

WESTERN RECORDER

Faith, Hope and Love, these three.

82nd

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1907.

No. 36

THE FUNERAL

Rev. Jonathan G. Bow: At the united request of the church and of the family, I preside this afternoon at this solemn service. Because of personal bereavement and because of my attachment for my pastor, I feel a great deal more like I would rather take my place with the family and with the immediate friends as one of the chief mourners.

The programme for this afternoon was made out especially according to the desires of the family. There are hundreds of people here today who would gladly bear testimony to the sterling worth of the man whose mortal remains lie before us today, but even the few who can be heard are kindly requested to confine their remarks within the limits of five minutes, with the exception of Dr. J. M. Weaver, who is to preach a brief sermon.

I have here a little issue that does not belong to the programme, but I must read it right now.

"The best and noblest man I ever knew; a Christian through and through in heart and words and acts; the Spurgeon of America has gone; the giant oak of the forest has fallen; earth's bravest son has gone down. W. D. Major, one of the pillars of this church for about twenty years."

Dr. A. J. S. Thomas, of South Carolina, telegraphed he would be here and he was chosen to read the first hymn. He failed to arrive and the choir sang "How Firm a Foundation."

The Scriptures were read by Dr. J. S. Detweiler.

Dr. Detweiler: I esteem it a privilege to read today God's Word out of the very book that was so familiar to you as you heard it read from our dear, departed pastor. I read now the ninetieth Psalm:

1. Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

2. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

3. Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return ye children of men.

4. For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

5. Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

6. In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

7. For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

8. Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

9. For all our days are passed away in thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

10. The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

11. Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

12. So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

13. Return, O Lord, how long! and let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

14. O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be

hands, establish thou it.

I read also a verse in the New Testament, the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, fourth chapter, beginning at the thirteenth verse:

13. But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.

14. For if we believe that Jesus

dead in Christ shall rise first.

17. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord.

18. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.

Dr. Bow: We will now be led in prayer by the Rev. Dr. W. C. Jones.

that God deals with us after his own ways and that He doeth all things well. We pray Thee that at this time each one of us may number our days as God may give us wisdom to forecast the end, that we may apply our efforts to so living and to so dying that we too may be prepared for the great change which awaits us.

Our Father in Heaven, we would pray Thy richest benedictions upon this church. It is bereaved, indeed. O God, we pray for wisdom, for guidance and for comfort. We pray Thee that we may make no mistakes, that we may not stumble in the darkness. Oh, may the hand of God be with us, teach us and lead us. We pray Thy blessing upon the immediate family of the deceased. O God, be Thou near unto them and teach them how to look up to Thee and how to love the rod that smitest. Oh, bring them near to Thee and teach them how Thou dost love that they, amid their sorrow and tears, may look up to God and think that God has done well. Lord, we can but leave them in Thy hands and pray Thee to keep us and give us strength and grace that in the discharge of the great mission which Thou hast given unto us we may ever go aright.

Lord God, without Thee we can do nothing that is profitable and pleasing in Thy sight. We, therefore, as a church would commit ourselves into Thy hands, trained that Thy wouldst guide and guard and teach us, we humbly ask in Christ's name. Amen.

Dr. Bow: There are now a few brief resolutions that we want read. The first is by the deacons from the church to be read by Bro. Simmons.

Mr. Simmons read the resolutions as follows:

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the deacons of the Walnut-street Baptist church the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, The all-wise and loving One has taken from us our faithful and beloved pastor; therefore, be it resolved,

First—That we realize the great loss of our wise counselor, teacher and loving brother.

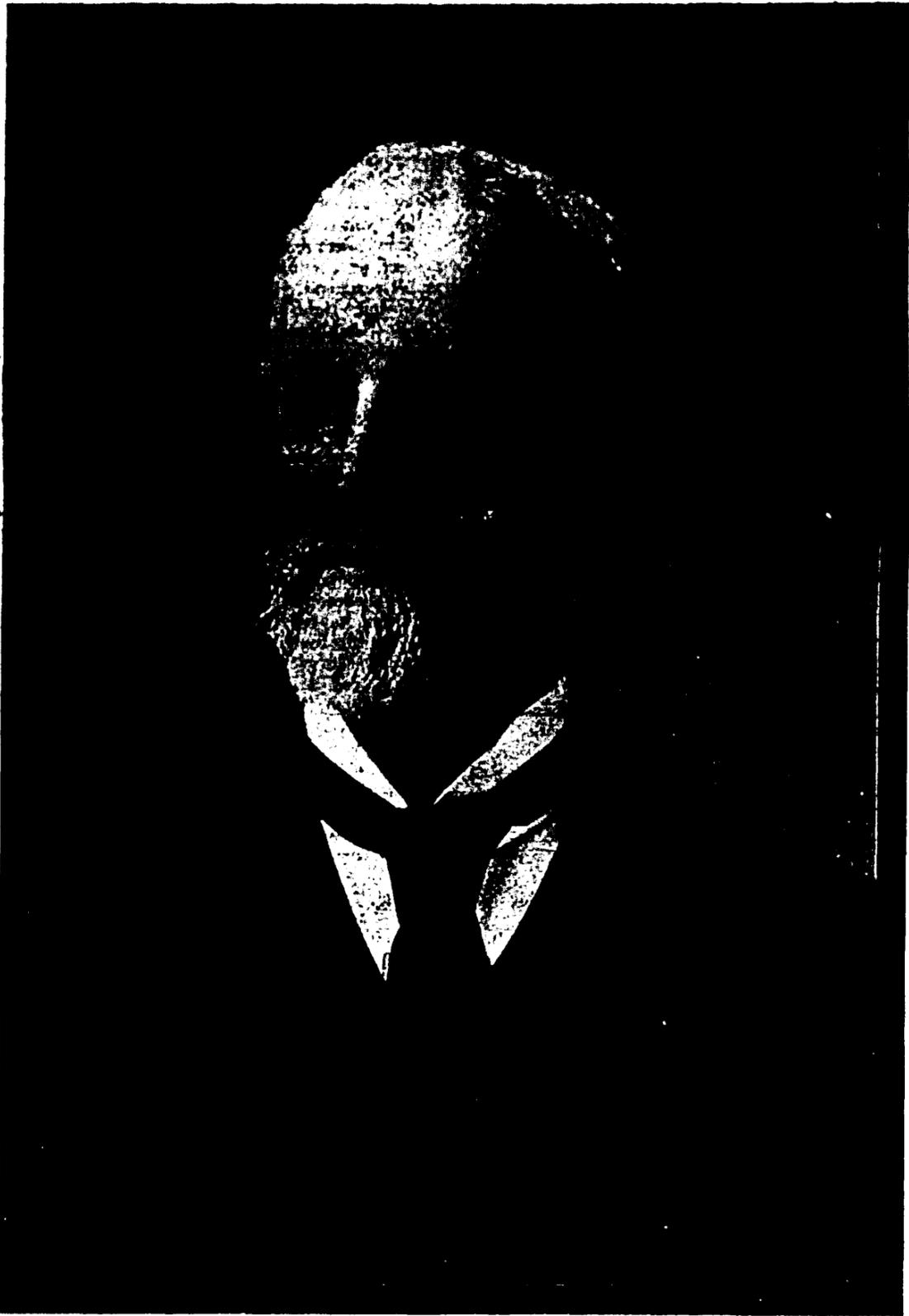
Second—Having completed the work assigned to him on earth, the Master said: "Thou hast done enough; come up higher."

Third—We shall endeavor to carry out the great principles he taught and advocated.

Fourth—That we shall ever be mindful of his loving counsel and his example, as he followed his Saviour, whom he loved and obeyed.

We knew him as a pastor, therefore, we loved him. We knew him as teacher, therefore we loved him. We knew him as friend, therefore we loved him. We knew him as a man, therefore we loved him. We knew him in every condition of life, therefore we loved him.

We, who for many years have listened to his matchless preaching and teaching, and in our business affairs of the church have been



glad all our days.

15. Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

16. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.

17. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our

died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

15. For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord; that we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep.

16. For the Lord himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the

Dr. Jones: All merciful God, our Heavenly Father, we pray that Thou wilt look upon us with pity and compassion and love. We feel that we need guidance that we may behave ourselves aright before God. O God, come near unto each one of us and may we be enabled to recognize at this time the infinite mercy of compassion and the love of God. We pray Thee that we may be enabled to take knowledge of the fact

guided by his great wisdom, cannot be true to him unless we can say: "God doeth all things well; Thy will be done."

Fifth—That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family, with our love and heartfelt sympathy.

W. D. MAJON,
WILLIAM MORSE,
ELIJAH BABYK,
Committee.

The resolutions of the General Ministers' Conference were read by Dr. Waltz, of the Lutheran church. They were published in the Recorder last week. Dr. Waltz introduced them by saying:

"Dr. Eaton was a member of the Ministerial Association of the city, and loved and honored during his entire fellowship with the ministers of this city. He was always present at each meeting, always active and interested in its great work for the welfare of the city, and the spread of the Kingdom of Christ in our midst."

Dr. Bow: There are also some resolutions passed by the colored Baptist Conference of the city to be read by Dr. Parish.

Dr. C. H. Parish read the resolutions of the Colored Baptist Association as follows:

We, the colored Baptist ministers and deacons of Louisville, Ky., have heard with sadness the death of our beloved Dr. T. T. Eaton, which occurred suddenly from a stroke of apoplexy at Grand Junction, Tenn., June 30th, 1907. He was to us of intrinsic value; the embodiment of all information, the synonym of all Baptist church polity. He has visited nearly all of our churches and ordained many of our ministers; was well known among the fifteen thousand colored Baptists of Louisville. To know him was to love him, to have faith in him, and to trust him. His relation to us was so close and confidential that when any trouble arose in our churches we instinctively turned to him for adjustment, and amid the multiplicity of his affairs, he was never too busy to give us a most cordial consideration. We feel very poor and almost helpless without him, and now that he has ascended, be it

Resolved; That in his death we have lost a great friend, yet we bow in humble submission to Him who doeth all things well.

Be it also resolved: That we pray for the comfort of his family, and church, and the success of the many interests dependent upon his leadership.

Be it further resolved: That this conference of Baptist ministers attend the funeral in a body, and that the Rev. C. H. Parish, D.D., is authorized to present these resolutions to the family and to the papers.

Done by order of the Baptist Ministers' and Deacons' meeting in regular session Monday morning, July 1, 1907.

C. H. PARRISH, Pres. Conference.
D. A. GADDIE, Sec. Conference.
C. C. BATES,
J. H. PERDUE,
E. P. MARRS,
Committee.

Dr. Bow: We will now have a few words from Bro. T. T. Martin upon Dr. Eaton as a man.

Dr. T. T. Martin: When the Imperial French Preacher stood over the body of the mighty monarch of France, the first sentence of the funeral oration was "God only is great." As God said of the first Baptist preacher, "He shall be called great in the sight of God." Notwithstanding, therefore, the startling sentence of the French pulpit orator, I have the example of God to warrant me in standing over the body of the modern John the Baptist and saying "he was great in the sight of God." John the Baptist was great because he put faithfulness above success and popularity. To those who knew Dr. Eaton, as I knew him, I do not need to make the application. John the Baptist was great because he stood firmly and squarely against the tides of error of his time. This modern John the Baptist did likewise. John the Baptist was great because he feared not public sentiment nor religious errors. Neither did this modern John the Baptist. John the Baptist was great because he lived up to his life motto: "He must increase, but I must decrease." And this modern John the Baptist was willing to decrease that his Lord might increase. Ah,

brethren, truly, can I stand to-day over the body of Dr. Eaton and say he was great in the sight of the Lord. When the mighty orator of Rome was told that a course he was pursuing was making him unpopular his reply was: "Cicero cares but little for what the men of this day and time may think of him; Cicero is living for what the people will say of him 600 years from now." And this man has not lived for what the present day will say of him, but what his Master will say of him at the Great Day.

When Phidias carving the statue of Diana for the Acropolis of Athens, and carving the back hair with exceeding care was told, "Why be so careful," that the back hair would not be seen by the people, said: "Ah, but the Gods will know." In great and in small work this man whose body lies before us today lived with the thought in view that God's eye was upon him. Had I the time, brethren and friends, I would be glad to quote from memory and apply to this occasion the outline of the greatest sermon I ever heard. It was the funeral oration of T. T. Eaton over the body of Basil Manly. The text was: "Rejoice in the Lord Always, and Again I Say Rejoice." Applying the line of thought of that day to this occasion I would say let Tennessee rejoice that she ever gave T. T. Eaton to the world; let Kentucky rejoice that Kentucky was so long blessed with him as a citizen; let Louisville, Ky., rejoice that she ever had such a citizen and such a preacher. Let Kentucky Baptists and the Baptists of the South rejoice that they ever had such a leader. Let this noble old church rejoice that she so long had such a pastor, and, lastly, I would say let this broken-hearted widow and this crushed and lonely sister and this daughter and son rejoice that they ever had such a husband and such a brother and such a father. Walking along Fourth avenue yesterday a prominent Godly Presbyterian woman said to me, "All Louisville is in mourning today."

And we could well apply the words used of another great and good man in Louisville and say that today the first citizen of Louisville is being buried.

When I was asked to speak on this occasion, I was asked to speak of the end of his life and I said I could not do it, it is not ended, and it will never end in its blessed influence until the stars grow dim and the sun has ceased its shining. Standing in the forest beneath some mighty monarch of the forest it is impossible to measure the height, but when it is fallen in the forest we can walk its length and measure its stature. How tall was this mighty giant that is now fallen only the coming years can reveal, and when your life and mine shall have ended, we shall never have seen the end of this life, its blessed influence and usefulness. For myself, will you allow me to pay a simple tribute to his memory by telling a fact that the world does not know. For nineteen years I have loved and revered him as a father. Our relationship was as close as that of a father and a son. After spending weeks in his home, and after he had spent weeks in my home in the West, I never heard Dr. T. T. Eaton utter one word of bitterness or hatred towards any human being. When President Garfield lay dying, people in the room were using bitter expressions towards Guiteau. The noble President said, "They say it is a weakness of my nature, but I cannot hate anybody." How many times have I heard people say that was a weakness in this man, that he would not cherish feelings of hatred. Ah, my brother, it was not weakness, it was because you were too noble and too big to hate anybody. For myself I do not wish him back, and could those in this audience who loved him realize what he has enjoyed in the last four days neither would you wish him back. Ah, what that poor, tired, overworked body has experienced! I saw him standing by the body of Boyce; I heard his matchless funeral oration over the body of Basil Manly; I saw him standing broken-hearted over Broadus! What a wonderful quartet there is in Heaven looking down on us today! How we loved him in that Blue Mountain, where he was the head of the Bible Conference! How we loved him in Missis-

sippi! How we loved him in Kentucky! How we loved him throughout the South! How you loved him here in Louisville!

When Daniel Webster's body lay in state an old farmer stood by the body weeping in silence. Finally he sobbed out, "Well, Daniel, the world is going to be very lonely without you."

Dr. Bow: We will now have a few words from Rev. W. P. Harvey upon Dr. Eaton as an editor.

Dr. Harvey: The editor. The great editor. The greatest Baptist editor of this generation. We are profoundly thankful for the noble editors of all our Baptist publications. I do not consider that I disparage unkindly when I say that Dr. J. B. Jeter was a great editor; that Dr. Bright was a great editor, and that Dr. Eaton was the greatest of Baptist editors.

Where shall I, who knew him as no other did outside of his family, find words to appropriately express my estimate of his colossal and superb gifts. Dr. J. B. Jeter made a profound impression on him in early life, and the holy ambition seized him to devote the mature years of his life to editorial work. For him nature and early environments did their best. Physically, intellectually, a giant, and early training could have done no more to prepare him for his life work. Phenomenal was his mental power and grasp. As the famished traveler in the desert slakes his thirst, he eagerly made all sources of knowledge tributary to his exalted ideal. There seemed to be nothing worth knowing in the past and present, or worth hoping for that was not at his command. In his fervid zeal for God and righteousness, like Elijah, the Prophet, and Paul the Apostle, his zeal knew no bounds. He was loyal to the Bible as the oracle of God, accepting it, as the only rule of faith and guide in practice, without erosion or mental reservation. His glory was to propagate, at whatever cost, and to defend against all foes the Bible and Baptist doctrines. To contend earnestly (or "agonizingly," as he translates it in his great book, "Faith and the Faith"), for the faith once delivered to the saints was his watchword.

I shall never forget a conversation with one of his dearest friends on our way to the Southern Baptist Convention, before taking the train from Memphis to Dallas. The friend said if you pursue the policy you suggest, you will ruin your paper. Dr. Eaton replied: "My dear brother, when a principle is involved I never stop to consider the effect my position has on the circulation of the WESTERN RECORDER." Panoplied in the Gospel armor, with a faith in God that knew no shadow of doubt, he never hesitated. Above the flattery or remonstrance of the multitude, he heard only the voice of God, and he was ever ready for the yoke or the altar. With all his marvelous gifts and acquisitions, he was magnanimous toward those who differed with him to a fault. He could forget anything in others that God could forgive.

I quote from "History of the Baptist Churches of the United States," by Dr. Newman, page 425: "The WESTERN RECORDER, ably edited by T. T. Eaton, and representing the Baptist conservatism of the South." Also, "What Baptists Owe to the Denominational Press," by Henry G. Weston: "In the October American Journal of Theology is a notable article by Professor Newman, of Baylor University, on 'Recent Changes in the Theology of the Baptists.' In this admirable paper there is one statement which deserves special attention: 'The strongest and most pervasive influence among the Baptists of America is unquestionably the denominational press. . . . The positive influence of denominational papers in keeping conservative teaching constantly before the minds of the people, and their negative influence in deterring those who have come more or less under the sway of liberal modes of thought from rash and radical utterances, can hardly be estimated.'

"But I wish there could be some way in which expression could be given to the debt the Baptists owe to the denominational press. I have been associated with men whose character and work have been most

blemed, and God has honored their work. But my settled judgment is that the States in which I have been pastor have owed more to the editors of their denominational paper than to any other class of the same number of men. I wish it were proper to speak by name of some of those departed ones, and tell the debt which their State Conventions and General Associations owe them. Others have exerted, and still exert a wider away; over other States 'one blast from their bugle horn' is 'worth a thousand men.'—*Examiner*.

In a private letter from Dr. Weston to Dr. Eaton he said: "I refer especially to you."

"Many a moon shall wax and wane
Before his like shall be seen again."

Dr. Bow: You will now hear from Dr. C. M. Thompson, of Paducah, on Dr. Eaton as a pastor.

Dr. Thompson: When Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, returned to his native land, he brought with him those rare works of art which have since made his name immortal. The servant in unpacking the statuary cast the straw aside. In that straw there were unseen seeds which fell to the earth and were transformed into living beauties, and today his native land reveres and honors his name as much for the unconscious transplanting of the greatness of Rome to his capital city as for the immortal creations produced by his matchless genius. The colossal abilities of T. T. Eaton have had universal recognition throughout the entire land, but there are some that will reverence his memory and cherish his name in connection with the blessed word Pastor. For twenty-seven years he served this people in that capacity. For more than a quarter of a century his splendid presence graced your marriage altars and during that period as a wise and loving and tender shepherd he comforted your sick and ministered to your dying. When the closing grave brought that double vision of isolation and death he still lingered by your side. But my friends only a small part of the pastor's duty is identified with the valley of the shadows on life's western slope. As we struggle, as we make towards the summit, as the path grows deep and rough, when we look yonder towards the crest and see it not, do we long for leadership! Then it is that the shepherd qualities come to view. If you wanted to rest by the wayside, then the splendid figure lying yonder was in the front, leading with great heroism onward and upward. Oh, how green the pastures in which he led his people. How cool and how refreshing the sparkling stream that came from the brain and the heart of this man. But words fail me. Did we need wisdom, in him we found it. Was it a guide wanted, it was needless to seek further. Did we yearn for a wealth of affection? In his heart they found almost an inexhaustible mine.

In the Rockies sometimes, standing on a crag, it becomes impossible to pick out the highest peaks, but linger and look and after awhile you will see the golden sunbeams playing yonder on the summit of Pikes Peak, when all the other crags and peaks have long been wrapped in darkness. Oh, brothers, in the coming years this great character that has passed away will stand out prominent among its fellows as the embodiment of the great pastor. Great and gentle shepherd, on and on and on through life's labyrinth we follow you. Soon our feet shall walk in the valley of the shadow and then by the good grace of God we will strike hands in the better world. Till then, Great Shepherd, farewell.

Dr. Bow: We will now have a few remarks by Dr. P. T. Hale upon Dr. Eaton in the State.

Dr. Hale: Thomas Treadwell Eaton was the great leader of Kentucky Baptists. He was the Ajax Telemachus of this great militant host. He was fitted for leadership by birth and character. He sprang of an illustrious ancestry. He had a rich inheritance of brains, of character, and of Godly training. He followed as a young soldier in Forest's Cavalry the starry flag of the Confederacy. He won the gold medal for oratory, pinned on him by the hands of Robert E. Lee. He was a brilliant law student. He was an accomplished professor

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of mathematics and sciences in the old Union University. Yet he turned away from the allurements of earthly honors and emoluments and gave himself to the service of that Saviour whom he loved devotedly and served with all of his parts. He was not a leader by accident, but because he was fitted for it. People had faith in T. T. Eaton. They had faith in his sincerity and in his character. No blemish ever stained his escutcheon. He went about wearing the flower of a blameless life and in the white light that beats upon a throne of power and of influence upon which he sat, there was discovered nothing mercenary or selfish, and, therefore, the people loved him and they trusted him. Perfection, he would have been the last to claim, but was its champion, and he would have given life itself rather than betray that. He was a man of scholarship and of learning, of marvelous industry, doing the work for the denomination of many men. He loved his people. He wanted to be doing good like his Lord. So that when we speak of him in the State as the leader of this host of 200,000, it is because he was tried and found worthy, and we ought to remember to day those things for which he lived and for which he worked in the State, the great State Mission cause. His heart was gladdened at Mayfield by the wonderful report of the great prosperity of this foundational enterprise. We ought to remember that he had his heart set upon planting in this great metropolis an institution of learning for the young people for the coming generations. Only last Sunday a week ago he requested that I go home with him to talk over some plans that he had for this great educational movement, and when that institution is erected there ought to be built a magnificent structure named for him, and so this afternoon while we think of him in the State, we ought to determine to press these great missionary and educational interests that were so near to his heart. He was interested in the affairs not of this church only but in all of these matters that concern the denomination in this State. During the meetings at Mayfield, the last that he ever attended, I do not think that he was absent for a moment. His great heart went out to all these enterprises, and he was interested in them. I thought as I heard the tolling of that great bell that it was the throbbing of the hearts of the 200,000 Baptists of Kentucky, who loved him and who feel poorer today because they shall see his face no more. Servant of God, well done. Rest from thy toil. The battle fought, the victory won. Enter thou the Master's joy.

Dr. Bow: We will now hear from Dr. Lansing Burrows, of Nashville, upon Dr. Eaton in the denomination.

Dr. Burrows: In all these words that have been so admirably chosen and that have welled forth from the heart of affection as they applied to him in his more restricted work among these people as a pastor, seated upon the editorial chair or wielding the influence of a great mind to this State, are to be applied to him in the great denomination of which he was an ornament. He was a Baptist, not so much from heritage, for if there ever was an independent

thinker among men it was Thomas Eaton, a man who acknowledged no allegiance to an earthly master, but drew his inspiration direct from the fountain of God's truth. And so I am minded to say that which has not been said, though intimated. In the presence of these eloquent addresses which cover the ground so admirably with reference to his relationship to the denomination that, Apollo-like, he knew what was in the Book; he knew the Scriptures. He was a mighty man in the Scriptures. There are some men that move among us in our denomination with all the dignity and all the majesty of a Moses. In the earlier days there have been men among us who have yielded weapons like Gideon. When I think of Dr. Eaton my mind goes out more to Joshua. Joshua was marked by two great characteristics, as Mathewson calls him in his admirable gallery of portraits of representative men, the patient drudge, the man who did things. And yet I think I have found a better title than that. The man that knew God's mind. There was only one exhortation given to this man Joshua when he followed Moses, and that was to be strong and courageous. And in order that he should be strong and courageous he should know what was in the Book. And I was curious to discover whether that had any influence upon his life as he went the very paladin of Israel to the conquest of the land. And it was so. I never found a man who quoted the Book like Joshua did. And oh, this is our Joshua, the cavalier, tender and strong, for the faith. He belonged to you, the stricken family, the stricken church, the stricken city, the stricken State; but remember he was ours throughout the length and the breadth of the Baptist fold. I never knew him but to be on the right side of any question that came up in the councils of the brethren at large. I have known men to disagree with him, and I have disagreed with him myself, but whether the other brethren ever did or not, I have found that when I have disagreed with him, further reflection convinced me of my mistake. He was the very type of the beat catholicity that we can have conception of. For catholicity is as narrow as the way that leadeth up to life, and is as determined as the edict of the Almighty.

There is such a Pauline conception of truth and there is such a Pauline conception of the origin of truth. And there fell from his lips of this man one most remarkable truth, wonderful, because no body had thought of it before, that in the domain of revealed religious truth there is nothing new that is not 1800 years old. I look around about these flowers that are the tributes of loving hearts. They are well bestowed, and I see in these designs, stars and wreaths, that speak of the shining in the hereafter, and here a crown and here a cross, which he himself was not only the exemplar of its saving qualities, but of the power of its bearing qualities. But I do not see one emblem. I presume we do not construct it in these floral designs. The emblem I think of in reference to him in the representative character in his denomination, the noblest, wisest, sweetest polemist I ever knew or heard of, is the sword. If I had my way it should be engraved in the lasting granite that doubtless will mark his final resting place along with the cross and crown he loved so well. The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.

Dr. Bow: Just before the brief sermon that is to be delivered by the Rev. Dr. Weaver, we will sing two stanzas of a hymn, which Dr. J. T. Christian will please read. Hymn 234, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," first and last stanzas.

Dr. Bow: We will now hear a brief sermon by Dr. Weaver:

Dr. J. M. Weaver: Brothers and Sisters: My heart is too sore and my emotions surge too deeply to speak upon this occasion. I knew that I could not; that I would break down. My brother and I were too near together, and I have written out what I have to say this afternoon and will read it if I can. I could not speak it. I am going to do what I have never done before in my life, read a funeral sermon. It will be short, no more than fifteen or twenty minutes. I have chosen two texts. The first

you will find recorded in II. Samuel 3:38.

SERMON.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"—II. Samuel 3:38.

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep."—Psalm 127:2.

These are appropriate words for this occasion. The first were the words from which Dr. Eaton's father's funeral sermon was preached. The second are appropriate to him who rested not but now at the call of his Master is at rest.

The Rev. Thomas Treadwell Eaton, D.D., LL. D., was born in Murfreesboro, Tenn., November 16, 1845. His father was the Rev. Joseph Haywood Eaton, LL. D. He was the founder of the Union University, at Murfreesboro, Tenn. Dr. T. T. Eaton entered Madison University, now Colgate University, of which an uncle, the Rev. George W. Eaton, was then President. Dr. Eaton continued at Madison University until 1861, when he returned home and enlisted as a Confederate soldier in the Seventh Tennessee Calvary, of which Gen. N. B. Forest was commander. He served during the war, a brave and fearless soldier, and at its close returned to Murfreesboro, where he taught school one year and then entered Washington and Lee University. From this institution he was graduated in 1867 with great honors, winning the gold medal for his oratorical ability. He was chosen speaker from the graduating class on commencement day.

Having been graduated here he returned to Murfreesboro and for several years taught Mathematics and Natural Science in Union University. Here he took up the study of law and was admitted to the bar. After a few months, believing that he was called of God into the ministry, he turned from the law. As in all to which he gave himself he prepared himself thoroughly for the ministry. In January, 1870, he became pastor of the Baptist church at Lebanon, Tenn. In that year he was ordained. In 1872 he accepted a call to Chattanooga, Tenn. He was pastor here from 1872 to 1875. From there he was called to Petersburg, Va. He remained there several years and in 1881 he was called to Louisville, Ky., and became pastor of Walnut-street Baptist church, on the northwest corner of Walnut and Fourth streets. Here he gave himself to the work of building up the cause of the Baptists in the city. From his church sprang the Twenty-second and Walnut street church, the McFerran Memorial church, now the Fourth avenue, the Third avenue church and others. He continued pastor at the Walnut-street church, now on Third and St. Catherine streets, until his sudden death, twenty-six years. In 1872 he was married to Miss Alice Roberts, of Nashville, Tenn. His wife and two children, Mr. J. H. Eaton, a lawyer, of Denver, Col., and Mrs. Edward Farmer, of this city, survive him. A short time after becoming pastor of Walnut-street church Dr. Eaton became editor of the WESTERN RECORDER, the chief organ of the Baptists of the South. He was a model editor, and soon made the RECORDER a great paper, known and honored throughout the land. He was editor at the time of his death. On the 24th of June, he went to attend the Kentucky Ministers' Meeting and the General Association of the Kentucky Baptists, at Mayfield, Ky. While there he took part in all the proceedings with his usual vigor. On last Friday we parted at Mayfield, he to go to Blue Mountain, Miss., where he was to deliver a series of lectures. But on the way, at Junction City, Tenn., he received a stroke of apoplexy, became unconscious and never recovered consciousness, dying on Saturday, the 29th of June, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon. As he fell his last words were: "I am a very sick man."

This passed from us a "prince and a great man." And now he has entered upon that "rest that remaineth for the people of God."

"He giveth his beloved sleep." And now, brethren, what shall I say of him who was the best friend I had in the ministry? For twenty-six years we labored side by side, without a jar.

AS A PREACHER AND PASTOR.

As a preacher he was brilliant and profound. Few men could say as much as he in a few words. He brought all his learning and culture to bear upon his sermon. He could interest all classes, the young and the old, the ignorant and the learned. He preached the "Gospel of the blessed God" in its purity and with power. He honored the Holy Spirit. He believed the Bible to be the Word of God from Genesis to Revelation, and sought to bring others to this belief. He never permitted philosophy or science to take the place of the Gospel in the pulpit. He was ever striving to be a winner of souls and bent all of his powers to the accomplishment of this object. Men heard him with profit. He was clear in his statements and persuasive in his appeals, hence he won many to the acceptance and confession of Christ.

As a pastor he was loving and sympathetic, visiting and comforting the sick and afflicted in their sorrows, and caring for the poor. He was ever watchful of the interests of the flock over which God had made him overseer. The love and devotion of his members testify to his labors of love among them. They were indeed devoted to him and stood by him amid all of his trials, and these were many and sore. No church loved their pastor better than his. They mourn his death with grief unutterable.

IN THE SOCIAL CIRCLE.

He was the life in every company in which he was found. His wit was keen and flashing and his humor overflowing. He was a genial and loving companion. His friends were many and were attached to him as with hooks of steel. Being a positive and aggressive character, of course, he had many enemies, but he was a generous foe, never bearing malice. I was as intimate with him as any one out of his family circle; I never heard him utter a mean or malicious word against any one.

AS AN EDITOR AND LECTURER.

As an editor he was wise and sagacious. He held his own with any of the papers. His editorials were bright, able and timely. He was somewhat belligerent and fought for what he believed to be the truth with all his might. He struck at error wherever he found it, and his blows were tremendous. He had the respect of all his contemporaries, however much they might differ from him. He was a born leader among men. Entering any assembly he always pushed to the front. His lecturing abilities were remarkable and the calls upon him to deliver them showed men's opinion of them. Intellectually he was the peer of any lecturer in the land. He seemed to be familiar with all subjects and was ever ready to speak upon all. He did the work of three men and never rested. Even his vacations were filled with intellectual activity. Alas! he worked himself to death, in opposition to the pleadings of his friends to rest.

RELIGIOUSLY.

He was a spiritual Christian. His wife said of him that he was clearer of doubts than any person she ever knew. He practiced his religion, it was a reality with him. He not only knew the Gospel intellectually, but also experimentally. He was tender-hearted and loving. He loved God and his fellowmen, and ever sought to do them good. His love of the Bible was intense and in this day of looseness of doctrine he ever "contended earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the saints." He had no patience with those who sought to destroy men's belief in the full inspiration of the Book. He was one of the most unselfish men I ever knew. Envy and jealousy were foreign to his nature. As a child of God he was humble. Doctrinally he was a Calvinist and the sovereignty of God was dear to his heart. His hopes of Heaven were bright and buoyant and a constant source of joy to him. He ever enjoyed the assurance of faith. In his little book, "Faith and the Faith," he won the praise

(Continued on fifth page, first column.)

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON

SUNDAY, JULY 28.

The Golden Calf Ex. 32:1-4; 20:35.

Motto Text "Little children, keep yourselves from idols" I John 5:21.

"And when the people saw that Moses delayed to come down out of the mount..."

God was still with them. The pillar of cloud and of fire still hung over the camp.

"Up, make us gods, which shall go before us." It was rather a god which they would have an image made of.

"For as for this Moses, the man that brought us up out of the land of Egypt..."

They were at peace; they were well; they had food in abundance.

"Break off the golden earrings." Men and women both wore them.

"And all the people broke off the golden earrings which were in their ears."

"Fashioned it with a graving tool"—probably means made the image of the calf and poured the melted gold into the mould.

"And when Aaron saw it, he built an altar before it."

whose real in Egypt had worked such great miracles; who had been associated with his brother in all that wonderful history.

"And they rose up early on the morrow." In their eagerness to make a long day of it.

"Get thee down; for thy people, which thou broughtest out of the land of Egypt."

"Ye have sinned a great sin." Moses would have them repent and does not palliate their guilt.

"Oh, this people have sinned a great sin." It is a confession which could be made at any time and of any people.

"And if not blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."

boundary of our reasoning power does not comprehend it, as a little child is unable to comprehend the courage of heroes.

"Therefore now go, lead the people unto the place of which I have spoken unto thee."

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(Continued from page three.)

of the greatest minds of the South by his logic and clearness of analysis

AS A HUSBAND AND FATHER.

The estimate placed upon him by his wife and children manifests his kindness in those relations. In his family he was an idol. As a brother he was held in highest esteem and affection. At the news of his sudden death his only sister, Mrs. Peck, in the perfect abandon of grief exclaimed: "I have lost my all!" In his death the Baptist denomination has met with an irreparable loss. No man can fill his place. In the Southern Baptist Convention and in the General Association of Kentucky he was always held in the highest estimation. The death of no man would produce so profound a sense of loss as that of T. T. Eaton. But alas! he is gone from us. I was shocked when I learned of his sudden death and wept as for one of my own family, for he was my bosom friend and I cannot yet realize that he is dead. Farewell, dear brother, ere long we shall meet on the "shining shore," and then shall we rest ever more in the presence of our blessed Saviour.

"Servant of God, well done;
 Rest from thy loved employ;
 The battle fought, the victory won,
 Enter thy Master's joy."

The voice at midnight came;
 He started up to hear;
 A mortal arrow pierced his frame;
 He fell, but felt no fear.

The pains of death are past;
 Labor and sorrow cease;
 And life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done;
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy."

Dr. Bow: In the country last Sunday night after a hard day's labor, news came to me over the phone that Dr. Eaton was dead. I thought I had misunderstood the message and I had them repeat it, and I said, "Please spell the name," and it could hardly seem to be possible, a man that I left on the floor talking for God last Friday morning in the Mayfield conference had gone home. But, brethren, he is not dead. He lives forever. I remember fifteen years ago next November, in the Baptist Ministers' Committee Meeting he said, "When God calls me in less than two minutes I expect to be in Heaven," and that was the thought that came to my mind when that message convinced me that God had called him away. I will ask Bro. Nowlin to read for me the hymn and we will sing two stanzas, after which we shall have the benediction and retire to the cemetery and the services will be concluded. I ask the

congregation to remain seated until the ministers in front pass out, and then you will wait for the family to pass out and the remains will be carried to their last resting place. I do not know whether the request has been complied with, but we have asked the street car company to have cars on Second street at half past four o'clock to carry a great many people to the cemetery. We will now have Dr. W. D. Nowlin read the hymn:

Dr. Nowlin: It was just like Dr. Eaton to take Heaven by storm. That is the way he did things. I read Hymn 449, "Jesus Lover of My Soul."

Dr. Bow: B. B. Bailey will now pronounce the benediction.

Dr. Bailey: And now may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God the Father, the communion and fellowship of the Holy Spirit abide with us forever more. Amen.

At the grave the choir of the church sang, "Asleep in Jesus." Dr. J. B. Mosely prayed and Dr. Weaver pronounced the benediction.

Dr. Eaton Remembered.

I must say something of Dr. Eaton. But I hesitate. Words will not express my high regard for him. We have been associated together in church work for twenty years. Our relationship has been the closest. In sunshine, in storm, I have never heard him utter a word unbecoming a Christian gentleman. His place as a faithful preacher and defender of the faith once delivered to the saints will be hard to fill. But as a denominational leader God alone can find the man to fill his place.

I feel like unbuckling my armor and laying down with him to rest. But this will not do; God being for us, who can be against us? Forward, then, with courage; let us go following our Captain, who doeth all things well.

W. E. POWERS,
 Todd's Point, Ky.

A GREAT BAPTIST LEADER GONE.

In the death of the Rev. T. T. Eaton, D.D., LL. D., on June the 29th, the Baptists of America lost their greatest leader, their most loyal and staunch defender of the faith. He was truly a great man. He was a man of great mind, great heart, great faith, great energy, great character.

The great masses of the Baptists of America considered him their sanest and safest leader, and when the news of his death spread like a shadow over the land there went up a sigh fraught with grief inexpressible, from the mountains to the valleys, from the humblest cottage to the guilded mansion. No man in the Southern Baptist Convention will be missed more than he. It cannot be questioned, by any one who is familiar with the facts, that Dr. Eaton worked himself to death, and yet, I believe, he went just as he would if he had had his own way about it. While he was nearly twenty years my senior he was as companionable with me as a twin brother. Each year when the time would come to attend the Southern Baptist Convention and the General Association he would write me, "I am going on train —, you get on that train and we will go together. I want to talk over a good many things with you." This year before starting to Richmond, he wrote, "Dr. Harvey and I are going on a certain train, and want you to go with us." Just before

starting to Mayfield in the General Association, he wrote he would be on a certain train, and asked me to meet him at Horse Branch, so we could travel together. He was detained at home and did not get off on the train named, so I was disappointed when I got on the train and found him not.

I held a meeting with him in his great church of more than three weeks duration one year ago last March, and I never worked with a more kind and sympathetic collaborator. Dr. Eaton, perhaps, did not know as much about some things as some men, but he knew more about more things than any man I ever knew. He was a clear, logical thinker and vigorous writer, making the *Western Recorder* the peer of any religious journal in America. He was a great preacher. His preaching was full of information, clear in presentation and practicable in its application.

We can say of Dr. Eaton as Johnson said of Goldsmith, he had "the art of being minute without tediousness and general without confusion, whose language is copious without exuberance, exact without constraint and easy without weakness."

We have sustained a great loss, but the extent of our loss is the measure of our gratitude to God for making such a loss possible. His earthly work is done and he has entered into his well earned rest. God bless his memory and raise up some noble, self-sacrificing hero to take his place in the ranks of toil.

O, how I miss my friend and brother. Fraternally,
 Wm. D. Nowlin.

REV. T. T. EATON, D.D., LL. D. A BRIEF APPRECIATION.

And so our dearly beloved Brother Eaton, having served his generation by the will of God, has fallen asleep. Oppressed by a feeling of personal loss we write these paragraphs. So suddenly was he snatched away that his death was a shock to us all. Away from home, in the service of his Master, he could not receive, in his last moments, the loving attentions and tender ministries of his domestic circle. But the All-wise Father so ordered it that he stood in no need of them. With no preliminaries the royal summons was issued and instantly angelic attendants bore him on high and ushered him into the presence of the King. He did not linger at the vestibule in pain or cecstasy.

When we deplore, as we so often do, sudden death as among the direst calamities, do we judge wisely? Naturally the bereaved desire warning of the approaching dissolution. There is so much they wish to tell, so much to hear the departed tell. But we are inclined to regard sudden death as a merciful dispensation, believing that

"Not a single shaft can hit
 Till the God of love sees fit."

Reared in the Episcopal church, we could not, after reaching thoughtful years, heartily repeat that petition of the litany, "From sudden death, good Lord, deliver us." The prayer savors of sacramental grace, of certain preparatory functions necessary to be performed by sacerdotal hands, practiced not only in Catholic churches but also in some Protestant. The true Christian is always ready for his departure. The only *viaticum* he needs is the atoning blood.

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Our eschatological view is simply and beautifully expressed by an English poetess in lines now almost forgotten:

"Laf! we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,

Perhaps 'twill cause a sigh, a tear,
 Then steal away, give little warning,
 Choose thine own time,
 Say not 'Goodnight!' but in some brighter clime,
 Be I met 'good morning!'"

After all, measured by deeds, by his more abundant labors, the pastor of the Walnut street church, the editor of the *Western Recorder*, and the ubiquitous factotum in matters literary, associational, and educational, Dr. Eaton lived more than a hundred years.

Our departed brother stood among us a tower of strength. He had hardly his peer among the ablest men of our denomination, North or south. Long have we regarded him as the most stalwart defender of the faith as held by Baptists. He seldom or never shifted his base. Before taking any position he thoroughly exogitated the subject in hand, viewing it in all its possible relations. Hardly ever was it necessary for him to withdraw statements once made or to correct any errors of reasoning. After once assuring himself of his data his logic was irresistible. He was a skillful dialectician. While his own reasoning was severely correct he could lay bare the wily sophistries of others. Whenever he saw occasion to contend on some vital question we always felt that our cause was safe in his hand.

It was impossible to beguile him from the main point and inveigle him into adventitious issues. He stood like a stone wall. By his exceptional power of analysis he would in a few sentences reduce to order a matter that had been talked into bewildering confusion by half a dozen speakers or writers. Whenever he took the floor or the pen he commanded attention. Never verbose, he employed the fewest and most appropriate words for the expression of his thought. Nor had he any patience with wordiness in others. In style and diction his periodical writings as well as his books are an excellent study in English.

Dr. Eaton's deep convictions, expressed in clear, strong, idiomatic language, sometimes gave occasion for those personally unacquainted to regard him as gruffly uncompromising. "Buy the truth and sell it not," had for him a more weighty, more insistent import than for most of us.

Bold as a lion in defending the faith once for all delivered to the saints—the faith that was the support and inspiration of his own life—our dear brother was without sweet-spirited and tender. It might indeed be judged otherwise by such as measured him chiefly by the lusty blows he dealt on the self-complaisant advocates of heresy (or rather on their heresies), and by the tenacious, unyielding grip he maintained on the fundamentals of the dogmatic faith.

Those of us who heard him read his paper at Campbellsville on Dr. J. M. Pendleton can never forget the heavy emotion ever and anon disclosed by his quivering lips and moist eyes. After two or three temporary breaks he at length succeeded in forcing back the welling and swelling current of emotions which was choking his broken utterances. Never was a speaker more fully in rapport with a crowd of listeners. Even now we see him as during those brief intervals of silence he wiped again and again the blinding tears from his eyes that he might proceed with the reading of the loving, touching tribute which in hallowed communion with the departed one he had committed to writing.

An English authoress says that "tenderness, which differs from kindness and benevolence, is a quality which can exist only in strong, deep, undemonstrative natures, and, therefore, in its perfection, is seldom found in women than in men." Though this sentiment does not accord perhaps with the general current of thought, we are disposed to accept what this observant, introspective woman says. Was it not just after the terrible passage of the bridge of Lodi that the heart of Napoleon held in check the vigorous demands of martial law, when, observing a sentinel on duty asleep, instead of summarily ordering him to be shot, remarked with pathos: "Wake him. Poor fellow, he was tired." Bro. Eaton was tender far beyond what most of us judged him to be.

We recall the language of Benedict Pictet at the passing of Francis Turretin: *Turretinus, noster fuit. Eheu! Quis temperet a lachrymis?* "Servant of God, well done; Rest from thy loved employ; The battle fought, the victory won, Enter thy Master's joy."

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GEORGE VARDEN.

Paris, Ky.

(Continued on twelfth page.)

The following lines are lovingly dedicated to the memory of Dr. T. T. Eaton, by one who, through his example and guidance was led from being a dissatisfied member of one denomination into the full joy of the Baptist faith:

He is not dead—his soul immortal
Has winged its way to realms of
endless light,
His spirit, freed, has entered Heav-
en's portal,
And stands redeemed within his
Saviour's sight.

The hands that led us thro' bap-
tismal waters,
Have clasped his Saviour's in a
fond embrace;
The eyes that looked in tender love
upon us
Have seen his Saviour, face to
face.

Not on a slowery trail Death's an-
gel found him,
But, as his feet the path of duty
trod,

One upward glance, he knew from
whence the summons,
"Come, weary son, come home
and rest with God."

But 'twas not death—just sim-
ply a transition

From earth to Heaven, from
pain to peace;

His God in mercy saw his worn
condition,

And whispered to the surging
billows "cease."

So let no mournful, sighing, en-
dence

Mar the deep sweetness of his re-
quiem song,

But thro' the eyes of faith see in
Heaven's radiance

Our pastor mingling 'mid the
happy throng.

O, Brothers, Sisters, it will bring
you nearer

To your home above since he is
there;

Is not your hope of Heaven even
dearer

Since he has placed you in your
Saviour's care.

And we believe when he first met
his Saviour

He cast our souls as trophies at
His feet,

And we rejoice that in the sweet
hereafter

Our souls shall make his diadem
complete.

—ELIZABETH WALLING MOSES.

Our Pulpit

"THE SHADOW OF A GREAT ROCK."

C. H. SPURGEON.

"A man shall be as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isaiah xxxii:2.

Travelers tell us that—when the heat has become so intense that every living creature seems to be exhausted, when birds, if there are any, droop their wings, and beasts lie down and pant out their very life—at such times, they have been glad to see great rocks right in the center of the barren plain; and, creeping under their shadow, they have left it on record that they have found most refreshing coolness, and have lifted up their hands in gratitude to God for the blessing of "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Though I have never experienced to the same degree what these travelers report, I

remember one hot day, in Northern Italy, when—riding over a dry plain where the only living creatures seemed to be the lizards and the abundant flies which they were pursuing, and the myriads of mosquitoes that stung one almost to madness—a great rock was really a source of solid comfort; and though we could afford time to rest only for a little while beneath its shadow, we gratefully remembered it all the day long, and wished that we could have stopped until nightfall beneath the shadow of that "great rock in a weary land."

Writing under divine inspiration, the prophet Isaiah describes the Lord Jesus Christ, in his personal manhood, as being comparable to this great rock. In this wilderness life of ours, this wretched life apart from him, to us pilgrims through this desert to the better land beyond, Christ is a great rock, and he casts a blessed shadow athwart our path, in which we refresh ourselves, and renew our strength to go on our way rejoicing.

He is like a rock, because his shadow is always there as well as himself. Wherever the sun and a rock are, there is sure to be a shadow. So, whenever God pours out the fierce beams of his wrath upon a sinner, let that sinner fly to Christ, and he shall find a shelter from that wrath. Whenever conscience oppresses you, and reminds you of your guilt, depend upon it that Christ has not lost his power to quiet conscience, and to calm your fears. Sometimes, a sinner fears that it is too late for him to find peace in Christ; or, possibly, he thinks it is too soon, or that he has sinned away his day of grace.

Ah, poor soul, all these suggestions are Satan's lies! If thou really desirest to have Christ's love shed abroad in thy heart, that is a proof that Christ has already fixed his love upon thee. If thy head is now beaten upon by the fierce sunlight of God's wrath, thou mayest come, and find a shelter in the great rock of Christ's atoning sacrifice. If thou wilt trust in Jesus, thou shalt have the peace which only he can give, the peace which passeth understanding. We rightly sing—

"Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood

Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransom'd church of God

Be saved to sin no more;"

and they are not all saved yet; there are still some to be ingathered; and, therefore, Christ's blood has not yet lost its power to cleanse from sin, and Christ, as a rock, casts his welcome shade over all who come to him to be thus refreshed.

Further, the shadow of a rock is free to all. Nobody thinks of paying for a seat in the shadow of a rock; and nobody would wait to be asked to come under that shadow. No one would dream of needing preparation before sitting on the shady side of a great rock. Everybody who is weary seeks the shelter; every man who is wiping the hot sweat from his brow comes and stretches himself to rest beneath that genial shade even without an invitation. In like manner, Jesus Christ is as free as the air to all who will trust in him. You do not need to make any preparation for coming to him; and although many invitations are given to you to come to Christ, this is because of your willingness to come to him, and not because there are any hindrances on his part. When a soul is once brought to long for Christ, that soul may at once have Christ.

The great difficulty is to make sinners feel their need of a Saviour; they think that they do not need him. They stand in the blazing sunshine, and imagine that they will never faint beneath that fierce heat; but, when their strength begins to depart, they are willing to come under the shadow of the great rock, and there it stands, just as it always did, and they are invited to come to it, after all their neglect of it, and find a refreshing shelter there. Doth not this truth comfort some poor soul in my audience? Are there not some of you who have made the great mistake of supposing that you had to grow better, or to do some good thing in order to get to Christ? Well, then, let me assure you that, as free as is the water in the drinking-fountain at the street-corner, as free is the ever-gracious Saviour to every guilty sinner who will but come and seek a shelter beneath this "shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

Once again, our Lord is like a rock because his shadow is most refreshing. I do not know how true they are, but there are some old country notions that certain trees give unhealthy shade. I have been sometimes warned not to sit under such-and-such a tree; if I did so, I should have headache, and I know not what evil besides. But this I do know, the shadow of Christ never hurts anyone, but uniformly blesses in a thousand ways. When a man does but come and rest in Jesus, headaches and heartaches, so far as they have to do with moral and spiritual disorders, pass away. The believing man realizes

QUIT WHITE BREAD.

Could Not Get Strength From It. A Yorkstate minister, who is interested not only in the spiritual welfare of his congregation, but in their physical well-being, says: "I can now do an immense amount of work and feel no fatigue for the reason that I am using Grape-Nuts food and have quit coffee entirely and am using Postum Food Coffee in its place. "Myself and family are all greatly improved in health. We have largely abandoned the use of white bread. Upwards of twenty-five persons have changed their diet, on my recommendation. It is gladly given, because I know, from personal experience, whereof I speak."

It is a well-known fact that white bread is almost entirely composed of starch and this is difficult of digestion by many people, particularly those who have weak intestinal digestion. The result of the use of much white bread is a lack of brain and nervous power to do mental work and it also creates intestinal troubles, because the excess of starch ferments in the intestines and makes the condition right for the growth of microbes; whereas Grape-Nuts food contains the needed starch, but in a predigested form. That is, it is transformed into grape-sugar in the process of manufacture, and delivered in the packages, ready cooked, and in such shape that it is immediately assimilated without hard work of the digestive organs.

The food also contains the delicate particles of phosphate of potash which, combined with albumen, is used by Nature to make the gray matter in the cells of the brain and the nerve centers throughout the body, in order to give strength and ability to stand long and continuous work. "There's a Reason." Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

that he is forgiven; and, oh, what a blessed realization is that! Hear him sing,—

"Now, oh joy! my sins are pardon'd,

Now I can and do believe;"

and with that sense of pardoned sin comes a sense of perfect peace with God. The forgiven man feels a joy which he never knew before;—not the wild joy in which he once delighted, which first intoxicated him, and then left him depressed and heartbroken, but a joy like the course of a river, increasing as it flows, widening and deepening as months and years roll on.

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Unto them that believe, Jesus is always precious; but there are times when He is peculiarly so. This was the case with them when they were under conviction of sin. What memories that expression awakens in some of us,—"conviction of sin"! Why, it was to some of us a very martyrdom. I think it would have been less painful to have been burned alive at the stake than to have passed through those horrors and depressions of spirit which some of us passed through while we were seeking pardon, but seeking it in the wrong way. When God makes the conscience a target for His sharp arrows; when the ten great guns of the law are fired at the sinner's soul; when shot after shot goes tearing through the man's false peace, blowing his self-confidence to pieces, and leaving him wounded, mangled, and maimed: when the man cries out in his agony, "What shall I do to find salvation? How shall I get rid of sin? God is righteously angry with me, how shall I appease His wrath? I fear that hell will be my everlasting portion, how can I escape that awful doom?"—'tis then that Christ becomes "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Sinners will never come to Jesus while they have anything of their own to rely upon, so may the Lord strip us, and bring us down to absolute bankruptcy and beggary so far as everything of our own is concerned; for then we shall look to Jesus, and find everything in Him. So, in the time of conviction of sin, when the ten-thonged whip of the law falls upon a man's conscience, Christ is indeed precious.

So too, dear friends, in times of trial believers find the shadow of this great rock to be most delightful and refreshing. I suppose that most of us, if not all, have had our trials. The dear child, whom we loved so fondly, has sickened and died. The husband or the wife, the delight of our eyes, has been borne away to the silent tomb. Possibly, we were slandered by a cruel enemy, or forsaken by a false friend in whom we had implicitly trusted. It may be that our house was burned, or our business proved a failure, and that losses followed on the heels of losses like Job's messengers with evil tidings. Yes, but, beloved believer, in all these times of trial you have found Christ to be a blessed Comforter; and I will venture to say that, the sharper your affliction has been, the sweeter has Christ been to you. I wonder how some people, who have

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many troubles, can get on without Christ. I marvel at you, consumptive young woman, and you, hard-working man, with a growing family, trying to do without the consolations of our blessed Saviour. I know that some people have the notion that religion is not meant for the poorest of the poor; but if there are any people whom it suits best, surely it is these. If it does not fill the cupboard, it makes the heart content with what it has. If it does not put broadcloth upon the back, it makes the wearer satisfied with fustian. There is no one like Christ for the poor, and the needy, and the weak, and the sorrowing. He is indeed as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" to all such poor tried souls.

Let me also remind you that we shall know more about the refreshing shade of Christ when we come to die. Not many weeks hence, some of us must die; when there is such a large number of people gathered together, some of them must die soon. But all of us must, ere long, gather up our feet in the bed, and die.—

"Our fathers' God to meet."

What must it be to die without a Saviour! A shiver runs through my frame as I think of it. To die without a hope, how sad! But to die trusting in Christ, how blessed! I remember standing in the pulpit, one sultry summer's afternoon, preaching of the joys of heaven, and there was one woman's eye that specially caught mine as I was preaching. I knew not why it was, but it seemed to fascinate me; and as I spoke of heaven, she seemed to drink in every word, and her eyes flashed back again the thoughts I uttered. She seemed to lead me on to speak more and more of the streets of gold and the gates of pearl; till, suddenly, her eyes appeared to me to be too fixed; and at last it struck me that, while I had been talking of heaven, she had gone there. I paused and asked if some one in the pew would kindly see whether the friend sitting there was not dead; and in a moment, her husband said, "She is dead, sir." I had known her long as a consistent Christian woman, and as I stood there, I half wished that I could have changed places with her. There was not a sigh, nor a tear; she seemed to drink in the thoughts of heaven, and then to go straightway and enjoy it.

But, my dear hearers, what will it be to have the shelter of Christ in the day of judgment? We can never form right ideas of what that day of judgment will be,—

"That day of wrath, that dreadful day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,"—

and weeping and wailing shall be the prelude to the sitting of the Judge upon the great white throne. Then, when every eye shall see Him, and they also who pierced Him, it will be a blessed thing to have Him as the Rock of Ages to hide us from the wrath of that tremendous day.

Now, lastly, if these things be so, and they are so, WHAT IS OUR BUSINESS?

Our business is to get under this shadow if we are not already under it. What is the use of a shadow to those who stand in the blazing sunshine? There is many a soul that stands in the sunshine longer than it need, and so feels faint and weary, and there are some who have thus got such a sunstroke as they will never lose this side of heaven. I mean that they have to go doubting and fearing all their

spiritual life because they were so long before they trusted in Christ. I know that only the Holy Spirit can bring a sinner under this blessed shadow; but how base must be the human heart when it will not come and take what Christ so freely provides! Why will ye die? Why will ye perish when ye need not? There is a shadow; why will you stand in the fierce light of the sun? All the bells of heaven are ringing out, "Come and welcome!" All the angels of God are singing, "Come and welcome! Come and welcome!" From this open book, from the gospel preached by one of God's ministers to-night, there sounds this message, "Come and trust in the Incarnate Son of God." I wish I knew how to put it in more melting tones, but it needs the Holy Spirit to bring it home to your hearts. Dear trembler, waverer, halting between two opinions, you who have so long put off coming to Christ, do come now. I ask again, why do you continue to stand beneath the wrath of God when you need not linger there a moment longer?

"Come to Jesus,

Come to Jesus, sinner come!"

And when you have come, take care to tell others what you have discovered. Do not let any poor soul be without the knowledge of the way of salvation so far as you can tell it. Tell to those that are round about you your experience of the comforts of true religion. This is the way to gather jewels for the Redeemer's crown. If you find that Christ deceives you, let us know; for, as honest men, we would not like to go on telling an idle tale. But if you find Him

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers.

Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance.

One, a grocer said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes from a different idea than my customers have.

For instance, I thought I would try some Postum food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along.

A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum.

"I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled, now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil, you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health." Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles."

Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee worked the change. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

true, if He comfort you, and blesses you, do bear your testimony to others; for then, perhaps your child, your wife, your brother, your neighbor, may come and trust Him too. I will be bound for Him that He will reject none of you who come to Him; and I will be a bondsman for Him for another thing, that, if you once have Him for your Saviour, you will never grow weary of Him. You will say that it was the best day that ever dawned upon you when you gave your heart to the crucified Christ, who, on Calvary's cross, made the one sacrifice for sin forever. Oh, yield your heart to Him!

By the love of God in Christ Jesus, hold out no longer. Young man, I beseech thee, by the precious blood of Christ, give thyself to Him. Hast thou done it? Dost thou trust Him wholly? Then, rejoice; and sing, ye seraphs, and let heaven be glad, for Christ seeth the reward of his soul-travail, for a child is born in His house to-night that shall live to praise Him, both here and throughout eternity.

May the Lord bless every one here, and His shall be the glory for ever. Amen.

YOUR FATHER KNOWETH.

The Christians of Korea are noted for the simplicity of their trust. They have the power of waiting upon God for an answer, praying at times all night long, until the answer comes; then, when God gives the assurance of an answer, they, with confidence, wait for him to make that assurance good, knowing that he will do it. They do not use the term "God" very much, they do not use the term "Heavenly Father" very much, it is generally simply "Father." A man will be in trouble and if you will ask him what he did, he will tell you he told "Father" about it. From one of the interior villages persecution had broken out, and the leader of the little group who had suffered hardest, whose only child—a lovely little girl—had died from exposure at that time, was in my study telling me about it, tears streaming down his face, and I turned to him and said, brother, what did you do? I wish you could have seen the smile that broke through that tear-stained face as he replied: "I told Father about it, and it will be all right, you know."

Why should we not rejoice in the good things of God? If the day is pure and serene, we enjoy its gladness. Why should we not rejoice in the serene light of truth that shines from heaven upon us? We find a joy in the presence and cheerful greeting of our friends. Why should we not look up to heaven, whence so many pure and most loving faces look upon us with divine affection, and with most tender desire to cheer and help us? Having an almighty and most loving Father, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, let us rejoice in him. Having a most loving Saviour, who has made himself our brother, and feeds us with his life, we ought surely to rejoice in him. Having the Holy Spirit of God with us, making us his temples, and pouring his love into our hearts, we ought certainly to answer his love, and rejoice in his overflowing goodness. "Rejoice in the Lord at all ways, and again I say rejoice."—William Bernard Ullathorne.

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BEN COX,
Pastor First Baptist Church, Little Rock, Ark.

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Editorial

STATEMENT.

The beloved T. T. Eaton, D.D., LL. D., for twenty years editor of the *Western Recorder*, has been called from earthly labor to heavenly rest. The providential mystery in his removal at a time like this, when there is so much to do to defend the Bible against all kinds of attacks and no one left who can do it so well, is beyond our comprehension. Were it not for our faith in God's wisdom and love we would be in utter despair. In hundreds of letters the question comes, "Who will fill his place?" In some respects no one can fill his place. His faith was as sublime as it was lovely. He knew no doubt. He believed that no man died leaving the work God assigned him unfinished. He was "mighty in the Scriptures." A mighty worker, and wrought in his life time as much as the average man would accomplish in two hundred years. Brethren, pray for us, and be patient; we are going to do our best to maintain the high standard the *Recorder* reached under his great leadership for Baptist orthodoxy.

It will be our aim to maintain the high standard of loyalty to Baptist principles. To foster and promote with zeal the work of the Boards of the Southern Baptist Convention, missions and educational work in Kentucky. All denominational work will find in the *Western Recorder* a leader in all that concerns the coming of the kingdom.

The Rev. J. M. Weaver, D.D., pastor for forty-three years in Louisville, and a close and tried friend of Dr. Eaton's, we have appointed, with the approval of our Board of Directors, editor pro tem. He is widely known and universally loved. He is conservative and sound in the faith. For forty years he has been a regular contributor to the columns of the paper. In addition the leading talent of the denomination will be continued as contributors. It is impossible to write to all the dear friends who have sent telegrams and letters of sympathy, and we take this occasion to express to all our grateful appreciation.

BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN.
W. P. HARVEY, President.

A FEW WORDS.

At the request of the manager and directors of the Baptist Book Concern, I have agreed to take charge of the interests of the *Recorder* as editor pro tem, until God shall raise up some man to take the place of the lamented Dr. Eaton. Of course, I cannot fill his place; no man can. I am not egotistical enough to think I can make such an editorial page as he did. But under God I propose to do the best I can for the time being to keep the paper up to its high standard. That I may do this, I most earnestly crave the prayers of my brethren. I write but a few words of introduction. I am known to most of the readers, as I have for over forty years written much for the paper. Asking the kind forbearance of the readers, I at once enter upon my labors.

J. M. WEAVER.

THE FUNERAL.

The stenographic report of the funeral does not tell some things which will interest Dr. Eaton's

friends. The honorary pall bearers were the deacons of Walnut street church, Dr. R. W. Taylor, W. D. Major, Elijah Basye, Oscar Farmer, Dr. J. H. Baldwin, Theodore Spiden, William Moses, S. B. Tinsley, John Waggener, C. L. Taylor, E. Rice, John Carter, E. A. Converse and George E. Hays.

The active pall bearers were E. T. Farmer, Fleet Goodridge, E. G. Burnett, J. S. McFerran, J. Henry Burnett, Dr. Lindsey Ireland and the Confederate Veterans, Cols. Thomas D. Osborne and John H. Leathers.

The floral tributes were most beautiful and numerous. Before the day of the funeral the supply of flowers in Louisville had been exhausted and the florists had telegraphed to Cincinnati and Chicago for all to be spared. Several designs were from Grand Junction, from those who only knew him in death.

The deacons asked of the family the privilege of giving the pall, and the Sunday school, as a whole, asked to line the grave. Among the most beautiful designs was one from Mayor R. W. Bingham. The Confederate Flag sent by the George B. Eastin Camp was among the finest.

But the most touching tribute was that of two little boys. Their mother is very poor, aided by the church. The little boys, ten and twelve, get \$2.50 per week each in a large store which they give to their mother to help her support the family of four children, two still younger. Before Dr. Eaton's last anniversary, the first of May, those boys for many weeks had saved up every penny their mother gave them or they could earn in other ways than their pay to buy him some flowers for his anniversary. His warm heart was greatly touched by their devotion. And at the funeral, there was a wreath from the Lanahan boys.

Another touching thing was the grief of the colored Baptists.

Several came to the house when they heard he was dead and asked for the privilege of working for no pay so that they could see him. They were told to come when the body arrived, and an hour was set apart on the day of the funeral for them to see him. They said amid their sobs that he was the best friend they had ever had.

DR. EATON AS A SOLDIER.

Born November 16, 1845, he was only a boy when the war broke out. He joined the Seventh Tennessee Cavalry, and soon after was among the men detailed as headquarter scouts and couriers. This was a high honor, as the bravest, coolest and most resourceful men, and especially those who could decide quickly what to do in an emergency, were chosen for these scouts.

Once when their brigade was operating at some distance from the rest of Forrest's force it was a matter of vital importance to communicate with Gen. Forrest. Gen. Jackson chose three men from his headquarter scouts for this most dangerous service in the circumstances, for the enemy was infesting all the roads between. Among the three whom Jackson summoned was young Eaton. He told them he was sending three with the same dispatch because the errand was such a dangerous one he felt sure two would be killed, but he hoped one would get through to Gen. Forrest. His words were very kindly to the boy whom he was sending to almost certain death.

Eaton had the finest horse in the command, except Gen. Jackson's. It was a horse given him by his fa-

ther's friends in West Tennessee, and to that kindness he owed his life and the country owed it that Forrest received the important dispatch.

For on his way he came to a place where two roads crossed at a sharp angle. Some of the enemy were coming down the other road and saw him and began firing, meanwhile putting their horses to full speed to reach the crossing first. Eaton was not far from Forrest then, and every hour was precious. He could have turned back and waited for night, but if there was one chance in a hundred of getting to Forrest without delay, he must take it.

Fortunately he could ride and guide a horse in any way. Throwing himself out of the saddle on the side of the horse opposite the enemy and urging her to full speed he rushed on. The horse shot down the road like an arrow, and passed the crossing only a few feet before the foremost pursuer. The balls flew thick and fast. Some went over his head which would have killed him had he been sitting in the saddle. The saddle was struck, but the horse was not. The enemy pursued him for awhile but his horse gained on them all the time, and they turned back. Forrest was reached and the dispatch given him.

One of the other couriers was killed and it may be both. So long a time has passed I have forgotten. Eaton said his life was saved by the guiding care of his father's God.

Towards the latter part of the war the command was operating in Mississippi. From those days he loved the Mississippi Baptists and was always glad when they wished him to come to the State and he could go. Many Baptists boys from Mississippi had been in Union University at Murfreesboro, of which his father, Dr. J. H. Eaton, was president. The scouts operating in Mississippi were often far from camp and in need.

But wherever young Eaton went he could find friends of his father, who welcomed him and his comrades and were ready to do everything in their power for him. Whenever the regiment was out the boys would say, "Well, Eaton, hunt up your friends." When it was his turn to stand guard one of the boys would say, "I'll stand guard for you while you look up your friends."

On one occasion the squad was very tired and men and horses very hungry. Eaton started out to find his friends. The first plantation had a large and handsome house on it, and he went to the door. A gentleman came whose face did not look very encouraging, for army camp followers and stragglers were too common.

He began: "I am a scout in Forrest's command. My home is in Murfreesboro, Tenn." At those words the gentleman's face lighted up, he came down the steps and said eagerly: "From Murfreesboro? Did you know Dr. Eaton, who died before the war?" "I am his son." "Then come right in. My son was a student of his and loved no man as he loved him. He was killed three weeks ago in the army of Northern Virginia, and there is nothing in my power it will not be a delight to do for Dr. Eaton's son." Young Eaton told him of his comrades and he sent for them all. He treated them royally, and sent them off the next day loaded down with all the provisions and clothes they could carry. This gentleman was Judge Harris.

So it was everywhere. Is it any wonder that even before he learned to love Mississippi Baptists for

their own sake as among the very truest of Baptists, he loved them for the kindness they showed him during the war and for the love they bore his revered father?

On one occasion he was saved from capture and probable death by his known incapability of telling a falsehood. The steamer, loaded with the rear guard had started across the river. I have forgotten what river, but it was too deep and rapid for fording. Eaton bearing dispatches, rode rapidly down to the landing and waved the dispatches as a signal that he was a courier. But so many stragglers were in the habit of waving papers to signify they were couriers, and the captain of the boat said he would not go back for the boy, who was signalling.

On deck of the steamer there happened to stand Col. Dan Holman, who had been a student in Union University. He had a field glass and looked through it at the signaller. Immediately he said to the captain: "Go back for him. I know him. He is incapable of telling or acting a falsehood and I will guarantee that the paper he is waving is a dispatch." The captain then went back and Eaton was taken on board. It was wrong to write that Col. Holman happened to be on deck. He was there because God put him there to save the boy.

Those who knew Dr. Eaton in the army are now few and are passing away. I thought the readers of the *Recorder* would be glad to have a few words in regard to him as a soldier.

Dr. W. S. Penick, of Shreveport, La., died the day after Dr. Eaton did, but his death was not sudden. He was one of our ablest men. He was a brave and distinguished soldier in the Southern army, a scholar, and was at the same time great as a pastor and eloquent as a speaker. He was especially mighty in the Scriptures.

Dr. Penick was born in Halifax county, Va., in 1836, graduated in Richmond college in 1858, and was ordained to the ministry in 1859. A little over twenty years ago he went to Louisiana, and has been for nearly all that time pastor of the Shreveport church.

He has been a great power in all the Baptist work in Louisiana. He founded the *Baptist Chronicle*, a paper which is one of the chief factors in the work which has made Louisiana Baptists among the best of the brotherhood. They are not many, but they are true and earnest. Dr. Penick was a man of vigorous personality, and Southern Baptists have sustained a great loss.

Bro Boyce Taylor, in his memorial tribute at Blue Mountain, told of a remark Dr. Eaton made to him in a conversation. They were speaking of tributes paid to good men, and Dr. Eaton said his desire was to live in such a way that when he died it could be said of him what God said of Levi in Malachi: "The law of truth was in his mouth and iniquity was not found in his lips; he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity."

In an address at Chicago University, Ambassador Bryce said truly: "The ardor with which the study of physical sciences is now pursued for practical purposes must not make us forget that education has to do a great deal more than turn out a man to succeed in business."

EDITORIAL VARIETIES

The spiritual life keeps its tone only when it is surrounded with the invigorating atmosphere of prayer.

The temperance movement is impressing the whisky men. The *Free Press*, organ of the liquor business, says: "Any man in the business who has not sense enough to close his place on Monday ought to be prosecuted, and he will be prosecuted without any assistance from the Mutual Protective Association. The organization is not going to waste time fighting a buzz saw." Surely it is time to learn! Thank God for the light breaking in!

Mrs. Eddy is finding out that there is something more than mind in man's being. The body must be considered. The sad is being treated now.

Dr. P. T. Hale deserves well of his country and is honored of the Lord. He with five sons, was a messenger at the General Association at Mayfield.

It has been said that clothes do not make the man, yet clothes do show generally what is in the mind of a man. Slovenness in dress shows slovenness of thought.

"Suffer, if you must. Only try, if you are to suffer, to do it splendidly," says Phillip Brooks.

"No more advertising contracts for whisky, beer or wine will be accepted for *Murray's Magazine*." Evidently the *Murray* is listening to the thunder in the temperance skies.

A bright little girl, when her mother, in describing Heaven to her, saying that it was like Sunday, said: "Mamma, if I will be right good all the week don't you think that God will let me have a little devil to play with on Saturday?" Evidently she wanted a little spice in her's.

One of the brightest outlooks in the religious armament today is the "Layman's Movement." If the preachers will keep their hands off and leave the laymen to feel their responsibility for its success it will accomplish an immense amount of good.

Dr. H. C. Mabie, corresponding Secretary of the Missionary Union, in May, visiting Hanyan, helped to ordain to the work of the ministry Tsao Han Kin, the first native Christian in the Baptist church of Hanyan to be ordained to the ministry.

The Russellville church is deploring the resignation of its popular pastor, W. C. James. He was called to the Grove Avenue church, of Richmond, Va., to succeed Dr. J. B. Hawthorne. And he has accepted the call greatly to the regret of the Russellville church, and the entire community.

President W. H. Harrison, of Bethel College, who resigned his position, as told in last week's *Recorder*, has been appointed to the chair of Mathematic in Southwestern University, Jackson, Tenn. If we must lose him from Kentucky we are glad that he goes no further away. He is one of the finest teachers in the land, a worthy son of that pre-eminently great teacher, Edmund Harrison.

When the great Third church, of Owensboro, heard that a church in another city was casting its eyes upon their pastor, Dr. W. D. Nowlin, they added \$500 to his salary, and took occasion in other ways to express their love for him and their delight in his work. We have no stronger man nor one more blessed of God in his work than Pastor Nowlin.

A good brother wishes to know if the *Recorder* is opposed to co-education, because we quoted what Miss Clayhorn said last week. Not at all. It is a good thing that co-education should no longer be a fetich so that freedom of speech in regard to it would not be tolerated. But the overwhelming majority, especially of those who have had experience with co-education favor it with great enthusiasm.

Sometimes animals show a surprising and an amusing amount of human nature. Naturalist Long tells of two birds whose nest building he watched. The female did all the work, the male swinging on a nearby chain and singing. Occasionally he would bring her a bit of straw and whistle in pride. While the female was gone after building material, Dr. Long saw the male draw out from the nest some bits she had brought, and when she returned he presented them to her proudly to show he had been at work.

RESOLUTIONS OF WALNUT STREET CHURCH.

Whereas, on the 29th of June, 1907, that in His infinite providence did call from earth to heaven and from labor to rest our dearly beloved brother, our warmest friend and honored and revered pastor, Dr. T. T. Eaton, whom we cherished, honored and loved, we, his people, members of the Walnut Street Baptist church in mass meeting assembled, in the auditorium of the church on Sunday morning, June 30th, would pay loving tribute to his memory, and offer the following resolutions of sympathy and respect:

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. T. T. Eaton, the honored and beloved pastor of the Walnut Street Baptist church, the membership suffer a great and incalculable loss. We would say irreparable did not God reign. That we most sensibly and sorrowfully feel the chastisement of the Lord in this severe and trying affliction, the taking away so suddenly of one whom we loved and honored so dearly.

And, That his life and pastorate has been a sweet and inspiring blessing and benediction. All these twenty six years that he has gone out and come in with us as the undershepherd of the flock.

Wherefore, as an earnest expression of our fidelity to the cause and our loyalty to his memory of faithfulness and sacrifice, we renew our vows of love, loyalty, and service to our great Master whom he so faithfully served and for whom he labored, and invoke His blessing upon us in making us more faithful in obedience and service, and by His Holy Spirit guiding us into paths of peace and righteousness and further usefulness.

That we renew our vows of obligation to our church, that we will by the help of God lengthen her cords and strengthen her stakes, and make her a haven to the weary and depressed, and a force and power in the winning of souls to Jesus. That we will be loyal and faithful in every department of church work, giving of our time and means as far as in us lies and the Lord has blessed and prospered us; to further advance the Missionary societies, the Young Peoples' Union, the Sunday-school, the church service, realizing that we could not commend ourselves to his loving heart in any better way than in nursing and cherishing these loved objects that he labored and worked for so long and well.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt sympathy to the loving wife our dear Sister Eaton, who has been such a helpmate to him and help to us in her faithful work in all these years of our brother's pastorate. To his loving son, and kind and affectionate daughter, Mrs. Farmer, we also tender our sympathy and affection, invoking God's richest benediction on them all in this their greatest bereavement and affliction.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our church meeting, that a copy be sent to the bereaved family, a copy to the WESTERN RECORDER, and a copy to each of our city journals.

S. M. SIMMONS,

ELIJAH BASTY,

E. DUFF BURNETT,

Committee.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

Whereas, in the Providence of God our beloved pastor, Dr. T. T. Eaton, has been called from us by sudden death, therefore, we, the officers, teachers and pupils of the Walnut Street Baptist Sunday school, resolve:

First, That though we feel keenly the loss of our pastor and co-laborer in our special work, yet we recognize the sovereignty, love and wisdom of Almighty God, the Great Head of the Church, and bow submissively to His holy will.

Second, That we realize in the death of our pastor the loss of one who from the very beginning of his ministry among us, showed his high appreciation of the importance of the Sunday-school work and, to the hour of his death, was ever one of its most ardent supporters.

Third, That we extend to his stricken family and relatives our love and deep sympathy in this hour of their bereavement, and pray God that His loving care and blessing may ever abide with them.

Fourth, That we ask of the church the privilege of entering these resolutions on its minutes that they may remain a permanent record of our love and esteem for our lamented pastor.

Fifth, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the family; also that we furnish the Star-Banner, the WESTERN RECORDER and our city daily papers copies for publication.

TEACHERS OF THE S. S.

DEAR RECORDER: Please find herein some resolutions adopted by our Encampment. Also

please find money to pay two years' subscription for the RECORDER. To me and family there is no other paper like it. It was the making of this very paper so sound and fearless that was the crowning work of the life of our lamented Brother Eaton. Those of us who loved him most now rally to his co-workers with a renewed fidelity, and do all we can to help the paper and to enable it as far as possible to rise above this sad blow and to continue its great work with unabated zeal and power.

It strikes me that the best way to stand by the paper in this emergency is to pay up and pay ahead.

Very truly,
H. G. LOWMEY.

Blue Mountain, Miss.

DEAR RECORDER: No tongue can tell or pen depict the unutterable grief we feel at the loss of our great leader. Oh, how we loved him and did delight to honor him and follow him! Whether shall we turn for comfort? What a strange Providence to cut this prince in Israel down right in the height of his intellectual vigor, noble manhood and spiritual power. Yet we know that God works all things after the counsel of His own will, and these are for the best.

What words can we use to fittingly describe that noble chieftain? Prince of preachers, earnest and soundest of scholars, clearest of thinkers, greatest of authors, profoundest of theologians, noblest in character, sweetest in disposition; what more shall I say, withal, ever loyal and true to Jesus Christ and his truth standing like a giant oak unshaken amid the storms of life.

May his memory ever be bright in our minds, and may the cause he loved and the faith for which he fought be dearer to our hearts than ever before, and may God who rules and reigns above us speedily raise up another whom He can use in the same great way for His own glory.

Faithfully,
M. E. DODD.

Fulton, Ky.

RESOLUTIONS BY THE DIRECTORS OF THE BAPTIST BOOK CONCERN.

Whereas, God in His providence has removed from us one of our number, our esteemed brother and co-laborer, Dr. T. T. Eaton, the Vice-President and Secretary of this Board, and the efficient editor of the WESTERN RECORDER; Therefore, be it resolved:

First, That we have lost one of our most valuable and efficient members and one of our ablest and wisest counselors.

Second, That we bow in submission to the will of our Heavenly Father, and while the sad providence is to us inexplicable, yet we know "He doeth all things well."

Third, We gladly bear united testimony to his constant faithfulness in every relation to us and his duties to his brethren, and to the Master's cause which he so dearly loved, and especially to his incomparable ability as editor of the WESTERN RECORDER.

Fourth, That we express our sympathy and love to his bereaved family and mourning church and stricken denomination, and pray for God's sustaining grace and constant guidance for them and us in our sore trial.

Fifth, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our minutes, published in the WESTERN RECORDER, a copy sent to the family, and also furnished to the secular and religious papers of the city.

J. G. BOW,
THEODORE HARRIS,
J. H. BALDWIN,
Committee.

A MONUMENT.

Dr. T. T. Eaton is dead. But he lived a great life—a life which was an inspiration and a blessing to thousands. He rests from his labors, but his great work remains a heritage to the Baptists. I move that the Baptists of Kentucky and the South erect a monument to mark the spot where his body rests. Shall we not honor ourselves by thus doing honor to one of the greatest men the South has produced?

A. S. PETTIE.

Mayfield, Ky.

The Baptist church, of London, Ky., in our Sabbath worship assembled, on this 30th day of June, 1907, are shocked with the sad intelligence of the death of Dr. T. T. Eaton, of Louisville, Ky.; hence in our sorrow, we beg to submit the following to his bereaved and heart-broken companion and family, and to the Baptists throughout the State and Southland. Be it resolved:

First—That in the calling of Dr. Eaton from this life, the Baptist denomination has sustained a loss of one whose life,

with all its beautiful gifts and graces, was truly devoted to the proclaiming and defending of the truth.

Second—That the one great aim and impulse of this noble life was to give forth no uncertain sound, and with dauntless courage he fearlessly, yet lovingly, bridged the chasm that was opening in denominational life with the truth. He thereby became a counselor and safe guide, to whom so many looked for counsel and guidance in hours of threatening danger.

Third—As a church we feel that we have been blessed and strengthened by this grand and noble man of God, and while his oft repeated admonition to "contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints" still lingers with us, we have to feel that his voice and pen are still. Yet we pray that his life's teaching and admonitions may yet bring forth their most beautiful flowers and fruit.

Fourth—We, as a church, extend to the tender and devoted companion of his life's pilgrimage, who is left behind, with all the family, friends and the denomination, who mourn his loss, our deepest sympathy and condolence, in this their hour of sorrow, and may they be comforted by that spirit which alone can comfort the people of God.

Fifth—That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the records of the church, a copy be sent to the bereaved family of our brother, and a copy sent for publication.

J. W. BRADY, Pastor,
D. R. BRACK,
DAVE JACKSON,
JOHN F. PIGO,
R. F. JOHNSON,
S. A. LOVELACE,
Deacons London Baptist Church.

THE LOYAL STALWART.

DEAR RECORDER: And Eaton, the brilliant, the versatile, the loyal stalwart, is no more among men! Who would have thought it! How sudden, how quick, how easy the passing out, how glorious, how triumphant the entering in! No chastening pain was necessary; Eaton walked with God all the time. No time for meditation and prayer was given. He did not need such; Eaton was ready any time. O, Eaton, we are all coming soon! What a gathering that will be! Till then, till then, we work and wait!

Dr. Eaton deserved all the honor he won. He was truly great. Such men are few. God give us others!

B. R. WOMACK.

Blackwell, Okla.

DEAR RECORDER: Will you permit a line in which to express the deep sorrow that has come to me and my people in the death of Dr. T. T. Eaton? We were shocked beyond measure at the sad tidings that came to us on Sunday morning. It was manifest in the solemn sadness with which our people came together, and gave its color to all the service and the sermon. Dr. Eaton was greatly beloved by many of our people here, and we feel that a great leader has fallen. Through me my people desire to express their deepest sympathy for the RECORDER, for his church, and for his family. We have appointed next Wednesday night as a time for a memorial service at our church here, at which we will give expression to our appreciation of his life and character.

Yours very sincerely,
J. S. DILL.

Bowling Green, Ky.

The following resolutions on the death of Dr. T. T. Eaton, of Louisville, Ky., were on July 7, 1907, unanimously adopted by the First Baptist church, of Paducah, Ky.:

The sudden and unexpected death of T. T. Eaton, D.D., LL. D., has caused profound and general sorrow. This church and the entire Southland keenly feel his loss and lament his departure. The hope had been cherished that for several years the denomination might receive the fruitage of his ripe scholarship and splendid intellect. But an all-wise God, whose very act is the embodiment of perfect wisdom and love, has decreed otherwise. As an expression of our own sorrow and also a deep pity for those who show a similar grief: be it resolved:

First—That we greatly sympathize with our sister church, who so long enjoyed the ministrations of Dr. Eaton as under shepherd, and beseech for them the richest blessings of Almighty God in the loss of their incomparable preacher and pastor.

Second—That we express our sincere condolence to the WESTERN RECORDER, of which he was long the able and distinguished editor, and pledge it our hearty allegiance in this hour of trial.

Third—That, in company with our great denomination, we express our pro-

found gratitude for his splendid leadership, his pure, humble and Christ-like character for the life so freely given to defending the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and for other notable services rendered to the cause of Christ.

Fourth—That we lovingly commend the stricken family to the God of All Grace and pray that each aching heart may realize that "all things work together for good to them that love God."

Be it further resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent the bereaved family, another to the WESTERN RECORDER, and the city press, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the church.

C. M. THOMPSON,
H. L. ELEY,
J. R. PURYEAR,
J. T. REDDICK,
J. C. PORTER.

Paducah, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER: It was a great shock when the news came to me of the death of Dr. Eaton. The intimate association with him and his work, while pastor in Louisville, drew me very close to him and led me to set a very high estimate on him personally and on his ability as a thinker, writer, editor and pastor. My heart goes out in deep sympathy first of all for his wife, who has walked with him these years, and for the other members of his family; and for the church in whose heart he occupied so large a place; for those who followed the leadership of his thought and for the great Baptist brotherhood. Seven and one-half years as pastor with him there in Louisville led me to know his excellent personal qualities; coming a young pastor, as I did, he seemed to take pains to offer on all occasions a helping hand, and many thoughtful deeds constantly heightened my appreciation. He was unselfish in his relationship as brother-pastor, and always cordial and generous in every effort for the up-building of the common cause. Though it has been fourteen years since I left, these things abide in my heart and cause me to honor and love T. T. Eaton.

M. D. JEFFRIES.

Jefferson City, Tenn.

DEAR RECORDER: The announcement of Dr. Eaton's death came to us as a severe shock, filled with pain and sorrow. Our church here holds this faithful defender of our faith in high esteem, and his memory shall ever be precious to us. The pastor feels he has lost a kind personal friend and helpful counselor. Indeed, universal sorrow seems to be expressed over his death. No man could be more missed from our battle line, and yet we submit to God's will prayerful that he will discover to us a man eminently suited to take up the work laid down by our beloved friend and brother.

May God provide comfort for his bereaved wife and children.

Sincerely,
M. E. STALEY.

Humboldt, Tenn.

DEAR RECORDER: In common with a multitude of others, I mourn the loss of our leader, guide, friend and brother, Dr. T. T. Eaton. I cannot fully realize yet that he is gone, that his familiar form and well beloved face will be seen among us no more. How mysterious are the ways of God! His plans and purposes, who can understand them? When Boyce was taken we had Broadus left; when he was called we still had Eaton, but now who can fill the gap made by his untimely death? When Elijah was translated his mantle fell upon Elisha; upon whom will that of Dr. Eaton fall? I believe it was John Wesley who said: "God lays aside his workmen, but carries on His work."

Let the memory of the dead Eaton, "who though dead, yet speaketh," furnish inspiration for all of us who love our Lord Jesus in sincerity and truth. I feel very much concerned in regard to the future of the RECORDER. I have no idea who will be selected for its editor. As so much depends upon the RECORDER I hope you will not be too hasty in making a choice. If you get the wrong man no one can tell the evil that may result. I pray that God may guide you in this, as in all other things.

Fraternally and truly yours,
JNO. P. GARNETT.

Pembroke, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER: The death of Dr. T. T. Eaton is as the going out of one of the great lights in the firmament of God's spiritual kingdom. We know that the light will shine on, only the star is obscured, because for a moment it is in eclipse, but how we shall miss him! The stalwart son of faith, a Joshua in these times, when men's head fall them because of the false reports brought by some concerning the promised land of God's truth. A man

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of conviction, he was necessarily a man of courage. He never quailed before an enemy, and never proved unfaithful to his own exalted standards. To him the Bible was the Word and a living force, Jesus Christ an abiding fact, and the kingdom of God the only object worth striving for. God bless the bereaved family, and comfort His Zion in this hour of their sore grief.

Very truly your brother in sympathy,
J. A. WYNN.

Racone, I. T.

To the Officers and Members of Walnut Street Baptist Church, City:

DEAR BROTHERS: The undersigned were appointed a committee by the Broadway Christian church to convey to you our sincere sympathy in your sore bereavement, caused by the departure of Dr. T. T. Eaton from this life to the enjoyment of the "rest prepared for the people of God."

His services as your faithful minister and loyal friend are an irreparable loss to your congregation; his affectionate and tender care as father will ever be cherished by his family, and his upright life and consistent conduct will continue to influence and shape the civic interests of this community.

May the Lord bless you and cause His face to shine upon you, and out of this darkness may He bring you eternal light.

Fraternally,
DR. S. B. MILLS.

W. H. BATHLOMEW,

F. A. CRUMP,

Committee.

DEAR RECORDER: What a dreadful shock you brought us all in your last issue—the death of our beloved editor. How will you ever, how can you ever, survive the stunning blow? Who can take the place of the beloved Dr. Eaton, a man so ready with his pen, so eloquent with his lips? One who stood for the truth on all occasions, and wrote so instructively for "the faith once for all delivered to the saints." O, what a loss to the denomination, for he was a Baptist, not only for himself, but for everybody. Bold, intelligent, wise, he pressed home the truths of God's word to the hearts of all. How everybody loved Dr. Eaton, even his enemies (if he had any) respected him.

What a loss to his beloved church, to the Baptists everywhere. Oh, what a loss to his dear family. Every subscriber to your paper feels a personal loss.

J. F. MORRALL.

Walterboro, S. C.

(Continued on sixteenth page.)

Family Circle
Stories for the Young and Old

BEST WHERE YOU ARE.

When spurred by tasks increasing or un-
done,
You would seek rest afar,
And cannot, though repose be rightly
won,
Rest where you are.

Neglect the needless; sanctify the real;
Move without strain of jar;
With quiet of a spirit self-possessed,
Rest where you are.

Not in event, restriction, or release,
Not in scene near or far,
But in ourselves are restlessness or peace,
Rest where you are.

Where lives the soul, lives God; His day,
His Word,
No phantom mists need mar;
His starry nights are tents of peace un-
furled;
Rest where you are.

THE FALSE BRIDE.

BY MARY BARRETT HOWARD.

"Why can't I have a bride?" whined
Mary Elizabeth. "Nellie Ingraham's
got a beautiful one."

"What upon earth!" began Mr. Carr.
But Mary Elizabeth's mother under-
stood.

Mary Elizabeth is referring to Clar-
abelle Chittenden," she explained laugh-
ingly. "You know Clarabelle is a cousin
of the Ingrahams."

"An extravagant, empty-headed, ill-
natured little coquette!" ejaculated Mr.
Carr scornfully. "Why, Mary Eliza-
beth, I wouldn't give a picayune for
such a bride as Clarabelle."

"George!" admonished his wife.
Mrs. Carr deprecated criticism of their
elders in the presence of children, and
she neutralized the effect of her hus-
band's derogatory speech by continuing
hurriedly:

"Clarabelle certainly makes a most
beautiful bride, and now that she has
returned from her wedding journey I
think it would be pleasant to give a
party in her honor."

Mr. Carr groaned; then he laughed.
"By all means," he assented. "A
bride is too good an excuse for a 'tea-
fight' to be overlooked by you, Frances.
Let's see," he went on, teasingly, "how
many is it that you've given since moth-
er has been visiting us? There was the
one for her old friends and the one to
allow her to meet the younger element
of society; there was the one to which
all the relatives, far and wide, were bid-
den, and—"

"George," Madam Carr, a stately
old lady of imposing aspect, interrupted
severely. "I'm surprised at you!" And,
"Oh, George!" exclaimed his wife in
the same breath, "do I really bore you
by having so many—"

"Bless your sweet heart! no," he re-
sponded with quick contrition to the ap-
peal in the soft eyes upraised to his. "I
can worry along with them all right, but
you're such an excitable little thing,
Frances, that you are always completely
worn out after one of them, and I hate
to have you get so tired, dearest."

"If you wouldn't always remind me
of that chicken salad I wouldn't get so
wrought up, George," murmured Mrs.
Carr reproachfully.

Her husband looked guilty. In those
primitive days it was considered a seri-
ous blot on the escutcheon of a hostess
not to make a sufficiently bountiful pro-
vision to allow a "second helping" of
every delicacy that appeared on her ta-
ble. This catastrophe had occurred once
in the history of the Carr family through
some inadvertence, and since then it had
been Mr. Carr's custom to put his head
in at the kitchen door at short intervals
during the strenuous days immediately
preceding some festal occasion, and to
say in tones of sepulchral warning:

"Now, Frances, remember that chick-
en salad, and be sure you don't run
short on anything this time," thereby
throwing his wife into such a panic as
to cause her instantly to double her cake
recipes and to order the purchase of an-
other ham or turkey, or an extra pair of
chickens.

This method of procedure resulted in
the elder members of the family experi-
encing a sense of repletion before the re-
mains of a feast had been thriftily con-
sumed. But not so Mary Elizabeth. Ev-

erything connected with a "tea-party"
was to her an unalloyed delight, from the
time she went about delivering the ver-
bal invitations in her pretty, childish
voice, to the time when, with a sigh of
satisfaction, she consumed the last stale
remnants of what her grandfather's
housekeeper denominated "party dis-
in'a."

Perhaps, however, the moment that she
most reveled in was when the bod of
promise was about to burst into the
flower of fulfillment, and having issued
from the hands of her nurse, starched
and frilled within an inch of her life,
she was free to wander through the wide,
empty rooms, awaiting the coming of the
first guest.

On one occasion her father, strolling
about with a resigned and chastened ex-
pression of countenance, discovered her
standing on tiptoe in a vain attempt to
raise her sunny head above the tall white
lilies that banked the gilt pier-glass.

"Papa," she asked, ingenuously, "do
you think I'm most like an angel or a
fairy?"

"Half and half," he laughed, catch-
ing her up, to the great detriment of rib-
bons and ruffles, "half and half, with
just a spice of another personage never
mentioned in polite society."

Mary Elizabeth extricated herself from
his embrace and began to smooth down
her disheveled plumage, eyeing him suspi-
ciously the while.

"You don't mean a monkey, do you,
papa?" she queried anxiously. "You call
me one sometimes. Monkeys," she ad-
dressed, reflectively, "are very interestin'
but I don't think they're much to look
at."

Further discussion of the advisability
of entertaining for Clarabelle Chittenden
or young Mrs. Elsworth, as she was
now known—was cut short by a dictum
of Madam Carr's.

"This party ought unquestionably to
be given, George and Frances," she
said authoritatively, "if only on account
of your friendship with the Ingrahams;
the merits or demerits of this young Mrs.
Elsworth have nothing to do with the
case. And I'll help Frances through
with it," she continued encouragingly;
"I'll make all the cake if she says so."
"Oh, thank you, mother!" exclaimed
her daughter with fervent gratitude, for
to no mental hand, however skilled, were
the finer mysteries of cookery ever en-
trusted. "Your queen's cake and your
white sponge are always perfection.
Katy can be trusted to roast the turkeys
and to make the rolls, but for the rest—"

Her voice trailed off into the distance
as the two women, with Mary Elizabeth
at their heels, departed to discuss the
proposed festivity in all its details with-
out the restraint of a masculine pres-
ence.

During the days that followed, Mary
Elizabeth's yearnings for a bride of her
very own were whetted by Nellie Ingra-
ham's air of exclusive ownership of the
charming Clarabelle and her magnificent
trousseau to such a point of exasperation
that when on the afternoon of the great
day Nellie began for the twentieth time
to dilate on the width of the lace on
Clarabelle's seventeen white petticoats,
Mary Elizabeth broke away from her in
desperation and fled to Katrinka Knau-
ber for comfort. But Katrinka, a little
Hollander whose society Mary Elizabeth
much affected, met her at the door of a
shabby cottage with a decided:

"I ain't got no time to blay mit you
today, Mary Elizabeth. Meine aunt she
say to her beau last night, 'Yaech, you
want me to say 'yah,' and we yet mar-
ried right away soon.' Yaech he say
'yah,' so meine mudder and I we awful
busy makin' a weddin' for dis offen-
ing."

Mary Elizabeth gasped with mingled
feelings of surprise and chagrin. Such
precipitation seemed a trifle indecorous
to one who had been born to "the best
circles" of sedate Fairview, and even
her childish mind perceived the impro-
priety of the lady taking the initiative
in so decided a manner. But chagrin
was her predominant sensation when
she turned meekly away from the busy,
important Katrinka.

"Everybody's got a bride but me,"
she thought bitterly. "I'm goin' out to
the barn and live with the horses and
never see anybody again in all this
world."

Entering the barn she climbed dreari-
ly into the haymow, and exhausted by

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conflicting emotions, she fell fast asleep.
When she awoke the sun was low in the
heavens, and the prospect of spending
the remainder of her life in the sole so-
ciety of the horses, stamping in their
stalls below, seemed so unalluring on fur-
ther reflection that she philosophically re-
minded herself that sweet would be mingled
with the bitter should she reconsid-
er her determination to abandon home
and friends.

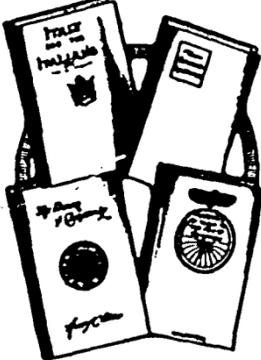
(Concluded next week.)

This confession of sin is by a promi-
nent official of Madagascar: "O Christ,
it is I who have betrayed thee! It is I
who have crucified thee! It is I who
have driven in thy nails! It is I who
have crowned thee with thorns! It is I
who have insulted thee! Canst thou
pardon me?"

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mail and we will forward at once.—A. T. Spalding, Galveston, Texas.

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STORIES FOR LITTLE ONES

HOW MARJORIE FOUND FAIRYLAND.

"I know it's just stories," said Marjorie to herself, firmly, as she closed her book, "but I wish things like that did happen. I wish a funny fairy godmother would take me away to a beautiful palace, or a mysterious white bird would fly before me to an enchanted forest, or something."

Marjorie had been reading in the meadow, and leaned back against the oak tree to think about it. Just then the saucy east wind snatched up her hat and sent it careering through the air at a great rate. At first she did not move, but as the hat sailed on and on a sudden hope took possession of her. Suppose the wind was carrying her hat to fairyland. In that case, all that was necessary was to follow it.

It really did seem as if the hat was bewitched. It would settle to the ground and lie until Marjorie almost reached it, and then it was up and away again. Across the field, across the road, and down the lane it went, and at last it whisked suddenly over the high fence that shut in the little cottage that she had often seen. With a beating heart, she climbed up and looked over. There was no one in sight but a little lame girl sitting in her arm chair under the big elm tree.

"Please," said Marjorie, "may I come and get my hat?"

"Oh, yes!" said the lame girl, smiling brightly. "I would get it for you if I could."

But Marjorie did not see the bright smile or the wistful look that followed her. She got her hat quickly and went out. She felt cross and disappointed because no adventure had been found by following the runaway hat. She went straight home and told her mother about it.

"Of course, I didn't expect to get to fairyland," Marjorie concluded: "but I thought that something might happen besides just common, every-day things."

"Still, you might have got to fairyland if you had known how," said Marjorie's mother: "and, better yet, you might have taken some one with you."

"What do you mean?" cried Marjorie.

"That little lame girl, her name is Laura Randall—has just moved here," replied Marjorie's mother. "She doesn't know any one; her parents are poor, and she has few books or games. If a girl of her own age would visit her, think how perfectly happy she might be made by a little attention and sharing of treasures!"

"I see, mamma," said Marjorie; and half an hour later she was ready to start on a visit to Laura. Now, Marjorie never did things by halves, and she had her brother's little wagon piled full of things out of which to construct her fairyland. She went down the lane to the cottage, looked over the fence again, and said: "May I come in, please?"

Again the little lame girl smiled, and Marjorie drew her little wagon in through the gate.

"I've come to stay with you this afternoon, if I may," said Mar-

jorie. "We will read my story books and have some fun, and after a while we will have a little picnic. My brother Harold is coming to help us eat. He's good at eating up everything that's left; and, besides, he's a jolly boy—just as much fun as a girl."

With this introduction, Marjorie began unpacking her wares:

"We'll play I'm a peddler and you're a lady," Marjorie said. "Please, madam, may I come in and show you my goods?"

"Yes," said Laura, "if you're a nice, polite peddler, and take off your hat and scrape your shoes at the door."

Laura bought all the books at fabulous prices, and seemed so eager to read them that Marjorie declared that she would leave them there until every one had been read through. Then they made a comical scrapbook, cutting out all the pictures of people and animals and fitting new heads and bodies together, and what funny effects were produced!

Harold was on hand to take his share in the picnic; and as the sun was setting he and Marjorie said "Good-by!" with many promises to come again.

"I had a beautiful time today," said Marjorie to her mother after

returning home.

"Yes," said her mother, "the way to fairyland is very easy; you just enter the little gate of kindness and go straight on."—*Zelia Margaret Waters, in Sunday School Times.*

IT IS WELL TO THINK:

Mother was working in the flower garden. "Harold," she said, "will you bring mother the big flower pot that is in the shed?"

Harold ran to the shed, but soon came back without the flower-pot. "It is so big I was afraid I would break it, mother," he said.

"I can get it," cried Jennie, who was a whole year younger; and she ran out and soon came back, wheeling the big flower-pot in Harold's express wagon.

"I could have done that if I had thought of that way," said Harold. "Any one could do it after the way had been thought of," said mother; "but Jennie thought of the way."—*Little Workers.*

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SPURKON: First among the mighty for general usefulness I am bound to mention the man whose name is a household word, Matthew Henry. He is most pious and pithy, sound and sensible, suggestive and sober, terse and trustworthy. You will find him to be glittering with metaphors, rich in analogies, overflowing with illustrations, superabundant in reflections. He is unusually plain, quaint, and full of pith; he sees right through a text directly, and gives the result of an accurate critical knowledge of the original fully up to the best critics of his time. His is the poor man's commentary; the old Christian's companion, suitable to everybody, instructive to all.

Every minister ought to read Matthew Henry entirely and carefully through once at least. He will acquire a vast store of sermons, and as for thoughts, they will swarm around him like twittering swallows around an old gable toward the close of autumn.

DODDREDGE: He is, perhaps, the only commentator so large that deserves to be entirely and attentively read through.

BICKERSTETH: No subsequent commentary has rendered it less valuable or less desirable in every Christian library.

REV. THEO. L. CUYLER: To how many a hard-working minister has this book been a mine of gold. Next to wife and children has lain near his heart the pored-over and prayed-over copy of his "Matthew Henry."

REV. WM. M. TAYLOR, D.D.: The habitual perusal of "Matthew Henry's Commentary" will do more than most other things to indicate to the preacher how he is to turn the passage that is under his hand to practical account, while at the same time the notion that it exhales will mellow and fatten the roots of his own piety.

DR. JAMES HAMILTON: It has now lasted more than 140 years, and is at this moment more popular than ever, gathering strength as it rolls down the stream of time, and it bids fair to be the "Comment" for all coming time. True to God, true to nature, true to common sense, how can it ever be superseded? Waiting pilgrims will be reading it when the last trumpet sounds.

WHITFIELD: When asked where he studied theology, he replied: "On my knees, reading my Bible, and 'Henry's Commentary.'" Whitfield read it continually through four times.

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TIMES: There is nothing to be compared with old "Matthew Henry's Commentary" for pungent and practical applications of the teachings of the text.

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(Continued from 5th page.)

DR. T. T. EATON.

It is Friday. Hardly a week has passed and yet it seems a month. This morning one week ago I left Mayfield, where the General Association of Kentucky was in session, and spent the day at State Line, Ky., and Martin, Tenn. Saturday morning, not yet quite a week ago, I took the train at Martin going South. Dr. Eaton was seated across the aisle. He kindly said as he reached his hand, "I am glad to see you." It was forty miles we traveled together, but the distance seemed short. I think I never saw him in better spirits, or apparently in better health. His active intellect swept the whole gamut of human experience and thought from little, but interesting incidents of travel to the triumphs of the Gospel over infidelity, and to the great doctrine saved by grace. The name of Jesus signed to any promise makes it good; and this, he said, is the ground of my hope. His voice was never more mellow, his face was never more bright. Was that hour so strangely sweet because the angels of light had already come? I think now that if I had had a spiritual vision, I would have seen angels and chariots. Some say it was said that not one of his loved ones or of the thousands whose hearts he had comforted and encouraged was among the strangers that eased his body down. But even more lonely than this did the ancient leader of Israel go to Nebo's top in full strength to take his last look of the land he loved and pass to the unseen. Yesterday morning I lingered for an hour at Grand Junction where he last stood. Physicians and Baptists of the immediate community soon gathered about him. Jackson would have sent a special train with physicians, Memphis was ready to send a special train with physicians, but it was too late—the chariots of the Lord had already arrived.

G. M. SAVAGE.

Jackson, Tenn.

TO THE FAMILY AND ASSOCIATES OF DR. THOMAS T. EATON, MY DEAR BRETHREN:

The sad news of the death of my dear friend and brother has just come to me. I had not the pleasure of knowing personally any of you; I only knew him, and I am grieved at such a loss to the Baptist denomination all over the world, as well as to myself personally. "How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle." Such men as he was are needed today as never before. "I am distressed for thee, my brother." He has truly entered into rest, but it leaves a still more arduous task on his co-laborers.

My warmest sympathy is with his afflicted ones, for I can weep with those who weep for him. May the good Lord bless you all.

Yours sadly,

E. NELSON BLAKE.
Arlington, Mass.

Allow another friend and admirer of the late Dr. T. T. Eaton to express his appreciation of the loss our denomination has sustained in the death of this great man.

It was not flattery nor extreme affability that made him countless friends among the people; it was his steadfast loyalty to the Truth of God. He but received the honor due to a faithful minister for his work's sake.

His was a great work, and a work that would largely have been left

undone but for the indefatigable labors of this man called of God for a time like this—a time of need for such a champion of the faith.

He was one of the few men of our time free from every instinct of the demagogue. He could mock at fear and rejoice in combat with the strongest adversaries. He loved men, not that he might use them for any profit to himself, but deeming them worthy of the riches God intended for them, he became a faithful steward of the divine mysteries; "holding faith, and a good conscience." It may be quoted of him a thousand times, but its force will not be exhausted: In the death of Dr. Eaton a prince and a great man in Israel has fallen.

M. J. WREN,

Editor Maryland Baptist.
Baltimore, Md.

I desire to pay a humble tribute to the memory of Dr. Eaton. My heart is sad and he has been in my mind most of the time since the news came. He was my pastor during my stay of three years in the seminary, and I learned to love him tenderly and trust him implicitly. Since that time I have met him often and the passing years have but deepened my affection for him. Southern Baptists had no greater man. "Are there any Baptists here?" were fit words to express his warm affection for his people in his dying moments. How he loved the Baptists! How quickly thousands would have ministered to him in his last moments had it been possible! How he loved the faith and how ably he defended it! Yes, there are many noble Baptists throughout the world and there shall be many more by reason of the influence of this wonderful life. It is with pride that I think of the fact that Dr. Eaton took part in my ordination. Cultured, consecrated, brave and the shrewdest of all our great Southern ministry, we shall miss him in the RECORDER and denominational gatherings. Hundreds like myself took the RECORDER chiefly for his editorials. With a heart full of sympathy for his family and church I shall ever hold his memory sacred. God knows best.

I. G. MURRAY.

Yorkville, S. C.

TO THE WESTERN RECORDER:

Anent the profuse outpouring of expressions sure to flow in upon the WESTERN RECORDER from all quarters in tribute to the memory of its late beloved and honored editor, will there be room, I wonder, for a word or two even from me?

I cannot describe the shock it was to me when last week's issue of the paper reached my hand, a little belated, with its broad black bands of mourning on the first page, and I looked within to find that my dear friend, Thomas Treadwell Eaton, was dead. The mourning badges had not suggested to me the thought that he was the one thus lamented. And I never had dreamed of death in connection with a man so full of strenuous life as he always seemed to me to be!

What a reorganization, what a new alignment, of spiritual forces this withdrawal will mean, especially for Kentucky, but also for the whole Southwest of our land! Who will arise that can bend the bow of me? I cannot understand. God's arrows now fallen so suddenly from that stalwart hand? There was not in the entire country, nay, there was not in the world, any champion of the truth of the Gospel of Christ, more vigilant, more alert, more fearless, more self-sacrificing, than T. T. Eaton. He had

Headache Sufferers

Do you want relief—in just a few moments and no bad after-effects.

If so, you have only to take, Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills.

If subject to headache, have them with you always. No harm can come from their use, if taken as directed, as they contain no opium, chloral, morphine, cocaine, chloroform, heroin, alpha and beta eucaine, cannabis indica or chloral hydrate, or their derivatives.

Ask your druggist about them.

"It gives me great pleasure to be able to refer to the Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills as the best remedy we have ever had in our house for the prevention and cure of headache. My wife, who has been a constant sufferer for years with the above complaint, joins me in recommending Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, hoping they may fall into the hands of all who suffer."

L. I. BUSH, Waterloot, N. Y.

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25 doses, 25 cents. Never sold in bulk.

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a singular faculty of feeling the trend and tendency of things. Pretenses could not deceive him. Self-interest could not muzzle him. When he said once that nobody was a true Baptist who could be anything else than a Baptist, then spoke out the man of clear, uncompromising convictions that Dr. Eaton was. The religious history of Kentucky will never lose the impression that the potent personality of this great leader wrought deeply into it.

A great break-water, that has stood staunch many years against the rising tide of false liberalism in religion, is gone. Will the tide prevail and overflow? A serious question—not for the cause of truth, but for the safety of many human souls involved! Well may we pray for a noble church left pastorless, for an influential religious newspaper left suddenly without an editor-in-chief—and such an editor-in-chief.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

University of Chicago.

DEAR RECORDER:

The death of Dr. Eaton fills me with profound sorrow. He was the greatest man of the twentieth century. Truly a prince in Israel has fallen. God bless his family and the RECORDER.

Truly,

B. E. HARL.
Canon City, Col.

DEAR RECORDER:

Dr. Eaton is dead! It startled me. I stopped by life's wayside, with a bleeding heart, for some little time, trying to reason on God's Providence as to why death, the last enemy, should have been allowed to strike down the great giant of the faith, that was once for all delivered unto the saints.

Clouds and darkness are around me. I cannot understand. God's

The WESTERN RECORDER has just been laid upon my table. I was in the midst of preparing my argument for the debate with the celebrated Universalist at Collinsville, Miss., July 15th. I turned from my typewriter, took the grand old

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paper, and shut the door, and with trust; and in this respect his life unsuppressed emotion, read the account of the best friend I had in the ministry. Thank God, his tall and manly form went down with the armor on.

For more than twenty years he has helped me in my humble ministry. I now have his last letter, written in his own hand, in which he has given me some splendid suggestions and good points for the Collinsville debate.

My heart is so badly hurt that he is removed from the battle field, that I have, for the present, dismissed the debate from my mind, and seek to find a few words of expression of my appreciation of the greatest man I have ever known. O, what a man! and what a mind in the man.

But for my faith in God, I would have to say that his death means a defeat in one of the most important battles that has ever been fought for Christ and his truth. Our holy Christianity is being attacked at its very center. Dr. Eaton, like a brave general, was in the lead battling back the approaching foe.

J. J. PORTER.

Joplin, Mo.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

Whereas, An all-wise and in-scrutable Providence has seen fit to remove from his earthly labors, Dr. T. T. Eaton, member of the Board of Trustees of Georgetown College; therefore, be it resolved, by the Executive Committee of said College:

First—That Dr. Eaton, for twenty-five years has served with eminent ability and faithfulness upon our Board of Trustees, giving freely of his wisdom and counsel, always faithful in attendance upon the meetings, and conspicuously useful and efficient in guiding the affairs of the college. While one of the busiest men of his time, performing hereculean labors in many directions, he was never too busy to prove entirely faithful to his

was a shining example to all trustees, of conscientious performance of duty. After all these years of service, he was never more useful, never more diligent and capable than in the last few months of his life.

Second—While feeling that his loss to the college is so great as to seem indeed almost irreparable, we desire also to express our sense of personal affliction caused by his untimely and tragic death—and our appreciation of his striking and commanding personality as a man, and as a Christian. The whole world is rendered poorer by the removal of such a character.

Third—We desire that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the WESTERN RECORDER, and also to the family of our distinguished brother, with whose supreme affliction we express our sincere sympathy.

Done by order of the Committee, in Georgetown, this twelfth day of July, 1907.

JOHN A. LEWIS.

Chairman Executive Committee
Georgetown College.

GEO. V. PAYNE, Secretary.

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LET US send you our proposition on our shears and novelties. We have the best wearing shear. Something new. Big profit, liberal terms and a binding guarantee.

FOR SALE—One of the best Farms in Jefferson county, Ky., 9 miles from Louisville, 1 1/4 miles from Electric Car line; fronts on Ohio River.

FOR SALE—A small farm of 25 acres 1 mile from Brandenburg, Ky. This is a bargain; price \$300.

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FOR SALE—A business opportunity; a well located grocery on suburban car line; two story house, 5 good rooms, bath, etc.; populous neighborhood; now doing good business.

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WANTED—A strong, capable Baptist woman as assistant in sewing department; also a nursery governess.

WANTED—Piano pupils for summer, by experienced teacher; interpretation a specialty.

WANTED—Male teacher for English and Mathematics, and to act as principal of school in flourishing town in Illinois.

WANTED—By a young man, graduated in June from a leading College; A. B. degree; desires a good position to teach the coming year.

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DISTRICT ASSOCIATIONS—PLACE AND TIME OF MEETING.

1907.

JULY.

- 30—Simpson, Lake Spring church.
31—Blackford, Friendship church.
31—Concord, Beech Grove church.

AUGUST.

- 6—Bethel, Elkton church, Todd county.
6—Davies County, Buck Creek church, near Livia.
7—Bracker, Mayslick church.
7—Liberty, Zion church, Hart county.

- 13—Logan County, New Hope church, Todd county.
13—Ohio County, Rockport church.
13—South Kentucky, Eubank's church.
14—Crittenden, Dry Ridge church.
14—Lynn, Oak Hill church.
15—Shelby County, Hardinsville.
20—Gasper River, Monticello church, Butler county.
20—South District, Beech Fork church.
21—Barren River, Beech Grove, Barren county.
21—Campbell County, Mentor.
21—Green River, Good Spring church, three miles of Stockham.
23—Russell's Creek, Campbells ville.
27—Tate's Creek, Viney Fork church, Speedwell.
28—Breckinridge, Black Lick church.
28—Union, Brookville church.
29—Baptist, Mt. Freedom, Washington county.

Live Stock Markets. CATTLE.

Table with columns for stock types (Good to choice export steers, Light shipping steers, etc.) and prices.

Table for HOGS with columns for Good to choice pack and bra, 200 to 300 lbs., etc.

Table for SHEEP AND LAMBS with columns for Good to choice fat sheep, Fair to good sheep, etc.

Table for TOBACCO—BURLEY—Dark Red with columns for Trash (green or mixed), Trash (sound), etc.

Table for TOBACCO—BURLEY—Bright Red with columns for Trash (green or mixed), Trash (common), etc.

Table for DARK with columns for Trash (green or mixed), Trash (sound), etc.

Table for BUTTER with columns for Fresh, 15 1/2 c per lb., Blgin, 25c in 60 lb. tubs, etc.

Table for POULTRY with columns for Hens, 10c per lb.; roosters, 5c; young chickens, 15 to 17c; ducks, 10c; turkeys 8c; geese 5c.

Table for EGGS with columns for 12 1/2 c, case count; rehandled 13 1/2 c.

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DECIDED PRICE REDUCING FOR THE THIRD WEEK OF OUR JULY CLEARANCE SALE

Every section of the house offers splendid bargain values to the July purchasers, and this week's striking specials in particular are especially attractive.

GLOVE DEPARTMENT— Main Floor.

THIRD WEEK CLEARANCE SALE.

GLOVE BARGAINS.

Five hundred pairs Long Gloves; 16 button length Black Silk with lace tops; 16 button length Black Lisle Thread; 16 button length Tau Silk Lisle; 16 button length Gray Silk Lisle; 16 button length White Silk Lisle; all sizes, sold up to \$2.00—this week reduced to 75c pair.

Just received a complete line of Kayser Short Silk Gloves—

- No. 403, Black and White... 50c
No. 653, Black and White... 75c
No. 903, Black and White... \$1.00
Sizes 5 1/2 to 7.

PARASOLS— Main Floor.

SILK AND LINEN PARASOLS

—AT—

REDUCED CLEARANCE PRICES.

Fifty White Linen Parasols; plain hemstitched, tucked or with embroidery insertion; with natural wood handles; all new goods; sold for \$1.50—this week reduced to 95c each.

Silk Parasols, Plain Silk Taffeta Parasols; with handles to match; new shades of hunter green and golden brown—Special \$3.00.

ALL CHILDREN'S PARASOLS REDUCED.

KNIT UNDERWEAR— Main Floor.

CLEARANCE REDUCTIONS

—IN—

WOMEN'S SUMMER UNDERWEAR

ON SALE THIS WEEK.

Women's White Lisle Thread Vests; Swiss ribbed and Richelieu ribbed; low neck and sleeveless; silk tape trimmed; full sizes; nice quality; 25c value—Reduced to 19c; three for 50c.

Women's White Silk Lisle Vests; Swiss ribbed, low neck and sleeveless and silk tape trimmed; all sizes; made with narrow strap; 35c value—Reduced to 25c.

Women's Silk Vests; Swiss ribbed; cream and pink; low neck and sleeveless; plain or fancy crochet yoke; beautiful quality; sold up to \$2.00—Reduced to 98c.

HOSIERY DEPARTMENT— Main Floor.

CLEARANCE PRICES

—IN—

WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S HOSIERY—

SUMMER WEIGHTS.

Fifty dozen Women's Imported Full Fashioned Lisle Thread Hose; gauze weight; black and tans; made with double splicings; full length; sold for 25c—Reduced to 19c a pair.

Children's Black Lisle Thread Hose, dropstitch, lace effects and plain gauze lisle; 50c quality; sizes 5 to 7 only—Reduced to 25c.

Children's Black Plain Gauze Lisle Hose; nice sheer quality; sizes 5 to 7 only; sold for 25c—Reduced to 15c a pair.

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LOUISVILLE

KENTUCKY.

The Farm and Household

The garden truck and the home-grown vegetables are becoming plentiful on the local market. Peas are in abundance, and new potatoes are coming in large quantities. There are also plenty of beets. Farmers near Perryville are rejoicing over the recent rain, as crops were needing it badly. Wheat is unusually fine and several large crops will be harvested this week.—*Danville Advocate.*

Joe Lindsey, of Winchester, sold a pair of mules to Mr. Riddel, of Montgomery for \$350. Ed. Graves, of Lexington, bought one of Chas. Faulkner, of Winchester, at \$190, and one of W. R. Lockman, for \$155. J. D. Duvall bought one of Scott Renick, for \$175.

Only about 65 per cent of the tobacco crop has been set out in the section around Adams. Owing to the scarcity of labor and plants it will be the smallest tobacco crop ever planted. Adams is in the famous dark tobacco territory.

The wheat crop of Christian county is about all in the shock. The crop in light in acreage, short in yield, but quality is good.

L. B. Summers, Smith's Grove, Warren county, sold to J. R. Kirby one good two-year-old mare mule for \$225; an aged mare mule to William Crump for \$215, and one yearling mare mule to Wood Jewell for \$100.

R. B. Thomas sold to J. A. Harmon twenty head of short two-year-old Hereford cattle, averaging about 1,200 pounds, at 5 1-2 cents per pound.—*Georgetown Times.*

James McKinney, of Oxford, sold Lark Garnett, of Cynthiana, a mule colt for \$150.

IMPROVE THE FARM POULTRY.

The time for hatching the chicks is near at hand and I want to say just a word about what I consider the greatest hindrance to the improvement of farm poultry.

I suppose there is not one farmer in every ten who makes any pretense of selecting his best birds to breed from, but breeds from any and all of the flock without any regard to quality. A great many farmers now buy one or more pure-bred males each year to use with their common hens and think that this is all that is necessary. The male is, of course, half the flock, but you cannot expect even a good male to produce good chicks from scrubby small hens.

In every flock there are some hens which are better than others, and which the good wife, who usually has the care of them, knows are her best layers. Why not select ten, or a dozen, of the best yearling hens to breed from? Choose those that have been your best layers as pullets, those that have always been healthy and have come through the molt quickly and in good condition and mate them with a pure-bred male of the breed you have selected to improve your stock.

You say: "I have no place where I can keep my breeders separate from the rest of the flock."

For the short time that they must be kept by themselves a very cheap house will answer. A good one can be made from a piano or organ box, which can be bought for a couple of dollars, and poultry netting is very cheap now and enough to make a yard for ten or a dozen fowls can be bought for \$3 or \$4.

The coat will be small and the result will amply repay it in the first year. If you have been in the habit of buying several male birds, you can make a saving there, as the hens not used for breeding from are better without any male. They will lay just as many eggs without him, and the eggs will be of a better quality and will keep better. The cause of bad eggs in a majority of cases is that the germ starts to grow and then dies, causing putrefaction, and a rotten egg is the result.

Having selected the breed you wish to use to improve your stock, stick to that breed. Do not use one kind this year and some other kind next or you will never get any uniformity in your flock either in color or size.

Just another "do not." When your flock improves so that they look about the same as the pure-bred stock you used, don't make the mistake of thinking that one of the pure looking roosters you raise will do just as well as the pure-bred one. No matter how fine he looks, he still has the scrub blood in him and it may crop out at any time. **J. S. JEFFREY.** Agricultural Experiment Station.

TIMING GARDEN CROPS.

Whether a garden is run for pleasure or profit, a salient point in the general management is the timing and arranging of crops in order that there may be a steady and continuous supply. There is a natural tendency when sowing seed or dibbling out plants to dispatch the job at a single effort, but it gives unsatisfactory results, and is almost invariably the cause of those unfortunate periods of dearth and famine which follow the times of plenty in nine cases out of ten. Of course, with certain subjects the removal of seed vessels or the mature fruit from a plant will sometimes, with the aid of abundance of plant food, carry on a long and regular supply; but for the majority of things, including most of the salads, it is imperative to sow a "pinch" of seed at intervals varying according to the usual duration of a crop when mature. Therefore, everyone who essays to provide himself with a steady successional supply, of, say, lettuce, radishes, or mustard and cress, etc., from March till September, must carefully observe and time the period of maturation and duration of a crop at its prime. So only can garden products be obtained with clock-work regularity.

Since table mats of raffia or straw are out of place on a dainty white damask table cloth, the housekeeper who feels she must use something under hot dishes is advised to cut asbestos cloth the desired shape and size and make a white linen case to cover it, hemming the open ends, so frequent laundering may not increase her work.

The fact that telegraph operators are being taught and sent out to railroad positions almost every week, by the Bowling Green Business University, is sufficient evidence of the thoroughness of the training given by that institution. This is now one of the largest commercial schools in America and the enrollment is increasing every year. This University has the largest Telegraphy School in the South, and the third largest in the world.

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MOORE.

A great and good man has been called home. In the death of E. H. Moore, Smithfield Baptist church and the community has lost one of their most faithful friends. He was born and lived, his eighty six and a half years, on practically the same spot. Mrs. Moore was a member of our church here for over sixty-nine years, deacon thirty-nine years, trustee thirty-nine years, Moderator twenty-five years, Sunday-school superintendent for forty years, and chairman of the Mission Board of Sulphur Fork Association for over twenty years, all of which manifold and laborious offices he filled with fidelity and alacrity, and with satisfaction to his brethren and the furtherance of the Gospel. Cousin Ed. was, too, a substantial helper of our Orphans' Home. He was for many, many years a subscriber to and reader of the WESTERN RECORDER. His cheery smile, kindly word, hearty handshake and genuine hospitality is enshrined in the hearts of many. He was exceptionally well and active for one of his age until his last illness, which was of five months duration. His afflictions were characterized by a quiet submission that only a Christian can show. Fifty-five years ago he was happily married to Martha Doyle, who, with two sons, survive him, while two children have passed on before. Funeral services were held in the Baptist church by his former and beloved pastor, L. M. Theobald, an immense throng being present, who, with his immediate family, sincerely lament his death. With a loneliness and sadness almost inexpressible the faithful, loving wife, strives to be brave, and as she looks up through her tears feels that the "waiting time will soon be over, battles fought and victories won," and together they will cast their glittering crowns at the feet of Him who hath redeemed them. OLLIE.

Smithfield, Ky.

DEMINT.

Mrs. Mary J., wife of D. N. DeMint, of English, Ky., departed this life June 25, 1907. She was born July 19, 1829.

She professed religion and joined the Baptist church of White's Run, Carroll county, Ky., at the age of seventeen, and lived a devout Christian life until her death. She was faithful in his service for over sixty-one years.

She leaves a husband and three daughters to mourn her departure, besides a host of friends.

Mourn not dear husband and daughters for the harvest was ready. The Lord called her home to rest from her labors, prepared for all them that love Him. M. R. BALL.

LEWIS.

Henry W. Lewis, the subject of this notice, was born near Vine Grove, Hardin county, Ky., June 18, 1817; died near Magnolia, June 5, 1907, being ninety years old, lacking thirteen days.

He was converted at West Point, in August, 1839, under the preaching of Jacob Rogers and Tom Fisher, and immediately joined the Forks of Otter Creek church. He was married to Mary E. Stith and immediately moved to Hart county, Ky., and later to LaRue county. Nine children were born and he lived to see all of them buried with Christ in baptism; also to see seven of them die in the triumphs of faith. Two only now live, D. S. Lewis, Magnolia, Ky., and Mrs. J. H. Dixon, Tonieville.

Brother Lewis lived most of his life in the church at Hammonsville, where he was buried, but the last twelve years of his life he lived with the church at Magnolia.

His second wife was Mary Brown, who preceded him to glory six years.

In his character he was cheerful, hopeful, positive and aggressive. He was quick to see the right and to stand by it. He was one of the few men who could squarely tell you of your faults and you would think none the less of him for it.

In religion he was a strong prop, ever a friend to his pastor, and always ready

for duty. He was a staunch Baptist, and read the Recorder fifty-five years, reading the last issue before his death entirely through. But his soul never seemed so high as when talking on the subject of Missions. He was treasurer of the Mission Board of Lyon Association for thirty-two years, having attended ninety-eight of its meetings.

June 6, 1907, in the presence of a large congregation, the funeral services were conducted by Mrs. C. W. Howles, pastor, and the writer, after which we laid "Uncle Henry" to rest in the quiet grave yard where many of his loved ones had been laid.

I was his pastor for thirteen years, and, with a hope in Christ, I wish to say: Hail my counselor, friend and brother! I shall meet you in the sweet bye and bye.

W. J. PUCKETT.

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A BRIO OF ACACIA.

It was a great shock to me when I heard of the sudden death of my life-long friend and benefactor, Dr. T. T. Eaton.

I first saw Dr. Eaton when I was a boy and he was about sixteen years old. He was a member of Forrest's Cavalry, and called at my father's home.

For 4 years I recited to him as a Professor of Mathematics and Sciences in Union University. I was converted under his preaching and baptized by him.

His editorials were so able that it will be difficult to find a man capable of carrying forward his work. He grew in power as a pulpit orator and, though he had been twenty-six years pastor at Walnut street church, he held his congregation with hooks of steel.

The Lord comfort the bereaved family. Honored teacher, beloved pastor, faithful friend, farewell.

W. D. POWELL, Providence, Ky.

DEAR RECORDER:

With thousands and thousands more do I deeply mourn with you over the departure of your great editor, our great leader. When he fell, surely a prince and a great man in Israel fell.

As a watchman on Zion's walls, he was vigilant and valiant. He loved the peace and prosperity of Zion, and he did not spare any agent or agency that would hinder Zion's progress and power.

And lo! to emphasize that truth, and thus to make men tremble at the Lord's power; he removes possibly our greatest man, at the very time when, according to human thinking we need him most.

The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice. Let us be much in prayer, that the Lord will hasten to raise up even greater men. Most humbly do I pray for his dear old church and the WESTERN RECORDER.

A. B. VAUGHAN, Lagrange, Ga.

DEAR RECORDER:

I feel that the hosts of Baptists had such implicit confidence in Dr. Eaton as a man, a Christian and a safe leader, that we came almost to the point of idolizing him.

In tears we stand, reaching our hands out into the dark, pleading with God to raise up another man who will lead the hosts of Baptist Israel on to victory. And He will do it.

W. J. PUCKETT, Cave City, Ky.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has pleased the All-wise and Omnipotent Power of God to remove from his field of divine labor and Christian love, that illustrious and renowned man of God, Dr. T. T. Eaton, pastor of Walnut street Baptist church, Louisville, Ky.; therefore, be it resolved:

First—That not only the Baptists of the South have sustained a deep loss, but

the Baptist cause over all the world has been shocked and saddened by his sudden death.

Second—That the Baptist press of the South has lost an able and efficient editor, his church a faithful and devoted pastor, and his cause one of the firmest and noblest of Christian characters.

Third—That we extend our love and sympathy to his sorrowing church and bereaved family, offering our prayers to Almighty God to solace them in this, their sad bereavement.

Furthermore, be it resolved, That we send a minute of this to the WESTERN RECORDER.

Done by order of Rockbridge Church, July 9, 1907.

DEAR RECORDER:

My heart was made sad, indeed, and tears unbidden flowed when our last NUMBER came, and my little daughter came to me with it and said, "Mamma, Dr. Eaton is dead." She had heard me speak of him so often she knew that I would be shocked and grieved at the sad news.

Yours in sorrow, MRS. ANGE DOWDEN GIEGER, Jasper, Fla.

BAPTIST MINISTERS' CONFERENCE OF NEWPORT NEWS, HAMPTON AND PHOE. HUB, VA.

Whereas, Dr. T. T. Eaton has, by a sudden and seemingly untimely death, been removed from his work to his reward, therefore, be it resolved:

That in the death of Dr. Eaton mankind has lost a mighty and manly man. That the American Baptist pulpit has lost one of its most brilliant preachers and faithful ministers.

That the religious press of the nation, has lost its most versatile genius, and one of its clearest thinkers and ablest writers.

That the Kingdom of Truth has lost one of its most chivalrous champions, and "The Faith" one of its most valiant defenders.

That we extend to his sorrowing church and bereaved family, our sympathy and prayers; assuring them that our Southern Zion shares with them their loss and suffers with them their sorrow.

That, realizing that God's ways are past finding out, yet knowing that He makes no mistake, in sorrowful submission we say, "Thy will be done."

Done by the order of Conference, this the eighth day of July, 1907.

R. W. BENNETT, Moderator. T. RYLAND SANFORD, J. W. PORTER, A. A. BATTLE, T. RYLAND SANFORD, Committee.

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DEAR RECORDER:

I am pained beyond the power of words to describe. Our great leader has gone from us. I join the many thousands of stricken Baptists in prayer for the RECORDER, for his family and for the church.

Fraternally, R. M. INLOW, Joplin, Mo.

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