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## Robbing the Bible of Its Supernatural Elements, a Tendency of the Higher Criticism.

BY DAVID HEAGLE, D. D.

Whatever else may be said of the higher criticism, no one can deny that one of its tendencies is to rob the Bible of nearly or quite all its supernatural contents. It would, if it could, eliminate from our Christian Scriptures everything bearing the name of the miraculous or the supernatural. Like the ancient Jews, of whom the prophet Malachi alleges that they robbed God both of tithes and offerings, so, it seems to the writer, the higher critics, also, have come very near at least to committing a robbery of divine things. Certainly, they have shown little reverence either for the divine or the supernatural as connected with God's word; and their whole effort seems to have been to get rid, just as largely as possible, of these elements.

By the destructive processes of their peculiar method they undertake to eliminate from the Scriptures not only all the miracles, whether of the Old Testament or the New, but they set aside also nearly the whole of predictive prophecy, or all of it as interpreted in any true sense; and they have little or no regard for what is called the revelation of unknown or divine truth.

Besides, they positively reject the entire doctrine of any real inspiration of the Bible. Nor is this all; this destructive higher-critic method would even lay hold of that grandest of all the characters known to history—the Lord Jesus Christ; and it would rob him of that which is greatest and most important in his being—namely, his divinity, thus reducing him to the level of merely an ordinary man, like other ordinary men about him. Nay, more, the spirit of this higher criticism would enter even into the recesses of our ordinary spiritual life, and rob us, if it could, of at least much of our faith in prayer, of the doctrine of regeneration by divine power and of many other peculiarities belonging to our religion.

This is in part the indictment which we would make against the higher critic method. To some persons it may seem to be rather severe arraignment, but it is one nevertheless that is abundantly capable of proof. For instance, as everybody knows, the higher criticism is really the offspring of the old German rationalism, and one of the fundamental principles of that old rationalism was opposition to the supernatural. It did not believe in the doctrine of miracles. To it a miracle was simply a violation of nature's law; and since the laws of nature are unchangeable and inviolable, of course all miracles must be set aside at once. Accordingly all the original founders of the higher-critic method—such men as Wellhausen, Kuenen, Graf, Hupfeld, Vatke, De Vette and Eichorn—were thorough-going rationalists; and just because they were, first of all, rationalists, it was easy for them afterwards to become higher critics. Their indoctrination into the teachings of rationalism was the seed-bed out of which naturally sprang their higher-critic notions.

Bauer, who was a pioneer in the destructive work of this newer critical method, confesses that the whole tendency of this method, as used by himself, was "to reduce the supernatural to an absolute minimum." Renan, who learned his critical method from the rationalistic Germans, says not only that "miracle is impossible,"

but also that "the exclusion of the supernatural is the first postulate of the higher criticism." Kuenen, it is understood, was an atheist during the latter part of his life; and Wellhausen, who is regarded by some as the real father of the higher criticism in its present form, and who, since the death of Kuenen, has been the Nestor of the whole movement, thinks now so little of the Bible and Biblical literature that he has entirely abandoned the study of Scripture, or of the higher criticism as applied to it, and is devoting his attention to other studies.

But it may be objected that all the views thus far presented belong only to the higher critics of the most advanced or radical type; and that the views of another class of critics—the conservatives or moderates—are quite different. This may be so, at least in part. But since even the moderate school of critics employ the same methods and accept of nearly all the same results as do their more advanced brethren, there does not seem to be so much difference, after all, between the two schools. The difference looks a good deal like that in the old illustration of tweedledum and tweedledee, or perhaps like that of the German's horses, of which he said that they were "as much alike as two drops of water, only one was white and the other black."

In vindication of our charges against any and all forms of the higher criticism, we desire yet to bring forward only two witnesses. One of them is that uncertain, wandering, increasingly heretical professor in the University of Chicago—Dr. George B. Foster. In a work recently published by him he not only takes the position that the Bible has no proper inspiration connected with it, but he even denies the divinity of Christ. Still, be it remembered, he is a teacher in our great Baptist University of Chicago, and was for years even head professor of systematic theology in that school. The WESTERN RECORDER, in a recent issue, pleasantly remarks of him, that he needs now only to go a step or two farther and deny "that there is a God and that man has a soul," in order to be at the end of his logic.

Still, even this vagarious professor, with all his departures from correct religious teaching, does not exhibit a worse form of heresy than is that shown by another theological professor, whose testimony we yet wish to adduce. This other professor's name is Dr. William Newton Clarke, and he has for some years been a teacher of theology in one of our oldest and heretofore most orthodox Baptist schools—Colgate University. His views are perhaps most fully expressed in his "Outline of Christian Theology," published by him a few years ago. And now, if anyone will take the trouble to read that book carefully through, he will have no difficulty in seeing that it is a veritable house of refuge for all kinds of higher-critic notions. The author, e. g., does not believe, at all, in any true inspiration of the Bible. So also he seems to have but little faith in the doctrine of miracles, but regards a miracle rather as exhibiting the goodness of God than as being a divine testimony to the message of a religious teacher. And with regard to the whole doctrine of predictive prophecy he is also unsound. He even discredits many of those passages in the Old Testament which are usually interpreted as referring in one way and another to Christ. In Dr. Clarke's view these passages are not at all prophetic of Christ, but relate rather to God's ancient people, the Jews, or perhaps to some other ancient people or person. Worse still, Dr. Clarke

does not even believe in the real bodily resurrection of our Saviour, for he says it is not a matter "vital to Christianity" whether Christ rose in body from the dead or not. And thus rejecting virtually Christ's resurrection, he very naturally rejects also the whole doctrine of any resurrection of the dead, but teaches a kind of Swedenborgian notion that every person at death receives a sort of spiritual body, and this is the only resurrection that Dr. Clark will admit. He also denies any literal day of judgment, and the second coming of Christ; and indeed every item of our Christian eschatology is either positively denied by him or interpreted in some spiritual sense which makes it amount to nothing.

Now, what does all this mean? Does it signify that all the religious teachers and scholars, to say nothing of the people, have gone astray after this "some new thing" which has lately appeared? We throw not. Our notion is rather that this whole movement is only one of those literary sensations which, like other fads, come and go, or "have their day and cease to be." Certain it is, whatever may be the future of the higher criticism, that the supernatural elements in the Bible which are assailed by that method, are, after all, the most important, the grandest and most indispensable contents of that book. Let us then hold fast to them,—remembering the injunction given, first of all, to the church at Philadelphia: "Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Jackson, Tenn.

## Count Your Blessings.

The late Gotfried Daniel Krummacher, pastor of a large and influential congregation of Elberfeld, in Prussia, was one of the most successful and spiritually-minded preachers of his time, sound in faith and doctrine. He was thoroughly original in his methods. He knew how to comfort those that were in distress of body and mind, but at the same time he had a peculiar way of dealing with mere pretenders, leading them to acknowledge their sin and to repentance. In making the rounds of his visits to the sick of his congregation he came across one of his parishioners who had been unwell for some time, and who complained bitterly of the heavy cross he had to bear in being confined for such a long time in his bed, and thought God was dealing harshly with him. After listening patiently for some time to his lamentations, Krummacher cut him short by saying:

"I will pray for you," and suiting the action to the word, said: "Dear Heavenly Father, thou knowest how many poor sufferers are lying upon miserable beds of straw and rags, and have no one to care for them, or furnish them medicine to mitigate their sufferings which in many instances are of the most distressing kind, while I lie on a good, comfortable bed, am carefully attended by my own kin and treated by a skillful physician, nor do I suffer any notable pain. Thou hast had patience with me, a murmuring Jonah, till now!"

"Hold on! hold on!" cried the murmurer excitedly; "I promise you, dear pastor, never to murmur or complain again." Whether he kept his promise or not is not known, but it is probable that the murmuring spirit was driven out for some time.

Are there not many murmuring Jonahs among our fellow-Christians who might profit by counting their blessings instead of their trials and difficulties, as in the case cited above?—From the German.

Dr. Gunsaulus has begun in Chicago a noonday service in the heart of the business part of the town. It was prophesied by the papers that no one would go. It was said that men in the fierce rush of Chicago did not take time to eat a sandwich, and would not give an hour to listening to a sermon. But he began and in six weeks he has a congregation of six hundred, mostly men.

Dr. Gunsaulus preaches the Gospel of salvation from sin. He never varies this theme in these noonday meetings. He lets "civic" questions, no matter how burning, entirely alone. He is wise in this; men hear enough of city problems at other times. They would not give an hour every day to listen to anything but the Gospel.

There has been a great revival in the Methodist mission at Foochow, China. There have been 120 conversions, and the end is not yet. Such blessed news is coming from many parts of the foreign field.

Walter Leslie, some years ago, was one of the star tenor singers in London. But through strong drink he had sunk very low. A short time ago he drifted into the Methodist church in Romford. He was so deeply impressed that he returned to the next meeting and asked for prayer. He was converted and is rejoicing in his freedom in Christ Jesus.

A leading Episcopal preacher who believes with all his heart the doctrines of his church, in the *Daily News* brings a strong charge against the bishops. He reminds the bishops that "they only obtained their Sees, their palaces and their salaries by pledging themselves most solemnly to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's Word."

Yet in this pledge he says the bishops are divided into two parties. "First, those who have ceased to believe in historical Christianity and yet retain their positions and their creeds. Second, those who do believe, but not enough to make any contention for the faith once delivered to the saints." These classes, alas! are not confined to the Episcopal church.

A Maronite village in Syria had heard of the Gospel. The people were anxious to secure a preacher, raised the money to pay for one, and carried it with their pledge for his future support to a missionary, saying, "It is for you and the Lord to settle it. We must have a teacher."

To feel that you are brother to humanity is greater than to have inherited a fortune.

## GRACE DID MUCH MORE ABOUND.

GEO. VARDEN, PH. D., D. D.

In two of our denominational papers I see mention of a new edition of Bunyan's *Grace Abounding*. They inform their readers that the volume is superbly illustrated, saying little more. To one who, from his youth up, has been accustomed to regard this work of Bunyan as second only to the Bible in unflagging interest and profound religious value, such passing mention is not a little surprising. In withholding a large part of the title and giving only these two first words—*Grace Abounding*—these notices fail to disclose the personal character of the contents of this minute, detailed account of the Bedford tinker's conversion. Well, the "notice" of books, be they good, bad or indifferent, has its commercial side in religious periodicals as well as in secular prints.

Here follow the original informing title and subtitle: "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, in a faithful Account of the Life and Death of John Bunyan, or, a Brief Relation of the exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to him, namely, in his taking him out of the Dunghill and converting of him to the Truth of his blessed Son, Jesus Christ. Here is also particularly shown what sight of, and what trouble he had for sin, and also what various Temptations he met with and how God carried him through them.

"Come and hear all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul.—Psalm 66:16."

Then, in the preface, Bunyan says. "Written by the author and dedicated to those whom God hath counted him worthy to beget to Faith by his ministry in the Word."

Glad we are to see that a new edition of this unique religious classic has been published. Many a Christian professor, many a one who for years has belonged to the church, will, on reading this fearful struggle of a soul out of the horrible pits and miry clay, ask himself whether he ever experienced a similar breaking up of the fallow ground of his own heart. And now that so many hundreds and thousands are professing faith in Jesus Christ and becoming members of different churches, no more suitable volume could be put into their hands. May tens of thousands be sold and read.

At the same time, we know that the personal element (though hidden) also pervades the *Pilgrim's Progress* from beginning to end. And though that highly wrought allegory of the dreamer's experience because of its graphic pictorial form must ever have for the million the greater and more enduring charm, yet while during youth and early manhood it attracted us more than any other of Bunyan's writings, now that the days are fast going by and the shadows are lengthening into life's evening perspective, nothing refreshes our spirit more than to muse on the abounding of sin and the super-abounding of grace in the person of this devoted servant of the Lord.

We purchased our copy of this religious auto-biography in Louisville February 27, 1854. At that time we had the honor of being a member of the Walnut Street church, Rev. W. W. Everts pastor, from whom we received many tokens of fatherly affection. Having just read the volume again, and this time with greater profit because with deeper insight than ever before, I will transcribe a few sentences which may prove helpful to our readers.

"It is profitable for Christians to be often calling to mind the very beginning of grace with their souls. It is a night to be much observed to the Lord for bringing them out of the land of Egypt. This is that night of the Lord to be observed of all the children of Israel in their generations. Moses writ of the journeyings of the children of Israel from Egypt to the land of Canaan, and commanded also that they remember their forty years' travel in the wilderness. . . . I have sent you here enclosed a drop of that honey which I have taken out of the carcass of a lion. I have

eaten thereof myself and am much refreshed."

"Though I was much troubled and tressed and afflicted with the sight and sense and terror of my own wickedness, yet I was afraid to let this sight and sense go quite off my mind, for I found that unless guilt of conscience was taken off the right way, that is, by the blood of Christ, a man grew rather worse for the loss of his trouble of mind than better. Wherefore, if my guilt lay hard upon me, then I should cry that the blood of Christ should take it off. . . . I would cry, Lord, let it not go off my heart, but by the right way, by the blood of Christ, and the application of thy mercy through him, to my soul."

"I remember that one day, as I was traveling into the country, and musing on the wickedness and blasphemy of my heart, and considering the enmity that was in me to God, that Scripture came into my mind, 'He hath made peace by the blood of his cross.' By which I was made to see, both again and again, that day, that God and my soul were friends by his blood; yea, I saw that the justice of God and my sinful soul could embrace and kiss each other through his blood. This was a good day for me. I hope I shall never forget it."

This *Grace Abounding* is saturated with the Blood of Christ, who, through the eternal Spirit offered himself without spot to God, and entered once for all into the Holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. What sort of a figure, think you, would the moral theory of the atonement have cut in the eyes of such a sin-laden soul as John Bunyan!

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.  
Paris, Ky.

## HIS WORK IS PERFECT.

Several years ago I saw a variety of things, some of them natural, as we say, and some artificial, placed successively in the focus of a powerful microscope. None of the surfaces which men had polished, and which seemed perfect to the natural eye, could abide the test. They looked rough and coarse in that intense light. But the tiniest insect's body or wings only revealed new beauty as the magnifying power increased. Even a grain of sand appeared like an opaque gem. In the divine workmanship nothing was slighted, nothing could have been improved. The animalcule, invisible to us, and myriads of which live and die around us every day, are as complete and symmetrical in their organization as the higher orders of animals. Though God makes so many things, and makes a large proportion of them to live a brief and, to us, invisible life, he makes each as perfect as if his entire time and skill were centered upon it. The tiny flower that blooms in the tractless forest is a marvel of beauty. It is shaped and painted with exquisite skill.

And when we go up from the earth to study the heavens, which are the work of God's hands, we see the same great fact illustrated. The revolutions of suns and systems are as exact and harmonious as the songs of the seraphim. On our best equipped and conducted railroads the cars sometimes fail to come to time. But the sun has never failed by a single second in all the centuries since its creation. Our best chronometers will vary, now and then, and have to be reset, if not repaired. But the divine chronometer has kept standard time without the slightest variation for thousands of years.

When we see and ponder these facts in the lower sphere of creation, how can we doubt that God's work is perfect also in the higher sphere in which we move who were made in his own image? Is not, then, the law of God perfect? Can man, with his most microscopic study, find a flaw in it? And must not the whole revelation of moral truth which God has given us be like the revelation of his skill in nature? Must not its excellency and beauty appear more and more as we "look into" more and more? The critic who claims to find errors in the Bible practically denies its inspiration. If

it is indeed God's book, God's work, it must be as perfect as the solar system and the starry spheres.

The most interesting to us of all the wonderful works of God is the gospel of Jesus Christ. The central fact in that gospel is the sanctified death of the Savior. Just before he bowed his head on Calvary, and gave up the ghost, he said: "It is finished." In that announcement he claimed that his work was not only done, but well done; that the new and living way was fully opened, and that all who would might thenceforth walk in it from the miry clay of earth to the pearly gate of heaven. We must believe that or deny the Savior's divinity. He is able to save to the uttermost, and has promised to save all who put their trust in him. There never has been and never can be a failure on his part. His announcement, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," is true and sure. We may be kings in glory if we will.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

## HOPE THOU IN GOD.

After an overwhelming sorrow the soul's immediate business is with God. We can only "catch at God's skirt and pray." Where the one feeling is agony, the one thought must be God. When experience plunges deep into the gloom it is far less easy than might be thought to lay hold upon God and to enter into active communion with him. More particularly in the darkness, which is the nurse of heavy thought, in the hour when the stings burn again fiercely we may feel that we are forsaken alike of God and man. Sorrow, like a beast of prey, devours at night, and every sad heart knows how eyelids, however wearied, refuse to close upon as wearied eyes, which gaze wide open into the blackness and see dreadful things there. This man felt as if God's finger was pushing up his lids and forcing him to stare into the night, buffeted as if laid on an anvil and battered with the shocks of doom. He cannot speak, he can only moan as he is doing. Prayer seems to be impossible, but to say, "I cannot pray, would that I could!" is surely a prayer which will reach its destination, though the sender knows it not.

"I would lift my voice to God and cry;  
I would lift my voice to God that He may  
give ear to me.

In the day of my straits I sought the Lord;  
My hand was stretched out in the night  
without ceasing,

My soul refused to be comforted.  
When I remember God I must sigh;  
When I muse, my spirit is covered with  
gloom.

Thou hast held open the guards of my  
eyes;

I am buffeted and cannot speak."

But this psalmist, though he found no ease in remembering God or in turning to a brighter past, was able to turn his thoughts to the great deed of God and to hold by them. He went on:

"Then I said, It is my sickness;  
But I will remember the years of the right  
hand of the Most High.

I will celebrate the deeds of Jehovah,  
For I will remember Thy wonders of old,  
And I will meditate on all Thy work,  
And will muse on Thy doings."

Gradually by recalling the past, by thinking of how God shines upon up from the sky that we have left behind, we become reassured, and are persuaded that his glory will not be absent from the clouded heaven towards which our worn faces are set. To the Christian this should be far easier since Christ has come. "If I were God," said Goethe, "the woes of the world I had created would break my heart." The reply is that the woes of the world did break God's heart. Christ our Lord passed through where the waters of sorrow ran deepest and chilliest and angriest, and in his grief and in his sympathy we have the sympathy and the grief of God. In the crisis of our trouble it should not discourage us that we are dumb, and that the thoughts which should have brought us quickest and readiest solace fail for the moment to comfort us. Let us be sure that Christ is in the dark room,

keeping the soul that is dear to him alive, driving back in the darkness its most formidable and deadly foes. Let us nourish the thoughts of Christ's priestly suffering and his priestly compassion, and in due time the poor heart will begin to unpack itself we shall be able to speak to God through Christ, and the answer will come. We shall know that we are not calling to a deaf or remote God, but that prayer is verily answered.—*New York Observer*.

## THE TRUE MINISTRY.

It is just as true in this country as it is in England that some ministers of the gospel in their disappointment at failure to attract the masses are falling under the spell of a dangerous illusion. This illusion is the conviction that the true secret of influence for a church is to "serve tables." They are beginning to think that to be influential they must throw themselves into secular movements, socialism, municipal action, philanthropy in every aspect and even political discussion. We do not believe a word of it, says the *London Spectator*. We have always defended, and always shall defend, the right of the clergy as citizens to take their part in such movements, and their obligation to do so whenever such movements, as for instance, in the case of the anti-slavery agitation, or the agitation to rescue Armenia, involve the deepest question of morals. It is ridiculous to say that because a man is a minister of Christ he is to witness the murder of Christians without a protest, as ridiculous as to say that the minister whose grace of compassion drives him into every slum of our great cities is thereby degrading or in a way impeding the work of his calling. But we deny absolutely that the influence of a church springs, or can spring, from the devotion of its ministers to such movements. What mankind seek, and have always sought, from every church of every religion is supernatural light, wisdom as to the Whence and Whither, guidance as to belief as well as to the conduct of life in a manner acceptable to the higher powers. That light and wisdom and guidance may come from example as well as teaching, may be maintained by church observances, and may be rendered easier of communication by what the church calls means of grace, is true; but it is light which men seek from a clergy, and finding it give its ministers influence, or not finding it shunt its ministers aside as persons to be treated only with conventional respect. The men who have made multitudes of disciples have not made them by teaching thrift, or "developing" the love of reading and music, or even by inculcating abstinence, but by communicating to them something more of divine truth, or of what they and their disciples considered such. The world is bad enough, but it is not so base as is just now believed, nor are men so thickheaded that they will accept the literary lecturer or the philanthropist, or the teetotaler for the prophet they are seeking. Rome has not gained the mighty influence she exercises in places over the poor—e. g., in Ireland—by little doles, or little lectures, or little efforts at enlightenment in physical science, but by persuading them that she knows, as they do not know, what will keep them safe or make them welcome in the life to come. Churches are not built up on education, however widely you interpret that word, but on the instinctive thirst of mankind to know whether its destiny is heaven or hell—again interpreting those broad words according to the light the teacher has.

Dr. Livingstone relates that in Africa forest birds are mute during the intense light and heat of the noontide. But if a shower rises, with the falling drops bursts forth the oratorio of wild song, filling the solitude with music.

How many human hearts have been voiceless of praise to God in the glare of worldly prosperity, which have overflowed with melody in the storm! The darkened sky, the tears of discipline, have been the Lord's most precious benediction, calling forth the song whose notes shall be heard before the eternal throne. A fruitless waste would earth be, and humanity, without the clouds and rain.

### The Home Vineyard.

C. G. SKILLMAN.

They made me the keeper of vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.—Canticles 1:6.

I say not a syllable about the strange book from which this passage is taken. I do not ask you to look before or after it. It can stand alone.

This is the sad lament of one entrusted with the care of others and neglecting herself. Made the keeper of the vineyards of others, and neglecting her own. These are as sorrowful words as can fall from lips of clay. They may express facts the most momentous and awful. They may be the cry of one looking back when too late. They may be the moan of the bitterest remorse or of blank despair.

Here is a case in which the experience of the many is crystallized in the felicitous phrase of one. And the experience is, too common in things great and small, not to be widely recognized. The sentence which embodies it is sure of a welcome. "A sad welcome."

You have been placed in a position of influence and usefulness, but you have failed at the "vital point."

The suggestion here is, that while other vineyards have been kept with care, the home vineyard has been sadly neglected.

Ah! so careful to pluck up the weeds, prune the vines all around, and yet so forgetful of broken hedges, unpruned vines and weeds running riot at home, and then to look back with vain regrets after the mischief is all done. We realize it when it is too late to mend matters.

Probably there are few who have reached life's meridian who have not had a sorrowful experience of this kind, who can look back without inward self reproach.

You know, perhaps, of men and women, who are so taken up with public matters, this or that cause or mission or political movement, or current croquet, that they sadly neglect their own souls, their own homes and children, in fact, every thing that is of the highest interest and greatest importance.

Our first great duty should be our own heart culture, and the second, our own home duties.

There are many people who are longing for some great sphere in which to serve God. They want to fill the world with their fame and history, with their grand achievements. All they want is an opportunity to show their Christian heroism. Now, the wise man comes to us and reminds us that instead of sighing for a resounding sphere of action, we should turn our attention to the "Home Vineyard," and that we should loyally improve "present opportunities," remembering that one who is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. He who is not faithful in a skirmish will not be faithful in an armageddon. In fact, God has placed you in the very sphere where you can be grandly useful. The great absorbing question with each of us should be "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do here and now?"

One great duty to which each of us is called is couched in the apostolic exhortation, "Learn to show piety at home." If any proville not for his own, and especially for his own household, he has denied the faith and is worse than an unbeliever. (R. V.)

I would that each of us could take in this idea so that its blessed practical influence could be seen in our after lives.

We should remember that our first duty is to self and our own households. It has happened that real Christian workers have been so over-engrossed in work, which is indeed God's work, that they have failed to take in the weight and obligation of the family and the home.

We have read of a great preacher of a past age who greatly influenced his times, who from morning until night was so engrossed with religious affairs and his deep concern for the moral and religious welfare of a large community that he grew to be almost a stranger to his own family. No drunkard took less interest in the training of son or daughter than did this impetuous reformer of other folks and their children, and the result was that his children were going to ruin, and everybody knew it but himself. The good of church and state so absorbed his mind that his own home duties were quite forgotten. He kept others' vineyards but his own he did not keep. It is to be feared that many err here in this busy hurrying age. Many working men are away from home so much of the time that they become almost strangers at home.

As society is organized at present, our mothers, with so many pressing engagements, are apt to forget and neglect the most important duties of all, i. e., "home duties."

This is one of the pressing temptations of the preacher, a special peril of the pastor, he being so much concerned about the souls of others that he neglects his own soul. To be perpetually thinking how Gospel truth can be so presented as to deeply impress others, as to quite forget that he is not preaching to outside sinners worse than himself. That he, too, needs as much as any of his hearers to have every doctrine verified, freshened, sharpened, so as to get home to his own soul continually. He must not for a moment think that he is all safe and right, forgetting that day by day he must be seeing as one who lives in a light-house tower, whose base is mined ceaselessly by the waves of the undersweeping sea. Not for his sake only, but for the sake of the flock to which he ministers, is it important that the pastor look continually to the concern of personal religion. There is a grave sense in which you cannot rightly keep the vineyards of others until you have kept your own. The heartless preacher,

living at a low rate spiritually, may visit and preach his congregation down to his own low level, then fearful will be his condemnation and most miserable the result to all.

But this becomes a matter of the greatest concern when we think of the influence going out daily from all who profess to be Christians and more especially religious teachers. Whether in the pulpit or Sunday school, the visitor of the sick and poor, every father and mother are daily sending out influences that shall live on and on forever.

Do we practice what we profess to teach? We trach the duty of repentance, have we repented? We talk of faith, have we ever trusted God? We talk of humility, are we humble?

Would that I had the power to make each of my readers feel in full force the presence of the obligation resting upon them to care for the "home vineyard."

Would that you could realize what you are doing for the weal or woe of the children and friends who daily come within the circle of your influence. More especially would I arouse parents to a sense of their responsibility and make them feel how sad will be the reflection if at last they have to say, "My own vineyard I have not kept."

Turn your thoughts today to your own home and home life and seriously think of the future of your children. Home is one of the sweetest words in our language, but it does not always have the same meaning. To one man it means one thing, and to another just the opposite. To one it means love at the hearthstone, plenty at the table, industry at the work-stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. To him it means a cheerful greeting at the door, a smile at the table, "life a quiet sea." Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want, looking out at a cheerless fire-grate, kneading hunger in an empty bread-tray, the damp air shivering with curses. No Bible read, no hymns sung, no Sabbath observance, children coarse and vulgar, obscene songs their lullaby, every face a picture of ruin, vestibule of the pit, shadows of infernal walls, furnace for forging everlasting chains.

The word "home" in one case means everything bright and inviting, and in the other case everything dark, sad and horrible. You have it in your power to make home the best earthly type of Heaven, or a shadow of hell.

Let me beg of you to make your home bright. Make it a Christian home and heaven's reflected light will come in, and the darkness will be driven away. Let it be to you a safe refuge from the storms of life. Yes, life is oftentimes a stormy sea. Our barque with shivered mast, sails torn to ribbons and bulwarks gone by the board we put in at the harbor home. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the light-house guiding him into port. Children come forth to meet their father as pilots at the narrows take the hand of ships. There is a place where we may talk of what we have done without being accused of self-adulation, there is a place where we may express affection without being thought silly, there is a place where we may forget our annoyances, exasperations and troubles. God pity the man who has no home.

Home, the only political safeguard. Safety of the state and safety of the home go together. Why cannot France settle down to a peaceful republic. Ever and anon there is the threat of a national capsize. France has not the right kind of a Christian home. The Christian hearthstone is the only safe corner-stone of our republic.

"Home a school." Here we have the virgin soil to cultivate. Hard to raise crops on worn out land. The new soil yields abundantly. Your children are now at an impressive age. You are sowing seed daily. What will the harvest be? You may send your children to school, but the best part of the education is what they learn in the home. Surround your children with everything that will elevate ennoble and refine. Let every home memory be a sweet memory. Let the pictures which old age will paint afresh on memory's canvass be beautiful pictures of a "happy home life."

Above all, take into your homes "Christian principle." Can it be that any of the homes into which this paper makes its weekly visits are prayerless homes? What! no supplication at night for protection? What! no thanksgiving in the morning for care. How my brother, my sister, will you answer God when He reckons with you concerning your children? It is an important question, and therefore I ask it. In the 10th chapter of Jeremiah God says, "He will pour out his fury on the families that call not on the name of the Lord." O, parents, when you are dead, when your weary hands are folded in the last sleep, and time rolls on and the moss is covering the inscription on your tombstone, will your children look back and see the happy home circle once more and father, mother and all the children kneeling at the family altar pouring out their souls in thanksgiving, praise, confession and petition to God?

The great lesson of the text is that inasmuch as we are called to work, we should keep the vineyards of others. But if we neglect the "home vineyard" we fail at the most vital point.

Louisville, Ky.

A habit of constantly looking on the dark side of things, of thinking that something is going to happen, that we are unfortunate, that fate is against us, that we were born under an unlucky star, and that our lives are comparative failures; a habit of thinking that perhaps we are not so smart as others who have succeeded, and that we have overrated our ability—in other words, a habit of worrying or of self-depreciation—will after a while dwarf the highest ideals.—The Evangelical.

## LITERARY.

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

*Old Testament Introduction. General and Special.* John Howard Raven, D. D. \$2., Net. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

Dr. Raven is Professor of Old Testament in the Theological Seminary at New Brunswick, N. J., and he is a thorough scholar. He maintains the orthodox view of the Old Testament, yielding nothing to the "higher critics" except to treat them with marked courtesy. It is a very satisfactory book, and is admirably suited for use as a text book. Indeed, we do not know of any book that excels it. It is up to date, clear, concise, scholarly, with attractive style and logical. We cordially commend the book to ministers and intelligent laymen who wish to be informed along these lines. The Canon, the Text, and then the individual books in order are treated under appropriate heads. The table of dates of the Old Testament is a convenient addition. The bibliography is quite full. This is a valuable contribution to the conservative side of the current controversy on the origin and authority of Scripture. The method pursued of stating the opposing arguments and answering them, one by one, in order, is very convenient and it adds to the clearness and to the force of the book.

*Devotional and Practical Commentary.* Edited by W. Robertson Nicholl, D. D. LL. D. The Epistles of Peter by the Rev. J. H. Jowett, M. A., \$1.25, Net. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York.

A very suggestive and helpful commentary, containing many striking and quotable statements. For example, p. 52: "Dim your sense of holiness and you lighten the color of sin. Now see what follows: Obscure the holiness and you relieve the blackness of sin. Relieve the blackness of sin and you impoverish the glory of redemption. The more we lighten sin, the more we uncover our Redeemer. If sin be a light thing, the Redeemer was superfluous."

Our author has fallen into the error of thinking from 1 Pet. 3:19, that no man's destiny is fixed till he has heard of Christ and had the offer of salvation made to him. He admits that it is only a "hint" and not a "revelation," and yet he proceeds to treat it as a revelation. It is not really even a "hint" in the direction claimed.

*Balthasar Hubmaier.* By Henry C. Vedder, D. D. \$1.50. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

Dr. Vedder has done a fine piece of work in putting out this volume. Much that was heretofore unknown, at least to English readers, is here brought out. The pictures, copies of old cuts, add a special charm to the volume.

Dr. Vedder traces the life and labors, trials and persecutions of the great Anabaptist leader, and shows the place he occupied in the whole movement. Dr. Vedder has a taking way of narrating events and of describing scenes which render the book attractive, and he also has the historic sense which enables him to distinguish important from unimportant matters and to see events in their relations.

The early part of the 16th century has never been adequately studied from the Baptist standpoint, and a rich field awaits the investigator. Dr. Vedder says: "That the Swiss Anabaptists began with the practice of affusion, but soon generally adopted immersion, seems therefore to be the most probable conclusion from all the facts accessible." This was as early as A. D. 1525. But Dr. Vedder does not believe that Hubmaier himself practiced immersion. Hubmaier's treatise "On the Sword" is given, and also his long hymn, "A Son in Praise of God's Word," with a metrical translation.

*Jesus, An Unfinished Portrait.* Charles Van Dornen, D. D., LL. D. \$1. Net. Funk and Wagnalls, New York.

Here is a discussion of the life of Jesus of Nazareth from the purely naturalistic standpoint. The book is an imitation (perhaps unconscious) of Renan, without Renan's learning and minus his charming style. In the author's eyes, Jesus was simply a remarkable man, a sort of genius, whose character has been obscured by being deified by the early Christians. Jesus is regarded as a fine character and a great teacher, but as timid and hesitating. "He would not," says our author, p. 178, "and from temperament could not, easily 'call a spade a spade.'" This is ludicrous in view of the record of Jesus' driving the traffickers out of the temple and of his denouncing the Pharisees and Scribes. Never did any one call a spade a spade more vigorously, and more fearlessly than did Jesus of Nazareth.

*The Development of the Sunday School, 1780—1906.* By W. N. Hartshorn, 130 Baylston St., Boston.

This is the full report of the proceedings of the International Sunday School Convention in Toronto last June, along with a mass of interesting and useful information. Here is a complete list of the Uniform Lessons from the beginning in 1872 till now. We have also notable addresses delivered on various occasions by prominent leaders. The development of the Sunday school is exhibited from 1780 till now. World wide sta-

tistics are given. There are 100 contributions to the volume and 300 illustrations. The volume has 736 pages and it is a marvel of cheapness at \$1. All preachers and Sunday school workers should have this valuable book.

*The Open Church For The Unchurched.* Rev. J. E. McCulloch. \$1, Net. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Chicago.

A ringing book on city evangelism from the practical side. A man who has devoted his life to reaching the masses, tells how it is done. Dr. Hendrix, in his introduction, says: "We can both see the plan of battle and hear the words of command." The matter is arranged under the following heads: The Social Awakening of London; The Wesleyan Forward Movement; The West London Mission, The East London Mission, The Laysian Christian Settlement, The South London Mission, Lessons From America, Bibliography, Index. It is a stimulating book for all Christian workers.

#### THE LONELINESS OF SORROW.

Man is by nature a social animal. One of the universal and fundamental characteristics is the desire to collect in groups. We can go back to the savage and see this tendency shown in the clan and the tribe. The advance in civilization is an advance in association and organization; the tribe becomes the nation, the modern State takes its rise. As we survey society to-day we are confronted with associations on every hand: political associations, shown in the great political parties; social organizations, such as clubs and societies; industrial associations, trusts and labor unions; religious organizations, churches, the Young Peoples' societies—in fact it is an age of association and it seems as if the individual would be lost sight of in the social group. But back of all association, back of the social group, back even of the family, stands the individual as the ultimate basis of society.

There are times in all our lives when the fact of our individuality and loneliness has appealed to us with great force. We can go back and lift the curtain and in memory peer into the shadowy vista of our childhood days, that were so happy, so innocently happy, so free from care and sorrow and yet saddened by the memory of many a childish quarrel. We can remember how often in those days we would become angry with our playmates at some little thing, we would take our things and start home, resolved never again to have anything to do with them. But we had scarcely gone a hundred feet before that feeling of spite and anger would give way to one of intense and utter loneliness, it seemed as if we were alone in the world against everyone, the tears would come in spite of us and we would rush to mother's knee and there pour out our hearts in sorrow. It was our first experience of the loneliness of grief.

Childhood's quarrels soon passed, and out in the battle of life we had our taste of real trouble. Days came when we no longer found a refuge at mother's knee, days when we met our troubles with tightened lips and clenched hands, met them and conquered them and lived on. But who does not know the loneliness of those hours of struggle?

There is such a thing as the loneliness of a great success or a great joy. There are those who rise to heights of great power and honor and who find the experience barren of joy because unshared by a sympathetic friend. This loneliness is possible to some. But far more common is the loneliness of a great and overwhelming grief. No matter how sympathetic a friend may be, the friend can never enter into the secret place where the sorrow is borne. Human friendship can and does help, but there is a point beyond which it cannot pass. After all, one is alone in the burden of sorrow.

Even so our Savior was alone in His great sorrow. As He began that final journey to Jerusalem as the shadows of His approaching death were gathering about His head, His soul longed for sympathy with an infinite longing and He tried to tell His disciples of His coming suffering. But did they listen and understand and sympathize. No, each time they began to dispute about who should be greatest. Not one human voice of sympathy, not one earthly friend to cheer our Saviour in His great final sorrow.

And yet he was not alone. Although His earthly friends did not understand and so could not sympathize there was one who was always with him, one who did help Him to bear his burden—and that was His Father in Heaven. His Father was always with Him to break His loneliness.

So our loneliness may be broken by Jesus. In the hour of our deepest sorrow there is one who never leaves, whose everlasting arms are underneath, whose presence brings an abiding peace. It is at such times that we realize the meaning of our Saviour's love to us. There are times when we realize the limitations of human love and friendship, but never do we find the love and comfort of God to fail. We are alone and yet not alone, for the Father is always with us.—*Baptist Commonwealth.*

There is not a Sabbath that the pastor does not see many disheartened people sitting in the pews, needing his word of good cheer. If he speaks brave, hopeful words, he will help many a weary one to a victorious week. This is part of his work, quite as really as preaching the warnings and threatenings of the law, and the Gospel of salvation and life. All of us, whenever we go, are continually meeting those whose hands hang down and whose knees are trembling; and it is our privilege and duty to lift up the one and to strengthen the other. Helping by encouragement is one of the very best of all ways of helping.—*J. E. Miller.*

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

Sunday April 1.

### THE TWO FOUNDATIONS.

Matt. 7:15-29.

Motto Text.—“Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only.”—James 1:22.

“Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing.” This warning was never more needed than today when so many, even in the churches, are attacking the inspiration of Scriptures and the vicarious atonement. Sheep's clothing means that they profess to be Christians, “But inwardly they are ravening wolves.” Snatching at the sheep to devour them. Henry says: “Hypocrites are goats in sheep's clothing, but a false prophet is a wolf in sheep's clothing; not only a sheep, but the worst enemy the sheep have.”

“Ye shall know them by their fruits.” Both their teaching and their practices. Some are detected by their false teachings. But these teachings lead to wicked practices in themselves and in those whom they lead astray. Even nature teaches men that the tree brings forth fruit after its kind. Men know this and act accordingly. It is true in the spiritual world as in the natural “every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire.” A terrible warning to false teachers.

“Not every one that sayeth unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Kingdom of heaven here has reference to the heaven after death, and not to the heaven set up by our Lord on earth. The repetition of Lord shows that the persons expressed great earnestness. But their conduct showed it was only lip service. Men profess religion, and do it honestly, who are not really regenerated like the stony ground hearers. No one shall enter heaven who has not taken the Lord as an atoning Saviour and also as Lord whose commands are to be obeyed. But God cannot be mocked by lip service.

“But he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.” As that will is expressed in the commands given us in the Scriptures. This obedience is the proof of regeneration. In these days, the second of the two great commandments is exalted at the expense of the first. Men who are kind to their fellow men and lead lives free from vice are considered Christians although their conduct and their conversation show that God occupies but a small space in their hearts and minds. To do God's will, the first and most important thing is to love him with all the heart and soul and mind and strength.

“Many will say to me in that

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day.” In the day of judgment. Our Lord kept the great day of judgment continually before the minds of his hearers. It would be a blessing if preachers and Sunday school teachers would follow his example. This verse is one of the most awe inspiring in the whole Bible. These men—and they will be many—died really believing they were God's servants. They were self-deceived and not hypocrites. They were all Arminians in their hearts, whatever churches they may have belonged to. For their words show they believed in salvation by works.

“Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name?” Prophecy in the Bible invariably means speaking by inspiration, whether of the past, present or future. Balaam spoke thus although he was not a good man. “And in thy name have cast out devils, and in thy name have done many wonderful works?” Worked miracles. There is no reason to think that Judas did not prophesy and work miracles as did the other disciples.

They did not say, “We repented towards God and trusted in the merits of thine atoning blood.” They cite the works which had made them conspicuous. They were the “hustlers” in the churches, not the quiet, faithful ones who loved God supremely.

“And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.” Never knew them as among his regenerated people. He knew them as his creatures, but not as his redeemed. Not outward activity in “church work,” no bustling and hustling, no prominence and repu-

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“I could retain nothing on my stomach but an occasional sip of cold water, or a teaspoonful of olive oil, and at last even these could not be kept down. The doctors then gave me up—said there was no hope for me.

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RICHARD WIGHTMAN, President

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tation among men can win heaven. laid the foundation on a rock.”

Only repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ. These men had been free from vice, had lived moral lives, and had not sinned against their fellows. Had they not so lived, they would not have honestly believed they were Christians.

It is a terrible truth our Lord speaks here, it is a truth which needs emphasizing in these days when hustle on the outside is allowed to usurp the place of meditation and prayer. Many Christians who consider themselves great workers would be amazed if they would only stop to consider how little time they spend in reading their Bibles devotionally in prayer closets and in communion with God while meditating upon Him. Another terrible truth is that moral men are workers of iniquity, even though they are prominent in church work, if they are not regenerated.

“Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them.” What he said in the sermon of which this is the close. But the words apply also to all his sayings and those of the Holy Spirit. Men will hear the first command to sinners to repent and seek the forgiveness of their sins, but hearing is not obedience. “I will liken him to a wise man, which built his house upon a rock.” A sure foundation. Luke puts it more graphically, “He is like a man which built a house and digged deep and

Religion is not the easy thing to get it is sometimes represented. Our Lord bids us to agonize to enter the straight gate.

“And the rain descended, and the floods came and the winds blew.” The floods are the streams from the mountains, swollen into torrents by the rains and rushing down the ravines. But the wise man who had fastened his foundations upon the solid rock had no reason to fear the storm. It had required much more labor and time to build his house thus, but he is not sorry when the tempests arise. His wisdom is vindicated. The man who has obeyed God finds that his faith holds when temptation comes and unregenerated nature would have failed.

“And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand.” The sand refers to the loose surface of the ground or perhaps to the sand accumulated in some part of a mountain ravine, which looks smooth and firm, but is liable to be swept away by the next flood.—Broadus “And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it.” The sand vealed in the Old Testament, gave way and the whole house came down in utter wreck.

And with this sad stern ending, our Lord closed the sermon on the

mount which began with the blessings. He was never unfaithful to his hearers. He never hid from them the awful consequences of sin. No one else had as much to say of hell as had the Lord. When some modern men talk gushingly and oh, so sweetly, of the “Spirit of Christ,” they forget this. “The people were astonished at his doctrine.” His teaching. Both the manner of it and the matter of it. They no doubt gave expression to their astonishment when he ceased speaking. “For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the scribes.” There is no reflection on the scribes in these words. The good men among them were careful to teach the people what was revealed in the Old Testament of God's will. Our Lord, being God, spoke with authority. In this sermon he had spoken of himself as the Judge at the last day, thus clearly asserting his divinity.

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**THE NEGRO REPLY.**

"Broadway Baptist church, in conjunction with the Baptist Ministers' Conference of the city, has invited the North American Convention to meet here in May. The invitation is hearty and is on the understanding reached with Dr. E. C. Morris, the Negro representative of the Executive Committee, that only a limited number of Negroes, some thirty-five or forty, will be sent, and those from the National Convention alone and the Jamaica Union. Provisions will be made for a hall for the night meetings and the Negro Baptists will have a mass meeting at the same time. It promises to be an auspicious occasion. It means much for North American Baptists from Canada to Mexico to meet in a great conference. We hope and believe that all will go well and that a large number of our Southern brethren will attend. We cannot afford not to take a real and vital interest in so important a movement. It is probable that arrangements can be made by which tickets to Chattanooga or Dayton can be made to include Louisville. There will be no free entertainment. Louisville is near the center of population and is convenient for Canada, Mexico and the West."

So says *The Baptist Argus*, but on one particular point *The National Baptist Union* says no. We believe in the North American Convention, and every other organization that is striving to promote the cause of Christ; we believe in union, fellowship and all of those nobler attributes of the Christian life, but we can see no reason why Negro Baptists, either leaders or followers, should attend a religious convention where an apology for their presence is a necessity. When we joined the General Baptist Convention it was understood that we would be accorded the rights and privileges that were accorded other Baptists who joined it; if now we are to be hemmed in by limitations and restrictions that do not apply to other members, ordinary common sense dictates that we withdraw from it. The leaders of the National Baptist Convention cannot consistently give assent to such a proposition as the President of the Convention makes to his white brethren. The General Secretaries of the National Baptist Convention could not feel comfortable in a representative Convention from which any one of their constituents had been barred by limitations on account of his color. Why does not *The Argus* point with the same degree of complacency to the fact that only "thirty-five or forty" Mexican delegates would attend? Why not rejoice in the further fact that only "thirty-five or forty" Canadian Baptists would be in attendance? Why should any such promise be necessary concerning the Negro Baptists only? Evidently the Negro brother is not wanted at the Louisville sessions of the North American Baptist General Convention; otherwise there would be no necessity for restricting the number of Negro delegates, and thereby offering an apology for the presence of any Negroes whomsoever. The President of the National Baptist Convention has not been authorized to give out the information or to take the pledge that only a limited number of Negro delegates would attend the Convention. No such agreement has been reached between the leaders of the National Baptist Convention, and we venture the prediction that not one

of our General Secretaries will attend this General Baptist Convention on any such conditions. We have too much pride, our self-respect is too great to permit us to attend any Convention wherein apology for our presence seems to be a necessity. Moreover, if any leading character in the National Baptist Convention should attend, as a messenger, any Baptist Convention that restricts, limits, or prohibits the entire Negro Baptist fraternity from being represented, if such representation is desired on their part, *The Union* feels that such a leader would evermore be unworthy of the confidence which he now enjoys. If, for any reason, it is necessary for one Negro Baptist to remain away from the General Baptist Convention, every Negro Baptist in the United States should remain away. In fact, if the presence of Negro messengers might disturb the peace, comfort, harmony tranquility and equilibrium of the General Baptist Convention, it is far better that all of the Negroes refuse to attend it. We have a Convention of our own, representing a constituency of more than two millions. When our annual sessions meet we have no restrictions, no limitations; every Baptist organization that meets the requirements of the Constitution can send delegates if it elects to do so. Our presence in a Convention of white Baptists under humiliating circumstances is not in any wise a necessity. With such an understanding as *The Argus* says has been reached with Dr. Morris, every Negro delegate that attends the General Baptist Convention will be punishing himself with a certain rude character of self-abasement and inflicting upon himself a certain measure of disgrace. This should not be done. If the General Baptist Convention has such peculiar environments that it cannot receive the Negro delegates on the same terms that it receives other delegates, the duty of the Negro is plain. Not one of them should attend its sessions. We don't believe they will. We have abundance of discrimination and excess of humiliation coming from sources that are not religious. These we have borne with meekness indescribable. We have much patience abiding with us, but for the sake of common sense on the one hand and genuine Christianity on the other we cannot afford to hold membership in a Baptist organization that permits discriminations to be made against us because we are black men. The General Baptist Convention may have a good time in Louisville, Ky., we trust sincerely that it will, but with the understanding between Dr. Morris and *The Baptist Argus* that only "thirty-five or forty" Negroes will be sent we cannot believe that many thoughtful, self-respecting Negro Baptists will report there for duty.—*National Baptist Union.*

**MISSIONS IN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.**

I am glad to report through your excellent paper that mission work in our Association is on the up grade and that we, in this neck of the woods, are in sympathy with those who are trying to do more in this important part of our church work. I am glad that a special effort is being made at this time, and I promise to the committee appointed to prepare the programme for the April 5th Sunday meeting my heartiest support. The mission spirit seems to be taking deeper root. It is all over our Association. It is among the pastors

and among the members. I think the reports at our next Association will show that twice as much has been given for this worthy cause this year than any previous one. The causes probably are numerous, but the main one, I think, is that this year we have had a missionary of our own. Last year we decided to pay in part at least, one man to go to one of the most destitute counties of the state, and after conference with the state secretary of missions, we selected Rev. R. L. Baker as the man and Pike county as the place, and every month we have sent him \$25., the State Board standing for the balance. Brother Baker attended our Association last year, and while here visited nearly every church, so that a good many of us have seen and heard our missionary. To say that we are well pleased with him is expressing it mildly. He makes monthly reports to us which are read by the pastors to the churches, so the people can know just what he is doing. Yesterday the Executive Board of our Association met and unanimously recommended to the churches to do the same way another year, only more of it. We hope soon to be able to employ a man without the aid of the State Board. This is our trial year, and most nobly have the pastors and churches responded. Let the good work go on! My prediction is that a great awakening of mission work is on us. Let no one falter.

W. D. MOORE.

Lawrenceburg, Ky.

Dear Recorder:

I have just closed a three weeks' meeting here which resulted in 59 conversions and 44 additions to the church. The interest was deep and we are sure the results will be permanent and good. Eld. J. D. Hooker assisted a few days and nights during the meeting. Bro. Hooker is a plain, forceful, eloquent speaker, knowing nothing among men but "Jesus crucified."

On Sunday, March 4, Eld. J. N. Crane, of Lynnville, Ind., asked for membership and was received among us. Eld. Crane for many years has been associated with the old school or hardshell Baptist. He quit the ranks and ministry of that people for the following reasons: First, because they hold the commercial view of the atonement. This view of the atonement puts a premium on sin and denies mercy to the non-elect.

Second, because he was not tolerated to call upon sinners to repent and believe and obey the Gospel. Thus he could not address exhortations or warnings to the ruined and the lost of earth.

Third, because he was not suffered to publicly call for or instruct mourners.

Fourth, because they deny all means and instrumentality or the necessity or existence of second causes in the affairs of the soul.

Fifth, because they deny the binding authority of the great commission upon the church of Christ.

These and many other causes associated to produce the change of denomination. I know every footprint of the hardshell faction, because I lived in it seventeen years and preached for and among them sixteen years and edited and published a weekly paper for them for about five years. I quit their ranks and ministry about eighteen months ago and joined the missionary Baptist people. Among them I enjoy liberty of speech and action never known or enjoyed among the hardshells. I only regret that I did not come to the missionary

Baptists in the days of my boyhood, for then would I have escaped the deepest sorrows of my history. But today I am standing upon the mountain of God's holy promises, I can cry, "Eureka, Eureka!"

During my few months among the missionary Baptists I have received into their fellowship 244 members. I have been pastor here eleven months and have received 98 into our fellowship. I do not say these things to make appearance, but to show that the good Spirit of our heavenly Father hovers over all, guides and blesses all who will trust and obey.

Seven of the best men in the hardshell camp have turned to the missionary Baptist for a home in the last year. There are many others among them who should do likewise and who, if encouraged, will do so.

May the Lord Jesus speed the glad day when the hosts of true Baptists will no more be divided asunder, but be one in heart, one in motive, one in doctrine and one in execution.

H. A. TODD.

McLeansboro, Ill.

**OAK RIDGE, MISSOURI.**

I am glad to report the cause in these parts growing. We have just closed a great meeting here, with four additions. We had fine audiences and splendid attention. We hope to reap great results from it. Our Sunday school is improving nicely. We average about 80 in attendance. We like our new house fine. It is a beautiful and comfortable structure in which one of the best churches worship in these parts.

Good meetings have been recently held at Charleston, Marley, Sikeston, Pleasant Grove and other places, in which over 200 in all have been saved.

Our state evangelists are doing great things for Baptists in Missouri. Bro. Taylor is in a meeting now at Markee Hill with Pastor T. H. Jenkins.

I anxiously await the RECORDER'S visits every week. I think it the

**HOW TO FIND OUT.**

Fill a bottle or common glass with your water and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains the linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it, or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

**WHAT TO DO.**

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sizes.

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

best paper on earth. The Lord prosper it abundantly.

Very truly in Christ,  
W. M. RUDOLPH.

There are none so good to comfort others as those who once were comfortless. If I were an orphan now, and needed a helper, I would seek one who had been an orphan in his youth, that he might sympathize with me. Were I homeless and poor, I would not go to the man who has rolled in wealth from earliest youth, but would seek out the man who, like myself, has trodden with bare foot the cold pavement of the streets at night. I would seek out the man who, penniless and poor, has begged his way from town to town, and then, by God's providence, has worked his way up; for I could believe that such a one would have a heart to sympathize with me.—*Spurgeon.*

**New Spring Dress Goods**

Remember Easter is about three weeks from to-day, and the dressmaker needs time to do her job satisfactory.

**Fashion Favors White Woolens.**

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- White All-wool Batiste, Albatross, Cashmere.....
- White All-wool Serge, Mohair, Fancy Mohair..... **50c** yd
- White All-wool Nun's Veiling, Voile, Flannel Serge....
- 44-inch White Shadowed Check Batiste.....
- Plain All-wool White Crepe de Chine, Henrietta..... **75c** yd
- Plain All-wool Nun's Veiling, Cashmere.....
- Plain All-wool White Imperial Serge, Mohair.....
- Gray Panama, Mohair, Fancy Mohair and Changeable Mohair in the season's best colorings in checks and stripes: worth \$1.25; yard..... **\$1.00**
- 52-inch All-wool Black Panama Voile; the cloth that sheds the dust; worth \$1.00 a yard; Monday's price, yard..... **85c**
- 44 inches wide | All-wool Black Panama Voile..... | worth | **\$1** yd
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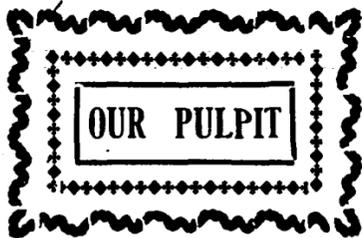
Thy Glance is keen, O Lord,  
To leap straight in  
And thrust my sin  
To death, as by the sword.

But craven fears provoke  
My shame to lift  
A guard, to shift  
Thy blest avenging stroke.

And so mere surface sting,  
Mere twinging nerve,  
Shall smugly serve  
The wretched, crawling Thing?

Nay, Lord, the way is free;  
No barrier wall  
Shall stand at all  
Between my sin and Thee.

—Sunday School Times.



RETURN! RETURN!

C. H. SPURGEON.

"Return, thou backsliding Israel. Turn, O backsliding children. Return, ye backsliding children."—Jeremiah 3: 12, 14, 22.

Every man, however great his experience may be, is in danger. I have heard that more horses fall at the bottom of the hill than anywhere else, because the drivers fancy they have no need to hold them up when they have reached the bottom of the hill; and I have noticed that some of the saddest falls I have ever witnessed among Christian men have been among elderly Christians—among those who said of the young people, "Ah, they ought to be very watchful, for they have strong passions, and they may very easily be led astray; but as for us, we have had such a long experience that we have passed out of the range of temptation."

The most dangerous place in the world is that which is supposed to be beyond the reach of temptation. The power of the devil is often most to be feared when he has left you alone for a while, for he has then probably left you to something or someone who will be more dangerous to you than he himself would be. That is to say, when a man says, "I shall never be tempted again," he has already fallen into one of the devil's most dangerous snares, for the pride of his heart has deceived him, and made him an easy prey to the great adversary. Satan delights to pluck grey beards, and to prove their owners to be fools. He has great joy in tripping up young men, in the fulness of their strength, to show that he is more than a match for the strongest of them; he is even more glad to waylay a man in middle life, and to teach him that, even when he thinks he has all his wits about him, he is not so shrewd as the old tempter is; but I think it is his chief delight to waylay those who imagine that their long experience will preserve them from the snares of Satan. Therefore I say that we are all of us—from the little child to the man who is on the very brink of heaven—from the most timid up to the bravest of us all—in danger from our great adversary. Recollect the dreadful conflict with Satan which John Knox had just as he was about to enter heaven,

and remember Martin Luther's desperate fight with the arch-fiend even in the midst of the waters of Jordan, and learn from the experience of these mighty men of God that we are all, evermore, from the first to the last, in danger; and, therefore, all of us have need to cry unto the Lord unceasingly—"Keep us, Lord, oh keep us ever, Vain our hope if left by thee; We are thine; oh leave us never, Till thy face in heaven we see; There to praise thee Through a bright eternity.

"All our strength at once would fail us,  
If deserted, Lord, by thee;  
Nothing then could aught avail us,  
Certain our defeat would be;  
Those who hate us  
Thenceforth their desire would see.

Now, supposing that I am addressing any persons who have, unhappily, fallen into this sin, what is the message that I am to give to them from my Lord? After this morning's service, I was talking with a brother in Christ who was in this sad condition. If he is here now, I would very affectionately commend to him the message which the Holy Spirit sends to him, and to all who are like him—the word which comes over and over again in the three texts upon which I am about to speak to you—"Return! Return!"

I. In trying to press that one simple message home to the backsliding heart, I shall, first of all, speak of the surprise which this message ought to awaken: "Return!"

Does God really mean that? After I have wandered so far from him, does he invite me to come back to him? Yes, beloved, he does, and he does so fully realizing all that the word "Return" involves. There is a holy jealousy, in the heart of God, which causes him to feel a righteous anger when any of his children wander away from him: yet this word "Return" proves that he has put aside that jealousy in a marvellously gracious manner.

This voice must awaken many memories in the backslider's mind.

He has long been going away from God; but even while he has been sitting in this place, he has been obliged to think of former and happier times in his history; and, now, that word "Return" causes him to recollect the time when he first came to the Lord. Ah, my brother, with what a broken heart, and with what terrors and alarms, and with what weeping eyes you looked upon Jesus on the accursed tree! And as you looked to him, you found, as you thought, and as I hope you really did, peace, and pardon, and everlasting life. Where have you been, my brother, since that memorable day? Where have you been? Wandering from that dear cross, ever going further and further away from that divine love incarnate which hung bleeding there for you. Peter, your Lord's loving, pitying eye is still fixed upon you, though you have denied him, and have falsely said, "I know not the man." Still do the glances of his eye say, "Peter, return to me. Return, my poor, foolish, sinful disciple. Thou hast sadly fallen by thine iniquity; but, although thou hast so greatly changed, I have not. My heart still yearns over thee. Return unto me, for I have redeemed thee."

That one word "Return" must also awaken in your memories recollections of the happy days you used to have when you were living near to God. Some of you have

had times of great joy and gladness in this very Tabernacle; you used to sing as sweetly and as joyfully as any, especially when we sang the song of songs—

"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain."

Ah! you loved him then, did you not? You were not a hypocrite, were you? You did mean what you sang, and you did feel it, did you not? You have had, since then, often to question yourselves to know whether you really were sincere at that time, or not; yet I hope you can truthfully say, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I did love thee then." Why, the time was, when the very mention of that dear name used to fire your blood as the sound of martial music stirs the soldier's spirit in the day of battle. You know how you would have gone over hedge and ditch to hear the Gospel in those days, and you would cheerfully have put up with the discomforts of standing in the aisle of the overcrowded building; you were not so dainty and thin-skinned then as you are now. How you relished the Gospel then! What sweetness, what marrow and fatness it was to your spirit at those communion times when you sat among the people of God, and remembered the dying love of Christ! Many and many a time you have joined with your fellow-members in singing—

"My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss."

Yet now, alas! you have to sing, or to sigh—

"What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,  
How sweet their memory still!"

Well, let the recollection of them come up in your mind, for it will do you good. While you hear your Lord saying to you, "Return, return," it will help you to return if you recall what it is to which you have to return—those halcyon days, those happy Sabbaths, when your heart seemed to have a whole peal of bells within it, and every one of them gave forth the richest melody to the praise and glory of Jesus Christ, your Lord and Saviour.

Do you not also recollect how you used to talk to others about the Saviour? Ah, my brethren, if I ever wandered from my Lord, my sermons will be a sufficient rebuke to me even if no one says a word to reprove me for my backsliding. What are you doing, you who once preached so earnestly to others? What are you doing, you who used to conduct a Bible class, where you warned the young people against going into the world, yet you have gone there yourself? You used to tell them that, if all others in the world should be ashamed of Christ, you would never be ashamed of him, yet you are. You used to pray very fervently at the prayer-meeting, you visited the sick and cheered them, and God made you useful to souls that are now in heaven; yet you have begun to doubt whether you will ever get there yourself. O soul, remember from whence thou hast fallen, and repent and do thy first works! If thou art indeed a child of God, let the recollection of thine own sermons and addresses and warnings and prayers rise up before thy spirit, to stir thy conscience, and to make thee feel ashamed of thy backsliding.

The Lord's call to you to return to him will probably also awaken other memories. It will help you to remember how it was you first went astray. You went on swim-

# ST. CUTHBERTS'

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"Ralph Connor did a good thing for his publishers when he introduced Robt. E. Knowles to them with the manuscript of St. Cuthberts under his arm. For the book, which has been out only 5 weeks, is now in the fifth edition.

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It would be difficult to praise too highly this new work. In its scope, its characters and its story, it is not too much to say that there is very little, indeed, in the ever-growing literature of this school which can excell Mr. Knowles' sketches of the life and doings in a Scots Kirk and a Scots community in Canada. The love story which so dramatically unites the Vale of Ettrick with far off New Jedburgh, in Western Canada, is a piece of fiction of high order. After reading St. Cuthbert, Mr. Andrew Carnegie ordered 500 copies.

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mingly at first, did you not? But notwithstanding all this, I want where did you begin to go astray? you to hear the Master still saying Nine times out of ten declension to you, "Return, return, return." from God begins in the neglect of Remember how far you have to private prayer. Possibly, it was go back, for you have to traverse so in your case; and it may be that again all that road along which everything seemed to go about as well with you when you did not the wrong way. pray as when you did; indeed, Look at the twelfth verse. I everything went far too smoothly think I will not explain these reasons, but just read them to you. better for you if your way had "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord; and I will not cause mine anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord, and I will not keep anger forever." Can you hear that verse without tears coming into your eyes? There is forgiveness, mercy, pardon, still in your Lord's heart; will not that blessed fact lead you to come back to him? Now read the fourteenth verse, for it contains a second reason why you should return unto the Lord. "Turn, O backsliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you." Can you believe that? If you can, you cannot continue to be a backslider. After all that you have done against him, the Lord still owns the marriage bond that exists between your poor polluted souls and his own holy and gracious self, and he says to you, "Return, O backsliding children, for I am married unto you." Who can hold back when the Lord uses such an expression as that,—"married unto you,"—you black, foul wanderer,—"I am married unto you"? In the East, a man could very easily divorce his wife: he just gave her a letter, and sent her away; but the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that he hateth putting away; that is to say, he hates divorce, and he never will have a divorce from the soul that has once been married to him. Come back to him, then. If he is so

faithful, despite your sin, let your heart yearn towards him. Return to your first Husband, for it was better with you then than now.

Now read the twenty-second verse: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings." Is not that another blessed reason why you should return unto the Lord? He promises that he will remove all the evil that sin has done to you; and that, into whatsoever sin you may have fallen through your wanderings, he will rescue you from it. I need scarcely stay to tell you what is the remedy that he will apply to you, for you all know that it is by the stripes of Jesus that we are healed. So, come again to that cross to which you came at first, and there you shall again find that his dear pierced hand shall be laid upon your wounds, taking the venom out of them, and so perfectly restoring you that your flesh shall come again unto you like the flesh of a little child; and then you will be able gratefully to sing, "He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me into the paths of righteousness for his name's sake;"—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name."

IV. I am speaking briefly upon each point, but I trust that each one of them will abide in your memories without a multitude of words to press the truth home to your hearts, and I want you in the fourth place, to notice some gracious directions which are given to assist you to return unto the Lord.

Read the thirtieth verse if you wish to learn the way by which you are to return, and give heed to every syllable of it: "Only acknowledge thine iniquity, that thou has transgressed against the Lord thy God, and hast scattered thy ways to the strangers under every green tree, and ye have not obeyed my voice, saith the Lord." That is the first thing you have to do; make a full confession of your wrongdoing. Go at once to God, and make it; do not delay another minutes. You have sinned against the Lord; go to him, and own from your very heart that you have done so.

Then turn to the twentieth and twenty-first verses: "Surely as a wife treacherously departeth from her husband, so have ye dealt treacherously with me, O house of Israel, saith the Lord. A voice was heard upon the high places, weeping and supplications of the children of Israel: for they have perverted their way, and they have forgotten the Lord their God." So let the acknowledgement of your wrongdoing be attended with deep

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contrition of heart. Be grieved that you have grieved your God; ask the Holy Spirit to melt your spirit, so that you may mourn before the Most High, and lament that you have wandered so far from him.

Once again, the way to come back to God is plainly set before you at the end of the twenty-second verse: "Return, ye backsliding children, and I will heal your backslidings. Behold, we come unto thee; for thou art the Lord our God." Take the Lord to be your God over again; go back, and begin again where you began before with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Spirit; may the Sacred Trinity graciously enable you to do so!!

V. Now, lastly, I want to encourage you to return unto the Lord by very briefly mentioning some of the mercies which God promises, in order to keep you from any future wandering.

Our blessed Master knows that many of his children wander because they are not well fed. There were many supposed converts, during the recent revival, of whom I have not heard anything, simply because there was nobody to look after them; in many cases, when the evangelist whom God has greatly blessed, had gone to other places, their converts were left to starve spiritually. Listen to the fifteenth verse of this chapter, those of you who have been thus starved, whose backsliding was, in the first instance, the result of your not hearing good gospel teaching: "I will give you pastors according to mine heart, which shall feed you with knowledge and understanding." Plead that promise with the God who gave it, and you will find that he will fulfill it in your experience.

The next thing that you need, in order to keep you from further wandering from God, is that you should seek to become more spiritual in your worship. Some poor souls, who are, we trust, truly converted, never seem to get beyond mere external, formal worship: they do not get into the heart of it. Let all such persons note what the Lord says in the sixteenth verse: "And it shall come to pass, when ye be multiplied and increased in the land, in those days, saith the Lord, they shall say no more. The ark of the covenant of the Lord: neither shall it come to mind: neither shall they remember it: neither shall they visit it: neither shall that be done any more." That is to say, mere formal worship shall come to an end: "At that time they shall call Jerusalem the throne of the Lord: and all the nations shall be gathered unto it, to the name of the Lord, to Jerusalem: neither shall they walk any more after the imagination of their evil heart." To be enabled to render true, spiritual worship unto the Lord, and to learn the inner meaning of his Word, will cause you to be established in the faith so that you will not be carried about with every wind of doctrine, and be caused to backslide.

Bear with me just a minute while I give you another sweet promise which will help to keep you from again wandering from the Lord. You shall have the spirit of adoption in your heart, as the Lord says, in the nineteenth verse: "But I said, How shall I put thee among the children, and give thee a pleasant land, a goodly heritage of the hosts of nations? and I said, Thou shalt call me, My father; and shalt not turn away from me." O beloved, get

a firm grip of that precious promise, for it assures to you that final perseverance which is the heritage of the saints. "Thou shalt call me, My father; and shalt not turn away from me." As the Lord promises that great blessing, there need be no fear of your backsliding to destruction, whatever your temptations may be in the days and years that are yet to come.

Last of all, if you wish to be kept from wandering away from the Lord, come back to the simplicity of your first dependence upon him. Read the twenty-third verse, "Truly in vain is salvation hoped for from the hills, and from the multitude of mountains: truly in the Lord our God is the salvation of Israel." So that, what you need is to get back again to the place where you first began to worship God in spirit and in truth, to know yourself to be his child, and to be clean cut off from every trust except in the Lord himself. You must see that salvation is all of grace from first to last, that it is the work of the Holy Spirit, and that it is freely given to you, an undeserving, ill-deserving, hell-deserving sinner. When you get back to that blessed position, you will learn more of the love of God which will hold you with a grip that nothing can loose, and from which you shall never escape from this time forth and for ever. Therefore, poor backslider, come hither, and breathe the prayer to thy Heavenly Father, not merely to receive thee, but also to keep thee, so that henceforth thou shalt never again go astray from him who keepeth the feet of his saints. "And now unto him that is able to keep

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"Six months ago I would have laughed at the idea that there could be anything better for a table beverage than coffee," writes an Ohio woman—"now I laugh to know there is."

"Since childhood I drank coffee as freely as any other member of the family. The result was a puny, sickly girl, and as I grew into womanhood I did not gain in health, but was afflicted with heart trouble, a weak and disordered stomach, wrecked nerves and a general breaking down, till last winter at the age of 38 I seemed to be on the verge of consumption. My friends creted me with, 'How bad you look! What a terrible color!' and this was not very comforting. The doctors and patent medicines did me absolutely no good. I was thoroughly discouraged.

"Then I gave up Coffee and commenced Postum Food Coffee. At first I didn't like it, but after a few trials and following the directions exactly, it was grand. It was refreshing and satisfying. In a couple of weeks I noticed a great change. I became stronger, my brain grew clearer, I was not troubled with forgetfulness as in coffee times, my power of endurance was more than doubled. The heart trouble and indigestion disappeared, and my nerves became steady and strong.

"I began to take an interest in things about me. Housework and home-making became a pleasure. My friends have marveled at the change and when the enquire what brought it about. I answer 'Postum Food Coffee, and nothing else in the world.'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God, our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

**SERMONS FROM THE BACKWOODS.**

Not ashamed of the gospel.—Romans 1:16.

These words came well from the mouth of the Apostle Paul. The Gospel flattened out the original Paul, and did not leave him a plank to stand on of his old morality. But though it cost him much and lost him much, he had found a crown of rejoicing worthy the cross of sacrifice, and he wanted to own the fact like a man. I suppose that justice has been done to the text by divines since. Yet when I hear some whipper-snapper of a preacher dramatically assuring his congregation that he is not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, I feel that the text is not in right hands. Who supposes that he is? In our day a man might as well be ashamed of his grandmother who petted him in infancy, coddled him in childhood, gave him a house when he married, and left him \$50,000 when she died, as to be ashamed of the Gospel. A ship wrecked crew flung on the South Sea island, and fearing a cannibalistic welcome, felt relieved as they caught sight of a church steeple not far from shore. That meant Gospel, and Gospel meant civilization. They knew then that they would not be served up next day on toast or a la mode, or in croquettes, or braise, or boiled, or baked, stuffed or stewed, to make a cannibal feast. They would not be ashamed of the Gospel then, but they would not think it necessary to blow much about their condescending indorsement of it.

The Gospel needs no man's indorsement, no preacher's patronage, no scholar's primatur. About a thousand blessings out of every thousand we possess are Gospel fruitage. In this liberty-loving land the Gospel is the warp and woof of the foundation of our constitution, duly cemented together, and woven in the web of time, tried and fused so as by fire and proved asbestos of the first water.

Not ashamed of the Gospel. It is kind of certain scholars to assure us that there is yet work for the Bible to do. It is too bad, of course, that the divine Author did not make it right at first, so that preachers and professors might never have had cause to blush for its presentation of mythological and legendary lore as positive fact. But now that the critics have had a hack at it and adorned it with a note of interrogation here and an exclamation point there, and a red lamp of warning now and again, and chewed it into bits so that we can all masticate it, why, they pronounce it a passable work after all. So it may yet point two or three moral, and I suppose adorn a few tales. It feels so good to think that we need not hang our heads when caught reading the Bible. Brethren, Peter Peculiar is not ashamed of the Gospel, but he sometimes shudders a bit in the locality where he used to think he had a backbone for fear the Gospel will some day give him the cold shoulder, say to him, I never knew you, and seek different and better company.

Pray, who am I that I should say, I'm of the gospel not ashamed, Whose word and walk and erring way

Do often get the gospel blamed? O, better far that by its laws To shape my life my care should be, And never give the gospel cause To be ashamed of sinful me. —Peter Peculiar in N. Y. Observer.

**What Sulphur Does**

**For the Human Body in Health and Disease.**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used.

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

Dr. R. M. Wilkins, while experimenting with sulphur remedies, soon found that the sulphur from Calcium was superior to any other form. He says: "For liver, kidney and blood troubles, especially when resulting from constipation or malaria, I have been surprised at the results obtained from Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients suffering from boils and pimples and even deep-seated carbuncles, I have repeatedly seen them dry up and disappear in four or five days, leaving the skin clear and smooth. Although Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a proprietary article and sold by druggists and for that reason tabooed by many physicians, yet I know of nothing so safe and reliable for constipation, liver and kidney troubles and especially in all forms of skin diseases as this remedy."

At any rate, people who are tired of pills, cathartics and so-called blood "purifiers" will find in Stuart's Calcium Wafers a far safer, more palatable and effective preparation.

## Editorial

We hear good reports from some of the places where missionary institutes have been held in the current campaign for missions in Kentucky. The best report we have comes from Bardstown. We hope great and permanent good will come from this movement. The time is short and the work is urgent. Only six weeks more and the Convention books will be closed, hence what is done for the current year's work must be done quickly. There has been an advance on the corresponding time last year, but we are far behind where we ought to be. Other states less able than we are ahead of us. Our people are intelligent and generous and hence are responsive to such appeals, and wherever the cause has been fairly presented, results immediately show themselves.

This is a symmetrical campaign, urging equally all parts of our mission work. Sometimes one phase of the work is pressed to the exclusion of the others, and this produces what Dr. Gambrell calls a "lop-sided" result. Once in a while special conditions may require that special stress be laid upon one department of our work, but care should be taken not to allow any department to suffer. Just now some leading brethren think that special emphasis should be put upon the Home Mission Board's work, and certainly the need in that direction is great and urgent. Yet when we learn that the Foreign Mission Board needs, so Dr. Willingham writes, "\$165,000 more to go to Chattanooga without debt," we feel that foreign missions should be specially pressed. And then, turning to the work of our State Board and hearing Dr. Bow say that he has in hand fifteen urgent calls for immediate work for state evangelists beyond what can be supplied, we feel that for a while state missions should have the right of way.

And so it goes. Whichever department we consider that seems to be the one in most urgent need, thus we have a triple call for enlarged service, for greater sacrifices and for more vigorous effort. Really, each one of the three strengthens the other two calls and in turn is strengthened by them. Surely now is a great opportunity to go forward, along all our mission lines. Let the next six weeks mark an epoch in Kentucky Baptist history.

Special programmes have been suggested—that is all—simply suggested—by the committee for missionary rallies; and arrangements are on foot for holding such rallies in all parts of the state. The effort is to increase the general interest in our mission work, so as to have a genuine missionary revival that will be permanent in its results. We need more givers and larger gifts, but we need enlargement in the work. We need more who will pray and labor as well as more who will give; and the aim should be not simply to increase the contributions for this year, but to deepen and widen the interest in missions which will tell for years to come.

The cause of missions is not something to which we are to toss a little of our pocket change, it is a cause to be supported and pushed forward by our full strength.

Our readers will remember that in announcing that the Committee on Location had decided that the next meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention would be in Chat-

tanooga the terms were announced. Among these it was stated that the people of Chattanooga would defray the expenses of the state secretaries in attending the Convention. The committee understood these expenses to include transportation. Some time after the decision was announced, it developed that the Chattanooga brethren did not understand that transportation was included in the case of the state secretaries. The chairman of the committee at once opened correspondence with the Chattanooga committee on the subject, and the latter definitely declared that they did not understand this transportation to be included and that they could not undertake to furnish it. Whereupon the chairman notified the members of the committee and the president of the Convention and it was decided, in the then conditions, not to disturb the arrangements, but to accept the understanding of the Chattanooga brethren. There is no question that everyone in the case has acted in perfect good faith, though it is regretted by all that there was any misunderstanding. This time, therefore, the transportation of the state secretaries will not be provided.

It is simple justice to say that before the brethren found out that the locating committee expected transportation to be furnished the state secretaries, the Chattanooga committee had planned, in several directions, to go far beyond anything the locating committee had suggested. After this, they did not feel that they could add the furnishing of this transportation. So that, whatever may be thought to be lacking on the one side, will be more than made up on the other. There is no city in the land with more public spirit than Chattanooga. We expect a great Convention at Chattanooga, and certainly it will be cared for handsomely. That Dr. Howard L. Jones, Deacon Newell Sanders and the others in charge in Chattanooga will fully measure up to the occasion no one who knows them can for a moment question.

The Baptist Hand-Book, issued by the Baptist Union of Great Britain, has given great offense. The list of ministers is published and a dagger is put by the name of every man who has not had a collegiate training. The idea seems to be to discount such men so the churches will not call them. Naturally this has given wide offense. Why should a minister be stigmatized because he has not taken a given course. Charles H. Spurgeon, the greatest of them all, were he alive, would have a dagger to his name in that Hand-Book. Many of the greatest and most useful ministers have not been college trained men. Had it not been for the faithful labors of such men, there would not today be one fourth as many Baptists as there are.

It has all along been the glory of the Baptists that their ministry was open to men of all grades of culture, who give evidence of a divine call to the ministry. This has been an issue between the Baptists and the Presbyterians, and we have challenged the Presbyterians to produce any Scripture warrant for requiring a college or a seminary training as a condition of entering the Gospel ministry. We have challenged them to face the records of many of our preachers who were not college men and whose labors God had greatly blessed.

The writer remembers vividly a conversation on this line he had

with a Presbyterian ministerial friend. The writer cited the case of a neighboring Baptist preacher who was conspicuous as a soul winner, and asked, "Do you deny that God has called that man to preach the Gospel?" The answer was: "I do not deny that he is called to preach, but I deny that he is called to preach as a Presbyterian." "So much the worse for the Presbyterians," was the rejoinder. It will be a sad day for the Baptists and for the world when only college trained men are allowed to preach. What college did Peter, Andrew, John, James, Mathew, Philip and Thomas attend? Valuable as a good college training is, and desirable as it is for all ministers, nowhere does the Bible authorize making that a condition of entering the ministry, and it is a shame as well as a sin to stigmatize faithful ministers who have never had a college training. It sometimes happens that men who have never been through college have surpassed those who have been. What college bred man has ever equalled Charles H. Spurgeon? Of course, this is an exception and all intelligent people will admit the great advantage to a preacher of a good college training, but these exceptions prove the wrong and the injustice of stigmatizing useful ministers because, forsooth, they are not college trained.

Yes, we do need to be more careful as to admitting men into the ministry, but the place to exercise the care is in regard to the reality of the divine call. The ministry has already become far too professional. Let the man who wishes to enter the ministry prove, beyond any reasonable doubt, that he is really called of God to this work.

We publish this week the Negro reply to the proposition to limit the number of Negroes attending the Baptist Convention of North America. It is a significant document, both from its contents and from its being an editorial of the *National Baptist Union*, the organ of the general convention of the Negro Baptists of the United States.

On the opinion of Dr. E. C. Morris, President of the Negro Convention, that the number of Negroes attending the coming session of the Convention of North America could and would be limited to 35 or 40, the Broadway church of this city extended an invitation for the meeting next May. The *National Baptist Union* denies the right of Dr. Morris to promise any such limitation. In that convention Negroes are exactly on a par with whites and there is no provision in the constitution for limiting Negroes that does not equally apply to whites. The *Union* demands either that this be carried out or that the Negroes withdraw entirely from the Convention. The question has its embarrassments, and those who have the case in hand need wisdom and grace.

Another theological seminary has spoken out. President P. W. Crannell of the Kansas City Theological Seminary publishes a deliverance in the *Word and Way* in which he says: "I may without impropriety say that this school is free from all taint of the 'Higher Criticism' of the destructive or even of the reconstructive order. Every one of our teachers holds without reserve or qualification, to the authenticity, integrity, inspiration, authority and infallibility of the Bible, in the sense in which those words have been and are now understood by the great body of the Christian brotherhood." The *Biblical Recorder* (inspired

or otherwise) snarled at us for calling on the seminaries to speak out and meet the statement (as published) from Dr. J. P. Greene, and expressed the hope that our Louisville Seminary would say nothing. Since the faculty had all duly signed the articles of faith of the Seminary, our esteemed contemporary regarded it as an impertinence to call on them for anything farther. We are glad Dr. Mullins did not "cater" to the *Biblical Recorder*, but came out with the clear statement in the *Word and Way*, from which we copied.

In this connection, it is well to say that it is not enough that a professor shall sign the articles of faith of the Seminary. Dr. Toy signed those articles, and at the time he left the Seminary he said that his interpretation of those articles did not conflict with his views. He was willing to stay in the Seminary and to teach those views right along, but since the brethren thought differently he was ready to withdraw. This he did in manly fashion. His conduct in this regard is in marked contrast with that of others more or less similarly situated.

The presentation, by the family, of a bronze bust of Dr. Geo. W. Samson to the George Washington University was an occasion of special interest. Dr. Samson was President of Columbian University from 1859 to 1871, and he was a man whose memory the Baptists of the whole country should cherish. The Rev. Thomas S. Samson, in behalf of the family, made the presentation.

The Anti-Saloon League are anxious that Congress shall pass the Littlefield Interstate Liquor Bill. All the friends of temperance are requested to write to their Senators and Representatives in Washington, urging them to vote for the passage of this bill. The House Committee on the Judiciary should be reached at once. They are as follows: J. J. Jenkins, Wis.; R. W. Parker, N. J.; D. A. S. Alexander, N. Y.; C. E. Littlefield, Me.; R. N. Nevin, O.; H. W. Palmer, Pa.; E. A. Pearre, Md.; J. N. Gillett, Cal.; C. Q. Tirrell, Mass.; J. A. Sterling, Ill.; B. P. Birdsall, Iowa; J. H. Fosta, Ind.; D. A. De Armond, Mo.; David M. Smith, Ky.; H. D. Clayton, Ala.; R. L. Henry, Tex.; J. S. Little, Ark., and Wm. G. Brantley, Ga.

We had a pleasant visit last Friday from President J. J. Taylor, who had been on a brief trip to Mobile. He has enlisted now over 800 in his "regiment" for Georgetown College, and he is pressing on to his 1,000. If, when the call comes, these 800 shall average \$50 each, that will add \$40,000 to the assets of the College. We hope the 1,000 will soon be enlisted.

The Mission Literature Department, S. B. C. started in Baltimore and called the Maryland Baptist Mission Rooms in 1886, is now turned over to the Sunday School Board in Nashville. Miss Annie Armstrong, who has served faithfully and without remuneration in this cause for twenty years, ceases her connection with it on the 15th of April. The Home and Sunday School Boards have decided to discontinue this department. They have turned over the assets to the Maryland Union Association, who began the work.

The Rev. E. Braddock, of Chicago, writes of the *WESTERN RECORDER* as "that noble and courageous defender and champion of the truth."

## Editorial Varieties

The American Tract Society has taken another one of Dr. J. M. Weaver's articles from our columns and have issued it as a tract. This, we believe, is the fifth time they have done this and it is not likely to be by any means the last. The topic of the article is "Salvation."

Dr. W. B. Crumpton tells us he copied from the Confederate Memorial Building in Richmond, 12 years ago, the following, the last dispatch of Stonewall Jackson: "General: The enemy has made a stand at Chancellors, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that our ever kind Providence will bless us with great success. T. J. Jackson, Lt. General to Gen. R. E. Lee. Leading division is up and the next two appear to be well closed. T. J. J." A recent writer stated that this dispatch was lately found in an old out-house.

Missionary J. W. McCullum and family sailed from Seattle for Japan March 12th. He did fine work for the cause of missions while in this country.

The Rev. Geo. W. Baines, of Texas, writes: "The *RECORDER* has a sphere and a mission, unique and pre-eminently important. It is a part of our household furniture, and we could not well get along without it. . . . Heaven's blessing on the *RECORDER* and its editor!"

We had a pleasant visit last week from President W. N. P. Faunce of Brown University. He preached in Georgetown Sunday. He came South to attend a special meeting of alumni in Atlanta.

Dr. R. H. Pitt of the *Religious Herald* proposed that a memorial to John Bunyan be put in Westminster Abbey. The impression got out that the proposition was to remove the body of Bunyan, but that was not the idea. The body of the "immortal dreamer" is to remain in Bunhill Fields. The English Baptists have taken up Dr. Pitt's proposition and they are asking consent of the authorities for the memorial to be put in Westminster.

The Rev. S. G. Hatcher, of Hiseville, Ky., has written a vigorous tract on "Was the Baptist Church Organized in 1607?" A good deal of patient work has been put on this tract, and the ground is well covered, considering the tract has only 20 pages.

Dr. W. D. Nowlin has been preaching powerful sermons at Walnut St church, Third and St. Catherine Sts., for the past week. The severely inclement weather has limited his congregations till Sunday. He is a strong and clear thinker and knows how to say things. Take this as a sample: "Men act from three motives, fear of punishment, hope of reward and love. He who acts from the first is a slave; he who acts from the second is selfish, and he who acts from the third is noble." He preaches daily at 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The *Religious Telescope* is right: "Men who clearly understand what they are talking about use very few big words. When the thought is hazy, then big words are rolled in profusely to conceal brain muddle and thought poverty. Clearness of thought impels to plainness and simplicity of speech."

Speaking of Dr. Foster, the *Religious Telescope* says: "Our Baptist friends will either have to repudiate the professor and his assault on the Gospel of Christ, or repudiate the great university which employs, in its teaching force, a man who writes and sends out such a windy, wordy assault on Christianity."

Dr. H. G. Weston writes us the painful news that Dr. Elias Henry Johnson is dead. Since 1882 he has been professor in Crozer Seminary and he has been one of the best known and best esteemed men in the denomination. He was one of our strongest thinkers. He was a graduate of Rochester University and Seminary. He left his pastorate in Providence, N. J., to become professor at Crozer. He took high rank as an author also. His *Systematic Theology, Uses and Abuses of Ordinances, Review of Ethical Monism, Religious Use of Imagination, The Highest Life, The Holy Spirit, then and now* are his leading books, beside *The Baptist Hymnal* and *Sorsum Corda* or which he was one of the editors. His death, at the age of 64, is a serious loss to the cause. We tender our condolence to the bereaved.

Dr. C. G. Skillman is delighted with Arcadia, Fla., and the saints there are delighted with him. Pastor I. N. Penick begins work May 15th.

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Any one now on our list who will send us the name and address of one new subscriber and \$2 will receive, postpaid, a copy of "Faith and the Faith." Every subscriber can thus get a copy of this great book. You can send the paper to any relative or friend.

W. P. HARVEY, Manager.

AMONG THE Churches.

Walnut St. (Third and St. Catherine Sts.)—W. D. Nowlin: God's love, Hell. Two by letter. Meetings daily 3 and 7:30 p. m. Bro. Nowlin is preaching with great power.

Broadway—Pastor Jones: Divinity of work. The crucial Christ. Two by letter. One for baptism.

Chestnut St.—Pastor Weaver: Jewels reclaimed, Perfect satisfaction.

East—Pastor Wilson: Promoting revival, Wisdom and her king. One by letter. One for baptism. Two baptized.

McFerran Memorial—Pastor Hamilton: Meeting in Paducah church, Needing mea. Five by letter. Talk of moving the location of the church. Church banquet on the 27th inst. Bro. F. W. Eberhardt begins meeting April 8.

Twenty-Second and Walnut—Pastor Hunt: Undertaking and reward, What thought will do. One for baptism. One baptized. Bro. J. J. Porter begins meeting April 1.

Clifton—Pastor Foster: Evangelization, Man fallen.

German—Pastor Jansen; Jerusalem's best. Love's greatest victory.

Hazelwood—Pastor Althoff: Successful revival. M. G. Johnson: Work. One by letter.

Highland—Pastor Dawes: God and sinners, Just before death.

Immanuel—Pastor Watts: Joy over repenting sinners, Demonic. One for baptism. 37 additions in all from the meeting.

Parkland—Pastor Taylor: Preparation for Christ's coming, Strong encouragement. Seven by letter.

Portland Avenue—Pastor Neal: Afflictions, Watch with me. Pastor Neal resigned on account of his health. He has done noble service. We greatly regret to lose him.

Southgate St.—Pastor Gillon: Shadows and substance. Invitation. Two

for baptism. One restored. Three baptized.

Third Avenue—Pastor Ransom: Faithfulness crowned, What is man?

Twenty-Sixth and Market—Pastor Reed: Neglecting salvation, Grace of Christ. \$1,002.20 raised to pay their \$800 debt. Now they will push toward their new Building.

Highland Park—Pastor McDaniel: Consecration, Heart reaching. Evangelist Coakley begins meeting Sunday.

Ormsby Ave.—Pastor Williams: Righteous scarcely saved, What shall I render unto the Lord?

Beechland—Pastor Hale: Mother's prayer, Rest.

Hope Mission—Young people of 22nd and Walnut conducted meeting during the week. Mrs. Bruce seriously ill.

East Mead—Pastor Greathouse: Fatherhood of God. W. R. Rickman: Opportunity.

Pastor Hamilton told the Pastors' Conference of the Paducah meeting. It has lasted four months. Nearly 1,000 joined the First Baptist church, and some 500 have joined other churches.

SEMINARY NOTES.

C. W. KNIGHT.

Supplies for Sunday: Bren. King, Dupont; Philip, Garfield; B. V. Bolton, Nelsonville; H. R. Smith, Brazil; J. H. Rowe, Oakdale; R. P. Walker, Butler; C. K. Dozier, Mill Creek; H. L. S. Toomer, Utica; J. W. Thompson, Snad Hill; E. J. Blanton, Reform School; H. P. Fudge, Marydale; A. J. Grass, Eight Mile; W. R. Rickman, East Meade; Dr. Robertson, Owensboro; Bro. J. H. Cowart has just closed a meeting at Hunly, Ky.

Bren. W. R. Cooper and J. P. Harrington have been called to Mount Pleasant, and Franklin Street church, city.

Bro. J. S. Pate was called home last week but will return this week.

Bro. W. E. Hunter officiated at the marriage of Mr. Barnett and Miss Bessie Hewitt, Beards, Ky.

Bren. C. K. Dozier and J. H. Rowe have been requested to come before the Foreign Board of Missions, Richmond, Va., April 4, with the view of being appointed missionaries to Japan.

Dr. Robertson conducted chapel service Monday afternoon, subject, Characteristics of Love.

Dr. G. B. Eager conducted Y. M. C. A. missionary meeting Monday evening.

Dr. J. J. Taylor, President of Georgetown College, was a welcome visitor in our hall Thursday evening. Come again, Doctor.

Doctor Mullins is in Philadelphia.

A number of the students are attending Walnut Street meeting conducted by Dr. Nowlin, of Owensboro.

It is said that Dr. J. T. M. Johnson, of St. Louis, Mo., will deliver our next missionary address the first of April.

Several new students have entered the Seminary for the closing months.

The Ladies have their monthly missionary meeting in the young ladies' home Saturday afternoon. Full attendance wanted.

THE STATE.

Pastor J. R. Hobbs, of Mt. Sterling, writes: "We closed a meeting with our church last night which resulted in nine additions to the church and much other benefit to the cause generally. The meeting ran two weeks and the preaching was done by Rev. W. P. Hines, of Lexington. We never heard more satisfactory Gospel preaching, it was simply powerful. The meeting was largely attended and will doubtless yield a large harvest in the future. The field is hard here and the people do not move readily, hence the few additions. But those saved are substantial seed. Pray for us."

J. S. Rogers, pastor of Searcy Baptist church, is being used of the Lord in "bringing things to pass." He has received more than seventy into the church, increased mission contributions, liquidated church debt, in fact, strengthened the church along all lines. Bro. Rogers is sound in theology, an intensely earnest "fisher of men," and an untiring worker.

Bro. Herbert Haywood, a Bethel College boy, has been called to the Liberty Point church. This church, it will be remembered, is the one in which the Hardshells and Union Baptists divided. The brethren of Liberty Point are a spiritual and progressive people.

Bro. I. W. Bruner writes of the Cates meeting: This is a wonderful meeting. Quite orderly, the Gospel is preached earnestly, tenderly, great generalship is displayed, much prayer, much singing. The blood is the constant theme of the preaching. All the preaching hangs on the text, "Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." "There is a fountain filled with blood," is sung at every service. The people come in multitudes, and don't want to go away. The after-meeting holds the crowd, though all are urged to leave only those who will work for others or feel interested for themselves. Next Sunday will make four months the meeting has gone on with an average of seven hours daily. Nearly one thousand have united with the First Baptist church, to say nothing of those joining other Baptist churches in the city and those going to the churches of other denominations.

The strain was so great that pastor Cheek has been twice laid aside, and is now in Texas to recuperate. Hill holds on, and Cates, what a marvel that he holds out!

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Dr. B. H. Carroll, Sr. of Baylor University: "I have examined with approval and pleasure 'Glorious Praise', this seems to be a splendid all round book for popular music and hymns."

Dr. Samuel H. Green of Washington, D. C.: "I have examined your new hymn book, 'Glorious Praise', and regard it as one of the best of all song books recently offered for Christian service."

Dr. Henry M. King of Providence, R. I.: "I think it an excellent collection."

Dr. Carter Helm Jones of Louisville: "The best old and new hymns have been skillfully blended, and a fine musical sense and taste pervade the arrangement."

Dr. E. C. Dargan of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and himself a master of sacred song: "It strikes me as a very handy and useful book, admirably serving the purpose for which it was intended."

Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper of New York: "In my judgment it is a remarkably fine collection."

The great evangelist, T. T. Martin: "As a combination book I consider 'Glorious Praise' far and away the best book I have examined."

Dr. B. D. Gray, Secretary of Home Mission: "It is in every way a splendid book of praise."

Dr. J. M. Frost, Sunday School Secretary calls it "a glorious book."

Dr. A. C. Davidson of Birmingham: "You can count on every church in the valley getting it when they get a new book."

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Children's Day Programs for June

FOR THE BIBLE FUND.

OTHER SUPPLIES.

Table listing prices for other supplies: SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD (simple, complete and accurate), CLASS BOOKS (for keeping class records), CLASS COLLECTION ENVELOPES, EXCELLENT MAPS (see catalogue), B. Y. P. U. SUPPLIES, Topic Cards, How to Organize with Constitution and By-Laws, HOME DEPARTMENT SUPPLIES, An Experience, Junius W. Millard, Class Books, Collection Envelopes, Superintendent's Quarterly Reports.

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The baptismal waters have no time for stagnation. Preachers are coming from far and near to see and to catch the spirit of the meeting.

Prof. J. C. C. Dunford, of Bethel College, who was recently ordained to the ministry at Russellville, is a brother-in-law of the Rev. Dr. J. W. Millard, of Atlanta, having married the latter's sister, Miss Olivia Millard.

Evangelist W. D. Powell writes from Covington, Ky.: "We have a glorious meeting at Immanuel church. Thirty-three have joined to date, 35 for baptism. Many others claim a hope, but have not joined. Five who had been immersed by other denominations have joined for baptism. One or two who had gone to board with the Disciples have returned home and gone to housekeeping for the Lord. We can scarcely accommodate the crowds and the interest is deepening. Pray for us. I go next to Corleau Springs to assist Bro. Morehead."

Mt. Vernon church, Woodford county, celebrated handsomely the fifth anniversary of their popular pastor, Bro. Olin T. Green. A large congregation was present. The church has recently completed their new meeting house, costing \$9,000, and in the past five years has paid out \$17,526.14 for expenses and home and foreign missions.

Pastor C. S. Ellis is doing a work at Lancaster that will tell in the future. He writes: "My work is progressing, but there is much that needs to be done. Four additions last meeting day here."

We regret much to hear of the loss of the Lebanon Junction church. Their house of worship and their parsonage were burned. The insurance does not cover one half of the loss.

OTHER STATES.

Bro. W. Jas. Robinson leaves Johnson City, Tenn., to take charge of Winchester, Tenn.

Dr. Henry M. King has resigned the pastoral care of the First church of Providence, R. I. He has done fine service for seventeen years.

Pastor W. C. Friley, Huntsville, Tex., writes: "We have just closed a fine meeting in my church. T. T. Martin did the preaching, and of course you know how well it was done. The result was fifteen for baptism and five by letter. Huntsville is the home of the Sam Houston Normal and we have between five and six hundred students. This gives a pastor a fine opportunity to do work for Christ. We have had, since October 1, about fifty additions from these students. The outlook is hopeful."

The Examiner has been at pains to gather statistics of Northern Baptists for 1905, and instead of the net increase of 4,864 for the year as given by Dr. H. K. Carroll's figures, the Examiner makes out a net gain of 28,342, with Minnesota and Montana to hear from. Thus the Northern Baptists increased sixteen times as much as Dr. H. K. Carroll allowed in the Independent. Baptists have had experience with the Independent before.

Evangelist F. M. Wells spent a day in Louisville last week on his way to Arkansas. He will spend some weeks in the South.

A new church, consisting of 21 constituent members, was constituted at Nay-

# Family Circle

Stories for the Young and Old

## WHEN THE WINDS WENT BY

BY JOHN A. SIMPSON.

The grim north wind came whistling by—  
A frozen tear in his frosty eye;—  
"I come from the clear north star,"  
quoth he;  
"And the children of men are afraid of me."  
Then he slyly winked with the other eye;  
Did the grim north wind when whistling by.

The fierce west wind came sweeping by—  
An evil glare in his lusty eye;  
"I come; when I go fair lands lie bare,  
And I tumble great cities into the air;  
And men saw death in the lurid sky  
When the fierce west wind went sweeping by.

The sad east wind came weeping by—  
With deep despair in her downcast eye;  
And lambs huddled close in folds the while,  
And the sun had almost given up to smile  
There were tears—spring showers—from her weary eye,  
As the sad east wind went sweeping by.

The sweet south wind came lightly by,  
With laughter gay in her merry eye;  
And children all ran to play in glee;  
And the birds sang out clear from each forest tree;  
And old age took new hope; and fresh youth ran high—  
When the sweet south wind went lightly by.

Baptist Commonwealth, Waynesburg, Pa.

## NEITHER GREEK NOR JEW.

BY MARY LOUISE CUMMINS.

Alan Heatherington stood amid the usual 5:30 p. m. crowd waiting for his particular suburban car. The day had been searching even for a metropolis. He pushed back his straw hat, revealing the fine, clean-looking hair which was his English heritage, and fingered the roll of evening papers under his arm with an anticipatory breath, born of the thought of the open electric.

It was characteristic of him that he stood as much aloof as possible from the jostling throng. His ancestry was as discernible in his attitude as in the blue eyes, which looked as though a thin veil of reserve had been lowered between them and the rest of mankind, and in the strong, well set up figure.

Suddenly he drew forth his bundle of papers and became apparently absorbed in their contents. His gaze in wandering over the sea of faces had encountered that of a small man with bright, dark eyes and a head which protruded from beneath square shoulders.

Heatherington felt his approach with every resenting nerve of his body, even while he feigned ignorance of it. There were many things not pleasant in connection with business life. By far the most unpleasant was Bernstein.

"Hullo, old man!" The thin hand of the little Hebrew came jocularly into contact with his back.

"Hullo."

Heatherington did not raise his eyes. He would like to have shaken off the intimate touch. Bernstein's habit of but-toholling him on every occasion was odious to him. Still, business interests demanded that he should maintain at least an appearance of civility. There were times when he almost wished that it were possible to offend the little broker. More than once he had thought, with a sigh of relief, that the thing was done. But always at their next meeting he encountered, with a shock of surprise, the same smile in the inscrutable dark eyes.

"Whew!"  
Bernstein took off his hat and wiped his forehead. Then his hand sought the lapel of Heatherington's coat.

"Say, buy L. S. & M. She's bound to go up," he advised.

"You know I don't dabble in stocks," Heatherington answered, coldly.

The broker thrust his hands into his pockets and sank his head between his shoulders, as much as to say, "Everyone to his taste." Heatherington moved away as their car rounded into sight, and, with a sigh of self-congratulation, slipped into the one vacant place on a rear seat, while Bernstein crowded in ahead.

There was a mile's stretch of ground,

when the city was left well behind, where the track ran through private land and left it by a sharp curve. Heatherington, raising his eyes after three quarters of an hour's absorption in the day's news, saw that they were racing toward this bend with that license which the usually careful motorman allowed himself here. Ere the latter could slacken down for the curve something appeared around it which froze the blood in the veins of those who looked. There was a harsh, ominous sound of grinding wheels as the man flung his whole weight on the brakes. For one fascinated instant Heatherington gazed with starting veins at the oncoming herald of death which rushed to meet them—and jumped.

He opened his eyes after a moment, during which heaven and earth seemed to crash together, and to annihilate his reason by their contact, to find himself unhurt by the roadside, staring dizzily at what had once been two electric cars. He recalled, wanderingly, without knowing why, a day when as a small boy his father had taken him to see a cyclorama of Gettysburg. That scene had been far more real to him than was the one upon which he now looked. Yet here men ran hither and thither, shouting, calling, cursing, and through all the horror and confusion there rose and fell a dull, monotonous, moaning accompaniment of human pain, punctured by sharp cries of agony.

What roused Heatherington was the sight of Bernstein—Bernstein, with the crownless rim of his hat jammed down over his ears, with one sleeve partly torn from his coat, his face streaked with blood and sweat, working with the peculiar self-abandonment and tenacity of his race.

Even while Heatherington looked he picked a baby from the mass of wreckage. The child was apparently unhurt, though its breath came in swift, soundless gasps of terror. One small hand clung tightly to the broken neck of a nursing bottle. Particles of the frail glass stuck to the muslin of its little dress. Bernstein set the baby down gently amid some soft grass and returned.

"Here, Heatherington," he called, "help me if you're even half alive. I've got to find the kid's mother."

Confusedly Heatherington took a few steps forward. Then as he stooped the low moaning of a woman separated itself from all other sounds and pierced his consciousness. Something within him seemed to snap and his brain cleared instantly. For the first time in all his self-contained, reserved life the cry of humanity—of humanity outside of the few lives that were dearer to him than his own—reached him in its extremity, its agony, and the manhood, within him responded with a rush of reserve strength that shook him.

He got on the ground and wedged his shoulder under the mass of debris which pinned down the baby's mother. He still seemed to see that helpless hand clinging to the broken bottle neck. Then, with a thrill of joy in the consciousness of his own power, he took a deep breath and put forth all his strength.

"That's it!"—Bernstein hid him—"half an inch higher, Heatherington—that's it. Now I can reach her! Now I've got her! For God's sake, man, hold on—don't give out—yet!"

The veins stood out on the Englishman's neck and forehead like a whipcord, under a weight which would have crushed the back and shoulders of another man. With palms pressed upon the ground and arms hard as iron, his splendid muscles answered to the strain put upon them. He staggered a little when he stood up. Then he helped Bernstein to carry the woman away.

Her eyes opened upon them in an agony of inquiry as they laid her down. With quick instinct Bernstein lifted the baby and put it within her arms. Heatherington drew off his coat and, folding it, laid it under her head. Then they returned to the wreck.

For an hour they worked side by side, foremost among the eager band of rescuers, the wiry body of the little Israelite serving as the thin end of the wedge where the Briton's more ponderous strength could follow. And the people whom they drew from agony and death saw not a Jew and a Gentile, but two of the sons of God.

When the last ambulance had rolled away Bernstein stooped, and raising a pail of iced water, which some one had brought from a neighboring house, drank greedily. Heatherington took the vessel from his hands and finished the contents. Then he drew out a handkerchief and, moistening one end of it, wiped Bernstein's face.

"You've got a scratch there on the temple where some glass struck you," he said quietly.

The little Hebrew glanced at him quickly. Shaken as he was by the afternoon's experience, he yet recognized that

there was a different Heatherington; that as far as this man was concerned the long line of cuts and snubs, which lay like a series of not-to-be-forgotten pinpricks in his consciousness, were at an end.

Together they walked the intervening mile which stretched between them and home. Bernstein's tongue went like a trip-hammer as to the accident and its cause. Heatherington never spoke.

At the corner of the street where their ways parted they halted simultaneously. The Englishman's lips twitched, as if he was about to speak, but no words came from them. Then, for the first time in their ten years' acquaintance, the hands of both men met.

When Heatherington reached his own doorstep he paused, turning his face toward the western sky. For once the veil of reserve was burned from his eyes and the glory of the setting sun shone on the startled inquiry of an awakening soul beneath.

Long into that night, while his wife lay sleeping, he sat in the library with her open Bible on his knees. Some words he had heard in the church were beating unceasingly through his brain, and with the help of a concordance he found them: "And hath broken down the middle wall of partition between us."

In the light of what he had witnessed that afternoon time seemed infinitesimal, eternally very near. And there, in the silence of the night, Alan Heatherington came to himself, came also to a realization of the brotherhood of men in the man Christ Jesus, and to a sense of his own obligation to his fellows.

The first faint streaks of midsummer dawn were in the sky when he turned out the light and raised the window shade. And as he stood looking out on the still world that thrill of exaltation which comes only in the sense of being one with the Eternal entered his soul for the first time.

Then came a wave of peace, as though a steady hand were laid upon his quivering nerves, and Heatherington realized with awe that he was at last in conscious touch with the force which his reason had always compelled him to acknowledge—that he was, in the fullest sense, a child of God.

He thought of Bernstein, and a fresh flood of remorse swept over him. This little man had doubtless lived nearer God, according to his belief, than he had. Heatherington raised his eyes to where the stars' brightness was paling before the rising sun.

"Where there is neither Greek nor Jew," he repeated, reverently.—*New York Advocate.*  
Worcester, Mass.

## THIS STRANGE WORLD.

She seated herself by the table near the pink rose in a vase, and, under the impression that she was entirely alone, burst into a storm of tears, which shook her slender frame.

As the extreme bitterness of her grief subsided, she murmured in a low, sweet voice, but the pink rose heard distinctly:

"Ah! yes, they call me a woman to be envied; a high social position, a rich influential husband, and two beautiful children. I know that the life is artificial; it is almost more than I can endure at times. How I long for a modest little home where I could be a good, true woman, not a doll, a mere fashion plate, whose every act must be in accordance with conventional rules. Living a life in which it is almost a sin to have a heart and show affection; yet it is what I was born to."

As she rose and walked away, a plainly dressed, dreamy looking woman came and took her place, and leaned toward the rose daintily kissing its petals.

"You pretty, fragrant rose, I will not pick you; your life will be short enough any way." She sighed wearily and added, "I wish that mine might be as short. The world calls me successful because fate has bestowed fame upon me.

The literary world is loudly expressing praise of my latest book; on every hand I receive requests from editors all over the country to contribute to the columns of their publications. I understand, and perhaps almost appreciate it, and yet I am not happy. I sometimes wonder what I wish to make me so, but I think I know. Listen, little rose, the only confidant I ever had. The world calls me reticent and reserved, some call me proud because I have gained success. I dare only to breathe it, dear little rose. I long for disinterested affection. —I long to have some one love me for myself. For the fawning of the public I care nothing. I want a pair of tiny arms around my neck, a little cheek pressed close to mine. I want to hear a little voice whisper tenderly: "Mother, dear, I love you."

The woman bowed her head and again kissed the rose, carefully wiping away a drop of moisture from its fragile petal.

Was it a tear of sympathy? Who knows? The literary woman rose sadly and walked away. Her place was taken by a shabbily dressed young girl, whose burden in life was almost heavier than she could bear. The rose was surprised as she began:

"How delightful! An afternoon all to myself! Just think of it! I can take the apples I got last night to old Mrs. Brown. She likes them so much and is too poor to buy them; and then I can read to her for a while. What a nice afternoon that will make! And I can have a fine walk in the fresh air; it will make me feel so well to begin work again on Monday morning. I ought to be thankful to have such a kind employer."

She turned toward the rose, and her eyes showed the pleasure and appreciation she felt of its exquisite beauty.

"I won't pick you, pretty rose; I'll leave you for someone else to enjoy just as I have."

No one else came, and the rose murmured softly: "What a strange world! Those who have much are not contented, but a little girl who has to work all day for a living is cheerful and happy, devoting her small share of spare time to making others happy. Perhaps that is the reason she is happy."—*The Christian Intelligencer.*

## SKIRMISHES.

It is good for a soldier to have part in a few skirmishes before he goes into a great battle. In the skirmish he gets accustomed to danger and learns not to run when the bullets come. The lesser battle helps when the fiercer contest meets him, for he has learned the first lesson of the fighter.

That is the way it is in life. The little temptations are the battlefields where we get ready for the big temptations. The little tasks are the preparation for big tasks. Athletes are trained for severe contests by regular exercise which does not strain them. The strain comes in the match, and the best preparation is in the regular training that does not strain, but prepares for a strain. So we are trained for life.

All of your school life is a preparation for your play life. So is your working at the tasks which are set for young people. You are in the skirmishes. It makes a great deal of difference what you do, for that is largely what you are going to do in the bigger contests of later life. You are getting yourself ready.

Many of the failures of later life can be traced directly back to habits formed while young or to lapses in earlier years. So most of the successes can be traced back to the same period. We are weak or strong as we have fought or yielded in the days of the past.

What are you doing just now? Are you fighting bravely and cleanly or are you shirking and failing? That is the test.—*Exchange.*

## How to Get Rid of Catarrh.

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Those who suffer with it know well the miseries of catarrh. There is just one thing to do—have it cured. It can be done. To prove it to you, send your address and the means of a quick and safe cure will be sent to your home free in every way. The idea in giving it to you free is to prove to you that there is a home cure for catarrh, scratchy throat, asthma, stopped-up feeling in the nose and throat, catarrhal headaches, constant spitting, catarrhal deafness, etc., etc., and that the remedy that does it is the invention of Dr. J. W. Blosser, the eminent southern doctor and minister, who has for over 31 years been identified with the cure of catarrh in all its worst forms.

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If you have never tried Dr. Blosser's discovery and know that you need such a cure, and want to make a trial of it without cost, send your address to DR. J. W. BLOSSER, 115 Walton Street, Atlanta, Ga., and a thorough free trial treatment and also an elaborately illustrated booklet, "Plain Facts About Catarrh," will be sent you at once free, so that you can begin to cure yourself privately at home.

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## Little Ones.

### THE RED REMINDER.

A. F. CALDWELL.

Walter Freeman had lived in Welchville fourteen months, and this was his first invitation out in all that time. And it was from Ralph Stanley, too, the fellow who had just returned from Europe with a french tutor, and whose parents were the wealthiest, it was said, in the town!

Mrs. Freeman smiling took the dainty missive.

"At home, Tuesday evening, 6:30 o'clock. The Willows."

"Do you think my clothes are?"

"Suitable?" interrupted Mrs. Freeman, with a reassuring smile, noting the doubting expression on Walter's face.

"Certainly, dear. Your black suit is just the thing. Do you suppose I can find them?" with more seriousness.

"I—; they're in the closet," stammered Walter, blushing. "I hung them—"

"Didn't somebody's mother do that for her boy the next morning after he got back from Lake Whitney? If I remember correctly the vest was behind the bureau."

"I—come to think of it, I guess you did," replied Walter, slowly.

"But I will remember hereafter to put things in their place!"

"How are you coming on with your bookkeeping?" asked Mrs. Freeman, the evening before the dinner at the Willows, as Walter sat at the table busy with his entries.

"It's pretty warm to be doing private work, but I suppose your're almost ready for the position at Cole's?"

"Very nearly; Mr. Hubbard says I'm doing finely. I wish I had some red ink," suddenly; "mine is completely out. I meant to get some this afternoon, but forgot it."

"I think Uncle John has some. It's on the lower shelf in his closet. Don't forget to return it."

"There!" an hour later. "It's so hot I don't believe I'll do any more. I can finish in the morning!"

"I won't bother to take the ink back tonight—I'll just set it in the cupboard till morning."

He took up the ink and carried it to the kitchen.

Returning to the sitting-room, Walter turned out the light and hurried to bed.

"I'll have to shut down that window!" He awoke in the night and threw back the light covering.

"Seems though the mosquitoes are thicker than ever." Then, after closing the window, "I'll have to go down and get some camphor; my face is all bitten up. I'll be a pretty sight tomorrow!"

Groping along without a light, Walter found his way to the kitchen, and going to the cupboard took down the camphor bottle.

"I'll fix it so they won't bother me any more," and he completely covered his face and ears with the contents of the bottle in his hand there in the dark.

"It doesn't smell very strong," he remarked to himself, "but I guess it will keep the mosquitoes off—that's the main thing."

Walter closed the cupboard door and went back to bed.

It was late when he awoke the next morning.

"What!" he exclaimed, hurriedly, glancing at his face in the mirror. "I've—why, what is it?"

His face and ears were a brilliant red.

"Mother," he called, hurrying to the stairs. "Come here—quick! What is the matter with me?"

"Walter!" cried Mrs. Freeman, in alarm. "Where have you been!"

"Nowhere."

"But what is it?"

"I don't know; I don't feel any different than usual. It's only my face—but that is awful!"

"Doesn't it pain you?" anxiously.

"No!"

"Have you put anything on it?" and Mrs. Freeman closely examined Walter's face.

"Nothing—nothing except camphor! I got up in the night and put some on to drive off the mosquitoes; but camphor isn't red!"

"Where was it?"

"In the cupboard in the kitchen."

"Did you put your Uncle John's red ink back in its place before you went to bed?"

"No, I—I was going to this morning," stammered Walter.

"You put it in the kitchen cupboard and you've gone and covered your face and ears with—"

"Not with red ink!" exclaimed Walter, in dire distress.

"It must be; nothing else could give that color! You don't know how you look, dear," and Mrs. Freeman couldn't refrain from laughing.

"Then I—I can't go—" Walter hesitated. "It can't be washed off: I know from the little I've got on my fingers at times—it has to wear off!"

"I'm afraid, dear, you'll have to send regrets. You couldn't possibly go to Ralph Stanley's with the appearance you present."

"Oh, mother!" There was such a tone of bitter disappointment in Walter's voice. "And it's what I've wanted for months—a chance to get acquainted with folks."

"I know, dear; and if you only—"

"Hadn't been a slave to Not-have-a-place I could have gone. Do you suppose this will teach me—this horrid red—hereafter to put things where they belong?"

"I trust so, my boy."

And it did—effectually.—*South-crn Christian Advocate.*

The religion of Christ is intended to save the souls of men, and to save them to lives of consecration and devotion to all that is good in this world, and to lives of unending joy in the world that is coming.

The way to heaven is not too narrow for thieves and robbers and drunkards and murderers, as such, to walk in when stripped of the follies and sins of this life.

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BITS FROM VIRGINIA.

Hurrah for the advance movement in state evangelization and missionary work in old Kentucky! None but a Kentuckian, away from his native state, can appreciate the pride and joy that comes to the writer when great strides are made by Kentucky Baptists. Without any claims to the spirit of prophecy, I predict, for the state, a great transformation within less than ten years' time if the plans of Prof. Carver and his associates are carried out and the state evangelists are kept on the field. The state evangelist's work, in Virginia, opens up with the new year very encouragingly.

At Bridgewater, an exceedingly strong Pedobaptist town, God gave us a most wonderful work of grace in our single handed fight in a weak pastorless Baptist church. For three weeks we were compelled to keep the work going, which resulted in fifty-one conversions.

At Fordwick, in another Pedobaptist place, we are in a splendid meeting. Up to the present, twenty-four have responded to the invitation. Seventeen have been received for baptism, three by relation and experience and one by letter, with a strong probability of receiving several more members for our infant church less than six months of age. The spirit of revival seems to be in the land. Dr. W. F. Fisher, one of God's noblest stewards, has just closed a most gracious revival at Alexandria, aided by Dr. Blackwell, of Norfolk, resulting in over eighty for baptism into the membership of that church that has had so many drawbacks within the last few years. Dr. Fisher has been there less than a year. In that time he has wrought wisely and well. The church moves steadily forward, plowing through all difficulties and

A Notre Dame Lady's Appeal.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism, whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 212, Notre Dame, Ind.

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gracefully breasting the waves that come and go. Dr. Gregory, Staunton's new pastor, I learn, has taken hold with the grip of a veteran. One of his members told me that the church was united, delighted and working with great cheer. M. L. Wood, the former pastor, laid deep and lasting foundations for future work and we believe Dr. Gregory will be blessed with reaping where Wood has sown and at the same time he will sow seed which will in due time bring forth fruit.

Bro. Amos Clary, at Front Royal, we learn, has a showing for his three years of work of which he need not be ashamed.

Bro. Oscar E. Sams has for the past three years and more been laboring in one of Virginia's most difficult fields—Harrisonburg—and he can look with pride upon what God has wrought through him.

J. H. Franklin, at Greenville and Vesuvius has permitted no grass to grow under his feet, though his is also a field fraught with hardships, he has done a splendid work.

Nor must we forget R. F. Staples, another beginner. His first was and is Fordwick. Beginning in a shanty he was driven out by vermin. He wrote to the state Mission Board and asked what he must do. The reply was, "Build as soon as possible." He began at once, going from place to place asking for help. In less than twelve months he had a church building dedicated, costing in the neighborhood of two thousand dollars, with only about three hundred and fifty dollars debt. This, we believe, we can provide for at the close of this meeting.

Dr. Charles Manly's heart was recently cheered with a gracious meeting in his church at Lexington.

At Lynchburg, Dr. Pickard is rejoicing in a great work at First church. Athey, at College Hill, moves steadily on. Cabell Street is looking for a safe leader to go in and out before her people.

The writer made a most delightful visit to his old charge at Buena Vista on the third Sunday in January where he served for four years as pastor. He was given a most delightful reception. W. S. Royal, who did such a splendid work at Bedford City, took charge on the third Sunday in February.

Brethren, the rustling of the leaves in the mulberry trees can be heard. News comes from all quarters of great revivals. Might not God's people pray and expect a revival to sweep over our country like unto the great Wales revival?

To the dear friends in old Kentucky I send Christian greetings. May Kentucky Baptists rise to the full height of their strength and usefulness is the prayer of

Yours in Christ, WILLIS L. WAYTS.

NEW BOOKS.

[Any book here noticed can be had at publishers' price by ordering from the Baptist Book Concern, 642 4th Avenue, Louisville, Ky.]

Life and Light. George Dana Boardman, D. D. \$1.00, net. Griffith and Rowland Press, Philadelphia.

This is a memorial volume to Boardman. From his published and unpublished writings, the best things have been culled and memorabilia added. He was a man of remarkable gifts and graces and it is fitting that this volume

should be published. The longest chapter is on Forms and Figures. In this he argues, "1st. Worship is the divine form; temples are human figurations. 2nd. Righteousness is the divine form; virtues are human figurations." "3rd. Beauty is the divine form; graces are human figurations." "4th. Truth is the divine form; words are human figurations," and "5th. Harmony is the divine form; melodies are human figurations." The volume closes with many tributes to Dr. Boardman.

William Pope Yeaman. By J. C. Maple, A. M., D. D. \$1.50. E. W. Stephens Publishing Co., Columbia, Mo.

Dr. Maple has done his work well. He has availed himself of the labors of others and has made good use of available material. The Hon. E. W. Stephens furnishes the introduction. The Hon. Geo. H. Yeaman, of New York, brother of Dr. Yeaman, furnishes three chapters covering the latter's early life. Then Dr. Maple begins with his subject's leaving the law and entering the ministry at Nicholasville, Ky., and his removing to Missouri, where his life labors were spent. His pastorates in St. Louis and elsewhere, his denominational leadership, particularly in missions and education. Tributes are published from M. L. Thomas, Sam Frank Taylor, W. J. Patrick, W. R. Painter, J. T. M. Johnson, Wm. F. Switzler and E. W. Stephens. We have also Dr. Yeaman's addresses on Theology and Book of Job, along with his unfinished treatise on the God-Man, which occupies the last 160 pages of the volume. The book is a worthy tribute to a noble life.

Two Old Letters. J. S. Thomas. \$1.50. 2nd Ed. Foley Railway Printing Company, Parsons, Kans.

An interesting story of love and religion taken from real life, the names being withheld. It tells of the struggles of a young man in becoming a Baptist, and it abounds in incidents of stirring interest. The scene is during war times, the hero being from Pennsylvania and the heroine from Mississippi. It is a sane and a wholesome book and its circulation will do good.

Indian and Spanish Neighbors. Julia H. Johnston. 50 cents, Net. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York and Chicago.

This is the third volume of the Home Mission series begun in Under Our Flag. It is specially intended for use with Women's Missionary Societies. Here the topics are the Indians and the Spanish-speaking people in the West and in Cuba and Porto Rico. The book is full of interesting facts regarding these people and with information in regard to mission work among them. It is a good book to awaken home mission zeal.

Dear Recorder:

We closed a very precious meeting at Providence church, Russell county, February 27. There were six conversions, all of which will be received for baptism. We had the assistance of our beloved Bro. W. B. Cave, of Columbia, who preached to us the old-fashioned Gospel.

This was the eighth protracted meeting he has held at this church. Our new church house at this place is almost completed and we are looking forward to the second Sunday in April, when our highly esteemed Secretary, Dr. Bow, will dedicate it for us. This will be

the third house he has dedicated on my work within the last three years and I, by request, have dedicated one.

I rejoice to know that our people are beginning to awaken to the fact that we should have the best houses of worship which our financial ability can procure.

The expenses of the above mentioned house will be met by Bro. J. S. Stapp and no collection will be taken for that purpose, but we are planning to take an offering for missions. We hope to have one of Dr. Bow's most stirring missionary sermons.

May your dear paper continue to grow and prosper.

J. LESLIE ADKINS.

The story of the hymn, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," has been often told. Here is what Fanny Crosby says of it:

"One day Mr. W. H. Doane, who had composed much beautiful music, came to me hurriedly and exclaimed: 'Fanny, I have just forty minutes to catch the train for Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Cincinnati. During that time you must write me a hymn, and allow me a few minutes to catch the train.' I happened to be in good mood for writing. He hummed the melody to which he wanted the words written, and in fifteen minutes I gave them to him. Upon his arrival in Cincinnati, he published the hymn."

Indeed Dr. Doane composed the music of many of Fanny Crosby's (Mrs. Van Alstyne's) hymns. These among others. I am thine, O Lord, Rescue the perishing, Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, More than life to me, Simply trusting all the way, Though your sins be as scarlet, Jesus keep me near the cross, More like Jesus would I be, To the work, to the work, When Jesus comes to reward his servants, 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, etc., etc.

Dr. Doane stands unequalled as a master of sacred song, and the crowning work of his life is Glorious Praise, 35 cents a single copy, music, came to me hurriedly and \$3.60 a dozen, \$25.00 a hundred. Baptist Book Concern, 642 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

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FROM CHICAGO.

Dear Dr. Eaton:

I sent you under separate cover some newspaper accounts of the movement which we have started here for the resignation of Dr. Foster from the University of Chicago. I was the first one to preach against his book, and Johnston Myers and a number of the other brethren immediately asked me to introduce in our ministers' conference the resolution condemning him, and to lead the movement to secure his removal from the University. It is no longer a question of freedom of thought, speech, etc., as he has gone beyond all bounds, and the whole brotherhood here are up in arms about it. We are determined to eradicate the destructive theories from our divinity school, or cut loose from it and let it drift.

I thought that you might be interested in learning just how it came about that the position of leadership in the movement devolved upon me.

You will be glad to learn that our work in the old Second church is being greatly blessed of the Lord. The congregations have built up steadily since I came, and they are now very large at every service. I have been preaching the plain, straight Gospel story direct from God's Word, and he has richly honored and blessed it. There have been conversions in almost every one of our after meetings. We have had baptisms now every Sunday since the fall campaign opened in September. I have baptized sixty people since that time, and there are now ten ready for baptism. I have just closed a series of Sunday night sermons under the general subject, "The Old Gospel for the New Year." The topics were as follows: "The Serpent of Sin," "True Repentance," "The Faith that Saves," "Regeneration," "Justification," "Adoption," "Sanctification," "Glorification." I find that the most interesting thing at last is the plain, old Gospel, as found in God's blessed Word, and that it is the most powerful thing. There were conversions from every one of these sermons. I feel that there is coming a conservative reaction from the destructive criticism, and that just as in the eighteenth century, when rationalism was most arrogant and self-congratulatory, God sent the great revival under the Wesleys, so now he is to close this period of criticism, scepticism and uncertainty by a glorious outpouring of His spirit, and a new and mighty demonstration of His power among the children of men.

My church has just presented me with a magnificent automobile. This was given as a birthday present. I intend consecrating it and using this new invention for the glory of God.

We are just beginning in our church a movement for the erection of a memorial institute to the memory of Aunt Lizzie Aiken, our church missionary for forty years, who has just passed away. It is our purpose to erect a \$100,000.00 plant for missionary and for settlement work, under distinctive Christian auspices. Our church is far down in the city, and we have the problem of the down town church in an acute form; but the membership, though scattered in a radius of forty miles around the church, are nevertheless loyal, and we hope that by the establishment of these institutional features to give the church a new lease on life, and an era of unprecedented usefulness and success.

We are in love with our new

home and our people here, but the new love can never take from us the old love for the Southland and its glorious people.

With best wishes, I am,  
Fraternally yours,  
JOHN ROACH STRATON.  
Chicago, Ill.

JOY AND SORROW IN SERVICE.

Dear Recorder:

We are well launched in the new year. The last year, the first one since we have been settled in our new field, was one full of much joy and hope in our work, but tinged with sufficient disappointments and sorrows to keep us always conscientiously in sympathy with Paul's question, "Who is sufficient for these things?" We arrived here December the first, 1904. During 1905, we had opportunities, in the home and in the surrounding country, to testify to thousands of men and women of the saving grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. Many seem to hear gladly. Several thousands of portions of Scripture were sold during the year. The native brethren showed not a little zeal in voluntarily testifying to the unsaved of the Saviour they have found. Our hearts have been made to bleed in sorrow, as some of those who professed to be Christ's have fallen into temptation and sin.

At the beginning of the year, there were at this station Brother and Sister L. L. Blalock, Brother and Sister Wade D. Bostick, Miss Attie T. Bostick and the writer. Brother and Sister Blalock went to Faiaufer for the summer to rest and be away from the malaria here as did also Bro. and Sister Wade D. Bostick. Sister Blalock was taken seriously ill there and has not yet sufficiently recovered for them to return to the work here. He came in October, but was soon called back there. My brother and his wife have been busy in the study of the language which they are beginning to use with joy to their souls. There have been eleven Chinese and my second and third daughters baptized here during the year and four at Lud Hsien, a neighboring city where Bro. Blalock has labored much for three or four years. Many others have applied for baptism, but it has seemed well to keep them waiting till they show in life that they are Christ's. It is an indescribable joy to the lonely missionary to have the pleasure of baptizing his own children, in the conviction that they have been regenerated by God's redeeming grace.

There is much unrest in China, and many look to the future with pessimistic forebodings. I believe that the government is extremely anxious to hold on to good terms with other nations, and so are far from being ready to encourage, as they did in 1900, any special anti-foreign feeling. The government can keep peace when they wish to do so. Many of the more enlightened Chinese are almost seized with a panic for putting China to the front. They entirely overestimate their ability to do now what, after a generation of advancement, Japan is doing. There has recently been an uprising of Chinese students in Japan, a party among them striving to induce all students there to give up and return to China, but the Chinese government is not encouraging such a move. One sad thought about all the unrest and agitation is that many of the leaders in it are those who have been educated at mission expense—have gotten civilized far in advance of being Christianized;

and yet most missions seem almost mad in their rush in the direction of education, many claiming that missionaries must make their schools compete with the many now being founded by the government, and that, too, while thousands of cities and districts are almost untouched with the Gospel! For my part, it seems a time when we should be much energized in trying to hold forth Christ before this people, as God's remedy for all their ills. Educated without Christ in their hearts and lives, the Chinese will be a menace to the peace of the world sure enough. They have already learned the use of bombs, and some one tried to kill the commissioners to foreign lands.

Fraternally,  
G. P. BOSTICK.

A CALL TO DUTY.

Let the missionary campaign proceed with vigor. Hold aloft the hands of Carver and his co-laborers on the recently appointed committee. Let us move vigorously along all missionary roads. We shall gladly welcome any representative of the proposed campaign in the Georgetown pulpit. The church here will give cordial attention to him "who cometh in the name of the Lord." Bro. Skillman was once the honored pastor of the Georgetown church. Bro. Argabrite is an esteemed member with us. We shall welcome any of the mission leaders, and the pastor will be glad in every way to raise his voice in the wilderness of missionary indifference wherever he may be needed. Let us not allow the plans to lag. Agitate, agitate; educate, educate. All at it, and always at it! Pastors, let us swing into line promptly, enthusiastically.

Just now the thoughts of our church and its pastor turn to the work of Home Missions, led in our state by the Vice President, Dr. J. S. Dill.

Theodore Roosevelt, who has studiously followed the star of empire in its westward way, has written of Home Missions: "It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking seriously near the level of savagery against which they contend. Without it the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. . . . Because of it, deep beneath and through the national character there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal, upon which the safety of the nation will ultimately depend."

Kentucky less than a hundred years ago was passing through that strenuous contest against savagery—of savage men and savage nature. It was Home Missionary enterprise which rescued this fair land from sinking to the "perilous level" of which Theodore Roosevelt writes.

It behooves us, therefore, to thank God for our spiritual heritage, and in the present crisis show ourselves worthy successors of the faithful pioneers who wrested this goodly territory from Satan and savagery and made it blossom with Christian privilege and opportunity.

EDWARD B. POLLARD.  
Georgetown, Ky.

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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., 417 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

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CANYON CITY, TEXAS.—The place for a Great City, abundance of running water, and natural drainage; the Santa Fe (Julf line) is now building south from Canyon City. Randall is the best county in the Panhandle; I have 100 sections of fine agricultural land from \$7 to \$15 per acre. Don't write, but come! Work for mechanics.  
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PHYSICIANS.—You will find our new book, "The Prevention and Cure of Tuberculosis," helpful in your treatment of this disease if placed in the hands of your tuberculosis patients. It contains just what you would wish your patients to know on the subject. Special articles by Drs. Knopf (International Prize Essay) and Loomis of New York, Dr. Dunham of Massachusetts State Sanatorium, Dr. Beggs of National Jewish Sanatorium at Denver, Dr. Hinsdale, late President Pennsylvania Association for Prevention of Tuberculosis, Dr. Ambler of Asheville, N. C., Dr. Craig of Arizona, Dr. Abbott of California, and others. It supplements but does not attempt to supplant the work of the physician. Cloth. Illustrated. Price \$1.25, postpaid. H. M. Brinker, 1010 16th St., Denver, Colo.

WANTED.—Situation as companion by middle-aged lady. Address Mrs. J. F. Lee, Halls, Tenn., R. F. D. No. 4.

WHY GOD DOES NOT KILL THE DEVIL.—Intensely interesting to every one. Positive answers to infidelity. Full of clean cut arguments that any one can understand, showing from the Scriptures and reason that God's method of dealing with the devil and his future plans concerning him are the only right ones. Just the book you have been looking for. Send today, 15 cents, postpaid. Montana Novelty Co., E. Bach-Cory Block, Great Falls, Montana.

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May 8, 9, 10, '06

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### The Farm & Household

The farmers are getting uneasy about sowing oats lest the constant rain will make them late.

The 200 members of the American Society of Equity, a farmers' organization, are preparing to strike for higher prices on farm products by agreeing to withhold their crops from the market.

The yield of hemp is not as large as last year, but the quality generally is fine.

At the sale of D. L. Renaker, near Roger's Gap, mules brought from \$119 to \$260 per pair; horses \$50 to \$80; a pair of ponies brought \$95; corn \$2.35 per barrel, turkeys 18 cents a pound and chickens 9 cents.

In Cincinnati on Monday strictly fresh eggs sold at wholesale at 12c, cold storage at 7c.

Mrs. Rosa Gannon bought at public sale the McKenna farm, of 216 1-2 acres, seven miles from Lexington, on the Tate's Creek pike, at 100.30 an acre.

Fish & Gardner sold to E. W. Hughes, their crop of tobacco, about 7,000 pounds, at 7 1-2 cts. Mr. Ben Wolf sold his crop to Mr. Switzer at 7 cents. Mr. Wolf also sold a lot of corn to different parties at \$2.25 per barrel.

J. C. Ellis, for the American Tobacco Company, purchased recently the following crops of tobacco: From Jonas Weil, 20,000 pounds at 8 cents; R. A. Bishop, 10,000 pounds at 9 cents and 4 cents; Sid Ardery, 25,000 pounds at 8 cents; Mr. Gillispie, 10,000 pounds at 8 3-4 cents; Ed Rash, 15,000 pounds at 8 1-2 cents, and of W. A. Thomason 20,000 pounds at 8 1-4 cents.

The farmers have begun to plow and fix for spring planting.

Burton Brothers, of Shelby county, raised 10,225 pounds of hemp on six acres of land which they sold for \$4.50.

Farmers are said to have lost less time this winter, because of bad weather, than since the winter of 1889-90.

Bond Bros., of Elizabethtown, Ky., sold 20 mules to J. W. Russell, of Atlanta, Ga., at \$240 a head. They averaged 16 hands and 1,475 pounds in weight. They were said to be the finest car load of mules ever shipped from that city.

The United States Government statistics gives the following figures about Kentucky's corn crop last year: Acreage, 3,195,072; yield per acre, 27.7 bushels, total production 94,893,638 bushels; price 43 cents or a total value of \$40,804,264.

W. O. Butler sold to W. A. Thomason 25 head of 1,200 lb. cattle at 4 cents and a premium of \$1 per head. Manuel Watson, of Georgetown, sold to Frank Wilmoth 20 head of 700-lb. cattle for \$28 per head. Ed. Turner bought five yearlings at 3 1-2 cts. per lb.—*Bourbon News.*

### THE GIANT MILLET OF MANCHURIA.

The millets of Manchuria and their uses are described by Consul-General Sammons of Niu-chwang. Both man and beast eat the seed of the giant millet, and the stalks, of which there is a practically inexhaustible supply, are used in various ways. It is estimated that the product of an acre (6 Chinese mow) will weigh from 1 1-4 to 1 1-2 tons of 2,000 pounds. The value of the dry stalks is approximately \$5 gold per ton. The stalks are usually sold in bundles of about 10 stalks. In the Chinese method of reckoning, there are about 75 bundles to each mow, and 100 of these bundles to 320 catties (a catty is equal to 1 1-3 pounds). The native price is \$1 to \$2.50 (Mexican) to the 100 bundles, equivalent to 50 cents to \$1.25 gold. *Holeus sorgum*, or tall or giant millet, of which the Chinese name is *Kaoliang*, is planted in drills in the deep, rich loam throughout Manchuria. The seed is sown by hand, and is then covered with manure. Stone rollers are then passed over the drills. When the shoots are two or three inches high, they are thinned to about eighteen inches apart. The weeds are carefully destroyed, and except the earthing up of the roots, or "hilling" the plants, as in caring for Indian corn in the United States, no further attention is required until harvest time in September. Should there be heavy rains in May, the plants may be greatly damaged by roots losing their hold on the soil, resulting in the plant being blown over. Too much rain or a lack of rain may prevent the seed from ripening; but, as a rule, as is the case this season, a good crop is secured.

During the early part of September, the stalks, having reached a height of from eight to ten feet, and the heads having turned purple—caused by the small, dark purple cases which contain the grain—they are cut down near the roots. This usually takes place toward the close of the month. The process of thrashing consists of cutting off the heads of the stalks, spreading them on the floor, and thrashing them with a stone roller drawn by some domestic animal. This is completed in about four hours. The grain is then passed through a winnowing machine or tossed up in the air, after being separated from the empty heads, which are used either for fuel or in the manufacture of brooms. The now cleaned, but unhusked, grain is put in sacks and is ready for the market, being sold for fodder. To be fit for human consumption, it must still pass through the process of husking, which consists of placing the grain on a circular stone floor, passing a circular stone roller over it, which crushes the husks, and separating the grain from the husks.

The giant millet resembles, when ripened, a field of American broom corn. It is no doubt the most valuable product of Manchuria to the natives. It is the staple food—that is, the seed—of the people, and is fed likewise to the beasts of burden. The seed is also used in distilling spirits, or *samshu*. Practically all of the giant millet is consumed in the country where it is raised in such great abundance. The stalks are not only used for fuel in winter but in making mats. These are manufactured by hand from the outer leaves. Compound

or yard fences are made from the stalks. They also enter into house building and in constructing small bridges. Even the roots are used. In the spring when the fields are ploughed the roots are saved and burned for fuel. It is estimated that eight pounds of the seed will sow an acre of ground, and that the yield of grain will be half a ton if the crop is good. *Farm.*

The hemp yield is good. Dealers pay \$525 per hundred, \$125 per hundred is paid for breaking. About one-half of the crop is broken.

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Here is a typical case: Mr. Benjamin Shaw, Postmaster of Bland, New Mexico. He had suffered from aggravated piles for years, and was upon the eve of a serious surgical operation, believing that he had reached the limit, and that the operation offered the only possible means of relief and cure. Let us quote his own words in his letter of Oct. 31, 1905: "I was in great agony of mind and body. In the meantime, a gentleman told me of the virtue of your pyramid remedy. I fortunately found it at a drug store, and by the next morning I did not feel that an operation was necessary, and in three days I was able to return home, and a complete cure was accomplished to my great satisfaction and the surprise of the physician."

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over

The revolt has been stopped in Russia, but the anarchists, the worst enemies of the people in any country, are still at work murdering all officials they can reach, whether good or bad.

Castro is somewhat of a blow-hard, but he is a shrewd man withal. He has been having a little difficulty with France in regard to some French claims.

Some good people have been petitioning the government to put an end to the atrocities in Congo. Secretary Root has answered them.

A Presbyterian preacher in New York City evidently needs a blue pill. He came out in a jeremiad saying that within a score of years the Episcopalians in New York City had gained 70,000 and the Presbyterians only 2,500.

Some months ago Canada gave Gen. Booth many thousands of acres on which to plant colonies from England. He has been carefully selecting the ones to go, having tested them in settlements of the Salvation Army in England.

Rev. S. C. Spurr, a Baptist preacher in London, had been heart sick over the ignorance of the Bible he found. Six weeks ago he opened a man's Bible class in a working class district of the city, and already 400 men are in regular attendance.

Lower Nigeria on the Guinea Coast is a swampy region, and most unhealthy. But beyond it is the land of Tuaregs. This tribe is civilized and educated, having a fine system of schools.

Leo Cohen, a merchant of Spandan in Germany, advertised a "bargain day" in which he would sell all his goods at half price.

DEATHS

For actual subscribers we insert an obituary of 100 words free. We charge one cent a word for all over 100 words, invariably in advance.

ELLIS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ellis died near Ellisburg, Ky., February 17, 1906. This good woman lived to the age of 93 years and 5 months.

H. M. SHOUSE, Middleburg, Ky.

HALL.

Sister Frank Hall was called by her heavenly Father to her eternal home on the 6th of March, 1906.

She was a devoted wife and mother. She was born in 1869, married in 1894, born from above in 1882, joined the Baptist church at Smith Grove.

BRANDENBURG.

Harden Brandenburg was born Aug. 9, 1838. Died at his home in Owsley county, Ky., February 26, 1906, aged 67 years, 7 months and 17 days.

At different periods of his life he was an intense sufferer from bronchitis. He lingered long between life and death, and during his latter illness often expressed a desire to die and be at rest.

GEST.

On February 6th, the whole town of Columbus was in mourning when telephons announced that "Bro. Gest is dead."

He was born in Clearmont county, Ohio, 62 years ago. Became a Christian about 18 years of age. Was a deacon in the Baptist church. A successful grocer, merchant, bank president and churchman.

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**ITEMS OF INTEREST**

News the World Over

One of South America's greatest men, Manuel Quintana, President of the Argentine Republic, has died at the age of 71. He was a distinguished lawyer, and in the various offices which he has held has shown himself exceedingly able and inflexibly just. Such men are rare in all countries, and there is general grief in Argentina at his death. He was elected President in 1904 for a term of six years. Vice-President Alcosta who succeeds him is very popular also.

The dynamite war against civilization is not confined to Russia. There was an explosion of a dynamite bomb in front of one of the Barrett Manufacturing Company's large brick buildings in New York City. The bomb was thrown from the street and was aimed at a third-story window. Fortunately it hit the cornice instead and exploded outside the building, doing no harm but shattering the glass in the windows.

Gen. Wood attacked the fort of the Moros on Mt. Dajo. He killed 600, losing 15 men himself. There were no wounded among the Moros, all were killed, including many women and children. The women were wearing men's clothes, it is said, but that does not alter the fact there were no wounded after the battle. To judge from the comments of papers of Army officers and of Congressmen of both parties a wave of anger and loathing against Wood is sweeping over the country which Secretary Taft, whose pet Wood is, cannot stem. "And, meanwhile, God is looking on."

Miss Susan B. Anthony has died in Rochester, N. Y., at an extreme old age. She was devoted through all her life to the cause of woman's rights, and because the Bible did not suit her ideas on the subject she rewrote it as a "woman's Bible." It is needless to say that 999 out of every thousand of her sex stood by their Bibles and would none of hers. She lived to see the cause of female suffrage ebb. It has fewer advocates than it had ten years ago. Miss Susan was respected for her energy and single minded devotion to what she believed even by those who laughed at her theories.

The New York Sun is not a religious paper, but in a recent issue is a strong protest against the acceptance of Voltaire's picture by a public school in New York City. The picture was offered by a woman and accepted and now hangs on the wall. Voltaire was a foreigner, with nothing of great distinction to recommend him. He was a virulent atheist and his attacks upon the Christian religion were infamous. It is a disgrace that his picture should be placed in a school room merely to please an infidel woman.

That Juan Yrujo, the viceroy of the great province of Chili should have taken such action is marvelous, and more marvelous is the acquiescence of the people. Recently, in Pastingu the capital of his province, he made the rounds of the temples dedicated to local deities, took the idols out and turned the temples into police stations. He then took the idols to the river and threw them in.

The people acquiesced good naturedly, some remarking jocularly as the mud idols dissolved in the waters, "The viceroy is giving our gods a bath."

Andrew Carnegie has given \$1,500, a year to aid in the work of those fad-dists who wish to alter the spelling of the English language. The *New York Evening Post* voices the general sentiment: "The task of reform seems to us of almost impossible difficulty, and the evils of the present system largely illusory. Any reform must reckon with the offense to the eye of every reader who knows the language as literature. Any effective change in English spelling will involve a complete break with history and etymology."

A policeman arrested a millionaire automobilist on the streets of New York City for exceeding the speed limit which is 8 miles and carried him before Judge Barlow. As usual the prisoner posed as persecuted innocence, and declared under oath he was not going fast. Judge Barlow answered by being sworn as a witness and then he told the millionaire, "I was on the street as you passed and you were going 25 miles an hour. Had the policeman not arrested you I should have had him dismissed."

Among the many troubles of poor India is the severity of the earthquakes. An alarming one has occurred in Bahahr, one of the Simla states of the Punjab. The reports of the casualty have as yet been received from only a few points and at those points, while the damage to property was great, the loss of life was small. Only 8 persons are known to have been killed and 26 injured.

Inadvertently last week the mass meeting at Walnut St. church, in the interest of Church Extension, was passed over with only a brief mention. It was a meeting of unusual importance. A number of our churches adjourned their night meetings to be present. Dr. Jones presided, Dr. Mullins made a clear and succinct statement of the conditions and Dr. Gray, of the Home Board, made the principal address, emphasizing the need of Baptists strengthening their cause in the cities. He gave some facts and figures that were illuminating and startling.

This Church Extension movement was started after mature deliberation to aid four of our churches and two of our missions to have suitable houses of worship. A special committee visited the fields, by personal inspection to learn the conditions and needs. On the strength of the information thus, and otherwise, gathered, it was decided that these churches and missions themselves raise \$40,000, and that the other Baptists of the city give \$30,000 to secure these houses. Of this, Broadway church have raised \$8,000, and they will make it \$10,000. Two of the churches to be helped were missions of Broadway church.

Some of our churches are hindered by local demands. For example, Highland church are building an extensive addition to their house; East church have just purchased a parsonage and Twenty-Second and Walnut are buying a fine pipe organ and have just bought an adjoining lot. Still the work of raising this money is making gratifying progress.

Dr. Gray said the Home Board realized the importance of this movement and were willing to give \$5,000 toward it. Mr. Theodore Harris said he thought Louisville could, would and should take care of this enterprise without help from

the Board, and he proceeded to show his faith by his works, adding \$500 to his previous subscription of like amount. Of the \$30,000 to be raised, outside the churches and missions to be helped, about \$22,000 has been secured, and while the ground has been pretty well gone over, the work is being pushed and the whole amount will be raised.

We had a pleasant call the other day from the Rev. J. A. Buras. He is pursuing studies in the Seminary and at the same time raising money for Oneida Institute. He informs us that the Institute has property to the value of \$20,000, over which there is a debt of \$7,000. There are 5 teachers and 200 pupils. Baptists in various parts of the country, but mainly in Louisville, have contributed to this institution. Recently Bro. Burns received \$200 from a man in New York. The board of trustees is self-perpetuating, but Bro. Burns is anxious to make an arrangement that will guarantee the Institute to the Baptists for all time to come. This institution is in Clay county and is reaching people who otherwise would not be reached. It is an out-post of Christian education.

Dear Recorder:

Tell your readers to rejoice with us over a gracious meeting we have just closed at Oak Grove church. We began with a week of prayer, closing the week with an entire night of prayer. God was with us all the way. Many men above middle age were reached. There were 34 additions to the church, 25 for baptism. Three of the 25, however, were members of our church. During the meeting, they found for the first time a real hope in Christ and asked for believers' baptism. The pastor was ably assisted by J. J. Clear, of Owensboro, Ky., who did us excellent work both in preaching and personal work. His work among our young men was especially helpful to us.

During the meeting the good people of the church gave the pastor a severe pounding. When they had finished there was good things to eat in abundance in the pastor's home. When he reached home and beheld the abundant supply, there was a feeling of richness crept over him that was not natural. There was also a feeling of unworthiness to serve such a people. Truly God has placed some of his choicest spirits right here among us.

E. B. FARRAR

Utica, Ky.

Dear Recorder:

From various parts of the state, information has come to me that a chain letter is being circulated, asking for money to help build a Baptist church at Carlisle, Ky. Will you please give conspicuous notice that these letters are a deception. This chain letter was started by the Catholics and by some means the name Baptist has gotten into the letter, and those who respond are contributing to the building of a Catholic church.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. CROUCH.

Dr. David Heagle is arranging to hold in the Southwestern Baptist Seminary at Jackson, Tenn., a Bible School and Ministerial Institute, the same to occur between May 22 and June 1. This will be the fourth institution of the kind he has conducted there, all three of those already held having been very successful. His programme for the coming meeting promises unusually good things. Among the lecturers and instructors will be the following: Prof. W. J. McGlothlin, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary; Dr. T. T. Eaton, editor of WESTERN RECORDER; Dr. E. E. Folk, editor of *Baptist and Reflector*; Dr. J. B. Moody, of the Hall-Moody Institute at Martis, Tenn.; Dr. G. M. Savage, who is expected by that time to have returned from the Holy Land, and still others. An unusually large attendance is expected.

**HELP OF A FATHER'S HAND.**

It is a pleasure to a strong-armed and loving father to take the hand of a child whom he loves, and who, in his weakness and timidity, feels the need of help. And what a comfort it is to the child to be sure of strong support and protection as he holds the firm hand and leans against the strong support in the presence or dread of peril. Our heavenly Father is more loving and more ready and surer in time of need than ever was or is a human parent. Note his helpful assurance through the Prophet: "I Jehovah thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee." What a God is ours! Of whom shall we be afraid?—*Sunday School Times.*

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PRINCETON, KY.

Dear Recorder:

I have for the last two weeks been visiting the church at Princeton. Several impressions have made themselves felt. It is very humiliating to see our Baptist cause suffering so much. It seems to me that a church like the First Baptist church at Princeton, with its fine building, entirely out of debt, with its fine group of young people and energetic Aid Society, ought not long to be without a pastor. This church has been pastorless since November last and up to the present no step has been made to secure one. Here are "sheep without a shepherd." "The sheep are scattering abroad." A pastorless church will produce a spirit of indifference.

I am studying the situation and hope to suggest the remedy.

How is it that there are over eighteen hundred pulpits vacant—eighteen hundred pastorless Baptist churches.

The cry of today is, "An educated ministry." Yet the vast majority of churches are not willing to pay the price of an educated ministry.

Is there not a lack of entire consecration in both the pulpit and pew? A consecrated pew will produce a consecrated ministry. Let the preacher and the congregation ask, "What is the matter? I think if this question is prayerfully asked, both will find the cause, and the remedy will suggest itself.

I see no reason why, with a strong, vigorous and wide-awake man, the Baptist church at Princeton could not occupy the foremost position among the churches. To a devotee Baptist our cause is in a very humble position. Yet I believe that the right man could build up a strong work, as the town is Baptist in sympathy. Truly "the harvest is great but the laborer has not been found."

Brethren, pray for the Lord's people at Princeton, Ky.  
REV. PROF. H. W. C. AINLEY.

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