truth means to alter the direction or power of the truth or the principles underlying it. I have seen our ocean steamships grow from the 1,200 tons to the 12,000 tons steamship, but I have not yet seen compass or quadrant or principles of navigation altered to guide her across a trackless ocean. I have seen every appliance adopted of the most costly character to adapt the ship to the magnetic needle. I have never yet seen the attempt made to adapt the magnetic needle to the ship without seeing peril and shipwreck involved. The layman believes the Bible is the compass which will never deviate from its true aim unless men force it by counter attraction, and if they do they delude and endanger and threaten wreck to the spiritual thought and life of those who trust in them as religious leaders and guides.

When our Lord was on earth He would not yield one jot or one tittle (the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t") in the Old Testament law and prophecy; and when asked how one could tell the vital from the decaying forces—the genuine from the spurious, the good from the corrupt—only one test was given—"By their fruits"—"the life rooted and grounded in Him." Only as ye abide in Me can ye bear good fruit. It is the test of quality and quantity—"good fruit" and "much fruit."

The laymen take the position from the start that Christ's words are the supreme authority—the absolute and infallible guide of the life. He believed the Old Testament; so should we. He spoke and lived the truth—we believe Him, and never man spake or can speak like He. If David, with the comparatively meagre portion of the Holy Scriptures he had, could say, "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path," surely, with the vastly increased illumination the gospel and life of Christ shed on life's pathway, no one need go astray, or be in doubt as to what Christ's teaching was and still is.

No better or more condensed statement of Dwight L. Moody's religious belief can be given than what has been said: "His faith was bolted to the Bible." And what has been said of him is, I believe, true of the large majority of our Christian laymen, only varying in degree and intensity.

I am met at this point by a natural inquiry: You laymen accept the Bible as of divine authority; as absolutely the Word of God, because you see the practical effect of its teachings in transforming life and character, and being an infallible religious guide—is that different from the test the scholar, the critic, the reverent student puts it to, even though he may not be able to accept as literal truth some of its statements?

Does it make any difference even if the story of the fall of man, the flood, the giving of the law on Sinai, Joshua's astronomical phenomenon, the story of Job and Jonah, the miraculous conception of our Lord, the resurrection even, are not accepted as literal, but rather as allegorical, with an Oriental imagery? Have not the Old Testament stories as pictures the same practical teaching as if literally true, and the miraculous incidents from our Lord's life, whether accepted or not, really do not effect the essential Christ, but only the historical Christ?

A missionary said to me not long since (he returned missionary now), "The Japanese must accept our historical Christ; we must give them the Christ spirit—the essential Christ—and they will in this way come unto the light and the truth"—and this he called Christianity!

We appeal to Christ's own words. He never deceived men. He was and is the eternal, unchangeable truth. He might just as well have doubted Isaiah's prophecies as the story of the giving of the law on Sinai. He believed the story of Jonah. He believed in the fall of man; in a personal devil. He made His cross, His death, His resurrection, the tests of God's manifestation, of His love unto mankind and their only hope beyond the grave. We cannot conceive of the existence of the Christian church in the world except as based on these great fundamental facts of the historical Christ. Our faith is bolted all the firmer to the Bible because we see so clearly the danger of substituting the essential for the historical Christ.

If the world is to be won to Christ it is because the real Christ is lifted above the earth. The cross of Christ and His resurrection have always been and always will be a stumbling-block to the critic, and foolishness to those who would substitute morality or self-righteousness for the righteousness that comes from justification by faith, or intellectual culture for a spiritual life. And when our missionaries find the only way to gain converts to Christianity must be by substituting a picture of a Christ for the real Christ, the Christ of modern æsthetic culture for the Christ of Judson and Carey and Newell and Knapp and others—those grand pioneers who lived and suffered and died because they believed the historical Christ and His words—better by far stop our foreign mission work, bring home our missionaries, and let our contributions cease for the conversion of the heathen. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel of the Cross as man's only hope of being saved from sin, of the resurrection as man's only hope after death, and of both as the manifestation of the supremest love the world has ever known." Preach this gospel to every creature, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. What is Paul's five-fold hypothesis, if Christ be not risen? 1. The vanity of preaching. 2. The collapse of faith. 3. The falsity of testimony. 4. The victory of sin. 5. The tragedy of the grave.

The reason we should hold more firmly to the unity of the Old and New Testament—the unity of God's law and the gospel of Christ, the absolute and unqualified verities of the story of our Lord's birth, life and death and resurrection—is because the whole structure of Christian faith must inevitably rest on these basal truths. And as we hold to them we hear a voice of cheer and encouragement, Lo, I am with you always.

One other reason why the laymen hold fast to the Old Bible is because we notice that those preachers and teachers who do this are blessed with fruitage in the conversion of souls; and those preachers and teachers who believe and teach the liberal theology, as it is called, can show little results in soul harvests and little interest in and small contribution to mission work. A. J. Gordon's ministry was blessed beyond that of any other clergymen of this generation, not even excepting Phillips Brooks. Dwight L. Moody preached to larger audiences, and has been the means of the conversion of more during his life than of any other layman or evangelist who has ever lived. They believed in the Old Bible. They were simple enough to accept without qualification the teaching of the Old and New Testament. One was as fine a Biblical scholar as we had in this country. The other was a plain, simple man, but, as Drummond said of him, "He was the biggest human I ever saw." It was not in the realms of Higher Criticism these men sought to find their path, as they "journeyed onward to the stars." They had not seen but they believed, and now they see for they followed the Master's footsteps.

The reason why the so-called "Higher Criticism" has so little influence with laymen is because it suggests a balloon inflated by gas, propelled by every changing wind, without rudder or chart, resting on nothing, and in a very dangerous position unless it descends quickly to solid earth. It is unnecessary to introduce into this discussion before a company of Baptists such a nebulous hypothesis as the "Higher Criticism." We are thankful that one denomination, at least, has not been seriously affected or afflicted with this distemper. The Christian world owes to the Baptist denomination much of its firm hold of old truths, which like great natural laws, are not to be moved or altered.

As a Congregationalist I am glad to pay homage to our Baptist brethren, especially the clergy. The laymen of all evangelical denominations are, as a rule, I am convinced, loyal to the "Old Bible" we learned and we were taught by our fathers and mothers, and we claim that the demand for the so-called new theology never originated from the pews. I fear the clergymen who did originate studied the great needs of the world from their study windows, and not from contact with sin, sorrow, and suffering.

Then another reason why laymen hold so steadfastly to the Old Bible is because it is neither an invention or discovery by conquest. It is simply a trust we hold to preserve and transmit unimpaired. How clearly the great apostle declares "The glorious gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust." 1 Tim. 1:11 and 1 Thess. 2:4. "As we are allowed of God to be put in trust with the gospel, even so we speak; not as pleasing men, but God." And how should an honorable man, layman, or clergyman handle a trust? What confidence would you have in a business man who handled a trust as some religious teachers handle this gospel?

It is one of the encouraging signs of the century that the pendulum is swinging back to the faith once delivered to the saints. We have had enough and more than enough of speculation and opposition of sciences falsely so called.

The church of Christ demands of its ministers fidelity to the great trust committed to them,—the same kind of fidelity the trustee of an estate is required by human law to exercise in the discharge of his trust.

I have but a word in closing. One of the best methods of recreation for a layman is an evening alone with the Bible. The aim of all Bible study should be to throw clearer light on life's pathway for ourselves and others. The Bible should be a fixed, straight-ahead light, until, as we journey onward, the light we carry shall become merged in the clearer light of the perfect day.

"And when in realms of glory
I hear the new, new song,
'Twill be the old, old story
That I have loved so long."

For Our Sins.

The narrative of no death since time began has touched so many hearts and awakened such emotions of gratitude as that of Jesus of Nazareth. And yet many who cry with moistened eyes, "He died for me," fail to realize the full significance of his death. We need to learn from his own recorded words, and from the declarations of those who were inspired by his Spirit, why he died. It was not to put the seal of martyrdom upon his teachings, to make more impressive the wonderful truths presented in his sermon on the Mount. It was not to give us an example of heroic self-sacrifice. The briefest and most comprehensive statement in regard to this greatest of all tragedies is that of Paul in 1 Corinthians xv. 3. "Christ died for our sins." It was not Jesus of Nazareth who died on Calvary, but the Christ, the promised Messiah, the only begotten Son of the Father, the brightness of his glory and the express image of his person. We must believe in him as the Christ, the representative on earth of the infinite love that is enthroned in heaven. Only one who was truly divine could die in any practical sense for the whole human race. The moment that we try to think of the sufferer on Calvary as merely a man, though the wisest and best of men, our interest in him and his sacrifice becomes infinitesimal. It is like dividing an estate of a million dollars among a thousand million heirs. Deny the divinity of Christ, and Christianity is not even a revelation from God; with all its noble teaching in regard to human brotherhood it is a delusion and a fraud, for its founder claimed not only that he came from God, but was God. As God incarnate he could taste death for every man. As God incarnate, omniscient and almighty he could taste for me as really as if I was the only object of his love.

But why should he die for me? There was, there could have been but one object—to save me from the penalty and the power of sin. Dr. A. Maclaren writes: "A Christ who did not die for sinners and bear their sins in his own body on the tree, is an impotent Christ, whose death is of no moment, and followed by no sway over human hearts."

Archbishop Leighton says: "That Christ is, in doing and suffering, our supreme and matchless example, and that he came to be so in truth. But that he is nothing further, and came for no other end, is a high point of falsehood. For how should man be enabled to learn and follow that example of obedience unless there were more in Christ? And what would become of the great reckoning of disobedience that man stands guilty of? No, these are too narrow. He came to bear our sins in his own body on the tree."

Yes, when our blessed Saviour cried "It is finished," he meant that, through his obedience and sacrifice, there was an end of sin for all who would repent and believe. He came to save sinners, and the greater our consciousness of sin the greater should be our faith in the atoning and sanctifying power of his vicarious death. If he bore my sins in his own body on the accursed tree, I have nothing to fear. I should accept gratefully the pardon and the blessedness which he purchased for and freely offers to me.—C. F. B. in Herald and Presbyter.

The contrast between present-day preaching and that of a few decades ago is especially noticeable in the change of emphasis placed upon sin. The Confession of Faith and Catechisms devote large space to this the fall of man, the sinfulness and misery of his present condition and the inborn depravity of his nature, as well as to the sweeping demands of the law. And taking these as a guide, the preacher was wont to make a thorough diagnosis of the sinner's case to show how deep-seated the soul's malady was, how darkened the understanding, how oblate the will, how hard the heart and how rebellious the spirit of one who could live away from God. The aim was to produce in the mind of the hearer a profound conviction of his sinful and lost condition, and his absolute dependence upon the divine mercy for salvation. Now, though human nature remains the same and the law is unchanging, and the depth and enormity of sin are as great as ever, we find that the note of alarm is largely left out of the modern sermon. Bitter things are carefully sugar-coated and moral surgery is performed with a liberal use of anaesthetics. The results of the change are just as noticeable in shallow convictions of duty, a lower standard of Christian living, lax observance of the Sabbath, and the toleration of many forms of worldliness that hinder the Christian's growth in grace. There is need in these days of a stronger emphasis upon the nature, extent and guilt of sin, and the servant of Christ should not shun to declare all the counsel of God.—Michigan Presbyterian.

..Literary..

Any book here noticed can be had at publishers' prices by the Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., postpaid to any address, upon receipt of the price.

Rev. Willard Goss Davenport, of Anacostia, D. C., the author of "Milton Blairlee and the Green Mountain Boys" (The Grafton Press, New York) has been for many years closely associated with boys, sympathizing with them in their boyish trials and taking part with them in their pleasures and sports. He believes that the average boy can be reached and helped through a wholesome literature that at once excites his interest and gives him something better to think of than is conveyed in the usual cheap novels in which so many boys delight. He therefore turned his attention to writing, and his first story was produced with no thought of its publication, but to be read from manuscript to the boys at their two clubs which he conducts—one consisting of small boys and the other of youths. The manuscript, however, was sent by the advice of friends as a competitor in a prize contest, and won the first prize.

The present story, Milton Blairlee, is based upon authentic historical data, and will be found interesting. The story is skillfully woven in with interesting and stirring historic facts. (12mo. cloth, illustrated, \$1.50.)

The Treasury of Religious Thought is indeed a treasury. Every month it comes full of thought, covering a wide field in religious lines. There are usually three sermons by leading men of different denominations, the outlines and leading thoughts of other sermons; a brief but valuable survey of the movements among the denominations; thoughts for the hour of prayer; expositions of the Sunday School lessons, &c., &c. The editorials are the best of the many good features of the magazine. Published by E. B. Treat & Co., 241 West 23rd St., N. Y. City. Price \$2.00.

The Lord's Side.

The warfare between sin and righteousness is an old one. It is a breach that can never be healed. The conflict shall not end until righteousness shall be victorious. In this warfare we all have a part. The call comes to us to-day as distinctly as it came to the children of Israel from the lips of Moses when he said, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

But here is a warfare of a different kind. The contest between good and evil ought to exist, and must continue until sin and Satan shall be driven from the field and cast into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone. These parties can never be brought together. There can be no compromise, no reconciliation, no peace. One side is altogether right, and the other altogether wrong. On one side is truth and no error, on the other error and no truth. On one side is light and no darkness, on the other darkness and no light. The one is the side of God and holiness, the other the side of Satan and sin. One way leads up toward the skies, the other downward to everlasting perdition.

We are all called upon to take our stand on one side or the other. This implies that some are on the wrong side, and some undecided. First of all, each should find out where he stands. He should be honest with himself. To flatter himself that he is right when he is wrong will do no good. Let him speak to his own heart, saying, "Tell me truly now, my heart, am I right or am I wrong? Am I on the Lord's side, or do I stand among His enemies?"

To be on the Lord's side is something more than merely to call Him Lord. "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father who is in heaven." It will not do to be on the Lord's side outwardly, while inwardly we are on the other side. One is not on the Lord's side at all unless he is altogether on His side. To be on His side is to be an out-and-out Christian. One who is afraid to say which side he is on occupies a dangerous position. One who would divide his service between God and the world cannot be an acceptable servant. His manner of service is not satisfactory to himself. Something within tells him that he is trying to do an impossible thing. A wife who at the marriage altar, should give her heart to her husband only in part, dividing her affection between him and another, would be no wife at all. In this case it is all or none. So in religion, it is all or none. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." One who is not an out-and-out Christian is no Christian.

Our Lord said, "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." He did not say, "It is difficult to serve God and mammon." He did not say, "Whoever serves God and mammon shall perish." He said the thing is impossible. It has never been done and never can be done. One cannot be in New York and Boston at the same time. No one can go east and west at the same time. The two things are absolutely incompatible. So the service of God and mammon is incompatible. New York Advocate.

The genuinely holy life, like pure gold, not only shines with a never-fading luster, but possesses intrinsic value as well.

Sunday-School Lesson

SUNDAY, DEC. 3.

NEHEMIAH REBUILDS THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM.

Neh. 4:7-20.

Motto Text. — "Watch and pray."—Matt. 26:41.

"But it came to pass when Sanballat and Tobiah."—Sanballat was a native of Horonaim, beyond Jordan, and seems to have been the Governor of Samaria. Tobiah was the chief of a tribe of the Ammonites. It is thought he was the vizier of Sanballat. "And the Arabians and the Ammonites and the Ashdodites."—Ashdod was a city of the Philistines near the Mediterranean Sea. These nations had always been very hostile to Israel and rejoiced greatly in the destruction of Jerusalem. Hence their wrath when they learned the walls were going up so rapidly.

"And conspired all of them together to come and to fight against Jerusalem and to hinder it."—When Ezra was rebuilding the temple, the enemies of Israel appealed to the king against him. But these men who opposed Nehemiah had received letters from Artaxerxes which showed them they could gain nothing against his cup-bearer by writing to the king. Besides, the wall was going up so rapidly it would be completed before a message could reach Artaxerxes and his answer be received. Therefore the enemies made their arrangements to attack Nehemiah at his work.

"Nevertheless we made our prayer unto our God, and set a watch against them day and night."—Brave, positive, straightforward and sturdy, there never lived a manlier man than Nehemiah. He was a man of such force that his character impresses those who read his history that they forget his ability. In the court, in battle, in the management of a city, he showed his greatness everywhere. But the most remarkable of his characteristics was his nearness to God. God was indeed to him a very present help in all times of trouble. This great man went to God with everything, as a little child goes to his father. He prayed as if everything depended upon God, as indeed it did. He worked as if everything depended upon him.

"And Judah said, the strength of the bearers of burdens is decayed."—The outside enemies were not the chief trouble. Complainers in their own ranks were found. One faultfinder in a church can make that church more trouble, and be a greater burden on a faithful pastor, than a dozen

Rheumatism

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on the outside. The complaint of Judah was that the drawing off of men to stand guard left so few to do the work; there was so much rubbish to be cleared away that the workmen were overtaxed.

"And our adversaries said, they shall not know, neither see, till we come in the midst among them, and slay them."—The attack was planned as a surprise. But fortunately Nehemiah was informed of their plans before they could be carried out. In the 12th verse Nehemiah tells us from whom he received the warning. The Jews living among the enemies learned their plans against Jerusalem. God knows all the plans which are laid against his Zion, and none of them shall prosper. Nehemiah made his plans to meet the danger which threatened. He trusted in God and did his best.

"Therefore set I in the lower places behind the wall and on the higher places."—There is no "and" in the original. Where the wall was most thoroughly broken down Nehemiah put his armed men on the higher places behind these gaps, where the enemy's spies could see and carry a report of their presence which would deter them from making an attack. They were arranged by families of men that each might encourage his brother.

"And I looked."—Referring to some occasion when the forces of the enemy drew near to make an attack. When the enemy were in sight Nehemiah made his speech to his little band. "Be not ye afraid of them."—They had no human help to whom they could look. God's people can depend only upon him and themselves. Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible."—Brave men, true soldiers of the cross are strengthened by the thought of God as the great and terrible one. And what is needed in our warfare is strength. Quit ye like men, be strong. But there is no strength which is not rooted in faith in God's power. "And fight for your brethren, your sons, and your daughters, and your wives, and your houses."—These are the motives which nerve men's arms when they are fighting defensive battles. God first, and their country next, and God first for Israel, now, and our spiritual country, the Baptist churches, next. Our life as Christians is a warfare, and the fight is not wholly for ourselves. The man who would be content to go to heaven alone may feel very sure he will never reach heaven. The fight which men make to keep the world, the flesh and the devil from our churches, to keep unconverted members from entering, to keep unsound doctrine out of the pulpit and worldliness out of the lives is not only a fight for God, but a fight for their children and their children's children. "God had brought their counsel to nought."—Nehemiah is very careful to give God all the glory. When their enemies saw the determined front of the men whom they had attempted to frighten they concluded desecration was the better part of valor and retired without a fight. "We returned all of us to the wall."—In the presence of the enemy, all had quit work to take their places in the line of battle. There was no wasted time and no idling.

"The half of my servants wrought in the work."—His slaves of whom he seems to have had

many. The others were kept under arms ready for battle at all times. "And the rulers were behind all the house of Judah."—As officers stand behind the ranks of their men. They directed the work on the walls, and were to lead in the fight, if fighting was needed.

As the next two verses show the workers were divided into two classes, one division builded, the other brought them the materials with which to work. The latter class carried their weapons in one hand. But those who were engaged in building needed both hands for the work. They could only keep their swords girded on ready, when the trumpet blew, to cease being builders and to be soldiers instantly.

"And he that sounded the trumpet was by me."—To be ready to give the signal for ceasing work and forming in line of battle.

"And I said unto the nobles, and to the rulers, and to the rest of the people."—All that a wise general could do to guard against surprise was done by Nehemiah. The work must not stop, and did not. Only so much force was drawn from it as was absolutely necessary for a guard. Watching and praying, working and fighting, go on ceaselessly until the conflict is over. "The work is

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"Porridge is no longer used for breakfast in my home," writes a loyal Britain from Huntsville, Ont. This was an admission of no small significance to one brought up on the time-honored stand-by.

"One month ago," she continues, "I bought a package of Grape-Nuts food for my husband, who had been an invalid for over a year. He had passed through a severe attack of pneumonia and la grippe combined, and was left in a very bad condition when they passed away.

"I tried everything for his benefit, but nothing seemed to do him any good. Month followed month and he still remained as weak as ever. I was almost discouraged about him when I got the Grape-Nuts, but the result has compensated me for my anxiety.

"In the one month that he has eaten Grape-Nuts he has gained 10 pounds in weight, his strength is rapidly returning to him, and he feels like a new man. Now we all eat Grape-Nuts food, and are the better for it. Our little 5 year old boy, who used to suffer from pains in the stomach after eating the old-fashioned porridge, has no more trouble since he began to use Grape-Nuts, and I have no more doctor's bills to pay for him.

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"Last Monday I ate four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts and cream for breakfast, nothing else, then set to work and got my mornings work done by 9 o'clock, and felt less tired, much stronger, than if I had made my breakfast on meat, potatoes, etc., as I used to. I wouldn't be without Grape-Nuts in the house for any money." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. There's a reason.

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- Do you have to spit often?
- Do crusts form in your nose?
- Are you weak in damp weather?
- Do you blow your nose a good deal?
- Are you losing your sense of smell?
- Does your mouth taste bad mornings?
- Do you have pains across your forehead?
- Do you have a dull feeling in your head?
- Do you have to clear your throat on rising?
- Is there a tickling sensation in your throat?
- Do you have an unpleasant discharge from the nose?
- Does the mucus drop into your throat from the nose?

Answer the questions I've made out for you, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines in the Free Medical Advice Coupon, cut them both out and mail them to me as soon as possible. I will cost you nothing and will give you the most valuable information. Address: Dr. Sproule, Specialist, 227 BOSTON ST., Trade Building, Boston. Don't lose any time. Do it now!

Don't suffer with Catarrh any longer! Don't let it destroy your happiness—your health—your very life itself.

Don't waste any more time—energy—money, in trying to conquer it with worthless nostrums.

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Write to me at once and learn how it can be cured. Not merely for a day, a week, or a year—but permanently. Let me explain my new scientific method of treatment, discovered by myself—used only by myself.

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Let me show you what I'll do for you entirely without charge. Thousands have accepted this offer—today they are free from Catarrh. You've nothing to lose and everything to gain. Just for the asking you'll receive the benefit of my nineteen years of experience—my important new discoveries—my vast knowledge of the disease.

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great and large, and we are separated upon the wall, one far from another."—These words give us a vivid picture of that brave little band under their great leader. Verily they needed trust in God. It is a vivid picture, too, of our missionaries on the foreign fields.

"In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet."—Nehemiah was sure to be where the danger was greatest. Besides all the reports of the advance of the enemies would be carried promptly to him. "Our God shall fight for us."—These words are the battle cry of the saints in all ages. The swords of the Lord and of Gideon. "This assurance is ours when we fight for God; when we are actuated by sincere and supreme regard for him, desiring his glory and trusting his strength for victory; when we employ the weapons he has given us, not using Satan's arms; when we fight in the spirit he prescribes and imparts; when we battle with all our power."

He is our God, the cause is his. He is more interested and concerned in Zion and has more at stake than have we. His sword is pledged to fight for us. How can there ever be a discouraged saint.

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LIFE-INSURANCE CLUB OF NEW YORK

(Section R-1)

RICHARD WIGHTMAN, President
425 Fifth Ave., New York



groes are sorry that there are intimacies between some members of our race and members of the white race, but as long as Negroes fail to have an equality in the operation of law so long will these things exist.

You admit, I am glad to see in your editorial, that in many cases our people fail to get justice in the courts simply because they are Negroes. Many believe that the curse pronounced by Noah in the ninth chapter of Genesis is an eternal stigma upon the race, but that is not true. God did not curse Ham or Canaan, but Noah while awaking from a drunken stupor pronounced it, and the progress the sons of Ham have made since that time proves that they are fit for more than to hew wood and draw water. Here let me ask you is the Greek and Latin and Hebrew you have taught us a myth? or have you taught us the sciences and mathematics as an experiment? It is possible that such men as Booker T. Washington, who, I am glad to say, is a Baptist, C. H. Parrish, C. T. Walker, E. C. Morris, Bishop Johnson, J. A. Booker, G. W. Hayes and thousands of others who have sat at the feet of your learned Gamaliels and have become proficient in the arts and sciences are unworthy of any consideration? Paul says, "Where the Spirit of God is there is liberty."

It seems to me, as a black man, that the only thing that will settle this much discussed question is a strict application of the golden rule. If the iron heel of prejudice in the courts, in the church and everywhere could just be lifted and give us poor black people the treatment the white man would like to receive, then the trouble would be over. Do not brand us all as culprits because there are some among us—every race has them. The Negro has been too imitative of the vices of other races, yet there are thousands who have not bowed the knee to Baal. The white Baptist people have come to the kingdom for such a time as this. The Negro has made a Baptist out of every other fellow in the land because he has taken the open Bible and trusted God, and we are going to still trust in that God that has led us thus far. We know that we are behind in the march of progress, but you must admit that we have made rapid strides in morals, education, accumulation of wealth and in religious zeal. You can't deny that the Negro has shown his patriotism on many battle fields; that in many cases he has kissed the hand that smote him.

We earnestly plead and entreat that you think us worthy of some notice and consideration, and if he deserves compliment and applause, the golden rule would say give it to him; or let him who feels like giving it to him, give it to him.

You say the time is at hand for discussion of these matters. Let the voice of those whom you are to discuss be heard so that you may know the feeling of those who have not had a chance to show what they think and feel along these lines. I feel that I voice the sentiment of the black man when I say not social equality, but equality of opportunity, and we'll prove to you and the world that we are not a cipher on the blackboard of time.

Shelbyville, Ky.

A LETTER TO OUR READERS.

63 COTTAGE ST., MELROSE, MASS.
DEAR SIR: Jan 11th, 1904.

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water to-day and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by Millions of Mothers for their Children while Teething, with Perfect Success. It Soothes the Child, Softens the Gums, Allays all Pains, Cures Wind Colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

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Eye Sight Can Be Strengthened, and Most Forms of Diseased Eyes Cured Without Cutting or Drugging.

That the eyes can be strengthened so that eye glasses can be dispensed with in the great majority of cases has been proven beyond a doubt by the testimony of hundreds of people who publicly claim that have been cured by that wonderful little instrument called "Actina." "Actina" also cures sore and granulated lids, Iritis, &c., also removes Cataracts and Pterygiums, without cutting or drugging. Over seventy thousand Actinas have been sold, therefore it is not an experiment, but an absolute fact. The following letters are but samples of those that are received daily:

Mrs. M. E. Champagne, 242 West 135th St., New York City, writes:—"The 'Actina' cured me of Iritis, after the doctors said there was no cure outside an operation. I have been entirely well for over four months, can see to read and sew as well as before. I can honestly recommend 'Actina' for all afflictions of the eye."

Emily Knapp, 920 Galena St., Milwaukee, Wis., writes:—"The 'Actina' I purchased from you a year ago saved my brother's eyesight. My brother was near sighted, wore number five and six glasses, and now he can go to school and do all his work and study without glasses."

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"Actina" can be used by old and young with perfect safety. It is impossible to do harm with one. Every member of the family can use the one "Actina" for any form of disease of the Eye, Ear, Throat or Head. One will last for years, and is always ready for use. "Actina" will be sent postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the New York & London Electric Association, Dept. 83, N. 929, Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely FREE a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on the Eye and on Diseases in General. You can rest assured that your eyes may be cured, no matter how many failures you have experienced.

To those who are worn with travel the quicksand is most dangerous. Voe to him who in old age has only the bogs of rationalism to flounder in!

SOCIAL EQUALITY FROM A NEGRO STANDPOINT.

BY H. W. JONES.

For some time it has been in my heart to say a word concerning the recent arguments concerning the World's Baptist Congress in London and other matters relative to my race as have appeared in your valuable, and, what I term, the strongest Baptist paper we have in the country. I have felt moved to state the black man's side of this question.

I have been a constant reader of the Western Recorder for some years, and have kept pace with the trend of things as discussed in its editorial columns; and allow me to say that I am one of the thousands of Negro Baptists who have looked in a large measure to the white Baptists to help us in the great struggle in which we are now engaged.

We first looked to God, second we have been looking to the white Baptists to lend us a helping hand in trying to rise from the murky depths of superstition and ignorance in which we have been ever since we have had our being as a race in this country.

We believe that the true Baptist idea is to help the fallen to rise, and since we came out of slavery forty years ago we have brought to the Baptists 2,110,209 members, established mission stations in Africa, South America, the Philippine Islands, and are fostering them in connection with our mission schools as best our

limited meaus will require. But what has caused me to wonder in the last few months has been the editorials and articles concerning the meeting of the Baptists from the North and South and the London meeting, and I was startled in one issue of the Recorder to read an article from some brother concerning the colored brethren and the editorial on the question of Booker T. Washington and Mr. Wanamaker.

I think that as Negroes we are greatly misunderstood, especially we Baptist Negroes; we are not asking for social equality. Whenever a white man entertains a Negro it is according to his own desire, not that the Negro asks for it or expects it. The Negro is only asking for an equality of opportunity to show what religion and education will make of an individual. Social tastes are largely governed by the feelings of those who make up society, and it is utterly impossible to adopt a uniform rule by which all society shall be governed. We are reading from the same Bible from which you preach and have taught us that "God made of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth together and that "God is no respecter of persons, but every nation that worketh righteousness is accepted with him," and that we all have one Father and hath not one God created us all?" "Let there be no strife betwixt us for we be brethren."

Far be the idea that we want social equality. Thoughtful Ne-

DAY BY DAY.

The morning glory hangs her blossoms out
Fresh every dawn;
Yesterday's blooms lived out their little hour
And they were gone.

So live to day with patient, steadfast will
And loyal heart;
Then shall to-morrow find thee truer still
To bear thy part.

And if to-morrow does not come to thee,
Rest thou content,
If but to-day has borne its very best
Before it went.

Our Pulpit.

"HIDING IN THEE!"

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"I flee unto thee to hide me."—
Psalm cxliii. 9.

I. And, first, no man will ever flee unto God to hide him unless he has a sense of danger.

David was in danger from many cruel enemies, and he fled to God to hide him from them. You and I may not be in any such danger as that, physically. We live in a country where, happily, we are protected from such danger as that;—at least, the most of us do; but there are other dangers to which we are exposed. David fled to God to hide him because he realized the danger in which he was placed, and we shall only flee unto the Lord to hide us when we realize our own personal peril.

Many have perished—I am using the word "perish" in the ordinary sense—because they have not known that they were in danger; and we know (oh, that it were not so!) that, concerning spiritual things, there are millions of our fellow-countrymen who are in danger of the eternal wrath of God, yet they are not conscious that it is so. They know that they are living in sin, and they have some dim perception that sin is an evil thing in God's sight, yet they do not fully comprehend what sin is. Many of them do not know, in the full meaning of the word, that they are sinners. See how contented they are with their fancied righteousness, conceiving themselves to be in perfect safety all the while that they are in the utmost peril. They eat and they drink, they are married and they are given in marriage, as though such a state of things would last for ever. Talk to them concerning the last dread conflagration which is to consume the world, and they will laugh you to scorn, and cry, "Peace and safety," even though sudden destruction is coming upon them. If we could once make men realize that they are in danger, there would be some hope that they would seek to escape from the peril that threatens them; but we cannot make them believe in its reality and certainty. They are unbelieving with regard to such disturbing news. If we cried aloud to them, "Peace, peace," although we know there is no peace for them as long as they continue as they now are, they would proba-

bly believe us, for they lend their credulous ears to any superstition that seems to promise them a false peace; but if we try to warn them of their danger—danger of the most terrible kind—they will not, as a rule, be persuaded to listen to such unwelcome tidings; or if they do listen, they do not believe our message, and they will not admit they are in danger.

If any such persons are present with us here—and I fear that there are some—I mean, those who have no sense of danger, and yet have never trusted in Christ for salvation let me remind you, dear friends, that your sins must inevitably bring punishment upon you. There is a Judge of all the earth, who must do right; and every transgression of his righteous law must be followed by punishment; else, why should there be a Judge of the earth at all, if he is indifferent to the iniquities of man? Let me also remind you that your sin is holding you in its power, and though, at present, you may not indulge in the grosser forms of vice, you are in great danger of going much further in the paths of sin than you like to think you will. You cannot stop in an evil course just when and where you please. You cannot say to sin, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further." The beginnings of evil are like the letting out of water, and when the dyke is once broken, and the pent-up flood is set free, it soon deluges the fields, and, perhaps, sweeps away multitudes of men and their habitations as well. Oh, that men could but realize that, while they are living in sin, they are always in danger of committing more sin, and yet more sin, going on from bad to worse, and from worse to the very worst of all! Many a young man would shudder with horror if he could foresee what he will yet become unless the grace of God shall prevent it. You have often seen that familiar picture of the child and the kind of man he will yet become—either drunken or sober. If that child should be told that, one day he would be like that red-faced old drunkard, he would not believe that he could ever grow to be as bad as that; neither will most young men, who are now living in sin, believe that they can ever grow to be what they will be if they continue in their present course. Yet that is the danger to which they are continually exposed—the danger of sin ever producing yet more sin; and, to my mind, it seems to be punishment of a most grievous kind, even if there were no other, that sin should be allowed to breed within itself something yet more black and foul and filthy than it is itself—till, on the cancer of sin there comes yet another, and another, and another; or till the man, who was possessed with one devil becomes possessed with seven devils even more wicked than the first one was. There is real danger, this grievous danger, in the case of every unconverted man or woman upon the face of the earth. Therefore, each one of them should cry unto the Lord, "I flee unto thee to hide me."

No man ever flees to God for shelter until he realizes that he is in danger, yet all men, whether they are the children of God or the children of this world, are in danger of one kind or another. As for the men of this world, the children of disobedience, they are in danger of the punishment

which is due on account of their present sin, and that awful growth of sin of which I have been speaking; but are the children of God also in danger? Ask them, and they will tell you that they are pilgrims to the Celestial City, which they will, in due time, reach by God's grace; but they will also tell you that; all along the road to heaven, there are dangerous places where the traveller might fall to his very grievous hurt. The moment you become a Christian you are—

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"

as far as your ultimate and final perseverance is concerned; but, all the while you are on the road to heaven, you must wear the armour provided for the good soldiers of Jesus Christ, for you are always exposed to danger from the adversary's arrows and sword. All the while that you are in the earthly pastures, you need the protection of the good Shepherd. Why? Because you are in danger from the roaring lion, who goeth about seeking whom he may destroy; and, unless the great Shepherd's rod and staff protect you, you will certainly be destroyed.

Let me also remind you that some dangers are not readily perceived, and those are generally the worst of all. We may be able to keep clear of "the arrow that lieth by day;" but who can guard himself against "the pestilence that walketh in darkness"? Possibly we do not fall into open sin; but the dry rot of gradual declension—the silent sliding away of the heart from Christ—who but God can guard us against that? Many a man is caught in the invisible nets of Satan, and well nigh destroyed, even while he dreams that he is safely pursuing the path that leads to heaven. Therefore do I sound the tocsin and ring the alarm bell again and again, to remind you that we are all in danger, though some think they are not; those are the very persons who are in the greatest danger of all because they think they are not in peril. I wish I had the power to arouse all of you to a true sense of your danger with regard to spiritual things, for then you would, like David, flee unto God to hide you. You never will do that until you realize the peril in which you are placed, and recognize that, so long as you are not abiding in Christ, you are in continual peril, and that your only safety lies in fleeing unto God to hide you, even as the psalmist did long ago.

II. The second great need of a man, in order that he may flee unto God to hide him, is a sense of weakness.

A man who thinks that he can fight his own battles in his own strength will not flee unto God to hide him. But we are all of us as weak as water if we are left to ourselves, and we soon show that we are quite unable to cope with our spiritual foes. The unforgiven sinner proves how weak he is by yielding at once to the tempter. He has a traitor within his own heart, who opens the gates to Satan, and so he is easily overcome; and the believer, though he hath within him the new life which hateth sin is as weak as other men if he be left without the spirit of God for a single moment. There is enough of the fire of hell in thee, my brother—thou who art the most spiritual and most like Christ—to set all hell alight again if the infernal fires were

ever put out. Thou art inclined toward that which is good; but if thou wouldst be quite as much inclined toward that which is evil, I will not quite say what Ralph Erskine said concerning himself—

"On good and evil equal bent,
And both a devil and saint;"

but I will say that, if a saint could ever be left of God, he would soon become a devil; and he who was so eager after that which was good, would be just as eager after that which is evil; so again I say that we are all of us weak as water if left to ourselves.

But some people think that they are very strong. Hear how the boastful man says, "I can drink my glass of beer or wine, but I shall never become a drunkard. I can attend the theatre, and see what a low standard of morals prevails there, but I shall never fall into such an evil thing as fornication or adultery. I shall never become a blasphemer; I am not in the habit of even using coarse language and it is quite impossible that I should become profane." He thinks, when he stakes his small sums of money, that he will never become a gambler.

"No," he says, "I am not such a fool as that." Yet, often, when a man says that, you may write his true name in large capital letters, "A FOOL," for there is no other fool who is so foolish as the one who thinks he is not such a fool as other men are. When Hazeel was told by Elisha what he would afterwards do, he exclaimed, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" Ah, brethren! we are all sadly weak, and those are the weakest of all who think themselves to be strong. Past failures ought to have taught us all how great is our weakness. I wonder if any of you ever tried to soar away into the clouds with the perfectionists who delight to go up in a balloon, and seek to live far above all ordinary mortals. If so, and if you are at all like me—and I expect your flesh and blood are very similar to mine—I imagine that you soon discovered your mistake. The very day that you thought your temper was perfect, you found that it was very imperfect; and at the very time that you intended to have no thought or care, and when you had made up your mind that you were not coming down again to the level of this poor grovelling world, you found that you could not rise an inch above the ground, and that you were, so far as spiritual things were concerned, just like a lump of lead. You were made to feel that the best of men are but men at the best; and, in that way, your failure taught you how weak you are. Even if you are the best man or woman in the world, in yourself you are utter weakness; and only Christ himself can make anything of you; saint as you are, you are still a sinner saved by grace, and you are only holy as you are made so by the blessed Spirit who sanctified you. If you were left by him for a single moment, your sinnership would come to the front all too prominently, and your saintship would retire to the rear.

Now, brethren and sisters, in our weakness lies our strength. The Apostle Paul says, "When I am weak, then am I strong;" and I wish it were possible for me to produce in all of you, whether

you are sinners or saints, the sense of positive inability and utter weakness; for, until you feel that, you will never say to the Lord, "I flee unto thee to hide me." On the contrary, you will stand out boldly in the place of danger, and you will even defy your foes to do their worst against you. You will venture into worldliness; you will go up to the very mouth of the furnace of sin; you will become more daring and more presumptuous, and you will be less on your watch-tower; you will keep on going further and further in the wrong way as long as you imagine that you are strong. But if the Lord will aim his arrows right at the very heart of your strength, and lay all your fancied glory in the mire, and make you to know that you are less than the least of all saints, then it will be better for you. But before you reach this point, you will have to confess your own nothingness, and say—

"But oh! for this no strength have I;
My strength is at thy feet to lie."

Then you will flee unto the Lord to hide you, and then you will be hidden by him in a safe place, but never till then.

III. A third thing which we must all have before we are likely to use the language of the text with truth is a prudent foresight; "I flee unto thee to hide me."

The ungodly man, and, in a measure, the unwise believer also, will perceive the peril in which he is placed, and yet hesitate, linger, delay, deliberate, procrastinate. This is great folly, yet it is just what thousands are doing. I feel sure that some of you, who are here, are not prepared to live;—much less are you prepared to die. I am glad to see you come to the house of God on a week-night, for it looks as if you had some desire to find out the way of everlasting life. Yet how many there are among you who are living as if this life were all! You are quite unprepared for that great day to which you all know you are hastening; and you do not like even to hear anything about death and the judgment to come, because you are utterly unfit to face those stern realities. Are you always going to put off thoughts about these all-important matters, and to go on living without the slightest preparation for eternity? You know that you are in danger, and that you are too weak to face that danger all alone, though you have not yet fully perceived how great your weakness is. Oh, that you would be wise enough to begin to look about you for a way of escape! When you are in this sense wise, you will flee unto God to hide you; but until you do get at least a little of this sacred prudence, and some of the wisdom which the Holy Ghost teacheth, you will delay, and delay, and delay, till, on some dreaded day, the long-gathering clouds will discharge the awful storm of divine judgment upon your devoted head; and then you will not be able to flee to Christ to hide you, for the harvest will be past, and the summer will be ended, but you will be "not saved."

The Lord, by his grace, has made Christian men and women more full of forethought than the ungodly are, and they have desired to escape from the wrath to come, and they have done so. And

let me tell you, sinner, you who have not yet fled to Christ for salvation, that, while it is a blessed thing to be delivered from the wrath to come, it is also a most delightful thing to be delivered from the fear of it even now. I do not think that I could live an hour without being in the bitterest agony, if I had any sort of doubt about my safety in Christ Jesus, for I have a most vivid sense of my danger and my weakness apart from him, and these, like wings, bear me to the Rock of Ages, where I can hide in absolute security. But I could never rest in peace if I thought that God was angry with me, or if I knew that, if I were to drop down dead, my soul would be in hell. How can any of you remain unconcerned in such a sad condition as that? Surely it must be because you do not realize what your true condition is. If I could lock some of you up in a room, and make you think about your position with regard to God, you would be very uncomfortable; you would almost as soon go to prison as sit down to think about the needs of your immortal spirit. Yet it is wrong for a man to be afraid to look into the books in which he keeps his soul's accounts, it is worse than foolish to be afraid to test the soundness of the foundation of the house in which he dwells; it is sheer madness to be afraid to look to the state of his soul to see whether it has the marks of death upon it or not. Do not any of you be so foolish, so insane. You insure your lives, you insure your houses, you put on warmer garments as winter approaches, and if you have only some slight ailment, you run to a doctor. Have you no care about your immortal souls? Have you no anxiety concerning death and eternity? Or are you resolved to play the fool before high heaven? I pray you, do not so; but awake to something like prudence; and any one of you who does so will say to God, as David did, "I flee unto thee to hide me." You never will do this until you exercise such wise forethought as I urge upon you.

IV. Now, fourthly and briefly, before any one of us will say to the Lord, "I flee unto thee to hide me," there must be a solid confidence.

What kind of confidence do I mean? A solid confidence that God can hide us. Did you notice the second hymn that we sang? It always seems to me that the writer had a wonderful conception of

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God in his awfulness and greatness to be feared, and then he says—

"Yet I may love thee, O my God!"

Think of the great God who made the heavens and the earth, who is everywhere, filling all things, and doing all things according to the good pleasure of his own will, and then say to yourself, "If I flee unto him,—if he will permit me to flee unto him to hide me,—how safe I must be! It is he of whom I am afraid; but if I can hide in him, how secure I shall be! If I can find a shelter in him, what a perfect shelter that must be!" When God lifts up his sword of justice, in his almighty hand, to smite the sinner, if that sinner can lay hold upon his arm, and cling firmly to it, how can God smite him? And he urges us to take hold of his strength. A heavy blow falls with the greatest force upon those who are some little distance away from the striker. When a man intends to strike a tremendous blow, if his adversary runs up close to him, and clings to his arm, what can he do with him? And fleeing to God to hide us does, as it were, disarm God; therefore I urge you to flee unto God in Christ that he may hide you from his justice, and he can rightly do this because Christ has borne for all believers the punishment that was due to their sin; and, therefore, the God of justice can himself smile when he sees a sinner hidden in the Christ who made a full and complete atonement for his sin. Whither can any of you flee away from the presence of God? If you plunge into the deeps of the sea, he will discover you. If you climb up among the stars he could pluck you from your hiding place, for he is everywhere; but if you flee to God in Christ to hide you, you must be safe forever. I have read an old story of a rebel, who was hunted by a certain king, but who disguised himself, and entered into the king's tent, and partook of his hospitality before anyone discovered that he was the very man whose life the king had been seeking; and the king nobly and generously scorned to smite the foe who had fled for shelter to his own tent. O poor guilty soul, this is the message of the gospel.—Flee to God to hide you from God; turn to him as the prodigal returned to his father to obtain forgiveness of the wrong which he had done to his father!

V. One thing more is needed, and that is activity of faith.

There are some of you, who have heard what I have been saying about hiding in God, and as you go home you will say, "Yes, we know that we need a secure hidingplace, and we know that God is willing to hide us." Well, then, if you know that, will you not at once flee unto him to hide you? Beloved, you who have often fled unto him to hide you, will not you again flee unto him? Some of you may have a new form of trouble which has just come upon you, and it is of such a kind that you do not like to tell anybody about it. I pray you, do not keep it to yourself for even another minute, but flee unto God, and tell him all about it. I must confess my own folly in this respect, for I have been foolish enough, partly through weariness of body and brain, to nurse a trouble which I ought to have cast

upon the Lord long ago. One does not mind nursing his own children, who may grow up to be a comfort to him, but it is always a pity to nurse trouble, for that often means taking a serpent's eggs, and putting them into our bosom to hatch there into serpents that will sting ourselves. This is a most foolish course of action; would it not be far wiser for us as soon as any trouble comes upon us, to flee unto the Lord to hide us from it? Let us be cowardly enough to run away from our trouble. Nay, it will not be cowardice, but true bravery, always to run unto God directly any trouble comes upon us, each one of us crying to him, with David, "I flee unto him to hide me." Suppose that twenty troubles should come to us in a day, and that we should flee unto God twenty times with them, I think that we might almost pray to God to send twenty troubles more, so that we might flee unto him forty times a day. Any reason for going to God must be a blessing to us, for going to God is going to bliss; so we may even turn our troubles into blessings by making them drive us unto him.

Last of all, is there not some poor sinner here, who has never yet believed in Jesus Christ as his or her Saviour? How happy I should be if, even before you leave this place, you would flee unto the Lord to hide you! You do not need even to go into the vestry, to talk with the elders. You may do that, if you like, and they will be glad to see you; but your best plan is to tell the Lord, while you are sitting in that seat, that you are a sinner far off from him, and that you wish that he would save you. Ask him, for Christ's sake, to have mercy upon you. Trust his dear Son to save you; tell him that you do trust him to save you, and he will do it, for, according to thy faith shall it be unto thee. Flee unto him to hide you. There are his dear wounds, and you are a poor feeble dove, and the cruel hawk is after you. You cannot fight with him, for he would tear you in pieces; you can only escape from him by flying to the wounds of Jesus; do so, then, for your pursuer cannot reach you there.

"Come, guilty souls, and flee away Like doves to Jesus' wounds; This is the welcome gospel day, Wherein free grace abounds."

God bless you all, for His dear Son's sake! Amen.

DEAR RECORDER:

Enclosed you will find "A Constitutional Statement" of what is claimed to be "First New Testament Church of Los Angeles."

This organization was constituted by about 175 members who withdrew from the First Baptist church of this city, on September 17th.

When the letters were granted to them and to the former pastor, who had resigned the Sunday before, the understanding was that they proposed to constitute another Baptist church.

An extract from the letter of the First Baptist church to the Los Angeles Baptist Association that met here gives a history of the cause that led to the withdrawal of the pastor with these members.

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"To say that a Bible is
Yet the Oxford
The New Editions will

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R. E. PARSONS, D. P. A., 257 Fourth Ave., Louisville, Ky.

secondarily for the great advantage and inspiration that is born of contact with the things and places associated with the life of our blessed Lord on earth.

"On the return of the pastor to his post, filled with a new zeal for the spiritual uplift of the church, he at once instituted a series of prayer-meetings, gathering twice daily, into which he projected much of the spiritual enthusiasm which he had imbibed while abroad, especially while in contact with the remarkable revival interest in progress in Wales. But there gathered about the meeting an atmosphere adverse to the conservative lines of denominational life and positively antagonistic to our Baptist polity as represented in our great missionary organizations for church activity and usefulness. These sentiments became so pronounced and their promulgation so persistent, that to some there seemed an imminent danger of losing the church to the Baptist denomination altogether; and an effort hastily made to bring to the attention of the church the danger that threatened its most vital interests led to the resignation of the pastor and the withdrawal from the fellowship of about 175 members who have since organized themselves under the recent pastor's leadership into a new body which makes no claim to adherence to some of the time-honored tenets of the Baptist faith. We are thus amply confirmed in the correctness of our estimate of the drift and purpose before the division came.

MELVILLE DOZIER, Mod.
C. O. A. GRADE, Clerk."

The messengers from the churches of the Association endorsed the sentiments expressed in this letter as a conservative history of the situation.

The impression prevails that while the church lost some of her most active workers that the withdrawal of these members will not discourage the remaining six hundred, but unify and stimulate the church to greater activity and usefulness in the Master's vineyard. Yours fraternally,
W. L. STANTON.
Los Angeles, Cal.

"Pour oil on the troubled waters," but do not pour oil on the fire unless you wish to be burned or blown up, and perhaps both.

Between twelve and fifteen churches a day, or between four thousand and five thousand a year, are built in this country.

Editorial

When the question of the relation and the attitude of Pastor Thomas Spurgeon, and those he represents, to the Baptist World Congress, was raised in this country we wrote him a letter asking for an expression on the subject.

We received the reply given below. In view of all that has been said, it is fair to him as well as just to others that this brief statement from him should be published.

"Dear Sir and Bro.—I cannot help regretting that any discussion has arisen in your country regarding my attitude to the recent Congress. Let me say at once that I did all that lay in my power to prove that I was not unfriendly to those who came from far. The fact is, of course, that I do not belong to the British Baptist Union. That made it a little awkward, the more so as my church also is outside the Union. I was invited to take some part, but it was a part that I could not conscientiously accept, viz.: in connection with the unveiling of my father's statue. To that project I had shown no sympathy, for it always appeared to me a most strange proceeding to set up a statue of the man who had protested and withdrawn—unless, indeed, some admission had been made of his warrant for doing both. There had been no such expression—quite the contrary in fact.

"It ought, perhaps, to be said that I entertained some of the foreign delegates to tea on the Monday of Congress week; that we lent the Tabernacle free of all charge for the sermon, that I was present at two of the gatherings of Congress (tho' only once on the platform) and that Mrs. Spurgeon and myself accepted an invitation to the Garden Party. Under all the circumstances, I could hardly do more.

"I am, of course, still outside the Union, and I shall continue so while the present state of things exists. Dear father urged the adoption of a simple Evangelical basis. This they will never have. So there the matter stands. I am with every good wish.

Yours heartily, THOMAS SPURGEON."

This letter clearly tells the story. Pastor Spurgeon had no sympathy with the Congress, but was careful to show that he "was not unfriendly to those who came from far." Certainly he showed that. Of this there can be no question. He and those he represents should bear in mind that "those who came from far," as a rule, to the Congress, were not aware of the Baptist situation in England and had no thought of lining themselves up in opposition to the great and good Charles H. Spurgeon, or against anything for which he stood.

The situation was made more acute when the Baptist Union refused to rescind their resolutions of censure against Charles H. Spurgeon, although they passed very complimentary resolutions in regard to him, and decided to erect a statue to his memory. Yet that resolution of censure still stands. It is not surprising, in the circumstances, that Pastor

Thomas Spurgeon should have "shown no sympathy" to the erecting and unveiling of the statue.

We are told that the members of the Union resent Spurgeon's accusing their leaders of holding Unitarian views on certain points. If the accusation were true, he did not deserve the vote of censure, and it should be rescinded. If the accusation were false, and so hurtful as to warrant the refusal to rescind the vote of censure, then the complimentary resolutions should not have been passed and the statue should not have been erected. Certainly if his memory merited the resolutions of compliment and the statue, it also merited the rescinding of the vote of censure. The affair strikes us as quite incongruous, whatever be the merits or demerits of the accusation and the censure.

We publish this week an article from the Rev. H. W. Jones, one of our most esteemed Kentucky Negro preachers, on the subject of social equality. He gives his view of "the black man's side of the question," and certainly "the black man" is entitled to a hearing. Let the reader note two points in the article. 1st that the Negroes "are not asking for social equality," and 2nd that what social equality has been practiced has been at the solicitation of white men, and not at the request of Negroes. These points are certainly to the credit of the Negroes, and they should be borne in mind. Even the London banquet was wholly the work of the whites, the Negroes being invited guests.

Since social equality is as truly against the interest of the Negro as it is against the interest of the white man, and since the Negro is the one who suffers most from the agitation of the subject and the resulting friction, we hope that hereafter the Negroes will decline all overtures from white people looking toward social equality. If in future, for example, John Wanamaker shall invite Booker Washington to dinner, let the latter decline on the ground of being opposed to social equality between the races.

We do not care to make any comments in regard to those white men who seek social equality with Negroes, save to say that we believe they do it ignorantly. That fact, however, does not prevent harms coming from it.

DEAR RECORDER:

In your issue of Nov. 9 you say, and I think you are correct, "The church has authority from God to send out preachers, but a church cannot delegate this authority so as to qualify the preachers to send out other preachers." "A church has authority to appoint a building committee, but this authority is not delegated, since the committee has no right to appoint another building committee. Only the church can do that."

When churches send messengers to a convention, of course these messengers will have no authority to employ or send out preachers. Only the church can do that. But when these messengers assemble they appoint a committee or board, with authority to send out preachers. Now this looks to me we are doing the very thing that cannot be done. From whom do the boards get this authority? The board is not a church; yet you say the church has authority

from God to send out preachers, and a church cannot delegate its authority. Yet the boards seem to have this authority. Please give us more light on this subject.

W. R. CARROLL.

Halcyon, La.

The above letter states very clearly a point that has been in the minds of a good many brethren, and one which has been widely used to turn people away from the work of the Southern Baptist Convention. It is well, therefore, that the point should be fully and fairly met.

The Boards of the Convention do not "send out" preachers in the same sense as churches send them out. When a church, acting along with a presbytery, ordains a preacher, he is said to be "sent out" to preach. He is thenceforth recognized as a regular ordained minister, eligible to the pastorate of any church desiring his services, authorized to administer the ordinances, to marry couples, &c., &c. Neither of our Boards has ever assumed to do anything of that sort. No Board has ever ordained a preacher, or in any way assumed to exercise the functions of a church or a presbytery. The Board "sends out" only those whom the churches and the presbyteries have already "sent out." The Board's "sending out" a missionary simply means that they appoint him to labor in a certain field, and undertake to see that he is supported there. This a church and a presbytery do not do. They ordain a man to the ministry but they never assume to designate his field of labor. The Board takes men, already ordained by the churches and presbyteries, and helps them to labor in certain fields mutually agreed upon. The Board never seeks to exercise the slightest constraint on a man to make him go as a missionary. They appoint only such of those already "sent out" by the churches as feel God has called them to such missionary service.

Moreover, the Board never seeks to prevent any man's going as a missionary who thinks he ought to go. They simply use their best judgment in accepting the fittest men. They could not do otherwise. When, for example, some Baptists thought the Rev. I. N. Yohannon ought to go as a missionary to Persia and undertook to send him, the Board did not make the slightest objection. They did not see their way to open work in Persia, but they had no opposition for those who undertook to open a mission there.

Certainly "the church has authority from God to send out preachers, and a church cannot delegate its authority," only this authority of the church is exercised along with the authority of the presbytery. But Bro. Carroll is quite mistaken in thinking "the boards seem to have this authority." When did any board ever ordain a man to the ministry? In no way, that we can discover, do the boards assume to exercise any authority which belongs to the churches. Boards are necessary for the effective cooperation of churches, and we claim the boards are strictly in accord with Scripture teaching.

The cry of "the greatest happiness of the greatest number" has largely given place to "the greatest good of the greatest number," but is that final? Shall not this give place to "the greatest good?" Is it not better to benefit a hundred men a great deal than to ben-

efit a thousand a little?—supposing the benefit to the hundred is really greater than that to the thousand? Is not this unfair favoritism? Have not the 900 as much right to be benefited as the 100? Is it right, therefore, to pass them by in order to confer a greater benefit on the smaller number? Is it right for the teacher to select the brightest pupils and spend his strength on them, if he finds that he can do them more good than he can do the whole body of pupils, otherwise? Shall the amount of good done be diminished, by the teacher's dividing his strength between all his pupils? Has not each pupil an equal claim on the teacher, and shall the duller ones be required to forego some benefit they might receive, in order that the brighter ones may receive a greater benefit? Shall we seek "the greatest good of the greatest number?" or shall we seek "the greatest good," without regard to the number? We ask these questions without, for the present at least, attempting to answer them?

Prof. J. W. McGarvey, speaking of the British higher critics calmly ignoring what is said against their vagaries, says: "This is strikingly true of our American advocates of this kind of criticism. Like the ostrich, they drop their eggs and leave them to their fate, never coming back to defend themselves, no matter how successfully their positions and arguments are refuted. They are cowards." The writer has read thousands of pages of the writings of prominent "higher critics" and he has yet to find a single one who showed the slightest conception of a logical argument, or who showed the slightest respect for a fact that made against his theory. We do not wonder that they have nothing to say when their theories are exploded—what could they say?

Of course there is an outcry against the Northern Methodist Bishops for removing Prof. Mitchell from the chair he occupied in the School of Theology, in Boston University, on account of his attacks on the Bible. The majority of the faculty and of the students wanted to retain him, but the Bishops were unanimous in their decision. It is specially gratifying that there was not a week-kneed one among them. The fact that a majority of the faculty and students wanted Prof. Mitchell retained, shows the harm of allowing one unsound man to remain in a faculty for several years. Dr. Munhall, if we remember aright, some time ago called attention to Prof. M's vagaries.

Even and anon the writer hears that he is reported as saying what he never said. Here is the last example. Bro. R. O. Morrison writes from White Mills, that it was stated in a Disciple church there that the writer said Walnut street church would observe the Lord's Supper every Sunday in their new house when it was completed. The writer never had such a thought and would not consent to such a suggestion if made by others. This report is utterly without foundation.

A good book is like a vision from a mountain top. From it you can see not only more of the earth, but more of heaven. It means a widened horizon, whether you look out or up.

Editorial Varieties

Pastor J. J. Hall writes: "The WESTERN RECORDER is as good as ever, and that is saying much. I delight in its teachings."

The Christian Standard makes an elaborate answer to our last article on "salvation essential to baptism." We will say our say on the subject next week.

An old fisherman in Maine was asked what he did with himself after supper in winter, when there was no work to do. He replied: "Oh! sometimes I set and think, and again I just set."

We are pained to hear of the bereavement of Dr. J. J. Porter, in the death of his daughter Bessie. We are told she was a child of rare promise. We tender our condolence. Thus God gifts his workers for the highest service.

Secretary Bow has just returned from Mt. Olivet and reports that our missionary, F. P. Gates, is doing a fine work there. The meeting in which Bro. Bow assisted closed Sunday night. Twenty-nine additions to the church, 24 for baptism.

Pastor W. J. Robinson orders in advance a copy of the editor's forthcoming little book—"Faith and the Faith." He wishes to be the first one to buy a copy and he is. Several have said they would want copies, but Pastor Robinson is the first to definitely order a copy.

The Religious Herald last week gives its first page to a fine likeness of its senior editor, Dr. A. E. Dickinson, who, it is stated, "is rounding out his fortieth year of continuous service as editor" of the Herald. We extend congratulations, and express the hope that his valuable life may be long spared to bless the world.

We are pained to hear of the bereavement of Dr. J. S. Dill in the death of his youngest brother, Mr. Henry R. Dill, of Birmingham, Ala. Dr. Dill writes: "It is the greatest sorrow of my life." We deeply sympathize with him, and invoke upon him the blessed ministry of the Holy Comforter.

President P. T. Hale has taken a four weeks needed rest at Dawson Springs, and during that time has raised \$2,500 toward the endowment of the Southwestern Baptist University. He writes: "I met a man the other day who gave me a check for \$100, saying that he had read in the WESTERN RECORDER of the Institution and of the splendid work it was doing in the way of educating young ministers."

Dr. Mullins got home last week, in fine health and spirits. He was absent five months, sight-seeing over Europe awhile, and then devoting his time to special study in Berlin. He is preparing an elaborate treatise on theology which will probably be published the latter part of next year. He received a cordial welcome home. Dr. Sampey has efficiently conducted the affairs of the Seminary during Dr. Mullins' absence.

The writer had a pleasant visit to Rochester last week, where he lectured on "Poor Kin." Our cause there is in fine condition under Pastor Smith, who has a most effective assistant in Banker Wilson—what a fine array of Baptist Wilsons there are in Kentucky! Pastor Smith began a protracted meeting last Sunday. He is being aided by his son, Don Q. Smith.

"O tradesman, in thine hour of e e e, If on this paper you should e e e, Take our advice and now be y y y, Go straight ahead and advert i i i, You'll find the project of some u u u; Neglect can offer no ex q q q; Be wise at once, prolong your da a a, A silent business soon de k k k." —London Tit-Bits.

"I am glad to notice the articles of Dr. John T. Christian in the WESTERN RECORDER on Baptist history, and to say that his march along the ages with our brethren of the 'faith once delivered to the saints' is triumphant. I am thinking that the Lord raised him up for this special purpose, and I pray that he may live to silence the last infidel whisper against the promises and prophecies of our blessed Lord about the history of the church he loved."—J. B. Hamberlin, Healing Springs, Ala. There are multitudes who feel exactly the same way.

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine Sts.)—Pastor Eaton: The great mystery. The lost. Four by letter. Special prayer meeting Tuesday night.

Broadway—Pastor Jones: Contrary winds; The wedding ring.

Chestnut St.—Pastor Weaver: Faithful steward; Good hope.

East—Pastor Wilson: A precious Saviour; Bro. J. A. Burns: Salvation by grace. Two by letter.

McFerran Memorial—Pastor Hamilton: Righteousness; Unbelief. Pastor Hamilton returned to Lexington to preach this week.

Twenty-second and Walnut—Pastor Hunt: Message to the church; Bro. G. W. Young, Temperance. One for baptism.

Clifton—Bro. G. C. Cates: Soul-delivering faith; Penalty of sin. Twenty-four for baptism, four by letter. Meeting continues. It is a great meeting.

German—Pastor Janzen: One phase of love; True prophet's reward.

Highland—Pastor Dawes: Worship; Bride and bridegroom.

Immanuel—Pastor Watts: Ignorance; Prayer. Two by letter.

Parkland—Pastor Taylor: Message to Ephesus; Hell.

Southgate St.—Pastor Gillon: Grace; Power. Two by letter.

Twenty-sixth and Market—Pastor Reed: Love's expression; Godly sorrow.

Hazelwood—Pastor Althoff: Regeneration; Zacharias.

East Mead—Pastor Greathouse: Sheep and the Shepherd; Regeneration.

Highland Park—Pastor McDaniel: Why I want to go to Heaven; Following Jesus; Fifty-nine in Bible class.

Oakdale—Pastor Mohler: How to win souls; Bro. J. B. Sims: Almost persuaded. Five by letter, two restored, six for baptism. Meeting continues.

Culbertson Ave. (New Albany)—Pastor Clifton: Working faith; Married and made anew.

Marydale—Pastor Million: Jacob and Esau.

Bro. M. P. Hunt presented a paper on the relation of the preacher's relation to politics. It was an interesting and spicy paper. It was discussed by Bro. Eaton, Weaver, Taylor, Bruce, Cates, Bruner, Foster, Dawes, Mohler, Reed, Althoff, Wilson.

SEMINARY NOTES.

BY C. W. KNIGHT.

Dr. Robertson conducted chapel exercises Monday afternoon, subject, The unwelcome and welcome Christ.

Dr. Carrer attended the Georgia Convention this week, and next week will attend the South Carolina Convention.

Dr. D. L. Leonard dined in the Hall last week, and also made a speech to the students.

Bro. W. C. Wood is getting up a party to go to Mammoth Cave on Thanksgiving. Entire expense, \$2.50. The party will leave Nov. 29, at 3 o'clock p. m., and return Thursday evening at 8 p. m. Students and outsiders are invited, both ladies and gentlemen.

Bro. M. S. Clifton, pastor of Culbertson Avenue church, New Albany, Ind., is having a week of self-denial in his church with the view of raising the debt from his church. Drs. Darzan, Eaton, Eager, etc., will deliver addresses during the week.

Drs. Darzan, Eager, and Sanger are to attend the B. Y. P. U. Convention at Elizabethtown this week.

Bro. J. H. Cowart held a meeting near Owensboro, Ky., with good results.

Dr. Mullins returned last week from

his trip abroad. He is hale and happy, and took charge of his class work Tuesday. Dr. Samspey acted as president in the absence of Dr. Mullins. Dr. Samspey makes a good president, the students think.

Bro. J. M. Walker has been called to the care of Pewee Valley church.

Supplies for Sunday: Evn. W. R. Cooper, Bullitt's Lick; J. P. Boone, Meadow Home; D. V. Bolton, Beechland; J. H. Potat, Bramlett; T. C. Exton, Campbellsburg; R. A. Hart, Bethlehem; W. O. Carver, McFerran Memorial, city.

Bro. H. R. Smith held a meeting at Dupont, Ind., 2 additions.

Bro. Bryan Stephens is supplying the pulpit at Lagrange, Ky., until their new pastor comes.

THE STATE.

Pastor T. N. Compton, of the First church, Owensboro, has resigned, expecting to resume evangelistic work, for which he is rarely gifted. Efforts are on foot to induce him to withdraw his resignation.

Pastor J. T. Betts writes: "The Lord has greatly blessed his people in Mt. Pleasant church. After waiting long for results we have at last reaped a gracious harvest. The meeting lasted two weeks and two days; 2 have been baptized into the fellowship of the church and 7 others received by letter. There was one other profession, making 50 in all. Bro. J. F. Williams, pastor of Versailles, was with us two weeks, and our people were greatly pleased with his earnest and faithful preaching of the Word. He believes in the old Gospel as all-sufficient for the conversion and salvation of sinners, and relies upon the Holy Spirit for results. 'As many as were ordained into eternal life believed' and were baptized. Praise the Lord for his goodness and mercy for sinners. Our church has received 70 additions during the year, 64 by baptism, and we are greatly encouraged in our work."

Bro. C. W. Chadwick writes: "I have had the pleasure of meeting Bro. J. P. Campbell, our new pastor at Mayslick. He led an afternoon meeting for us in our series in which Bro. Geo. Clarke, of Paris, is assisting me. Mayslick has located a fine pastor, he will do good work there. We are asking great things of God; pray with us."

Pastor L. H. Voyles writes: "We closed our meeting with Green Brier church last Saturday night. We had one of the best revivals among Christians I was ever in. Surely they are a good people and Green Brier is one of our very best country churches. There

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were 19 received by experience for baptism, 16 baptized 4 by letter. I began a meeting with Red Hill church fourth Sunday night. Pray for us."

Bro. A. R. Cabaniss writes: "Pastor J. S. Snyder has resigned at Trenton to go to Chester, S. C., Jan. 1, 1906, a flourishing manufacturing town, where he will have an opportunity to build up a large Baptist membership."

Bro. C. P. Boney writes: "The Second church, Paducah, has just closed a two weeks' meeting, and we are glad to report that in many ways the results are good. The interest throughout was excellent, the church has been greatly revived and several new members were received. Indeed we feel that great and lasting good has been accomplished, and seed has been sown from which we expect to harvest for years to come. We found Pastor E. H. Cunningham an excellent co-worker and a very consecrated earnest pastor. His people love him and he is doing a splendid work with this church. We learned to esteem him very highly, both for his work's sake and for his congenial, lovable disposition and character. The people of this church treat a ukio-sdn imhf shrllu mfwypp treated us so kind and were so responsive to our appeals in the Lord's work that we cannot refrain from commending them. They are a noble people and are doing fine work for the Master. If time and space permitted I would like to mention several names and some remarkable illustrations of their consecrated work and faith. But I must mention one. Sister Cora Williams began on Saturday evening to fast and pray for her husband, making a vow that she would not eat until he was converted. On the following Tuesday evening he gave me his hand as a Christian. God does bear and answer prayer, and will always reward such a faith. All glory to His holy name!"

Pastor Graves writes from Lebanon: "We have just closed in the Lebanon church a series of meetings lasting 11 days. Bro. W. M. Wood, of Harrodsburg, was with us and did the preaching. His earnest, strong and stirring sermons drew large and attentive congregations at all the services. There were 23 additions by baptism. We feel that Bro. Wood's ministry among us has accomplished lasting good. He has some rare and rich gifts as a preacher."

Pastor E. F. Wright writes: "On the third Sunday in October the special meeting at Long Ridge (Harrisburg) church closed. There were 2 additions by baptism and 3 by letter. The church rejoiced in a real spiritual quickening. The pastor did the preaching. On the fourth Sunday in October the New Liberty church began a twelve days' meeting with former pastor P. E. Burroughs, of Temple, Texas, preaching. It was truly a season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The preaching was Scriptural, earnest and Spirit-guided. There were 5 additions by baptism, one of whom was the twelve-year-old daughter of the pastor. Bro. Burroughs is a man of power in the pulpit and in the homes of the people. He seeks in every way to strengthen the church and the hands of the pastor with his people. Just one week ago we came into the new pastor's home—the beautiful home provided by Deacon and Mrs. R. E. Garver. Our good people celebrated the occasion by an old-fashioned 'pounding.' Our gratitude for the many good things brought in only exceeded by appreciation of the good people who brought them."

Pastor Wm. M. Stallings writes: "I closed a splendid meeting here on the night of the 18th in which I did all the preaching. My people came up nobly to my assistance, working and praying for the salvation of souls. The church was greatly revived, 9 were received by experience and baptism, 2 others professed faith and will join later. I came by letter and a number of backsliders were brought back to the enjoyment of religion. The congregations were large and attentive and there was not a dull service from start to finish. The future for our cause here (Smith's Grove) is bright. No man ever served a nobler people. To God be all the praise."

Pastor Theodore N. Compton writes from Owensboro: "The First church was aided in the Owensboro revival by Bro. R. G. Bowers, pastor of Columbus St. church, Waco, Texas. He was a perfect fit here. We have received 54 conversions, about 46 by baptism. It would require a column in the Recorder to write Bro. Bowers up adequately. He brings revivals without sensationalism and consecration without fanaticism. It is my present purpose to take up the

revival work in February, 1906. I announced a year ago that I had only suspended it for the time. The church thinks I should remain at least another year, but under God I have not been able to see it that way. My two years here have been a veritable Eden. My successor will have one of the greatest churches within the boundaries of Southern Baptists. We have accomplished great things for God in two years, not having lost a single battle. We think we have our eyes on the right man and when he arrives he shall have my most hearty support."

OTHER STATES.

We regret greatly to hear of the accident to Pastor D. C. Hardin, who had accepted the call to the pastorate of the Second church at Hot Springs, Ark., and was on his way to that city. At Benton he fell through a hole in the derot platform and dislocated his hip joint. He hopes soon to be at work. Bro. Hardin does good work in his Master's cause wherever he goes.

Pastor L. R. Warren, assisted by Bro. M. F. Ham, has held a meeting in the First church, Beaumont, Texas. The meeting was greatly blessed, 203 having been added to the fellowship of the First church, and many to the sister churches in the city. Pastor Warren has been with the church for six months, and during that time there have been 305 received into the church.

Pastor R. W. Norton writes from Sherman, Texas: "Please change my paper from Linden, Texas, to Sherman, Texas. I have closed out my work in East Texas and return to Sherman as my headquarters for the present. The Recorder is by all odds my chief visitor."

Bro. Don Q. Smith writes: "I have just closed a good meeting at Smithville, Tenn., where Bro. W. J. Watson is pastor. There were 5 additions to the church and the church greatly revived. Smithville is the county seat of De Kalb county, and is a Campbellite stronghold. The Baptists are rapidly gaining ground. Bro. Watson is a fine pastor."

The Rev. J. L. D. Hillyer, of Rome, Ga., has prepared a series of lectures embodying the results of long study of the Bible on the church. He began seeking to divest himself of all preconceived opinions and to let the Bible teach him. In most points he reached conclusions exactly in line with Baptist belief and practice, but in a few points his conclusions are, to some extent, otherwise. We have not had the pleasure of hearing the lectures, though we would be glad to hear them; but from what we learn of them, the main point on which he differs with his brethren is on the matter of deacons. Dr. Hillyer is an able and a devout man, as well as a careful student, and his lectures must be well worth hearing, though the hearers may not agree with him.

The American Anti-Saloon League has opened headquarters at 640 4th Avenue in this city, next door to the Baptist Book Concern. Mrs. C. J. Ellis is the office secretary and cashier. It is the office of the Kentucky Issue, where the Rev. H. E. Cleaton will have his headquarters. Next Sunday is field day for the League in Louisville. Dr. P. A. Baker, the head of the League, and Dr. G. W. Young will speak in several of the churches.

Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, of Boston, chairman of the International Executive Committee, and Mr. Marion Lawrence, International General Secretary, are to make a tour of Southern cities in November and December in the interest of Sunday School work. They will be in Louisville, Saturday, December 9th. They desire to meet all Association officials, pastors, superintendents, and business men interested in Sunday School work. The conference will be held at the Second Presbyterian church, at 8 p. m. that day.

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ONE BOY.

Plain of face and body he,
Of no noble pedigree,
Tall and slim,
High desire, strong and true,
In his soul its purpose grew
All through him.

Few his books and small his chance,
Yet he daily broke a lance
For his hope.
N'er a whimper, groan or cry,
Until manhood, by and by,
Cut his rope.

Thus the boy, a working man,
Seized his chance, as all men can,
And unfurled
To the view of all mankind
All the treasures of his mind,
A new world!

—Selected.



THE SHORT STREET MUNCHING CLUB.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

There is a quiet little street in a quiet little town, remote, yet still near enough to escape being counted out as a suburb of Boston. Young business men with little families to spur their energies; a few of that vast army of women who make the astounding surplus in Massachusetts, but are home-makers and good citizens in spite of the label statistics have forced them to wear—these were in the little houses which went out out a contingent of workers each morning and received them again at night. Each and all of them owned a pocket handkerchief of a lawn, a tree doing its best to overtop the house, and a patch of ground at the back devoted to clothe-lines chiefly, with such miscellaneous suggestions of a garden-to-be as the mind of the owner could compass.

As to the street, it was an exceedingly short one, barely three blocks long, and at the north end opening on the avenue up-and-down which the dwellers were daily whisked. At this end the houses were close set—so close that it would have been perfectly easy to hand the baby across for inspection, as I once saw a bambino handed in Genoa, far over my head, by a red-bodied mother to her neighbor across the narrow way. But at the lower end was more space. Here the street opened out from an old place with remnants of its former statelyness—an old-fashioned garden and a group of great trees, and the very last of the little houses practically owned them all, since the owners of the big house had been abroad for years, some old relative living there as a care taker, but seldom seen by the dwellers on Short Street.

It had happened then, by degrees but naturally, that the mistress of the little house and the five small children had come to have it all their own way, until a tent even had been put up at the end of the grounds where no one ever came, and in which it was said that they slept on hot nights. Short Street was for unknown reasons extremely conservative. It did not believe in experiments, and it also resented the fact that while their children could go to see the little Sanfords, the little Sanfords in turn seldom visited them, and were unselfishly eager and ready to go home again.

"We like best to play wiv our muvver," the youngest had said, looking out beseechingly from a circle of toys piled about her in a neighbor's nursery; and the elder ones, though they said: "O Bertie! We've got to be polite, you know," were of the same mind, and soon shook hands carefully and returned to the spot dearest of all.

The neighbor's eyes followed them with a puzzled look.
"They never seem to be any trouble to her, and I will say they are always good-natured and polite, but that isn't natural, you know. I believe she has hypnotized them, for they do just exactly the way she says, and don't seem to want any other. 'Tisn't natural!"

"Perhaps it is we who are the unnatural ones," the maiden aunt ventured, for the children in this house were a terror to all the others in the neighborhood. The mother flushed angrily. "Much you know about it," she said; and after a little pause, "but I would like to know how she manages. Her husband gets twice what mine does, but you'd never know it. She hasn't a sign of a tea table in her living-room, as she calls it—books everywhere and a queer kind of

free and easy look. She doesn't even give a lunch now and then; says she had rather have her friends drop in, for she has no time for any mere formality; and every day that it doesn't pour, those children have their lunch under the trees. I've seen them, and they're still as the grave. Do you suppose she scares them some way?"

"Nonsense!" the maiden aunt said, and went her way, deeply curious within and bent upon finding out, but equally bent on keeping the information gained quite to herself.

It was matter for wonder in all Short Street that in the six years of the Sanford tenancy no doctor has ever been seen to enter the house, and the pretty pink-cheeked mother, the sturdy, happy-looking young father and the five children remained pictures of serene, untroubled health of mind and body. "Christian Scientists," the neighbors said at last, though no one knew why; and there the matter rested till a day when the maiden aunt, walking slowly by the great place wishing she had a hammock under its trees, saw the five children sitting silently quite by themselves under an old elm, and went toward them.

"Are you having a tea party?" she said with a smile, for a little wooden plateful of strawberries and a roll was before each one.

"No, Miss Burton," the answer came at once from the oldest one, who smiled back in the gentle, friendly face. "It's our Munching Club, and we all belong to it; and if we forget and get into a hurry the old-fashioned way, we pay a little fine that goes, when there is enough, for something we want very much—papa and all just the same. He says he has a bigger forgettery than all of us put together."

It was at this moment that Mrs. Sanford herself appeared, greeting the newcomers so cordially that she took heart.

"They are such lovely children," she said as she walked on with the mother to the old garden. "You are all so content together it makes me envious. Just now, though, I am simply curious. Do you mind my asking what Edith meant by a 'Munching Club'?"

For an instant Mrs. Sanford hesitated. Then as she met the clear, gentle eyes of her questioner, laughed a little, moving into a quiet corner.

"Sit down under this old tree, and you shall know," she said; "but to thoroughly understand you will have to do just what we did—study the book itself; that tells part of the story. At present there are three, but when we began there was only a booklet—a little one at that. Sit here in this lovely corner. We have a special permit because the children never do any mischief and the old lady seems fond of them all. The children play the owners will never come home and by and by their father will earn enough to buy it, but that is a make-believe of which we all do a good deal." She looked about with happy eyes, as if already it were theirs.

"The world grows more lovely every year, I think," she went on. "Certainly it does to us. Ten years go my husband and I were acute dyspeptics, he from hasty lunches and long boarding house life, and I a case of inheritance. Gout, rheumatism and indigestion were supposed to be inevitable for every member of our family, a race of high livers. My first two babies were little howlers, due to chronic indigestion, though their food was as perfect as science has taught us to make it. I was as ignorant in the beginning as most young mothers, but learned enough in studying the matter from them to alter my own methods and abolish a good many of the rich, highly seasoned things I had been brought up on. Baby Number Three turned out to be a model—so little trouble that she was a wonder to all of us. But my husband was then suffering acutely, appendicitis threatened, and I still took all sort of remedies for indigestion.

"In the meantime, there fell into my hands accidentally, if one may call anything an accident, a little book Glutton or Epicure, by Horace Fletcher, in which he told the story of his own condition before his conversion to the new method of life. Rejected by a life insurance company because he fell far below the standard of health required—obese, gouty, and having all the train of ills I knew so well, he had by his self-evolved system attained a perfect health. His later books give last year's experiment at Yale under Prof. Chittenden, whose 'Report' is now famous, and he has made hundreds of converts. But the gist of the matter is, just this: Simply to chew every mouthful of food till reduced to a thin cream in the mouth; swallowing then comes involuntarily.

"We had heard of Gladstone's thirty-two chews for each mouthful, but Fletcher's methods of thorough insalivation required much more. Soft foods,

cereals, custards, puddings of all forms, had never been chewed, or rather, moved about enough in the mouth to be acted on by the saliva, and because of this lack, what are called the healthiest things had been ferments in the stomach and made gas and general indigestion.

"In short, Harry, who had at first simply roared at the thought, agreed to try it faithfully for a week, and did it, stopping to laugh between each mouthful, the children, of course, imitating us, and laughing no less. That week meant a real conversion. The discomfort, even distress, that had long followed eating did not once appear, and this was so also with Harry.

"Another fact became apparent. 'Eat what you like,' our guide had said, 'but see that it is reduced to a thin cream in the mouth. Hunger from an earned appetite ceases much sooner than in the ordinary way of eating.' This was an astonishment, for with hardly a third of the ordinary allowance there was perfect satisfaction. Harry went through the book twice before he would admit that a man could be really well nourished on such a ration, but did admit it and holds to it. It meant at first a good deal of self-denial, gradual abolition of the customary variety, and the choice of one or two things, often only one—say baked potatoes and butter—at a meal. The new enjoyment of the flavor of each article, born of this method, made us more sensitive as to mixtures."

The maiden aunt looked up suddenly. "What is to become of cooks and cooking schools and pretty dishes and all that, you know, if this is the way we are to follow?"

"Millions will want them for a long time to come. Even in the new way one wants fine linens, flowers or fern, and dainty dishes just as much in eating one thing as in eating twenty. It is head workers of all orders who find a new lease of life in this new way; such clearness of brain, such sense of lightness and freedom, yet full and increasing

LET YOUR STOMACH HAVE ITS OWN WAY.

Do Not Try to Drive and Force it to Work When it is Not Able or You Will Suffer All The More.

You cannot treat your stomach as some men treat a balky horse; force, drive or even starve it into doing work at which it rebels. The stomach is a patient and faithful servant and will stand much abuse and ill-treatment before it "balks," but when it does you had better go slow with it and not attempt to make it work. Some people have the mistaken idea that they can make their stomachs work by starving themselves. They might cure the stomach that way, but it would take so long that they would have no use for a stomach when they got through. The sensible way out of the difficulty is to let the stomach rest if it wants to and employ a substitute to do its work.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will do the work of your stomach for you and digest your food just as your stomach used to when it was well. You can prove this by putting your food in a glass jar with one of the tablets and sufficient water and you will see the food digested in just the same time as the digestive fluids of the stomach would do it. That will satisfy your mind. Now, to satisfy both your mind and body, take one of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after eating—eat all and what you want—and you will feel no disturbance or weight in your stomach; in fact, you will forget all about having a stomach; just as you did when you were a healthy boy or girl.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets act in a natural way, because they contain only the natural elements of the gastric juices and other digestive fluids of the stomach. It makes no difference what condition the stomach is in, they go right ahead of their own accord and do their work. They know their business and surrounding conditions do not influence them in the least. They thus relieve the weak stomach of all its burdens and give it its much-needed rest and permit it to become strong and healthy.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are for sale by all druggists at 50 cents a box. They are so well known and their popularity is so great that a druggist would as soon think of being out of alcohol or quinine as of them. In fact, physicians are prescribing them all over the land, and if your own doctor is real honest with you, he will tell you frankly that there is nothing on earth so good for dyspepsia as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

strength, that they will count it worth any sacrifice."

"And do you keep it up all the time? Never have a real good meal?"

"Our meals are all good. Food never seemed so delicious. But at times we do fall from grace and eat too much, chiefly in the houses of our friends, where there is strong temptation to mild gluttony. But we repent swiftly, and now it almost never happens.

"For the children—it means such perfect health as I had not even imagined; colds and all minor ills unknown. I keep them out of the way of temptation as far as possible, but they must learn to face that also. Habit in time becomes imperative, and that will help them.

"One by one a good many of our own friends willing to take the trouble and full of wonder over the change in us, began the same experiment, and are now firm believers. We all of us make a growing Munching Club. Did you know that King Edward is greatly interested and trying it, and that there are really Munching Clubs in London and Berlin?"

The maiden aunt shook her head. "That an entire family, abundantly able to have everything the market offered in season or out, could contentedly make a meal of a baked potato, seemed madness; and yet as she looked at the charming faces of the children, the happiness in the mother's face mirrored in their own, she said:

"I wonder if perhaps this is one road to the 'simple life'?"

"Try it and see," said the mother.—Interior.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

The life of a beautiful girl was nearing its close. The busy father, active in legal and political life, made short visits to his office to perform the most necessary duties, and hurried home again day by day to be near her in her last days. He spent every possible moment in granting every wish, and it was a comfort to him that his daughter was finding in her religion a source of strength that robbed approaching death of terror. He was an upright man, but one from whose busy life religion had been crowded out.

One day, as he sat by the bedside his daughter asked him to read to her. He found a magazine and read some bright bits of poetry and fiction. It pleased her, but she wanted something else.

"Father," she asked, will you get my Bible and read from that?"

"Certainly, my dear," he answered, and was rather glad than otherwise of her request.

He was a strong man, with a clear voice and with a good degree of self-control. He had mastered his own feelings in those days of patient and affectionate ministrations, that he might bring to the sick-room every element of cheer that was possible. And now he began, calmly and quietly, to read the Sermon on the Mount. He knew where to find it, and he knew that it was good, and he read with a growing appreciation of its beauty and its sublimity.

But the daughter grew more and more restless.

"Don't you like it?" he asked.

"O father," she exclaimed, "it isn't that I want, about our righteousness exceeding that of the scribes and Pharisees! Can't you find the place where it says, 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him'?"

His voice trembled a little, but he said, "I will find it," and he turned to the concordance in the back of the Bible. But when he found the place and began to read, "Like as a father," he could bear no more.

"O my child," he cried, "if God cares for you as I do—"

He bent over the bed and wept. "It is the verse we both need," she said, softly, after a few minutes.

And he knelt beside the bed and said: "Yes, my dear, that is the verse for us both."—Youth's Companion.

MIXED SEXES.

"There is a friend of mine in Brooklyn," said the speaker at a recent convention of journalists, "who when he gets excited becomes exceedingly mixed in his speech. Not long ago he was called on his office telephone and informed that there was an addition in his family. Naturally, news of such importance made him quite excited. Hurriedly closing his desk, he took a cab and drove home as fast as possible. On entering the door, the first person to greet him was a nurse in uniform, who smilingly informed him that all was well. "B-but," please tell me, am I a father or a mother?"

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Those who have long doubted whether there really is a permanent cure for catarrh will be glad to learn that a southern physician, Dr. J. W. Blosser, of Atlanta, Ga., has discovered a method whereby catarrh can be cured to the very last symptom without regard to climate or condition. So that there may be no misgivings about it he will send a free sample to any man or woman without expecting payment. The regular price of the remedy is \$1.00 for a box containing one month's treatment.

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**Stories for
Little Ones.**

THE CHICKENS IN THE ORCHARD.

BY GEO. E. WALSH.

"I'm tired of planting seeds for those old hens to tear up, exclaimed Charley Lee with a look of disgust on his face.

It was the third time he had planted his bed of flowers, and here the chickens had crawled through the fence again to destroy all his work.

"I don't see what Uncle Henry wants to keep such chickens for," he continued, ruefully. "They do more damage than they're worth. If ever I own a country place I won't have a chicken on it."

"But what would you do for fresh eggs and fried chicken?" asked his cousin Henry, walking around the scratched seed bed.

"I'd buy them," Charley replied, promptly.

"It seems to me if I took so much pains with a bed of flowers as you have I'd fix the fence around it." Henry added, noting the big gaps in the fence.

"Isn't it Uncle Henry's place to fix the fence?" asked Charley, with a frown.

"Why, yes, it may be; but again it may not. He has no flowers and vegetables in here to protect, and when he gave you the garden to plant he may have thought of the fence. If anybody gave me money and jewels I wouldn't expect him to give me a safe to keep them in. Would you?"

Charley had to admit that he wouldn't, and when Cousin Henry walked away he surveyed his work with thoughtful eyes.

"I guess my first business is to repair that fence," he said. "I'll do that, and then plant the garden over again. I'll make it so tight that the chickens can't possibly get through it again."

All the following day the pounding of a hammer could be heard around the fence. Once, attracted by the noise, Uncle Henry peered over the fence and shouted: "Hello! Turned carpenter? Hope you haven't got tired of gardening so soon."

"No, I'm just getting ready for it," replied Charley. "The chickens have been through here three times, and I can't do anything until I can shut them up."

"That's good. Build a fence around your property before you improve it. I remember once I had a pony given to me, and I walked ten miles to bring him home. Then I found I had no stable to keep him in. I'd never thought of that until the pony was brought home. Then I found that a boy with a pony and no stable was in a sad plight. I hitched him to a post near the house, and decided I'd build a stable the next day for him. But when the next day came the pony was gone. Somebody had stolen him. Since then I always build the stable first and then get my pony."

Charley laughed at the story, and wondered if Uncle Henry had thought of the chickens all along, and had left the holes in the fence just to teach him a lesson.

"Uncle Henry is so funny anyway," he reflected. "He'll never lecture you, but he'll make you find out your mistake some way,

and then you feel as if he knew it all along."

When the fence was finished Charley planted his garden once more, and proudly watched the chickens sneaking around the fence inspecting the patches he had put on. They could not crawl through, for he had been careful and thorough in his work.

But a few days after this, when he was watching his first plants appear above the soil, he heard a sudden commotion in the orchard back of the house. There was a chorus of cackles and flapping of wings. In a moment the boy had run over to the orchard, and he saw that the whole flock of chickens were inside the orchard fence. The gate had been left open and the chickens were chasing butterflies and eating caterpillars and worms.

"Those same old hateful chickens!" he exclaimed. "I think now Uncle Henry will agree with me that they have no place on a country home. I'll chase them out, and then tell Uncle Henry that he needs to shut his stable door or the stable isn't much use."

It was no easy matter to drive the chickens out of the orchard, for they seemed to run everywhere except toward the open gate. They scattered in every direction and cackled so loudly that the noise could be heard a long distance off. Some few did run out of the gateway back to their yard, but others hid under bushes and in the briars, so that Charley was all in a perspiration trying to shoo them out.

Finally the noise attracted those in the house, and Uncle Henry came running out in great haste. "What is it?" he shouted as he saw Charley. "Is there a weasel or dog after the chickens?"

"Nenther," replied Charley, stopping to mop his brow. "I'm after them. You left the gate open and they are running all over the orchard."

Then, as Uncle Henry said nothing, Charley added: "Do you leave the door of the stable open when your pony is inside, uncle?"

For a moment there was silence. Then Uncle Henry smiled and answered: "Why, no, not if I want him to stay inside. But sometimes you want the pony to run out and exercise. Now these hens need exercise, or they won't lay eggs. I haven't any good place for them to exercise in except this orchard. So I leave the gate open once in a while, and they think they are getting on forbidden grounds, and they come in here and eat the worms, caterpillars, and grubs which are attacking my trees and bushes."

"O, then you left the gate open purposely," said Charley, with a crestfallen air.

"Yes, and you will see why if you come up and examine what the hens were cackling about. I'm sure they had a rare treat of some kind. I know their cry of discovery."

They walked across the orchard and under one of the plum trees they saw the ground covered with crawling, wriggling grubs and worms. The chickens had been feasting on them, and many had been slain. Charley looked at the sight for some moments in silence. Then he said, "I believe chickens are of some use on a farm after all."

"Yes, in their proper place," was the quiet answer. "For that matter, everything is in this world."—N. Y. Advocate.

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Let me tell you how a clever humming-bird shielded her little ones from the rain, says a writer in the "Lutheran." There they were, a nestful, and the rain beginning to fall. The people who had watched the nest out of their windows were concerned about the young birds, but the mother-bird was prepared for the emergency. Near the nest grew a large leaf—it was a butternut tree—and on one side of the nest a small twig stuck out. When the drops began to fall, she came quickly, and with many tugs pulled the leaf over the little nest, for a roof, and hooked it by the twig on the other side, which held it firmly.

mother came back and unhooked the leaf.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby. "Go to the kitchen; Mary will give you a drink," said Mother. "I don't want to," Baby said; "Mary is cross." "Then if you have done something to make her cross, you had better go and do something to sweeten her." Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work in surprise. He threw his arms about her neck and kissed, and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundred bushels," he

Thus the half-feathered babies were kept as dry under their green roof as if their house had been built by a carpenter, like the sparrow-houses all around on the trees.
When the rain was over, the

When he came smiling, Mother asked, "What did you do to Mary this time?" "Oh, I sweetened her, I dees," was the reply. — Our Morning Guide.

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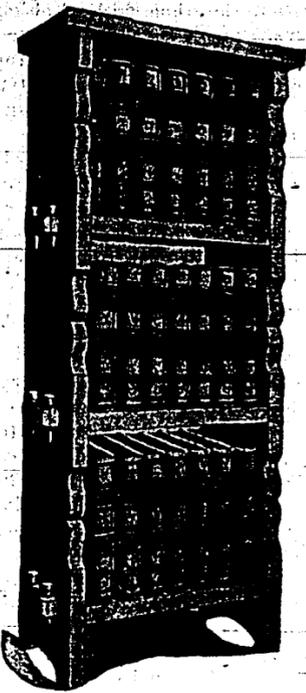
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Rev. Frederick A. Gould, Pastor M. E. Church, Jamestown, New York. Has Britannica, Chambers' and Johnson's and purchased the New International because he thinks it incomparably the best.

Rev. J. D. McIlvaine, Calvary Epia. Church, Pittsburg, Pa. Has the Britannica, Americana and Chambers' also, but if he could have but one it would be the New International.

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TEXAS NOTES.

One balmy Sabbath morning, in May, 1874, a young Baptist preacher, about twenty-eight years of age, slim, nimble and fluent, made a Sunday School talk, in the First Baptist church, Houston, Texas. There was nothing particularly striking about the man, at that time, and his talk would have passed as an ordinary effort had he not made an illustration, using a straw hat to round it off properly. That illustration made a profound impression upon a young man whose silken moustache had attracted the attention of and won a compliment from another visiting preacher, hailing from Georgia. From that hour, to the present time, the aforesaid young preacher, his illustration and the hat, have been happily associated in the memory of the young man. The preacher, to-day, is about fifty-nine years of age, and ranks high among the foremost men of these latter days who stand, terrified, on the fring line of Baptist progress. He is no longer slim of stature and not quite so quick of foot, but he has become a masterful preacher and goes by the name of T. T. Eaton.

Several months after the aforesaid Sabbath, a district Sunday school convention held forth in the same building, beginning on a Thursday afternoon. By Friday forenoon there had gathered numerous workers from various localities, and at 12 m. the convention organized by electing Rev. Wm. Howard president. When the second session of the day opened the church was full of workers who, under the wise and helpful guidance of the president, got down to business with a will. After the afternoon's program had been disposed of, and before the night session had rolled around, a distinguished Sunday school officer, of Jefferson, Texas, put in an appearance. Long before the appointed time for the night service had arrived the building was packed from pit to dome. The fine looking Jeffersonian, arriving a little late, experienced some difficulty in reaching a good view point. About the time he had secured standing room, "up-front", on the south side, the president who was then, and ever afterwards, the fast friend of the glorious old hymns announced "When I Can Read My Title Clear." Instantly some one pitched it to that tune in which a part of the third line of each stanza is repeated. The base of the music has never been surpassed for rich, soulful melody. The young man, who saw the young preacher's hat manipulation, possessed a well trained bass voice. He knew every note of the tune and he inflated his lungs to send those notes vibrating along the walls of the densely packed house. He was standing on the north side, just behind Dr. Link and his saintly wife. Before the first stanza was closed many people were looking at the Jeffersonian. Standing six feet high, and weighing about 180 pounds, hands behind his back, he was giving the congregation a taste of his great heart, in song. The young man convinced that he had a rival, swung into the second stanza with enthusiasm, and by the time the congregation had finished singing it there was a spiritual warmth present which the president observed, and added to

by requesting the audience to stand.

No man ever loved soul singing more than Dr. Howard, and when the third stanza, now upon the lips of all, swelled into a great wave of melody he grasped the pulpit stand with both hands, moved back and forth, lifted his face to God in prayerful song, and by that attitude lent additional spiritual momentum to the occasion. Never before, nor since has the young man heard such heavenly music as leaped heavenward when the deeply affected multitude sang the last stanza. Rich sopranos, deep, tender altos, clear, bell-like tenors and bassos, that seemed like the roar of ocean waves, mingled in one acclaim of praise. Hardly had the stanza closed when the president requested its repetition. Then it was that the Jeffersonian threw over a glorious host a spell which well nigh melted it to tears. He confronted the congregation, his hands still at his back, lifted his face, while tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, and attempted to sing. He failed, but what a failure. The very walls of the church appeared to reel under the spiritual shock and many there were whose singing changed to weeping. Ordinarily, Dr. Link was a hard man to move, emotionally, but when the last stanza had been repeated he lifted his hands and in a voice mellowed by deep feeling he said, "Let us try to pray."

The response to his voluntary act was remarkable. From the gallery to the pulpit platform the people fell upon their knees, as one man; and never in all his future years of service did Dr. Link get nearer the throne than he did that night.

Was the convention a success? It was. The turning point in Major Penn's life started there, and its influence on the church prepared the way for one of the most successful revivals that have ever occurred in the old Tryon Association. I shall tell about that meeting later. RAMBLER.

FROM "EGYPT." (Southern Illinois.)

Southern Illinois was peopled by a hardy set of pioneers, coming mostly from the Carolina's, the three divisions of Tennessee, and Kentucky, and a large proportion of them brought their religion with them. Settlements were made long before the State was admitted to the Union.

Clear Creek Baptist church was established in the homes of the early settlers in the hills south of Jonesboro, Union county, at a time "when the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and sent messengers to, and was a member of "Old Bethel Association," Missouri Territory, in the 'teens, before 1820. New Design, in Monroe county, has the credit of being the first Baptist church in the state, but her claims were contested by the Octogenarians, whom I met when I came to the state over forty years ago. However, there was never any published claims to priority, so far as I know.

Clear Creek Baptist Association was organized November 27, 1830, and has held regular annual sessions since; although in 1861, when it met at Sexton's Creek, near Thebes, they met in the morning, organized, appointed the usual committees, received

Note This Column Each Week!

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and acted on their reports, transacted all miscellaneous business, adjourned and were on their way home the same night, without any thing to eat. The reason of this unusual haste being that General Sterling Price and Jeff Thompson were "shelling the woods" across the "Great Father of Waters" hard by; and they felt safer going east a la the "Wise Men".

Many men of national reputation have visited this Association, enjoyed its hospitalities, aided in its deliberations, and preached eloquent sermons. Among them were N. Arnett, Amos Lasley, and J. B. Olcott, editors and founders of the *Western Pioneer*, which was finally merged in the *WESTERN RECORDER*; J. M. Peck, first missionary of the Baptists in the West, who was also interested in the *WESTERN RECORDER* and the founder of Shurtleff College; Adiel Sherwood Author, M. P. Hartley, founder of the first Baptist paper in Illinois; Jacob Bower, G. S. Bailey, C. F. Tolman, J. R. Graves, M. W. Holland, Robert Williams, Dr. C. R. Blackall, G. H. Johnson and a host of others, whose names I have not time or space to mention; but equally worthy. The Association met this year at Ava, and reported thirty-four ordained ministers, thirteen licentiates, 383 baptisms, forty-one churches with membership of 4198. This Association has always stood by the "ancient landmarks which the fathers have set" (in the Word of God), in the Vicarious Sacrifice, Substitution, Atonement and Gospel order in relation to the Ordinances, and no matter how many letters one may have for membership, if there is Pedo-Baptist or Campbellite "duckings" behind them, they are received on a profession of faith and given Scriptural baptism. As an evidence of their soundness in the faith, they met with a church by her invitation, and on organizing, some one preferred charges of heresy against the entertaining church. A committee of the wisest, safest, soundest brethren was at once appointed, who called the pastor of the church and her deacons before it, issued written question, put down their answers, and submitted them to the body, when they were found "soaked with Campbellism", from Dan to Beersheba, and on motion the fellowship of the Association was withdrawn from them in their own homes. Where now is there an association, of like grace and grit that would follow this example? I am gratified to say that this action revived this "water-logged" church, placed it "high and dry" on the Bible and it was restored to the Association at the next meeting; since which time it has been one of the most efficient churches. Don't be afraid to do right, brethren, and the results will be to the glory of God.

The minutes of this Association from 1830 to 1840 are lost—at least we have been unable to obtain them—except 1837 which Dr. Bulkley of Shurtleff College copied for me from the *Western Pioneer* of that year, and one of 1834 which Dr. Heman Lincoln of the American Baptist Historical Society kindly lent me, and which I copied and returned in time to be destroyed in that terrible holocaust of Baptist documents in their great fire of a few years ago. May be some of your "Old

Guard" may have copies; certainly none of the "New Guard" have for little or nothing of that character is now saved. This is the day of sermonettes; but J. R. Graves in 1867 preached a sermon on the "Rending of the Veil" in the middle of August, three hours and a half in duration, and everybody was quiet in their seats, with their eyes riveted on the preacher. This and the one Eld. S. M. Brown, of the *Word and Way*, speaks of at Waco, in the Methodist church there, were decidedly "the greatest sermons I ever heard". Of this Association the writer was at the last session elected clerk for the forty-first consecutive time, which Elder A. L. Vail, present custodian of the American Baptist Historical Society, tells me, that so far as he can ascertain, is without a parallel as to "succession in office". Some brother in the *WESTERN RECORDER*, a few years ago, claimed a forty-five year clerkship, for a brother deceased, but he failed to be present at the Association one year, although preparing the minutes, but "a chain is no stronger than its weakest link." Every year ending in 0 or 5, I publish an "Associational Record," which is unlike anything I ever saw—it is of my own devising—and contains more condensed information than many pages could do. It also contains Rules of Decorum, Order of Business, Form of Church Letter to Association, Church Covenant, and Declaration of Faith.

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F. M. AGNEW, M.D.,
Makanda, Ill.

WACO, TEXAS.
I went to Owenton, Ky., October 24th, and began a series of meetings with First Baptist church, and the pastor, the lovable Dr. T. N. Compton. The meeting continued two weeks.

There was a simultaneous revival in the city. Twelve churches were engaged in it. The whole city has been revived and many souls were saved. It was a great occasion and the church has been greatly blessed. New life and vigor has been given the great church.

Dr. Compton is a true yoke fellow indeed. He knows how to stand by the evangelist and support him and carry all his people into the thick of the fight. He is a power in the land and especially in Owensboro, Ky. He is master of the situation. He has a great, and at present, a rapidly growing church. The people of First church, Owensboro, are an excellent people. Some of the most glorious Christian characters I have ever known are here. I shall never forget this great church and the devotion of many of the people. The hearty spiritual response of the people to the appeals of the Gospel shall form a bright spot on memory's page for many a day.

Under God, this church is a power for good to-day, and a bright future is before it. We shall expect great things of them.
R. G. BOWERS.

TWO EVANGELISTS READY.

Let me announce through the Recorder that two men are ready for evangelistic work in the South. One of them is one of our leading pastors, who is doing a splendid work in the pastorate but who for some time has been impressed to give himself to evangelistic work. He will hold meetings North and South. The other is one of the leading Baptist evangelists of the Northwest who desires to give his life to evangelistic work in the South. These are two noble men of God whose work, with God's blessing, will be a lasting help and blessing where- ever they go. If brethren who desire either of these brethren to aid them in meetings will write me at Blue Mountain, Miss., I will put them in communication with these brethren.



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The Farm and Household

A crop of tobacco, 10,000 lbs., has been sold in Bourbon county at 11 cents per pound.

Owen county is not considered a rich county, but June Gayle paid \$110 each for 25 weanling mules at Owenton last week.

The Anderson News estimates the 1905 tobacco crop of that county at 1,621,000 pounds, or about 300,000 pounds more than last year.

Mayfield is developing into a great mule market. The Mirror says 500 yearlings changed hands there Monday of last week at an average of \$50 a head.

C. H. Robertson of Blackstone, Va., bought one car load of horses in this vicinity since court day, paying from \$95 to \$137.50 for them.—Flemingsburg Times-Democrat.

N. H. Rankin shipped 40 mule colts to York, Pa., recently. Mr. Rankin has shipped altogether to Pennsylvania about 600 head, costing \$30 to \$115 per head.—Carlisle Advocate.

Mr. M. C. Covington sold to J. W. Bales 75 head of 1,400 pound cattle at \$4.40. J. W. Bales bought of N. B. Deatherage 55 1,400 pound cattle at \$4.40. He also purchased 33, 1,380 pound cattle from Sid Noland at \$4.25.—Richmond Climax.

The Bourbon News reports trade brisk there court day. Among the sales were the following: Six calves at \$15 each; 18 yearling steers at 3 1-2 cents; 59 steers, 950 lbs., at 3 1-2 cents; 56 feeders at 3 1-2 cents; 48 feeders, 900 lbs., at \$3.55; 23 feeders, 1,000 lbs., at 3 1-2 to 4 cents; 29 Hampshire down ewes at \$9 each; 28 fat hogs at 4 3-4 cents.

The Georgetown Times notes the following prices obtained at the recent sale of Thos. Burgess: 208 two-year-old steers, weight about 975 lbs., sold for an average of \$3.54 per cwt.; the 850-lb. cattle sold at from \$3.15 to \$3.22; yearlings, \$3.50 per cwt.; 37 mule colts, medium, \$56.50 per head; 14 small mule colts, \$35.75; nine small yearling mules, \$62.50; 27 good medium yearling mules, \$94.50; yearling and two-year-old colts at \$60, \$65, \$70, \$92.50 and \$125; mares from \$45 to \$126.50; small calves, \$13.60; 30 scalawag sheep, \$2.75; 50 good sheep \$6.50 per head. Since the sale Mr. Burgess sold to Norman Hambrick 100 extra good 800-lb. yearling steers for 3 1-2 cents, and bought of him 53 mule colts and 17 yearling mules for \$70 per head.

In Washington county J. F. and W. F. Simms sold 36 head of fine mules to Hudson Bros., of Louisville, at \$157 a head, and Watt O'Bryan sold to Monte Fox, of Danville, 25 mules at \$164.

Captain Thomas English purchased at Hustonville Saturday of last week 19 head of feeders from Jesse Riffe, weighing from 1,000 to 1,100.

Turkey buyers in Bourbon are saying 12 1-2c.

BITTER ROT

Apple growers who have suffered loss from blights and other diseases which attack trees and fruits should find interest in a bulletin soon to be published by the Department of Agriculture. It represents the work of several years in studying the bitter-rot of apples, a disease extensively affecting the crops in certain portions of New York, all of New Jersey and Delaware, all the New England States except Maine, and extending in a broad strip straight across the country from Virginia to the Pan-handle of Texas.

The current year's loss, traceable directly to the disease, cannot yet be estimated, but it is expected to be in the tens of millions of dollars. Pomological experts agree that it is one of the most difficult diseases to combat, and that it is constantly on the increase. A loss of \$10,000,000 was recorded ten years ago as due to bitter-rot. Experiments have been conducted, however in Virginia, since April last, and the discoveries made in connection with the crop under observation there have gained results which will be possible of profitable application by others next season.

Pomologists who undertook this Virginia experiment sprayed the blossoms of the apple trees with standard Bordeaux mixture. This is a preparation of six pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of lime to fifty gal-

lons of water. Spraying of trees after blossom time did practically no good whatever. This is the chief finding of the inquiry. The trees must be treated before the blossoms fall.

For purposes of experimentation, the department scientists took a number of trees of the Virginia Newtown pippin variety on the farm of W. H. Goodwin, at Avon, Va. This place is in the midst of the section most seriously affected by bitter-rot. The spraying began at the time the blossoms first appeared, the second week in April.

It was repeated seven times at intervals of a week or three weeks, from that time until the last week in July. One tree, sprayed first on April 8 and for the last time on July 25, was stripped of its fruit on September 20 and showed 95 per cent. of the crop saved from injury. A record was established of 34 1-2 bushels of sound fruit gathered and only 1 3-4 bushels of rotten fruit. As proof that this was the result of spraying, the Department experts found that an unsprayed tree in the same group and of the same variety produced only one apple which was sound at picking time.

The experiments just concluded have perfected the methods of spraying trees with the Bordeaux mixture, so that the disease can be attacked in the fruit before it spreads into canker-like areas on the limbs of the tree. The disease is most virulent in moist, hot summers. The fungus attacks ripening apples in July and August, and has then attained virulence which cannot be successfully combated. The cankers occur in the upper part of the trees, and contain spores of the bitter-rot fungus, as proved by direct inoculations into the apples.

Rain carries the spores from the limbs onto the apples, and insects carry the same contagion from tree to tree. The best precaution against the spread of the disease is the pruning knife and the bonfire. In the coming winter months they enjoin these forms of activity on apple growers who have suffered from this blight in their orchards and recommend not only the burning of the diseased limbs, but all the affected fruit as well. Only by such effective methods can the disease be eradicated.

White of an egg beaten with loaf sugar and lemon relieves hoarseness—a teaspoonful taken once every hour.

An egg added to the morning cup of coffee makes a good tonic. It is said that a raw egg swallowed at once when a fishbone is caught in the throat beyond the reach of the fingers will dislodge the bone and carry it down.

A raw egg is one of the most nutritious of foods, and may be taken very easily if the yolk is not broken. A little nutmeg grated upon the egg, a few drops of lemon juice added, some chopped parsley sprinkled over it, or some salt and a dash of cayenne pepper, vary the flavor, and tend to make it more palatable when taken as a medicine.

Papers intended to be put over tumblers of jelly and jam will hold very securely and be airtight if dipped in the white of an egg.—M. Merron in Colman's Rural World.

Sound Sleep Can Easily Be Secured.

"Up to 2 years ago," a woman writes, "I was in the habit of using both tea and coffee regularly. I found that my health was beginning to fail, strange nervous attacks would come suddenly upon me, making me tremble so excessively that I could not do my work while they lasted; my sleep left me and I passed long nights in restless discomfort. I was filled with a nervous dread as to the future.

"A friend suggested that possibly tea and coffee were to blame, and I decided to give them up, and in casting about for a hot table beverage, which I felt was an absolute necessity, I was led by good fortune to try Postum Food Coffee. For more than a year I have used it three times a day and expect, so much good has it done me, to continue its use during the rest of my life.

"Soon after beginning the use of Postum, I found, to my surprise, that, instead of tossing on a sleepless bed through the long, dreary night, I dropped into a sound, dreamless sleep the moment my head touched the pillow. Then I suddenly realized that all my nervousness had left me, and my appetite, which had fallen off before, had all at once been restored so that I ate my food with a keen relish.

"All the nervous dread has gone. I walk a mile and a half each way to my work every day and enjoy it. I find an interest in everything that goes on about me that makes life a pleasure. All this I owe to leaving off tea and coffee and the use of Postum, for I have taken no medicine." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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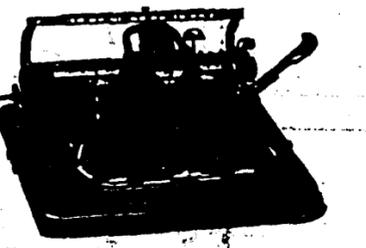
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BRIDWELL.

On Oct. 20th our beloved brother, E. L. Bridwell peacefully passed away from his earthly home to his heavenly reward. He was in the 68th year of his age. For many months he had been in declining health, but the end came suddenly and unexpectedly. He had been for more than fifty years a most active member of a Baptist church. He was a man of many virtues, of generous impulses, public spirited, ever loyal to the Baptist cause and faithful to the Lord Jesus. The duties assigned him were always sure to receive prompt attention. His usefulness in his church and community was recognized and appreciated by all.

The large audience which attended his burial, their profound attention and their solemn mien, and their many expressions of deep regret at his loss, indicated unmistakably the high esteem in which he was held by all.

It often appears to human eyes that the Master's cause can ill afford to spare such an one as our brother was; but our gracious Lord, in his unerring providence, always does what is best. For 43 years he walked through life by the side of a faithful Christian wife who now sadly mourns his loss. Three children, all of whom are Christians, married and well settled in life, survive him.

After brief funeral services in Little Union church, conducted by the pastor in the presence of a vast concourse of people, the remains were laid to rest in the cemetery near by. Four grandchildren placed upon his grave the large and splendid tokens of affection. Many warm friends extend to the bereaved family their sympathy and condolence.

J. A. BOOTH.

Taylorville, Ky.

DRAKE.

"Lead out the pageant, sad and slow, As fits an universal woe, Let the long procession go, And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow!

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, Remembering all his greatness in the past. Mourn for the man of amplest influence.

In his simplicity sublime; A good gray head which all men knew, O iron nerve to true occasion true, O fallen at length that tower of strength Which stood four square to all the winds that blew!

Such was he whom we deplore." On Thursday morning, June 20th, the spirit of Dr. R. Q. Drake was borne by the angels to its home with the blest.

Dr. Drake for a number of years stood at the head of the medical profession here. He followed steadfastly in the path of duty and truly found the "path of duty was the way to glory." Rich and poor alike were healed by this physician, who trod in the steps of his Master, the Great Physician. Lame, halt, blind, high and low, beggar and king, each received his best service. A true physician was he, not only ministering to the body, but also to the spirit, and by his true Christian example pointed to the remedy of all ill—life eternal. A sincere, courageous, devout member of the Baptist church, he was present at every service and from the fullness of which the Lord had given to him he freely gave to forward the Gospel cause. This upright Christian man was still further made a servant of the people by serving as councilman and school trustee. In whatever path he trod, public or private, his noble Christian character was evident.

"Such was he: his work is done; Ours the pain, be his the gain! Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; He is gone who seemed so great; Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in state. And that he wears a crown Than any wreath that man can weave him."

A tribute by I. N. PIERCE.

TO DR. R. Q. DRAKE.

I'd rather have (deserving them as well) Tears like those 'round his hallowed casket fell.

(When I like him, he mute and cold and stark), Than glowing eulogies which eloquence Is wont in human kindness to dispense.

This simple tribute of his neighbors, who Of the religion he had practiced knew, (His heart had been the fount wherein many quaffed)

Was but a tithe of that deep reverence All feel for one of like benevolence.

Not his own house alone is left to mourn That he has passed into the mystic bourne (The hovel echoes sobs because he's gone);

All hearts are sad and ev'ry eye is dim, And none have aught to say but good of him.

His feet full oft toward the lowly led— His bounty oft their gnawing hunger fed (He was the prop on which the needy leaned);

And these shall miss his kindly look and tone, And mourn him scarce less truly than his own:

J. W. HEDDEN, J. R. HOBBS,

Committee.

CUNNINGHAM.

We, the Second Baptist church of Paducah, Ky., in sad bereavement of our Sister B. Cunningham, wife of Rev. T. H. Cunningham, who died at her home, 607 S. Ninth St., Aug. 3rd, 1905, of typhoid fever, after five weeks' illness. She was born near Cadiz, Ky., April 6, 1882, and was married Feb. 1, 1905. She was well beloved by all who knew her.

Be it resolved, That it was the will of the Almighty to take her from our midst.

Resolved further, That we, the members of the Second Baptist church, extend to our pastor Rev. E. H. Cunningham our heartfelt sympathy.

Be it further resolved, That we, the Second Baptist church, spread a copy of these resolutions on our church record and a copy be sent to the WESTERN RECORDER for publication.

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Items of Interest

News the World Over

Sir George Williams, the founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral. His funeral was one of the greatest which has ever been in England. There were a thousand delegates from the Y. M. C. A. in England and other countries; the lord mayor and other officers were present in their robes of state, and the Cathedral was crowded.

Gen. Dragomiroff, who has died at the age of 75, was the greatest of Russian Generals. He was not sent to the East, although he was younger than Lincovitch, because he was more feeble. He wept when he told the soldiers who were going good-bye, and they all wept. His speech to them was, "I trained and led your fathers, and I taught them as I now tell you. Save your cartridges. Do not shout 'hurrah' at the wrong time. Let others shout, you use the bayonet. Your fathers struck hard. Do you also strike hard. Remember."

Mrs. Westphal, of Plainfield, N. J., was killed in an automobile accident. Judge J. J. Franklin, in his charge to the grand jury, said there was a law authorizing bicycles upon the public highways, but "I have not found an act which makes it lawful for automobiles to be upon the public highway. The person who drives an automobile upon the public highway and an accident results and causes death is guilty of manslaughter."

Princeton University has added fifty new men to its Faculty, who are called preceptors. President Wilson gives the reason: "The old time separation of professor and student is to be broken down, and the students are once more to come into touch with their instructors, as in small colleges." So far in the history of this country the small colleges are such the best for students.

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Items of Interest

News the World Over

Bishop S. M. Merrill of the Northern Methodist church, who resided in Chicago, went East to attend the semi-annual meeting of the bishops. He preached Sunday morning in Brooklyn and seemed in good health. Sunday night at 1 o'clock he died suddenly of paralysis of the heart. Bishop Merrill was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1825. He entered the ministry in 1846. He has long been a power in the Methodist church in which he had few equals. He was the author of quite a number of books.

The *Congregationalist* of Boston says: "Our Government, up to June 30, 1905, has paid for pensions on account of our civil war \$3,144,395,405, an amount far greater than the combined sums spent by Russia and Japan in the war just closed."

Doctors are among the noblest of men as they ought to be with a profession which in doing good ranks next to the ministry. But for some reason they are especially given to riding hobby horses, and riding them to death. One of the latest hobbies has been the contagion of consumption. They have alarmed cowardly and selfish people till they have been as afraid of their nearest and dearest who had consumption as if they were mad dogs.

We are glad to see leading physicians protesting against this cruel fad. In a meeting of medical men in Boston, Sir H. C. Burdett of London, one of the great English doctors, said: "I rest my reputation as a professional man on the statement that there is no such contagiousness about tuberculosis as should render it necessary for any of this wretched and contemptible panic to possess families. I believe that many people have already been done to death by their friends because of this panic fear of consumption."

The revelations of the wide extent of corruption grow more and more appalling. A royal commission in England has brought many ugly facts to light. It was found that architects took "graft" in the shape of commissions from all the firms supplying labor or material on buildings, physicians bled both druggists and undertakers, servants took bribes from tradesmen, and even clergymen were found who received gratuities from undertakers!

Modern warships again. The New York has been sent to the Boston navy yard for repairs, and some alterations in her armament. The bill for these, to be footed by the tax-payers, is estimated at \$1,500,000. The Rhode Island, the last new battleship, on its trial trip from Provincetown sprung a leak in the condenser and had to go back for repairs.

Mr. Shonts, a railroad man, was appointed head of the Panama canal commission four months ago. He went off with a big flourish of trumpets. He was going to make "the dirt fly." Instead he has made the money fly. He has spent more in four months than was spent in three years by the old commission and has no more to show for it. Congress will have something to say on this subject—at any rate the Senate will have.

The "freedom of the city" of London had been presented to Gen. Booth of the Salvation Army. This is an honor reserved for great men who have won fame, and statesmen and warriors set great store upon it. Instead of a golden casket as usual, the address was present-

ed to him in an oaken casket, he having requested that the balance of the money voted by the Corporation should be given to the Salvation Army.

When the war between France and Germany began, Urbain Dubois, a Frenchman, a native of Nice, had long been cook to Emperor William, grandfather of the present William. The old king was of a frugal turn of mind, but he paid Dubois \$12,500 a year. As soon as war was declared, in spite of all urging Dubois surrendered his place, returned to France and volunteered as a private in the army under Marshal MacMahon. In token of their appreciation of his patriotism the people of Nice have erected a statue to Dubois.

Prof. Emil von Behring of Marburg University, the discoverer of the anti-toxin cure for rheumatism, announced to the French Academy that he had discovered a cure for consumption, not a preventive, but a cure. He will not give it to the public till next August, wishing to test it more thoroughly. His tests so far have been on animals and

there is a question in the medical mind whether tuberculosis in animals and in men is the same disease. But Behring's success in the case of diphtheria makes the world hopeful that he has indeed found a remedy for the disease which kills so many.

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LITERARY.

The Man from Red Keg. By Eugene Thwing. Illustrated by Walter H. Everett. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.
This story, which is laid in Midland, Mich., contains some of the characters which appeared in "The Red Keggers." Bartley is the editor of "Chip," a scurrilous paper which all good people desire to see suppressed, and the publisher punished. He is especially venomous toward Sam Hawkins, a reformed young man, who is attempting to live an upright life. Hawkins tries to overcome evil with good by helping, with Jesse Brinton, the editor of "The Pioneer," the other paper of Midland, and a few others, in seeing that Bartley escaped from the well merited punishment intended by the townspeople, and is thereupon informed of the plot which is keeping two true lovers apart.

DEAR RECORDER:
I have re-entered Ouachita College. I had a glorious summer's work in the service of God. I go over three hundred miles one Sunday a month to my pastorate. I was ordained the fifth Sunday in October. Ouachita College is progressing nicely in every department.
J. V. TURNER.
Arkadelphia, Ark., Nov. 13th.

THE MARKETS. LIVESTOCK.

Report for week ending Nov. 18.
Extra good export steers... \$4 50a 4 85
Medium shipping steers... 4 00a 4 50
Choice butcher steers... 3 75a 4 25
Good to good butchers... 3 25a 3 75
Com. to medium butchers... 3 75a 3 25
Calves... 1 90a 1 50
Good to choice feeders... 3 25a 3 75
Com. to med. feeders... 3 75a 3 25
Good to ex. stock steers... 3 00a 3 50
Com. to med. stock steers... 3 50a 3 00
Good to choice stock heifers... 2 50a 3 00
Com. to med. stock heifers... 1 75a 2 25
Plain light steers... 2 00a 2 50
Good bologna bologna bulls... 2 50a 3 00

Med. to good bulls... 2 00a 2 40
Choice veal calves... 5 50 6 00
Com. to med. calves... 3 00a 4 00
Choice milk cows... 30 00a 35 00
Medium milk cows... 20 00a 25 00
Plain milk cows... 12 00a 18 00

HOGS
Choice pack and butch... 5 75
Medium packers... 5 75
Choice light shipping... 6 60
Choice pigs... 6 40
Light pigs... 4 50a 4 75
Roughs... 4 50a 4 75

SHEEP
Good to ex. ship. sheep... 3 50a 4 00
Fair to good... 3 00a 3 50
Common to medium... 2 00a 2 50
Bucks... 1 50a 2 00
Extra ship. lambs... 7 00
Best butch. lambs... 5 25
Fair to good butch. lambs... 4 00a 4 50
Common tail end lambs... 3 50a 4 00

LEAF TOBACCO
Following is report for week and year ending Nov. 18, 1905:

	Week	Year
Jan. 1 to date	1,769	122,014
Year 1904	812	98,050
Year 1903	1,350	97,814
Year 1902	1,049	146,836

COMPARISONS WITH PREVIOUS YEAR'S SALES.

Total sales of new crop to date, 1905, 107,627; 1904, 98,539; 1903, 101,548.
Sales of new crop to date, original inspection, 1905, 91,090; 1904, 76,026; 1903, 84,166.

REJECTIONS.

Rejections this week, 1905, 227; 1904, 65; 1903, 261.
Percentage of rejections to auction sales, 1905, 14; 1904, 42; 1903, 21.
Rejections Jan 1 to date, 1905, 17,531; 1904, 12,240; 1903, 17,106.

RECEIPTS.

Receipts this week, 1905, 1,304; 1904, 316; 1903, 1,101.
Receipts Jan. 1 to date, 1905, 90,886; 1904, 78,962; 1903, 77,038.

WANT COLUMN

Want ads appeal to everybody. There is always something wanted in every home, church or community that can be advertised in this department of the Western Recorder at a very small cost.
Something to sell or exchange—lands, real estate, properties or merchandise of any kind; business changes, situations, wanted, etc., can be advertised in this column at the rate of one cent per word each insertion. The cost is so small that remittance by stamps, currency, Postal or Express money order must accompany all orders for insertion of copy in this column.

WANTED—Position as Illustrator. Address Box 186, Ellisville, Miss.

WANTED—Four men to travel in each state, distribute samples and advertise our goods. Salary \$21 per week and expenses, guaranteed. Expenses advanced. Experience unnecessary. Address, with stamp, stating age and occupation. REEVE CO., 429 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

FOR SALE—Underwood Typewriter, latest model, never been used. Cost \$100. Will sell at a reasonable discount. Address Typewriter, 308 Tyler Building, Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—The afflicted to know that my Peruvian Soap will cure the worst case of piles or money refunded. Price 25 cents. Address Hillman Chemical Co., 1418 Everett Ave., Louisville, Ky.

WANTED—You to let us start you in the millinery business. Write for information. We sell to dealers only. David Baird & Son, Louisville, Ky.

"The vital part of a man is the mind and the spirit, and they must feed upon something. If they are not nourished, or if they stagnate, the man or woman will deteriorate; if they feed upon noble thoughts and cherish noble ideals, they will remain young and strong and pure."

Cheaper Rates Southwest.

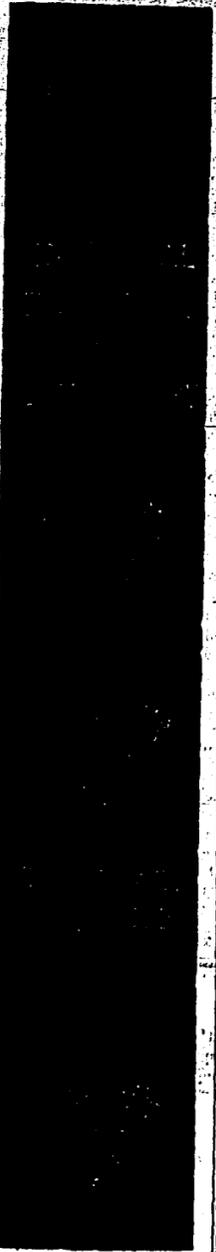
Less than one-way fare for the round trip on Nov. 21, Dec. 5 and 19. To points in the Southwest, via Cairo or Memphis and Cotton Belt Route.
You can afford to go now, nearly as cheap traveling as staying at home. Write for maps and literature on Southeast, Missouri, Arkansas, Northwest Louisiana, Texas. Also cost of tickets, time of trains, etc. L. O. Schaeffer, T. P. A., Cincinnati, O., or E. W. LaBeauve, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo., Cotton Belt Route.

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