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Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

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A MAN FULL OF FAITH.

BY REV. A. C. DEION, D.D.

The name of Stephen means a crown, and he gained the crown of martyrdom. Stephen was himself a crown. He was more than anything he ever said or did. The greatest miracle about him was himself. He did signs and wonders, but no wonder he ever did was a greater wonder than himself. There are men who do not need to perform miracles; they are living miracles. Whoever sees them beholds a miracle of grace 365 days in the year. Spurgeon needed no miracle as his credentials; he was a miracle of spiritual power. Jerry McAuley did not need to open blind eyes, or even raise the dead, for he himself had been raised from the dead. George Muller was a miracle of faith. Hudson Taylor is a miracle of missionary zeal, and Ann Hazeltine Judson was a miracle of patient endurance.

The secret of this martyrdom is in the words, "Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost." It was faith on fire, not cold intellectuality, the result of a process of reasoning but a heart-grasp of God brought about by the Holy Spirit.

Let us examine this faith that we may seek the same kind.

It is faith in God that reveals himself. In the first sentence of his address Stephen says, "The God of glory appeared unto our father Abraham." And when we turn to the record we find that God talked with Abraham; He revealed himself in words. And so God reveals himself to-day to His children in the Word. The Bible is the revelation of God. Jesus Christ is the Word made flesh, and dwelling among us, whose glory we behold. Of Joseph in Egypt Stephen says, "God was with him and delivered him out of all his afflictions." So God revealed Himself to Joseph in deliverance; He spoke to him, not in words, but in deeds. He was with him in the prison, gave him liberty and favor in the sight of Pharaoh. It was God that made him Governor over Egypt. And so our God to-day reveals Himself.

FAITH WITH A VISION.

Again, the faith of Stephen looks up and sees the vision of Jesus Christ standing at the right hand of God. Our Lord is usually represented as sitting on the throne; He seems to have stood up for Stephen's special comfort. It is the attitude of readiness for action. A great preacher has suggested that Jesus stood up to do Stephen honor as His first martyr. Certainly the faith that looks up will always see God in the attitude of helping us. As Stephen looked about him, there was no help; as he looked within him there was no help; as he looked backward into the past, there was no help; but when he looked up; he received all the help he needed. It is the men who look up that see visions. Those who look backward may dream dreams, for the dreams come from the associations of the past. It is the upward look that opens the heavens and gives us visions of God. With this upward look we fear not the stones of the prosecutor, and Joseph Parker has truly said that stoning is not a Jewish method of punishment; it is up to date. The man who shows the faith of Stephen will be stoned now. And we need the indument of the Spirit for the stoning as well as for the preaching at Pentecost.

FAITH THAT FORGIVES.

Stephen bears no malice. He prays

for his murderers. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." Is it an echo of the voice of Calvary "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." Nay, verily, is it not the voice itself? Is not Jesus in Stephen praying again for His enemies? Do we harbor malice toward those who have injured us? Do we say that we cannot forgive? Well, until some one has treated us worse than these Jews treated Stephen, let us pray for them and forgive them. We cannot afford to be murderers even while we are being murdered. Our hatred of our enemies will only increase their hatred of us. Let us carry no stones in our pockets for them. If they stone us with words of bitter sarcasm or malice, let us give our attention more to God than to them. Look up and pray.

THE FAITH OF COMMITMENT.

The faith of Stephen commits all to Christ. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." Our dying friends sometimes tell us that they see angels in the room, and we believe them. The angels carried Lazarus to Abraham's bosom; they minister to the heir of salvation while they live, and then guide their spirits to glory when they die. But Jesus does not entrust the angels with the spirit of Stephen, but comes in person for it; and Stephen puts into the hands of the Lord the soul that he had committed to the Saviour, going with Him in a chariot of light through the open heavens. And if our friends while dying assert that they see Jesus, we may believe them. He is there to receive their spirits. And this is all there is of death. Yielding up the spirit to Christ while the body falls asleep. There is nothing horrible in that. We are apt to think of Stephen, the life crushed out of him beneath the falling stones, his body writhing in agony until he ceases to move. But that picture is not true to the record. The stones did not beat the life out of Stephen. He yielded his soul to Jesus and dropped asleep.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep:
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

THE FAITH THAT STILL SPEAKS.

The address of Stephen is incomplete. He was not allowed to finish it. He was just approaching the application. When he had rebuked them as stiff-necked, uncircumcised in heart and ears, and accused them of being the betrayers and murderers of Christ, of having received the law without obeying it, they gnashed on him with their teeth. It is evident that the speech was not finished, and the life of Stephen seems to be incomplete. How useful he might have been if he had lived. Such knowledge of God and history, such courage, such faith were the need of the hour, and yet neither the address nor the life of Stephen were really incomplete. The Apostle Paul is the continuation of that life. The letter to the Romans, Corinthians and Ephesians is the continuation of that address. The mantle of Stephen fell upon Paul; and so one good man lives in another. You may murder Stephen, but you cannot kill him. He is immortal for time and for eternity. Being dead, he speaks through Paul.

And now what we need is the Christ of Stephen and the Holy Ghost that endured him for service. As Christ is the God of history, let us worship Him. He is the

Lamb of Calvary; let us take shelter under His blood. He is the victor at the open sepulchre; let us honor Him. He is the friend that walks with us day by day, let us hold communion with Him, and under the power of His Holy Spirit we shall be ready for life or death, and may God make us the miracles that are needed at this day for the establishment of His gospel.

CONFESSING CHRIST BEFORE MEN.

He who would have an interest in Christ and would have the respect and recognition of Christ must be openly, and without question, a confessing follower of Christ. There is no mistaking the meaning of the words spoken by our Lord in regard to confessing him or being ashamed of him. He himself will be ashamed of us or will confess us, at the great day and in the great Presence, according to the attitude we take toward him here and now.

Christ did not try to make it easy for people to be his followers, in the sense of allowing them to keep quiet about it, or to compromise the matter, or to remain his disciples in secret. He knew the human heart too well to permit anything like this. He knew that in so important a matter it was necessary for them to be fully and openly committed to his service.

If it was a necessity then for human nature to be outspoken if it would be true, and if it would receive the real Christ, it is none the less necessary now. If we would be the followers of Christ, we must follow him in the sight of the world, and be identified with him, or we may forget our allegiance and live, or attempt to live, a double life. A double life deceives no one but the one who tries to live it. It certainly does not deceive God even for a little time. He who is not positively for Christ is against him.

An illustration is furnished in the case of marriage. Any woman would better be careful of the man who proposes marriage to her, but desires to keep the fact of the marriage a secret. The great danger, as many a deceived woman has found too late, to her cost, is that the marriage was only a sham. He who is a true and good man is ready, when he marries a woman, to do so in an open and public manner, in the presence of mutual friends, and according to the laws of the land. Marriage should always be thus public, that both parties may be fully committed to each other for life.

Why should any one think that Christ is more easily satisfied than a human being, or that religion with its offered benefits, is a matter to keep secret, if it really exists? Every one who is desirous of Christ's salvation should accept it as it is offered, and in the most outspoken way, before all the world, should acknowledge Jesus Christ as his Savior, and should pledge him his love and service.

Uniting with the church is one of the most pronounced ways of confessing Christ, so much so that while this is neglected or passed by, anything else is not taken as meaning very much. Christ has instituted his sacraments and has told us to observe them. Only those who are the professed followers of Christ have a right to come to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In order to have this privilege we must be members of the church. It is a great and terrible mistake for any one to go through this life without obeying Christ in his sacramental requirements and without being a member of the church into the fold of which he invites all who are his real followers.—Exchange.

Dr. J. W. Weddell says a Boston Unitarian gave a large sum of money for evangelical missions in Maine. He said his reason was, "Nothing but the plain doctrine of heaven and hell will keep those fellows from stealing my lumber."

Rev. R. J. Campbell, successor of Joseph Parker, has found it necessary to go further and further in order to head the procession in sensation making. Now he says—not is reported as saying—for he writes over his own signature, that he is a monist or pantheist, and in regard to the "ultimate reality"—once called God even by R. J. Campbell—"I think of it or him as something rather than blind force as some scientists do." It or him—God!

However Campbell is after all more kind to God than the regular ethical monists are. He says that ultimately all souls will be perfected. Monists believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked and therefore as the devil is a part of God that, as Dr. Augustus Strong says, "God is an eternal sufferer on account of sin." Campbell lets His or Its suffering cease when every soul is perfected.

G. K. Chesterton, commenting on John Davidson's last book, says: "Here we have the extraordinary notion that Christianity is something dead or dying; which is only possible to those who do not know what modern Europe is. Here and there, on the edges of our dingy cities, it is natural enough to find a man with a long white beard who dislikes Christianity because it is weak and dying. But in Paris, and all the passionate centres of the modern world, the people who hate Christianity hate it because it is not weak and dying, because it is strong and living. Here we have such strange old-world sentences as "Scientific method has destroyed theology," which makes me feel automatically for my Early Victorian whiskers."

Many Chinese Christians have gone from China to South Africa to work for God among the 40,000 Chinamen who have been carried there to work in the gold mines.

A man wrote to Spurgeon making some demand with the threat that if the demand was not complied with he would publish to the world something he had learned about Spurgeon's life which would injure his reputation. Spurgeon's reply was, "Write it on the sky."

Speaking of Easter the Southern Presbyterian says: "When holy days receive special attention, every day consecration suffers relapse, and in proportion as Easter Sunday is magnified the practical significance of the weekly Lord's Day becomes less and less."

PRAYER

BY THEODORE HARRIS

With open arms and affectionate entreaty when our Lord was on earth he said to his followers, "Ask and ye shall receive."

Did he mean it? Yes. No one will charge Jesus with insincerity. Was it a figure of speech? No, it was plain language.

Among the millions of his followers on earth to-day do any doubt that he said it? No. And yet while they will not confess it, even to themselves, they really do not believe it because they have not found it true in their experience.

Now, here is a strange paradox. The statement is true, undoubtedly true, but they have found it untrue. Certainly there is some mistake—statement and experience, surely they should coincide. They do not. Can we find the reason? Let us try.

THE TYNDALL PRAYER TEST.

A famous scientist in England not many years since challenged a Christian world to test the power of prayer by dividing a charity hospital in two equal parts, one of which should be devoutly prayed for, the other not. And this was gravely berated by infidelity as a fair test of the power of prayer. The game was not accepted. How could it be? Saying nothing of its presumption, what Christian could ask God that those in this side should be restored to health and—implicitly at least—that those upon the other side should be allowed to die? Would God hear such prayer?

No, the Tyndall prayer test cannot be accepted as a test, nor dare we put Omnipotence to any test. It is His to make conditions and ours to abide by them. He has said, "Ask and ye shall receive." But has he said we shall receive everything we ask for? What if we ask for things we should not have?

There is a little hillock in Cave Hill that covers the remains of a dear little fellow known to his disciples. Presumably, they might implore the Father to forgive them as they forgave the trespasses of others, but few of us want God's mercy measured by our own.

Often we think we have faith when we have not. Thus a crippled woman, who lived on one side of a hill often wished that she could see the busy town life upon the other side. One night, reading her Bible as was her wont she fell upon the place where our Lord, chiding his disciples for their want of faith, added, that if they had faith sufficient, they might command the neighboring mountain to be removed into the sea.

How should we ask?

To answer that our guide must be the Bible—in some degree our common sense. How then should we ask?

1st. Earnestly. Ask as the sailor asks when the ship is going down. As the mother asks when the pulse is failing and the soul is flitting, that God will not take her child. I have great faith that prayers like these are answered.

2nd. For what we need. We shall learn much and get nearer the divine mind if we remember that God loves us more than we can love our children.

A child asks for bread. But it has just risen from its dinner. Does the mother give the bread? No. A crippled boy begs for skates. He might get mittens if he asked for them, but skates he cannot use. He does not get them.

I mumble over prayers. I have no feeling in them, there is no earnestness, there is no need. Can I expect answers to such prayers? Is it not with us and with our Father as it is with our children and ourselves?

3rd. Pray short and to the point. Pray for what you want and quit. If you do not want anything, do not pray at all. Prayer without desire is near unto an insult. If fatigue were possible to that great incomprehensible Being we call God, he must be often tired of our elaborations of what

could and should be simply said and quickly.

"Papa," said a little boy, "does God sure enough know everything?" "Certainly, my son, but why do you ask?" "Cos the preacher is so long a-telling him everything I thought maybe he didn't always just exactly know."

Before the Battle of Edgehill, General Sir Jacob Astley, threw himself upon his knees and raising his eyes toward heaven cried out, "O Lord, you know how busy I shall be to-day, if I forget you don't you forget me," and rising from his knees called, "Forward, march."

If Peter, sinking in the lake had begun to pray for the heathen and that the gospel might be sent all round the world he might have drowned before he reached his point. But Peter had a better understanding of the fitness of things. He prayed, "Lord, save or I perish," and he was saved.

The prayers of our Lord are models of brevity; but how expressive. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do," expresses everything and yet it is so tender it should melt the heart of stone.

How should we pray?

4th. Simply. "Except ye receive the Kingdom as a little child ye shall not enter therein."

5th. Persistently. Our Lord gave two lessons on that point—the unjust judge and the man who called his neighbor up at midnight.

I saw a paver on the street one day. His left hand rested on a block of granite while his right hand held a hammer. He struck and struck, but every time the granite threw the hammer back. At last it yielded. I thought—that is perseverance as our Lord taught it.

How should we pray?

6th. Carefully. I used to be afraid of it—what we call the Lord's Prayer. I think that I can say it now, but yet I am not sure. For years and years I dared not. Unless said without a meaning, wherein it is no prayer at all, it is a dangerous prayer. I should not for my life teach it to a promiscuous assembly. Jesus gave that to his disciples. Presumably, they might implore the Father to forgive them as they forgave the trespasses of others, but few of us want God's mercy measured by our own.

7th. With faith. Everywhere we meet with this condition. "If thou believest," "He that believeth and is baptized," etc.

Alas, how little faith we have. And yet how generously He takes the little for the much—the embers for the flame; the streamlet for the river; the puddle for the sea.

Often we think we have faith when we have not. Thus a crippled woman, who lived on one side of a hill often wished that she could see the busy town life upon the other side. One night, reading her Bible as was her wont she fell upon the place where our Lord, chiding his disciples for their want of faith, added, that if they had faith sufficient, they might command the neighboring mountain to be removed into the sea. "There," said the good woman, "that is just exactly what I want. I will have that hill removed this very night." So, summoning all her faith, she asked for it and then retired to sleep. On the first peep of day she rose and drawing aside her curtain peered out upon the landscape. Lo, the hill was there. "I knew it," she said: "I knew it would be there." She simply did not have the faith she thought she had. And that is true of all of us. We say that we have faith and think we have. But who of us can but at the utmost say, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."

8th. With confession. This is hard to do. We do not like to do it, even in our closets. But, I have a splinter in my finger. It festers, it is sore. To remove the soreness I must get the splinter out. So with the burdened heart. It hurts to pull the splinter out, but the splinter must come out before the finger can get well. And so the sin must be confessed before the burdened soul can be relieved.

How should we pray?

9th. Humbly. Not brusquely, not with independent tone, but reverently.

It is said of Constantine the Great that he was one day looking at the statues of

noted persons who were represented standing: "I shall have mine taken kneeling," said he, "for in that way I have risen to eminence." It is in religion as it is in nature; the most richly laden boughs bend lowest.

Slightly changing our question —

Why should we pray?

1st. Because it is commanded.

2nd. Because it is honoring God.

3rd. It is a proof of God. The impulse to look aloft for help when help is needed, imbedded in every human heart, civilized and savage, is a strong proof of God. For whence came that desire if there were not a God to plant it there. That which is a universal feeling of mankind is held to be a truth. It is said of Pericles that before he addressed the people he always sought the aid of the Gods and of Scipio that before he ventured on any important undertaking he spent much time alone in the Temple of Jupiter—"feeling" after God as Paul puts it, "if haply they might find him."

4th. Because there is great power in prayer. It has opened prison doors; it has crushed the flinty rock. Impelled by faith it once held our solar system in its grasp.

5th. What is prayer? It is weakness leaning upon strength. It is sorrow looking for relief. It is a child yearning for a father's love. It is a soul instinct with trust for something loftier than earth—a spirit soaring on the wings of faith toward the stars. It is a soul afloat upon a plank, scanning the horizon for a sail.

6th. Why should we pray? Because God loves to answer prayer. Sir Walter Raleigh one day, asking a favor of Queen Elizabeth, was answered by her, "Raleigh, when will you leave off begging?" "When your Majesty leaves off giving," replied he. But the Christian, begging favors every day, is never chided for it.

7th. Why should we pray? I know why I should pray. Because, O God, because I am so sinful. Because my sins turn heaven dark to me. Because the path I tread is in the lowlands and beset with briars which pierce and tear my feet and sometimes I must get upon the high ground where there are no briars and the sun is bright. Because both gratitude and love—the little that I have—impel me; for a father's love has guided me; has surrounded and protected me; has sheltered me and kept me from being even worse than I have been. I could not consent to cut the wire for a day that bears my simple speech to Him which to any other would be tiresome. And though my dull ears do not always hear his generous response, I know responses come for proofs of them lie all around me. He knows that I love but little; that constantly I wander; and yet He is so good and so forgiving. I know not how it is with others. Perhaps they do not need so much forgiveness, or so much guidance, but this is why I pray.

THREE SAD SCEPTICISMS.

BY REV. C. A. S. DWIGHT, M.A.

There is first a scepticism as to the point that the soul needs to be saved—the incredulity as of an engrossed worldliness which never stops to ask regarding moral dangers or destinies. In its negative form this indifference to salvation as idea and ideal amounts to an utter thoughtlessness regarding religious themes, a confirmed illiteracy as respects doctrine, and a callous hardness to all evangelistic appeals. In its more active and positive manifestations this scepticism as to salvation appears in the form of a philosophic denial of all the postulates of sin and redemption, recognizing no fall of man save mayhap a fall upward, emptying "grace" of its gracious content, putting evolution in place of emancipation, and reducing all religion to the virtual basis of "Do the best you can considering the heredity you have, be amiable, dabble in sociology a little, cultivate sentiment, keep out of jail, and do not worry about the rest!" Such superficial ideas of life and duty do not provide room for a Saviour. Whether such scepticism takes the negative or posi-

tive form, whether or not it comes to consciousness as a distinctly anti-evangelical teaching, it is one of the saddest of moods.

There is secondly a scepticism as to the point that the soul can be saved—the pessimism of a fatalistic despair. This sort of doubt is perhaps rarer than the more general phase just mentioned. Modern science is pronouncedly deterministic, and under its own representation of "law" and "Nature" practically leaves no loop-hole of escape for humanity from the meshes of the net of mechanism in which it is supposed to be caught. A Huxley has no Gospel of expectation for the race. In his writings may be found passages which are utterly heartless and hopeless as regards the salvability of the soul—with this difference, that his hell is Nature and his gehenna is here and now.

There is thirdly and more specifically a scepticism as to individual responsibility for soul-saving—the declination of personal duty in the direction of evangelism. We have all seen the man who says, or who acts as though he said, "Souls need to be saved, souls can be saved, souls must be saved, but I am not the man to save them!" There is constant effort on the part of many church members to throw off the burden of evangelistic work upon others—it may be on the minister, the Sabbath-school superintendent, the session, the evangelist, or the committee. "We have a committee to do this work"—such is the sweet solace of many a church. But this work of soul-saving from the very start and all along has been individual work for individuals. Men may be saved in masses, but they are saved as men. The arithmetic of the Kingdom is "one by one." A church member without a love for souls is a cipher. Evangelistic zeal puts a "1" before the cipher or ciphers, and behold, there are ten, or a hundred, or a thousand converts added to the awakening church! The one man does it for the one man each time, because personal duty in evangelism has been accepted and discharged in the fear of God and out of love to man.

Scepticism of any sort is sad and regrettable, but in religion it is suicidal. Doubt is never desirable. The human soul needs to be saved, can be saved, and should be saved. The need is not for a scepticism as to salvation but for a salvation from scepticism. Such a deliverance from doubt can come only as a result of the gracious activity of the Holy Spirit.—Presbyterian.

HIS SAVIOUR.

John Newton tells of a night that he lay in his hammock on the Adriatic Sea after a fearful spell of wild debauchery. In a lurid dream, he saw himself throwing away his soul into the sea like a precious jewel at the daring of Satan, and as it sank beneath the waves, a fiendish shout went up from the pit, and a flash of angry fire seemed to light up the mountain tops along the shore. His spirit sank within him and he felt that he had lost his soul, buried forever a treasure more precious than all the world.

Then, in his dream, his Saviour seemed to stand before him and asked him if he wished to have that jewel recovered once more. He threw himself at His feet and earnestly pleaded for Him to save it if He could. Then the Redeemer leaped into the flood, battled with the waves, sank beneath the surges and at last wearied and panting, rose and reached the deck, holding in His hand the precious gem. Eagerly the sailor reached out his hand to grasp it, but the Master held him back and said, "No, I will keep it now for you. If I gave it to you you would but sacrifice it again and when life is done I will have it for you at the gates of heaven safe forevermore."

And from that vision that drunken sailor went forth to become the sweetest of the saints of God, to write the hallowed hymns that have been singing men and women to glory for a century, and to leave behind him the lustre of a life more precious than earth's fairest gems.

O, men and women, each of you has such a treasure. Have you truly found it and are you letting God keep it, polish it and prepare it for the highest possibilities of earth and the richest glories of heaven?

NEWS FROM AROUND THE WATER.

DR. W. C. MERRILL, PAAL.

By our Special Correspondent.

When I returned from my delightful "tour in the States" after an absence of more than two months, one of my first occupations was concerning the fate of the "Education Bill" which was recently introduced into the House of Commons...

Since then, with the Bishop of the Anglican Church as their directors, they have on completely reconstructed the bill in the interests of the "Church of England" and the Roman Catholics...

So that for the present the iniquitous Education Act of 1902 which our Government by an overwhelming majority returned to Parliament to repeal remains on the statute book...

Whilst Mr. Halford and the Bishops are doubtless rejoicing over their success, the strongest determination exists amongst Free Churchmen to redress a notorious wrong and to continue the fight for freedom until victory rewards their efforts...

Meanwhile our forces are being reorganized for a fight to the finish, and I should not be at all surprised if it is not decided to refuse the payment of all rates or municipal taxes until Rome is taken off the rates...

One thing, however, is certain: the murder of the present Liberal Education Bill of 1906 by the Lords and the Bishops means that a fire has been kindled in the conflagration of which the House of Lords will be, if not altogether destroyed, entirely reconstituted.

What will probably now happen is that next session a new measure will be drafted, strong and simple, making the education given in all publicly supported schools purely secular, thus leaving the denominationalists to teach their own tenets to their own children at their own expense.

Mr. Birrell's lamentations at the funeral service of his ill-favoured Education Bill are far from being generally shared by the people of the country. Dr. Clifford correctly voices the feelings of the majority of English Protestants when he says: "I am very glad the bill is wrecked, considering the increase which has been made within the last few days in the number of conversions, it was intolerable to those citizens who care for citizenship before churches, and the recent concessions had made the bill absolutely repulsive to them."

On the tombstone of the Birrell bill I should therefore like to write the following epitaph: "Here lieth Unlamented An Amphibian Conceived in the Sin of Compromise, Born with the ugliness of a Mongrel; Its hideousness Waxing more and more, Disgusted its friends and Encouraged its Enemies to Slay it."

May it have Eternal Sleep." To an intensely interested and distinguished audience in the Memorial Hall, London, recently, Sir Oliver Lodge delivered an address on "The First Principles of Faith," during the course of which the eminent scientist said that while taking a rest cure in Italy last winter, he had formulated a catechism of his religious beliefs. With much solemnity and reverence he said: "I believe in one Infinite and Eternal Being, a guiding and loving Father, in whom all things consist. I believe that the Divine Nature was specially revealed to man through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lived and taught, and suffered in Palestine 1900 years ago, and has since been worshipped by the Christian church as the immortal Son of God, the Saviour of the world. I believe that the Holy Spirit is ever ready to help us along the way towards goodness and truth, that prayer is a means of communion between man and God, and that it is our privilege, by faithful service, to enter into the life eternal, the communion of saints, and the peace of God."

The following are some of the other sentences that fell from the speaker's lips: "The fact of descent from one single pair is

and inconsistent with the facts of 'biology.' The term 'evil' is relative. Dist is only matter out of place. There are no wounds in history though there are wounds in the garden of Eden; no wounds except to creatures with a sense of beauty.

"This is the deliberate act of a free agent which was the better and chooses the worse. It is no impossible to believe that the world arose by chance as that a work of literature or a piece of music arose in that way."

The Rev. Dr. Alexander MacLaren, the eminent Baptist preacher of Manchester, has been spending his Christmas vacation in Woodland, which he has done for many years past. He is fairly well in health and is working hard at his magnum opus—his "Expositions of Holy Scriptures," two volumes of which have already been published, and there are several more to follow.

Mr. Evan Roberts, the central figure of the Welsh revival, is living quietly in retirement. He has been spending some time as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Evan Lewis at their beautiful country home near Llanwrtyd. At present he is unable to say what his future movements will be.

It has been announced by Dr. Clifford, the first President of the World's Baptist Congress, that the next International Baptist Assembly will be held at Philadelphia in 1910. If that be so, it is to be hoped that the gathering will be made really representative.

An unusually fine crop of schoolboy "howlers" appears in the English "University Correspondent" for Dec. 15. Thinking that a selection of these might be interesting to some of our American readers, I have extracted a few of the most brilliant gems for their amusement and—edification!

"Cabal"—a short name for the English Prime Minister; on stands for Campbell, and be for Bismarck, and the "C" at the end means that he is a Liberal.

The name of Caesar's wife was Calpurnia; she was above suspicion.

Tolstoy was the leader of the Passive Resisters; he had his goods sold rather than be vaccinated.

The Duke of Marlborough was a great general who always fought with a fixed determination to win or lose.

The Tories objected to the passing of the Reform Bill because they thought that the House of Commons would soon be filled with Republicans and sinners.

Garnet Wolley was the first man to introduce tobacco into England.

Rotaries died from a dose of wedlock. To keep milk from turning sour you should keep it in the cow.

The embalmed body of an Egyptian is called a dummy.

Contralto is a low sort of music which only ladies sing.

The articles of our belief are the creed, Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Vulgar Tongue.

IN THE WRONG PLACE.

BY REV. R. E. WISHARD, D.D.

It is a great thing to be where God wants us to be, to be doing what he would have us do and from motives that are acceptable to him. When Elijah crept into that cave at Horeb, he was in the wrong place. That he was a man of like passions with ourselves is abundantly shown in his hurried escape from the red-hot vengeance of Jezebel. It is almost a comfort to some of us uncertain ones to see the let-down of Elijah's splendid courage. His faith and loyalty to God had been wrought up to the highest tension. He had achieved a great victory, alone in the struggle with idolatry, so far as human sympathy and help was concerned. God had answered and mightily sustained him, but the strain was too much for his physical powers, and he fled. God sometimes lets us run that we may discover the stuff we are made of.

Elijah did not find any human help in fleeing. He did hear the voice and feel the touch of the angels, as he lay exhausted and slept under the juniper tree. He did receive his diet of bread and water, that sustained him for forty days and forty nights, and landed him in that solitary cave at Horeb. He had reached the limit, and it was time for God to have a word with his servant. God always deals with the situation as it is, and this great prophet's case was not an exception. "What doest thou here, Elijah?" was the startling question. Elijah answered the question as it lay in his own mind. He had been very zealous for the Lord God of hosts. The back-sliding of Israel, under the idolatrous reign of Ahab, had wrought moral desolation. The altars of God had been desecrated and demolished, and his prophets slain by the sword. These were distressing facts, but did not quite answer the question of Elijah's flight and concealment. The real reasons for being in the wrong place were largely in the prophet himself.

His expectations had been disappointed. He had expected that God's vindication of himself on Carmel, and the destruction of the prophets of Baal, would reinstate Israel in loyalty to the true religion, and bring peace to the troubled land. It was a reasonable expectation. For the fire from heaven that consumed Elijah's offering had kindled the cry in the hearts of the people—"The Lord, he is God; the Lord, he is God." Instead of sweeping idolatry out of the kingdom, however, the events of Carmel had fired the passion of the inexorable Jezebel, and she had taken an oath before her gods to make the life of Elijah as one of her own slain prophets. It was true as applied to God's inquiry, "They seek my life to take it away." A further reason why he was now in conceal-

ment was in the fact that he had started to run. When he heard Jezebel's threat, "He arose and went for his life." He left Ahab's kingdom behind him, and stepped in the kingdom of Jehonadab, who was in uncomfortable and suspicious alliance with Ahab.

It is a dangerous business to begin a retreat, for no one can tell where it will end. God does not plan a retreat for his conquering forces. "Now to the front" is the marching order of God's conquering forces. It is not at all probable that Elijah anticipated a flight of three hundred and fifty miles to Horeb when he started. Indeed, his halt at Horeb, then under the juniper tree, indicated that he would gladly have ceased his run, but for the momentum of his fears.

In answer to the question, What was he doing? it is to be noted that he was looking at the dark side. It is well to see the difficulties; it is only fair that we should not conceal them from ourselves. All successful achievement must be made in full view of all obstacles. All of this Elijah saw, but through his depressed and discouraged view. He forgot the divine side of his difficulties, as we all do under discouragement. He had forgotten for a time the life of God from Horeb, which came at the call of his faith, and the rain given at the word of the prophet.

He was complaining of his lot. The outcome had been so different from what he had anticipated! He had been praying foolishly. "He requested for himself that he might die, and said, 'It is enough,' and yet had fled to save his life." "Now, O Lord, take away my life; for I am not better than my fathers."

How absolutely human was this good servant of God! He was in full fellowship with Israel. When at Kadeshbarnea and in mortal fear of the giants reported by the spies, they cried, "Would God we had died in the land of Egypt!" or "Would God we had died in the wilderness!"

Elijah was also misrepresenting the facts, which were already serious enough. He did not mean to state a falsehood, but there were some things which he did not know. He thought he was the only loyal Israelite, he alone. Like the good Scotch wife that had lost faith in all the Church, and even said of her husband, "I have my doubts o' Sandy." Elijah cried, "I, I alone." He believed it, but the Lord said to him, "I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal, and every mouth which hath not kissed him." Elijah saw through a glass darkly. He saw conditions out of his own deplorable nature, in a time of great dejection, but he did not see everything. No man can know it all. There is a sun in the heavens, though it be obscured for a time. Though "Clouds and darkness are round about him, righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." There is clear shining beyond the clouds. When we are in the wrong place our vision is dim. God, who took care of his prophet and sent him again to his work, is able to set us right, and "do exceeding abundantly above all we ask and think."

SELF-DENIAL.

BY REV. FREDERICK N. McMILLIN.

Goethe declared, "Religion is renunciation." We cannot agree with him. A half truth is sometimes as misleading as a whole untruth. Religion is not all renunciation. He who comes into harmony with him who is the source of life spiritual always gets far more than he gives up. The richest, happiest person is the real, live Christian—the emphasis is on the "real" and also on the "live." The one who is a Christian in form but not in power and who "is not working very hard at it," may chafe at the restraints rather than revel in the compensations of religion nevertheless our postulate is as true as truth itself. Jesus said, "I came that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." True it is a different life, but different because it is better, more beautiful, more satisfying; and the wealth of its abundance cannot be estimated.

Goethe would have written better had he said, "Religion requires renunciation." That this is true of the Christian faith must be clear as day to the student of the mind of the Master. Jesus said, "If any man will come after me let him deny himself." He may be the most selfish of men, the most averse to submitting to restraint, the idea of a cross may be the most foreign to his nature; nevertheless he must deny himself if he would follow him. When the scribe confidently affirmed, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," Jesus sadly replied, "The foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head;" and saying that the Master announced the program of Christianity, which is a program of self-denial.

The student of Church history knows that in direct proportion as the Church has followed its program and practiced self-denial it has had power, and vice versa. Self-indulgence is as instinctive as is breathing, and by many even in the Church it is practiced as regularly as is breathing, too; but the presence in the world of one perfectly unselfish life gave to humanity an ideal as compelling as it was beautiful. led it to see that there is a better way, the way of self-denial. The Church has held up this ideal, and in nothing has it demonstrated its power more conclusively than in leading multitudes to deny themselves for Christ's sake. A cynical world scoffs and says, "There is no self-denial being practiced in this selfish age," but go stand by the side of the martyr graves where sleep the Hodges, the Simcoxes, the Taylors; go look upon our friend who for two years has battled with an iron habit because he wants to become a Christian; go look upon our brother minister who on a mere pittance

is giving the best of a noble life to the kingdom; go look upon that woman of whom we know, who out of her poverty is giving more to Christ than many out of their affluence,—then know that the light which streams from Calvary the glory of self-denial—is lighting the world. The spirit of the time does not counsel self-denial, but not until we find the spirit of the time to be professed above the spirit of the Christ, will we refuse his call and obey its voice. The battle between his spirit and its spirit is on, and it is the preeminent struggle of the hour. The spirit of the time advises, "Get all you can and keep all you get." A diviner voice advises, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The spirit of the time advises, "Look after number one; let number two look after himself." A sweeter voice advises, "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfill the law of Christ." Like the mottos from the underworld sound the voices which counsel self-denial, like the silver tones of the bell from the Campanile of Paradise sound the voices which counsel self-denial.

And the choice goes on forever 'twixt that darkness and that light." The world falls down today and worships strength of any sort in any way displayed. Let it learn to pay homage at the shrine of self-denial. Any weakness can gratify himself; it takes a man to deny himself. The future of the Church depends upon its ability to follow the program given it by its Master; its problems can all be resolved into one problem,—will it be strong enough to practice self-denial? The amount of power it will possess will depend upon the number of weaklings and the number of the other sort it will have in potent and in few. The Church does not lack wealth, learning, prestige, personalities or machinery of the coming of the kingdom depended on these it would come tomorrow; its lack is self-denial, that which would render all these its possessions ineffective. Interior.

Literary. All the Books noticed in these columns will be sent at publishers' prices by the Baptist Book Concern, Louisville, Ky., postpaid to any address, upon receipt of the price.

Current Literature for February is brimming over with vitality. It is not, as its name might suggest, a record of literary events, but rather a mirror of contemporary thought and events in all departments of life. Some of the articles that are likely to attract attention by reason of their vivacity and lucid interpretations are the following: "Can Roosevelt Name His Successor?" "The Nation's Drift Toward Monarchy," "The Contest Over the Black Battalion," and "Is Franco Making War on God?" "The Humanization of Harriman" and "The Field Commander of the Democratic Party" have an altogether delightful personal touch, while "James Huneker, an Interpreter of Modernity," "The Simple and Fantastic Genius of Blake" and "The Two Natures of Rousseau" make interesting reading. "The Rise and Fall of Dowdism," and "A New Kind of Immortality" make the Department of Religion and Ethics unique of its kind. "Why the Dwellers in Mars Do Not Make War" and "Pleasures and Pains of Bacterin" are the leading features of the science department. "Recent Poetry" and "Recent Fiction and the Critics" are unusually brilliant.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The mountains are great preachers. They teach us at once our weakness and our strength. "The mountains bring peace." Yes, as they speak of the steadfastness of God, whose purposes are firm as "the everlasting hills." But they bring, too, awe and fear, and sometimes terror and despair, as in telling of a creative power they tell also of a power that can destroy. It was from a mountain that God gave the law. It was itself the symbol of majesty and authority, and never can we come into such a presence without a vague sense that we are standing before the throne. And what better preacher can we find to teach us the lesson of man's mortality? How little is the span of our earthly existence beside these hoary summits that have stood the storms of thousands of years? Well may we ask, what is our life? It is but a vapor—like one of the wreaths around these mountain tops—"that appeareth for a little time and then vanisheth away." It is a stream like that which glides beneath us to the sea. In the presence of such greatness we feel our littleness, and should be quite overwhelmed by the sense of utter insignificance were it not that we can fall back upon One who is greater than all that he has made.—Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D.

There are thousands of men to whom immediate success rarely comes; they are met by constant failure and disappointments; they struggle with scant reward and scantier recognition from the world. The sweets of success are never theirs; the struggle, the labor and the long-deferred hope are their daily experience. Such men may not miss the crowning of life; it may be theirs to pluck from failure the immediate flower of noble character.

GOLDEN WEDDING CHIMES.

In these days of hasty marriage and quick divorce, I am happy to report a case where mutual respect and that love which transcends every earthly affection has lasted for a half century, and is destined to last as long as time continues, and to be perpetuated in the home above, where they "neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels."

Life's "cup" is not always an unmingled "joy cup." Sorrow oft time comes in the midst of joy. It so happened on this occasion, when the bride of fifty years ago fell and dislocated her shoulder joint.

I will not trouble your readers with the many thoughts that crowd my brain when I think of fifty years of happy married life. These anniversary occasions turn us round to behold the regions of existence we have already traversed; once more we bend over the graves of buried love; we behold the bare trunks of blighted hopes and the withered rose leaves of dead pleasures.

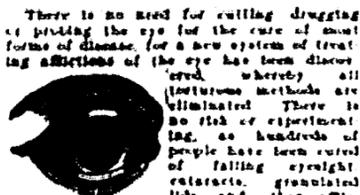
Mr. James T. Grant, the groom, was born in Boone county, Kentucky, January 27, 1832; married Miss Mary A. Willis, of Boone county, Kentucky, February 5, 1857. The late Dr. J. A. Kirtley officiating. Mrs. Grant, the bride, was born February 20, 1830. Mrs. Pauline Gaines was bridesmaid. She was present on the anniversary occasion. Bro. Grant united with the Baptist church in 1853, and has been a subscriber to the WESTERN RECORDER for fifty-three years.

"Uncle Jimmie," as he is familiarly called, has seen threescore and fifteen winters, and his good wife who has walked by his side and been the sympathetic sharer of his toils, his joys and sorrows has seen threescore and seventeen years. Uncle Jimmie is quite active. He can ride a horse with all the ease and grace of one of John Morgan's cavalrymen. He loves Christ, his church and the fellowship of the saints on earth. The dear old folks are regularly at church and their presence is a great inspiration to the pastor. They do not belong to that large crowd of church members who stay at home and do nothing from the first of January to the last of December but run an "excuse factory."

Restores Eyesight

Spectacles Can be Abandoned

"Actina," a Wonderful Discovery That Cures Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.



There is no need for cutting drugging or putting the eye for the cure of most forms of disease, for a new system of treating afflictions of the eye has been discovered, whereby all such ailments are eliminated. There is no risk or experimental tag, as hundreds of people have been cured of falling, squinted, cataracts, granular lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when specialists, they state, termed the cure incurable.

Mr. A. L. Howe, Tully, N. Y., writes: "Actina has removed cataracts from both my eyes. I can read well without my glasses, am sixty-five years old."

A sumptuous dinner (for which Boone county is so justly celebrated) was spread and greatly enjoyed.

The following guests honored the occasion: Mrs. Lizzie Graves, Mr. Clinton Gaines, Mr. Will Gaines, Deacon Homer Grant and wife, Deacon Thomas Grant and wife, Dr. Grant, Mr. Ben Grant and wife, Herbert Grant and wife and baby, Mrs. Martha Graves, Mr. Tom Randell and wife, Miss Martha Randell, Miss Pearl Botts, Mrs. Pauline Gaines.

May the good Lord and our legislators stop the iniquitous divorce business and give us a number of fiftieth "anniversaries" of marriage. C. G. SKILLMAN, Burlington, Ky.

LOUISIANA LETTER.

J. S. CAMPBELL.

The First Baptist church, Sheveport, H. A. Sumrell pastor, has a building spell upon them, and when it is over I suppose that they will have the best church house in the State.

The Minden church, with A. L. Johnston as pastor, abounds in good works. The church seems to be proud of her pastor.

J. R. Edwards, pastor of the Ruston church, is proving that a man may successfully be pastor of a church a second time after an interval of a few years duration.

W. T. Tardy is holding the fort in Monroe, and according to reports our cause in that city is in a prosperous condition.

A new man in the State is John R. Wright, pastor at Arcadia. May our Father's blessing be upon

this union of church and pastor. There is a prospect of moving the Louisiana Female College from Keachie to Shreveport.

J. D. Adcock and the Leesville saints are still doing business for the Lord at the same old stand in Leesville.

The Lake Charles work is managed by H. H. Shell, I. M. Cole, R. J. Brown.

T. D. Bush is now a pastor in the Carey Association, serving the Vincent and Sulphur churches.

H. M. Crain has left the Grace church, New Orleans, and is pastor at Welsh.

J. L. Kendrick is bending his energies to build a church house at Lafayette.

They do say that I. M. Wise, pastor at Estherwood and Iota, is writing a book, History of Louisiana Baptists.

The New Orleans brethren appear to be in good spirits. The First church and C. V. Edwards also have a building spell upon them. Many of us are hoping, praying and expecting a better day for our cause in that great city.

Twelve thousand dollars is the amount named to be raised for State Missions this year, and the Home Board also comes nobly to our help. Yet how far short this comes of supplying the destitution.

The Louisiana College, Alexandria, is in operation. The first one of the college buildings erected on the campus is about ready for the roofing. The deep well, 1,000 or more feet deep, is almost done. Financial Agent E. O. Ware, is succeeding.

The Baptist Academy at Mt. Lebanon, under the management of Principal F. L. Cox, is accommodating all the students that come, and is calling for more.

Plans are on to build a Baptist academy at Amite City in the near future.

Manager J. E. Trice and the Orphanage are getting on well. About ninety orphans are there.

The communications that come from the domicile of the State Board are signed: Walter N. Johnson, Corresponding Secretary. He has the hearty sympathy and cooperation of the brotherhood. Crowley, La.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

Trusting that a few items from our College might be of interest to the Baptist host who joyously read your inspiring and helpful pages, of which there is no equal, we take our quill in hand to write you a short letter.

Georgetown College is in a most flourishing condition. We thank God for her proud history of the past and rejoice to say that she is making history at the present that will shine with resplendent beauty beside the most glorious of the past. Dr. Taylor is at the helm, and with his pleasant smile may always be found ready with a word of encouragement and helpful advice for all, alert and active at the post of duty. He is certainly a president of which any institution may justly be proud. But we feel that Georgetown College is deserving of the best, and therefore make no apology for his being here.

We recognize that many fond hearts are anxiously looking this way in joyous anticipation of the time when son and daughter will come forth as a polished stone from the walls of this institution prepared to enter the conflict of life and fight its battles victoriously. We feel that no father or mother can find a better institution in

which to place their children for the elevation of their moral lives and enlightenment of their intellectual faculties than at Georgetown.

Professors Ramey and Hinton, have, in the short half year just passed, proven themselves very efficient factors in our working furze, and won a warm and lasting place in the hearts of both faculty and students. Our corps of old professors are true and tried soldiers, and when the names of Drs. Rucker, Yager and Ryland and Profs. Fresman, Fogle, Pullham and Chambers are called no further mention is necessary for the public to recognize that these are they who have had their part in making famous the name of Georgetown College.

The boys at Old Seminary are comforted only, in their sadness caused by the resignation of their former Matron, Mrs. Wilson, and daughter, Miss Lena, by the coming of those so eminently fitted to fill their place as is Mrs. Casseldine and daughter, Miss Mayme, who took charge at the beginning of the year.

The monotonous roll of school life has been broken for some of our students by the entertaining disease measles. All doing well at present writing.

We have had the pleasure of having on our rostrum this session some very distinguished men, and it is unnecessary to say that our students always welcome them whenever they appear. And also we greatly appreciate their timely and interesting addresses, and beg space to here invite them to come again.

Our church was disappointed and grieved on account of Bro. Eberhardt's declination to accept the call tendered him, but we trust that the divine hand will guide unerringly to the one who will lead us as our pastor. We have been receiving many good things, however, in our church life, and thank God for sending us such a man as Dr. Dement of the Seminary to take the place of a pastor.

Recently our people were permitted to hear Dr. W. O. Taylor, of Boston, for five lectures on Temperance. These lectures were interesting and very helpful indeed.

Our letter is growing lengthy and we must close. The dear old Recorder, long may it live to send forth its fearless messages of gospel truth into the world. It was our fathers' pride and we love it. Q. R. Z.

Georgetown, Ky. PENFIELD, N. Y.

The Baptist Church here is 104 years old, being the oldest Baptist church in this part of the State. The meeting has been going three weeks, and we have had snow nearly every day. The wind off Lake Ontario is very cold and raw. It is pretty cold here for Southern blood.

Despite the severe weather, we have had very good attendance and God has saved ten sinners; the old historic church has taken on new life. Brother W. H. Barker, the pastor, is a fine man and a busy worker on his pastorate.

There is no use of any church being without a pastor or any preacher being without work. We have now more in the vineyard than are at work in the vineyard. An idle preacher and a pastorless church are both unscriptural things. Brother Barker has a good church and is one of the best-working pastors I ever saw, and I should like to see him located in

Thousands of Women have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It.



MRS. SCOTT.

An interesting letter to our readers from Mrs. Gertrude Warner Scott, of Vinton, Iowa.

My trouble began with pain in my stomach, so severe that it seemed as if knives were cutting me. I was treated by two of the best physicians in the county, and consulted another. None of them suspected that the cause of my trouble was kidney disease. They told me that I had cancer of the stomach, and would die. I grew so weak that I could not walk, and I only weighed sixty pounds. One day my brother saw an advertisement of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. He bought a bottle at our drug store and I took it. My family could see a change in me, for the better, so they obtained more, and I continued the use of Swamp-Root regularly. I was so weak and run down that it took considerable time to build me up again. I am now well, thanks to Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and am keeping house for my husband and brother, on a farm.

Gratefully yours, Gertrude Warner Scott

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are often sure to follow: Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest because its remarkable curative power has been proven in thousands of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best. A thorough trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free by mail.

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

the South, where the weather is warmer. I visited the Rochester Theological Seminary one day last week, and Dr. Strong, the president, was kind enough to ask me to address the faculty and the students at the noon hour on Wednesday. I spoke on "Missions in the Philippines." Two of the brethren, who graduate this year, are planning to go to the Philippines as missionaries next year. More workers are needed over there.

By invitation of General Otis, my chief commander while in service, I took dinner with him last Tuesday. Every hour of my stay in Penfield (Rochester) has been pleasant. My next meeting, Feb. 10th to 28th, is with the Lafayette Avenue Baptist church, Buffalo, N. Y.

I shall come South in April. May God bless all the workers. FRANK M. WELLS, Jackson, Tenn.

The capacity to say smart, sarcastic things is a gift of doubtful blessing. The pyrotechnics too frequently strike in the faces of innocent bystanders.



I CURED MY RUPTURE

I Will Show You How To Cure Yours FREE.

I was helpless and bed-ridden for years from a double rupture. No truss could hold. Doctors said I would die if not operated on. I fooled them all and cured myself by a simple discovery. I will send the cure free by mail if you write for it. It cured me and has since cured thousands. It will cure you. Write to-day. Capt. W. A. Collings, Box 601 Watertown, N. Y.

OUR REDEEMER

Deny our Saviour! how could we!
Him who died on Calvary's tree;
Who to the law Himself did sell
Us to redeem from death and hell.

Oh how could we from praise refrain!
When angels hastened to proclaim
His coming to this earth below
God's love for sinful men to show.

Then see the holy One of God
As thro' this accursed earth He
trod,
Healing the sick, giving sight to
the blind,
Helping poor fallen human kind.

Then on the bloody tree behold
Him shed His precious blood for
all,
Its shame and anguish did endure,
Our salvation to secure.

Down in the tomb by loving hands
Was laid the blessed Son of man;
He to the grave death's victim
went;
Arose its victor, triumphant.

Then how could we refrain to sing
All praise and glory to our King?
Or the story sweet forget to tell,
Of how He conquered death and
hell!

Dear Saviour, help us here below,
All honor Thy dear name to show;
And may we sing Thy love and
praise
Around Thy throne thro' endless
days.

WOOD BLAKEMAN.

Our Pulpit

POWER WITH GOD.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

"As a prince hast thou power with God." Genesis xxxii. 28.

What a comprehensive blessing it must be to have power with God; for he who has power with God must have power with men. Creatures must submit where the Creator himself has yielded. If you can have your way with the Master, you may depend upon it that you can have your way with his servants. The man who has power with God must be safe. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" No weapon that is formed against such a man can prosper, and every tongue that rises against him in judgment he can condemn; for, having power with God, he shall be able to plant his foot upon the neck of his adversaries, and to reign over those who rebel against him. Such a man as that cannot be in want. If he has power with God, he will tell him about his needs, and they shall all be supplied. He will confess his sins, and they will be forgiven. God will deal well with the man who has power with him. There is such a wide range of blessing here that I must not stop to enlarge upon it.

I. I want you to note, first, what this power cannot be: "power with God."

You scarcely need to be told that it cannot be anything like physical force in opposition to God. It is power with God, not power against God, that is mentioned in our text. No creature, however mighty, can have any power to stand in opposition to Omnipotence. Who are we that we should ever stand up to oppose the Most High? Let the tow contend with the fierce flame,

or the wax with the burning heat, but let us not contend with God. If we did so, we should be, like the moth in the candle, utterly consumed. The strongest and the proudest men must be but as stubble in the day of God's anger. In fact, to think of man having any power against God is sheer madness, for we have not any power at all apart from God. We only exist because he wills it. The breath in our nostrils is his gift moment by moment; we should go back to the nothingness from which we spring if he withdrew for a single instant, his sustaining hand. Man has no power against God. O you foolish sinners, who are resisting him, give up the unequal battle! I charge you, before God, to count the cost of a contest with your Maker before you begin it. As well might a potsherd strive with him who moulds it as for you, a creature, to strive with your Creator. He will break you in pieces, like a potter's vessels, in the day of his anger. Therefore, be wise, and end the fight, and be at peace with him.

Neither can this "power with God" mean mental power. There are persons, who seem to exalt their intellect even above God himself. It is a fine thing to be gifted with powers of argument, and to have a keen reasoning faculty; but, at the same time, to some people, these are very dangerous possessions. I know certain individuals, who say that they will never believe what they cannot understand. If they adhere to that determination, they will never believe in their own existence, for they certainly cannot understand that. They seek to overthrow the Word of God and the doctrines of the gospel with their subtle wit and profound thought; but it is sheer madness for human folly to contend with divine wisdom. It is insanity carried to the very highest point for even the wisest of men to think that their intellects are a match for the omniscience of God, for "the foolishness of God is wiser than men." Even the simplicity of the gospel,—and it is very simple,—and "the foolishness of preaching,"—which, in some people's esteem, is utter foolishness, shall win the victory, while those who imagine that they are wise shall be proved to be fools. Brothers and sisters, let us never attempt to argue any case in opposition to God's will, for we cannot have any power with him in that way. Let us always surrender our judgment to the teaching of his Word, and conform our will to his will. If we ever think that a certain course is best, but it is evident, by the working of God's providence, that he does not think so, let us not for a single moment hold a debate with him; but let us say, as David did, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it." If God does anything, that is enough for us. If God says anything, that is enough for us. Instead of arguing and reasoning, "It is written," or "God has said it," is sufficient to settle any question that concerns a Christian.

And, again, when we speak of having power with God, we must not suppose that any man can have any meritorious power with God. It has been thought, by some people, that a man can attain to a certain degree of merit, and that, then, he will receive heaven's blessings;—if he offers a certain number of prayers, if he does this, or feels that, or suffers the other, then he will stand in high favour with God. Many are living under this delusion; and, in their way,

are trying to get power with God by what they are, or do, or suffer. They think they would get power with God if they were to feel sin more, or if they were to weep more, or if they were to repent more. It is always something that they are to do, or something they are to produce in themselves, which they are to bring before God, so that, when he sees it, he will say, "Now I will have mercy upon you, and grant you the blessing you crave." O dear friends, all this is contrary to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ! There is far more power with God in the humble acknowledgment of sinfulness than in a boastful claim of cleanliness,—much more power in pleading that grace will forgive than in asking that justice should reward; because, when we plead our emptiness and sin, we plead the truth; but when we talk about our goodness and meritorious doings, we plead a lie; and lies can never have any power in the presence of the God of truth. O brethren and sisters, let us for ever shake off from us, as we would shake a viper from our hand, all idea that, by any goodness of ours, which even the Spirit of God might work in us we should be able to deserve anything at God's hands, and to claim as a right anything from the justice of our Maker!

II. Now, secondly, let us enquire whence this power proceeds. If anyone asks, "How can a man have power with God?" the answer is, "Not because the power is in him, but he can have power with God by reason of something that is in God."

First, God's people get power with him from the very character of God's nature. You will soon see what I mean. Have you ever visited a family in the depths of poverty, and found them with a few rags to sleep upon, with nothing whatever in the cupboard, with a child dying for want of food, mother and father with pinched countenances, who tell you that, for the last forty-eight hours, they have had nothing whatever to eat? And have you not felt that they have had power over you, so that you could not help relieving them? I am certain that it has been so, if you have a tender heart, and are of a gracious, generous spirit. The power that they have over you does not arise from their riches, but quite the reverse, from their poverty.

But we get a futher view of the source whence this power with God proceeds when we reach the next point, namely, God's promise. God has, in his Word, been pleased to say that he will do this and that, and give this and that. He was quite free, once, to do whatever he pleased; but now that God has given us his promise, he is not free to break it, and it would be inconsistent with his glorious attributes that he should do so. Neither will he ever be false to a single syllable that has gone forth out of his mouth. When God gave his promise, he did, as it were, put himself in the power of those who know how to plead the promise. Every promise is so much strength given to the man who has faith in the promise, for he may with it overcome even the omnipotent God himself.

Thus, you see, there are two sources of power,—God's nature, and God's promise.

But the true child of God knows of other sources of power with God; so, next, he pleads the relationships of grace. God, in his infinite mercy, has been pleased to

choose certain people to be his children. "Ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." There was no reason, in themselves, why they should be his sons and daughters; but his sovereign grace adopted them, and his Spirit regenerated them. But the moment that God made any one of us his child, he did again—I speak with all reverence,—give us power with him, and put himself into our hands. Who among us does not know the power of a child over his father? There are some children who have too much power. There is a Greek story of the little boy who ruled all Athens, because he ruled his mother, and his mother ruled his father, and his father ruled the senate, and the senate ruled Athens; and so, in that way, the little boy practically ruled the whole city; and I am afraid that there are some children who have a good deal too much power in that way. But our Heavenly Father, though he is too wise to indulge us in that way, is so good that he will not deny us any privilege that, by right, belongs to the position of a child. When your child appeals to you because there is something that he really needs, but which you have withheld from him, and he says, at last, "But, my dear father, will thou grant me this?" or if you have chastened him, and he says, "Father, stay thy hand; am I not thy child?" you cannot resist his appeal. He has power with you; you know that he has. And what a wonderful power we have when we can truly say, "Abba! Father!" We shall have power with God in our times of greatest weakness if we can cry, "Abba! Father!"

Once more, dear friends the power that we have with God also springs from his past actions. Look at what he has done for his own people. First, he chose them. Well, then, as he chose them, he cannot cast them away, because he is an immutable God; as he has made his choice, he stands to it. Paul asks, "Hath God cast away his people?" And he answers his own question, "God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew." That is what he has never done. Then, in addition to choosing us, he has also redeemed us; and after he has redeemed us from destruction by the blood of his Son, can he suffer us to be lost? Can he pay for us such a price as that, and yet neglect to keep us to the end? That cannot be. When he gave his Son as a ransom for us, he did indeed put himself into our hands; for "he that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Do but know that God gave his Son for you, dear friend,—know that Jesus Christ is yours, and the logic of your prayer is clear enough, and forcible enough, when you say, "What canst thou deny me, O my Father? Thou hast given me thy Son; so, by his blood and wounds, by his life, and death, and resurrection glory, give my spirit the grace it needs, since thou hast given me Jesus Christ."

Do you not see, dear brethren and sisters in Christ, that every mercy which God has bestowed upon you gives you power over him? Therefore, you sing, with John Newton,—

"His love in time past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink; Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review, Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite through."

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Pyramid Drug Co. Have Found a Perfect, Quick and Painless Remedy.

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We offer you a trial package of the Pyramid Pile Cure absolutely without cost. There is enough in the sample to give great relief. Do not hesitate, fearing that it will harm you.

Not only does the Pyramid Pile Cure cure piles painlessly, but without inconvenience or the interruption of your business duties. It acts as a healing balm to the irritated membrane of the rectum, giving new life to the deadened blood vessels and causing the ulcerous condition to pass away. Immediately upon starting to use the Pyramid Pile Cure the patient will find the congestion relieved and the swelling diminishing as well as the disappearance of that awful sense of itching.

Read the record of this wonderful cure:

"I bought 5 boxes of Pyramid Pile Cure just before leaving the U. S. for the P. I. last May. I had as bad a case of piles as there could be. I suffered from piles since the early spring of 1900. I contracted the piles from a mild case of dysentery in Luzon, P. I., and carried them all around the island, China, Japan, and back home for 4 years. I used all kinds of pile cures known, but I could never get a cure or even a few hours' relief, till in March, 1905, a friend gave me the Pyramid Pile Cure and it gave me instant relief. I used 5 boxes all told and not a visible sign of Piles have I now. I don't know how to begin to thank you. I remain, your faithful believer in Pyramid Pile Cure, T. T. Heffner, Co. I., 9th Inf., Manila, P. I."

There is no method so safe or so inexpensive. If you are a sufferer from this disagreeable, distracting, painful and dangerous affliction, write us for a free trial package which we will send to you at once. We are sure that you will be so greatly helped that you will continue to use this treatment until cured. Pyramid Drug Co., 79 Pyramid Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

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If he has done so much for us, will he not do still more? Does not every blessing, which is bestowed by God, come to us with this message in its mouth, "There is more to follow;" and may we not be quite sure that he, who has blessed us now for forty years, for fifty, sixty, seventy,—and I see some who have numbered eighty years, and you have had God's blessing all the while,—then, has he not, by all these years of favour and mercy, pledged and bound himself to bless you even to the end? Assuredly it is so.

III. Now, in the third place, notice how this power with God can be exercised by Christians. What shape does power with God take? Of course, it takes the shape of prayer. Christians put forth the power they have with God when they draw near to him to ask for blessings upon themselves and upon others; but it is not every man who prays who has power

with God, or who knows how to use the power which really exists. Who are the people who really have power with God? I will tell you.

First, this power is exercised by those who are deeply sensible of their own weakness. No man has power with God who thinks he is strong, except in the sense in which Paul wrote, "When I am weak, then am I strong." I have an idea, and I think that Scripture supports it, that Jacob wrestled very hard with the angel, but that he never won the victory till the angel touched the hollow of his thigh, and caused the sinew to shrink. Then, when Jacob could not any longer stand, as he fell, he clutched the angel with all his might as though he would pull him down also if he must himself go down, and the weight of Jacob was all the greater because he could not stand. His very weakness was an element of his strength, and that moment of weakness was the moment of his victory. Now, if you go to God feeling that you are partly full, he will not fill you, but will wait till you are quite empty before he will pour his blessing into you. He will not mix oil with water; and until he has emptied all the water out of the vessel, he will not begin to pour in his oil or his wine. When you feel that you have a little strength for prayer, I think it is very likely that you will not have power with God; but when it comes to this, that you cry out, "O God, I can do nothing; all my power is turned to utter weakness; I am driven to the lowest extremity;" then, in the very desperation of your weakness, you will clutch the promise-making God, and, as it were, drag down the angel, and win the blessing, as Jacob did. It is your weakness that will do it, not your strength.

Have you ever tried to go to God as a fully-sanctified man? I did so once; I had heard some of the "perfect" brethren, who are traveling to heaven by the "high level" railway, and I thought I would try their plan of praying. I went before the Lord as a consecrated and sanctified man. I knocked at the gate; had been accustomed to gain admittance the first time I knocked; but, this time, I did not. I knocked again, and kept on knocking, though I did not feel quite easy in my conscience about what I was doing. At last, I clamoured loudly to be let in; and when they asked me who I was, I replied that I was a perfectly-consecrated and fully-sanctified man; but they said that they did not know me! The fact was, they had never seen me in that character before. At last, when I felt that I must get in, and must have a blessing, I knocked again; and when the keeper of the gate asked, "Who is there?" I answered, "I am Charles Spurgeon, a poor sinner, who has no sanctification or perfection of his own to talk about, but who is trusting alone to Jesus Christ, the sinners' Saviour." The gate-keeper said, "Oh, it is you, is it? Come in; we know you well enough we have known you these many years," and then I went in directly. I believe that is the best way of praying, and the way to win the day. It is when you have got on your fine feathers and top-knots that the Lord will not know you; when you have taken them all off, and gone to him as you went at the first, then you can say to him—

"Once a sinner near despair Bought thy mercy-seat by prayer; Mercy heard, and set him free, Lord, that mercy came to me;"

"and I am that poor publican, who dared not lift so much as his eye towards heaven, but smote upon his breast, and cried, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and he went home to his house justified rather than the brother over there, who talked so proudly about the higher life, but who went home without a blessing." Yes, my brother, you are strong when you are weak, and you are perfect when you know that you are imperfect, and you are nearest to heaven when you think you are farthest off. The less you esteem yourself, the higher is God's esteem of you.

Again, in order to have power with God, we must have simple faith. Nobody who doubts can prevail with God. The promise is not to the waverer, for James says, "Let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord." The man who gets the blessing is the one who fully believes in God's promise, and who so believes in it that he acts upon it. I shall never forget the faith of a certain member of this church, who is still living. About eighteen or nineteen years ago, I was very ill indeed. Most people thought that I should die; but, one morning, very early, this good brother came down to my house, and asked to see my wife. It was just about daybreak, and when she saw him, he said to her, "I have spent all this night wrestling with God for your husband's life. We cannot afford to lose our pastor, and I feel sure that he is going to live, so I thought I would just walk here, and tell you so." "Thank you, thank you," said my wife, "I am very grateful for your prayers and for your faith." It is not everybody who can pray to God like that, and we fail to obtain the blessings that we seek because we do not pray like that. But, dear brothers and sisters, if we were to believe God just as we believe our friends,—if we were to give God as much trust as we give to our husbands and our wives,—how strong in faith we should be! He deserves a thousand times more confidence than we can ever repose in the very best of our relatives or friends, and if we have faith in his promises, we shall certainly overcome him. If you trust him, he cannot fail you. It is possible for even a good man to fail one who trusts him, but it is quite impossible for God to fail the soul that has relied upon him.

I am sure that, if we ministers only believe God more, and preach more in faith, he will honour us more. I fancy that, if God were to give us Pentecostal blessings, it would be seen that many of us are by no means ready to receive them. Suppose there were five thousand persons converted in one day, most of the churches round about would say, "There is a shocking state of excitement over at the Tabernacle; it is really dreadful!" The first thought that would be excited in many Christian minds would be one of suspicion. I am sure that, if we reported that, anywhere in England, three thousand were brought to know the Lord in one day, there is not one Christian in ten who would believe that such a thing was possible; and there is not one in a hundred who would think that it was true; and we ministers would be very much of the same mind. I was preaching in Bedford, and I prayed that God would bless the sermon, and give

me at least some few souls that afternoon. When I had done, there was an old Wesleyan brother there who gave me a good scolding, which I richly deserved. He said to me, "I did not say 'Amen' when you were asking for a few souls to be converted, for I thought you were limiting the II. One of Israel. Why did you not pray with all your heart for all of them to be saved? I did," he added, "and that was why I did not say 'Amen' to your narrow prayer." It is often the case that we preachers do not honour God by believing that he will give great blessings; and, therefore, he does not honour us by giving those great blessings. But if we maintained a closer adherence to the truth, and had a firmer confidence that God's Word shall never return unto him void, he would do far greater things by us than he ever yet has done.

To this sense of our own weakness, and our full belief in God, we must add earnest attention to his Word. Brother, you cannot expect God to listen to you if you will not listen to him, and when you ask of God, you must not imagine that he will give to you what you ask of him if you do not give to him what he asks of you. If a man loves to sin, his prayers cannot speed with the God of holiness. When God says to a man "Such-and-such a thing is to be done," and the man says, "I will not do it," the next time he goes to God in prayer, it is very likely that the Lord will say to him, "As you did not do as I wished, I shall not do as you wish." The toleration of any known sin deprives us of power with God, and the neglect of any known duty prevents a man from succeeding when he is on his knees. If you would prevail with God, you must have "a conscience void of offence." You must go before the Lord confessing your sin, and saying, "O Lord, help me to do thy will in all things! I am perfectly willing to do so, and I wish to be thy loyal obedient servant in all things." If you do that, you will find that whatsoever you ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive.

In addition to all that I have said, the man who is to prevail with God must be a man who is terribly in earnest. What an earnest man Jacob was in that night of wrestling! What a grand utterance that was, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me"! Cold prayers do, as it were, ask God not to listen to them. When you pray for anything, if you do not present your petition with earnestness and fervour, you cannot expect the Lord to hear you. Some people, when they pray, are like the little boys in the street, who give run-away knocks at the door, and off they go; but the man who prays aright gets a hold of the knocker of the door of mercy, and he knocks, and knocks, and if there is no answer, he knocks again and again, and if there is not then an answer, he knocks again, and again, and again, and again, and the longer he is kept waiting, the more loudly he knocks till, at last, you would think that he was going to carry the house by storm, and make the door-posts start out of their sockets, he knocks so hard. That is the kind of man who wins the day with God,—the man who will not let the Lord go until he blesses him. The prayers of John Knox brought down upon Scotland such copious blessings because they were the prayers of a man whose heart was all on fire with sacred earnestness, and who prayed with

his whole soul and spirit. Our Lord Jesus himself said, "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

To all these qualifications for power with God we must add body importunity. Wrestling is not merely laying hold of a man, and then letting him go. I wonder how Jacob did hold that man who wrestled with him until the breaking of the day. I warrant you that he had a tight grip of him, and I expect that, sometimes, it was specially leg work, and then arm-work, and then loins work; for, when men wrestle in real earnest, all their sinews, and muscles, and bones, and limbs are brought into play. So it must have been with Jacob that night, and he kept on holding the angel fast, and saying in his soul, if not with his lips,

"With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day."

and, therefore, the blessing was given to him because he kept on struggling for it. There are some mercies which never will be bestowed except in answer to continued, importunate prayer. O brother or sister, if you know how to keep on pleading, you are the one who has power with God! You will be called Israel if you can spend the whole night in resolute, determined, humble, believing importunity; the blessing must come if you feel that you cannot do without it, because it is for God's glory that it should be bestowed upon you.

IV. I close by briefly noticing to what use this power may be turned.

Whenever this power with God is given, it will bring down many blessings upon the person who has it, and it will also make him the means of great blessing to others. My time has almost gone, so I will only dwell on that second point.

Abraham was a man who had power with God, but there was poor Lot living over in Sodom, just as a great many professing Christians are doing to-day. I hope they are God's people, but I cannot make them out. They like worldly amusements, and they like worldly talk: they are like Lot in Sodom. I wonder how they can endure the foul atmosphere in which they live. I have often said that the grace of God can live where I could not. There are some people with whom I should not like to live, yet I trust the grace of God is in them; at least, I hope so, I must not judge them. But, dear brethren, if ever that part of the church which is like Lot in Sodom gets a blessing, it must bethrough you who are like Abraham, and have power with God. Pray for for your poor inconsistent brethren; entreat the Lord to prevent them from going any further into sin. Ask the Lord that they may not be destroyed with Sodom in the day of his vengeance, and the Lord will hear you, and bring Lot safely out of Sodom, though it may be that Lot will have to lose all that he has got, and lose his wife, too, before he will be got out. You will get him out if you know how to pray for him.

Moses was another man who had power with God. You remember that, when the Israelites made the golden calf, the Lord said to Moses, "Let me alone, that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them: and I will make of thee a great nation." Was not that a wonderful opportunity for Moses? He was to be made

into a great nation, and all the rest of the people were to be destroyed. But you recollect how Moses pleaded with the Lord, and he did not plead in vain. The Lord said to him, "Let me alone, that I may consume them;" but it seems as though Moses stood up, and grasped God's hand, in which he held his rod of vengeance, and at last the Lord said that he would pardon the nation, and spare them in answer to the plea of Moses, the man who had power with God.

PPIMPLES, BLACKHEADS----

Get Rid of All Your Face Troubles in a Few Days' Time With the Wonderful Stuart Calcium Wafers.

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You cannot have an attractive face or a beautiful complexion when your blood is in bad order and full of impurities. Impure blood means an impure face, always.

The most wonderful as well as the most rapid blood cleanser is Stuart's Calcium Wafers. You use them for a few days, and the difference tells in your face right away.

Most blood purifiers and skin treatments are full of poison. Stuart's Calcium Wafers are guaranteed free from any poison, mercury, drug, or opiate. They are as harmless as water, but the results are astonishing.

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No matter what your trouble is, whether pimples, blotches, blackheads, rash, tetter, eczema, or scabby crusts, you can solemnly depend upon Stuart's Calcium Wafers as never-failing.

Don't be any longer humiliated by having a splotchy face. Don't have strangers stare at you, or allow your friends to be ashamed of you because of your face.

Your blood makes you what you are. The men and women who forge ahead are those with pure blood and pure faces. Did you ever stop to think of that?

Stuart's Calcium Wafers are absolutely harmless, but the results,—mighty satisfying to you even at the end of a week. They will make you happy because your face will be a welcome sight not only to yourself when you look in the glass, but to everybody else who knows you and talks with you.

We want to prove to you that Stuart's Calcium Wafers are beyond doubt the best and quickest blood and skin purifier in the world,—so we will send you a free sample as soon as we get your name and address. Send for it today, and then when you have tried the sample you will not rest contented until you have bought a 50c box at your druggist's.

Send us your name and address today and we will at once send you by mail a sample package, free. Address F. A. Stuart Co., 51 Stuart Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

Editorial

ing against B, and B denies the charge, calling on A to produce his proof; is A in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge? Here are some of the answers: "Yes. H. H. Carroll," Dean of Baylor Theological Seminary. "A is bound in honor either to produce his proof or else to withdraw his charge. Henry G. Westcott," President Cruzer Theological Seminary. "Yes. A. H. Strong," President Rochester Theological Seminary. "In this part of the country it would be held incontrovertible that if a man could not prove a charge which he makes he should withdraw it. We should even go further and say that if he cannot offer the necessary proof he should never make the charge in the first place. George E. Merrill," President Colgate University. "Yes. W. H. P. Faunce," President Brown University. "My conviction is that whether one regards this matter from the point of view of common sense, law, or morals, the answer must be in the affirmative. Jacob Gould Schurman," President Cornell University. "A is in honor bound to produce his proof or else withdraw the charge. E. B. Bryan," President Franklin College. "Under the conditions above, I think A is in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge. S. P. Brooks," President Baylor University. "If A does not justify his charge or withdraw it, he puts himself in the place of a slanderer, and if he can stand it, probably B can. J. J. Taylor," President Georgetown College. "A is, undoubtedly, in honor bound to produce his evidence of guilt, or to withdraw his charge and apologize. Wm. H. Harrison," President Bethel College. "I beg to answer, yes; and make apology besides. W. L. Potat," President Wake Forest College. "A is in honor bound to bring proof or withdraw his charges, and that, too, without delay. A. P. Montague," President Howard College. "I think A is in honor bound to produce his proof or to withdraw his charge. I further think that in the withdrawal of his charge he would be in honor bound to state he was mistaken in his testimony and had unintentionally done B a grave injustice. S. Y. Jameson," President Mercer University. "Of course if one man brings a charge against another and the charge is denied, the party making it is bound in honor to substantiate it or withdraw it and apologize for having made it. If this were not so any of us would be at the mercy of any reckless slanderer who could wag a tongue or wield a pen. P. S. Henson," Pastor Tremont Temple, Boston. These are clear and strong enough. There were three to whom we sent questions who excused themselves from answering. A few in their answers brought in other matters and went more or less into a discussion of the subject; of these we will speak some time later. With us it is too obvious for question that if A bring a charge against B, which B denies, calling for proof, A is in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge with ample apology for having made it. And yet, are there not Baptist preachers who will bring a charge against a brother which he denies

calling for the proof, even repeatedly, and yet they will neither offer proof nor withdraw the charge? There is no man who should have so high and so true a sense of honor as a minister of Jesus Christ.

GOV. P. H. LESLIE DEAD.

At the ripe age of nearly 88, the long and useful life of Preston Hopkins Leslie closed in a peaceful and triumphant death at his home in Helena, Montana, on the morning of the 7th inst. He had been ill but a few days, but his illness was pneumonia. More than half the elderly people die of that disease. Gov. Leslie was one of the purest and noblest characters of American history. In all the relations of life he was tried and not found wanting. His character was lofty and it was even-like a high table-land. As Carlyle said of Scott, Gov. Leslie was "healthy in body, healthy in soul, we call him one of the healthiest of men." There has been no sounder piece of American manhood put together than was found in him. For sixty-two years he was in public life, and without a blot or a stain. Born in Wayne (now Clinton) county, Kentucky, March 2, 1819, receiving such education as the country then afforded he entered upon the practice of law in 1840. Four times he was elected to the state legislature, and when Speaker of the Senate he succeeded to the office of Governor for the unexpired term, and then he was elected to succeed himself. Kentucky never had a better Governor. He became Circuit Judge, 1881-6, and served with highest honor. Then he became Governor of Montana by appointment of President Cleveland, making his home in Helena. Afterward, and at the age of 75 he was appointed U. S. District Attorney and filled that office with distinction. Indeed his activities continued till within a few days of his death. Last year at the "Home Coming," Gov. Leslie was the most distinguished and the most honored guest. By special invitation he addressed the Legislature, and he spoke with unabated vigor. Gov. Leslie was a devout and thoroughgoing Baptist. He was one of our Old Guard, and ever and anon he wrote articles for us-always sane, clear, strong and timely. Even while he was Governor, he was regular at church, at prayer meeting and at Sunday school. He was three times Moderator of our General Association, and he ever took a lively interest in denominational affairs. As Macaulay said of Milton he was "visibly stamped with the image and superscription of the Most High." His death was not an eclipse, but a glorious sunset. He fought the good fight, he finished the course; he kept the faith. "Nobly his course is run, splendor is round it. Bravely his fight is done, victory crowned it. In the high warfare of Heaven grown hoary He is gone, like a summer sun, shrouded in glory."

tonished at the extent and the accuracy of the information. We expect soon to hear of great things planned by this Board, in view of this great increase of their financial ability. Of this \$72,000,000 one-third goes to the permanent fund, only the interest of which can be used, and two-thirds to be given away, subject, however, to the approval of Mr. Rockefeller or of his son, during their lives.

There are 119 counties in Kentucky. In 95 of them saloons have been utterly banished. Of those 25 have voted since last summer. In only four counties are saloons in the country and outside the large towns, and in these, even in Jefferson, there are dry precincts. Temperance has made great progress, and we trust it is solid and permanent progress. The Kentucky Issue tells of a candidate for Governor who privately says he is against the saloon, but he cannot afford to let the saloon men know it. The question is-should he be elected, will he not still be afraid to let the saloon men know it? Candidates for Governor should give no uncertain sound on this question. To put in a whisky Governor would be to give the cause of temperance in the state a serious set back. Let the friends of righteousness take notice. The good people of the state are in no humor to be trifled with on this question. The Psalmist asks-"what is man?" And here comes Herbert Spencer with an answer, viz: "Man is a transcendental ideation of solidaric intusceptive autochthonal reduction and organic individualization of mobilized egressus and noetic and dianoetic plasticities of intellectivity; that is, an ectypical macrocosmic modality of ultraneous and fusiform differentiation, spontaneously racemated into homogeneous individuality." Ah! if only the Psalmist could have gotten hold of this answer to his question!! A wrong theology always must result in a wrong morality. Now that some people have set aside authority in religion, recognizing only the man's own judgment and thus making theology wholly a matter of private caprice; they have gone farther and denied all moral standards except the same private caprice. A British Ph.D. of the new school has published a book of which a leading English paper says: "He claims that there is no absolute standard in morality, but that the moral concepts are based on emotions of approval and disapproval." The Illinois Baptist State Association was duly organized at Pineknayville, January 31st. Constitution and by-laws were adopted, and an executive board appointed. Each church can have one messenger and one additional for each hundred members or major fraction thereof. Beside these there are annual members and life members. Up to last accounts 226 churches have decided to co-operate with the Association. This body was organized in protest against the laxity tolerated by the Illinois Baptist Convention, particularly in some of the churches in Chicago. A race has been discovered in the Arctic regions who never before saw a white man. The Mexican Herald says: "They will live to regret the incident." Let us hope they will live to be glad of it.

Editorial Varieties

lingering March 18th Louisville is for two weeks to do herself proud. The new Artillery building-well suited for the purpose-is to contain the Louisville Exposition. "Everything made in Louisville is to be shown in samples. Beside the Government of Washington would some interesting exhibits. Hand some drawings and fine models will be seen and heard. Art and literature receive due attention. President Roosevelt is to touch the button that starts the machinery. There will be two memorable weeks in the history of Louisville. In the North there are more Presbyterians than Baptists. In the South the Baptists outnumber the Presbyterians eight to one. The National Recorder objects to Prof. McElheth's "Ecumenical Baptist Creed." Among other things it says: "Its outstanding and astonishing defect is that it shodges nothing for the Scriptures as the Word of God and the New Testament as the only rule of faith and practice." This is but one of several objections urged. The said creed is: "I have repented of my sin, and believe that God has forgiven my sins for the sake of Christ whom I am trusting for life and salvation. I desire to be baptized" (immersed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost) and promise to lead a life devoted to Christ and His cause." The Home Herald (Ham's Horn) has a cartoon representing a well-dressed man sitting in an easy chair smoking and pointing to a convict, wearing stripes and a ball and chain, with this legend: "The rich Pharisee's prayer-I thank thee Lord that I am not as those who transgress only on a small scale." The Christian Weekly, which was a continuation of the Christian Companion and the Watch Tower, has been discontinued for want of support. Elders J. B. Hynay, H. C. Bowen and John T. Brown were the editors. The announcement states that the effort was to have a dollar paper which would satisfy "every demand made upon it as a newspaper and advocate," but the needed support could not be secured. We have received notice from the paper manufacturers that the price of paper has gone up 25 per cent. This will very materially increase the cost of making the WESTERN RECORDER, but we do not propose either to increase our subscription price or to use a cheaper quality of paper. We hope the increase in our subscription list will prevent any embarrassment on account of our increased expenses. Nearer was the WESTERN RECORDER more needed than now. Lowell says: "There is no evil comparable in its effects on character to that of a craven submission to manifest wrong." "Craven submission," certainly. If the wrong touches "the faith once for all delivered unto the saints," let there be no submission, not for an hour. But in case of personal wrong-If any man "smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also." And in resisting wrong we must guard against doing another wrong. The great and good Dr. Cuyler writes: "Among the huge heap of congratulatory letters that piled my table on my recent 85th birthday, the most gratifying were from those whom I had led to the Saviour-and from ministers whom I had stirred into new zeal for preaching the blessed old Gospel in its primitive purity and power. For which I thank God and take courage." Thank God for Dr. Cuyler. Blessings on him. The output of gold in South Africa for 1906 was \$125,000,000, an increase of 25 per cent over the year before. Why should it be assumed that the man in the Moon is without ideas? The other day we heard a lady say, "I have no more idea about it than the man in the Moon," and often this comparison is made. Who found out that the man in the Moon has no ideas? If it be conceded that there is a man there, why regard him as a numskull? G. F. Arnold, Esq., renewing his better half's subscription and an extra \$2 for his son, says: "My wife has been a subscriber nearly forty years, and she thinks so much of it that she is sending it to her sons." A wise mother, to thus look after the spiritual welfare of her sons, after they are separated from her. It is gratifying to know that a number of parents are doing likewise. May the number increase. Such people are a blessing to the world.

We recently had occasion to raise a question of ethics, which ought to be generally understood, but which does not seem to be so. We put it in the form of a question and sent it to a number of our leading men, chiefly to those connected with institutions of learning, as follows: A brings a charge of wrong do-

ing against B, and B denies the charge, calling on A to produce his proof; is A in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge? Here are some of the answers: "Yes. H. H. Carroll," Dean of Baylor Theological Seminary. "A is bound in honor either to produce his proof or else to withdraw his charge. Henry G. Westcott," President Cruzer Theological Seminary. "Yes. A. H. Strong," President Rochester Theological Seminary. "In this part of the country it would be held incontrovertible that if a man could not prove a charge which he makes he should withdraw it. We should even go further and say that if he cannot offer the necessary proof he should never make the charge in the first place. George E. Merrill," President Colgate University. "Yes. W. H. P. Faunce," President Brown University. "My conviction is that whether one regards this matter from the point of view of common sense, law, or morals, the answer must be in the affirmative. Jacob Gould Schurman," President Cornell University. "A is in honor bound to produce his proof or else withdraw the charge. E. B. Bryan," President Franklin College. "Under the conditions above, I think A is in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge. S. P. Brooks," President Baylor University. "If A does not justify his charge or withdraw it, he puts himself in the place of a slanderer, and if he can stand it, probably B can. J. J. Taylor," President Georgetown College. "A is, undoubtedly, in honor bound to produce his evidence of guilt, or to withdraw his charge and apologize. Wm. H. Harrison," President Bethel College. "I beg to answer, yes; and make apology besides. W. L. Potat," President Wake Forest College. "A is in honor bound to bring proof or withdraw his charges, and that, too, without delay. A. P. Montague," President Howard College. "I think A is in honor bound to produce his proof or to withdraw his charge. I further think that in the withdrawal of his charge he would be in honor bound to state he was mistaken in his testimony and had unintentionally done B a grave injustice. S. Y. Jameson," President Mercer University. "Of course if one man brings a charge against another and the charge is denied, the party making it is bound in honor to substantiate it or withdraw it and apologize for having made it. If this were not so any of us would be at the mercy of any reckless slanderer who could wag a tongue or wield a pen. P. S. Henson," Pastor Tremont Temple, Boston. These are clear and strong enough. There were three to whom we sent questions who excused themselves from answering. A few in their answers brought in other matters and went more or less into a discussion of the subject; of these we will speak some time later. With us it is too obvious for question that if A bring a charge against B, which B denies, calling for proof, A is in honor bound either to produce his proof or else to withdraw the charge with ample apology for having made it. And yet, are there not Baptist preachers who will bring a charge against a brother which he denies

calling for the proof, even repeatedly, and yet they will neither offer proof nor withdraw the charge? There is no man who should have so high and so true a sense of honor as a minister of Jesus Christ.

THE YOUNG TREE

MARION MOOREY MURKIN.

The young tree unfolds all its limbs and leaves like those clasped and opened in prayer. Of ambition for coming promise, when growth it finds in every tip of bough.

do they live?"

"I have no father and mother." "Then did you drop out of the skies into Grandma Barnaway's arms? Tell Grandma all about it, dearie."

And the child told a puffed story of mist and night. The people she had lived with after her mother died had treated her kindly. They were now on their way to another part of the country, moving in wagons. They did not want the child, but only took her with them because they did not know what to do with her.

She had had no breakfast and was half frozen, and meeting a man chopping wood in the grove, he had asked her a great many questions and showed her the way to this house, and told her Grandma Barnaway would let her get warm, and give her something to eat.

Grandma Barnaway begged the few little bits and fed her and made her warm and happy, and her heart stopped itself about the little wanderer. "Dearie, dearie, dearie, if you had just come a little sooner, I would keep you myself, for Raim, my son, has gone away to town and is going to find a little girl to come here and live with me."

And then she bathed herself, and went to the door and blew the snow from the sheep bell, hoping Raim would hear and come back. But it only drew the neighbors looking in to see what was wrong, and Grandma Barnaway laughed and explained that she was trying to make Raim hear, but she knew he didn't or he would have answered.

She dealt out jumble until the jar was empty and when the guests were gone, for none of them had a horse foot enough to wade after Raim's splendid feet in hand, she came back breathless and sat down.

"Well, don't you cry, dearie, I wish you had come a little sooner, but it is too late now. I can't afford to keep two little girls and the one Raim brings will have to starve. But you shall stay with me until Raim comes back and if I can't give you a home I can give you the dresses and stockings for I can make more for the other little girl, and maybe I can find a good home for you somewhere hereabouts."

She did not speak very hopefully, however, for everybody in the neighborhood had more children than house room or means to take care of them either.

The child looked so wistful, so pined, starved and friendless that Grandma Barnaway's heart broke as if it had been a glass bubble and she hugged the little wail closer and closer, while warm tears fell on the small homeless head.

"Never mind, dearie, don't you cry about it. You shall have all the dresses and other things I've been making, and now tell Grandma Barnaway your name. No, don't you do that either. You won't mind if I call you Cassie, will you? It is just for a week."

Cassie clung tight to her neck and said she might call her Cassie always if only she could be Grandma Barnaway's little girl. The wee wail was so like Grandma Barnaway's little dream child that she couldn't have called her anything else than the dream name if she had tried.

Grandma Barnaway made her go look at the bright little room with its plump bed and gay quilt, with a patch work square and a white block alternating, and the ruffled pillow, and she dressed her in the warm garments intended for the other Cassie. And Cassie hated the other little girl—hated her with all her heart.

What a week that was! What a blissful joyous, happy week! What a delight it was to sleep in that little downy bed, on the ruffled pillow, and under the gay little calico quilt, and to own a little room all to one self. What a charm there was in having soft, pretty dresses, and bright red stockings with feather stitching!

What an experience it was to be always warm, always well fed, always happy! What enchantment to hunt eggs, pick up chips, wash dishes! What a sorrowful thing it was to look at the little red school house and the big warm kitchen and the sweet silver-haired old lady with her tender eyes and loving voice, and feel that all might have been hers if she had not been too late!

How Cassie hated that other little girl, and longed to rob her of all she herself had learned to love so dearly!

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bad wetting. If it did there would be few children that would do it. There is a constitutional cause for this. Mrs. M. Summers, Box 212, Notre Dame, Ind., will send her home treatment to any mother. She asks no money. Write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child. The chances are it can't help it.

Then she was ashamed and hid her head and cried, and waited with better waiting day after day for the cruel hand of the horns that was to destroy her paradise.

Grandmother Barnaway wept over her and longed to keep her always, and her heart broke often whenever she thought of sending her out into the cold, heartless world.

Neither of them could think of anything except the little wanderer who was to come. She followed Cassie into her dreams and haunted her waking thoughts. One night Cassie dreamed that she had come and pulled her out of the little bed with her gay quilt by the hair of her head, starting, "It's mine, it's mine, it's mine. You shall have it you little rascal!"

Cassie woke up in a cold perspiration, and then she remembered that she was a robber, for she longed to take the other little girl's home from her. At last the day came, Cassie could not bear to see the little wanderer take her place. She made a little bundle of her small belongings but she laid her prettiest picture book on the other little girl's table, and then she slipped out of the house and ran, and ran, and ran.

Directly the blast of the horns broke upon her ears, the horns that had pursued her, asleep and awake, for a week. She could hardly stand it, but she must see the little girl who was about to rob her, the little girl she would rob if she could.

Then horns, and crash, and horns, and driver burst into sight, and suddenly the horses were thrown back upon their haunches, and Raim sprang down and caught up the child, who, in her misery, had not realized that she was in the direct path of all this splendor.

Carrying her up he marched into the house with the child, bundle and all, on his shoulders. His mother sat by the stove wiping her eyes.

"Is that you, Raim? Have you brought the little girl as you promised?" Raim swung Cassie to the floor.

"Isn't this one just you, mother?" "Why that is Cassie—little Cassie."

"Not satisfactory, eh?" "Not the child you were to bring. Raim! Did you forget the child?"

"Why, no; I didn't think there was any use. When I sent Cassie to you."

"You sent her?" "Why, of course. My stage broke down at the corner of the woods, and I was cutting down a sapling to mend it with—for you know I always take my ax along—when I saw the child. She was so forlorn and miserable I knew you would take to her the minute you clapped eyes on her and would never let her go, so I didn't look up another child. What's the matter with you two, any how?"

For the two were clinging tight to each other, the tears of one mingling with those of the other in one glorious flow of pure joy.

Grandma Barnaway explained, adding reproachfully: "If you had only sent me word what heart-break and sorrow you would have spared us."

Raim threw back his head and laughed until his big hat had rivaled the horn for volume. "Why, bless my heart, mother, I did send you a message; didn't that rascally monkey deliver it? I played 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' fit to kill. I thought you would understand."

Grandma's eyes twinkled. "I thought I know that horn from a to a lizard, but I am just beginning to find out what it can do. Cassie, child, you have got your best dress tied up in a tight knot. Shake it out, child, and run hang it up in the wardrobe."

And Cassie went back into the new little room and gazed about her with a new sense of possession and an overwhelming sense of thanksgiving and gratitude. And she kissed the little picture book she had left on the table, and she kissed the ruffled pillow and she passed her hand caressingly over the bright little patch-work quilt.

"And I hated the other little girl like poison and was just as jealous of her as I could be and all the time I hated myself," and she laughed in soft gloom as she gazed about and realized that she was at home—at home.

The next day wasn't thanksgiving by two weeks, but they made a thanksgiving of it any how, for Raim killed the thanksgiving turkey over night and the whole neighborhood were invited in to eat such a dinner as they had never sat down to in their lives. And Cassie grew up to lovely womanhood in the house, and became the stay, comfort and pride of the old folks, and in the end married well and was happy ever afterward.

If this world were our abiding place, we might complain that it makes our bed so hard; but it is only our night-quarters on a journey, and who can expect home comforts?

Judge not the gold by the dress nor the church by the hypocrite.—Ex.

Where is Your Hair? In your comb? Why so? Is not the head a much better place for it? Better keep what is left where it belongs! Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, quickly stops falling hair. There is not a particle of dandruff about it. Write for a free trial bottle.

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Family Circle Stories for the Young and Old

THE OTHER LITTLE GIRL. EMILY ELIZABETH FRANKLIN. (Continued from last week.) CHAPTER II. THE LITTLE WANDERER.

Grandmother Barnaway was a favorite with old and young, and somebody or other was always running in with knitting or sewing to sit with her for an hour, or to bring her a sample of some cookery going on at home.

The children were perpetually coming in on errands, glad to come, partly because they loved her and partly because their way out lay past the jumble jar to which her generous "have a jumble, dear, you have a long walk home," always introduced them.

With her simple Christian faith and tender sympathetic heart, she was the stay and comfort of the sorrowing; and with her soothing balm, followed hard upon the footsteps of bereavement and affliction.

Besides the natural neighborliness of those who loved her, she was, unknown to herself, the ward of the rest, for whenever Ephriam Barnaway left home he always put his mother in their charge, with instructions to peep in upon her now and then and see how she was coming on.

So it happened that the gentle old lady knew the knock and step of every man, woman and child in the neighborhood.

But she did not know that of the person now seeking an entrance. Neither did she make any response to it. She thought if she heard it again she might identify it, and she always liked to know who her guests were before she admitted them, in order that she might have the proper welcome ready.

After an interval the knock was repeated, a little more timid, a little more frightened, a little more shrinking, a little beseeching.

"Come in, dearie."

It was a child's knock. She knew that. The door knob moved but clearly courage was not equal to the gigantic undertaking of opening the door for oneself, for again the little knock sounded.

"Come in, dear child, whoever you are. I have hurt my foot and cannot get up very well to let you in."

The tender "dear child" did the work and the door opened. A child of nine or ten was clinging frightened to the knob, a child about so high, about as tall as Virginia Anne Giles, a little child clean and sweet to look upon, yet thinly clad, weazen of face and blue with cold.

"Please," she said, ready to flee at a harsh look or word, "please may I come in and get warm?"

"You poor little thing; you are well nigh frozen. Of course you may come in," and the old lady lifted the little shivering figure to her lap and rubbed her hands, took off the little worn clumsy shoes and warmed the little feet.

"Now tell Grandma who you are, dearie, and where you live. I don't think I know you. You haven't lived about here long, have you?"

"I don't live anywhere," said the child, dearly, "I haven't got any home."

"But your father and mother? Where

Pimples on the Face

These annoying and unsightly pimples that mar the beauty of face and complexion will soon disappear with the use of warm water and that wonderful skin beautifier,

Glenn's Sulphur Soap

Sold by all druggists. Sells Hair and Whisker Dye Black or Brown, etc.

Little Ones.

DOLLY'S WISH

Once upon a time there was a little girl about five years old. She had blue eyes, and light hair cut straight round, and a big black bow that dangled over one eye. Like some other little girls, when bedtime came she often said, "Oh, I don't want to go to bed!"

And one night when her mother called and said, "Bedtime, Dolly, dear!" she said, quite crossly:

"I wish I need never go to bed!" She was down stairs curled up in a big library chair. She sat quite still, trying to decide whether she would be naughty and run and hide or go upstairs like a good girl. She felt rather drowsy, but just then she thought she heard a little scratching sound in the chimney, and presently, puff! down came a pretty little old lady dressed all in gray, with a scarlet cloak, and in her hand she carried a long gold stick with a lovely silver star on the end of it. Dolly was too surprised to speak, but the little old lady said, pleasantly:

"Good evening, dear! I'm your fairy godmother, and I thought I heard you wishing for something. What was it?"

"Oh," said Dolly, "I wished I need never to go to bed. I hate it so!"

"Why, my dear, that is a very easy wish for me to grant," said the little old lady, and with that she touched Dolly gently with the end of her wand and said, "Now you will not have to go to bed at all." Then she gave a little jump, and puff! she was gone up the chimney in a cloud of smoke.

My, how pleased Dolly was! She called up to her mother, "Mother, now I don't ever have to go to bed!"

"No, dear," said mother gently, "How nice that will be! Father and I are going out to dinner, so you can just play round and have a good time."

This sounded a little lonely to Dolly, but she did not say anything.

Down came mother and father, and off they went in the carriage. Out trotted Dolly to the kitchen, but Lydia and Bertha and Alice were all too busy to pay any attention to her. Up to the nursery she went, and began to play with her dolls, but the time seemed very long. Somehow she began to feel very tired, and it was not as much fun playing as she had expected. She thought about her brother, sound asleep in his crib, and she decided it was time for the dolls

to be put to bed.

Edith, Mary and Susan were all safely tucked up, and after looking wistfully out of the window for a while—the stars looked very bright and there seemed a great many of them—Dolly began to wish that Alice or mother would come and tuck her up. But she was a proud little soul, and of course it would never do to ask to be put to bed.

"Never mind," she said. "I can just undress my own self, and no one will know anything about it."

Down she sat and began to undress her above. What was the matter? She just could not get the knot undone. It was only a plain bow-knot, too. "Well, I will leave them," she decided, "and take my dress off."

The belt buckle was stuck, it would not unfasten, her necktie would not come off. The buttons flew into the buttonholes as fast as Dolly got them out. Oh, how tired she was! Anyway, she would just creep into bed with all her clothes on, pull up the blanket and cry herself to sleep.

Up on the bed she clambered. How nice and soft her little pillow looked! Down went her sleepy head, when suddenly the pillow gently slipped out from under it and rolled on the floor. She was too tired to pick it up, but started to pull up the soft blanket. Tug, tug—it did not come; instead it rolled off into one corner in a tight ball.

Poor Dolly! She was pretty cold, but she was so sleepy she thought she could just curl up and sleep any way. What could be the matter? The bed began rocking slowly, then faster and faster, and presently Dolly was spilled gently on the floor. This was too much. Great tears rolling down her cheeks, she wailed:

"Mother, mother, I want to go to bed! Please come!"

"Why, sweetheart," said mother, "what is the matter? You must have fallen sound asleep here in the big armchair."

Ah, how glad she was to cuddle up in mother's lap! "Mother," she said, solemnly, "I think I shall always be ready to go to bed." Margaret Dudley, in *Youth's Companion*.

SORES ON HANDS.

Suffered for a Long Time Without Relief—Doctor Was Afraid to Touch Them—Cured by Cuticura.

"For a long time I suffered with sores on the hands which were itching, painful, and disagreeable. I had three doctors and derived no benefit from any of them. One doctor said he was afraid to touch my hands, so you must know how bad they were; another said I never could be cured; and the third said the sores were caused by the dipping of my hands in water in the dye-house where I work. I saw in the papers about the wonderful cures of the Cuticura Remedies and procured some of the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. In three days after the application of the Cuticura Ointment my hands began to peel and were better. The soreness disappeared, and they are now smooth and clean, and I am still working in the dye-house. Mrs. A. E. Maurer, 2340 State St., Chicago, Ill., July 1, 1905."

THE FIGHT UNDER THE HILL.

"Hamilton Cross, your page of English has four mistakes in it; I shall mark you six. Frank Shell-

man, you have only one, I will mark you nine. That will do, the class may go to their seats."

These two English exercises were the last twenty that Miss Mary Hildely had been correcting; she held them together in her hand until she made the marks in her book, and then gave them back to the scholars.

In another five minutes the bell had tapped, and Miss Hildely's school was out for the day.

"I don't see where I have any four mistakes," said Hamilton Cross, knitting his brows together over his exercise. The rest of the scholars had tossed their papers into tumbled desks and were already off, except Frank, who was hunting for his geography. "I've a great mind to go after Miss Hildely," said Hamilton, who was a careful scholar, and did not like low marks.

"You'll have to hurry then, old chap," said Frank, seizing his red-covered book and making for the door. "Miss Specs is as far away as the stone fence already."

"Oh, bother! Let it go!" exclaimed Hamilton, fretfully, hanging his desk lid and hurrying off to join the baseball game that was organizing. Frank set out for home, but it was not until the schoolyard gate clicked behind him that an uncomfortable thought startled him into an exclamation of surprise.

"I wonder, now!" he said to himself, shifting his load of books uneasily from one arm to the other, and looking bothered.

"Pshaw! it's not my business, anyhow," and, whistling a brave tune, Frank broke into a run which soon brought him to his father's gate. There Lance met him and nearly licked the skin off his hands for joy.

Frank was rather quieter than usual at dinner.

"Frank, let's go fishing this afternoon," said his little sister.

"I don't care to go," answered Frank.

"You can go with me to see the baseball game, if you choose," said his big brother Tom.

"No; I don't feel like it," answered the little boy. His mother looked at him anxiously, wondering if he was sick. No; his eyes were clear and bright, his cheeks rosy and full. Frank did not know himself why he felt so downhearted and dull, but he had his suspicions; he knew conscience was a terrible tease when a fellow was not doing exactly right, and he felt very cross with his conscience.

He slipped away after dinner, with only Lance following, and went off to the grassy hillside that sloped down to the brook; there he lay on his back, with straw hat tilted over his face, for a long, long time. Lance wondered, as far as a shaggy little head like Lance's can wonder, what kept his young master idle so long that bright afternoon.

Ah, Lance, he was not idle by any means. He was fighting a battle—fighting a hard battle, though there were no guns heard, no shouts of victory, nothing but the humming of bees in the trees.

Suddenly Frank whirled over on his elbows, with heels in the air. "Lance!" he cried suddenly; and doggie, thinking something was expected of him, at once assumed his most gentlemanly attitude—"Lance, it's mighty easy to do mean things, old fellow! You needn't look sheepish, Lance. I don't mean you this time, though you did eat pussy's breakfast this morning. I mean your humble servant, Master Frank D. Shell-

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man. Come, Lance! Let's go after Miss Mary this very minute, and tell her she got my exercise and Hampie's mixed up, and that I am six and he is nine." I fancy the great white angel Truth walked along with Frank unseen, but crowned with laurels, having won the fight under the hill.—E. P. Allen, in *Exchange*.

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FROM TEXAS.

January 28th was a happy day spent in Dallas. Arriving in the city, I went first to the American Baptist Publication Society building where the Pastors' Conference meets every Monday morning. Introduced by Dr. Geo. W. Truett, I was cordially received and requested to address the body regarding Baptist affairs in Kentucky, in which all were interested. From here I went to the Baptist Standard office and received a hearty welcome from Editor J. H. Gambrell. The Standard is a great paper, enjoying a wide and constantly growing circulation.

I met Dr. J. B. Cranfill, editor of the Baptist Tribune, at the Pastors' Conference and regret the unavoidable circumstances which prevented the fulfillment of our engagement to have a talk over Baptist interests. I learned afterwards that the Tribune's circulation is steadily increasing.

Dr. Gambrell, of the Standard, suspended his busy work to give me information regarding Baptist interests in the city. Great things are being accomplished. There are near a dozen churches and about all are in healthy condition. Dr. Geo. W. Truett has the First, and under his pastorate it is making great strides toward the advancement of Zion's Kingdom. Several notable circumstances in connection with the spiritual work of this church merit special notice. One of these relates to the conversion of a noted desperate character who confessed to the enormity of his guilt and asked the pastor's advice regarding the question of duty in the matter of returning to the scene of his evil deeds to make all possible reparation by confession, etc., realizing that this would likely mean incarceration at hard labor for perhaps a long time. He accepted the advice given and, as a result, is now in the penitentiary, but enjoying a lifted burden of conscience, a forgiven soul and a glorious hope for eternity.

Dr. J. W. Gillon has just come to Gaston Avenue from Mineral Wells and has already made a fine impression. These people have, I was told, the finest house of worship in the city. Too much space would be taken to speak of each church separately, and so I desist. Suffice it to say that they are all alive to the interests of the cause. I saw the great Baptist Sanitarium now in course of construction and nearing completion. It is the pride of this great State with the Baptists. I know, being of the kind comparable to... Its projection and ownership is to the credit of what is known in Texas as the Convention Baptists.

It is a sad misfortune that there should have come to our people the division of sentiment on certain questions which culminated in the serious rupture with which the denomination in the South is familiar. But it is a matter of congratulation that the excitement and wrangling consequent thereto has quieted down and, indeed, has almost entirely subsided. I specially assured the brethren on both sides that I was to be regarded as absolutely non-committal on the question; that they were all my brethren and should be so taken during my stay in the State. All seemed to recognize the propriety of this course and kindly received me cordially. I mingled with freedom with both classes, preached for both and enjoyed the hospitality of both. This leads me to state that I visited the Baptist Herald office and was cordially received by Edi-

tor R. A. Hayden and shown by him in person all through the buildings. Dr. Hayden did me the kindness to bestow a gracious eulogy upon my two booklets, "Man's Importance as a Being" and "The Future Punishment of the Finally Impenitent," and pledged his efforts, through the Herald, to give them circulation, keeping them in stock for that purpose.

Dr. S. H. Slaughter, Corresponding Secretary of the B. M. A., was equally kind on my visit to his office, making his initial order for 100 copies of each to begin with.

The Baptist University at Oak Cliff has available requisites for becoming a dominant factor in educational lines.

Before closing I must acknowledge indebtedness to Rev. W. T. Coopers, my sister's pastor at Calhoun, for a seat in his buggy to Dallas, for drives over the city, for hospitality at his home, etc. His church at Calhoun is in a healthy state. Two were added to the membership the day I preached for them, one being a promising young minister.

But my letter is growing lengthy. I close stating that I shall ever gratefully recall to memory my happy visitation among the Dallas saints and my vivid impressions regarding their heroic efforts in extending the Master's kingdom and the far-reaching and gracious influence thereof which must follow. T. E. RICHNEY.

DEAR RECORDER:

On the 3rd inst. we closed one of the best meetings in the history of this church, resulting in 54 additions to our church, 41 by experience and baptism. There were also five converts who will go to other churches, making a total of 59 reached during the meeting.

The week preceding the meeting we held thirty-eight cottage prayer meetings, which had great effect in arousing interest in the meeting, and the church members to their duty. Dr. J. S. Dill, of Bowling Green, Ky., came to us on the 20th of January and for two weeks preached with power. Dr. Dill is a logical and forceful preacher and we rejoice greatly at his coming.

Bro. Byron H. Bibb, of Bowling Green, Mo., in many ways proved an efficient helper. He is one of the best personal workers I ever saw. Since coming to this church ten months ago there have been 131 additions, making our present membership 510. To our Heavenly Father we give praise and honor. With best wishes to the RECORDER.

W. P. STUART, Elizabethtown, Ky.

IMPORTANT COMMUNICATION FROM THE SEMINARY.

To the Editor—I am writing this communication to inform your readers of a situation which has arisen in connection with our Students' Fund which needs immediate attention. We are facing a very large debt unless individuals and churches throughout the South who have or have not pledged contributions to the Students' Fund for the current year shall give the matter immediate attention. There is already in immediate prospect a debt of three or four thousand dollars, and this will be greatly increased in the near future unless money is forthcoming to meet the current expenses of students whom we have promised to aid. The increased attendance at the Seminary this year has brought on this state of affairs. We have nearly three hundred students. Everywhere brethren have been urging us to

Mrs. Cora B. Miller Makes a Fortune

Started a few years ago with no capital, and now employs nearly one hundred clerks and stenographers.

Only a few years ago Mrs. Cora B. Miller was a slender child to that of thousands of other very poor women of the average small town and village. She now resides in her own palatial home, and is considered one of the most successful business women in the United States.



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Several years ago Mrs. Miller learned of a mild and simple preparation that cured herself and several friends of female weakness and pain. She was brought by so many women needing treatment that she decided to furnish it to those who might call for it. She started with only a few dollars' capital and the remedy, possessing long true and wonderful merit, producing many cures when doctors and other remedies failed, the demand grew so rapidly she was several times compelled to seek larger quarters. She now occupies one of the city's largest office buildings, which she owns, and almost one hundred clerks and stenographers are required to assist in this great business.

MILLION WOMEN USE IT.

More than a million women have used Mrs. Miller's remedy, and no matter where you live, she can refer you to ladies in your own locality who can and will tell you an answer that this marvelous remedy really cures women. Despite the fact that Mrs. Miller's business is very extensive, she is always willing to give aid and advice to every suffering woman who writes to her. She is a generous, good woman and has decided to give away to women who have never used her medicine \$10,000.00 worth absolutely FREE.

Every woman suffering with pain in the head, back and bowels, bearing-down feelings, nervousness, creeping sensations up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, or pain from any cause, should all right down and send her name & address to Mrs. Cora B. Miller, Box 5460, Kokomo, Ind., and receive by mail (free of charge in plain wrapper) a 50-cent box of her marvelous medicine; also her valuable book, which every woman should have. Remember, this offer will not last long, for thousands and thousands of women who are suffering will take advantage of this generous means of getting cured. So if you are ailing, do not suffer another day, but send your name and address to Mrs. Miller for the book and medicine before the \$10,000.00 worth is all gone.

take all the applicants who were properly recommended and worthy, giving them such financial aid as they might need. We have been extremely careful in our administration of this fund, and in many instances have had to give pitifully small sums in the way of help, but we have done this in the interest of the donors and of the brethren generally, in order that as large a number as possible might be aided. I now appeal to pastors and laymen everywhere to take this matter up. Will pastors who have pledged their churches to contribute to the Students' Fund please be kind enough to lay it upon the hearts of the brethren, and take the collection, and remit at once to Mr. B. Pressley Smith, Treasurer, Norton Hall, Louisville, Ky., and will pastors who have made no pledges please give attention to the matter also. The men whom we have with us are of fine quality, and, if they can be sustained while they are in the Seminary, will make splendid workers for the Master when they go forth from us. E. Y. MULLINS, President.

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"You have fine insight into the tendencies of things and you have not only the courage of your convictions, but, what is rarer, the courage to have convictions. Thank God, my brother, for this, and God bless you."—W. C. Williams, Prof. University of Chicago.

Dr. H. H. Carroll, of Waco, Texas, writes: "Permit me to add that I do intensely enjoy the paper and come nearer endorsing all its editorial utterances and position than those of any other paper. May God abundantly bless you, brother, and keep you faithful to his whole truth if the heavens fall."

D. C. Grayson, of Washington, D. C., 411 G Street, N. West, January 18, 1907, writes: "I find the RECORDER becomes more and more indispensable to my spiritual life, as well as to the rock-ribbed faith in the doctrines of grace you so fearlessly and faithfully contend for. May its power and influence continue to spread."

Theodore Harris, President Louisville National Banking Co., says: "The WESTERN RECORDER—what Baptist can afford to be without it!"

"I rejoice in your clear-cut, unwavering maintenance of sound doctrine. Without the work of such papers as the RECORDER I should tremble for the stronghold."—J. L. D. Hylper.

The Rev. John E. Barnard sent in a list of names with the following: "Enclosed find check for \$30.00. Please add these fifteen new names to your list of subscribers, and send them this week's paper, if possible. I have furnished them with one copy each of the RECORDER, and they are perfectly carried away with it, and are anxious for the earliest copy possible."

President Wm. H. Harrison, of Bethel College, writes: "Allow me to say that the RECORDER is warmly welcomed each week by us all—faculty and students—and that it is full of good things each issue."

Dr. A. J. Kincaid, of Denison, Texas, writes: "Great is the RECORDER for good in its forceful teaching and sound doctrine. I am sure that you do not know what great influence the RECORDER is exercising. God guide and bless you."

Pastor H. Boyce Taylor writes: "The Lord bless you in your faithful defense of the doctrines so dear to the hearts of the great majority of Southern Baptists."

"I regard the WESTERN RECORDER as the most valuable and progressive denominational paper in America. The RECORDER is unlike the majority of our papers in that it is not only edifying to Baptist people, but its great tendency is to make Baptists out of those who are not now Baptists. If Baptists progress they must act on the aggressive and keep actively before the world their distinctive principles."—H. W. Straley, President Princeton Banking Co., West Virginia.

Dr. H. C. Vedder, formerly editor of the Examiner, now professor in Crozer Theological Seminary, speaking of Baptist journalism in the United States, says: "The WESTERN RECORDER has surpassed all other Southern papers in the solidity and permanent value of its contributions, for it is probably the only one of them that pays good prices for such articles. But after all the chief interest of that paper to its readers is in its editorial columns. No Baptist editor has a personality more vigorous than Dr. T. T. Eaton, and it is beyond the power of even cold type to hide that personality. His articles and paragraphs bristle with sharp points; they are never ill-natured, however, and generally are enjoyed by everybody but the fellow they hit. It is too serious business for him to laugh with real good grace."

A. C. Graves, D.D., Lebanon, Ky.: "I have been a reader of the WESTERN RECORDER since my childhood. It has always been true to the faith, and has done more for the Baptists of Kentucky than any other agency except the Bible. It has shaped opinion for more than three-quarters of a century, and has gathered round itself the confidence and love of our people. It was never as good and worthy of support as it is today."

J. M. Weaver, D.D., Louisville, Ky.: "I have been reading the WESTERN RECORDER for over fifty years. It has always been good; never better than now. It has convictions, and their courage. Always orthodox and true to the Bible."

J. A. Booth, D.D.: "I have read the WESTERN RECORDER for thirty-five years. I consider it the best Baptist paper I have ever read. It is courteous to opponents, fair in controversy, conservative and wise in new issues to the core."

W. D. Nowlin, D.D.: "In my opinion the WESTERN RECORDER is the strongest, the safest and the soundest religious paper in circulation. I do not believe there is another Baptist paper published, North or South, East or West, that surpasses it for conservative orthodoxy."

W. H. Felix, D.D., former Moderator General Association of Kentucky Baptists: "I have been a reader of the WESTERN RECORDER for fifty years, and I can truthfully and conscientiously say it is a better paper today than it has ever been. I do most earnestly recommend it to every Baptist everywhere as a most able defender of the faith and a staunch friend of everything that is good and a relentless foe to everything that is paltry and mean."

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PILE CURE—If you are suffering try the Persimmon Soap. Immediate relief is guaranteed. Price 25 cts. postage paid to any address. Hillman Chemical Co., 1418 Everett Ave., Louisville, Ky.

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More dear in the sight of God and his angels than any other conquest is the conquest of self.—Dean Stanley.

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FOREIGN MISSIONS.

To the Pastors of Kentucky Baptist Churches:

My Dear Brethren in the Ministry—As God's appointed teachers and leaders of the churches of Jesus Christ, I want to speak from my heart a few words to you in regard to the great work of Foreign Missions. It is now about three months before the meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, and the Secretary of our Foreign Board reports a debt of about \$140,000. To meet all expenses, including this debt, we will need to raise about \$270,000. To go to the Convention free of debt we will have to raise about \$65,000 more than was raised in the same time last year. My word to you is this: Let us see to it that Kentucky comes up with her part, and even more, for we are amply able and ought to do it.

As the God ordained teachers, let us teach the churches that the field of our activity is the whole world, "all nations," and "every creature." And let us bear in mind that this age in which we live gives Baptists an opportunity they never had before. One year spent actively in Christ's service now is worth ten years in the last century. Our principles are gaining their way almost the world over.

While we have 500 workers under our Foreign Board, we need 500 more. There are many well equipped young men and young women who are waiting to be sent out, but the Board can't send them for lack of funds. God has called them to go. They have prepared themselves for their life's work. Shall we contravene the will of God by indifference to the matter?

God's blessing upon our missions ought to stimulate us to greater faith and activity. The missionaries are reporting hundreds of baptisms, new churches are being organized, the doors are open everywhere, and the Mascendonian cry, "Come over and help us," comes from every field. Our mission churches reported 2,445 baptisms last year. May God give us 5,000 this year.

Our Board paid out \$5,000 interest on borrowed money last year. This amount would have supported eight or ten foreign missionaries. This money was given for missions, but it was used to pay interest on borrowed money to pay our missionaries, to keep them from suffering and to carry on the work. Who is to blame for this perversion of the Lord's money? Are not the churches which contribute the money? And whose business was it to see that the churches did their duty to this world enterprise? Was it not the pastor's duty? Is he not the 'over-seer of the flock of God'?

Brother pastor, why are our people so slow in responding to the call of God in this work? Allow me to say that I believe there are two things which lie at the root of this matter. The first is ignorance. The people need information. Information produces stimulation—interest. Much of the lethargy and opposition to missions is due to lack of information. An ignorant Christian is a decadent Christian. "Know and glow." Information generates inspiration. Inform your people.

Listen to what God says about his people who lack knowledge: "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge, because thou hast rejected knowledge, I will also reject thee, that thou shalt be no priest unto me; seeing thou hast forgotten the law of thy God, I will also forget thy children." (Hos. 4:6).

This cannot be gainsaid. If our churches are to be saved from the encroaching effects of this baneful sin there must be a campaign against it. A church that lays itself out to preach the gospel to the ends of the earth will not only do much to save the world, but will save itself from formalism, schisms and impotency. "Give and live," "deny and die," "go and grow." That's the spiritual law under which the church is to live.

There are hundreds of churches in Kentucky that could easily pay the salary of a foreign missionary. Many are doing it, and some much more. Let each pastor take this matter to heart. Meditate and pray over it. Think of the 400,000,000 in China and elsewhere who must spend eternity in hell if we do not rescue them! Let the Lord speak to your heart, and then go before your people and lay on their hearts the thing the Lord laid on your heart. Announce your purpose to give \$100, or \$75, or \$50, or \$25, or \$10, as the Lord may indicate to you, and ask your people to pray over their individual duty to Christ and the lost world. Get your people on their knees before God about this matter and something will "happen." The good Lord will give you a surprise. This is the only escape from selfishness, littleness, schisms, decadence and death. Every church that has no outlet is a Dead Sea. Preach, pray and work—putting the emphasis on the main thing—and your church will have an outlet which will bring about unity, peace, joy, prosperity and power.

You have been waiting for an opportunity to do something great. The secret of success in life lies in being able to recognize the opportunity when it comes. Can you see it? Your opportunity has arrived. Lead God's people in a great enthusiastic campaign for foreign missions. Let us do something worthy of our Lord, and show to the world what God can and will do with those who are willing. The door was open for many others to discover America, but Columbus saw his opportunity and he seized it. There were thousands of men with surpassing ability, but they failed to see the opportunity. Columbus both saw and seized his opportunity and thereby immortalized himself as the discoverer of the New World. The pastor must have a vision of this lost world and its need—a vision of the crucified and glorified Christ.

Is the statement of Theodore Monger true? He says that the failure in foreign missions is not to be found on the foreign field, not in the management of the Board on the home field, not even in the pew, but in the pulpit. Is that statement true as touching the conditions in your case? Let us pray God to open our eyes that we may see the great need, that He may open the hearts and purses of our dear people so that there shall be a hearty response to the call from God.

Fraternally, yours to serve in the Gospel, WM. E. FOSTER.

FRAGMENTARY.

JOS. N. BARBEE.

Missouri is fast becoming a local option state. More than half the counties are on the local option or prohibition list, and the sentiment is still growing. The friends and advocates of temperance have and are making a good fight.

Rev. W. W. Brown, of this, Pike county, has gone to Newton Center. It is said by Mr. Brown's friends

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New line of Satin Liberty Foulards, full 24 inches wide; all new designs; full assortment of colors to select from— Price 49c yard.
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Imported Rough Pongees, in black only; correct for early spring coat suits— Price 58c yard.
Black India Dress Silks, pure Lyons dye; perfect black— Prices 39c, 45c and 48c yard.
27-inch Four-in-One Japanese Dress Silks; guaranteed water-proof, perspiration-proof, spot-proof and fast black— Prices 50c, 59c, 65c, 69c, 75c, 85c, 89c and \$1.00 yard.
All 25 per cent under regular value.

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that he will remain in the East. The Central Baptist says that Bro. Brown "graduated from William Jewell College two years ago."

With 15,000 cases of contagious diseases, mainly scarlet fever, to deal with, the health authorities of Chicago have requested that all social functions be suspended pending some improvement in the local situation. Unless some decided improvement is noted, the State authorities may take a hand in the matter and place the Lake City in quarantine.

It was reported before the above was published that 30 per cent of the population were sick.

Rev. W. S. Bayne, who came to Paris, Mo., three months ago from Eastport, Md., writes me that he has a fine field and the work is progressing nicely.

NO GOOD DEFINITION OF DEATH. "Tests for death occupy considerable space in medicolegal literature, and yet they leave much to be desired in the way of certainty. There is astonishingly little evidence that anyone is ever buried

death, and we can never have a test for the unknown. To Loeb and his school, life of protoplasm is merely the total of its reactions as a chemical machine—a theory already verifiable with age, but no nearer proof than it was 2,500 years ago.

"Resuscitation of those apparently dead has been fairly common. The startling thought has been announced that perhaps they were re-animated; that is, the body had ceased its activities and "team work" was ended. It was like a factory in which work had stopped, but the workmen were still standing around idle though ready to begin if the machine were started again. It needed someone to turn on the steam, or correct some defect or breakdown."

The above is from the American Medicine. Many meetings are being held in different parts of the state and hundreds are professing Christ. Louisiana, Mo.

Prayer, when engaged in, in spirit and in truth, contains within itself its own answer, in the heavenly calm and repose which it communicates.

A poor man may make a criminal use of money as well as the rich. He may use it in the purchase of those things that perish with use, and that result in no good to himself or his family. He may spend it in some form of riotous living, or in the insane attempt to keep-up appearances which are not legitimate.

The Farm and Household

Josh Jones, of Lincoln, sold to Gentry & Kenney 2,500 bales of hay at \$15 per ton in the barn or \$17 on the cars.

J. T. Watts, of Perryville, sold 16 head of 500-pound cattle to Charles Caldwell recently at \$4.50 per hundred. M. J. Farris bought 100 head of hogs recently, averaging in weight from 60 to 100 lbs. at \$6 per hundred. *Danville Herald.*

Thomas Markabury, of Mercer county, sold a crop of hemp, consisting of 16,000 pounds, at \$6 per hundred. It was raised on thirteen acres of land and the yield is said to be an unusually large one. This is the best price paid for hemp in that county for several years, the top price usually being about \$5.75. *Winchester Democrat.*

An Iowa man paid \$150 for an ear of corn, or at the rate of \$8,850 per bushel. The high priced ear won the sweepstakes prize at the show held by the Iowa Corn Growers' Association. Such care in the selection of the seed, as well as thorough preparation of the soil and scientific cultivation, has added scores of millions of dollars to the value of the Hawkeye corn crop. There is not a farmer in Tennessee who would pay the tenth of that price for an ear of corn. *Nashville American.*

C. M. Herriford sold to Allen Walker one Peacock horse \$135; R. K. Young 21 steers \$503; C. C. Stephens 2 sows and pigs \$62; Mrs. W. M. Francis 1 sow and pigs \$25. Bought from Allen Walker 1 cow \$24.90; from Allen Walker 9 hogs \$57.50; from Al Thomas 12 hogs \$65; from J. W. Carnes 13 hogs \$70; John Moran 3 hogs \$26.95; O. H. Morrison 7 hogs \$43; Charlie Rowe 34 shoats \$134; A. W. Rowe 20 shoats \$101; Bob Rowe 4 hogs \$23; William Harrison 18 shoats \$75; W. T. Grissom 2 hogs \$27.50; Mrs. W. H. Sandidge 1 hog \$19.45; C. S. Bell 3 cows at \$23. *Adair County News.*

Harry Lazarus, of Bowling Green, recently sold to Southern buyers 174 mules at prices ranging from \$100 to \$212.50 each. In the lot was one for which he received \$262.50.

Bob Owens, near Goodnight, Barren county, bought a four-year-old gray mare mule, 15 hands high.

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from Hart county parties for \$175.

Ernest Dunlap, of Woodford county, recently sold at Lexington, 32 two-year-old mules at an average of \$275 a pair.

At Georgetown court about 40 mules sold from \$225 per head up. One pair for \$440, another for \$425.

John Wormack, of Gallatin, Tenn., bought a pair of black mare mules recently from Mr. Mabery for \$495, and has since refused an advance price for them.

Joseph Hawkins, of Leesburg, Harrison county, sold to Mr. Earl Shropshire, of Lexington, a jack for \$650. R. W. Switzer, of the same place, sold one to W. A. Bason, Paris, for \$500.

POISON IN WILD CHERRY LEAVES.

So many instances have been recorded in which cattle were poisoned by eating the leaves of wild cherry trees or shrubs, that the chemist of the New Hampshire College Agricultural Experiment Station recently undertook to determine the amount of poison in these leaves. The results are recorded in Bulletin 56. In it they say that the poisonous property of all species of cherry leaves is due to hydrocyanic acid, popularly known as prussic acid. This compound does not exist as such in the growing leaf, but is derived from a class of substances called glucosides, of which amygdalin is the type peculiar to the cherry. This, or a closely allied body, is to be found not only in the leaves and bark, but especially in the stones of cherries, peaches, and plums, and the seeds of the apple. By the action of moisture and a vegetable ferment called emulsin, which exists in the plant, a complex chemical reaction takes place, that begins in the leaf the moment connection with the circulatory system is cut off. The three products of this reaction are hydrocyanic acid, grape sugar, and benzaldehyde, or bitter almond oil.

There is a popular opinion that the leaves of the cherry are poisonous only when cut and in the wilted condition; that cattle may safely nibble them from the growing shrub without danger of injury;

STEADY HAND.

A Surgeon's Hand Should be the Firmest of All.

"For fifteen years I have suffered from insomnia, indigestion and nervousness as a result of coffee drinking," said a surgeon the other day.

"The dyspepsia became so bad that I had to limit myself to one cup at breakfast. Even this caused me to lose my food soon after I ate it.

"All the attendant symptoms of indigestion, such as heart burn, palpitation, water brash, wakefulness or disturbed sleep, bad taste in the mouth, nervousness, etc., were present to such a degree as to incapacitate me for my practice as a surgeon.

"The result of leaving off coffee and drinking Postum, was simply marvelous. The change was wrought forthwith, my hand steadied and my normal condition of health was restored." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. "There's a reason." Read the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

and that they are quite harmless when dried. Our observations, however, prove these views to be but partially correct. As a matter of fact, distillations of samples, made within twenty minutes of cutting, show that the freshly cut leaves yield nearly as much acid as the wilted ones do when calculated on the weight of fresh material taken, and when eaten fresh the character of the juices within the animal stomach is such as to render that organ a most favorable place for the conduct of the reaction in which prussic acid is liberated.

On the other hand, while it is true that the thoroughly dried leaves yield a comparatively small amount of acid, still they may always produce some, and as ordinarily dried in the hayfield, they may be capable of generating a considerable quantity of the poison. The desirability of carefully excluding them from all hay is therefore apparent.

The symptoms of cherry poisoning in cattle, as stated by Dr. Chestnut, in his bulletin, "Principal Poisonous Plants of the United States," include "labored respiration, diminished pulse, numbness, fright, protruding eyeballs, convulsions, and death from paralysis of the lungs. In some cases there is considerable frothing at the mouth; in all there is a very perceptible odor of prussic acid in the breath."

According to Blythe, the fatal dose of the anhydrous acid for an adult person is about one grain, or sixty-five milligrams. At this rate about one-half a pound of the black cherry leaves may be considered as a fatal quantity for a cow to eat.

POULTRY NOTES.

By keeping up a constant warfare on mites from now until spring the poultry house should be rid of that pest in a few months. On nice days shut out the hens and build a smudge under the perches.

If your poultry are just mongrels, purchase a trio of pure-breds this fall and set their eggs next spring, and thus gradually work into pure-bred fowls. Blood tells in poultry as much as it does in horses, cattle or pigs.

Some folks say the feed has nothing to do with the quality of the meat or its flavor. Try feeding the fowls onions and note what the effect will be on the flesh and eggs when they come onto the table.

Egg eating is a vice that should be guarded against. It is easily prevented by making the nests rather dark, giving plenty of nest room and not overcrowding the poultry-house. Keep the hens busy scratching and they will not learn to eat eggs.

It is well to keep grit and lime within reach of the chickens all the time. It is true, in a country like ours, they can gather plenty of grit from the fields, but it is a matter of convenience to keep it about the house where the hens can get at it.

Don't forget that meat feed at this time of the year is what puts hens in condition to lay during the winter. Green cut bone is the best, but where this cannot be had the prepared feeds are good substitutes. Without using one or the other the best results are impossible.—*Farmers Home Journal.*

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11	35 1/2 in.	52 in.	48 in.

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I have used your Record Book and find it to be a simple, concise and systematic method of keeping church contributions. I can recommend it as saving time and labor.—E. M. Ingalls, Treasurer of the Warren Memorial Church, Louisville, Ky.

Permit me to say in regard to your Record Book for weekly contributions that I find it admirably adapted to the use for which it is intended. The arrangement is all that could be desired, and I cheerfully recommend it.—L. H. Ferrell, Jr.

We have, with much interest, examined your method of recording weekly contributions by means of your newly designed book. We greatly admire and approve of the plan and most heartily commend your book to all church treasurers who appreciate simplicity, comprehensiveness and the value of time.—Fytron N. Clarke and E. T. Calvert, Audit Committee of Walnut-street Baptist church, Louisville, Ky.

Enclosed find \$2.50, amount due you for the Church Treasurer's Record Book that I purchased from you while at the Convention. I am sure it will give entire satisfaction.—J. D. Chapman, Milledgeville, Ga.

The Individual Church Register now in use by the First Presbyterian church of this city, and of which you are patentee and owner, is superior to any I have had the pleasure of using. It materially shortens the work and gives by far better satisfaction than any book of the kind I have ever seen, and after three months' use can earnestly recommend it.—H. E. Heaton, Secretary, Jeffersonville, Ind.

I am using your Record Book for weekly church contributions. It fulfills all your claims for it. I can heartily recommend its use to any one who appreciates system and labor-saving. Having had many years' experience as a church treasurer and appreciating the many difficulties surrounding the ordinary plan of keeping a correct record of contributions, I know of no plan so simple, comprehensive and satisfactory as yours.—John F. Lewis, Treasurer College St. Presbyterian church, Louisville, Ky.

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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. Count the words and you know at once what the charge will be. Unless the money accompanies the notice, it will be brought down to 100 words.

CAMPBELL.

In memory of Joseph Campbell, who departed this life September 22, 1906, one of Henry county's oldest citizens. Uncle Joe, as everyone called him, will be missed by everyone; his church will miss him, of which he was a member for over sixty years; he was always there unless sickness prevented; always anxious and ready to pay his pastor, missionary and church expenses and give to the needy, the widow and orphan, he was loved by everyone. If he ever had an enemy no one ever knew it. He was born in Old Campbellburg, August 27, 1827; was 79 years old. Had lived on his farm near Campbellburg, where he died, 70 years. He joined the Baptist church at Campbellburg when eighteen years old, under the preaching of Bro. John McInure. Had been a regular reader of the Recorder for over fifty years; at times could hardly wait for its arrival. His house was the preachers' home, and now we know they miss him when they come. He was married to Mollie Morris, May 10, 1859. They were blessed with four children—Mattie Scott, Lillie LaMaster, Joseph Campbell and Mamie Orem, who departed this life several years ago. No one knew his worth like his wife and children, for he was kind and affectionate—a smile and a kind word for everyone. He had eight grandchildren, six boys and two girls, who were devoted to him, and now when they come to the old home, they miss him. Oh, so sad; his chair empty. It seemed like the older he grew the sweeter and dearer he was to them all. His life was so gentle, loving and kind, and it was hard to give him up, but we know he has gained a home far beyond this, where flowers never fade and pain and death are strangers, where we can meet to part no more. His sweet hands will be beckoning us to heavenly lands. Oh, it is so hard to know we can never see him again, but a sweet thought to know we can meet him to part no more. While we mourn for our dear, dear one, he is at home in the paradise of God, rejoicing with the angels. Here we sit in sorrow, On this cold and cheerless night, And with tears our eyes are filling, For our darling one is gone. We would not disturb his sleep, For we know he is at rest; That which is grief to us, Must be his peaceful gain.

ON WHO LOVED HIM.

Campbellburg, Ky.

HANKLA.

A life well lived, a task well done; A battle fought, a victory won.

As well ripened grain waiting for the sickle, was W. B. Hankla when on Monday, January 7th, he bowed his head to the stroke of Death's blade—a ripe sheaf indeed for the garner of God. Born near Perryville in what is now Boyle county, at the age of nine he moved with his parents to LaRue county, but in 1846 he married Mary J. Gaddie and became a citizen of Hart county. Here for twenty years of his life he was known as Esquire Hankla, and administered justice impartially. For thirty years he was moderator of Three Forks Bacon Creek Baptist church, having moved his membership there from South Fork, where he became a member about 1844. For nearly fifty years of his life he was a deacon of his church. Not highly educated but of strong native ability, he became a leading citizen of his community and county by energy and adherence to right principles. In his home he shone in his true light, a genial, open-hearted, courteous, Kentucky gentleman, with the air of Virginia about him. The stranger never knocked in vain for shelter under his roof, and when departing felt he was leaving an old friend. A visit to his home was a great delight as with quoting "Bobbie" Burns, as he was pleased to call him, rehearsing stray bits of unwritten history and rich humor, he made the time pass only too swiftly. His devotion to his wife, who for quite a number of years was an invalid, and preceded him over the river about two years, was most beautiful. Shortly af-

ter her death he said to the writer, "I prayed God to spare me that I might minister to her and now I am ready to go when the Lord calls." He had faults—all men do—but none knew it better than he, and laying down more than eighty four years of a strong life he passed quietly up to God—a sinner saved by grace.

W. R. HARRIS.

Clothesville, Tenn.

FERGUSON.

Miss Mary Whitson Ferguson died Dec. 24, 1906. Sister Ferguson was born Oct. 14, 1837, and died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. W. W. Holloman in Keaton, Tenn. She became a Christian early in life and united with the Missionary Baptist church at McCullough. She was married to J. H. Ferguson in 1857 and lived for a number of years in Dyersburg, where she has many friends and relatives. Her husband died in 1887. Sister Ferguson was a member of the Keaton Baptist church, and was a noble type of Christian womanhood, loving, faithful, humble and forgiving, always ready to do and taking special interest in all lines of church work. How we miss her smiling face and words of encouragement and feel that her place will, indeed be hard to fill, and while it is with deep feelings of sorrow and sadness we think of her being with us no more, we are profoundly grateful to our Father for the beautiful, consistent and inspiring life she lived, and to her loved ones we would say, that while "drinking the cup" has caused them deepest sorrow and their hearts are torn and bleeding, God is able to bring good to them out of this dispensation of his providence. A PRAYER.

SAUNDERS.

After a long and useful career Bro. Woodard Saunders, of Bronston, Pulaski county, at the ripe old age of 92 years, 6 months entered into his eternal rest January, 1907. Many were the good works and alms deeds which he did. His life was spent in the Master's service, and though unable to utter a word sometime before the summons came, at his daughter's earnest request he pressed her hand in token of his abiding faith in Jesus ere he passed away. He leaves two sons and six daughters, all true to the principles instilled into their minds in youth by this devoted servant of God, and who will, in God's appointed time, rise up to call him blessed.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. M. McFarland at the old homestead at Bronston.

J. M. McFARLAND.

GREEN.

In loving remembrance of our little darling, Laurel Green, who died August 8, 1906.

A precious one from us has gone, A voice we loved is still, A place is vacant in our home, Which never can be filled. God in his wisdom has recalled, The boon his love had given, And though the body slumbers here, The soul is safe in Heaven. His loving parents, FRANK AND RUSHIA GREEN. Sparta, Ky.

This tribute to General R. E. Lee is well deserved and beautifully expressed:

"He possessed every virtue of other great commanders without their vices. He was a foe without a hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty, and a victim without murmuring. He was a public officer without vices, a private citizen without wrong, a neighbor without reproach, a Christian without hypocrisy, and a man without guile. He was Caesar without ambition, Frederick without tyranny, Napoleon without selfishness, and Washington without reward. He was obedient to authority, as a servant, and royal in authority as a true king. He was gentle as a woman in life, modest and pure as a virgin in thought." —B. H. Hill.

What a good Master do we serve that allows us time for sleep and furnishes us with conveniences for it and makes it refreshing and reviving to us! By this it appears that the Lord is for the body, and it is a good reason why we should present our bodies to Him as living sacrifices and glorify Him with them.—Matthew Henry.

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ive and comprehensive of commentaries on the International Sunday School Lessons ever written. The Tarbell Guide is designed for use by both teachers and pupils. Its five hundred pages contain scholarly comments on world and phrase; suggestive quotations from writers on Bible lands and people; a sound method of teaching the points of the lesson; a valuable summary of the meaning and contents of each lesson; illuminative discussions of geography, in short, all that the Bible student and teacher want to know. Other Sunday School commentaries are so advanced that they are capable of affording help only to students of Bible classes. But the Tarbell Guide, while giving to advanced students more assistance than any other single book, is adapted also to the lower grades of classes. It is so complete that it is itself an education in Bible culture. It is so simple that all can understand it. And it is so well arranged that it is perfect for ready reference.

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

News the World Over

If the government whose business it is whether Congress or the State Legislature would quit talking so much about relatives and do something to the railroads for making the engineers work so many hours it would be a good thing. One day in January there were eight rail road disasters and many others during the week in which many lives were lost. In one case the engineer had been on duty seventeen hours and had only had two hours rest before. He was asleep and that caused the collision. In another other the engineer had been on duty 42 hours. And in many other cases the report is the same. The infamy of such recklessness on the part of the railroads is beyond words.

Read-Admiral Albert Kautz, U. S. Navy, retired, died in Florence, Italy. He was born in Ohio in 1839 and was appointed acting midshipman in 1854. He had a long and distinguished career in the Navy. He served on Admiral Farragut's staff during the war. Prof. William C. Pickett died at his home in Philadelphia, aged 36. Although he graduated in medicine only in 1895 he had made himself one of the best known authorities on nervous diseases. He was elected president of the Neurological Society in 1906.

The Pope offered a compromise to France. He would not agree to allow the church property to be put into the hands of trustees although those trustees were to be Catholic laymen chosen by the priests. He preferred that the state should own the buildings and lease them to the priests. Mr. Briand agreed. Wherever a priest makes application he can have the use of the church for 15 years for public worship. This settles the question for the time.

The papers are saying that an under official whom Admiral Davis thought was speaking by the authority of the Governor agreed to his landing U. S. soldiers to do police duty. But Admiral Evans says that Davis informed him "Gov. Swettenham assures me there is no need of police protection and declined my offer to land men to assist in hospital, to police streets." That was his dispatch to his superior officer before he had landed his troops. The correspondent of the London Standard at Kingston is indignant with the Governor because although the admiral precipitated the landing of the marines he did so with the best of motives.

In Chicago scarlet fever and diphtheria has become an epidemic of serious dimensions. These diseases are probably always present in the large cities, but only occasionally are they allowed to spread so as to make an alarming situation. In one day the number of new cases of contagious diseases reported in Chicago reached were 223 of scarlet fever, 55 of diphtheria and 24 miscellaneous.

In 1902 earthquakes destroyed large parts of cities in Mexico and Guatemala; St. Vincent was laid waste by the Soufriere and Mt. Pelée wiped out the city of St. Pierre. It afterwards had a great eruption that destroyed Morno-Rouge. There were many earthquakes in Asia and a volcanic explosion carried down into the ocean the island of Tori-shoma,

in Japan, with nearly all its inhabitants. Then in 1905 came the earthquake that laid waste Southern Italy. 1906 in March and April saw the greater part of Panama wrecked and thousands killed. This was followed by Vesuvius; then San Francisco was destroyed and Valparaiso; Africa on the island of St. Lucia was destroyed. 1907 opened with the destruction of Kingston and great eruptions from Etna, Mauna Loa, and the Parai in Namoa.

Prof. Heilprin says the last 25 years have been the most remarkable for the earthquakes and volcanic eruptions. There have been too many, such eruptions and each little time between as in the time. They began in August, 1883, with the landing of the island of Krakatoa and the killing of 40,000 people. Then followed eruption of Tarawera in New Zealand, a volcano supposed to be extinct, destruction of Casuarina, of Charleston; thousands of shocks in Japan, with thousands of people killed, eruptions of volcanoes Vesuvius, Etna and Stromboli in Europe and also in Central and South America, Mexico and Alaska. This was part of the record up to 1907.

The Holiness shown by the House of Representatives as well as the Northern religious press to President Roosevelt, has no parallel in our history. A fresh illustration is given in the course of the Representatives from Iowa. They have been strongly opposed to ship subsidies, and their constituents are almost unanimous in their opposition. Yet because President Roosevelt sent a message to Congress favoring subsidies they not only ceased their opposition but declare they will vote for the bill.

ORDINATION.

Pursuant to an invitation of Burk's Branch church, Shelby county, the following brethren met in council last Sunday: J. G. Bow, B. B. Bailey, J. W. Jent, Pastor H. C. Davis and the writer. The object of the meeting was to consider the ordination to the Gospel ministry of John Ford Johnston, and to the deaconship of J. D. Richardson. Dr. J. G. Bow was appointed by the council to conduct the examination. Brother Johnston related his Christian experience and call to the ministry. The council reported to the church that the examination was satisfactory. By unanimous vote the church ordered the ordination to proceed. Pastor B. B. Bailey preached the sermon, the writer led the ordaining prayer. The pastor, H. C. Davis, delivered the charge, and Eld Johnston pronounced the benediction. At the same time Brother Richardson was ordained deacon. The writer and Dr. Bow on arrival in Shelbyville were met by Deacon Richardson and taken to the elegant home of Brother R. Radcliff, where we greatly enjoyed ourselves. It was the writer's pleasure to preach at 11 o'clock service. Ordination commenced at 2:30 p. m. H.

MARRIED.

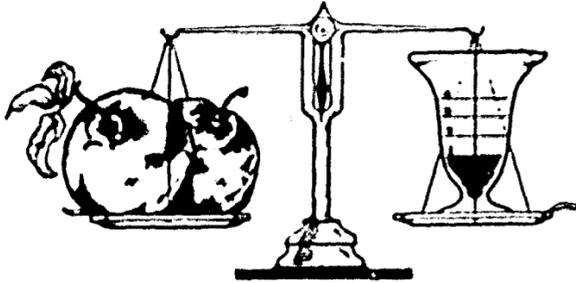
At the residence of the editor of the WESTERN RECORDER, on Feb. 6th, the Rev. R. J. Pittman and Miss Tonio P. Kelley. The ceremony was by the editor. The bride is from Piedmont, Mo. The bridegroom is a student in the Theological Seminary from West Kentucky. We extend congratulations.

EAST TENNESSEE NOTES.

Carson and Newman has enrollment now of 457, an excess of 87 over last year. The First church here has called Rev. G. W. Sherman, of Memphis. He begins labors first Sunday in March. Dr. Perryman, of Knoxville, has recently conducted a great meeting at Morristown. Dr. Robinson, the pastor, is taking hold vigorously. Rev. Earl D. Sims, our State Evangelist, is now holding forth at Rutledge. He has done a great work in the State so far. S. F. JONES. Jefferson City, Tenn.

Our Foreign Mission work was never in better condition and the opportunities were never brighter. Never were so many offering themselves for this service—saying "Here am I, send me." Never was the world so open to the Gospel as now. Yet never, since its organization, has our Foreign Mission Board been in such financial straits. The debt is larger than ever before, and the demands greater. There is but one remedy that is to be for a moment considered, and that is for the churches to rally to this cause and let the money come in rapidly. The Convention year closes April 30th. That is only two and a half months off and in that time the Board needs \$250,000 to close the year without debt. Whose debt is this? The Board's? But whose is the Board? Whose work is it? To whom was the great commission given?

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KENTUCKY'S PART IN OUR HOME MISSION WORK.
 DR. LOVE TO VISIT THE STATE.
 There is a great and growing work in the hands of our Home Mission Board. There has been demand for enlargement in every one of its many departments. Not to have advanced would have been to be unfaithful to the trust committed to them by Southern Baptists. The income of the Board has not kept pace with this enlargement, and it is necessary for our churches, during the two months now remaining before the books close April 30th, to deal liberally with this important interest. As I come more and more in touch with the people of Kentucky, I am profoundly impressed with the rapidly growing material prosperity with which God is blessing them. With the present financial conditions in Kentucky, it would be an easy matter for them to double their offering of last year, and give to Home Missions the sum of \$30,000. In doing this they would bless the great work of saving our own land, and be doubly blessed in their own souls. This would only bring our State into its proper place in the sisterhood of our Southern Zion. Let there be an advance movement in every Baptist church in the State for our Home Board and it will be done. Dr. J. F. Love, Assistant Secretary of the Board, has consented to give us fifteen days of his service to "stir up our pure minds by way of remembrance." He will be in Kentucky from the 17th of February to the 3rd of March. Dr. Bow and myself have arranged his itinerary, and one of us will be with him at each appointment. It is not the purpose of Dr. Love to take up collections, but to inform and inspire on the subject of Home Missions. We trust that the churches he shall visit will give him a full hearing, and that God's blessing will be upon his message to us. J. S. DILL, Vice-President Home Board for Kentucky. Low-voiced criticisms are always the best, otherwise the critic is liable to draw attention to himself.

Live Stock Markets.

CATTLE.

Extra good export steers	4 75a 5 25
Light shipping steers	4 50a 4 75
Choice butcher steers	4 25a 4 75
Fair to good butcher steers	3 50a 4 25
Com. to good butcher steers	3 00a 3 50
Choice butcher heifers	4 00a 4 50
Fair to good butcher heifers	3 25a 3 75
Com. to med. butcher heifers	2 50a 3 00
Choice butcher cows	3 25a 3 75
Fair to good butcher cows	2 50a 3 25
Com. to med. butcher cows	2 00a 2 50
Canners	1 00a 2 00
Choice feeds	1 00a 4 40
Medium to good feeders	3 50a 4 00
Common and rough feeders	3 00a 3 50
Good to extra stock steers	3 25a 3 75
Fair to good stock steers	2 75a 3 25
Com. to med. stock steers	2 00a 2 75
Good to extra stock heifers	2 50a 3 00
Com. to med. stock heifers	2 00a 2 50
Good to extra cows	3 75a 4 25
Good to extra bulls	3 25a 3 60
Fair to good bulls	2 25a 3 00
Choice veal calves	6 50a 7 75
Choice milk cows	35 00a 40 00
Plain, common milk cows	10 00a 20 00

HOGS.

Choice pack. and butch, 200 to 300 lbs.	6 90a 6 95
Med. packers, 160 to 200 lbs.	6 90a 6 95
Light ship, 120 to 160 lbs.	6 70a 6 80
Choice pigs, 90 to 120 lbs.	6 60
Light pigs, 50 to 90 lbs.	6 30
Rough, 150 to 400 lbs.	3 50a 6 30

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

Good to choice fat sheep	4 00a 4 50
Fair to good sheep	3 00a 3 50
Common sheep	2 00a 3 00
Bucks	1 75a 2 25
Choice shipping lambs	6 50a 7 00
Choice butcher lambs	5 00a 6 00
Culls and tailends	2 50a 3 00

TOBACCO.

BURLEY.—Dark Red.

Trash (green or mixed)	46 50a 7 00
Trash (sound)	7 00a 7 50
Common lugs	8 00a 8 50
Medium lugs	8 50a 9 50
Good lugs	9 50a 10 50
Common leaf (short)	8 00a 9 00
Common leaf	9 00a 10 00
Medium leaf	10 50a 11 50
Good leaf	11 50a 13 50
Fine and selections	14 00a 15 00

BURLEY.—Bright Red.

Trash (green or mixed)	47 00a 7 50
Trash (sound)	7 75a 8 50
Common lugs	9 00a 10 00
Medium lugs	10 00a 10 50
Good lugs	10 50a 11 75
Common leaf (short)	9 00a 10 50
Common leaf	10 50a 11 50
Medium leaf	12 00a 13 00
Good leaf	13 50a 15 00
Fine and selections	16 00a 20 50

DARK.

Trash (sound)	5 50
Common lugs	45 75a 6 00
Medium lugs	6 25a 6 50
Good lugs	6 50a 7 50
Common leaf (short)	7 00a 7 50
Common leaf	7 50a 8 00
Medium leaf	8 50a 9 00
Good leaf	9 00a 10 00
Fine and selections	10 00a 11 00

POULTRY.

Hens, 10 1/2c per lb.; roosters 5 1/2c; spring chickens 12 to 14c; ducks 12c; turkeys 12 1/2 to 13c; geese 7 1/2 to 8c.

EGGS.

20 to 21c case count; candled 22 to 23c

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